

mastery, and 'twill make the more sport when 'tis mist.

Edg. Ay, and 'twill be the longer a missing, to draw on the sport.

Quar. But look you do it, now, sirrah, and keep your word, or—

Edg. Sir, if ever I break my word with a gentleman, may I never read word at my need.¹ Where shall I find you?

Quar. Somewhere i' the Fair, hereabouts: dispatch it quickly. [*Exit Edgworth.*] I would fain see the careful fool de-luded! Of all beasts, I love the serious ass; he that takes pains to be one, and plays the fool with the greatest diligence that can be.

Grace. Then you would not choose, sir, but love my guardian, Justice Overdo, who is answerable to that description in every hair of him.

Quar. So I have heard. But how came you, Mistress Wellborn, to be his ward, or have relation to him at first?

Grace. Faith, through a common calamity, he bought me sir;² and now he will marry me to his wife's brother, this wise gentleman that you see; or else I must pay value o' my land.

Quar. 'Slid, is there no device of disparagement,³ or so? talk with some crafty fellow, some picklock of the law: would I had studied a year longer in the Inns of Court, an 't had been but in your case.

Winw. Ay, Master Quarulous, are you proffering!

[*Aside.* *Grace.* You'd bring but little aid, sir.

Winw. I'll look to you, in faith, gamester.—[*Aside.*] An unfortunate foolish tribe you are fallen into, lady, I wonder you can endure them.

Grace. Sir, they that cannot work their fetters off must wear them.

Winw. You see what care they have on you, to leave you thus.

Grace. Faith, the same they have of themselves, sir. I cannot greatly complain if this were all the plea I had against them.

Winw. 'Tis true; but will you please to withdraw with us a little, and make them think they have lost you. I hope our manners have been such hitherto, and our language, as will give you no cause to doubt yourself in our company.

Grace. Sir, I will give myself no cause. I am so secure of mine own manners, as I suspect not yours.

Quar. Look where John Littlewit comes.

Winw. Away, I'll not be seen by him.
Quar. No, you were not best, he'd tell his mother, the widow.

Winw. Heart! what do you mean?

Quar. Cry you mercy, is the wind there?⁴ must not the widow be named?

[*Exit.*]

Enter Littlewit from Ursula's booth, followed by Mrs. Littlewit.

Lit. Do you hear, Win, Win?

Mrs. Lit. What say you, John?

Lit. While they are paying the reckoning, Win, I'll tell you a thing, Win; we shall never see any sights in the Fair, Win, except you long still, Win; good Win, sweet Win, long to see some hobby-horses, and some drums, and rattles, and dogs, and fine devices, Win. The bull with the five legs, Win; and the great hog. Now you have begun with pig, you may long for anything, Win, and so for my motion, Win.

Mrs. Lit. But we shall not eat of the bull and the hog, John; how shall I long, then?

Lit. O yes, Win: you may long to see as well as to taste, Win: how did the apothecary's wife, Win, that longed to see the anatomy, Win? or the lady, Win, that desired to spit in the great lawyer's mouth after an eloquent pleading? I assure you, they longed, Win; good Win, go in and long.

[*Excunt Littlewit and Mrs. Littlewit.*]

¹ *May I never read word at my need.* i.e., may I never have the benefit of clergy, if I am taken and brought to my trial.—WHALE.

² *He bought me, sir;* i.e., Before the abolition of the Court of Wards (in the 12th of Charles II.) the heir of the king's tenant, who held land, *in capite*, during his or her nonage was in wardship to the king, who might sell or present the guardianship and marriage of the said ward to any of his subjects. Immense fortunes were raised by the nobility, and favourites of the court, from these grants, which were odious and oppressive in the highest degree. See *Mas-singer*, vol. iv.

³ *Is there no disparagement,* i.e., This has no reference to the same subject. "Disparagement" says Cowell (and Blackstone after him), "is in our common lawyers used especially for marriage an heir under his or her degree, or against decency." Against attempts of this kind, the ward had a legal relief.

⁴ *Sir, I will give myself no cause, &c.* This is excellent sense in Grace's answer. She is all of Jonson's few estimable females.

⁵ *Is the wind there?* A proverbial expression. Is it so! Have I found you out? He alludes to his suspicion of a growing attachment in Win-wife to Grace Wellborn.

Trash. I think we are rid of our new customer, brother Leatherhead, we shall hear no more of him.

Leath. All the better; let's pack up all and begone, before he find us.

Trash. Stay a little, yonder comes a company; it may be we may take some more money.

Enter Knockem and Busy.

Knock. Sir, I will take your counsel, and cut my hair,¹ and leave vapours: I see that tobacco, and bottle-ale, and pig, and Whit, and very Ursula herself, is all vanity.

Busy. Only pig was not comprehended in my admonition, the rest were: for long hair, it is an ensign of pride, a banner; and the world is full of those banners, very full of banners. And bottle-ale is a drink of Satan's, a diet-drink of Satan's, devised to puff us up, and make us swell in this latter age of vanity; as the smoke of tobacco, to keep us in mist and error: but the fleshly woman, which you call Ursula, is above all to be avoided, having the marks upon her of the three enemies of man; the world, as being in the Fair; the devil, as being in the fire; and the flesh, as being herself.

Enter Mrs. Purecraft.

Pure. Brother Zeal-of-the-land! what shall we do? my daughter Win-the-fight is fallen into her fit of longing again.

Busy. For more pig! there is no more, is there?

Pure. To see some sights in the Fair.

Busy. Sister, let her fly the impurity of the place swiftly, lest she partake of the pitch thereof. Thou art the seat of the beast, O Smithfield, and I will leave thee! Idolatry peepeth out on every side of thee.

[*Goes forward.*]

Knock. An excellent right hypocrite! now his belly is full, he falls a railing and kicking, the jade. A very good vapour! I'll in, and joy Ursula, with telling how her pig works; two and a half he eat to his share; and he has drunk a pail-full. He eats with his eyes, as well as his teeth.

[*Exit.*]

Leath. What do you lack, gentlemen? what is't you buy? rattles, drums, babies—

Busy. Peace, with thy apocryphal wares, thou profane publican; thy bells, thy dragons, and thy Tobie's dogs. Thy hobby-horse is an idol, a very idol, a fierce and rank idol; and thou the Nebuchadnezzar, the proud Nebuchadnezzar of the Fair, that sett'st it up, for children to fall down to, and worship.

Leath. Cry you mercy, sir; will you buy a fiddle to fill up your noise?

Re-enter Littlewit and his Wife.

Lit. Look, Win, do, look a God's name, and save your longing. Here be fine sights.

Pure. Ay, child, so you hate them, as our brother Zeal does, you may look on them.

Leath. Or what do you say to a drum, sir?

Busy. It is the broken belly of the beast, and thy bellows there are his lungs, and these pipes are his throat, those feathers are of his tail, and thy rattles the gnashing of his teeth.

Trash. And what's my gingerbread, I pray you?

Busy. The provender that pricks him up. Hence with thy basket of popery, thy nest of images, and whole legend of ginger-work.

Leath. Sir, if you be not quiet the quicklier, I'll have you clapped fairly by the heels, for disturbing the Fair.

Busy. The sin of the Fair provokes me, I cannot be silent.

Pure. Good brother Zeal!

Leath. Sir, I'll make you silent, believe it.

Lit. I'd give a shilling you could, i' faith, friend.

[*Aside to Leath.*]
Leath. Sir, give me your shilling, I'll give you my shop, if I do not; and I'll leave it in pawn with you in the meantime.

Lit. A match, i' faith; but do it quickly then.

[*Exit Leatherhead.*]
Busy. [*to Mrs. Purecraft.*] Hinder me not, woman. I was moved in spirit, to be here this day, in this Fair, this wicked and foul Fair; and fitter may it be called a Foul than a Fair; to protest against the abuses of it, the foul abuses of it, in regard of the afflicted saints, that are troubled, very much troubled, exceedingly troubled,

¹ And cut my hair,] To express his reformation. Close hair (see vol. i. p. 66 a) was at this time the distinguishing mark of a Puritan. The

subject of Busy's admonition is humorously marked by this incidental trait of superstitious attachment to ceremonials.

with the opening of the merchandize of Babylon again, and the peeping of popery upon the stalls here, here, in the high places. See you not Goldylocks, the purple strumpet there, in her yellow gown and green sleeves? the profane pipes, the tinkling timbrels? a shop of relics!

[Attempts to seize the toys.]

Lit. Pray you forbear, I am put in trust with them.

Busy. And this idolatrous grove of images, this flasket of idols, which I will pull down—

[Overthrows the gingerbread basket.]

Trash. O my ware, my ware! God bless it!

Busy. In my zeal, and glory to be thus exercised.

Re-enter Leatherhead, with Bristle, Haggise, and other Officers.

Leath. Here he is, pray you lay hold on his zeal; we cannot sell a whistle for him in tune. Stop his noise first.

Busy. Thou canst not; 'tis a sanctified noise. I will make a loud and most strong noise, till I have daunted the profane enemy. And for this cause—

Leath. Sir, here's no man afraid of you, or your cause. You shall swear it in the stocks, sir.

Busy. I will thrust myself into the stocks, upon the pikes of the land.

[They seize him.]

Leath. Carry him away.

Pure. What do you mean, wicked men?

Busy. Let them alone, I fear them not.

[Exeunt Officers with Busy, followed by Dame Purecraft.]

Lit. Was not this shilling well ventured, Win, for our liberty? now we may go play, and see over the Fair, where we list ourselves; my mother is gone after him, and let her e'en go, and lose us.

Mrs. Lit. Yes, John; but I know not what to do.

Lit. For what, Win?

Mrs. Lit. For a thing I am ashamed to tell you, I' faith; and 'tis too far to go home.

Lit. I pray thee be not ashamed, Win. Come, I' faith, thou shalt not be ashamed; is it anything about the hobby-horse man? an't be, speak freely.

Mrs. Lit. Hang him, base Bobchin, I scorn him; no, I have very great what sha' call 'um, John.

[Whispers him.]

Lit. O, is that all, Win? we'll go back

to Captain Jordan, to the pig-woman's Win, he'll help us, or she, with a dripping pan, or an old kettle, or something. The poor greasy soul loves you, Win; and after we'll visit the Fair all over, Win, and see my puppet-play, Win; you know it's a fair matter, Win.

[Exeunt Littlewit and Mrs. Littlewit.]

Leath. Let's away; I counselled you to pack up afore, Joan.

Trash. A pox of his Bedlam purity! He has spoiled half my ware: but the best is, we lose nothing if we miss our first merchant.

Leath. It shall be hard for him to find out know us, when we are translated, Joan.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Fair.

Booths, Stalls, a Pair of Stocks, &c.

Enter Cokes, Bristle, Haggise, and Pocher, with Overdo, followed by Troubleall.

Tro. My masters, I do make no doubt but you are officers.

Bri. What then, sir?

Tro. And the king's loving and obedient subjects.

Bri. Obedient, friend! take heed what you speak, I advise you; Oliver Bristle advises you.¹ His loving subjects, we grant you; but not his obedient, at this time, by your leave; we know ourselves a little better than so; we are to command, sir, and such as you are to be obedient. Here's one of his obedient subjects going to the stocks; and we'll make you such another, if you talk.

Tro. You are all wise enough in your places, I know.

Bri. If you know it, sir, why do you bring it in question?

Tro. I question nothing, pardon me. I do only hope you have warrant for what you do, and so quit you, and so multiply you.

Hag. What is he?—Bring him up to the stocks there. Why bring you him not up?

[Overdo is brought forward.]

¹ Oliver Bristle advises you.] Bristle forgets his christian name: in a former scene (p. 170) he is called Davey. Perhaps the forgetfulness lies with Jonson. The question is of some importance, but I cannot decide it.

Re-enter Troubleall.

Tro. If you have Justice Overdo's warrant, 'tis well; you are safe: that is the warrant of warrants. I'll not give this button for any man's warrant else.

Bri. Like enough, sir; but let me tell you, an you play away your buttons thus, you will want them ere night, for any store I see about you; you might keep them, and save pins, I wuss. [*Exit Troubleall.*]

Over. What should he be, that doth so esteem and advance my warrant? he seems a sober and discreet person. It is a comfort to a good conscience to be followed with a good fame in his sufferings. The world will have a pretty taste by this, how I can bear adversity; and it will beget a kind of reverence towards me hereafter, even from mine enemies, when they shall see I carry my calamity nobly, and that it doth neither break me, nor bend me. [*Aside.*]

Hag. Come, sir, here's a place for you to preach in. Will you put in your leg?

Over. That I will, cheerfully.

[*They put him in the stocks.*]

Bri. O' my conscience, a seminary! he kisses the stocks.

Cokes. Well, my masters, I'll leave him with you; now I see him bestowed, I'll go look for my goods, and Numps.

Hag. You may, sir, I warrant you: where's the t'other bawler? fetch him too, you shall find them both fast enough.

[*Exit Cokes.*]

Over. In the midst of this tumult, I will yet be the author of mine own rest, and not minding their fury, sit in the stocks in that calm as shall be able to trouble a triumph.

[*Aside.*]

Re-enter Troubleall.

Tro. Do you assure me upon your words? May I undertake for you, if I be asked the question, that you have this warrant?

Hag. What's this fellow, for God's sake?

Tro. Do but shew me Adam Overdo, and I am satisfied. [*Exit.*]

Bri. He is a fellow that is distracted, they say; one Troubleall: he was an officer in the court of pie-poudres here last year, and put out of his place by Justice Overdo.

Over. Ha!

[*Aside.*]

¹ O' my conscience, a seminary! i.e., a Romish priest educated in the seminaries abroad.—*WHAL.* See p. 159 a.

Bri. Upon which he took an idle conceit, and is run mad upon't: so that ever since he will do nothing but by Justice Overdo's warrant; he will not eat a crust, nor drink a little, nor make him in his apparel ready. His wife, sir-reverence, cannot get him make his water, or shift his shirt, without his warrant.

Over. If this be true, this is my greatest disaster. How am I bound to satisfy this poor man, that is of so good a nature to me, out of his wits! where there is no room left for dissembling. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter Troubleall.

Tro. If you cannot shew me Adam Overdo, I am in doubt of you; I am afraid you cannot answer it. [*Exit.*]

Hag. Before me, neighbour Bristle,—and now I think on't better,—Justice Overdo is a very parantory person.

Bri. O, are you advised of that! and a severe justicer, by your leave.

Over. Do I hear ill o' that side too?

[*Aside.*]

Bri. He will sit as upright on the bench, an you mark him, as a candle in the socket, and give light to the whole court in every business.

Hag. But he will burn blue, and swell like a boil, God bless us, an he be angry.

Bri. Ay, and he will be angry too, when he lists, that's more; and when he is angry, be it right or wrong, he has the law on's side ever: I mark that too.

Over. I will be more tender hereafter. I see compassion may become a justice, though it be a weakness, I confess, and nearer a vice than a virtue. [*Aside.*]

Hag. Well, take him out o' the stocks again; we'll go a sure way to work, we'll have the ace of hearts of our side, if we can. [*They take Overdo out.*]

Enter Pocher, and Officers with Busy, followed by Mrs. Purecraft.

Poch. Come, bring him away to his fellow there.—Master Busy, we shall rule your legs, I hope, though we cannot rule your tongue.

Busy. No, minister of darkness, no; thou canst not rule my tongue; my tongue it is mine own, and with it I will both knock and mock down your Bartholomew abomi-

² Do I hear ill o' that side too? Am I censured on the side of severity? We have had this Latinism more than once before.

nations, till you be made a hissing to the neighbouring parishes round about.

Hag. Let him alone, we have devised better upon't.

Pure. And shall he not into the stocks then?

Bri. No, mistress, we'll have them both to Justice Overdo, and let him do over 'em as is fitting; then I, and my gossip Hag-gise, and my beadle Pocher are discharged.

Pure. O, I thank you, blessed honest men!

Bri. Nay, never thank us; but thank this madman that comes here; he put it in our heads.

Re-enter Troubleall.

Pure. Is he mad? now heaven increase his madness, and bless it, and thank it.—Sir, your poor handmaid thanks you.

Tro. Have you a warrant? an you have a warrant, shew it.

Pure. Yes, I have a warrant out of the word,¹ to give thanks for removing any scorn intended to the brethren.

[*Exeunt all but Troubleall.*]

Tro. It is Justice Overdo's warrant that I look for; if you have not that, keep your word, I'll keep mine. Quit ye, and multiply ye.

Enter Edgworth and Nightingale.

Edg. Come away, Nightingale, I pray thee.

Tro. Whither go you? where's your warrant?

Edg. Warrant! for what, sir?

Tro. For what you go about, you know how fit it is; an you have no warrant, bless you, I'll pray for you, that's all I can do.

[*Exit.*]

Edg. What means he?

Night. A madman that haunts the Fair; do you not know him? It's marvel he has not more followers after his ragged heels.

Edg. Beshrew him, he startled me. I thought he had known of our plot. Guilt's a terrible thing.² Have you prepared the costardmonger?

Night. Yes, and agreed for his basket of pears; he is at the corner here, ready. And your prize, he comes down sailing that way all alone, without his protector; he is rid of him, it seems.

Edg. Ay, I know; I should have followed his protectorship, for a feat I am to do upon him; but this offered itself so in the way, I could not let scape: here he comes, whistle; be this sport called Darning the Dotterel.

Re-enter Cokes.

Night. Wh, wh, wh, wh, &c.

[*Whistle.*]

Cokes. By this light, I cannot find my gingerbread wife, nor my hobby-horse man, in all the Fair now, to have my money again: and I do not know the way out on't, to go home for more. Do you hear, friend, you that whistle? what tune is that you whistle?

Night. A new tune I am practising, sir.

Cokes. Dost thou know where I dwell, I pray thee? nay, on with thy tune; I have no such haste for an answer: I'll practise with thee.

Enter Costardmonger with a basket of Pears.

Cos. Buy any pears, very fine pears, pears fine!

[*Nightingale sets his foot afore him, and he falls with his basket.*]

Cokes. Ods so! a muss, a muss, a muss, a muss!³

[*Falls a scrambling for the pears.*]

Cos. Good gentlemen, my ware, my ware; I am a poor man. Good sir, my ware.

Night. Let me hold your sword, sir, it troubles you.

Cokes. Do, and my cloke an thou wilt, and my hat too.

Edg. A delicate great boy! methinks he out-scrambles them all. I cannot persuade myself but he goes to grammar-school yet, and plays the truant to-day.

¹ Out of the word,] The puritanical phrase for the scripture.

² Guilt's a terrible thing.] These incidental reflections, which are scattered through our author's works, sufficiently shew that he had a monitory purpose constantly in view. No writer supports the character of a dramatic moralist with such decorum as Jonson.

³ A muss, a muss.] i.e., a scramble. So Shakespeare:

"Like boys unto a muss,
Kings would start forth and cry."

Antony and Cleopatra, act iii.

WHAL-

The word is very common in our old writers.

Night. Would he had another purse to cut, Zekiel.

Edg. Purse! a man might cut out his kidneys, I think, and he never feel 'em, he is so earnest at the sport.

Night. His soul is half-way out on's body at the game.

Edg. Away, Nightingale; that way.

[Nightingale runs off with his sword, cloke, and hat.]

Cokes. I think I am furnished for cather'ne pears, for one undermeal.¹ Give me my cloke.

Cot. Good gentleman, give me my ware.

Cokes. Where's the fellow I gave my cloke to? my cloke and my hat? ha! ods 'id, is he gone? thieves, thieves! help me to cry, gentlemen. [Exit hastily.]

Edg. Away, costardmonger, come to us to Ursula's. [Exit Cost.] Talk of him to have a soul! heart, if he have any more than a thing given him instead of salt, only to keep him from stinking,² I'll be hanged afore my time presently: where should it be, trow? in his blood? he has not so much toward it in his whole body as will maintain a good flea! and if he take this course, he will not have so much land left as to rear a calf, within this twelvemonth. Was there ever green plover so pulled! That his little overseer had been here now, and been but tall enough to see him steal pears, in exchange for his beaver hat and his cloke thus! I must go find him out next, for his black box, and his patent, it seems, he has of his place; which I think the gentleman would have a reversion of, that spoke to me for it so earnestly. [Exit.]

Re-enter Cokes.

Cokes. Would I might lose my doublet,

¹ I think I am furnished for cather'ne pears, for one undermeal. i. e., for an afternoon's meal, for a slight repast after dinner. In the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, undermele is Latinized by post-meridies.

² Heart, if he have anything more than a thing given him instead of salt, only to keep him from stinking. The same is said of swine by the Stoic Chrysippus, as we learn from Tully: *Sus vero quid habet prater escam? cui quidem, ne putresceret, animam ipsam pro sale datam dicit esse Chrysippus.*—De Natura Deor. lib. ii. The application by the poet does not seem out of character.—WHAL.

This sentiment is repeated elsewhere by our author:

"As scarce hath soul,
Instead of salt, to keep it sweet."

Devil's an Ass.

and hose too, as I am an honest man, and never stir, if I think there be anything but thieving and cozening in this whole Fair. Bartholomew Fair, quoth he! an ever any Bartholomew had that luck in't that I have had, I'll be martyred for him, and in Smithfield too. I have paid for my pears, a rot on 'em! I'll keep them no longer; [throws away his pears.] you were choke-pears to me. I had been better have gone to mum-chance for you,³ I wuss. Methinks the Fair should not have used me thus, an 'twere but for my name's-sake. I would not have used a dog o' the name so. O, Numps will triumph now!

Enter Troubleall.

Friend, do you know who I am, or where I lie? I do not myself, I'll be sworn. Do but carry me home, and I'll please thee; I have money enough there. I have lost myself, and my cloke, and my hat, and my fine sword, and my sister, and Numps, and Mistress Grace, a gentlewoman that I should have married, and a cutwork handkerchief she gave me, and two purses, to-day; and my bargain of hobby-horses and gingerbread, which grieves me worst of all.

Tro. By whose warrant, sir, have you done all this?

Cokes. Warrant! thou art a wise fellow indeed; as if a man need a warrant to lose anything with.

Tro. Yes, Justice Overdo's warrant, a man may get and lose with, I'll stand to't.

Cokes. Justice Overdo! dost thou know him? I lie there; he is my brother-in-law; he married my sister: pray thee show me the way; dost thou know the house?

Tro. Sir, show me your warrant: I know nothing without a warrant, pardon me.

And by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"This soul I speak of,
Or rather salt, to keep this heap of flesh
From being a walking stench."

Spanish Curate.

³ I had been better have gone to mum-chance for you. Some rude kind of play with the dice. It appears from a former passage that the practice to which Cokes alludes, and which may yet be found by the side of our orange-barrows, was sufficiently familiar:

"Her Grace would have you eat no Dagger pie,
Nor play with costardmongers at mum-chance."—P. 68 a.

Cokes. Why, I warrant thee; come along; thou shalt see I have wrought pillows there, and cambric sheets, and sweet bags too.¹ Pray thee guide me to the house.

Tro. Sir, I'll tell you; go you thither yourself first alone, tell your worshipful brother your mind, and but bring me three lines of his hand, or his clerk's, with Adam Overdo underneath (here I'll stay you), I'll obey you, and I'll guide you presently.

Cokes. 'Slid, this is an ass, I have found him: pox upon me, what do I talking to such a dull fool! farewell! you are a very coxcomb, do you hear?

Tro. I think I am; if Justice Overdo sign to it, I am, and so we are all: he'll quit us all, multiply us all. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Fair.*

Enter Grace, Quarlous, and Winwife, with their swords drawn.

Grace. Gentlemen, this is no way that you take; you do but breed one another trouble and offence, and give me no contentment at all. I am no she that affects to be quarrelled for, or have my name or fortune made the question of men's swords.

Quar. 'Slood, we love you.

Grace. If you both love me, as you pretend, your own reason will tell you but one can enjoy me: and to that point there leads a directer line, than by my infamy, which must follow if you fight. 'Tis true, I have profest it to you ingenuously, that rather than to be yoked with this bridegroom is appointed me, I would take up any husband almost upon any trust; though subtlety would say to me, I know, he is a fool, and has an estate, and I might govern him, and enjoy a friend beside; but these are not my aims; I must have a husband I must love, or I cannot live with him. I shall ill make one of these politic wives.

Winw. Why, if you can like either of us, lady, say which is he, and the other shall swear instantly to desist.

Quar. Content, I accord to that willingly.

Grace. Sure you think me a woman of an extreme levity, gentlemen, or a strange fancy, that meeting you by chance in such a place as this, both at one instant, and

not yet of two hours' acquaintance, neither of you deserving afore the other of me, I should so forsake my modesty (though I might affect one more particularly) as to say, this is he, and name him.

Quar. Why, wherefore should you not? What should hinder you?

Grace. If you would not give it to my modesty, allow it yet to my wit; give me so much of woman and cunning as not to betray myself impertinently. How can I judge of you, so far as to a choice, without knowing you more? You are both equal, and alike to me yet, and so indifferently affected by me, as each of you might be the man, if the other were away: for you are reasonable creatures, you have understanding and discourse; and if fate send me an understanding husband, I have no fear at all but mine own manners shall make him a good one.

Quar. Would I were put forth to making for you then.

Grace. It may be you are, you know not what is toward you: will you consent to a motion of mine, gentlemen?

Winw. Whatever it be we'll presume reasonableness, coming from you.

Quar. And fitness too.

Grace. I saw one of you buy a pair of tables² e'en now.

Winw. Yes, here they be, and maiden ones too, unwritten in.

Grace. The fitter for what they may be employed in. You shall write either of you here a word or a name, what you like best, but of two or three syllables at most; and the next person that comes this way, because Destiny has a high hand in business of this nature, I'll demand which of the two words he or she doth approve, and according to that sentence fix my resolution and affection without change.

Quar. Agreed; my word is conceived already.

Winw. And mine shall not be long creating after.

Grace. But you shall promise, gentlemen, not to be curious to know which of you it is, taken; but give me leave to conceal that till you have brought me either home or where I may safely tender myself.

Winw. Why, that's but equal.

¹ And sweet bags too.] i.e., bags of sweet herbs, or perfumes. They were far from being unnecessary in the bedchambers of those days, and were usually placed under the pillow.

² A pair of tables,] i.e., a pocket-book, with blank leaves for writing. The word occurs continually in this sense.

Quar. We are pleased.

Grace. Because I will bind both your endeavours to work together friendly and jointly each to the other's fortune, and have myself fitted with some means to make him that is forsaken a part of amends.

Quar. These conditions are very courteous. Well, my word is out of the *Arcadia*,¹ then; *Argalus*.

Winw. And mine out of the play; *Palemon*.
[*They write.*]

Enter Troubleall.

Tro. Have you any warrant for this, gentlemen.

Quar. *Winw.* Ha!

Tro. There must be a warrant had, believe it.

Winw. For what?

Tro. For whatsoever it is, anything indeed, no matter what.

Quar. 'Slight! here's a fine ragged prophet dropt down i' the nick!

Tro. Heaven quit you, gentlemen!

Quar. Nay, stay a little: good lady, put him to the question.

Grace. You are content then?

Winw. *Quar.* Yes, yes.

Grace. Sir, here are two names written—

Tro. Is Justice Overdo one?

Grace. How, sir! I pray you read them to yourself; it is for a wager between these gentlemen; and with a stroke, or any difference, mark which you approve best.

Tro. They may be both worshipful names for aught I know, mistress; but Adam Overdo had been worth three of them, I assure you in this place, that's in plain English.

Grace. This man amazes me. I pray you like one of them, sir.

Tro. [*marks the book.*] I do like him there, that has the best warrant, mistress, to save your longing, and (multiply him) it may be this. But I am still for Justice Overdo, that's my conscience; and quit you.

Winw. Is it done, lady?

Grace. Ay, and strangely as ever I saw: what fellow is this, trow?

Quar. No matter what, a fortune-teller we have made him: which is it, which is it?

Grace. Nay, did you not promise not to inquire?

Enter Edgworth.

Quar. 'Slid, I forgot that, pray you pardon me. Look, here's our Mercury come; the licence arrives in the finest time too! 'tis but scraping out Cokes his name, and 'tis done.

Winw. How now, lime-twigg, hast thou touched?

Edg. Not yet, sir; except you would go with me and see it, it is not worth speaking on. The act is nothing without a witness. Yonder he is, your man with the box, fallen into the finest company, and so transported with vapours! they have got in a northern clothier, and one Puppy, a western man, that's come to wrestle before my Lord Mayor anon and Captain Whit, and one Val Cutting, that helps Captain Jordan to roar, a circling boy;² with whom your Numps is so taken that you may strip him of his clothes, if you will. I'll undertake to geld him for you, if you had but a surgeon ready to sear him. And Mistress Justice there is the goodest woman! she does so love them all over in terms of justice and the style of authority, with her hood upright that—I beseech you come away, gentlemen, and see't.

Quar. 'Slight, I would not lose it for the Fair; what will you do, Ned?

Winw. Why, stay hereabout for you: Mistress Wellborn must not be seen.

Quar. Do so, and find out a priest in the meantime; I'll bring the licence.—Lead, which way is't?

Edg. Here, sir, you are on the back o' the booth already; you may hear the noise.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ *My word is out of the Arcadia, then; Argalus.* The loves of *Argalus* and *Parthenia* form an episode in Sir Philip Sidney's romance. The Play mentioned in the next line is either *Palemon* and *Arcite*, written by Richard Edwards for the amusement of Elizabeth, or the *Queen's Arcadia*, by Daniel, long subsequent to it, in which *Palemon*, a shepherd, is a prominent character.

² *A circling boy;* Whether this alludes to the mode of surrounding a man, with drawn swords,

and driving him from side to side (so familiar to the Mohawks of a latter age), or to the trick of irritating an adversary by giving him the lie indirectly, and so as to avoid the necessity of fighting if he manifested a proper degree of spirit, I am unable to decide. Both practices are alluded to by our old writers; and the last is mentioned in more than one place by Jonson himself (p. 43 a). A third species of circling occurs in the next scene; but this has no reference to the passage before us.

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Fair.*

Ursula's Booth, as before: Knockem, Whit, Northern, Puppy, Cutting, Waspe, and Mrs. Overdo, discovered, all in a state of intoxication.

Knock. Whit, bid Val Cutting continue the vapours for a lift, Whit, for a lift.

[*Aside to Whit.*]

Nor. I'll ne mare, I'll ne mare; the eale's too meeghty.

Knock. How now! my galloway nag the staggers, ha! Whit, give him a slit in the forehead. Cheer up, man; a needle and thread to stitch his ears. I'd cure him now, an I had it, with a little butter and garlick, long pepper and grains. Where's my horn? I'll give him a mash presently, shall take away this dizziness.

Pup. Why, where are you, zurs? do you vlinch, and leave us in the zuds now?

Nor. I'll ne mare, I is e'en as vull as a paiper's bag, by my troth, I.

Pup. Do my northern cloth zhrink i' the wetting, ha?

Knock. Why, well said, old flea-bitten;¹ thou'lt never tire, I see.

[*They fall to their vapours again.*]

Cut. No, sir, but he may tire if it please him.

Whit. Who told dee sho, that he vuld never teer, man?

Cut. No matter who told him so, so long as he knows.

Knock. Nay, I know nothing, sir, pardon me there.

Enter behind Edgworth with Quarulous.

Edg. They are at it still, sir; this they call vapours.

Whit. He shall not pardon dee, captain; dou shalt not be pardoned. Pre'dee, shweetheart, do not pardon him.

Cut. 'Slight, I'll pardon him, an I list, whosoever says nay to't.

Quar. Where's Numps? I miss him?

Waspe. Why, I say nay to't.

Quar. O, there he is.

Knock. To what do you say nay, sir?

Waspe. To anything, whatsoever it is, so long as I do not like it.

Whit. Pardon me, little man, dou musht like it a little.

Cut. No, he must not like it at all, sir; there you are i' the wrong.

Whit. I tink I bee: he musht not like it indeed.

Cut. Nay, then he both must and will like it, sir, for all you.

Knock. If he have reason, he may like it, sir.

Whit. By no meensh, captain, upon reason, he may like nothing upon reason.

Waspe. I have no reason, nor I will hear of no reason, nor I will look for no reason, and he is an ass that either knows any, or looks for't from me.

Cut. Yes, in some sense you may have reason, sir.

Waspe. Ay, in some sense, I care not if I grant you.

Whit. Pardon me, thou ousht to grant him nothing in no shensh, if dou do love dysshelf, angry man.

Waspe. Why then, I do grant him nothing: and I have no sense.

Cut. 'Tis true, thou hast no sense indeed.

Waspe. 'Slid, but I have sense, now I think on't better, and I will grant him anything, do you see.

Knock. He is in the right, and does utter a sufficient vapour.

Cut. Nay, it is no sufficient vapour neither, I deny that.

Knock. Then it is a sweet vapour.

Cut. It may be a sweet vapour.

Waspe. Nay, it is no sweet vapour neither, sir, it stinks, and I'll stand to't.

Whit. Yes, I tink it dosh shtink, captain: all vapour dosh shtink.

Waspe. Nay, then it does not stink, sir, and it shall not stink.

Cut. By your leave, it may, sir.

¹ *Old flea-bitten; thou'lt never tire.*] This is a familiar observation of the livery-stable. "A flea-bitten horse never tires."

² "Here (Jonson says) they continue their game of vapours, which is nonsense. Every man to oppose the last man that spoke, whether it concerned him or no."—There is no doubt that this is an exact copy of the drunken conversation among the bullies, or roarsers, of those times: it is, however, so inexpressibly dull that

it were to be wished the author had been content with a shorter specimen of it. His object undoubtedly was to inculcate a contempt and hatred of this vile species of tavern pleasantries; and he probably thought with Swift, when he was drawing up his *Polite Conversation*, that this could only be done by pressing it upon the hearer even to satiety. Some degree of confusion was necessary to his plot, as Knockem and Whit want an opportunity to rob the others of their cloaks, &c.

Waspe. Ay, by my leave it may stink, I know that.

Whit. Pardon me, thou knowesht nothing, it cannot by thy leave, angry man.

Waspe. How can it not?

Knock. Nay, never question him, for he is in the right.

Whit. Yesh, I am in de right, I confesh it, so ish de little man too.

Waspe. I'll have nothing confest that concerns me. I am not in the right, nor never was in the right, nor never will be in the right, while I am in my right mind.

Cut. Mind! why, here's no man minds you, sir, nor anything else.

[*They drink again.*]

Pup. Vriend, will you mind this that we do?

[*Offering Northern the cup.*]

Quar. Call you this vapours! this is such belching of quarrel as I never heard. Will you mind your business, sir?¹

Edg. You shall see, sir.

[*Goes up to Waspe.*]

Nor. I'll ne mare, my waimb warkes too mickle with this auready.

Edg. Will you take that, Master Waspe, that nobody should mind you?

Waspe. Why, what have you to do? is't any matter to you?

Edg. No, but methinks you should not be unminded, though.

Waspe. Nor I wu' not be, now I think on't. Do you hear, new acquaintance? does no man mind me, say you?

Cut. Yes, sir, every man here minds you, but how?

Waspe. Nay, I care as little how as you do; that was not my question.

Whit. No, noting was ty question, thou art a learned man, and I am a valiant man, I faith la, thou shalt speak for me, and I will fight for tee.

Knock. Fight for him, Whit! a gross vapour, he can fight for himself.

Waspe. It may be I can, but it may be I wu' not, how then?

Cut. Why, then you may choose.

Waspe. Why, then I'll choose whether I choose or no.

Knock. I think you may, and 'tis true; and I allow it for a resolute vapour.

Waspe. Nay then, I do think you do not think, and it is no resolute vapour.

Cut. Yes, in some sort he may allow you.

Knock. In no sort, sir, pardon me, I

can allow him nothing. You mistake the vapour.

Waspe. He mistakes nothing, sir, in no sort.

Whit. Yes, I pre dee now, let him mistake.

Waspe. A t— in your teeth, never pre dee me, for I will have nothing mistake.

Knock. T—! ha, t—? a noisome vapour: strike, Whit. [*Aside to Whit.*]

[*They fall together by the ears, while Edgworth steals the licence out of the box, and exit.*]

Mrs. Over. Why, gentlemen, why, gentlemen, I charge you upon my authority, conserve the peace. In the king's name, and my husband's, put up your weapons, I shall be driven to commit you myself else.

Quar. Ha, ha, ha!

Waspe. Why do you laugh, sir?

Quar. Sir, you'll allow me my christian liberty. I may laugh, I hope.

Cut. In some sort you may, and in some sort you may not, sir.

Knock. Nay, in some sort, sir, he may neither laugh nor hope in this company.

Waspe. Yes, then he may both laugh and hope in any sort, an't please him.

Quar. Faith, and I will then, for it doth please me exceedingly.

Waspe. No exceeding neither, sir.

Knock. No, that vapour is too lofty.

Quar. Gentlemen, I do not play well at your game of vapours, I am not very good at it, but—

Cut. [*draws a circle on the ground.*] Do you hear, sir? I would speak with you in circle.

Quar. In circle, sir! what would you with me in circle?

Cut. Can you lend me a piece, a Jacobus, in circle?

Quar. 'Slid, your circle will prove more costly than your vapours, then. Sir, no, I lend you none.

Cut. Your beard's not well turned up, sir.

Quar. How, rascal! are you playing with my beard? I'll break circle with you.

[*They all draw and fight.*]

Pup. Nor. Gentlemen, gentlemen!

Knock. [*Aside to Whit.*] Gather up, Whit, gather up, Whit, good vapours.

[*Exit, while Whit takes up the swords, cloaks, &c., and conceals them.*]

Mrs. Over. What mean you? are you rebels, gentlemen? shall I send out a serjeant-at-arms, or a writ of rebellion against you? I'll commit you upon

¹ Will you mind your business, sir.] i.e., make an attempt to get the licence from Waspe.

my womanhood, for a riot, upon my justice-hood, if you persist.

[*Exeunt Quarlous and Cutting.*]

Waspe. Upon my justice-hood! marry s— o' your hood: you'll commit! spoke like a true justice of peace's wife indeed, and a fine female lawyer! t— in your teeth for a fee, now.

Mrs. Over. Why, Numps, in Master Overdo's name I charge you.

Waspe. Good Mistress Underdo, hold your tongue.

Mrs. Over. Alas, poor Numps!

Waspe. Alas! and why *alas* from you, I beseech you? or why *poor* Numps, goody Rich? Am I come to be pitied by your tuft-taffata now? Why, mistress, I knew Adam the clerk, your husband, when he was Adam Scrivener,¹ and writ for twopence a sheet, as high as he bears his head now, or you your hood, dame.—

Enter Bristle and other Watchmen.

What are you, sir?

Bri. We be men, and no infidels; what is the matter here, and the noises, can you tell?

Waspe. Heart, what ha' you to do? cannot a man quarrel in quietness, but he must be put out on't by you? what are you?

Bri. Why, we be his majesty's watch, sir.

Waspe. Watch! 'sblood, you are a sweet watch indeed. A body would think, an you watched well a nights, you should be contented to sleep at this time a-day. Get you to your fleas and your flock-beds, you rogues, your kennels, and lie down close.

Bri. Down! yes, we will down, I warrant you: down with him; in his majesty's name, down, down with him, and carry him away to the pigeon-holes.

[*Some of the Watch seize Waspe, and carry him off.*]

Mrs. Over. I thank you, honest friends,

in the behalf o' the crown, and the peace, and in Master Overdo's name, for suppressing enormities.

Whit. Stay, Bristle, here ish another brash of drunkards, but very quiet, special drunkards, will pay de five shillings very well. [*Points to Northern and Puppy, drunk and asleep on the bench.*] Take care to de, in de graish o' God: one of hem do's change cloth for ale in the Fair here; te toder ish a strong man, a mighty man, my Lord Mayor's man, and a wrastler. He has washled so long with the bottle here, that the man with the beard hash almosht streek up his heelsh.²

Bri. 'Slid, the clerk o' the market has been to cry him all the Fair over here, for my lord's service.

Whit. Tere he ish, pre de talk him hensh, and make ty best on him. [*Exeunt Bristle and the rest of the Watch with Northern and Puppy.*]—How now, woman o'shilk, vot ailsh ty shweet faish? art thou melancholy?

Mrs. Over. A little distempered with these enormities. Shall I entreat a courtesy of you, captain?

Whit. Entreat a hundred, velvet woman, I vill do it, shepeak out.

Mrs. Over. I cannot with modesty speak it out, but— [*Whispers him.*]

Whit. I vill do it, and more and more for de. What Ursula, an't be bitch, an't be bawd, an't be!

Enter Ursula.

Urs. How now, rascal; what roar you for, old pimp?

Whit. Here, put de clokes, Ursh; de purchase. Pre de now, shweet Ursh, help dis good brave woman to a jordan, an't be.

Urs. 'Slid, call your Captain Jordan to her, can you not?

Whit. Nay, pre de leave dy consheils, and bring the velvet woman to de—

¹ When he was Adam Scrivener.] Numps had been reading Chaucer, who addresses his amanuensis by this name:

"Adam Scrivenere, if ever it the befall,
Boece or Troiles for to write new," &c.

I am sorry to add that Adam was rather a careless secretary, and gave his master a world of trouble by his "negligence and rape," of which Chaucer complains very feelingly.

² The man with the beard hash almosht

streek up his heelsh.] In our author's days, the stone jugs in which ale was brought at public-houses, had the figure of a man, with a large beard, drawn on their outside; and to this he compares a host, in *The New Inn*:

"Who's, at the best, some round grown thing, a jug
Faced with a beard, that fills out to the
guests."—*Whal.*

See *The New Inn*, post, act i. sc. 1.

Urse. I bring her! hang her: heart, must I find a common pot for every punk in your purlieus?

Whit. O, good voordsh, Ursh, it ish a guest o' velvet, i' fait la.

Urse. Let her sell her hood, and buy a sponge, with a pox to her! my vessel is employed, sir. I have but one, and 'tis the bottom of an old bottle. An honest grocer and his wife are at it within; if she'll stay her time, so. [Exit.]

Whit. As soon as thou cansht, shweet Ursh. Of a valiant man I tink I am as patientsh man i' the world, or in all Smithfield.

Re-enter Knockem.

Knock. How now, Whit! close vapours, stealing your leaps! covering in corners, ha!

Whit. No, fait, captain, dough thou besht a vishe man, dy vit is a mile hence now. I was procuring a shmall courtesie for a woman of fashion here.

Mrs. Over. Yes, captain, though I am a justice of peace's wife, I do love men of war, and the sons of the sword, when they come before my husband.

Knock. Sayst thou so, filly? thou shalt have a leap presently, I'll horse thee myself else.

Urse. [within.] Come, will you bring her in now, and let her take her turn?

Whit. Gramercy, good Ursh, I tank de.

Mrs. Over. Master Overdo shall thank her. [Exit.]

Re-enter Ursula, followed by Littlewit and Mrs. Littlewit.

Lit. Good ga'mere Urse, Win and I are exceedingly beholden to you, and to Captain Jordan, and Captain Whit.—Win, I'll be bold to leave you in this good company, Win; for half an hour or so, Win; while I go and see how my matter goes forward, and if the puppets be perfect; and then I'll come and fetch you, Win.

Mrs. Lit. Will you leave me alone with two men, John?

Lit. Ay, they are honest gentlemen, Win, Captain Jordan and Captain Whit; they'll use you very civilly, Win. God be wi' you, Win. [Exit.]

Urse. What, is her husband gone?

Knock. On his false gallop, Urse, away.

Urse. An you be right Bartholomew-birds, now shew yourselves so: we are

undone for want of fowl in the Fair here. Here will be Zekiel Edgworth, and three or four gallants with him at night, and I have neither plover nor quail¹ for them: persuade this between you two, to become a bird o' the game, while I work the velvet woman within, as you call her.

Knock. I conceive thee, Urse: go thy ways. [Exit Ursula].—Dost thou hear, Whit? is't not pity, my delicate dark chestnut here, with the fine lean head, large forehead, round eyes, even mouth, sharp ears, long neck, thin crest, close withers, plain back, deep sides, short fillets, and full flanks; with a round belly, a plump buttock, large thighs, knit knees, straight legs, short pasterns, smooth hoofs, and short heels, should lead a full honest woman's life, that might live the life of a lady?

Whit. Yes, by my fait and trot it is, captain; de honest woman's life is a scurvy dull life indeed, la.

Mrs. Lit. How, sir, is an honest woman's life a scurvy life?

Whit. Yes fait, shweetheart, believe him, de leef of a bond-woman! but if dou vilt hearken to me, I vill make tee a free woman and a lady; dou shalt live like a lady, as te captain saish.

Knock. Ay, and be honest too sometimes; have her wires and her tires, her green gowns and velvet petticoats.

Whit. Ay, and ride to Ware and Rumford in dy coash, shee de players, be in love vit 'em: sup vit gallantsh, be drunk, and cost de noting.

Knock. Brave vapours!

Whit. And lie by twenty on 'em, if dou pleash, shweetheart.

Mrs. Lit. What, and be honest still! that were fine sport.

Whit. Tish common, shweetheart, thou mayst do it by my hand: it shall be justified to thy husband's faish, now: thou shalt be as honesht as the skin between his hornsh, la.

Knock. Yes, and wear a dressing, top and top-gallant, to compare with e'er a husband on 'em all, for a foretop: it is the vapour of spirit in the wife to cuckold now-a-days, as it is the vapour of fashion in the husband not to suspect. Your prying cat-eyed citizen is an abominable vapour.

¹ I have neither plover nor quail.] These are cant terms for loose women; too common to require any examples of their use.

Mrs. Lit. Lord, what a fool have I been!
Whit. Mend then, and do everyting like a lady hereafter; never know ty husband from another man.

Knock. Nor any one man from another, but in the dark.

Whit. Ay, and then it ish no digrash to know any man.

Urs. [within.] Help, help here!

Knock. How now? what vapour's there?

Re-enter Ursula.

Urs. O, you are a sweet ranger, and look well to your walks! Yonder is your punk of Turnbull, ramping Alice, has fallen upon the poor gentlewoman within, and pulled her hood over her ears, and her hair through it.

Enter Alice, beating and driving in Mrs. Overdo.

Mrs. Over. Help, help, in the king's name!

Alice. A mischief on you, they are such as you are that undo us and take our trade from us, with your tuft-taffata haunches.

Knock. How now, Alice!

Alice. The poor common whores can have no traffic for the privy rich ones; your caps and hoods of velvet call away our customers, and lick the fat from us.

Urs. Peace, you foul ramping jade, you—

Alice. Od's foot, you bawd in grease, are you talking?

Knock. Why, Alice, I say.

Alice. Thou sow of Smithfield, thou!

Urs. Thou tripe of Turnbull!

Knock. Cat-a-mountain vapours, ha!

Urs. You know where you were tawed lately; both lashed and slashed you were in Bridewell.

Alice. Ay, by the same token you rid that week,¹ and broke out the bottom of the cart, night-tub.

Knock. Why, lion face, ha! do you know who I am? shall I tear ruff,² slit waistcoat, make rags of petticoat, ha! go to, vanish for fear of vapours. Whit, a kick, Whit, in the parting vapour. [They kick

out Alice.] Come, brave woman, take a good heart, thou shalt be a lady too.

Whit. Yes fait, dey shall all both be ladies, and write madam: I vill do't myself for dem. Do is the word, and D is the middle letter of madam, D D, put 'em together, and make deeds, without which all words are alike, la.

Knock. 'Tis true: Ursula, take them in, open thy wardrobe, and fit them to their calling. Green gowns, crimson petticoats, green women, my lord mayor's green women! guests o' the game, true bred. I'll provide you a coach to take the air in.

Mrs. Lit. But do you think you can get one?

Knock. O, they are common as wheelbarrows where there are great dunghills. Every pettifogger's wife has 'em; for first he buys a coach that he may marry, and then he marries that he may be made cuckold in't: for if their wives ride not to their cuckolding, they do them no credit. [Exit Ursula, Mrs. Littlewit, and Mrs. Overdo.]—*Hide and be hidden, ride and be ridden*, says the vapour of experience.

Enter Troubleall.

Tro. By what warrant does it say so?

Knock. Ha, mad child o' the pie-powder! art thou there? fill us a fresh can, Use we may drink together.

Tro. I may not drink without a warrant, captain.

Knock. 'Slood, thou'll not stale without a warrant shortly. Whit, give me pen, ink, and paper, I'll draw him a warrant presently.

Tro. It must be Justice Overdo's.

Knock. I know, man; fetch the drink, Whit.

Whit. I pre dee now, be very brief, captain; for de new ladies stay for dee.

[Exit, and re-enters with a can already.] O, as brief as can be, here 'tis already. [Gives Troubleall a paper.] Adam Overdo.

Tro. Why, now I'll pledge you, captain.

Knock. Drink it off, I'll come to thee anon again. [Exit]

¹ You rid that week,] i.e., you were carted for a bawd. Thus Dol in the *Alchemist*, act i. sc. 1:

"Rascals

Would run themselves from breath, to see me ride."

To taw, which occurs just above, is to supple

leather by briskly rubbing and beating it; hence the use of the word as applied by Ursula.

² Shall I tear ruff, &c.] This is something of the strain of Ancient Pistol, whose prowess we may trust Dol Tearsheet, was chiefly manifested in exploits of this kind. "You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor wench's ruff in a bawdy-house?"—*Henry IV.* Part II.

SCENE IV.—*The back of Ursula's Booth. Overdo in the Stocks, People, &c.*

Enter Quarious with the licence, and Edgworth.

Quar. Well, sir, you are now discharged; beware of being spied hereafter.

Edg. Sir, will it please you enter in here at Ursula's, and take part of a silken gown, a velvet petticoat, or a wrought smock; I am promised such, and I can spare a gentleman a moiety.

Quar. Keep it for your companions in breastliness, I am none of them, sir. If I had not already forgiven you a greater trespass, or thought you yet worth my beating, I would instruct your manners to whom you made your offers. But go your ways, talk not to me, the hangman is only fit to discourse with you; the hand of beadle is too merciful a punishment for your trade of life. [*Exit Edgworth.*—I am sorry I employed this fellow, for he thinks me such; *falsus quos inquinat, aequal.* But it was for sport; and would I make it serious, the getting of this licence is nothing to me, without other circumstances concur. I do think how impertinently I labour, if the word be not mine that the ragged fellow marked; and what advantage I have given Ned Winwife in this time now of working her, though it be mine. He'll go near to turn to her what a debauched rascal I am, and fright her out of all good conceit of me. I should do so by him, I am sure, if I had the opportunity. But my hope is in her temper yet; and it must needs be next to despair, that is grounded on any part of a woman's discretion. I would give, by my troth now, all I could spare, to my clothes and my sword, to meet my tattered soothsayer again, who was my judge in the question, to know certainly whose word he has damned or saved; for till then I live but under a reprieve. I must seek him. Who be these?

Enter Bristle and some of the Watch, with Waspe.

Waspe. Sir, you are a Welsh cuckold, and a prating runt, and no constable.

Bri. You say very well.—Come, put in

his leg in the middle roundel, and let him hole there. [*They put him in the stocks.*

Waspe. You stink of leeks, metheglin, and cheese, you rogue.

Bri. Why, what is that to you, if you sit sweetly in the stocks in the meantime? if you have a mind to stink too, your breeches sit close enough to your bum. Sit you merry, sir.

Quar. How now, Numps?¹

Waspe. It is no matter how; pray you look off.

Quar. Nay, I'll not offend you, Numps; I thought you had sat there to be seen.

Waspe. And to be sold, did you not? pray you mind your business, an you have any.

Quar. Cry you mercy, Numps; does your leg lie high enough?

Enter Haggise.

Bri. How now, neighbour Haggise, what says Justice Overdo's worship to the other offenders?

Hag. Why, he says just nothing; what should he say, or where should he say? He is not to be found, man; he has not been seen in the Fair here all this live-long day, never since seven a clock i' the morning. His clerks know not what to think on't. There is no court of pie-poudres yet. Here they be returned.

Enter others of the Watch with Busy.

Bri. What shall be done with them then, in your discretion?

Hag. I think we were best put them in the stocks in discretion (there they will be safe in discretion) for the valour of an hour, or such a thing, till his worship come.

Bri. It is but a hole matter if we do, neighbour Haggise; come, sir, [*to Waspe.*] here is company for you: heave up the stocks.

[*As they open the stocks, Waspe puts his shoe on his hand, and slips it in for his leg.*

Waspe. I shall put a trick upon your Welsh diligence perhaps. [*Aside.*

Bri. Put in your leg, sir. [*To Busy.*

Quar. What, Rabbi Busy! is he come?

Busy. I do obey thee; the lion may

¹ "I know not," says one of the commentators on Shakespeare, whom I should be sorry to think Dr. Farmer, "if the circumstance of putting him in the stocks (in *King Lear*) be not ridicu-

culed in the punishment of Waspe." What can be said to such gratuitous blundering? Nothing, except perhaps it be, that prejudice is blinder than a mill-horse.

roar, but he cannot bite. I am glad to be thus separated from the heathen of the land, and put apart in the stocks, for the holy cause.

Waspe. What are you, sir?

Busy. One that rejoiceth in his affliction, and sitteth here to prophesy the destruction of fairs and May-games, wakes and Whitsun-ales, and doth sigh and groan for the reformation of these abuses.

Waspe. [to Overdo.] And do you sigh and groan too, or rejoice in your affliction?

Over. I do not feel it, I do not think of it, it is a thing without me.¹ Adam, thou art above these batteries, these contumelies. *In te manca ruil fortuna*, as thy friend Horace says; thou art one, *Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent*. And therefore, as another friend of thine says, I think it be thy friend Persius, *Non te quasiveris extra*.

Quar. What's here! a stoic in the stocks? the fool is turned philosopher.

Busy. Friend, I will leave to communicate my spirit with you, if I hear any more of those superstitious relics, those lists of Latin, the very rags of Rome, and patches of Popery.

Waspe. Nay, an you begin to quarrel, gentlemen, I'll leave you. I have paid for quarrelling too lately: look you, a device, but shifting in a hand for a foot. God be wi' you. [Slips out his hand.]

Busy. Wilt thou then leave thy brethren in tribulation?

Waspe. For this once, sir.

[Exit, running.]

Busy. Thou art a halting neutral: stay him there, stop him, that will not endure the heat of persecution.

Bri. How now, what's the matter?

Busy. He is fled, he is fled, and dares not sit it out.

Bri. What, has he made an escape! which way? follow, neighbour Haggise.

[Excunt Haggise and Watch.]

Enter Dame Purecraft.

Pure. O me, in the stocks! have the wicked prevailed?

Busy. Peace, religious sister, it is my calling, comfort yourself; an extraordinary

calling, and done for my better standing, my surer standing, hereafter.

Enter Troubleall, with a can.

Tro. By whose warrant, by whose warrant, this?

Quar. O, here's my man dropt is! looked for.

Over. Ha!

Pure. O, good sir, they have set the faithful here to be wondered at; and provided holes for the holy of the land.

Tro. Had they warrant for it? shew'd they Justice Overdo's hand? if they had no warrant, they shall answer it.

Re-enter Haggise.

Bri. Sure you did not lock the stocks sufficiently, neighbour Toby.

Hag. No! see if you can lock them better.

Bri. They are very sufficiently locked, and truly; yet something is in the matter.

Tro. True, your warrant is the matter that is in question; by what warrant?

Bri. Madman, hold your peace, I will put you in his room else, in the very same hole, do you see?

Quar. How, is he a madman!

Tro. Shew me Justice Overdo's warrant I obey you.

Hag. You are a mad fool, hold your tongue. [Excunt Haggise and Bristle.]

Tro. In Justice Overdo's name, I drink to you, and here's my warrant.

[Shows his can.]

Over. Alas, poor wretch! how it yearns my heart for him.

Quar. If he be mad, it is in vain to question him. I'll try him though.—Friend, there was a gentlewoman shewed you two names some hours since, Argalus and Philimon, to mark in a book; which of them was it you marked.

Tro. I mark no name but Adam Overdo, that is the name of names, he only is the sufficient magistrate; and that name of reverence, shew it me.

Quar. This fellow's mad indeed: I am further off now than afore.

Over. I shall not breathe in peace till I have made him some amends.

Quar. Well, I will make another name of him is come in my head: I have a new beard in my trunk, one something like his.

Re-enter Bristle and Haggise.

Bri. This mad fool has made me the

¹ It is a thing without me:] The justice is humorously affecting the lofty language of stoicism. He begins with the distinctions of Epictetus—*τα ἐφ' ἡμῶν* and *τα οὐκ ἐφ' ἡμῶν*.

SCENE I.]

know not whether I have locked the stocks or no: I think I locked them.

[*Tries the locks.*]

Try. Take Adam Overdo in your mind, and fear nothing.

Tri. 'Slid, madness itself! hold thy peace, and take that.

[*Strikes him.*]

Try. Strikest thou without a warrant? take thou that.

[*They fight, and leave open the stocks in the scuffle.*]

Busy. We are delivered by miracle; follow in fetters, let us not refuse the means; this madness was of the spirit: the malice of the enemy hath mocked itself.

[*Exeunt Busy and Overdo.*]

Pure. Mad do they call him! the world is mad in error, but he is mad in truth: I love him o' the sudden (the cunning man said all true) and shall love him more and more. How well it becomes a man to be mad in truth! O that I might be his yoke-fellow, and be mad with him, what a many should we draw to madness in truth with us!

[*Exit.*]

Tri. How now, all scaped! where's the woman? it is witchcraft! her velvet hat is a witch, o' my conscience, or my key! the one.—The madman was a devil, and I am an ass; so bless me, my place, and mine office!

[*Exit, affrighted.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Fair, as before.*

A Booth.

Lanthorn Leatherhead, dressed as a puppet-showman, Filcher, and Sharkwell with a flag.

Leath. Well, luck and Saint Bartholomew! out with the sign of our invention, in the name of wit, and do you beat the drum the while: all the foul i' the Fair, I mean all the dirt in Smithfield,—that's one of Master Littlewit's carwhitchets now—will be thrown at our banner to-day, if the matter does not please the people. O, the motions

that I, Lanthorn Leatherhead, have given light to, in my time, since my Master Pod¹ died! Jerusalem was a stately thing, and so was Nineveh, and the City of Norwich, and Sodom and Gomorrah, with the rising of the prentices, and pulling down the bawdy-houses there upon Shrove-Tuesday; but the Gunpowder Plot, there was a get-penny!² I have presented that to an eighteen or twentypence audience, nine times in an afternoon. Your home-born projects prove ever the best, they are so easy and familiar; they put too much learning in their things now o' days; and that I fear will be the spoil of this. Littlewit! I say, Micklewit! if not too mickle! look to your gathering there, Goodman Filcher.

Filch. I warrant you, sir.

Leath. An there come any gentlefolks, take twopence apiece, Sharkwell.

Shark. I warrant you, sir, threepence an we can.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Fair.*

Enter Overdo, disguised like a Porter.

Over. This latter disguise, I have borrowed of a porter, shall carry me out to all my great and good ends; which however interrupted, were never destroyed in me: neither is the hour of my severity yet come to reveal myself, wherein, cloud-like, I will break out in rain and hail, lightning and thunder, upon the head of enormity. Two main works I have to prosecute: first, one is to invent some satisfaction for the poor kind wretch, who is out of his wits for my sake, and yonder I see him coming, I will walk aside and project for it.

Enter Winwife and Grace.

Winw. I wonder where Tom Quarulous is, that he returns not; it may be he is struck in here to seek us.

Grace. See, here's our madman again.

Enter Quarulous, in Troubleall's clothes, followed by Dame Purecraft.

Quar. I have made myself as like him as his gown and cap will give me leave.

author had the manager of some minor theatre in view.

² *There was a get-penny!* This was the theatrical term for a favourite piece. "Thy name shall be written upon conduits, and thy deeds played in thy lifetime by the best company of players, and called their *Get-penny*."—*Eastward Hoe*.

¹ Pod was a master of motions before

This is Jonson's note; and certainly does not tend to corroborate the notion that Lanthorn Leatherhead was Inigo Jones, "old Ben generally spoke out," and he would scarcely have been the predecessor of Jones a puppet-showman. It seems far more probable that the

Pure. Sir, I love you, and would be glad to be mad with you in truth.

Winw. How! my widow in love with a madman?

Pure. Verily, I can be as mad in spirit as you.

Quar. By whose warrant? leave your canting. Gentlewoman, have I found you? [*To Mistress Grace.*] Save ye, quit ye, and multiply ye! Where's your book? 'twas a sufficient name I marked, let me see't, be not afraid to shew't me.

Grace. What would you with it, sir?

Quar. Mark it again and again at your service.

Grace. Here it is, sir, this was it you marked.

Quar. *Palemon!* fare you well, fare you well.

Winw. How, *Palemon!*

Grace. Yes, faith, he has discovered it to you now, and therefore 'twere vain to disguise it longer; I am yours, sir, by the benefit of your fortune.

Winw. And you have him, mistress, believe it, that shall never give you cause to repent her benefit; but make you rather to think that in this choice she had both her eyes.

Grace. I desire to put it to no danger of protestation.

[*Exeunt Grace and Winwife.*]

Quar. *Palemon* the word, and *Winwife* the man!

Pure. Good sir, vouchsafe a yoke-fellow in your madness, shun not one of the sanctified sisters, that would draw with you in truth.

Quar. Away, you are a herd of hypocritical proud ignorants, rather wild than mad; fitter for woods, and the society of beasts, than houses, and the congregation of men. You are the second part of the society of canters, outlaws to order and discipline, and the only privileged church-robbers of Christendom. Let me alone: *Palemon* the word, and *Winwife* the man!

Pure. I must uncover myself unto him, or I shall never enjoy him, for all the cunning men's promises. [*Aside.*] Good sir, hear me, I am worth six thousand pound, my love to you is become my rack; I'll tell you all and the truth, since you hate the hypocrisy of the party-coloured brotherhood. These seven years I have been a wilful holy widow, only to draw feasts and gifts from my entangled suitors: I am also by office an assisting sister of the deacons, and a devourer, instead of a dis-

tributer of the alms. I am a special maker of marriages for our decayed brethren with our rich widows, for a third part of their wealth, when they are married, for the relief of the poor elect: as also our poor handsome young virgins, with our wealthy bachelors or widowers; to make them good from their husbands, when I have confirmed them in the faith, and got all put into their custodies. And if I have not my bargain, they may sooner turn a scolding drab into a silent minister, than make me leave pronouncing reprobation and damnation unto them. Our elder, *Zeal-of-the-land*, would have had me, but I know him to be the capital knave of the land, making himself rich by being made a feoffee in trust to deceased brethren, and covering their heirs by swearing the absolute gift of their inheritance. And thus having eased my conscience, and uttered my heart with the tongue of my love; enjoy all my dearest together, I beseech you. I should not have revealed this to you, but that in time I think you are mad, and I hope you'll think me so too, sir?

Quar. Stand aside, I'll answer you presently. [*He walks by.*] Why should I not marry this six thousand pound, now I think on't, and a good trade too that she has beside, ha? The t'other wench *Winwife* is sure of; there's no expectation for me there. Here I may make myself some saver yet, if she continue mad, there's the question. It is money that I want, who should not I marry the money when it is offered me? I have a licence and all, it is but razing out one name, and putting in another. There's no playing with a man's fortune! I am resolved: I were truly mad, and I would not!—Well, come your way, follow me, an you will be mad, I'll show you a warrant.

[*Takes her along with him.*]
Pure. Most zealously, it is that I zealously desire.

Over. [*Stopping him.*] Sir, let me speak with you.

Quar. By whose warrant?

Over. The warrant that you tender, and respect so; Justice *Overdo's*. I am the man, friend *Troubleall*, though thus disguised (as the careful magistrate ought to be) the good of the republic in the Fair, and the weeding out of enormity. Do you want a house, or meat, or drink, or clothes? speak whatsoever it is, it shall be supplied you; what want you?

Quar. Nothing but your warrant.

Over. My warrant! for what?

Quar. To be gone, sir.

Over. Nay, I pray thee stay; I am serious, and have not many words, nor much time to exchange with thee. Think what may do thee good.

Quar. Your hand and seal will do me a great deal of good; nothing else in the whole Fair that I know.

Over. If it were to any end, thou shouldst have it willingly.

Quar. Why, it will satisfy me, that's end enough to look on; an you will not give it me, let me go.

Over. Alas! thou shalt have it presently; I'll but step into the scrivener's here by, and bring it. Do not go away. [*Exit.*]

Quar. Why, this madman's shape will prove a very fortunate one, I think. Can a ragged robe produce these effects? if this be the wise justice, and he bring me his hand, I shall go near to make some use on't.

Re-enter Overdo.

He is come already!

Over. Look thee! here is my hand and seal, Adam Overdo; if there be anything to be written above in that paper that thou wantest now, or at any time hereafter, think on't, it is my deed, I deliver it so; can your friend write?

Quar. Her hand for a witness, and all is well.

Over. With all my heart.

[*He urges her to sign it.*]

Quar. Why should not I have the conscience to make this a bond of a thousand pound now, or what I would else?

[*Aside.*]

Over. Look you, there it is, and I deliver it as my deed again.

Quar. Let us now proceed in madness.

[*Exeunt Quarulous and Dame Purecraft.*]

Over. Well, my conscience is much eased; I have done my part, though it doth him no good, yet Adam hath offered satisfaction. The sting is removed from hence! Poor man, he is much altered with his affliction, it has brought him low. Now for my other work, reducing the young man, I have followed so long in love, from the brink of his bane to the centre of safety. Here, or in some such like vain place, I shall be sure to find him. I will wait the good time. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Fair.*

The Puppet-show Booth, as before.

Enter Sharkwell and Filcher, with bills, and Cokes in his doublet and hose, followed by the Boys of the Fair.

Cokes. How now! what's here to do, friend? art thou the master of the monuments?

Shar. 'Tis a motion, an't please your worship.

Enter Overdo behind.

Over. My fantastical brother-in-law, Master Bartholomew Cokes!

Cokes. A motion! what's that? [*Reads.*]

"The ancient modern history of Hero and Leander,¹ otherwise called the Touchstone of true Love, with as true a trial of friendship between Damon and Pythias, two faithful friends o' the Bankside."—Pretty,

they shall be thy *Damons* and thou their *Pi-thias*."—Act i.

As Horace is known to be meant for our author, there can be no doubt, I think, that the reference was to this interlude of *Damon and Pythias*: it would seem therefore that it had been exhibited at an early period as a simple burlesque, and that Jonson was induced by its popularity to recast it, and with the addition of Busy and some other characters, to interweave it with the present drama. However this be, the idea of introducing it was most happy, the execution at once skilful and diverting, and the success complete.

Old Cole is used by Marston in the *Male-content* (1604), which is dedicated to our author; the term therefore must have been familiar to the stage: another proof perhaps of the celebrity of this little piece at a period long anterior to *Bartholomew Fair*, and to any of Inigo Jones.

¹ The ancient modern history of Hero and Leander, &c.] This is a burlesque on the absurd titles of some of our ancient dramas; but more particularly on that of Preston's. "A memorable Tragedy of the life of King Cambray, mixed full of pleasant mirth," &c. The "motion" itself is a ridiculous parody (at least so far as the language is concerned) on the old play of *Damon and Pythias*, by Richard Edwards. There is yet a circumstance to be noticed which has escaped the commentators. *Bartholomew Fair* was first acted in 1614, and yet we have an allusion to this part of it in the *Satire-mastix*, which appeared in 1602:

"Horace. I'll lay my hands under your feet, Captain Tucca.

Tucca. Sayst thou me so, old Cole! Come, do it then; yet 'tis no matter neither; I'll have thee in league first with these two rollypollies;

f' faith, what's the meaning on't? is't an interlude, or what is't?

Filch. Yes, sir, please you come near, we'll take your money within.

Cokes. Back with these children; they do so follow me up and down!

Enter Littlewit.

Lit. By your leave, friend.

Filch. You must pay, sir, an you go in.

Lit. Who, I! I perceive thou know'st not me; call the master of the motion.

Shark. What, do you not know the author, fellow Filcher? You must take no money of him; he must come in gratis: Master Littlewit is a voluntary; he is the author.

Lit. Peace, speak not too loud, I would not have any notice taken that I am the author, till we see how it passes.

Cokes. Master Littlewit, how dost thou?

Lit. Master Cokes! you are exceeding well met: what, in your doublet and hose, without a cloke or a hat?

Cokes. I would I might never stir, as I am an honest man, and by that fire; I have lost all in the Fair, and all my acquaintance too: didst thou meet anybody that I know, Master Littlewit? my man Numps, or my sister Overdo, or Mistress Grace? Pray thee, Master Littlewit, lend me some money to see the interlude here; I'll pay thee again, as I am a gentleman. If thou'lt but carry me home, I have money enough there.

Lit. O, sir, you shall command it; what, will a crown serve you?

Cokes. I think it will; what do we pay for coming in, fellows?

Filch. Twopence, sir.

Cokes. Twopence! there's twelvapence, friend; nay, I am a gallant, as simple as I look now; if you see me with my man about me, and my artillery again.

Lit. Your man was in the stocks e'en now, sir.

Cokes. Who, Numps?

Lit. Yes, faith.

Cokes. For what, i' faith? I am glad o' that; remember to tell me on't anon; I have enough now. What manner of

matter is this, Master Littlewit? what kind of actors have you? are they good actors?

Lit. Pretty youths, sir, all children both old and young; here's the master of 'em—

Enter Leatherhead.

Leath. [aside to Littlewit.] Call me not Leatherhead, but Lantern.¹

Lit. Master Lantern, that gives light to the business.

Cokes. In good time, sir! I would fain see them, I would be glad to drink with the young company; which is the tiring-house?

Leath. Troth, sir, our tiring-house is somewhat little; we are but beginners yet, pray pardon us; you cannot go uprigt in't.

Cokes. No! not now my hat is off? what would you have done with me, if you had had me feather and all, as I was once to-day? Have you none of your pretty impudent boys now, to bring stools,² tobacco, fetch ale, and beg money, as they have at other houses? Let me see some of your actors.

Lit. Shew him them, shew him them. Master Lantern, this is a gentleman that's a favourer of the quality.

[Exit Leatherhead.]

Over. Ay, the favouring of this licentious quality is the consumption of many a young gentleman; a pernicious enormity.

[Aside.]

Re-enter Leatherhead with a basket.

Cokes. What! do they live in baskets?

Leath. They do lie in a basket, sir, they are o' the small players.

Cokes. These be players minors indeed. Do you call these players?

Leath. They are actors, sir, and as good as any, none dispraised, for dumb shows indeed, I am the mouth of them all.

Cokes. Thy mouth will hold them all. I think one tailor would go near to beat all this company with a hand bound behind him.

Lit. Ay, and eat them all too, as they were in cake-bread.³

¹ Call me not Leatherhead, but Lantern.] To prevent his being recognised by Cokes, whom under the former name he had defrauded of thirty shillings. See p. 175 b.

² Have you none of your boys now to bring stools, &c.] Cokes alludes to the common

practice at the regular theatres. See vol. i. p. 146 a.

³ Ay, and eat them too, as they were in cake-bread.] This allusion to the voracity of tailors for cake-bread must have conveyed some pleasant idea to the audiences of those times, of the

Cokes. I thank you for that, Master Littlewit; a good jest! Which is your Burbage now?

Leath. What mean you by that, sir?

Cokes. Your best actor, your Field?

Leath. Good, i' faith! you are even with me, sir.

Leath. This is he, that acts young Leander, sir: he is extremely beloved of the womenkind, they do so affect his action, the green gamesters, that come here! and this is lovely Hero; this with the beard Damon; and this pretty Pythias: this is the ghost of king Dionysius in the habit of a scrivener; as you shall see anon at large.

Cokes. Well, they are a civil company, I like 'em for that; they offer not to fleer, nor jeer, nor break jests, as the great players do: and then, there goes not so much charge to the feasting of them, or making them drunk, as to the other, by reason of their littleness. Do they use to play perfect, are they never flustered?

Leath. No, sir, I thank my industry and policy for it; they are as well governed a company, though I say it—And here is young Leander, is as proper an actor of his inches, and shakes his head like an hostler.¹

Cokes. But do you play it according to the printed book? I have read that.³

Leath. By no means, sir.

Cokes. No! how then?

Leath. A better way, sir; that is too learned and poetical for our audience: what do they know what *Hellespont* is, guilty of true love's blood? or what *Abydos* is? or the other, *Sestos* right?

Cokes. Thou art in the right; I do not know myself.

nature of which we are now ignorant, since it is found in most of our old dramas. Several instances of it are given in the notes to *Masinger* (vol. iii. 447), to which may be added the following from *Nabbes*:

Ralph. I could take the wall of three times three tailors, though in the morning, and at a baker's stall.

Dolio. That were a way to have thy skin bodkin'd full of oislet holes."—*Covent Garden.*

¹ Not of eyes of needles, as Mr. Weber interprets *epitholes* (Ford, vol. ii. p. 45); but of holes punched with a bodkin, for the admission of ink, tape, &c. To stumble in difficult ground is common to all: it is peculiar to this unfortunate gentleman to blunder where no one besides himself ever encountered the slightest rub.

Leath. No, I have entreated Master Littlewit to take a little pains to reduce it to a more familiar strain for our people.

Cokes. How, I pray thee, good Master Littlewit?

Lit. It pleases him to make a matter of it, sir; but there is no such matter, I assure you: I have only made it a little easy, and modern for the times, sir, that's all. As for the *Hellespont*, I imagine our *Thames* here; and then *Leander* I make a dyer's son about *Puddle-wharf*; and *Hero* a wench o' the *Bankside*, who going over one morning to *Old Fish-street*, *Leander* spies her land at *Trig-stairs*, and falls in love with her. Now do I introduce *Cupid*, having metamorphosed himself into a drawer, and he strikes *Hero* in love with a pint of sherry; and other pretty passages there are of the friendship, that will delight you, sir, and please you of judgment.

Cokes. I'll be sworn they shall: I am in love with the actors already, and I'll be allied to them presently.—They respect gentlemen, these fellows:—*Hero* shall by my fairing: but which of my fairings?—let me see—i' faith, my fiddle; and *Leander* my fiddlestick: then *Damon* my drum, and *Pythias* my pipe, and the ghost of *Dionysius* my hobby-horse. All fitted.

Enter Winwife and Grace.

Winw. Look, yonder's your *Cokes* gotten in among his playfellows; I thought we could not miss him at such a spectacle.

Grace. Let him alone, he is so busy he will never spy us.

Leath. Nay, good sir!

[*To Cokes, who is handling the puppets.*]

¹ Good, i' faith! you are even with me.] *Whalley* supposes (according to the established mode) that some reflections on the players were intended; but the language is purely complimentary. *Field* was the Burbage of some rival theatre.

² *Shakes his head like an hostler.*] *Whalley* calls this an allusion to *Will Ostler* the player, and then quarrels with *Jonson* for his bad pun! I do not understand the allusion.

³ According to the printed book! i.e., according to *Marlowe's* translation of the Greek poem by *Musæus*. This version of the *Loves of Hero and Leander* was very popular, and indeed not without reason. It commences thus:

"Of *Hellespont*, guilty of true love's blood,
In view and opposite two cities stood,
Sea-borderers, disjoined by *Neptune's* might,
The one *Abydos*, the other *Sestos* right," &c.

Cokes. I warrant thee I will not hurt her, fellow; what, dost thou think me uncivil? I pray thee be not jealous; I am toward a wife.

Lit. Well, good Master Lantern, make ready to begin, that I may fetch my wife; and look you be perfect, you undo me else, in my reputation.

Leath. I warrant you, sir, do not you breed too great an expectation of it among your friends; that's the hurter of these things.

Lit. No, no, no.

[*Exit.*]

Cokes. I'll stay here and see; pray thee let me see.

Winw. How diligent and troublesome he is!

Grace. The place becomes him, methinks.

Over. My ward, Mistress Grace, in the company of a stranger! I doubt I shall be compelled to discover myself before my time.

[*Aside.*]

Enter Knockem, Edgworth, and Mrs. Littlewit, followed by Whit supporting Mrs. Overdo, masked.¹

Filch. Twopence apiece, gentlemen, an excellent motion.

Knock. Shall we have fine fireworks and good vapours?

Shark. Yes, captain, and waterworks too.

Whit. I pree dee take care o' dy shmall lady there, Edgworth; I will look to dish tall lady myself.

Leath. Welcome, gentlemen, welcome, gentlemen.

Whit. Predee mashter o' the monshstersh, help a very sick lady here to a chair to shit in.

Leath. Presently, sir.

[*A chair is brought in for Mrs. Overdo.*]

Whit. Good fait now, Ursula's ale and aquavitae ish to blame for't: shit down, shweetheart, shit down and sleep a little.

Edg. [*To Mrs. Littlewit.*] Madam, you are very welcome hither.

Knock. Yes, and you shall see very good vapours.

Over. Here is my care come! I like to

see him in so good company: and yet I wonder that persons of such fashion should resort hither.

Edg. There is a very private house, madam.

Leath. Will it please your ladyship, madam?

Mrs. Lit. Yes, good man. They do us all-to-be-madam me, I think they think me a very lady.

Edg. What else, madam?

Mrs. Lit. Must I put off my mask to him?

Edg. O, by no means.

Mrs. Lit. How should my husband know me then?

Knock. Husband! an idle vapour; he must not know you, nor you him: there's the true vapour.

Over. Yea! I will observe more of that.

[*Aside.*] Is this a lady, friend?

Whit. Ay, and dat is anoder lady, shweetheart; if thou hasht a mind to 'em, give me twelpence from tee, and we shal have eder oder on 'em.

Over. Ay! this will prove my chiefest enormity: I will follow this.

Edg. Is not this a finer life, lady, than to be clogged with a husband?

Mrs. Lit. Yes, a great deal. When will they begin, trow, in the name o' the nation?

Edg. By-and-by, madam; they stay but for company.

Knock. Do you hear, puppet-master, these are tedious vapours, when begun you?

Leath. We stay but for Master Littlewit, the author, who is gone for his wife; and we begin presently.

Mrs. Lit. That's I, that's I.

Edg. That was you, lady; but now you are no such poor thing.

Knock. Hang the author's wife, a running vapour! here be ladies will stay for ne'er a Delia of them all.

Whit. But hear me now, here ish one o' de ladish ashleep, stay till shee but wake man.

Enter Waspe.

Waspe. How now, friends! what's here to do?

Filch. Twopence apiece, sir, the best motion in the Fair.

Waspe. I believe you lie; if you do, I'll have my money again, and beat you.

Mrs. Lit. Numps is come!

Waspe. Did you see a master of mine

¹ *Mrs. Littlewit and Overdo masked.* This was not an unusual practice at the theatres. But there was a necessity for wearing masks on the present occasion, to prevent their being recognised by their acquaintance.

come in here, a tall young squire of Harrow-o'-the-Hill, Master Bartholomew Cokes?

Filch. I think there be such a one within.

Waspe. Look he be, you were best; but it is very likely: I wonder I found him not at all the rest. I have been at the Eagle, and the Black Wolf, and the Bull with the Five Legs and Two Pizzles—he was a calf at Uxbridge Fair two years ago—and at the Dogs that dance the morrice, and the Hare of the Tabor; and mist him at all these! Sure this must needs be some fine sight that holds him so, if it have him.

Cokes. Come, come, are you ready now?

Leath. Presently, sir.

Waspe. Hoyday, he's at work in his doublet and hose! Do you hear, sir, are you employed, that you are bareheaded and so busy?

Cokes. Hold your peace, Numps; you have been in the stocks, I hear.

Waspe. Does he know that! nay, then the date of my authority is out; I must think no longer to reign, my government is at an end. He that will correct another must want fault in himself.

Wimw. Sententious Numps! I never heard so much from him before.

Leath. Sure Master Littlewit will not come; please you take your place, sir; we'll begin.

Cokes. I pray thee do, mine ears long to be at it, and mine eyes too. O Numps, in the stocks, Numps! Where's your sword, Numps!

Waspe. I pray you intend your game, sir; let me alone.

Cokes. Well then, we are quit for all. Come, sit down, Numps; I'll interpret to

thee: did you see Mistress Grace? It's no matter neither now I think on't, tell me anon.

Wimw. A great deal of love and care he expresses.

Grace. Alas, would you have him to express more than he has? That were tyranny.

Cokes. Peace, ho! now, now.

Leath. "Gentles,¹ that no longer your expectations may wander, Behold our chief actor, amorous Leander. With a great deal of cloth, lapped about him like a scarf,

For he yet serves his father, a dyer at Puddle-wharf;

Which place we'll make bold with, to call it our Abydus,

As the Bankside is our Sestos; and let it not be denied us.

Now as he is beating to make the dye take the fuller,

Who chances to come by, but fair Hero in a sculler;

And seeing Leander's naked leg and goodly calf,

Cast at him from the boat a sheep's eye and an half.

Now she is landed, and the sculler come back,

By-and-by you shall see what Leander doth lack.

Lean. Cole, Cole, old Cole!

Leath. That is the sculler's name without control.

Lean. Cole, Cole, I say, Cole!

Leath. We do hear you.

Lean. Old Cole!

Leath. Old Cole! Is the dyer turned collier? How do you sell?

¹ *Gentles*, &c.] When I read the opening of the *Heccuba* of Euripides:

ΗΚΟ, νεκρών κευθμωνα και σκοτου πυλας
Αιπων, — Πολυδωρος, κ. τ. λ. —

that of the *Persæ* of Æschylus:

Ταδε μεν Περσων των οιχομενων
Ελλαδ' εις αιαν πιστα καλειται: —

or even the

αυτος ωδ' ελληθθα

Ο πασι κλεινος Οιδιπους καλουμενος —

of Sophocles, I cannot help thinking of the single actor of Thespis, announcing his own name and family, and telling the simple tale of his achievements or misfortunes.

This sort of direct explanation was afterwards with much more propriety, taken from the *per-*

sons of the drama, and consigned to the actors in a detached prologue, such as those of *Plautus* and *Terence*: a practice which, if we did not know the attachment of Ben Jonson to everything ancient, we might suspect he meant to ridicule, by the pleasant use he has made of it in the prologue to his puppet-show of *Hero and Leander*, in *Bartholomew Fair*:

"Gentles, that no longer," &c.

TWINING'S *Aristotle*, p. 222.

This was undoubtedly the poet's object; though it may be thought to detract from that habitual reverence with which he is supposed to have contemplated even the errors of the ancient writers:—but though he was strongly prejudiced, he was not absolutely blind, and this is not the only instance in which he has noticed their improprieties *naso adunco*.

Lean. A pox o' your manners, kiss my hole here, and smell.

Leath. Kiss your hole and smell! there's manners indeed.

Lean. Why, Cole, I say, Cole!

Leath. Is't the sculler you need?

Lean. Ay, and be hanged.

Leath. Be hanged! look you yonder.

Old Cole, you must go hang with Master Leander.

Cole. Where is he?

Lean. Here, Cole: what fairest of fairs,

Was that fare that thou landedst but now at Trig-stairs!

Cokes. What was that, fellow? pray thee tell me, I scarce understand them.

Leath. "Leander does ask, sir, what fairest of fairs,

Was the fare he landed but now at Trig-stairs?

Cole. It is lovely Hero.

Lean. Nero?

Cole. No, Hero.

Leath. It is Hero

Of the Bankside, he saith, to tell you truth without erring,

Is come over into Fish-street to eat some fresh herring.

Leander says no more, but as fast as he can,

Gets on all his best clothes, and will after to the Swan."

Cokes. Most admirable good, is't not?

Leath. "Stay, sculler.

Cole. What say you?

Leath. You must stay for Leander, And carry him to the wench.

Cole. You rogue, I am no pander."

Cokes. He says he is no pander. 'Tis a fine language; I understand it now.

Leath. "Are you no pander, Goodman

Cole? here's no man says you are; You'll grow a hot cole, it seems; pray you stay for your fare.

Cole. Will he come away?

Leath. What do you say?

Cole. I'd have him come away.

Leath. Would you have Leander come away? why, pray, sir, stay.

You are angry, Goodman Cole; I believe the fair maid

Came over with you a' trust: tell me, sculler, are you paid?

Cole. Yes, Goodman Hogrubber of Pickthatch.

Leath. How, Hogrubber of Pickthatch?

Cole. Ay, Hogrubber of Pickthatch. Take you that.

[Strikes him over the pate.]

Leath. O, my head.

Cole. Harm watch, harm catch."

Cokes. Harm watch, harm catch, he says; very good, i' faith: the sculler had like to have knocked you, sirrah.

Leath. Yes, but that his fare called him away.

Lean. "Row apace, row apace, row, row, row, row, row.

Leath. You are knavishly loaden, sculler, take heed where you go.

Cole. Knave in your face, Goodman rogue.

Lean. Row, row, row, row, row."

Cokes. He said, knave in your face, friend.

Leath. Ay, sir, I heard him; but there's no talking to these watermen, they will have the last word.

Cokes. Od's my life! I am not allied to the sculler yet; he shall be *Dauphin my boy*. But my fiddlestick¹ does fiddle in and out too much: I pray thee speak to him on't; tell him I would have him tarry in my sight more.

Leath. I pray you be content; you'll have enough on him, sir.

"Now, gentles, I take it, here is none of you so stupid,

But that you have heard of a little god of love called Cupid;

Who out of kindness to Leander, hearing he but saw her,

This present day and hour doth turn himself to a drawer.

And because he would have their first meeting to be merry,

He strikes Hero in love to him with a pint of sherry;

Which he tells her from amorous Leander is sent her.²

¹ But my fiddlestick, &c.] Cokes means Leander, who was now represented in the show as rowing away. *Dauphin my boy* is the burden of a ridiculous old song, of which mention is made by Steevens in his notes on *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 4.

² Which he tells her, &c.] It was the fashion not only for the puppets of the text, but for those of flesh and blood, to introduce themselves to strangers with a propitiatory cup of wine, which preceded their appearance. There is a story told of Bishop Corbet and Jonson which illus-

Who after him into the room of Hero doth venture.

[*Leander goes into Mistress Hero's room.*]

Jonas. A pint of sack, score a pint of sack in the Coney."

Cokes. Sack! you said but e'en now it should be sherry.

Jonas. "Why, so it is; sherry, sherry, sherry!"

Cokes. Sherry, sherry, sherry! By my troth, he makes me merry. I must have a name for Cupid too. Let me see, thou might'st help me now, an thou wouldst, Numps, at a dead lift; but thou art dreaming of the stocks still.—Do not think on't, I have forgot it; 'tis but a nine days' wonder, man; let it not trouble thee.

Waspe. I would the stocks were about your neck, sir; condition I hung by the heels in them till the wonder were off from you, with all my heart.

Cokes. Well said, resolute Numps! but hark you, friend, where's the friendship all this while between my drum Damon and my pipe Pythias?

Leath. You shall see by-and-by, sir.

Cokes. You think my hobby-horse is forgotten too; no, I'll see them all enact before I go; I shall not know which to love best else.

Knock. This gallant has interrupting vapours, troublesome vapours; Whit, puff with him.

Whit. No, I pree dee, captain, let him alone; he is a child, i' faith, la.

Leath. "Now, gentles, to the friends, who in number are two, And lodged in that ale-house in which fair Hero does do.

Damon, for some kindness done him the last week, Is come, fair Hero, in Fish-street, this morning to seek:

Pythias does smell the knavery of the meeting,

And now you shall see their true-friendly greeting.

Pythias. You whore-masterly slave, you."

Cokes. Whore-masterly slave, you! very friendly and familiar that.

Damon. "Whore-master in thy face, Thou hast lain with her thyself, I'll prove it in this place."

Cokes. Damon says Pythias has lain with her himself, he'll prove 't in this place.

Leath. "They are whore-masters both, sir, that's a plain case.

Pythias. You lie like a rogue!"

Leath. Do I lie like a rogue?

Pythias. A pimp and a scab.

Leath. A pimp and a scab!

I say, between you, you have both but one drab.

Damon. You lie again.

Leath. Do I lie again?

Damon. Like a rogue again.

Leath. Like a rogue again!

Pythias. And you are a pimp again."

Cokes. And you are a pimp again, he says.

Damon. "And a scab again."

Cokes. And a scab again, he says.

Leath. "And I say again, you are both whore-masters again.

And you have both but one drab again.

Damon and Pythias. Dost thou, dost thou, dost thou?

[*They fall upon him.*]

Leath. What, both at once?

Pythias. Down with him, Damon.

Damon. Pink his guts, Pythias.

Leath. What, so malicious?

Will ye murder me, masters both, in my own house?"

Cokes. Ho! well acted, my drum, well acted, my pipe, well acted still!

Waspe. Well acted, with all my heart.

Leath. "Hold, hold your hands."

Cokes. Ay, both your hands, for my sake! for you have both done well.

trates this practice, and is at the same time so characteristic of both, that it has every appearance of being genuine. "Ben Jonson was at a tavern, in comes Bishop Corbet (but not so then) into the next room. Ben Jonson calls for a quart of *raw* wine, and gives it to the tapster. 'Sirrah!' says he, 'carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him I sacrifice my service to him.' The fellow did, and in those

terms: 'Friend,' says Bishop Corbet, 'I thank him for his love, but prithee tell him from me that he is mistaken, for sacrifices are always burnt.'—*Mery Passages and Feastes*.—Hart. MSS. No. 6395.

[*You lie like a rogue.*] This squabble is a burlesque on the quarrel between Jack and Wylle in the old drama of *Damon and Pythias*.

Damon. "Gramercy, pure Pythias.
Pythias. Gramercy, dear Damon."

Cokes. Gramercy to you both, my pipe
and my drum.

Pythias and Damon. "Come, now we'll
together to breakfast to Hero."

Leath. 'Tis well you can now go to
breakfast to Hero.
You have given me my breakfast, with a
hone and honero."

Cokes. How is't, friend, have they hurt
thee?

Leath. O no:
Between you and I, sir, we do but make
show.—

"Thus, gentles, you perceive, without any
denial,

'Twixt Damon and Pythias here, friend-
ship's true trial.

Though hourly they quarrel thus, and roar
each with other,

They fight you no more than does brother
with brother;

But friendly together, at the next man they
meet,

They let fly their anger, as here you might
see't."

Cokes. Well, we have seen it, and thou
hast felt it, whatsoever thou sayest. What's
next, what's next?

Leath. "This while young Leander with
fair Hero is drinking,
And Hero grown drunk to any man's
thinking!

Yet was it not three pints of sherry could
flaw her,

Till Cupid, distinguished like Jonas the
drawer,

From under his apron, where his lechery
lurks,

Put love in her sack. Now mark how it
works.

Hero. O Leander, Leander, my dear,
my dear Leander,
I'll for ever be thy goose, so thou'lt be
my gander."

Cokes. Excellently well said, Fiddle,
she'll ever be his goose, so he'll be her
gander: was't not so?

Leath. Yes, sir, but mark his answer
now.

Lean. "And sweetest of geese, before I
go to bed,
I'll swim over the Thames, my goose, thee
to tread."

Cokes. Brave! he will swim over the
Thames, and tread his goose to-night, he
says.

Leath. Ay, peace, sir, they'll be angry
if they hear you eavesdropping, now they
are setting their match.

Lean. "But lest the Thames should be
dark, my goose, my dear friend,
Let thy window be provided of a candle's
end.

Hero. Fear not, my gander, I protest I
should handle
My matters very ill, if I had not a whole
candle.

Lean. Well then, look to't, and kiss me
to boot.

Leath. Now here come the friends again,
Pythias and Damon,
And under their clokes they have of bacon
a gammon.

Pythias. Drawer, fill some wine here."

Leath. How, some wine there!
There's company already, sir, pray forbear.

Damon. "'Tis Hero.

Leath. Yes, but she will not to be taken,
After sack and fresh-herring, with your
Dunmow-bacon.

Pythias. You lie, it's Westfabian.

Leath. Westphalian, you should say.

Damon. If you hold not your peace, you
are a coxcomb, I would say.

[*Leander and Hero kiss.*
What's here, what's here? kiss, kiss, upon
kiss!

Leath. Ay, wherefore should they not?
what harm is in this?

'Tis Mistress Hero.

Damon. Mistress Hero's a whore.

Leath. Is she a whore? keep you quiet,
or, sir knave, out of door.

Damon. Knave out of door!

Hero. Yes, knave out of door.

Damon. Whore out of door.

[*They fall together by the ears.*

Hero. I say, knave out of door.

Damon. I say, whore out of door.

Pythias. Yea, so say I too.

Hero. Kiss the whore o' the a—.

Leath. Now you have something to do.
You must kiss her o' the a—, she says.

Damon and Pythias. So we will, so we
will.

[*They kick her.*
Hero. O my haunches, O my haunches,
hold, hold.

Leath. Stand'st thou still!
Leander, where art thou? stand'st thou
still like a sot,

And not offerest to break both their heads
with a pot?

See who's at thine elbow there! puppet
Jonas and Cupid.

Jonas. Upon 'em, Leander, be not so
stupid.

Leander. You goat-bearded slave!

Damon. You whore-master knave!

[*They fight.*]

Leander. Thou art a whore-master.

Jonas. Whore-masters all.

Leander. See, Cupid with a word has tane
up the brawl."

Knock. These be fine vapours.

Cokes. By this good day, they fight
bravely; do they not, Numps?

Waspe. Yes, they lacked but you to be
their second all this while.

Leander. "This tragical encounter falling
out thus to busy us,

It raises up the ghost of their friend
Dionysius;

Not like a monarch, but the master of a
school,

In a scrivener's furred gown, which shews
he is no fool:

For therein he hath wit enough to keep
himself warm.

O Damon, he cries, and Pythias, what
harm

Hath poor Dionysius done you in his grave,
That after his death you should fall out
thus and rave,

And call amorous Leander whore-master
knave?

Damon. I cannot, I will not, I promise
you, endure it."

Rabbi Busy rushes in.

Busy. Down with Dagon! down with
Dagon! 'tis I, I will no longer endure your
profanations.

Leander. What mean you, sir?

Busy. I will remove Dagon there, I say,
that idol, that heathenish idol, that re-
mains, as I may say, a beam, a very beam,
—not a beam of the sun, nor a beam of the
moon, nor a beam of a balance, neither a
house-beam, nor a weaver's beam, but a

beam in the eye, in the eye of the brethren;
a very great beam, an exceeding great
beam; such as are your stage-players,
rimers, and morrice-dancers, who have
walked hand in hand, in contempt of the
brethren, and the cause; and been borne
out by instruments of no mean counte-
nance.

Leander. Sir, I present nothing but what
is licensed by authority.

Busy. Thou art all licence, even licen-
tiousness itself, Shimei!

Leander. I have the Master of the Revels'
hand for't, sir.

Busy. The master of the rebels' hand
thou hast, Satan's! hold thy peace, thy
scurillity, shut up thy mouth, thy profes-
sion is damnable, and in pleading for it
thou dost plead for Baal. I have long
opened my mouth wide, and gaped. I
have gaped as the oyster for the tide,¹ after
thy destruction: but cannot compass it by
suit or dispute; so that I look for a bickering
ere long, and then a battle.²

Knock. Good Banbury vapours!

Cokes. Friend, you'd have an ill match
on't, if you bicker with him here; though
he be no man of the fist, he has friends that
will to cuffs for him. Numps, will not you
take our side?

Edg. Sir, it shall not need; in my mind
he offers him a fairer course, to end it by
disputation: hast thou nothing to say for
thyself, in defence of thy quality?

Leander. Faith, sir, I am not well-studied
in these controversies between the hypo-
crites and us. But here's one of my mo-
tion, puppet Dionysius, shall undertake
him, and I'll venture the cause on't.

Cokes. Who, my hobby-horse! will he
dispute with him?

Leander. Yes, sir, and make a hobby-ass
of him, I hope.

Cokes. That's excellent! indeed he looks
like the best scholar of them all. Come,
sir, you must be as good as your word
now.

Busy. I will not fear to make my spirit
and gifts known: assist me, zeal, fill me,
fill me, that is, make me full!

Winw. What a desperate, profane wretch

¹ I have gaped as the oyster for the tide.] A
satire upon the low, familiar, and profane jargon
of the Puritans in their public prayers and
sermons. A specimen of it is given by
Richard in his *Contempt of the Clergy*: "Our
souls are constantly gaping after thee, O Lord,
yea, verily, our souls do gape even as an oyster
gapeth."

² I look for a bickering ere long, and then a
battle.] The Rabbi was gratified in both. All
this proves how profoundly Jonson had entered
into the views and expectations of this turbulent
and aspiring race: had his royal master under-
stood them half so well, long years of calamity
and disgrace might have been averted.

is this! is there any ignorance or impudence like his, to call his zeal to fill him against a puppet?

Quar. I know no fitter match than a puppet to commit with an hypocrite!

Busy. First, I say unto thee, idol, thou hast no calling.

Dion. "You lie, I am called Dionysius."

Leath. The motion says, you lie, he is called Dionysius in the matter, and to that calling he answers.

Busy. I mean no vocation, idol, no present lawful calling.

Dion. "Is yours a lawful calling?"

Leath. The motion asketh, if yours be a lawful calling.

¹ *He neigheth and hinnieth, &c.*] This is not much unlike the furious burst of zeal of *Hope-on-high Bomby*, against the hobby-horse. See vol. i. p. 81.

² *Dion. It is not profane.*

Busy. It is profane.] Mr. Selden (see his *Table Talk*) observes on this passage that the author intended satirically to express the vain disputes of the Puritanical divines, by Inigo Lanthorn's disputing with a puppet in *Bartholomew Fair*: *It is so, it is not so: It is so, it is not so*: crying thus to one another a quarter of an hour together. Mr. Selden quoted from memory, but this is the passage he meant.—
WHAL.

Mr. Whalley adds, that Selden understood Inigo Jones to be meant by Lanthorn Leatherhead. It appears so; and yet it is evident that no jot of this ridiculous scene attaches to any part of his character. Jones was neither a theologian nor a puppet-show man; he was a painter and an architect, and in one or other of these capacities, had Jonson meant to be severe on him, he would assuredly have been introduced. Selden had a very imperfect recollection of this scene: he confounds Lanthorn with Busy, &c. In a word (to have done at once with the subject), I am convinced that Jonson has been as unjustly treated in this as in a hundred other instances, and charged with maligning those of whom he never thought. The fact is, that when a growing sense of propriety had driven the mysteries and moralities from the stage, the Vice and the Devil of those pieces, from whose grotesque extravagancies the vulgar could not be suddenly weaned, took refuge in the puppet-shows, where they wanted with serious subjects more indecently than before. Happily all traces of these profane exhibitions have been long lost among us; but they are still found on the Continent. I have seen in one of the chief cities of France the Crucifixion played by puppets; and though the sight was inexpressibly revolting, I could not perceive that the people, who were probably accustomed to it, were either shocked or disgusted. Against these monstrosities then, as has been already observed, Jonson in the first

Busy. Yes, mine is of the spirit.

Dion. "Then idol is a lawful calling."

Leath. He says, then idol is a lawful calling; for you called him idol, and your calling is of the spirit.

Cokes. Well disputed, hobby-horse.

Busy. Take not part with the wicked, young gallant: he neigheth and hinnieth; all is but hinniing sophistry. I call him idol again; yet, I say, his calling, his profession is profane, it is profane, idol.

Dion. "It is not profane."

Leath. It is not profane, he says.

Busy. It is profane.²

Dion. "It is not profane."

place directed his satire; making it at the same time the vehicle of a well deserved attack on the blind zeal, hypocrisy, and ignorance of those unwearied persecutors of the stage, the Puritans.

But this was not all. It would seem that there was scarcely a regular play of which some imitation was not performed by puppets. "I have seen," says a personage in an old play, "all our stories (i.e., historical dramas) acted by marmets:" and Decker tells us that he saw *Julius Cæsar* and the *Duke of Guise* in a puppet-show: "villainous motions," he calls them; and indeed it is scarcely possible to name a popular event that was not taken up by these wooden competitors of the "quality." A ready guess may be formed at the ignorance and absurdities of these drolleries; and Jonson appears in some measure to have written his *Damon and Pythias* to expose and correct them. Hence the gross and vulgar language, the motley assemblage of characters, the ridiculous confusion of time and place, &c. in this laughable interlude. If the reader wishes to suppose that he also looked somewhat higher, and included a few of the minor theatres in his censure, I have no objection to it. The result of all this is, that his Lanthorn Leatherhead is the representative of one of those depredators on the property of the regular stage, which he degraded, and thus mixed his heels with other men's heads; and that Inigo Jones, unless it can be proved that he ever headed a company of players, and baited a fellow in a bear's skin (p. 175 b), must be dismissed from *Bartholomew Fair*.

A word may yet be added on behalf of the poet. He has been, I trust, already exculpated from the absurd charge of sneering at Shakespeare in his mention of *servant-monsters* (p. 146), but full justice cannot be done to him unless a reference be continually made to the real state of Bartholomew Fair in those times. An extract from an old treatise of this name will show that Jonson was no careless observer of the passing scene, and that he alludes in almost every instance to what had actually met his view. "Hither" (says this ancient tract) "the

SCENE III.]

Busy. It is profane.

Dion. "It is not profane."

Leath. Well said, confute him with *Not* will. You cannot bear him down with your base noise, sir.

Busy. Nor he me, with his treble creek-
ing, though he creek like the chariot
wheels of Satan; I am zealous for the
cause—

Leath. As a dog for a bone.

Busy. And I say it is profane, as being
the page of Pride, and the waiting-woman
of Vanity.

Dion. "Yea! what say you to your tire-
women then?"

Leath. Good.

Dion. "Or feather-makers in the Friars,¹
that are of your faction of faith? are not
they, with their perukes, and their puffs,
their fans, and their huffs, as much pages
of Pride, and waiters upon Vanity? What
say you, what say you, what say you?"

Busy. I will not answer for them.

Dion. "Because you cannot, because
you cannot. Is a bugle-maker a lawful
calling? or the confect-makers? such you
have there; or your French fashioner? you
would have all the sin within yourselves,
would you not, would you not?"

sort people of all sorts and conditions. Christ
Church Cloisters are then hunge full of pictures.
It is remarkable and worth your observation to
behold and heare the strange sights and con-
fused noise in the Faire. Here a knave in a
foole's coat" (this is our author's Arthur o' Brad-
ley) "with a trumpet sounding, or on a drum
beating, invites you to see his puppets; there a
rogue like a wild woodman, or in an antick
shape like an incubus, desires your company
to view his motion, &c. &c."—*Barthol. Faire*,
4to, p. 5.

It is unnecessary to quote more, though there
is much more to the purpose, but this is sufficient
to prove the malice of the poet's enemies. It is
manifest (exclusive of what appears in the notes
on the Induction) that there really were *servant-
masters* in Bartholomew Fair, though Jonson
did not choose to introduce them into his drama,
and that he might therefore venture to notice
the circumstance without any disrespect to
Shakespeare, who, like himself, might be in-
debted to the inventive talents of those "knaves,"
and whose Caliban perhaps appeared on the
stage "in an antick shape, like an incubus."

¹ *Or feather-makers in the Friars, &c.* See
vol. i. p. 236 b. This is a home-thrust.

² *The male among you putteth on the apparel
of the female, &c.* This was, as Jonson says,
the old stale argument against the players, for it

Busy. No, Dagon.

Dion. "What then, Dagonet? is a
puppet worse than these?"

Busy. Yes, and my main argument
against you is, that you are an abomina-
tion; for the male among you putteth on
the apparel of the female,² and the female
of the male.

Dion. "You lie, you lie, you lie abomi-
nably."

Cokes. Good, by my troth, he has given
him the lie thrice.

Dion. "It is your old stale argument
against the players, but it will not hold
against the puppets; for we have neither
male nor female amongst us. And that
thou mayst see, if thou wilt, like a ma-
licious purblind zeal as thou art!"

[*Takes up his garment.*]

Edg. By my faith, there he has an-
swered you, friend, a plain demonstration.

Dion. "Nay, I'll prove, against e'er a
Rabbin of them all, that my standing is as
lawful as his; that I speak by inspiration,
as well as he; that I have as little to do
with learning as he; and do scorn her
helps as much as he."

Busy. I am confuted,³ the cause hath
failed me.

had been urged with great bitterness by Stubbs
and other Puritans of Elizabeth's days; and
recently enforced with illiberal vehemence on
the strength of some ill-understood passages of
Scripture. It appears from Hawkins that many
difficulties were encountered at Cambridge (which
then abounded in Puritans) in procuring proper
persons to act the parts of Surda, Rosabella, &c.,
solely from the unwillingness of the students to
put on a female dress, which they affirmed it
was unlawful for a man to wear. The worst is,
that when women appeared in female characters
the objectors were not a jot better satisfied than
before.

³ *I am confuted, &c.* It appears from
D'Urfey that this defeat of the Rabbi was a
source of infinite delight to the audience. The
triumph of Dionysius, however, was of a tran-
sient nature; and he was confuted in his turn
with more effectual weapons than those of "de-
monstrations." This is beautifully touched by
Lord Buckhurst in the epilogue to *Tartuffe*:

"Many have been the vain attempts of wit
Against the still prevailing hypocrit:
Once, and but once, a poet got the day,
And vanquished Busy in a puppet-play!
But Busy rallying, filled with holy rage,
Possessed the pulpit, and pulled down the
stage."

Dion. "Then be converted, be converted."

Leath. Be converted, I pray you, and let the play go on!

Busy. Let it go on; for I am changed, and will become a beholder with you.

Cokes. That's brave, i' faith, thou hast carried it away, hobby-horse; on with the play.

Over. [*discovering himself.*] Stay, now do I forbid; I am Adam Overdo! sit still, I charge you.

Cokes. What, my brother-in-law!

Grace. My wise guardian!

Edg. Justice Overdo!

Over. It is time to take enormity by the forehead, and brand it; for I have discovered enough.

Enter Quarlous in Troubleall's clothes, as before, and Dame Purecraft.

Quar. Nay, come, mistress bride; you must do as I do, now. You must be mad with me, in truth. I have here Justice Overdo for it.

Over. Peace, good Troubleall; come hither, and you shall trouble none. I will take the charge of you, and your friend too; you also, young man [*to Edgworth*] shall be my care; stand there.

Edg. Now, mercy upon me.

Knock. Would we were away, Whit, these are dangerous vapours, best fall off with our birds for fear o' the cage.

[*They attempt to steal away.*]

Over. Stay, is not my name your terror?

Whit. Yesh, fait, man, and it ish for tat we would begone, man.

Enter Littlewit.

Lit. O, gentlemen! did you not see a wife of mine? I have lost my little wife, as I shall be trusted; my little pretty Win. I left her at the great woman's house in trust yonder, the pig-woman's, with Captain Jordan and Captain Whit, very good men, and I cannot bear of her. Poor fool, I fear she's stepped aside. Mother, did you not see Win?

Over. If this grave matron be your mother, sir, stand by her, *et digito compece labellum*; I may perhaps spring a wife for you anon. Brother Bartholomew, I am sadly sorry to see you so lightly given, and such a discipline of enormity with your grave governor Humphrey; but stand you both there, in the middle place; I will reprehend you in your course. Mistress

Grace, let me rescue you out of the hands of the stranger.

Winw. Pardon me, sir, I am a kinswoman of hers.

Over. Are you so! of what name, sir?

Winw. Winwife, sir.

Over. Master Winwife! I hope you have won no wife of her, sir; if you have, I will examine the possibility of it at fit leisure. Now to my enormities: look upon me, O London! and see me, O Smithfield! the example of justice, and Mirror of Magistrates; the true top of formality and scourge of enormity. Hearken unto my labours, and but observe my discoveries, and compare Hercules with me, if thou dar'st, of old; or Columbus, Magellan, or our countryman Drake, of later times. Stand forth, you weeds of enormity, and spread. First Rabbi Busy, thou super-natural hypocrite;—[*to Leatherhead*] Next thou other extremity, thou profane professor of puppetry, little better than poetry—[*to Whit*.] Then thou strong debaucher and seducer of youth; witness this case and honest young man, [*pointing to Edg*.]—[*to Knock*.] Now, thou esquire of dames, madams, and twelvepenny ladies;—Now, my green madam herself of the price; let me unmask your ladyship.

[*Discovers Mrs. Lit.*]

Lit. O my wife, my wife, my wife!

Over. Is she your wife? *redde te Harpocratem.*

Enter Troubleall, with a dripping-pan, followed by Ursula and Nightingale.

Trou. By your leave, stand by, my masters, be uncovered.

Urs. O stay him, stay him, help to cry, Nightingale; my pan, my pan!

Over. What's the matter?

Night. He has stolen gammar Ursula's pan.

Tro. Yes, and I fear no man but Justice Overdo.

Over. Ursula! where is she? O the sor of enormity, this! welcome, stand you there; you songster, there.

Urs. An't please your worship, I am in no fault: a gentleman stripped him in my booth, and borrowed his gown, and his hat; and he ran away with my goods here for it.

Over. [*to Quarlous*.] Then this is the true madman, and you are the enormity!

Quar. You are in the right; I am mad but from the gown outward.

Over. Stand you there.

Quar. Where you please, sir.

Mrs. Over. [singing.] O, lend me a
bason, I am sick, I am sick! where's Master
Overdo? Bridget, call hither my Adam.

Over. How!

[He is shamed and silenced.]

Whil. Dy very own wife, i' fait, wor-
shipful Adam.

Mrs. Over. Will not my Adam come at
me! shall I see him no more then?

Quar. Sir, why do you not go on with
the enormity? are you oppressed with it?
I'll help you: hark you, sir, in your ear—
Your innocent young man, you have ta'en
such care of all this day, is a cut-purse,
that hath got all your brother Cokes's things,
and helped you to your beating and the
stocks; if you have a mind to hang him
now, and shew him your magistrate's wit,
you may: but I should think it were better
recovering the goods, and to save your
estimation in him. I thank you, sir, for
the gift of your ward, Mistress Grace;
look you, here is your hand and seal, by
the way. Master Winwife, give you joy,
you are *Palemon*, you are possessed of the
gentlewoman, but she must pay me value,
here's warrant for it. And, honest madman,
there's thy gown and cap again; I thank
thee for my wife. Nay, I can be mad,
sweetheart, [to Mrs. Pure.] when I please
still; never fear me; and careful Numps,
where's he? I thank him for my licence.

Waspe. How!

Quar. 'Tis true, Numps.

Waspe. I'll be hanged then.

Quar. Look in your box, Numps.—Nay,
[to Overdo.] stand not you fixed here,
like a stake in Finsbury, to be shot at, or
the whipping-post in the Fair, but get your
side out o' the air, it will make her worse
else; and remember you are but Adam,
flesh and blood! you have your frailty,

forget your other name of Overdo, and in-
vite us all to supper. There you and I
will compare our discoveries; and drown
the memory of all enormity in your biggest
bowl at home.

Cokes. How now, Numps, have you lost
it? I warrant 'twas when thou wert in the
stocks. Why dost not speak!

Waspe. I will never speak while I live
again, for aught I know.

Over. Nay, Humphrey, if I be patient,
you must be so too; this pleasant conceited
gentleman hath wrought upon my judg-
ment, and prevailed. I pray you take care
of your sick friend, Mistress Alice, and
my good friends all—

Quar. And no enormities.

Over. I invite you home with me to my
house to supper: I will have none fear to
go along, for my intents are *ad correc-*
tionem, non ad destructionem; ad ædifi-
candum, non ad diruendum: so lead on.

Cokes. Yes, and bring the actors along,
we'll have the rest of the play at home.

[Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE.

Your Majesty hath seen the play, and you
Can best allow it from your ear and view.
You know the scope of writers, and what
store

Of leave is given them, if they take not more,
And turn it into licence: you can tell
If we have used that leave you gave us well:
Or whether we to rage or licence break,
Or be profane, or make profane men speak:
This is your power to judge, great sir,
and not

The envy of a few. Which if we have got,
We value less what their dislike can bring,
If it so happy be, t' have pleased the
King.¹

Windsor, that "it is remarkable for the number
of the personages, who exhibit more characters
appropriated and discriminated than perhaps can
be found in any other play:" while the author of
the *Biographia Dramatica* remarks, with far
more accuracy (for Johnson knew nothing of our
poet) that *Bartholomew Fair* exhibits perhaps
the greatest assemblage of characters that ever
was brought together within the compass of one
single piece.

This play is placed by Milton, or his nephew,
nearly on a level with those exquisite dramas,
the *Fox* and the *Alchemist*; and not unjustly,
for it abounds in powerful satire, no less than in
wit and humour; and the characters, numerous
as they are, are all kept distinct from one

¹ Whether this play pleased the king we have
no means of ascertaining. James indeed dis-
liked the Puritans, and must have been gratified
with the well drawn portraiture of them in *Zeal-
of-the-Land Busy*: but it is not altogether so
certain that he would take delight in the strong
satire thrown upon the controversies with them
in the dispute between the Rabbi and puppet
Jew. He had himself entered into more
than one theological contest with them, and with
a deplorable blindness in regard to their real
intent, always expected, poor man, in some
suspicious moment to reconcile them to the
Establishment in Church and State by the force
of his own reasoning.

Dr. Johnson observes of the *Merry Wives of*

another, and supported with a minuteness of attention which has probably never been exceeded. That the humour is of no elevated kind must be admitted; but it is suited to the persons; and the poet has prepared his reader for the manners and the language which he is about to adopt in the introductory verses. That his choice of a subject was judicious, all may not be disposed to grant; but none will deny that he has treated it with consummate ability. Of Busy enough has been said. Cokes is unquestionably the most finished picture of a simpleton that the mimetic art ever produced. With sufficient natural powers to take from us all sense of uneasiness at his exposure, he is for ever wantoning on the verge of imbecility. His childish but insatiable curiosity, his eagerness to possess every object within his reach, his total abandonment of himself to every amusement that offers, his incapacity of receiving more than one of two events at a time, with his anxious fears that the other will escape him, joined to the usual concomitants of folly, selfishness, cunning, and occasional fits of obstinacy, tend altogether to form a character infinitely amusing, and fully sufficient (in the hands of Nokes) to justify the "merry monarch" for the unusual glee with which he is reported to have witnessed its representation.

I have no design to analyse the rest of the

dramatis personæ, though I cannot refrain from observing that there is scarcely one of them which does not manifest a degree of skill, little if at all inferior to that displayed in the characters of Cokes. Even the trifling part of Troublesome, in any other writer than Jonson, would be thought deserving of praise, for its correct delineation of a particular species of insanity, too inoffensive for fear, and too slight for commiseration.

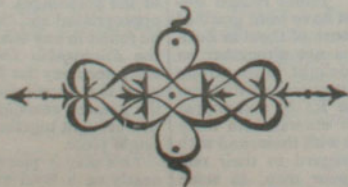
No small part of the mirth of this play arises from the ridiculous mortifications to which the various characters are subjected by the ingenious progress of the plot. The confident and crafty Numps is tricked and disgraced on every occasion. Cokes is stript in succession of everything valuable, even to his clothes, and makes his last appearance nearly in a state of nudity. The wise justice is in a maze of dupery from the first scene to the last. The widow-hater makes an ancient *trillibub* of that description. In a word, there is scarcely one of the numerous dramatis personæ who does not furnish his share of entertainment by appearing in situations directly opposite to his pretensions.

From the success which attended this play, the epiphonema "O rare Ben Jonson!" (afterwards placed on his tombstone), is said to have been first given to our author.

ADDITIONAL NOTE TO PP. 163 *a*, AND 168 *a*.

[I remarked in a note (vol. i. p. 412 *b*) that Gifford, although he had held the plough, appeared to be very ignorant about horses and their treatment. Had he not been so he would, I think, have struck out the word *thy* in the following sentence at p. 163, or else have inserted a suitable word between "thy" and "grass." It is nonsense as it stands in the text. "I'll have this belly of thine taken up, and [thy] grass scoured, wench." In the same way he has neglected, in his note p. 168 *a*, to give any explanation of the maladies with which *Knockem* describes *Ursula* as being afflicted in her unscaled leg. It is only necessary to refer to *Markham's Maister-peece*, containing all knowledge belonging to Smith, Farrier, or Horse-leech, to obtain the fullest information.

1. "A Mallander is a sort of dry scab, growing in the form of lines or streaks overthwart the very tough or inward bent of the knee, and hath hard hair with stubborn roots like sweet bristles." 2. "The Scratches, Crepanches or Rats-tayls, being all but one sorrance, are long, scabby and dry chaps or rifts, growing right up and down, and overthwart on the hind-legs, just from the fetlock unto the end of the curb." 3. "The Crown scab breeds round about the corners of the hoof, and is a cankerous and painful sorrance." 4. "The Quittor-bone is a hard round swelling upon the coronet of the hoof betwixt the heel and the quarter." I believe the name of *Knockem* to be equivalent to *Knacker*.—F. C.]



The Devil is an Ass.

THE DEVIL IS AN ASS.] This comedy was acted in 1616, by the King's Servants at Blackfriars, but not put to the press till many years afterwards, when it appeared in the folio of 1631. The editor of the *Biographia Dramatica*, who had but to open this volume to ascertain the true date, chooses rather to copy Langbaine, who is of no authority in this respect, and assign it to a later period. There is, indeed, another edition in folio, 1641, but it is of no authority, or even value, being full of errors. In noticing the date of *Bartholomew Fair*, I had occasion to observe that Jonson appeared to concern himself little, if at all, with the printing of the plays in the present collection; and the *Devil is an Ass*, as well as the *Staple of News*, furnishes no slight proof of it. In the folio, 1616, which the author certainly revised, he is altogether sparing of his marginal directions, while the dramas just mentioned abound in them. They are, however, of the most trite and trifling nature; they tell nothing that is not told in action, and generally in the same words, and are upon the whole such a worthless inbrance on the page, that the reader will thank me for discarding them altogether. They bear no trace of the poet's hand.

This comedy was revived immediately after the Restoration, and, as Downes informs us, "much to the satisfaction of the town." It originally appeared with this motto,

"*Ficta voluptatis causâ, sint proxima veris.*"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Beelzebub, the great devil.
 Pug, the less devil.
 Iniquity, the Vice.
 Fustian Fitzdottrel, a squire of Norfolk.
 Moorcraft, the projector.
 Escall, his champion.
 Wetipol, a young gallant.
 Eustace Manly, his friend.
 Engine, a broker.
 Truism, the projector's man.
 Thomas Giltthead, a goldsmith.

Plutarchus, his son.
 Sir Paul Eitherside, a lawyer, and justice.
 Ambler, gentleman-usher to Lady Tailbush.
 Sledge, a smith, the constable.
 Shackles, keeper of Newgate.

Mrs. Frances Fitzdottrel.
 Lady Eitherside.
 Lady Tailbush, the lady projectress.
 Pitfall, her woman.

Serjeants, Officers, Servants, Underkeepers, &c.

SCENE, London.

THE PROLOGUE.

THE DEVIL IS AN ASS :¹ that is, to-day,
 The name of what you are met for, a new play.
 Yet, grandees, would you were not come to grace
 Our matter, with allowing us no place.
 Though you presume Satan a subtle thing,
 And may have heard he's worn in a thumb-ring ;²
 Do not on these presumptions force us act
 In compass of a cheese-trencher. This tract
 Will ne'er admit our Vice, because of yours.
 Anon, who worse than you, the fault endures
 That yourselves make ? when you will thrust and spurn,
 And knock us on the elbows ; and bid, turn ;
 As if, when we had spoke, we must be gone,
 Or, till we speak, must all run in, to one,
 Like the young adders, at the old one's mouth !
 Would we could stand due north, or had no south,
 If that offend ; or were Muscovy glass,³
 That you might look our scenes through as they pass.
 We know not how to affect you. If you'll come
 To see new plays, pray you afford us room,
 And shew this but the same face you have done
 Your dear delight, *The Devil of Edmonton*.⁴
 Or, if for want of room it must miscarry,
 'Twill be but justice that your censure tarry,
 Till you give some : and when six times you have seen't,
 If this play do not like,⁵ the Devil is in't.

¹ *The Devil is an Ass.*] This is said by the prologue pointing to the title of the play, which as was then the custom, was painted in large letters, and placed in some conspicuous part of the stage. The remainder of the prologue alludes to a practice common at that period to all the theatres—namely, that of crowding the stage with stools for the accommodation of the spectators, who were thus admitted into the court, "yea, even to the very throne of King Cambyens."

² *Worn in a thumb-ring.*] Nothing was more common, as we learn from Lilly, than to carry about familiar spirits, shut up in rings, watches, sword-hilts, and other articles of dress. Lest the reader should be in pain for the close confinement of the demon in the text, it may be proper to mention that the thumb-rings of Jonson's days were set with jewels of an extraordinary size. Frequent mention of them occurs in our old dramatists : from which, however, we might be led to conclude that they were more affected by magistrates and grave citizens than necromancers. The fashion of wearing these weighty ornaments was prevalent in Addison's time. "It is common," he says, "for a stale virgin to set up a shop in a place where she is not known, where the large thumb-ring, supposed to be given her by her husband, quickly recommends her to some wealthy neighbour, who takes a liking to the jolly widow that would have overlooked the venerable spinster."—*Spec.* No. 614.

³ *Or were Muscovy glass.*] "About the river Dwyna, towards the North Sea, there groweth a soft rocke, which they call Slude ; this they cut into pieces, and so tear it into thin flakes, which naturally it is apt for, and so use it for glasse lanthorns, and such like."—Fletcher's *Roxas Com-monealth.* 1591. This is Jonson's Muscovy glass.

⁴ *The Devil of Edmonton.*] This pleasant old comedy had been several years on the stage when this was written, being incidentally noticed as a popular piece in 1604. It is almost attributed to Shakspeare by Kirkman, and there wanted nothing perhaps but the knowledge of this *inocer* at it by Jonson (see vol. ii. p. 146), to induce the commentators to print it among his works. One of them indeed observes that it is unworthy of our great poet ; but it ill becomes those of those who burthened his reputation with such trash as *Pericles* and *Titus Andronicus*, to make scruples about the present play.

Oldys ascribes *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* to Drayton ; but it bears no resemblance to any of his published works ; and if *Lingua* be the production of (Tony) Antony Brewer, he also must be relieved from the charge of writing it, notwithstanding the initials T. B. in the title-page.

⁵ *If this play do not like, &c.*] i.e., please. The quibble in the text had already furnished Decker with a title for his play of *Belphegor*.

The Devil is an Ass.

ACT I.

SCENE I.¹

Enter Satan and Pug.

Sat. HOH, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh,
hoh!²—
To earth! and why to earth, thou foolish
spirit?

What wouldst thou do on earth?

Pug. For that, great chief,
As time shall work. I do but ask my
month

Which every petty, puisne devil has;
Within that term, the court of hell will
hear

Something may gain a longer grant, per-
haps.

Sat. For what? the laming a poor cow
or two,

Entering a sow, to make her cast her far-
row,

Or crossing of a market-woman's mare
Twixt this and Tottenham? these were
wont to be

Your main achievements, Pug. You have
some plot now,

Upon a tunning of ale, to stale the yeast,
Or keep the churn so, that the butter come
not,

Spite of the housewife's cord, or her hot
spit:

Or some good ribibe,³ about Kentish Town
Or Hogsden, you would hang now for a
witch,

Because she will not let you play round
Robin.

And you'll go sour the citizens' cream
'gainst Sunday,

That she may be accused for't, and con-
demned,

By a Middlesex jury,⁴ to the satisfaction
Of their offended friends, the Londoners
wives,

Whose teeth were set on edge with't.
Foolish fiend!

Stay in your place, know your own strength,
and put not

Beyond the sphere of your activity:
You are too dull a devil to be trusted

Forth in those parts, Pug, upon any affair

¹ This first scene must be laid "e'en where the reader pleases." Satan and Pug probably make their entrance on the stage from a trap-door (some rude representation perhaps of Hell-mouth), and the dialogue may be supposed to take place in their journey from the infernal regions. For these and a thousand other incongruities, the absolute poverty and nakedness of the old stage furnished a ready apology.

² *Hoh, hoh, &c.*] "The devil," Whalley says, in the old Mysteries and Moralities, "generally came roaring upon the stage with a cry of Ho, ho, ho!" This, with a great deal more, which he has taken from the commentators on Shakspeare, is all out of place here. It is not the roar of terror, but the boisterous expression of satiric merriment at the absurd petition of Pug, with which Satan makes his first appearance.

³ *Or some good ribibe.*] Bawd, or mistress of a brothel.

⁴ This Sompnour, wayting evir on his pray,
Kode to summon an old wife, a ribibe."

Frere's Tale. WHAL.

Whalley, like Steevens, is too fond of licen-

tious explanations. *Ribibe*, together with its synonyme *rebeck*, is merely a cant expression for an old woman. A ribibe, the reader knows, is a rude kind of fiddle, and the allusion is probably to the inharmonious nature of its sounds. The word is used in a similar sense by Skelton:

"There came an olde rybibe;
She halted of a kybe," &c.

⁴ *That she may be accused for't, and condemned*

By a Middlesex jury, &c.] A reproof no less severe than merited. It appears from the records of those times, that many unfortunate creatures were condemned and executed on charges of the ridiculous nature here enumerated. In many instances, the judge was well convinced of the innocence of the accused, and laboured to save them; but such were the gross and barbarous prejudices of the juries, that they would seldom listen to his recommendations; and he was deterred from showing mercy, in the last place, by the brutal ferociousness of the people, whose teeth were set on edge with't, and who clamoured tumultuously for the murder of the accused.

That may concern our name on earth. It is not

Everyone's work. The state of hell must care Whom it employs, in point of reputation, Here about London. You would make, I think,

An agent to be sent for Lancashire,¹ Proper enough; or some parts of Northumberland,

So you had good instructions, Pug.

Pug. O chief,

You do not know, dear chief, what there is in me!

Prove me but for a fortnight, for a week, And lend me but a Vice,² to carry with me, To practise there with any playfellow, And you will see, there will come more upon't Than you'll imagine, precious chief.

Sat. What Vice?

What kind wouldst thou have it of?

Pug. Why any. Fraud, Or Covetousness, or Lady Vanity, Or Old Iniquity.

Sat. I'll call him hither.

Enter Iniquity.

Iniq. What is he calls upon me, and would seem to lack a Vice?

Ere his words be half spoken, I am with him in a trice;

Here, there, and everywhere, as the cat is with the mice:

True *Vetus Iniquitas*. Lack'st thou carnal friend, or dice?

I will teach thee [to] cheat, child, to swindle, lie, and swagger,

And ever and anon to be drawing forth thy dagger:

To swear by Gogs-nowns, like a Lusty Juventus,³

In a cloak to thy heel, and a hat like a pent-house;

Thy breeches of three fingers, and thy doublet all belly,

With a wench that shall feed thee with cock-stones and jelly.

Pug. Is it not excellent, chief? how nimble he is!⁴

¹ *An agent to be sent for Lancashire.*] This was the very hotbed of witches. Not long before this play was written fifteen of them had been indicted at one time, of whom twelve were condemned. Lancashire is still famous for its witches; they are said to frequent balls and music-meetings, and being in possession of spells and charms far more potent than those of their antiquated predecessors, to do a great deal of mischief to such as venture within the sphere of their influence.

² *And lend me but a Vice.*] The buffoon of the old Mysteries and Moralities. He appears to have been a perfect counterpart of the harlequin of the modern stage, and had a twofold office—to instigate the hero of the piece to wickedness, and at the same time to protect him from the devil, whom he was permitted to buffet and baffle with his wooden sword, till the process of the story required that both the protector and the protected should be carried off by the fiend; or the latter driven roaring from the stage by some miraculous interposition in favour of the repentant offender.

³ *Like a Lusty Juventus.*] This is an allusion to the chief personage in the *Morality* of that name, written so early as the reign of Edward VI. by one Wever. The language which Iniquity gives to Juventus, is taken from his licentious conversation, after he had been perverted by *Hypocrisis*, the Vice of the piece. It has a serious cast, and was professedly written to favour the Reformation.

⁴ *How nimble he is!*] A perfect idea of his activity may be formed, as I have already observed, from the incessant skipping of the modern harlequin. In saying, however, that

he would take a leap from the top of Paul's steeple, Iniquity boasts of a feat which he could not perform, inasmuch as St. Paul's had no steeple. It was burnt, together with the tower and a great part of the roof of the church, in 1561, and though the latter was speedily repaired, all attempts to rebuild the former came to nought. "Concerning the steeple (See says) divers models were devised and made, but little was done, through whose default (as knoweth)." 1598. In 1632, Lupton writes, "The head of St. Paul's hath been twice troubled with a burning fever, and so the city, to keep it from a third danger, lets it stand without a head."—*London Carbonadoed*. In this state it was found by the great fire. The Puritans took a malignant pleasure in this mutilated state of the cathedral, for which they are frequently repaid by the dramatic poets, who appear to have been the most clear-sighted politicians of those troublous times. One example may suffice:

"*Mic.* I am churchwarden, and we are this year To build our steeple up; now, to save charges,

I'll get a high-crowned hat with five bells

To make a peal shall serve as well as bells.

Col. 'Tis wisely cast, And like a careful 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 sin, and chime all in to the devil."—*Muses' Looking Glass*.

Isig. Child of hell, this is nothing! I will fetch thee a leap
 From the top of Paul's steeple to the standard in Cheap;
 And lead thee a dance thro' the streets, without fail,
 Like a needle of Spain,¹ with a thread at my tail.
 We will survey the suburbs, and make forth our sallies
 Down Petticoat-lane and up the Smock-alleys,
 To Shoreditch, Whitechapel, and so to St. Kathern's,
 To drink with the Dutch there, and take forth their patterns:
 From thence we will put in at Custom-house key there,
 And see how the factors and prentices play there
 False with their masters, and geld many a full pack,
 To spend it in pies at the Dagger and the Woollack.
Pug. Brave, brave, Iniquity! will not this do, chief?
Isig. Nay, boy, I will bring thee to the bawds and the roysters
 At Billingsgate, feasting with claret-wine and oysters;
 From thence shoot the Bridge, child, to the Cranes in the Vintry,
 And see there the gimblets, how they make their entry!
 Or if thou hadst rather to the Strand down to fall,
 'Gainst the lawyers come dabbled from Westminster-hall,
 And mark how they cling with their clients together,

¹ *Like a needle of Spain.*] Randolph, in his *Amyntas*, tells us that "the spits of the fairies are made of Spanish needles;" but indeed the expression is too common for notice. In the *Swan's Darling*, by Ford, Folly says of one of the characters, "He is a French gentleman that trails a Spanish pike, a tailor." Upon which the editor observes, "I cannot discover the force of this allusion, except it be to the thinness of the tailor's legs!" The editor is not fortunate in his guesses. The allusion is to the tailor's needle, which in cant language was commonly termed a *Spanish pike*. In the satirical catalogue of books by Sir John Birkenhead is, "The Sting of Conscience, a tract written with the sharp end of Arise Evans's *Spanish pike*." *Arise Evans* was a tailor. Mr. Weber had not discovered that the best needles, as well as other sharp instruments, were in that age, and indeed long before and after it, imported from Spain: if

Like ivy to oak, so velvet to leather:
 Ha, boy, I wou'd shew thee——
Pug. Rare, rare!
Sat. Peace, dotard,
 And thou, more ignorant thing, that so admir'st;
 Art thou the spirit thou seem'st? so poor to choose,
 This for a Vice, to advance the cause of hell,
 Now, as vice stands this present year?
 Remember
 What number it is, six hundred and sixteen,
 Had it but been five hundred, though some sixty
 Above: that's fifty years ago and six,
 When every great man had his Vice stand by him,
 In his long coat, shaking his wooden dagger,
 I could consent, that then this your grave choice
 Might have done that, with his lord chief, the which
 Most of his chamber can do now. But,
Pug.
 As the times are, who is it will receive you?
 What company will you go to, or whom mix with?
 Where canst thou carry him, except to taverns,
 To mount upon a joint-stool, with a Jew's trump,
 To put down Cokely, and that must be to citizens?
 He ne'er will be admitted there, where Vennor comes.²
 He may, perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,

he had ever looked into Jonson, whom he is so forward to revile, he might have seen the "*force of the allusion*," and probably discovered in addition to it, that the name of this great poet might be cited for better purposes than the gratification of wanton malice, or the sport of incorrigible folly.

² *Cokely and Vennor.*] Cokely is elsewhere mentioned by Jonson as master of a puppet-show; he seems also to have been famous for tricks of legerdemain. Of Vennor, his superior in the art, I can give the reader no information. In Taylor's *Cast Over the Water*, he mentions

"Poor old Vennor, that plain dealing man,
 Who acted 'England's Joy' at the Old Swan."

If the Vennor of the text be, as I suppose, the son of this person, he seems to have turned aside from the plain dealing of his father.

Skip with a rhyme on the table, from New-
nothing,
And take his Almain-leap into a custard,¹
Shall make my lady mayoress and her sis-
ters
Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders.
But
This is not that will do, they are other
things
That are received now upon earth, for
Vices;
Stranger and newer: and changed every
hour.
They ride them like their horses, off their
legs,
And here they come to hell, whole legions
of them,
Every week tired. We still strive to breed,
And rear up new ones; but they do not
stand;
When they come there, they turn them on
our hands.
And it is feared they have a stud o' their
own
Will put down ours: both our breed and
trade

¹ *And take his Almain-leap into a custard,*] In the earlier days, when the city kept a fool, it was customary for him at public entertainments, to leap into a large bowl of custard set on purpose: there is an allusion to this piece of mirth in Shakespeare.—WHAL.

Whalley alludes to *All's Well that Ends Well*. "You have made a shift to run into it, boots and all, like him that leapt into the custard."—Act ii. sc. 5.

Our old dramatists abound with pleasant allusions to the enormous size of these "quaking custards," which were served up at the city feasts, and with which such gross fooleries were played. Thus Glapthorne:

"I'll write the city annals
In metre, which shall far surpass Sir Guy
Of Warwick's history: or John Stow's, upon
The custard, with the four-and-twenty nooks
At my Lord Mayor's feast."—*Wit in a Const.*

Indeed no common supply was required; for besides what the Corporation (great devourers of custard) consumed on the spot, it appears that it was thought no breach of city manners to send or take some of it home with them for the use of their ladies. In the excellent old play quoted above, Clara twits her uncle with this practice:

"Nor shall you, sir, as 'tis a frequent custom,
Cause you're a worthy alderman of a ward,
Feed me with custard, and perpetual white
broth
Sent from the Lord Mayor's feast, and kept
ten days,

Will suddenly decay, if we prevent not.
Unless it be a vice of quality,
Or fashion now, they take none from me.
Carmen
Are got into the yellow starch, and chimney-
ney-sweepers
To their tobacco, and strong waters, Hum,
Meath, and Obarni.² We must therefore
aim
At extraordinary subtle ones now,
When we do send to keep us up in credit:
Not old Iniquities. Get you e'en back,
sir,
To making of your rope of sand again;
You are not for the manner, nor the time.
They have their vices there, most like to
virtues:
You cannot know them apart by any dif-
ference:
They wear the same clothes, eat the same
meat,
Sleep in the self-same beds, ride in those
coaches,
Or very like, four horses in a coach,
As the best men and women. Tamen
gowns,

Till a new dinner from the common hall
Supply the large defect."

² *Carmen*
*Are got into the yellow starch, and chimney-
sweepers*

To their tobacco, and strong waters, Hum, Meath, and Obarni.] The ridiculous fashion, affected both by the great and small vulgare, of having their ruffs and linen stiffened with a kind of yellow starch was an object of satire to the wits of Jonson's age. It was first brought into vogue by Mrs. Turner, one of the persons employed by the Countess of Essex in the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury: and as she was soon after executed for her dealings in that affair, with a yellow starched ruff about her neck, the mode became for a time disreputable.—WHAL.

Enough, and more than enough has been produced on this tritest of all subjects, *yellow starch*. On the strong waters mentioned in the quotation, Whalley has nothing; and I have very little to the purpose. Meath is familiar to every reader under the name of metheglin. *Hum*, I have always understood to be an infusion of spirits of ale or beer. It is mentioned by several of our old dramatists, and appears to have been considered as a kind of cordial. Thus Fletcher: "Lord, what should I ail! what a cold I have over my stomach; would I had some hum!"—*Wild Goose Chase*. *Obarni* is probably a preparation of usquebaugh; but this is merely conjecture. The word is an *αμαξ* *Αγορευον* (as far as my knowledge reaches), and I have endeavoured in vain to ascertain the meaning of it.

Garters and roses, fourscore pound a pair,
Embroidered stockings, cutwork smocks
and shirts,
More certain marks of lechery now and
pride,
Than e'er they were of true nobility!

[Exit Iniquity.]

But, Pug, since you do burn with such desire

To do the commonwealth of hell some service,

I am content, assuming of a body,

You go to earth, and visit men a day.

But you must take a body ready made,
Pug;

I can create you none: nor shall you form
Yourself an airy one, but become subject
To all impression of the flesh you take,
So far as human frailty. So this morning
There is a handsome cut-purse hanged at
Tyburn.

Whose spirit departed, you may enter his
body:

For clothes, employ your credit with the
hangman,

Or let our tribe of brokers furnish you.

And look how far your subtilty can work
Through those organs, with that body,
spy

Amongst mankind (you cannot there want
vices,

And therefore the less need to carry them
with you,)

But as you make your soon at night's
relation,

And we shall find it merits from the
state,

You shall have both trust from us and
employment.

Pug. Most gracious chief!

Sat. Only thus more I bind you,

To serve the first man that you meet; and
him

I'll shew you now: observe him. Yon is
he,

[Shews him Fitzdottrel coming out
of his house at a distance.]

You shall see first after your clothing.

Follow him:

But once engaged, there you must stay and
fix;

Not shift until the midnight's cock do
crow.

Pug. Any conditions to be gone.

Sat. Away then. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II.—*The Street before Fitzdottrel's
House.*

Enter Fitzdottrel.

Fitz. Ay, they do now name Bretnor, as
before

They talked of Gresham, and of Doctor
Foreman,

Franklin, and Fiske, and Savory, he was
in too;¹

But there's not one of these that ever could
Yet shew a man the devil in true sort.

They have their crystals, I do know, and
rings,

And virgin-parchment, and their dead
men's skulls,

Their ravens' wings, their lights, and pen-
tacles,

With characters; I have seen all these.
But—

Would I might see the devil! I would
give

A hundred of these pictures to see him
Once out of picture. May I prove a
cuckold,

And that's the one main mortal thing I fear,
If I begin not now to think the painters

Have only made him: 'sight, he would be
seen

¹ Ay, they do now name Bretnor, as before
They talked of Gresham, and of Doctor
Foreman,

Franklin, and Fiske, and Savory, he was
in too; These were pretenders to soothsaying,
in other words, receivers of stolen goods, pimps,
and poisoners. They were all, with the excep-
tion of Bretnor, who came later into notice, con-
nected with the infamous Countess of Essex and
Mrs. Turner, in the murder of Sir Thomas Over-
bury. Of Foreman the reader will find some
account, vol. i. p. 436 a. Gresham succeeded
him in the service of Mrs. Turner, and being,
as Arthur Wilson says, "a rotten engine," was
preserved, like his predecessor, from the gallows
by an early death. Franklin was hanged at the
same time with Mrs. Turner, "a swarthy, fallow,

crookbacked fellow (Wilson says), as sordid in
his death as pernicious in his life, and deserving
not even so much as memory," p. 82. He was
the purveyor of the poison. Fiske is often men-
tioned by Lilly; and appears to have been just
such another ignorant and impudent impostor as
himself and Dr. Foreman. "He was a licentiate
in physick, exquisitely skilful in the art of direc-
tions upon nativities, and had a good genius in
performing judgment thereupon—Oh, learned
esquire!" this pathetic apostrophe is to the dupe
of these miscreants, the worthy Ashmole, "he
died about the seventy-eighth year of his age,
poor."—*Lilly's History*, p. 44. Fiske is intro-
duced as a cheating rogue, in Fletcher's *Rollo*,
Duke of Normandy.

One time or other else; he would not let
 An ancient gentleman, of [as] good a house
 As most are now in England, the Fitz-
 dottrels,
 Run wild, and call upon him thus in vain,
 As I have done this twelvemonth. If he be
 not
 At all, why are there conjurers? if they be
 not,¹
 Why are there laws against them? The
 best artists
 Of Cambridge, Oxford, Middlesex, and
 London,
 Essex and Kent, I have had in pay to raise
 him,
 These fifty weeks, and yet he appears not.
 'Sdeath,
 I shall suspect they can make circles only
 Shortly, and know but his hard names.
 They do say,
 He will meet a man, of himself, that has a
 mind to him.
 If he would so, I have a mind and a half
 for him:
 He should not be long absent. Prithee
 come,
 I long for thee:—an I were with child by
 him,
 And my wife too, I could not more. Come
 yet,
 Good Beelzebub. Were he a kind devil,
 And had humanity in him, he would come,
 but
 To save one's longing. I should use him
 well,
 I swear, and with respect; would he would
 try me!
 Not as the conjurers do, when they have
 raised him,
 Get him in bonds, and send him post on
 errands
 A thousand miles; it is preposterous that;
 And, I believe, is the true cause he comes
 not:
 And he has reason. Who would be en-
 gaged
 That might live freely, as he may do? I
 swear
 They are wrong all. The burnt child
 dreads the fire.

They do not know to entertain the devil:
 I would so welcome him, observe his diet.
 Get him his chamber hung with arras, two
 of 'em,
 In my own house, lend him my wife's
 wrought pillows;
 And as I am an honest man, I think,
 If he had a mind to her too, I should grant
 him,
 To make our friendship perfect: no
 would not
 To every man. If he but hear me now,
 And should come to me in a brave young
 shape,
 And take me at my word?—

*Enter Pug handsomely shaped and
 appavelled.*

Ha! who is this?

Pug. Sir, your good pardon, that I then
 presume
 Upon your privacy. I am born a gentle-
 man,
 A younger brother, but in some disgrace
 Now with my friends; and want some
 little means
 To keep me upright, while things be recon-
 ciled.²
 Please you to let my service be of use to
 you, sir.
Fitz. Service! 'fore hell, my heart was at
 my mouth,
 Till I had view'd his shoes well: for those
 roses
 Were big enough to hide a cloven foot.³
 [Aid a
 No, friend, my number's full. I have one
 servant,
 Who is my all, indeed; and from the
 broom
 Unto the brush: for just so far I trust
 him.
 He is my wardrobe-man, my cater, cook,
 Butler, and steward: looks unto my house
 And helps to watch my wife. He has all
 the places
 That I can think on, from the garret down-
 ward,
 Even to the manger and the curry-comb

¹ *If they be not, &c.*] It is not a little amusing to find Fitzdottrel deep in the *Dialectics* of Chrysippus. This is the very syllogism by which that acute philosopher triumphantly proved the reality of augury. *De Divinatione*, Lib. 1, § 71.

² *While things be reconciled.*] i.e., until.

³ *For those roses*

Were big enough to hide a cloven foot.] I have

already noticed the preposterous size of the fashionable article of dress (vol. iii. p. 201.) a passage, which was then overlooked, may serve to show that the poet is guilty of no exaggeration in the description of it. "He hath in the shoe as much taffetic for the *tyings* as would serve for an ancient:" i.e., an ensign. *Nathan's Unfortunate Traveller*, 1598.

Pug. Sir, I shall put your worship to no charge,
More than my meat, and that but very little;

I'll serve you for your love.

Fitz. Ha! without wages?

I'd hearken o' that ear, were I at leisure.

But now I am busy. Prithee friend, forbear me—

As thou hadst been a devil, I should say

Some what more to thee: thou dost hinder now

My meditations.

Pug. Sir, I am a devil.

Fitz. How!

Pug. A true devil, sir.

Fitz. Nay, now you lie:

Under your favour, friend, for I'll not quarrel.¹

I looked on your feet afore, you cannot cozen me,

Your shoe's not cloven, sir, you are whole hoofed.

Pug. Sir, that's a popular error deceives many:

But I am that I tell you.

Fitz. What's your name?

Pug. My name is Devil, sir.

Fitz. Sayst thou true?

Pug. Indeed, sir.

Fitz. Slid, there's some omen in this! What countryman?

Pug. Of Derbyshire, sir, about the Peak.

Fitz. That hole

Belonged to your ancestors?

Pug. Yes, Devil's arse, sir.

Fitz. I'll entertain him for the name sake. Ha!

And turn away my t'other man, and save

Four pound a year by that! there's luck and thrift too!

The very Devil may come hereafter as well.

[*Aside.* Friend, I receive you: but withal I acquaint you

Aforehand, if you offend me, I must beat you.

It is a kind of exercise I use;

And cannot be without.

Pug. Yes, if I do not

Offend you can, sure.

Fitz. Faith, Devil, very hardly:

I'll call you by your surname, 'cause I love it.

Enter, behind, Engine, with a cloke on his arm, Wittipol, and Manly.

Eng. Yonder he walks, sir, I'll go lift him for you.

Wit. To him, good Engine, raise him up by degrees.

Gently, and hold him there too, you can do it.

Shew yourself now a mathematical broker.

Eng. I'll warrant you, for half a piece.

Wit. 'Tis done, sir.

[*Engine goes to Fitzdottrel and takes him aside.*

Man. Is't possible there should be such a man!

Wit. You shall be your own witness; I'll not labour

To tempt you past your faith.

Man. And is his wife

So very handsome, say you?

Wit. I have not seen her

Since I came home from travel; and they say

She is not altered. Then, before I went,

I saw her once; but so, as she hath stuck

Still in my view, no object hath removed her.

Man. 'Tis a fair guest, friend, beauty; and once lodged

Deep in the eyes, she hardly leaves the inn.

How does he keep her?

Wit. Very brave; however

Himself be sordid, he is sensual that way:

In every dressing he doth study her.

Man. And furnish forth himself so from the brokers?

Wit. Yes, that's a hired suit he now has on,

To see the DEVIL IS AN ASS to-day in.

This Engine gets three or four pound a week by him—

He dares not miss a new play or a feast, What rate soever clothes be at; and thinks

Himself still new in other men's old.

Man. But stay,

Does he love meat so?

¹ Under your favour, friend, &c.] This was one of the qualifying expressions, by which, according to the laws of the duello, the lie might be given, without subjecting the speaker to the absolute necessity of receiving a challenge. To this Fitzdottrel alludes in the next hemistich

—for I'll not quarrel. The remainder of the speech refers to the vulgar opinion respecting the devil, which is also noticed by Shakspeare, "I look down towards his feet;—but that's a fable."—*Othello*.

Wit. Faith, he does not hate it.
But that's not it : his belly and his palate
Would be compounded with for reason.

Marry,
A wit he has, of that strange credit with
him,
'Gainst all mankind ; as it doth make him
do

Just what it list : it ravishes him forth
Whither it please, to any assembly or place,
And would conclude him ruined, should he
escape

One publick meeting, out of the belief
He has of his own great and catholic
strengths,

In arguing and discourse. It takes, I see :
He has got the cloke upon him.

Fitz. [after saying on the cloke.] A fair
garment,
By my faith, Engine !

Eng. It was never made, sir,
For threescore pound, I assure you : 'twill
yield thirty.

The plush, sir, cost three pound ten shil-
lings a yard :

And then the lace and velvet !

Fitz. I shall, Engine,
Be looked at prettily in it : art thou sure
The play is played to-day ?

Eng. O, here's the bill, sir :
[He gives him the playbill.]

I had forgot to give it you.

Fitz. Ha, the DEVIL !

I will not lose you, sirrah. But, Engine,
think you

The gallant is so furious in his folly,
So mad upon the matter, that he'll part
With's cloke upon these terms ?

Eng. Trust not your Engine,
Break me to pieces else, as you would do
A rotten crane, or an old rusty jack,
That has not one true wheel in him. Do
but talk with him.

Fitz. I shall do that, to satisfy you,
Engine,
And myself too. [Comes forward.] With
your leave, gentlemen.

Which of you is it, ¹ is so mere idolater
To my wife's beauty, and so very prodigal
Unto my patience, that, for the short
parley

Of one swift hour's quarter, with my
wife,
He will depart with (let me see) this cloke
here,

The price of folly ?—Sir, are you the man ?
Wit. I am that venturer, sir.

Fitz. Good time ! your name
Is Wittipol ?

Wit. The same, sir.

Fitz. And 'tis told me
You have travelled lately ?

Wit. That I have, sir.

Fitz. Truly,
Your travels may have altered your com-
plexion ;

But sure your wit stood still.

Wit. It may well be, sir ;

All heads have not like growth.

Fitz. The good man's gravity,
That left you land, your father, never taught
you

These pleasant matches.

Wit. No, nor can his mirth,
With whom I make them, put me off.

Fitz. You are
Resolved then ?

Wit. Yes, sir.

Fitz. Beauty is the saint,
You'll sacrifice yourself into the shirt to ?

Wit. So I may still clothe and keep
warm your wisdom.

Fitz. You lade me, sir !²

Wit. I know what you will bear, sir.

Fitz. Well, to the point. 'Tis only, sir,
you say,

To speak unto my wife ?

Wit. Only to speak to her.

Fitz. And in my presence ?

Wit. In your very presence.

Fitz. And in my hearing ?

Wit. In your hearing ; so

You interrupt us not.

Fitz. For the short space

You do demand, the fourth part of an
hour,

I think I shall, with some convenient
study,

And this good help to boot, [shrugs himself
up in the cloke.] bring myself to't.

Wit. I ask no more.

Fitz. Please you walk toward my house.

¹ Which of you is it, &c.] This adventure of the cloke, as Langbaine observes, is from Boccacio, *Day 3. Nov. 5.* It is there told of Francisco Vergellesi, who parts with a horse on the conditions stipulated in the text. Jonson has judiciously adapted his bribe to the disposition of his characters ; but for a person who is now

perhaps for the first time indebted to a preceding writer for any part of his plot, the incident seems scarcely worth the borrowing.

² You lade me, sir !] This is equivalent to the modern phrase, You do not spare me. You be what imputations you please upon me. The word occurs again in this sense, p. 224 A.

Speak what you list ; that time is yours ;
my right

I have departed with : but not beyond
A minute, or a second, look for. Length
And drawing out may advance much to
these matches.

And I except all kissing : kisses are
Silent petitions still with willing lovers.

Wit. Lovers ! how falls that o' your
phantasy ?

Fitz. Sir,

I do know somewhat ; I forbid all lip-
work.

Wit. I am not eager at forbidden
dainties :

Who covets unfit things denies himself.

Fitz. You say well, sir ; 'twas prettily
said, that same :

He does indeed. I'll have no touches
therefore,

Nor takings by the arms, nor tender
circles

Cast 'bout the waste, but all be done at dis-
tance.

Love is brought up with those soft mig-
nard handlings :

His pulse lies in his palm ; and I defend
All melting joints and fingers, that's my
bargain,

I do defend them anything like action.¹

But talk, sir, what you will. Use all the
tropes

And schemes that Prince Quintilian can
afford you :

And much good do your rhetoric's heart.
You are welcome, sir.

[*Opens the door of his house.*]

Engine. God be wi' you !

Wit. Sir, I must condition

To have this gentleman by, a witness.

Fitz. Well,

I am content, so he be silent.

Man. Yes, sir.

Fitz. Come, Devil, I'll make you room
straight : but I'll shew you

First to your mistress, who's no common
one,

You must conceive, that brings this gain to
see her.

I hope thou'st brought me good luck.

Fug. I shall do't, sir.

[*They all enter the house.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Fitzdottrel's
House.*

Enter Wittipol, Manly, and Engine.

Wit. Engine, you hope of your half
piece ? 'tis there, sir.

Be gone. [*Exit Engine.*] Friend Manly,
who's within here ? fixed !

[*Knocks him on the breast.*]

Man. I am directly in a fit of wonder
What will be the issue of this conference.

Wit. For that ne'er vex yourself till the
event.

How like you him ?

Man. I would fain see more of him.

Wit. What think you of this ?

Man. I am past degrees of thinking.

Old Afric and the new America,
With all their fruit of monsters, cannot
shew

So just a prodigy.

Wit. Could you have believed,

Without your sight, a mind so sordid in-
ward,

Should be so specious, and laid forth
abroad,

To all the show that ever shop or ware
was ?

Man. I believe anything now, though I
confess

His vices are the most extremities
I ever knew in nature. But why loves he
The devil so ?

Wit. O, sir ! for hidden treasure

He hopes to find ; and has proposed him-
self

So infinite a mass, as to recover,

He cares not what he parts with, of the
present,

To his men of art, who are the race may
coin him.

Promise gold mountains, and the covetous
Are still most prodigal.

Man. But have you faith,
That he will hold his bargain ?

Wit. O dear sir !

He will not off on't ; fear him not : I know
him.

One baseness still accompanies another.

See ! he is here already, and his wife
too.

"Where can you say in any manir age
That ever God defendid marriage?"

And Spenser :

"That, O ye heavens, defend ! and turn away."
Faerie Queene, b. v. c. viii. st. 10.

¹ I do defend them anything like action.] To
defend, from the Fr. *défendre*, is to forbid. This
sense of the word is common in our old writers.
Thus Chaucer, in *The Wife of Bath's Prologue*,
v. 39 :

Man. A wondrous handsome creature,
as I live !

Enter Fitzdottrel, with Mrs. Frances, his wife.

Fitz. Come, wife, this is the gentleman ;
nay, blush not.

Mrs. Fitz. Why, what do you mean, sir,
have you your reason ?

Fitz. Wife,

I do not know that I have lent it forth
To any one ; at least without a pawn
wife :

Or that I have eat or drunk the thing of
late

That should corrupt it. Wherefore, gentle
wife,

Obeys, it is thy virtue ; hold no acts
Of disputation.

Mrs. Fitz. Are you not enough
The talk of feasts and meetings, but you'll
still

Make argument for fresh ?

Fitz. Why, careful wedlock,

If I have a longing to have one tale more
Go of me, what is that to thee, dear heart ?
Why shouldst thou envy my delight, or
cross it,

By being solicitous, when it not concerns
thee ?

Mrs. Fitz. Yes, I have share in this : the
scorn will fall

As bitterly on me, where both are laughed
at.

Fitz. Laughed at, sweet bird ! is that
the scruple ? come, come,

Thou art a *niaise*.¹ Which of your great
houses,

(I will not mean at home here, but abroad),
Your families in France, wife, send not
forth

Something within the seven year, may be
laughed at ?

I do not say seven months, nor seven weeks,
Nor seven days, nor hours ; but seven year,
wife :

I give them time. Once within seven year,
I think they may do something may be
laughed at ;

In France, I keep me there still. Where-
fore, wife,

Let them that list laugh still, rather than
weep

For me. Here is a cloke cost fifty pound,
wife,

Which I can sell for thirty, when I have
seen

All London in't, and London has seen me !
To-day I go to the Blackfriars play-house,

Sit in the view, salute all my acquaintances,
Rise up between the acts, let fall my cloak,

Publish a handsome man, and a rich suit.
As that's a special end why we go thither.

All that pretend to stand for't on the stage,
The ladies ask, who's that ? for they do

come
To see us, love, as we do to see them.

Now I shall lose all this, for the false *son*
Of being laughed at ! Yes, wusse. Let them

laugh, wife.
Let me have such another cloke to-morrow,

And let them laugh again, wife, and again,
And then grow fat with laughing, and then

fatter,
All my young gallants, let 'em bring their

friends too ;
Shall I forbid them ? No, let heaven forbid

them :
Or wit, if it have any charge on 'em. Come,

thy ear, wife,
Is all I'll borrow of thee.—Set your watch,

sir.—
Thou only art to hear, not speak a word,

dove,
To aught he says : that I do give you in

precept,
No less than counsel, on your wivehood,

wife,
Not though he flatter you, or make court,

or love,
As you must look for these, or say he rail :

Whate'er his arts be, wife, I will have thee
Delude them with a trick, thy obstinate

silence.
I know advantages ; and I love to hit

These pragmatic young men at their own
weapons.

Is your watch ready ? Here my sail bears
for you :

Tack toward him, sweet pinnacle. [*He dis-
poses his wife to her place.*] Where's

your watch ?
Wit. I'll set it, sir, with yours.

¹ *Thou art a niaise.* A marginal note in the old copy says, "A niaise is a young hawk taken crying out of the nest." This explanation could scarcely come from Jonson ; for it explains nothing. A niaise (or rather *an eyas*, of which it is a corruption) is unquestionably a young hawk, but the niaise of the poet is the French term

for, "a simple, witless, inexperienced gull," &c. The word is very common in our old writers.

² *When I have seen
All London in't, and London has seen me !*
Had Pope read this passage ?

"Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too."

Mrs. Fitz. I must obey.

[*Aside.*

Man. Her modesty seems to suffer with her beauty,

And so, as if his folly were away,
It were worth pity.

Fitz. Now they are right ; begin, sir.¹
But first, let me repeat the contract briefly.
I am, sir, to enjoy this cloke I stand in,
Freely, and as your gift ; upon condition
You may as freely speak here to my spouse,
Your quarter of an hour, always keeping
The measured distance of your yard or
more,
From my said spouse ; and in my sight and
hearing.

This is your covenant ?

Wit. Yes, but you'll allow
For this time spent now ?

Fitz. Set them so much back.

Wit. I think I shall not need it.

Fitz. Well, begin, sir,

There is your bound, sir ; not beyond that
rush.

Wit. If you interrupt me, sir, I shall dis-
cloke you.—

The time I have purchased, lady, is but
short ;

And therefore, if I employ it thriftily,
I hope I stand the nearer to my pardon.
I am not here to tell you you are fair,
Or lovely, or how well you dress you, lady ;
I'll save myself that eloquence of your glass,
Which can speak these things better to you
than I.

And 'tis a knowledge wherein fools may be
As wise as a court-parliament. Nor come I
With any prejudice or doubt, that you
Should, to the notice of your own worth,
need

Least revelation. She's a simple woman,
Knows not her good, whoever knows her
ill,

And at all caracts.² That you are the wife
To so much blasted flesh, as scarce hath
soul,

Instead of salt, to keep it sweet ;³ I think,
Will ask no witnesses to prove. The cold
Sheets that you lie in, with the watching
candle,

That sees, how dull to any thaw of beauty,
Pieces and quarters, half and whole nights
sometimes,

The devil-given elfin squire, your husband,
Doth leave you, quitting here his proper
circle,

For a much worse, in the walks of Lincoln's-
inn,

Under the elms, t' expect the fiend in vain
there,

Will confess for you.

Fitz. I did look for this jeer.

Wit. And what a daughter of darkness
he does make you,

Locked up from all society or object ;
Your eye not let to look upon a face,

Under a conjurer's, or some mould for one,
Hollow and lean like his, but by great
means,

As I now make ; your own too sensible suf-
ferings,

Without the extraordinary aids
Of spells, or spirits, may assure you, lady.

For my part, I protest 'gainst all such prac-
tice,

I work by no false arts, medicines, or
charms

To be said forward and backward.

Fitz. No, I except—

Wit. Sir, I shall ease you.

[*He offers to discloke him.*

Fitz. Mum.

Wit. Nor have I ends, lady,
Upon you, more than this : to tell you how

Love,
Beauty's good angel, he that waits upon
her

At all occasions, and, no less than Fortune,
Helps the adventurous, in me makes that
proffer,

Which never fair one was so fond to lose,
Who could but reach a hand forth to her
freedom.

On the first sight I loved you, since which
time,

Though I have travelled, I have been in
travail

More for this second blessing of your eyes,
Which now I've purchased, than for all
aims else.

Think of it, lady, be your mind as active
As is your beauty ; view your object well,
Examine both my fashion and my years ;
Things that are like, are soon familiar :
And nature joys still in equality.

¹ Now they are right ;] i.e., the watches.
Whalley says that the old copy has *Now thou
art right*, meaning his wife ; but he is mistaken,
it reads as in the text.

² And at all caracts.] i.e., to the nicest point,
to the minutest circumstance. Caracts, as

Whalley has somewhere before observed, are
the weights by which gold and precious stones
are weighed and valued.

³ As scarce hath soul,
Instead of salt to keep it sweet.] See vol. ii.
p. 185 a.

Let not the sign of the husband fright you,
lady ;
But ere your spring be gone, enjoy it.
Flowers,
Though fair, are oft but of one morning ;
think,
All beauty doth not last until the autumn :
You grow old while I tell you this ;¹ and
such
As cannot use the present, are not wise.
If Love and Fortune will take care of us,
Why should our will be wanting ? This is
all.

What do you answer, lady ?

Fitz. Now the sport comes.

Let him still wait, wait, wait ; while the
watch goes,
And the time runs, wife !

Wit. How ! not any word ?

Nay, then I taste a trick in't.—Worthy lady,
I cannot be so false to my own thoughts
Of your presumed goodness, to conceive
This, as your rudeness, which I see's im-
posed.

Yet, since your cautious jailor² here stands
by you,

And you are denied the liberty of the
house,

Let me take warrant, lady, from your
silence,

Which ever is interpreted consent,
To make your answer for you ; which shall
be

To as good purpose as I can imagine,
And what I think you'd speak.

Fitz. No, no, no, no.

Wit. I shall resume, sir.

Man. Sir, what do you mean ?

Wit. One interruption more, sir, and you
go

Into your hose and doublet, nothing saves
you :

And therefore hearken. This is for your
wife.

Man. You must play fair, sir.

Wit. Stand for me, good friend.—

[*Sets Manly in his place, and speaks
for the lady.*]

Troth, sir, 'tis more than true that you
have uttered

Of my unequal and so sordid match here,
With all the circumstances of my bondage.

I have a husband, and a two-legged one.
But such a moonling, as no wit of man.

Or roses can redeem from being an ass.³
He's grown too much the story of men's

mouths,
To scape his lading : should I make't my

study,
And lay all ways, yea, call mankind to help

¹ *You grow old while I tell you this ;*

*Fugit hora : hoc quod loquor, inde est.—
Pers. Sat. 5.—WHAL.*

To be so near, and yet miss, is unlucky : is not
the expression rather from Horace ?

*Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas, carpe diem, &c.*

² *Yet, since your cautious jailor* Our old
writers seem to have included in this word not
only the sense of wariness, but also of something
artful and insidious ingrafted upon it. In many
instances, I will not say in all, it is clearly dis-
tinguished from cautious. Thus Knolles, "The
Turke began to shrink from that he had before
promised, by cautious expositions of his mean-
ing."—*Hist. of the Turks*, p. 904.

Now I am on this subject, I will take the
opportunity "of protesting against a singular
practice" of the late editor of Beaumont and
Fletcher, very injurious to the reputation of
those writers. Whenever this gentleman is at a
loss for the precise meaning of a word, he sets
down the first which occurs to him, and observes
that "its vague import is owing to the general
laxity of language which prevailed in those
times." It is not a little presumptuous in a
foreigner who, like Mr. Weber, grubs all his
knowledge of English out of glossaries and in-
dexes, to call in question the proficiency of such
writers as Beaumont, Fletcher, and others, the

politest scholars, and best informed men of their
time, in their own language. The fact is said
I mention it for the sake of far other critics than
Mr. Weber, that they were in possession of a more
precise and copious vocabulary than ourselves,
and that they had a most profound and critical
knowledge of every part of it. The difficulty
which Mr. Weber finds in ascertaining their
meaning, originates in his ignorance of the
English tongue.

³ *But such a moonling, as no wit of man.*
Or roses can redeem from being an ass. Here
is an allusion to the metamorphosis of Lucian
into an ass ; who being brought into the theatre
to show tricks, recovered his human shape, by
eating some roses which he found there. See
the conclusion of the treatise, *Lucian, or
Asinus*. I am afraid that many of the allusions
in our author's days, were not apprised of these
allusions.—WHAL.

It might be so : and yet I suspect that, gen-
rally speaking, the audience then had more
literature than the dramatic writers themselves
now possess. The age was credulous, but not
uninformed, at least in classical matters. Other
requisites than ignorance and impudence were
then required in dramatic writers : and, indeed,
with a solitary exception or two, all of them had
received an university education.

Moonling, which occurs in this line, is a pretty
expression for a fool or lunatic, which should not
have been suffered to grow obsolete.

To take his burden off ; why, this one act
Of his, to let his wife out to be courted,
And at a price, proclaims his asinine nature
So loud as I am weary of my title to him.
But, sir, you seem a gentleman of virtue
No less than blood ; and one that every
way

Looks as he were of too good quality
To intrap a credulous woman, or betray
her.

Since you have paid thus dear, sir, for a
visit,
And made such venture on your wit and
charge

Merely to see me, or at most to speak to
me,

I were too stupid, or, what's worse, ingrate
Not to return your venture. Think but how
I may with safety do it, I shall trust
My love and honour to you, and presume
You'll ever husband both against this hus-
band ;

Who, if we chance to change his liberal
ears

To other ensigns,¹ and with labour make
A new beast of him, as he shall deserve,
Cannot complain he is unkindly dealt with.

This day he is to go to a new play, sir,
From whence no fear, no, nor authority,
Scarcely the king's command, sir, will re-
strain him,

Now you have fitted him with a stage-gar-
ment,

For the mere name's sake, were there no-
thing else ;

And many more such journeys he will make ;
Which, if they now, or any time hereafter,
Offer us opportunity, you hear, sir,
Who'll be as glad and forward to embrace,
Meet, and enjoy it cheerfully as you.

[Shifts to his own place again.]

I humbly thank you, lady—

Fitz. Keep your ground, sir.

Wit. Will you be lightened ?

Fitz. Mum.

Wit. And but I am,

By the said contract, thus to take my leave
of you

At this so envious distance, I had taught
Our lips ere this to seal the happy mixture
Made of our souls : but we must both now
yield

To the necessity. Do not think yet, lady,
But I can kiss, and touch, and laugh, and
whisper,

And do those crowning courtships too, for
which

Day and the public have allowed no
name ;

But now my bargain binds me. 'Twere
rude injury

To importune more, or urge a noble
nature

To what of its own bounty it is prone to :
Else I should speak—But, lady, I love
so well

As I will hope you'll do so too.—I have
done, sir.

Fitz. Well, then I have won ?

Wit. Sir, and I may win too.

Fitz. O yes ! no doubt on't. I'll take
careful order

That she shall hang forth ensigns at the
window,

To tell you when I am absent ! Or I'll
keep

Three or four footmen ready still of pur-
pose

To run and fetch you at her longings, sir !
I'll go bespeak me straight a gilt caroch,

For her and you to take the air in : yes,
Into Hyde-park, and thence into Black-
friars,

Visit the painters, where you may see
pictures,

And note the properest limbs, and how to
make them !

Or what do you say unto a middling gossip,²
To bring you ay together at her lodging,

Under pretext of teaching of my wife
Some rare receipt of drawing almond-milk,

ha ?

It shall be a part of my care. Good sir,
God be wi' you !

I have kept the contract, and the cloke's
mine own.

Wit. Why, much good do't you, sir : it
may fall out

That you have bought it dear, though I've
not sold it. [Exit.]

Fitz. A pretty riddle ! fare you well,
good sir.

Wife, your face this way ; look on me, and
think

You had a wicked dream, wife, and for-
get it.

Man. This is the strangest motion I
e'er saw. [Exit.]

Fitz. Now, wife, sits this fair cloke the
worse upon me

¹ To change his liberal ears
To other ensigns, i.e., to horns, the insignia
of a cuckold.
VOL. II.

² Or what do you say unto a middling gossip ?
A go-between, an *internuntia*, as the Latin
writers would have called her.—WHAL.

For my great sufferings or your little patience, ha?

They laugh, you think?

Mrs. Fitz. Why, sir, and you might see't. What thought they have of you, may be soon collected

By the young gentleman's speech.

Fitz. Young gentleman!

Death, you are in love with him, are you? could he not

Be named the gentleman without the young?

Up to your cabin again.

Mrs. Fitz. My cage you were best

To call it.

Fitz. Yes, sing there. You'd fain be making

Blanc-manger with him at your mother's! I know you.

Go, get you up.— [Exit Mrs. Fitz.]

Enter Pug.

How now! what say you, Devil?

Pug. Here is one Engine, sir, desires to speak with you.

Fitz. I thought he brought some news of a broker! well,

Let him come in, good Devil; fetch him else. [Exit Pug.]

Re-enter Engine.

O, my fine Engine! what's the affair, more cheats?

Eng. No, sir, the wit, the brain, the great projector

I told you of is newly come to town.

Fitz. Where, Engine?

Eng. I have brought him (he's without) Ere he pulled off his boots, sir; but so followed

For businesses!

Fitz. But what is a projector? I would conceive.

Eng. Why, one, sir, that projects Ways to enrich men, or to make them great

By suits, by marriages, by undertakings: According as he sees they humour it.

Fitz. Can he not conjure at all?

Eng. I think he can, sir, To tell you true. But you do know, of late

The state hath ta'en such note of 'em, and compelled 'em

To enter such great bonds, they dare not practise.

Fitz. 'Tis true, and I lie fallow for't the while!

Eng. O, sir, you'll grow the richer for the rest.

Fitz. I hope I shall: but, Engine, you do talk

Somewhat too much o' my courses: my cloke-customer

Could tell me strange particulars.

Eng. By my means?

Fitz. How should he have them else?

Eng. You do not know, sir,

What he has; and by what arts: a moneyed man, sir,

And is as great with your almanack-men as you are.

Fitz. That gallant!

Eng. You make the other wait too long here;

And he is extreme punctual.

Fitz. Is he a gallant?

Eng. Sir, you shall see: he's in his riding suit,

As he comes now from court: but hear him speak;

Minister matter to him, and then tell me. [Exit]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in Fitzdottrel's House.

Enter Fitzdottrel, Engine, and Meercren, followed by Trains with a bag, and three or four Attendants.

Meer. Sir, money is a whore, a bawd, a drudge;

Fit to run out on errands: let her go.

Via, pecunia! when she's run and gone.

And fled, and dead: then will I fetch her again

With *aqua vitae*, out of an old hog's head! While there are lees of wine or dregs of beer

I'll never want her! Coin her out of cobwebs,

Dust, but I'll have her! raise wool upon eggshells,

Sir, and make grass grow out of marrowbones,

To make her come.—Commend me to your mistress. [To 1 Attendant.]

Say, let the thousand pound but be had ready,

And it is done. [Exit 1 Atten.] I would but see the creature

Of flesh and blood, the man, the prince in deed,

SCENE I.]

That could employ so many millions
As I would help him to.

Fitz. How talks he? millions!

Meer. [to 2 Atten.] I'll give you an account of this to-morrow.

[Exit 2 Atten.]

—Yes, I will take no less, and do it too;
If they were myriads: and without the Devil,

By direct means it shall be good in law.

Eng. Sir.

Meer. [to 3 Atten.] Tell Master Woodcock I'll not fail to meet him

Upon the Exchange at night; pray him to have

The writings there, and we'll dispatch it.

[Exit 3 Atten.]—Sir,

You are a gentleman of a good presence,
A handsome man; I have considered you
As a fit stock to graft honours upon:

I have a project to make you a duke now.

That you must be one, within so many months

As I set down, out of true reasons of state,

You shall not avoid it. But you must hearken then.

Eng. Hearken! why, sir, do you doubt his ears? Alas!

You do not know Master Fitzdottrel.

Fitz. He does not know me indeed; I thank you, Engine,

For rectifying him.

Meer. Good! Why, Engine, then

I'll tell it you. (I see you have credit here,

And that you can keep counsel I'll not question.)

He shall but be an undertaker with me,
In a most feasible business. It shall cost him

Nothing.

Eng. Good, sir.

Meer. Except he please, but's countenance,

(That I will have) to appear in't, to great men,

For which I'll make him one. He shall not draw

A string of's purse. I'll drive his patent for him.

We'll take in citizens, commoners, and aldermen,

To bear the charge, and blow them off again,

Like so many dead flies, when it is carried.

The thing is for recovery of drowned land,¹

Whereof the crown's to have a moiety, If it be owner; else the crown and owners

To share that moiety, and the recoverers To enjoy the t'other moiety for their charge.

Eng. Throughout England?

Meer. Yes, which will arise

To eighteen millions, seven the first year: I have computed all, and made my survey

Unto my acre: I'll begin at the pan, Not at the skirts; as some have done, and lost

¹ The thing is for recovery of drowned land,] This was the age of projects and monopolies; and the prevailing humour is not unseasonably ridiculed by the poet. 'Tis probable that a design of draining the fens was then talked of: and experience has since shown that the project was not wholly impracticable.—WHAL.

Thus Randolph:

"I have a rare device to set Dutch windmills Upon Newmarket Heath and Salisbury Plain, To drain the fens!"—Muses' Looking-glass.

But this was, as Whalley says, the age of projects; and it is to the praise of the dramatic poets, that they spared no efforts to guard the public against them. Had not the scandalous rapacity of the courtiers found an interest in encouraging those daring depredators on the weak and wealthy, the united force of wit and satire must have driven them out of countenance. Our poet, who never loses sight of verisimilitude, is somewhat modest in his catalogue of projects: but his contemporaries wanton in their exposure of those pernicious follies. The Court Beggar of Rowe is solely directed against them; and

in that extraordinary drama, *The Antipodes*, they are attacked with no inconsiderable degree of humour. One example may be given: its pleasantry must apologize for its length:

"As for your project

For putting down the infinite use of jacks, Whereby the education of young children In turning spits is greatly hindered, It may be looked into; and so may yours, Against the multiplicity of watches, Whereby much neighbourly familiarity, By asking 'What d'ye guess it is o'clock?' Is lost, when every puny clerk can carry The time o' the day in's breeches. For the rest;

This, for the increase of wool; that is to say, By flaying of live horses, and new-covering them

With sheepskins, I do like exceedingly: And this, for keeping of tame owls in cities, To kill up rats and mice, whereby all cats May be destroyed, as an especial means To stop the growth of witchcraft."

Act iv. sc. 2.

All that they wrought,¹ their timber-work,
their trench,

Their banks, all borne away, or else filled up
By the next winter. Tut, they never went
The way: I'll have it all.

Eng. A gallant tract
Of land it is!

Meer. 'Twill yield a pound an acre:
We must let cheap ever at first. But, sir,
This looks too large for you, I see. Come
hither,

We'll have a less. Here's a plain fellow.
[*points to Trains*], you see him,

Has his black bag of papers there, in
buckram,

Will not be sold for the earldom of Pan-
cridge: draw,

Give me out one by chance. [*Trains gives
him a paper out of the bag.*] "*Pro-
ject four: Dogs' skins.*"

Twelve thousand pound! the very worst at
first.

Fitz. Pray you let's see it, sir.

Meer. 'Tis a toy, a trifle!

Fitz. Trifle! twelve thousand pound for
dogs' skins?

Meer. Yes,
But, by my way of dressing, you must
know, sir,

And med'cining the leather to a height
Of improved ware, like your borachio
Of Spain,² sir, I can fetch nine thousand
for't—

Eng. Of the king's glove?

Meer. Yes; how heard you that?

Eng. Sir, I do know you can.

Meer. Within this hour;

And reserve half my secret. Pluck another:
See if thou hast a happier hand; [*Trains
draws out another.*] I thought so.

The very next worse to it! "*Bottle-ale.*"
Yet this is two and twenty thousand
Prithee

Pull out another, two or three.

Fitz. Good; stay, friend—
By bottle-ale two and twenty thousand
pound?

Meer. Yes, sir, it's cast to penny-half-
penny farthing.

On the back-side there you may see it
read,

I will not bate a Harrington of the sum.³

¹ *I'll begin at the pan,
Not at the skirts; as some have done, and
lost*

All that they wrought, &c.] Pan is not easily distinguished from skirt. Both words seem to refer to the outer parts or extremities. Perhaps Meercraft means—on a broader scale, on a more extended front. The remainder of the speech apparently alludes to some well-known disaster of the time. Many schemes were set on foot about this period, not only for draining the fens of Lincolnshire, but for gaining land from the sea in various places; of these not a few failed; but the attempts were not wholly lost to the community, since they taught later adventurers to avoid the errors of the original projectors.

The boldness of the plans for draining the fens, seems to have startled the public more than all the others exhibited to their consideration: hence the perpetual allusions to it in our old dramatists. One has just been mentioned; another is now before me:

"Our projector
Will undertake the making of bay salt,
For a penny a bushel, to serve all the state;
Another dreams of building waterworks,
Drying of fens and marshes, like the Dutch-
men."—*Holland's Leaguer*, act i. sc. 5.

² *Like your borachio*
Of Spain,] "Borachio (says Minshew) is a bottle commonly of a pigges skin, with the hair inward, dressed inwardly with rozen, to keep wine or liquors sweet."—Wines preserved in these bottles contract a peculiar flavour, and are then said to taste of the borachio.

³ *I will not bate a Harrington of the sum.*
In 1613, a patent was granted to John Stuebbs, Lord Harrington, Treasurer of the Chamber, for the coinage of royal farthing tokens, of which he seems to have availed himself with sufficient liberality. Some clamour was excited on the occasion; but it speedily subsided; for the Star Chamber kept a watchful eye on the first symptoms of discontent at these pernicious coinages. "Now" (says the author of the *fourteen years of King James*) "my Lord Harrington obtained a patent of his majesty for the making of *brasse farthings*, a thing that brought with it some contempt, though lawful, for all things lawful are not expedient, who being joined to goe into the Low Countries with the Grace" (the Princess Elizabeth, married to the Palsgrave) "by the way lost his life." From this nobleman they took the name of Harringtons in common conversation; thus Sir Henry Wotton: "I have lost four or five friends, and not gotten the value of one Harrington."—*Letters*, p. 558. Several of these little pieces were in the hands of Mr. Waldron, and Whalley caused one of them to be engraved.

In that amusing collection of anecdotes, the *Oxoniana*, there is a singular error respecting this word, which occurs in *Druid* *Barnaby's Journal*:

"*Veni Harrington, bonum omen!
Vere amans illud nomen;
Harringtoni dedi nummum,
Et fortuna pend summm,
Indigenti postulanti.
Benedictionem danti.*"

I'll win it in my water, and my malt,
My furnaces, and hanging of my coppers,
The tonning, and the subtlety of my yeast;
And then the earth of my bottles, which
I dig,
Turn up, and steep, and work, and Neal,
myself,
To a degree of porcelane. You will
wonder

At my proportions, what I will put up
In seven years! for so long time I ask
For my invention. I will save in cork,
In my mere stop'ling, above three thousand
pound
Within that term; by googing of them
out
Just to the size of my bottles, and not
slicing:

There's infinite loss in that. [*Trains draws
out another.*] What hast thou there?

O! "*Making wine of raisins:*" this is in
hand now.

Eng. Is not that strange, sir, to make
wine of raisins?

Meer. Yes, and as true a wine as the
wines of France,

Or Spain, or Italy: look of what grape
My raisin is, that wine I'll render perfect;
As of the Muscatel grape, I'll render Mus-
catel;

Of the Canary, his; the Claret, his;
So of all kinds: and bate you of the prices
Of wine throughout the kingdom half in
half.

Eng. But how, sir, if you raise the other
commodity,
Raisins?

Meer. Why, then I'll make it out of
blackberries,
And it shall do the same. 'Tis but more
art,

And the charge less. Take out another.

Fitz. No, good sir,
Save you the trouble, I'll not look, nor
hear

Of any but your first there; the drowned
land;

If't will do as you say.

Meer. Sir, there's not place

To give you demonstration of these things,
They are a little too subtle. But I could
shew you

Such a necessity in it, as you must be

But what you please; against the received
heresy

That England bears no dukes.² Keep you
the land, sir,

The greatness of the estate shall throw't
upon you.

If you like better turning it to money,

What may not you, sir, purchase with that
wealth?

Say you should part with two of your
millions,

To be the thing you would, who would not
do't?

As I protest I will, out of my dividend,

Lay for some petty principality

In Italy, from the church: now you per-
haps

Fancy the smoke of England rather?
But—

Have you no private room, sir, to draw to,
To enlarge ourselves more upon?

Mr. Beaufoy would have outgone Meercraft in
his own way; and his successors are thought to
have improved even upon his ingenuity.

² *Against the received heresy*

That England bears no dukes.] I know not
when this heresy crept in. There was appar-
ently some unwillingness to create dukes as a
title of honour in the Norman race; probably
because the Conqueror and his immediate suc-
cessors were Dukes of Normandy, and did not
choose that a subject should enjoy similar
dignities with themselves. The first of the
English who bore the title was Edward the
Black Prince (son of Edward III.), who was
created Duke of Cornwall by charter, as Collins
says, in 1337. The dignity being subsequently
conferred on several of the blood-royal and of
the nobility, who came to untimely ends, an
idea seems to have been entertained by the
vulgar that the title itself was ominous. At the
accession of James I. to the crown of this
country there was, I believe, no English peer of
ducal dignity.

"Thence to Harrington, be it spoken,
For name's sake, I gave a token
To a beggar that did crave it
And as cheerfully receive it.
More he need not me importune,
For 'twas the utmost of my fortune."

From this passage, the surname of Harrington
has been absurdly given to Barnaby—"though
it must be observed" (the collector says) "that
in the Latin there is little if any proof of Bar-
naby's surname being Harrington, but only in
the English translation." Vol. ii. p. 57. In fact,
there is no proof of it in either language. Bar-
naby simply means to say, that when he reached
Harrington, he had in his pocket the token or
favouring piece of that name, which he looked on
as a fortunate circumstance. This Harrington
he bestowed in charity; and as it was the whole
of his stock, the act may be placed as a small
one-off against some of his drunken frolics.

¹ *Is not that strange, sir, to make wine of
raisins?* Whatever it might be in Fitzdottrel's
days, it is sufficiently familiar in ours. The late

Fitz. O yes.—Devil!

Meer. These, sir, are businesses ask to be carried

With caution, and in cloud.

Fitz. I apprehend

They do, sir.—

Enter Pug.

Devil, which way is your mistress?

Pug. Above, sir, in her chamber.

Fitz. O, that's well:

Then this way, good sir.

Meer. I shall follow you. Trains, Give me the bag, and go you presently, Commend my service to my Lady Tail-bush.

Tell her I am come from court this morning; say

I have got our business moved, and well: entreat her

That she give you the fourscore angels, and see them

Disposed of to my counsel, Sir Paul Either-side.

Some time to-day I'll wait upon her ladyship

With the relation. [*Exit Trains.*]

Eng. Sir, of what dispatch

He is! do you mark? [*Aside to Fitz.*]

Meer. Engine, when did you see

My cousin Everill? keeps he still your quarter

In the Bermudas?

Eng. Yes, sir, he was writing

This morning very hard.

Meer. Be not you known to him,

That I am come to town: I have effected A business for him, but I would have it take him

Before he thinks for't.

Eng. Is it past?

Meer. Not yet.

'Tis well o' the way.

Eng. O sir! your worship takes Infinite pains.

Meer. I love friends to be active;

A sluggish nature puts off man and kind.¹

Eng. And such a blessing follows it.

Meer. I thank

My fate.—Pray you let's be private, sir.

Fitz. In here.

Meer. Where none may interrupt us.

[*Exeunt Meer and Engine.*]

Fitz. You hear, Devil,

Lock the street doors fast, and let no one in. Except they be this gentleman's followers.

To trouble me. Do you mark? You have heard and seen

Something to-day, and by it you may gather

Your mistress is a fruit that's worth the stealing,

And therefore worth the watching. Be you sure now

You have all your eyes about you; and be in

No lace-woman, nor bawd, that brings French masks,

And cut-works; see you? nor old crows with wafers,

To convey letters: nor no youths, disguised

Like country-wives, with cream and marrow puddings.

Much knavery may be vented in a pudding, Much bawdy intelligence: they are shrewd cyphers.

Nor turn the key to any neighbour's need. Be it but to kindle fire, or beg a little,

Put it out rather, all out, to an ash, That they may see no smoke. Or water,

spill it;

Knock on the empty tubs, that by the sound

They may be forbid entry. Say we are robbed

If any come to borrow a spoon or so;

I will not have Good Fortune or God's Blessing

Let in while I am busy.²

¹ A sluggish nature puts off man and kind.] i.e., human nature. See vol. ii. p. 89 a.

² I will not have Good Fortune or God's Blessing

Let in while I am busy.] "Once upon a time there was an old chuff; and when he brought home money he used to say, 'Wife, this must not be spent: it must be laid by for good fortune.' As he did this often, a neighbour chanced to overhear him: so he dressed himself like a wayfaring man, and when the husband was busy elsewhere knocked at the door. 'Who are you?' said the wife. 'I am Good Fortune,

and I am come for the money which your husband has laid by for me.' So this simple woman gave it to him, and when her good man came home told him very pleasantly that Good Fortune had called for the money which had been so long kept for him."

Let us cast away nothing, for we know not what use we may have for it. This I had told my nurse some fifty years ago. She knew more of Jonson than I did; but her story gave an apt explanation of a passage which has puzzled far wiser heads than either of ours, and might perhaps have been sought elsewhere in very little purpose.

Pug. I'll take care, sir;
They shall not trouble you if they would.

Fitz. Well, do so. [*Exit.*]

Pug. I have no singular service of this
now,

Nor no superlative master! I shall wish
To be in hell again at leisure! bring
A Vice from thence! that had been such a
subtlety
As to bring broadcloths hither, or trans-
port

Fresh oranges into Spain. I find it now;
My chief was in the right. Can any fiend
Boast of a better Vice, than here by nature
And art they're owners of? Hell never
own me,

But I am taken! the fine tract of it
Pulls me along! to hear men such pro-
fessors

Grown in our subtlest sciences! My first
act now

Shall be to make this master of mine cuck-
old:

The primitive work of darkness I will prac-
tise.

I will deserve so well of my fair mistress
By my discoveries first, my counsels after,
And keeping counsel after that, as who
Soever is one, I will be another sure,
I'll have my share. Most delicate damned
flesh

She will be! O, that I could stay time
now!

Midnight will come too fast upon me, I
fear,

To cut my pleasure—

Enter Mrs. Fitzdottrel.

Mrs. Fitz. Look at the back door,
One knocks, see who it is.

Pug. Dainty she-Devil!

[*Aside and exit.*]

Mrs. Fitz. I cannot get this venture of
the cloke

Out of my fancy, nor the gentleman's way
He took, which though 'twere strange, yet
it was handsome,

And had a grace withal, beyond the new-
fangled.

Though they take

Master Fitzdottrel, I am no such foul

Nor fair one, tell him, will be had with stalk-
ing! This punning allusion of *foul* to *fowl* is
introduced for the sake of playing upon the word
dottrel (the name of her husband), a silly bird
usually taken by *stalking*, in the plain sense of
the word. "The *dottrel* (Fuller tells us) is avis
yellowthroat, a mirth-making bird, so ridiculously
naïve that he is easily caught, or rather

Sure he will think me that dull, stupid crea-
ture

He said, and may conclude it, if I find
not

Some thought to thank the attempt. He
did presume,

By all the carriage of it, on my brain,
For answer; and will swear 'tis very

barren,
If it can yield him no return.—

Re-enter Pug.

Who is it?

Pug. Mistress, it is—but first, let me
assure

The excellence of mistresses, I am,
Although my master's man, my mistress'

slave,
The servant of her secrets, and sweet

turns,
And know what fitly will conduce to either.

Mrs. Fitz. What's this? I pray you
come to yourself, and think

What your part is; to make an answer.
Tell,

Who is at the door?

Pug. The gentleman, mistress,
Who was at the cloke-charge to speak
with you

This morning; who expects only to take
Some small commandments from you, what
you please,

Worthy your form, he says, and gentlest
manners.

Mrs. Fitz. O! you'll anon prove his
hired man, I fear;

What has he given you for this message?
sir,

Bid him put off his hopes of straw, and
leave

To spread his nets in view thus. Though
they take

Master Fitzdottrel, I am no such foul

Nor fair one, tell him, will be had with
stalking!

And wish him to forbear his acting to me,
At the gentleman's chamber-window in

Lincoln's-inn there,
That opens to my gallery; else I swear

catcheth himself by his over-active imitation.
As the fowler stretcheth forth his arms and legs,
stalking towards the bird, so the bird extendeth
his legs and wings, approaching the fowler till
he is surprised in the net." To this simplicity
of the *dottrel* there are allusions in every part of
this play. Fuller adds a very comfortable con-
sideration. "It is observed that the foolisher
the woodcock, *dottrel*, *codshead*, &c. the finer
the flesh thereof." See his *Lincolnshire*.

To acquaint my husband with his folly, and leave him

To the just rage of his offended jealousy. Or if your master's sense be not so quick To right me, tell him I shall find a friend That will repair me. Say I will be quiet In mine own house. Pray you in those words give it him.

Pug. This is some fool turned! [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Fitz. If he be the master Now of that state and wit which I allow him,

Sure he will understand me: I durst not Be more direct; for this officious fellow, My husband's new groom, is a spy upon me,

I find already. Yet if he but tell him This in my words, he cannot but conceive

Himself both apprehended and requited.

I would not have him think he met a statue,

Or spoke to one, not there, though I were silent.

Re-enter Pug.

How now? have you told him?

Pug. Yes.

Mrs. Fitz. And what says he?

Pug. Says he!

That which myself would say to you, if I durst.

That you are proud, sweet mistress; and withal,

A little ignorant to entertain

The good that's proffered: and by your beauty's leave,

Not all so wise as some true politic wife Would be; who having matched with such a nupson

(I speak it with my master's peace)¹ whose face

Hath left to accuse him now, for it doth confess him

What you can make him; will yet (out of scruple

And a spiced conscience) defraud the poor gentleman,

At least delay him in the thing he longs for,

And makes it his whole study, how to compass

Only a title. Could but he write cuckold, He had his ends: for, look you—

Mrs. Fitz. This can be None but my husband's wit.

Pug. My precious mistress— [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Fitz. It creaks his engine: the groom never durst

Be else so saucy. [*Aside.*]

Pug. It it were not clearly His worshipful ambition, and the top of it,

The very forked top too, why should he Keep you thus mured up in a back room,

mistress, Allow you ne'er a casement to the street,

Fear of engendering by the eyes, with gillants?

Forbid you paper, pen, and ink, like rat bane;

Search your half pint of muscatel, lest a letter

Be sunk in the pot; and hold your new-laid egg

Against the fire, lest any charm be writ there?

Will you make benefit of truth, dear mistress,

If I do tell it you? I do not often. I am set over you, employed indeed

To watch your steps, your looks, your very breathings,

And to report them to him. Now if you Will be a true, right, delicate, sweet mistress,

Why, we will make a Cokes of this Wise Master,

We will, my mistress, an absolute fine Cokes,

And mock to air all the deep diligences Of such a solemn and effectual ass,

An ass to so good purpose as we'll use him.

I will contrive it so, that you shall go To plays, to masques, to meetings, and to feasts:

For, why is all this rigging and fine tackling, mistress,

If your neat handsome vessels of gold sail,

Put not forth ever and anon with your nets

Abroad into the world? It is your fishing. There you shall choose your friends, your servants, lady,

Your squires of honour; I'll convey your letters,

Fetch answers, do you all the offices

¹ I speak it with my master's peace.] i.e., respectfully, reverently: a bad translation of *cum pace domini*. Nupson, which occurs in the preceding line, is used by our old writers for a

gull, an easy dupe. As they sometimes write *nup*, it may be corrupted from the Greek *νύψ*. Both *nup* and *nupson* are found in the old comedy of *Lingua*. See vol. i. p. 44 A.

SCENE I.]

That can belong to your blood and beauty.

And,
For the variety, at my times, although
I am not in due symmetry, the man
Of that proportion; or in rule
Of physic, of the just complexion;
Or of that truth of Picardil in clothes,¹
To boast a sovereignty o'er ladies; yet
I know to do my turns, sweet mistress.

Come, kiss—
Mrs. Fitz. How now!
Pug. Dear, delicate mistress, I am your
slave,

Your little worm that loves you; your fine
monkey,

Your dog, your Jack, your Pug, that longs
to be

Styled o' your pleasures.

Mrs. Fitz. [*aloud.*] Hear you all this?²
Sir, pray you

Come from your standing, do, a little,
spare

Yourself, sir, from your watch, t'applaud
your squire,

That so well follows your instructions!

Enter Fitzdottrel.

Fitz. How now, sweetheart! what is the
matter?

Mrs. Fitz. Good!

You are a stranger to the plot! you set
not

Your saucy Devil here, to tempt your wife,
With all the insolent uncivil language,

Or action, he could vent!

Fitz. Did you so, Devil?

Mrs. Fitz. Not you!

You were not planted in your hole to hear
him

Upon the stairs, or here behind the hang-
ings!

I do not know your qualities! he durst
do it,

And you not give directions!

Fitz. You shall see, wife,

¹ Or of that truth of Picardil in clothes.] This alludes to the fashion then in vogue. Picardils were the stiff upright collars that were fastened on to the coat; and Pug means by the expression that his clothes perhaps were not made enough in the reigning mode to captivate a lady's fancy.—WHAL.

² Whalley did not perceive that Pug (unless the author has forgotten himself) is affecting modesty, since he had not only assumed a handsome body, but also a fashionable dress, "made new" for a particular occasion. See act v. sc. 1. With respect to the *piccadil*, or, as Jonson writes a *Picardil* (as if he supposed the fashion of

Whether he durst or no, and what it was
I did direct. [*Exit.*]

Pug. Sweet mistress, are you mad?

Re-enter Fitzdottrel with a cudgel.

Fitz. You most mere rogue! you open
manifest villain!

You fiend-apparent, you! you declared
hell-hound!

Pug. Good sir.

Fitz. Good knave, good rascal, and good
traitor.

Now I do find you parcel Devil indeed.

Upon the point of trust! in your first
charge,

The very day of your probation,

To tempt your mistress! [*Beats Pug.*]

You do see, good wedlock,

How I directed him?

Mrs. Fitz. Why, where, sir, were you?

Fitz. Nay, there is one blow more for
exercise: [*Strikes him again.*]

I told you I should do it.

Pug. Would you had done, sir.

Fitz. O, wife, the rarest man!—(yet
there's another

To put you in mind o' the last)—[*Beats
him again.*] Such a brave man, wife!

Within, he has his projects, and does vent
them

The gallantest!—Were you tentiginous,
ha?

Would you be acting of the incubus?

Did her silk's rustling move you?

Pug. Gentle sir!

Fitz. Out of my sight. If thy name
were not Devil,

Thou shouldst not stay a minute with me.
In,

Go, yet stay, yet go too. I am resolved

What I will do, and you shall know't
aforehand,

Soon as the gentleman is gone, do you
hear?

wearing it to be derived from Picardy), the term is simply a diminutive of *picca* (Span. and Ital.) a spear-head, and was given to this article of foppery from a fancied resemblance of its stiffened plaits to the bristled points of those weapons. Blount thinks, and apparently with justice, that *Piccadilly* took its name from the sale of the "small stiff collars so called," which was first set on foot in a house near the western extremity of the present street by one Higgins, a tailor.

² Hear you all this? &c.] This is addressed to her husband, whom, as the margin of the old copy says, she supposes to be on the watch.

I'll help your lipping. [*Exit Pug.*] Wife,
such a man, wife!

He has such plots! he will make me a duke!
No less, by heaven! six mares to your
coach, wife!

That's your proportion! and your coach-
man bald!

Because he shall be bare enough. Do not
you laugh,

We are looking for a place, and all, in the
map,

What to be of. Have faith, be not an infidel.
You know I am not easy to be gulled.

I swear, when I have my millions, else, I'll
make

Another, duchess; if you have not faith.

Mrs. Fitz. You'll have too much, I fear,
in these false spirits.

Fitz. Spirits! O, no such thing, wife!
wit, mere wit.

This man defies the Devil and all his works,
He does't by engine and devices, he!

He has his winged ploughs, that go with
sails,

Will plough you forty acres at once! and
mills

Will spout you water ten miles off! All
Crowland

Is ours, wife; and the fens, from us, in
Norfolk,

To the utmost bounds in Lincolnshire! we
have viewed it,

And measured it within all by the scale:
The richest tract of land, love, in the king-
dom!

There will be made seventeen or eighteen
millions,

Or more, as 't may be handled! wherefore
think,

Sweetheart, if thou hast a fancy to take
place

More than another, to be duchess of,
Now name it; I will have 't, what's the
cost,

(If 'twill be had for money,) either here,
Or in France, or Italy.

Mrs. Fitz. You have strange phantasies!

Enter Meercraft and Engine.

Meer. Where are you, sir?

Fitz. I see thou hast no talent
This way, wife. Up to thy gallery, do
chuck,

Leave us to talk of it who understand it.
[*Exit Mrs. Fitz.*]

Meer. I think we have found a place to
fit you now, sir.

Gloucester.

Fitz. O no, I'll none.

Meer. Why, sir?

Fitz. 'Tis fatal.²

Meer. That you say right in. Spence,
I think the younger,

Had his last honour thence. But he was
but earl.

Fitz. I know not that, sir. But Thomas
of Woodstock,

I'm sure was duke, and he was made earl
At Calice, as Duke Humphrey was at
Bury:

And Richard the Third, you know what
end he came to.

Meer. By my faith you are cunning to
the chronicle, sir.

Fitz. No, I confess I have it from the
playbooks,³

And think they are more authentic.

¹ *And your coachman bald*
Because he shall be bare enough.] It appears
from innumerable passages in our old plays that
it was then considered as a particular mark of
state and grandeur for the coachman to be un-
covered.

² *'Tis fatal.*] See p. 229 a.

³ *No; I confess I have it from the playbooks,*
And think they are more authentic.] This
harmless passage has drawn a world of obloquy
on the poet from the commentators on Shak-
speare. Malone and Steevens in particular are
never weary of recurring to it with spiteful
triumph. "In the *Devil's an Ass* (says the
former) all Shakespeare's historical plays are
ridiculed." And in a Dissertation to prove that
Henry VI. was not written by Shakespeare, he
observes—"the malignant Ben, in his *Devil's*
an Ass, sneers at our author's pieces, which
were probably then the only historical dramas
on the stage." And this is advanced in the very

face of his own arguments to prove that there
were scores, perhaps hundreds, of others on the
stage at the time!—In the very same page in which
this wanton burst of impotent malice appears, he
contends that "it is clear Shakespeare was not
the first who dramatized our old chronicles, and
that the principal events of the English history
were familiar to the ears of his audience before
he commenced a writer for the stage." Why
then was Jonson accused of aiming at Shak-
speare for plays which he did not write? (See
Mr. Malone remarks in another place) he
supposed that Shakespeare was the first dramatist
poet who introduced dramas, formed on the
Chronicles, but this is an undoubted error.
Every one of the subjects on which he con-
structed his historical plays appears to have
been brought upon the scene before his time.
And yet Jonson could mean no one but Shak-
speare! though, in fact, he merely puts into the
mouth of his conceited simpleton a true colour

Eng. That is sure, sir.
 Meer. [whispers him.] What say you to this then?
 Fitz. No, a noble house pretends to that. I will do no man wrong.
 Meer. Then take one proposition more, and hear it as past exception.
 Fitz. What is that?
 Meer. To be Duke of those lands you shall recover : take your title thence, sir, DUKE OF THE DROWNED LANDS, Or, DROWNDLAND.
 Fitz. Ha ! that last has a good sound : I like it well. The Duke of Drownd-land?
 Eng. Yes ; it goes like Groen-land, sir, if you mark it.
 Meer. Ay ; And drawing thus your honour from the work, You make the reputation of that greater, And stay it the longer in your name.
 Fitz. 'Tis true.
 DROWNDLANDS will live in drowned land !
 Meer. Yes, when you ! Have no foot left ; as that must be, sir, one day.
 And though it tarry in your heirs some forty,
 Fifty descents, the longer liver at last yet Must thrust them out on't, if no quirk in law,

Or odd vice of their own not do it first.
 We see those changes daily : the fair lands That were the client's are the lawyer's now ; And those rich manors there of goodman Taylor's, Had once more wood upon them than the yard By which they were measured out for the last purchase.
 Nature hath these vicissitudes. She makes No man a state of perpetuity, sir.
 Fitz. You are in the right. Let's in then, and conclude.—

Re-enter Pug.

In my sight again ! I'll talk with you anon.
 [Exit Fitz. Meer. and Engine.
 Pug. Sure he will geld me if I stay, or worse,
 Pluck out my tongue, one of the two.
 This fool,
 There is no trusting of him ; and to quit him,
 Were a contempt against my chief past pardon.
 It was a shrewd disheartening this, at first !
 Who would have thought a woman so well harnessed,
 Or rather well caparisoned, indeed,
 That wears such petticoats, and lace to her smocks,
 Broad seaming laces (as I see them hang there),

ration which had probably been made by a hundred others. Mr. Malone is such a blind Bayard in his hostility to our poet, that it is seldom necessary to do more than to quote him against himself to refute his charges. After passing from Gosson that the *Chronicles* had been ransacked for plays before 1580, while Shakespeare perhaps was "killing calves," as Anthony says, "in a high style," he adds: Lodge argues in defence of plays, that "they dilucidate and well explain many darke obscure histories, imprinting them in men's minds in such indelible characters that they can hardly be obliterated." And Heywood in his *Apology for Actors*, 1612, three years prior to the date of the present drama, says, "Plays have taught the unlearned the knowledge of many famous histories, instructed such as cannot read in the discovery of our English *Chronicles*; and what man have you now of that weak capacity that being possessor of their true use, cannot discourse of any notable thing recorded even from William the Conqueror until this day?" Yet Jonson, with all this, and ten times more, before him, could not forsooth lightly touch on the same sub-

ject without being taxed from volume to volume with malignantly sneering at Shakespeare !

¹ Yes, when you
 Have no foot left ; as that must be, sir, one day, &c.]

The venturing upon so sad a truth in the midst of a project of deceit is artful in the highest degree, and tends to throw an air of sincerity over the whole.

The speech itself is adapted with the most imposing gravity from Horace :

"*Nam propriæ telluris herum natura, neque illum
 Nec me, nec quengquam statuit ; nos expulit ille,
 Illum aut nequities, aut vafri inscitia juris,
 Postremo expellat certe vivacior hæres.*"

What follows is admirably turned by Pope :

"Shades that to Bacon might retreat afford,
 Become the portion of a booby lord ;
 And Helmsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
 Slides to a scrivener or city knight."

And garters which are lost, if she can't shew them,¹
 Could have done this? Hell! why is she so brave?

It cannot be to please Duke Dottrel, sure,
 Nor the dull pictures in the gallery,
 Nor her own dear reflection in her glass;
 Yet that may be: I have known many of them

Begin their pleasure, but none end it there:
 (That I consider, as I go along with it)
 They may, for want of better company,
 Or that they think the better, spend an hour,
 Two, three, or four, discoursing with their shadow;
 But sure they have a farther speculation.
 No woman drest with so much care and study,

Doth dress herself in vain. I'll vex this problem
 A little more before I leave it, sure. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—Manly's Chambers in Lincoln's Inn, opposite Fitzdottrel's House.

Enter Wittipol and Manly.

Wit. This was a fortune happy above thought,
 That this should prove thy chamber; which I feared

Would be my greatest trouble! this must be
 The very window, and that the room.

Man. It is.
 I now remember, I have often seen there
 A woman, but I never marked her much.

Wit. Where was your soul, friend?

Man. Faith, but now and then
 Awake unto those objects.

Wit. You pretend so.
 Let me not live, if I am not in love
 More with her wit, for this direction now,
 Than with her form, though I have praised that prettily,
 Since I saw her and you to-day. Read those: *[Gives him the copy of a song.]*

They'll go unto the air you love so well.
 Try them unto the note, maybe the music
 Will call her sooner; light, she's here,
 singing quickly.

Mrs. Fitzdottrel appears at a window of her house fronting that of Manly's Chambers.²

Mrs. Fitz. Either he understood him or else
 The fellow was not faithful in delivery
 Of what I bade. And I am justly pained
 That might have made my profit of his service,
 But by mistaking, have drawn on his envy,³
 And done the worse defeat upon myself.
[Manly sings.]
 How! music? then he may be there: and is, sure.

Enter Pug behind.

Pug. O! is it so? is there the interview
 Have I drawn to you at last, my cunning lady?
 The Devil is an ass! fooled off and beaten!
 Nay, made an instrument, and could not scent it!
 Well, since you have shewn the malice of a woman,
 No less than her true wit and learning, mistress,
 I'll try if little Pug have the malignity
 To recompense it, and so save his danger.
 'Tis not the pain, but the discredit of it.
 The Devil should not keep a body entire.

[Aside and exit.]
Wit. Away, fall back, she comes.
Man. I leave you, sir,
 The master of my chamber: I have business.
Wit. Mistress!

¹ And garters which are lost if she can shew them.] So the old copies read: but the sense seems to require the addition of *not*, which might be dropt at the press. "Garters of four-score pound a pair," are mentioned by Satan in the first scene, and we may be pretty confident that some mode of displaying them was in use. Pug could see the lace of his lady's smock, and it is probable that the embroidered extremities of her garters were permitted to hang, as he says, quite as low as that. [The misprint is so obvious that I have made the change in the text.—F. C.]

² This scene, the margin of the old copy tells

us, is "acted at two windows as out of two contiguous buildings." Whoever has noticed the narrow streets or rather lanes of our ancestors, and observed how story projected beyond story, till the windows of the upper rooms almost touched on different sides, will easily conceive the feasibility of everything which takes place between Wittipol and his mistress, though they make their appearance in different houses.

³ But by mistaking, have drawn on his envy, i.e., ill-will, displeasure. As this sense of the word is altogether obsolete, it seems just necessary to notice it.

Mrs. Fitz. [advances to the window.] You make me paint, sir.¹

Wit. They are fair colours, Lady, and natural! I did receive Some commands from you lately, gentle lady,

But so perplexed, and wrapt in the deliv'ry,

As I may fear to have misinterpreted : But must make suit still to be near your grace.

Mrs. Fitz. Who is there with you, sir ?
Wit. None but myself.

It falls out, lady, to be a dear friend's lodging ;

Wherein there's some conspiracy of fortune With your poor servant's blest affections.

Mrs. Fitz. Who was it sung ?

Wit. He, lady, but he's gone, Upon my entreaty of him, seeing you Approach the window. Neither need you doubt him,

If he were here ; he is too much a gentleman.

Mrs. Fitz. Sir, if you judge me by this simple action,

And by the outward habit and complexion Of easiness it hath to your design,

You may with justice say I am a woman, And a strange woman. But when you shall please

To bring but that concurrence of my fortune To memory, which to-day yourself did urge,

It may beget some favour like excuse, Though none like reason.

Wit. No, my tuneful mistress ?

Then surely love hath none, nor beauty any ; Nor nature, violenced in both [of] these :

With all whose gentle tongues you speak at once.

I thought I had enough removed already That scruple from your breast, and left you all reason ;

When through my morning's perspective I shewed you

A man so above excuse, as he's the cause, Why anything is to be done upon him ;

And nothing called an injury, misplaced. I rather now had hope to shew you how love

By his accesses grows more natural : And what was done this morning with such force,

Was but devised to serve the present, then.

That since Love hath the honour to approach

These sister-swelling breasts ;² and touch this soft

And rosy hand ; he hath the skill to draw Their nectar forth with kissing ; and could make

More wanton salts from this brave promontory,³

Down to this valley, than the nimble roe ; Could play the hopping sparrow 'bout these nets ;

And sporting squirrel in these crisped groves ;

Bury himself in every silk-worm's kell Is here unravelled ; run into the snare,

Which every hair is, cast into a curl, To catch a Cupid flying ! bathe himself

In milk and roses here, and dry him there ; Warm his cold hands, to play with this smooth, round,

And well-torned chin,⁴ as with the billiard ball ;

the poet's time permitted by ladies who would have started at being told that they had foregone all pretensions to delicacy.

I am half inclined to think that when Hotspur tells his lady it is no time

"To toy with mammets, or to tilt with lips,"

he alludes to some such play with the paps as Wittipol is engaged in. *Mammet* undoubtedly signifies a girl ; but the Italians use both this word (*mammette*) and *mammille* for a bosom, and our old dramatists adopt terms of this kind from them without scruple. Italian was in those days the favourite language.

³ And could make More wanton salts] i.e., leavings or boundings, from the Latin *saltus*.—WHAL.

⁴ Well-torned] i.e., rounded and polished as by the wheel. [See *Lines to Shakspeare*.]

¹ You make me paint,] i.e., blush. This word is possibly applied by Emily in the *Two Noble Kinsmen* :

² Of all flowers Methinks the rose is best : It is the very emblem of a maid ; For when the west wind courts her gently, How modestly she blows and paints the sun With her chaste blushes !"

³ These sister-swelling breasts:] This is an elegant and poetical rendering of the *sororiantes mammae* of the Latins, which Festus thus explains : "*Sororiantes puellarum mammae dicuntur, cum primum tumescunt.*" Here (the *maecenas* says) he grows more familiar in his manhood. And again, Wittipol plays with her paps, kisses her hands, &c. This is indeed growing familiar ! but strange as it may appear, liberties very similar to these were in

Roll on these lips, the banks of love, and there

At once both plant and gather kisses. Lady, Shall I, with what I have made to-day here, call

All sense to wonder, and all faith to sign
The mysteries revealed in your form?
And will Love pardon me the blasphemy
I uttered, when I said, a glass could speak
This beauty, or that fools had power to judge it?

"Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smother
Than words that soothe her!
And from her arched brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face;
As alone, there triumphs to the life,
All the gain, all the good, of the elements
strife!

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow,
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O, so white! O, so soft! O, so sweet is she!"

Fitzdottrel appears at his Wife's back.

Fitz. Is she so, sir? and I will keep her so,
If I know how or can: that wit of man
Will do't, I'll go no farther. At this window
She shall no more be buzzed at. Take your leave on't.

If you be sweetmeats, wedlock, or sweet flesh,
All's one: I do not love this hum about you.

A fly-blown wife is not so proper; in!—
For you, you sir, look to hear from me.

Wit. So I do, sir.

Fitz. No, but in other terms. There's no man offers

This to my wife but pays for't.

Wit. That have I, sir.

Fitz. Nay then, I tell you, you are—

Wit. What am I, sir?

Fitz. Why, that I'll think on when I have cut your throat.

Wit. Go, you are an ass.

Fitz. I am resolved on't, sir!

Wit. I think you are.

Fitz. To call you to a reckoning.

Wit. Away, you broker's block, you property!

Fitz. Slight, if you strike me, I will strike your mistress.

[*Strikes Mrs. Fitz. and leads her out.*]

Wit. O! I could shoot mine eyes at him for that now,

Or leave my teeth in him, were they cuckold's bane

Enough to kill him. What prodigious, Blind, and most wicked change of fortune is this?

I have no air of patience: all my veins Swell, and my sinews start at th' indignity of it.

I shall break, break.

SCENE III.—*Another Room in Fitzdottrel's House.*

Enter Pug.

Pug. This for the malice of it, And my revenge may pass! but now my conscience

Tells me I have profited the cause of hell But little, in the breaking off their loves. Which, if some other act of mine repairs, I shall hear ill of in my account!

Enter Fitzdottrel and his Wife.

Fitz. O, bird, Could you do this? 'gainst me! and at this time now!

When I was so employed, wholly for you Drowned in my care (more than the law)

I swear,

I have hope to win) to make you peerless studying

For footmen for you, fine-paced husband's pages,

To serve you on the knee; with what knight's wife

To bear your train, and sit with your women

In council, and receive intelligences

¹ I am resolved.] Fitzdottrel and Wittipol are at cross purposes. The former uses *resolved* in the sense of determined: and the latter affects to take it in that of convinced,

which was then no uncommon acceptance of the word.

² [French, huissier; English, usher.—F. G.]

From foreign parts, to dress you at all
pieces!
You've almost turned my good affection to
you;¹
Soured my sweet thoughts, all my pure
purposes:
I could now find in my very heart to
make
Another, lady duchess; and depose you.
Well, go your ways in. [*Exit Mrs. Fitz.*]
Devil, you have redeemed all;
I do forgive you: and I'll do you good.
[*Exit Pug.*]

Enter Meercraft and Engine.

Meer. Why have you these excursions?
where have you been, sir?
Fitz. Where I have been vexed a little
with a toy.
Meer. O, sir, no toys must trouble your
grave head,
Now it is growing to be great. You must
be above all those things.

Fitz. Nay, nay, so I will.
Meer. Now you are toward the lord, you
must put off
The man, sir.

Eng. He says true.
Meer. You must do nothing
As you have done it heretofore; not know
Or salute any man.

Eng. That was your bedfellow
The other month.

Meer. The other month! the week.
Then dost not know the privileges,
Engine,
Follow that title; nor how swift: to-day,
When he has put on his lord's face once,
then—

Fitz. Sir, for these things I shall do well
enough
There is no fear of me: but then my wife

is
Such an untoward thing, she'll never learn
How to comport with it: I am out of all
Concent on her behalf.

Meer. Best have her taught, sir.

Fitz. Where? are there any schools for
ladies? is there
An academy for women? I do know
For men there was; I learned in it myself,
To make my legs, and do my postures.

Eng. [*whispers Meercraft.*] Sir,

¹ You've almost turned my good affection to
you. Not diverted or changed its course; but,
as appears from what follows, soured it. The
word is used in a similar sense by Shakspeare:

Do you remember the conceit you had—
Of the Spanish gown at home?

Meer. Ha! I do thank thee
With all my heart, dear Engine.—Sir,
there is
A certain lady, here about the town,
An English widow, who hath lately tra-
velled,
But she is called the Spaniard, 'cause she
came
Latest from thence, and keeps the Spanish
habit.

Such a rare woman! all our women here,
That are of spirit and fashion, flock unto
her,
As to their president, their law, their
canon;
More than they ever did to oracle Fore-
man.

Such rare receipts she has, sir, for the
face,
Such oils, such tinctures, such pomatums,
Such perfumes, medicines, quintessences,
et cætera;

And such a mistress of behaviour,
She knows, from the duke's daughter to the
doxy,

What is their due just, and no more!

Fitz. O, sir!
You please me in this more than mine
own greatness.

Where is she? Let us have her.

Meer. By your patience,
We must use means, cast how to be ac-
quainted—

Fitz. Good, sir, about it.

Meer. We must think how first.

Fitz. O!

I do not love to tarry for a thing
When I have a mind to it. You do not
know me,

If you do offer it.

Meer. Your wife must send
Some pretty token to her, with a compli-
ment,

And pray to be received in her good
graces.

All the great ladies do it.

Fitz. She shall, she shall.

What were it best to be?

Meer. Some little toy,

I would not have it any great matter, sir:
A diamond ring of forty or fifty pound
Would do it handsomely, and be a gift

"Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights!"

Timon, act iii. sc. 1.

Fit for your wife to send, and her to take.

Fitz. I'll go and tell my wife on't straight. [*Exit.*]

Meer. Why, this

Is well! the clothes we have now, but where's this lady?

If we could get a witty boy now, Engine, That were an excellent crack,¹ I could instruct him

To the true height: for anything takes this Dottrel.

Eng. Why, sir, your best will be one of the players!

Meer. No, there's no trusting them: they'll talk of it,

And tell their poets.

Eng. What if they do! the jest Will brook the stage. But there be some of them

Are very honest lads: there is Dick Robinson,²

A very pretty fellow, and comes often To a gentleman's chamber, a friend of mine. We had

The merriest supper of it there one night, The gentleman's landlady invited him

To a gossip's feast: now he, sir, brought Dick Robinson,

Drest like a lawyer's wife, amongst them all:

I lent him clothes—But to see him behave it,

And lay the law, and carve and drink unto them,

And then talk bawdy, and send frolics!³ O,

It would have burst your buttons, or left you

A seam.

Meer. They say he's an ingenious youth.

Eng. O, sir! and dresses himself the best beyond

Forty of your ladies! did you never see him?

Meer. No, I do seldom see those that But think you

That we may have him?

Eng. Sir, the young gentleman I tell you of can command him: shall I attempt it?

Meer. Yes, do it.

Re-enter Fitzdottrel.

Fitz. 'Slight, I cannot get my wife To part with a ring on any terms, yet

The sullen monkey has two.

Meer. it were 'gainst reason That you should urge it: sir, send to your goldsmith,

Let not her lose by it.

Fitz. How does she lose by it? Is it not for her?

Meer. Make it your own bounty, It will have the better success; what is the matter

Of fifty pound to you, sir?

Fitz. I have but a hundred Pieces to shew here; that I would break—

Meer. You shall have credit, sir. I'll send a ticket

Unto my goldsmith.—

¹ *That were an excellent crack.*] A clever, lively lad. See vol. i. p. 146.

² *There is Dick Robinson.*] He was a comedian, and famous for acting women's parts. The vogue he was in appears from these verses of Cowley, addressed to Sir Kenelm Digby, and prefixed to *Love's Riddle*:

"Nor has't a part for Robinson, whom they At school account essential to a play."

He was a performer in our author's *Catiline*.—*WHAL.*

Robinson (who undoubtedly played the part of Wittipol in this piece) followed the fortunes of his sovereign, and obtained a commission in the royal army. He was murdered at the siege of Basing-house by Harrison, who shot him through the head after he had laid down his arms, exclaiming in the blasphemous cant of those ferocious times, "Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently!"

It is worth observing that Jonson, who is never mentioned at present, but as the "libeller of the players," has written more in praise of

them than all the other poets of his time put together. Such is the discrimination, and the justice of our critical luminaries! (*Gibbon*) "brave words" seem a little thrown away upon us, we learn that Dick Robinson was one of the dedicators of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Two years after the siege of Basing House*. The actor who was "there slain by the hands of Major Harrison, that godly and gallant gentleman," was William Robinson. See *Gibbon's Memoirs of the Actors*, p. 272.—*F. C.*

³ *And send frolics!*] *Frolics* are commonly of an amatory or satirical nature, written on small slips of paper, and wrapt up in a sweetmeat. A dish of them is usually placed on the table after supper, and the guests amuse themselves with sending them to one another. These circumstances seem to render them appropriate to this is occasionally productive of much merriment. It is to be found in *Twelfth Night* may be thought to bear some resemblance to it. On the *Comedians* I have frequently been present at it.

Enter Trains.

Here my man comes too,

To carry it fitly.—How now, Trains! what birds?

Trains. Your cousin Everill met me, and has beat me, because I would not tell him where you were:

I think he has dogged me to the house too.

Meer. Well—

You shall go out at the back door then, Trains.

You must get Gilthead hither by some means.

Trains. It is impossible!

Fitz. Tell him we have venison,

I'll give him a piece, and send his wife a pheasant. [*Exit.*]

Trains. A forest moves not, till that forty pound

You had of him last be paid. He keeps more stir

For that same petty sum than for your bond

Of six, and statute of eight hundred.

Meer. Tell him

We'll hedge in that. Cry up Fitzdottrel to him,

Double his price: make him a man of metal.

Trains. That will not need, his bond is current enough. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in Fitzdottrel's House.

Enter Thomas Gilthead and Plutarchus.

Gilt. All this is to make you a gentleman!

I'll have you learn, son. Wherefore have I placed you

With Sir Paul Eitherside, but to have so much law

To keep your own? Besides, he is a justice

Here in the town; and dwelling, son, with him,

You shall learn that in a year shall be worth twenty

Of having staid you at Oxford or at Cambridge,

Or sending you to the Inns of Court, or France.

VOL. II.

I'm called for now in haste by Master Meercraft,

To trust Master Fitzdottrel, a good man,¹ I have enquired him, eighteen hundred a year,

(His name is current) for a diamond ring. Of forty, shall not be worth thirty; that's gained;

And this is to make you a gentleman!

Plu. O, but, good father, you trust too much.

Gilt. Boy, boy,

We live by finding fools out to be trusted. Our shop-books are our pastures, our corn-

grounds,

We lay 'em open for them to come into; And when we have them there, we drive them up

Into one of our two pounds, the compters, straight,

And this is to make you a gentleman!

We citizens never trust but we do cozen:

For if our debtors pay, we cozen them;

And if they do not, then we cozen ourselves.

But that's a hazard every one must run,

That hopes to make his son a gentleman!

Plu. I do not wish to be one, truly, father.

In a descent or two we come to be

Just in their state, fit to be cozened like them:

And I had rather have tarried in your trade.

For since the gentry scorn the city so much,

Methinks we should in time, holding together,

And matching in our own tribes, as they say,

Have got an act of common-council for it, That we might cozen them out of *rerum*

natura.

Gilt. Ay, if we had an act first to forbid The marrying of our wealthy heirs unto them,

And daughters with such lavish portions: That confounds all.

Plu. And makes a mongrel breed, father.

And when they have your money, then they laugh at you,

Or kick you down the stairs. I cannot abide them:

¹ A good man,] "My meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient."—*Merch. of Venice*.

I would fain have them cozened, but not trusted.

Enter Meercraft.

Meer. O, is he come! I knew he would not fail me.—

Welcome, good Gilthead, I must have you do

A noble gentleman a courtesy here,
In a mere toy, some pretty ring or jewel,
Of fifty or threescore pound.—Make it a hundred,

And hedge in the last forty that I owe you,

And your own price for the ring. [*Aside to Gilthead.*] He's a good man, sir,

And you may hap see him a great one! he is likely to bestow hundreds and thousands With you, if you can humour him. A great prince

He will be shortly. What do you say?

Gilt. In truth, sir,
I cannot: 't has been a long vacation with us.

Meer. Of what, I pray thee, of wit or honesty?

Those are your citizens' long vacations.

Plu. Good father, do not trust them.

Meer. Nay, Tom Gilthead,
He will not buy a courtesy and beg it;
He'll rather pay than pray. If you do for him,

You must do cheerfully: his credit, sir,
Is not yet prostitute. Who's this, thy son?

A pretty youth! what is his name?

Plu. Plutarchus, sir.

Meer. Plutarchus! how came that about?

Gilt. That year, sir,
That I begot him I bought Plutarch's lives,

And fell so in love with the book as I called my son

By his name, in hope he should be like him,

And write the lives of our great men.—

Meer. In the city!

And do you breed him there?

Gilt. His mind, sir, lies

Much to that way.

Meer. Why, then he's in the right way.

Gilt. But now I had rather get him a good wife,

To train the youth

Of London in the military truth—] This is probably a quotation from one of those posture-books which were frequent in Jonson's age, and

And plant him in the country, there to use

The blessing I shall leave him.

Meer. Out upon't!

And lose the laudable means thou hast at home here,

To advance and make him a young alderman?

Buy him a captain's place, for shame, and let him

Into the world early, and with his plume And scarfs march through Cheap-side,

Along Cornhill,
And by the virtue of those draw down wife

There from a window, worth ten thousand pound!

Get him the posture-book and's looks men

To set upon a table, 'gainst his mistress Chance to come by, that he may draw her

And shew her Finsbury battles.

Gilt. I have placed him With Justice Eitherside, to get so much law—

Meer. As thou hast conscience. Come, come, thou dost wrong

Pretty Plutarchus, who had not his name For nothing, but was born to train a youth

Of London in the military truth— That way his genius lies.—

Enter Everill.

My cousin Everill

Ever. O, are you here, sir! I pray you let us whisper. [*Takes Meer.*]

Plu. Father, dear father, trust him: you love me.

Gilt. Why, I do mean it, boy, but what I do

Must not come easily from me: we must deal

With courtiers, boy, as courtiers deal with us.

If I have a business there with any of them,

Why, I must wait, I am sure on't, and though

My lord dispatch me, yet his worshipful man

Will keep me for his sport a month or two To shew me with my fellow-citizens:

contained coarse representations of the military exercises, evolutions, &c. practised in the Army Yard. Jonson amuses himself again with this couplet in his *Underwoods*.

I must make his train long, and full, one quarter,

And help the spectacle of his greatness. There,

Nothing is done at once but injuries, boy, and they come headlong: all their good turns move not,

Or very slowly.

Pla. Yet, sweet father, trust him.

Gill. Well, I will think.

[*They walk aside.*]

Ever. Come, you must do't, sir.

I am undone else, and your Lady Tail-bush

Has sent for me to dinner, and my clothes are all at pawn. I had sent out this morning,

Before I heard you were come to town, some twenty

Of my epistles, and no one return—

Meer. Why, I have told you of this.

This comes of wearing

Scarlet, gold lace, and cutworks! your fine gartering,

With your blown roses, cousin! and your eating

Pheasant and godwit here in London, haunting

The Globes and Mermaids,¹ wedging in with lords

Still at the table, and affecting lechery

In velvet! where could you have contented yourself

With cheese, salt butter, and a pickled herring

In the Low Countries; there worn cloth and fustian,

Been satisfied with a leap o' your host's daughter

In garrison, a wench of a storer, or

Your sutler's wife in the leaguer, of two blanks!²

You never then had run upon this flat,

To write your letters missive, and send out your privy seals, that thus have frightened off

All your acquaintance, that they shun you at distance,

Worse than you do the bailiffs.

Ever. Pox upon you!

I come not to you for counsel, I lack money.

Meer. You do not think what you owe me already.

Ever. I!

They owe you that mean to pay you: I'll be sworn

I never meant it. Come, you will project, I shall undo your practice, for this month, else:

You know me.

Meer. Ay, you are a right sweet nature!

Ever. Well, that's all one!

Meer. You'll leave this empire one day; You will not ever have this tribute paid

Your sceptre of the sword!

Ever. Tie up your wit,

Do, and provoke me not.

Meer. Will you, sir, help

To what I shall provoke another for you?

Ever. I cannot tell; try me: I think I am not

So utterly of an ore un-to-be-melted, But I can do myself good on occasions.

Enter Fitzdottrel.

Meer. Strike in then for your part.

[*They go up to Fitz.*—Master Fitzdottrel,

If I transgress in point of manners, afford me

Your best construction; I must beg my freedom

From your affairs this day.

Fitz. How, sir!

Meer. It is

In succour of this gentleman's occasions, My kinsman—

Fitz. You'll not do me that affront, sir?

Meer. I am sorry you should so interpret it.

But, sir, it stands upon his being invested In a new office he has stood for long:

Master of the Dependences! a place Of my projection too, sir, and hath met

Much opposition; but the state now sees That great necessity of it, as after all

Their writing, and their speaking against duels,

¹ The Globes and Mermaids,] Playhouses and taverns. The Globe was on the Bankside, the Mermaid (tavern) in Cornhill.

² A wench of a storer, or your miller's wife in the leaguer, of two blanks!] Whalley says in the margin of his copy he "suspects a line to be dropped here, as he cannot make out the poet's meaning." The poet's meaning is clear enough, and to a scholar like Whalley ought to have presented no diffi-

culty. Jonson had Horace in his thoughts, and has, not without some ingenuity, parodied several loose passages of one of his satires. Either by accident or design, Whalley reads *storer for stoter*, and I have retained his variation. *Leaguer*, as every one knows, is camp; *blanks* are silver coins worth about as much as the *livre*. They were struck in France by Hen. V. and never had much currency in this country.

They have erected it. His book is drawn—
For since there will be differences daily
Twix gentlemen, and that the roaring
manner
Is grown offensive; that those few we call
The civil men of the sword abhor the
vapours;
They shall refer now hither for their process;
And such as trespass 'gainst the rule of
court
Are to be fined.

Fitz. In troth, a pretty place!

Meer. A kind of arbitrary court 'twill be, sir.

Fitz. I shall have matter for it, I believe, Ere it be long; I had a distaste.¹

Meer. But now, sir,

My learned counsel, they must have a feeling,

They'll part, sir, with no books, without the hand-gout

Be oiled: and I must furnish. If 't be money,

To me straight; I am mine, mint, and exchequer,

To supply all. What is't, a hundred pound?

Ever. No, the harpy now stands on a hundred pieces.²

Meer. Why, he must have them, if he will. To-morrow, sir,

Will equally serve your occasions—

And therefore let me obtain that you will yield

To timing a poor gentleman's distresses
In terms of hazard.

Fitz. By no means.

Meer. I must

Get him this money, and will—

Fitz. Sir, I protest

I had rather stand engaged for it myself,
Than you should leave me.

Meer. O, good sir! do you think
So coarsely of our manners, that we
would

For any need of ours be prest to take it.
Though you be pleased to offer it?

Fitz. Why, by heaven,
I mean it.

Meer. I can never believe less.
But we, sir, must preserve our dignity.
As you do publish yours: by your leave, sir.

Fitz. As I am a gentleman, if you do offer

To leave me now, or if you do refuse me,
I will not think you love me.

Meer. Sir, I honour you,
And with just reason, for these noble men
Of the nobility you pretend to: but
I would know why? a motive (to a stranger)

You should do this?

Ever. *Aside to Meer.*] You'll mar all
with your fineness.³

Fitz. Why, that's all one if 'twere, as
but my fancy.—

But I have a business that perhaps I would
have

Brought to his office.

Meer. O sir! I have done then;
If he can be made profitable to you.

Fitz. Yes, and it shall be one of my
ambitions

To have it the first business: may I not?

Ever. So you do mean to make 't a perfect business.

Fitz. Nay, I'll do that, assure you; I'll
mar me once.

Meer. Sir, it concerns the first business,
perfect business,

For his own honour.

Ever. Ay, and the reputation

Too of my place.

Fitz. Why, why do I take this course
else?

I am not altogether an ass, good gentlemen.

Wherefore should I consult you, do you
think?

To make a song on't? How's your manner
tell us.

¹ *I had a distaste.*] i.e., an insult offered me: he alludes to his quarrel with Wittipol.

² *What is't, a hundred pound?*

No, the harpy now stands on a hundred pieces.] It may be necessary to observe, once for all, that the *piece* (the double sovereign) went for two and twenty shillings: a hundred pieces therefore were equivalent to a hundred and ten pounds.

³ *You'll mar all with your fineness.*] Mr. Symphon imagines it should be *finesse*; but that word, I believe, came into use since our author's

days. *Finess* is the same with *aliveness*, *coyness*; and that sense is not incongruous to the rest of the passage.—*WHAL.*

Neither Whalley nor Symphon seems to have entered into the poet's meaning. The words are evidently directed in a side speech to Meer by his confederate, who is apprehensive that he will refine too much: in other words, carry his pretended refusal too far. *Finess*, of which both the commentators have mistaken the sense, is an overstrained and factitious pulchritude.

Meer. Do, satisfy him; give him the whole course.

Ever. First, by request or otherwise, you offer your business to the court; wherein you crave

The judgment of the master and the assistants.

Fitz. Well, that is done now; what do you upon it?

Ever. We straight, sir, have recourse to the spring-head:

Visit the ground, and so disclose the nature; if it will carry or no. If we do find,

By our proportions, it is like to prove A stillen and black business; that it be

insurmountable, and out of treaty; then We file it, a dependence!

Fitz. So, 'tis filed:

What follows? I do love the order of these things.

Ever. We then advise the party, if he be A man of means and havings, that forth-

with He settle his estate; if not, at least That he pretend it: for by that the world

Takes notice that it now is a dependence: And this we call, sir, publication.

Fitz. Very sufficient: after publication now?

Ever. Then we grant out our process, which is diverse;

Either by chartel, sir, or ore-tenus, Wherein the challenger and challengee,

Or with your Spaniard, your provocador And provocado, have their several

courses—

Fitz. I have enough on't: for an hundred pieces!

Yes, for two hundred, under-write me, do. Your man will take my bond?

Meer. That he will, sure:

But these same citizens, they are such sharks!

There's an old debt of forty, I gave my word

[*Aside to Fitz.* For one is run away to the Bermudas,¹ And he will hook in that, or he'll not do.

Fitz. Why, let him. That and the ring, and a hundred pieces,

Will all but make two hundred.

Meer. No, no more, sir.

What ready arithmetic you have!—Do you hear?

[*Aside to Gilthead.* For one is run away to the Bermudas.] Not to the islands, but to the alleys of this name; the rendezvous of thieves, fraudulent debtors, &c. usually mentioned. See vol. ii. p. 169 a.

A pretty morning's work for you, this! do it,

You shall have twenty pound on't.

Gilt. Twenty pieces?

Plu. Good father, do't.

Meer. You will hook still? well, Shew us your ring. You could not have

done this now, With gentleness, at first, we might have

thanked you? But groan, and have your courtesies come

from you Like a hard stool, and stink! A man may

draw Your teeth out easier than your money.

Come, Were little Gilthead here, no better a

nature, I should ne'er love him, that could pull his

lips off now. [*Pulls him by the lips.* Was not thy mother a gentlewoman?

Plu. Yes, sir.

Meer. And went to the court at Christ- mas, and St. George-tide,

And lent the lords' men chains?

Plu. Of gold and pearl, sir.

Meer. I knew thou must take after somebody,

Thou couldst not be else. This was no

shop-look!

I'll have thee Captain Gilthead, and march up,

And take in Pimlico, and kill the bush

At every tavern. Thou shalt have a wife,

If smocks will mount, boy. [*Turns to Gilthead.*] How now! you have there

now Some Bristol stone or Cornish counterfeit

You'd put upon us!

Gilt. No, sir, I assure you:

Look on his lustre, he will speak himself!

I'll give you leave to put him in the mill:

He is no great large stone, but a true para- gon,

He has all his corners, view him well.

Meer. He's yellow.

Gilt. Upon my faith, sir, of the right black water,

And very deep! he's set without a foil too.

Here's one of the yellow-water I'll sell cheap.

Meer. And what do you value this at, thirty pound?

Gilt. No, sir, he cost me forty ere he was set.

Meer. Turnings, you mean? I know your equivocates:

You are grown the better fathers of 'em o' late.¹

Well, where it must go 'twill be judged, and therefore
Look you't be right. You shall have fifty pound for't.

Not a denier more. [To Fitz.] And because you would

Have things dispatched, sir, I'll go presently.

Inquire out this lady. If you think good, sir,

Having an hundred pieces ready, you may

Part with those now, to serve my kinsman's turns,

That he may wait upon you anon the freer;

And take them, when you have sealed, again of Gilthead.

Fitz. I care not if I do.

Meer. And dispatch all together.

Fitz. There, they are just a hundred pieces;

I have told them over twice a day these two months.

[Turns them out on the table.

Meer. Well, go and seal them, sir; make your return

As speedy as you can.

[Exit Fitzdottrel, Gilthead, and Plotarchus.

Ever. Come, give me.

[They fall to sharing.

Meer. Soft, sir.

Ever. Marry, and fair too then; I'll no delaying, sir.

Meer. But you will hear?

Ever. Yes, when I have my dividend.

Meer. There's forty pieces for you.

Ever. What is this for?

Meer. Your half: you know that Gilt-head must have twenty.

Ever. And what's your ring there? Shall I have none o' that?

Meer. O, that is to be given to a lady.

Ever. Is it so?

Meer. By that good light, it is.

Ever. Come, give me
Ten pieces more then.

Meer. Why?

Ever. For Gilthead, sir!

Do you think I'll allow him any such share?

Meer. You must.

Ever. Must I! do you your musts, sir.

I'll do mine:

You will not part with the whole, sir, will you?

Go to,

Give me ten pieces!

Meer. By what law do you this?

Ever. Even lion-law, sir, I must must else.

Meer. Good!

Ever. You have heard how the ass made his divisions wisely?

Meer. And I am he!—I thank you.

Ever. Much good do you, sir.

Meer. I shall be rid of this tyranny one day.

Ever. Not

While you do eat, and lie about the town here,

And cozen in your bullions;² and I stand

Your name of credit, and compound your business,

Adjourn your beatings every term, and make

New parties for your projects. I have now

A pretty task of it, to hold you in

With your Lady Tailbush: but the toy will be

How we shall both come off!

Meer. Leave you your doubting,

And do your portion, what's assigned you: I

Never failed yet.

Ever. With reference to your aids!—

You'll still be unthankful. Where shall I meet you anon?

You have some feat to do alone now, I see;

You wish me gone; well, I will find you out.

And bring you after to the audit. [Exit.

Meer. Slight,

There's Engine's share too, I had forgot! this reign

¹ I know your equivocates:
You are grown the better fathers of 'em o' late.] Satirically reflecting on the Jesuits, the great patrons of equivocation.—WHAL.

Or rather on the Puritans, I think; who were sufficiently obnoxious to this charge. The Jesuits would be out of place here.

² And cozen in your bullions.] I have little to add to what has been already advanced on

this word in the last edition of Massinger. See vol. iii. p. 390. It appears to be some amiable (trunk-hose or doublet) of spurious finery, furnished with globular gilt buttons, and adopted by gamblers and others, as a mark of wealth to entrap the unwary. The word occurs in Ben Jonson's "I'll impeach you for foul incontinence, and shaking your old bullion trunks on my truckle-bed."—*The Sparagus Garden*. Here the person spoken of is a wealthy usurer.

SCENE I.]

Is too-too unsupportable; I must
quit myself of this vassalage. —

Enter Engine, followed by Wittipol.

Engine! welcome.

How goes the cry?

Eng. Excellent well.

Meer. Will it do?

Where's Robinson?

Eng. Here is the gentleman, sir,

Will undertake it himself. I have ac-
quainted him.

Meer. Why did you so?

Eng. Why, Robinson would have told
him,

You know? and he's a pleasant wit, will
burt

Nothing you purpose. Then he's of
opinion

That Robinson might want audacity,
She being such a gallant. Now he has
been

In Spain, and knows the fashions there;
and can

Discourse; and being but mirth, he says,
leave much

To his care.

Meer. But he is too tall!

Eng. For that

He has the bravest device (you'll love him
for't),

To say he wears cioppinos; and they do
so

In Spain: and Robinson's as tall as he.

Meer. Is he so?

Eng. Every jot.

Meer. Nay, I had rather

To trust a gentleman with it, of the two.

Eng. Pray you go to him then, sir, and
salute him.

Meer. Sir, my friend Engine has ac-
quainted you

With a strange business here.

Wit. A merry one, sir.

The Duke of Drowndland and his Du-
chess?

Meer. Yes, sir.

Now that the conjurors have laid him by,
I have made bold to borrow him a while.

Wit. With purpose yet to put him out,
I hope,

To his best use.

Meer. Yes, sir.

Wit. For that small part

That I am trusted with, put off your care:
I would not lose to do it, for the mirth
Will follow of it; and well, I have a fancy.

Meer. Sir, that will make it well.

Wit. You will report it so.

Where must I have my dressing?

Eng. At my house, sir.

Meer. You shall have caution, sir, for
what he yields,

To sixpence.

Wit. You shall pardon me: I will share,
sir,

In your sports only, nothing in your pur-
chase.¹

But you must furnish me with compli-
ments,

To the manner of Spain; my coach, my
guardaduennas.

Meer. Engine's your provedoré. But
sir, I must,

Now I have entered trust with you thus
far,

Secure still in your quality, acquaint you
With somewhat beyond this. The place
designed

To be the scene for this our merry matter,
Because it must have countenance of
women,

To draw discourse, and offer it, is here
by,

At the Lady Tailbush's.

Wit. I know her, sir,

And her gentleman-usher.

Meer. Master Ambler?

Wit. Yes, sir.

Meer. Sir, it shall be no shame to me
to confess

To you, that we poor gentlemen that want
acres

Must for our needs turn fools up, and
plough ladies

Sometimes to try what glebe they are: and
this

Is no unfruitful piece. She and I now
Are on a project for the fact, and venting
Of a new kind of fucus, paint for ladies,
To serve the kingdom: wherein she her-
self

Hath travailed, specially by way of ser-
vice

Unto her sex, and hopes to get the mo-
nopoly

As the reward of her invention.

Wit. What is her end in this?

Meer. Merely ambition,

¹ Nothing in your purchase,] i.e., in the un-
derstand profits you expect to make of Fitzdottrel.
Compliments, in the next line, is used in the old

and proper sense of the word; for whatever was
necessary to the completion of the business in
hand.

Sir, to grow great, and court it with the secret,
 Though she pretend some other. For she's dealing
 Already upon caution for the shares ;
 And Master Ambler, he is named examiner
 For the ingredients, and the register
 Of what is vented, and shall keep the office.
 Now if she break with you of this (as I
 Must make the leading thread to your acquaintance,
 That how experience gotten in your being
 Abroad will help our business), think of some

Pretty additions, but to keep her floating ;
 It may be she will offer you a part :
 Any strange names of—

Wit. Sir, I have my instructions.
 Is it not high time to be making ready ?

Meer. Yes, sir.

Eng. The fool's in sight, Dottrel.

Meer. Away then.

[*Exeunt Engine and Wittipol.*]

Re-enter Fitzdottrel.

Meer. Returned so soon !

Fitz. Yes, here's the ring : I have sealed,
 But there's not so much gold in all the Row,¹ he says—

Till it come from the mint : 'tis ta'en up for
 the gamesters.

Meer. There's a shop-shift ! plague on
 'em !

Fitz. He does swear it.

Meer. He'll swear and forswear too, it is
 his trade ;

You should not have left him.

Fitz. 'Slid, I can go back,
 And beat him yet.

Meer. No, now let him alone.

Fitz. I was so earnest after the main
 business,
 To have this ring gone.

Meer. True, and it is time.

I have learned, sir, since you went, her
 ladyship eats

With the Lady Tailbush, here hard by.

Fitz. In the lane here ?

Meer. Yes ; if you had a servant now of
 presence,

Well clothed, and of an airy, volatile
 tongue,

Neither too big nor little for his mouth,
 That could deliver your wife's compliments
 To send along withal.

Fitz. I have one, sir,

A very handsome gentleman-like fellow.
 That I do mean to make my duchess's
 usher—

I entertained him but this morning too :
 I'll call him to you. The worst of him is
 his name.

Meer. She'll take no note of that, but of
 his message.

Fitz. Devil !—

Enter Pug.

How like you him, sir ?—Pace, go a little.
 Let's see you move.

Meer. He'll serve, sir ; give it him,
 And let him go along with me, I'll help
 To present him and it.

Fitz. Look you do, sirrah,

Discharge this well, as you expect your
 place.

Do you hear ? go on, come off with all your
 honours.

I would fain see him do it.

Meer. Trust him with it.

Fitz. Remember kissing of your hand,
 and answering

With the French time, and flexure of your
 body.

I could now so instruct him—and for his
 words—

Meer. I'll put them in his mouth.

Fitz. O, but I have them
 Of the very academies.

Meer. Sir, you'll have use for them
 Anon yourself, I warrant you, after dinner.
 When you are called.

Fitz. 'Slight, that will be just play-time.
 It cannot be, I must not lose the play !

Meer. Sir, but you must if she appoint
 to sit,

And she is president.

Fitz. 'Slid, it is the DEVIL.

Meer. An 'twere his dam too, you must
 now apply

Yourself, sir, to this wholly, or lose all.

Fitz. If I could but see a piece—
Meer. Sir, never think on't.

Fitz. Come but to one act, and I did not
 care—

But to be seen to rise and go away,
 To vex the players, and to punish their
 poet ;
 Keep him in awe—

¹ In all the Row,] "That part of Cheapside
 between the end of Broad-street and the Cross
 is called Goldsmith's Row, from its being in-
 habited by goldsmiths."—*Stowe's Survey*, p. 391,
 edit. 1633.

Meer. But say that he be one
Will not be awed, but laugh at you ; how
then ?

Pit. Then he shall pay for's dinner him-
self.

Meer. Perhaps
He would do that twice, rather than thank
you.¹

Come get the Devil out of your head, my
lord,

(I'll call you so in private still), and take
Your lordship in your mind. You were,
sweet lord,

Is talk to bring a business to the office.

Fitz. Yes.

Meer. Why should not you, sir, carry it
on yourself,

Before the office be up, and shew the world
You had no need of any man's direction,

In point, sir, of sufficiency ? I speak
Against a kinsman, but as one that tenders
Your grace's good.

Fitz. I thank you ; to proceed——

Meer. To publication : have your deed
drawn presently,

And leave a blank to put in your feoffees,
One, two, or more, as you see cause.

Fitz. I thank you ;

Heartily, I do thank you : not a word more,
I pray you, as you love me. Let me alone.

That I could not think of this as well as he !

O, I could beat my infinite blockhead.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Lane near the Lady
Tailbush's House.*

Enter Meercraft followed by Pug.

Meer. Come, we must this way.

Pug. How far is't !

Meer. Hard by here,

Over the way. [*They cross over.*] Now to
achieve this ring

From this same fellow, that is, to assure it,

Before he give it. Though my Spanish
lady

Be a young gentleman of means, and scorn
To share, as he doth say, I do not know

How such a toy may tempt his ladyship ;

And therefore I think best it be assured.

[*Aside.*]

Pug. Sir, be the ladies brave we go unto ?

¹ Perhaps

He would do that twice, rather than thank
you.] This ill-timed compliment to himself Jon-

son might have spared, with some advantage to
his judgment at least, if not his modesty.

² Your double clokes? i.e., a cloak adapted

Meer. O yes.

Pug. And shall I see them, and speak to
them ?

Meer. What else ?

Enter Trains.

Have you your false beard about you,
Trains ?

Trains. Yes.

Meer. And is this one of your double
clokes ?²

Trains. The best of them.

Meer. Be ready then. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Hall in Lady Tailbush's
House.*

Enter Meercraft and Pug, met by Pitfall.

Meer. Sweet Pitfall !

Come, I must buss—— [*Offers to kiss her.*]

Pit. Away.

Meer. I'll set thee up again,

Never fear that : canst thou get ne'er a
bird ?

No thrushes hungry ! stay till cold weather
come,

I'll help thee to an ousel or a fieldfare.

Who's within with madam ?

Pit. I'll tell you straight. [*Exit hastily.*]

Meer. Please you stay here a while, sir,
I'll go in. [*Exit.*]

Pug. I do so long to have a little
venery

While I am in this body ! I would taste

Of every sin a little, if it might be,

After the manner of man.—Sweetheart !

Re-enter Pitfall.

Pit. What would you, sir ?

[*Pug runs to her.*]

Pug. Nothing but fall in to you ; be your
blackbird,

My pretty Pit, as the gentleman said, your
throistle.

Lie tame, and taken with you ; here is gold,

To buy you so much new stuffs from the
shop

As I may take the old up——

for disguises, which might be worn on either
side. It was of different colours and fashions.
This turned cloke with a false beard (of which
the cut and colour varied) and a black or yellow
peruke, furnished a ready and effectual mode of
concealment, which is now lost to the stage.

Enter Trains, in his false beard and cloke.

Trains. You must send, sir,
The gentleman the ring.

Pug. There 'tis. [*Exit Trains.*—Nay,
look,

Will you be foolish, Pit?

Pit. This is strange rudeness.

Pug. Dear Pit.

Pit. I'll call, I swear.

Enter Meercraft.

Meer. Where are you, sir?
Is your ring ready? Go with me.

Pug. I sent it you.

Meer. Me! when? by whom?

Pug. A fellow here e'en now
Came for it in your name.

Meer. I sent none, sure.

My meaning ever was, you should deliver it
Yourself; so was your master's charge, you
know.

Re-enter Trains dressed as at first.

What fellow was it, do you know him?

Pug. Here

But now he had it.

Meer. Saw you any, Trains?

Trains. Not I.

Pug. The gentlewoman saw him.

Meer. Enquire.

Pug. I was so earnest upon her, I marked
not.

My devilish chief has put me here in flesh,
To shame me! this dull body I am in,
I perceive nothing with, I offer at nothing
That will succeed! [*Aside.*

Trains. Sir, she saw none, she says.

Pug. Satan himself has ta'en a shape to
abuse me;

It could not be else!

[*Aside.*

Meer. This is above strange.

That you should be so reckless! What
will you do, sir,

How will you answer this, when you are
questioned?

Pug. Run from my flesh, if I could; put
off mankind.

This is such a scorn, and will be a new
exercise

For my archduke! Woe to these several cudgels

¹ *Woe to the several cudgels*
Must suffer on this back! This is from
Jonson's favourite poet, and is given with
kindred spirit and humour.

² *Alas! the use of it is so present.* i.e., so
immediate, so important to our ends. A Latinism
sufficiently harsh.

Must suffer on this back!¹ [*Aside.*—Can
you no succours, sir?

Meer. Alas! the use of it is so present.²

Pug. I ask,
Sir, credit for another but till to-morrow.

Meer. There is not so much time, sir,
but, however,

The lady is a noble lady, and will,
To save a gentleman from check, be en-
treated

To say she has received it.

Pug. Do you think so?

Will she be won?

Meer. No doubt, to such an office,
It will be a lady's bravery and her pride.

Pug. And not be known on't after unto
him?

Meer. That were a treachery. Upon my
word,

Be confident. Return unto your master,
My lady president sits this afternoon,

Has ta'en the ring, commends her ser-
vices

Unto your lady duchess. You may say
She is a civil lady, and does give her

All her respects already: bad you tell her,
She lives but to receive her wished com-
mandments,

And have the honour here to kiss her
hands,

For which she'll stay this hour yet. Hasten
you

Your prince, away.

Pug. And, sir, you will take care
The excuse be perfect?

Meer. You confess your fears
Too much.

Pug. The shame is more.

Meer. I'll quit you of either.³ [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room in Lady Tailbush's House.

Enter Lady Tailbush and Meercraft.

Lady T. A pox upon referring to com-
missioners!

I had rather hear that it were past the
seals:

³ *Pug. The shame is more. I'll quit you of
either.* The latter part of this line, though all
the editions concur in giving it to Pug, evi-
dently belongs to Meercraft, and is an answer
to Pug's apprehensions of being discovered.—
WHAL.

SCENE I.]

You courtiers move so snail-like in your business.

Would I had not begun with you !

Meer. We must move, Madam, in order, by degrees ; not jump.

Lady T. Why, there was Sir John Moneyman could jump

A business quickly.

Meer. True, he had great friends ;

But because some, sweet madam, can leap ditches,

We must not all shun to go over bridges.

The harder parts, I make account, are done,

Now 'tis referred : you are infinitely bound

Unto the ladies, they have so cried it up !

Lady T. Do they like it then ?

Meer. They have sent the Spanish lady To gratulate with you.

Lady T. I must send them thanks,

And some remembrances.

Meer. That you must, and visit them.

Where's Ambler ?

Lady T. Lost, to-day we cannot hear of him.

Meer. Not, madam !

Lady T. No, in good faith : they say he lay not

At home to-night. And here has fallen a business

Between your cousin and Master Manly, has

Unquieted us all.

Meer. So I hear, madam.

Pray you, how was it ?

Lady T. Troth, it but appears

Ill on your kinsman's part. You may have heard

That Manly is a suitor to me, I doubt not.

Meer. I guessed it, madam.

Lady T. And it seems, he trusted

Your cousin to let fall some fair reports

Of him unto me.

Meer. Which he did !

Lady T. So far

From it, as he came in and took him railing

Against him.

Meer. How ! And what said Manly to him ?

Lady T. Enough, I do assure you ; and with that scorn

Of him and the injury, as I do wonder

How Everill bore it ; but that guilt un-

does Many men's valours.

Enter Manly.

Meer. Here comes Manly.

Man. Madam, I'll take my leave—

Lady T. You shall not go, i' faith.

I'll have you stay and see this Spanish miracle

Of our English lady.

Man. Let me pray your ladyship

Lay your commands on me some other time.

Lady T. Now I protest ; and I will have all pieced,

And friends again.

Man. It will be but ill-soldered !

Lady T. You are too much affected with it.

Man. I cannot,

Madam, but think on't for the injustice.

Lady T. Sir,

His kinsman here is sorry.

Meer. Not I, madam,

I am no kin to him, we but call cousins :

And if he were, sir, I have no relation

Unto his crimes.

Man. You are not urged with them.

I can accuse, sir, none but mine own judgment ;

For though it were his crime so to betray me,

I am sure 'twas more mine own at all to trust him :

But he therein did use but his old manners, And savour strongly what he was before.

Lady T. Come, he will change.

Man. Faith, I must never think it ;

Nor were it reason in me to expect

That, for my sake, he should put off a nature

He sucked in with his milk. It may be, madam,

Deceiving trust is all he has to trust to :

If so, I shall be loth that any hope

Of mine should bate him of his means.

Lady T. You are sharp, sir :

This act may make him honest.

Man. If he were

To be made honest by an act of parliament,

I should not alter in my faith of him.

Enter Lady Eitherside.

Lady T. Eitherside !

Welcome, dear Eitherside ! how hast thou done, good wench ?

Thou hast been a stranger. I have not seen thee this week.

Lady E. Ever your servant, madam.

Lady T. Where hast thou been?
I did so long to see thee.

Lady E. Visiting, and so tired!
I protest, madam, 'tis a monstrous trouble.

Lady T. And so it is. I swear I must
to-morrow

Begin my visits, would they were over, at
court:

It tortures me to think on them.

Lady E. I do hear
You have cause, madam, your suit goes on.

Lady T. Who told thee?

Lady E. One that can tell; Master
Eitherside.

Lady T. O, thy husband.
Yes, faith, there's life in't now; it is re-
ferred.

If we once see it under the seals, wench,
then

Have with them for the great caroch, six
horses,

And the two coachmen, with my Ambler,
bare,¹

And my three women; we will live, i' faith,
The examples of the town, and govern it:
I'll lead the fashion still.

Lady E. You do that now,
Sweet madam.

Lady T. O but then I'll every day
bring up some new device. Thou and I,
Eitherside,

Will first be in it, I will give it thee;
And they shall follow us. Thou shalt, I
swear,

Wear every month a new gown out of it.

Lady E. Thank you, good madam.

Lady T. Pray thee call me Tailbush,
As I thee Eitherside: I love not this
madam.

Lady E. Then I protest to you, Tail-
bush, I am glad

Your business so succeeds.

Lady T. Thank thee, good Eitherside.

Lady E. But Master Eitherside tells me
that he likes

Your other business better.

Lady T. Which?

Lady E. Of the toothpicks.

Lady T. I never heard of it.

Lady E. Ask Master Meercraft.

Meer. Madam! [*Aside to Manly.*—
He is one, in a word, I'll trust his
malice

With any man's credit I would have
abused.

Man. Sir, if you think you do please me
in this,
You are deceived.

Meer. No, but because my lady
Named him my kinsman, I would satisfy
you

What I think of him; and pray you upon it
To judge me.

Man. So I do; that ill men's friendship
Is as unfaithful as themselves.

Lady T. Do your hear?
Have you a business about toothpicks?

Meer. Yes, madam;
Did I ne'er tell it you? I meant to have
offered it

Your ladyship on the perfecting the
patent.

Lady T. How is it?

Meer. For serving the whole state with
toothpicks;

Somewhat an intricate business to dis-
course: but

I show how much the subject is abused,
First, in that one commodity; then what
diseases

And putrefactions in the gums are bred,
By those are made of adulterate and false
wood;

My plot for reformation of these follows:
To have all toothpicks brought unto an
office,

There sealed; and such as counterfeit
them mulcted.

And last, for venting them, to have a
book

Printed, to teach their use, which every
child

Shall have throughout the kingdom that
can read,

And learn to pick his teeth by: which
beginning

Early to practise, with some other rules,
Of never sleeping with the mouth open,
chewing

Some grains of mastick, will preserve the
breath

Pure, and so free from taint—

Enter Trains, and whispers him.

Ha! what is't, sayst thou?

Lady T. Good faith, it sounds a very
pretty business!

Lady E. So Master Eitherside says,
madam.

Meer. The lady is come.

Lady T. Is she! good, wait upon her
in. [*Exit Meercraft.*—My Ambler

Was never so ill absent. Eitherside,

¹ Bare.] See ante, p. 234 a.

SCENE I.]

How do I look to-day, am I not drest
Spruntly?¹ [*Looks in her glass.*]

Lady E. Yes verily, madam.

Lady T. Pox o' madam!

Will you not leave that?

Lady E. Yes, good Tailbush.

Lady T. So!

Sounds not that better? What vile fucus
is this

Thou hast got on?

Lady E. 'Tis pearl.

Lady T. Pearl! oyster-shells;

As I breathe, Eitherside, I know't. Here
comes,

They say, a wonder, sirrah, has been in
Spain,

Will teach us all! she's sent to me from
court,

To gratulate with me: prithee let's observe
her,

What faults she has, that we may laugh at
them

When she is gone.

Lady E. That we will heartily, Tail-
bush.

*Re-enter Meercraft, introducing Wittipol
dressed as a Spanish lady.*

Lady T. O me, the very infanta of the
giants!

Meer. Here is a noble lady, madam,
come

From your great friends at court, to see
your ladyship,

And have the honour of your acquaintance.

Lady T. Sir,

She does us honour.

Wit. Pray you say to her ladyship

It is the manner of Spain to embrace
only,

Never to kiss. She will excuse the
custom.

Lady T. Your use of it is law. Please
you, sweet madam,

To take a seat.

Wit. Yes, madam. I have had

The favour, through a world of fair
report,

To know your virtues, madam; and in
that

Name have desired the happiness of pre-
sents

My service to your ladyship.

Lady T. Your love, madam;

I must not own it else.

Wit. Both are due, madam,

To your great undertakings.

Lady T. Great! In troth, madam,

They are my friends, that think them any
thing:

If I can do my sex by 'em any service,
I have my ends, madam.

Wit. And they are noble ones,

That make a multitude beholden, madam;

The commonwealth of ladies must ac-
knowledge from you.

Lady E. Except some envious, madam.

Wit. You are right in that, madam.

Of which race I encountered some but
lately,

Who, it seems, have studied reasons to
discredit

Your business.

Lady T. How, sweet madam!

Wit. Nay, the parties

Will not be worth your pause—most
ruinous things, madam,

That have put off all hope of being re-
covered

To a degree of handsomeness.

Lady T. But their reasons, madam,

I would fain hear.

Wit. Some, madam, I remember.

They say that painting quite destroys the
face—

Lady E. O, that's an old one, madam.

Wit. There are new ones too.

Corrupts the breath; hath left so little
sweetness

In kissing, as 'tis now used but for
fashion;

And shortly will be taken for a punish-
ment.

Decays the fore-teeth that should guard
the tongue;

And suffers that run riot everlasting!

And, which is worse, some ladies when
they meet,

Cannot be merry and laugh but they do
spit

In one another's faces.

¹ *Am I not drest*
Spruntly? i.e., sprucely. I know not the
etymon of this word; but it is extended through
several languages. Sprunt, sprack, spree or
spry, and spruce, have all the same derivation,
and bear the same import: applied to the mind
they mean acute, active, clever; to the body,

neat, smart, elegant. Dr. Johnson, who merely
copies Ainsworth, says, "*sprunt*, anything that
is short, and that will not easily bend." In some
of our northern provinces a stout lad is indeed
called a good *sprunt*! ad; but this scarcely seems
to support Ainsworth's explanation.

Man. I should know
This voice and face too.

[*Aside.*

Wit. Then, they say, 'tis dangerous
To all the fall'n, yet well-disposed mad-ams,
That are industrious, and desire to earn
Their living with their sweat: for any
distemper
Of heat and motion may displace the
colours;

And if the paint once run about their
faces,

Twenty to one they will appear so ill-
favoured,

Their servants run away too, and leave the
pleasure

Imperfect, and the reckoning also unpaid.

Lady E. Pox! these are poet's reasons.

Lady T. Some old lady
That keeps a poet has devised these
scandals.

Lady E. Faith, we must have the poets
banished, madam,
As Master Eitherside says.

Meer. Master Fitzdottrel,
And his wife!

Wit. Where?

*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Fitzdottrel, followed
by Pug.*

Meer. [To *Wit.*] Madam, the Duke of
Drownland,¹
That will be shortly.

Wit. Is this my lord?

Meer. The same.

Fitz. Your servant, madam!

Wit. [Takes *Manly aside.*] How now,
friend! offended
That I have found your haunt here?

Man. No, but wondering
At your strange-fashioned venture hither.

Wit. It is
To shew you what they are you so
pursue.

Man. I think 'twill prove a med'cine
against marriage;
To know their manners.

Wit. Stay and profit then.

Meer. The lady, madam, whose prince
has brought her here
To be instructed.

[*Presents Mrs. Fitzdottrel.*

Wit. Please you sit with us, lady.

Meer. That's lady-president.

Fitz. A goodly woman!

I cannot see the ring, though.

Meer. Sir, she has it.

Lady T. But, madam, these are very
feeble reasons.

Wit. So I urged, madam, that the new
complexion

Now to come forth, in name of your
ladyship's fucus,

Has no ingredient—

Lady T. But I durst eat, I assure you.

Wit. So do they in Spain.

Lady T. Sweet madam, be so liberal

To give us some of your Spanish fucuses.

Wit. They are infinite, madam.

Lady T. So I hear.

Wit. They have

Water of gourds, of radish, the white beans,

Flowers of glass, of thistles, rose-marine,

Raw honey, mustard-seed, and bread

dough-baked,

The crums of bread, goats' milk, and

whites of eggs,

Camphire, and lily-roots, the fat of swans,

Marrow of veal, white pigeons, and pine-

kernels,

The seeds of nettles, purseline, and hares-

gall;

Limons, thin-skinned—

Lady E. How her ladyship has studied

All excellent things!

Wit. But ordinary, madam:

No, the true rarities are the alvagrada

And argentata of Queen Isabella.

Lady T. Ay, what are their ingredients,
gentle madam?

Wit. Your allumscagliola, orpoldi pedra;

And zuccarino; turpentine of Abezzo,

Washed in nine waters; soda di levante,

Or your fern ashes; benjamin di gotta:

Grasso di serpe; porceletto marino;

Oils of lentisco; zucche mugia; make

The admirable varnish for the face,

Gives the right lustre; but two drops

rubbed on

With a piece of scarlet, makes a lady of

sixty

Look as sixteen. But above all, the water

Of the white hen of the Lady Estifania's.

Lady T. O ay, that same, good ma-

dam, I have heard of:

How is it done?

¹ Meer. Master Fitzdottrel, &c.] The old copy reads,

"Meer. Master Fitzdottrel
And his wife: where? madam," &c.

which I have attempted to regulate as the reader now has it. There is no end to the mistakes of the speakers in this ill-printed play.

SCENE I.]

Wit. Madam, you take your hen,
Plume it, and skin it, cleanse it o' the
inwards;

Then chop it, bones and all; add to four
ounces

Of carrawicins, pipitas, soap of Cyprus,
Make the decoction, strain it; then distil
it.

And keep it in your gallipot well glid-
dered:¹

Three drops preserves from wrinkle, warts,
spots, moles,

Blemish, or sun-burnings; and keeps the
skin

In decimo sexto, ever bright and smooth
As any looking-glass; and indeed is called
The Virgins-Milk for the face, oglio reale;
A ceruse neither cold nor heat will hurt;
And mixed with oil of myrrh, and the red
gilliflower

Called cataputia, and flowers of rovistico,
Makes the best muta or dye of the whole
world.

Lady T. Dear madam, will you let us be
familiar?

Wit. Your ladyship's servant.

Meer. How do you like her?

Fitz. Admirable!

But yet I cannot see the ring.

Pug. Sir!

Meer. I must

Deliver it, or mar all: this fool's so jea-
lous!

[*Aside.*
Madam—[*whispers Wit.*] Sir, wear this
ring, and pray you take knowledge
Twas sent you by his wife; and give her
thanks.

Do not you dwindle, sir, bear up.

[*Aside to Pug.*

Pug. I thank you, sir.

Lady T. But for the manner of Spain.
Sweet madam, let us

Be bold now we are in: are all the ladies
There in the fashion?

Wit. None but grandees, madam,
Of the clasped train, which may be worn
at length too,

Or thus, upon my arm.

Lady T. And do they wear
Cioppinos all?

Wit. If they be drest in punto, madam.

Lady T. Gilt as those are, madam?

Wit. Of goldsmith's work, madam,
And set with diamonds; and their Spanish
pumps

Of perfumed leather.

Lady T. I should think it hard
To go in them, madam.

Wit. At the first it is, madam.

Lady T. Do you never fall in them?

Wit. Never.

Lady E. I swear I should,
Six times an hour.

Lady T. But you have men at hand
still,

To help you if you fall?

Wit. Only one, madam,

The guardaduennas, such a little old man
As this. [*Points to Trains.*

Lady E. Alas, he can do nothing,
this!

Wit. I'll tell you, madam, I saw in the
court of Spain once,

A lady fall in the king's sight along;
And there she lay, flat spread, as an um-
brella,

Her hoop here cracked; no man durst
reach a hand

To help her, till the guardaduennas came,
Who is the person only allowed to touch
A lady there, and he but by this finger.

Lady E. Have they no servants, madam,
there, nor friends?

Wit. An escudero or so, madam, that
waits

Upon them in another coach at distance;
And when they walk or dance, holds by a
handkerchief,

Never presumes to touch them.

Lady E. This is scurvy,
And a forced gravity! I do not like it:
I like our own much better.

Lady T. 'Tis more French
And courtly ours.

Lady E. And tastes more liberty.

We may have our dozen of visitors at once
Make love to us.

Lady T. And before our husbands.

Lady E. Husband!

As I am honest, Tailbush, I do think,
If nobody should love me but my poor
husband,

I should e'en hang myself.

Lady T. Fortune forbid, wench,

¹ Your gallipot well gliddered:] i.e., glazed
over with some tenacious lacker. I could easily
have furnished the reader with the literal mean-
ing of the foregoing terms; but as this could
convey no very precise idea of their real import
in these days, it seemed more eligible to be

silent altogether. With respect to the poet, he
wantons here, as in alchemy, and indeed in
every other art and science, in a profusion of
minute knowledge, which the ordinary bounds
of human life will rarely permit the most indus-
trious student to acquire.

So fair a neck should have so foul a neck-lace!

Lady E. 'Tis true, as I am handsome.

Wit. I received, lady,

A token from you, which I would not be Rude to refuse, being your first remembrance.

Fitz. O, I am satisfied now!

[*Aside to Meer.*

Meer. Do you see it, sir?

Wit. But since you come to know me nearer, lady,

I'll beg the honour you will wear it for me, It must be so.

[*Gives the ring to Mrs. Fitzdottrel.*

Mrs. Fitz. Sure I have heard this tongue.

[*Aside.*

Meer. What do you mean, sir?

[*Aside to Wit.*

Wit. Would you have me mercenary?

We'll recompense it anon in somewhat else.]

[*Exeunt Meer. and Trains.*

Fitz. I do not love to be gulled, though in a toy.

Wife, do you hear? [*Takes Mrs. Fitz. aside.*] You are come into the school, wife,

Where you may learn, I do perceive it, anything.

How to be fine, or fair, or great, or proud, Or what you will indeed, wife, here 'tis taught:

And I'm glad on't, that you may not say Another day, when honours come upon you,

You wanted means. I have done my parts; been

To-day at fifty pound charge; first for a ring,

To get you entered; then left my new play,

To wait upon you here, to see't confirmed, That I may say, both to mine eyes and ears,

Senses, you are my witness, she hath enjoyed

All helps that could be had for love or money—

Mrs. Fitz. To make a fool of her.

Fitz. Wife, that's your malice,

The wickedness of your nature, to interpret Your husband's kindness thus: but I'll not leave

Still to do good, for your depraved affections;

Intend it; bend this stubborn will; be great.

Lady T. Good madam, whom do they use in messages?

Wit. They commonly use their slaves, madam.

Lady T. And does your ladyship Think that so good, madam?

Wit. No indeed, madam; I

Therein prefer the fashion of England far, Of your young delicate page or discreet usher.

Fitz. And I go with your ladyship in opinion,

Directly for your gentleman usher:

There's not a finer officer goes on ground. *Wit.* If he be made and broken to his place once.

Fitz. Nay, so I presuppose him.

Wit. And they are fitter Managers too, sir; but I would have them called

Our escuderos.

Fitz. Good.

Wit. Say I should send

To your ladyship, who, I presume, has gathered

All the dear secrets, to know how to make,

Pastillos of the Duchess of Braganza,

Coquettas, almoiavanas, mantecadas,

Alcoreas, mustaccioli; or say it were

The peladore of Isabella, or balls

Against the itch, or aqua nanfa, or oil

Of jessamine for gloves, of the Marquess

Muja;

Or for the head and hair; why, these are

offices—

Fitz. Fit for a gentleman, not a slave.

Wit. They only

Might ask for your piveti, Spanish coal, To burn and sweeten a room; but the

arcana

Of ladies' cabinets—

Fitz. Should be elsewhere trusted.

You are much about the truth.—Sweet honoured ladies,

Let me fall in with you: I have my female wit

As well as my male; and I do know what suits

A lady of spirit or a woman of fashion.

Wit. And you would have your wife such?

Fitz. Yes, madam, airy, Light; not to plain dishonesty, I mean: But somewhat o' this side.

Wit. I take you, sir:—

He has reason, ladies. I'll not give this

rush

For any lady that cannot be honest

Within a thread.

Lady T. Yes, madam, and yet venture As far for the other, in her fame—

Wit. As can be:
Coach it to Pimlico, dance the saraband,
Hear and talk bawdy, laugh as loud as a
larum,

Squeak, spring, do anything.

Lady E. In young company, madam.

Lady T. Or afore gallants. If they be
brave, or lords,

A woman is engaged.

Fitz. I say so, ladies.

It is civility to deny us nothing.

Pug. You talk of a university! why,
hell is

A grammar-school to this! [*Aside.*

Lady E. But then

She must not lose a look on stuffs or cloth,
madam.

Lady T. Nor no coarse fellow.

Wit. She must be guided, madam,
By the clothes he wears, and company he
is in,

Whom to salute, how far——

Fitz. I have told her this;

And how that bawdry too upon the point
is in itself as civil a discourse——

Wit. As any other affair of flesh what-
ever.

Fitz. But she will ne'er be capable, she
is not

So much as coming, madam; I know not
how

She loses all her opportunities

With hoping to be forced. I have enter-
tained

A gentleman, a younger brother, here,

Whom I would fain breed up her escu-
dero,

Against some expectations that I have,

And she'll not countenance him.

Wit. What's his name?

Fitz. Devil of Derbyshire.

Lady E. Bless us from him!

Lady T. Devil!

Call him De-vile, sweet madam.

Mrs. Fitz. What you please, ladies.

Lady T. De-vile's a prettier name.

Lady E. And sounds, methinks,

As it came in with the Conqueror——

Man. Over smocks!

What things they are! that nature should
be at leisure

Ever to make them! My wooing is at an
end.

[*Aside, and exit with indignation.*

Wit. What can he do?

Lady E. Let's hear him.

Lady T. Can he manage?

Fitz. Please you to try him, ladies.—
Stand forth, Devil.

VOL. II.

Pug. Was all this but the preface to my
torment? [*Aside.*

Fitz. Come, let their ladyships see your
honours.

Lady E. O,

He makes a wicked leg.¹

Lady T. As ever I saw.

Wit. Fit for a devil.

Lady T. Good madam, call him De-
vile.

Wit. De-vile, what property is there
most required

In your conceit now in the escudero?

Fitz. Why do you not speak?

Pug. A settled discreet pace, madam.

Wit. I think a barren head, sir, moun-
tain-like,

To be exposed to the cruelty of
weathers——

Fitz. Ay, for his valley is beneath the
waist, madam,

And to be fruitful there it is sufficient.

Dulness upon you! could not you hit this?

[*Strikes him.*

Pug. Good sir——

Wit. He then had had no barren head:
You daw him too much in troth, sir.²

Fitz. I must walk

With the French stick, like an old verger,
for you.

Pug. O chief, call me to hell again, and
free me! [*Aside.*

Fitz. Do you murmur now?

Pug. Not I, sir.

Wit. What do you take,
Master De-vile, the height of your employ-
ment

In the true perfect escudero?

Fitz. When!

What do you answer?

Pug. To be able, madam,

First to enquire, then report the working

Of any lady's physick in sweet phrase.

Wit. Yes, that's an act of elegance and
importance:

But what above?

Fitz. O that I had a goad for him.

Pug. To find out a good corn-cutter.

Lady T. Out on him!

Lady E. Most barbarous!

Fitz. Why did you do this now?

Of purpose to discredit me, you damned
devil!

¹ *He makes a wicked leg.* i.e., an awkward
or clownish scrape with the leg, the constant
accompaniment of a bow in those days.

² *You daw him.* i.e., daunt or put him out of
countenance.

Pug. Sure, if I be not yet, I shall be.—
All
My days in hell were holidays to this !

[*Aside.*

Lady T. 'Tis labour lost, madam.
Lady E. He is a dull fellow,
Of no capacity.

Lady T. Of no discourse.
O, if my Ambler had been here !

Lady E. Ay, madam,
You talk of a man ; where is there such
another ?

Wit. Master De-vile, put case one of my
ladies here
Had a fine brach, and would employ you
forth

To treat 'bout a convenient match for her ;
What would you observe ?

Pug. The colour and the size, madam.

Wit. And nothing else ?

Fitz. The moon, you calf, the moon !

Wit. Ay, and the sign.

Lady T. Yes, and receipts for prone-
ness.

Wit. Then when the puppies came
what would you do ?

Pug. Get their nativities cast.

Wit. This is well. What more ?

Pug. Consult the almanac-man which
would be least,
Which cleanliest.

Wit. And which silent'st. This is well,
madam.

And while she were with puppy ?

Pug. Walk her out,
And air her every morning.

Wit. Very good !

And be industrious to kill her fleas ?

Pug. Yes.

Wit. He will make a pretty proficient.

Pug. Who,
Coming from hell, could look for such a
catechising ?

The Devil is an Ass, I do acknowledge it.

[*Aside.*

Fitz. The top of woman ! all her sex
in abstract !

I love her, to each syllable falls from her.

[*Aside, and looking at Wittipol.*

Lady T. Good madam, give me leave to
go aside with him,
And try him a little.

Wit. Do, and I'll withdraw, madam,
With this fair lady, read to her the while.

Lady T. Come, sir.

Pug. Dear chief, relieve me, or I perish !

Wit. Lady, we'll follow.—You are not
jealous, sir ?

Fitz. O, madam, you shall see.—Stay,
wife ;—behold,

I give her up here absolutely to you ;
She is your own, do with her what you
will :

Melt, cast, and form her as you shall think
good ;

Set any stamp on : I'll receive her from
you

As a new thing, by your own standard.

[*Exit.*

Wit. Well, sir.

[*Exeunt Wittipol with Mrs. Fitz.
and Tailbush and Eitherside with
Pug.*

SCENE II.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Meercraft and Fitzdottrel.

Meer. But what have you done in your
dependence since ?

Fitz. O, it goes on ; I met your cousin,
the master—

Meer. You did not acquaint him, sir ?

Fitz. Faith, but I did, sir,

And, upon better thought, not without
reason.

He being chief officer might have taken it
ill else,

As a contempt against his place, and that
In time, sir, have drawn on another de-
pendence :

No, I did find him in good terms, and
ready

To do me any service.

Meer. So he said to you !

But, sir, you do not know him.

Fitz. Why, I presumed,

Because this bus'ness of my wife's required
me,

I could not have done better : and he told
Me that he would go presently to your
counsel,

A knight here in the lane—

Meer. Yes, Justice Eitherside.

Fitz. And get the feoffment drawn, with
a letter of attorney,

For livery and seisin.

Meer. That I know's the course.

But, sir, you mean not to make him feel
fee ?

Fitz. Nay, that I'll pause on.

Enter Pitfall.

Meer. How now, little Pitfall !

Pit. Your cousin, Master Everill, would
come in—

SCENE III.]

But he would know if Master Manly were here.

Meer. No, tell him; if he were I have made his peace— [Exit Pitfall.]

He's one, sir, has no state, and a man knows not

How such a trust may tempt him.

Fitz. I conceive you.

Enter Everill and Plutarchus.

Ever. Sir, this same deed is done here.

Meer. Pretty Plutarchus!

Art thou come with it? and has Sir Paul viewed it?

Pla. His hand is to the draught.

Meer. Will you step in, sir,

And read it?

Fitz. Yes.

Ever. I pray you, a word with you.

[Aside to Fitz.]
Sir Paul Eitherside willed me give you caution

Whom you did make feoffee; for 'tis the trust

Of your whole state; and though my cousin here

Be a worthy gentleman, yet his valour has at the tall board been questioned; and we hold

Any man so impeached of doubtful honesty.

I will not justify this, but give it you

To make your profit of it; if you utter it, I can forswear it.

Fitz. I believe you, and thank you, sir.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Wittipol and Mrs. Fitzdottrel.

Wit. Be not afraid, sweet lady; you are trusted

To love, not violence, here: I am no ravisher,

But one whom you by your fair trust again May of a servant make a most true friend.

Manly enters behind.

Mrs. Fitz. And such a one I need, but not this way.

Sir, I confess me to you, the mere manner Of your attempting me this morning took me;

And I did hold my invention, and my manners,

Were both engaged to give it a requital,

But not unto your ends: my hope was then,

Though interrupted ere it could be uttered, That whom I found the master of such language,

That brain and spirit for such an enterprise,

Could not, but if those succours were demanded

To a right use, employ them virtuously, And make that profit of his noble parts

Which they would yield. Sir, you have now the ground

To exercise them in: I am a woman

That cannot speak more wretchedness of myself

Than you can read; matched to a mass of folly,

That every day makes haste to his own ruin;

The wealthy portion that I brought him spent,

And through my friends' neglect no jointure made me.

My fortunes standing in this precipice,

'Tis counsel that I want, and honest aids;

And in this name I need you for a friend;

Never in any other; for his ill

Must not make me, sir, worse.

Manly. [comes forward.] O, friend, forsake not

The brave occasion virtue offers you

To keep you innocent: I have feared for both,

And watched you, to prevent the ill I feared.

But since the weaker side hath so assured me,

Let not the stronger fall by his own vice,

Or be the less a friend, 'cause virtue needs him.

Wit. Virtue shall never ask my succours twice;

Most friend, most man, your counsels are commands.—

Lady, I can love goodness in you more

Than I did beauty; and do here intitle

Your virtue to the power upon a life

You shall engage in any fruitful service,

Even to forfeit.

Enter Meercraft.

Meer. Madam!—Do you hear, sir?

[Aside to Wittipol.]

We have another leg strained for this Dottrel.¹

¹ We have another leg strained for this Dottrel.] See p. 231 a. Beaumont and Fletcher

He has a quarrel to carry, and has caused
A deed of feoffment of his whole estate
To be drawn yonder: he has't within;
and you
Only he means to make feoffee. He is
fallen
So desperately enamoured on you, and
talks
Most like a madman: you did never hear
A phrenetic so in love with his own favour!
Now you do know, 'tis of no validity
In your name, as you stand: therefore advise him
To put in me.—

Enter Fitzdottrel, Everill, and Plutarchus.

He's come here. You shall share, sir.

Fitz. Madam, I have a suit to you; and
aforehand

I do bespeak you; you must not deny me,
I will be granted.

Wit. Sir, I must know it, though.

Fitz. No, lady, you must not know it:
yet you must too,

For the trust of it, and the fame indeed,
Which else were lost me. I would use
your name

But in a feoffment, make my whole estate
Over unto you: a trifle, a thing of nothing,
Some eighteen hundred.

Wit. Alas! I understand not
Those things, sir; I am a woman, and
most loth

To embark myself—

Fitz. You will not slight me, madam?

Wit. Nor you'll not quarrel me?

Fitz. No, sweet madam, I have
Already a dependence; for which cause
I do this: let me put you in, dear madam,
I may be fairly killed.

Wit. You have your friends, sir,
About you here for choice.

Ever. She tells you right, sir.

Fitz. Death, if she do, what do I care
for that?

Say I would have her tell me wrong!

Wit. Why, sir,

If for the trust you'll let me have the honour
To name you one.

Fitz. Nay, you do me the honour,
madam.

Who is't?

Wit. This gentleman.

[*Pointing to Manly.*]

Fitz. O no, sweet madam,
He's friend to him with whom I have the
dependence.

Wit. Who might he be?

Fitz. One Wittipol; do you know him?
Wit. Alas, sir, he! a toy: this gentleman

A friend to him! no more than I am, sir.

Fitz. But will your ladyship undertake
that, madam?

Wit. Yes, and what else for him you
will engage me.

Fitz. What is his name?

Wit. His name is Eustace Manly.

Fitz. Whence does he write himself?

Wit. Of Middlesex, esquire.

Fitz. Say nothing, madam.—Clerk, come
hither; [*To Plutarchus.*]

Write Eustace Manly 'squire of Middlesex.

Meer. What have you done, sir?

[*Aside to Wit.*]

Wit. Named a gentleman

That I'll be answerable for to you, sir:

Had I named you, it might have been sus-
pected;

This way 'tis safe.

Fitz. Come, gentlemen, your hands
For witness.

Man. What is this?

Ever. You have made election
Of a most worthy gentleman!

Man. Would one of worth
Had spoke it! but now whence it comes
it is

Rather a shame unto me than a praise.

Ever. Sir, I will give you any satisfac-
tion.

Man. Be silent then. Falsehood com-
mends not truth.

Plu. You do deliver this, sir, as your
deed.

To the use of Master Manly?

Fitz. Yes: and, sir— [*To Manly.*]

When did you see young Wittipol? I am
ready

For process now: sir, this is publication.

frequently allude to this mode of catching
dottrels:

"All other loves are mere catching of dottrels,
Stretching of legs out only."—*Bonduca.*

Again:

"See! they stretch out their legs like dottrels,"
&c.—*Sea Voyage.*

1

I have

Already a dependence; i.e., a dispute to be
settled according to the laws of the duello;
which was to determine under what head of
quarrelling it came, and whether it admitted of
"your peacemaker, if," or was to be referred to
"mortal arbitrament."

SCENE I.]

Heshall hear from me ; he would needs be courting
My wife, sir.

Man. Yes ; so witnesseth his cloke there.
Fitz. Nay, good sir—Madam, you did undertake—

Wit. What ?
Fitz. That he was not Wittipol's friend.
Wit. I hear,

Sir, no confession of it.
Fitz. O, she knows not ;
Now I remember.—Madam, this young Wittipol

Would have debauched my wife, and made me cuckold
Thorough a casement ; he did fly her home
To mine own window ; but I think I soused him,¹

And ravished her away out of his pounces.
I have sworn to have him by the ears : I fear
The toy will not do me right.

Wit. No ! that were pity :
What right do you ask, sir ? here he is will do't you. [*Discovers himself.*]

Fitz. Ha ! Wittipol !
Wit. Ay, sir ; no more lady now,
Nor Spaniard.

Man. No indeed, 'tis Wittipol.
Fitz. Am I the thing I feared ?
Wit. A cuckold ! No, sir ;
But you were late in possibility,
I'll tell you so much.

Man. But your wife's too virtuous.
Wit. We'll see her, sir, at home, and leave you here,
To be made Duke of Shoreditch with a project.

Fitz. Thieves ! ravishers !
Wit. Cry but another note, sir,
I'll mar the tune of your pipe.
Fitz. Give me my deed then.

Wit. Neither : that shall be kept for your wife's good,
Who will know better how to use it.

Fitz. Ha !
To feast you with my land ?
Wit. Sir, be you quiet,
Or I shall gag you ere I go ; consult
Your master of dependences how to make this

A second business, you have time, sir.
[*Baffles him,*² and exit with Manly.

Fitz. Oh !
What will the ghost of my wise grandfather,
My learned father, with my worshipful mother,
Think of me now, that left me in this world
In state to be their heir ? that am become
A cuckold, and an ass, and my wife's ward ;
Likely to lose my land, have my throat cut ;
All by her practice !

Meer. Sir, we are all abused.
Fitz. And be so still ! who hinders you,
I pray you ?

Let me alone, I would enjoy myself,
And be the Duke of Drowndland you have made me.

Meer. Sir, we must play an after-game of this.

Fitz. But I am not in case to be a gamester,
I tell you once again—

Meer. You must be ruled,
And take some counsel.

Fitz. Sir, I do hate counsel,
As I do hate my wife, my wicked wife !

Meer. But we may think how to recover all,
If you will act.

Fitz. I will not think, nor act,
Nor yet recover ; do not talk to me :
I'll run out of my wits rather than hear ;
I will be what I am, Fabian Fitzdottrel,
Though all the world say nay to't. [*Exit.*]

Meer. Let us follow him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Room in Tailbush's House.

Enter Ambler and Pitfall.

Amb. But has my lady missed me ?
Pit. Beyond telling.
Here has been that infinity of strangers !
And then she would have had you to have sampled you
With one within, that they are now a teaching,
And does pretend to your rank.
Amb. Good fellow Pitfall,

pointed out that *sou't* is the true reading, being "nothing more than a variety in the spelling of *shu'd*: to *shu* is to scare away a bird."—F. C.]

² Baffles him.] i.e., passes him with some act of contempt.

¹ But I soused him,] All the copies of the folio which I have examined read *sou't*, of which I can make nothing but sought or soused, and I prefer the latter. Whalley reads *fought* ; but he evidently had not consulted the old copy. [Mr. Dyce, in his ed. of Webster, p. 350, has

Tell Master Meercraft I entreat a word with him. *[Exit Pitfall.]*
 This most unlucky accident will go near
 To be the loss of my place, I am in doubt.

Enter Meercraft.

Meer. With me !—What say you, Master Ambler ?

Amb. Sir,
 I would beseech your worship stand between
 Me and my lady's displeasure for my absence.

Meer. O, is that all ! I warrant you.

Amb. I would tell you, sir,
 But how it happened.

Meer. Brief, good Master Ambler,
 Put yourself to your rack ; for I have task
 Of more importance.

Amb. Sir, you'll laugh at me :
 But (so is truth) a very friend of mine,
 Finding by conference with me that I
 lived
 Too chaste for my complexion, and indeed

Too honest for my place, sir, did advise
 me,
 If I did love myself,—as that I do,
 I must confess—

Meer. Spare your parenthesis.

Amb. To give my body a little evacuation—

Meer. Well, and you went to a whore ?

Amb. No, sir, I durst not

(For fear it might arrive at somebody's ear
 It should not) trust myself to a common
 house ;

[Tells this with extraordinary speed.]
 But got the gentlewoman to go with me,
 And carry her bedding to a conduit-head,
 Hard by the place toward Tyburn, which
 they call

My Lord Mayor's banqueting-house.¹

Now, sir, this morning
 Was execution ; and I never dreamt on't,
 Till I heard the noise of the people, and
 the horses ;

And neither I, nor the poor gentlewoman,

Durst stir till all was done and past : so
 that

In the interim we fell asleep again.

Meer. Nay, if you fall from your gallop, *[He flags.]*
 I am gone, sir.

Amb. But when I waked, to put on my
 clothes, a suit

I made new for the action, it was gone,
 And all my money, with my purse, my seals,
 My hard-wax, and my table-books, my
 studies,

And a fine new device I had to carry
 My pen and ink, my civet, and my tooth-
 picks,

All under one. But that which grieved me,
 was

The gentlewoman's shoes (with a pair of
 roses

And garters I had given her for the
 business),

So as that made us stay till it was dark :
 For I was fain to lend her mine, and walk
 In a rug by her barefoot to St. Giles's.

Meer. A kind of Irish penance !² Is this
 all, sir ?

Amb. To satisfy my lady.

Meer. I will promise you, sir.

Amb. I have told the true disaster.

Meer. I cannot stay with you,
 Sir, to condole ; but gratulate your return.

Amb. An honest gentleman ; but he's
 never at leisure

To be himself, he has such tides of busi-
 ness. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Pug.

Pug. O, call me home again, dear chief,
 and put me

To yoking foxes, milking of he-goats,
 Pounding of water in a mortar, laving
 The sea dry with a nutshell, gathering all
 The leaves are fallen this autumn, drawing
 farts

Out of dead bodies, making ropes of sand,

and Aldermen to repair, accompanied with their
 ladies, to view the conduits, after which was an
 entertainment at the banqueting-house. It was
 taken down in the year 1737.—*What.*

² A kind of Irish penance !¹ There is the
 same allusion to the *rug gowns* of the wild Irish
 in the *Night Walker* of Fletcher :

"We have divided the sexton's household stuff
 Among us ; one has the *rug*, and he's turned
 Irish."

¹ To a conduit-head,
 Hard by the place toward Tyburn, which
 they call

My Lord Mayor's banqueting-house. Tyburn
 was anciently a village, taking its name from the
 rivulet Tyburn ; and at the north-east corner of
 the bridge over it was the Lord Mayor's ban-
 queting-house, near which were nine conduits,
 erected about 1238 for supplying the city with
 water. Here it was usual for the Lord Mayor

SCENE III.]

Catching the winds together in a net,
 Mustering of ants, and numbering atoms;
 all
 That hell and you thought exquisite tor-
 ments, rather
 Than stay me here a thought more: I
 would sooner
 Keep fleas within a circle,¹ and be ac-
 comptant
 A thousand year, which of them, and how
 far,
 Outleaped the other, than endure a minute
 Such as I have within. There is no hell
 To a lady of fashion; all your tortures
 there
 Are pastimes to it! 'Twould be a refresh-
 ing
 For me, to be in the fire again, from
 hence.—

Enter Ambler, and surveys him.

Amb. This is my suit, and those the
 shoes and roses! [*Aside.*]

Pug. They have such impertinent vexa-
 tions,

A general council of devils could not
 hit—

Ha! [*sees Ambler.*] this is he I took asleep
 with his wench,

And borrowed his clothes. What might I
 do to balk him. [*Aside.*]

Amb. Do you hear, sir?

Pug. Answer him, but not to the pur-
 pose. [*Aside.*]

Amb. What is your name, I pray you,
 sir?

Pug. Is't so late, sir?

Amb. I ask not of the time, but of your
 name, sir.

Pug. I thank you, sir: yes, it does hold,
 sir, certain.

Amb. Hold, sir! what holds? I must
 both hold and talk to you
 About these clothes.

Pug. A very pretty lace;
 But the tailor cozened me.

Amb. No, I am cozened
 By you; robbed.

Pug. Why, when you please, sir; I
 am,
 For threepenny gleek, your man.

Amb. Pox o' your gleek,
 And threepence! give me an answer.

Pug. Sir,
 My master is the best at it.

Amb. Your master!

Who is your master?

Pug. Let it be Friday night.

Amb. What should be then?

Pug. Your best song's *Tom o' Bethlem*!

Amb. I think you are he.—Does he
 mock me, throw, from purpose,

Or do not I speak to him what I mean?—
 Good sir, your name.

Pug. Only a couple of cocks, sir;
 If we can get a widgeon, 'tis in season.

Amb. He hopes to make one of these
 sciptics of me,

(I think I name them right,) and does not
 fly me;

I wonder at that: 'tis a strange confi-
 dence!

I'll prove another way, to draw his answer.
 [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in Fitzdottrel's House.

Enter Meercraft, Fitzdottrel, and Everill.

Meer. It is the easiest thing, sir, to be
 done,

As plain as fizzling: roll but with your eyes
 And foam at the mouth. A little castle-
 soap

Will do't, to rub your lips; and then a
 nutshell,

With tow and touchwood in it, to spit fire.
 Did you ne'er read, sir, little Darrel's
 tricks

With the boy of Burton,² and the seven in
 Lancashire,

¹ *I would sooner
 Keep fleas within a circle, &c.* This is taken
 from an employment of the same kind, which
 Aristophanes has given to Socrates:

Ληρὴν ἀπὸ Χαίρεφωνα Σωκράτης
 Νύβας, act i. sc. 2.—WHAL.

This, I believe, Whalley took from Upton:
 the resemblance between the two passages is
 somewhat like that between Fluellin's two rivers
 —"there is" fleas "in both."

² *Did you ne'er read, sir, little Darrel's tricks
 With the boy of Burton, &c.* Impostures of
 this kind, the invention of the Jesuits, were
 frequent in the age of Jonson. Dr. Harsnet,
 who died Archbishop of York, was fortunate in
 the discovery of the tricks made use of by these
 artists; and published them to the world. There
 is a pamphlet of his entitled, *A Discovery of the
 Fraudulent Practices of John Darrel, Minister,
 in answer to a True Narration of the Strange
 and Grievous Vexation by the Devil of Seven
 Persons in Lancashire, and William Somers of*

Somers at Nottingham? all these do teach it.

And we'll give out, sir, that your wife has bewitched you.

Ever. And practised with those two as sorcerers.

Meer. And gave you potions, by which means you were

Not *compos mentis* when you made your feoffment.

There's no recovery of your state but this; This, sir, will sting.

Ever. And move in a court of equity.

Meer. For it is more than manifest that this was

A plot of your wife's to get your land.

Fitz. I think it.

Ever. Sir, it appears.

Meer. Nay, and my cousin has known These gallants in these shapes—

Ever. To have done strange things, sir, One as the lady, the other as the squire.

Meer. How a man's honesty may be fooled! I thought him

A very lady.

Fitz. So did I; renounce me else.

Meer. But this way, sir, you'll be revenged at height.

Ever. Upon them all.

Meer. Yes, faith, and since your wife Has run the way of woman thus, e'en give her—

Fitz. Lost, by this hand, to me; dead to all joys

Of her dear Dottrel; I shall never pity her, That could [not] pity herself.

Meer. Princely resolved, sir, And like yourself still, in *potentiâ*.

Nottingham. As the book is not easily to be met with, I am unable to give the reader the particulars of the cheat.—*WHALE.*

Dr. Harsnet's Discovery, which is a book of considerable size, was published in 1599. Darrel, who was a Puritan preacher at Mansfield, replied to it in the following year, in a treatise full of "sound and fury," and has contrived to render it somewhat doubtful whether he was a dupe or an impostor. In any case, there was assuredly more efficient agency than his at hand; there were spirits at work of whom he knew little or nothing. The *Boy of Burton* was one Thomas Darling, for the bewitching of whom a poor old woman of the name of Alice Goodridge was condemned to the gallows, which she only escaped by dying in prison. Darrel dispossessed this booby of a spirit which Alice had sent to torment him: the credit which he got by this notable achievement he lost by *Somers of Nottingham*; and in consequence of the discovery of the imposture, which yet he always affected to maintain, he was degraded from the ministry, and

Enter Gilthead, Plutarchus, Sledge, and Serjeants.

Meer. Gilthead! what news?

Fitz. O, sir, my hundred pieces! Let me have them yet.

Gilt. Yes, sir.—Officers, Arrest him.

Fitz. Me!

1 *Serj.* I arrest you.

Sledge. Keep the peace, I charge you, gentlemen.

Fitz. Arrest me! why?

Gilt. For better security, sir. My son Plutarchus

Assures me you are not worth a groat.

Plu. Pardon me, father, I said his worship had no foot of land left; And that I'll justify, for I writ the deed.

Fitz. Have you these tricks in the city?

Gilt. Yes, and more: Arrest this gallant too here at my suit.

[*Points to Meercraft.*]
Sledge. Ay, and at mine: he owes me for his lodging

Two year and a quarter.

Meer. Why, Master Gilthead,—landlord, Thou art not mad, though thou art constable. Puff up with the pride of the place. Do you hear, sirs,

Have I deserved this from you two, for all My pains at court, to get you each a patent?

Gilt. For what?

Meer. Upon my project of the forks.

Sledge. Forks! what be they?

Meer. The laudable use of forks, Brought into custom here, as they are in Italy,¹

committed to prison. This took place in 1598. The *seven in Lancashire* belonged to the family of a Mr. Starkey, a mischievous crackbrained idiot, who accused one Edmund Hartley of bewitching them, and had credit enough with a judge and jury, as weak and credulous as himself, to get the poor man condemned and executed at Lancaster in 1597.

¹ *The laudable use of forks, Brought into custom here, as they are in Italy.* The practice of eating with forks, which had its rise in Italy, came about this time into England: and some kind of affectation in the use of them probably gave the poet an occasion to ridicule the invention itself. The German divine indeed, who preached against the custom, thought it an insult on providence not to touch one's meat with one's fingers. Tom Coryat tells us that this custom was not used in any other country that he saw in his travels, nor by any other nation of Christendom, but only Italy. After having described the manner of holding the knife and fork at large, "Hereupon," says

To the sparing of napkins: that, that
 should have made
 Your bellows go at the forge, as his at the
 furnace.
 I have procured it, have the signet for it,
 Dealt with the linendrapers on my pri-
 vate,
 Because I feared they were the likeliest
 ever
 To stir against, to cross it: for 'twill be
 A mighty savor of linen through the king-
 dom,
 As that is one o' my grounds, and to spare
 washing.
 Now on you two had I laid all the
 profits:
 Gilt-head to have the making of all those
 Of gold and silver, for the better per-
 sonages;
 And you, of those of steel for the common
 sort:
 And both by patent. I had brought you
 your seals in,
 But now you have prevented me, and I
 thank you.

be, "I myself thought good to imitate the
 Italian fashion, by this forked cutting of meate,
 not only while I was in Italy, but also in Ger-
 many, and oftentimes in England since I came
 home."—*Crudities*, p. 90.

The use of forks is bantered likewise by Beau-
 mont and Fletcher as the mark of both a traveller
 and courtier:

"It doth express th' enamoured courtier,
 As full as your fork-carving traveller."
Queen of Corinth, act iv. sc. 1.

And so in *Monsieur Thomas*, act i. sc. 2:

"He eats with picks!
 Utterly spoiled."

A project of toothpicks has been just mentioned,
 which was another object of satire to our author's
 contemporaries. So Fletcher:

"You that enhance the daily price of tooth-
 picks."

And Shakespeare could not omit it in his descrip-
 tion of the finical traveller in *King John*.—
WHA.

"Sir, I will bail you at mine own apperil.]
Sledge is brought about (the margin says) by
 this hopeful project. But I have yet an obser-
 vation to make on this line. In *Timon of
 Athens*, at the state-banquet, act i. sc. 2, Ape-
 monius says:

"Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon,
 I come to observe," &c.

Here Mr. Steevens and Mr. Malone, who profess
 such entire veneration for the purity of Shak-

Sledge. Sir, I will bail you at mine own
 apperil.¹

Meer. Nay, choose.

Plu. Do you so too, good father.

Gilt. I like the fashion of the project
 well,

The forks! it may be a lucky one! and is
 Not intricate, as one would say, but fit for
 Plain heads, as ours, to deal in.—Do you
 hear,

Officers, we discharge you.

[*Exeunt Serjeants.*]

Meer. Why, this shews

A little good-nature in you, I confess;

But do not tempt your friends thus.—Little
 Gilt-head,

Advise your sire, great Gilt-head, from these
 courses:

And here to trouble a great man in rever-
 sion,

For a matter of fifty, in a false alarm!

Away, it shews not well. Let him get the
 pieces

And bring them: you'll hear more else.

Plu. Father. [*Exeunt Gilt. and Plut.*]

speare's text, interpose their judgment, and
 corrupt it to

"Let me stay at thine own peril, Timon;"

and the latter adds, "I have not been able to
 find such a word as *apperil* in any dictionary,
 nor is it reconcilable to etymology! I have
 therefore adopted the *emendation* made by Mr.
 Steevens."

"*Apperil*," subjoins Mr. Ritson, "may be
 right, though no other instance of it has been,
 or possibly can be produced!"

If these notes serve for no better purpose,
 they will at least suffice to prove how diligently
 Jonson has been studied by those eternal calu-
 niators of his talents and reputation. The word
 occurs again in the *Magnetic Lady*.

Now I am on the subject, I will trouble the
 reader with another example of this rash mode
 of assertion without a competent degree of in-
 formation. In *Henry IV.* 1st part, the king
 says:

"As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,

Forthwith a power of English shall we levy."

"To levy a power as far as to the sepulchre of
 Christ," subjoins Mr. Steevens, "is an expres-
 sion quite unexampled, if not corrupt." And he
 accordingly proposes to read *lead* for *levy*!
 But there is no occasion. The expression is
 neither unexampled nor corrupt; but good
 authorized English. One instance of it is before
 me. "Scipio, before he levied his force to the
 walls of Carthage, gave his soldiers the print of
 the citie in a cake to be devoured."—Gosson's
School of Abuse, 1579, p. 50, Arber's Reprint.
 Mr. Douce will see from this that he also is
 mistaken.

Enter Ambler, dragging in Pug.

Amb. O, Master Sledge, are you here?
I have been to seek you.
You are the constable, they say. Here's
one

That I do charge with felony, for the suit
He wears, sir.

Meer. Who? Master Fitzdottrel's man!
Ware what you do, Master Ambler.

Enter Fitzdottrel.

Amb. Sir, these clothes
I'll swear are mine; and the shoes the gen-
tlewoman's
I told you of: and have him afore a justice
I will.

Pug. My master, sir, will pass his word
for me.

Amb. O, can you speak to purpose now?

Fitz. Not I,
If you be such a one, sir, I will leave you!
To your godfathers in law: let twelve men
work.

Pug. Do you hear, sir, pray, in private.
[*Takes him aside.*]

Fitz. Well, what say you?
Brief, for I have no time to lose.

Pug. Truth is, sir,
I am the very Devil, and had leave
To take this body I am in to serve you;
Which was a cut-purse's, and hanged this
morning:

And it is likewise true I stole this suit
To clothe me with; but, sir, let me not go
To prison for it. I have hitherto
Lost time, done nothing; shown indeed
no part

Of my devil's nature: now I will so help
Your malice 'gainst these parties; so ad-
vance

The business that you have in hand, of
witchcraft,

And your possession, as myself were in you;
Teach you such tricks to make your belly
swell,

And your eyes turn, to foam, to stare, to
gnash

Your teeth together, and to beat yourself,
Laugh loud, and feign six voices—

Fitz. Out, you rogue!
You most infernal counterfeit wretch,
avant!

Do you think to gull me with your *Assy's*
fables?

Here, take him to you, I have no part in
him.

Pug. Sir—

Fitz. Away! I do disclaim, I will not
hear you.

[*Exit Sledge with Pug.*]

Meer. What said he to you, sir?

Fitz. Like a lying rascal,
Told me he was the Devil:

Meer. How! a good jest.

Fitz. And that he would teach me such
fine devil's tricks
For our new resolution.

Ever. O, pox on him!

'Twas excellent wisely done, sir, not to
trust him,

Meer. Why, if he were the Devil, we
shall not need him,

If you'll be ruled. Go throw yourself on
a bed, sir,

And feign you ill. We'll not be seen with
you

Till after that you have a fit; and all
Confirmed within. Keep you with the
two ladies, [To *Everell*.]

And persuade them. I will to justice
Eitherside,

And possess him with all. Trains shall
seek out Engine,

And they two fill the town with't; every
cable

Is to be veered. We must employ out all
Our emissaries now. Sir, I will send you
Bladders and bellows. Sir, be confident,

'Tis no hard thing t' outdo the Devil in;
A boy of thirteen year old made him an
ass

But t'other day.²

1

I will leave you

To your godfathers in law, &c. This seems
to have been a standing joke for a jury. It is
used by Shakespeare and by writers prior to him.
Thus Bulleyn, speaking of a knavish ostler, says,
"I did see him ones aske blessing to xii god-
fathers at ones."—*Dialogue*, 1564.

² 'Tis no hard thing t' outdo the Devil in;

A boy of thirteen year old made him an ass
But t'other day. This is evidently an allu-
sion to the boy of Bilson in Staffordshire, who
was practised on by some Jesuits, and counter-

feited possession by the devil. The cheat was
discovered by Dr. Morton, at that time bishop
of the diocese. The story, with all the particu-
lars, may be met with in Wilson's history of
James the First. The same imposture seems to
be referred to by the poet in the third scene of
this act:

"Did you ne'er read, sir, little Darrel's trick
With the boy of Burton?"

But either Jonson's memory deceived him or the
passage is corrupted; unless Bilson be in the

Fitz. Well, I'll begin to practise,
And scape the imputation of being
cuckold

By mine own act.

Mar. You are right. *[Exit Fitz.]*

Ever. Come, you have put
Yourself to a simple coil here, and your
friends,

By dealing with new agents in new plots.

Mar. No more of that, sweet cousin.

Ever. What had you

To do with this same Wittipol, for a
lady?

Mar. Question not that: 'tis done.

Ever. You had some strain

Bove e-la?

Mar. I had indeed.

Ever. And now you crack for't.

Mar. Do not upbraid me.

Ever. Come, you must be told on't;

You are so covetous still to embrace

More than you can, that you lose all.

Mar. 'Tis right:

What would you more than guilty? Now
your succours. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—A Cell in Newgate.

Enter Shackles, with Pug in chains.

Shack. Here you are lodged, sir; you
must send your garnish,

If you'll be private.

Pug. There it is, sir: leave me.

[Exit Shackles.]
To Newgate brought! how is the name of
devil

Discredited in me! what a lost fiend

Shall I be on return! my chief will roar

in triumph now that I have been on
earth

A day, and done no noted thing, but
brought

That body back here was hanged out this
morning.

neighbourhood or parish of Burton: for I know
of no other imposture so remarkable about that
time."—WHAL.

Bilson and Burton are both in Staffordshire:—
but the deception rests with the commentator,
not the poet. Jonson could not allude to
the "boy of Bilson," as the juggling of this
young impostor did not take place till 1620, four
years after the appearance of this play; and
twenty-five at least after the adventure of the
"boy of Burton," with whom Whalley most
strangely confounds him. The person to whom
the text alludes is Thomas Harrison, a youth of
twelve years old, better known as the boy of

Well! would it once were midnight, that
I knew

My utmost. I think Time be drunk and
sleeps,

He is so still, and moves not! I do glory

Now in my torment. Neither can I
expect it,

I have it with my fact.

Enter Iniquity.

Iniq. Child of hell, be thou merry:

Put a look on as round, boy, and red as a
cherry.

Cast care at thy posterns, and firk in thy
fettlers:

They are ornaments, baby, have graced
thy betters:

Look upon me, and hearken. Our chief
doth salute thee,

And lest the cold iron should chance to
confute thee,¹

He hath sent thee grant-parole by me, to
stay longer

A month here on earth, against cold,
child, or hunger.

Pug. How! longer here a month?

Iniq. Yes, boy, till the session,
That so thou mayst have a triumphal
egression.

Pug. In a cart, to be hanged!

Iniq. No, child, in a car,

The chariot of triumph, which most of
them are.

And in the meantime, to be greasy, and
bouzy,

And nasty, and filthy, and ragged, and
lousy,

With damn me! renounce me! and all
the fine phrases

That bring unto Tyburn the plentiful
gazes.

Pug. He is a devil, and may be our
chief,

The great superior devil, for his malice!

Norwich. He was subject to fits, and those
about him had the art to make him pass for a de-
moniac. His possession, which created no
small trouble to the clergy, and "made asses"
of more than Jonson speaks of, was at the height
in 1605.

¹ *Our chief doth salute thee,*

*And lest the cold iron should chance to confute
thee.]* This is a pure Latinism. *Confutare* is
properly to pour cold water into a pot, to prevent
it from boiling over; and hence metaphorically
the signification of *confuting*, reproving, or con-
trolling. So Tully uses the expression, *confutare
audaciam*.—WHAL.

Arch-devil! I acknowledge him. He
knew
What I would suffer when he tied me up
thus
In a rogue's body; and he has, I thank
him,
His tyrannous pleasure on me, to confine
me
To the unlucky carcase of a cut-purse,
Wherein I could do nothing.

Enter Satan.

Sat. Impudent fiend,
Stop thy lewd mouth.¹ Dost thou not
shame and tremble
To lay thine own dull, damned defects
upon
An innocent case there? Why, thou heavy
slave!
The spirit that did possess that flesh before,
Put more true life in a finger and a thumb
Than thou in the whole mass: yet thou
rebell'st
And murmur'st! What one proffer hast
thou made,
Wicked enough this day, that might be
called
Worthy thine own, much less the name
that sent thee?
First, thou didst help thyself into a
beating,
Promptly, and with't endangered'st too
thy tongue:
A devil, and could not keep a body entire
One day! that for our credit; and to
vindicate it,
Hinder'd'st, for aught thou know'st, a deed
of darkness:
Which was an act of that egregious folly,
As no one toward the devil could have
thought on.

¹ *Stop thy lewd mouth.* I.e., thy licentious and ignorant censure. I should scarcely have thought this worthy of a note, had not the last editor of Beaumont and Fletcher, with his usual ill fortune, stumbled upon this word and misinterpreted it. "Lewd" (he says) is continually used for *idle* by old authors. So in Ben Jonson's *Volpone*:

"They are most lewd impostors,
Made all of terms and shreds."

Vol. xiv. p. 58.

This interpretation proves one of two things, either that Mr. Weber never read the passage in Jonson, or that he does not understand it: perhaps it proves both. Sir Politick and Peregrine are talking of Mountebanks. The former observes:

This for your acting.—But for suffering—
why
Thou hast been cheated on with a false
beard
And a turned cloak: faith, would you
predecessor,
The cut-purse, think you, have been as
Out upon thee!
The hurt thou hast done, to let men know
their strength,
And that they are able to outdo a devil
Put in a body, will for ever be
A scar upon our name! Whom hast thou
dealt with,
Woman or man, this day, but have con-
gone thee
Some way, and most have proved the
better fiends?
Yet you would be employed! yes, hell
shall make you
Provincial of the cheaters, or bawd-
ledger,
For this side of the town! no doubt you'll
render
A rare account of things! Bane of your
itch,
And scratching for employment! I'll have
brimstone
To allay it, sure, and fire to singe your
nails off.—
But that I would not such a damned dis-
honour
Stick on our state, as that the devil were
hanged,
And could not save a body that he took
From Tyburn, but it must come thither
again;
You should e'en ride. But up, away with
him—

[Iniquity takes him on his back.
Iniq. Mount, dearling of darkness, thy
shoulders are broad:]

"They are the only *knowing* men of Europe.
Great general scholars, excellent physicians.
Most admired statesmen," &c.

To this the latter replies:

"And I have heard they are most lewd im-
postors,
Made all of terms and shreds."

What in the name of consistency has *idle* to do
here! Can anything be clearer than that *lewd*
is used in its genuine and ancient sense of *igno-
rant and illiterate*? It is quite enough for Mr.
Weber to explain Fletcher and Ford; the sense
of *Volpone* is almost as much above his com-
prehension as he has proved to be above his malice,
and prudence, no less than justice, should have
checked his meddling.

He that carries the fiend is sure of his load.
The devil was wont to carry away the Evil,
But now the Evil outcarries the devil.

[*Exeunt.*
A loud explosion, smoke, &c.

Enter Shackles and the Underkeepers, affrighted.

Shack. O me!

1 Keep. What's this!

2 Keep. A piece of Justice-hall!

3 Keep. Fough! what a steam of brim-

stone
4 Keep. Fough! what a steam of brim-

stone
5 Keep. Fough! what a steam of brim-

stone
6 Keep. The prisoner's dead, came in but

now.
Shack. Ha! where?

7 Keep. Look here.

8 Keep. 'Slid, I should know his counte-

nance:
9 Keep. Gill Cutpurse, was hanged out this

morning.
Shack. 'Tis he!

10 Keep. The devil sure has a hand in

this!
11 Keep. What shall we do?

Shack. Carry the news of it

unto the sheriffs.

12 Keep. And to the justices.

13 Keep. This is strange.

14 Keep. And savours of the devil

strongly.
15 Keep. I have the sulphur of hell-coal

in my nose.

16 Keep. Fough!

Shack. Carry him in.

17 Keep. Away.

18 Keep. How rank it is!

[*Exeunt with the body.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in Fitzdottrel's House.*

Fitzdottrel discovered in bed; Lady Eitherside, Tailbush, Ambler, Trains, and Fitall, standing by him.

Enter Sir Paul Eitherside, Meercraft, and Everill.

Sir P. Eith. This was the notablist conspiracy
That e'er I heard of.

[*Justice-hall.*] The name of the Sessions-
house in the Old Bailey.

Meer. Sir, they have given him potions,
That did enamour him on the counterfeit
lady—

Ever. Just to the time o' delivery of the
deed.

Meer. And then the witchcraft 'gan to
appear, for straight
He fell into his fit.

Ever. Of rage at first, sir,
Which since has so increased.

Lady T. Good Sir Paul, see him,
And punish the impostors.

Sir P. Eith. Therefore I come, ma-
dam.

Lady E. Let Master Eitherside alone,
madam.

Sir P. Eith. Do you hear?

Call in the constable, I will have him by;
He's the king's officer: and some citizens
Of credit; I'll discharge my conscience
clearly.

Meer. Yes, sir, and send for his wife.

Ever. And the two sorcerers,
By any means. [*Exit Ambler.*

Lady T. I thought one a true lady,
I should be sworn: so did you, Eitherside.

Lady E. Yes, by that light, would I
might ne'er stir else, Tailbush.

Lady T. And the other, a civil gentle-
man.

Ever. But, madam,
You know what I told your ladyship.

Lady T. I now see it.
I was providing of a banquet for them,

After I had done instructing of the fellow,
De-vile, the gentleman's man.

Meer. Who is found a thief, madam,
And to have robbed your usher, Master

Ambler,

This morning.

Lady T. How?

Meer. I'll tell you more anon.

Fitz. "Give me some garlic, garlic, gar-
lic, garlic!" [*He begins his fit.*

Meer. Hark, the poor gentleman, how
he is tormented!

Fitz. "My wife is a whore, I'll kiss her
no more: and why?

Mayst not thou be a cuckold as well as I?
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Sir P. Eith. That is the devil speaks
and laughs in him.

Meer. Do you think so, sir?

Sir P. Eith. I discharge my con-
science.

Fitz. "And is not the devil good com-
pany? yes, wis."

Ever. How he changes, sir, his voice!

Fitz. "And a cuckold is,
Wherever he put his head, with a wan-
nion,
If his horns be forth, the devil's com-
panion.
Look, look, look, else!"

Meer. How he foams!

Ever. And swells!

Lady T. O me, what's that there rises
in his belly?

Lady E. A strange thing: hold it down.

Tra. Pit. We cannot, madam.

Sir P. Eith. 'Tis too apparent this!

Fitz. "Wittipol, Wittipol!"

*Enter Wittipol, Manly, and Mrs.
Fitzdottrel.*

Wit. How now! what play have we
here?

Man. What fine new matters?

Wit. The cockscorn and the coverlet.

Meer. O strange impudence,
That these should come to face their sin!

Ever. And outface

justice! they are the parties, sir.

Sir P. Eith. Say nothing.

Meer. Did you mark, sir, upon their
coming in

How he called Wittipol?

Ever. And never saw them.

Sir P. Eith. I warrant you did I: let
them play awhile.

Fitz. "Buz, buz, buz, buz!"

Lady T. 'Las, poor gentleman,
How he is tortured!

Mrs. Fitz. [goes to him.] Fie, Master
Fitzdottrel!

What do you mean to counterfeit thus?

Fitz. "O, O!

She comes with a needle, and thrusts it in,
She pulls out that, and she puts in a pin,
And now, and now, I do not know how,
nor where,

But she pricks me here, and she pricks me
there. Oh, oh!"

Sir P. Eith. Woman, forbear.

Wit. What, sir?

Sir P. Eith. A practice foul
For one so fair.

Wit. Hath this then credit with you?

Man. Do you believe in't?

Sir P. Eith. Gentlemen, I'll discharge
My conscience: 'tis a clear conspiracy,
A dark and devilish practice! I detest it.

Wit. The justice sure will prove the
merrier man.

Man. This is most strange, sir.

Sir P. Eith. Come not to confront
Authority with impudence; I tell you
I do detest it.—

*Re-enter Ambler, with Sledge and
Gilthead.*

Here comes the king's constable
And with him a right worshipful com-
moner,

My good friend Master Gilthead. I am
glad

I can before such witnesses profess

My conscience, and my detestation of it.
Horrible! most unnatural! abominable!

Ever. You do not tumble enough.

Meer. Wallow, gnash.

[They whisper him.]

Lady T. O, how he is vexed!

Sir P. Eith. 'Tis too manifest.

Ever. Give him more soap to foam with.

[To Meer.] Now lie still.

Meer. And act a little.

Lady T. What does he now, sir?

Sir P. Eith. Shew

The taking of tobacco, with which the devil
Is so delighted.

Fitz. "Hum!"

Sir P. Eith. And calls for hum.

You takers of strong waters and tobacco,
Mark this.

Fitz. "Yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow!"

Sir P. Eith. That's starch! the devil's
idol of that colour.

He ratifies it with clapping of his hands;
The proofs are pregnant.¹

¹ That's starch! the devil's idol of that
colour.

He ratifies it with clapping of his hands;

The proofs are pregnant.] The Justice (as
the margin tells us) interprets all. The whole
of this ridiculous scene is a close copy of the
tricks which were actually played by the im-
postors who pretended to be bewitched, and in
consequence of which many unfortunate crea-

tures, guilty of age and poverty, were bar-
barously sacrificed. There were at that time on
the bench of justices many Sir Paul Eithersates,
hard, unfeeling, superstitious wisacres; but the
person who sat for the Sir Paul of the text was
John Darrel, whose explication of the dumb
show of the pretended demoniacs is literally
taken from Harsnet's Discourse. Fitzdottrel
is Somers; and the resemblance is so like

Gill. How the devil can act!

Sir P. Eith. He is the master of players,
Master Gilthead,

And poets too: you heard him talk in
rhyme,

I had forgot to observe it to you ere-
while!

Lady T. See, he spits fire!

Sir P. Eith. O no, he plays at figgum;

The devil is the author of wicked figgum.¹

Mrs. Why speak you not unto him?

Wil. If I had

All innocence of man to be endangered,
And he could save or ruin it, I'd not
breathe

A syllable in request to such a fool
He makes himself.

Fitz. "O they whisper, whisper, whisper,
We shall have more of devils a score,
To come to dinner, in me the sinner."

Lady E. Alas, poor gentleman!

Sir P. Eith. Put them asunder;
Keep them one from the other.

Mrs. Are you phrenetic, sir?

Or what grave dotage moves you to take
part

With so much villainy? we are not afraid
Either of law or trial; let us be
examined what our ends were, what the
means

To work by, and possibility of those
means;

Do not conclude against us ere you
hear us.

Sir P. Eith. I will not hear you, yet I
will conclude

Out of the circumstances.

Mrs. Will you so, sir?

Sir P. Eith. Yes, they are palpable.

Man. Not as your folly.

Sir P. Eith. I will discharge my con-
science, and do all

To the meridian of justice.

Gill. You do well, sir.

Fitz. "Provide me to eat three or four
dishes o' good meat,
I'll feast them and their trains, a justice
head and brains
Shall be the first.—"

Sir P. Eith. The devil loves not justice,
There you may see.

Fitz. "A spare rib of my wife,
And a whore's purlenance; a Gilthead
whole."

Sir P. Eith. Be not you troubled, sir,
the devil speaks it.

Fitz. "Yes, wis, knight, shite, Poul,
joul, owl, foul, trou, boul!"

Sir P. Eith. Crambo! another of the
devil's games.

Meer. Speak, sir, some Greek if you can.

[*Aside to Fitz.*] Is not the justice
A solemn gamester?

Ever. Peace.

Fitz. Οἱ μοῖ, κακοδαίμων,
καὶ τρισκακοδαίμων, καὶ τετράκις, καὶ πεντάκις,
καὶ δωδεκάκις καὶ μυριάκις.²

Sir P. Eith. He curses
In Greek, I think.

Ever. Your Spanish that I taught you.

[*Aside to Fitz.*]

Fitz. "Quebrémos el ojo de burlas."

Ever. How!—your rest—

Lets break his neck in jest, the devil says.

¹ See, he spits fire

O no, he plays at figgum:] "Sir Paul (the margin says) interprets *figgum* to be a juggler's game!" this, however, affords little information as to its nature. In some of our old dictionaries *fid* is explained to caulk with oakum: *figgum*, or *fig'em*, may therefore be a vulgar derivative from this term, and signify the lighted flax or tow with which jugglers stuff their mouths when they prepare to amuse the rustics by breathing out smoke and flames:

"A nutshell

With tow and touch-wood in it, to spit fire."

P. 263 δ.

² *Fitz.* Οἱ μοῖ, κακοδαίμων, καὶ τρισκακοδαίμων, &c.] This is from the *Plutus* of Aristophanes, act iv. sc. 3.—
WHAL.

perfect in this than in the former case. The *swear*, the *soap*, the *belloxus*, the *contortions*, the *crambo-rhymes*, the *jargon in different languages*, &c. were all real circumstances, and are mentioned in various parts of the Bishop's book. "Somers acted (says Dr. Hutchinson) all the signs of Nottingham by signs, and Darrel outwitted them to the people as Somers acted them."—*Impostures Detected*, p. 248. A ballad was made upon the subject; part of it ran thus:

"But when that Master Darrel came,
The Devil was vexed with the same;
His limbs he racked, he rent, he tore,
Far worse than he did before;
He played the anticke there in scorns,
And flouted men in making horns:
And after that he did bewray
How men at cards and dice do play;
And by the clapping of his hands,
He shewed the starching of our bands," &c.

Fitz. "Di gratia, signòr mio, se havete denari fataméne parte."

Meer. What! would the devil borrow money?

Fitz. "Ouy, ouy, monsieur, un pauvre diable, diabletin."

Sir P. Eith. It is the devil, by his several languages.

Enter Shackles, with the things found on the body of the Cut-purse.

Shack. Where's Sir Paul Eitherside?

Sir P. Eith. Here; what's the matter?

Shack. O, such an accident fallen out at Newgate, sir:

A great piece of the prison is rent down! The devil has been there, sir, in the body Of the young cut-purse was hanged out this morning.

But in new clothes, sir; every one of us know him.

These things were found in his pocket.

Amb. Those are mine, sir.

Shack. I think he was committed on your charge, sir,

For a new felony.

Amb. Yes.

Shack. He's gone, sir, now,

And left us the dead body; but withal, sir, Such an infernal stink and steam behind, You cannot see St. Pulchre's steeple yet: They smell't as far as Ware, as the wind lies,

By this time, sure.

Fitz. [starts up.] Is this upon your credit, friend?

Shack. Sir, you may see, and satisfy yourself.

Fitz. Nay then, 'tis time to leave off counterfeiting.—

Sir, I am not bewitched, nor have a devil, No more than you; I do defy him, I, And did abuse you: these two gentlemen Put me upon it. (I have faith against him.) They taught me all my tricks. I will tell truth,

And shame the fiend. See here, sir, are my bellows,

And my false belly, and my mouse, and all

That should have come forth.

Man. Sir, are you not ashamed

Now of your solemn, serious vanity?

Sir P. Eith. I will make honourable amends to truth.

Fitz. And so will I. But these are cozeners still,

And have my land, as plotters, with my wife;

Who, though she be not a witch, is worse, a whore.

Man. Sir, you belie her: she is chaste and virtuous,

And we are honest. I do know no glory

A man should hope by venting his own follies;

But you'll still be an ass in spite of providence.

Please you go in, sir, and hear truths, then judge 'em,

And make amends for your late rashness when

You shall but hear the pains and care was taken

To save this fool from ruin, his Grace of Drowndland—

Fitz. My land is drowned indeed—

Sir P. Eith. Peace.

Man. And how much

His modest and too worthy wife hath suffered

By misconstruction from him, you will think. First, for your own belief, more for his actions.

His land is his; and never by my friend, Or by myself, meant to another use,

But for her succours, who hath equal right.

If any other had worse counsels in it, (I know I speak to those can apprehend me)

Let them repent them, and be not detected.—

It is not manly to take joy or pride In human errors: we do all ill things;

They do them worst that love them, and dwell there,

Till the plague comes. The few that have the seeds

Of goodness left, will sooner make their way

To a true life, by shame, than punishment.

[He comes forward for the Epilogue.]

"Thus the projector here is overthrown: But I have now a project of mine own. If it may pass, that no man would invite The poet from us, to sup forth to-night. If the play please. If it displeased be, We do presume that no man will, nor we."

[Exeunt.]

¹ So much has incidentally appeared in the notes on the two great objects of this drama, the powerful ridicule of monopolists and po-

projectors, and the exposure of pretended demoniacs and witch-finders (the crying evils of the time), that little or nothing remains to be added on either in this place. Another opportunity will be afforded of recurring to the subject of witchcraft, and the subsequent play brings forward another set of projectors.

There is much good writing in this comedy. All the speeches of Satan are replete with the most biting satire, delivered with an appropriate degree of spirit. Fitzdottrel is one of those characters which Jonson delighted to draw, and in which he stood unrivalled, a *gull*, i.e., a consistent coxcomb, selfish, cunning, and conceited. Fitzdottrel possesses somewhat more interest than the generality of our author's females,

and is indeed a well sustained character. In action the principal amusement of the scene (exclusive of the admirable burlesque of witchery in the conclusion) was probably derived from the mortification of poor Pug, whose stupid stare of amazement at finding himself made an *ass* of on every possible occasion must, if portrayed as some then on the stage were well able to portray it, have been exquisitely comic.

This play is strictly moral in its conception and conduct. Knavery and folly are shamed and corrected, virtue is strengthened and rewarded, and the ends of dramatic justice are sufficiently answered by the simple exposure of those whose errors are merely subservient to the minor interests of the piece.



The Staple of News.

THE STAPLE OF NEWS.] This comedy was first acted by "his Majesty's Servants" in 1625, and entered soon after in the Stationers' Books, though no earlier copy of it is known than that of the old folio, which bears date in 1631. Nine years had elapsed since our author's last appearance on the stage; in the interval he appears to have spent a great part of his time not unpleasantly. He was engaged in writing masques for the court and divers of the nobility, at whose houses probably he occasionally resided; and he visited Scotland. During this period too some of the works which perished in the conflagration of his library must have been composed, as is proved from the *Examination on Vulcan*. Want perhaps, originating in illness, drove him again to the stage, for an unfavourable change in his circumstances seems to have taken place about this period.

With respect to the printing of this play, I think of it as I did of the preceding one, and as I continue to do of all the rest which appear in the folio of 1631,¹ or, as it should rather be called, of 1641, that Jonson gave himself no concern about the matter.

The motto to the old edition is from Horace; it is sufficiently trite, and had been more than once applied by the poet to his preceding labours:

*Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ:
Aut simul et jucunda, et idonea dicere vitæ.*

¹ The only play which, according to my opinion, Jonson gave to the press after the folio of 1631, was *The New Inn*, which he printed in small 8vo this year (1631), and for the publication of which he had probably his private reasons. He was now on a sick bed, feeble and paralytic; and though poverty might impel him to write, it might not drive him to print, which at that time was neither a very profitable nor a sure resource.

The Induction.

The Stage.

Enter Prologue.

Pro. For your own sakes, not his!—

Enter Gossip Mirth, Gossip Tattle, Gossip Expectation, and Gossip Censure, four Gentlemen, lady-like attired.

Mirth. Come, gossip, be not ashamed. The play is THE STAPLE OF NEWS, and you are the mistress and lady of Tattle,—let's have your opinion of it.—Do you hear, gentleman? what are you, gentleman—what to the play? Pray you help us to some stools here.

Pro. Where? on the stage, ladies!

Mirth. Yes, on the stage: we are persons of quality, I assure you, and women of fashion, and come to see and to be seen. My Gossip Tattle here, and Gossip Expectation, and my Gossip Censure, and I am Mirth, the daughter of Christmas, and sister of Shrovetide. They say, *It's merry when gossips meet*; I hope your play will be a merry one.

Pro. Or you will make it such, ladies. Bring a form here. [*a bench is brought in.*] But what will the noblemen think, or the

grave wits here, to see you seated on the bench thus?

Mirth. Why, what should they think, but that they had mothers as we had; and those mothers had gossips (if their children were christened) as we are; and such as had a longing to see plays, and sit upon them, as we do, and arraign both them and their poets?

Pro. O, is that your purpose! Why, Mistress Mirth and Madam Tattle, enjoy your delights freely.

Tat. Look your *News* be new and fresh, Master Prologue, and untainted; I shall find them else, if they be stale or fly-blown, quickly.

Pro. We ask no favour from you; only we would entreat of Madam Expectation—

Expect. What, Master Prologue?

Pro. That your ladyship would expect no more than you understand.

Expect. Sir, I can expect enough.

Pro. I fear too much, lady; and teach others to do the like.

Expect. I can do that too if I have cause.

Pro. Cry you mercy, *you never did wrong but with just cause.*¹ What's this, lady?

¹ The folio reads *ours*, but erroneously, see p. 27.

² *You never did wrong but with just cause.* This is meant as a satire on a line in Shakspeare's *Julius Cæsar*, though it nowhere occurs as it is here represented.—WHAL.

The commentators are right at last. Here is evidently an allusion to Shakspeare, and for once "old Ben speaks out."

The attacks on Jonson for this quotation, which are multiplied beyond credibility, are founded on two charges—first, that he has falsified the passage, and secondly, that he was actuated by malignity in adverting to it at all. I cannot believe that the passage is "quoted (as Stevens says) unfaithfully." It is sufficient to look at it in the printed copy to be convinced that it never came, in this form, from the pen of Shakspeare. One of the conspirators, Metellus Cicer by name, kneels at the feet of Cæsar, with this short address:

"Metellus Cicer throws before thy seat
A humble heart."

And what is Cæsar's reply?

"Know Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied."

How satisfied, and of what? Here is no congruity, and the poetry is as mean as the sense. In Jonson it stands thus:

"Met. Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.

Cæs. Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause."

Here is at least a reference to something. The fact seems to be that this verse, which closely borders upon absurdity without being absolutely absurd, escaped the poet in the heat of composition, and being unluckily one of those quaint slips which are readily remembered, became a jocular and familiar phrase for reproving, as here, the perverse and unreasonable expectations of the male or female gossips of the day.

To suppose, with Steevens and Malone, that Jonson derived all his knowledge of Shakspeare from his printed works, is not a little ridiculous; those gentlemen choose to forget that he passed his life among playhouses and players, and that he must have frequently seen *Julius Cæsar* on the stage. There he undoubtedly heard the expression which he has quoted. He tells us himself that, till he was past the age of forty, he could repeat everything that he had written. His memory therefore was most retentive, and as his veracity was never called in question but by the duumvirate just mentioned, I cannot but

Mirth. Curiosity, my Lady Censure.

Pro. O, Curiosity! you come to see who wears the new suit to-day; whose clothes are best panned, whatever the part be; which actor has the best leg and foot; what king plays without cuffs, and his queen without gloves; who rides post in stockings, and dances in boots.

Cen. Yes, and which amorous prince makes love in drink, or does over-act prodigiously in beaten satin, and having got the trick on't, will be monstrous still, in despite of counsel.¹

Bookholder. [within.] Mend your lights, gentlemen.—Master Prologue, begin.

Enter the Tiremen to mend the lights.

Tat. Ah me!

Expect. Who's that?

Pro. Nay, start not, ladies; these carry no fireworks to fright you, but a torch in their hands to give light to the business. The truth is, there are a set of gamesters within, in travail of a thing called a play, and would fain be delivered of it: and they have entreated me to be their man-midwife,

believe that he has faithfully given the words as they were uttered. When *The Staple of News* was written cannot be told, but it was acted in 1605, nine years after Shakspeare's death; it seems, however, not to have been published till 1641, when the author himself had long been dead, though the title-page bears date 1631. *Julius Caesar* was printed in 1623; but it does not necessarily follow from this that Jonson consulted the players' copy. He had no occasion to look into it for what he already knew; and if he had opened it at all, the probability is that he would have paid no attention to their botchery (for theirs I am persuaded it was), when the genuine words were already so familiar to him. He wrote and spoke at a time when he might easily have been put to shame if his quotation had been unfaithful.

I am sorry to be compelled to repeat so often, that whenever Jonson is concerned Mr. Malone is the weakest of all reasoners, the blindest of all accusers. Similar to the case before us is the attack made on the poet in a previous passage. "I remember (says Ben) the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakspeare, that in writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line." Here Mr. Malone bristles up, and gives him *the lie valiant*. "This is not true," he exclaims, "they only say, in their preface to his plays, that his mind and hand went together, and what he thought he uttered with that easiness, that a blot in his papers has scarce been received from him." This is playing at cross purposes with a witness! Jonson, who remembered everything, and who lived in habits of daily intercourse with all the players, the contemporaries of Shakspeare, gives us the results

the prologue; for they are like to have a hard labour on't.

Tat. Then the poet has abused himself, like an ass as he is.

Mirth. No, his actors will abuse him enough, or I am deceived. Yonder he is within (I was in the tiring-house awhile to see the actors drest) rolling himself up and down like a tun in the midst of them, and purges, never did vessel of wort or wine work so! his sweating put me in mind of a good Shroving-dish (and I believe would be taken up for a service of state somewhere, an't were known) a stewed poet! he doth sit like an unbraced drum, with one of his heads beaten out; for that must note, a poet hath two heads as a drum has: one for making, the other repeating! and his repeating head is all to pieces; they may gather it up in the tiring-house; for he hath torn the book in a poetical fury, and put himself to silence in dead sack, which, were there no other vexation, were sufficient to make him the most miserable emblem of patience.

Cen. The Prologue, peace.

of his frequent conversations with them; Mr. Malone, who forgets himself from page to page, comes two centuries afterwards and charges him with a deliberate falsehood, because Hemans and Condell, two of them, *print*, in a preface which was not extant perhaps when Jonson wrote the passage just quoted, that they had scarce received a blot in Shakspeare's papers!

To have done with this long note. After relieving Jonson from the heaviest part of the charge—that of sophisticating a line "for the gratification of his malignity," I have no desire to push the matter further, or seek in any way to exonerate him from the crime of having produced it at all. *Valeat quod valeat*. Whether it be a satire, as Whalley, a sneer, as Malone, a scoff, as Steevens, a piece of wanton malice, as Tyrwhitt calls it, or all of them together, as others say, the reader may determine at his pleasure. I would only remind him that this is THE FIRST PLACE in Jonson's works in which I have found any expression that could be construed (whether fairly or not) into an attack on Shakspeare, and that a small portion of the bitterness which is felt for this great poet would not be altogether cast away on Marlowe, Lyly, Kidd, and others of some note in their day, whom he incessantly ridicules without stint and without mercy, though he had obligations to some of them, and had received provocations from none.

¹ And having got the trick on't, will be monstrous still, in despite of counsel! There can be no doubt but this is particular satire, though it is not easy to say at whom it points.—WHAL.

THE PROLOGUE.

(FOR THE STAGE.)

For your own sakes, not his, he bad me say,
Would you were come to hear, not see a play.
Though we his actors must provide for those
Who are our guests here in the way of shows,
The maker hath not so; he'd have you wise;
Much rather by your ears than by your eyes;
And prays you'll not prejudge his play for ill,
Because you mark it not, and sit not still;
But have a longing to salute, or talk
With such a female, and from her to walk
With your discourse, to what is done, and where,
How, and by whom, in all the town but here.
Alas! what is it to this scene to know
How many coaches in Hyde-park did show
Last spring, what fare to-day at Medley's was,
If Dunstan or the Phoenix best wine has?¹
They are things—but yet the stage might stand as well
If it did neither hear these things nor tell.
Great noble wits, be good unto yourselves,
And make a difference 'twixt poetic elves
And poets: all that dabble in the ink
And defile quills are not those few can think,
Conceive, express, and steer the souls of men,
As with a rudder, round thus, with their pen.
He must be one that can instruct your youth,
And keep your acme² in the state of truth,
Must enterprise this work; mark but his ways,
What flight he makes, how new: and then he says,
If that not like you that he sends to-night,
'Tis you have left to judge, not he to write.

What fare at Medley's was,

[If Dunstan or the Phoenix best wine has?] Medley's was an ordinary or eating-house. Dunstan was better known in the poet's time by the name of the Devil Tavern. Here was the famous club at which Jonson presided as perpetual chairman; and at which Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Martin, a man of infinite humour, Morley, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, Hodgson, and others, rarely equalled in aftertimes, occasionally assisted. The Phoenix was situated somewhere near the playhouse of that name in Drury-lane.*

[And keep your acme] i.e., I presume, your mature age; but the expression is a strange one. The conclusion of this prologue cannot be praised for its modesty; but the audiences heard a language not much unlike it from others. Ben alludes to his long absence from the stage (nine years), during which he fears not to affirm that, whatever change (for the worse) may have taken place in them, he has suffered no deterioration. He is not much out in the present case; but the wits were imperceptibly advancing upon Mæris.

* Mr. Waldron informs me that this tavern was shut up, and the sign (the Devil peeping over the shoulder of St. Dunstan) taken down about the year 1788. See the *Leges Convivales*.

PROLOGUE.

(FOR THE COURT.)

A work not smelling of the lamp to-night,
 But fitted for your Majesty's disport,
 And writ to the meridian of your court,
 We bring; and hope it may produce delight:
 The rather being offered as a rite
 To scholars that can judge and fair report
 The sense they hear, above the vulgar sort
 Of nut crackers, that only come for sight.
 Wherein, although our title, sir, be News,
 We yet adventure here to tell you none,
 But shew you common follies, and so known
 That though they are not truths, the innocent Muse
 Hath made so like as phant'sy could them state,
 Or poetry without scandal imitate.¹

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|--|---|
| Pennyboy, <i>the son, the heir and suitor.</i> | Fashioner, <i>the tailor of the times.</i> |
| Pennyboy, <i>the father, the Canter.</i> | Leatherleg, <i>shoemaker.</i> |
| Pennyboy, <i>Richer, the uncle, the usurer.</i> | Linener. |
| Cymbal, <i>master of the Staple, and prime jeerer.</i> | Haberdasher. |
| Flitton, <i>emissary Court and jeerer.</i> | Spurrier. |
| Almanac, <i>doctor in physic and jeerer.</i> | Customers, <i>male and female.</i> |
| Shunfield, <i>sea-captain and jeerer.</i> | Porter. |
| Madrigal, <i>poetaster and jeerer.</i> | Block and Lollard, <i>two dogs.</i> |
| Picklock, <i>man o' law and emissary Westminster.</i> | Buz, Ambler, grooms; Fiddlers, Singing-boy, Attendants, &c. |
| Piedmantle, <i>pursuivant at arms and heraldet.</i> | Intermean or Chorus. <i>Gossips Mith.</i> |
| Register of the Staple or office. | Tattle, Expectation, and Censure. |
| Nathaniel, <i>first clerk of the office.</i> | Pecunia, <i>infanta of the mines.</i> |
| Thomas, <i>Barber, second clerk of the office.</i> | Mortgage, <i>her nurse.</i> |
| Broker, <i>secretary and gentleman usher to Pecunia.</i> | Statute, <i>first woman.</i> |
| Lickfinger, <i>master-cook and parcel-poet.</i> | Band, <i>second woman.</i> |
| | Wax (Rose), <i>chambermaid.</i> |

SCENE,—London.

¹ This address to the Court is not without merit. It is terse and neat, and will probably remain the reader of the style and construction of some of Milton's sonnets. [The "vulgar sort of nut crackers" are still in full force in some of our less fashionable theatres.—F. C.]

The Staple of News.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Lodgings of Pennyboy, jun.*

Enter Pennyboy, jun. and Leatherleg with a new pair of boots.

P. jun. [Leath. pulls on his boots.] Gracious, Leatherleg: get me the spurrier,
And thou hast fitted me.

Leath. I'll do it presently. *[Exit.]*

P. jun. [walks up and down in his gown, waistcoat, and trowsers,¹ expecting his tailor.]

Look to me, wit, and look to my wit, land,
That is, look on me, and with all thine eyes,

Male, female, yea, hermaphroditic eyes,
And those bring all your helps and per-
spicils,²

To see me at best advantage, and augment
My form as I come forth; for I do feel
I will be one worth looking after shortly;

Now by and by, that's shortly,—*[draws forth his watch, and sets it on the table.]* It strikes! one, two,

Three, four, five, six. Enough, enough,
dear watch,

Thy pulse hath beat enough. Now sleep
and rest;

Would thou couldst make the time to do
so too:

I'll wind thee up no more. The hour is
come

So long expected! there, there, drop my
wardship, *[Throws off his gown.]*

My papillage and vassalage together.—
And, Liberty, come throw thyself about me

In a rich suit, cloke, hat, and band, for
now

I'll sue out no man's livery but mine own;

I stand on my own feet so much a year,
Right round and sound, the lord of mine
own ground.

And (to rhyme to it) threescore thousand
pound!

Not come? not yet?—*[Goes to the door and looks.]* Tailor, thou art a vermin,
Worse than the same thou prosecut'st, and
prick'st

In subtle seam—Go to, I say no more—
Thus to retard my longings on the day
I do write man to beat thee! One and
twenty

Since the clock struck complete! and thou
wilt feel it,

Thou foolish animal!—I could pity him,
An I were not heartily angry with him
now,

For this one piece of folly he bears about
him,

To dare to tempt the fury of an heir
T' above two thousand a year, yet hope his
custom!

Well, Master Fashioner, there's some must
break—

A head for this your breaking.—

Enter Fashioner.

Are you come, sir?

Fash. God give your worship joy!

P. jun. What! of your staying
And leaving me to stalk here in my trowsers,
Like a tame her'nsew for you?

Fash. I but waited
Below till the clock struck.

P. jun. Why, if you had come
Before a quarter, would it so have hurt you
In reputation to have waited here?

Fash. No, but your worship might have
pleaded nonage

If you had got them on, ere I could make
just affidavit of the time.

"Sir, 'tis a *perspicil*, the best under heaven."
—WHAL.

This certainly (like many other quotations
which might be pointed out) does not prove
what it was brought to prove: but the word is
nevertheless rightly explained.

¹ In his trowsers,] *Trowsers* are the close drawers over which the hose or slops (the loose breeches) were drawn. I know not why Whalley constantly alters the word to *trousers*.

² *Perspicils*.] Optic glasses. We find the word in *Albunazar*, act i. sc. 3:

P. jun. That jest
Has gained thy pardon, thou hadst lived
condemned
To thine own hell else, never to have
wrought
Stitch more for me or any Pennyboy,
I could have hindered thee: but now thou
art mine.
For one and twenty years or for three
lives,
Choose which thou wilt, I'll make thee a
copyholder,
And thy first bill unquestioned. Help me
on.
Fash. Presently, sir: [*says his suit.*¹] I
am bound unto your worship.
P. jun. Thou shalt be when I have sealed
thee a lease of my custom.
Fash. Your worship's barber is without.
P. jun. Who? Tom?
Come in, Tom.

Enter Thomas, Barber.

Set thy things upon the board
And spread thy cloths, lay all forth in
procinctu,
And tell's what news.

Tho. O sir, a STAPLE OF NEWS!
Or the News Staple, which you please.

P. jun. What's that?

Fash. An office, sir, a brave young office
set up:
I had forgot to tell your worship.

P. jun. For what?

Tho. To enter all the News, sir, of the
time.

Fash. And vent it as occasion serves: a
place
Of huge commerce it will be!

P. jun. Pray thee, peace;
I cannot abide a talking tailor: let Tom
(He is a barber) by his place relate it.
What is't, an office, Tom?

Tho. Newly erected
Here in the house, almost on the same
floor,
Where all the news of all sorts shall be
brought,
And there be examined, and then registered,
And so be issued under the seal of the
office
As Staple News; no other news be current.

¹ *Says his suit.*] Tries it on. Thus Evadne
in the *Rebellion*. "I wonder why the tailor
makes gowns so imperfect, that they need so
many *says f*."—[*Sec vol. i. p. 112 a.*]

P. jun. Fore me, thou speak'st of a
brave business, Tom.

Fash. Nay, if you knew the brain that
hatched it, sir—

P. jun. I know thee well enough: give
him a loaf, Tom;²
Quiet his mouth, that oven will be venting
else.

Proceed—

Tho. He tells you true, sir; Master
Cymbal

Is master of the office, he projected it,
He lies here, in the house; and the great
rooms

He has taken for the office, and set up
His desks and classes, tables, and
shelves.

Fash. He is my customer, and a wit, sir,
too.

But he has brave wits under him—

Tho. Yes, four emissaries.

P. jun. Emissaries? stay, there's a fine
new word, Tom;

Pray God it signify anything! what are
emissaries?

Tho. Men employed outward, that are
sent abroad

To fetch in the commodity.

Fash. From all regions

Where the best news are made.

Tho. Or vented forth.

Fash. By way of exchange or trade.

P. jun. Nay, thou wilt speak—

Fash. My share, sir, there's enough for
both.

P. jun. Go on then,

Speak all thou canst: methinks the ordi-
naries

Should help them much.

Fash. Sir, they have ordinaries,
And extraordinaries, as many changes
And variations as there are points in the
compass.

Tho. But the four cardinal quarters.

P. jun. Ay, those, Tom—

Tho. The Court, sir, Paul's, Exchange,
and Westminster-hall.

P. jun. Who is the chief? which hath
precedency?

Tho. The governor of the Staple, Mas-
ter Cymbal,

He is the chief; and after him the emis-
saries:

² *Give him a loaf, Tom;*] Again! Our old
writers are never weary of this jest. In the *Re-
bellion*, by Rawlins, allusions to this artophagous
propensity of the tailors occur in almost every
page.

First emissary Court, one Master Fitton,
He is a jeerer too.

P. jun. What's that?

Fash. A wit.

Tho. Or half a wit, some of them are half-wits,

Two to a wit, there are a set of them.

Then Master Ambler, emissary Paul's,

A fine-paced gentleman as you shall see walk

The middle aisle: and then my froy Hans Baz,

A Dutchman; he is emissary Exchange.

Fash. I had thought Master Burst, the merchant, had had it.

Tho. No,

He has a rupture, he has sprung a leak.

Emissary Westminster's undisposed of yet; Then the examiner, register, and two clerks,

They manage all at home, and sort, and file,

And seal the news, and issue them.

P. jun. Tom, dear Tom,

What may my means do for thee? ask and have it,

I'd fain be doing some good: it is my birth-day,

And I would do it betimes, I feel a grudging

Of bounty, and I would not long lie fallow.

I pray thee think and speak, or wish for something.

Tho. I would I had but one of the clerks' places

In this News-office.

P. jun. Thou shalt have it, Tom,

If silver or gold will fetch it; what's the rate?

As what is it set in the market?

Tho. Fifty pound, sir.

P. jun. An'twere a hundred, Tom, thou shalt not want it.

Fash. O, noble master!

[Leaps and embraces him.]

P. jun. How now, Æsop's ass!

Because I play with Tom, must I needs run

Into your rude embraces? stand you still, sir;

Clowns' fawnings are a horse's salutations.—

How dost thou like my suit, Tom?

Tho. Master Fashioner

Has hit your measures, sir, he has moulded you,

And made you, as they say.

Fash. No, no, not I,

I am an ass, old Æsop's ass.

P. jun. Nay, Fashioner,

I can do thee a good turn too; be not musty,

Though thou hast moulded me, as little Tom says:

—I think thou hast put me in mouldy pockets.

[Draws out his pockets.]

Fash. As good,

Right Spanish perfume, the Lady Estifania's;—

They cost twelve pound a pair.

P. jun. Thy bill will say so.

I pray thee tell me, Fashioner, what authors

Thou read'st to help thy invention: Italian prints?

Or arras hangings? they are tailors' libraries.

Fash. I scorn such helps.

P. jun. O! though thou art a silkworm,

And deal'st in satins and velvets, and rich plushes,

Thou canst not spin all forms out of thyself;

They are quite other things: I think this suit

Has made me wittier than I was.

Fash. Believe it, sir,

That clothes do much upon the wit, as weather

Does on the brain; and thence [sir] comes your proverb,

The tailor makes the man: I speak by experience

Of my own customers. I have had gal-lants,

Both court and country, would have fooled you up

In a new suit, with the best wits in being,¹

And kept their speed as long as their clothes lasted

¹ *Would have fooled you up in a new suit, with the best wits in being,* Whalley would read, *followed you up*: but he overlooks the contrast between *fool* and *wit*; and quite mistakes the meaning of the expression which he quotes. He might have learned from Shakspeare that, to play the fool with *dash* *ask* a kind of wit. But Jonson

satirically alludes to the hardihood with which a well-dressed coxcomb will venture to say and do the most extravagant things, on the credit of his clothes. For the rest, to *fool up* is a very common expression in our old writers, and means,—to practise, or humour, any act of folly, to a ridiculous excess.

Handsome and neat; but then as they grew out

At the elbows again, or had a stain or spot,

They have sunk most wretchedly.

P. jun. What thou report'st
Is but the common calamity, and seen daily;

And therefore you've another answering proverb,

A broken sleeve keeps the arm back.

Fash. 'Tis true, sir.

And thence we say that such a one plays at *peep-arm*.

P. jun. Do you so? it is wittily said. I wonder, gentlemen

And men of means will not maintain themselves

Fresher in wit, I mean in clothes, to the highest:

For he that's out of clothes is out of fashion,

And out of fashion is out of countenance,

And out of countenance is out of wit.

Is not rogue haberdasher come?

Enter Haberdasher, Linener, and Hatter and Shoemaker.

Hab. Yes, here, sir.

I have been without this half hour.

P. jun. Give me my hat.

Put on my girdle, rascal: fits my ruff well?

Lin. In print.

P. jun. Slave!

Lin. See yourself.

P. jun. Is this same hat

Of the block-passant? Do not answer me,

I cannot stay for an answer. I do feel
The powers of one and twenty, like a tide,
Flow in upon me, and perceive an heir
Can conjure up all spirits in all circles.
Rogue! rascal! slave! give tradesmen
their true names,

And they appear to him presently.

Lin. For profit.

P. jun. Come, cast my cloke about me,
I'll go see

This office, Tom, and be trimmed afterwards.

I'll put thee in possession, my prime work!

Enter Spurrier.

Ods so, my spurrier! put them on, boys,
quickly;

I had like to have lost my spurs with too
much speed.

Enter Pennyboy Canter, in a patched and ragged cloke, singing.

P. Can. "Good morning to my joy! my
jolly Pennyboy!

The lord, and the prince of plenty!

I come to see what riches thou bearest in
thy breeches,

The first of thy one and twenty.

What, do thy pockets jingle? or shall we
need to mingle

Our strength both of foot and of horse!
These fellows look so eager, as if they

would beleaguer

An heir in the midst of his forces!

I hope they be no sergeants that hang upon
thy margents—

This rogue has the jowl of a jailor!"

P. jun. [*answers in tune.*] "O founder,
no such matter, my spurrier, and my
hatter,

My linen-man, and my tailor."

Thou shouldst have been brought in too,
shoemaker,

If the time had been longer, and Tom
Barber.

How dost thou like my company, old
Canter?

Do I not muster a brave troop, all bill-
men?¹

Present your arms before my founder here.
This is my Founder, the same learned

Canter!

He brought me the first news of my father's
death,

I thank him, and ever since I call him found-
er.

Worship him, boys; I'll read only the
sums,

And pass them straight.

Sho. Now ale—

Rest. And strong ale bless him.

P. jun. Ods so, some ale and sugar for
my founder!

Good bills, sufficient bills, these bills may
pass. [*Puts them in his pockets.*]

¹ All bill-men?

[*Present your arms, &c.*] The old quibble between a tradesman's bill and the weapon of war so called. The word rarely suggests itself to any

of our ancient dramatists without furnishing matter for an equivoke. Instances of it are familiar to every reader. *Time*, which occurs in the line above, is synonymous with *time*.

P. Can. I do not like these paper-squibs, good master.
They may undo your store, I mean, of credit.

And fire your arsenal, if case you do not in time make good those outerworks, your pockets,
And take a garrison in of some two hundred,

To beat those pioneers off, that carry a mine
Would blow you up at last. Secure your casamates.

Here, Master Picklock, sir, your man of law,
And learned attorney, has sent you a bag of munition.

P. jun. [takes the bag.] What is't?

P. Can. Three hundred pieces.

P. jun. I'll dispatch them.

P. Can. Do; I would have your strengths lined and perfumed
With gold as well as amber.

P. jun. God-a-mercy,
Come, ad solvendum, boys! there, there,
and there,
I look on nothing but *totalis*.

[Pays all their bills.]

P. Can. See!
The difference 'twixt the covetous and the prodigal!

The covetous man never has money, and
The prodigal will have none shortly!

[Aside.]

P. jun. Ha,
What says my founder? [they make legs to him.] I thank you, I thank you, sirs.
All God bless your worship, and your worship's Canter!

[Exe. Shoemaker, Linener, Haber, and Hatter.]

P. Can. I say 'tis nobly done, to cherish shopkeepers,
And pay their bills without examining thus.

P. jun. Alas! they have had a pitiful hard time on't,

A long vacation from their cozening.

Poor rascals! I do it out of charity:

I would advance their trade again, and have them

Haste to be rich, swear and forswear wealthily.

What do you stay for, sirrah?

[To the Spurrier.]

Spur. To my box, sir.

P. jun. Your box? why, there's an angel; if my spurs

Be not right Rippon!—

Spur. Give me never a penny

If I strike not thorough your bounty with the rowels.

[Exit.]

P. jun. Dost thou want any money, founder?

P. Can. Who, sir, I?

Did I not tell you I was bred in the mines,
Under Sir Bevis Bullion.

P. jun. That is true,

I quite forgot, you mine-men want no money,

Your streets are paved with't: there the molten silver

Runs out like cream on cakes of gold.

P. Can. And rubies

Do grow like strawberries.

P. jun. 'Twere brave being there!—

Come, Tom, we'll go to the office now.

P. Can. What office?

P. jun. News-office, the News Staple; thou shalt go too;

'Tis here in the house, on the same floor,
Tom says:

Come, founder, let us trade in ale and nutmegs.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Another part of the same.

An outer Room of the Office.

Enter Register and Nathaniel.

Reg. What, are those desks fit now? Set forth the table,

The carpet,² and the chair; where are the news

That were examined last? have you filed them up?

Nath. Not yet, I had no time.

Reg. Are those news registered
That emissary Buz sent in last night,
Of Spinola and his eggs?

Nath. Yes, sir, and filed.

Reg. What are you now upon?

¹ Right Rippon] Rippon (a town in Yorkshire) was famous for the spurs made there. They are mentioned by several of our old writers, and among the rest by Sir W. Davenant. "Whip me with wire, headed with rowels of sharp Rippon spurs."—*The Wits*.

Set forth the table,
The carpet, &c.] The embroidered rug with

which tables were then covered. See vol. i. p. 447 b. "In the fray one of their spurs engaged into a carpet upon which stood a very fair looking-glass, and two noble pieces of porcelain, drew all to the ground, broke the glass," &c.—*Character of England, Haricrian Miscel.* vol. x. p. 189.

Nath. That our new emissary Westminster gave us, of the golden heir.
Reg. Dispatch; that's news indeed, and of importance.—

Enter a Countrywoman.

What would you have, good woman?

Wom. I would have, sir, groatsworth of any news, I care not what,

Reg. O! you are a butter-woman! ask Nathaniel, The clerk there.

Nath. Sir, I tell her she must stay.

Reg. Do, good woman, have patience; It is not now as when the Captain lived.] Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*, which appeared a few months after *The Staple of News*, has a close imitation of this and similar passages:

"*For.* It shall be the ghost of some lying stationer, a spirit shall look as if *butter* would not melt in his mouth; a new *Mercurius-Gallo-Belgicus*.

Cox. O, there was a *captain* was rare at it.

For. Never think of him: though that captain writ a full hand-gallop, and wasted more harmless paper than ever did laxative physic, yet will I make you to out-scribble him."—Act iv. sc. 2.

Not one of the poet's editors appears to have suspected the allusion here, or to have understood the passage. Both Jonson and Fletcher had in view *Nathaniel Butter*, who, if we may trust the present account of him, was bred a stationer, failed in his profession, and betook himself to the compilation of *news* from all quarters. It appears from Mr. Chalmers's inquiries, that he began his labours as early (at least) as 1611, and if he was not the most successful, he was undoubtedly the most indefatigable of all the news-writers of his age. I have seen pamphlets (for such were most of his publications, whether occasional or weekly) by him, of the date of 1634, when he had swelled the firm to Butter and Co., and he probably continued to publish much longer. His foreign news, which is extremely jejune, is merely a bald translation from some of the continental *Mercuries*; when he ventures to add a remark of his own, it is somewhat in the style of old Tiresias or Jeffrey Neve: "What I say will either fall out or not;" so that he was not likely to conciliate much of Jonson's respect.

The verse which mentions the *captain* is a parody of one in poor old *Jeronimo*:

"It is not now as when Andrea lived."

The Captain, of whom I have nothing certain to say, appears to have rivalled Butter in the dissemination of news. In that age the middle aisle of St. Paul's swarmed with disbanded or broken ancients, lieutenants, &c., who, on the strength of having served a few months in the Low Countries, assumed, like *Cavaliero Shift*, an acquaintance with all the great officers in the field, and amused the idle citizens with pretended

To carry down this Saturday to our vicar.

Reg. O! you are a Butter-woman! ask Nathaniel,

The clerk there.

Nath. Sir, I tell her she must stay Till emissary Exchange, or Paul's send in, And then I'll fit her.

Reg. Do, good woman, have patience; It is not now as when the Captain lived.

intelligence from the armies. One of these (the *Captain* of Jonson and Fletcher) seems to have turned his inventive faculties to account, and printed his imaginary correspondence, instead of detailing it *viva voce*. This is all that I can say, but Mr. Weber goes farther. Fletcher, he joins, informs us that the *captain* was the principal writer in the *Mercurius-Gallo-Belgicus*, which was one of the first newspapers that appeared in England.

This gentleman's ignorance is pitiable; but his carelessness deserves the severest reproof. *Gallo-Belgicus* was not a newspaper, nor was it printed in England. If he had turned for information to the history of newspapers given in the *Life of Ruddiman*, instead of the Index in Reed's *Old Plays* (his constant resource), he would have seen the very passage on which he so confidently relies proved to be groundless in every part. With respect to the quotation from Fletcher, it is sufficient to observe that Mr. Weber does not understand a word of it.

But we have not yet done.

"*For.* You know the juggling captain.

Clown. Ay; there's a sure card.

For. Only the foreman of their jury's dead, But he died like a Roman.

Clown. Else 'tis thought

He had made work for the hangman."

"This juggling captain (the editor says) was perhaps the principal writer in the *Mercurius-Gallo-Belgicus*, mentioned above." What, again? "The foreman of the jury probably alludes to the celebrated Banks, whose horse, &c.—the Banks and his horse went abroad, and according

* In the *Great Assizes* (a singular poem, which seems to have escaped Mr. Chalmers), mention is made of a *Captain Rashingham*, a great compiler of news, whose occupation was invaded by a swarm of "paper-wasters," &c.

Who weekly uttered such a mass of lies, Under the specious name of *novelties*,

that the poor captain found his trade overran, and was obliged to betake himself to "plucking tame pigeons" (tricking) for a livelihood.

This was written nearly twenty years after the *Staple of News*; bully Rashingham, therefore, may be too late for the captain of the text: the note, however, will serve to prove that most of this description were commonly engaged in those pursuits. See also the first scene of *Shirley's Love Tricks*.

Nath. You'll blast the reputation of the office
Now in the bud, if you dispatch these
groats
So soon: let them attend, in name of
policy.

*Enter Cymbal and Fitton, introducing
Pennyboy, jun.*

P. jun. In troth they are dainty rooms:
What place is this?

Cym. This is the outer room, where my
clerks sit,

And keep their sides, the register in the
midst;

The examiner, he sits private there
within;

And here I have my several rolls and files
Of news by the alphabet, and all put up
Under their heads.

P. jun. But those too subdivided?

Cym. Into authentical and apocry-
phal—

Fit. Or news of doubtful credit, as
barbers' news—

Cym. And tailors' news, porters', and
watermen's news.

Fit. Whereto, beside the *Coranti*, and
Gazetti—

Cym. I have the news of the season.

Fit. As vacation news,

Term-news, and Christmas-news.

Cym. And news of the faction.

Fit. As the reformed-news; Protestant-
news—

Cym. And pontifical news; of all which
several,

The day-books, characters, precedents are
kept,

Together with the names of special
friends—

Fit. And men of correspondence in the
country.

Cym. Yes, of all ranks, and all re-
ligions.

Fit. Factors and agents—

Cym. Liegers, that lie out

Through all the shires of the kingdom.

P. jun. This is fine,

And bears a brave relation! But what
says

*Mercurius Britannicus*¹ to this?

Cym. O sir, he gains by't half in half.

Fit. Nay more,

I'll stand to't. For where he was wont to
get

In hungry captains, obscure statesmen—

Cym. Fellows

To drink with him in a dark room in a
tavern,

And eat a sausage—

Fit. We have seen it.

Cym. As fain to keep so many politic
pens

Going to feed the press—

Fit. And dish out news,

Were't true or false—

Cym. Now all that charge is saved.

The public chronicler—

Fit. How do you call him there?

Cym. And gentle reader—

Fit. He that has the maidenhead
Of all the books.

Cym. Yes, dedicated to him—

Fit. Or rather prostituted—

P. jun. You are right, sir.

Cym. No more shall be abused; nor
country parsons

Of the inquisition, nor busy justices

Trouble the peace, and both torment
themselves,

And their poor ignorant neighbours, with
enquiries

After the many and most innocent
monsters,

That never came in the counties they were
charged with.

to a vulgar report were both burned at Rome by
order of the Pope, to which the words *died like
a Roman*, seem to allude."—Vol. ix. p. 497. This
stupidity is intolerable. Does Mr. Weber sup-
pose that the Romans were burned to death!
Can anything be plainer than that the *juggling
captain* was one of a gang of cheats, that the
man of the jury, i.e., the most daring of them,
being suspected or seized, died like a Roman,
that is, by his own hand, and thus probably
escaped the gallows! Pity for our great drama-
tists is swallowed up in indignation at the con-
duct of the publishers of their works; who wan-
tonly sacrifice the reputation and glory of the
author, and ask not how well, but how cheaply
a jester by the piece will illustrate manners to

which he is a stranger, in a language which he
does not understand.

¹ *But what says*

Mercurius Britannicus.] A news-journal then
published with that title.—WHAL.

Whalley speaks entirely at random on this
subject. *Mercurius Britannicus* was the assumed
name of the composer of the "journal," or rather
pamphlet, which was called the *Weekly News*.
Who this person was I cannot inform the reader.
He was evidently encouraged by the success of
Butter. There were two writers who subse-
quently joined him, Watts and Bourne;—one of
these might have been his competitor: but this
is merely guesswork.

P. jun. Why, methinks, sir, if the honest common people Will be abused, why should not they have their pleasure,

In the believing lies are made for them ; As you in the office, making them yourselves ?

Fit. O sir ! it is the printing we oppose.

Cym. We not forbid that any news be made,

But that it be printed ; for when news is printed,

It leaves, sir, to be news ; while 'tis but written—

Fit. Tho' it be ne'er so false, it runs news still.

P. jun. See divers men's opinions ! unto some

The very printing of 'em makes them news ;

That have not the heart to believe anything

But what they see in print.

Fit. Ay, that's an error Has abused many ; but we shall reform it, As many things beside (we have a hope), Are crept among the popular abuses.

Cym. Nor shall the stationer cheat upon the time

By buttering o'er again—¹

Fit. Once in seven years,

As the age doats—

Cym. And grows forgetful of them, His antiquated pamphlets with new dates : But all shall come from the mint.

Fit. Fresh and new stamped.

Cym. With the office seal, staple-commodity.

Fit. And if a man will assure his news, he may ;

Twopence a sheet he shall be warranted, And have a policy for it.

P. jun. Sir, I admire

The method of your place ; all things within't

Are so digested, fitted, and composed, As it shews Wit had married Order.

Fit. Sir,

Cym. The best we could to invite the times.

Fit. It has

Cost sweat and freezing.

Cym. And some broken sleeps, Before it came to this.

P. jun. I easily think it.

Fit. But now it has the shape—

Cym. And is come forth—

P. jun. A most polite neat thing, with all the limbs,

As sense can taste !

Cym. It is, sir, though I say it, As well begotten a business, and as fairly Helped to the world.

P. jun. You must be a midwife, sir, Or else the son of a midwife (pray you pardon me)

Have helped it forth so happily !—What news have you ?

News of this morning ? I would fain hear some

Fresh from the forge ; as new as day, as they say.

Cym. And such we have, sir.

Reg. Shew him the last roll,

Of emissary Westminster's, *The heir.*

Enter Barber.

P. jun. Come nearer, Tom !

Nath. " There is a brave young heir Is come of age this morning, Master Penny-boy."

P. jun. That's I ! [Aside.]

Nath. " His father died on this day seven-night."

P. jun. True ! [Aside.]

Nath. " At six o' the clock in the morning, just a week Ere he was one and twenty."

P. jun. I am here, Tom !— Proceed, I pray thee.

Nath. " An old canting beggar Brought him first news, whom he has entertained

To follow him since."

P. jun. Why, you shall see him ;— Founder !

Come in—

Enter Pennyboy Canter.

No follower, but companion : I pray thee put him in friend ; [to Nath.] there's an angel—

Thou dost not know he is a wise old fellow, Though he seem patched thus, and made up of pieces. [Exit Nath.]

¹ Nor shall the stationer cheat upon the time. By buttering o'er again. Here is another allusion to Nathaniel, nor is this the last. I shall not repeat my notice of it, though the

reader will do well to bear it in mind [p. 286]. Jonson had borrowed several passages from himself in this place. See the masques of *News from the New World*, and *Neptune's Triumph*.

Founder, we are in here, in, i' the News-office!

In this day's roll already!—I do muse
How you came by us, sirs.

Cym. One Master Picklock,
A lawyer, that hath purchased here a place
This morning of an emissary under me—
Fit. Emissary Westminster.

Cym. Gave it into the office.

Fit. For his essay, his piece.

P. jun. My man of law!

He's my attorney, and solicitor too!

A fine pragmatic! what is his place worth?

Cym. A *nemo-scit*, sir.

Fit. 'Tis as news come in.

Cym. And as they are issued. I have
the just moiety

For my part: then the other moiety

Is parted into seven: the four emissaries,
Whereof my cousin Fitton here's for Court,

Amblor for Paul's, and Buz for the Ex-
change,

Picklock for Westminster, with the ex-
aminer,

And register, they have full parts: and
then one part

Is under-parted to a couple of clerks.

And there's the just division of the profits.

P. jun. Have you those clerks, sir?

Cym. There is one desk empty,

But it has many suitors.

P. jun. Sir, may I

Present one more, and carry it, if his parts
Or gifts, which you will call them—

Cym. Be sufficient, sir.

P. jun. What are your present clerk's
habilities?

How is he qualified?

Cym. A decayed stationer

He was, but knows news well, can sort and
rank them.

Fit. And for a need can make them.

Cym. True Paul's, bred

In the churchyard.

P. jun. And this at the west door

On the other side; he is my barber, Tom,
A pretty scholar, and a master of arts

Who made, or went out master of arts in a
throne,¹

At the university; as before, one Christmas,
He got into a masque at court, by his

wit,

And the good means of his cittern,² hold-
ing up thus

For one of the music: he's a nimble
fellow,

And alike skilled in every liberal science,

As having certain snaps of all; a neat

Quick vein in forging news too: I do
love him,

And promised him a good turn, and I
would do it.

What is your price? the value?

Cym. Fifty pounds, sir.

P. jun. Get in, Tom, take possession, I
instal thee.

Here, tell your money. Give thee joy,
good Tom!

And let me hear from thee every minute of
news,

While the News Staple stands, or the office
lasts,

Which I do wish may ne'er be less, for thy
sake.

Re-enter Nathaniel.

Nath. The emissaries, sir, would speak
with you

And Master Fitton; they have brought in
news,

Three bale together.

Cym. Sir, you are welcome here.

Fit. So is your creature.

Cym. Business calls us off, sir,

That may concern the office.

P. jun. Keep me fair, sir,

Still in your staple; I am here your
friend,

On the same floor.

Fit. We shall be your servants.

[*Exeunt all but P. jun. and P.*
Cant.

P. jun. How dost thou like it, founder?
P. Can. All is well,

But that your man of law, methinks, ap-
pears not

In his due time. O! here comes master's
worship.

Enter Picklock.

Pick. How does the heir, bright Master
Pennyboy?

Is he awake yet in his one and twenty?—
Why, this is better far than to wear

cypress,

Dull smutting gloves, or melancholy
blacks,

¹ Went out master of arts in a throne, &c.]
i.e., when honorary degrees were conferred, in
testament to some person of high rank, foreign
prince, &c. who visited the University.

² And the good means of his cittern.] "For
you know (says Tom Brown) that a cittern is as
natural to a barber as milk to a calf, or dancing-
bears to a bag-piper."—Vol. iii. p. 74.

And have a pair of twelvepenny broad
ribands,
Laid out like labels.

P. jun. I should have made shift
To have laughed as heartily in my mourner's
hood,

As in this suit, if it had pleased my father
To have been buried with the trumpeters.

Pick. The heralds of arms, you mean.

P. jun. I mean

All noise that is superfluous!

Pick. All that idle pomp

And vanity of a tombstone, your wise
father

Did by his will prevent. Your worship
had—

P. jun. A loving and obedient father of
him,

I know it [I]; a right kind-natured man,
To die so opportunely.

Pick. And to settle

All things so well! compounded for your
wardship

The week afore, and left your state en-
tire,

Without any charge upon't.

P. jun. I must needs say,

I lost an officer of him, a good bailiff,

And I shall want him: but all peace be
with him!

I will not wish him alive again, not I,
For all my fortune. Give your worship
joy

Of your new place, your emissaryship
In the News-office!

Pick. Know you why I bought it, sir.

P. jun. Not I.

Pick. To work for you, and carry a
mine

Against the master of it, Master Cymbal,

Who hath a plot upon a gentlewoman

Was once designed for you, sir,

P. jun. Me?

Pick. Your father,

Old Master Pennyboy, of happy memory,

And wisdom too, as any in the county,

Careful to find out a fit match for you

In his own lifetime (but he was pre-
vented),

Left it in writing in a schedule here,

To be annexed to his will, that you,

His only son, upon his charge and blessing,

Should take due notice of a gentlewoman

Sojourning with your uncle, Richer Penny-
boy.

P. jun. A Cornish gentlewoman; I do
know her,

Mistress Pecunia Do-all.

Pick. A great lady,

Indeed, she is, and not of mortal race,
Infanta of the mines; her grace's grand-
father

Was duke, and cousin to the King of
Ophyr,

The Subterranean. Let that pass. Her
name is,

Or rather her three names are (for such
she is)

Aurelia Clara Pecunia, a great princess,

Of mighty power, though she live in pri-
vate,

With a contracted family! Her se-
cretary—

P. Can. Who is her gentleman-un-
der too.

Pick. One Broker;

And then two gentlewomen, Mistress
Statute

And Mistress Band, with Wax the cham-
bermaid,

And Mother Mortgage the old nurse, two
grooms,

Pawn and his fellow: you have not many
to bribe, sir.

The work is feasible and the approach
easy,

By your own kindred. Now, sir, Cymbal
thinks,

The master here, and governor of the
Staple,

By his fine arts and pomp of his great
place

To draw her! He concludes she is a
woman,

And that so soon as she hears of the new
office,

She'll come to visit it, as they all have
longings

After new sights and motions! But your
bounty,

Person, and bravery must achieve her.

P. Can. She is

The talk o' the time! the adventure of the
age!

Pick. You cannot put yourself upon an
action

Of more importance.

P. Can. All the world are suitors to her.

Pick. All sorts of men and all profes-
sions.

P. Can. You shall have stall-fed doctors,
crammed divines,

Make love to her, and with those studied
And perfumed flatteries, as no room can
stink

More elegant than where they are.

Pick. Well chanted,

Old Canter! thou sing'st true.

P. Can. And, by your leave,
Good master's worship, some of your velvet
coat

Make corpulent curt'sies to her, till they
crack for't.

Pick. There's Doctor Almanac woos
her, one of the jeerers,
A fine physician.

P. Can. Your sea-captain, Shunfield,
Gives out he'll go upon the cannon for her.

Pick. Though his loud mouthing get
him little credit.

P. Can. Young Master Piedmantle, the
fine herald,

Professes to derive her through all ages,
From all the kings and queens that ever were.

Pick. And Master Madrigal, the crowned
poet

Of these our times, doth offer at her
praises

As fair as any, when it shall please Apollo
That wit and rhyme may meet both in one
subject.

P. Can. And you to bear her from all
these, it will be—

Pick. A work of fame.

P. Can. Of honour.

Pick. Celebration.

P. Can. Worthy your name.

Pick. The Pennyboys to live in't.

P. Can. It is an action you were built
for, sir.

Pick. And none but you can do it.

P. Can. I'll undertake it.

P. Can. And carry it.

P. Can. Fear me not; for since I came
Of mature age, I have had a certain itch
In my right eye, this corner here, do you see?
To do some work, and worthy of a chro-
nicle.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mirth. "How now, gossip! how does
the play please you?"

*There was no play without a fool and a
devil in't, &c.* "It was wont," says good Master
John Gub (Coll. Ex.), "when an Enterlude was
to be acted in a country town, the first question
that an habnail'd spectator made before he
would pay his penny to goe in was, *Whether
there be a devile and a foole in the play?* And
if the foole get upon the divell's backe, and
kisse him with his coxcombe till he rore, the
play is complete."—*The Foot out of the Snare*,
p. 11.

This alludes to the old Moralities: the fool or
clown of the new comedy, however, succeeded
to all the celebrity of his predecessor, and was
regarded after with equal impatience. Goffe, a
great admirer of Jonson, has a pleasant passage
in his *Careless Shepherdess*, which enters com-
p. 11.

Cen. Very scurvily, methinks, and suf-
ficiently naught.

Expect. As a body would wish: here's
nothing but a young prodigal come of age,
who makes much of the barber, buys him a
place in a new office, in the air, I know
not where; and his man of law to follow
him, with a beggar to boot, and they two
help him to a wife.

Mirth. Ay, she is a proper piece! that
such creatures can broke for.

Tat. I cannot abide that nasty fellow
the beggar; if he had been a court-beggar
in good clothes, a beggar in velvet, as they
say, I could have endured him.

Mirth. Or a begging scholar in black,
or one of these beggarly poets, gossip,
that could hang upon a young heir like a
horseleech.

Expect. Or a threadbare doctor of physic,
a poor quacksalver.

Cen. Or a sea-captain half-starved.

Mirth. Ay, these were tolerable beggars,
beggars of fashion! you shall see some
such anon.

Tat. I would fain see the fool, gossip;
the fool is the finest man in the company,
they say, and has all the wit: he is the
very justice o' peace of the play, and can
commit whom he will, and what he will,
error, absurdity, as the toy takes him, and
no man say black is his eye, but laugh at him.

Mirth. But they have no fool in this
play, I'm afraid, gossip.

Tat. It is a wise play then!

Expect. They are all fools the rather in
that.

Cen. Like enough.

Tat. My husband, Timothy Tattle, God
rest his poor soul! was wont to say, 'there
was no play without a fool and a devil: in
he was for the devil still, God bless him.
The devil for his money, would he say, I

pletely into Mistress Tattle's idea of the sub-
ject:

"Why, I would have the fool in every act,
Be it comedy or tragedy. I have laughed
Until I cry'd again, to see what faces
The rogue will make. O, it does me good
To see him hold out's chin, hang down his
hands,
And twirle his bawble: there is never a part
About him but breaks jests.
I had rather hear him leap, or laugh, or cry,
Than hear the gravest speech in all the play.
I never saw *Reade* peeping thro' the curtain,
But ravishing joy entered into my heart."

Emanuel Reade, the person here mentioned, was
one of the original actors in Beaumont and

would fain see the devil. And why would you so fain see the devil? would I say. Because he has horns, wife, and may be a cuckold as well as a devil, he would answer. You are e'en such another! husband, quoth I. Was the Devil ever married? Where do you read the devil was ever so honourable to commit matrimony? The play will tell us that, says he, we'll go see it to-morrow, the *Devil is an Ass*. He is an errant learned man that made it, and can write, they say, and I am foully deceived but he can read too.

Mirth. I remember it, gossip, I went with you; by the same token Mistress Trouble-truth dissuaded us, and told us he was a profane poet, and all his plays had devils in them; that he kept school upon the stage, could conjure there, above the school of Westminster, and Doctor Lamb¹ too: not a play he made but had a devil in it; and that he would learn us all to make our husbands cuckolds at plays: by another token, that a young married wife in the company said she could find in her heart to steal thither, and see a little of the vanity through her mask, and come practise at home.

Tat. O, it was Mistress—

Mirth. Nay, gossip, I name nobody. It may be 'twas myself.

Expect. But was the devil a proper man, gossip?

Mirth. As fine a gentleman of his inches as ever I saw trusted to the stage or anywhere else; and loved the commonwealth as well as ever a patriot of them all: he

would carry away the Vice on his back quick to hell in every play where he came, and reform abuses.

Expect. There was the Devil of Edmonton, no such man, I warrant you.

Sen. The conjurer cozened him with a candle's end;² he was an ass.

Mirth. But there was one Smug, a smith, would have made a horse laugh, and break his halter, as they say.

Tat. O, but the poor man had got a shrewd mischance one day.

Expect. How, gossip?

Tat. He had drest a rogue jade in the morning that had the staggers, and he got such a spice of them himself by noon, as they would not away all the play time, do what he could for his heart.

Mirth. 'Twas his part, gossip; he was to be drunk by his part.

Tat. Say you so? I understood not so much.

Expect. Would we had such another part, and such a man in this play! I hear 'twill be an excellent dull thing.

Sen. Expect, intend it."

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in Pennyboy senior's House.

Enter Pennyboy, sen., Pecunia, Mortgage, Statute, Band, and Broker.

P. sen. Your grace is sad, methinks, and melancholy,

Fletcher's plays: these, however, could have afforded him no scope for the fine acting which gave such delight to the good landlord in Goffe's *Prelude*; and which probably took place in some of Shakespeare's pieces.

¹ Dr. Lamb. He passed for a conjurer with the vulgar, but was an ignorant and impudent impostor. He was indicted at Worcester, 5 Jac. I. for diabolical witchcrafts and enchantments, and at the assizes of the same county, in the following year, for his invocation and entertainment of evil spirits; but for both these judgment was suspended. Convicted of a rape, 21 Jac. I., upon the body of a girl of eleven years old in Southwark, but had interest enough to get the king's pardon. He was pelted by the mob from the Fortune playhouse to the Old Jewry, on the 13th of June, 1628, and died the next morning in the Poultry-compter: one of his eyes being beaten out, and his skull fractured. The rabble were possessed that the doctor dealt with the devil, and assisted the Duke of Buckingham in misleading the king; at which instant the Parliament were making a remonstrance.—WHAL.

² The conjurer cozened him with a candle's end;] This alludes to a story told of Peter Fabel.—When the time for which he had sold his soul was expired, and the devil came to fetch him, he begged permission to live till the taper, then nearly finished, was burnt out: this indulgence being granted to his earnest entreaties, he seized the candle end, and before the devil was aware plunged it into a vessel of holy water. Here it was secure from the devil's clutches, who vanished in great dudgeon, without his errand. In the *Devil of Edmonton*, however, as we now have it, Peter Fabel escapes by a different contrivance.

³ There was one Smug, a smith, would have made a horse laugh, &c.] Smug is a character in this old play. He is, as Mirth says, a thief and a deer-stealer; but it is not easy to guess what particular amusement his part afforded, unless, as the sequel seems to insinuate, the performer was actually intoxicated at the time of representation. Blague, the host, seems to be meant for the principal buffoon of the piece.

You do not look upon me with that face
As you were wont, my goddess, bright
Pecunia!

Although your grace be fallen off two in
the hundred¹

In vulgar estimation; yet am I

Your grace's servant still: and teach this
body

To bend, and these my aged knees to
buckle

In adoration and just worship of you.

Indeed, I do confess I have no shape

To make a minion of, but I am your
martyr,

Your grace's martyr. I can hear the
rogues

As I do walk the streets whisper and point,
There goes old Pennyboy, the slave of
money.

Rich Pennyboy, Lady Pecunia's drudge,

A sordid rascal, one that never made

Good meal in his sleep, but sells the acates
are sent him,²

Fish, fowl, and venison, and preserves
himself,

Like an old hoary rat, with mouldy pie-
crust!

This I do hear, rejoicing I can suffer

This and much more for your good grace's
sake.

Pec. Why do you so, my guardian? I
not bid you:

Cannot my grace be gotten and held too
Without your self-tormentings and your
watches,

Your macerating of your body thus,
With cares and scantings of your diet and
rest?

P. sen. O no, your services, my princely
lady,

Cannot with too much zeal of rites be done,
They are so sacred.

Pec. But my reputation

May suffer, and the worship of my family,
When by so servile means they both are
sought.

P. sen. You are a noble, young, free,
gracious lady,

And would be everybody's in your bounty,
But you must not be so. They are a few

That know your merit, lady, and can
value it.

Yourself scarce understands your proper
powers,

They are all-mighty, and that we, your
servants,

That have the honour here to stand so
near you,

Know and can use too. All this nether
world³

Is yours, you command it and do sway it;
The honour of it, and the honesty,

The reputation, ay, and the religion
(I was about to say, and had not erred),

Is Queen Pecunia's: for that style is
yours,

If mortals knew your grace or their own
good.

Mor. Please your grace to retire.

Band. I fear your grace

Hath ta'en too much of the sharp air.

Pec. O no!

I could endure to take a great deal more
(And with my constitution) were it left

Unto my choice; what think you of it,
Statute?

*Omnis enim res,
Virtus, fama, decus, divina humanaque
pulchris
Divitiis parent.*—Hor. l. ii. sat. 3.

And again:

*Fidemque et amicos,
Et genus, et formam, Regina Pecunia
donat.*—Lib. i. ep. 6.

But Jonson has an eye constantly on Aristophanes, and has introduced various allusions to the highly humorous scene in which Chremylus and his servant let Plutus into the secret of his own importance:

Xp. ὥστε του Διός
Την δυνάμιν, ἣν λυπητέ, καταλύσεις μόνος.

Πλ. Τι λέγεις; δι' ἐμε θυοῦσιν αὐτῷ;

Xp. Φημι· ἔγω.

Και ἢ δι' εἰ τι γ' ἐστὶ λαμπρὸν καὶ καλόν,

ἢ χάριν ἀνθρώποισι, διασεγίγνεται.

Ἄπαντα τῷ πλουτεῖν γὰρ ἐστ' ὑπηκόα. κ. τ. λ.

V. 145.

¹ Although your grace be fallen off two in the hundred, &c.] The rate of interest was fixed, by a law passed in the thirty-seventh year of Hen. VIII. and confirmed in the thirteenth of Elizabeth, to ten per cent. per annum; but by the statute of the twenty-first of James (the year before this play appeared), it was reduced to eight. This was a grievous affliction to the Pennyboys (misers) of the time, and to this the poet here and elsewhere alludes.

² Sells the acates are sent him, Fish, fowl, and venison, and preserves himself

With mouldy pie-crust!] Pope has very happily transferred this (for he did not find it in Jonson) to the character of Avidienus, whom, the Pennyboy, he makes to

Sell his presented partridges and fruits, And humbly live on rabbits and on roots."

Sta. A little now and then does well,
and keeps
Your grace in your complexion.

Band. And true temper.

Mor. But too much, madam, may increase cold rheums,
Nourish catarrhs, green sicknesses, and
agues,
And put you in consumption.

P. sen. Best to take
Advice of your grave women, noble madam,
They know the state of your body, and
have studied
Your grace's health.

Band. And honour. Here'll be visitants
Or suitors by and by; and 'tis not fit
They find you here.

Sta. 'Twill make your grace too cheap
To give them audience presently.

Mor. Leave your secretary
To answer them.

Pec. Wait you here, broker.

Bro. I shall, madam,

[*Exeunt all but Broker.*]

And do your grace's trusts with diligence.

Enter Piedmantle.

Pie. What luck is this? I am come an
inch too late!
Do you hear, sir! is your worship of the
family

Unto the Lady Pecunia?

Bro. I serve her grace, sir,
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, the Infanta.

Pie. Has she all those titles and her
grace besides?

I must correct that ignorance and over-
sight

Before I do present. Sir, I have drawn
A pedigree for her grace, though yet a
novice

In that so noble study.

Bro. A herald at arms?

Pie. No, sir, a pursuivant, my name is
Piedmantle.

Bro. Good Master Piedmantle.

Pie. I have deduced her—

Bro. From all the Spanish mines in the
West Indies,

I hope; for she comes that way by her
mother,

But by her grandmother she is duchess of
mines.

Pie. From man's creation I have brought
her.

Bro. No farther!

Before, sir, long before, you have done
nothing, else;

Your mines were before Adam, search your
office,

Roll five and twenty, you will find it so.
I see you are but a novice, Master Pied-
mantle,

If you had not told me so.

Pie. Sir, an apprentice
In armory. I have read the Elements,
And Accidence, and all the leading books.
And I have now upon me a great ambition
How to be brought to her grace, to kiss
her hands.

Bro. Why, if you have acquaintance
with Mistress Statute,
Or Mistress Band, my lady's gentlewoman,
They can induce you. One is a judge's
daughter,

But somewhat stately; the other, Mistress
Band,

Her father's but a scrivener, but she can
Almost as much with my lady as the other.
Especially if Rose Wax the chambermaid
Be willing. Do you not know her, sir,
neither?

Pie. No, in troth, sir.

Bro. She's a good pliant wench,
And easy to be wrought, sir; but the nurse,
Old Mother Mortgage, if you have a testi-
ment,

Or such a morsel, though she have no
teeth

She loves a sweetmeat, anything that
melts

In her warm gums, she could command it
for you

On such a trifle, a toy. Sir, you may see
How for your love and this so pure com-
plexion

(A perfect sanguine) I have ventured that
The straining of a ward, opening a door
Into the secrets of our family.

Pie. I pray you let me know, sir, unto
whom

I am so much beholden; but your name.

Bro. My name is Broker; I am secretary
And usher to her grace.

Pie. Good Master Broker!

Bro. Good Master Piedmantle!

Pie. Why, you could do me,
If you would now, this favour of yourself.

Bro. Truly I think I could; but if I
would

I hardly should without, or Mistress Band.

1 I have read the Elements,
And Accidence, and all the leading books.
The Elements of Armory, by Edm. Bulmer,
printed in 1610. And the Accidence of Ar-
morye, by Leigh, printed in 1562.—W.H.A.

Or Mistress Statute please to appear in it ;
Or the good nurse I told you of, Mistress
Mortgage.

We know our places here, we mingle not
One in another's sphere, but all move
orderly

In our own orbs ; yet we are all concen-
trics.

Pie. Well, sir, I'll wait a better season.

Bro. Do, [*Makes a mouth at him.*]
And study the right means ; get Mistress
Band

To urge on your behalf, or little Wax.

Pie. I have a hope, sir, that I may by
chance

Light on her grace as she is taking the air.

Bro. That air of hope has blasted many
an airy

Of castrils like yourself, good Master Pied-
mantle. [*Exit Piedmantle.*]

P. sen. [*springs forward.*] Well said,
master secretary, I stood behind

And heard thee all. I honour thy dis-
patches.

If they be rude, untrained in our method,
And have not studied the rule, dismiss
them quickly.

Where's Lickfinger, my cook, that unctuous
rascal ?

He'll never keep his hour, that vessel of
kitchen-stuff !

Enter Lickfinger.

Bro. Here he is come, sir.

P. sen. Pox upon him, kidney.

Always too late !

Lick. To wish them you, I confess,

That have them already.

P. sen. What ?

Lick. The pox !

P. sen. The piles,

The plague, and all diseases light on him

Knows not to keep his word ! I'd keep my
word, sure ;

I hate that man that will not keep his
word.

When did I break my word ?

Lick. Or I till now ?

And tis but half an hour.

P. sen. Half a year

To me, that stand upon a minute of time :

I am a just man, I love still to be just.

Lick. Why, you think I can run like
lightfoot Ralph,

Or keep a wheelbarrow with a sail in town
here

To whirl me to you. I have lost two stone

Of meat in the service, posting hither :

You might have followed me like a water-
ing-pot,

And seen the knots I made along the
street ;

My face dropt like the skimmer in a fritter-
pan,

And my whole body is yet, to say the
truth,

A roasted pound of butter, with grated
bread in't !

P. sen. Believe you he that list ; you staid
of purpose

To have my vension stink, and my fowl
mortified,

That you might have them——

Lick. A shilling or two cheaper !

That is your jealousy.

P. sen. Perhaps it is.

Will you go in, and view, and value all ?

Yonder is venison sent me, fowl, and fish,

In such abundance I am sick to see it ;

I wonder what they mean ! I have told
them of it !

To burden a weak stomach and provoke
A dying appetite ! thrust a sin upon me

I ne'er was guilty of ! nothing but gluttony,

Gross gluttony, that will undo this land !

Lick. And bating two in the hundred.

P. sen. Ay, that same's

A crying sin, a fearful damned device,

Eats up the poor, devours them——

Lick. Sir, take heed

What you give out.

P. sen. Against your grave great Solons,

Numæ Pompilii, they that made that law,

To take away the poor's inheritance !

It was their portion, I will stand to it ;

And they have robbed them of it, plainly

robbed them.

I still am a just man, I tell the truth.

When moneys went at ten in the hun-
dred, I,

And such as I, the servants of Pecunia,

Could spare the poor two out of ten, and

did it :

How say you, Broker ?

Lick. Ask your echo !

Bro. You did it.

P. sen. I am for justice ; when did I

leave justice ?

We knew 'twas theirs, they had right and

title to't :

Now——

Lick. You can spare them nothing.

P. sen. Very little.

Lick. As good as nothing.

P. sen. They have bound our hands

With their wise solemn act, shortened our

arms.

Lick. Beware those worshipful ears, sir,
be not shortened,
And you play Crop in the Fleet, if you use
this licence.

P. sen. What licence, knave, informer?

Lick. I am Lickfinger,
Your cook.

P. sen. A saucy Jack you are, that's once.
What said I, Broker?

Bro. Nothing that I heard, sir.

Lick. I know his gift, he can be deaf
when he list.

P. sen. Have you provided me my bushel
of eggs

I did bespeak? I do not care how stale
Or stinking that they be; let 'em be rotten:
For ammunition here to pelt the boys
That break my windows.

Lick. Yes, sir, I have spared them
Out of the custard-politic for you, the
mayor's.¹

P. sen. 'Tis well; go in, take hence all
that excess,
Make what you can of it, your best; and when
I have friends that I invite at home, pro-
vide me

Such, such, and such a dish, as I bespeak;
One at a time, no superfluity.
Or if you have it not, return me money:
You know my ways.²

Lick. They are a little crooked.

P. sen. How, knave?

Lick. Because you do indent.

P. sen. 'Tis true, sir,

I do indent you shall return me money.

Lick. Rather than meat, I know it; you
are just still.

P. sen. I love it still; and therefore if
you spend

The red-deer pies in your house, or sell
them forth, sir,

Cast so that I may have their coffins all
Returned here,³ and piled up: I would be
thought

To keep some kind of house.

Lick. By the mouldy signs!

P. sen. And then remember meat for
my two dogs:

Fat flats of mutton, kidneys, rumps of
veal,

Good plenteous scraps; my maid shall eat
the relics.

Lick. When you and your dogs have
dined! a sweet reversion.

P. sen. Who's here? my courtier and my
little doctor?

My muster-master? And what plover's
that

They have brought to pull?

Bro. I know not, some green plover.
I'll find him out.

Enter Fitton, Almanac, Shunfield, and
Madriral.

P. sen. Do, for I know the rest:

They are the jeerers, mocking, flouting
Jacks.

Fit. How now, old Moneybawd! We
are come—

P. sen. To jeer me,
As you were wont; I know you.

Alm. No, to give thee
Some good security, and see Pecunia.

P. sen. What is't?

Fit. Ourselves.

Alm. We'll be one bound for another.

Fit. This noble doctor here.

Alm. This worthy courtier.

Fit. This man of war, he was our muster-
master.

Alm. But a sea-captain now, brave Cap-
tain Shunfield.

[*P. sen.* holds up his nose.

Shun. You snuff the air now, has the
scent displeased you?

Fit. Thou need'st not fear him, man, his
credit is sound.

Alm. And seasoned too, since he took
salt at sea.

¹ *The custard-politic*] i.e., the huge custard
prepared for the Lord Mayor's feast. See
p. 215 a.

² *You know my ways.*

Lick. *They are a little crooked—*

Because you do indent.] A pun upon the
old meaning of the law word *indentare* (~~~~~),
to make an impression on the wax of the seal
with the teeth, which, before writing was com-
mon, Cowel tells us, was the mode of testifying
the execution of covenants, deeds, &c.

³ *Cast so that I may have their coffins all*

Returned here,] i.e., the raised crust, or
cavities of the pies. The word is familiar in this

sense to all our old writers. One instance of it
is given in vol. i. p. 61:

"Cold as the turkies *coffined* up in crust,"

which will be thought sufficient perhaps to em-
plify so common an expression.

It may be added, however, that this word,
coffin, was in ill repute under Elizabeth. The
good queen, as the call for one to incline the
dearest morsel of the earth became more press-
ing, grew more solicitous to exclude all thought
of it. "She would chide her lords if they men-
tioned the *coffin* of a pie before her, and would
make them say *crust*, for she loved not words of
sad omen."

P. sen. I do not love pickled security;
Would I had one good freshman in for
all:

For truth is, you three stink.

Shun. You are a rogue.

P. sen. I think I am; but I will lend no
money

On that security, captain.

Alm. Here's a gentleman,

A fresh-man in the world, one Master Ma-
drigal.

Fit. Of an untainted credit; what say
you to him?

[*Exit Madrigal with Broker.*

Shun. He's gone, methinks; where is
he?—Madrigal!

P. sen. He has an odd singing name:
is he an heir?

Fit. An heir to a fair fortune.

Alm. And full hopes:

A dainty scholar, and a pretty poet!

P. sen. You have said enough. I have
no money, gentlemen,

As he go to 't in rhyme once, not a penny.
[*He snuffs again.*

Shun. Why, he's of years, though he
have little beard.

P. sen. His beard has time to grow: I
have no money.

Let him still dabble in poetry. No Pecunia
is to be seen.

Alm. Come, thou lov'st to be costive
Still in thy courtesy; but I have a pill,

A golden pill, to purge away this melancholy.

Shun. 'Tis nothing but his keeping of
the house here,

With his two drowsy dogs.

Fit. A drench of sack

At a good tavern, and a fine fresh pullet
Would cure him.

Lick. Nothing but a young heir in white-
broth;

I know his diet better than the doctor.

Shun. What, Lickfinger, mine old host
of Ram-alley!

You have some market here.

¹ Mine old host of Ram-alley.] This alley,
which leads from Fleet-street into the Temple,
was in Jonson's time principally inhabited by
cooks and victuallers. Thus in the old drama
of that name:

"What though Ram-alley stinks with cooks
and ale," &c.

² Alm. O, the only oracle
That ever peeped or spake out of a doublet!]
The allusion is to the heathen priests, who were
εὐφημοί, or had the art of keeping their
face within, as if the demon spoke in their belly.

Alm. Some dosser of fish
Or fowl to fetch off.

Fit. An odd bargain of venison
To drive.

P. sen. Will you go in, knave?

Lick. I must needs,

You see who drives me, gentlemen.

[*P. sen. thrusts him in.*

Alm. Not the Devil.

Fit. He may in time, he is his agent
now.

P. sen. You are all cogging Jacks, a
covey of wits,

The jeerers, that still call together at meals,
Or rather an airy; for you are birds of
prey,

And fly at all; nothing's too big or high
for you;

And are so truly feared, but not beloved

One of another, as no one dares break

Company from the rest, lest they should
fall

Upon him absent.

Alm. O, the only oracle

That ever peeped or spake out of a dou-
blet!

Shun. How the rogue stinks! worse than
a fishmonger's sleeves.³

Fit. Or currier's hands.

Shun. And such a parboiled visage!

Fit. His face looks like a dyer's apron,
just.

Alm. A sodden head, and his whole
brain a posset-curd.

P. sen. Ay, now you jeer, jeer on; I have
no money.

Alm. I wonder what religion he is of.

Fit. No certain species, sure: a kind of
mule,

That's half an ethnic, half a Christian!

P. sen. I have no money, gentlemen.

Shun. This stock,

He has no sense of any virtue, honour,

Gentry, or merit.

P. sen. You say very right,

My meritorious captain, as I take it,

There is an allusion to this in the prophet
Isaiah: "And when they shall say unto you,
seek unto them who have familiar spirits, and
unto wizards that *peep* and that mutter," viii. 19.

—*What.*

Instead of *peep*, Lowth has *speak inwardly*.

³ Worse than a fishmonger's sleeves.] This
reproach is of no modern date. The reader re-
members the spiteful reflection on Horace,
whose father is supposed by some to have been
a dealer in fish; *Quoties ego vidi patrem tuum
brachio se emungentem?*

Merit will keep no house, nor pay no house-rent.

Will Mistress Merit go to market, think you,

Set on the pot or feed the family?

Will gentry clear with the butcher, or the baker,

Fetch in a pheasant, or a brace of partridges,

From good-wife poulter for my lady's supper?

Fit. See this pure rogue!

P. sen. This rogue has money though; My worshipful brave courtier has no money;

No, nor my valiant captain.

Shun. Hang you, rascal!

P. sen. Nor you, my learned doctor. I loved you

While you did hold your practice, and kill tripe-wives,

And kept you to your urinal; but since your thumbs

Have greased the Ephemerides, casting figures,

And turning over for your candle-rents,

And your twelve houses in the zodiac,

With your almutens, alma-cantaras,

Troth you shall cant alone for Pennyboy.

Shun. I told you what we should find him, a mere bawd.

Fit. A rogue, a cheater.

P. sen. What you please, gentlemen:

I am of that humble nature and condition

Never to mind your worships, or take notice

Of what you throw away thus. I keep house here,

Like a lame cobbler, never out of doors,

With my two dogs, my friends; and as you say,

Drive a quick pretty trade still. I get money:

And as for titles, be they rogue or rascal,

Or what your worships fancy, let them pass

As transitory things; they are mine to-day

And yours to-morrow.

Alm. Hang thee, dog!

Shun. Thou cur!

P. sen. You see how I do blush and am ashamed

Of these large attributes! yet you have no money.

Alm. Well, wolf, hyena, you old pocky rascal,

You will have the hernia fall down again Into your scrotum, and I shall be sent for:

I will remember then that, and your fistula

In ano I cured you of.

P. sen. Thank your dog-leech craft! They were wholesome piles afore you mended with them.

Alm. What an ungrateful wretch is this!

Shun. He minds A courtesy no more than London bridge

What arch was mended last.¹

Fit. He never thinks, More than a log, of any grace at court

A man may do him; or that such a lord Reached him his hand.

P. sen. O yes! if grace would strike The brewer's tally, or my good lord's hand

Would quit the scores; but, sir, they will not do it.

Here is a piece, my good Lord Piece doth all;

Goes to the butcher's, fetches in a mutton;

Then to the baker's, brings in bread, makes fires,

Gets wine, and does more real courtesies Than all my lords I know: my sweet Lord Piece!

[*Holds up a piece of gold.* You are my lord, the rest are coggings

Jacks, Under the rose.

Shun. Rogue, I could beat you now.

P. sen. True, captain, if you durst beat any other,

I should believe you; but indeed you are hungry;

You are not angry, captain, if I know you Aright, good captain. No Pecunia

Is to be seen, though Mistress Band would speak,

Or little blushest Wax be ne'er so easy;

I'll stop mine ears with her against the Syrens,

1

*He minds**A courtesy no more than London bridge*

What arch was mended last.] Two hundred years have nearly elapsed since this was written, and the observation still holds [1816]. This pernicious structure has wasted more money in perpetual repairs than would have sufficed to build

a dozen safe and commodious bridges, and cost the lives perhaps of as many thousand people. This may seem little to those whom it concerns—but there is blood on the city, and a heavy account is before them. Had an alderman or a turtle been lost there, the nuisance would have been long since removed.

Court, and philosophy. God be wi' you, gentlemen!

Provide you better names, Pecunia is for you. *[Exit.]*

Fit. What a damned harpy it is! Where's Madrigal?

Is he sneaked hence?

Shun. Here he comes with Broker, Pecunia's secretary.

Re-enter Madrigal and Broker.

Alm. He may do some good With him perhaps. — Where have you been, Madrigal?

Mad. Above with my lady's women, reading verses.

Fit. That was a favour. — Good morrow, master secretary!

Shun. Good morrow, master usher!

Alm. Sir, by both Your worshipful titles and your name, Mas Broker,

Good morrow!

Mad. I did ask him if he were Amphibion Broker.

Shun. Why?

Mad. A creature of two natures, Because he has two offices.

Bro. You may jeer, You have the wits, young gentlemen: but your hope

Of Helicon will never carry it here With our fat family; we have the dullest, Most unbored ears for verse amongst our females!

I grieved you read so long, sir; old nurse Mortgage

She snored in the chair, and Statute, if you marked her,

Fell fast asleep, and Mistress Band she nodded,

But not with any consent to what you read.

They must have somewhat else to chink than rhymes.

If you could make an epitaph on your land, (Imagine it on departure), such a poem

Would wake them, and bring Wax to her true temper.

Mad. I' faith, sir, and I'll try.

Bro. It is but earth

Fit to make bricks and tiles of.

Shun. Pox upon't,

'Tis but for pots, or pipkins at the best.

If it would keep us in good tobacco-pipes—

Bro. It were worth keeping.

Fit. Or in porcelain dishes, There were some hope.

Alm. But this is a hungry soil, And must be helped.

Fit. Who would hold any land, To have the trouble to marl it?

Shun. Not a gentleman.

Bro. Let clowns and hinds affect it that love ploughs,

And carts and harrows, and are busy still In vexing the dull element.

Alm. Our sweet songster

Shall rarify 't into air.

Fit. And you, Mas Broker, Shall have a feeling.

Bro. So it supple, sir, The nerves.

Mad. O, it shall be palpable, Make thee run thorough a hoop or a thumb-ring,

The nose of a tobacco-pipe, and draw Thy ductile bones out like a knitting-needle,

To serve my subtle turns.

Bro. I shall obey, sir, And run a thread like an hour-glass.

Re-enter Pennyboy, sen.

P. sen. Where is Broker?

Are not these flies gone yet? Pray quit my house,

I'll smoke you out else.

Fit. O the prodigal!

Will you be at so much charge with us, and loss?

Mad. I've heard you have offered, sir, to lock up smoke,¹

The *Aulularia* was a great favourite with Jonson, who has more obligations to it than Whalley was probably aware of. Fitton's *jeers* are from the same source as Madrigal's:

"*Pumex non aque est aridus, atque hic est senex, Aquam hercle florat, quam lavat, profundere:*

Quin ipsi pridem tonsor unguis demserat, Collegit," &c.—Act ii. sc. 4.

¹ *Mad.* I've heard you have offered, sir, to lock up smoke.] This, with what follows, is improved with true comic humour from the subsequent passage in the *Aulularia*, of Plautus:

"*Quin Divam atque hominum clamat continuo fidem, Deus sigillo fumus si qua exit foras. Quis, quum it dormitum, follem obstringit ob gulam.*"—*WHAL.*

And calk your windows, spar up all your doors,¹

Thinking to keep it a close prisoner with you,

And wept when it went out, sir, at your chimney.

Fit. And yet his eyes were drier than a pumice.

Shun. A wretched rascal, that will bind about

The nose of his bellows, lest the wind get out

When he's abroad.

Alm. Sweeps down no cobwebs here, But sells them for cut fingers; and the spiders,

As creatures reared of dust, and cost him nothing,

To fat old ladies' monkeys.

Fit. He has offered To gather up spilt water, and preserve Each hair falls from him, to stop balls withal.

Shun. A slave, and an idolater to Pecunia!

P. sen. You all have happy memories, gentlemen,

In rocking my poor cradle. I remember too, When you had lands and credit, worship, friends,

Ay, and could give security! now you have none,

Or will have none right shortly. This can time,

And the vicissitude of things! I have All these, and money too, and do possess them,

And am right heartily glad of all our memories,

And both the changes.

Fit. Let us leave the viper.

[*Exeunt all but P. sen. and Broker.*]

P. sen. He's glad he is rid of his torture, and so soon.—

Broker, come hither; up, and tell your lady

She must be ready presently, and Statute, Band, Mortgage, Wax: my prodigal young kinsman

Will straight be here to see her; top of our house,

The flourishing and flaunting Pennyboy! We were but three of us in all the world,

My brother Francis, whom they called Frank Pennyboy,

Father to this; he's dead: this Pennyboy Is now the heir! I, Richer Pennyboy,

Not Richard, but old Harry Pennyboy, And, to make rhyme, close, wary Pennyboy,

I shall have all at last, my hopes do tell me.

Go, see all ready; and where my dogs have faulted,

Remove it with a broom, and sweeten all With a slice of juniper, not too much, but sparing,

We may be faulty ourselves else, and turn prodigal,

In entertaining of the prodigal.

[*Exit Broker.*]

Here he is, and with him—what? a clapper-dudgeon!²

¹ Spar up all your doors,] i.e., bar or bolt them. The word is still in use.

² What? a clapper-dudgeon! A clapper-dudgeon, the *Canting Dictionary* informs us, is "a thoroughbred beggar, a beggar born of a beggar."

In the *Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Jacomo says,

"Though I am plain and dudgeon, I would not be an ass; and to sell parcels, I can as soon be hanged."

Dudgeon, as the last commentator assures us, "occurs here in a very unusual manner," vol. ix. 162. If this jargon means in a very unusual sense, Mr. Weber is mistaken. The word occurs in a very common sense. "It probably means," he adds, "a fighting man." It means no such thing. Applied to persons it means, as in the text, coarse, rude, blunt, inelegant. But this is not all; "a dudgeon (he says) was a particular kind of dagger, as the commentators on Shakspeare have proved by many quotations, though they have overlooked Cotgrave's simple

interpretation of *dague à roëlles*, "a Scottish dagger, or dudgeon-haft dagger!"

It is somewhat remarkable that Mr. Weber should charge the commentators with having overlooked this simple interpretation, as he is pleased to call it, when he had himself but just before copied it verbatim from one of them. On the meaning of *dague à roëlles*, he has not, I will venture to affirm, the slightest idea. It may not be amiss, therefore, to add a few words in explanation of an expression thus idly transferred from volume to volume.

Whoever has looked into our old plays must have noticed the laudable pains taken by their editors to account for the facility with which the heroines of them produce daggers upon all occasions. In the case of Juliet (for example), Mr. Steevens supposes that she was furnished with one as a bride; while Mr. Malone, who finds her in possession of it before the bridal robes were on, conjectures that she secretly procured it "immediately after her father had threatened to force her to marry Paris." It so happens (no uncommon case) that both these

That's a good sign, to have the beggar follow him
So near at his first entry into fortune.

Enter Pennyboy, jun., Pennyboy Canter, and Picklock.¹

P. jun. How now, old uncle? I am come to see thee,

And the brave lady here, the daughter of Ophir,

They say thou keep'st.

P. sen. Sweet nephew, if she were The daughter of the Sun, she's at your service,

And so am I, and the whole family,

Worshipful nephew.

P. jun. Sayst thou so, dear uncle!

Welcome my friends then: here is Domine Picklock,

My man of law, solicits all my causes, Follows my business, makes and compounds my quarrels

Between my tenants and me; sows all my strifes,

And reaps them too; troubles the country for me,

And vexes any neighbour that I please.

P. sen. But with commission?

P. jun. Under my hand and seal.

P. sen. A worshipful place!

Pick. I thank his worship for it.

P. sen. But what is this old gentleman?

P. Can. A rogue,

A very canter, I, sir, one that maunds

Upon the pad:² we should be brothers though;

gentlemen are wrong. Daggers, or as they were more commonly called, knives, were worn at all times by every woman in England—whether they were so in Italy, Shakspeare, I believe, never inquired, and I cannot tell. In the haft of this universal appendage (for men also wore them), there was of course much variety. The humblest was that *à roilles*, a plain piece of wood with an orbicular rim of iron for a guard: the next in degree was the *dudgeon*, in which the wood was gouged out in crooked channels, like what is now, and perhaps was then, called *snail-creeper*. It is needless to speak of steel, silver, amber, and gold hafted daggers; but the reader who knows how ambitious our ancestors were of finery, will easily conceive by what process *dudgeon* (wooden) came to be used as a term of contempt, and from a simple characteristic of poverty to be frequently employed in denoting the meaner passions.

To return to Jonson. A *clapper-dudgeon* familiarly signifies one who claps his wooden dish at the door for broken meat, &c., as was once the practice.

For you are near as wretched as myself, You dare not use your money, and I have none.

P. sen. Not use my money, coggling Jack! who uses it

At better rates, lets it for more in the hundred

Than I do, sirrah?

P. jun. Be not angry, uncle.

P. sen. What! to disgrace me with my queen, as if

I did not know her value.

P. Can. Sir, I meant

You durst not to enjoy it.

P. sen. Hold your peace,

You are a Jack.

P. jun. Uncle, he shall be a John,

An you go to that; as good a man as you are:

And I can make him so, a better man;

Perhaps I will too. Come, let us go.

[*Going.*

P. sen. Nay, kinsman,

My worshipful kinsman, and the top of our house,

Do not your penitent uncle that affront, For a rash word, to leave his joyful threshold,

Before you see the lady that you long for, The Venus of the time and state, Pecunia!

I do perceive your bounty loves the man, For some concealed virtue that he hides

Under those rags.

P. Can. I owe my happiness to him,

The waiting on his worship, since I brought him

The happy news welcome to all young heirs.

I should blush at the length of this note were it not that I have grown old in the love of the great masters of the English tongue, and think no pains ill bestowed in seeking to rescue them from the united attacks of ignorance and temerity.

¹ After this there occurs a marginal note, taken with the rest of this play from the bookholder's copy. *Broker, Pecunia, Statute, Band, Wax, and Mortgage, hid in the study;* which is evidently the prompter's call on the actors required for the ensuing scene.

² A rogue,

A very canter, I, sir, one that maunds

Upon the pad:] *Rogue* is used here in its more ancient sense of confirmed or sturdy vagrant. *Canter* has precisely the same meaning. "*Cant, or canting,*" says a sensible old writer, "is a term by which we do usually express the gibberish of beggars and vagabonds." To *maund on the pad* is to beg on the highway—somewhat, I believe, after the impressive manner of Gil Blas' disabled soldier.

P. jun. Thou didst indeed, for which I thank thee yet.
Your fortunate princess, uncle, is long a coming.

P. Can. She is not rigged, sir; setting forth some lady
Will cost as much as furnishing a fleet.—
Here she is come at last, and like a galley
Gilt in the prow.

Enter Pecunia in state, attended by Broker, Statute, Band, Wax, and Mortgage.

P. jun. Is this Pecunia?

P. sen. Vouchsafe my toward kinsman, gracious madam,
The favour of your hand.

Pec. Nay, of my lips, sir, [*Kisses him.*]
To him.

P. jun. She kisses like a mortal creature. [*Aside.*]

Almighty madam, I have longed to see you.

Pec. And I have my desire, sir, to behold

That youth and shape which in my dreams and wakes

I have so oft contemplated, and felt
Warm in my veins, and native as my blood.

When I was told of your arrival here,
I felt my heart beat as it would leap out
In speech; and all my face it was a flame:

But how it came to pass I do not know.

P. jun. O, beauty loves to be more proud than nature,

That made you blush. I cannot satisfy
My curious eyes, by which alone I am happy,

In my beholding you. [*Kisses her.*]

P. Can. They pass the compliment
Prettily well.

Pick. Ay, he does kiss her, I like him.

P. jun. My passion was clear contrary,
and doubtful,

I shook for fear, and yet I danced for joy,
I had such motions as the sunbeams make

Against a wall,¹ or playing on a water,
Or trembling vapour of a boiling pot—

P. sen. That's not so good; it should have been a crucible

With molten metal, she had understood it.

P. jun. I cannot talk, but I can love you, madam:

Are these your gentlewomen? I love them too. [*Kisses them.*]

And which is Mistress Statute? Mistress Band?

They all kiss close, the last stuck to my lips.

Bro. It was my lady's chambermaid, soft Wax.

P. jun. Soft lips she has, I am sure on't. Mother Mortgage

I'll owe a kiss till she be younger. Statute,

Sweet Mistress Band, and honey little Wax,

We must be better acquainted.

[*Kisses them again.*]

Sta. We are but servants, sir.

Band. But whom her grace is so content to grace

We shall observe.

Wax. And with all fit respect.

Mor. In our poor places.

Wax. Being her grace's shadows.

P. jun. A fine, well-spoken family!—
What's thy name?

Bro. Broker.

P. jun. Methinks my uncle should not need thee,²

Who is a crafty knave enough, believe it. [*Aside to Broker.*]

Art thou her grace's steward?

Bro. No, her usher, sir.

P. jun. What, of the hall? thou hast a sweeping face,

Thy beard is like a broom.

Bro. No barren chin, sir;

I am no eunuch, though a gentleman-usher.

P. jun. Thou shalt go with us.—Uncle, I must have

My princess forth to-day.

P. sen. Whither you please, sir;

You shall command her.

¹ I had such motions as the sunbeams make
Against a wall, &c.]

"*Magno curvarum fluctuat astu,
Sicut aqua tremulum labris ubi lumen ænis,
Sole reperiunt, aut radiantis imagine lunæ,
Omnia pervolat latè loca, jamque sub auras
Erigitur, summique ferit laquearia tecti.*"
Æneid, lib. viii. v. 25.

In the speech of Pecunia, just above, there is an allusion to a very beautiful passage in *Apollonius Rhodius*, descriptive of the rising passion of Medea.

² *Methinks my uncle, &c.*] This is not the first allusion which we have had to the old proverb, *A crafty knave needs no broker.*

Pec. I will do all grace
To my new servant.

P. sen. Thanks unto your bounty;
He is my nephew, and my chief, the point,
Tip, top, and tuft of all our family!—
But, sir, conditioned always you return
Statute and Band home, with my sweet
soft Wax,

And my good nurse here, Mortgage.

P. jun. O, what else?

P. sen. By Broker.

P. jun. Do not fear.

P. sen. She shall go with you

Whither you please, sir, anywhere.

P. Can. I see

A money-bawd is lightly a flesh-bawd too.

Pick. Are you advised?¹ Now, on my
faith, this Canter

Would make a good grave burgess in some
barn.

P. jun. Come, thou shalt go with us,
uncle.

P. sen. By no means, sir.

P. jun. We'll have both sack and
fiddlers.

P. sen. I'll not draw

That charge upon your worship.

P. Can. He speaks modestly,
And like an uncle.

¹ Are you advised?] i.e., have you found out that? Has it struck you? It is a proverbial phrase, and used as a gentle note of admiration.

The blessed
Pokahontas, as the historian calls her, &c.] This historian was John Smith, a famous traveller, and by far the most enterprising of the first Virginian settlers. He seems to have been the prototype of John Bunce, and in the dedication of his curious *History of Virginia* to the Duchess of Richmond, thus enumerates his *honourable fortunes*: "Yet my comfort is, that heretofore honourable and virtuous ladies, and comparable but among themselves, have offered me rescue and protection in my greatest dangers. Even in foraine parts, I have felt relief from that sex. The beauteous Lady Trabigunda, when I was a slave to the Turks, did all she could to secure me. When I overcame the Bashaw of Nalbritz in Tartaria, the charitable Lady Callamata supplied my necessities. In the utmost of my extremities, that blessed *Pokahontas, the great king's daughter of Virginia*, she saved my life," &c.

With respect to this *blessed lady*, Captain Smith does her no more than justice. While little more than a child, she contrived to acquaint Smith and his men with a plot which Powhatan, her father, had treacherously laid to cut them all off; and thus preserved the infant colony. She continued her kindness to the new settlers, and in 1612 married a Mr. Rolfe. By this gentleman she was instructed in the principles of

P. sen. But Mas Broker here,
He shall attend you, nephew; her grace's
usher.

And what you fancy to bestow on him,
Be not too lavish, use a temperate bounty,
I'll take it to myself.

P. jun. I will be princely

While I possess my princess, my Pecunia.

P. sen. Where is't you eat?

P. jun. Hard by, at Picklock's lodging,
Old Lickfinger's the cook, here in Ram-
alley.

P. sen. He has good cheer; perhaps I'll
come and see you.

P. Can. O fie! an alley, and a cook's
shop, gross!

'Twill savour, sir, most rankly of them
both:

Let your meat rather follow you to a tavern.

Pick. A tavern's as unfit too for a
princess. [*To P. jun.*]

P. Can. No, I have known a princess,
and a great one,

Come forth of a tavern.

Pick. Not go in, sir, though.

P. Can. She must go in if she came
forth: the blessed

Pokahontas, as the historian calls her,²

the Christian religion, and baptized by the name of Rebecca. She came to England in 1616, with a letter from Captain Smith, strongly recommending her to the queen (Anne) for her services to the colony; in consequence of which she was very graciously received. Pokahontas died the following year, on board the ship *George* at Gravesend, as she was on her return to Virginia, leaving an infant son. In her last moments she was deeply impressed with religious sentiments, and her death might have been made, if not more profitable to herself, more exemplary to the world, if she had not fallen into the hands of fanatics, who disgraced her end by a mixture of familiarity and profaneness similar to that which shocks the well disposed mind in the deathbed scenes of those ignorant enthusiasts whose ravings are periodically recorded in a pernicious publication called the *Methodists' Magazine*. To sum up all, Pokahontas had many claims on the gratitude of this country, nor would she be mentioned as she is by Jonson had he not been disgusted by the accounts of her "godly end" (some of which I have seen), equally repugnant to true taste and genuine piety.

Smith himself died in 1631 (the year in which this play was printed), and was buried, as Stow tells us, in St. Sepulchre's church: where a long epitaph once told, in wretched doggrel, how "in honour of his God and Christendom, he did divide from pagans three, their heads and lives," &c.

And great king's daughter of Virginia,
Hath been in womb of tavern;—and be-
sides,

Your nasty uncle will spoil all your mirth,
And be as noisome—

Pick. That is true.

P. Can. No, faith,
Dine in Apollo with Pecunia,
At brave Duke Wadloe's,¹ have your friends
about you,

And make a day on't.

P. jun. Content, i' faith;

Our meat shall be brought thither. Simon
the king

Will bid us welcome.

Pick. Patron, I have a suit.

P. jun. What's that?

Pick. That you will carry the Infanta
To see the Staple; her grace will be a
grace

To all the members of it.

P. jun. I will do it,

And have her arms set up there with her
titles,²

Aurelia Clara Pecunia, the Infanta,

And in Apollo! Come, sweet princess, go.

P. sen. Broker, be careful of your
charge.

Bro. I warrant you.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Cen.* "Why, this is duller and duller!
intolerable, scurvy, neither devil nor fool
in this play! pray God some on us be not
a witch, gossip, to forespeak the matter
thus.³"]

Mirth. I fear we are all such, an we
were old enough: but we are not all old
enough to make one witch. How like you
the Vice in the play?

Expect. Which is he!

Mirth. Three or four. Old Covetous-
ness, the sordid Pennyboy, the Money-
bawd, who is a flesh-bawd too, they say.

Tat. But here is never a fiend to carry

him away. Besides, he has never a wooden
dagger! I would not give a rush for a
Vice that has not a wooden dagger to snap
at everybody he meets.

Mirth. That was the old way, gossip,
when Iniquity came in like Hokos Pokos,
in a juggler's jerkin, with false skirts, like
the knave of clubs; but now they are at-
tired like men and women of the time, the
vices male and female. Prodigality, like a
young heir, and his Mistress Money (whose
favours he scatters like counters), pranked
up like a prime lady, the Infanta of the
mines.

Cen. Ay, therein they abuse an honour-
able princess, it is thought.

Mirth. By whom is it so thought? or
where lies the abuse?

Cen. Plain in the styling her Infanta,
and giving her three names.⁴

Mirth. Take heed it lie not in the vice
of your interpretation; what have Aurelia,
Clara, Pecunia, to do with any person? do
they any more but express the property of
Money, which is the daughter of Earth,
and drawn out of the mines? Is there
nothing to be called Infanta, but what is
subject to exception? why not the infanta
of the beggars, or infanta of the gipsies, as
well as king of beggars, and king of
gipsies.

Cen. Well, an there were no wiser than
I, I would sew him in a sack, and send him
by sea to his princess.

Mirth. Faith, an he heard you, Censure,
he would go near to stick the ass's ears to
your high dressing, and perhaps to all ours
for hearkening to you.

Tat. By'r lady, but he should not to
mine; I would hearken, and hearken, and
censure, if I saw cause, for the other
princess' sake Pokahontas, surnamed the
Blessed, whom he has abused indeed, and
I do censure him, and will censure him—

¹ *P. Can. No, faith,*

Dine in Apollo with Pecunia,

At brave Duke Wadloe's.] Apollo is the room
so called where Jonson and his friends held their
club, at the Devil Tavern in Fleet-street, then
kept by Simon Wadloe.—WHAL.

² *And have her arms set up there with her
titles.]* It was the custom for foreign princes
and noblemen of high rank or office, to set up
their arms and titles in the places through which
they passed, or the inns in which they lodged.
Thus our author in his *Discoveries*: "The
German lord, when he went out of Newgate
into the cart, took order to have his arms set
up in his last harborough." Nor is the custom
unknown in this country. The arms and titles

of the Lord Lieutenants of Ireland are usually
set up in the inns in which they occasionally
rest on their journey to the coast.

³ *To forespeak the matter thus.]* i.e., to fore-
tell, and thus incur the suspicion of dealing with
a familiar.—See vol. i. p. 165 a.

⁴ *In the styling her Infanta, and giving her
three names.]* I cannot give the reader the *three
names* of the Infanta Maria of Spain; but this is
plainly an allusion to them. Charles returned
from his ill-fated visit to the princess in October,
1623, and the match was finally broken off a few
months before the appearance of this play.
Gossip Censure therefore might have spared her
zeal on the young lady's account, who was not
much in favour at this time.

To say she came forth of a tavern was said like a paltry poet.¹

Mirth. That's but one gossip's opinion, and my Gossip Tattle's too! but what says Expectation here? She sits sullen and silent.

Expect. Troth, I expect their office, their great office, the Staple, what it will be! they have talked on't, but we see it not open yet.—Would Butter would come in,² and spread itself a little to us!

Mirth. Or the butter-box, Buz, the emissary.

Tat. When it is churned and dished we shall hear of it.

Expect. If it be fresh and sweet butter; but say it be sour and wheyish?

Mirth. Then it is worth nothing, mere pot butter, fit to be spent in suppositories, or greasing coach-wheels, stale stinking butter, and such, I fear, it is by the being barrelled up so long.

Expect. Or rank Irish butter.

Cen. Have patience, gossip; say that, contrary to our expectation, it prove right, reasonable, salt butter?

Mirth. Or to the time of year, in Lent, delicate almond butter! I have a sweet tooth yet, and I will hope the best, and sit down as quiet and calm as butter, look as smooth and soft as butter, be merry and melt like butter, laugh and be fat like butter; so butter answer my expectation, and be not mad butter:

¹ To say she came forth of a tavern was said like a paltry poet.] This is said, however, by the writers of her life. The blessed Pokahontas was in *numb* of tavern both at Deptford and Gravesend.

² Would Butter would come in.] See p. 286. Enough has now been said on this subject. *Buz*, the emissary, was evidently a Dutchman.

³ "Something too much of this"—but the allusion is to the old proverb, *Butter is mad twice a year*, i.e., in *July*, when it is too soft, and in *December*, when it is too hard.

⁴ This act, it appears, gave offence, and therefore Jonson thought proper to prefix the following notice to it, before the play was given to the press:

"TO THE READER.

"In this following act the Office is opened, and shown to the Prodigal and his Princess *Procenia*, wherein the allegory and purpose of the author hath hitherto been wholly mistaken, and so sinister an interpretation been made, as if the souls of most of the spectators had lived in the eyes and ears of these ridiculous gossips that tattle between the acts. But he prays you thus to mend it. To consider the news here vented

'If it be,
It shall both July and December see!'
I say no more, but—Dixi."]

ACT III.⁴

SCENE I.—*The Office of the Staple.*

Enter Fitton, Cymbal, Register, Clerk and *Tho. Barber.*

Fit. You hunt upon a wrong scent still, and think

The air of things will carry them; but it must

Be reason and proportion, not fine sounds, My cousin Cymbal, must get you this lady.

You have entertained a pettyfogger here, Picklock, with trust of an emissary's place,

And he is all for the young prodigal; You see he has left us.

Cym. Come, you do not know him, That speak thus of him: he will have a trick

To open us a gap by a trap-door, When they least dream on't. Here he comes.

Enter Picklock.

What news?

Pick. Where is my brother Buz, my brother Ambler?

to be none of his news, or any reasonable man's; but news made like the time's news (a weekly cheat to draw money), and could not be fitter reprehended than in raising this ridiculous office of the Staple, wherein the age may see her own folly, or hunger and thirst after published pamphlets of news, set out every Saturday, but made all at home, and no syllable of truth in them: than which there cannot be a greater disease in nature, or a fouler scorn put upon the times. And so apprehending it, you shall do the author and your own judgment a courtesy, and perceive the trick of alluring money to the office, and there cozening the people. If you have the truth rest quiet, and consider that

Ficta, voluptatis causâ, sint proxima veris."

It argues very little for the good sense of the audience to take offence at a piece of satire so just and well timed as this evidently was. Not one part in a thousand of the ridiculous stories fabricated, and propagated in the poet's time as authentic news, is come down to us; and yet more than enough remains to prove that the public credulity was imposed upon by the Fittons of the day, in the most gross and shameless manner.

The register, examiner, and the clerks?
Appear, and let us muster all in pomp,
For here will be the rich Infanta presently,

To make her visit. Pennyboy, the heir,
My patron, has got leave for her to play
With all her train, of the old churl her guardian.

Now is your time to make all court unto her,

That she may first but know, then love the place,

And shew it by her frequent visits here :
And afterwards get her to sojourn with you.

She will be weary of the prodigal quickly.

Cym. Excellent news !

Fit. And counsel of an oracle !

Cym. How say you, cousin Fitton ?

Fit. Brother Picklock,

I shall adore thee for this parcel of tidings,
It will cry up the credit of our office
Eternally, and make our Staple immortal !

Pick. Look your addresses then be fair
and fit,

And entertain her and her creatures too,
With all the migniardise and quaint caresses
You can put on them.

Fit. Thou seem'st by thy language
No less a courtier¹ than a man of law.
I must embrace thee.

Pick. Tut, I am Vertumnus,
On every change or chance, upon occasion,

A true camelion, I can colour for it.
I move upon my axle like a turnpike,²
Fit my face to the parties, and become
Straight one of them.

Enter Nathaniel, Tho. Barber, and Register.

Cym. Sirs, up into your desks,
And spread the rolls upon the table—so !
Is the examiner set ?

Reg. Yes, sir.

Cym. Ambler and Buz
Are both abroad now.

Pick. We'll sustain their parts.
No matter, let them ply the affairs without,
Let us alone within, I like that well.
On with the cloke, and you with the
Staple gown,

[*Fit. puts on the office cloke, and Cym. the gown.*]

And keep your state, stoop only to the Infanta ;

We'll have a flight at Mortgage, Statute,
Band,

And hard but we'll bring Wax to the retrieve :³

Each know his several province, and discharge it.

[*They take their seats.*]

Fit. I do admire this nimble engine,
Picklock.

Cym. Coz, what did I say ?

Fit. You have rectified my error.

Enter Pennyboy, jun., P. Canter, Pecunia, Statute, Band, Mortgage, Wax, and Broker.

P. jun. By your leave, gentlemen, what news ? good, good still,
In your new office ? Princess, here's the Staple !

This is the governor, kiss him, noble princess,

For my sake.—Tom, how is it, honest Tom ?

How does thy place, and thou ?—My creature, princess,

This is my creature, give him your hand to kiss,

He was my barber, now he writes clerical !
I bought this place for him, and gave it him.

P. Can. He should have spoke of that sir, and not you :

Two do not do one office well.

P. jun. 'Tis true,
But I am loth to lose my courtesies.

P. Can. So are all they that do them to vain ends ;

And yet you do lose when you pay yourselves.

¹ *Thou seem'st by thy language No less a courtier, &c.* Alluding to Picklock's use of the French word *migniardise* [affected delicacy of speech or behaviour], which was probably one of the *perfumed terms* of the time.

² *Like a turnpike.* i.e., a turnstile. It is probable that, in Jonson's time, the roads, or rather lanes, had no other barriers than these, which every one opened for himself. They have resigned their name (*picca*) to the

noble public roads of the present day, and modestly assumed another better adapted to their humble office.

³ *But we'll bring Wax to the retrieve.* A term in falconry ; to make the hawk return to the lure.—*WHAL.*

"Retrieve is when partridges, having been sprung, are to find again."—*Gent. Recreat.* I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. For Cymbal's allusion, just below, see p. 303 &

P. jun. No more of your sentences,
Canter, they are stale;
We come for news, remember where you
are.
I pray thee let my princess hear some
news,
Good Master Cymbal.
Cym. What news would she hear?
Of what kind, sir?
P. jun. Any, any kind,
So it be news, the newest that thou hast,
Some news of state for a princess.
Cym. Read from Rome there.
Tho. "They write the King of Spain is
chosen Pope."
P. jun. How!
Tho. "And emperor too, the thirtieth
of February."
P. jun. Is the emperor dead?
Cym. No, but he has resigned,
And trails a pike now under Tilly.
Fit. For penance.
P. jun. These will beget strange turns
in Christendom!
Tho. "And Spinola is made general of
the Jesuits."
P. jun. Stranger!
Fit. Sir, all are alike true and certain.
Cym. All the pretence to the fifth
monarchy
Was held but vain, until the ecclesiastic
And secular powers were united thus
In one person.
Fit. It has been long the aim
Of the House of Austria.
Cym. See but Maximilian
His letters to the Baron of Bouterseheim,
Or Scheiter-huyssen.
Fit. No, of Leichtenstein,
And Paul, I think.
P. jun. I have heard of some such
thing.
Then Spinola made general of the Jesuits!
Ay, priest!
Cym. O no, he is dispensed withal—
And the whole society, who do now
appear
The only engineers of Christendom.
P. jun. They have been thought so long,
and rightly too.
Fit. Witness the engine that they have
presented him,
To wind himself with up into the moon,
And thence make all his discoveries!
Cym. Read on.

Tho. "And Vitellesco, he that was
last general,
Being now turned cook to the society,
Has drest his excellence such a dish of
eggs——"
P. jun. What, potched?
Tho. No, powdered.
Cym. All the yolk is wildfire,
As he shall need beleaguer no more
towns,
But throw his egg in.
Fit. It shall clear consume
Palace and place; demolish and bear
down
All strengths before it!
Cym. Never be extinguished
Till all become one ruin!
Fit. And from Florence.
Tho. "They write was found in Galilæo's
study
A burning-glass, which they have sent
him too,
To fire any fleet that's out at sea——"
Cym. By moonshine, isn't that so?
Tho. Yes, sir, in the water.
P. jun. His strengths will be irresistible
if this hold.
Have you no news against him, on the
contrary?
Nath. Yes, sir. "They write here, one
Cornelius-Son,
Hath made the Hollanders an invisible eel
To swim the haven at Dunkirk, and sink
all
The shipping there."
P. jun. Why have not you this, Tom?
Cym. Because he keeps the pontifical
side.
P. jun. How! Change sides, Tom,
'twas never in my thought
To put thee up against ourselves. Come
down
Quickly.
Cym. Why, sir?
P. jun. I ventured not my money
Upon these terms: if he may change,
why so!
I'll have him keep his own side, sure.
Fit. Why let him,
It is but writing so much over again.
P. jun. For that I'll bear the charges:
there's two pieces.
Fit. Come, do not stick with the gen-
tleman.
Cym. I'll take none, sir,
And yet he shall have the place.

P. jun. They shall be ten then.
Up, Tom, and the office shall take them.
Keep your side, Tom.

[*Tho. changes his side.*
Know your own side, do not forsake your side, Tom.

Cym. Read.

Tho. "They write here one Cornelius-
Son
Hath made the Hollanders an invisible eel
To swim the haven at Dunkirk, and sink all
The shipping there."

P. jun. But how is't done?

Cym. I'll shew you, sir.
It is an automa, runs under water,
With a snug nose, and has a nimble tail
Made like an auger, with which tail she
wriggles
Betwixt the costs of a ship,¹ and sinks it
straight.

P. jun. Whence have you this news?

Fit. From a right hand, I assure you,
The eel boats here, that lie before Queen-
hythe,
Came out of Holland.

P. jun. A most brave device,
To murder their flat bottoms.

Fit. I do grant you:

But what if Spinola have a new project
To bring an army over in cork-shoes,
And land them here at Harwich? all his
horse
Are shod with cork, and fourscore pieces
of ordnance,
Mounted upon corl: carriages, with
bladders
Instead of wheels, to run the passage over
At a spring tide.

P. jun. Is't true?

Fit. As true as the rest.

P. jun. He'll never leave his engines: I
would hear now
Some curious news,

Cym. As what?

P. jun. Magic or alchemy,
Or flying in the air, I care not what.

Nath. "They write from Libtzig (re-
verence to your ears)
The art of drawing farts out of dead
bodies

Is by the brotherhood of the Rosie Cross
Produced unto perfection, in so sweet
And rich a tincture——"

Fit. As there is no princess
But may perfume her chamber with the
extraction.

P. jun. There's for you, princess!

P. Can. What, a fart for her?

P. jun. I mean the spirit.

P. Can. Beware how she resents it.

P. jun. And what hast thou, Tom?

Tho. "The perpetual motion
Is here found out by an ale-wife in Salm-
Katherine's,
At the sign of the Dancing Bears."

P. jun. What, from her tap?
I'll go see that, or else I'll send old
Canter:

He can make that discovery.

P. Can. Yes, in ale. [*Noise without.*]

P. jun. Let me have all this news made
up and sealed.

Reg. The people press upon us. Please
you, sir,
Withdraw with your fair princess: there's
a room

Within, sir, to retire to.

P. jun. No, good register,
We'll stand it out here, and observe your
office:

What news it issues.

Reg. 'Tis the House of Fame, sir,
Where both the curious and the negligent,
The scrupulous and careless, wild and
staid,

The idle and laborious, all do meet
To taste the cornucopiæ of her rumours,
Which she, the mother of sport, pleases
to scatter

Among the vulgar: baits, sir, for the
people!

And they will bite like fishes.

Enter a crowd of Customers.

P. jun. Let us see it.

1 *Cust.*² Have you in your profane shop
any news

Of the saints at Amsterdam?

Reg. Yes; how much would you?

1 *Cust.* Six pennyworth.

Reg. Lay your money down.—*Re-enter*
Thomas.

Tho. "The saints do write they expect
a prophet shortly,
The prophet Baal, to be sent over to them.
To calculate a time, and half a time,

¹ *She wriggles*
Betwixt the costs of a ship. i.e., the ribs;
from the Latin *costæ*.—*WHALE*.

² 1 *Cust.*] A marginal note describes the
first customer as "a *dopper* (dipper) or
Baptist."

And the whole time,¹ according to Naometry."

P. jun. What's that?

Tan. The measuring of the temple; a cabal

found out but lately, and set out by Archie,

¹ *The prophet Baal, to be sent over to them, To calculate a time, and half a time, And the whole time,]* This was intended to ridicule the fanatics of those days, who dealt much in expounding the prophecies contained in the Revelations, and applied them to themselves. We read that the woman fled from the face of the serpent into the wilderness, where she was nourished for a time, and times, and half a time, Revel. xii. 14. By the prophet *Baal*, is meant our factious leader, like *John Baal*, a Kentish minister, and fomentor of the rebellion by Wat Tyler in Richard II.'s time.—*WHAL.*

This *Baal* was, as Whalley says, a principal power in the rebellion, and by his pretended prophecies kept up the seditious spirit of the people. He was an excommunicated priest, and called himself chaplain to the insurrectionary army. Gower, like Jonson, terms him a prophet:

"Balle propheta docet quem spiritus ante maligni"

Edenique, sua tunc fuit alta schola."

Some of the lines in which the agents of the pseudo-prophet instigate one another to fury, are curious from the muster-roll of names.

"Watte vocat cui Thome venit, neque Simme retardat,

Battique Gibbe simul Hykke venire jubent.

Gull jurit, quem Gibbe juvat nocumenta parantes

Com quibus ad damnum Wille coire vovet.

Ende ferit quos Judde terit, dum Tibbe jenuatur,

Tibbe domosque viros vellit et ense necat."

Vox Clam.

After all, it was not necessary for the poet to have recourse to the times of Richard II. for a name; his own age furnished them in abundance; (Osborne says that many of the Puritans called Prince Henry to be prefigured in the *Apocalypse*, and boldly prophesied that he should smother the beast; and that one *Ball*, a scholar (and not improbably the person whom *Osborne* had in view), was so far overrun with this fancy, "as to put out money on adventure, to procure it back, double or treble, when *Osborne* himself should be elected Pope!")—*Traveller's Memoires of James I.* § 38.

Ball (be he who he may) is again mentioned by *Osborne* in the *Execution of Vulcan*, together with *Batter's* rival, the indefatigable *Captain*:

"The Captain Pamphlet's horse and foot that

Upon the Exchange, still out of Pope's Head

alley;

The weekly courants, with Paul's seal, and all

The admired discourses of the prophet Ball."

Or some such head, of whose long coat they have heard,

And being black desire it.²

1 Cust. Peace be with them!

Reg. So there had need, for they are still by the ears

One with another.

² *And being black desire it.]* The old copy has a marginal note here—*Archie mourned then.* This was Archibald Armstrong, jester to James and Charles I. Why he was in black does not appear. The court was then in mourning, indeed, for the death of James:—but Archy might also be in disgrace, and condemned to sabbath for some act of impertinence. This licentious buffoon was something of a fool, more of a knave, and altogether a meddling and mischievous agent of the factious in Church and State. James contrived to keep him in some order by means of the whip, which was frequently exercised upon him to advantage; but the unfortunate Charles, with whom he was a favourite, gave a loose to his scurrility which he had more than one occasion to regret. The great objects of Archie's malignity were the bishops, and of them more particularly Laud, who has been blamed for noticing his attacks. "As Laud was at the head of the State," says the author of the *Discourse on Irony*, p. 71, "he should have despised the jests of a fool, and not have been hurried on to speak against him (in the Privy Council), but left it to others, who would have been glad, upon the least intimation, to pay their court, by sacrificing a fool to his resentment." This has been repeated a thousand times; but there is neither truth nor wisdom in the observation. Archie was a rancorous bigot to the discipline of the Church of Scotland; this was quickly perceived by the favourers of the Puritans about the court, and they hastened to avail themselves of his prejudices by secretly instigating him to scurrilous jests upon Laud, as the readiest means of bringing the hierarchy into contempt. Not to know this, argues a very imperfect acquaintance with the history of those disastrous times. Even Osborne, who neither loved Laud nor his cause, has the candour to acknowledge that Archie not only "carried on the contention against the prelates for divers years, but received such encouragement, that he often, in his own hearing, belched in his face such miscarriages as he was really guilty of, and might, but for this *fool-mouthed Scot*, have been forgotten: adding such other reproaches of his own, as the dignity of the Archbishop's calling and greatness of his parts could not in reason or manners admit."—*Advice to a Son*, pt. ii. p. 12. That Osborne after this should reprove Laud for appealing to the Council, appears not very creditable to his judgment, especially, as he immediately adds, that "all the *Fool* did was but a symptom of the strong and inveterate distemper in the hearts of his countrymen against the calling of bishops, out of whose ruins the major part of the Scottish nobility had feathered their nests." But enough of Archie.

1 *Cust.* It is their zeal.

Reg. Most likely.

1 *Cust.* Have you no other of that species?

Reg. Yes,

But dearer, it will cost you a shilling.

1 *Cust.* Verily,

There is a ninepence, I will shed no more.

Reg. Not to the good of the saints?

1 *Cust.* I am not sure

That man is good.

Reg. Read from Constantinople

Nine penn'orth.

Tho. "They give out here, the grand signior

Is certainly turned Christian; and to clear The controversy 'twixt the Pope and him, Which is the Antichrist, he means to visit The church at Amsterdam this very summer,

And quit all marks of the beast."

1 *Cust.* Now joyful tidings!

Who brought in this! which emissary?

Reg. Buz,

Your countyman.

1 *Cust.* Now blessed be the man,

And his whole family, with the nation!

Reg. Yes, for Amboyna, and the justice there!

This is a Dopper, a she Anabaptist!

Seal and deliver her her news, dispatch.

2 *Cust.* Have you any news from the Indies? any miracle

Done in Japan by the Jesuits, or in China?

Nath. No, but "we hear of a colony of cooks

To be set ashore on the coast of America, For the conversion of the cannibals, And making them good eating Christians."

Here comes the colonel that undertakes it.

Enter Lickfinger.

3 *Cust.* Who, Captain Lickfinger?

Lick. News, news, my boys!

I am to furnish a great feast to-day,

And I would have what news the office affords.

Nath. We were venting some of you, of your new project.

Reg. Afore 'twas paid for! you were somewhat too hasty.

P. jun. What, Lickfinger! wilt thou convert the cannibals

With spit and pan divinity?

Lick. Sir, for that

I will not urge, but for the fire and zeal To the true cause; thus I have undertaken:

With two lay-brethren, to myself, no more. One of the broach, the other of the bowl. In one six months, and by plain cookery. No magic to it, but old Japhet's physic. The father of the European arts, To make such sauces for the savages, And cook their meats with those enticing steams,

As it would make our cannibal-Christians Forbear the mutual eating one another, Which they do do more cunningly than the wild

Anthrophagî, that snatch only strangers, Like my old patron's dogs there.

P. jun. O, my uncle's!

Is dinner ready, Lickfinger?

Lick. When you please, sir.

I was bespeaking but a parcel of news, To strew out the long meal withal, but it seems

You are furnished here already.

P. jun. O, not half.

Lick. What court news is there? my proclamations

Or edicts to come forth?

Tho. Yes, there is one,

That the king's barber has got, for aid of our trade,

Whereof there is a manifest decay.

"A precept for the wearing of long hair, To run to seed, to sow bald pates withal, And the preserving fruitful heads and chins To help a mystery almost antiquated.

¹ Yes, for Amboyna, and the justice there!

The massacre of Amboyna took place in 1622; but the news of it did not reach this country till the commencement of 1624, so that the horror of it was in all its freshness. If nations could ever profit by experience; if they could perceive the danger as well as the guilt of wantonly venturing on deeds of inhumanity and injustice, this bloody tragédie, as Wilson calls it, would not be acted wholly in vain. Two centuries have elapsed since it took place, yet the remembrance of it is recent in the breast of every Englishman, while

the Dutch have not ceased for a moment to labour under the curse of their barbarity, and to suffer in every possible mode for a transaction, which no degree of punishment will ever be thought to expiate, no time erase from the public mind. [The massacre took place 17 Feb. 1623.]

² ["One who wore side hair being asked of another, who was bald, why he suffered his hair to grow so long, answered, It was to seed his hair would grow to seed, that he might sow it on bald pates."—*Drummond's Conversation with Jonson.*—F. C.]

Such as are bald and barren beyond hope,
Are to be separated and set by
For ushers to old countesses : and coachmen¹
To mount their boxes reverently, and drive,
Like lapwings, with a shell upon their heads,
Thorough the streets."

Lick. Have you no news of the stage?
They'll ask me about new plays at dinner-
time,

and I should be as dumb as a fish.

Tho. O yes.

"There is a legacy left to the king's
players,
Both for their various shifting of their
scene,

And dextrous change of their persons to
all shapes,

And all disguises, by the right reverend
Archbishop of Spalato."²

Lick. He is dead

That played him!

Tho. Then he has lost his share of the
legacy.

Lick. What news of Gondomar?

¹ Lick. And coachmen, &c.] This seems to
be a part of Tom's speech: I imagine that
Lickfinger ought not to speak till he asks the
question,

Have you no news of the stage?

and I have accordingly reformed the speeches in
that manner.—WHAL.

There was no need of change: but I have not
discarded Whalley's reformation, as he calls it.

² Archbishop of Spalato.] Antonio de Dominis,
Archbishop of Spalato, in Dalmatia, and the pro-
curator of Archibald Bowyer, came into this
country about 1622. Under the pretence of
having renounced the errors of Popery, he ob-
tained considerable preferment in the Church,
and was for some time Dean of Windsor. Gon-
domar, who suspected his sincerity, set all his
regimes to work, and at length discovered the
signature. Antonio then fled from England, and
made a second recantation at Rome: he was
however abandoned to neglect, and died miser-
ably. The reader now sees the drift of the satire
in noticing his bequest to the players for their
generosity in *shifting the scene*, which does not,
as Mr. Malone supposes, allude to the use of
what is now called *scenery*, but simply to a
change of place.

³ For putting the poor English play was
writ of him, &c.] This play, as the margin of
the old folio tells us, was the *Game at Chess*.

This game is played, as Langbaine says, between
some of the Church of England and one of the
Church of Rome, in the presence of Ignatius
Homenas. It does not promise much amusement,
and yet a MS. note taken by Capell from an old
copy of this play describes it as exceedingly
popular. "After nine days (the writer adds)

Tho. "A second fistula,
Or an excoriation at the least,
For putting the poor English play was
writ of him³
To such a sordid use as is said he did,
Of cleansing his posteriors."

Lick. Justice! justice!

Tho. "Since when, he lives condemned
to his share at Bruxels,
And there sits filing certain politic hinges,
To hang the states on he has heaved off
the hooks."

Lick. What must you have for these?

P. jun. Thou shalt pay nothing.
But reckon them in the bill. [Exit Lick.]

There's twenty pieces,
Her grace bestows upon the office, Tom:
Write thou that down for news.

Reg. We may well do't,
We have not many such.

P. jun. There's twenty more,
If you say so; my princess is a princess!
And put that too under the office seal.

wherein I have heard the actors say they took
fifteen hundred pounds (this is an incredible
sum), the Spanish faction got the play suppressed,
and the author, Master Thomas Middleton, com-
mitted to prison, where he lay some time, and
at last got out upon this petition to King James:

"A harmless Game coyned only for delight,
Was played betwixt the black house and the
white;
The white house won. Yet still the black doth
brag,
They had the power to put me in the bag.
Use but your royal hand, 'twill set me free,
'Tis but removing of a man—that's ME."

From the MS. notes to Langbaine, it appears
that Gondomar (*the black house*) had other mo-
tives of complaint besides his defeat; for the
play was embellished with an engraved frontis-
piece, where he was introduced in *propria per-
sona*, in no very friendly conversation with
Loyola.

Gondomar's second fistula must be set down
to the poet's account; his first is mentioned in
all the histories of the time. The allusion of the
whole passage, as well as the exclamation of
Lickfinger which follows it, is taken from
Rabelais' inimitable description of the transac-
tions which took place with the good Bishop
Homenas, at the blessed Island of Papimania.

[Gifford should have called Gondomar the
black knight, not house. "Yonder Black Knight,
the fistula of Europe." The gains from this play
must have been greater than Malone supposed.
On Aug. 14, 1624, Sir F. Nethersoll wrote to
Carleton (Cal. Jac. I. p. 327) that it was "so
popular that the players gained 100*l.* a night."—
F. C.]

Cym. [*Takes Pecunia aside, while Fitton courts the Waiting-women.*]—If it will please your grace to sojourn here, And take my roof for covert, you shall know The rites belonging to your blood and birth, Which few can apprehend: these sordid servants, Which rather are your keepers than attendants, Should not come near your presence. I would have You waited on by ladies, and your train Borne up by persons of quality and honour; Your meat should be served in with curious dances, And set upon the board with virgin hands, Tuned to their voices; not a dish removed But to the music, nor a drop of wine Mixt with his water without harmony.

Pec. You are a courtier, sir, or somewhat more, That have this tempting language.

Cym. I am your servant, Excellent princess, and would have you appear That which you are: come forth the state and wonder Of these our times, dazzle the vulgar eyes, And strike the people blind with admiration.

P. Can. Why, that's the end of wealth! thrust riches outward, And remain beggars within; contemplate nothing But the vile sordid things of time, place, money, And let the noble and the precious go: Virtue and honesty; hang them, poor thin membranes Of honour! who respects them? O, the fates, How hath all just true reputation fallen

¹ *As the fine poet says.*] A sneering allusion to these lines of Daniel:

"Ah! beauty, siren, fair enchanting good,
Sweet silent rhetoric of persuading eyes;
Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood
More than the words or wisdom of the wise."

WHAL.

It is but fair to give the remainder of this stanza, in which the thought is wofully wire-drawn:

"Still harmony, whose diapason lies
Within a brow, the key which passions move
To ravish sense, and play a world in love."

There was no great kindness between Daniel and

Since money, this base money, 'gan to have any!

Band. Pity the gentleman is not immortal.

Wax. As he gives out the place is by description.

Fit. A very paradise, if you saw all lady.

Wax. I am the chambermaid, sir, you mistake,

My lady may see all.

Fit. Sweet Mistress Statute, gentle Mistress Band,

And Mother Mortgage, do but get her grace To sojourn here.

Pick. I thank you, gentle Wax.

Mor. If it were a chattel, I would try my credit.

Pick. So it is, for term of life, we count it so.

Sta. She means inheritance to him and his heirs:

Or that he could assure a state of years; I'll be his Statute-staple, Statute-merchant, Or what he please.

Pick. He can expect no more.

Band. His cousin, Alderman Security, That he did talk of so e'en now—

Sta. Who is

The very brooch of the bench, gem of the city.

Band. He and his deputy, but assume his life

For one seven years—

Sta. And see what we'll do for him, Upon his scarlet motion.

Band. And old chain

That draws the city ears.

Wax. When he says nothing,

But twirls it thus.

Sta. A moving oratory!

Band. "Dumb rhetoric and silent eloquence!"

As the fine poet says.¹

our poet; but I know not the cause of their mutual dislike. Both were patronized by Lady Countess of Bedford, and Jonson tells her noble friend, the Countess of Rutland, that Daniel "envied him, though he bore him no ill-will on his part." He could not have hazarded this on such a personage, unless the fact had been notorious; and this circumstance may serve to admonish us, when we find an occasional reflection in Jonson, not to set it down immediately to the score of malignity, and conclude with Messrs. Chalmers, Steevens, Malone, &c. that he is in every case a wanton and unprovoked aggressor. [He told Drummond "Daniel was at jealousies with him." He was "a good honest man, had no children: but no poet."—F. C.]

Fit. Come, they all scorn us;
Do you not see it? the family of scorn!
Bro. Do not believe him: gentle Master
 Picklock,
 They understood you not; the gentlewo-
 men,
 They thought you would have my lady
 sojourn with you,
 And you desire but now and then a visit.
Pick. Yes, if she pleased, sir, it would
 much advance
 Unto the office, her continual residence:
 I speak but as a member.
Bro. 'Tis enough.
 I apprehend you: and it shall go hard
 But I'll so work as somebody shall work
 her.
Pick. Pray you change with our master
 but a word about it.
P. jun. Well, Lickfinger, see that our
 meat be ready.
 Thou hast news enough.
Lick. Something of Bethlem Gabor,¹
 And then I am gone.

Tho. "We hear he has devised
 A drum to fill all Christendom with the
 sound:
 But that he cannot draw his forces near it
 To march yet for the violence of the noise.
 And therefore he is fain by a design
 To carry them in the air, and at some dis-
 tance,
 Till he be married, then they shall ap-
 pear."

Lick. Or never; well, God be wi' you!
 stay, who's here?
 A little of the Duke of Bavier, and then——

Nath. "He has taken a grey habit, and
 is turned

The church's miller, grinds the catholic
 grist
 With every wind; and Tilly takes the
 toll."

4 *Cust.* Have you any news of the pa-
 geants to send down
 Into the several counties? All the country
 Expected from the city most brave
 speeches
 Now at the coronation.²

Lick. It expected
 More than it understood; for they stand
 mute,
 Poor innocent dumb things; they are but
 wood,
 As is the bench and blocks they were
 wrought on; yet
 If May-day come, and the sun shine, per-
 haps

They'll sing like Memnon's statue, and be
 vocal.³

5 *Cust.* Have you any forest news?
Tho. None very wild, sir,
 Some tame there is, out of the forest of
 fools.

"A new park is a making there, to sever
 Cuckolds of antler, from the rascals. Such
 Whose wives are dead, and have since cast
 their heads,
 Shall remain cuckolds pollard."

Lick. I'll have that news.

1 *Cust.* And I.

2 *Cust.* And I.

3 *Cust.* And I.

4 *Cust.* And I.

5 *Cust.* And I.

Cym. Sir, I desire to be excused; [*to P. jun.*] and, madam,
 I cannot leave my office the first day.

¹ *Something of Bethlem Gabor.*] This person, who is sometimes called Beth. Gabriel, was Prince of Transylvania. He had interest enough to get himself declared King of Hungary; but being shortly afterwards suspected of meditating an alliance with the Turks, and forming designs hostile to Christendom, he was abandoned by his new subjects. His exploits were of the romantic kind, and he is said to have been in forty general battles: so that the Mercuries, foreign and domestic, rang with his achievements, about this time. He died in 1629. Godwin has taken the name for the military hero of his *St. Leon*.
² *Now at the Coronation.*] James died on the 27th March, 1625; this play therefore appears to have been brought out in the interval between that day and the first of May. Whoever wishes to become acquainted with the nature of those brave speeches expected by the country, must

turn to those which were introduced into the city pageants on the accession of James by our poet, among many others, and of which enough and more than enough is to be found in the *Chronicles of the times*.

³ *If May-day come, and the sun shine, perhaps*

They'll sing like Memnon's statue, and be vocal.] May-day was a day of general festivity, and more especially with the good citizens of London, who had the happiness of enjoying some of their favourite processions on it. The trite allusion in the next line may be best explained by a quotation from Akenside:

"As Memnon's marble form, renowned of old
 By fabling Nilus, at the potent touch
 Of morning, uttered from its inmost frame
 Unbidden music."—*Pleasures of Imagination*.

My cousin Fitton here shall wait upon you,
And emissary Picklock.

P. jun. And Tom Clericus?

Cym. I cannot spare him yet, but he shall follow you

When they have ordered the rolls. Shut up the office

When you have done, till two o'clock.

[*Exeunt all but Thomas and Nath.*]

Enter Shunfield, Almanac, and Madrigal.

Shun. By your leave, clerks,

Where shall we dine to-day? do you know?

Nath. The jeerers!¹

Alm. Where is my fellow Fitton?

Tho. New gone forth.

Shun. Cannot your office tell us what brave fellows

Do eat together to-day in town, and where?

Tho. Yes, there's a gentleman, the brave

heir, young Pennyboy,

Dines in Apollo.

Mad. Come, let's thither then,

I have sup't in Apollo.

Alm. With the Muses?

Mad. No,

But with two gentlewomen called the Graces.

Alm. They were ever three in poetry.

Mad. This was truth, sir.²

Tho. Sir, Master Fitton's there too.

Shun. All the better.

Alm. We may have a jeer perhaps.

Shun. Yes, you'll drink, doctor,

If there be any good meat, as much good wine now

As would lay up a Dutch ambassador.

Tho. If he dines there he's sure to have good meat,

For Lickingfinger provides the dinner.

Alm. Who!

The glory of the kitchen! that holds cookery

A trade from Adam, quotes his broths and salads,

And swears he is not dead yet, but translated

In some immortal crust, the paste of almonds!

Mad. The same. He holds no man can be a poet

That is not a good cook,³ to know the palates

And several tastes of the time. He draws all arts

Out of the kitchen but the art of poetry, Which he concludes the same with

cookery.

Shun. Tut, he maintains more heresies than that.

He'll draw the magisterium from a minced-pie,

And prefer jellies to your julaps, doctor.

Alm. I was at an olla podrida of his making,

Was a brave piece of cookery: at a funeral!

But opening the pot-lid he made us laugh, Who had wept all day, and sent us such a

tickling

Into our nostrils, as the funeral feast

Had been a wedding-dinner!

Shun. Give him allowance,

And that but a moderate, he will make a syren

Sing in the kettle, send in an Arion,

In a brave broth, and of a watery green,

¹ *The jeerers!*] The old folio, which is miserably incorrect, gives this to Shunfield. It must be as it now stands, unless the reader choose rather to give the exclamation to Tho. Barber.

² *This was truth, sir.*] It appears from the elegant rules drawn up by Jonson for the regulation of his Club, that women of character were not excluded from attending the meetings.

"Proba femina non repudiantor."

So that we have an allusion to a fact well known at the time; though the name of the "two Graces" were not mentioned. From the manner in which Marmion (an enthusiastic admirer of Jonson) speaks of his entertainment there, it may be safely concluded that an admission to it was a favour of no ordinary kind. The "boon Delphic god" was our poet.

"Careless. I am full

Of oracles, I am come from Apollo—

Emilia. From Apollo!

Careless. From the heaven

Of my delight, where the boon Delphic god Drinks sack and keeps his Bacchanalia, And has his incense, and his altars smoking, And speaks in sparkling prophecies; thence I come,

My brains perfumed with the rich Indian vapour, And heightened with conceits. From tempting beauties,

From dainty music, and poetic strains, From bowls of nectar, and ambrosiac dishes; From witty varlets, fine companions,

And from a mighty continent of pleasure Sails thy brave Careless."—Fine Companion.

³ *He holds no man can be a poet*

That is not a good cook.] This is literally from Athenæus, of which more hereafter.

Just the sea-colour, mounted on the back
Of a grown conger, but in such a posture
As all the world would take him for a dol-
phin.

Mad. He's a rare fellow without ques-
tion! but

He holds some paradoxes.

Alm. Ay, and pseudodoxes,

Marry for most, he's orthodox in the
kitchen.

Mad. And knows the clergy's taste!

Alm. Ay, and the laity's!

Shun. You think not of your time; we
shall come too late

If we go not presently.

Mad. Away then.

Shun. Sirs,

You must get of this news, to store your
office,

Who dines and sups in the town; where
and with whom;

It will be beneficial: when you are stored,
And as we like our fare, we shall reward
you.

Nath. A hungry trade 'twill be.

Tho. Much like Duke Humphry's,

But now and then, as the wholesome pro-
verb says,

Twill obsonare famem ambulando.

Nath. Shut up the office, gentle brother
Thomas.

Tho. Brother Nathaniel, I have the wine
for you.¹

I hope to see us one day emissaries.

Nath. Why not? 'Slid, I despair not to
be master.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Pennyboy senior's
House.*

*Enter Pennyboy sen. and Broker, at
different doors.*

P. sen. How now! I think I was born
under Hercules' star,
Nothing but trouble and tumult to oppress
me!

Why come you back? where is your
charge?

Bro. I have brought
A gentleman to speak with you.

P. sen. To speak with me!

You know 'tis death for me to speak with
any man.

What is he? set me a chair.

¹ *I have the wine for you.* A proverbial ex-
pression. I have the perquisites (of the office)
which you are to share.

Bro. He is the master
Of the great office.

P. sen. What?

Bro. The Staple of News,
A mighty thing, they talk six thousand a
year.

P. sen. Well, bring your six in. Where
have you left Pecunia?

Bro. Sir, in Apollo, they are scarce set.

P. sen. Bring six.

[*Exit Broker, and returns with
Cymbal.*]

Bro. Here is the gentleman.

P. sen. He must pardon me,
I cannot rise, a diseased man.

Cym. By no means, sir;
Respect your health and ease.

P. sen. It is no pride in me,
But pain, pain. What's your errand, sir,
to me?

Broker, return to your charge, be Argus-
eyed,

Awake to the affair you have in hand,
Serve in Apollo, but take heed of Bacchus.

[*Exit Broker.*]

Go on, sir.

Cym. I am come to speak with you.

P. sen. 'Tis pain for me to speak, a very
death;

But I will hear you.

Cym. Sir, you have a lady

That sojourns with you.

P. sen. Ha! I am somewhat short

In my sense too—

Cym. Pecunia.

P. sen. O' that side

Very imperfect; on—

Cym. Whom I would draw

Offener to a poor office I am master
of—

P. sen. My hearing is very dead, you
must speak quicker.

Cym. Or, if it please you, sir, to let her
sojourn

In part with me; I have a moiety

We will divide, half of the profits.

P. sen. Ha!

I hear you better now. How come
they in?

Is it a certain business or a casual?

For I am loth to seek out doubtful courses,
Run any hazardous paths; I love straight
ways,

A just and upright man! now all trade
totters;

The trade of money is fallen two in the
hundred:

That was a certain trade while the age was
thrifty,

And men good husbands, looked unto their
stocks,
Had their minds bounded ; now the public
riot

Prostitutes all, scatters away in coaches,
In footmen's coats, and waiting women's
gowns,
They must have velvet haunches, with a
pox !

Now taken up, and yet not pay the use ;
Bate of the use ! I am mad with this time's
manners. [*Vehemently and loud.*]

Cym. You said e'en now it was death for
you to speak.

P. sen. Ay, but an anger, a just anger,
as this is,

Puts life in man. Who can endure to see
[*Starts from his chair.*]

The fury of men's gullets and their groins?
What fires, what cooks, what kitchens
might be spared?

What stews, ponds, parks, coops, garners,
magazines?

What velvets, tissues, scarfs, embroideries,
And laces they might lack? They covet
things

Superfluous still ; when it were much more
honour

They could want necessary : what need
hath nature

Of silver dishes or gold chamber-pots?
Of perfumed napkins, or a numerous family

To see her eat? poor and wise, she requires
Meat only ; hunger is not ambitious :

Say that you were the emperor of pleasures,
The great dictator of fashions for all
Europe,

And had the pomp of all the courts and
kingdoms,

Laid forth unto the show, to make yourself
Gazed and admired at ; you must go to
bed,

And take your natural rest : then all this
vanisheth.

Your bravery was but shown ; 'twas not
possest :

While it did boast itself, it was then
perishing.

Cym. This man has healthful lungs.
[*Aside.*]

P. sen. All that excess

Appeared as little yours as the spectators' :
It scarce fills up the expectation

Of a few hours, that entertains men's lives.
Cym. He has the monopoly of sole-

speaking. [*Aside.*]
Why, good sir, you talk all.

P. sen. [*angrily.*] Why should I not?
s it not under mine own roof, my ceiling?

Cym. But I came here to talk with you.

P. sen. Why, an I will not
Talk with you, sir! you are answered ;
who sent for you?

Cym. Nobody sent for me—

P. sen. But you came ; why then,
Go as you came, here's no man holds you ;
there,

There lies your way, you see the door.

Cym. This is strange !

P. sen. 'Tis my civility when I do not
relish

The party or his business. Pray you be
gone, sir,

I'll have no venture in your shop, the
office,

Your bark of six, if 'twere sixteen, good
sir.

Cym. You are a rogue.

P. sen. I think I am, sir, truly.

Cym. A rascal and a money-bawd.

P. sen. My surnames.

Cym. A wretched rascal—

P. sen. You will overflow

And spill all.

Cym. Caterpillar, moth,

Horseleech, and dung-worm—

P. sen. Still you lose your labour.

I am a broken vessel, all runs out :
A shrunk old dryfat. Fare you well, good
six ! [*Exeunt.*]

[*Cen.* "A notable tough rascal, this old
Pennyboy! right city-bred!

Mirth. In Silver-street, the region of
money, a good seat for a usurer.

Tat. He has rich ingredients in him, I
warrant you, if they were extracted ; a true
receipt to make an alderman, an he were
well wrought upon according to art.

Expect. I would fain see an alderman in
chimia, that is, a treatise of aldermanry
truly written !

Cen. To shew how much it differs from
urbanity.

Mirth. Ay, or humanity. Either would
appear in this Pennyboy, an he were
rightly distilled. But how like you the
news? you are gone from that.

Cen. O, they are monstrous! scurvy
and stale, and too exotic! ill-cooked and
ill-dished!

Expect. They were as good yet as better
could make them!

Tat. In a word, they were beastly
battered: he shall never come on my bread
more, nor in my mouth, if I can help it.
I have better news from the bakehouse by
ten thousand paris, in a morning; or the

conduits in Westminster: all the news of Tattle-street, and both the Alm's-ries, the two Sanctuaries, long and round Wool-staple, with King's-street, and Canon-row to boot.

Mirth. Ay, my Gossip Tattle knew what fine slips grew in Gardener's-lane; who sat the butcher's wife with the cow's breath; what matches were made in the Bowling-alley, and what bets were won and lost; how much grist went to the Mill,¹ and what besides: who conjured in Tattle-fields, and how many, when they never came there: and which boy rode upon Doctor Lamb in the likeness of a roaring lion, that run away with him in his teeth, and has not devoured him yet.

Tat. Why, I had it from my maid Joan Hearsay; and she had it from a limb o' the school, she says, a little limb of nine year old; who told her the master left out his conjuring book one day, and he found it, and so the fable came about. But whether it were true or no, we gossips are bound to believe it, an't be once out and a-foot: how should we entertain the time else, or find ourselves in fashionable discourse for all companies, if we do not credit all, and make more of it in the reporting?

Con. For my part, I believe it: an there were no wiser than I, I would have ne'er a cunning schoolmaster in England. I mean a cunning man a schoolmaster; that is, a conjurer or a poet, or that had any acquaintance with a poet. They make all their scholars play-boys! Is't not a fine sight to see all our children made inter-luders? Do we pay our money for this? we send them to learn their grammar and their Terence, and they learn their play-books! Well, they talk we shall have no more parliaments,² God bless us! but an we have, I hope Zeal-of-the-land-Busy and my gossip Rabbi Troubletruth will start up, and see we shall have painful good

ministers to keep school and catechize our youth, and not teach them to speak plays and act fables of false news in this manner, to the super-vexation of town and country, with a wannion!"]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Devil Tavern. The Apollo.*

Pennyboy jun. Fitton, Shunfield, Almannac, Madrigal, Pennyboy Canter, and Picklock, discovered at table.

P. jun. Come, gentlemen, let's breathe from healths awhile.

This Lickfinger has made us a good dinner For our Pecunia: what shall's do with ourselves

While the women water and the fiddlers eat?

Fit. Let's jeer a little.³

P. jun. Jeer! what's that?

Shun. Expect, sir.

Alm. We first begin with ourselves and then at you.

Shun. A game we use.

Mad. We jeer all kind of persons We meet withal, of any rank or quality, And if we cannot jeer them we jeer ourselves.

P. Can. A pretty sweet society, and a grateful!

Pick. Pray let's see some.

Shun. Have at you then, lawyer.

They say there was one of your coat in Bethlem lately.

Alm. I wonder all his clients were not there.

Mad. They were the madder sort.

Pick. Except, sir, one

Like you, and he made verses.

Fit. Madrigal,

A jeer!

Mad. I know.

¹ [This Mill gave its name to Millbank. The stream which turned it ran where Great College-street now stands. Ben Jonson, as an old "Westminster," was thoroughly familiar with all these localities.—F. C.]

² Well, they talk we shall have no more parliaments, &c.] These "ridiculous gossips," as the author calls them, tattle the cant of the times: their language, however, was fearfully common; and actors and spectators were unconsciously sporting on the verge of a precipice, which no long time after betrayed their feet and plunged them into the abyss together.

³ Let's jeer a little.] This JEERING has scarcely more to interest the reader than the vapouring in *Bartholomew Fair*. Jonson's object was to expose to scorn and ridicule the pestilent humour of a set of bullies then in vogue. As the chief characteristics of this game were dulness and impudence, and as it did not enter into the poet's plan to change its nature by the admixture of any quality less odious, he has contented himself with merely playing it as it was unquestionably played in society, by the Shunfields and Madrigals of the day.

Shun. But what did you do, lawyer,
When you made love to Mistress Band at
dinner?

Mad. Why, of an advocate he grew the
client.

P. jun. Well played, my poet.

Mad. And shewed the law of nature
Was there above the common-law.

Shun. Quit, quit!

P. jun. Call you this jeering! I can play
at this,

'Tis like a ball at tennis.

Fit. Very like;

But we were not well in.

Alm. It is indeed, sir,
When we do speak at volley¹ all the ill
We can one of another.

Shun. As this morning
(I would you had heard us) of the rogue
your uncle.

Alm. That money-bawd.

Mad. We called him a coat-card
Of the last order.

P. jun. What is that, a knave?

Mad. Some readings have it so, my
manuscript
Doth speak it varlet.

P. Can. And yourself a fool
Of the first rank, and one shall have the
leading
Of the right-hand file under this brave
commander.

P. jun. What sayst thou, Canter?

P. Can. Sir, I say this is
A very wholesome exercise and comely.
Like lepers showing one another their scabs,
Or flies feeding on ulcers.

P. jun. What news, gentlemen,
Have you any news for after dinner?
methinks

We should not spend our time unprofitably.

P. Can. They never lie, sir, between
meals; 'gainst supper

You may have a bale or two brought in.

Fit. This Canter
Is an old envious knave!

Alm. A very rascal!

Fit. I have marked him all this meal, he
has done nothing
But mock with scurvly faces all we said.

Alm. A supercilious rogue! he looks as if
He were the patrico—

Mad. Or archpriest of Canters.

Shun. He is some primate metropolitan
rascal,

Our shot-clog² makes so much of him.

Alm. The law

And he does govern him.

P. jun. What say you, gentlemen?

Fit. We say we wonder not your man
of law

Should be so gracious with you; but how
it comes

This rogue, this Canter—

P. jun. O, good words.

Fit. A fellow

That speaks no language—

Alm. But what jingling gipsies
And pedlars trade in—

Fit. And no honest Christian
Can understand—

P. Can. Why, by that argument
You are all Canters, you, and you, and
you:

All the whole world are Canters, I will
prove it

In your professions.

P. jun. I would fain hear this:

But stay, my princess comes; provide the
while,

I'll call for it anon.

Enter Lickfinger, Pecunia, Statute, Band,
Wax, and Mortgage.

How fares your grace?

Lick. I hope the fare was good.

Pec. Yes, Lickfinger,
And we shall thank you for it, and reward
you.

Mad. Nay, I'll not lose my argument,
Lickfinger;

Before these gentlewomen³ I affirm

¹ When we do speak at volley.] *A la volée*, Fr., heedlessly, without due consideration, &c. The phrase occurs again in the *New Inn*:

"You must not give credit
To all that ladies publicly profess,
Or talk o' the *volée* unto their servants."

[Gifford did not know that *volley* is a technical term in the games of tennis and racquets. To *volley a ball* is to strike it before it touches the ground, instead of waiting for the rebound which gives time for a steady aim.—F. C.]

² Our shot-clog, &c.] Whalley's explanation of this term (vol. i. p. 137 a), is incorrect. In-

stead of "an incumbrance on the reckoning," it appears to mean both here, and in the passage referred to, one who is pledged for the reckoning; a simpleton, a gull, in short, who discharges the shot for the whole party. By the *law* Picklock is meant.

³ Before these gentlewomen] The old copies read "gentlemen," which destroys at once the metre and the poet's meaning. Madrigal alludes to what had already passed before the gentlemen (p. 290 a), and he now resumes the subject on the entrance of the ladies. The *Oracle of the Bottle* (see the next speech), Ben found in Rabelais, with whom he was apparently familiar.

The perfect and true strain of poetry
Is rather to be given the quick cellar
Than the fat kitchen.

[P. jun. takes Pecunia aside and courts her.

Lick. Heretic, I see
Thou art for the vain Oracle of the Bottle.
The hogshead, Trismegistus, is thy Pe-
gasus,
Thence flows thy muse's spring from that
hard hoof.

Seduced poet, I do say to thee,
A boiler, range, and dresser were the
fountains

Of all the knowledge in the universe.
And they're the kitchens where the master-
cook—

Thou dost not know the man, nor canst
thou know him,

Till thou hast served some years in that
deep school,

That's both the nurse and mother of the
arts,

And hear'st him read, interpret, and demon-
strate—

A master-cook ! why, he's the man of men,
For a professor ! he designs, he draws,

He paints, he carves, he builds, he forti-
fies,

Makes citadels of curious fowl and fish,
Some he dry-dishes, some moats round
with broths ;

Mounts marrowbones, cuts fifty-angled
custards,

Rears bulwark pies, and for his outer
works

He raiseth ramparts of immortal crust ;
And teacheth all the tactics at one
dinner :¹

What ranks, what files, to put his dishes
in ;

The whole art military. Then he knows
The influence of the stars upon his meats,

And all their seasons, tempers, qualities,
And so to fit his relishes and sauces.

He has nature in a pot, 'bove all the
chymists,

Or airy brethren of the Rosie-cross.
He is an architect, an engineer,

A soldier, a physician, a philosopher,
A general mathematician.

Mad. It is granted.

Lick. And that you may not doubt him
for a poet—

Alm. This fury shews, if there were
nothing else,

And 'tis divine ! I shall for ever hereafter
Admire the wisdom of a cook.

Band. And we, sir.

P. jun. O, how my princess draws me
with her looks,

And hales me in, as eddies draw in boats,
Or strong Charybdis ships that sail too
near

The shelves of love ! The tides of your two
eyes,

Wind of your breath, are such as suck
in all

That do approach you.

Pec. Who hath changed my servant ?

P. jun. Yourself, who drink my blood
up with your beams,

As doth the sun the sea ! Pecunia shines
More in the world than he ; and makes it
spring

Where'er she favours ! please her but to
show

Her melting wrists, or bare her ivory
hands,

She catches still ! her smiles they are love's
fetters !

Her breasts his apples ! her teats straw-
berries !

Where Cupid, were he present now, would
cry,

Farewell my mother's milk, here's sweeter
nectar !

Help me to praise Pecunia, gentlemen ;
She is your princess, lend your wits.

Fit. A lady

The Graces taught to move !

Alm. The Hours did nurse !

Fit. Whose lips are the instructions of
all lovers !

Alm. Her eyes their lights, and rivals
to the stars !

Fit. A voice, as if that harmony still
spake !

Alm. And polished skin, whiter than
Venus' foot !

Fit. Young Hebe's neck, or Juno's
arms !

Alm. A hair,
Large as the morning's, and her breath as
sweet

As meadows after rain, and but new
mown !

Fit. Leda might yield unto her for a face !

¹ And teacheth all the tactics at one dinner.]
We have all this in the Masque called *Neptune's
Triumph*: our poet seems so pleased with his
conceit that he was willing the good people of

the city should share in it, as well as the finer
gentlemen about court. The reader will find the
original of this description in a note on the
Masque above-mentioned.—WHAL.

Alm. Hermione for breasts !

Fit. Flora for cheeks !

Alm. And Helen for a mouth !

P. jun. Kiss, kiss 'em, princess.
[*Pecunia kisses them.*]

Fit. The pearl doth strive in whiteness
with her neck—

Alm. But loath by it : here the snow
thaws snow ;

One frost resolves another !

Fit. O, she has

A front too slippery to be looked upon !¹

Alm. And glances that beguile the
seer's eyes !

P. jun. Kiss, kiss again. [*Pecunia
kisses Alm. and Fit.*] What says my
man of war ?

Shun. I say she's more than fame can
promise of her,

A theme that's overcome with her own
matter !

Praise is struck blind and deaf and dumb
with her,

She doth astonish commendation !

P. jun. Well pumped, i' faith, old sailor ;
kiss him too,

Though he be a slug. [*She kisses him.*]
What says my poet-sucker ?

He's chewing his muse's cud, I do see by
him.

Mad. I have almost done, I want but
e'en to finish.

Fit. That's the ill luck of all his works
still.

P. jun. What ?

Fit. To begin many works, but finish
none.

P. jun. How does he do his mistress'
work ?

Fit. Imperfect.

Alm. I cannot think he finisheth that.

P. jun. Let's hear.

Mad. It is a madrigal ; I affect that
kind

Of poem much.

P. jun. And thence you have the name.

Fit. It is his rose, he can make nothing
else.²

Mad. I made it to the tune the fiddlers
played,

That we all liked so well.

P. jun. Good ! read it, read it.

Mad. The sun is father of all metals,
ycu know,
Silver and gold.

P. jun. Ay, leave your prologues, say,
Mad.

" As bright as is the sun her sire,
Or earth her mother, in her best attire,
Or Mint, the midwife, with her fire,
Comes forth her grace !"

P. jun. That Mint, the midwife, does
well.

" The splendour of the wealthiest mines,
The stamp and strength of all imperial
lines,
Both majesty and beauty shines,
In her sweet face !"

Fit. That's fairly said of money.

" Look how a torch of taper light,
Or of that torch's flame, a beacon bright ;"

P. jun. Good !

Mad. Now there, I want a line to
finish, sir.

P. jun. " Or of that beacon's fire,
moonlight :"

Mad. " So takes she place !"

Fit. 'Tis good.

Mad. And then I have a saraband—

" She makes good cheer, she keeps full
boards,

She holds a fair of knights and lords,
A market of all offices,
And shops of honours, more or less.
According to Pecunia's grace,
The bride hath beauty, blood, and place ;
The bridegroom virtue, valour, wit,
And wisdom, as he stands for it."

P. jun. Call in the fiddlers.

Enter the Fiddlers and Nicholas.
Nick, the boy, shall sing it.
Sweet princess, kiss him, kiss them all,
dear madam, [*Pec. kisses them.*]
And at the close vouchsafe to call them
cousins.

Pec. Sweet cousin Madrigal and cousin
Fitton,
My cousin Shunfield and my learned
cousin—

Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici."
WHAL.

² *It is his rose, he can make nothing else.*
Alluding to the painter who could paint nothing
but that flower.—WHAL.

¹ *Fit. O, she has*

A front too slippery to be looked upon.]
Literally from Horace :

" *Urit me Glyceræ nitor
Splendentis Pario marmore furius,*

Pick. Al-manach, though they call him Almanac.

P. Can. Why, here's the prodigal prostitutes his mistress! [*Aside.*]

P. jun. And Picklock, he must be a kinsman too.

My man of law will teach us all to win, And keep our own.—Old founder!

P. Can. Nothing, I, sir.

I am a wretch, a beggar. She the fortunate,

Can want no kindred: we the poor know none.

Fit. Nor none shall know by my consent. *Alm.* Nor mine.

P. jun. Sing, boy, stand here.

Nich. [*Sings.*] "As bright," &c.

P. Can. Look, look, how all their eyes

Dance in their heads, observe, scattered with lust,

At sight of their brave idol! how they are tickled

With a light air, the bawdy saraband!

They are a kind of dancing engines all,

And set by nature thus to run alone

To every sound! all things within, without them,

Move but their brain, and that stands still! mere monsters,

Here in a chamber, of most subtle feet,

And make their legs in tune, passing the streets!

These are the gallant spirits of the age, The miracles of the time! that can cry up

And down men's wits, and set what rate on things

Their half-brained fancies please! now pox upon them!

See how solicitously he learns the jig,

As if it were a mystery of his faith.

[*Aside.*]

Shun. A dainty ditty!

Fit. O, he's a dainty poet,

When he sets to it!

P. jun. And a dainty scholar!

Alm. No, no great scholar: he writes like a gentleman.

Shun. Pox o' your scholar!

P. Can. Pox o' your distinction!

As if a scholar were no gentleman.

With these, to write like a gentleman, will in time

Become all one as to write like an ass.²

These gentlemen! these rascals; I am sick

Of indignation at them.

[*Aside.*]

P. jun. How do you like't, sir?

Fit. 'Tis excellent!

Alm. 'Twas excellently sung!

Fit. A dainty air!

P. jun. What says my Lickfinger?

Lick. I am telling Mistress Band and Mistress Statute

What a brave gentleman you are, and Wax here!

How much 'twere better that my lady's grace

Would here take up, sir, and keep house with you.

P. jun. What say they?

Sta. We could consent, sir, willingly.

Band. Ay, if we knew her grace had the least liking.

Wax. We must obey her grace's will and pleasure.

P. jun. I thank you, gentlewomen.—Ply them, Lickfinger.

Give Mother Mortgage there——

Lick. Her dose of sack.

I have it for her, and her distance of hum.³

Pec. Indeed therein, I must confess, dear cousin,

I am a most unfortunate princess.

¹ *P. Can.* *Why, here's the prodigal, &c.* The names of the speakers are miserably out of place in the old folio. The author assuredly never revised, probably never saw, a line of this publication.

² *With these, to write like a gentleman, will in time*

Become all one as to write like an ass. Old *Center* was right: "the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease," about half a century later, verified his observation. "The phrase (*a person of quality*) is a little variations," as Captain *Fluelin* says, "but the meaning is all one reckoning."

³ *And her distance of hum.]* Hum has been

already noticed as a kind of spirituous liquor (*p.* 216 *a*). It is mentioned by *Shirley*:

"*Loe.* They say that canary sack must dance again

To the apothecary's, and be sold for
Physic in hum-glasses and thimbles."

The Wedding, act ii.

I cannot pretend to give the meaning of a distance of hum. As it was drunk in *small glasses*, it was probably of considerable strength, and the expression in the text may therefore allude to some division, either real or imaginary, in the ordinary vessels by which the draughts of it were regulated, and below which it was not allowable to go. That such rules once existed is well known. But this is merely conjecture.

Alm. And
You still will be so, when your grace may
help it!

[*The gallants gather all about Pecunia.*]

Mad. Who'd lie in a room with a close
stool and garlic,
And kennel with his dogs, that had a prince
Like this young Pennyboy, to sojourn
with!

Shun. He'll let you have your liberty—

Alm. Go forth,

Whither you please, and to what com-
pany—

Mad. Scatter yourself amongst us—

P. jun. Hope of Parnassus!

Thy ivy shall not wither, nor thy bays;
Thou shalt be had into her grace's cellar,
And there know sack and claret all
December:

Thy vein is rich, and we must cherish it.
Poets and bees swarm now-a-days; but yet
There are not those good taverns for the
one sort

As there are flowery fields to feed the
other.

Though bees be pleased with dew, ask
little Wax,

That brings the honey to her lady's hive:
The poet must have wine; and he shall
have it.

Enter Pennyboy sen. hastily.

P. sen. Broker! what, Broker!

P. jun. Who's that, my uncle?

P. sen. I am abused; where is my knave,
my Broker?

Lick. Your Broker is laid out upon a
bench yonder;

Sack hath seized on him in the shape of
sleep.

Pick. He hath been dead to us almost
this hour.

P. sen. This hour!

P. Can. Why sigh you, sir? 'cause he's
at rest?

P. sen. It breeds my unrest.

Lick. Will you take a cup,
And try if you can sleep?

P. sen. No, cogging Jack,
Thou and thy cups too perish.

[*Strikes the cup out of his hand.*]

Shun. O, the sack!

Mad. The sack, the sack!

P. Can. A madrigal on sack!

Pick. Or rather an elegy, for the sack is
gone.

Pec. Why do you this, sir? spill the wine,
and rave,

For Broker's sleeping?

P. sen. What through sleep and sack,
My trust is wronged: but I am still awake.
To wait upon your grace, please you to quit
This strange lewd company; they are not
for you.

Pec. No, guardian, I do like them very
well.

P. sen. Your grace's pleasure be ob-
served; but you,

Statute, and Band, and Wax will go with
me?

Sta. Truly, we will not.

Band. We will stay, and wait here
Upon her grace, and this your noble kin-
man.

P. sen. Noble! how noble! who hath
made him noble?

P. jun. Why, my most noble Money
hath, or shall,

My princess here; she that had you but kept
And treated kindly would have made you
noble,

And wise too: nay, perhaps have done
that for you

An act of parliament could not, made you
honest.

The truth is, uncle, that her grace dislikes
Her entertainment, specially her lodging.

Pec. Nay, say her jail: never unfortu-
nate princess

Was used so by a jailor. Ask my women:
Band, you can tell, and Statute, how he

has used me,

Kept me close prisoner, under twenty
bolts—

Sta. And forty padlocks—

Band. All malicious engines
A wicked smith could forge out of his iron;

As locks and keys, shackles and manacles,
To torture a great lady.

Sta. He has abused

Your grace's body.

Pec. No, he would have done;
That lay not in his power: he had the use

Of our bodies, Band and Wax and some-
times Statute's:

But once he would have smothered me in
a chest,¹

¹ But once he would have smothered me, &c.]
This is from Aristophanes:

Αλλ' αχθομαι μεν εισων νη τους θεους,
Ες οικιαν εκαστου' αλλοτριαν πανν'

Αγαθον γαρ απελανσ' ουδεν αυτον πιπτεν.
Ην μεν γαρ ες φειδωλον εισελθων τυχη,
Ευθυς καταωρυξεν με κατα της γης κατω.

It is amusing to contemplate the manner in

And strangled me in leather, but that you
Came to my rescue then, and gave me air.
Sta. For which he crammed us up in a
close box,
All three together, where we saw no sun
In one six months.
Wax. A cruel man he is!
Band. He has left my fellow Wax out in
the cold—
Sta. Till she was stiff as any frost, and
crumbled
Away to dust, and almost lost her form.
Wax. Much ado to recover me.
P. sen. Women jeerers!
Have you learned too the subtle faculty?
Come, I will shew you the way home, if
drink
Or too full diet have disguised you.
Band. Troth,
We have not any mind, sir, of return—
Sta. To be bound back to back—
Band. And have our legs
Turned in or writhed about—
Wax. Or else displayed—
Sta. Be lodged with dust and fleas, as
we were wont—
Band. And dieted with dogs' dung.
P. sen. Why, you whores,
My bawds, my instruments, what should I
call you
May think base enough for you?
P. jun. Hear you, uncle:
I must not hear this of my princess' ser-
vants,
And in Apollo, in Pecunia's room.
Go, get you down the stairs; home to your
kennel,
As swiftly as you can. Consult your dogs,
The Lares of your family; or believe it,
The fury of a footman and a drawer
Hangs over you.
Shun. Cudgel and pot do threaten
A kind of vengeance.
Mad. Barbers are at hand.
Alm. Washing and shaving will ensue.
Fit. The pump
is not far off; if 'twere, the sink is near,
Or a good jordan.
Mad. You have now no money.
Shun. But are a rascal.
P. sen. I am cheated, robbed,
perjured by confederacy.
Fit. No, you are kicked,
And used kindly, as you should be.

which these two great masters of comic humour
have treated a nearly similar subject. The
richness of the ancient drama would not admit
the boundless variety with which Jonson has
VOL. II.

Shun. Spurned
From all commerce of men, who are a cur.
[*They kick him.*]
Alm. A stinking dog in a doublet with
foul linen.
Mad. A snarling rascal, hence!
Shun. Out!
P. sen. Well, remember
I am cozened by my cousin and his whore.
Bane o' these meetings in Apollo!
Lick. Go, sir,
You will be tost like Block in a blanket
else.
P. jun. Down with him, Lickfinger.
P. sen. Saucy Jack, away:
Pecunia is a whore.
P. jun. Play him down, fiddlers,
And drown his noise. [*Exeunt P. sen. and*
Lickfinger.] Who's this?

Enter Piedmantle with Pecunia's pedigree.
Fit. O, Master Piedmantle!
Pie. By your leave, gentlemen.
Fit. Her grace's herald?
Alm. No herald yet, a heraldet.
P. jun. What's that?
P. Can. A canter.
P. jun. O, thou saidst thou'dst prove us
all so!
P. Can. Sir, here is one will prove him-
self so, straight;
So shall the rest in time.
Pec. My pedigree?
I tell you, friend, he must be a good
scholar
Can my descent: I am of princely race;
And as good blood as any is in the mines
Runs through my veins. I am every limb
a princess!
Duchess of Mines was my great grand-
mother;
And by the father's side, I come from Sol:
My grandfather was Duke of Or, and
matched
In the blood-royal of Ophir.
Pie. Here is his coat.
Pec. I know it if I hear the blazon.
Pie. He bears
In a field azure a sun proper, beamy,
Twelve of the second.
P. Can. How far is this from canting?
P. jun. Her grace doth understand it.
P. Can. She can cant, sir.

diversified and enriched his scenes; but Aristo-
phanes has nevertheless made his simple plot
the vehicle of much exquisite mirth and much
powerful satire.

Pec. What be these?—Bezants?

Pie. Yes, an't please your grace.

Pec. That is our coat too, as we come from Or.

What line is this?

Pie. The rich mines of Potosi,
The Spanish mines in the West Indies.

Pec. This?

Pie. The mines of Hungary, this of Barbary.

Pec. But this, this little branch?

Pie. The Welsh mine that.

Pec. I have Welsh blood in me too; blaze, sir, that coat.

Pie. She bears, an't please you, argent, three leeks vert,

In canton or, tasselled of the first.

P. Can. Is not this canting? do you understand him?

P. jun. Not I; but it sounds well, and the whole thing

Is rarely painted. I will have such a scroll, Whate'er it cost me.

Pec. Well, at better leisure

We'll take a view of it, and so reward you.

P. jun. Kiss him, sweet princess, and style him a cousin.

Pec. I will if you will have it.—Cousin Piedmantle. [*She kisses him.*]

P. jun. I love all men of virtue, from my princess

Unto my beggar here, old Canter. On, On to thy proof; whom prove you the next canter?

P. Can. The doctor here; I will proceed with the learned.

When he discourseth of dissection,
Or any point of anatomy; that he tells you
Of vena cava, and of vena porta,
The meseraics, and the mesenterium:

What does he else but cant? or if he run
To his judicial astrology,
And trowl the Trine, the Quartile, and the Sextile,

Platic aspect, and Partile, with his Hyleg,
Or Alchochoden, Cuspes, and Horoscope;

Does not he cant? who here does understand him?

Alm. This is no canter, though!

P. Can. Or when my muster-master
Talks of his tactics, and his ranks and files,

His bringers-up, his leaders-on, and cries
Faces about to the right hand, the left,
Now *As you were*; then tells you of redoubts,

Of cats, and cortines: doth not he cant?

P. jun. Yes, faith.

P. Can. My egg-chinned laureat here,
when he comes forth

With dimeters, and trimeters, tetrameters,
Pentameters, hexameters, catalectics,
His hyper and his brachy-catalectics,
His pyrrhics, epitrites, and choriambics;
What is all this but canting?

Mad. A rare fellow!

Shun. Some begging scholar!

Fit. A decayed doctor at least!

P. jun. Nay, I do cherish virtue, though in rags.

P. Can. And you, mas courtier—

[*To Fitton.*]

P. jun. Now he treats of you,
Stand forth to him fair.

P. Can. With all your fly-blown projects,

And looks-out of the politics, your sim faces,

And reserved questions and answers, that
you game with; as,

"Is't a clear business? will it manage well?

My name must not be used else. Here 'twill dash—

Your business has received a taint,—give off,

I may not prostitute myself. Tut, tut,
That little dust I can blow off at pleasure.—

Here's no such mountain yet in the whole work

But a light purse may level.—I will tide

¹ Is not this canting? do you understand him? Here, as was observed in a similar case (p. 255), it would not have been a matter of difficulty, though of considerable labour, to furnish some kind of explanation of all the technical terms which occur in the remainder of this scene; but it would still be a thankless office. No one, I should suppose, would even dwell for a moment on such an uninteresting muster-roll of hard words: and in fact, if any prodigy of patience and curiosity should inquire after their sense, and earn that tasselled of the first means

of the first colour, "because heraldry abhors to repeat the name;" that trine is "the aspect of one star with regard to another when they are distant 120 degrees," &c. &c., he would not, I suspect, find himself very far advanced in the sciences of heraldry and astronomy. Jonson, who was not only possessed of as much learning but of as much general knowledge as any man of his time, undoubtedly understood them all: the general reader, however, will do well to content himself (like the Prodigal) with saying "they sound well," and pass on.

This affair for you; give it freight and passage:—"

And such mint phrase, as 'tis the worst of canting
By how much it affects the sense it has not.

Fit. This is some other than he seems!

P. jun. How like you him?

Fit. This cannot be a canter!

P. jun. But he is, sir,

And shall be still, and so shall you be too:

We'll all be canters. Now I think of it,

A noble whimsy's come into my brain:

I'll build a college, I and my Pecunia,
And call it **CANTERS' COLLEGE**: sounds it well?

Alm. Excellent!

P. jun. And here stands my father rector,

And you professors; you shall all profess
Something, and live there, with her grace
and me,

Your founders. I'll endow it with lands and means,

And Lickfinger shall be my master-cook.

What, is he gone?

P. Can. And a professor?

P. jun. Yes.

P. Can. And read Apicius *de re culinaria*

To your brave doxy and you!

P. jun. You, cousin Fitton,

Shall, as a courtier, read the politics;

Doctor Almanac he shall read astrology;

Stunfield shall read the military arts.

P. Can. As carving and assaulting the cold custard.

P. jun. And Horace here, the art of poetry.

His lyrics and his madrigals; fine songs,

Which we will have at dinner, steeped in claret,

And against supper soused in sack.

Mad. In troth,

A divine whimsy!

Stun. And a worthy work,

Fit for a chronicle!

P. jun. Is it not?

Stun. To all ages.

P. jun. And Piedmantle shall give us all our arms:

See Picklock, what wouldst thou be? thou canst cant too.

Pick. In all the languages in Westminster-hall,

Pleas, Bench, or Chancery. Fee-farm, fee-tail,

Tenant in dower, at will, for term of life,

By copy of court-roll, knight's service,

homage,

Fealty, escuage, soccage, or frank almoigne,

Grand serjeantry, or burgage.

P. jun. Thou appear'st,

Kar' i'oxon. a canter. Thou shalt read

All Littleton's Tenures to me, and indeed

All my conveyances.

Pick. And make them too, sir:

Keep all your courts, be steward of your

lands,

Let all your leases, keep your evidences.

But first, I must procure and pass your mortmain,

You must have licence from above, sir.

P. jun. Fear not,

Pecunia's friends shall do it.

P. Can. But I shall stop it.

[*Throws off his patched cloke, &c., and discovers himself.*]

Your worship's loving and obedient father,

Your painful steward, and lost officer!

Who have done this, to try how you would use

Pecunia when you had her; which since I see,

I will take home the lady to my charge,

And these her servants, and leave you my cloke,

To travel in to Beggar's-bush! A seat

Is built already, furnished too, worth twenty
Of your imagined structures, Canters' College.

Fit. It is his father!

Mad. He's alive, methinks.

Alm. I knew he was no rogue.¹

P. Can. Thou prodigal,

Was I so careful for thee, to procure

And plot with my learned counsel, Master Picklock,

This noble match for thee, and dost thou prostitute,

Scatter thy mistress' favours, throw away

Her bounties, as they were red-burning coals,

Too hot for thee to handle, on such rascals,

Who are the scum and excrements of men!

If thou hadst sought out good and virtuous persons

¹ I knew he was no rogue. i.e., no beggar by profession: see p. 299 b. *Beggar's-bush*, which occurs just above, "is (as Fuller tells us) a tree notoriously known, on the left hand of the

London road from Huntingdon to Coxton. It is spoken of such who use dissolute and improvident courses, which tend to poverty."—*Huntingdonshire Prov.*

Of these professions, I had loved thee and them:

For these shall never have that plea against me,

Or colour of advantage, that I hate
Their callings, but their manners and their vices.

A worthy courtier is the ornament
Of a king's palace, his great master's honour:

This is a moth, a rascal, a court-rat,
[Points to Fitton.]

That gnaws the commonwealth with broking suits,

And eating grievances! so, a true soldier,
He is his country's strength, his sovereign's safety,

And to secure his peace he makes himself
The heir of danger, nay, the subject of it,
And runs those virtuous hazards that this scarecrow

Cannot endure to hear of.

Shun. You are pleasant, sir.

P. Can. With you I dare be! here is
Piedmantle;

'Cause he's an ass, do not I love a herald,
Who is the pure preserver of descents,
The keeper fair of all nobility,
Without which all would run into confusion?

Were he a learned herald I would tell him

He can give arms and marks, he cannot honour;

No more than money can make noble: it may

Give place and rank, but it can give no virtue:

And he would thank me for this truth. This dog-leech,

You style him doctor, 'cause he can compile

An almanac, perhaps erect a scheme
For my great madam's monkey, when't has ta'en

A glyster, and bewrayed the Ephemerides.
Do I despise a learn'd physician,

In calling him a quacksalver? or blast
The ever-living garland, always green,

Of a good poet, when I say his wreath
Is pieced and patched of dirty withered flowers?—

Away! I am impatient of these ulcers,
That I not call you worse. There is no sore

Or plague but you to infect the times: I
abhor

Your very scent.—Come, lady, since my
prodigal

Knew not to entertain you to your worth,
I'll see if I have learned how to receive you

With more respect to you and your fair
train here.

Farewell, my beggar in velvet, for to-day;
To-morrow you may put on that grave robe.

[Points to his patched cloak.]

And enter your great work of *Canterbury College*,

Your work, and worthy of a chronicle!
[Exeunt.]

[*Tat.* "Why, this was the worst of all,
the catastrophe!

Can. The matter began to be good but
now; and he has spoiled it all with his
beggar there!

Mirth. A beggarly Jack it is, I warrant
him, and akin to the poet.

Tat. Like enough, for he had the chiefest
part in his play, if you mark it.

Expect. Absurdity on him for a huge, over-
grown playmaker! why should he make
him live again, when they and we all
thought him dead? if he had left him to his
rags there had been an end of him.

Tat. Ay, but set a beggar on horseback,
he'll never lin till he be a gallop.

Can. The young heir grew a fine gentle-
man in this last act.

Expect. So he did, gossip, and kept the
best company.

Can. And feasted them and his mistress.

Tat. And shewed her to them all: was
not jealous!

Mirth. But very communicative and
liberal, and began to be magnificent, if
the churl his father would have let him
alone.

Can. It was spitefully done of the poet,
to make the chuff take him off in his
height, when he was going to do all his
brave deeds.

Expect. To found an academy.

Tat. Erect a college.

Expect. Plant his professors, and water
his lectures.

Mirth. With wine, gossips, as he meant
to do;—and then to defraud his purposes!

Expect. Kill the hopes of so many
wardly young spirits.—

Tat. As the doctors—

Can. And the courtiers! I protest I was
in love with Master Fitton: he did wear
all he had, from the hatband to the shoe-
tie, so politically, and would stoop, and lower!

Mirth. And lie so in wait for a piece of
wit, like a mousetrap!

Expect. Indeed, gossip, so would the little doctor; all his behaviour was mere glee. O' my conscience, he would make any party's physic in the world work with his discourse.

Mirth. I wonder they would suffer it; a foolish old fornicating father to ravish away his son's mistress.

Cen. And all her women at once, as he did.

Tat. I would have flown in his gipsy's face, i' faith.

Mirth. It was a plain piece of political incest, and worthy to be brought afore the high commission of wit. Suppose we were to censure him; you are the youngest voice, Gossip Tattle, begin.

Tat. Marry, I would have the old coney-catcher cozened of all he has, in the young heir's defence, by his learned counsel Master Picklock!

Cen. I would rather the courtier had found out some trick to beg him for his estate!

Expect. Or the captain had courage enough to beat him!

Cen. Or the fine Madrigal-man in rhyme to have run him out of the country, like an Irish rat.

Tat. No, I would have Master Pied-mantle, her grace's herald, to pluck down his hatchments, reverse his coat-armour, and nullify him for no gentleman.

Expect. Nay, then let master doctor dissect him, have him opened, and his tripes translated to Lickfinger, to make a proportion-dish of.

Cen. Tat. Agreed, agreed!

Mirth. Faith, I would have him flat disinherited by a decree of court, bound to make restitution of the Lady Pecunia, and the use of her body to his son.

Expect. And her train to the gentlemen.

Cen. And both the poet and himself to ask them all forgiveness!

Tat. And us too.

Cen. In two large sheets of paper—

Expect. Or to stand in a skin of parchment, which the court please.

Cen. And those filled with news!

Mirth. And dedicated to the sustaining of the Staple!

Expect. Which their poet hath let fall most abruptly.

Mirth. Bankruptly indeed.

Cen. You say wittily, gossip; and therefore let a protest go out against him.

Mirth. A mournival of protests, or a gleek at least.¹

Expect. In all our names.

Cen. For a decayed wit—

Expect. Broken—

Tat. Non-solvent—

Cen. And for ever forfeit—

Mirth. To scorn of Mirth!

Cen. Censure!

Expect. Expectation!

Tat. Subsigned Tattle. Stay, they come again."

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Pennyboy's Lodgings.

Enter Pennyboy jun. in the patched and ragged cloke his father left him.

P. jun. Nay, they are fit as they had been made for me,
And I am now a thing worth looking at,
The same I said I would be in the morning!

No rogue, at a comitia of the canters,
Did ever there become his parent's robes
Better than I do these. Great fool and beggar!

Why do not all that are of those societies

Come forth and gratulate me one of theirs?

Methinks I should be on every side saluted

Dauphin of beggars, Prince of prodigals!
That have so fallen under the ears, and eyes,

And tongues of all, the fable of the time,
Matter of scorn, and mark of reprehension!

I now begin to see my vanity
Shine in this glass, reflected by the foil!—
Where is my fashioner, my featherman,
My linener, perfumer, barber, all
That tail of riot followed me this morning?

Not one! but a dark solitude about me,
Worthy my cloke and patches; as I had
The epidemical disease upon me;
And I'll sit down with it.

[*Sits himself on the floor.*]

¹ A mournival of protests, or a gleek at least.
"A mournival is either all the aces, the four kings, queens, or knaves; and a gleek is three of any of the aforesaid."—*Complete Gamester*, p. 94.

Enter Tho. Barber.

Tho. My master, maker!
How do you? why do you sit thus on the
ground, sir?

Hear you the news?

P. jun. No, nor I care to hear none.
Would I could here sit still, and slip
away

The other one and twenty to have this
Forgotten, and the day razed out, ex-
punged

In every ephemerides or almanac!
Or if it must be in, that time and nature
Have decreed; still let it be a day
Of tickling prodigals about the gills,
Deluding gaping heirs, losing their loves,
And their discretions, falling from the
favours

Of their best friends and parents, their own
hopes,

And entering the society of canters.

Tho. A doleful day it is, and dismal
times

Are come upon us! I am clear undone.

P. jun. How, Tom?

Tho. Why, broke, broke; wretchedly
broke.

P. jun. Ha!

Tho. Our Staple is all to pieces, quite
dissolved.

P. jun. Ha!

Tho. Shivered, as in an earthquake!
heard you not

The crack and ruins? we are all blown
up!

Soon as they heard the Infanta was got
from them,

Whom they had so devoured in their
hopes,

To be their patroness, and sojourn with
them,

Our emissaries, register, examiner,
Flew into vapour: our grave governor

Into a subtler air, and is returned,¹
As we do hear, grand captain of the

jeerers.

I and my fellow melted into butter,
And spoiled our ink, and so the office

vanished.

The last hum that it made was that your
father

And Picklock are fallen out, the man of
law.

P. jun. [*starting up.*] How! this awakes
me from my lethargy.

¹ And is returned, &c.] i.e., gone back to his
former situation, &c. This is sufficiently harsh.

Tho. And a great suit is like to be be-
tween them:

Picklock denies the feoffment and the trust
Your father says he made of the whole estate
Unto him, as respecting his mortality,
When he first laid his late device to try
you.

P. jun. Has Picklock then a trust?
Tho. I cannot tell,

Here comes the worshipful—

[*P. jun. makes a sign to Tho. who
retires behind the hangings.*]

Enter Picklock.

Pick. What, my velvet heir
Turned beggar in mind as robes!

P. jun. You see what case
Your and my father's plots have brought
me to.

Pick. Your father's you may say indeed,
not mine.

He's a hard-hearted gentleman; I am
sorry

To see his rigid resolution!
That any man should so put off affection

And human nature to destroy his own,
And triumph in a victory so cruel!

He's fallen out with me for being yours,
And calls me knave and traitor to his

trust;

Says he will have me thrown over the
bar—

P. jun. Have you deserved it?
Pick. O, good heaven knows

My conscience, and the silly latitude of it;
A narrowminded man! my thoughts do

dwell

All in a lane, or line indeed; no turning,
Nor scarce obliquity in them. I still look

Right forward, to the intent and scope of
that

Which he would go from now.

P. jun. Had you a trust then?
Pick. Sir, I had somewhat will keep you

still lord

Of all the estate, if I be honest, as
I hope I shall. My tender scrupulous

breast

Will not permit me see the heir defrauded.
And like an alien thrust out of the

blood.

The laws forbid that I should give consent
To such a civil slaughter of a son!

P. jun. Where is the deed? hast thou it
with thee?

Pick. No.
It is a thing of greater consequence
Than to be borne about in a black box.

Like a Low Country vorloff, ¹ or Welsh brief.

It is at Lickfinger's under lock and key.

P. jun. O, fetch it hither.

Pick. I have bid him bring it, That you might see it.

P. jun. Knows he what he brings?

Pick. No more than a gardener's ass what roots he carries.

P. jun. I was a sending my father, like an ass,

A penitent epistle : but I am glad I did not now.

Pick. Hang him, an austere grape

That has no juice but what is verjuice in him !

P. jun. I'll shew you my letter. ² [*Exit.*

Pick. Shew me a defiance !

If I can now commit father and son,

And make my profits out of both ; commence

A suit with the old man for his whole state,

And go to law with the son's credit, undo

Both, both with their own money, it were a piece

Worthy my night-cap and the gown I wear,

A Picklock's name in law. — Where are you, sir?

What do you do so long?

Re-enter Pennyboy jun.

P. jun. I cannot find

Where I have laid it ; but I have laid it safe.

Pick. No matter, sir ; trust you unto my Trust,

'Tis that that shall secure you, an absolute deed !

And I confess it was in trust for you,

Lest anything might have happened mortal to him :

But there must be a gratitude thought on,

And aid, sir, for the charges of the suit,

Which will be great, 'gainst such a mighty man.

¹ Like a Low Country vorloff,] One of the terms picked up by the poet in his Flemish campaign. He gives it indeed as an exotic ; but it has long since been naturalized among us, as *Jurrough*, by which it has lost nothing but its pristine sense and sound. It is greatly to the credit of the gentlemen of the army, that they have contrived to obviate the miserable poverty of the English tongue by adopting the military vocabulary of almost all the nations of Europe. This gives a richness to their language which is scarcely surpassed by its idiomatic pureness and intelligibility. [This sneer will amuse the readers of the Duke's *Despatches*, Napier's *Peninsular*

As is your father, and a man possest Of so much land, Pecunia, and her friends.

I am not able to wage law with him, ³

Yet must maintain the thing, as my own right,

Still for your good, and therefore must be bold

To use your credit for moneys.

P. jun. What thou wilt,

So we be safe and the trust bear it.

Pick. Fear not,

'Tis he must pay arrearages in the end.

We'll milk him and Pecunia, draw their cream down,

Before he get the deed into his hands.

My name is Picklock, but he'll find me a padlock.

Enter Pennyboy Canter.

P. Can. How now ! conferring with your learned counsel

Upon the cheat ! Are you of the plot to cozen me ?

P. jun. What plot ?

P. Can. Your counsel knows there. Master Picklock,

Will you restore the trust yet ?

Pick. Sir, take patience

And memory unto you, and bethink you

What trust ? where does't appear ? I have your deed ;

Doth your deed specify any trust ? Is it not

A perfect act, and absolute in law,

Sealed and delivered before witnesses,

The day and date emergent ?

P. Can. But what conference,

What oaths and vows preceded ?

Pick. I will tell you, sir,

Since I am urged of those ; as I remember,

You told me you had got a grown estate

By griping means, sinisterly—

P. Can. How !

Pick. And were

War, Head's Bubbles, and a hundred other works.—F. C.]

² Here the margin says, *Pennyboy runs out to fetch his letter.* This is merely a pretence. He runs out to dispatch a ticket-porter to meet Lickfinger, and take the deed of trust from him.

³ *Wage law.*] "When an action is brought for money or chattels left or lent to the defendant, he may wage his law; that is, swear, and certain persons with him, that he owes nothing to the plaintiff, in manner as he hath disclosed." —*Law Dict.* Perhaps I have shot beyond the author in this grave quotation; the meaning of which may after all be—"I am not rich enough to contend with him."

Even weary of it ; if the parties lived
From whom you had wrested it——

P. Can. Ha!

Pick. You could be glad
To part with all for satisfaction :
But since they had yielded to humanity,
And that just heaven had sent you for a
punishment,
You did acknowledge it, this riotous heir,
That would bring all to beggary in the end,
And daily sowed consumption where he
went——

P. Can. You would cozen both then?
your confederate too?

Pick. After a long mature deliberation,
You could not think where better how to
place it——

P. Can. Than on you, rascal?

Pick. What you please in your passion,
But with your reason, you will come about
And think a faithful and a frugal friend
To be preferred.

P. Can. Before a son?

Pick. A prodigal,

A tub without a bottom, as you termed
him!

For which I might return you a vow or
two,

And seal it with an oath of thankfulness.

I not repent it, neither have I cause ;
yet——

P. Can. Forehead of steel, and mouth
of brass ! hath impudence

Polished so gross a lie, and dar'st thou
vent it?

Engine, composed of all mixt metals !
hence,

I will not change a syllable with thee
more,

Till I may meet thee at a bar in court

Before thy judges.

Pick. Thither it must come

Before I part with it to you, or you, sir.

P. Can. I will not hear thee.

P. jun. Sir, your ear to me though——

Not that I see through his perplexed plots
And hidden ends ; nor that my parts
depend

Upon the unwinding this so knotted skein
Do I beseech your patience. Unto me

He hath confest the trust.

Pick. How ! I confess it?

P. jun. Ay, thou false man.

P. Can. Stand up to him and confront
him.

Pick. Where, when, to whom?

P. jun. To me even now, and here :

Canst thou deny it?

Pick. Can I eat or drink,

Sleep, wake, or dream, arise, sit, go, or
stand,

Do anything that's natural?

P. jun. Yes, lie

It seems thou canst, and perjure ; that is
natural.

Pick. O me, what times are these of
frontless carriage !

An egg of the same nest ! the father's bird !
It runs in a blood, I see.

P. jun. I'll stop your mouth.

Pick. With what?

P. jun. With truth.

Pick. With noise ; I must have witness :
Where is your witness ? you can produce
witness?

P. jun. As if my testimony were not
twenty,

Balanced with thine !

Pick. So say all prodigals

Sick of self-love ; but that's not law, young
Scattergood :

I live by law.

P. jun. Why, if thou hast a conscience,

That is a thousand witnesses.

Pick. No court

Grants out a writ of summons for the con-
science,

That I know, nor subpoena, nor attachment.
I must have witness, and of your producing,

Ere this can come to hearing, and it must
Be heard on oath and witness.

P. jun. Come forth, Tom !

Re-enter Tho. Barber.

Speak what thou heard'st, the truth, and
the whole truth,

And nothing but the truth. What said
this varlet?

Pick. A rat behind the hangings?

Tho. Sir, he said

It was a trust ! an act the which your
father

Had will to alter ; but " his tender breast
Would not permit to see the heir defrauded,

And like an alien thrust out of the blood.
The laws forbid that he should give consent

To such a civil slaughter of a son——"

P. jun. And talked of a gratuity to be
given,

And aid unto the charges of the suit ;
Which he was to maintain in his own name,

But for my use he said.

P. Can. It is enough.

Tho. And he " would milk Pecunia, and
draw down

Her cream before you got the trust again."

P. Can. Your ears are in my pocket,
knave, go shake 'em
The little while you have them.

Pick. You do trust
To your great purse.

P. Can. I have you in a purse-net,
Good Master Picklock, with your worming
brain,

And wriggling engine-head of maintenance,¹

Which I shall see you hole with very
shortly!

A fine round head when those two lugs
are off,

To trundle through a pillory! You are
sure

You heard him speak this?

P. jun. Ay, and more.

Tho. Much more.

Pick. I'll prove yours maintenance and
combination,

And sue you all.

P. Can. Do, do, my gowned vulture,
Crop in reversion! I shall see you quoitod
Over the bar, as bargemen do their
billets.

Pick. This 'tis, when men repent of their
good deeds,

And would have 'em in again—They are
almost mad:

But I forgive their *lucida intervalla*.

Enter Lickfinger.

O, Lickfinger! come hither.

[*Comes forward with Lickfinger ;
while P. jun. discovers the plot,
aside, to his father, and that he
is in possession of the deed.*

Where's my writing?

Lick. I sent it you, together with your
keys.

Pick. How?

Lick. By the porter that came for it from
you,

And by the token you had given me the
keys,

And bade me bring it.

Pick. And why did you not?

Lick. Why did you send a countermand?

Pick. Who, I?

Lick. You, or some other you, you put
in trust.

Pick. In trust!

Lick. Your trust's another self, you
know;

And without trust, and your trust, how
should he

Take notice of your keys or of my charge?

Pick. Know you the man?

Lick. I know he was a porter,
And a sealed porter; for he bore the badge
On his breast, I am sure.

Pick. I am lost: a plot! I scent it.

Lick. Why, and I sent it by the man
you sent,

Whom else I had not trusted.

Pick. Plague on your trust!

I am trussed up among you—

P. jun. Or you may be.

Pick. In mine own halter; I have made
the noose. [Exit.

P. jun. What was it, Lickfinger?

Lick. A writing, sir,

He sent for't by a token; I was bringing it,
But that he sent a porter, and he seemed
A man of decent carriage.

P. Can. 'Twas good fortune!

To cheat the cheater was no cheat, but
justice.

Put off your rags and be yourself again:

This act of piety and good affection

Hath partly reconciled me to you.

P. jun. Sir—

P. Can. No vows, no promises; too
much protestation

Makes that suspected oft we would per-
suade.

Lick. Hear you the news?

P. jun. The office is down, how should
we?

Lick. But of your uncle?

P. jun. No.

Lick. He is run mad, sir.

P. Can. How, Lickfinger?

Lick. Stark staring mad, your brother,
He has almost killed his maid—

P. Can. Now heaven forbid!

Lick. But that she is cat-lived and
squirrel-limbed,

With throwing bed-staves² at her: he has
set wide

¹ And wriggling engine-head of main-
tenance.] "Maintenance signifies the support-
ing a cause or person by any kind of countenance
or encouragement, and is generally taken in a bad
sense. The writ that lies against a man for this
offence is also called maintenance."—*Law Dict.*

² [At vol. i. p. 14, B3badil asks the hostess to
accommodate him with another bed-staff," and

this use of the word was frequently quoted in a
controversy which arose some years ago as to
the meaning of the phrase "twinkling of a bed-
post." Had the writers been aware of the way
in which *Pennyboy Senior* employed bed-staves,
there would have been no talk of their being
"at least six feet long and strong enough to
bear the weight of any one leaning against

His outer doors, and now keeps open house

For all the passers-by to see his justice.

First, he has apprehended his two dogs,

As being of the plot to cozen him;

And there he sits like an old worm of the peace,

Wrapped up in furs, at a square table, screwing,

Examining, and committing the poor curs

To two old cases of close stools as prisons;

The one of which he calls his Lollard's tower,

T'other his Block-house, 'cause his two dogs' names

Are Block and Lollard.

P. jun. This would be brave matter Unto the jeerers.

P. Can. Ay, if so the subject Were not so wretched.

Lick. Sure I met them all, I think, upon that quest.

P. Can. 'Faith, like enough: The vicious still are swift to shew their natures.

I'll thither too, but with another aim, If all succeed well, and my simples take.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Pennyboy Senior's House.*

Pennyboy sen. discovered sitting at table with papers, &c. before him; Porter, and Block and Lollard (two dogs.)

P. sen. Where are the prisoners?

Por. They are forthcoming, sir, Or coming forth at least.

P. sen. The rogue is drunk, Since I committed them to his charge.—

Come hither, Near me, yet nearer; breathe upon me. [*He smells him.*] Wine!

Wine o' my worship! sack, Canary sack! Could not your badge have been drunk with fulsom ale

Or beer, the porter's element? but sack!

Por. I am not drunk; we had, sir, but one pint,

An honest carrier and myself.

P. sen. Who paid for't?

Por. Sir, I did give it him.

P. sen. What, and spend sixpence! A frock spend sixpence! sixpence!

Por. Once in a year, sir.

P. sen. In seven years, varlet! know'st thou what thou hast done,

What a consumption thou hast made of a state?

It might please heav'n (a lusty knave and young)

To let thee live some seventy years longer, Till thou art fourscore and ten, perhaps

a hundred.

Say seventy years; how many times seven in seventy?

Why, seven times ten is ten times seven, mark me,

I will demonstrate to thee on my fingers. Sixpence in seven year, use upon use,

Grows in that first seven year to be a twelpence;

That in the next two shillings; the third, four shillings;

The fourth seven year, eight shillings; the fifth, sixteen;

The sixth, two and thirty; the seventh, three pound four;

The eighth, six pound and eight; the ninth, twelve pound sixteen;

And the tenth seven, five and twenty pound Twelve shillings. This thou art fall'n from

by thy riot,

Shouldst thou live seventy years, by spending sixpence

Once in the seven; but in a day to waste it!

There is a sum that number cannot reach! Out of my house, thou pest of prodigality,

Seed of consumption, hence! a wicked keeper

Is oft worse than the prisoners. There's thy penny,

Four tokens for thee. Out, away! [*Exit Por.*]

My dogs May yet be innocent and honest: if not,

I have an entrapping question or two more To put unto them, a cross interrogatory.

And I shall catch them. Lollard! Peace: [*He calls forth Lollard.*]

What whispering was that you had with Mortgage,

them," but they would have believed the poet's great namesake Samuel, who defines a bed-staff to be "a wooden pin stuck anciently on the sides of the bedstead to hold the clothes from slipping on either side." In Jonson's days sofas were unknown, and "withdrawing-rooms" and "parlours" were reserved for the well-to-do. When one of these rare but not rich old dramatists visited

another it may safely be assumed that he was received in the "chamber," and that the host, giving up the only chair, seated himself on the side of the bed. In such circumstances a "dog" intruding upon Marlowe and Green, for example, would have been at no loss to understand what the "twinkling of a bed-staff" meant.—F. C.]

When you last licked her feet? the truth now. Ha!

Did you smell she was going? Put down that. *And not,*

Not to return? You are silent: good! And when

Leaped you on Statute? *As she went forth?* Consent!

There was consent, as she was going forth. 'Twould have been fitter at her coming home,

But you knew that she would not? To your tower:

You are cunning, are you? I will meet your craft. [*Commits him again.*]

Block, shew your face; leave your carresses: tell me, [*Calls forth Block.*]

And tell me truly, what affronts do you know

Were done Pecunia, that she left my house?

Nine, say you so? not that you know? or *will know?*

I fear me I shall find you an obstinate cur.

Why did your fellow Lollard cry this morning?

'Cause Broker kicked him? Why did Broker kick him?

Because he pist against my lady's gown?

Why, that was no affront, no, no distaste. *You knew of none?* you are a dissembling tyke.

To your hole again, your Block-house. [*Commits him.*] Lollard, arise.

Where did you lift your leg up last, 'gainst what?

Are you struck dummerer now, and whine for mercy?

Whose kirtle was't you gnawed too, Mistress Band's?

And Wax's stockings? Who? *Did Block becumber*

Statute's white suit with the parchment lace there;

And Broker's satin doublet? All will out. They had offence, offence enough to quit me.

Appear, Block, foh! 'tis manifest; he shews it,

Should he forswear't, make all the affidavits

Against it, that he could afore the bench, And twenty juries, he would be convinced.¹

He bears an air about him doth confess it.

¹ Convinced.] i.e., overcome by the evidence, convicted.

Enter Cymbal, Fitton, Shunfield, Almanac, and Madrigal behind.

To prison again, close prison. Not you, Lollard;

You may enjoy the liberty of the house: And yet there is a quirk come in my head, For which I must commit you too, and close.

Do not repine, it will be better for you—
Cym. This is enough to make the dogs mad too:

Let's in upon him. [*They come forward.*]

P. sen. How now, what's the matter? Come you to force the prisoners? make a rescue?

Fit. We come to bail your dogs.

P. sen. They are not bailable, They stand committed without bail or mainprise,

Your bail cannot be taken.

Shun. Then the truth is,

We come to vex you.

Alm. Jeer you.

Mad. Bait you rather.

Cym. A baited usurer will be good flesh.

Fit. And tender, we are told.

P. sen. Who is the butcher

Amongst you that is come to cut my throat?

Shun. You would die a calf's death, fain; but 'tis an ox's

Is meant you.

Fit. To be fairly knocked o' the head.

Shun. With a good jeer or two.

P. sen. And from your jawbone,

Don Assinigo?

Cym. Shunfield, a jeer! you have it.

Shun. I do confess a swashing blow; but, Snarl,

You that might play the third dog, for your teeth,

You have no money now?

Fit. No, nor no Mortgage.

Alm. Nor Band.

Mad. Nor Statute.

Cym. No, nor blusket Wax.

P. sen. Nor you no office, as I take it.

Shun. Cymbal,

A mighty jeer!

Fit. Pox o' these true jests, I say!

Mad. He'll turn the better jeerer.

Alm. Let's upon him,

And if we cannot jeer him down in wit—

Mad. Let's do't in noise.

Shun. Content.

Mad. Charge, man of war.

Alm. Lay him aboard.

Shun. We'll give him a broadside first.

Fit. Where is your venison now?

Cym. Your red-deer pies?

Shun. With your baked turkeys?

Alm. And your partridges?

Mad. Your pheasants and fat swans!

P. sen. Like you, turned geese.

Mad. But such as will not keep your Capitol.

Shun. You were wont to have your beams—

Alm. And trouts sent in.

Cym. Fat carps and salmons.

Fit. Ay, and now and then,

An emblem of yourself, an o'ergrown pike.

P. sen. You are a jack, sir.

Fit. You have made a shift

To swallow twenty such poor jacks ere now.

Alm. If he should come to feed upon poor John—

Mad. Or turn pure Jack-a-lent after all this?

Fit. Tut, he will live like a grasshopper—

Mad. On dew.

Shun. Or like a bear, with licking his own claws.

Cym. Ay, if his dogs were away.

Alm. He'll eat them first,

While they are fat.

Fit. Faith, and when they are gone,

Here's nothing to be seen beyond.

Cym. Except

His kindred spiders, natives of the soil.

Alm. Dust he will have enough here, to breed fleas.

Mad. But by that time he'll have no blood to rear them.

Shun. He will be as thin as a lanthorn, we shall see through him.

Alm. And his gut colon tell his intestine.

P. sen. Rogues! rascals!

[*The dogs bark.* Bow, wow!]

Fit. He calls his dogs to his aid.

Alm. O, they but rise at mention of his tripes.

Cym. Let them alone, they do it not for him.

Mad. They bark *se defendendo*.

Shun. Or for custom,

As commonly curs do, one for another.

Enter Lickfinger.

Lick. Arm, arm you, gentlemen jeerers! the old Canter

Is coming in upon you with his forces,

The gentleman that was the Canter.

Shun. Hence!

Fit. Away!

Cym. What is he?

Alm. Stay not to ask questions.

Fit. He is a flame.

Shun. A furnace.

Alm. A consumption, Kills where he goes.

[*Cym. Fit. Mad. Alm. and Shun. run off.*]

Lick. See! the whole covey is scattered;

'Ware, 'ware the hawks! I love to see them fly.

Enter Pennyboy Canter, Pennyboy just Pecunia, Statute, Band, Wax, and Mortgage.

P. Can. You see by this amazement and distraction

What your companions were, a poor, affrighted,

And guilty race of men, that dare to stand

No breath of truth; but conscious to themselves

Of their no-wit, or honesty, ran routed At every panic terror themselves bred.

Where else, as confident as sounding brass,

Their tinkling captain, Cymbal, and the rest,

Dare put on any visor to deride The wretched, or with buffoon license jest

At whatsoe'er is serious, if not sacred.

P. sen. Who's this? my brother! and restored to life!

P. Can. Yes, and sent hither to restore your wits;

If your short madness be aught more than anger

Conceived for your loss! which I return you.

See here, your Mortgage, Statute, Band, and Wax,

Without your Broker, come to abide with you,

And vindicate the prodigal from stealing Away the lady. Nay, Pecunia herself

Is come to free him fairly, and discharge All ties, but those of love unto her person,

To use her like a friend, not like a slave. Or like an idol. Superstition

Doth violate the deity it worships. No less than scorn doth; and believe it brother,

The use of things is all, and not the store;

Serfdom and fulness have killed more than famine.

The sparrow with his little plumage flies,
While the proud peacock, overcharged
with pens,

Is fain to sweep the ground with his grown
train

And load of feathers.

P. sen. Wise and honoured brother!

Nose but a brother, and sent from the
dead,

As you are to me, could have altered me:

I thank my destiny, that is so gracious.

Are there no pains, no penalties decreed
From whence you come, to us that smother
money

In chests and strangle her in bags?

P. Can. O, mighty,

Intolerable fines and mulcts imposed,

Of which I come to warn you: forfeitures

Of whole estates, if they be known and
taken.

P. sen. I thank you, brother, for the
light you have given me;

I will prevent them all. First, free my
dogs,

Let what I have done to them, and against
law,

Be a præmunire; for by magna charta

They could not be committed as close
prisoners,

My learned counsel tells me here, my cook:

And yet he shewed me the way first.

Lick. Who did? I!

I trench the liberty of the subjects!

P. Can. Peace,

Picklock, your guest, that Stentor, hath
infected you,

Whom I have safe enough in a wooden
collar.

P. sen. Next, I restore these servants to
their lady,

With freedom, heart of cheer, and counte-
nance;

It is their year and day of jubilee.

Omnes. We thank you, sir.

P. sen. And lastly, to my nephew

I give my house, goods, lands, all but my
vices,

And those I go to cleanse; kissing this
lady,

Whom I do give him too, and join their
hands.

P. Can. If the spectators will join theirs,
we thank 'em.

P. jun. And wish they may, as I, enjoy
Pecunia.

Pec. And so Pecunia herself doth wish,
That she may still be aid unto their uses,
Not slave unto their pleasures, or a tyrant
Over their fair desires; but teach them all
The golden mean; the prodigal how to
live;

The sordid and the covetous how to die:
That, with sound mind; this, safe frugality.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE EPILOGUE.

Thus have you seen the maker's double
scope,

To profit and delight; wherein our hope
Is, though the clout we do not always
hit,¹

It will not be imputed to his wit:—

A tree so tried and bent, as 'twill not start:

Nor doth he often crack a string of art;

Though there may other accidents as
strange

Happen, the weather of your looks may
change,

Or some high wind of misconceit arise,

To cause an alteration in our skies:

If so, we are sorry, that have so mispent

Our time and tackle; yet he's confident,

And vows the next fair day he'll have us
shoot

The same match o'er for him, if you'll come
to't.

the elasticity of the string, and high winds which
diverted the course of the shaft.

There are few of Jonson's dramatic works
which exhibit stronger marks of his peculiar
talents than this play. The language is forcible,
and in some places highly poetical; the satire is
powerful and well directed, and the moral
pointed and just. Its plot indeed labours under
the same difficulties and defects as that of the
Plutus, which the poet had in view—namely,
an occasional confusion of the allegorical and
real character. Queen Pecunia, like the Deity
of Aristophanes, is *nearly strangled in leather*,

¹ *Though the clout we do not always hit,*
The metaphor is taken from archery: the *clout*
is the white mark in the butts, which the archers
aimed at. And so it is used by Shakspeare.—
Wheat.

Clout is merely the French *clou*, the wooden
pin by which the target is fastened to the butt.
As the head of this pin was commonly painted
white, to hit the *white* and hit the *clout* were of
course synonymous: both phrases expressed
perfection in art, or success of any kind. In
pursuing his metaphor, Jonson mentions the ac-
cidents by which the highest skill in archery was
occasionally defeated; humidity, which affected

smothered in a chest, &c., and subjected to other accidents, which cannot be properly predicated of a non-existing personage. Jonson, however, offends less frequently in this matter than his great prototype, whom he also surpasses in the moral purpose of his satire. The use and abuse of riches are delineated with great force and discrimination, and the prodigal and the miser corrected in a strain of serious monition that would not misbecome the sacredness of the closet. Aristophanes had no such object in view. If the history of his own time may be trusted, every statesman had his orator, and every orator had his price, thus politics were rendered subservient to money, and the destiny of Athens waited on a bribe. To expose this general venality he wrote his *Plutus*. In wit of the brightest kind, in satire of the most poignant and overwhelming quality, it stands pre-eminent, not only over *The Staple of News*, but over every other drama, ancient or modern: here, however, its praise must end; it teaches nothing but that gold is omnipotent (a pernicious lesson), and it concludes with involving the *dramatis personæ* in one mass of corruption: the whole, without distinction, conspiring to pull down the gods and raise Plutus to the vacant seat.

In the introduction of the dogs during the transient fit of insanity brought upon the miser by the sudden defection of his treasure, Jonson

had again Aristophanes in view; but he has not imitated him with much dexterity. The short episode of Block and Lollard contributes little to the advancement of the story, since the derangement of Pennyboy sen. might easily have been communicated through the ordinary characters of the play; while the trial of the dog *Laches*, in *The Wasps*, which must have been irretrievably comic, is highly illustrative of the litigious disposition of Philocleo, and opens at the same time a masked battery against the speculations of the noted Laches.

It would not be doing justice to Jonson to pass over this division of his plot without noticing the judgment manifested in the trifling parts of Pecunia's attendants, who invariably maintain a correct and close adherence to the relative characters which they support under their principal.

The Staple is well conceived and happily executed. Credulity, which was then at its height, was irritated rather than fed by impositions of every kind; and the country kept in a feverish state of deceitful expectation by stories of wonderful events, gross and palpable, to use the words of Shakspeare, as the father of lies, who begat them. On the whole, *The Staple of News* is one of those compositions which the admirer of Jonson may contemplate with "delight," and from the perusal of which the impartial reader can scarcely rise without "profit."

ADDITIONAL NOTE, p. 294 a.

The custard politic.] The following quotation from a letter of Bishop Warburton's to Hurd (April, 1766) will illustrate this passage:—"I certainly made them merrier than ordinary at the Mansion House, where we were magnificently treated. The Lord Mayor told me 'the Common Council were much obliged to me, for that this was the first time he ever heard them prayed for.' I said, 'I considered them as a

body who much needed the prayers of the Church.' But, if he told me in what I abounded, I told him in what I thought he was defective—'That I was greatly disappointed to see no custard at table.' He said, 'that they had been so ridiculed for their custard that none had ventured to make its appearance for many years.' I told him 'I supposed that Religion and custard went out of fashion together.'—F. C.]



The New Inn; or, the Light Heart.

THE NEW INN.] This Comedy was brought on the stage on the 19th of January, 1629, and in the technical language of the Green-room, "completely damned," not being heard to the conclusion. Whatever indignation Jonson might have felt at this treatment, he appears to have made no public manifestation of it at the time; but Ben Jonson was now the sick lion, and his enemies had too little respect for his enfeebled condition to forego so good an opportunity of insulting him with impunity. Forbearance was at the time our poet's peculiar virtue, and the jealousy of reputation so natural to age and infirmity, co-operated with the taunts of his ungenerous critics, to force him upon the publication of *The New Inn*, two years after its condemnation. It was printed in 8vo with this angry title-page:

The New Inn; or, the Light Heart, a Comedy. As it was never Acted, but most negligently Played by some, the KING'S SERVANTS; and more squeamishly beheld and rewarded by others, the KING'S SUBJECTS, 1629. Now at last set at Liberty to the Readers, his MAJESTY'S Servants and Subjects, to be judged of, 1631.

*Me lectori credere mallem,
Quàm spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi.*—HOR.

This unfortunate Play not only brought a cloud over the dramatic fame of Jonson at his first appearance, but furnished a pretence for calumniating his memory even within our own times. About the middle of the last century, Macklin, the player, brought forward an indifferent piece of Ford's, called the *Lover's Melancholy*, for his daughter's benefit. To excite the curiosity of the town to this performance, he fabricated a most important and impudent tissue of malicious charges against Jonson, whom he chose to represent as the declared enemy of Ford, as well as of Shakspeare. This atrocious libel, which seems to have been composed *à pure perte*, lay, with a thousand other forgotten falsehoods, among a pile of old newspapers, till it was discovered by Steevens, who with triumphant malice dragged it again to light, and reprinted it at the end of Jonson's eulogium on Shakspeare, as the true key to that celebrated piece! Not content with the obloquy with which Macklin had so liberally furnished him, he had the incredible baseness to subjoin the following stanza from Shirley, which he declared to be also addressed to Jonson, upon the appearance of Ford's play:

"Look here *thou* that hast *malice* to the stage,
And *impudence* enough for the whole age;
*Voluminously*¹ *ignorant*! be vext,
To read this *tragedy*, and *thy own*² be next"—

though he well knew that the lines were directly pointed at Prynne, and that Shirley rewarded the talents and learning of Jonson with a degree of respect bordering on adulation. This vile fabrication, in which all the creative powers of malignity are set to

¹ *Voluminously.*] Prynne was known to the writers of his time by the name of *Voluminous Prynne*, under which title he is mentioned by Wood and others.
² *Thy own tragedy*] i.e., according to Steevens and his followers, the "*Comedy of the New Inn*."

work to destroy the character of an unoffending man, who had been more than a century in his grave, in the hope of effecting the sale of a few tickets. Mr. Malone styles "an innocent forgery," "a sportive and ingenious fabrication," "a mere jeu d'esprit, for a harmless purpose,"¹ &c. He however sets about its confutation, and with the assistance of Whalley,² whom he condescends not once to mention, easily effects his object. In fact, a simple reference to dates, of which Macklin happened to be wholly ignorant, was amply sufficient to destroy the whole fabric.³

The rejoinder was made by Steevens, in which there is not one syllable to the purpose, though Mr. Weber, with proper gravity, observes, that it renders the affair more doubtful. In fact, Steevens, as is noticed above, knew the story to be a falsehood from the beginning; and Mr. Malone, of whom I inquired the reason of his conduct, a disgraceful pertinacity, wrote to me in reply that Steevens merely held out "because the discovery of the forgery had been made by another." That Steevens believed a word of it he never thought for a moment.

After the complete detection of this clumsy fabrication by Mr. Malone, it might reasonably be hoped that the public would have heard no more of it; but who could sound the depths of folly! Mr. Weber, the editor of Ford, has thought proper to repeat it, and with an hardihood of assertion which his profound ignorance cannot excuse, to affirm in addition that the enmity of Jonson to Ford (on which Macklin's forgery is built), is "corroborated by indisputable documents!" One of them (the only one indeed with which he condescends to favour his readers), is the quotation produced from Shirley by Steevens (for the mischievous purpose of misleading some heedless gulls, which Mr. Weber pronounces on his own knowledge, "to be evidently pointed at our author's insulting ode."

To attempt to convince a person who has not understanding enough for reason to operate upon, is, as *learned authors utter, to wash a tile*; to others it may be just sufficient to say that the "ode" was published nearly two years after the verses to which it is here affirmed to have given birth!—This is going beyond Mr. Steevens, and may serve to shew how dangerous it is for stupidity to meddle with cunning, or to venture on gratuitous falsehoods to recover the credit of an exploded slander.

¹ This gentleman, thus indulgent to the unprincipled calumniator of Jonson, is the same Mr. Malone, be it observed, who taxes Jonson every instant with the blackest ingratitude, with the most rooted and rancorous malice towards Shakspeare because he uses the word "tempestuous," or "chorus," or "target," or some other of equal rarity, which bears a fancied resemblance to the name of a play, or to a stage direction in the works of the latter.

² In Whalley's corrected copy, which Malone as well as Steevens had seen, as I find by their letters, most of Macklin's ridiculous blunders in his dates, of which Malone afterwards made such good use, are distinctly pointed out.

³ It is quite amusing to follow the enemies of Jonson through this most contemptible forgery. The prose part of it they in some measure give up; but there is a little poem with which they are all enraptured, and which is pronounced to be as much beyond the powers of Macklin as the composition of a Greek Chorus, &c. This "uncommonly elegant," this "exquisite," this "first and best of all fictions," is a miserable piece of doggerel, a wretched cento, which would not at this time be admitted into the corner of a newspaper. Will the reader have a specimen of this "combined effort of taste and learning," to which the talents of the author of *The Man of the World* were "so unequal?" Let him take then the first stanza:

"Says Ben to Tom the *Lover's* stole,
"Tis Shakspeare's every word;
Indeed, says Tom, upon the whole
"Tis much too good for Ford!"

Euge Pecta! The splendour of the composition so effectually dazzled the critics, that the compliment paid to Shakspeare by "the envious Ben" luckily escaped their notice. It would have made Mr. Malone miserable.

TO
THE READER.

If thou be such, I make thee my patron and dedicate the piece to thee : if not so much, would I had been at the charge of thy better literature. Howsoever, if thou canst but spell and join my sense, there is more hope of thee than of a hundred fastidious importuners who were there present the first day, yet never made piece of their prospect the right way. What did they come for then? thou wilt ask me. I will as punctually answer. To see and to be seen : to make a general muster of themselves in their clothes of credit ; and possess the stage against the play : to dislike all, but mark nothing. And by their confidence of rising between the acts in oblique lines, make affidavit to the whole house of their not understanding one scene. Armed with this prejudice, as the stage-furniture or arras-clothes, they were there, as spectators, away : for the faces in the hangings and they beheld alike. So I wish they may do ever ; and do trust myself and my book rather to thy rustic candour than all the pomp of their pride and solemn ignorance to boot. Fare thee well, and fall to. Read.

BEN JONSON.

But first,

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Lord Frampul, a noble gentleman, well educated, and bred a scholar in Oxford, was married young to a virtuous gentlewoman, Syll's daughter of the South, whose worth, though he truly enjoyed, he never could rightly value ; but as many green husbands (given over to their extravagant delights and some peccant humours of their own), occasioned in his over-loving wife so deep a melancholy by his leaving her in the time of her lying-in of her second daughter, she having brought him only two daughters, Frances and Lætitia : and (out of her hurt fancy) interpreting that to be a cause of her husband's coldness in affection her not being blest with a son, took a resolution with herself, after her month's time, and thanksgiving rightly in the church, to quit her home, with a vow never to return till by reducing her lord she could bring a wished happiness to the family.

He in the meantime returning and hearing of this departure of his lady, began, though over-late, to resent the injury he had done her ; and out of his cock-brained resolution entered into as solemn a quest of her. Since when neither of them had been heard of. But the eldest daughter, Frances, by the title of Lady Frampul, enjoyed the estate, her sister being lost young, and is the sole relict of the family. Here begins our Comedy.

ACT I.

This lady, being a brave, bountiful lady, and enjoying this free and plentiful estate, hath an ambitious disposition to be esteemed the mistress of many servants, but loves none. And hearing of a famous New-inn that is kept by a merry host called Goodstock, in Barnet, invites some lords and gentlemen to wait on her thither, as well to see the fashions of the place as to make themselves merry with the accidents on the by. It happens there is a melancholy gentleman, one Master Lovel, hath been lodged there some days before in the inn, who (unwilling to be seen) is surprised by the lady, and invited by Prudence, the lady's chambermaid, who is elected governess of the sports in the inn for that day and installed their sovereign. Lovel is persuaded by the host, and yields to the lady's invitation, which concludes the first act. Having revealed his quality before to the host.

ACT II.

In this Prudence and her lady express their anger conceived at the tailor, who had promised to make Prudence a new suit and bring it home, as on the eve, against this day. But he failing of his word, the lady had commanded a standard of her own best apparel to be brought down ; and Prudence is so fitted. The lady being put in mine

that she is there alone without other company of women, borrows, by the advice of Prue, the host's son of the house, whom they dress, with the host's consent, like a lady, and send out the coachman with the empty coach, as for a kinswoman of her ladyship's, Mistress Lætitia Syll, to bear her company : who attended with his nurse, an old chamber-woman in the inn, drest oddly by the host's counsel, is believed to be a lady of quality, and so received, entertained, and love made to her by the young Lord Beaufort, &c. In the mean time the Fly of the inn is discovered to Colonel Glorious with the militia of the house, below the stairs, in the drawer, tapster, chamberlain, and hostler, inferior officers ; with the coachman Trundle, Ferret, &c. And the preparation is made to the lady's design upon Lovel, his upon her, and the sovereign's upon both.

ACT III.

Here begins the Epitasis, or business of the play.

Lovel, by the dexterity and wit of the sovereign of the sports, Prudence, having two hours assigned him of free colloquy and love-making to his mistress, one after dinner, the other after supper, the court being set, is demanded by the Lady Frampul what love is : as doubting if there were any such power or no. To whom he, first by definition and after by argument, answers ; proving and describing the effects of love so vividly, as she who had derided the name of love before, hearing his discourse, is now so taken both with the man and his matter as she confesseth herself enamoured of him, and, but for the ambition she hath to enjoy the other hour, had presently declared herself : which gives both him and the spectators occasion to think she yet dissembles, notwithstanding the payment of her kiss, which he celebrates. And the court dissolves upon news brought of a new lady, a newer coach, and a new coachman called Barnaby.

ACT IV.

The house being put into a noise with the rumour of this new lady, and there being drinking below in the court, the colonel, Sir Glorious, with Bat Burst, a broken citizen, and Hodge Huffle, his champion ; she falls into their hands, and being attended but with one footman, is uncivilly entreated by them, and a quarrel commenced, but is rescued by the valour of Lovel ; which beheld by the Lady Frampul from the window, she is invited up for safety, where coming and conducted by the host, her gown is first discovered to be the same with the whole suit which was bespoken for Prue, and she herself upon examination found to be Pinnacia Stuff, the tailor's wife, who was wont to be preoccupied in all his customers' best clothes by the footman her husband. They are both condemned and censured, she stript like a doxey, and sent home a-foot. In the interim, the second hour goes on, and the question, at suit of the Lady Frampul, is changed from love to valour ; which ended, he receives his second kiss, and by the rigour of the sovereign, falls into a fit of melancholy worse or more desperate than the first.

ACT V.

Is the catastrophe or knitting up of all, where Fly brings word to the host of the Lord Beaufort's being married privately in the New Stable to the supposed lady, his son ; which the host receives as an omen of mirth ; but complains that Lovel is gone to bed melancholic, when Prudence appears drest in the new suit, applauded by her lady and employed to retrieve Lovel. The host encounters them with this relation of Lord Beaufort's marriage, which is seconded by the Lord Latimer and all the servants of the house. In this while Lord Beaufort comes in and professes it, calls for his bed and bride-bowl to be made ready ; the host forbids both, shews whom he hath married, and discovers him to be his son, a boy. The lord bridegroom confounded, the nurse enters like a frantic bedlamite, cries out on Fly, says she is undone in her daughter, who is confessed to be the Lord Frampul's child, sister to the other lady, the host to be their father, she his wife. He finding his children, bestows them one on Lovel, the other on the Lord Beaufort, the inn upon Fly, who had been a gipsy with him ; offers a portion with Prudence, for her wit, which is refused ; and she taken by the Lord Latimer to wife ; for the crown of her virtue and goodness. And all are contented.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

With some short Characterism of the chief Actors.

GOODSTOCK,

the host (played well), alias the Lord *Frampul*. He pretends to be a gentleman and a scholar, neglected by the times, turns host and keeps an Inn, the sign of the Light-Heart in Barnet: is supposed to have one only son, but is found to have none, but two daughters, Frances, and Lætitia, who was lost young, &c.

LOVEL,

a complete gentleman, a soldier, and a scholar, is a melancholy guest in the Inn: first quarrelled, after much honoured and beloved by the host. He is known to have been page to the old Lord Beaufort, followed him in the French wars, after a companion of his studies, and left guardian to his son. He is assisted in his love to the Lady *Frampul* by the host and the chambermaid *Prudence*. He was one that acted well too.

FERRET,

who is called *Stote* and *Vermin*, is Lovel's servant, a fellow of a quick, nimble wit, knows the manners and affections of people, and can make profitable and timely discoveries of them.

FRANK,

supposed a boy, and the host's son, borrowed to be drest for a lady, and set up as a male by *Prudence* to catch Beaufort or Latimer, proves to be Lætitia, sister to Frances, and Lord *Frampul*'s younger daughter, stolen by a beggar woman, shorn, put into boy's apparel, sold to the host, and brought up by him as his son.

NURSE,

a poor chare-woman in the Inn, with one eye, that tends the boy, is thought the Irish beggar that sold him, but is truly the Lady *Frampul*, who left her home melancholic, and jealous that her lord loved her not, because she brought him none but daughters; and lives unknown to her husband, as he to her.

FRANCES,

supposed the Lady *Frampul*, being reputed his sole daughter and heir, the barony descending upon her, is a lady of great fortune and beauty, but phantastical: thinks nothing a felicity but to have a multitude of servants, and be called mistress by them, comes to the Inn to be merry, with a chambermaid only, and her servants her guests, &c.

PRUDENCE,

the chambermaid, is elected sovereign of the sports in the Inn, governs all, commands, and so orders, as the Lord Latimer is exceedingly taken with her, and takes her to his wife in conclusion.

LORD LATIMER and LORD BEAUFORT,

are a pair of young lords, servants and guests to the Lady *Frampul*; but as Latimer is enamoured of *Prudence*, so doth Beaufort on the boy, the host's son, set up for Lætitia, the younger sister, which she proves to be indeed.

SIR GLORIOUS TIPTO,

a knight and colonel, hath the luck to think well of himself, without a rival, talks gloriously of anything, but very seldom is in the right. He is the lady's guest, and her servant too; but this day utterly neglects his service, or that him. For he is so enamoured on the Fly of the Inn, and the militia below stairs, with Hodge Huffle and Bat Burst, guests that come in, and Trundle, Barnaby, &c. as no other society relisheth with him.

FLY,

is the parasite of the Inn, visitor general of the house, one that had been a strolling gipsy, but now is reclaimed to be inflamer of the reckonings.

PIERCE,

the drawer, knighted by the colonel, styled Sir Pierce and young Anon, one of the chiefs of the infantry.

JORDAN,

the chamberlain, another of the militia, and an officer, commands the tertius of the body.

Jug, *the tapster, a thoroughfare of news.*

Peck, *the hostler.*

Bat Burst, *a broken citizen, an in-and-in man.¹*

Hodge Huffle, *a cheater, his champion.*

Nick Stuff, *the ladies' tailor.*

Pinnacia Stuff, *his wife.*

Trundle, *a coachman.*

Barnaby, *a hired coachman.*

Staggers, *the smith,*

Tree, *the saddler,* } *only talked on.*

THE SCENE,—Barnet.

THE PROLOGUE.

You are welcome, welcome all to the New Inn :
 Though the old house, we hope our cheer will win
 Your acceptation : we have the same cook
 Still, and the fat, who says, you shall not look
 Long for your bill of fare, but every dish
 Be served in i' the time, and to your wish :
 If anything be set to a wrong taste,
 'Tis not the meat there, but the mouth's displaced,
 Remove but that sick palate, all is well.
 For this the secure dresser bade me tell,
 Nothing more hurts just meetings than a crowd ;
 Or when the expectation's grown too loud :
 That the nice stomach would have this or that,
 And being asked or urged, it knows not what :
 When sharp or sweet have been too much a feast,
 And both outlived the palate of the guest.
 Beware to bring such appetites to the stage,
 They do confess a weak, sick, queasy age ;
 And a shrewd grudging too of ignorance,
 When clothes and faces 'bove the men advance :
 Hear for your health then, but at any hand,
 Before you judge, vouchsafe to understand,
 Concoct, digest : if then it do not hit,
 Some are in a consumption of wit,
 Deep, he dares say, he will not think, that all—
 For hectics are not epidemical.

¹ An in-and-in man.] In-and-in was a game played by two or three persons with four dice. It was the usual diversion at ordinaries and places of the like resort.—WHAL.

The New Inn.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Inn.*

Enter Host, followed by Ferret.

Host. I am not pleased, indeed, you are in the right ;
Nor is my house pleased, if my sign could speak,

The sign of the LIGHT HEART. There you may read it ;

So may your master too if he look on it.
A heart weighed with a feather, and out-weighed too :

A brain-child of my own, and I am proud on't !

And if his worship think here to be melancholy,

In spite of me or my wit, he is deceived ;
I will maintain the rebus against all humours

And all complexions in the body of man,
That is my word, or in the isle of Britain !

Fer. You have reason, good mine host.

Host. Sir, I have rhyme too.

Whether it be by chance or art,

A heavy purse makes a light heart.

There 'tis express : first, by a purse of gold,

A heavy purse, and then two turtles makes,¹

A heart with a light stuck in it, a Light

Heart.

Old Abbot Islip could not invent better,

Or Prior Bolton with his bolt and ton.²

I am an innkeeper, and know my grounds,

And study them ; brain o' man ! I study

them.

I must have jovial guests to drive my ploughs,

And whistling boys to bring my harvest home,

Or I shall hear no flails thwack. Here your master

And you have been this fortnight, drawing fleas

Out of my mats, and pounding them in cages

Cut out of cards, and those roped round with packthread

Drawn thorough birdlime, a fine subtility !

Or poring through a multiplying-glass

Upon a captived crab-louse, or a cheese-mite

To be dissected, as the sports of nature,

With a neat Spanish needle ! speculations

That do become the age, I do confess !

As measuring an ant's eggs with the silk-worm's,

By a phantastic instrument of thread,

Shall give you their just difference to a hair !

Or else recovering of dead flies with crumbs,

Another quaint conclusion in the physics,

Which I have seen you busy at, through the keyhole——

But never had the fate to see a fly

Enter Lovel.

Alive in your cups, or once heard, *Drink, mine host !*

Or such a cheerful chirping charm come from you.

arrow, for which bolt was anciently used.—
WHAL.

One of "old Abbot Islip's" conundrums was an eye with a slip of a tree ! There is not much to be said for the ingenuity of either, but such was the wisdom of the times. Both these men, however, had other and better claims to the notice of posterity than those puerile devices ; and Islip in particular (who was abbot of Westminster) is entitled to our commendation for the stand which he made against Wolsey in the height of his power, and the generous firmness with which he protected the proscribed Skelton from his resentment.

¹ Two turtles makes,] The old term for make. "The turtle-doves have such love use to another, being makes, that when one of them is dead the other will never after have any other make."—*Book of Notable Things*, 1598.

² Old Abbot Islip could not invent better, Or Prior Bolton with his bolt and ton.] The reader may find in *Camden's Remains*, the notice made use of by these ecclesiastics to expose their names on the several buildings named by them or belonging to them. The bolt and ton is a tun pierced through with an

Lov. What's that, what's that?
Fer. A buzzing of mine host
 About a fly; a murmur that he has.
Host. Sir, I am telling your Stote here,
 Monsieur Ferret,
 For that I hear's his name, and dare tell
 you, sir,
 If you have a mind to be melancholy and
 musty,
 There's Footman's Inn at the town's end,
 the stocks,
 Or Carrier's place, at sign of the Broken
 Wain,
 Mansions of state! take up your harbour
 there,
 There are both flies and fleas, and all
 variety
 Of vermin for inspection or dissection.
Lov. We have set our rest up here, sir,
 in your Heart.
Host. Sir, set your heart at rest, you
 shall not do it
 Unless you can be jovial. Brain of
 man!
 Be jovial first, and drink, and dance, and
 drink.
 Your lodging here, and with your daily
 dumps,
 Is a mere libel 'gain my house and me;
 And then your scandalous commons—
Lov. How, mine host!
Host. Sir, they do scandal me upon the
 road here.
 A poor quotidian rack of mutton, roasted
 Dry to be grated! and that driven down
 With beer and butter-milk, mingled to-
 gether,
 Or clarified whey instead of claret!
 It is against my freehold, my inheritance,
 My Magna Charta, *cor latificat*,
 To drink such balderdash, or bonny-
 clabber!¹
 Give me good wine, or Catholic, or
 Christian,
 Wine is the word that glads the heart of
 man:

And mine's the house of wine. Sack, says
 my bush,
Be merry, and drink sherry; that's my
posie!
 For I shall never joy in my Light Heart
 So long as I conceive a sullen guest,
 Or anything that's earthy.
Lov. Humorous host!
Host. I care not if I be.
Lov. But airy also!
 Not to defraud you of your rights, or
 trench
 Upon your privileges, or great charter,
 For those are every hostler's language
 now,
 Say you were born beneath those smiling
 stars
 Have made you lord, and owner of the
 Heart,
 Of the Light Heart in Barnet; suffer us.
 Who are more saturnine, to enjoy the
 shade
 Of your round roof yet.
Host. Sir, I keep no shades
 Nor shelters, I, for either owls or res-
 mices.

Enter Frank.

Fer. He'll make you a bird of night,
 sir.
Host. Bless you child—
 [Aside to Frank.]
 You'll make yourselves such.
Lov. That your son, mine host?
Host. He's all the sons I have, sir.
Lov. Pretty boy!
 Goes he to school?
Fer. O lord, sir, he prates Latin
 An it were a parrot, or a play-boy.
Lov. Thou
 Commend'st him fitly!
Fer. To the pitch he flies, sir.
 He'll tell you what is Latin for a looking-
 glass,
 A beard-brush, rubber, or quick warming-
 pan.

¹ *Bonny-clabber*!] "We scorn," says Swift—
 "We scorn, for want of talk, to jabber
 Of parties o'er our bonny-clabber."

The word also occurs in Ford (as indeed it does
 in a hundred other writers):

"The feasts, the manly stomachs,
 The healths in usquebaugh and *bonny-clabber*."
 Upon which Mr. Weber remarks—"I have not
 been able to discover what particular kind of
 liquor was thus denominated, never having met
 with the phrase before."—Vol. ii. p. 53. *Phrase*

call you it! He had not far to go for it, as the
 reader sees; but as it was not pointed out to him
 in the index to *Shakspeare*, or Reed's *Old*
Plays, the discovery of the word in any other
 place never came within his scope of possibility.
 Let it not, however, be forgotten that the
 wretched reviler of Jonson, who has devoted
 several pages to a stale repetition of abuse on
The New Inn, could not discover a particular
 term in it, which must have stared him in the
 face if he had ever turned the first leaf of it!
Bonny-clabber, to which it is time to return, is
 sour buttermilk.

Lov. What's that?

Fer. A wench, in the inn-phrase, is all these :

"A looking-glass in her eye,
A beard-brush with her lips,
A rubber with her hand,
And a warming-pan with her hips."

Host. This, in your scurril dialect : but my inn¹

Knows no such language.

Fer. That's because, mine host,

You do profess the teaching him yourself.

Host. Sir, I do teach him somewhat : by degrees,

And with a funnel, I make shift to fill
The narrow vessel ; he is but yet a bottle.

Lov. O let him lose no time, though.

Host. Sir, he does not.

Lov. And less his manners.

Host. I provide for those too.—

Come hither, Frank, speak to the gentleman

In Latin ; he is melancholy : say

I long to see him merry, and so would treat him.

Fra. *Subtristis visu' es esse aliquantulum patri, qui te lautè excipere, etiam ut tractare gestit.*

Lov. *Pulchrè.*

Host. Tell him I fear it bodes us some ill luck,

His too reservedness.

Fra. *Veretur pater, ne quid nobis malis ominis apportet iste nimis præclusus vultus.*

Lov. *Bellè.* A fine child !

You will not part with him, mine host ?

Host. Who told you

I would not ?

Lov. I but ask you.

Host. And I answer

To whom ? for what ?

Lov. To me, to be my page.

Host. I know no mischief yet the child hath done

To deserve such a destiny.

Lov. Why ?

Host. Go down, boy.

And get your breakfast. [*Exeunt Frank and Ferret.*—Trust me, I had rather

Take a fair halter, wash my hands, and hang him

Myself, make a clean riddance of him, than—

Lov. What ?

Host. Than damn him to that desperate course of life.

Lov. Call you that desperate which by a line

Of institution, from our ancestors,
Hath been derived down to us, and received

In a succession, for the noblest way
Of breeding up our youth,² in letters,
arms,

Fair mien, discourses, civil exercise,

And all the blazon of a gentleman ?

Where can he learn to vault, to ride, to fence,

To move his body gracefuller, to speak

His language purer, or to tune his mind,

Or manners, more to the harmony of nature

Than in these nurseries of nobility ?

Host. Ay, that was when the nursery's self was noble,

And only virtue made it, not the market,

That titles were not vented at the drum,

Or common out-cry ; goodness gave the greatness,

And greatness worship : every house became

An academy of honour, and those parts—

We see departed in the practice now

Quite from the institution.

Lov. Why do you say so,

Or think so enviously ? do they not still

Learn there the Centaur's skill, the art of Thrace,

To ride ? or Pollux' mystery, to fence ?

The Pyrrhic gestures, both to dance and spring

In armour, to be active for the wars ?

To study figures, numbers, and proportions,

May yield them great in counsels, and the arts

Grave Nestor and the wise Ulysses practised,

¹ [My inn. Should it not be my son ?—F. C.]

² The noblest way

Of breeding up our youth, &c.] It is unnecessary to repeat what is advanced upon this subject in the Introduction to Massinger (p. xxxviii.), but the following passage, which has a direct bearing upon it, may not improperly be added here. "The next thing in a family is the entertainment of servants, which this honour-

able person knew best to chuse, because himself had been a servant. Though he was born of a most noble family, yet being a younger brother, as the usual custome of our countie is, he was compelled by necessitie to serve in a noble familie, but after was preferred to the service of the late queene of happie memorie."—*Sermon at the Funerall of Henrie (Grey, 7th) Earl of Kent, 1614.*

To make their English sweet upon their tongue,

As reverend Chaucer says?¹

Host. Sir, you mistake;

To play Sir Pandarus, my copy hath it,

And carry messages to Madam Cressid.

Instead of backing the brave steed o' mornings,

To mount the chambermaid; and for a leap

Of the vaulting-horse, to ply the vaulting-house:

For exercise of arms, a bale of dice,²

Or two or three packs of cards to shew the cheat,

And nimbleness of hand; mistake a cloak From my lord's back, and pawn it; ease his pockets

Of a superfluous watch, or geld a jewel

Of an odd stone or so; twinge three or four buttons

From off my lady's gown: these are the arts,

Or seven liberal deadly sciences

Of pagery, or rather paganism,

As the tides run! to which, if he apply him,

He may perhaps take a degree at Tyburn

A year the earlier; come to read a lecture Upon Aquinas at St. Thomas à Waterings,³

And so go forth a laureat in hemp circle!

Lov. You are tart, mine host, and talk above your seasoning,

O'er what you seem: it should not come, methinks,

Under your cap, this vein of salt and sharpness,

These strikings upon learning, now and then.

How long have you, if your dull guest may ask it,

Drove this quick trade of keeping the Light Heart,

Your mansion, palace, here, or hostelry?

Host. Troth, I was born to somewhat, sir, above it.

Lov. I easily suspect that: mine host, your name?

Host. They call me Goodstock,

Lov. Sir, and you confess it, Both in your language, treaty, and your bearing.

Host. Yet all, sir, are not sons of the white hen:

Nor can we, as the songster says, come all

To be wrapt soft and warm in fortune's smock.

When she is pleased to trick or troup mankind,

Some may be coats, as in the cards; but then

Some must be knaves, some varlets, bawds, and ostlers,

As aces, duces, cards of ten, to face it Out in the game, which all the world is.—

Lov. But, It being in your free-will (as 'twas) to choose

What parts you would sustain, methinks a man

Of your sagacity, and clear nostril, should Have made another choice than of a place

So sordid as the keeping of an inn: Where every jovial tinker, for his chink,

May cry, Mine host, to crambe!⁴ "Give us drink;

¹ As reverend Chaucer says? In his character of the *Frere*:

"Somwhat he lisped for his wantonnesse,
To make his English swete upon his tonge."
V. 266.

² Bale of dice.] i.e., a pair of dice; the expression is common to the writers of Jonson's age, as well as the preceding. Thus Skelton:

"What lo man, se here of dyce a bale."
Bouge of Court.—WHAL.

Again:

"Item, to my son, Mat Flowerdale, I bequeath two bale of false dice."—*The London Prodigal.*

³ Come to read a lecture Upon Aquinas at St. Thomas à Waterings,]

Anciently the place where criminals were executed in the county of Surrey.—WHAL.

It lies on the road to Deptford. This elegant translation of Thomas Aquinas is of old date. It occurs in Chaucer:

"And forth we riden all a litle space,
Unto the Watering of St. Thomas."

And appropriately in the ancient *Morality of Hycke Scornor*:

"For at Saynt Thomas of Watrynge, and they strike a sayle,
Then must they ryde in the haven of hemp without fayle."

⁴ Crambe!] or Crambo, "a play at short verses, in which a word is given, and the parties contend who can find most rhymes to it."—*Dut.* Clear nostril is from the *naris emuncta* of Horace.

And do not slink, but skink, or else you
slink."

Rogue, bawd, and cheater, call you by the
surnames,

And known synonyma of your profession.

Host. But if I be no such, who then's
the rogue,

In understanding, sir, I mean? who errs,
Who tinkles then, or personates Tom
Tinker?

Your weazle here may tell you I talk
bawdy,

And teach my boy it; and you may believe
him:

But, sir, at your own peril, if I do not;

And at his too, if he do lie, and affirm it.
No slander strikes, less hurts, the inno-
cent.

If I be honest, and that all the cheat
Be of myself, in keeping this Light Heart,

Where I imagine all the world's a play;

The state, and men's affairs, all passages
Of life, to spring new scenes; come in, go
out,

And shift, and vanish; and if I have got
A seat to sit at ease here, in mine inn,

To see the comedy; and laugh, and chuck
At the variety and throng of humours

And dispositions that come justling in
And out still, as they one drove hence
another;

Why will you envy me my happiness?

Because you are sad and lumpish; carry a
loadstone

In your pocket, to hang knives on; or jet
rings,

To entice young straws to leap at them;
are not taken

With the alacrities of an host! 'Tis more,

And justlier, sir, my wonder why you took
My bouse up, Fiddlers'-hall, the seat of
noise,

And mirth, an inn here, to be drowsy in,

And lodge your lethargy in the Light
Heart;

As if some cloud from court had been your
harbinger,

Or Cheapside debt-books, or some mistress'
charge.

¹ Level alludes to the proverbial expression of
Shakespeare, "If ye had not ploughed with my
beaver," &c. *Judges* c. xiv. It signifies to
give information by a breach of confidence.

² Faced with a beard, &c.] *A jug.* Thus Cartwright:

"The greater sort, they say,
Are like stone pots, with beards that do reach
down

Even to their knees."—*Lady Errant.*

Seeing your love grow corpulent, gave it a
diet,

By absence, some such mouldy passion!

Lov. 'Tis guessed unhappily. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter Ferret.

Fer. Mine host, you're called.

Host. I come, boys. [*Exit.*]

Lov. Ferret, have not you been plough-
ing

With this mad ox, mine host, nor he with
you?

Fer. For what, sir?

Lov. Why, to find my riddle out.¹

Fer. I hope you do believe, sir, I can
find

Other discourse to be at than my master,
With hosts and hostlers.

Lov. If you can, 'tis well:

Go down, and see who they are come in,
what guests;

And bring me word. [*Exit Ferret.*]

Lov. O love, what passion art thou!

So tyrannous and treacherous! first to en-
slave,

And then betray all that in truth do serve
thee!

That not the wisest, nor the wariest
creature,

Can more dissemble thee, than he can
bear

Hot burning coals in his bare palm or
bosom:

And less conceal or hide thee than a flash
Of enflamed powder, whose whole light
doth lay it

Open to all discovery, even of those
Who have but half an eye, and less of
nose.

An host to find me! who is commonly,
The log, a little of this side the sign-post;

Or at the best some round-grown thing, a
jug

Faced with a beard,² that fills out to the
guests,

And takes in from the fragments of their
jests!

But I may wrong this out of sullenness,

And again more pleasantly, in the *Ordinary*:

"Thou'rt like the larger jug, that some men
call

A Bellarmine, but we a Conscience;
Whereon the lewdier hand of pagan workman,
Over the proud ambitious head, hath carved
An idol huge, with beard episcopal,
Making the vessel look like tyrant Egdon."

See vol. ii. p. 190 *δ*.

Or my mistaking humour: pray thee,
phant'sy,
Be laid again: and, gentle melancholy,
Do not oppress me; I will be as silent
As the tame lover should be, and as
foolish.

Re-enter Host.

Host. My guest, my guest, be jovial, I
beseech thee.
I have fresh golden guests, guests of the
game,
Three coachful! lords! and ladies! new
come in.
And I will cry them to thee, and thee to
them,
So I can spring a smile but in this brow,
That, like the rugged Roman alderman,
Old Master Gross, surnamed 'Αγέλαστος,
Was never seen to laugh but at an ass.¹

Re-enter Ferret.

Fer. Sir, here's the Lady Frampul.

Lov. How!

Fer. And her train,
Lord Beaufort, and Lord Latimer, the
Colonel
Tiptot, with Mistress Prue, the chamber-
maid,
Trundle, the coachman—

Lov. Stop—discharge the house,
And get my horses ready; bid the groom
Bring them to the back gate.

[*Exit Ferret.*]

Host. What mean you, sir?

Lov. To take fair leave, mine host.

Host. I hope, my guest,
Though I have talked somewhat above my
share,
At large, and been in the altitudes, the
extravagants,
Neither myself, nor any of mine have given
you
The cause to quit my house thus on the
sudden.

Lov. No, I affirm it on my faith. Ex-
cuse me
From such a rudeness; I was now begin-
ning
To taste and love you: and am heartily sorry
Any occasion should be so compelling

To urge my abrupt departure thus. But—
Necessity's a tyrant, and commands it.

Host. She shall command me first to leave
my bush;

Then break up house: or, if that will not
serve,

To break with all the world; turn country
bankrupt

In mine own town, upon the market day.
And be protested for my butter and eggs.

To the last bodge of oats and bottle of beer.
Ere you shall leave me I will break my

Heart;

Coach and coach-horses, lords and ladies
pack:

All my fresh guests shall stink. I'll put
my sign down,

Convert mine Inn to an alms-house, or a
spittle

For lazars, or switch-sellers; turn it to
An academy of rogues; or give it away

For a free-school to breed up beggars in.
And send them to the canting universities.

Before you leave me!

Lov. Troth, and I confess
I am loth, mine host, to leave you: your
expressions

Both take and hold me. But, in case I
stay,

I must enjoin you and your whole family
To privacy, and to conceal me; for

The secret is, I would not willingly
See, or be seen, to any of this ging,

Especially the lady.

Host. Brain o' man!
What monster is she, or cockatrice in
velvet,

That kills thus?

Lov. O good words, mine host. She is
A noble lady, great in blood and fortune.

Fair, and a wit! but of so bent a phant'sy,
As she thinks nought a happiness but to have

A multitude of servants; and to get them.
Though she be very honest, yet she ver-
tures

Upon these precipices, that would maim
her

Not seem so, to some prying narrow na-
tures.

We call her, sir, the Lady Frances Frampul,

Daughter and heir to the Lord Frampul.

seen to laugh but once, and that was at an ass
mumbling a thistle.—*WHAL.*

It may here be observed, once for all, that
Jonson invariably read Greek not by quantity,
but accent.

¹ That like the rugged Roman alderman—
Old Master Gross, surnamed 'Αγέλαστος,
Was never seen to laugh but at an ass.]
The Roman alluded to, and here called Master
Gross, was Crassus, the grandfather of Crassus
the rich. And, as Pliny tells us, he was never

Host. Who!

He that did live in Oxford, first a student,
And after married with the daughter
of—

Lov. Syllly.

Host. Right.

Of whom the tale went to turn puppet-
master.

Lov. And travel with young Goose, the
motion-man.

Host. And lie and live with the gipsies
half a year

Together, from his wife.

Lov. The very same :

The mad Lord Frampul ! and this same is
his daughter,

But as cock-brained as e'er the father was !
There were two of them, Frances and

Lætitia,

But Lætitia was lost young ; and, as the
rumour

Flew then, the mother upon it lost herself ;
A fond weak woman, went away in a melan-
choly.

Because she brought him none but girls,
she thought

Her husband loved her not : and he as
foolish,

Too late resenting the cause given, went
after,

In quest of her, and was not heard of since.

Host. A strange division of a family !

Lov. And scattered as in the great con-
fusion !

Host. But yet the lady, the heir, enjoys
the land ?

Lov. And takes all lordly ways how to
consume it

As nobly as she can ; if clothes, and feast-
ing,

And the authorized means of riot will do it.

Host. Sheshews her extract, and I honour
her for it.

Re-enter Ferret.

Fer. Your horses, sir, are ready ; and the
house

De—

Lov. —Pleased, thou think'st ?

Fer. I cannot tell ; discharged

I am sure it is.

Lov. Charge it again, good Ferret,
And make unready the horses ; thou know'st

how.

Chalk, and renew the rondels, I am now
Resolved to stay.

Fer. I easily thought so,

When you should hear what's purposed.

Lov. What ?

Fer. To throw

The house out of the window.

Host. Brain o' man,

I shall have the worst of that ! will they
not throw

My household-stuff out first, cushions and
carpet,

Chairs, stools, and bedding ? is not their
sport my ruin ?

Lov. Fear not, mine host, I am not of
the fellowship.

Fer. I cannot see, sir, how you will avoid
it.

They know already, all, you are in the
house.

Lov. Who know ?

Fer. The lords : they have seen me, and
enquired it.

Lov. Why were you seen ?

Fer. Because indeed I had

No medicine, sir, to go invisible :

No fern-seed in my pocket ; nor an opal
Wrapt in bay leaf in my left fist to charm

Their eyes with.

Host. He does give you reasons [sir],

As round as Gyges' ring ; which, say the
ancients,

Was a hoop ring ; and that is, round as a
hoop.

Lov. You will have your rebus still, mine
host.

Host. I must.

Fer. My lady too looked out of the win-
dow, and called me.

And see where secretary Prue comes from
her,

Employed upon some embassy unto you.

Host. I'll meet her if she come upon em-
ployment :—

Enter Prudence.

Fair lady, welcome as your host can make
you !

Pru. Forbear, sir, I am first to have
mine audience,

Before the compliment. This gentleman
Is my address to.

Host. And it is in state.

Pru. My lady, sir, as glad of the en-
counter

To find a servant here, and such a servant,
Whom she so values ; with her best re-
spects

Desires to be remembered ; and invites
Your nobleness to be a part to-day,

Of the society and mirth intended
By her, and the young lords, your fellow-

servants,

Who are alike ambitious of enjoying
The fair request; and to that end have
sent

Me, their imperfect orator, to obtain it.
Which if I may, they have elected me,
And crowned me with the title of a
sovereign

Of the day's sports devised in the Inn,
So you be pleased to add your suffrage
to it.

Lov. So I be pleased, my gentle Mistress
Prudence!

You cannot think me of that coarse dispo-
sition

To envy¹ you anything.

Host. That's nobly said,
And like my guest!

Lov. I gratulate your honour,
And should with cheer lay hold on any
handle

That could advance it: but for me to think,
I can be any rag or particle
Of your lady's care, more than to fill her
list,

She being the lady that professeth still
To love no soul or body but for ends
Which are her sports; and is not nice to
speak this,

But doth proclaim it in all companies—
Her ladyship must pardon my weak coun-
sels,

And weaker will, if I decline to obey her.
Pru. O, Master Lovel, you must not
give credit

To all that ladies publicly profess,
Or talk o' the volée,¹ unto their servants.
Their tongues and thoughts oftentimes lie
far asunder.

Yet when they please, they have their
cabinet-counsels,
And reserved thoughts, and can retire
themselves

As well as others.

Host. Ay, the subtlest of us.
All that is born within a lady's lips—

Pru. Is not the issue of their hearts,
mine host.

Host. Or kiss or drink afore me.²

Pru. Stay, excuse me;
Mine errand is not done. Yet, if her lady-
ship's
Slighting, or disesteem, sir, of your service,

Hath formerly begot any distaste,
Which I not know of; here I vow unto
you,

Upon a chambermaid's simplicity,
Reserving still the honour of my lady,
I will be bold to hold the glass up to her,
To shew her ladyship where she hath erred,
And how to tender satisfaction;
So you vouchsafe to prove but the day's
venture.

Host. What say you, sir? where are you,
are you within?

[*Strikes Lovel on the breast.*]

Lov. Yes, I will wait upon her and the
company.

Host. It is enough, Queen Prudence; I
will bring him:

And on this kiss.—[*kisses her.* *Exit Pru-
dence.*] I longed to kiss a queen.

Lov. There is no life on eart hbut being
in love!

There are no studies, no delights, no busi-
ness,

No intercourse, or trade of sense, or soul,
But what is love! I was the laziest crea-
ture,

The most unprofitable sign of nothing,
The veriest drone, and slept away my life
Beyond the dormouse till I was in love!
And now I can outwake the nightingale,
Outwatch an usurer, and outwalk him too;
Stalk like a ghost, that haunted 'bout a
treasure,

And all that phant'sied treasure, it is love.

Host. But is your name Love-ill, sir, or
Love-well?

I would know that.

Lov. I do not know't myself,

Whether it is; but it is love hath been
The hereditary passion of our house,
My gentle host, and as I guess, my friend.
The truth is, I have loved this lady long,
And impotently,³ with desire enough,
But no success: for I have still forborne
To express it in my person to her.

Host. How then?

Lov. I have sent her toys, verses, and
anagrams,

Trials of wit, mere trifles she has com-
mended,
But knew not whence they came, nor could
she guess.

¹ *O' the volée,*] i.e., at random. See p. 316.
[See Massinger, *The Picture*, act iii. sc. 6:

"What we spake on the volée begins to work."
F. C.]

² *Or kiss or drink afore me.*] This is a fami-

liar expression, employed when what the speaker
is just about to say is anticipated by another of
the company.

³ *And impotently,*] i.e., madly, without the
control of reason, &c.

Host. This was a pretty riddling way of wooing!

Lov. I oft have been too in her company; and looked upon her a whole day; admired her;

Loved her, and did not tell her so; loved still,

Looked still and loved; and loved, and looked, and sighed:

But, as a man neglected, I came off, and unregarded—

Host. Could you blame her, sir,

When you were silent, and not said a word?

Lov. O, but I loved the more; and she might read it

Best in my silence had she been—

Host. As melancholic

As you are! Pray you, why would you stand mute, sir?

Lov. O, thereon hangs a history, mine host.

Did you e'er know or hear of the Lord Beaufort,

Who served so bravely in France? I was his page,

And ere he died, his friend: I followed him,

First in the wars, and in the times of peace, I waited on his studies; which were right.

He had no Arthurs, nor no Rosicleers, No knights o' the Sun, nor Amadis de Gauls,

Primations, Pantagruels, public nothings; Shortives of the fabulous dark cloyster,

Best out to poison courts and infest manners:

But great Achilles, Agamemnon's acts, Nestor's counsels, and Ulysses' slights,

Ulysses' fortitude, as Homer wrought them in his immortal phant'sy, for examples

Of the heroic virtue. Or, as Virgil, That master of the epic poem, limned

Præns Æneas, his religious prince, bearing his aged parent on his shoulders,

Rapt from the flames of Troy, with his young son:

And these he brought to practice and to use. He gave me first my breeding, I acknowledge,

Then showered his bounties on me, like the Hours,

That open-handed sit upon the clouds, and press the liberality of heaven

Down to the laps of thankful men! But then

The trust committed to me at his death Was above all, and left so strong a tie

On all my powers as time shall not dissolve, Till it dissolve itself, and bury all!

The care of his brave heir and only son: Who being a virtuous, sweet, young, hopeful lord,

Hath cast his first affections on this lady, And though I know, and may presume her such,

As, out of humour, will return no love; And therefore might indifferently be made

The courting-stock for all to practise on, As she doth practise on all us, to scorn:

Yet, out of a religion to my charge, And debt professed, I have made a self-decree,

Ne'er to express my person, though my passion

Burn me to cinders.

Host. Then you are not so subtle Or half so read in love-craft as I took you;

Come, come, you are no phoenix; an you were,

I should expect no miracle from your ashes. Take some advice. Be still that rag of love

You are: burn on till you turn tinder. This chambermaid may hap to prove the steel

To strike a sparkle out of the flint, your mistress,

May beget bonfires yet; you do not know What light may be forced out, and from what darkness.

Lov. Nay, I am so resolved, as still I'll love

Though not confess it.

Host. That's, sir, as it chances; We'll throw the dice for it; cheer up.

Lov. I do. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Inn.

Enter Lady Frampul, and Prudence pinning on her lady's gown.

Lady F. Come, wench, this suit will serve; dispatch, make ready:

It was a great deal with the biggest for me, Which made me leave it off after once wearing.

How does it fit? will it come together?

Pru. Hardly.

Lady F. Thou must make shift with it; pride feels no pain.

Girt thee hard, Prue. Pox o' this errant tailor,

He angers me beyond all mark of patience! These base mechanics never keep their word

In anything they promise.

Pru. 'Tis their trade, madam,
To swear and break; they all grow rich by
breaking
More than their words; their honesties
and credits

Are still the first commodity they put off.

Lady F. And worst, it seems; which
makes them do it so often.

If he had but broke with me I had not
cared,

But with the company! the body poli-
tic!—

Pru. Frustrate our whole design, having
that time,

And the materials in, so long before!

Lady F. And he to fail in all, and dis-
appoint us!

The rogue deserves a torture—

Pru. To be cropped

With his own scissors.

Lady F. Let's devise him one.

Pru. And have the stumps seared up
with his own searing candle.

Lady F. Close to his head, to trundle on
his pillow.—

I'll have the lease of his house cut out in
measures.

Pru. And he be strangled with them.

Lady F. No, no life

I would have touched, but stretched on his
own yard

He should be a little, have the strap-
pado—

Pru. Or an ell of taffata

Drawn through his guts by way of glyster,
and fired

With aqua vitæ.

Lady F. Burning in the hand

With the pressing-iron cannot save him.

Pru. Yes,

Now I have got this on; I do forgive him
What robes he should have brought.

Lady F. Thou art not cruel,

Although straitlaced, I see, Prue.

Pru. This is well.

Lady F. 'Tis rich enough, but 'tis not
what I meant thee.

I would have had thee braver than myself,
And brighter far. 'Twill fit the players
yet,

When thou hast done with it, and yield
thee somewhat.

Pru. That were illiberal, madam, and
mere sordid

In me, to let a suit of yours come there.

Lady F. Tut, all are players, and but
serve the scene, Prue:

Dispatch; I fear thou dost not like the
province,

Thou art so long a fitting thyself for it.
Here is a scarf to make thee a knot finer.

Pru. You send me a-feasting, madam.

Lady F. Wear it, wench.

Pru. Yes; but with leave of your lady-
ship, I would tell you,

This can but bear the face of an odd
journey.

Lady F. Why, Prue?

Pru. A lady of your rank and quality
To come to a public inn, so many men,
Young lords and others in your company.
And not a woman but myself, a chamber-
maid!

Lady F. Thou doubt'st to be o'er-
Prue! fear it not,

I'll bear my part, and share with thee in
the venture.

Pru. O but the censure, madam, is the
main.

What will they say of you, or judge of me.
To be translated thus, above all the bound
Of fitness or decorum?

Lady F. How now, Prue!

Turned fool upon the sudden, and talk idly
In thy best clothes! shoot bolts and sen-
tences

To affright babies with! as if I lived
To any other scale than what's my own.
Or sought myself without myself, from
home!¹

Pru. Your ladyship will pardon me my
fault;

If I have over-shot, I'll shoot no more.

Lady F. Yes, shoot again, good Prue;

I'll have thee shoot,

And aim, and hit; I know 'tis love in thee.
And so I do interpret it.

Pru. Then, madam,

I'd crave a farther leave.

Lady F. Be it to license,

It shall not want an ear, Prue. Say, what
is it?

Pru. A toy I have, to raise a little mirth
To the design in hand.

Lady F. Out with it, Prue,

If it but chime of mirth.

Pru. Mine host has, madam,

A pretty boy in the house, a dainty child.
His son, and is of your ladyship's name,
too, Francis,

Whom if your ladyship would borrow of
him,

And give me leave to dress him as I would,

¹ Or sought myself without myself, &c.] The
lady has her "bolts and sentences" as well as
the maid. The present is from Persius:

"Ne te quæsieris extra."

Should make the finest lady and kins-
woman.

To keep you company and deceive my
lords

Upon the matter with a fountain of sport.

Lady F. I apprehend thee, and the
source of mirth

That it may breed; but is he bold enough,
The child, and well assured?

Prue. As I am, madam:

Have him in no suspicion, more than me.

Here comes mine host; will you but please
to ask him,

Or let me make the motion?

Lady F. Which thou wilt, Prue.

Enter Host.

Host. Your ladyship and all your train
are welcome.

Lady F. I thank my hearty host.

Host. So is your sovereignty,¹

Madam, I wish you joy of your new gown.

Lady F. It should have been, my host;
but Stuff, our tailor,

Has broke with us; you shall be of the
counsel.

Prue. He will deserve it, madam. My
lady has heard

You have a pretty son, mine host; she'll
see him.

Lady F. Ay, very fain; I pray thee let
me see him, host.

Host. Your ladyship shall presently.—

[*Goes to the door.*]

But Frank come hither anon unto my
lady,—

It is a bashful child, homely brought up,
in a rude hostelry; but the Light Heart
is now his father's, and it may be his.

Here he comes—

Enter Frank.

Frank, salute my lady.

Frank. I do

What, madam, I am designed to do by
my birthright,

As heir of the Light Heart, bid you most
welcome.

Lady F. And I believe your *most*, my
pretty boy,

Being so emphased by you.

Frank. Your ladyship, madam,

If you believe it such, are sure to make it.

Lady F. Prettily answered! Is your
name Francis?

Frank. Yes, madam.

Lady F. I love mine own the better.

Frank. If I knew yours

I should make haste to do so too, good
madam.

Lady F. It is the same with yours.

Frank. Mine then acknowledges
The lustre it receives by being named after.

Lady F. You will win upon me in com-
pliment.

Frank. By silence.

Lady F. A modest and a fair well-spoken
child.

Host. Her ladyship shall have him, sove-
reign Prue,

Or what I have beside; divide my Heart
Between you and your lady; make your
use of it:

My house is yours, my son is yours. Behold
I tender him to your service; Frank, become
What these brave ladies would have you.

Only this,

There is a chare-woman in the house, his
nurse,

An Irish woman, I took in a beggar,
That waits upon him, a poor silly fool,

But an impertinent and sedulous one
As ever was; will vex you on all occasions,

Never be off or from you, but in her sleep;
Or drink which makes it; she doth love

him so,

¹ So is your sovereignty,] In Horatio's adjura-
tion to Hamlet not to follow the Ghost, he urges,
among other dissuatives:

"What if it tempt you toward the flood, my
lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
And then assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of
reason,
And draw you into madness!"

This passage has proved a perpetual torment
to the commentators—"your sovereignty of
reason," Steevens says, "is your ruling power
of reason!" And then he proceeds with match-
less gravity. "When poets wish to invest any

quality or virtue with uncommon splendour, they
do it by some allusion to regal eminence." War-
burton would read, *deprave* your sovereignty of
reason—but it would be idle to produce more of
this nature. The critics have stumbled over a
difficulty raised by themselves: *sovereignty* here,
as in the text, is merely a title of respect; and to
deprive your sovereignty of reason, means
neither more nor less than to deprive your lord-
ship or your honour, or your highness of reason.
As if this was not enough on a passage which it
seems almost impossible to mistake, Dr. Johnson
and Steevens disagree about the word *deprive*: the
former "conceiving it to mean simply *take*
away," and the latter stoutly affirming it to
signify *disinherit*!" Is not this to turn critics
into the line of children!

Or rather doat on him. Now for her a shape,¹

And we may dress her, and I'll help to fit her

With a tuft-taffata cloke, an old French hood,

And other pieces, heterogene enough.

Pru. We have brought a standard of apparel down,

Because this tailor failed us in the main.

Host. She shall advance the game.

Pru. About it then.

And send but Trundle hither, the coachman, to me.

Host. I shall: but, Prue, let Lovel have fair quarter. *[Aside.]*

Pru. The best. *[Exit Host.]*

Lady F. Our host, methinks, is very gamesome.

Pru. How like you the boy?

Lady F. A miracle!

Pru. Good madam,

But take him in and sort a suit for him.

I'll give our Trundle his instructions;

And wait upon your ladyship in the instant.

Lady F. But, Prue, what shall we call him when we have drest him?

Pru. My Lady Nobody, anything, what you will.

Lady F. Call him Lætitia, by my sister's name,

And so 'twill mend our mirth too we have in hand. *[Exit.]*

Enter Trundle.

Pru. Good Trundle, you must straight make ready the coach,

And lead the horses out but half a mile Into the fields, whither you will, and then

Drive in again, with the coach-leaves put down,

At the back gate, and so to the back stairs,

As if you brought in somebody to my lady.

A kinswoman that she sent for. Make that answer

If you be asked; and give it out in the house so.

Trun. What trick is this, good mistress

secretary,

You'd put upon us?

Pru. Us! do you speak plural?

Trun. Me and my mares are us.

Pru. If you so join them,

Elegant Trundle, you may use your figures:

I can but urge, it is my lady's service.

Trun. Good Mistress Prudence, you can urge enough;

I know you are secretary to my lady, And mistress steward.

Pru. You will still be trundling, And have your wages stopt now at the audit.

Trun. 'Tis true you are gentlewoman o' the horse too;

Or what you will beside, Prue. I think it

My best t' obey you.

Pru. And I think so too, Trundle. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Lord Beaufort and Lord Latimer.

Lord B. Why, here's return enough of both our ventures,

If we do make no more discovery.

Lord L. What?

Than of this parasite?

Lord B. O he's a dainty one,

The parasite of the house.

Lord L. Here comes mine host.

Enter Host.

Host. My lords, you both are welcome to the Heart.

Lord B. To the Light Heart, we hope.

Lord L. And merry, I swear.

We never yet felt such a fit of laughter,

As your glad Heart hath offered us since we entered.

Lord B. How came you by this property?

Host. Who, my Fly?

Lord B. Your Fly, if you call him so.

Host. Nay, he is that,

And will be still.

Lord B. In every dish and pot?

Host. In every cup and company, my lords,

A creature of all liquors, all complexions.

Be the drink what it will he'll have his sp.

Lord L. He's fitted with a name.

Host. And he joys in it.

I had him when I came to take the tea here

Assigned me over in the inventory

As an old implement, a piece of household

stuff,

And so he doth remain.

Lord B. Just such a thing

We thought him.

Lord L. Is he a scholar?

¹ Now for her a shape,] i.e., as has been already observed, a suit by way of disguise. It is a theatrical term still in use for a foreign dress.

Host. Nothing less ;

Host. But colours for it, as you see ; wears black,
And speaks a little tainted fly-blown Latin,
After the school.—

Lord B. Of Stratford o' the Bow :

For Lillie's Latin is to him unknown.¹

Lord L. What calling has he ?

Host. Only to call in still,
To blame the reckoning, bold to charge a
bill,

Bring up the shot in the rear, as his own
word is.

Lord B. And does it in the discipline of
the house,

As corporal of the field, maestro del campo?

Host. And visitor general of all the
rooms :

He has formed a fine militia for the Inn
too.

Lord B. And means to publish it ?

Host. With all his titles ;

Some call him deacon Fly, some doctor
Fly ;

Some captain, some lieutenant : but my
folks

Do call him quarter-master Fly, which
he is.

Enter Colonel Tipto and Fly.

Tip. Come, quarter-master Fly.

Host. Here's one already

That got his titles.

Tip. Doctor.

Fly. Noble colonel,

No doctor, yet a poor professor of cere-
mony

Here in the Inn, retainer to the host,

I discipline the house.

Tip. Thou read'st a lecture

Unto the family here : when is the day ?

Fly. This is the day.

Tip. I'll hear thee, and I'll have thee a
doctor ;

Thou shalt be one, thou hast a doctor's
look,

And face disputative, of Salamanca.

Host. Who's this ?

Lord L. The glorious Colonel Tipto,
host.

Lord B. One talks upon his tiptoes, if
you'll hear him.

Tip. Thou hast good learning in thee ;
macte, Fly.

Fly. And I say *macte* to my colonel.

Host. Well *macted* of them both.

Lord B. They are matched, i' faith.

Tip. But, Fly, why *macte* ?

Fly. *Quasi magis aucte,*

My honourable colonel.

Tip. What, a critic !

Host. There is another accession, critic
Fly.

Lord L. I fear a taint here in the mathe-
matics.

They say lines parallel do never meet ;

He has met his parallel in wit and school-
craft.

Lord B. They side, not meet, man ;
mend your metaphor,

And save the credit of your mathematics.

Tip. But, Fly, how cam'st thou to be
here, committed

Unto this Inn ?

Fly. Upon suspicion of drink, sir.

I was taken late one night here with the
tapster

And the under-officers, and so deposited.

Tip. I will redeem thee, Fly, and place
thee better,

With a fair lady.

Fly. A lady, sweet Sir Glorious !

Tip. A sovereign lady. Thou shalt be
the bird

To sovereign Prue, queen of our sports,
her Fly,

The Fly in household and in ordinary :

Bird of her ear, and she shall wear thee
there,

A Fly of gold, enamelled, and a school-fly.

Host. The school then are my stables,
or the cellar,

Where he doth study deeply at his hours,

Cases of cups, I do not know how spiced

With conscience, for the tapster and the
hostler ; as

Whose horses may be cosened, or what jugs
Filled up with froth ? that is his way of

learning.

Tip. What antiquated feather's that that
talks ?

Fly. The worshipful host, my patron,
Master Goodstock,

A merry Greek, and cants in Latin comely,
Spins like the parish top.

Tip. I'll set him up then.—

Art thou the Dominus ?

Host. Fac-totum here, sir.

¹ Of Stratford o' the Bow :

For Lillie's Latin is to him unknown.] Allud-
ing to the following lines in Chaucer's *Cha-*
ucer of the Prioress :

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" And French she spake full fayr and fetisly,
After the school of Stratford attè Bowe,
For French of Paris was to her unknown."

WHAT.

Tip. Host real of the house, and cap of maintenance?

Host. The lord of the Light Heart, sir, cap-a-pie;

Whereof the feather is the emblem, colonel,

Put up with the ace of hearts.

Tip. But why in cuerpo?

I hate to see an host, and old, in cuerpo.

Host. Cuerpo! what's that?

Tip. Light-skipping hose and doublet, The horse-boy's garb! poor blank and half blank cuerpo,

They relish not the gravity of an host, Who should be king at arms, and ceremonies,

In his own house: know all, to the gold weights.¹

Lord B. Why, that his Fly doth for him here, your bird.

Tip. But I would do it myself were I my host,

I would not speak unto a cook of quality, Your lordship's footman, or my lady's Trundle,

In cuerpo: if a dog but stayed below,² That were a dog of fashion, and well nosed,

And could present himself; I would put on

The Savoy chain about my neck, the ruff And cuffs of Flanders, then the Naples hat,

With the Rome hatband and the Florentine agat,

The Milan sword, the cloke of Genoa, set With Brabant buttons; all my given pieces,

Except my gloves, the natives of Madrid, To entertain him in; and compliment

With a tame coney, as with a prince that sent it.

¹ *Know all, to the gold weights.* i.e., every minute particular with great exactness. The weights made use of in weighing gold, being reducible to very small quantities, such as carats, grains, &c.—WHAL.

The expression seems proverbial. Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher:

"She's one that weighs her words and her behaviour

In the goldweights of discretion."

Wild Goose Chase.

Again:

"A man, believe it,
That knows his place, to the goldweight."
Love's Pilgrimage.

² This and the following speech, as Whalley observes, occur almost *verbatim* in the play just quoted.

Host. The same deeds, though, become not every man;

That fits a colonel will not fit an host.

Tip. Your Spanish host is never seen in cuerpo,

Without his paramentos, cloke, and sword.

Fly. Sir,

He has the father of swords within, a long sword;

Blade Cornish styled of Sir Rud Hagedebras.

Tip. And why a long sword,³ bully bird! thy sense?

Fly. To note him a tall man, and a master of fence.

Tip. But doth he teach the Spanish way of Don Lewis?

Fly. No, the Greek master he.

Tip. What call you him?

Fly. Euclid.

Tip. Fart upon Euclid, he is stale and antic!

Give me the moderns.

Fly. Sir, he minds no moderns,

Go by, Hieronimo!

Tip. What was he?

Fly. The Italian

That played with Abbot Antony in the Friars, And Blinkinsops the bold.⁴

Tip. Ay, marry, those

Had fencing names. What is become of them?

Host. They had their times, and we can say 'they were.'

So had Caranza his; so had Don Lewis.

Tip. Don Lewis of Madrid is the sole master

Now of the world.

Host. But this of the other world, Euclid, demonstrates. He! he is for all! The only fencer of name now in Elysium.

³ *And why a long sword?* This is Whalley's reading for *with*, that of the Svo. Rud Hagedebras, who is mentioned just above, was, as Milton tells us, the son of Leil, who built Camelot, and I know not how many more cities. He seems to have been a peaceful monarch, so that his *blade Cornish* was not perhaps much the worse for use.

⁴ *The Italian*
That played with Abbot Antony in the Friars,

And Blinkinsops the bold.] The Italian is mentioned again in the *Epigrams*: he was a master of legerdemain as well as fencing. Abbot Antony is, I believe, Antony Munday, who might have learned the "noble science of fencing" in Italy of Blinkinsops I know nothing, nor is the inquiry worth pursuit. This part of the dialogue is tolerably dull.

Fly. He does it all by lines and angles, colonel;
By parallels and sections, has his diagrams.

Lord B. Wilt thou be flying, *Fly*?

Lord L. At all, why not?

The air's as free for a fly as for an eagle.

Lord B. A buzzard! he is in his contemplation.

Tip. Euclid a fencer, and in the Elysium!

Host. He played a prize last week with Archimedes,

and beat him, I assure you.

Tip. Do you assure me?

For what?

Host. For four i' the hundred. Give me five,

and I assure you again.

Tip. Host peremptory,

You may be ta'en. But where, whence had you this?

Host. Upon the road. A post that came from thence,

Three days ago here, left it with the tapster.

Fly. Who is indeed a thoroughfare of news,

Jack Jug with the broken belly, a witty fellow!

Host. Your bird here heard him.

Tip. Did you hear him, bird?

Host. Speak in the faith of a Fly.

[*Exit.*]

Fly. Yes, and he told us

Of one that was the Prince of Orange' fencer.

Tip. Stevinus?

Fly. Sir, the same had challenged Euclid

At thirty weapons more than Archimedes

Ever saw, and engines; most of his own invention.

Tip. This may have credit, and chimes reason, this!

If any man endanger Euclid, bird,

Observe, that had the honour to quit Europe

This forty year, 'tis he. He put down Scaliger.

Fly. And he was a great master.

Lord B. Not of fence, Fly.

Tip. Excuse him, lord, he went on the same grounds.

Lord B. On the same earth I think, with other mortals.

Tip. I mean, sweet lord, the mathematics. Basta!

When thou know'st more, thou wilt take less green honour.

He had his circles, semicircles, quadrants—

Fly. He writ a book of the quadrature of the circle—

Tip. Cyclometria, I read—

Lord B. The title only.

Lord L. And indice.

Lord B. If it had one; of that, quære?—

What insolent, half-witted things these are!

Lord L. So are all smatterers, insolent and impudent.

Lord B. They lightly go together.

Lord L. 'Tis my wonder

Two animals should hawk at all discourse thus,

Fly every subject to the mark, or retrieve—

Lord B. And never have the luck to be in the right!

Lord L. 'Tis some folks' fortune.

Lord B. Fortune is a bawd,

And a blind beggar: 'tis their vanity,

And shews most vilely.

Tip. I could take the heart now

To write unto Don Lewis into Spain,

To make a progress to the Elysian fields

Next summer—

Lord B. And persuade him die for fame,

Of fencing with a shadow! Where's mine host?

I would he had heard this bubble break,

i' faith.

Re-enter Host, with Prudence richly dressed, Frank as a lady, Nurse, and Lady Frampul.

Host. Make place, stand by, for the queen-regent, gentlemen!

Tip. This is thy queen that shall be, bird, our sovereign.

Lord B. Translated Prudence!

Pru. Sweet my lord, hand off;

It is not now as when plain Prudence lived,

And reached her ladyship—

Host. The chamber-pot.

Pru. The looking-glass, mine host: lose your house metaphor!

You have a negligent memory indeed.

Speak the host's language. Here is a young lord

Will make't a precedent else.

Lord L. Well acted, Prue.

Host. First minute of her reign! What will she do

Forty years hence, God bless her!

Pru. If you'll kiss,

Or compliment, my lord, behold a lady,
A stranger, and my lady's kinswoman.

Lord B. I do confess my rudeness, that
had need

To have mine eye directed to this beauty.

Frank. It was so little, as it asked a
perspicil.

Lord B. Lady, your name?

Frank. My lord, it is Lætitia.

Lord B. Lætitia! a fair omen, and I
take it:

Let me have still such Lettice for my lips.

But that of your family, lady?

Frank. Syllly, sir.

Lord B. My lady's kinswoman?

Frank. I am so honoured.

Host. Already it takes.

[*Aside to Lady F.*

Lady F. An excellent fine boy.

Nurse. He is descended of a right good
stock, sir.

Lord B. What's this, an antiquary?

Host. An antiquity,

By the dress, you'd swear! an old Welsh
herald's widow:

She's a wild Irish born, sir, and a hybride,¹
That lives with this young lady a mile off here,
And studies Vincent against York.²

Lord B. She'll conquer

If she read Vincent. Let me study her.

Host. She's perfect in most pedigrees,
most descents.

Lord B. A bawd, I hope, and knows to
blaze a coat. [*Aside.*

Host. And judgeth all things with a
single eye.

Fly, come you hither; no discovery

Of what you see, to your Colonel Toe, or
Tip, here,

But keep all close; though you stand in
the way o' preferment,

Seek it off from the road; no flattery for't,
No lick-foot, pain of losing your proboscis,
My liquorish Fly. [*Aside to Fly.*

Tip. What says old velvet-head?

Fly. He will present me himself, sir, if
you will not.

Tip. Who, he present! what? whom?
an host, a groom,

Divide the thanks with me? share in my
glories?

Lay up: I say no more.

Host. Then silence, sir,
And hear the sovereign.

Tip. Hostlers to usurp
Upon my Sparta or province, as they
say!

No broom but mine!³

Host. Still, colonel, you mutter.

Tip. I dare speak out, as cuerpo.

Fly. Noble colonel—

Tip. And carry what I ask—

Host. Ask what you can, sir,

So it be in the house.

Tip. I ask my rights and privileges;
And though for form I please to call it a
suit,

I have not been accustomed to repulse.

Pru. No, sweet Sir Glorious, you may
still command—

Host. And go without.

Pru. But yet, sir, being the first,
And called a suit, you'll look it shall be
such

As we may grant.

Lady F. It else denies itself.

Pru. You hear the opinion of the court.

Tip. I mind no court opinions.

Pru. 'Tis my lady's, though.

Tip. My lady is a spinster at the law,

And my petition is of right.

Pru. What is it?

Tip. It is for this poor learned bird.

Host. The fly.

Tip. Professor in the Inn here of small
matters.

Lord L. How he commends him!

Host. As to save himself in him.

Lady F. So do all politics in their com-
mendations.

Host. This is a state-bird, and the
verier fly.

Tip. Hear him problematize.

Pru. Bless us, what's that?

Tip. Or syllogize, elenchize.

Lady F. Sure, petards

To blow us up.

Lord L. Some enginous strong words.

Host. He means to erect a castle in the
air,

And make his fly an elephant to carry it.
Tip. Bird of the arts he is, and Fly by
name.

Pru. Buz!

¹ And a hybride,] Latin, a mongrel.

² And studies Vincent against York.] There was a dispute on foot about this time between two heralds at arms; one was Vincent and the other Brook, who was York Herald. Vincent published a book, entitled *A Discovery of Errors*

in two editions of the Catalogue of Nobility, written by Ralph Brook.—WHAL.

³ No broom but mine.] Col. Tipto's allusion are scarcely worth explaining: but the present is to Sparta, in the preceding line, which in Span. means broom or brushwood.

Host. Blow him off, good Prue, they'll mar all else.

Tip. The sovereign's honour is to cherish learning.

Pru. What in a fly?

Tip. In anything industrious.

Pru. But flies are busy.

Lady F. Nothing more troublesome, Or importune.

Tip. There's nothing more domestic, Tame or familiar, than your fly in cuervo.

Host. That is when his wings are cut, he is tame indeed, else

Nothing more impudent and greedy; licking—

Lady F. Or saucy, good Sir Glorious.

Pru. Leave your advocateship, Except that we shall call you orator Fly, And send you down to the dresser and the dishes.

Host. A good flap that!

Pru. Commit you to the steam.

Lady F. Or else condemn you to the bottles.

Pru. And pots.

There is his quarry.

Host. He will chirp far better, Your bird, below.

Lady F. And make you finer music.

Pru. His buz will there become him.

Tip. Come away,

Buz in their faces: give them all the buz, Dor in their ears and eyes, hum, dor, and buz!

I will statuminate and under-prop thee. If they scorn us, let us scorn them—We'll find

The thoroughfare below,¹ and quære him; Leave these relicts, buz; they shall see that I,

Spite of their jeers, dare drink, and with a fly. [*Exeunt Tipto and Fly.*]

Lord L. A fair remove at once of two impertinents!

Excellent Prue, I love thee for thy wit, No less than state.

Pru. One must preserve the other.

Enter Lovel.

Lady F. Who's here?

Pru. O Lovel, madam, your sad servant.

We'll find

¹ The thoroughfare below.] i.e., Jug. Statuminate is pure Latin. *Statuminibus firmare* occurs in Pliny, and means to support vines by poles or stakes, as is still done in Italy.

Lady F. Sad! he is sullen still, and wears a cloud

About his brows; I know not how to approach him.

Pru. I will instruct you, madam, if that be all,

Go to him and kiss him.

Lady F. How, Prue!

Pru. Go and kiss him, I do command it.

Lady F. Thou art not wild, wench.

Pru. No, Tame, and exceeding tame, but still your sovereign.

Lady F. Hath too much bravery made thee mad?

Pru. Nor proud.

Do what I do enjoin you. No disputing Of my prerogative, with a front or frown; Do not detract; you know the authority Is mine, and I will exercise it swiftly If you provoke me.

Lady F. I have woven a net To snare myself in!—[*To Lovel.*] Sir, I am enjoined

To tender you a kiss: but do not know Why or wherefore, only the pleasure royal Will have it so, and urges—Do not you Triumph on my obedience, seeing it forced thus.

There 'tis. [*Kisses him.*]

Lov. And welcome.—Was there ever kiss That relished thus! or had a sting like this,

Of so much nectar, but with aloes mixt!

[*Aside.*]

Pru. No murmuring nor repining, I am fixt.

Lov. It had, methinks, a quintessence of either.

But that which was the better drowned the bitter.

How soon it passed away, how unrecovered!

The distillation of another soul Was not so sweet; and till I meet again That kiss, those lips, like relish, and this taste,

Let me turn all consumption, and here waste. [*Aside.*]

Pru. The royal assent is past and cannot alter.

Lady F. You'll turn a tyrant.

Pru. Be not you a rebel.

It is a name is alike odious.

Lady F. You'll hear me?

Pru. No, not on this argument.

Would you make laws and be the first that break them?

The example is pernicious in a subject,
And of your quality, most.

Lord L. Excellent princess!

Host. Just queen!

Lord L. Brave sovereign!

Host. A she Trajan, this!

Lord B. What is't? proceed, incomparable Prue;

I am glad I am scarce at leisure to applaud thee.

Lord L. It's well for you, you have so happy expressions.

Lady F. Yes, cry her up with acclamations, do,

And cry me down; run all with sovereignty:
Prince Power will never want her parasites.

Pru. Nor murmur her pretences: Master Lovel,

For so your libel here, or bill of complaint,
Exhibited in our high court of sovereignty,
At this first hour of our reign, declares
Against this noble lady, a disrespect
You have conceived, if not received, from her.

Host. Received; so the charge lies in our bill.

Pru. We see it, his learned council, leave your plaining.

We that do love our justice above all
Our other attributes, and have the nearness,
To know your extraordinary merit,
As also to discern this lady's goodness,
And find how loth she'd be to lose the honour

And reputation she hath had in having
So worthy a servant, tho' but for few minutes;

Do here enjoin—

Host. Good!

Pru. Charge, will, and command
Her ladyship, pain of our high displeasure,
And the committing an extreme contempt
Unto the court, our crown, and dignity—

Host. Excellent sovereign, and egregious Prue!

Pru. To entertain you for a pair of hours,

Choose, when you please, this day, with all respects,

And valuation of a principal servant,
To give you all the titles, all the privileges,
The freedoms, favours, rights, she can bestow—

Host. Large ample words, of a brave latitude!

Pru. Or can be expected from a lady of honour,

Or quality, in discourse, access, address—

Host. Good!

Pru. Not to give ear or admit conference

With any person but yourself: nor there,
Of any other argument but LOVE,
And the companion of it, gentle courtship.

For which your two hours' service you shall take

Two kisses.

Host. Noble!

Pru. For each hour a kiss,
To be ta'en freely, fully, and legally,
Before us; in the court here, and our presence.

Host. Rare!

Pru. But those hours past, and the two kisses paid,

The binding caution is, never to hope
Renewing of the time, or of the suit,
On any circumstance.

Host. A hard condition!

Lord L. Had it been easier I should have suspected

The sovereign's justice.

Host. O, you are servant,
My lord, unto the lady, and a rival:
In point of law, my lord, you may be challenged.

Lord L. I am not jealous.

Host. Of so short a time

Your lordship needs not, and being done *in foro*.

Pru. What is the answer?

Host. He craves respite, madam,
To advise with his learned council.

Pru. Be you he,
And go together quickly.

[*Lovel and Host walk aside.*]

Lady F. You are no tyrant!

Pru. If I be, madam, you were best appeal me.

Lord L. Beaufort—

Lord B. I am busy, prithee let me alone;¹

I have a cause in hearing too.

Lord L. At what bar?

Lord B. Love's court of Requests.

Lord L. Bring it into the sovereignty,
It is the nobler court, afore Judge Prue;
The only learned mother of the law,
And lady of conscience too!

Lord B. 'Tis well enough
Before this mistress of requests, where it is.

¹ Beau. *I am busy, &c.*] It should be observed that throughout this scene Beaufort is employed in privately making love to Frank apart from the nurse.

Host. Let them not scorn you : bear up,
Master Lovel,
And take your hours and kisses, they are a
fortune.

Lov. Which I cannot approve, and less
make use of.

Host. Still in this cloud ! why cannot
you make use of ?

Lov. Who would be rich to be so soon
undone ?

The beggar's best is wealth he doth not
know ;

And, but to shew it him, inflames his want.
Host. Two hours at height !

Lov. That joy is too-too narrow
Would bound a love so infinite as mine ;

And being past, leaves an eternal loss.
Who so prodigiously affects a feast,

To forfeit health and appetite to see it ?
Or but to taste a spoonful, would forego

All gust of delicacy ever after ?

Host. These yet are hours of hope.

Lov. But all hours following

Years of despair, ages of misery !

Nor can so short a happiness but spring

A world of fear with thought of losing it ;

Better be never happy, than to feel

A little of it, and then lose it ever.

Host. I do confess it is a strict in-
junction ;

But then the hope is it may not be kept.

A thousand things may intervene ; we see

The wind shift often, thrice a day some-
times :

Decrees may alter upon better motion

And riper hearing. The best bow may
start,

And the hand vary. Prue may be a sage
In law, and yet not sour ; sweet Prue,

smooth Prue,

Soft, debonaire, and amiable Prue,

May do as well as rough and rigid Prue ;

And yet maintain her venerable Prue,

Majestic Prue, and serenissimus Prue.

Try but one hour first, and as you like

The loose of that, draw home and prove
the other.

Lov. If one hour could the other happy
make,

I should attempt it.

Host. Put it on ; and do.

Lov. Or in the blest attempt that I
might die !

Host. Ay, marry, there were happiness
indeed !

Transcendent to the melancholy meant.

It were a fate above a monument,

And all inscription, to die so ! A death

For emperors to enjoy, and the kings

Of the rich East to pawn their regions
for ;

To sow their treasure, open all their
mines,

Spend all their spices to embalm their
corps,

And wrap the inches up in sheets of gold,

That tell by such a noble destiny !

And for the wrong to your friend, that
fear's away,

He rather wrongs himself, following fresh
light,

New eyes to swear by. If Lord Beaufort
change,

It is no crime in you to remain constant,

And upon these conditions, at a game

So urged upon you.

Pru. Sir, your resolution ?

Host. How is the lady affected ?

Pru. Sovereigns use not

To ask their subjects' suffrage where 'tis
due,

But where conditional.

Host. A royal sovereign !

Lord L. And a rare stateswoman ! I
admire her bearing

In her new regiment.¹

Host. Come, choose your hours,

Better be happy for a part of time

Than not the whole ; and a short part
than never.

Shall I appoint them, pronounce for you ?

Lov. Your pleasure.

Host. Then he designs his first hour
after dinner ;

His second after supper. Say ye, con-
tent ?

Pru. Content.

Lady F. I am content.

Host. Content.

Frank. Content.

Lord B. What's that ? I am content
too.

Lord L. You have reason,

You had it on the bye, and we observed it.

Nur. Trot' I am not content : in fait' I
am not.

Host. Why art not thou content, good
Sheleenien ?

Nurse. He tauk so desperate, and so
debausht,

¹ In her new regiment. I.e., government. The
word is so common to our old writers in this
sense, that one example of its use will be suffi-

cient. "After he had recovered the kingdom, he
continued in the regiment thereof three years."
—Holinshed's *Descript. of Scotland*.

So boudy like a courtier and a lord,
God bless him, one that tak'th tobacco.

Host. Very well mixt !
What did he say ?

Nurse. Nay, nothing to the purposh,
Or very little, nothing at all to purposh.

Host. Let him alone, nurse.

Nurse. I did tell him of Serly
Was a great family come out of Ireland,
Descended of O'Neal, Mac Con, Mac
Dermot,

Mac Murrogh, but he marked not.

Host. Nor do I ;

Good queen of heralds, ply the bottle, and
sleep. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Lower Room in the Inn.

Enter Col. Tipto, Fly, and Jug.

Tip. I like the plot of your militia well.
It is a fine militia, and well ordered,
And the division's neat ! 'twill be desired
Only, the expressions were a little more
Spanish ;

For there's the best militia of the world.
To call them tertias—tertia of the kitchen,
Tertia of the cellar, tertia of the chamber,
And tertia of the stables.

Fly. That I can, sir ;
And find out very able, fit commanders
In every tertia.

Tip. Now you are in the right.
As in the tertia of the kitchen yourself,
Being a person elegant in sauces,
There to command as prime maestro del
campo,

Chief master of the palate, for that tertia,
Or the cook under you ; 'cause you are
the marshal,

And the next officer in the field to the
host.

Then for the cellar, you have young Anon,
Is a rare fellow—what's his other name ?

Fly. Pierce, sir.

¹ To call them tertias.] Tertia (Span.) is that portion of an army which is levied out of one particular district or division of a country. *Alfarez* is an ensign or standard bearer.

² And thou an exact professor ; Lipsius Fly] *Lipsius* wrote a treatise upon the Roman militia ; so that the allusion is evident ; but what is the meaning of the following :

" *Lipsius Fly*
" Thou shalt be called, and *Jouse* ?"

Tip. Sir Pierce, I'll have him a cavalier.
Sir Pierce Anon will pierce us a new hogs-
head.

And then your thoroughfare, Jug here, his
alfarez :

An able officer, give me thy beard, round
Jug,

I take thee by this handle, and do love
One of thy inches. In the chambers,

Jordan here ;
He is the don del campo of the beds.

And for the stables, what's his name ?
Fly. Old Peck.

Tip. Maestro del campo, Peck ! his
name is curt,

A monosyllable, but commands the horse
well.

Fly. O, in an inn, sir, we have other
horse,

Let those troops rest a while. Wine is the
horse

That we must charge with here.
Tip. Bring up the troops,

Or call, sweet Fly ; 'tis an exact militia,
And thou an exact professor ; Lipsius

Fly²
Thou shalt be called, and Jouse :—

Enter Ferret and Trundle.

Jack Ferret, welcome.
Old trench-master, and colonel of the

pioneers,
What canst thou bolt us now ? a coney or
two

Out of Tom Trundle's burrow here, the
coach ?

This is the master of the carriages.
How is thy driving, Tom, good as it was ?

Trun. It serves my lady, and our officer
Prue.

Twelve miles an hour ! Tom has the old
trundle still.

Tip. I am taken with the family here,
fine fellows !

Viewing the muster-roll.

Trun. They are brave men.

The Christian name of *Lipsius*, as he wrote it in Latin, was *Justus* ; of which *Jouse* perhaps is the original.—WHAL.

Whalley has overlooked one part of the allusion. *Lipsius*' Fly (for so it should be pronounced) refers to the description given by *Lipsius* of a celebrated automaton, a steel fly, made by a German artist, which would fly round the table. " *Quæ ex artificis manu egressa, convivas circumvolitavit, tandemque veluti defessa, in dantis manus reversa est.*" The artist's name was (Müller) Regiomontanus.

Fer. And of the Fly-blown discipline
all, the quarter-master.

Tip. The Fly is a rare bird in his profession.

Let's sip a private pint with him. I would have him

Quit this light sign of the Light Heart,
my bird,

And lighter house. It is not for his tall
And growing gravity, so cedar-like,

To be the second to an host in cuerpo,
That knows no elegances : use his own

Disamen and his genius. I would have
him

Fly high, and strike at all.—

Enter Pierce.

Here's young Anon too.

Pierce. What wine is't, gentlemen, white
or claret?

Tip. White,

My brisk Anon.

Pierce. I'll draw you Juno's milk,
That dyed the lilies, colonel. [*Exit.*

Tip. Do so, Pierce.

Enter Peck.

Peck. A plague of all jades,¹ what a clap
he has gi'en me!

Fly. Why, how now, cousin?

Tip. Who's that?

Fer. The hostler.

Fly. What ail'st thou, cousin Peck?

[*Takes him aside.*

Peck. O me, my hanches!²

As sure as you live, sir, he knew perfectly
I meant to cozen him. He did leer so on

me,

And then he sneered, as who would say,
take heed, sirrah;

And when he saw our half-peck, which you
know

Was but an old court-dish,³ lord, how he
stamped,

I thought 't had been for joy: when sud-
denly

He cuts me a back-caper with his heels,
And takes me just o' the crupper. Down

come I

And my whole ounce of oats! Then he
neighed out

As if he had a mare by the tail.

Fly. Troth, cousin,

You are to blame to use the poor dumb
Christians

So cruelly, defraud 'em of their *dimensum*.⁴
Yonder's the colonel's horse (there I

looked in)

Keeping our Lady's eve! the devil a bit
He has got since he came in yet! there he

stands,

And looks and looks, but 'tis your pleasure,
coz,

He should look lean enough.

¹ *Peck.* A plague of all jades, &c.] Here
should have been a stage direction, *Enter*
Peck—*WHAL*.

This is excellent. We are almost got to the
end of Jonson's plays, and Whalley has just dis-
covered that an *entrance* is wanting! I have
supplied thousands; and not a few in what has
already passed of the present drama.

² *Peck.* O me, &c.] What follows about the
tricks of ostlers, occurs likewise in the first act
of Fletcher's *Love's Pilgrimage*; and perhaps
there may be some difficulty in accounting for
this coincidence. We are told that some plays
of Beaumont and Fletcher being left imperfect
were fitted for the stage by Shirley, who added
what he thought necessary to complete them:
and that it is probable he here borrowed from
our author's *New Inn*, what passes between
Lanaro and Diego in *Love's Pilgrimage*: and
this he thought perhaps might be done with
safety enough, as the *New Inn* met with ill
success in the representation. It will not, I
believe, be said that Jonson was the borrower;
for the whole scene is entirely in his manner;
and we have an instance in *Sejanus*, how ex-
tremely scrupulous he was in claiming the pro-
duction of another person.—*WHAL*.
Love's Pilgrimage did not appear until 1647,

when it was completed and given to the world
by Shirley. He therefore is accountable for the
introduction of this scene into Fletcher's frag-
ment; and he might insert it with the less scruple
as the practice was not much of a novelty, and
the plundered play was perhaps as little known
as esteemed. Mr. Stephen Jones observes with
that perspicacity and good sense for which he is
so deservedly famous, that, "as the *New Inn*
miscarried (in 1629), it is very probable that
Jonson gave Beaumont and Fletcher his consent
to make use of this dialogue."—*Biograph*.
Dramat. There can be no doubt of it; since
Fletcher had then been in his grave only four,
and Beaumont fourteen years!

³ *Was but an old court-dish,*] Whalley could
not explain this term; neither can I; though I
have met with the expression elsewhere in the
sense of *short allowance*. Perhaps it is a mis-
print for *curt-dish*, a shallow, or rather broken
dish: this, however, would be more in the style
of Colonel Tipto than of cousin Peck.

⁴ *Defraud them of their dimensum.*] i.e., of
their full measure. *Dimensum* was the term
used by the Romans for the stated allowance of
provisions periodically delivered out to their
slaves.

Peck. He has hay before him.

Fly. Yes, but as gross as hemp, and as soon will choke him, Unless he eat it buttered. He had four shoes,

And good ones, when he came in: it is a wonder,

With standing still, he should cast three.

Peck. Troth, quarter-master, This trade is a kind of mystery that corrupts Our standing manners quickly; once a week I meet with such a brush to mollify me, Sometimes a brace, to awake my conscience,

Yet still I sleep securely.

Fly. Cousin Peck, You must use better dealing, faith, you must.

Peck. Troth, to give good example to my successors,

I could be well content to steal but two girths,

And now and then a saddle-cloth, change a bridle,

For exercise; and stay there.

Fly. If you could, There were some hope on you, coz: but the fate is,

You are drunk so early, you mistake whole saddles;

Sometimes a horse

Peck. Ay, there's—

Re-enter Pierce with wine.

Fly. The wine! come, coz, I'll talk with you anon.

[*They come forward.*]

Peck. Do, lose no time, Good quarter-master.

Tip. There are the horse, come, Fly.

Fly. Charge, in boys, in—

Enter Jordan.

Lieutenant of the ordnance, Tobacco and pipes.

Tip. Who's that? Old Jordan! good. A comely vessel, and a necessary.

New scoured he is. Here's to thee, marshal Fly;

In milk, my young Anon says. [*Drinks.*]

Pierce. Cream of the grape That dropt from Juno's breasts and sprung the lily!

I can recite your fables, Fly. Here is too The blood of Venus, mother of the rose!

[*Music within.*]

Jor. The dinner is gone up.

Jug. I hear the whistle.

Jor. Ay, and the fiddlers. We must all go wait.

Pierce. Pox o' this waiting, quarter-master Fly.

Fly. When chambermaids are sovereigns wait their ladies;

Fly scorns to breathe.—

Peck. Or blow upon them, he.

Pierce. Old parcel Peck, art thou there? how now, lame!

Peck. Yes, faith: it is ill halting afore cripples;

I have got a dash of a jade here will stick by me.

Pierce. O you have had some phant'ry, fellow Peck,

Some revelation—

Peck. What?

Pierce. To steal the hay

Out of the racks again.

Fly. I told him so

When the guests' backs were turned.

Pierce. Or bring his peck,

The bottom upwards, heaped with oats; and cry,

Here's the best measure upon all the road! when,

You know, the guest put in his hand to feel

And smell to the oats, that grated all his fingers

Upon the wood—

Peck. Mum!

Pierce. And found out your cheat.

Peck. I have been in the cellar, Pierce.

Pierce. You were then there

Upon your knees, I do remember it.

To have the fact concealed. I could tell more,

Soaping of saddles, cutting of horse-tails, And cropping—pranks of ale and hostelry—

Fly. Which he cannot forget, he says, young knight,

No more than you can other deeds of darkness

Done in the cellar.

Tip. Well said, bold professor.

Fer. We shall have some truth explained.

Pierce. We are all mortal,

And have our visions.

Peck. Truly, it seems to me,

That every horse has his whole peck, and tumbles

Up to the ears in litter.

Fly. When indeed

There's no such matter, not a smell of provender.

For. Not so much straw as would tie up a horse-tail.
Fly. Nor anything in the rack but two old cobwebs,
 and so much rotten hay as had been a hen's nest.
Trun. And yet he's ever apt to sweep the mangers!
For. But puts in nothing.
Pierce. These are fits and fancies, which you must leave, good Peck.
Fly. And you must pray
 it may be revealed to you at some times, whose horse you ought to cozen; with what conscience;
For. Now and when: a parson's horse may suffer—
Pierce. Whose master's double benefited; put in that.
Fly. A little greasing in the teeth; 'tis wholesome;
 and keeps him in a sober shuffle.
Pierce. His saddle too
 may want a stirrup.
Fly. And it may be sworn,
 his learning lay o' one side, and so broke it.
Peck. They have ever oats in their cloke-bags to affront us.
Fly. And therefore 'tis an office meritorious
 to bite such soundly.
Pierce. And a grazier's may—
For. O, they are pinching puckfists!
Trun. And suspicious.
Pierce. Suffer before the master's face sometimes.
Fly. He shall think he sees his horse eat half a bushel—
Pierce. When the slight is, rubbing his gums with salt
 till all the skin come off, he shall but mumble,
 like an old woman that were chewing trawn,
 and drop them out again.
Tip. Well argued, cavalier.
Fly. It may do well; and go for an example.
For. Cox, have a care of understanding horses,
 stumps with angry heels, nobility horses, stumps that know the world; let them have meat
 till their teeth ake, and rubbing till their ribs
 shine like a wench's forehead: they are devils else
 will look into your dealings.
Peck. For mine own part,

The next I cozen of the pampered breed, I wish he may be foundred.
Fly. Foun-der-ed.
 Prolate it right.
Peck. And of all four I wish it, I love no crupper-compliments.
Pierce. Whose horse was it?
Peck. Why, Master Burst's.
Pierce. Is Bat Burst come?
Peck. An hour
 He has been here.
Tip. What Burst?
Pierce. Mas Bartholomew Burst.
 One that hath been a citizen, since a courtier,
 And now a gamester: hath had all his whirls
 And bouts of fortune, as a man would say, Once a bat and ever a bat! a rere-mouse, And bird of twilight, he has broken thrice.
Tip. Your better man, the Genoway proverb says:
 Men are not made of steel.
Pierce. Nor are they bound
 Always to hold.
Fly. Thrice honourable colonel,
 Hinges will crack.
Tip. Though they be Spanish iron.
Pierce. He is a merchant still, adventurer,
 At in-and-in; and is our thoroughfare's friend.
Tip. Who, Jug's?
Pierce. The same: and a fine gentleman
 Was with him.
Peck. Master Huffle.
Pierce. Who, Hodge Huffle!
Tip. What's he?
Pierce. A cheater, and another fine gentleman,
 A friend o' the chamberlain's, Jordan's.
 Master Huffle,
 He's Burst's protection.
Fly. Fights and vapours for him.
Pierce. He will be drunk so civilly—
Fly. So discreetly—
Pierce. And punctually! just at this hour.
Fly. And then
 Call for his Jordan with that hum and state,
 As if he pissed the politics.
Pierce. And sup
 With his tuft-taffata night gear here so silently!
Fly. Nothing but music.
Pierce. A dozen of bawdy songs.
Tip. And knows the general this?
Fly. O no, sir; *dormit*,

Dormit patronus still, the master sleeps.
They'll steal to bed.

Pierce. In private, sir, and pay
The fiddlers with that modesty next morning.

Fly. Take a *dejeune* of muskadel and eggs.

Pierce. And pack away in their trundling
cheats¹ like gipsies.

Trun. Mysteries, mysteries, Ferret.

Fer. Ay, we see, Trundle,
What the great officers in an inn may do ;
I do not say the officers of the Crown,
But the Light Heart.

Tip. I'll see the Bat and Huffle.

Fer. I have some business, sir, I crave
your pardon—

Tip. What?

Fer. To be sober. [Exit.

Tip. Pox, go get you gone then.

Trundle shall stay.

Trun. No, I beseech you, colonel.
Your lordship has a mind to be drunk
private

With these brave gallants ; I will step aside
Into the stables and salute my mares. [Exit.

Pierce. Yes, do, and sleep with them.—
Let him go, base whip-stock ;

He is as drunk as a fish now, almost as
dead.

Tip. Come, I will see the flicker-mouse,
my Fly. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same,
furnished as a Tribunal, &c.*

Music. Enter the Host, ushering Pru-
dence, who takes her seat of judicature,
assisted by Lord Beaufort and Lord Latimer ;
the Nurse, Frank, Jug, Jordan,
Trundle, and Ferret.

Pru. Here set the hour ; but first pro-
duce the parties ;
And clear the court : the time is now of
price.

Host. Jug, get you down, and Trundle,
get you up,
You shall be crier ; Ferret here, the clerk.
Jordan, smell you without, till the ladies
call you ;

Take down the fiddlers too, silence that
noise,
Deep in the cellar, safe.

[Exeunt Jug, Jordan, and Musicians.

Pru. Who keeps the watch?

Host. Old Sheelinin here is the Madam
Telleclock.

Nurse. No, fait' and trot', sweet master,
I shall sleep ;

I' fait' I shall.

Lord B. I prithee do then, screech-owl.
She brings to mind the fable of the dragon.
That kept the Hesperian fruit. Would I
could charm her !

Host. Trundle will do it with his hum.

Come, Trundle :

Precede him Ferret, in the form.

Fer. Oyez, oyez, oyez.

Trun. Oyez, oyez, oyez.

Fer. Whereas there hath been award
ed,—

Trun. Whereas there hath, &c.

[As Ferret proclaims, Trundle repeats
after him, at the breaks here, and
through the rest of the scene.

Fer. By the queen regent of love,—

In this high court of sovereignty,—

Two special hours of address,—

To Herbert Lovel, appellant,—

Against the Lady Frampul, defendant,—

Herbert Lovel, come into the court,—

Make challenge to thy first hour,—

And save thee and thy bail,—

Trun. And save thee, &c.

Enter Lovel, and ranges himself on the
one side.

Host. Lo, louting, where he comes into
the court !

Clerk of the sovereignty, take his appear-
ance,

And how accoutred, how designed he comes !

Fer. 'Tis done. Now, crier, call the

Lady Frampul,

And by the name of

Frances, Lady Frampul, defendant,—

Trun. Frances, Lady Frampul, &c.

Fer. Come into the court,—

Make answer to the award,—

And save thee and thy bail,—

Trun. And save thee, &c.

Enter Lady Frampul, and takes her place
on the other side.

Host. She makes a noble and a just ap-
pearance.

Set it down likewise, and how armed she
comes.

Pru. Usher of Love's court, give them
[both] their oath,

According to the form, upon Love's missal.

Host. Arise, and lay your hands upon the
book.

¹ Trundling cheats.] Among gipsies and
professed beggars the cant term for carts or
coaches.

"Herbert Lovel, appellant, and Lady Frances Frampul, defendant, you shall swear upon the liturgy of Love, *Ovid de arte amandi*, that you neither have, ne will have, nor in any wise bear about you, thing or things, pointed or blunt, within these lists, other than what are natural and allowed by the court: no enchanted arms or weapons, stones of virtue, herb of grace, charm, character, spell, philtre, or other power than Love's only, and the justness of your cause. So help you Love, his mother, and the contents of this book: kiss [Lov. kisses the book.]

Return unto your seats.—Crier, bid silence.

Trun. Oyez, oyez, oyez, oyez.

Fer. In the name of the sovereign of Love,—

Trun. In the name of the, &c.

Fer. Notice is given by the court,—

To the appellant and defendant,—

That the first hour of address proceeds,—

And Love save the sovereign.—

Trun. And Love save, &c.

Every man or woman keep silence, pain of imprisonment.

Pru. Do your endeavours in the name of Love.

Lov. To make my first approaches then in love.

Lady F. Tell us what love is, that we may be sure

There's such a thing, and that it is in nature.

Lov. Excellent lady, I did not expect To meet an infidel, much less an atheist, Here in Love's list! of so much unbelief To raise a question of his being!

Host. Well charged!

Lov. I rather thought, and with religion think,

Had all the characters of Love been lost, His lines, dimensions, and whole signature Razed and defaced with dull humanity, That both his nature and his essence might Have found their mighty instauration here; Here, where the confluence of fair and good

Meets to make up all beauty. For what else

Is love, but the most noble, pure affection

Of what is truly beautiful and fair,

Desire of union with the thing beloved?

Lord B. Have the assistants of the court their votes,

And writ of privilege, to speak them freely?

Pru. Yes, to assist, but not to interrupt.

Lord B. Then I have read somewhere, that man and woman

Were, in the first creation, both one piece,

And being cleft asunder, ever since

Love was an appetite to be rejoined.

As for example— [Kisses Frank.

Nurse. Cramo-cree! what meau'sh tou?

Lord B. Only to kiss and part.

Host. So much is lawful.

Lord L. And stands with the prerogative of Love's court.

Lov. It is a fable of Plato's, in his banquet,

And uttered there by Aristophanes.

Host. 'Twas well remembered here, and to good use.

But on with your description, what love is: Desire of union with the thing beloved.

Lov. I meant a definition. For I make The efficient cause, what's beautiful and fair;

The formal cause, the appetite of union:

The final cause, the union itself.

But larger if you'll have it; by description,

It is a flame and ardour of the mind,

Dead, in the proper corps, quick in another's;

Transfers the lover into the be-loved.

The he or she that loves, engraves or stamps

The idea of what they love, first in themselves:

Or like to glasses, so their minds take in

The forms of their beloved, and then reflect.

It is the likeness of affections,

Is both the parent and the nurse of love.

Love is a spiritual coupling of two souls,

So much more excellent as it least relates

Unto the body: circular, eternal,

Not feigned or made, but born; and then so precious

As nought can value it but itself; so free,

As nothing can command it but itself;

And in itself so round and liberal,

As where it favours it bestows itself.

Lord B. And that do I; here my whole self I tender,

According to the practice of the court.

[To Frank.

Nurse. Ay, 'tish a naughty practish, a lewd practish,

Be quiet, man, dou shalt not leip her here.

Lord B. Leap her! I lip her, foolish queen at arms,

Thy blazon's false; wilt thou blaspheme thine office?

¹ This is a pretty correct copy (*mutatis mutandis*) of the oath taken in the lists before the combatants were permitted to join battle.

Lov. But we must take and understand
this love,
Along still, as a name of dignity ;
Not pleasure.

Host. Mark you that, my light young
lord? [To Lord B.]

Lov. True love hath no unworthy thought,
no light,

Loose, unbecoming appetite, or strain,
But fixed, constant, pure, immutable.

Lord B. I relish not these philosophical
feasts ;

Give me a banquet of sense, like that of
Ovid :

A form to take the eye ; a voice mine ear ;
Pure aromatic to my scent : a soft,
Smooth, dainty hand to touch ; and for my
taste,

Ambrosiac kisses to melt down the palate.

Lov. They are the earthly, lower form of
lovers,

Are only taken with what strikes the senses ;
And love by that loose scale. Although I
grant,

We like what's fair and graceful in an ob-
ject,

And, true, would use it, in the all we tend to,
Both of our civil and domestic deeds ;

In ordering of an army in our style,
Apparel, gesture, building, or what not :

All arts and actions do affect their beauty.
But put the case, in travel I may meet

Some gorgeous structure, a brave frontis-
piece,

Shall I stay captive in the outer court,
Surprised with that, and not advance to
know

Who dwells there and inhabiteth the
house ?

There is my friendship to be made, within,
With what can love me again : not with the
walls,

Doors, windows, architraves, the frieze, and
cornice.

My end is lost in loving of a face,
An eye, lip, nose, hand, foot, or other part,

Whose all is but a statue, if the mind
Move not, which only can make the return.

The end of love is to have two made one
In will, and in affection, that the minds

Be first inoculated, not the bodies.

Lord B. Give me the body, if it be a
good one. [Kisses Frank.]

Frank. Nay, sweet, my lord, I must
appeal the sovereign

For better quarter, if you hold your prac-
tice.

Trun. Silence, pain of imprisonment !
hear the court.

Lov. The body's love is frail, subject to
change,

And alters still with it ; the mind's is firm.
One and the same, proceedeth first from

weighing,
And well examining what is fair and good

Then what is like in reason, fit in manner
That breeds good-will : good-will desire of

union.
So knowledge first begets benevolence.

Benevolence breeds friendship, friendship
love :

And where it starts or steps aside from
this,

It is a mere degenerate appetite,
A lost, oblique, depraved affection,

And bears no mark or character of love.

Lady F. How am I changed ! by what
alchemy

Of love or language, am I thus translated !
His tongue is tipt with the philosopher's

stone,
And that hath touched me through every

vein !
I feel that transmutation of my blood,

As I were quite become another creature,
And all he speaks it is projection.

Pru. Well feigned, my lady : now her
parts begin.

Lord L. And she will act them subtly.
Pru. She fails me else.

Lov. Nor do they trespass within bounds
of pardon,

That giving way and licence to their love,
Divest him of his noblest ornaments,

Which are his modesty and shamefaced-
ness :

And so they do that have unfit designs
Upon the parties they pretend to love.

For what's more monstrous, more a pro-
digy,

Than to hear me protest truth of affection
Unto a person that I would dishonour ?

And what's a more dishonour than defac-
ing

Another's good with forfeiting mine own ;
And drawing on a fellowship of sin ?

From note of which, though for a while
we may

Be both kept safe by caution, yet the con-
science

Cannot be cleansed : for what was hitherto
Called by the name of love, becomes de-

stroyed
Then with the fact ; the innocence lost.

The bating of affection soon will follow ;
And love is never true that is not lasting :

No more than any can be pure or perfect.
That entertains more than one object. *Disk*

Lady F. O speak, and speak for ever !
let mine ear
be feasted still, and filled with this banquet !

No sense can ever surfeit on such truth,
It is the marrow of all lovers' tenets !

Who hath read Plato, Heliodore, or
Tatius,¹

Sidney, D'Urfé, or all Love's fathers, like
him ?

He's there the Master of the Sentences,
Their school, their commentary, text, and
gloss,

And breathes the true divinity of love !

Pru. Excellent actor, how she hits this
passion !

Lady F. Where have I lived in heresy so
long

Out of the congregation of Love,

And stood irregular by all his canons ?

Lord L. But do you think she plays ?

Pru. Upon my sovereignty ;

Mark her anon.

Lord L. I shake, and am half jealous.

Lady F. What penance shall I do to be
received,

And reconciled to the church of Love ?

Go on procession, barefoot, to his image,

And say some hundred penitential verses

There, out of Chaucer's *Troilus* and *Cres-
sid* ?

Or to his mother's shrine vow a wax-candle
As large as the town May-pole is, and pay
it ?

Enjoin me anything this court thinks fit,

For I have trespassed and blasphemed
Love :

I have indeed despised his deity,

Whom (till this miracle wrought on me) I

knew not.

Now I adore Love, and would kiss the
ruses

That bear this reverend gentleman, his
priest,

If that would expiate—but I fear it will not.
For, though he be somewhat struck in years,
and old

Enough to be my father, he is wise,

And only wise men love, the other covet.

I could begin to be in love with him,²

But will not tell him yet, because I hope

To enjoy the other hour with more delight,

And prove him farther.

Pru. Most Socratic lady,

Or, if you will, ironic ! give you joy

Of your Platonic love here, Master Lovel !

But pay him his first kiss yet, in the court,

Which is a debt, and due : for the hour's
run.

Lady F. How swift is time, and slyly
steals away

From them would hug it, value it, embrace
it !

I should have thought it scarce had run
ten minutes,

When the whole hour is fled. Here, take
your kiss, sir,

Which I most willingly tender you in court.

[*Kisses Lov.*

Lord B. And we do imitate.

[*Kisses Frank.*

Lady F. And I could wish,

It had been twenty—so the sovereign's

Poor narrow nature had decreed it so—

But that is past, irrevocable now ;

She did her kind, according to her lati-
tude—

Pru. Beware you do not conjure up a
spirit

You cannot lay.

Lady F. I dare you do your worst :

Shew me but such an injustice ; I would
thank you

To alter your award.

¹ Who hath read *Heliodore* or *Tatius*, &c.]
Heliodorus was Bishop of Tricca in Thessaly,
and author of the *Loves of Theagenes* and
Chariclea, a romance in Greek, and the parent
of a countless family. *Achilles Tatius* is known
as the writer of the *Loves of Clitopho* and
Lenciippe, an imitation of the former, not alto-
gether without merit, though far inferior to it.
The Master of the Sentences (mentioned in the
next line) is Peter Lombard, scholar of the cele-
brated Abélard, and once little less celebrated
himself for a work called *Four Books of Sen-
tences*, containing the very essence of Theology,
&c. *D'Urfé* was a voluminous pastoral and
satirical writer ; but is, or rather was, better
known as the author of the "*Divine Astrea*."
Blancé d'Urfé was born at Marseilles about the
middle of the 16th century. He was of a noble

family, and seems to have been intended for the
Church. A marriage, unfortunate in all its cir-
cumstances, drove him into retirement, where
he found leisure, and what was less to be ex-
pected, inclination, to compose his *Astrée*. This
pastoral romance, in five huge volumes, which
once formed the delight of our grandmothers, and
which bears a remote or allegorical allusion to the
gallantries of the court of Hen. IV., is now never
heard of, and would in fact exhaust the patience
and weary the curiosity of the most ardent and
indefatigable devourer of novels at a watering-
place or a boarding-school. *D'Urfé* died in
1625. *Sidney's Arcadia* has been noticed before.

² I could begin to be in love with him,] i.e.,
with Lovel ; she had been speaking before of the
host. All this is said aside.

Lord L. Sure she is serious !
I shall have another fit of jealousy,
I feel a grudging.

Host. Cheer up, noble guest,
We cannot guess what this may come to
yet ;

The brain of man or woman is uncertain.

Lov. Tut, she dissembles : all is personated,
And counterfeit comes from her ! if it were
not,

The Spanish monarchy, with both the
Indies,
Could not buy off the treasure of this
kiss,

Or half give balance for my happiness.

Host. Why, as it is yet, it glads my Light
Heart

To see you roused thus from a sleepy
humour

Of drowsy, accidental melancholy ;
And all those brave parts of your soul
awake,

That did before seem drowned and buried
in you.

That you express yourself as you had
backed

The Muses' horse, or got Bellerophon's
arms—

Enter Fly.

What news with Fly ?

Fly. News of a newer lady,
A finer, fresher, braver, bonnier beauty,
A very bona-roba, and a bouncer,
In yellow, glistening, golden satin.

Lady F. Prue,
Adjourn the court.

Prue. Cry, Trundle.

Trun. Oyez,

Any man or woman that hath any per-
sonal attendance

To give unto the court ; keep the second
hour,

And Love save the sovereign ! [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Inn.

Enter Jug, Barnaby, and Jordan.

Jug. O, Barnaby !

Jor. Welcome, Barnaby ! where hast
thou been ?

Bar. In the foul weather.

Jug. Which has wet thee, Barnaby.

Bar. As dry as a chip ! Good Jug, a cast
of thy name,

As well as thy office : two jugs.

Jug. By and by.

Jor. What lady's this thou hast brought
here ? [Exit.]

Bar. A great lady !

I know no more ; one that will try you,
Jordan ;

She'll find your gage, your circle, your
capacity.

How does old Staggers the smith, and Time
the saddler ?

Keep they their penny club still ?

Jor. And the old catch too,

Of *Whoop-Barnaby* !

Bar. Do they sing at me ?

Jor. They are reeling at it in the parlour
now.

Re-enter Jug with wine.

Bar. I'll to them : give me a drink first.
[Drinks.]

Jor. Where's thy hat ?

Bar. I lost it by the way — Give me
another.

Jug. A hat !

Bar. A drink. [Drinks.]

Jug. Take heed of taking cold, Bar—

Bar. The wind blew't off at Highgate,
and my lady

Would not endure me light to take it up ;
But made me drive bareheaded in the
rain.

Jug. That she might be mistaken for a
countess ?¹

Bar. Troth, like enough : she might be
an o'ergrown duchess,

For aught I know.

Jug. What, with one man !

Bar. At a time,

They carry no more, the best of them.

Jor. Nor the bravest.

Bar. And she is very brave.

Jor. A stately gown

And petticoat she has on !

Bar. Have you spied that, Jordan ?

You are a notable peerer, an old rabbi,
At a smock's hem, boy.

Jug. As he is chamberlain,

He may do that by his place.

Jor. What is her squire ?

Bar. A toy, that she allows eightpence
a day,

A slight mannet, to port her up and down !

¹ But made me drive bareheaded in the rain.
That she might be mistaken for a countess.]
See pp. 274 a and 252 a.

Com. shew me to my playfellows, old
Staggers,
And Father Tree.
Jor. Here, this way, Barnaby.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Court of the Inn.*

Enter Tipto, Burst, Huffle, and Fly.

Tip. Come, let us take in fresco here,
 one quart.

Burst. Two quarts, my man of war, let's
 not be stinted.

Huf. Advance three Jordans, varlet of
 the house.

Tip. I do not like your Burst, bird; he
 is saucy:

some shopkeeper he was?

Fly. Yes, sir.

Tip. I knew it.

A broke-winged shopkeeper? I nose them
 straight.

He had no father, I warrant him, that
 durst own him;

some foundling in a stall, or the church-
 porch;

brought up in the hospital;¹ and so bound
 prentice;

then master of a shop; then one o' the in-
 quest;

then breaks out bankrupt, or starts alder-
 man;

The original of both is a church-porch—

Fly. Of some, my colonel.

Tip. Good faith, of most

of your shop citizens: they are rude ani-
 mals!

And let them get but ten mile out of town,
 they out-swagger all the wapentake.

Fly. What's that?

Tip. A Saxon word to signify the hun-
 dred.

Burst. Come, let us drink, Sir Glorious,
 some brave health

upon our tiptoes.

[*Enter foundling*

brought up in the hospital, &c.] i.e., in
 St. Thomas's Hospital. See vol. i. p. 156.

[*Tip.* *Spill it at me!*] This vapour of a drunken
 man is set down by the commentators as a *sneer*

at Shakespeare. That Shakespeare meant to raise
 laugh at the practice of biting the thumb as an

argument to quarrel (which is noticed by many
 of our old writers) is clear; but who that is not

prejudiced by prejudice can see any propensity to
 "spilling" the incident here. One drunkard

throws his glass in the face of another, and when
 questioned whether the insult was designed, pro-
 duces that it was, and that he is indifferent as

Tip. To the health of the Bursts.

Burst. Why Bursts?

Tip. Why Tiptos?

Burst. O, I cry you mercy!

Tip. It is sufficient.

Huf. What is so sufficient?

Tip. To drink to you is sufficient.

Huf. On what terms?

Tip. That you shall give security to
 pledge me.

Huf. So you will name no Spaniard, I
 will pledge you.

Tip. I rather choose to thirst, and will
 thirst ever,

Than leave that cream of nations uncried
 up.

Perish all wine, and gust of wine!

[*Throws the wine at him.*]

Huf. How! spill it?

Spill it at me?²

Tip. I reck not; but I spilt it.

Fly. Nay, pray you be quiet, noble
 bloods.

Burst. No Spaniards,

I cry, with my cousin Huffle.

Huf. Spaniards! pilchers.

Tip. Do not provoke my patient blade;
 it sleeps,

And would not hear thee: Huffle, thou art
 rude,

And dost not know the Spanish composi-
 tion.

Burst. What is the recipe? name the
 ingredients.

Tip. Valour.

Burst. Two ounces!

Tip. Prudence.

Burst. Half a drachm!

Tip. Justice.

Burst. A pennyweight!

Tip. Religion.

Burst. Three scruples!

Tip. And of gravidad.

Burst. A face-full.

Tip. He carries such a dose of it in his
 looks,

to the consequences. In *Romeo and Juliet*, the
 dialogue is purely comic; in this place it is
 serious. As well might the critics maintain that
 when Barnaby in the preceding page says, "Do
 they sing at me?" he intended a burlesque upon
 the same passage. "*Vixere fortes ante Agamem-
 nona*," and others besides Shakespeare had
 undoubtedly eyes and ears for the fantastic and
 apish humours of the times. Whalley, whose
 copy of this play is full of errors, reads above
 "I reck not, but I *spill* it:" and Steevens and
 Malone gladly follow him, as the corruption is
 in favour of the imaginary allusion to Shaks-
 peare.

Actions, and gestures, as it breeds respect
To him from savages, and reputation
With all the sons of men.

Burst. Will it give him credit
With gamesters, courtiers, citizens, or
tradesmen?

Tip. He'll borrow money on the stroke
of his beard,

Or turn of his mustaccio! his mere cuello,
Or ruff about his neck, is a bill of exchange
In any bank in Europe: not a merchant
That sees his gait, but straight will furnish
him

Upon his pace.

Huf. I have heard the Spanish name
Is terrible to children in some countries;
And used to make them eat their bread and
butter,

Or take their worm-seed.

Tip. Huffle, you do shuffle.

*Enter Stuff, and Pinnacia his wife, richly
habited.*

Burst. 'Slid, here's a lady!

Huf. "And a lady gay!"

Tip. A well-trimmed lady!

Huf. Let us lay her aboard.

Burst. Let's hail her first.

Tip. By your sweet favour, lady.

Stuff. Good gentlemen, be civil, we are
strangers.

Burst. An you were Flemings, sir—

Huf. Or Spaniards—

Tip. They are here have been at Sevil
in their days,
And at Madrid too.

Pin. He is a foolish fellow,
I pray you mind him not, he is my Protec-
tion.

Tip. In your protection he is safe, sweet
lady.

So shall you be in mine.

Huf. A share, good colonel.

Tip. Of what?

Huf. Of your fine lady: I am Hodge,
My name is Huffle.

Tip. Huffling Hodge, be quiet.

Burst. And I pray you be you so, glo-
rious colonel;
Hodge Huffle shall be quiet.

Huf. [*singing.*] "A lady gay, gay:
For she is a lady gay, gay, gay. For she
is a lady gay."

Tip. Bird of the vespers, vespertilio
Burst,
You are a gentleman of the first head;

But that head may be broke, as all the
body is—

Burst, if you tie not up your Huffle quickly.

Huf. Tie dogs, not men.

Burst. Nay, pray thee, Hodge, be still.

Tip. This steel here rides not on thy
thigh in vain.

Huf. Shew'st thou thy steel and thigh
thou glorious dirt!

Then Hodge sings Samson, and no tin
shall hold. [*They fight.*]

Enter Pierce, Jug, and Jordan.

Pierce. Keep the peace, gentlemen:
what do you mean?

Tip. I will not discompose myself for
Huffle.

[*Exeunt all (but Stuff and Pin.)
fighting.*]

Pin. You see what your entreaty and
pressure still

Of gentlemen, to be civil, doth bring on—
A quarrel, and perhaps manslaughter. You
Will carry your goose about you still, your
planing-iron!

Your tongue to smooth all! is not here fine
stuff!

Stuff. Why, wife?

Pin. Your wife! have not I forbidden
you that?

Do you think I'll call you husband in the
gown,

Or anything, in that jacket, but Protection!
Here, tie my shoe, and shew my velvet
petticoat,

And my silk stocking. Why do you make
me a lady,

If I may not do like a lady in fine clothes!

Stuff. Sweetheart, you may do what you
will with me.

Pin. Ay, I knew that at home; what
do with you;

But why was I brought hither? to see
fashions?

Stuff. And wear them too, sweetheart—
but this wild company—

Pin. Why do you bring me in wild
company?

You'd have me tame and civil, in wild
company!

I hope I know wild company are fine com-
pany,

And in fine company, where I am fine myself.
A lady may do anything, deny nothing
To a fine party, I have heard you say it.

Re-enter Pierce.

Pierce. There are a company of ladies
above