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Materialien zur Kunde
des
älteren Englischen Dramas

Materialien zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas

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BEGRUENDET UND HERAUSGEGEBEN

VON

W. BANG

o. ö. Professor der Englischen Philologie an der Universität Louvain

SECHSZEHNTER BAND

LOUVAIN
A. UYSTPRUYST

LEIPZIG
O. HARRASSOWITZ

LONDON
DAVID NUTT

1907

BEN JONSON'S
EVERY MAN OUT OF HIS HUMOR

REPRINTED

FROM HOLME'S QUARTO OF 1600

BY

W. Bang AND W. W. Greg

no plates

bind 16, 17 and 18 together

*985-55-
24/9/09.*

LEIPZIG
O. HARRASSOWITZ

LOUVAIN
A. UYSTPRUYST

||
1907

LONDON
DAVID NUTT

PR
2614
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1907

PREFATORY NOTE

The play of *Every Man out of his Humour* appears twice in the volumes of the Stationers' Register, as follows :

8 Aprilis [1600] William holme Entred for his copie vnder the handes of master harsnet. and master wyndet warden. A Comicall Satyre of euery man out of his humour vj^d

[Arber, III. 159.]

28^o. Aprilis 1638.... Master Bishop Assigned ouer vnto him by vertue of a note vnder the hand and seale of master Smethw[i]cke and subscribed by Master Bourne warden all the Right and interest in a play called Euery man out of his humour by Ben : Johnson . . . vj^d

[Arber, IV. 417.]

An edition in quarto was published in 1600 by William Holme. The printer, as shown by the device on the title page, was Peter Short. Another edition in quarto, bearing the same date, was printed, by whom is uncertain, for Nicholas Linge, who continued in business till 1607. Linge's edition is a careless and ignorant reprint of Holme's and possesses no independent authority. Of Holme's edition copies are extant in the Bodleian and Dyce libraries; of Linge's in the same and in the British Museum as well (C. 57. c. 22).

Both early editions are now reprinted in the *Materialien*. The text of Holme's quarto has been set up from a transcript of the Bodleian copy, and the proofs have been read with that in the Dyce library. No variations have been discovered. The reprint of Linge's quarto follows the British Museum copy; reference has been had to the Dyce copy, also without revealing any variations. As usual the reprints aim at following their respective originals as faithfully as possible. All misprints have been retained, including turned letters and wrong founts. The spacing has of necessity been normalised, but the division of words has in all cases been preserved.

The lines have been numbered throughout, and correspondence with the text of the 1616 folio (*Materialien*, VII) noted in the right hand margin.

The following peculiarities deserve mention. In Holme's quarto sheets I-Q are printed in a different type from that used for the beginning of the book. This is most clearly seen in the case of the italic fount, but the roman differs also. In Linge's quarto sheet N is wrongly imposed, pages 102 and 103 having changed places.

On pages 110 and 111 of both quartos a mistake has unfortunately occurred

in the numbering of the lines. Line 388i should be marked 388^{bis} and the number 3885 should go one line higher. A certain number of misprints have also crept into the reprint of Holme's quarto. These readers are requested to correct as follows :

line 720 <i>for</i> plauge	<i>read</i> plague
795 <i>for</i> fixteenth	<i>read</i> sixteenth
1423 <i>for</i> O	<i>read</i> Or
1499 <i>for</i> til	<i>read</i> till
2061 <i>for</i> Pararel	<i>read</i> Paralel
2364 <i>for</i> Ordinaires	<i>read</i> Ordinaries
2407 <i>for</i> thrist	<i>read</i> thirst
2441 <i>for</i> OCCASSUS	<i>read</i> OCCASSVS
3064 <i>for</i> Ist	<i>read</i> Is
3359 <i>for</i> doubt shall	<i>read</i> doubt I shall
3373 <i>for</i> lobar	<i>read</i> labor
3900 <i>for</i> Signor	<i>read</i> Signior

The Comickall Satyre of
EVERY MAN
OUT OF HIS
HVMOR.

AS IT WAS FIRST COMPOSED
by the Author B .I.

Containing more than hath been publikely Spoken or Acted.

With the feuerall Character of euey Person.

*Non alienam oppressi pede | * si propius stes
Te capient magis | * & decies repetita placebunt.*



LONDON,
Printed for *William Holme*, and are to be sold at his shoppe
at Saricants Inne gate in Fleetstreet.
1600.

The names of the actors.

ASPER, The Prefenter.

MACILENTE. SAVIOLINA. SORDIDO. His Hind

PVNTARVOLO	}	His Ladie.	}	FVNGOSO	}	Taylor.
		Waiting Gent.				Haberdasher.
		Huntsman.				Shomaker.
		Seruingmen 2.				
		Dog and Cat.				

CARLO BVFFONE.

SOGLIARDO.

FASTID. BRISKE.	{	<i>Cinedo</i> his Page.	}	SHIFT.	{	<i>Rustici.</i> A Groome Drawers.
DELIRO.	{	<i>Fido</i> their Seruane.	}	CLOVE.	{	Constable, and Officers.
FALLACE.	{	Musicians.	}	ORENGE		

GREX.

CORDATVS.

MITIS.

ASPER his Character.

Folio

HE is of an ingenious & free spirit, eager & constant in reproofe, 39
 without feare controuling the worlds abuses; One whom no ser-
 uile hope of Gaine, or frosty apprehension of Danger, can make
 5 to be a Parasite, either to Time, Place, or Opinion.

MACILENTE.

A Man well parted, a sufficient Scholler, and trauail'd; who (wanting
 that place in the worlds account, which he thinks his merit capable
 of) fals into such an enuious Apoplexie, with which his iudgement is so
 10 dazeled and distasted, that he growes voilently impatient of any opposite
 happinesse in another.

PVNTARVOLO.

A Vaine-glorious Knight, ouer-Englisbing his trauels, and wholly con- 50
 secrated to Singularity; the very Iacobs staffe of Complement: a
 15 Sir that hath liu'd to see the reuolution of Time in most of his appa-
 rell. Of presence good ynough, but so palpably affected to his owne praise,
 that for want of flatterers, he commends himselfe to the floutage of his
 owne familie. He deales vpon returns, and strange performances, resol-
 uing, in despight of publike derision; to sticke to his own particular fa-
 20 shion, phrase, and gesture.

CARLO BVFFONE.

A Publik-scurrulous, & prophane Iester; that (more swift than Circe 59
 with absurd Simile's wil transforme any person into Deformity. A
 good Feast-hound or Banket-beagel, that wil sent you out a supper some
 25 three mile off, and sweare to his patrons (God dam me) he came in Oars
 when he was but wafted ouer in a Sculler. A slaue that hath an extraor-
 dinary gift in pleasing his Pallat, & wil swil vp more Sack at a sitting,
 than would make all the Guard a Posset. His Religion is railing, and
 his discourse Ribaldrie. They stand highest in his respect, whome he stu-
 30 dies most to reproch.

PASTIDIVS BRISKE.

A Neat, spruce, affecting Courtier, one that weares clothes wel, and in 69
 Fashion; practiseth by his glasse how to salute: speakes good Rem-
 nants (notwithstanding the Base-violl, and Tabacco:) sweares tersely,

A ij

and

35 *and with variety, cares not what Ladies fauor he belies, or great mans familiarity: a good property to perfume the boot of a Coach. He wil borrow another mans Horse to praise, and backs him as his own. Or for a neede on foot can post himselfe into credite with his Merchant, onelie with the Gingle of his spur, and the Ierke of his Wand.*

40

DELIRO.

A *Good doting Citizen, who (it is thought) might be of the Common Counsel for his wealth: a fellow sincerely besotted on his own wife, & so rapt with a conceit of her perfections, that he simply holds himselfe vnworthy of her. And in that hood-winkt humor, liues more like a suter* 79
45 *than a husband; standing in as true dread of her displeasure, as when he first made loue to hir. He doth sacrifice twopence in Iuniper to her euery morning before she rises, & makes hir with villanous-out-of-tune musick, which she out of hir contempt (though not out of hir iudgment) is sure to dislike.*

50

FALLACE.

D *Eliro's Wife and Idoll, a proud mincing Peat, & as peruerse as he is officious, shee dotes as perfectly vpon the Courtier, as her husband doth on her, and onely wants the Face to be dishonest.* 89

SAVIOLINA.

55 **A** *Court Lady, whose weightiest praise is a light wit, admir'de by her selfe and one more, her seruant Briske.*

SORDIDO.

A *Wretched Hobnail'd Chuffe, whose recreation, is reading of Almanacks; and felicitie, foule weather. One that neuer pray'd, but for* 60 *a leane Dearth, and euer wept in a fat Haruest.*

FVNGOSO.

T *He Son of Sordido, and a student: one that has reuel'd in his time, & followes the Fashion a far off like a Spie. He makes it the whole bent of his endeouours to wring sufficient meanes from his wretched father, to put him in the Courtiers Cut: at which he earnestly aims, but so* 65 *vnluckily, that he still lights sbort a Sute.*

SOGLIARDO.

A *N essentiall clowne, brother to Sordido, yet so enamour'd of the name of a Gentleman, that he will haue it though he buyes it. He* 106
70 *comes vp euery Tearn to learn to take Tabacco & see new Motions. He is in his K^{ing}dome when he can get himselfe into company, where he may be well laugh at.*

SHIFT.

75 **A** Thredbare Sharke. One that neuer was Soldior, yet liues vpon lendarings. His profession is skeldring and odling, his Banke Poules, and his Ware-house Pict-hatch. Takes vp single Testons vpon Oths til dooms day. Fals vnder Executions of three shillings, & enters into five groat Bonds. He waylaies the reports of seruices, & cons them without booke, damning himselfe he came new from them, when all the while he
80 was taking the diet in a bawdy house, or lay pawn'd in his chamber for rent & victuals. He is of that admirable & happy Memory, that hee will salute one for an old acquaintance, that he neuer sawe in his life before. He vsurps vpon Cheats, Quarrels, & Robberies, which hee neuer did, only to get him a name. His chiefe exercises are taking the Whiffe,
85 squiring a Cocatrice, and making priuy searches for Imparters.

CLOVE and ORENGE.

A N inseperable Case of Coxcoms, city-born: The Gemini or Twins
of fopperry: that like a paire of wodden Foiles, are fit for nothing, but to be practis'd vpon. Being well flatter'd, they'le lend money, and repent
90 when they ha'don. Their glory is to feast players, & make suppers. And in company of better ranke (to auoyd the suspect of insufficiency) wil enforce their Ignorance most desperatly, to set vppon the vnderstanding of any thing. Orenge is the more humorous of the two (whose small portion of iuice (being squeez'dout) Cloue serues to stick him with cōmendatiōs.


95 **C**ORDATVS.

T He Authors friend; A man inly acquainted with the scope & drift
of his Plot: Of a discret & vnderstanding Iudgment, and has the
place of a Moderator. 136

MITIS.

100 **I**S a person of no Action, and therefore we haue REASON to as-
fourd him no Character. 140

IT was not neere his thoughts that hath published this, either to deest traduce the Authour; or to make vulgar and cheape, any the peculiar & sufficient deserts of the Actors: but rather (whereas many Censures flutter'd about it) to giue al leaue, and leisure, to iudge
106 with distinction.



Euery man out of his Humor.

107

Inductio, sono secundo.

G R E X.

Asper, Cordatus, Mitis.

- 110 *Cord.* **N** Ay my deere *Asper*, 147
 Mit. Stay your mind,
 Asp. Away.
- Who is so patient of this impious world,
 That he can checke his spirit, or reine his tongue?
- 115 Or who hath such a dead vnfeeling sence,
 That heuens horride thunders cannot wake?
 To see the earth, crackt with the weight of sinne,
 Hell gaping vnder vs, and o're our heads
 Blacke rau'nous Ruine with her saile-stretcht wings,
- 120 Readie to sinke vs downe and couer vs.
 Who can behold such prodigies as these, 160
 And haue his lips seal'd vp? not I: my soule
 Was neuer ground into such oyly colours,
 To flatter Vice and daube Iniquity:
- 125 But (with an armed, and resolued hand)
 Ile strip the ragged follies of the time
 Naked as at their birth:
 Cord. Be not too bold,
 Asp. You trouble me, and with a whip of steele 167
- 130 Print wounding lashes in their yron ribs.
 I feare no mood stamp't in a priuate brow,
 When I am pleas'd t'vnmaske a publike vice.

- I feare no strumpets drugs, nor ruffians stab,
Should I detect their hatefull luxuries;
- 135 No brokers, vsurers, or lawyers gripe,
Were I dispos'd to say, they're all corrupt.
I feare no courtiers frowne, should I applaud
The easie flexure of his supple hammes:
Tut, these are so innate and popular,
- 140 That drunken *Custom* would not shame to laugh
(In scorne) at him, that should but dare to taxe'hem:
And yet, not one of these but knowes his Workes,
Knowes what *Damnation* is, the *Deuill*, and *Hell*,
Yet howlerly they persist, grow ranke in sinne,
- 145 Puffing their soules away in peri'rous aire,
To cherish their extortion, pride, or lusts.
Mit. Forbeare good *Asper*, be not like your name.
Asp. O, but to such, whose faces are all zeale,
And (with the words of *Hercules*) inuade
- 150 Such crimes as these; that will not smell of sinne,
But seeme as they were made of Sanctitie;
Religion in their garments, and their haire
Cut shorter than their eie-browes; when the conscience
Is vaster than the Ocean, and deuours
- 155 More wretches than the *Counters*.
Mit. Gentle *Asper*,
Containe your spirit in more stricter bounds,
And be not thus transported with the violence
Of your strong thoughts.
- 160 *Cord.* Vnlesse your breath had power
To melt the world, and mould it new againe,
It is in vaine to spend it in these moods.
Asp. I not obseru'd this thronged round till now:
Gracious, and kind Spectators, you are welcome,
- 165 *Apollo*, and the *Muses* feast your eies
With gracefull obiects; and may our *Minerua*
Answer your hopes, vnto their largest straine.
Yet here, mistake me not iudicious friends:
I doe not this to beg your patience,

175

185

195

- 170 Or seruilely to fawne on your applause, 207
 Like some drie braine, despairing in his merit:
 Let me be censur'd, by th'austerest brow,
 Where *I* want art, or iudgement, taxe me freely:
 Let enuious *Critickes* with their broadest eies
- 175 Looke through and through me; I pursue no fauor:
 Onely vouchsafe me your attentions,
 And I will giue you musicke worth your eares.
 O how I hate the monstrosnesse of time,
 Where euery seruile imitating spirit,
- 180 (Plagu'd with an itching leprosie of wit)
 In a meere halting fury, striues to fling
 His vlc'rous body in the Thespian spring,
 And streight leap's forth a Poet; but as lame
 As *Vulcane*, or the founder of Cripple-gate.
- 185 *Mit.* In faith this Humor will come ill to some, 222
 You will be thought to be too peremptorie.
Asp. This Humor? good; and why this Humor, *Mitis?*
Nay doe not turne, but answere.
Mit. Answere? what?
- 190 *Asp.* I will not stirre your patience, pardon me,
 I vrg'd it for some reasons, and the rather
 To giue these ignorant wel-spoken daies
 Some tast of their abuse of this word *Humor*.
Cor. O doe not let your purpose fall, good *Asper*,
- 195 It cannot but arriue most acceptable,
 Chiefely to such as haue the happinesse
 Daily to see how the poore innocent word
 Is rackt, and tortur'd.
Mit. I; I pray you proceed.
- 200 *Asp.* Ha? what? what is't? 236
Cord. For the abuse of Humor.
Asp. O, I craue pardon, I had lost my thoughts.
 Why *Humor* (as 'tis *ens*) we thus define it
 To be a quality of aire or water,
- 205 And in it selfe holds these two properties,
 Moisture and Fluxure : As for demonstration,

- Poure water on this floore, 'twill wet and runne,
Likewise the aire (forc't through a horne or trumpet)
Flowes instantly away, and leaues behind
210 A kinde of due; and hence we doe conclude,
That what soe're hath fluxure and humiditie,
As wanting power to containe it selfe,
Is *Humor*: so in euery humane bodie
The choller, melancholy, flegme, and bloud,
215 By reason that they flow continually
In some one part, and are not continent,
Receiue the name of Humors. Now thus farre
It may by Metaphore apply it selfe
Vnto the generall disposition, 255
- 220 As when some one peculiar quality
Doth so possesse a man, that it doth draw
All his affects, his spirits, and his powers
In their confluions all to runne one way,
This may be truly said to be a Humor,
225 But that a Rooke in wearing a pide feather,
The cable hatband, or the three-pild ruffe,
A yard of shoe-tie, or the Switzers knot
On his French garters, should affect a Humor,
O, 'tis more than most ridiculous.
- 230 *Cord.* He speakes pure truth: Now if an Ideot
Haue but an Apish or Phantasticke straine,
It is his Humor.
Asp. Well I will scourge those apes,
And to these courteous eies oppose a mirror
235 As large as is the Stage whereon we act, 270
Where they shall see the times deformity,
Anotamiz'd in euery Nerue and sinew,
With constant courage, and contempt of feare.
Mit. Asp. (I vrge it as your friend) take heed,
240 The daies are dangerous, full of exception,
And men are growne impatient of reproofe.
Asp. Ha, ha:
You might as well haue told me, yond' is heauen,

B

This

This earth, these men; and all had mou'd alike.

278

245 Doe not I know the times condition?

Yes *Mitis*; and their soules, and who they be

That either will or can except against me:

None but a sort of fooles, so sicke in tast,

That they contemne all Physicke of the mind,

250 And like gald Camels kicke at euery touch,

Good men, and vertuous spirits, that loath their vices,

Will cherish my free labours, loue my lines,

And with the feruor of their shining grace,

Make my braine fruitfull to bring forth more obiects

255 Worthy their serious and intentiue eies.

But why enforce I this, as fainting? no:

If any here chance to behold himselfe,

Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong,

For if he shame to haue his follies knowne,

260 First he should shame to act'hem: my strict hand

Was made to ceaze on vice; and with a gripe

Crush out the Humor of such spongie soules,

As licke vp euery idle vanity.

295

Cord. Why this is right *Furor Poeticus*:

265 Kind gentlemen, we hope your patience

Will yet conceiue the best, or entertaine

This supposition, That a madman speakes.

Asp. What? are you ready there? *Mitis* sit downe;

And my *Cordatus*. Sound hoe, and begin:

270 I leaue you two as Censors to sit here,

Obserue what I present, and liberally

Speake your opinions, vpon euery Scene,

As it shall passe the view of these Spectators,

Nay now, y'are tedious Sirs, for shame begin:

306

275 And *Mitis*, note me if in all this front,

You can espie a gallant of this marke,

Who (to be thought one of the iudicious)

Sits with his armes thus wreath'd, his hat pul'd here,

Cries meaw, and nods, then shakes his empty head,

280 Will shew more seuerall motions in his face

Than

- Than the new London, Rome, or Nineueh,
 And (now and then) breakes a drie bisket iest,
 Which that it may more easily be chew'd,
 He sleeps in his owne laughter.
- 285 *Cord.* Why? will that
 Make it be sooner swallow'd?
Asp. O, assure you:
 Or if it did not, yet as *Horace* sings:
 „ *Ieiunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit,*
 290 „ Meane cates are welcome still to hungrie guests.
Cor. 'Tis true, but why should we obserue 'hem *Asper*?
Asp. O I would know 'hem, for in such assemblies,
 Th'are more infectious than the Pestilence,
 And therefore I would giue them pils to purge,
 295 And make 'hem fit for faire societies.
 How monstrous and detested is't to see
 A fellow that has neither art nor braine,
 Sit like an *Aristarchus*, or starke asse,
 Taking mens lines with a Tabacco face
 300 In snuffe, still spitting, vsing his wried lookes
 (In nature of a vice) to wrest and turne
 The good aspect of those that shall sit neere him,
 From what they doe behold? O tis most vile.
Mit. Nay *Asper*.
- 305 *Asp.* Peace *Mitis*, I doe know your thought:
 You'le say, your audience will except at this?
 Pish: you are too timorous, and full of doubt:
 Then, he a patient, shall reiect all Physicke
 'Cause the physitian tels him you are sicke:
 310 Or, if I say that he is vicious,
 You will not heare of vertue: come, y'are fond.
 Shall I be so extrauagant to thinke
 That happy iudgements and composed spirits
 Will challenge me for taxing such as these?
 315 I am asham'd.
Cord. Nay, but good pardon vs:
 We must not beare this peremptorie saile,

But vse our best endeouours how to please.

Asp. Why therein I commend your carefull thoughts,

350

320 And I will mixe with you in industrie

To please; but whom? attentiu auditors,
Such as will ioine their profit with their pleasure,
And come to feed their vnderstanding parts:

For these, Ile prodigally spend my selfe,

325 And speake away my spirit into aire;

For these, Ile melt my braine into inuention,
Coine new conceits, and hang my richest words
As polisht iewels in their bounteous eares.

But stay, I loose my selfe, and wrong their patience;

330 If I dwel here, they'le not begin, I see:

Friends sit you still, and entertaine this troupe
With some familiar and by-conference,
Ile hast them sound: now gentlemen I go
To turne an Actor, and a Humorist,

335 Where (ere I do resume my present person)

We hope to make the cireles of your eies
Flow with distilled laughter: if we faile,
We must impute it to this onely chance,
,, *Art* hath an enemie cal'd *Ignorance*.

340

Exit.

Cord. How do you like his spirit, *Mitis*?

371

Mit. I should like it much better, if he were lesse confident.

Cord. Why, do you suspect his merit?

Mit. No, but I feare this will procure him much enuie.

345 *Cordatus.* O, that sets the stronger seale on his desert, if he had no
enemies, I should esteeme his fortunes most wretched at this in-
stant.

Mit. You haue seene his play *Cordatus*? pray you; how is't?

Cord. Faith sir, I must refraine to iudge, onely this I can say of it,
350 'tis strange, and of a perticular kind by it selfe, somewhat like *Vetus*
Comædia: a worke that hath bounteously pleased me, how it will an-
swere the generall expectation, I know not.

Mit. Does he obserue all the lawes of Comedie in it?

Cord. What lawes meane you?

Mit. Why

355 *Mit.* Why the equall deuision of it into Acts and Scenes, according to the Terentian manner, his true number of Actors; the furnishing of the Scene with *Grex* or *Chorus*, and that the whole Argument fall within compasse of a daies efficiencie. 384

Cord. O no, these are too nice obseruations.

360 *Mit.* They are such as must be receiued by your fauour, or it cannot be Authentique.

Cord. Troth I can discerne no such necessitie.

Mit. No?

Cord. No, I assure you signior; if those lawes you speake of, had 393
365 beene deliuered vs, *ab Initio*; and in their present vertue and perfection, there had beene some reason of obeying their powers: but 'tis extant, that that which we call *Comædia*, was at first nothing but a simple and continued Satyre, sung by one only person, till *Susario* inuented a second, after him *Epicharmus* a third, *Phormus*, and *Chionides* 370
370 *des* deuised to haue foure Actors, with a *Prologue* and *Chorus*; to which *Cratinus* (long after) added a fift and fixt; *Eupolis* more, *Aristophanes* more than they: euery man in the dignity of his spirit and iudgement, supplied something: and (though that in him this kind of Poeme appeared absolute, and fully perfected) yet how is the face of 375
375 it chang'd since, in *Menander*, *Philemon*, *Cecilius*, *Plautus*, and the rest; who haue vtterly excluded the *Chorus*, altered the property of the persons, their names, and natures, and augmented it with all libertie, according to the elegancie and disposition of those times wherein they wrote? I see not then but wee should enjoy the same 380
380 *Licentia* or free power, to illustrate and heighten our inuention as they did; and not bee tied to those strict and regular formes, which the nicenesse of a fewe (who are nothing but *Forme*) would thrust vpon vs.

Mit. Well, we will not dispute of this now: but what's his 412
385 Scene?

Cor. *Mary Insula fortunata*, Sir.

Mit. O, the fortunate Iland? masse he was bound himselfe to a strict law there.

Cor. Why so?

390 *Mit.* Hee cannot lightly after the Scene without crossing the seas.

Cor. He needs not, hauing a whole Ilande to runne through, I 418
thinke.

Mit. No? howe comes it then, that in some one play wee see so
395 manye Seas, Countries, and Kingdomes, past ouer with such admi-
rable dexteritie?

Cor. O, that but shewes how wel the Authors can trauaile in their
vocation, and out-run the apprehension of their Auditory. But lea-
uing this, I would they would begin once: this protraction is able to
400 sower the best-settled patience in the Theatre.

Mit. They haue answered your wish Sir: they sounde.

Sound the third time.

ENTER PROLOGVE.

Cord. O here comes the Prologue: Now sirre, if you had stayed 426
405 a little longer, I meant to haue spoke your prologue for you, I
fayth.

Pro. Marry with all my heart sir, you shall do it yet, and I thanke
you.

Cord. Nay, nay, stay, stay, heare you?

410 *Pro.* You coulde not haue studyed to ha'done mee a greater be-
nefite at the instant, for I protest to you, I am vnperfect, and (had I
spoke it) I must of necessity haue beene out.

Cord. Why but do you speake this seriouslie?

Pro. Seriously! I (God's my helpe do I) and esteeme my selfe in- 437
415 debted to your kindnesse for it.

Cor. For what?

Pro. Why for vndertaking the prologue for mee.

Cor. How? did I vndertake it for you?

Pro. Did you! I appeale to all these Gentlemen whether you did
420 or no? Come, it pleases you to cast a strange looke on't now; but 'twil
not serue.

Cor. Fore God but it must serue: and therefore speake your pro-
logue.

Pro. And I doe, let mee die poyson'd with some venemous
425 hisse, and neuer liue to looke as highe as the two-pennie roome,

gaine.

*Exit.**Mit.* Hee has put you to it, Syr:

Cord. Sdeath, what a humorous fellowe is this? Gentlemen, good
 faith I can speake no prologue, howsoever his weake wit has had the
 430 fortune to make this strong vse of mee here before you: but I
 protest;

Enter Carlo Boffone, with a Boy.

Carl. Come, come, leaue these fustian protestations: away, come, 454
 I cannot abide these gray-headed ceremonies. Boy, fetch me a glasse,
 435 quickly, I may bid these gentlemen welcom; giue'hem a health here:
 I mar'le whose wit 'twas to put a prologue in yon'd Sackbuts mouth:
 they might wel thinke heel'd be out of tune, and yet you'd plaie vp-
 on him too. *Exit Boie.*

Cord. Hang him dull block.

440 *Carl.* O good wordes, good wordes, a well-timberde fellow, hee
 woulde ha'made a good columnne and he had been thought on when
 the house was a building. O art thou *Enter Boy with*
 come? wel sayd: giue mee; Boy, fil, so: *a glasse.*

here's a cup of wine sparkles like a Diamonde. Gentlewomen (I am
 445 sworne to put them in first) and Gentlemen, a round, in place of a bad
 prologue, I drink this good draught to your health here, Canarie, the
 verie *Elix'r* and Spirit of *(He drinkes.)*

wine: this is that our Poet calles Castalian liquor, when hee comes a-
 broad (nowe and then) once in a fortnight, and makes a good Meale 467
 450 among plaiers; where he has *Caninum appetitum*: mary at home hee
 keepes a good Philosophicall diet, beans and butter-milke: an honest
 pure rogue, he wil take you off three, foure, fiewe of these one after ano-
 ther, and looke vilanously when he has done, like a one-headed *Cer-*
berus (he do'not heare me I hope) and then when his belly is well bal-
 455 lac't, and his braine rigg'd a little; he sailes away withall, as though he
 would worke wonders when hee comes home: hee has made a plaie
 heere, & hee cals it; *Euery man out of his humour*. Sblood and hee get
 mee out of the humour hee has put mee in, Ile ner'e trust none of his
 tribe agayne, while I liue. Gentles, al I canne say for him, is, you
 460 are welcome. I coulde wishe my bottle heere amongst you; but
 there's an olde rule; *No pledging your owne health*: marye if
 anye heere bee thirstye for it, theyr best waye (that I knowe)
 is,

is, sit still, seale vp their lips, and drinke so much of the play in at their eares. *Exit.*

465 *Mit.* What may this fellow be, *Cordatus*?

483

Cord. Faith, if the time will suffer his description, I'll giue it you: he is one, the Author calls him *Carlo Buffone*, an impudent common iester, a violent railer, and an incomprehensible Epicure: one, whose company is desir'd of all men, but belou'd of none; he wil sooner loose
470 his soule than a iest, and prophane euen the most holy things, to excite laughter: no honourable or reuerende personage whatsoeuer, can come within the reach of his eye, but is turn'd into all manner of varietie, by his adult'rate *simile's*.

Mit. You paint forth a monster.

475 *Cord.* He will prefer all countries before his natiue, and thinks hee can neuer sufficiently, or with admiration enough, deliuer his affectionate conceit of forrein Atheistical pollicies: but stay, obserue these, hee'll appeare himselfe anon.

Enter Macilente, solus.

480 *Mit.* O, this is your enuious man (*Macilente*) I thinke.

Cord. The same, sir.

ACTVS PRIMVS. SCENA PRIMA.

Folio

Act. I. Sc. I.

Mac. Viri est, fortunæ cæcitatem facile ferre:

500

Tis true; but Stoique; where (in the vast worlde)

485 Doth that man breath, that can so much command

His bloud and his affection? well; I see,

I striue in vaine to cure my wounded soule;

For euery cordiall that my thoughtes applie

Turns to a cor'siue, and doth eat it farder.

490 There is no tast in this Philosophie,

Tis like a Potion that a man shoulde drinke,

But turnes his Stomacke with the sight of it.

I am no such pild *Cinique*, to beleuee

That beggerie is the onclie happinesse;

495 Or (with a number of these patient'fooles)

To sing: *My minde to mee a Kingdome is,*

When the lanke hungry belly barkes for foode:

I looke into the worlde, and there I meet
 With obiectes, that doe strike my blood-shot eies
 500 Into my braine; where, when I view my selfe;
 Hauing before obseru'd: this man is great,
 Mighty, and fear'd: that lou'd and highly fauour'd:
 A third, thought wise and learned: a fourth, rich,
 And therefore honour'd: a fifth, rarelie featur'd:
 505 A sixth, admir'd for his nuptiall fortunes:
 When I see these (I say) and view my selfe,
 I wish my *Optique* instruments were crackt;
 And that the engine of my grieffe coulde cast
 Mine eye-bals like two globes of wild-fire forth,
 510 To melt this vnproportion'd frame of Nature.
 Oh, they are thoughts that haue transfixt my heart,
 And often (i' the strength of apprehension)
 Made my cold passion stand vpon my face,
 Like dropes of sweate on a stiffe cake of yce.

516

515 G R E X.

Cor. { This alludes well to that of the Poet,
Inuidus suspirat, gemit, incutitque dentes,
Sudat frigidus, intuens quododit.
 Mit. { O peace, you breake the Scene.

534

520 *Enter Sogliardo, with Carlo Buffone.*

S C E N A S E C.

Mac. Soft, who be these?
 I'le lay me downe a while till they be past.

538

G R E X.

525 Cor. { Signior, note this gallant I praie you.
 Mit. { What is hee?
 Cor. { A tame Rooke, youle take him presently: List.

Folio

Sog. Nay looke you *Carlo*: this is my Humour now; I haue
 lande and money, my friendes left mee well, and I will be a gen-
 530 tleman whatsoeuer it cost me.

Act.I.Sc.2.

C Car.

Car. A most gentleman-like resolution.

Sog. Tut, and I take an humor of a thing once, I am like your 550
taylors needle, I go through: but, for my name Signior, howe
thinke you? will it not serue for a gentlemans name, when the
535 Signior is put to it? Ha?

Car. Let me heare: how is't?

Sog. Signior *Insulso Sogliardo*: me thinks it sounds well.

Car. O excellent: tut and all fitted to your name, you might
very well stand for a gentleman: I know many *Sogliardoes* gen-
540 tlemen.

Sog. Why and for my wealth I might be a Iustice of peace.

Car. I, and a Constable for your wit.

Sog. All this is my Lordship you see here, and those farmes
you came by.

545 *Car.* Good steps to gentility too, mary: but *Sogliardo*, if you 561
affect to be a gentleman indeed, you must obserue all the rare
qualities, humors, and complements of a gentleman.

Sog. I know it Signior, and if you please to instruct, I am not
too good to learne, Ile assure you.

550 *Car.* Inough sir: Ile make admirable vse i'the proiection of
my medicine vpon this lumpe of copper here. Ile bethinke mee
for you sir.

Sog. Signior, I will both pay you and pray you, and thanke
you and thinke on you.

555 *G R E X.*

Cord. Is not this purely good? 571

Mac. Sbloud, why should such a prick-eard Hind as this
Bee rich? Ha? a foole? such a transparent gull
That may bee seene through? wherefore should he haue land,
560 Houses, and Lordships? O, I could eat my entrailes,
And sinke my soule into the earth with sorrow.

Car. First (to be an accomplit gentleman, that is, a gentle-
man of the time) you must giue ore housekeeping in the coun-
trey, and liue altogether in the cittie amongst gallants; where,
565 at your first apparance, twere good you turnde foure or fwe
hundred acres of your best lande into two or three trunkes of
apparell; you may doe it without going to a Coniurer: and be
sure

sure you mixe your selfe still, with such as flourish in the spring of the fashion, and are least popular; studie their cariage and
 570 behauior in all: learne to play at *Primero* and *Passage*, and (euer when you loose) ha'two or three peculiar othes to sweare by, that no man else sweres: but aboue all; protest in your plaie, and affirme, *Vpon your credite; As you are a gentleman* (at euerie cast:) you may do it with a safe conscience, I warrant you.

575 *Sog.* O admirable rare! hee cannot chuse but bee a Gentleman, that ha's these excellent giftes; more, more, I beseech you. 589

Car. You must endeuour to feede cleanly at your Ordinarie, sit melancholy, and picke your teeth when you cannot speake;
 580 and when you come to Playes, bee Humorous, looke with a good starch't face, and ruffle your brow like a new boot, laugh at nothing but your owne iests, or else as the Noblemen laugh; that's a speciall grace you must obserue.

Sog. I warrant you, sir.

585 *Car.* I, and sit o'the stage, and flout; prouided, you haue a good suit.

Sog. O Ile haue a suit onely for that sir.

Car. You must talke much of your kindred and alies.

Sog. Lies! no Signior, I shall not neede to do so, Il haue kindred in the Cittie to talke of; I haue a neece is a Merchants wife;
 590 and a nephew, my brother *Sordidos* son of the Innes of Court.

Car. O but you must pretend alliance with Courtiers and
 great persons: and euer when you are to Dine or Suppe in anie
 strange presence, hire a fellowe with a great chayne (though
 595 it bee copper it's no matter) to bring you Letters, feign'd from such a Noble man, or such a Knight, or such a Ladie, To theyr worshipfull, right rare, and Noble qualified friende or kinsman, *Signior Insulso Sogliardo*; giue your selfe stile enough. And there (while you intende circumstances of newes, or en-
 600 quirie of their health, or soe) one of your Familiars (whome you must carrie about you still) breakes it vppe (as twere in a iest) and reades it publikely at the Table; at which, you must seeme to take as vnardonable offence as if hee had torne your mistresse colours, or breath'd vpon her picture; and pur-

605 sue it with that hot grace, as if you would enforce a challenge
vpon it presently.

Sog. Stay, I doe not like that humor of challenge, it may be 615
accepted: but I'le tell you what's my humor now: I will doe
this, I will take occasion of sending one of my suites to the
610 Taylors to haue the pocket repaired, or so; and there such a
letter as you talke of (broke open and all) shall bee left: O,
the Taylor will presently giue out what I am vpon the reading
of it: worth twenty of your Gallants.

Car. But then you must put on an extreame face of discon-
615 tentment at your mans negligence.

Sog. O, so I will, and beate him too: I'le haue a man for the
purpose.

Mac. You maie; you haue land and crownes: O partiall
Fate!

620 *Car.* Masse well remembred, you must keepe your men gal- 625
lant, at the first, fine pide Liueries laide with good gold lace,
there's no lesse in it, they may rip't off and pawn it, when they
lacke victuals.

Sog. Byr Lady that is chargeable Signior, 'twill bring a man
625 in debt.

Car. Debt? why that's the more for your credit sir: it's an ex-
cellent pollicie to owe much in these daies, if you note it.

Sog. As how good Signior? I would faine be a Politician.

Car. O, looke where you are indebted any great summe, 632
630 your creditor obserues you with no lesse regard, than if he were
bound to you for some huge benefit, and will quake to giue
you the least cause of offence, least hee loose his money: I as-
sure you (in these times) no man has his seruant more obsequi-
ous and pliant, than gentlemen their creditors: to whom (if at
635 any time) you pay but a moiety or a fourth part, it comes more
acceptedly, than if you gaue'hem a newyeares gift.

Sog. I perceiue you sir, I will take vp, and bring my selfe in
credit sure.

Car. Marry this; alwaies beware you commerce not with
640 bankrupts, or poore needie Ludgathians: they are impudent
creatures, turbulent spirits, they care not what violent trage-
dies

dies they stirre, nor howe they play fast and loose with a poore gentlemans fortunes to get their owne: marry, these rich fel-
lowes (that ha'the world, or the better part of it, sleeping in
645 their countinghouses) they are ten times more placable, they:
either feare, hope, or modestie, restraines them from offering
any outrages: but this is nothing to your followers, you shall
not run a pennie more in arrerage for them, and you list your
selfe.

650 *Sog.* No? how should I keepe'hem then? 650

Carl. Keepe'hem? Sbloud let them keepe themselues, they
are no sheepe, are they? VVhat? you shall come in houses,
where plate, apparrell, iewels, and diuerse other pretty com-
modities lie negligently scattered, and I would ha'those *Mer-*
655 *curies* follow me (I trow) should remember they had not their
fingers for nothing.

Sog. That's not so good me thinkes.

Car. Why after you haue kept 'hem a fortnight or so, and
shew'd 'hem ynough to the world, you may turne 'hem away,
660 and keepe no more but a boy, it's ynough.

Sog. Nay my humor is not for boies, Ile keepe men, and I
keepe any; and Ile giue coates, that's my humor: but I lacke a
Cullisen.

Car. Why now you ride to the cittie, you may buy one, Ile 662
665 bring you where you shall ha' your choise for money.

Sog. Can you sir?

Car. O I: you shal haue one take measure of you, and make
you a *Coat* of armes to fit you of what fashion you will.

Sog. By word of mouth I thanke you Signior; Ile be once a
670 little prodigal in a Humor in faith, and haue a most prodigious
Coat.

Mac. Torment and death, breake head and braine at once
To be deliuer'd of your fighting issue.

Who can endure to see blind Fortune dote thus?

675 To be enamour'd on this dustie Turfe?

This clod? a hoorsen Puckfist? O God, God, God, God, &c.

I could runne wild with grieffe now to behold

The ranknesse of her bounties, that doth breed

- Such bulrushes; these Mushrompe Gentlemen, 676
 680 That shoot vp in a night to place and worship.
Car. Let him alone, some stray, some stray.
Sog. Nay I will examine him before I go sure.
Car. The Lord of the soile ha's al wefts and straies here? ha's
 he not?
 685 *Sog.* Yes sir.
Car. Faith then I pittie the poore fellowe, hee's falne into a
 fooles hands.
Sog. Sirah, who gaue you commission to lie in my Lordship?
Mac. Your Lordship?
 690 *Sog.* How? my Lordship? doe you know me sir?
Mac. I doe Know you sir.
Car. S'heart, he answeres him like an Eccho.
Sog. Why, who am I Sir?
Mac. One of those that fortune fauors. 690
 695 *Car.* The *Periphrasis* of a foole; Ile obserue this better.
Sog. That fortune fauors? how meane you that friend?
Mac. I meane simply; That you are one that liues not by
 your wits.
Sog. By my wits? No sir, I scorne to liue by my wits, I; I haue
 700 better meanes I tell thee, than to take such base courses, as to
 liue by my wits. Sbloud doest thou thinke I liue by my wits?
Mac. Me thinkes Iester, you should not relish this well.
Car. Ha? does he know me?
Mac. Though yours be the worst vse a man can put his wit 700
 705 too of thousandes, to prostitute it at euery Tauerne and Ordi-
 narie; yet (me thinkes) you should haue turn'd your broad side
 at this, and haue beene ready with an Apologie, able to sinke
 this Hulke of Ignorance into the bottome, and depth of his
 Contempt.
 710 *Car.* Sboud tis *Macilente*: Signior, you are wel encountred,
 how is't? O we must not regard what he saies man, a Trout, a
 shallow foole, he ha's no more braine than a Butterflie, a meere
 stuft suit, he looks like a mustie bottle, newe wickerd, his head's
 the Corke, light, light. I am glad to see you so well return'd
 715 Signior.

Mac. You

Mac. You are? Gramercie good *Ianus*. 710

Sog. Is he one of your acquaintance? I loue him the better for that.

Car. Gods pretious, come away man, what do you mean? and
720 you knew him as I do, you'd shun him, as you'd do the plauge?

Sog. Why sir?

Car. O, hee's a blacke fellow, take heed on him.

Sog. Is he a Scholler or a Soldior?

Car. Both, both; a leane Mungrell, hee lookes as if he were
725 chap-falne with barking at other mens good fortunes: 'ware
how you offend him, he carries Oyle and Fire in his pen, will
scald where it drops, his Spirit's like Powder, quicke, violent:
hee'le blow a man vp with a iest: I feare him worse than a rot-
ten Wall do's the Cannon, shake an hower after at the report:
730 away, come not neere him.

Sog. For Gods sake lets be gone, and he be a Scholler, you 723
know I cannot abide him, I had as leeuie see a Cocatrice, speci-
ally as Cocatrices go now.

Car. What, youle stay signior? this gentleman *Sogliardo* and
735 I are to visit the knight *Puntaruolo*, and from thence to the Ci-
tie, we shall meete there.

Exeunt Car. and Sog.

Mac. I, when I cannot shun you, we will meet. 729

Tis strange: of all the creatures I haue seene,
740 I enuie not this *Buffon*, for indeed
Neither his fortunes nor his parts deserue it;
But I doe hate him as I hate the deuill,
Or that bras-visag'd monster *Barbarisme*.
O, tis an open-throated, blacke-mouth'd curre,
745 That bites at all, but eates on those that feed him,
A slaue, that to your face will (Serpent-like)
Creepe on the ground, as he would eat the dust;
And to your backe will turne the taile and sting
More deadly than a Scorpion: stay, who's this:
750 Now for my soule, another minion
Of the old lady *Chance's*: Ile obserue him.

Enter

*Enter Sordido with a Prognostication.*Folio
Act. I. Sc. 3

SCENA TER.

Sord. O rare, good, good, good, good, good, I thanke my
755 Christ, I thanke my Christ for it.

Mac. Said I not true? doth not his passion speake
Out of my diuination? O my sences,
Why loose you not your powers, and become
Dead, dull, and blunted with this Spectacle?

760 I know him, tis *Sordido*, the farmer,
A Boore, and brother to that Swine was here.

Sor. Excellent, excellent, excellent, as I would wish, as I
would wish.

Mac. See how the strumpet *Fortune* tickles him,
765 And makes him swoune with laughter, O, O, O.

755

Sord. Ha, ha, ha, I will not sow my grounds this yeare, Let
me see, what haruest shall we haue? Iune, Iuly?

Mac. What is't a Prognostication rap's him so?

Sord. The xx. xxi. xxii. daies, raine and wind, O good, good;
770 the xxiii. and xxiiii. raine and some wind, good; the xxv. raine,
good still; xxvi. xxvii. xxviii, wind and some raine; would it
had been raine and some wind: well tis good (when it can bee
no better) xxix. inclining to raine: inclining to raine? that's not
so good now. xxx. and xxxi. wind and no raine: no raine? S'lid
775 stay; this is worse and worse: what saies he of *S. Swithins*? turne
backe, looke, *S. Swithins*: no raine?

Mac. O here's a pretious filthy damned rogue,
That fats himselfe with expectation
Of rotten weather, and vnseason'd howers;
780 And he is rich for it, an elder brother,
His barnes are full, his reekes, and mowes well trod,
His garners cracke with store. O, tis well; ha, ha, ha:
A plague consume thee and thy house.

767

Sord. O here, *S. Swithins*, the xv. day, variable weather, for
785 the most part raine, good; for the most part raine: VVhy it
should raine fortie daies after nowe, more or lesse, it was a rule
held afore I was able to hold a plough, and yet here are two
daies,

daies, no rain; ha? it makes me muse. Weele see how the next 777
 month begins, if that be better. August: August, first, second,
 790 third, and fourth daies, rainie, and blustering; this is well now:
 fift, sixt, seuenth, eight, and ninth, raine, with some thunder; I
 marry, this is excellent; the other was false printed sure: the
 tenth and eleuenth, great store of raine; O good, good, good,
 good, good; the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth daies, rain;
 795 good still: fifteenth and fixteenth, raine; good still: seuteenth
 and eighteenth, raine, good still; nineteenth and twentieth,
 Good still, good still, good still, good still, good still; one and
 twentieth, some raine; some raine? well, wee must be patient,
 and attend the heauens pleasure, would it were more though:
 800 the one and twentith, two and twentith, three and twentith,
 great tempest of raine, thunder, and lightning.

O good againe, past expectation good:

I thanke my blessed ancell; neuer, neuer,

Laid I penny better out than this,

805 To purchase this deare booke: not deare for price,

And yet of me as dearely priz'd as life,

Since in it is contain'd the very life,

Bloud, strength, and sinewes of my happinesse:

Blest be the houre wherein I bought this booke,

810 His studies happie that compos'd the booke,

And the man fortunate that sold the booke:

Sleepe with this charme, and be as true to me

As I am ioy'd and confident in thee.

Enter a Hind to Sordido with a paper.

815 *Mac.* Ha, ha, ha? I'not this good? Is't not pleasing this? ha, ha? 802

Is't possible that such a spacious villaine (Gods ha?

Should liue and not be plagu'd? or lies he hid

Within the wrinckled bosome of the world,

Where heauen cannot see him? Sblood (me thinkes)

820 'Tis rare and admirable, that he should breath and walke,

Feed with disgestion, sleepe, enjoy his health,

And (like a boist'rous Whale swallowing the poore)

Still swimme in wealth and pleasure: is't not strange?

Vnlesse his house and skin were thunder-prooffe,

D

I won-

- 825 I wonder at it. Me thinkes now, the Hecticke,
 Gout, Leprosie, or some such loath'd disease
 Might light vpon him; or that fire (from heauen)
 Might fall vpon his barnes; or mice and rats
 Eat vp his graine; or else that it might rot
- 830 Within the hoarie Reekes, e'ne as it stands:
 Me thinkes this might be well; and after all
 The deuill might come and fetch him: I, tis true.
 Meane time he surfets in prosperitie,
 And thou (in enuie of him) gnaw'st thy selfe,
- 835 Peace foole, get hence, and tell thy vexed spirit,
 „ *Wealth in this age will scarcely looke on merit.*
Sord. Who brought this same sirha?
Hind. Marry sir one of the Iustices men, hee saies tis a pre-
 cept, and all their hands be at it.
- 840 *Sord.* I, and the prints of them sticke in my flesh
 Deeper than i'their letters: They haue sent me
 Pils wrapt in paper here, that should I take'hem,
 Would poison all the sweetnesse of my Booke,
 And turne my Honey into Hemlocke iuice:
- 845 But I am wiser than to serue their precepts,
 Or follow their prescriptions: Here's a deuise,
 To charge me bring my Graine into the markets:
 I, much, when I haue neither Barne nor Garner,
 Nor Earth to hide it in, Ile bring it; but till then,
- 850 Each corne I send shall be as big as Paules.
 O, but (say some) the poore are like to sterue.
 Why let'hem sterue, what's that to me? are Bees
 Bound to keepe life in Drones and idle Moaths? no:
 Why such are these (that tearme themselues the poore,
- 855 Only because they would be pittied)
 But are indeed a sort of lazie Beggers,
 Licencious Rogues and sturdie Vagabonds,
 Bred (by the sloth of a fat plenteous yeare)
 Like snakes in heat of summer out of dung,
- 860 And this is all that these cheape times are good for:
 Where as a wholesome and penurious Dearth

Exit.

825

Purges

Purges the soile of such vile excrements,
And kills the Vipers vp.

Hind. O but maister,

865 Take heed they heare you not.

Sord. Why so?

Hind. They will exclaime against you.

853

Sord. I, their exclaimes

Moue me as much, as thy breath moues a Mountaine;

870 Poore wormes, they hisse at me, whilst I at home

Can be contented to applaud my selfe,

To sit and clap my hands, and laugh and leape,

Knocking my head against my roofe, with ioy

To see how plumpe my bags are, and my barnes.

875 Sirah, go, hie you home, and bid your fellowes

Get all their flailles readie againe I come.

Hind. I will sir.

Exit Hind.

Cord. Ile instantly set all my hinds to thrashing

862

Of a whole Reeke of corne, which I will hide

880 Vnder the ground; and with the straw thereof

Ile stuffe the outsides of my other Mowes:

That done, Ile haue'hem emptie all my Garners,

And i'the friendly Earth bury my store,

That when the Searchers come they may suppose

885 All's spent, and that my fortunes were belied.

And to lend more opinion to my want,

And stop that many-mouthed vulgar Dog,

(Which else would still be baying at my dore)

Each market day, I will be seene to buy

890 Part of the purest Wheat, as for my houshold:

Where when it comes, it shall encrease my heapes,

Twill yeeld me treble gaine at this deare time,

Promisd in this deare Booke: I haue cast all,

Till then I will not sell an eare, Ile hang first.

895 O I shall make my prizes as I list,

My house and I can feed on Peas and Barley,

What though a world of wretches sterue the while?

„ He that will thriue, must thinke no courses vile.

Exit.

GREX.

G R E X.

900 *Cord.* Now signior, how approue you this? haue the Humo- 884
rists exprest themselues truly or no?

Mit. Yes (if it be wel prosecuted) tis hitherto happy ynough:
but me thinks *Macilente* went hence too soone, he might haue
been made to stay and speake somewhat in reproofe of *Sordido's*
905 wretchednesse, now at the last.

Cor. O no, that had bin extreemly improper, besides he had cōti-
nued the *Scene* too lōg with him as twas, being in no more actiō.

Mit. You may enforce the length as a necessary reason; but for
propriety the *Scene* wold very wel haue born it, in my iudgment.

910 *Cor.* O worst of both: why you mistake his humor vtterly thē.

Mit. How? do I mistake it? is't not Enuie?

Cord. Yes, but you must vnderstand Signior, hee enuies him
not as he is a villaine, a wolfe i' the commonwealth, but as he is
rich and fortunate; for the true condition of enuy, is *Dolor alienæ*
915 *felicilitatis*, to haue our eies continually fixt vpon another mans
prosperity, that is his chiefe happinesse, and to grieue at that.
Whereas if we make his monstrous and abhord actions, our ob-
iect, the grieue (we take then) comes neerer the nature of Hate
than Enuie, as being bred out of a kind of contempt and lothing
920 in our selues.

Mit. So you'le infer it had beene Hate, not Enuie in him, to 904
reprehend the humor of *Sordido*?

Cord. Right, for what a man truely enuies in another, he could
alwaies loue, and cherish in himselfe; but no man truely repre-
925 hends in another what he loues in himselfe, therefore reprehension
is out of his Hate. And this distinction hath hee himselfe
made in a speech there (if you marke it) where he saies, *I enuie
not this Buffon, but I hate him.*

Mit. Stay sir: *I enuie not this Buffon, but I hate him*: why might
930 he not as well haue hated *Sordido* as him?

Cord. No sir, there was subiect for his enuie in *Sordido*; his
wealth: So was there not in the other, hee stood possest of no
one eminent gift, but a most odious and fiend-like disposition,
that would turne Charity it selfe into Hate, much more Enuie
935 for the present.

Enter.

Enter Carlo Buffone, Sogliardo, Fastidius Briske, Cinedo.

ACTVS SECVNDVS, SCENA PRIMA.

Mit. You haue satisfied me sir, O here comes the *Foole* and 917
the *Iester* againe me thinkes.

940 *Cord.* 'Twere pittie they should be parted sir.

Mit. What bright shining gallant's that with them? the
knight they went to?

Cord. No sir, this is one Monsieur *Fastidius Briske*, otherwise
cal'd the fresh Frenchefied courtier.

945 *Mit.* A humorist too?

Cord. As humorous as quickesiluer, doe but obserue him, the
Scene is the countrey still, remember,

Fast. Cinedo, watch when the knight comes, & giue vs word. *Folio*

Cine. I will sir.

Exit.

Act.II.Sc.I.

950 *Fast.* How lik'st thou my boy, *Carlo*?

Car. O wel, wel he looks like the colonel of a Pigmies horse,
or one of these motions in a great antique clocke: hee would
shewe well vpon a Habberdashers stall, at a corner shop rarely.

Fast. S'heart, what a damn'd wittie rogue's this? how hee 936
955 confounds with his *simile's*?

Car. Better with *simile's* than smiles: and whither were you
riding now Signior?

Fast. Who I? what a silly iest's that? whither should I ride
but to the Court?

960 *Car.* O pardon me sir, twenty places more: your hot-house,
or your-----

Fast. By the vertue of my soule this knight dwels in *Elizium*
here.

Carl. Hee's gone now, I thought he would flie out present-
965 ly. These be our nimble-sprighted *Catso's* that ha'their euasi-
ons at pleasure, wil run ouer a bog like your wild Irish; no soo-
ner started, but they'le leape from one thing to another like a
squirrell, heigh; Daunce, and doe trickes i' their discourse, from
Fire to Water, from Water to Ayre, from Ayre to Earth, as if
970 their tongues did but eu'n licke the foure Elements ouer, and
awaiae.

Fast. Sirah *Carlo*, thou neuer saw'st my grey Hobbie yet, 951
didst thou?

Carl. No ha' you such a one?

975 *Fast.* The best in Europe (my good villaine) thou'lt say, when
thou seest him.

Car. But when shall I see him?

Fast. There was a Noble man i'the Court offered mee 100
pound for him by this light: a fine little fierie slaue, he runnes
980 like a (O) excellent, excellent, with the very sound of the spurre.

Carl. How? the sound of the spurre?

Fast. O, it's your only humor now extant sir: a good gingle,
a good gingle.

Carl. Sbloud you shall see him turne morrisdancer, he ha's
985 got him bells, a good sute, and a Hobby-horse.

Sog. Signior, now you talke of a Hobby-horse, I know where
one is, will not be giuen for a brace of angels.

Fast. How is that Sir?

Sog. Mary sir I am telling this gentleman of a Hobby-horse,
990 it was my fathers indeed, and (though I say it

Carl. That should not say it) on, on. 970

Sog. He did daunce in it with as good humour and as good
gard as any man of his degree whatsoeuer, beeing no Gentle-
man: I haue daunc't in it my selfe too.

995 *Carl.* Not since the Humour of gentilitie was vpon you? did
you?

Sog. Yes once; marry, that was but to shew what a gentle-
man might doe in a Humor.

Car. O very good.

1000

GREX.

Mit. { Why this fellowes discourse were nothing but for
the word Humor.

Cord. { O beare with him, and he should lacke matter and
words too, 'twere pittifull.

1005 *Sog.* Nay looke you Sir, there's ne're a Gentleman i'the
country has the like humors for the Hobby-horse as I haue? I
haue the Methode for the threeding of the needle. the---

Carl. How the Methode.

Sog. I,

Sog. I, the Leigeritie, for that, and the wigh-hie, and the
 1010 daggers in the Nose, and the trauels of the Egge from finger to
 finger, all the Humors incident to the qualitie. The horse hangs
 at home in my parlor, Ile keepe it for a monument, as long as
 I liue sure.

Carl. Do so; and when you die, 'twill be an excellent Tro-
 1015 phee to hang ouer your Tombe.

Sog. Masse, and Ile haue a Tombe (nowe I thinke on't) 'tis
 but so much charges.

Carl. Best builde it in your life time then, your Heyres maie
 hap to forget it else.

1020 Sog. Nay I meane so, Ile not trust to them.

Carl. Noe, for heires and executors are growne damnablie
 carelesse, speciallie since the ghostes of Testators left walking:
 how like you him Signior?

Fast. 'Fore heauens his humor arrides me exceedinglylie.

1025 Car. Arrides you?

Fast. I, pleases me (a pox on't) I am so haunted at the Court
 & at my lodging with your refin'd choise spirites, that it makes
 me cleane of another Garbe, another straine, I know not how;
 I cannot frame me to your harsh vulgar phrase, tis agaynst my

1030 Genius.

Sog. Signior Carla.

G R E X.

1035 Cord. { This is right to that of *Horace, Dum vitant stulti vi-*
tia in contraria currunt: so this gallant labouring to a-
 uoid Popularity, fals into a habit of Affectation tenne
 thousand times more hatefull than the former.

Car. Who he? a gull? a foole? no salt in him i'the earth man:
 hee lookes like a fresh Salmon kept in a tubbe; hee'le bee spent
 shortlie, his braine's lighter than his feather alreadie, and his
 1040 tongue more subiect to lie, than that's to wag: he sleepes with
 a muske cat euery night, and walkes all day hang'd in Pomander
 chaines for pennance: hee ha's his skinne tan'd in ciuet, to
 make his complexion strong, and the sweetnessse of his youth
 lasting in the sence of his sweet Ladie, A good empty Puffe, hee
 1045 loues you well Signior.

Sog. There

Sog. There shall be no loue lost Sir, I'll assure you.

1019

Fast. Nay *Carl*, I am not happie i' thy loue I see, pr'y thee suffer mee to enioie thy companie a little (sweete mischiefe) by this ayre, I shall enuie this Gentlemans place in thy affections,
1050 if you be thus priuate I faith: how now? is the Knight arriu'd?

Enter Cinedo.

Cine. No Sir, but tis gest he will arriue presently, by his fore-runners.

Fast. His hounds! by *Minerua* an excellent Figure; a good
1055 boy.

Carl. You should giue him a French crowne for it: the boie would find two better Figures i'that, and a good Figure of your bounty beside.

Fast. Tut the boy wantes no crownes.

1060 *Carl.* No crowne: speake i' the singular number, and wee'le beleue you.

Fast. Nay, thou art so capriciouslie conceyted nowe: Sirra (*Dānation*) I haue heard this Knight *Puntaruolo*, reported to be a gentleman of exceeding good humour: thou know'st him;
1065 pr'y thee, how is his disposition? I ne're was so fauour'de of my starres as to see him yet. Boy, do you looke to the Hobbie?

Cin. I Sir, the groome has set him vp.

1038

Fast. Tis well: I ridde out of my waie of intent to visit him, and take knowledge of his: Nay good *Wickednesse*, his humour,
1070 his humour.

Carl. Why he loues Dogges, and Haukes, and his wife well: he has a good riding face, and hee can sit a great Horse; hee will taint a staffe well at tilt: when hee is mounted, hee lookes like the signe of the *George*, that's all I knowe; saue that in steede of
1075 a Dragon he will brandish against a tree, and breake his sword as confidentlie vppon the knottie barke, as the other did vppon the skales of the beast.

Fast. O, but this is nothing to that is deliuered of him; they saie he has dialogues, and discourses betweene his Horse, him-
1080 selfe, and his Dogge; and that hee will court his owne Ladie, as she were a stranger neuer encounter'd before,

Car. I, that hee will, and make fresh loue to her euerie morning:

ning: this gentleman has been a Spectator of it, *Signior Insulso*.

Sog. I am resolute to keepe a Page: say you sir? 1053

1085 *Carl.* You haue seene *Signior Puntaruolo* accost his Lady?

Sog. O, I Sir.

Fast. And how is the maner of it pr'y thee good Signior?

Sog. Faith sir in very good sort; hee has his humours for it sir: as first, (suppose he were now to come from riding, or hunting, 1090 or so) he has his trumpet to sound, and then the waiting Gentlewoman, shee lookes out; and then hee speakes, and then shee speakes: very pretty I faith gentlemen.

Fast. Why, but do you remember no particulars, Signior?

Sog. O, yes sir: first, the gentlewoman shee lookes out at the 1095 window.

Carl. After the trumpet has summon'd a parle? not before?

Sog. No sir, not before: and then saies he; ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Carl. What saies he? be not rapt so.

Sog. Saies he; ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

1100 *Fast.* Nay speake, speake.

Sog. Ha, ha, ha, saies he: God saue you, ha, ha, &c. 1070

Carl. Was this the ridiculous motiue to all this passion?

Sog. Nay that, that comes after is: ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Car Doubtlesse hee apprehends more than hee vtters, this 1105 fellow: or else.

Sog. List, list, they are come from hunting: *A crie of hounds*
stand by, close vnder this Tarras, & you shal *within.*
see it done better than I can shew it.

Car. So it had need, 'twill scarce poize the obseruation else.

1110 *Sog.* Faith I remember all, but the manner of it is quite out of my head.

Fast. O withdraw, withdrawe, it cannot bee but a most pleasing obiect.

Enter Puntaruolo, a Huntsman with a Graihound. Act.II.Sc.2.

1115 *Pun.* Forrester, giue wind to thy Horne. Inough; by this the sound hath toucht the eares of the enclosed: Depart, leaue the Dogge, and take with thee what thou hast deseru'd; the Horne, and thanks.

Carl. I mary, there's some tast in this.

E

Fast. Is't

1120 *Fast.* Is't not good?

Sog. Ah peace, now aboue, now aboue.

The waiting gentlewoman appeares at the window.

Punt. Stay: mine eye hath (on the instant) through the *1091*
bountie of the windowe, receiu'd the forme of a Nymph. I
1125 will step forward three paces: of the which, I will barely retire
one; and (after some little flexure of the knee) with an erected
grace salute her: 1, 2, and 3. Sweet Lady, God saue you.

Gent. No forsooth: I am but the waiting Gentlewoman.

Carl. He knew that before.

1130 *Punt.* Pardon me: *Humanum est errare.*

Carl. He learn'd that of a Puritane.

Punt. To the perfection of Complement (which is the dyall
of the thought, and guided by the Sunne of your beauties) are
requir'd these three Proiects: the *Gnomon*, the *Puntilio's*, and the
1135 *Superficies*: the *Superficies*, is that we call *Place*; the *Puntilio's*,
Circumstance; and the *Gnomon*, *Ceremonie*: in either of which,
for a stranger to erre, 'tis easie and facile; and such am I.

Carl. True, not knowing her *Horizon*, he must needes erre:
which I feare, he knowes too well.

1140 *Punt.* What call you the Lord of the Castle? sweet face.

Gent. The Lord of the Castle is a knight sir; Signior *Puntar- 1109*
uolo.

Punt. *Puntaruolo?* O.

Car. Now must he ruminare.

1145 *Fast.* Does the wench know him all this while then?

Carl. O, doe you know me man? why therein lies the sirrorup
of the ieast; it's a Proiect, a designment of his owne, a thing stu-
died, and rehearst as ordinarily at his comming from hawking,
or hunting, as a Iigge after a Play.

1150 *Sog.* I, e'en like your Iigge sir.

Punt. 'Tis a most sumptuous and stately edifice; what yeares
is the Knight, faire Damsell?

Gent. Faith much about your yeares sir.

Punt. What complexion, or what stature beares he?

1155 *Gent.* Of your stature, and very neere vpon your complexion.

Punt. Mine is Melancholly:

Carl. So

Carl. So is the dogs, iust. 1125

Punt. And doth argue constancie, chiefly in loue. What are his endowments? Is he courteous?

1160 *Gent.* O the most courteous Knight vpon Gods earth sir.

Punt. Is he magnanimous?

Gent. As the skin betweene your browes sir.

Punt. Is he bountifull?

1165 *Carl.* Sbloud, hee takes an Inuentorie of his owne good partes.

Gent. Bountifull? I sir I would you should know it; the poore are seru'd at his gate early and late sir.

Punt. Is he learned?

Gent. O, I sir, he can speake the French and Italian.

1170 *Punt.* Then he is trauail'd?

Gent. I forsooth, he hath been beyond-sea once or twice.

Carl. As far as Paris, to fetch ouer a fashion and come backe againe.

Punt. Is he religious? 1140

1175 *Gent.* Religious? I know not what you call religious, but he goes to Church I am sure.

Fast. S'lid me thinkes these answeres should offend him.

Carl. Tut no; he knowes they are excellent, and to her capacity that speakes 'hem.

1180 *Punt.* Would I might see his face.

Carl. She should let downe a glasse from the window at that word; and request him to looke in't.

Punt. Doubtlesse, the gentleman is most exact, and absolutely qualified? doth the Castle containe him?

1185 *Gent.* No Sir, he is from home, but his Ladie is within.

Punt. His Lady? what is she faire? splendidious? and amiable?

Gent. O Iesu sir!

1190 *Punt.* Pr'y thee deare Nymph, intreat her beauties to shine on this side of the building.

Exit. Gent. from the window.

Carl. That he may erect a new dyall of complement, with his *Gnomons*, and his *Puntilio's*.

Fast. Nay, thou art such another *Cinique* nowe, a man had
1195 need walke vprightly before thee.

Carl. Heart, can any man walke more vpright than hee 1160
does? Looke, looke; as if hee went in a frame, or had a sute
of wanescot on: and the dogge watching him least hee should
leape out on't.

1200 *Fast.* O villaine!

Car. Well, and e'er I meete him in the cittie, Ile ha' him
ioynted, Ile pawne him in East-cheape among butchers else.

Fast. Peace, who be these, *Carlo*?

Enter Sordido, with his sonne Fungoso.

Act.II.Sc.3.

1205 *Sord.* Yonders your godfather; doe your dutie to him sonne.

Sog. This sir? a poore elder brother of mine sir, a yeoman,
may dispend some seuen or eight hundred a yeare: that's his son,
my nephew there.

Punt. You are not il-come neighbour *Sordido*, though I haue
1210 not yet said welcome: what, my god-sonne is growne a great
Proficient by this?

Sord. I hope he will grow great one day, sir.

Fast. What does he study? the law?

Sog. I sir, hee is a gentleman, though his father be but a yeo-
1215 man.

Car. What call you your nephew, Signior?

Sog. Mary his name is *Fungoso*.

Car. *Fungoso*? O, hee lookt somewhat like a sponge in that
pinckt doublet me thought: well, make much of him; I see he
1220 was neuer borne to ride vpon a moile.

Gen. My Lady will come presently sir.

Enter Gent. aboue

Sog. O now, now.

1185

Punt. Stand by, retire your selues a space: nay, pray you, forget
not the vse of your hat; the aire is piercing.

1225 *Sordido and Fungoso withdraw at the other part of the stage,*
meane time the Ladie is come to the window.

Fast. What? will not their presence preuaile against the cur-
rent of his humor?

Carl. O no: it's a meere floud, a Torrent, carries all afore it.

1230 *Punt.* What more than heauenly pulchritude is this?

What

*What Magazine, or treasure of blisse?
Dazle, you organs to my optique sence,
To view a creature of such eminence:
O, I am planet-strooke, and in yond Sphere,
A brighter starre than Venus doth appeare.*

1235

Fast. How? in verse?

1197

Carl. An Extasie, an Extasie, man.

Lady Is your desire to speake with me, sir Knight?

Carl. He will tell you that anon; neither his Braine, nor his
1240 Bodie, are yet moulded for an answer.

Punt. Most debonaire, and Luculent Ladie, I decline me as
low as the *Basis* of your *Altitude*.

GREX.

Cord. { Hee makes congies to his wife in Geometricall pro-
1245 portions.

Mit. { Is't possible there should be any such Humorist?

Cor. { Very easily possible, Sir, you see there is.

Punt. I haue scarce collected my spirites, but lately scatter'd
in the admiration of your Forme; to which (if the bounties of
1250 your mind be any way responsible) I doubt not but my desires
shall find a smooth and secure passage. I am a poore Knight-
errant (Ladie) that hunting in the adiacent Forrest, was by
aduenture in the pursuit of a Hart, brought to this place;
which Hart (deare Madame) escaped by enchantment: the eue-
1255 ning approaching (my selfe and seruant wearied) my suit is, to en-
ter your faire Castle, and refresh me.

Lady Sir Knight, albeit it be not vsuall with me (chiefely in 1216
the absence of a husband) to admit any entrance to strangers,
yet in the true regard of those innated vertues, and faire partes
1260 which so striue to expresse themselues in you; I am resolu'd to
entertaine you to the best of my vnworthy power; which I
acknowledge to be nothing, valew'd with what so worthy
a person may deserue. Please you but stay, while I descend.

*She departs: and Puntaruolo fals in with Sordido,
1265 and his sonne.*

Punt. Most admir'd Lady, you astonish me.

Car. What? with speaking a speech of your owne penning?

Fast. Nay looke, pr'y thee peace.

Carl. Pox on't: I am impatient of such fopperie.

1225

1270 *Fast.* O lets heare the rest.

Carl. What? a tedious Chapter of Courtship, after sir *Lancelot*, and Queene *Gueuener*? awaie: I mar'le in what dull cold nooke hee found this Ladie out? that (being a woman) shee was blest with no more copie of wit, but to serue his Humour thus.

1275 Sblood, I thinke he feeds her with Porridge, I: shee could ne're haue such a thicke braine else.

Sog. Why is Porridge so hurtfull, Signior?

Carl. O, nothing vnder Heauen more preiudiciall to those ascending subtile powers, or doth sooner abate that which wee
1280 cal, *Acumen Ingenij*, than your grosse fare: why Ile make you an Instance: your Cittie wiues, but obserue 'hem, you ha' not more perfect true fooles i'rhe worlde bred than they are generally; and yet you see (by the finenes and delicacie of theyr Diet, diuing into the fatte Capons, drinking your rich wines, feeding
1285 on Larkes, Sparrowes, Potato pyes, and such good vnctuous meats) how their wits are refin'd and raref'd: and somtimes a very *Quintessence* of conceit flows from 'hem, able to drown a weake Apprehension,

Fast. Peace, here comes the Ladie.

1242

1290 *Enter Lady with her Gent. and seeing them, turns in againe.*

Lady. Gods me, here's company: turne in againe.

Fast. S'light, our presence has cut off the conuoy of the iest.

Car. All the better; I am glad on't: for the issue was verie perspicuous. Come, let's discouer, and salute the Knight.

1295 *Carlo and the other two, step forth to Punt.*

Punt. Stay: who be these that addresse themselues towardes vs? what *Carlo*? now by the sinceritie of my soule, welcome; welcome gentlemen: and how dost thou, thou *Grand Scourge*, or *Second Vntrusse of the time*?

1300 *Carl.* Faith spending my mettall in this Reeling world (here and there) as the swaie of my Affection carries mee, and perhaps stumble vpon a yeoman Pheuterer, as I doe now; or one of Fortunes Moyles laden with treasure, and an empty Cloke-bagge

bagge following him, gaping when a bagge will vntie.

1305 *Punt.* Peace you bandogge peace: what briske *Nimfadoro* 1256
is that in the white virgin boot there?

Carl. Mary sir, one, that I must entreat you take a very particular knowledge of, and with more than ordinary respect: Monsieur *Fastidius*.

1310 *Punt.* Sir, I could wish that for the time of your vouchsaft abiding here, and more Reall entertainment, this my house stood on the Muses hill; and these my Orchards were those of the *Hesperide's*.

Fast. I possesse as much in your wish sir, as if I were made Lord 1315 of the Indies; and I pray you beleeeue it.

Carl. I haue a better opinion of his Faith, than to thinke it will be so corrupted.

Sog. Come brother, I'lle bring you acquainted with Gentlemen, & good fellows, such as shall do you more grace, than----

1320 *Sord.* Brother, I hunger not for such acquaintance:

Do you take heed, least:---- *Carlo is comming toward them.*

Sog. Husht: my Brother sir, for want of education sir, somewhat nodding to the Boore, the Clowne; but I request you in priuat sir.

1325 *Fung.* By Iesu, it's a very fine sute of cloathes.

GREX.

Cor. { Doe you obserue that, Signior? there's another humor
has new crackt the shell.

Mit. { What? he is enamour'd of the Fashion, is he?

1330 *Cor.* { O you forestall the iest.

Fun. I mar'le what it might stand him in?

Sog. Nephew?

Fun. 'Fore God it's an excellent sute, and as neatly becomes him. What said you Vncle?

1335 *Sog.* When saw you my Neece?

Fun. Mary yesternight I supt there. That kind of Boot does very rare too.

Sog. And what newes heare you?

Fun. The guilt Spurre and all: would I were hang'd, but 'tis exceeding

1340 exceeding good. Say you?

Sog. Your mind is carried away with somewhat else: I aske 1290
what newes you heare?

Fung. Troth wee heare none: in good faith I was neuer so
pleas'd with a fashion daies of my life; O (and I might haue
1345 but my wish) I'd aske no more of God nowe, but such a Suit,
such a Hat, such a Band, such a Doublet, such a Hose, such a
Boot, and such a----

Sog. They say there's a new Motion of the cittie of Nineueh,
with *Ionas* and the Whale, to be seene at Fleet-bridge? you can
1350 tell Cosin?

Fung. Here's such a world of question with him now: Yes, I
thinke there be such a thing, I saw the picture: would he would
once be satisf'd. Let me see, the Doublet, say fifty shillings the
Doublet, & betweene three or four pound the Hose; then Boots,
1355 the Hat, and Band: some ten or eleuen pound would doe it all,
and suit me for the *heauens*.

Sog. I'le see all those deuises, and I come to London once.

Fung. God S'lid, and I could compasse it, 'twere rare: harke
you Vncle.

1360 *Sog.* What saies my Nephew?

1305

Fung. Faith Vncle, I'd ha' desir'd you to haue made a moti-
on for me to my father in a thing, that; walke aside and I'le tell
you sir, no more but this: there's a parcell of Lawbooks (some
twenty pounds worth) that lie in a place for little more than halfe
1365 the money they cost; and I thinke for some twelue pound or
twenty marke, I could go neere to redeeme 'hem: there's *Plow-
den*, *Diar*, *Brooke*, and *Fitz herbert*; diuers such as I must haue
ere long: and you know I were as good saue fue or six pound
as not, Vncle: I pray you moue it for me.

1370 *Sog.* That I wil: when would you haue me do it? presently?

Fung. O I, I pray you good Vncle: God send me good lucke;
Lord (and't be thy will) prosper it: O Iesu; now, now, if it take
(O Christ) I am made for euer.

Fast. Shall I tell you sir: by this aire I am the most behol-
1375 ding to that Lord, of any Gentleman liuing; hee does vse mee
the most honourably, and with the greatest respect, more in-
deed,

deed, than can be vtter'd with any opinion of truth.

Punt. Then haue you, the Count *Gratiato*?

1322

Fast. As true noble a gentleman too as any breathes; I am
1380 exceedinglie endear'd to his loue: by Iesu, (I protest to you
Signior, I speake it not gloriouslie, nor out of affectation, but)
there's he, and the Count *Frugale*, Signior *Illustre*, Signior *Lu-*
culento, and a sort of 'hem; that (when I am at the Court) they
doe share me amongst 'hem. Happy is he can enioy me most
1385 priuat; I doe wish my selfe sometime an Vbiquitarie for their
loue, in good faith.

Carl. There's ne're a one of these but might lie a weeke on
the racke, ere they coulde bring forth his name; and yet hee
poures them out as familiarlie as if hee had seene 'hem stande
1390 by the fire i'the presence, or ta'ne Tabacco with them ouer the
stage i'the Lords roome.

Punt. Then you must of necessitie knowe our Court-starre
there? that planet of wit, *Maddona Sawiolina*?

Fast. O Lord sir! my mistresse.

1336

1395 *Punt.* Is she your mistressè?

Fast. Faith, here be some slight fauours of hers sir, that doe
speake it, *Shee is*; as this Scarfe sir, or this Ribband in mine eare,
or so; this Feather grew in her sweete Fanne sometimes, though
nowe it bee my poore fortune to weare it as you see sir; slight,
1400 slight, a foolish toy.

Punt. Well, shee is the Ladie of a most exalted, and inge-
nous spirit.

Fast. Did you euer heare anie woman speake like her? or
enricht with a more plentifull discourse?

1405 *Carl.* O villanous! nothing but sound, sound, a meere *Eccho*,
shee speakes as she goes tir'd, in Cobweb lawne, light, thinne:
good enough to catch flies withall.

Punt. O, manage your affections.

Fast. Well, if thou beest not plagu'd for this blasphemie one
1410 daie:-----

Punt. Come, regarde not a iester; it is in the power of my
purse to make him speake well or ill of mee.

F

Fast. Sir,

Fast. Sir, I affirme it to you (vpon my Credit and Iudgement) 1352
she has the most Harmonious and Musicall straine of Wit, that
1415 euer tempted a true eare; and yet to see, a rude tongue will
profane Heauen.

Punt. I am not ignorant of it sir.

Fast. Oh, it flowes from her like *Nectar*, and she doth giue it,
that sweete, quicke grace, and exornation in the composure,
1420 that (*By this good Heauen*) shee does obserue as pure a Phrase,
and vse as choise Figures in her ordinarie conferences, as any be
i'the *Arcadia*.

Car. O rather in *Greenes* works, whence she may steale with
more security.

1425 *Sord* Well, if tenne pound will fetch 'hem, you shall haue it,
but I'le part with no more.

Fun. I'le trie what that will doe, if you please.

Sord. Doe so: and when you haue 'hem, studie hard.

Fun. Yes sir: and I could studie to get fortie shillings more
1430 now: well, I will put my selfe into the Fashion, as farre as this
will go presently.

Sord. I wonder it raines not! the Almanacke saies we should 1370
haue store of raine to daie.

Punt. Why sir, to morrow I will associate you to the Court
1435 my selfe; and from thence to the Cittie, about a Businesse, a
Proiect I haue: I will expose it to you Sir: *Carlo* I am sure has
heard of it.

Car. What's that sir?

Punt. I doe entend this yeare of *Iubile* to trauaile: and (be-
1140 cause I will not altogether goe vpon expence) I am determi-
ned to put forth some fiew thousand pound, to be paid me fiew
for one, vpon the returne of my selfe, my Wife, and my Dogge,
from the Turkes Court in *Constantinople*. If all, or either of vs
miscarry in the iourney, 'tis gone: if wee be successfull, why,
1445 there will bee xxv. thousand pound to entertaine time withall.
Nay, go not neighbour *Sordido*; stay to night, and helpe to make
our society the fuller. Gentlemen, frolicke: *Carlo*? what? dull
now?

Car. I

Carl. I was thinking on your Project sir, and you call it so: 1385
1450 is this the Dog goes with you?

Punt. This is the Dogge sir.

Carl. He do'not go bare-foot, does he?

Punt. Away you traitor, away.

Carl. Nay afore God, I speak simply; he may prick his foot
1455 with a thorne, and bee as much as the whole venter is woorth.
Besides, for a Dog that neuer trauail'd before, it's a huge iour-
ney to *Constantinople*: Ile tell you nowe (and hee were mine)
I'd haue some present conference with a Physician, what An-
tidotes were good to giue him, and Preseruatiues against poy-
1460 son: for (assure you) if once your money bee out, there'll bee di-
uers attempts made against the life of the poore *Animal*.

Punt. Thou art still dangerous.

Fast. Is Signior *Deliros* wife your kinswoman?

Sog. I sir, she is my Neece, my brothers daughter here, and
1465 my Nephewes sister.

Sord. Do you know her sir?

Fast. O God sir, Signior *Diliro* her husband is my Merchant.

Fung. I, I haue seene this Gentleman there, often.

Fast. I crie you mercie sir: let me craue your name, pray you.

1470 *Fun.* *Fungoso* sir.

1405

Fast. Good Signior *Fungoso*, I shal request to know you bet-

Fun. I am her brother sir. (ter sir.)

Fast. In faire time sir.

Pun. Come Gentlemen, I will be your conduct.

1475 *Fast.* Nay pray you sir; we shal meet at Signior *Deliro's* oftē.

Sog. You shall ha'me at the Heralds office sir, for some week
or so, at my first comming vp. Come *Carlo*. *Exeunt.*

GREX.

Mit. Me thinks *Cordatus*, he dwelt somewhat too long on this
1480 *Scene*; it hun'g i'the hand.

Cord. I see not where he could haue insisted lesse, and t'haue
made the Humors perspicuous enough.

Mit. True, as his Subiect lies: but he might haue altered the
shape of Argument, and explicated'hem better in single *Scenes*.

1485 *Cord.* That had beene Single indeed: why? be they not the 1421
 same persons in this, as they would haue beene in those? and is
 it not an obiect of more State, to behold the *Scene* full, and re-
 lieu'd with variety of Speakers to the ende, than to see a vast
 1490 emptie stage, and the Actors come in (one by one) as if they
 were dropt down with a feather into the eie of the Audience?

Mit. Nay, you are better traded with these things than I, and
 therefore I'll subscribe to your iudgment; mary you shal giue
 me leaue to make obiections.

Cord. O what else? it's the speciall intent of the Author you
 1495 should do so: for thereby others (that are present) may as well
 be satisfied, who happily would obiect the same you doe.

Mit. So sir, but when appeares *Macilente* againe?

Enter Macilente, Deliro, Fido, with hearbs and perfumes.

Cord. Mary he staies but til our silence giue him leaue: here 1434
 1500 he comes, and with him Signior *Deliro* a Merchant, at whose
 house hee is come to sojourne: Make your owne obseruation
 now; only transerre your thoughts to the *Cittie* with the *Scene*;
 where, suppose they speake.

SCENA TERTIA.

Act.II.Sc.4.

1505 *Deliro.* I'll tell you by and by sir.
 Welcome (good *Macilente*) to my house,
 To sojourne euen for euer; if my best
 In cates, and euery sort of good intreaty
 May moue you stay with me.

1445

1510 *Deliro* turnes to his boy, and fals a strowing of flowers.

Mac. I thanke you sir:

And yet the muffled Fates (had it pleas'd them)
 Might haue suppli'd me from their owne full store
 Without this word (*I thanke you*) to a foole.

1515 I see no reason why that Dog (call'd *Chaunce*)
 Should fawne vpon this fellow more than me:
 I am a man, and I haue Limmes, Flesh, Bloud,
 Bones, Sinewes, and a Soule as well as he:

My

- My parts are euery way as good as his, 1453
 1520 If I said better? why I did not lic,
 Nath'lesse his wealth (but nodding on my wants)
 Must make me bow, and crie: *I thanke you Sir.*
Deli. Dispatch, take heed your mistresse see you not.
Fido. I warrant you sir. *Exit Fido.*
 1525 *Deli.* Nay gentle friend be merry, raise your lookes
 Out of your bosome, I protest (by heauen)
 You are the man most welcome in the world.
Mac. *I thanke you Sir,* I know my *cue* I thinke.
Enter Fido with two Censors.
 1530 *Fido.* Where will you haue'hem burne Sir? 1463
Deli. Here good *Fido*:
 What? she did not see thee?
Fido. No Sir.
Deli. That's well:
 1535 Strew, strew, good *Fido*, the freshest flowers, so.
Mac. What meanes this Signior *Deliro*?
Deli. Cast in more Frankincence, yet more, well said.
 O *Macilente*, I haue such a wife,
 So passing faire, so passing faire vnkind,
 1540 And of such worth and right to be vnkind,
 (Since no man can be worthy of her kindnesse.)
Mac. What can there not?
Deli. No, that is sure as death,
 No man aliue: I doe not say *is not*,
 1545 But cannot possibly be worth her kindnesse.
 Nay that is certaine, let me doe her Right:
 How said I? doe her Right? as though I could,
 As though this dull grosse tongue of mine could vtter
 The rare, the true, the pure, the infinite Rights
 1550 That sit (as high as I can looke) within her.
Mac. This is such dotage as was neuer heard.
Deli. Well, this must needs be granted.
Mac. Granted quoth you?
Deli. Nay *Macilente*; do not so discredit

1555 The goodnes of your iudgement to denie it,
For I doe speake the very least of her.

And I would craue and beg no more of heauen
For all my fortunes here, but to be able
To vtter first in fit tearmes, what she is,

1560 And then the true ioies I conceaue in her

Maci. Is't possible she should deserue so wel
As you pretend?

1489

Deli. I, and she knowes so well

Her owne deserts that (when I striue t'enioy them)

1565 She waies the things I doe, with what she merits:

And (seeing my worth outwai'd so in her graces)

She is so solemne, so precise, so froward,

That no obseruance I can doe to her,

Can make her kind to me: if she find fault,

1570 I mend that fault, and then she saies I faulted

That I did mend it. Now good Friend aduise me

How I may temper this strange Splene in her.

Mac. You are too amorous, too obsequious,

1500

And make her, too assur'd she may command you.

1575 When women doubt most of their husbands loues,

They are most louing. Husbands must take heed

They giue no gluts of kindnesse to their wiues,

But vse them like their Horses, whom they feed

Not with a manger-full of meat together,

1580 But halfe a pecke at once, and keepe them so

Still with an appetite to that they giue them.

He that desires to haue a louing wife,

Must bridle all the shew of that desire:

Be kind, not amorous, nor bewraying kindnesse,

1585 As if loue wrought it, but considerate Duety:

„ Offer no loue-rites, but let wiues still seeke them,

„ For when they come vnsought, they seldome like them.

Deli. Beleeue me *Macilente*, this is Gospell.

O that a man were his owne man so much,

1590 To rule himselfe thus; I will striue yfaith

To be more strange and carelesse: yet I hope
 I haue now taken such a perfect course,
 To make her kind to me, and liue contented,
 That I shall find my kindnesse well return'd,
 1595 And haue no need to fight with my affections.
 She (late) hath found much fault with euery roome
 Within my house; One was too big (she said)
 Another was not furnisht to her mind,
 And so through all: All which I haue alter'd.
 1600 Then here she hath a place (on my backside)
 Wherein she loues to walke, and that (she said)
 Had some ill smels about it. Now this walke
 Haue I (before she knowes it) thus perfum'd
 With herbes and flowers, and laid in diuers places
 1605 (As'twere on Altars consecrate to her)
 Perfumed Gloues, and delicate chaines of Amber,
 To keepe the aire in awe of her sweet nostris:
 This haue I done, and this I thinke will please her.
 Behold she comes.

1518

1610 *Enter Fallace.*

Fall. Here's a sweet stinke indeed:
 What, shall I euer be thus crost and plagu'd?
 And sicke of Husband? O my head doth ake
 As it would cleaue asunder with these sauors,
 1615 All my Room's alter'd, and but one poore Walke
 That I delighted in, and that is made
 So fulsome with perfumes, that I am fear'd
 (My braine doth sweat so) I haue caught the Plague.

1537

Del. Why (gentle wife) is now thy walke too sweet?
 1620 Thou said'st of late it had sower aires about it,
 And found'st much fault, that I did not correct it.

Fall. Why, and I did find fault Sir?

Deli. Nay deare wife;

I know thou hast said thou hast lou'd perfumes,
 1625 No woman better.

Fall. I

Fall. I, long since perhaps,

But now that Sence is alterd: you would haue me
(Like to a puddle or a standing poole)

To haue no motion, nor no spirit within me.

1630 No, I am like a pure and sprightly Riuer,
That moues for euer, and yet still the same;
Or fire that burnes much wood, yet still one flame.

Deli. But yesterday, I saw thee at our garden
Smelling on Roses and on purple flowers,

1635 And since I hope the Humor of thy Sence
Is nothing chang'd.

Fall. Why those were growing flowers,
And these within my walke are cut and strew'd.

Deli. But yet they haue one sent.

1640 *Fall.* I, haue they so?

In your grosse iudgement: if you make no difference
Betwixt the sent of growing flowers and cut ones,
You haue a sence to tast Lampe-oyle, yfaith.
And with such iudgement haue you chang'd the chambers,

1645 Leauing no roome that I can ioy to be in
In all your house: and now my Walke and all
You smoke me from, as if I were a Foxe,
And long belike to driue me quite away:
Well walke you there, and I'll walke where I list.

1650 *Deli.* What shall I doe? oh I shall neuer please her.

Mac. Out on thee dotard, what starre rul'd his birth?
That brought him such a Starre? blind Fortune still
Bestowes her gifts on such as cannot vse them:

How long shall I liue, ere I be so happy,
1655 To haue a wife of this exceeding Forme?

Deli. Away with'hem, would I had broke a ioint,
When I deuis'd this that should so dislike her,
Away, beare all away. *Fido beares all away.*

Fall. I doe: for feare

1660 Ought that is there should like her. O this man
How cunningly he can conceale himselfe,

1550

1565

As though he lou'd? lou'd? nay honour'd and ador'd?

1582

Deli. Why, my sweet heart?

Fall. Sweet heart? oh, better still:

1665 And asking why? wherefore? and looking strangely,
As if he were as white as innocence.

Alas, you're simple, you: you cannot change,
Looke pale at pleasure, and then red with Wonder:
No, no, not you: I did but cast an amorous eie e'en now

1670 Vpon a paire of Gloues that somewhat likt me,
And straight he noted it, and gaue commaund
All should be ta'ne away.

Deli. Be they my bane then:

What sirah, *Fido*, bring in those Gloues againe

Enter Fido.

1675 You tooke from hence.

Fall. S'body sirra, but do not:

Bring in no Gloues to spite me: If you doe---

Deli. Ay me, most wretched; how am I misconstru'd?

Mac. O, how she tempts my heart-strings with her eie,

1598

1680 To knit them to her Beauties, or to breake?
What mou'd the heauens, that they could not make
Me such a woman? but a man; a beast,
That hath no blisse like to others. Would to God
(In wreake of my misfortunes) I were turn'd

1685 To some faire water-nymph, that set vpon
The deepest whirlepit of the rau'nous Seas,
My Adamantine eies might headlong hale
This yron world to me, and drowne it all.

1608

Enter Fungoso in Briskes Sute.

1690

GREX.

Cord. { Behold, behold, the translated Gallant.

Mit. { O, he is welcome.

Fung. God saue you Brother, and Sister, God saue you sir; 1613

I haue commendations for you out i'the countrey: I (wonder
1695 they take no knowledge of my Sute:) mine Vncle *Sogliardo*
is in towne; Sister, me thinkes you are Melancholly: why are
you so sad? I thinke you tooke me for Master *Fastidius Briske*

G

(Sister)

(Sister) did you not?

Fall. Why should I take you for him? 1618

1700 *Fung.* Nay nothing, I was lately in Maister *Fastidius* his company, and me thinkes we are very like.

Deli. You haue a faire sute Brother, God giue you ioy on't.

Fung. Faith good ynough to ride in Brother, I made it to ride in.

1705 *Fall.* O, nowe I see the cause of his idle demaund was his new sute.

Deli. Pray you good brother; try if you can chāge her mood.

Fung. I warrant you, let mee alone. I'le put her out of her dumpes. Sister, how like you my sute?

1710 *Fall.* O you are a gallant in print now Brother.

Fung. Faith, how like you the fashion? it's the last Edition I assure you.

Fall. I cannot but like it to the desert.

Fung. Troth sister, I was faine to borrow these Spurres, I ha' 1715 left my gowne in gage for 'hem, pray you lend me an angell.

Fall. Now beshrow my heart then.

Fung. Good truth Ile pay you againe at my next exhibition: 1634 I had but bare ten pound of my father, and it would not reach to put me wholly into the fashion.

1720 *Fall.* I care not.

Fung. I had Spurres of mine owne before, but they were not Ginglers. Monsieur *Fastidius* will be here anone Sister.

Fall. You iest?

Fung. Neuer lend me penny more (while you liue then) and 1725 that I'd be loth to say, in truth.

Fall. When did you see him?

Fung. Yesterday, I came acquainted with him at Sir *Puntar- uolo's*: nay sweet Sister.

Mac. I faine would know of heauen now, why yond foole 1730 Should weare a sute of Sattin? he? that Rooke?

That painted Iay with such a deale of outside?

What is his inside trow? ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Good Heauen giue me patience,

A number of these Popeniayes there are,
 1735 Whom if a man conferre, and but examine
 Their inward merit, with such men as want;
 Lord, Lord, what things they are!
Fall. Come, when will you pay me againe now?
Fung. O God Sister.

1651

1740 *Enter Fastidius Briske in a new sute.*

Act.II.Sc.6.

Mac. Here comes another.

1657

Fast. Saue you Signior *Deliro*: how do'st thou sweet Lady?
 Let me kisse thee.

Fung. How? a new sute? Ay me.

1745 *Deli.* And how does Maister *Fastidius Briske*?

Fast. Faith liue in Court Signior *Deliro*, in grace I thanke
 God, both of the Noble Masculine and Feminine. I must speake
 with you in priuat by and by.

Deli. When you please Sir.

1750 *Fall.* Why looke you so pale brother?

Fung. S'lid all this money is cast away now.

Mac. I, there's a newer Edition come forth.

1670

Fung. Tis but my hard fortune: wel, Ile haue my sute chang'd,
 Ile go fetch my taylor presently, but first Ile deuise a letter to my
 1755 father. Ha' you any pen and inke Sister?

Fall. What would you doe withall?

Fung. I would vse it. S'light and it had come but foure daies
 sooner the Fashion.

Exit.

Fast. There was a Countesse gaue mee her hand to kisse to
 1760 day i'the presence: it did me more good by Iesu, then, and ye-
 sternight sent her Coach twise to my lodging, to intreat me ac-
 companie her, and my sweet mistresse, with some two or three
 namelesse Ladies more: O, I haue been grac't by 'hem beyond
 all aime of affection: this is her garter my dagger hangs in: and
 1765 they doe so commend and approue my apparell, with my iudi-
 cious wearing of it, it's aboute wonder.

Fall. Indeed Sir, tis a most excellent sute, and you doe weare
 it as extraordinarie.

Fast. Why Ile tell you now (in good faith) and by this Chaire, 1686
1770 which (by the grace of God) I entend presently to sit in, I had
three Sutes in one yeare, made three great Ladies in loue with
me: I had other three, vndid three Gentlemen in imitation: and
other three, gat three other Gentlemen, Widdowes of three
thousand pound a yeare.

1775 *Deli.* Is't possible?

Fast. O beleuee it sir; your good Face is the Witch, & your
Apparell the Spells, that bring all the pleasures of the world in-
to their Circle.

Fall. Ah, the sweet Grace of a Courtier!

1780 *Mac.* Well, would my father had left me but a good Face for
my portion yet; though I had shar'd the vnfortunate Wit that
goes with it, I had not car'd: I might haue past for somewhat
i'the world then.

Fast. Why, assure you Signior, rich apparell has strange ver- 1698
1785 tues: it makes him that hath it without meanes, esteemed for an
excellent Wit: he that enioies it with meanes, puts the world in
remembrance of his meanes: it helps the deformities of Na-
ture, and giues Lustre to her beauties; makes continuall Holi-
day where it shines; sets the wits of Ladies at worke, that other-
1790 wise would bee idle: furnisheth your two-shilling Ordinarie;
takes possession of your Stage at your new Play; and enricheth
your Oares, as scorning to go with your Scull.

Mac. Pray you sir, adde this; it giues respect to your fooles,
makes manie Theeues, as manie Strumpets, and no fewer
1795 Bankrupts.

Fall. Out, out, vnworthy to speake where he breatheth.

Fast. What's he, Signior?

Deli. A friend of mine, sir.

Fast. By heauen, I wonder at you Cittizens, what kind of
1800 Creatures you are?

Deli. Why sir?

Fast. That you can consort your selues with such poore seam-
rent fellowes.

Fall. He saies true.

Deli. Sir

1805 *Deli.* Sir I will assure you (how euer you esteeme of him) he's 1717
a man worthy of regard.

Fast. Why? what ha's he in him of such vertue to be regarded? ha?

Deli. Marry he is a Scholler Sir.

1810 *Fast.* Nothing else?

Deli. And he is well trauail'd.

Fast. He should get him cloths; I would cherish those good parts of trauell in him, and preferre him to some Nobleman of good place.

1815 *Deli.* Sir, such a benefit should bind me to you for euer (in my friends right) and I doubt not but his desert shall more than answer my praise.

Fast. Why, and hee had good cloths, I'd carrie him to the Court with me to morrow.

1820 *Deli.* He shall not want for those Sir, if Gold and the whole Cittie will furnish him.

Fast. You say wel sir: faith Signior *Deliro*, I am come to haue you play the *Alchymist* with me, and change the *Species* of my land, into that mettall you talke of.

1825 *Deli.* With all my heart Sir, what summe will serue you? 1735

Fast. Faith some three or fourescore pound.

Deli. Troth Sir I haue promist to meete a Gentleman this morning in *Paules*, but vppon my returne I'll dispatch you.

Fast. I'll accompany you thither.

1830 *Deli.* As you please Sir; but I go not thither directly.

Fast. 'Tis no matter, I haue no other designement in hand, and therefore as good go along.

Deli. I were as good haue a Quartane feauer follow me now, for I shall ne're bee rid of him: (bring me a Cloake there one)

1835 Still vpon his grace at the Court am I sure to be visited; I was a beast to giue him any hope. Well, would I were in that I am out with him once, and.— Come Signior *Macilente*, I must conferre with you as we go. Nay deere wife, I beseech thee forsake these moods: looke not like winter thus. Here take my

1840 keies, open my counting houses, spread all my wealth before

thee, choose any obiect that delightes thee: If thou wilt eate the spirit of Golde, and drinke dissolu'd Pearle in wine, tis for thee.

Fall. So Sir.

1752

1845 *Del.* Nay my sweet wife.

Fall. Good Lord! how you are perfumed in your tearmes and all: pray you leaue vs.

Del. Come Gentlemen.

Fast. Aduē, sweet Ladie.

Exeunt all but Fallace.

1850 *Fall.* I, I, Let thy words euer sound in mine eares, and thy Graces disperse contentment through all my sences: O, howe happie is that Ladie aboue other Ladies, that enioies so absolute a Gentleman to her Seruant! A Countesse giue him her hand to kisse! ah foolish Countesse; hee's a man worthie
1855 (if a woman may speake of a mans woorth) to kisse the lips of an Empresse.

Enter Fungoso, with his Taylor.

Fun. What's Master *Fastidius* gone, Sister?

1764

Pall. I brother: he has a Face like a *Cherubin*.

1860 *Fun.* Gods me, what lucke's this? I haue fetcht my Taylor and all: which way went he Sister? can you tell?

Fall. Not I, in good faith: and hee has a bodie like an Angell.

Fun. How long is't since he went?

1865 *Fall.* Why but e'en nowe: did you not meete him? and a Tongue able to rauish any woman i'the earth.

Fun. O, for Gods sake (Ile please you for your paines:) but e'en now, say you? Come good sir: S'lid I had forgot it too: Sister, if any body aske for mine Vncle *Sogliardo*, they shall ha'
1870 him at the *Heralds* Office yonder by *Paules*.

Exit, with his Taylor.

Fall. Well; I will not altogether despaire: I haue heard of a Cittizens wife has beene belou'd of a Courtier; and why not I? heigh ho: well, I will into my priuat Chamber, locke the
1875 dore to me, and thinke ouer all his good partes one after another.

Exit.

GREX.

G R E X.

Mit. Well, I doubt this last *Scene* will endure some grie- 1781
uous Torture. (ction?

1880 *Cord.* How? you feare 'twill be rackt by some hard Constru-

Mit. Do not you?

Cord. No in good faith: vnlesse mine eyes coulde light mee
beyond *Sence*, I see no reason why this should be more Liable
1885 to the Racke than the rest: you'le saie perhaps the Cittie will
not take it well, that the Merchant is made here to dote so per-
fectly vpon his wife; and shee againe, to be so *Fastidiously* affe-
cted, as she is?

Mit. You haue vtter'd my thought sir, indeed.

Cord. Why (by that proportion) the Court might as well
1890 take offence at him we call the Courtier, and with much more
Pretext, by howe much the place transcendes and goes before
in dignitie and vertue: but can you imagine that anie Noble
or true Spirit in the Court (whose Sinewie, and altogether vn-
affected graces, verie worthilie expresse him a Courtier) will
1895 make any exception at the opening of such an emptie Trunke
as this *Briske* is? or thinke his owne worth empeacht by behol-
ding his motley inside?

Mit. No sir, I do not.

1797

Cord. No more, assure you, will any graue wise Cittizen, or
1900 modest Matron, take the obiect of this Follie in *Deliro* and his
Wife; but rather apply it as the foile to their owne vertues:
For that were to affirme, that a man writing of *Nero*, shoulde
meane all Emperours: or speaking of *Machiauel*, comprehend
all States-men; or in our *Sordido*, all Farmars; and so of the
1905 rest: than which, nothing can bee vtter'de more malicious
and absurd. Indeed there are a sort of these narrow-ey'd De-
cipherers, I confesse, that will extort straunge and abstruse
meaninges out of anie Subiect, bee it neuer so Conspicuous
and Innocentlie deliuerd. But to such (where e're they sit con-
1910 ceald) let them knowe, the Authour defies them, and their
writing-tables; and hopes, no sounde or safe iudgement
will infect it selfe with their contagious Commentes, whoe
(indeed)

(indeed) come here onlie to peruert and poison the sence of what they heare, and for nought else.

1915 *Mit.* Stay, what new *Mute* is this that walks so suspicioussy? 1811

ACTVS TERTIVS, SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Cavalier Shift, with two Siquisses in his hand.

Cord. O, marry this is one, for whose better Illustration; we 1812
must desire you to presuppose the Stage, the middle Isle in
1920 *Paules*; and that, the West end of it.

Mit. So sir: and what followes?

Cord. Faith a whole volume of Humor, and worthie the vn-
clasping.

Mit. As how? what name do you giue him first?

1925 *Cord.* He hath shift of names sir: some call him *Apple Iohn*,
some Signior *Whiffe*, marry his main standing name is *Cavalier*
Shift: the rest are but as cleane shirts to his *Natures*.

Mit. And what makes he in *Paules* now?

Cor. Troth as you see, for the aduancement of a *Siquis* or two;
1930 wherein he has so varied himselfe, that if anie one of 'hem take,
he maie hul vp and down i'the Humorous world a little longer.

Mit. It seemes then, he beares a very changing saile?

Cord. O, as the wind sir: here comes more.

Enter Orenge.

Act.III.Sc

1935 *Shift.* This is rare, I haue set vp my bils without discouerie. 1829

Oren. What? *Signior Whiffe*? what fortune has brought
you into these West parts?

Shift. Troth Signior, nothing but your Rheume; I haue been
taking an ounce of Tabacco hard by here with a Gentleman,
1940 and I am come to spit priuate in *Paules*. God saue you sir.

Oren. Adu good Signior *Whiffe*.

Enter Cloue.

Cloue. Maister *Apple Iohn*? you are wel met: when shal wee
suppe together, and laugh and bee fatte with those good Wen-
ches? ha?

1945 *Shift.* Faith sir, I must now leaue you, vpon a few Humors
and occasions: but when you please Sir.

Exit.

Cloue. Fare-

Cloue. Farewel sweet *Apple Iohn*: I wonder there are no more 1840
store of Gallants here?

G R E X.

1950 *Mit.* { What be these two, Signior?
Cor. { Marry a couple sir, that are meere straungers to the
whole scope of our Play; only come to walke a turne
or two i'this *Scene of Paules* by chance.

They walke together.

1955 *Oren.* Saue you, good Master *Cloue*.

Cloue. Sweet Master *Oreng*.

G R E X.

Mit. How? *Cloue*, and *Oreng*?

1960 *Cor.* I, and they are well met, for 'tis as dry an *Oreng* as euer 1851
Grew: nothing but *Salutation*, and *O God sir*, and *It pleases*
you to say so sir; one that can laugh at a iest for company with a
most plausible, and extemporall grace; and some houre af-
ter in priuate aske you what it was : the other, *Monsieur*
1965 *Cloue*, is a more spic't youth: he will sit you a whole afternoon
sometimes, in a book-sellers shop, reading the Greeke, Ita-
lian, and Spanish; when hee vnderstands not a word of ei-
ther: if he had the Tongues to his Sutes, he were an excellent
Linguist.

Cloue. Doe you heare this reported for certainty?

1970 *Oreng.* O good sir.

Enter Puntaruolo, Carlo: two seruimgmen following,
one leading the Dogge.

Act.III.Sc.2.

Punt. Sirrah, take my Cloake: and you sir knaue, follow me
closer: if thou loosest my Dogge, thou shalt die a Dogs death;
1975 I will hang thee.

Carl. Tut, feare him not, he's a good leane slaue, hee loues
a Dogge well I warrant him; I see by his lookes, I: masse hee's
somewhat like him. Sbloud poison him, make him away with
a crooked pin, or somewhat man; thou maist haue more securi-
1980 ty of thy life: and so Sir, what? you ha' not put out your whole
venter yet? ha' you?

Punt. No, I doe want yet some fiftene or sixteene hundred

H

pounds:

pounds: but my Lady (my wife) is out of her Humor; she does not now go.

1985 *Carl.* No? how then?

1872

Punt. Marry, I am now enforc't to giue it out, vpon the re-
turne of my selfe, my Dogge, and my Cat.

Carl. Your Cat? where is shee?

1990 *Punt.* My Squire has her there in the Bagge: Sirrah, looke to
her: How lik'st thou my change, *Carlo*?

Car. Oh, for the better sir; your Cat has nine liues, and your
wife has but one.

Punt. Besides, shee will neuer be Sea-sicke, which will saue
me so much in Conserues: when saw you Signior *Sogliardo*?

1995 *Car.* I came from him but now, hee is at the Heraldes Office
yonder: he requested me to go afore and take vp a man or two
for him in *Paules*, against his Cognisance was readie.

Punt. What? has he purchast armes then?

2000 *Car.* I, and rare ones too: of as many Colours, as e're you saw
any fooles coat in your life. Ile go looke among yond Bils, and
I can fit him with Legs to his Armes.

Punt. With Legs to his Arms! Good: I will go with you sir.

They go to looke vpon the Bils.

Enter Fastidius, Deliro, and Macilente.

Act.III.Sc.3

2005 *Fast.* Come, lets walke in the *Mediterraneum*: I assure you sir
I am not the least respected among Ladies; but let that passe: do
you know how to go into the Presence Sir?

Mac. Why, on my feet sir.

2010 *Fast.* No, on your head sir: for tis that must beare you out, I
assure you: as thus sir: You must first haue an especiall care so to
weare your Hat, that it oppresse not confusedly this your Predo-
minant or Fore-top; because (when you come at the Presence
dore) you maie with once or twice stroking vp your Forehead
thus, enter with your Predominant perfect: that is, standing vp
2015 stiffe.

Mac. As if one were frighted?

Fast. I sir.

Mac. Which indeede, a true feare of your Mistresse should
doe,

doe, rather than Gumme water, or whites of Egges: is't not
2020 so Sir?

Fast. An Ingenious obseruation: giue mee leaue to craue 1906
your name sir.

Del. His name is *Macilente* sir.

Fast. Good Signior *Macilente*: if this Gentleman, Signior
2025 *Deliro*, furnish you (as he sayes he will) with clothes, I will bring
you to morrow by this time into the Presence of the most Di-
uine and *Acute* Ladie of the Court: you shall see sweet Silent
Rhetorique, and Dumbe Eloquence speaking in her eye; but
when shee speakes her selfe, such an Anotomie of Witte, so
2030 Sinewiz'd and Arteriz'd, that 'tis the goodliest Modell of
pleasure that euer was, to behold. Oh, she strikes the worlde
into Admiration of her; (O, O, O) I cannot expresse 'hem be-
leeue mee.

Mac. O, your onely Admiration, is your silence, sir.

2035 *Punt.* Fore God *Carlo*, this is good; let's read 'hem againe: 1918
*If there be anie Ladie, or gentlewoman of good carriage, that is
desirous to entertaine (to her priuat uses) a young, straight, & vp-
right Gentleman, of the age of fiue, or sixe & twenty at the most:
who can serue in the nature of a gentleman Vsher, and hath little
2040 legs of purpose, & a blacke Satten Sute of his owne to go before her
in: which Sute (for the more sweetning) now lies in Lauander: and
can hide his face with her Fan, if need require: or sit in the cold at
the staire foot for her as well as an other Gentleman: Let her sub-
scribe her Name and Place, and diligent respect shall bee giuen.*
2045 This is about measure excellent; ha?

Carl. No this, this: here's a fine slaue.

Punt. If this city, or the sub-urbs of the same, do afford any yoüg
gentleman, of the 1. 2. or 3. head, more or les whose friends are but
lately deceased, & whose lands are but new come to his häds that
2050 (to be as exactly qualified as the best of our ordinary galläts are) is
affected to entertaine the most Gentlemanlike vse of Tabacco: as
first, to giue it the most exquisite perfume; then, to know al the dili-
cate sweet forms for the assüptiö of it: as also the rare Corollary &
practise of the Cuban Ebolition, *EV RIPVS*, & *Whiffe*; which he

2055 *shall receiue or take in here at London, and euaporate at Vxbridge, or farder, if it please him. If there be any such generous spirit, that is truly enamour'd of these good faculties: May it please him, but (by a note of his hand) to specifie the place, or Ordinarie where hee vses to eat and lie, and most sweet attendance with Tabacco, and*
 2060 *Pipes of the best sort shall be ministred: STET QVÆSO CANDIDE LECTOR. why this is without Pararel, this!*

Carlo. Well, I'le marke this fellow for *Sogliardo's* vse presently. 1946

Punt. Or rather, *Sogliardo* for his vse.

2065 *Carl.* Faith either of 'hem will serue, they are both good *Properties*: I'le designe the other a place too, that wee may see him.

Punt. No better place than the Mitre, that we may be Spectators with you *Carlo*. Soft, behold, who enters here: Signior
 2070 *Sogliardo!* God saue you. *Enter Sog. Act.III.Sc.4.*

Sog. Saue you good sir *Puntaruolo*; your *Dogge's* in health sir I see: how now *Carlo*?

Carl. We haue ta'ne simple paines to choose you out followers here.

2075 *Punt.* Come hither Signior.

They shew him the Bills.

Cloue. Monsieur *Oreng*, yond' Gallants obserues vs; pr'y thee let's talke Fustian a little and gul 'hem: make 'hem beleue we are great Schollers.

2080 *Oreng.* O Lord sir.

Cloue. Nay, pr'y thee let's, by Iesu: you haue an excellent habit in discourse.

Oreng. It pleases you to say so sir.

Cloue. By this Church you ha' la: nay come, begin: *Aristotle*
 2085 *in his Dæmonologia approoues Scaliger for the best Navigator in his time: and in his Hypercritiques, he reports him to be Hcautontimorumenos: you vnderstand the Greeke sir?*

Oreng. O good sir.

Mac. For societies sake hee does. O here be a couple of fine
 2090 tame Parrats.

Cloue. Now

Cloue. Now sir, Whereas the *Ingenuitie* of the time, and the 1974
soules *Synderisis* are but *Embrions* in Nature, added to the panch
of *Esquiline*, & the *Inter-uallum* of γ *Zodiack*, besides the *Eclip-*
ticke line being *Optick* & not *Mental*, but by the *contemplatiue*
2095 and *Theoricke* part therof, doth demonstrate to vs the *vegetable*
circumference, & the *ventositie* of the *Tropicks*, & wheras our
intellectual or *mincing capreal* (according to γ *Metaphisicks*) as
you may read in *Plato's Histriomastix*. You conceiue me sir?

Oren. O Lord sir.

2100 *Clou.* Then cōming to the prety *Animal*, as *Reason long since*
is fled to Animals you know, or indeed for the more *modellizing*
or *enamelling*, or rather *diamondizing* of your *subiect*, you shall
perceiue the *Hipothesis* or *Galaxia*, (whereof the *Meteors* long
since had their *Initial inceptions* & *Notions*) to be meerly *Pitha-*
2105 *gorical*, *Mathematical*, & *Aristocratical*: for looke you sir, there
is euer a kind of *Concinnitie* and *Species*. Let vs turne to our for-
mer discourse, for they marke vs not.

Fast. Masse, yonder's the Knight *Puntaruolo*.

Deli. And my cousin *Sogliardo* me thinks.

1990

2110 *Mac.* I, and his familiar that haunts him, the deuill with a
shining face.

Deli. Let 'hem alone, obserue 'hem not.

Sogliardo, Punt. Car. walke.

2115 *Sog.* Nay I wil haue him, I am resolute for that, by this parch-
ment gentlemen, I haue been so toil'd among the Harrots yon-
der, you wil not beleeeue, they do speak i'the strangest language,
and giue a man the hardest termes for his money, that euer you
knew.

Carl. But ha' you armes? ha' you armes?

2120 *Sog.* Yfayth, I thanke God I can write my selfe gentleman
now, here's my Pattent, it cost me thirty pound by this breath.

Punt. A very faire Coat, wel charg'd and full of Armorie.

Sog. Nay, it has as much variety of colours in it, as you haue
seene a Coat haue, how like you the Crest sir?

2125 *Punt.* I vnderstand it not well, what is't?

Sog. Marry sir, it is your Bore without a head Rampant.

Punt. A Bore without a head, that's very rare.

2006

Carl. I, and Rampant too: troth I commend the Heralds wit, he has deciphered him well: A Swine without a head, without
2130 braine, wit, any thing indeed, Ramping to Gentilitie. You can blazon the rest signior? can you not?

Sog. O I, I haue it in writing here of purpose, it cost me two shillings the tricking.

Carl. Let's heare, Let's heare.

2135 *Punt.* It is the most vile, foolish, absurd, palpable, and ridiculous Escutcheon that euer this eie suruis'd. Saue you good Monsieur *Fastidius*.

They salute as they meet

Carl. Silence good knight: on, on.

in the walke.

Sog. GYRONY of eight pieces, AZVRE and GVLES,
2140 between three plates a CHEV'RON engrailed checkey, OR, VERT and ERMINES; on a chiefe ARGENT betweene two ANN'LETS, sables a Bores head PROPER.

Carl. How's that? on a chiefe ARGENT?

Sog. On a chiefe ARGENT, a Bores head PROPER be-
2145 tweene two ANN'LETS sables.

Carl. S'lud, it's a Hogs Cheeke and Puddings in a Peuter field this.

Sog. How like you them signior?

Pun. Let the world be, *Not without*
2150 *mustard*, your Crest is very rare sir.

Here they shift, Fast. mixes with Punt. Car. and Sogli. Deli. & Macilente Cloue and Orenge, foure couple.

Carl. A frying pan to the Crest had had no fellow.

Fast. Intreat your poore friend to walke off a little Signior, I will salute the knight.

Carl. Come, lap't vp, lap't vp.

2155 *Fast.* You are right wel encoütred sir, how do's your fair Dog?

Punt. In reasonable state sir, what Citizen is that you were consorted with? a merchant of any worth?

Fast. 'Tis Signior *Deliro* sir.

Punt. Is it he? Saue you sir.

2160 *Deli.* Good sir *Puntaruolo*.

Salute.

Mac. O what Copie of foole would this place minister to one endew'd with Patience to obserue it?

Carl. Nay

Carl. Nay looke you sir, now you are a Gentleman, you must 2040
 carry a more exalted presence, change your mood and habite
 2165 to a more austere forme, be exceeding proud, stand vpon your
 Gentilitie, and scorne euery man. Speak nothing humbly, neuer
 discourse vnder a Nobleman, though you ne're saw him but ri-
 ding to the *Starre-chamber*, it's all one. Loue no man, Trust no
 man, Speake ill of no man to his face, nor well of any man behind
 2170 his backe. Salute fairly on the front, and wish 'hem hang'd vpon
 the turne. Spread your selfe vpon his bosome publikely, whose
 heart you would eate in priuate. These be principles, thinke on
 'hem, I'le come to you againe presently.

Exit Car. Sogliardo mixes with Punt. and Fast. (ruffe.

2175 *Pun.* Sirah, keep close, yet not so close, thy breath wil thaw my
Sog. O good cousin, I am a little busie, how does my neece, I
 am to walke with a knight here. *Enter Fung. with his Tailor. Act.III.Sc.5.*

Fung. O he is here, look you sir, that's the Gentleman.

Tail. What he i'the blush colourd Sattin?

2180 *Fun.* I, he sir, though his sute blush, he blushes not: looke you,
 that's the sute sir: I would haue mine, such a Sute without diffe-
 rence, such Stufe, such a Wing, such a Sleeue, such a Skirt, Belly
 & all; therefore, pray you obserue it. Haue you a paire of Tables?

Fast. Why do you see sir? they say I am Phantastical: why true,
 2185 I know it, & I pursue my Humor still in cōtempt of this *ensori-*
ous age: S'light & a man should doe nothing but what a sort of
 stale iudgments about this town will approue in him, hee were a
 sweet Asse, I'd beg him yfaith: I ne're knew any more find fault
 with a fashion, then they that knew not how to put themselues
 2190 into it: For mine own part, so I please mine owne appetite, I am
 carelesse what the fustie World speakes of me, puh:

Fung. Do you marke how it hangs at the knee there?

Tail. I warrant you sir.

Fung. For Gods sake do, note all: do you see the Coller sir?

2195 *Tail.* Feare nothing, it shall not differ in a stitch sir.

Fun. Pray God it do not, you'le make these linings serue? &
 helpe me to a chapman for the outside, will you?

Tail. I'le doe my best sir: you'le put it off presently?

Fung. I

Fung. I, go with mee to my chamber you shall haue it, but
2200 make hast of it, for the loue of Christ, for I'll sit i'my old sute, or
else lie a bed and read the *Arcadia*, till you haue done.

Exit with tailor.

Enter Car.

Carl. O, if euer you were strucke with a iest, gallants, now, 2080
now. I doe vsher the most strange piece of Militarie Profession,
2205 that euer was discover'd in *Insula Paulina*.

Fast. Where? where?

Punt. What is he for a Creature?

Carl. A Pimpe, a Pimpe, that I haue obseru'd yonder, the ra-
rest *Superficiis* of a humor; he comes euery morning to emptie
2210 his lungs in *Pauls* here, and offers vp some fiue or six *Hecatomb's*
of faces and sighes, and away againe. Here he comes; nay walke,
walke, be not seene to note him, and wee shall haue excellent
sport.

Enter Shift:

Act.III.Sc.6

Walkes by, and vses action to his Rapier.

2215 *Punt.* S'lid he vented a sigh e'ne nowe, I thought he would
haue blowne vp the church.

Carl. O you shall haue him giue a number of those false fires
ere he depart.

Fast. See nowe he is expostulating with his Rapier, Looke,
2220 Looke.

Carl. Did you euer in your daies obserue better passion ouer
a hilt?

Punt. Except it were in the person of a Cutlers boy, or that
the fellow were nothing but Vapour, I should thinke it impos-
2225 sible.

Car. See, again, he claps his sword o'the head, as who should
say, Well, go to.

Fast. O violence, I wonder the blade can containe it selfe, be-
ing so prouokt.

2230 *Carl.* *With that, the moody Squire thumt his brest,*
And rear'd his eye to heauen for Reuenge.

Sog. Troth, and you be Gentlemen, Lets make 'hem friends,
and take vp the matter betweene his Rapier and he.

Carl. Nay, if you intend that, you must lay downe the mat-
ter,

2035 ter, for this Rapier (it seemes) is in the nature of a Hanger on,
and the good Gentleman would happily be rid of him.

Fast. By my faith, and 'tis to be suspected, I'le aske him. 2111

Mac. O here's rich stuffe, for Christ sake, let vs goe,
A man would wish himselfe a senselesse pillar,

2240 Rather than view these monstrous prodigies:

Nil habet infelix Paupertas durius in se,

Quam quod Ridiculos homines facit.

Exit, with Deliro.

Fast. Signior.

Shift. At your seruice.

2245 *Fast.* VVill you sell your Rapier?

Carl. S'bloud he is turn'd wild vpon the question, he lookes
as he had seene a Serjeant.

Shift. Sell my Rapier? now God blesse me.

Punt. Amen.

2250 *Shift.* You askt me, if I would sell my Rapier Sir?

Fast. I did indeed.

Shift. Now Lord haue mercie vpon me.

Punt. Amen I say still.

2255 *Shift.* S'lud Sir, what should you behold in my face Sir, that
should mooue you (as they say Sir) to aske me Sir, if I would
sell my Rapier?

Fast. Nay (let me pray you Sir) be not moou'd: I protest I 2130
would rather haue been silent than any way offensiue, had I
knowne your nature.

2260 *Shift.* Sell my Rapier? Gods lid: Nay Sir (for mine own part)
as I am a man that has seru'd in causes, or so, so I am not apt to
injurie any Gentleman in the degree of falling foule, but: sell
my Rapier? I will tell you Sir, I haue seru'd with this foolish Ra-
pier, where some of vs dare not appeare in hast, I name no man:

2265 but let that passe; Sell my Rapier? Death to my Lungs. This
Rapier Sir, has trauail'd by my side Sir, the best part of Fraunce
and the low Countrey: I haue seene *Vlishing, Brill,* and the
Haghe with this Rapier Sir, in my Lord of *Leysters* time: and (by
Gods will) he that should offer to disrapier me now, I would —

2270 Lookey ou sir, you presume to be a Gentleman of good sort,

I

and

and so likewise your friends here, If you haue any disposition to trauel, for the sight of seruice or so, One, two, or all of you, I can lend you letters to diuers Officers and Commaunders in the Low Countries, that shall for my cause doe you all the good offices that shall pertaine or belong to Gentlemen of your---
 2275 fices that shall pertaine or belong to Gentlemen of your---
 Please you to shewe the Bountie of your mind Sir, to impart some ten groats or halfe a Crowne to our vse, till our abilitie be of grow'th to returne it, and wee shall thinke our selfe.---
 Sbloud, sell my Rapier?

2280 *Sog.* I pray you what said he Signior? hee's a proper man. 2150

Fast. Marie he tells me, If I please to shew the bountie of my mind, to impart some ten groats to his vse or so.

Punt. Breake his head, and giue it him.

Carl. I thought he had ben playing on the Iewes Trump I.

2285 *Shift.* My Rapier? no sir: my Rapier is my Guard, my Defence, my Reuenuew, my Honour: (if you cannot impart be secret I beseech you) & I will maintaine it, where there is a grain of dust or a drop of water: (hard is the choise when the valiant must eat their Armes or clem.) Sell my Rapier? no my Deare,
 2290 I will not be diuorc't from thee yet, I haue euer found thee true as Steele: and (you cannot impart Sir) God saue you Gentlemen: (neuerthesse if you haue a fancie to it sir.)

Fast. Pr'y thee away: is Signior *Deliro* departed?

Carl. Ha'you seene a Pimpe out-face his owne wants better.

2295 *Sog.* I commend him that can dissemble them so well.

Punt. True, and hauing no better a cloake than he has for it 2165
 neither. (Gentlemen.

Fast. Gods pretious, what mischieuous lucke is this? adiew

Punt. VVhither? in such hast, Monsieur *Fastidius*?

2300 *Fast.* After my Merchant, Signior *Deliro* sir.

Carl. O hinder him not, hee may hap loose his Tyde, a good Flounder i'faith. *Exit.*

Oren. Harke you Sig. *Whiffe*, a word with you. { *Oren. and Cloue*

Carl. How? Signior *Whiffe*? { *call Shift aside.*

2305 *Oren.* VVhat was the difference betweene that young Gallant that's gone, and you sir.

Shift.

Shift. No difference: he would ha' giu'n me fiue pound for my Rapier, and I refus'd it; that's all. (some terms.)

Clou. O, was it no otherwise? we thought you had ben vpon

2310 *Shift.* No other than you saw sir.

Clou. Adiew good Master *Apple Iohn.* *Exeūt Oren. & Cloue.*

Carl. How? *Whiffe,* and *Apple Iohn* too? Hart, what'll you say if this be the *Appendix* or Labell to both yond' Indentures?

Punt. It may be. *Car.* Resolue vs of it *Ianus,* thou that look'st
2315 euery way; or thou *Hercules,* that hast trauail'd all Countries.

Punt. Nay *Carlo,* spend not time in Inuocation now; 'tis late.

Car. Signior, here's a Gentleman desirous of your name sir.

Shift. My name is *Cauallier Shift:* I am knowne sufficiently in this walke sir.

2320 *Carl. Shift?* I heard your name varied e'ene now, as I take it.

Shift. True sir, it pleases the world (as I am her excellent *Tabacconist*) to giue me the style of Signior *Whiffe:* as I am a poore Esquire about the towne here, they call me Master *Apple Iohn:* varietie of good names does well sir.

2325 *Carl.* I, and good parts, to make those good names: out of which I imagine yond' Bills to be yours.

Shift. Sir, if I should denie the *Scriptures,* I were worthy to be banisht the middle yle for euer.

Carl. I take your word sir: this Gentleman has subscrib'd to
2330 'hem, & is most desirous to become your Pupil; mary you must vse expedition: *Signor Insulso Sogliardo,* this is the Professor.

Sog. In good time sir; nay good sir house your head, doe you professe these sleights in Tabacco?

Shift. I doe more than professe sir, and (if you please to be a
2335 practitioner) I will vndertake in one fortnight to bring you, that you shall take it plausibly in any Ordinarie, Theatre, or the Tilt-yard if need be; the most popular assembly that is.

Punt. But you cannot bring him to the *Whiffe* so soone?

Shift. Yes as soone Sir: he shall receiue the 1, 2, and 3 *Whiffe,*
2340 if it please him, and (vpon the receipt) take his horse, drinke his three cups of Canarie, and expose one at Hounslow, a second at Stanes, and a third at Bagshot.

Carl. Baw-waw.

(*Countenance.*)

Sog. You will not serue me sir, wil you? I'le giue you more thã 2215

2345 *Shift.* Pardon me Sir, I doe scorne to serue any man.

Carl. VVho? he serue? S'bloud he keeps High men, & Low men, hee? he has a faire liuing at Fullam.

Shift. But in the nature of a fellow, I'le bee your follower if you please.

2350 *Sog.* Sir, you shall stay and dine with me, and if we can agree, wee'le not part in hast: I am very bountifull to men of quality. VVhere shall we goe Signior?

Punt. Your Mitre is your best house.

Shift. I can make this dog take as many whiffes as I list, and 2355 he shall retaine or refume them at my pleasure.

Punt. By your patience, follow me fellowes.

Sog. Sir *Puntaruolo.*

Punt. Pardon me, my Dog shall not eat in his companie for 2230 a Million. *Exit Punt. with his followers.*

2360 *Carl.* Nay be not you amaz'd Signior *Whiffe*, what e're that stiffeneckt Gentleman sayes.

Sog. No, for you doe not know the Humor of the Dog as we doe: where shall we dine *Carlo*? I would faine go to one of these Ordinaires now I am a Gentleman.

2365 *Car.* So you may, were you neuer at none yet?

Sog. No faith, but they say there resorts your most choice Gallants.

Car. True, and the fashion is, when any straunger comes in amongst 'hem, they all stand vp and stare at him, as hee were 2370 some vnknowne beast brought out of Affricke, but that 'll be helpt with a good aduenturous face; you must be impudent enough, sit downe, and vse no respect: when any thing 's propounded aboue your capacitie, smile at it, make two or three faces, and 'tis excellent, they'le thinke you haue trauail'd: 2375 though you argue a whole day in silence thus, and discourse in nothing but Laughter, 'twill passe. Onely (now and then) giue fire, Discharge a good full Oth, and offer a great VVager, 'twill be admirable.

Sog. I

Sog. I warrant you, I am resolute, come good Signior, theres 2248
2380 a poore French crowne for your Ordenarie.

Shift. It comes well, for I had not so much as the least Port-
cullice of coine before. *Exeunt.*

G R E X.

Mit. I trauell with another obiection Signior, which I feare
2385 will be enforc'd against the Author, ere I can be deliuer'd of it.

Cord. VVhat's that sir?

Mit. That the argument of his Comedie might haue been of
some other nature, as of a Duke to be in loue with a Countesse,
& that Countesse to bee in loue with the Dukes son, & the son
2390 to loue the Ladies waiting maid: some such crosse woing, with a
Clowne to their seruingman, better than to be thus neere and
familiarily allied to the time.

Cord. You say well, but I would faine heare one of these Au-
tumne-iudgements define once, *Quid sit Comædia?* if he cannot,
2395 let him content himselfe with *Ciceros* definition (till hee haue
strength to propose to himselfe a better) who would haue a Co-
medie to be *Imitatio vitæ, Speculum Consuetudinis, Imago veritatis*, a
thing throughout pleasant and ridiculous, and accommodated
to the correction of manners: if the maker haue fail'd in any
2400 particle of this, they may worthily taxe him, but if not, why;
be you (that are for them) silent, as I will bee for him; and giue
way to the Actors.

SCENA SECUNDA.

Act.III.Sc.7.

Enter Sordido with a halter about his necke.

2405 *Sord.* Nay Gods-pretious, if the weather and the Season bee
so respectlesse, that Beggers shall liue as well as their betters;
and that my hunger and thirst for Riches, shall not make them
hunger and thirst with Pouertie; that my sleepes shall be bro-
ken, and their hearts not broken; that my coffers shall be full,
2410 and yet care; theirs emptie, and yet merrie: Tis time that a
Crosse should beare flesh and bloud, since flesh and bloud can-
not beare this crosse.

G R E X.

Mit. VVhat will he hang himself? 2280

2415 *Cor.* Faith I, it seemes his Prognostication has not kept touch with him, and that makes him despaire.

Mit. Beshrow me, he wil be out of his Humor then indeed.

Sord. Tut, these star-monger knaues, who would trust 'hem? one saies, darke and rainie, when 'tis as cleare as Christall; another saies, tempestuous blasts, and stormes, and 'twas as calme
2420 as a Milke bowle; here be sweet rascals for a man to credite his whole fortunes with: You skie-staring Cocks combes you: you fat braines, out upon you; you are good for nothing but to sweat nightcaps and make rug-gownes deare: you learned
2425 men, and haue not a Legion of Deuils, *a vostre seruice: a vostre seruice?* By heauen I thinke I shall die a better scholler than they, but soft, how now sirah. *Enter a Hind with a letter.*

Hind. Here's a letter come from your Sonne sir.

Sord. From my Sonne sir? what would my Sonne sir? some
2430 good newes no doubt. *The letter.*

Sweet and deare father, (desiring you first to send me your blessing, which is more worth to me than Gold or Siluer) I desire you likewise to be aduertised, that this Shrouetide (contrarie to custome) wee vse alwaies to haue Reuels; which is indeed Dancing, and makes an excellent shew in truth; especially if
2435 *we Gentlemen bee well attir'd, which our Seniors note, and thinke the better of our fathers, the better we are maintain'd, and that they shall know if they come vp, and haue anything to do in the Law: therefore good Father, these are (for your own sake as wel as mine) to re-desire you, that you let me not want that which is fit for the setting vp of our name in the honourable volume of*
2440 *Gentilitie, that I may say to our Columnators with Tullie, EGO SVM ORTVS DOMVS MEÆ, TV OCCASSUS TVÆ. And thus (not doubting of your fatherly Beneuolence) I humbly ask you blessing, and pray God to blesse you.* *Yours, if his owne.*

How's this? *Yours, if his owne?* is he not my Sonne, except he bee
2445 his owne Sonne. Belike this is some new kind of subscription the Gallants vse. VVell, wherefore doest thou stay knaue? Away: goe. *Exit Hind.*

Here's a letter indeed; Reuels? and beneuolence? is this a weather

ther to send beneuolence? or is this a season to reuell in? S'lid 23r5
 2450 the Deuill and all takes part to vexe mee I thinke : this letter
 would neuer haue come now else, now, now, when the sunne
 shines, and the aire thus cleare. Soule if this hold, wee shall
 shortly haue an excellent crop of Corne spring out of the high
 waies, the Streets, and Houses of the town will be hid with the
 2455 rankenesse of the fruits that grow there in spight of good Hus-
 bandrie. Goe to, Ile preuent the sight of it, come as quickly as
 it can, I will preuent the sight of it. I haue this remedie *Heauen:*
 stay ; Ile trie the paine thus a little, O, nothing, nothing. VVell
 now : shall my sonne gaine a beneuolence by my death? or any
 bodie be the better for my Gold or so forth? No. Aliue I kept it
 from 'hem, and (dead) my ghost shall walke about it and pre-
 serue it, my Sonne and Daughter shall sterue ere they touch it,
 I haue hid it as deepe as Hell from the sight of Heauen, and to
 it I goe now. *Fals off.*

2465 *Enter Rustici, 5 or 6, one after another.* *Act.III.Sc.8.*

Rust. 1 Aye me, what pitifull sight is this? helpe, helpe, helpe.

Rust. 2 How now? what's the matter?

Rust. 1 O here's a man has hang'd himselfe, helpe to get
 him againe.

2470 *Rust. 2* Hang'd himselfe? Slid carry him afore a Iustice, 'tis
chance medley on my word.

Rust. 3 How now, what's here to doe?

Rust. 4 How comes this?

2475 *Rust. 2* One has executed himselfe contrarie to the order of
 Law, and by my consent he shall answer't.

Rust. 5 VVould he were in case to answere it.

Rust. 1 Stand by, he recouers, giue him breath.

Sord. Oh.

Rust. 5 Masse, 'twas well you went the footway neighbour.

Rust. 1 I, and I had not cut the halter.

Sord. How? cut the halter? Aye mee, I am vndone, I am vn- 2345
 done.

Rust. 2. Marry if you had not beene vndone, you had beene
 hang'd I can tell you.

Sord. You

2485 *Sord.* You thredbare horse-bread eating rascals, if you would 2348
needs haue been meddling, could you not haue vntied it, but
you must cut it? and in the midst too? Aye me.

Rust. 1 Out on mee, 'tis the Caterpillar *Sordido*; how cursed
are the poore, that the viper was blest with this good fortune?

2490 *Rust.* 2 Nay how accurst art thou, that art cause to the curse
of the poore?

Rust. 3 I, and to saue so wretched a Caytife.

Rust. 4 Curst be thy fingers that loos'd him.

Rust. 2 Some desperate furie possesse thee, that thou maiest
2495 hang thy selfe too. (monster.

Rust. 5 Neuer maiest thou be sau'd, that sau'd so damn'd a

Sord. VVhat curses breathe these men? how haue my deeds 2360

Made my lookes differ from another mans,

That they should thus detest, and loth my life?

2500 Out on my wretched Humor, it is that

Makes me thus monstrous in true humane eies.

Pardon me (gentle friends) I'll make faire mends

For my foule errors past, and twentie-fold

Restore to all men, what with wrong I rob'd them :

2505 My Barnes and Garners shall stand open still

To all the poore that come, and my best graine

Be made almes-bread to feed halfe-famisht mouths.

Though hetherto amongst you I haue liu'd

Like an vnsauorie Muck-hill to my selfe,

2510 Yet now my gather'd heapes being spread abroad,

Shall turne to better, and more fruitfull vses.

Blesse then this man, curse him no more for sauing

My life and soule together. O how deeply

The bitter curses of the poore do pierce!

2515 I am by wonder chang'd; come in with me

And witness my repentance: now I proue,

„ No life is blest, that is not grac't with Loue.

Exit.

Rust. 2 O miracle! see when a man has grace.

Rust. 3 Had't not been pitie so good a man should haue ben
2520 cast away?

Rust. 2 VVell,

Rust. 2 VVell, I'le get our Clarke put his conuersion in the 2384
Chronicle.

Rust. 4 Doe, for I warrant him hee's a vertuous man.

Rust. O God how he wept if you mark't it: did you see how
2525 the teares trill'd?

Rust. 5 Yes beleeeue mee; like maisters Vicars bowles vpon
the greene, for all the world.

3 or 4. O neighbour, God's blessing your heart neighbour,
'twas a good gratefull deed. *Exeunt.*

2530

G R E X.

Cord. How now *Mitis*? what's that you consider so seriously? 2394

Mit. Troth, that which doth essentially please mee: the war-
ping condition of this greene and soggie multitude: but in
good faith Signior, your Author hath largely outstript my ex-
2535 pectation in this Scene, I will liberally confesse it. For when I
saw *Sordido* so desperately intended, I thought I had had a hand
of him then. (indeed?)

Cord. VVhat? you suppos'd hee should haue hung himselfe

Mit. I did; and had fram'd my objection to it readie, which
2540 may yet be very fitly vrg'd, & with some necessitie: for though
his purpos'd violence lost th'effect, & extended not to death,
yet the Intent and Horror of the object was more than the na-
ture of a Comedie will in any sort allow.

Cord. I? what thinke you of *Plautus* in his Comedie called
2545 *Cistellaria* there? where he brings in *Alcesimarchus* with a drawne
sword readie to kill himselfe, and as hee is e'ne fixing his breast
vpon it, to bee restrain'd from his resolu'd outrage by *Silenim*
and the Bawd: is not his authoritie of power to giue our Scene
approbation?

2550 *Mit.* Sir, I haue this (your only) euasion left mee, to say, *I*
thinke it bee so indeed, your memorie is happier than mine: but I won-
der what engine he will vse to bring the rest out of their Hu-
mors?

Cord. That will appeare anone, neuer preoccupie your ima-
2555 gination withall. Let your mind keepe companie with the

K

Scene

Scene stil, which now remoues it selfe from the Countrie to the Court. Here comes *Macilente* and Signior *Briske* freshly suted, loose not your selfe, for now the *Epitasis* or busie part of our Subject is in Action.

2560

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Macilente, Briske, Cinedo, with Tabacco.

Fast. VVell now Signior *Macilente*, you are not onely wel- *Act.III.Sc*
come to the Court, but also to my mistresse with drawing chā-
ber: Boy get me some *Tabacco*, Ile but goe in, and shew I am
2565 here, and come to you presently sir. *Exit.*

Mac. VVhat's that he said? by heauen I markt him not,
My thoughts, and I were of another world;
I was admiring mine owne outside here,
To thinke what priuiledge and palme it beares
2570 Here in the court: Be a man ne're so vile
In wit, in judgement, manners, or what else;
If he can purchase but a Silken couer,
He shall not only passe, but passe regarded :
VVhereas let him be poore and meanelly clad,
2575 Though ne're so richly parted; you shall haue
A fellow (that knowes nothing but his Beefe
Or how to rince his clammie guts in beere)
VVill take him by the shoulders or the throte,
And kicke him downe the staires. Such is the state
2580 Of vertue in bad Cloths, ha, ha, ha, 'ha,
That Raiment should be in such high request?
How long shoud I be ere I should put off
To my Lord *Chancelors* tombe, or the *Shriues* posts?
By heauen (I thinke) a thousand thousand yeare,
2585 His Grautie, his wisdom, and his faith,
To my dread Soueraigne (graces that suruiue him)
These I could well endure to reuerence,
But not his Tombe, no more than Ile commend
The Chappell Organ for the guilt without,
2590 Or this bace Violl for the varnisht face. *Enter Fast.*

Fast. In faith I haue made you stay somewhat long sir, but is
my

my *Tabacco* readie boy?

Cine. I Sir.

Fast. Giue me, my mistresse is vpon comming, you shall see 2453
2595 her presently sir, (*Tab.*) you'le say you neuer accosted a more
piercing wit. This *Tabacco* is not dried Boy, or else the Pipe's
defectiue. Oh, your wits of Italie are nothing comparable to
her, her braine's a very Quiuer of iests, and she do's dart them
2600 would — here she comes sir.

Enter Sauiolina, and goes in againe.

Mac. 'Twas time, his inuention had been bogd else.

Sau. Giue me my fanne there.

Mac. How now Mounsieur *Briske*?

2605 *Fast.* A kind of affectionate reuerence strikes me with a cold
shiuering (me thinkes.)

Mac. I like such tempers well, as stand before their Mistres-
ses with feare and trembling, and before their Maker like im-
pudent mountaines.

2610 *Fast.* By Iesu, I'd spend twentie pound my vaunting Horse
stood here now, she might see me doe but one tricked?

Mac. VVhy do's she loue actiuitie?

Cine. Or if you had but your long stockings on to bee daun-
cing a Galliard, as she comes by. 2468

2615 *Fast.* I either. O these stirring humors make Ladies mad with
desire, she comes. My good *Genius* embolden me, Boy the Pipe
quickly.

Enter Sauiolina.

Mac. VVhat? will he giue her musicke?

Fast. A second good morrow to my faire mistresse.

2620 *Sau.* Faire seruant, Ile thanke you a day hence, when the
date of your salutation comes forth.

Fast. How like you that answere? is't not admirable?

Mac. I were a simple Courtier, if I could not admire trifles sir.

Fast. Troth sweet Ladie I shal (*Tab.*) be prepar'd to giue you
2625 thankes for those thanks, and (*Tab.*) studie more officious and
obsequious regards (*Tab.*) to your faire beauties: (*Tab.*) mend
the pipe boy.

Mac. I ne're knew *Tabacco* taken as a *parenthesis* before. 2482

Fast. Fore God (sweet *Ladie*) beleuee it, I doe honour the
2630 meanest rush in this chamber for your loue.

Sau. I, you need not tell me that sir, I do think you doe prize
a rush before my loue.

Mac. Is this the wonder of nations?

Fast. O, by Iesu pardon me, I said for your loue, by this light;
2635 but it is the accustomed sharpnesse of your *Ingenuitie* sweet
Mistresse to----Masse your *Violl* 's new strung me thinkes.

Takes downe the Violl.

Mac. *Ingenuitie*; I see his ignorance will not suffer him to
slander her; which he had done most notably, if he had said *Wit*
2640 for *Ingenuitie*, as he meant it.

Fast. By the soule of *Musicke Ladie* (*hum, hum.*)

Sau. VVould we might heare it once.

Fast. I doe more adore and admire your (*hum, hum*) predom-
inant perfections than (*hum, hum*) euer I shall haue power
2645 and facultie to expresse (*hum.*)

Sau. Vpon the *Violl de Gambo* you meane?

Fast. It's miserably out of tune, by this hand. 2500

Sau. Nay rather by the fingers.

Mac. It makes good *Harmonie* with her wit.

2650 *Fast.* Sweet *Ladie* tune it. Boy some *Tabacco*.

Mac. *Tabacco* againe? hee do's court his mistresse with very
exceeding good changes.

Fast. Signior *Macilente*, you take none sir? (*Tab.*)

Mac. No, vnlesse I had a mistresse Signior, it were a great *In-*
2655 *decorum* for me to take *Tabacco*.

Fast. How like you her wit? (*Tab.*)

Mac. Her *Ingenuitie* is excellent sir.

Fast. You see the subject of her sweet fingers there? (*Tab.*)
Oh shee tickles it so, that (*Tab.*) shee makes it laugh most
2660 Diuinely; (*Tab.*) Ile tell you a good jeast now, and your selfe
shall say it's a good one: I haue wisht my selfe to bee that In-
strument (I thinke) a thousand times, and not so few, by Hea-
uens (*Tab.*)

Maci. Not

Mac. Not vnlike Sir: but how? to be cas'd vp and hung by 2516
2665 on the wall?

Fast. O, no sir, to be in vse I assure you; as your iudicious
eyes may testifie. (*Tab.*)

Sau. Here Seruant, if you will play, come.

Fast. Instantly, sweet Ladie (*Tab.*) In good faith here's most
2670 Diuine *Tabacco*.

Sau. Nay, I cannot stay to Daunce after your Pipe.

Fast. Good, my deare Ladie stay: by this sweete Smoake, I
thinke your wit be all fire. (*Tab.*)

Mac. And hee's the *Salamander* that liues by it.

2675 *Sau.* Is your *Tabacco* perfum'd Sir? that you sweare by the
sweet Smoake.

Fast. Still more excellent: before God, and these bright
Heauens) I thinke (*Tab.*) you are made of *Ingenuitie*, I. (*Tab.*)

Maci. True, as your discourse is: O abhominable!

2531

2680 *Fast.* VVill your Ladiship take any?

Sau. O, peace I pray you; I loue not the breath of a *Woodcocks*

Fast. Meaning my head, Ladie? (head.)

Sau. Not altogether so Sir; but (as it were Fatall to their fol-
lies that thinke to grace themselues with taking *Tabacco*, when
2685 they want better entertainment) you see your Pipe beares the
true forme of a *Woodcockes* head.

Fast. O Admirable *Simile*!

Sau. 'Tis best leauing you in Admiration, Sir.

Exit Sauiolina.

2690 *Mac.* Are these the admired Lady-wits, that hauing so good
a Plaine-song, can runne no better Diuision vpon it. S'heart,
all her jeasts are of the stampe *March* was fiteene yeeres agoe.
Is this the *Comet* Monsieur *Fastidius*, that your Gallants wonder
at so?

2695 *Fast.* Heart of a Gentleman to neglect mee afore presence 2546
thus: Sweet Sir, I beseech you be silent in my disgrace; By Iesu,
I neuer was in so vile a Humor in my life, and her wit was at the
flood too, Report it not for a million good sir; let me be so farre
endear'd to your loue.

Exeunt.

2700

G R E X.

Mit. VVhat followes next, Signior *Cordatus*? this Gallants 2551
Humour is almost spent me thinkes, it ebbes apace, with this
contrarie breath of his mistresse.

Cord. O, but it will flow againe for all this, till there come a
2705 generall drought of Humor among all our Actors, and then I
feare not but his will fall as low as any. See who presents him-
selfe here?

Mit. VVhat, i'the old case?

Cord. Yfaith, which makes it the more pitifull; you vnder-
2710 stand where the Scene is?

ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA PRIMA.

Act.IV.Sc.I

Enter Fungoso, Fallace following him.

Fall. VVhy are you so Melancholly brother?

Fun. I am not melancholly I thanke you Sister.

2715 *Fall.* VVhy are you not merry then? there are but two of vs
in all the world, and if we should not be comforts to one ano-
ther, God helpe vs.

Fun. Faith, I cannot tell Sister, but if a man had any true Me-
lancholly in him, it would make him melancholly, to see his
2720 yeomanly father cut his neighbours throats to make his sonne
a Gentleman: and yet when hee has cut 'hem, hee will see his
sonnes throat cut too, ere he make him a true Gentleman in-
deed, before Death cut is owne throat. I must be the first Head
of our house, and yet hee will not giue mee the head, till I be
2725 made so. Is any man tearm'd a Gentleman that is not alwayes
i'the fashion? I would know but that.

Fall. If you be melancholly for that brother, I thinke I haue
as much cause to be melancholly, as one; for I'le be sworne I
liue as litle in the fashion, as any woman in *London*. By the Bi-
2730 ble of heauen (beast that I am to say it) I haue not one friend
i'the world besides my husband. VVhen saw you Master *Fasti-
dius Briske, Brother?*

Fung. But a while since Sister, I thinke, I know not well in
truth. By Gods lid I could fight with all my heart me thinkes.

Fall. Nay

2735 *Fall.* Nay good Brother, be not resolute.

Fun. I sent him a letter, and he writes me no answer neither.

Fall. Oh sweet *Fastidius Briske*, O fine *Courtier*, thou art hee mak'st me sigh and say, How blessed is that woman that hath a *Courtier* to her husband? and how miserable a dame she is that
2740 hath neither husband nor friend in the *Court*: O sweet *Fastidius*, O fine *Courtier*. How comely hee bowes him in his courtesie? how full he hits a woman betwixt the lips when he kisses? how vpright he sits at the table? how daintily he carues? how sweetly he talkes, and tels newes of this Lord, and of that Lady? how
2745 cleanly he wipes his spoon at euery spoonfull of any whit-meat he eats, and what a neat case of picktoothes he carries about him still? O sweet *Fastidius*, O fine *Courtier*!

Enter Deliro with Musitians.

Act. IV. Sc. 2.

Deli. See, yonder she is Gentlemen, now (as euer you'le bear
2750 the name of *Musitians*) touch your instruments sweetly, she has a delicate eare, I tell you, play not a false note I beseech you.

Music. Feare not Signior *Deliro*.

Deli. O begin, begin, some sprightly thing; Lord, how my imagination labours with the successe of it: well said, good
2755 yfaith, heauen graunt it please her, I'le not be seene, for then shee'le be sure to dislike it.

Fall. Heyda, this is excellent, I'le lay my life this is my husbands dotage, I thought so, nay neuer play peeke-boe with me, I know you do nothing but studie how to anger me sir.

2760 *Deli.* Anger thee, sweet wife? why didst thou not send for Musitians to supper last night thy selfe?

Fall. To Supper Sir? now come vp to Supper I beseech you: as though there were no difference betweene Supper time when folkes should be merrie, and this time when they would
2765 be Melancholly? I would neuer take vpon me to take a wife, if I had no more indgement to please her.

Deli. Be pleas'd sweet wife, and they shall ha' done: & would to Christ my life were done, if I can neuer please thee.

Exit Musitians. Enter Macilente.

Mac. God

2770 *Maci.* God saue you Ladie; where is Master *Deliro*? 2615

Deli. Here, Master *Macilente*: you'r welcome from the Court Sir; no doubt you haue been grac't exceedingly of Master *Briskes* Mistresse, and the rest of the Ladies for his sake?

Mac. Alas, the poore *Phantasticke*, hee's scarce knowne

2775 To any Lady there: and those that know him,

Know him the simplest man of all they know:

Deride, and play vpon his amorous Humors,

Though he but Apishly doth imitate

The Gallans't Courtiers, kissing Ladies Pumps,

2780 Holding the Cloth for them, praising their VVits,

And seruilely obseruing euery one,

May doe them pleasure: Fearefull to be seene

VVith any man (though he be ne're so worthy)

That's not in grace with some that are the greatest.

2785 Thus Courtiers doe, and these he counterfeits,

But sets not such a sightly carriage

Vpon their vanities, as they themselues;

And therefore they despise him: for indeed

Hee's like a *Zani* to a Tumbler,

2790 That tries trickes after him to make men laugh.

Fall. Here's an vnthankfull spitefull wretch: the good Gentleman vouchsaft to make him his companion (because my husband put him into a few Rags) and now see how the vn-rude Rascall backbites him. 2636

2795 *Deli.* Is he no more grac't amongst 'hem then? say you?

Mac. Faith like a pawne at *Chesse*, fills vp a roume, that's all.

Fall. O monster of men! can the Earth beare such an enuious Caitiffe?

Deli. VVell, I repent me I e're credited him so much: but
2800 (now I see what he is, and that his masking vizer is off) I'le forbear him no longer. all his lands are morgag'd to me, and forfeited: besides, I haue Bonds of his in my hand for the receipt of now xx pound, now xxx, now xxv: still as he has had a Fanne but wagg'd at him, he would be in a new Sute. VVell, I'le salute
2805 him by a *Sergeant*, the next time I see him yfaith, I'le Suit him.

Maci.

Mac. VVhy, you may soon see him Sir, for he is to meet Sig- 2650
 nior *Puntarvolo* at a *Notaries* by the *Exchange* presently, where he
 meanes to take vp vpon returne.

Fall. Now out vpon thee *Iudas*; canst thou not be content to
 2810 backbite thy friend, but thou wilt betray him? wilt thou seeke
 the vndoing of any man? and of such a man too? and will you
 Sir get your liuing by the counsell of Traitors?

Deli. Deare wife, haue patience.

Fall. The house will fall, the ground will open, & swallow vs:
 2815 I'll not bide here for all the Gold and Siluer in Heauen. *Exit.*

Deli. O good *Macilente*, let's follow and appease her, or the
 Peace of my life is at an end. *Exit.*

Maci. Now *Pease*, and not Peace feed that life, whose head
 hangs so heauily ouer a womans Manger. *Exit.*

2820 *Enter Fallace running, at another dore, and claps it too.*

Fall. Helpe me brother: Gods body and you come here, I'll 2664
 do my selfe a mischiefe.

Deli. Nay, heare me sweet wife, vnlesse thou wilt haue me go,
 I will not go. *Within.*

2825 *Fall.* Tut, you shall ne're ha' that vantage of me, to say you
 are vndone by me: I'll not bid you stay, I. Brother, sweet bro-
 ther, here's foure Angels, I'll giue you toward your Sute; for
 the loue of Iesu, and as euer you came of Christen creature,
 2830 vses to land) and giue him warning of my husbands intent; and
 tell him of that leane Rascals treacherie: O Iesu, how my flesh
 rises at him? nay, sweete brother make hast; you may say I
 would haue writ to him, but that the necessitie of the time
 2835 would not suffer it: He cannot choose but take it extraordi-
 narily from me: and Commend me to him good brother: say
 I sent you. *Exit.*

Fung. Let me see; these foure Angels: and then fortie shil-
 lings more I can borrow on my Gowne in Fetter-lane: well,
 I will goe presently, say on my Sute, pay as much money as I
 2840 haue, and sweare my selfe into Credit with my Taylor for the
 rest. *Exit.*

L

SCENA

SCENA SECUNDA.

*Enter Deliro, with Macilente, speaking as they passe
ouer the Stage.*

2845 *Deli.* O, on my Soule you wrong her, *Macilente*, 2682
Though she be froward, yet I know shee is honest.

Mac. VVell, then haue I no judgement; would any woman
(but one that were wild in her affections) haue broke out into
that immodest and violent Passion against her husband? or is't

2850 possible---

Deli. If you loue me, forbear; all the Arguments i'the world
shall neuer wrest my heart to beleue it. *Exeunt.*

G R E X.

Cord. How like you the Deciphering of his Dotage?

2855 *Mit.* O, strangely; and of the others Enuie too, that labours
so seriously to set debate betwixt a man and his wife. Stay, here
comes the Knight Aduenturer.

Cord. I, and his *Scriuener* with him.

SCENA TERTIA.

Act.IV.Sc.

2860 *Enter Puntarvolo, Notarie, with Seruingmen.*

Punt. I wonder Monsieur *Fastidius* comes not! but *Notarie*,
if thou please to draw the Indentures the while, I will giue
thee the *Theorie*.

Not. VVith all my heart Sir; and i'le fall in hand with 'hem
2865 presently.

Punt. VVell then, first; the *Summe* is to be vnderstood.

Not. Good, sir.

Punt. Next, our seuerall *Appellations*, and *Character* of my Dog
and Cat must be knowne: shew him the Cat Sirrah.

2870 *Not.* So sir.

Punt. Then, that the intended *Point*, is the Turkes Court in
Constantinople: the Time limited for our returne, a yeere: and
that if either of vs miscarrie, the whole Venter is lost. These are
Generall; conceiu'st thou? or if either of vs turne *Turque*.

2875 *Not.* I Sir.

Pun. Now for Particulars: that I may make my trauailes by
Sea

Sea or *Land* for my best liking: and that (hiring a Coach for my selfe) it shall be lawfull for my Cat and Dog to ride with me in the said Coach.

2880 *Not.* Very good Sir.

Punt. That I may choose to giue my Dogge or Cat Fish, for 2716 feare of Bones, or any other Nutriment, that (by the judgement of the most Autenticall *Physicians* where I trauaile) shall be thought dangerous.

2885 *Not.* VVell Sir.

Pun. That (after the receipt of his mony) he shall neither in his own person, nor any other, either by direct or indirect meanes; as *Magique*, *Witchcraft*, or other such *Exoticke* Arts, attempt, practise, or complot any thing, to the prejudice of Mee, my Dog, 2890 or my Cat: Neither shall I vse the helpe of any such Sorceries or Enchantments; as Vnctions, to make our skins impenetrable, or to trauaile inuisible by vertue of a Pouder, or a Ring, or to hang any three forked Charme about my Dogs neck, secretly conuey'd into his Collar: vnderstand you? but that all bee 2895 performed, sincerely, without fraud or Imposture.

Not. So sir.

Punt. That (for testimonie of the Performance) my selfe am to bring thence a Turks *Mustachio*, my Dog a Hares lip, and my Cat the traine or taile of a Rat.

2900 *Not.* 'Tis done Sir.

Punt. 'Tis said Sir, not done sir; but forward. That vpon my 2735 returne and landing on the Tower wharfe with the aforesaid Testimonie, I am to receiue fiew for one, according to the proportion of the summes put forth.

2905 *Not.* VVell Sir.

Punt. Prouided, that if before our departure or setting forth, either my selfe, or these be visited with sicknesse or any other casuall euent, so that the whole course of the *Aduenture* bee hindred thereby; that then, Hee is to returne, and I am to 2910 receiue the prenominated Proportion, vpon faire and equall tearmes.

Not. Very good sir; is this all?

L ij

Punt. It

Punt. It is all Sir; and dispatch them good *Notarie.* 2746

Not. As fast as is possible Sir. *Exit.* *Enter Carlo.*

2915 *Punt.* O *Carlo*, welcome: saw you Monsieur *Briske*?

Carl. Not I, did he appoint you to meet here?

Punt. I, and I muse he should be so tardie: hee is to take an hundred pounds of me in venter, if he maintaine his promise.

Car. Is his houre past?

2920 *Punt.* Not yet, but it comes on apace.

Carl. Tut, be not jealous of him; he will sooner breake all the ten Commaundements, than his Houre; vpon my life in such a case trust him.

Punt. Me thinkes *Carlo*, you looke very smooth? ha?

2925 *Carl.* VVhy I come but now from a Hothouse, I must needs looke smooth.

Punt. From a Hothouse?

Carl. I, doe you make a wonder on't? why it's your onely *Phisicke.* Let a man sweat once a weeke in a Hothouse, and be 2930 well rubd and froted with a good plumpe iuicie wench, and sweet Linnen, he shall ne're ha' the Poxe.

Punt. VVhat? the *French Poxe*?

Carl. The *French Poxe*! our Poxe: S'bloud we haue 'hem in 2765 as good forme as they man: what?

2935 *Punt.* Let me perish, but thou art a Villaine: was your new-created Gallant there with you? *Sogliardo*?

Carl. O *Porpuse*, hang him, no: hee's a Lieger at *Hornes Ordinarie* yonder: his villanous *Ganimede* and hee ha' ben droning a *Tabacco Pipe* there, euer sin' yesterday noone.

2940 *Punt.* VVho? Signior *Tripartite*, that would giue my Dogge the *Whiffe*?

Carl. I, hee: they haue hir'd a chamber and all priuat to practise in, for the making of the *Patoun*, the *Receit Reciprocall*, and a number of other mysteries, not yet extant. I brought some do- 2945 sen or twentie Gallants this morning to view 'hem (as you'd doe a piece of *Perspectiue*) in at a key-hole; and there we might see *Sogliardo* sit in a Chaire, holding his snowt vp like a Sow vnder an Apple-tree, while th'other open'd his Nostrills with a

Poking-

Poking-sticke, to giue the smoake a more free deliuerie. They
2950 had spit some three or fourescore ounces betweene 'hem, afore
we came away.

Punt. How! spit three or fourescore ounces?

2783

Carl. I, and preseru'd it in Porrengers, as a Barber does his
Blood when he pricks a veine. (friend?

2955 *Punt.* Out *Pagan*; how dost thou pricke the Vaine of thy

Carl. Friend? Is there any such foolish thing i' the world?
ha? S'lid I ne're rellisht it yet.

Punt. Thy Humor is the more daungerous.

Carl. No not a whit Signior: Tut, a man must keepe time in
2960 all: I can oyle my tongue when I meet him next, and looke
with a good slicke forehead; 'twill take away all soyle of *Suspi-*
cion, and that's inough: what *Lynceus* can see my heart? Pish, the
title of a *Friend*, it's a vaine idle thing, onely venerable among
fooles: you shall not haue one that has any opinion of wit affect
2965 it.

Enter Deliro and Macilente.

Act.IV.Sc.4.

Deli. Saue you good sir *Puntarvolo*.

Punt. Signior *Deliro*! welcome.

Deli. Pray you sir, did you see Master *Fastidius Briske*? I heard
he was to meet your VVorship here.

2970 *Punt.* You heard no Figment sir, I doe expect him euery mi-
nute my VWatch strikes.

Deli. In good time sir.

Carl. There's a fellow now, lookes like one of the *Patricians*
of *Sparta*, mary his wit's after ten i' the hundred. A good Bloud-
2975 hound, a close mouth'd Dog, hee followes the sent well, marrie
hee's at a fault now me thinkes.

Punt. I should wonder at that Creature is free from the
daunger of thy tongue.

Carl. O I cannot abide these limmes of Sattin, or rather *Sa-*
2980 *than* indeed, that'll walke (like the children of darkenesse) all
day in a melancholy shop, with their pockets full of Blankes,
readie to swallow vp as many poore vnthrifts, as come within
the verge.

Punt. So: and what hast thou for him that is with him now?

Carl. O

2985 *Car.* O (Damne mee) *Immortalitie*, Ile not meddle with him, 2816
the pure *Element of Fire*, all *Spirit, Extraction*.

Punt. How *Carlo*? ha, what is he man?

Carl. A scholler, *Macilente*, doe you not know him? a lanke
raw-bon'd *Anatomic*, he walks vp and down like a charg'd Mus-
2990 ket, no man dares encounter him: that's his Rest there.

Punt. His Rest? why has he a forked head?

Carl. Pardon me, that's to be suspended, you are too quicke,
too apprehensiue.

Deli. Troth (now I thinkt on't) Ile defer it til some other time.

2995 *Maci.* Gods-pretious, not by any meanes Signior, you shall
not loose this opportunitie, he will be here presently now.

Deli. Yes faith *Macilente*, 'tis best. For looke you sir, I shall so
exceedingly offend my wife in't, that---

Mac. Your wife? now for shame loose these thoughts, and
3000 become the master of your own spirits. Should I (if I had a wife)
suffer my self to be thus passionatly caried (to and fro) with the
streame of her Humor? and neglect my deepest affairs, to serue
her affections? Sbloud I would geld my selfe first.

Deli. O but Signior, had you such a wife as mine is, you wold-- 2835

3005 *Mac.* Such a wife? Now God hate mee sir, if euer I discern'd
any wonder in your wife yet, with all the *Speculation* I haue: I
haue seen some that ha' ben thought fairer thā she, in my time;
and I haue seen those, ha' not been altogether so tall, esteem'd
proper women; and I haue seen lesse Noses grow vpon sweeter
3010 Faces, that haue done very well too in my judgement: but in
good faith Signior for al this, the Gentlewoman is a good pret-
tie proud hard-fauour'd thing, marry not so peerlessly to bee
doted vpon, I must confesse: nay be not angrie.

Deli. VVell sir (how euer you please to forget your selfe) I
3015 haue not deseru'd to be thus plai'd vpon, but henceforth, pray
you forbear my house, for I can but faintly endure the saour of
his breath at my table, that shal thus jade me for my courtesies.

Mac. Nay then Signior, let me tell you, your wife is no pro-
per woman by *Iesu*, and I suspect her honestie, that's more,
3020 which you may likewise suspect (if you please:) do you see? Ile

vrge you to nothing against your appetite, but if you please,
you may suspect it.

Deli. Good sir.

Exit.

2852

Mac. Good sir? Now Horne vpon Horne pursue thee, thou
3025 blind egregious Dotard.

Carl. O you shall heare him speake like Enuie. Signior *Maci-
lente*, you saw Mounsieur *Briske* lately? I heard you were with
him at the Court.

Maci. I *Buffone*, I was with him.

3030 *Carl.* And how is he respected there? (I know youle deale
ingeniously with us) is he made of amongst the sweeter sort of
gallants?

Mac. Faith I, his *Ciuet* and his *casting glasse*,
Haue helpt him to a place amongst the rest,
3035 And there his *Seniors* giue him good sleight lookes,
After their Garbe, smile, and salute in French
VWith some new complement.

Carl. VVhat is this all?

Mac. VVhy say, that they should shew the frothie foole,
3040 Such grace as they pretend comes from the heart,
He had a mightie wind-fall out of doubt.

2867

VVhy all their *Graces* are not to doe Grace
To vertue, or desert: but to ride both
VWith their guilt Spurres quite breathlesse from themselues.

3045 'Tis now esteem'd *Precisianisme* in wit;
And a Diseasure in *Nature* to be kind
Toward Desert, to Loue, or seeke good Names:
VWho feeds with a Good name? who thriues with longing?
VWho can prouide feast for his owne desires,

3050 VWith seruing others? ha, ha, ha:
'Tis follie by our wisest worldlings prou'd
(If not to gaine by loue) to be belou'd.

Carl. How like you him? is't not a good spightfull slaue? ha?

Punt. Shrewd, shrewd.

3055 *Car.* Dam me, I could eat his flesh now: Deuine sweet villain.

Mac. Nay, pr'y thee leaue: what's he there?

Carl. VVho?

Carl. VVho? this i' the starcht Beard? it 's the dull stiffe 2885
Knight *Puntarvolo* man; hee's to trauaile now presently: hee
has a good knottie wit, marry hee carries little on't out of the
3060 land with him.

Mac. How then?

Carl. He puts it forth in venter, as he does his money; vpon
the returne of a Dog and Cat.

Mac. Ist this hee?

3065 *Car.* I, this is hee; a good tough Gentleman: hee looks like a
Chine of Brawne at *Shrouetide*, out of date, & readie to take his
leau: or a drie Poule of Ling vpon *Easter-eue*, that has furnisht
the Table all *Lent*, as hee has done the Cittie this last *Vacation*.

Maci. Come, you'le neuer leau your stabbing *Simile's*: I shall
3070 ha' you aiming at me with hem by and by, but--

Carl. O, renounce me then: pure, honest, good *Deuill*, I loue
thee aboute the loue of women: I could e'ne melt in Admirati-
on of thee now: Gods so', looke here man; Sir *Dagonet* and his
Squire.

Enter Sog. and Shift.

Act.IV.Sc.5.

3075 *Sog.* Saue you my deare *Gallanto's*: nay, come approach,
good *Cauallier*: pr'y thee (sweet Knight) know this Gentleman,
hee's one that it pleases me to vse as my good friend and com-
panion; and therefore doe him good offices: I beseech you
Gentles, know him.

3080 *Punt.* Sir (for Signior *Sogliardos* sake) let it suffice, I know you.

Sog. VVhy by Iesu, I thanke you Knight, and it shall suffice.
Hearke you sir *Puntarvolo*, you'd little thinke it; hee's as reso-
lute a peece of flesh as any's i'the world.

Punt. Indeed sir?

3085 *Sog.* Vpon my Gentilitie sir: *Carlo*, a word with you; Doe
you see that same fellow there?

Carl. VVhat? *Cauallier Shift*?

Sog. O, you know him; crie you mercie: before God, I think
him the tallest man liuing within the walls of *Europe*.

3090 *Carl.* The walls of *Europe*! take heed what you say Signior,
Europe's a huge thing within the walls.

Sog. Tut, (and 'twere as huge againe) I'd justifie what I
speake.

speake. S'lid he swagger'd e'en now in a place where we were:
I neuer saw a man doe it more resolute.

3095 *Carl.* Nay indeed swaggering is a good *Argument of Resolution*.
Doe you heare this, Signior?

Mac. I, to my greefe. O that such muddie Flags
For euery drunken flourish, should atchieue
The name of *Manhood*; whil'st true perfect Valour

2925

3100 (Hating to shew it selfe) goes by despis'd.
Sbloud, I doe know now (in a faire just cause)
I dare doe more than hee; a thousand times:
VVhy should not they take knowledge of this? ha?
And giue my worth allowance before his?

3105 Because I cannot swagger. Now the Poxe
Light on your *Pickt-Hatch* prowessse.

Sog. VVhy I tell you Sir, he has been the onely *Bidstand* that
euer was, kept *New-market, Salisburie* Plaine, *Hockley* i' the hole,
Gads-Hill; all the high places of any Request: hee has had his

3110 Mares and his Geldings hee, ha' been worth fortie, threescore,
a hundred pound a Horse, would ha' sprung you ouer hedge
and ditch like your Greyhound: hee has done fiew hundred
Robberies in his time, more or lesse, I assure you.

Punt. VVhat? and scapt?

3115 *Sog.* Scapt! Yfaith I: he has broken the jayle when hee has
been in yrons, and yrons; and been out, and in again; and out,
and in; fortie times and not so few, he.

Mac. A fit Trumpet to proclaime such a person.

2945

Car. But can this be possible?

(to it.

3120 *Shift.* VVhy 'tis nothing sir, when a man giues his Affections
Sog. Good *Pylades* discourse a Robberie or two, to satisfie
these Gentlemen of thy worth.

Shift. Pardon mee my deare *Orestes*: Causes haue their *Quid-*
dits, and 'tis ill jesting with Bell-ropes.

3125 *Carl.* How? *Pylades* and *Orestes*?

(conceit?

Sog. I, he is my *Pylades*, and I am his *Orestes*: how like you the

Carl. O, it's an old stale Enterlude deuise: No, I'le giue you
Names my selfe: looke you, he shall be your *Iudas*, and you shal

M

be

be his *Elder* tree to hang on.

3130 *Mac.* Nay rather, let him be Captaine *Pod*, and this his *Motion*; 2958
for he does nothing but Shew him.

Carl. Excellent: or thus; you shal be *Holden*, & he your *Camell*.

Shift. You do not meane to ride Gentlemen?

Punt. Faith let me end it for you Gallants: you shall be his
3135 *Countenance*, and he your *Resolution*.

Sog. Troth that's prettie: how say you *Cauallier*, shalt be so?

Carl. I, I, most voices.

Shift. Faith I am eas'ly yeelding to any good Impressions.

Sog. Then giue hands good *Resolution*.

3140 *Carl.* Masse he cannot say good *Countenance* now (properly) to
him againe.

Punt. Yes, by an *Ironie*.

Mac. O sir, the countenance of *Resolution* should, as hee's al-
together grim and vnpleasant. *Enter Briske.*

3145 *Fast.* Good houres make Musicke with your mirth Gentle- *Act.IV.Sc.6.*
men, and keepe times to your humors: how now *Carlo*?

Punt. Mounsieur *Briske*! many a long looke haue I extended
for you sir.

Fast. Good faith I must craue pardon; I was inuited this
3150 morning ere I was out of my bedde, by a Beuie of Ladies, to a
Banquet: whence it was almost one of *Hercules* Labors for me
to come away, but that the respect of my promise did so pre-
uaile with mee: I know they'le take it very ill, especially one
that gaue mee this Bracelet of her Haire but ouer night, and
3155 this Pearle another gaue me from her forehead, Mary she-----
what? are the writings readie?

Punt. I will send my man to know. Sirrah, goe you to the
Notaries, and learne if he be readie: leaue the Dog sir.

Exit Seruingman.

3160 *Fast.* And how does my rare qualified friend *Sogliardo*? oh
Signior *Macilente*! by these eyes I saw you not, I had saluted
you sooner else on my troth: I hope sir I may presume vpon
you, that you will not divulge my late checke, or disgrace in-
deed sir.

Mac. You

3165 *Mac.* You may sir.

2993

Car. S'heart hee knowes some notorious jest by this Gull, that he hath him so obsequious.

Sog. Mounsieur *Fastidius*, doe you see this fellow there? does hee not looke like a Clowne? would you thinke there's any
3170 thing in him?

Fast. Any thing in him? beshrow mee, I; the fellow hath a good ingenious face.

Sog. By this Element hee is an ingenious tall man as euer swaggerd about *London*: hee and I call *Countenance & Resolution*,
3175 but his name is *Cauallier Shift*.

Punt. *Cauallier*, you knew Signior *Clog*, that was hang'd for the robberie at *Harrow* on the hill?

Sog. Knew him Sir! why 'twas hee gaue all the directions for the Action.

3180 *Punt.* How? was't your Project sir?

Shift. Pardon mee *Countenance*, you doe mee some wrong to make that publicke, which I imparted to you in priuat.

Sog. Gods will, here are none but friends *Resolution*.

3010

Shift. That's all one; things of Consequence must haue their
3185 respects, where, how, and to whom. Yes sir, he shewed himselfe a true Clogge in the Coherence of that affaire sir; for if he had manag'd matters as they were corroborated to him, it had been better for him by a fortie or fiftie score of pounds sir, and hee himselfe might ha' liu'd (in despight of Fate) to haue fed on
3190 *Woodcockes* with the rest: but it was his heauie fortunes to sinke poore *Clog*, and therefore talke no more of him.

Punt. VVhy, had he more Agents then?

Sog. O God sir; I, there were some present there, that were the nine *Worthies* to him yfaith.

3195 *Shift.* I sir, I can satisfie you at more conuenient conference: but (for mine owne part) I haue now reconcil'd my selfe to other courses, and professe a liuing out of my other qualities.

Sog. Nay, he has left all now (I assure you) and is able to liue like a Gentleman by his Qualitie. By this Dog, he has the most
3200 rare gift in *Tabacco* that euer you knew.

M ij

Carl. S'heart,

Carl. S'heart, he keepes more adoe with this Monster, than 3027
euer *Bankes* did with his Horse, or the Fellow with the *Elephant*.

Mac. Hee will hang out his Picture shortly in a cloath, you shall see.

3205 *Sog.* O, hee do's manage a quarrell the best that euer you saw, for *Termes* and *Circumstances*.

Fast. Good faith Signior (now you speake of a quarrell) Ile acquaint you with a difference that happened betweene a Gallant and my selfe: sir *Puntarvolo*, you know him if I should 3210 name him; Signior *Luculento*.

Punt. *Luculento!* what inauspicious chaunce interpos'd it selfe betwixt your two loues?

Fast. Faith sir, the same that sundred *Agamemnon* and great *Thetis* son; but let the cause escape Sir: He sent me a challenge 3215 (mixt with some few braues) which I restor'd, and in fine we met. Now indeed Sir (I must tell you) he did offer at first very desperately, but without judgement: for looke you sir. I cast my selfe into this figure: now he, comes violently on, and with- all advancing his Rapier to strike, I thought to haue tooke his 3220 arme (for he had left his whole bodie to my election, and I was sure hee could not recouer his guard) Sir, I mist my purpose in his arme, rasht his doublet sleeue, ran him close by the left cheeke, and through his haire: He againe lights me here, I had a gold Cable hatband then new come vp, (which I wore about 3225 a murrey French Hat I had) cuts my Hatband (and yet it was *Massie*, gold-Smithes worke) cuts my brimmes, which by good fortune (being thicke embrodered with gold twist, and *Span-gles*) disappointed the force of the blow: Neuerthelesse it graz'd on my shoulders, takes me away sixe purles of an Italian cut- 3230 worke Band I wore, cost me three pounds in the Exchange but three daies before.

Punt. This was a straunge encounter.

3054

Fastid. Nay you shall heare sir, with this we both fell out and breath'd: Now (vpon the second signe of his assault) I 3235 betooke mee to the former manner of my defence; hee (on the other side) abandon'd his bodie to the same daunger as before,

before, and followes me still with blowes. But I (being loth to take the deadly aduantage that lay before me of his left side) made a kind of *stramazoun*, ran him vp to the hilts, through the
 3240 Doublet, through the Shirt, and yet mist the skin. He (making a reuerse blow) falls vpon my emboss'd girdle (I had thrown off the hangers a little before) strikes off a skirt of a thick lac't satin Doublet I had (lin'd with some four Taffataes) cuts off two panes embrodered with Pearle, rents through the drawings
 3245 out of Tissew, enters the linings, and skips the flesh.

Carl. I wonder he speakes not of his wrought Shirt.

3067

Fast. Here (in the opinion of mutuall dammage) we paus'd: but (ere I proceed) I must tell you Signior, that (in this last encounter) not hauing leisure to put off my siluer Spurres, one
 3250 of the rowels catcht hold of the ruffle of my Boot, and (being Spanish leather, and subiect to teare) ouerthrowes me, rends me two paire of silke stockings (that I put on being somewhat a raw morning, a Peach colour and another) and strikes me some halfe inch deep into the side of the Calfe: He (seeing the bloud
 3255 come) presently takes horse and away. I (hauing bound vp my wound with a piece of my wrought Shirt)

Car. O comes it there?

Fast. Rid after him, & (lighting at the Court gate both together) embrac'd and marcht hand in hand vp into the Presence.
 3260 *Mac.* VVell, by this we can gesse what apparell the Gentleman wore.

Punt. 'Fore God it was a designment begun with much reso- 3083
 lution, maintain'd with as much prowesse, & ended with more humanitie. How now, what sayes he?

3265 *His seruingman enters.*

Seruing. The *Notarie* saies he is ready sir, he staves but your VVorships pleasure.

Punt. Come, we will go to him Monsieur. Gentlemen, shall we entreat you to be witnesses.

3270 *Sog.* You shall entreat me sir, come *Resolution.*

Shift. I follow you good *Countenance.*

Carl. Come Signior, come, come.

Maci. O, that there should be fortune
 To cloath these men, so naked in desert,
 3275 And that the iust Storme of a wretched life,
 Beats 'hem not ragged for their wretched Soules,
 And since as fruitlesse, euen as black as coles.

Exit.

G R E X.

Mit. VVhy but Signior, how comes it that *Fungoso* appear'd
 3280 not with his sisters intelligence to *Briske*.

Cord. Marrie long of the euill Angels that shee gaue him, who
 haue indeed tempted the good simple youth to follow the
 taile of the Fashion, and neglect the imposition of his friends.
 Behold, here he comes, very worshipfully attended, and with
 3285 good varietie.

SCENA QUARTA.

Act.IV.Sc.7

Enter Fungoso with Taylor, Shoe-maker, and Haberdasher.

Fung. Gramercie good Shoe-maker, I'le put too strings my
 selfe.

Exit Shoe-maker.

3290 Now sir, let me see, what must you haue for this Hat?

Haber. Here's the Bill, Sir.

Fung. How doest become me, well?

Tayl. Excellent sir, as euer you had any Hat in your life.

Haber. Nay faith sir, the Hat's as good as any man i'this town
 3295 can serue you. And will maintaine Fashion as long, ne're trust
 me for a groat else.

Fung. Does it apply well to my Sute?

Tay. Exceeding well sir.

Fung. How lik'st thou my Sute Haberdasher?

3300 *Hab.* By my troth sir 'tis very rarely well made, I neuer saw
 a Sute sit better I can tell on.

Tay. Nay, we haue no Art to please our friends, we.

Fung. Here Haberdasher, tell this same.

Hab. Good faith sir, it makes you haue an excellent body.

3305 *Fung.* Nay (beleeeue me) I thinke I haue as good a body in
 cloaths as another.

Tay. You lack points to bring your apparell together.

Fung. I'le

Fung. I'le haue points anon: how now? is't right?

3126

Hab. Faith Sir 'tis too little, but vpon farther hopes. Good
3310 morrow to you Sir.

Exit Haberdasher.

Fung. Farewell good Haberdasher: well now master *Snip* let me see your Bill.

G R E X.

3315 *Mit.* { Me thinkes he discharges his followers too thicke.
Cor. { O, therein he saucily imitates some great man. I war-
rant you though hee turnes off them, he keepes this
Taylor in place of a Page to follow him.

Fung. This Bill is very reasonable in faith: hearke you Ma-
ster *Snip*, Troth Sir I am not altogether so well furnisht at this
present, as I could wish I were: but--- If you'le doe me the fa-
uour to take part in hand, you shall haue all I haue by *Iesu*.

Tay. Sir---

Fung. And but giue me credit for the rest, till the beginning
of the next Tearme.

3325 *Tay.* O Lord Sir----

Fung. 'Fore God and by this light I'le pay you to the vtmost,
and acknowledge my selfe very deeply engag'd to you by
this hand.

Tay. VVhy how much haue you there Sir?

3146

3330 *Fung.* Mary I haue here foure Angels, and fifteen shillings of
white money, it's all I haue as 'hope to be sau'd.

Tay. You will not faile me at the next Tearme with the rest.

Fung. No and I doe, pray God I be hang'd. Let me neuer
breath againe vpon this mortall Stage, as the Philosopher calls
3335 it. By this aire, and (as I am a Gentleman) I'le hold.

G R E X.

Cor. { Hee were an yron-hearted fellow in my judgement,
that would not credite him upon these monstrous
oathes.

3340 *Tay.* VVell Sir, I'le not sticke with any Gentleman for a tri-
fle: you know what 'tis remaines?

Fung. I Sir, and I giue you thankes in good faith; O God, how
happie am I made in this good fortune. VVell, now I'le goe
seeke

seeke out Monsieur *Briske*. Gods so, I haue forgot Ribband for
 3345 my shoes, and points. S'lid what lucke's this? how shall I doe?
 Master *Snippe*, pray let me reduct some two or three shillings
 for Points and Ribband, by Iesu I haue vtterly disfurnisht my
 selfe in the default of memorie; pray, le' me be beholding to
 you, it shall come home i'the Bill beleeeue me.

3350 *Tay.* Faith sir, I can hardly depart with money, but i'le take 3r65
 vp and send you some by my boy presently. VVhat colour'd
 Ribband would you haue? (Sute.

Fun. VVhat you shal think meet i'your judgement Sir to my
Tay. VVell, i'le send you some presently.

3355 *Fun.* And points too sir?

Tay. And points too sir. *Exit Taylor.*

Fun. Good Lord, how shall I studie to deserue this kindnesse
 ofyou sir. Pray let your youth make hast, for I should haue done
 a businesse an houre since, that I doubt shall come too late.

3360 Now in good truth I am exceedingly proud of my Sute. *Exit.*

G R E X.

Cord. Doe you obserue the plunges that this poore Gallant
 is put too (Signior) to purchase the Fashion.

3365 *Mit.* I, and to be still a Fashion behind the world, that's the
 sport.

Cord. Stay: O here they come from *Seal'd and deliuer'd*.

S C E N A Q U I N T A.

Act. IV. Sc.

Enter Puntarvolo, Fastidius Briske, seruingmen with the Dog.

3370 *Punt.* VVell, now my whole venter is forth, I will resolute to
 depart shortly.

Fast. Faith sir *Puntarvolo* goe to the Court, and take leaue of
 the Ladies first.

Pun. I care not if it be this afternoons labor: where is *Carlo*?

Fast. Here he comes.

3375 *Enter Carlo, Sogliardo, Shift, and Macilente.*

Carl. Faith Gallants, I am persuading this Gentleman to
 turne Courtier, he is a man of faire Reuenew, and his estate will
 beare the charge well, besides for his other gifts of the mind,

or

or so, why, they are as Nature lent him 'hem, pure, simple, with-
 3380 out any *Artificiall* drug or mixture of these two thredbare beg-
 gerly qualities, *Learning* and *Knowledge*, and therefore the more
accommodate and *Genuine*. Now for the life it selfe----

Fast. O, the most *Celestiall*, and full of woonder and delight 3200
 that can be imagin'd Signior, beyond all thought and appre-
 3385 hension of Pleasure. A man liues there in that diuine *Rapture*,
 that he will think himsele i'the third Heauen for the time, and
 loose all sence of Mortalitie whatsoever; when he shall behold
 such glorious (and almost immortall) beauties, heare such An-
 gelicall and Harmonious voices, discourse with such flowing
 3390 and *Ambrosian* spirits, whose wits as suddaine as Lightning, and
 humorous as *Nectar*; Oh: it makes a man all *Quintessence* and
Flame. and liftes him vp (in a moment) to the very Christall
 Crowne o'the skie, where (houering in the strength of his *Ima-*
gination) he shall behold all the delights of the *Hesperides*, the *In-*
 3395 *sulæ Fortunatæ*, *Adonis* gardens, *Tempe*, or what else (confin'd
 within the amplest verge of *Poesie*) to be meere *Vmbræ* and im-
 perfect Figures, conferr'd with the most essentiall felicitie of
 your Court.

Mac. VVel, this ENCOMION was not extemporall, it came
 3400 too perfectly off.

Car. Besides sir, you shall neuer need to go to a Hothouse, 3215
 you shall sweat there with courting your mistresse, or loosing
 your money at *Primero*, as well as in all the Stoues in Flaunders.
 Mary this Sir, you must euer be sure to carrie a good strong
 3405 perfume about you, that your mistresse Dog may smell you out
 amongst the rest; and (in making loue to her) neuer feare to be
 out: for you may haue a pipe of *Tabacco*, or a base *Violl* shall hang
 o'the wall of purpose, will put you in presently. The tricks your
Resolution has taught you in *Tabacco*, (the VVhiffe, and those
 3410 sleights) will stand you in very good Ornament there?

Fast. I, to some perhaps: but, and hee should come to my
 Mistresse with *Tabacco* (this Gentleman knowes) shee'd reply
 vpon him yfaith. Oh (by this bright Sunne) shee has the most
 acute, ready, and facetious wit, that — tut there's no spirit able

N

to

3415 to stand her. You can report it Signior, you haue seene her?

Punt. Then can he report no lesse out of his judgement, I assure him.

Maci. Troth I like her well enough, but shee's too selfe-con- 3230
ceited me thinkes.

3420 *Fast.* I indeed, shee's a little too selfe-conceited, and 'twere not for that Humor, she were the most to be admir'd Ladie in the world.

Punt. Indeed it is a Humor that takes from her other excellencies.

3425 *Mac.* why it may easily be made to forsake her in my thought.

Fast. Easily Sir? then are all impossibilities easie.

Mac. You conclude too quicke vpon me Signior, what will you say if I make it so conspicuously appeare now, that your selfe shall confesse nothing more possible.

3430 *Fast.* Mary I will say, *I will both applaud you, and admire you for it.*

Punt. And I will second him.

Mac. VVhy I'll shew you Gentlemen; *Carlo*, come hither.

Macilente, Carlo, Puntarvolo, and Briske, whisper.

Sog. Good faith I haue a great Humor to the Court, what 3435
thinkes my *Resolution*, shall I aduenture?

Shift. Troth *Countenance*, as you please; the Place is a place of 3245
good *Reputation* and *Capacitie*.

Sog. O my trickes in *Tabacco* (as *Carlo* sayes) will shew excellent there.

3440 *Shift.* VVhy you may goe with these Gentlemen now, and see fashions; and after, as you shall see Correspondence.

Sog. You say true. You will goe with me *Resolution*?

Shift. I will meet you *Countenance*, about three or foure of clocke, but, to say to goe with you I cannot; for (as I am *Apple*
3445 *Iohn*) I am to goe before the *Cocatrice* you saw this morning, and therefore pray, present me excus'd good *Countenance*.

Sog. Farewell good *Resolution*, but faile not to meet.

Shift. As I liue.

They breake silence.

Exit Shift.

3450 *Punt.* Admirably excellent.

Mac. If

Mac. If you can but persuade *Sogliardo* to the Court, there's all now.

Carl. O let me alone, that's my taske. 3261

Fast. Now by Iesu *Macilente*, it's aboue measure excellent:
3455 'twill be the onely Courtly exploit that euer proou'd Courtier ingenious.

Punt. Vpon my soule it puts the Lady quite out of her Humor, and we shall laugh with judgement.

Carl. Come, the Gentleman was of himselfe resolu'd to goe
3460 with you, afore I moou'd it.

Mac. VVhy then gallants, you two and *Carlo* go afore to prepare the jest: *Sogliardo* and I will come some while after you.

Car. Pardon me, I am not for the Court.

Punt. That's true; *Carlo* comes not at the Court indeed: well,
3465 you shall leaue it to the *facultie* of Monsieur *Briske*, & my selfe; vpon our liues wee will manage it happily. *Carlo* shall bespeake Supper at the Mitre against wee come backe: where wee will meet, and dimple our cheekes with laughter at the successe.

Carl. I, but will you all promise to come?

3470 *Punt.* My selfe shall *manfred*e it for them: he that failes, let his Reputation lye vnder the lash of thy tongue.

Carl. Gods so', looke who comes here?

Enter Fungoso.

Sog. VVhat, Nephew? 3280

3475 *Fung.* Vncle, God saue you; did you see a Gentleman, one Monsieur *Briske*? a Courtier, he goes in such a Sute as I doe.

Sog. Here is the Gentleman Nephew, but not in such a Sute.

Fung. Another Sute! *He Swounes.*

Sog. How now Nephew?

3480 *Fast.* VVould you speake to me Sir?

Carl. I, when he has recouer'd himselfe: poore Poll.

Punt. Some *Rosa-solis*.

Mac. How now Signior?

Fung. I am not well Sir.

3485 *Mac.* VVhy this it is, to dog the Fashion.

Carl. Nay come Gentlemen, remember your affaires; his
N ij disease

disease is nothing but the *Fluxe* of Apparell.

Punt. Sirs, returne to the lodging, keepe the Cat safe; I'lle 3294
be the Dogs *Guardian* my selfe. *Exeunt Seruingmen.*

3400 *Sog.* Nephew, will you goe to the Court with vs; these Gentle-
men and I are for the Court: nay be not so Melancholly.

Fun. By Gods lid I thinke no man in Christendome has that
rascally fortune that I haue.

Maci. Faith your Sute is well enough Signior.

3495 *Fun.* Nay, not for that I protest; but I had an errand to Mon-
sieur *Fastidius*, and I haue forgot it.

Maci. Why goe along to the Court with vs, and remember
it, come. Gentlemen, you three take one Boat, and *Sogliardo*
and I will take another: we shall be there instantly.

3500 *Fast.* Content: good Sir vouchsafe vs your pleasance.

Punt. Farewell *Carlo*; remember.

Carl. I warrant you: would I had one of *Kempes* shooes to
throw after you.

3505 *Punt.* Good Fortune will close the eyes of our jest, feare not: 3310
and we shall frolick. *Exeunt.*

G R E X.

Mit. This *Macilente* Signior, begins to be more sociable on a
suddaine me thinks, than he was before, there's some Portent
in't, I beleue.

3510 *Cord.* O hee's a fellow of a straunge Nature. Now do's he (in
this calme of his Humor) plot and store vp a world of malicious
thoughts in his braine, till he is so full with 'hem, that you shall
see the very Torrent of his Enuic breake forth, and against the
course of all their affections oppose it selfe so violently, that
3515 you will almost haue woonder to thinke how 'tis possible the
current of their Dispositions shall receiue so quick and strong
an alteration.

Mit. I marry sir, this is that on which my Expectation has
dwelt all this while: for I must tell you Signior (though I was
3520 loth to interrupt the Scene) yet I made it a question in mine
owne priuat discourse, how he should properly call it, *Euerie*
man out of his Humor, when I saw all his Actors so strongly pur-
sue

sue and continue their Humors?

Cord. VVhy therein his Art appeares most full of lustre, and 3328
3525 approacheth nearest the life, especially when in the flame and
height of their Humors they are laid flat, it fils the eye better,
and with more contentment. How tedious a sight were it to
behold a prowde exalted tree lopt and cut downe by degrees,
when it might be feld in a moment? and to set the Axe to it, be-
3530 fore it came to that pride & fulnes, were as not to haue it grow.

Mit. VVell I shall long till I see this fall you talke of.

Cord. To helpe your longing, Signior, let your imagination
be swifter than a paire of Oares, and by this, suppose *Puntarvo-*
lo, Briske, Fungoso, and the Dog, arriu'd at the court gate, and go-
3535 ing vp to the great chamber. *Macilente* and *Sogliardo,* wee'le
leauethem on the water till Possibilitie and Naturall meanes
may land 'hem. Here come the Gallants, now prepare your
Expectation.

ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA PRIMA.

Act.V.Sc.I.

3540 *Enter Puntarvolo, Fastidius Briske, Fungoso, and the Dog.*

Punt. Come Lordings. Signior you are sufficiently instructed.

Fast. VVho I sir?

Punt. No, this Gentleman. But stay, I take thought how to
bestow my dog, he is no competent attendãt for the Presence.

3545 *Fast.* Masse that's true indeed knight, you must not carrie
him into the Presence.

Punt. I know it, and I (like a dull beast) forgot to bring one
of my Cormorants to attend me.

Fast. VVhy you're best leauethim at the Porters lodge.

3550 *Punt.* Not so: his worth is too well knowne amongst them, to
be forth-comming.

Fast. Slight, how'll you doe then?

Punt. I must leauethim with one that is ignorant of his quali-
tie, if I will haue him to be safe. And see; Heres comes one thac
3555 will carrie coales, *Ergo,* will hold my Dogge. My honest friend,
may I commit the tuition of this Dog to thy prudent care?

Enter a Groome with a basket.

Groome. You may if you please sir.

Punt. Pray

Punt. Pray thee let me find thee here at my returne: it shall
3560 not be long, till I will Ease thee of thy employment, and Please
thee. Forth Gentles.

Fast. Why, but will you leaue him with so slight command,
and infuse no more charge vpon the fellow?

Punt. Charge? no, there were no pollicie in that; that were
3565 to let him know the value of the Gem he holds, & so, to tempt
fraile nature against her disposition. No, pray thee let thy Hon-
nestie be sweet and short.

Groome. Yes sir.

Punt. But heark you Gallants, and cheefely Monsieur *Briske*,
3570 When wee come in eye-shot or presence of this Ladie, let
not others matters carrie vs from our Project: but (if wee can)
single her forth to some place.

Fast. I warrant you.

Punt. And bee not too suddaine, but let the devise induce it
3575 selfe with good Circumstance: on.

Fung. Is this the way? good truth here be fine hangings.

Exeunt Puntarvolo, Briske, Fungoso.

Groome. Honestie, Sweet and Short? mary it shall sir, doubt 3380
you not: for euen at this instant if one would giue me twentie
3580 pounds, I would not deliuer him; there's for the Sweet: but
now, if any man come offer me but two-pence, hee shall haue
him; there's for the Short now. Sbloud, what a mad Humorous
Gentleman is this to leaue his Dog with me: I could run away
with him now, and he were worth any thing: well, I pray God
3585 send him quickly againe. *Enter Macilente and Sogliardo.*

Mac. Come on Signior, now prepare to Court this All-wit-
ted Ladie, most Naturally and like your selfe.

Sog. Faith and you say the word, Ile begin to her in *Tabacco*.

Maci. O, fie on't, no: you shall begin with, *How does my sweet*
3590 *Ladie*; or, *Why are youso melancholly Madame?* though she bee very
merrie, it's all one: be sure to kisse your hand often enough;
pray for her health, and tell her, how *more than most faire* shee is:
Screw your face a t'one side thus, & Protest; let her fleere and
looke a skauce, and hide her Teeth with her Fanne, when
she

3595 she laughs a fit, to bring her into more matter; that's nothing:
you must talke forward (though it be without sense, so it bee
without blushing) 'tis most Courtlike and well.

Sog. But shall I not vse *Tabacco* at all? 3397

3600 *Mac.* O, by no meanes, 'twill but make your breath suspe-
cted; and that you vse it onely to confound the rankenesse of
that.

Sog. Nay, Ile be aduis'd sir by my friends.

Maci. Gods my life, see where sir *Puntars* Dog is.

3605 *Groome.* I would the Gentleman would returne for his follo-
wer here, Ile leaue him to his fortunes else.

Mac. S'heart, 'twere the onely true jest in the world to poi-
son him now: ha? by Gods will Ile doe it, if I could but get
him of the fellow. Signior *Sogliardo*, walke aside, and thinke vp-
on some deuise to entertaine the Ladie with.

3610 *Sog.* So I doe sir.

Sog. *walkes off, meditating.*

Mac. How now mine honest friend? whose Dog-keeper art
thou?

Groome. Dog-keeper sir? I hope I scorne that yfaith. 3410

Mac. VVhy? do'st thou not keepe a Dogge?

3615 *Groome.* Sir, now I doe, and now I doe not: I thinke this bee
Sweet and Short: make me his Dog-keeper.

Throwes off the Dog, & Exit.

3620 *Maci.* This is excellent aboue expectation: nay stay sir,
you'l'd be trauailing; but Ile giue you a Dramme shall shorten
your voyage: here: so sir, Ile be bold to take my leaue of you:
now to the *Turkes* Court in the Deuils name, for you shal neuer
goe on Gods name [Kicks him out] *Sogliardo*, come.

Sog. I ha' 't yfaith now, will sting it.

3625 *Maci.* Take heed you leese it not Signior, ere you come
there: preserue it. *Exeunt.*

G R E X.

3421

Cor. { How like you this first exploit of his?

Mit. { O, a peece of true Enuie, but I expect the issue of the
other deuise.

3630 *Cor.* { Here they come, will make it appeare.

S C E N A

SCENA SECUNDA.

Act.V.Sc.2.

Enter Puntarvolo, Sauiolina, Fastidius Briske, Fungoso.

Sau. VVhy I thought Sir *Puntarvolo*, you had been gone your Voyage?

3635 *Punt.* Deare, and most Amiable Ladie, your Diuine Beauties do bind me to those Offices, that I cannot depart when I would

Sau. 'Tis most Courtlike spoken sir; but how might we doe to haue a sight of your Dog and Cat?

Fast. His Dogge's in the Court, Ladie. (sir.

3640 *Sau.* And not your Cat? how dare you trust her behind you

Punt. Troth Madame she hath sore eyes, and shee dooth keepe her Chamber: marry I haue left her vnder sufficient guard: there are two of my Hinds to attend her. (go sir?

Sau. Ile giue you some VVater for her eyes: when doe you

3645 *Punt.* Certes sweet Ladie, I know not.

Fast. He doth stay the rather Madame, to present your *Acute* judgement with so Courtly, and well-Parted a Gentleman, as yet your Ladiship hath neuer scene. (man?

Sau. VVhat's he, gentle Mounseieur *Briske*? not that Gentle-

3650 *Fast.* No Ladie, this is a Kinsman of Iustice *Silence*.

3447

Punt. Pray' sir, giue me leaue to report nim: hee's a Gentleman (Ladie) of that rare and admirable *facultie*, as (I protest) I know not his like in *Europe*: he is exceedingly Valiant, an excellent Scholler, and so exactly traual'd, that hee is able in
3655 discourse, to deliuer you a *Modell* of any Princes Court in the world: 'speakes the Languages with that puritie of *Phrase*, and facilitie of *Accent*, that it breeds astonishment: his VVit, the most Exuberant, and (aboue wonder) pleasant, of all that euer entred the concaue of this eare. (man.

3660 *Fast.* Tis most true Ladie; mary he is no such excellēt proper

Punt. His Trauailes haue chang'd his complexion, Madame.

Sau. O sir *Puntarvolo*, you must thinke euery man was not borne to haue my Seruant *Briske*s feature.

Punt. But that which transcends all, Ladie; he dooth so Peer-
3665 lessely imitate any manner of person for Gesture, Action, Passion, or what euer---

Fast. I,

Fast. I, especially a Rusticke or a Clowne Madame, that it is not possible for the sharpest-sighted wit (in the world) to discerne any sparkes of the Gentleman in him, when hee does it.

3670 *Sau.* O Mounsieur *Briske*, be not so Tyranous to confine all VVits within the compasse of your owne: Not find the sparkes of a Gentleman in him, if he be a Gentleman?

Fun. No in truth (sweet Ladie) I beleeeue you cannot.

3675 *Sau.* Do you beleeeue so? why I can find sparkes of a Gentleman in you sir.

Punt. I, he is a Gentleman Madame, and a Reueller.

Fun. Indeed I think I haue seen your Ladiship at our Reuels.

Sau. Like inough sir: but would I might see this wonder you talke of: may one haue a sight of him for any reasonable sum?

3680 *Punt.* Yes Madam, he will arriue presently.

Sau. VVhat, and shall we see him Clowne it?

Fast. I faith (sweet Ladie) that you shall: see here he comes.

Enter Macilente with Sogliardo.

Punt. This is he; pray obserue him Ladie.

3685 *Sau.* Beshrew me, he Clownes it properly indeed.

Punt. Nay, marke his Courtship. (stie? ha?)

Sog. How dos my sweet Ladie; *hote and moist? Beautifull and lu-*

Sau. *Beautifull* and it please you sir, but not *lustie*.

3690 *Sog.* O ho Ladie; it pleases you to say so in truth: and how does my sweet Ladie; in health? *Bona roba, quæso? que Nouelles? que Nouelles?* Sweet creature.

Sau. O excellent: why Gallants, is this hee that cannot be Decipher'd? they were very bleare-witted yfaith that could not discerne the Gentleman in him.

3695 *Punt.* But doe you; in earnest Ladie?

Sau. Doe I sir? why if you had any true Court-judgement in the carriage of his eye, and that inward power that formes his countenance, you might perceiue his counterfaiting as cleere as the noone day: Alas; Nay if you would haue tried my VVit indeed, you should neuer haue told mee he was a Gentleman, but presented him for a true Clowne indeed; and then haue seene if I could haue Decipher'd him.

O

Fast. 'Fore

Fast. 'Fore God, her Ladiship saies true (Knight:) but does he not affect the Clowne most naturally, Mistresse?

3705 *Punt.* O, shee cannot but affirme that, out of the Bountie of 3500 her Iudgement.

Sau. Nay out of doubt hee does well, for a Gentleman to imitate; but I warrant you, he becomes his Naturall carriage of the Gentleman, much better than his Clownerie.

3710 *Fast.* 'Tis straunge in truth, her Ladiship should see so farre into him.

Punt. I, is't not.

Sau. Faith as easily as may be: not Decipher him, quoth you?

Fung. Good sadnesse, I wonder at it.

3715 *Mac.* VVhy, has she Decipher'd him, Gentlemen?

Punt. O most miraculously, and beyond Admiration.

Mac. Is't possible?

Fast. Shee hath giuen most infallible signes of the Gentleman in him, that's certaine.

3720 *Sau.* VVhy Gallants, let mee laugh at you a little: was this 3514 your deuse, to trie my iudgement in a Gentleman?

Maci. Nay Ladie, doe not scorne vs, though you haue this gift of *Perspicacie* aboute others: VVhat if he should be no Gentleman now, but a Clowne indeed Ladie?

3725 *Punt.* How thinke you of that? would not your Ladiship be out of your Humor?

Fast. O, but she knowes it is not so.

Sau. VVhat if he were not a man, yee may as well say? nay if your VVorships could Gull mee so indeed, you were wiser
3730 than you are taken for.

Maci. In good faith Ladie, he is a very perfect Clowne, both by Father and Mother : that Ile assure you.

Sau. O Sir, you are very pleasurable.

Maci. Nay, doe but looke on his Hand, and that shall resolute
3735 you: Looke you Ladie, what a Palme here is.

Sog. Tut, that was with holding the Plough.

Mac. The Plough! did you discerne any such thing in him Madame?

Fast. Faith

Fast. Faith no, she saw the Gentleman as bright as at noone- 353r
3740 day she: he decipher'd him at first.

Maci. Troth I am sorrie your Ladiships sight should bee so
suddainely strooke.

Sau. O, you're goodly Beagles!

Fast. VVhat, is she gone?

3745 *Sog.* Nay stay sweet Ladie; *Que Nouvelles, Que Nouvelles.*

Sau. Out, you foole you. *Exit Sau.*

Fung. Shee's out of her Humor yfaith.

Fast. Nay, let's follow it while 'tis hot Gentlemen.

3750 *Punt.* Come, on mine Honour wee'le make her blush in the
Presence: my splene is great with laughter.

Maci. Your laughter will be a child of a feeble life I beleeeue
sir. Come Signior, your lookes are too dejected mee thinks:
why mixe you not mirth with the rest?

3755 *Fun.* By Gods will this Sute frets me at the Soule. Ile haue
it alter'd to morrow sure. *Exeunt.*

Enter Shift.

Act. V.Sc.3.

Shift. I am come to the Court to meet with my *Countenance*
Sogliardo: poore men must be glad of such Countenance, when
they can get no better. VVel, Need may insult vpon a man, but
3760 it shall neuer make him despaire of Consequence: The world
will say, 'tis base; tush, base! 'tis base to liue vnder the earth,
not base to liue aboute it, by any meanes.

Enter Puntarvolo, Fastidius, Sogliardo, Fungoso, Macilente.

3765 *Fast.* The poore Ladie is most miserably out of her Humour
yfaith.

Punt. There was neuer so wittie a jest broken at the Tilt, of
all the Court wits christen'd.

Maci. O, this applause taints it fowly.

Sog. I thinke I did my part in Courting. O *Resolution!*

3770 *Punt.* Aye me, my Dogge.

Maci. VVhere is hee?

Fast. Gods pretious, go seeke for the fellow, good Signior.

Sends away Fungoso.

Punt. Here, here I left him.

O ij

Maci. VVhy

3775 *Maci.* VVhy none was here when we came in now, but *Cavalier Shift*, enquire of him.

Fast. Did you see sir *Puntarvolos Dog* here *Cavalier*, since you came? (Dog sir.

Shift. His Dog sir? he may looke his Dog sir; I see none of his 3570

3780 *Mac.* Vpon my life he has stolne your Dog sir, and ben hir'd to it by some that haue ventur'd with you; you may gesse by his peremptorie answers.

Punt. Not vnlike; for he hath been a notorious theefe by his owne confession. Sirrah, where's my Dog?

3785 *Shift.* Charge me with your Dog sir? I ha' none of your dog sir.

Punt. Villaine, thou lvest.

Shift. Lie sir? S'blood y'are but a man sir.

Punt. Rogue and Theefe, restore him.

Sog. Take heed sir *Puntarvolo* what you doe; hee'le beare no 3790 coales I can tell you (of my word.)

Maci. This is rare.

Sog. It's mar'le he stabs you not: by this Light, he hath stab'd fortie for fortie times lesse matter, I can tell you, of my knowledge.

3795 *Punt.* I will make thee stoupe, thou *Abject*.

Sog. Make him stoupe sir! Gentlemen pacifie him, or hee'le be kill'd.

Mac. Is he so tall a man?

Sog. Tall a man? if you loue his life stand betwixt 'hem: 3800 make him stoupe!

Pun. My dog Villain, or I wil hang thee: thou hast confest robberies, & other fellonious acts to this Gentlemã thy *Countenance*

Sog. Ile beare no witsesse.

Punt. And without my Dog I will hang thee, for them.

3805 *Shift* kneeles.

Sog. VVhat? kneele to thine enemies?

Shift. Pardon mee good sir; God is my Iudge I neuer did Robberie in all my life.

Enter Fungoso.

Fung. O sir *Puntarvolo*, your Dog lies giuing vp the ghost in 3810 the wood-yard.

Mac. S'blood

Maci. S'bloud is he not dead yet?

Punt. O, my Dogge borne to disastrous fortune! pray you 3600
conduct me sir. *Exit Punt. with Fung.*

Sog. How? did you neuer doe any robberie in your life?

3815 *Mac.* O this is good: so he swore sir.

Sog. I, I heard him. And did you sweare true sir?

Shift. I (as God shall haue part of my soule Sir) I ne're rob'd
any man I; neuer stood by the high-way side Sir, but only said
so, because I would get my selfe a name and be counted a tall
3820 man.

Sog. Now out base *Viliaco*: Thou my *Resolution*? I thy *Counte-*
nance? By this light Gentlemen, he hath confest to me the most
inexorable companie of Robberies, and damn'd himselfe that
he did 'hem; you neuer heard the like: out skoundrell out,
3825 follow me no more I commaund thee: out of my sight, goe,
hence, speake not: I will not heare thee; away *Camouccio*.

Mac. O, how I doe feed vpon this now, and fat my selfe? here
were a couple vnexpectedly dishumor'd: well, by this time I
hope sir *Puntarvolo* and his Dog are both out of Humor to tra-
3830 uaile: nay Gentlemen, why do you not seeke out the Knight,
and comfort him? our Supper at the Mitre must of necessitie
hold to night, if you loue your Reputations.

Fast. 'Fore God I am so Melancholly for his Dogges disaster,
but i'le go. (cholly.)

3835 *Sog.* Faith and I may goe too, but I know I shalbe so Melan- 3620

Mac. Tush, Melancholly? you must forget that now, and re-
member you lie at the mercie of a Furie: *Carlo* will racke your
sinews asunder, and raile you to dust if you come not. *Exeūt.*

3840 *GREX.* { *Mit.* O then their feare of *Carlo* belike, makes them
hold their meeting.
Cor. I, here he comes: conceiue him but to be enter'd
the Mitre, and 'tis enough.

SCENA TERTIA.

Act.V.Sc.4.

Enter Carlo.

3845 *Carl.* Holla: where be these Shotmarkes? *Enter Drawer.*

Draw. By and by: you're welcome good master *Buffone*.

O iij

Carl.

Carl. VWhere's *George*? call me *George* hither quickly.

Draw. VWhat wine please you haue Sir? P'le draw you that's neat Master *Buffone*.

3850 *Carl.* Away *Neophite*, do as I bid; bring my deare *George* to me: 3636
Masse here he comes. *Enter George.*

Georg. VWelcome Master *Carlo*.

Carl. VWhat's Supper readie, *George*?

Geor. I sir, almost: will you haue the cloth laid, Master *Carlo*?

3855 *Carl.* O, what else: are none of the Gallants come yet?

Georg. None yet sir.

Carl. Stay, take me with you *George*: let me haue a good fat Loine of Porke laid to the fire presently.

Georg. It shall sir.

3860 *Carl.* And withall, heare you? draw me the biggest shaft you haue out of the But you wot of: away, you know my meaning *George*, quicke.

George. Done sir.

Exit.

Carl. S'bloud, I neuer hungred so much for thing in my life, 3650
3865 as I doe to know our Gallants successe at the Court: now is that leane Bald-rib *Macilente*, that salt Villaine, plotting some mischieuous deuise, and lyes a soking in their frothy Humours like a dry crust, till he has drunke 'hem all vp: could the Kecks but hold vp's eyes at other mens happinesse in any reasonable
3870 proportion, S'lid the slaue were to be loued next Heauen, a-boue Honour, VVcaith, rich Fare, Apparell, VVenches, all the delights of the Bellie, and the Groine, whateuer.

Georg. Here, master *Carlo*.

Carl. Is't right, Boy?

3875 *Geor.* I sir, I assure you 'tis right.

Carl. VWell said, my deare *George*, depart: Come, my small Gymblet, you in the false scabberd, away; *Puts forth the Drawer* so: Now to you sir *Burgomaster*, let's tast of *and shuts the dore*.
your Bountie.

3880

G R E X.

Mit. } what, will he deale vpon such quantities of wine alone. 3665

Cord. } You shall perceiue that sir.

He drinkes.

Carl. I

Carl. I mary sir, here's puritie: O *George*, I could bite off thy nose for this now: Sweet Rogue, he has drawne *Nectar*, the very Soule of the Grape: I'le wash my temples with some on't presently, and drinke some halfe a score draughts; 'twill heat
3885 the Braine, kindle my imagination, I shall talke nothing but Crackers and Fire-worke to night. So sir; Please you to be here sir, and I here: So.

He sets the two cups asunder, and first drinkes with the one, and pledges with the other.
3890

GREX. *Cord.* This is worth the obseruation, Signior.

Carl. 1 *cup.* Now sir, here's to you; and I present you with
3675 so much of my loue.

2 *Cup.* I take it kindly from you sir. (*Drinkes.*) And will return
3895 you the like proportion: but withall sir, remembering the merrie night we had at the Countesses; you know where sir.

1 *Cup.* By Iesu you doe put me in mind now of a very necessary office, which I wil propose in your pledge sir: The health of that honorable Countesse, & the sweet Lady that sat by her sir.
3900 2 I do vail to it with reuerence. (*Drinks.*) 2 And now Signor, with these Ladies, I'le be bold to mixe the health of your Diuine Mistresse. 1 Doe you know her sir? 2 O Lord sir, I, and in the respectfull memorie and mention of her, I could wish this wine were the most pretious drugge in the world.

3905 1 Good faith sir, you do honor me in't exceedingly. (*Drinks.*)

G R E X.

Mit. { VVhome should he personate in this, Signior? 3690

Cord. { Faith I know not sir, obserue, obserue him.

2 If it were the basest filth or mud that runnes in the chan-
3910 nell, I am bound to pledge it by God sir. (*Drinks.*) And now sir, here is againe a replenisht bowle sir, which I will *reciprocally* returne vpon you to the health of the *Count Frugale*. 1 The *Count Frugales* health sir? I'le pledge it on my knees by Iesu. 2 VVill you sir? I'le drinke it on my knees then, by the Lord. (*Drinks.*)

3915

G R E X. .

Mit. { VVhy this is straunge.

Cor. { Ha'you heard a better drunken Dialogue?

2 Nay,

2 Nay, doe me right Sir. 1 So I doe in good faith. 2 Good 3702
 faith you do not; mine was fuller. 1 VVhy by Iesu it was not.
 3920 2 By Iesu it was, and you do lie. 1 Lie sir. 2 I sir. 1 S'wounds
 you Rascall. 2 O, come, stab if you haue a mind to it. 1 Stab?
 dost thou thinke I dare not? (*In his owne person*) Nay, I beseech
 you Gentlemen, what meanes this; nay looke, for shame re-
 spect your Reputations.

3925 *Ouerturnes Wine, Pot, Cups, and all.*

Enter Macilente.

Act.V.Sc.5.

Mac. VVhy how now *Carlo*, what Humor's this?

Carl. O my good *Mischiefe*, art thou come? where are the rest?
 where are the rest?

3930 *Mac.* Faith three of our Ordinance are burst.

Carl. Burst? how comes that?

Mac. Faith ouer-charg'd, ouer-charg'd.

Carl. But did not the traine hold?

Mac. O yes, and the poore Lady is irreouerably blown vp.

3935 *Carl.* VVhy, but which of the Munition is miscarried? ha?

Maci. *Inprimis*, Sir *Puntarvolo*: next, the *Countenance*, and *Reso-* 3725
lution.

Carl. How? how for the loue of God?

3940 *Mac.* Troth the *Resolution* is proou'd Recreant; the *Counte-*
nance hath chang'd his Coppie; and the *Passionate Knight*, is
 shedding Funerall teares ouer his departed Dogge.

Carl. VVhat's his Dogge dead?

3945 *Mac.* Poison'd 'tis thought: marry how, or by whome, that's
 left for some Cunning woman heere o'the Banke-side to re-
 solue: For my part, I know nothing, more than that we are like
 to haue an exceeding Melancholly Supper of it.

Carl. S'life, and I had purpos'd to be extraordinarily merrie:
 I had drunke off a good Preparatiue of old Sacke heere: but
 will they come, will they come?

3950 *Mac.* They will assuredly come: mary *Carlo* (as thou lou'st
 me) runne ouer 'hem all freely to night, and especially the
 Knight; spare no *Sulphurious* jeast that may come out of that
 sweatie Forge of thine, but ply 'hem with all manner of Shot,

Minion,

Minion, Saker, Culverine, or any thing what thou wilt.

3955 *Carl.* I warrant thee my deare Case of *Petrimonels*, so I stand not 3744
in dread of thee, but that thou'lt second me.

Maci. VVhy my good *Germane Tapster*, I will.

Carl. VVhat *George. Lomtero, Lomtero, &c.*

Daunceth.

Georg. Did you call, Master *Carlo*?

3960 *Carl.* More *Nectar, George: Lomtero, &c.*

Geor. Your meat's readie sir, and your companie were come.

Carl. Is the Loine of Porke enough?

Geor. I Sir, it is enough.

Maci. Porke? S'heart what doest thou with such a greasie
3965 Dish; I thinke thou dost Varnish thy face with the fat on't, it
lookes so like a Glew-pot.

Carl. True, my Raw-bon'd Rogue: and if thou would'st
farce thy leane Ribs with it too, they would not (like ragged
Lathes) rub out so many Dublets as they do: but thou know'st
3970 not a good Dish, thou. O, it's the only nourishing meat in the
world: No maruaile though that saucie stubborne Generati-
on the *Iewes*, were forbidden it: for what would they ha' done,
well pamper'd with fat Porke, that durst murmure at their mar-
ker out of Garlicke and Onions. Sblood fed with it, the hor-
3975 son strummell patcht, Goggle-ey'd Grumbledories, would ha'
Gigantomachiz'd. VVell said my sweet *George*, fill, fill.

G R E X.

Mit. { This sauours too much of Prophanation. 3765
3980 *Cor.* { *O seruetur ad inum, qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi con-*
stet. The necessitie of his vaine compels a tolleration:
for, barre this, and dash him out of Humor before his
time.

Carl. 'Tis an *Axiome* in Naturall Philosophie, *What comes near-*
est the Nature of that it feeds, conuertes quicker to nourishment, and dooth
3985 *sooner essentiate.* Now nothing in Flesh and Entrailes, *assimulates*
or resembles Man more, than a Hog or Swine. (*Drinkes*)

Maci. True; and hee (to requite their courtesie) oftentimes
d'offeth off his owne Nature, and puts on theirs; as when hee
becomes as churlish as a Hogge, or as drunke as a Sow: but to

P

your

3990 your conclusion. (Drinkes.)

Car. Mary I say, nothing resembling Man more than a Swine, 3776
it follows, nothing can bee more nourishing: for indeed (but
that it abhorres from our nice Nature) if we fed one vpon ano-
ther, we should shoot vp a great deale faster, and thriue much
3995 better: I referre me to your Long-lane *Cannibals*, or such like:
but since 'tis so contrarie, Porke, Porke, is your only feed.

Maci. I take it your Deuill bee of the same Diet; hee would
ne're ha' desir'd to been incorporated into Swine else. O here
comes the Melancholly messe: vpon 'hem *Carlo*, charge, charge.

4000 *Enter Puntarvolo, Fastidius, Sogliardo, Fungoso.*

Carl. 'Fore God sir *Puntarvolo*, I am sorie for your heauinesse;
Bodie a mee, a shrewd mischaunce: why had you no *Vnicornes*
horne, nor *Bezars* stone about you? ha?

Punt. Sir, I would request you be silent.

Act.V.Sc.6.

4005 *Maci.* Nay, to him againe.

Carl. Take comfort good Knight, if your Cat ha' recouered
her Cataract, feare nothing; your Dogges mischance may bee
holpen.

Fast. Say how (sweet *Carlo*) for so God mend mee, the poore 3796
4010 Knights mones draw mee into fellowship of his misfortunes.
But be not discouraged good sir *Puntarvolo*, I am content your
aduenture shall be perform'd vpon your Cat.

Maci. I beleeeue you Muske-cod, I beleeeue you, for rather
than thou would'st make present repaimēt, thou would'st take
4015 it vpon his owne bare returne from *Callice*.

Carl. Nay Gods life, hee'ld bee content (so he were well rid
out of his companie) to pay him fiue for one at his next mee-
ting him in *Paules*. But for your Dogge, sir *Puntar*, if hee be not
out-right dead, there is a friend of mine a *Quack-saluer*, shall
4020 put life in him againe, that's certaine.

Fung. O no, that comes too late.

Maci. Gods pretious Knight, will you suffer this?

Punt. Drawer; get me a Candle and hard waxe presently.

Sog. I, and bring vp Supper; for I am so Melancholly.

4025 *Carl.* Ah Signior, where's your *Resolution*?

Sog. Reso-

Sog. Resolution! hang him Rascall: O *Carlo*, if you loue me, do not mention him.

Carl. VVhy, how so? how so?

3815

Sog. O the arrant'st *Crocodile* that euer Christian was acquaint-
4030 ted with. By *Iesu*, I shall thinke the worse of *Tabacco* while I liue for his sake: I did thinke him to be as tall a man——

Maci. Nay *Buffone*, the Knight, the Knight.

Car. Sblood, hee lookes like an Image carued out of Boxe, full of knots: his Face is (for all the world) like a Dutch purse
4035 with the mouth downeward; his beard's the Tassels: and hee walkes (let me see) as Melancholly as one o' the Masters side in the *Counter*. Doe you heare sir *Puntar*?

Punt. Sir, I doe entreat you no more, but enjoyne you to silence, as you affect your peace.

4040 *Carl.* Nay but deare Knight vnderstand (here are none but friends, and such as wish you wel) I would ha' you do this now; Flea me your Dog presently (but in any case keep the heaḡ) & stuffe his skin well with straw, as you see these dead monsters at *Bartholmew* faire.

4045 *Punt.* I shall be suddaine I tell you.

3831

Carl. Or if you like not that sir, giue me somewhat a lesse dog and clap into the skin; here's a slaue about the towne here, a Iew, one *Yohan*; or a fellow that makes Periwigs will glew it on artificially, it shall ne're be discern'd; besides, 'twill be so much
4050 the warmer for the Hound to trauell in you know.

Maci. Sir *Puntarvolo*, Sdeath can you be so patient?

Carl. Or thus Sir: you may haue (as you come through Germanie) a Familiar for little or nothing shall turn it selfe into the shape of your Dogge, or any thing (what you will) for certaine
4055 howers: Gods my life knight, what do you meane? youle offer no violence, will you? Hold, hold.

Punt. Sbloud you slaue, you Bandog you.

Car. As you loue God, stay the enraged knight, Gentlemen.

Punt. By my knighthood, hee that stirres in his rescue, dies.
4060 Drawer be gone.

Carl. Murder, murder, murder.

Punt. I, are you houling, you VVolfe? Gentlemen, as you 3848
tender your liues, suffer no man to enter, till my reuenge bee
perfect. Sirha *Buffone*, lie downe; make no exclamations, but
4065 downe; downe you Curre, or I will make thy blood flow on my
Rapier hilts:

Carl. Sweet knight hold in thy furie, and 'fore God Ile ho-
nour thee more than the Turke dos *Mahomet*.

Punt. Downe (I say.) VVhose there?

4070 *Const.* Here's the Constable, open the dore. *Within.*

Carl. Good *Macilente*.

Punt. Open no dore, if the *Adalantado* of Spaine were here,
he should not enter: On, helpe me with the light, Gentlemen:
you knocke in vaine sir officer.

4075 *Carl.* *Et tu Brute.*

Punt. Sirha close your lips, or I will drop it in thine eyes by
heauen.

Carl. O, O.

They seale vp his lips.

Const. Open the dore, or I will breake it open.

4080 *Maci.* Nay good Constable haue patience a little, you shall
come in presently, we haue almost done.

Punt. So; now, are you out of your humour sir. Shift Gentle-
men.

They all draw & Exeunt.

Enter Constable with Officers, and stay Briske.

Act.V.Sc.7.

4085 *Const.* Lay hold vpon this gallant, and pursue the rest.

Fast. Lay hold on me sir! for what? (panions.

Const. Mary for your riot here sir, with the rest of your com-

Fast. My riot! God's my judge, take heed what you doe;

Carlo did I offer any violence?

4090 *Const.* O sir, you see he is not in case to answere you, and that
makes you so paramptorie.

Fast. Peremptorie, Slife I appeale to the Drawers, if I did
him any hard measure.

Enter George.

4095 *Georg.* They are all gone, there's none of them will bee laid
any hold on.

Const. VVell sir, you are like to answere till the rest can bee
found out.

Fast. Sbloud

companie, I am sure.

4135 *Fung.* My company? S'lid I was an invited guest, so I was. 3917

Draw. Faith we haue nothing to doe with that Sir, they're all gone but you, and wee mus. be answer'd; that's the short and the long on't.

4140 *Fung.* Nay, if you will grow to extremities, my Masters, then would this Pot, Cup, and all were in my belly, if I haue a crosse about me.

Georg. VVhat, and haue such Apparell? Doe not say so, Signior, that mightily discredits your clothes.

4145 *Fung.* By Iesu the Taylor had all my money this morning, and yet I must be faine to alter my Sute too: good Sirs, let me goe, 'tis Friday night; and in good truth I haue no stomack in the world to eat any thing.

Draw. That's no matter so you pay Sir.

4150 *Fung.* Pay? Gods light, with what conscience can you aske me to pay that I neuer dranke for?

Georg. Yes Sir, I did see you drinke once.

Fung. By this Cup (which is *siluer*) but you did not, you doe me infinite wrong, I look't in the pot once indeed, but I did not drinke.

4155 *Draw.* VVell sir, if you can satisfie my Master, it shall be all one to vs. By and by.

One calls George within.

Exeunt.

G R E X.

Cord. Loose not your selfe now, Signior.

4160 *Enter Macilente and Deliro.*

Act.V.Sc.8.

4165 *Maci.* Tut sir, you did beare too hard a conceit of me in that, but I will now make my loue to you most transparent, in spite of any dust of suspition, that may be raised to dimme it: and henceforth since I see it is so against your Humor, I will neuer labour to persuade you.

Deli. VVhy I thanke you Signior, but what's that you tell me may concerne my peace so much?

Mac. Faith sir, 'tis thus. Your wiues brother Signior *Fungoso* being at supper to night at a Tauerne with a sort of Gallants:
there

4170 there happened some diuision amongst 'hem, and he is left in
 pawne for the Reckoning: now if euer you look that time shall
 present you with a happie occasion to doe your wife some gra-
 cious & acceptable seruice, take hold of this opportunitie, and
 presently go and redeeme him; for being her brother, and his
 4175 credit so amply engaged as now it is, when she shall heare (as
 he cannot himselfe, but hee must of extremitie report it) that
 you came and offered your self so kindly, and with that respect
 of his Reputation, S'lud the benefit cannot but make her dote,
 and grow mad of your affections.

4180 *Deli.* Now by heauen *Macilente*, I acknowledge my selfe ex- 3958
 ceedingly indebted to you, by this kind tender of your loue;
 and I am sorry to remember that I was euer so rude to neglect
 a friend of your worth, bring me shoes and a cloke there, I was
 going to bed if you had not come, what *Tauerne* is it?

4185 *Mac.* The Mitre sir.

Deli. O; why *Fido*, my shoes. Good faith it cannot but please
 her exceedingly.

Enter Fallace.

Fall. Come, I marl'e what peece of nightworke you haue in
 hand now, that you call for your cloake and your shoes: what,
 4190 is this your *Pandor*?

Deli. O sweet wife speake lower, I would not he should heare
 thee for a world—

Fall. Hang him rascall, I cannot abide him for his treacherie,
 with his wild quicke-set beard there. VVhither goe you now
 4195 with him?

Deli. No whither with him deare wife, I go alone to a place, 3972
 from whence I will returne instantly. Good *Macilente* acquaint
 not her with it by any meanes, it may come so much the more
 accepted, frame some other answeare, I'le come backe immedi-
 4200 atly.

Exit Deliro.

Fall. Nay, and I be not worthie to know whither you go, stay
 till I take knowledge of your comming backe.

Mac. Heare you *Mistres Deliro*.

Fall. So sir, and what say you?

4205 *Mac.* Faith *Ladie*, my intents will not deserue this slight re-
 spect

spect, when you shall know 'hem. (sake?)

Fall. Your intents? why, what may your intent be for Gods 3982

Mac. Troth the time allows no circumstance Lady, therefore know, this was but a deuise to remooue your Husband hence, 4210 and bestow him securely, whil'st (with more conueniencie) I might report to you a misfortune that hath happened to Monsieur *Briske*; nay comfort sweet Ladie. This night (being at supper) a sort of young Gallants committed a Riot, for the which he (onely) is apprehended and carried to the *Counter*, where if 4215 your Husband & other Creditors should but haue knowledge of him, the poore Gentleman were vndone for euer.

Fall. Aye me, that he were.

Maci. Now therefore, if you can thinke vpon any present meanes for his deliuerie, doe not forslow it. A bribe to the officer that committed him, will doe it. 4220

Fall. O God sir, he shall not want for a bribe: pray you, will you commend me to him, and say I'll visit him presently.

Mac. No Lady, I shall do you better seruice in protracting your husbands returne, that you may go with more safetie? 4225

Exit.

Fall. Good truth so you may; farewell good Sir. Lord how a woman may be mistaken in a man? I would haue sworne vpon all the Testaments in the world he had not lou'd master *Briske*. Bring me my keyes there maid: Alasse good Gentleman, if all 4230 I haue i'this earthly world will pleasure him, it shall be at his seruice.

Exit.

G R E X.

Mit. How *Macilente* sweats i'this businesse, if you mark him?

Cord. I, you shall see the true picture of Spight anon, here 4235 comes the Pawne and his Redeemer.

Enter Deliro, Fungoso, Drawer following them.

Act.V.Sc.9.

Deli. Come brother, be not discourag'd for this man, what?

Drawer. No truly, I am not discourag'd, but I protest to you Brother I haue done imitating any more Gallants either in 4240 purse or apparell, but as shall become a Gentleman for good carriage or so.

Deli. You

Deli. You say well. This is all i' the bill here? is't not? 4015

Georg. I Sir.

Deli. There's your money, tell it: and Brother, I am glad I
4245 met with so good occasion to shew my loue to you.

Fung. I will studie to deserue it in good truth, and I liue.

Deli. VVhat is't right?

Geor. I Sir, and I thanke you.

(is paid.)

Fung. Let me haue a Capons legge sau'd, now the reckoning
4250 *Geor.* You shall Sir. *Exit.* *Enter Maci.*

Maci. VVhere's Signior *Deliro*?

Deli. Here *Macilente*.

Maci. Harke you sir, ha' you dispatcht this same?

Deli. I marry haue I.

4255 *Maci.* VVell then, I can tell you news, *Briske* is i' the Counter.

Deli. I' the Counter?

Mac. 'Tis true Sir, committed for the stirre here to night. 4030

Now would I haue you send your brother home afore, with the
4260 report of this your kindnesse done him to his sister, which will
so pleasingly possesse her, and out of his mouth too, that i' the
meane time you may clap your Action on *Briske*, and your wife
(being in so happie a mood) cannot entertaine it ill by any
meanes.

Deli. 'Tis very true, she cannot indeed, I thinke.

4265 *Mac.* Thinke? why'ts past thought, you shall neuer meete
the like opportunitie, I assure you.

Deli. I will doe it. Brother pray you go home afore, this Gent.
and I haue some priuate businesse; and tell my sweet wife, Ile
come presently.

4270 *Fung.* I will Brother.

Maci. And Signior, acquaint your sister, how liberally and
out of his bountie, your brother has vs'd you. (Doe you see?)
made you a man of good Reckoning; redeem'd that you ne-
uer were possess of, Credite; gaue you as Gentlemanlike terms
4275 as might be; found no fault with your comming behind the fa-
shion; nor nothing.

Fung. Nay I am out of those Humors now.

Q

Mac. VVell,

Maci. VVell, if you be out, keepe your distance, and bee not made a Shot-clog no more. Come Sig. let's make hast. *Exeunt.*

4280 *Enter Briske and Fallace.*

Act.V.Sc.1

Fall. O maister *Fastidius*, what pittie is't to see so sweet a man as you are in so soure a place? *and kisses him.*

G R E X.

Cord. {As vpon her lips do's she meane?

4285 *Mit.* {O, this is to be imagin'd the *Counter* belike?

Fast. Troth faire Ladie, 'tis first the pleasure of the Fates, and next of the Constable to haue it so, but, I am patient, and indeed comforted the more in your kind visitation.

4290 *Fall.* Nay, you shall bee comforted in me more than this, if you please Sir. I sent you word by my Brother Sir, that my husband laid to rest you this morning, I know not whether you receiu'd it, or no?

Fast. No beleeeue it, sweet Creature, your Brother gaue mee no such *intelligence.*

4295 *Fall.* O the Lord!

Fast. But has your husband any such purpose?

4300 *Fall.* O God Maister *Briske*, yes: and therefore bee presently discharg'd; for if he come with his Actions vpon you (Lord deliuer you) you are in for one halfe a score yeare; he kept a poor man in Ludgate once, twelue year for *sixteene shillings*. VVhere's your keeper, for Gods loue call him, let him take a bribe, and dispatch you, Lord how my heart trembles! here are no spies? are there?

Fast. No sweet mistresse, why are you in this passion.

4305 *Fall.* O Christ Maister *Fastidius*, if you knew how I tooke vp 4075 my husband to day, when he said he would arrest you; and how I rail'd at him that persuaded him to't, the Scholler there, (who on my conscience loues you now) & what care I tooke to send you *intelligence* by my Brother; and how I gaue him foure So-
4310 ueraignes for his paines; and now, how I came running out hether without man or boy with mee, so soone as I heard on't; you'd say, I were in a Passion indeed: your keeper for Gods sake. O Master *Brisk* (as'tis in *Euphues*) *Hard is the choise, when one is compelled*

compelled either by silence to die with grief, or by speaking to liue with shame.

4315 *Fast.* Faire Ladie I conceiue you, and may this kisse assure you, that where Aduersitie hath (as it were) contracted, Prosperitie shall not---Gods light your Husband.

Fall. O mee!

Enter Deliro. Macilente.

Act.V.Sc.II

4320 *Deli.* I? is't thus!

Maci. VVhy how now Signior *Deliro*? has the VVolve seene you? ha? hath *Gorgons* head made marble on you?

Deli. Some Planet strike me dead.

Maci. VVhy looke you Sir, I told you, you might haue suspected this long afore, had you pleas'd; and ha'sau'd this labor of Admiration now, and Passion, and such extremities as this fraile lumpe of Flesh is subiect vnto. Nay, why do you not dote now Signior? Mee thinkes you should say it were some Enchantment, *Deceptio visus*, or so, ha? if you could persuade your
4330 selfe it were a dreame now, 'twere excellent: faith trie what you can doe Signior; it may bee your Imagination will bee brought to it in time, there's nothing impossible.

Fall. Sweet Husband?

Deli. Out lasciuious Strumpet.

Exit Deliro.

4335 *Maci.* VVhat? did you see how ill that stale vain became him 4105 afore, of Sweet VVife, and Deare heart? and are you falne just into the same now? with Sweet Husband. Away, follow him, goe, keepe state, what? Remember you are a woman: turn impudent: gi'him not the head, though you gi' him the hornes,

4340 Away.

Exit Fallace.

And yet mee thinkes you should take your leaue of *Infans-perdus* here, your forlorne hope. How now Mounsieur *Brisk*: what? Friday at night? and in affliction too? and yet your *Pulpa-menta*? your delicate Morsels: I perceiue the affection of La-
4345 dies and Gentlewomen, pursues you wheresoeuer you goe Mounsieur.

Fast. Now in good faith (and as I am Gentle) there could not haue come a thing i' this world to haue distracted mee more than the wrinkled fortunes of this poore Dame.

Q ij

Maci. O

4350 *Maci.* O yes Sir: I can tell you a thing will distract you 4117
much better, beleue it. Signior *Deliro* has entred three Actions
against you, three Actions Mounsieur: marry one of them (Ile
put you in comfort) is but three thousand mark, and the other
two some five thousand pound together, trifles, trifles.

4355 *Fast.* O God, I am vndone.

Maci. Nay not altogether so Sir, the Knight must haue his
hundred pound repai'd, that 'll helpe too, and then sixescore
pound for a Diamond: you know where? these be things will
weigh Mounsieur; they will weigh.

4360 *Fast.* O Iesu!

Maci. VVhat doe you sigh? this it is to kisse the hand of a
Countesse, to haue hir Coach sent for you, to hang Poinards in
Ladies garters, to weare Bracelets of their haire, and for euery
one of these great fauours to giue some slight Iewell of five
4365 hundred crownes, or so, why 'tis nothing. Now Mounsieur, you
see the plague that treads o' the heeles of your fopperie, well,
goe your waies in; Remoue your selfe to the two-penny ward
quickly to saue charges, and there set vp your rest to spend Sir
Puntars hundred pound for him. Away good *Pomander*, goe.

4370

Exit Briske.

VVhy here's a change: Now is my soule at peace,

4135

I am as emptie of all Enuie now,

As they of merit to be envied at,

My Humor (like a flame) no longer lasts

4138

4375 Than it hath stufte to feed it, and their vertue,

Being now rak't vp in embers of their Follie,

Affords no ampler Subject to my Spirit;

I am so farre from malicing their states,

4142

That I begin to pittie them: it greeues me

4380 To thinke they haue a *being*; I could wish

They might turne wise vpon it, and be sau'd now,

So Heauen were pleas'd: but let them vanish Vapors.

4146

And now with *Aspers* tongue (though not his shape)

Kind *Patrons* of our sports (you that can judge,

4385 And with discerning thoughts measure the pace

Of

Of our straunge Muse in this her *Maze* of Humor,
 You, whose true Notions doe confine the formes
 And nature of sweet *Poesie*) to you
 I tender solemne and most duteous thanks,
 4390 For your stretcht patience and attentiuē grace.
 VVe know (and we are pleas'd to know so much)
 The Cates that you haue tasted were not season'd
 For euery vulgar Pallat, but prepar'd
 To banket pure and apprehensiuē eares:
 4395 Let then their Voices speake for our desert ;
 Be their *Applause* the Trumpet to proclaime
 Defiance to rebelling Ignorance,
 And the greene spirits of some tainted Few,
 That (spight of pittie) betray themselues
 4400 To Scorne and Laughter; and like guiltie Children,
 Publish their *infancie* before their time,
 By their owne fond exception: Such as these
 VVee pawne 'hem to your *censure*, till Time, VVit,
 Or Obseruation, set some stronger seale
 4405 Of *iudgement* on their iudgements; and entreat
 The happier spirits in this faire-fild Globe,
 (So many as haue sweet minds in their breasts,
 And are too wise to thinke themselues are taxt
 In any generall Figure, or too vertuous
 4410 To need that wisdomes imputation:)
 That with their bounteous *Hands* they would confirme
 This, as their pleasures *Pattent*: which so sign'd,
 Our leane and spent Endeauours shall renew
 Their Beauties with the *Spring* to smile on you.

IT had another *Catastrophe* or Conclusion at the first Playing, : which (*Ἐπεὶ τὸ πλὴν βασιλισσῶν προσωποποιεῖσθαι*) many seem'd not to relish it; and therefore 'twas since alter'd: yet that a right-ei'd and solide *Reader* may perceiue
 4420 it was not so great a part of the Heauen awry, as they would make it; we request him but to looke downe vpon these following Reasons.

- 1 *There hath been President of the like Presentation in diuers Playes: and is yeerely in our Cittie Pageants or shewes of*
 4425 *Triumph.*
- 2 *It is to be conceiu'd, that Macilente being so strongly possest with Enuie, (as the Poet heere makes him) it must bee no sleight or common Object, that should effect so suddaine and straunge a cure vpon him, as the putting him cleane Out of*
 4430 *his Humor.*
- 3 *If his Imagination had discours't the whole world ouer for an Object, it could not haue met with a more Proper, Eminent, or worthie Figure, than that of her Maiesties: which his Election (though boldly, yet respectiuely) vs'd to a Mo-*
 4435 *rall and Mysterious end.*
- 4 *His greedinesse to catch at any Occasion, that might expresse his affection to his Soueraigne, may worthily plead for him.*
- 5 *There was nothing (in his examin'd Opinion) that could*
 4440 *more neare or truly exemplifie the power and strength of her Inualueable Vertues, than the working of so perfect a Miracle on so oppos'd a Spirit, who not only persisted in his Humor, but was now come to the Court with a purpos'd resolution (his soule as it were new drest in Enuie) to maligne at*
 4445 *any thing that should front him; when sodainly (against expectation,*

pectation, and all steele of his Malice) the verie wonder of her Presence strikes him to the earth dumbe, and astonisht. From whence rising and recouering heart, his Passion thus vtters it selfe.

- 4450 *Maci*. Blessed, Diuine, Vnblemisht, Sacred, Pure,
Glorious immortall, and indeed *Immense*;
O that I had a world of Attributes,
To lend or adde to this high *Maiestie*:
Neuer till now did *Obiect* greet mine eyes 4169
- 4455 VVith any light Content: but in her *Graces*
All my malitious Powers haue lost their stings:
Enuie is fled my Soule at sight of her,
And shee hath chac'd all blacke thoughts from my bosome
Like as the *Sunne* doth darknesse from the world.
- 4460 My streame of *Humor* is run out of me:
And as our Citties *Torrent* (bent t'infect
The hallow'd bowels of the siluer *Thames*)
Is checkt by strength and clearenesse of the Riuer,
Till it hath spent it selfe e'ene at the shore ;
- 4465 So in the ample and vnmeasur'd Flood 4180
Of her *Perfections*, are my *Passions* drown'd:
And I haue now a *Spirit* as sweet and cleere,
As the most raref'd and subtill Aire;
VVith which, and with a heart as pure as Fire,
- 4470 (Yet humble as the Earth) doe I implore, *He kneeles.*
O *Heauen*: that Shee (whose *Figure* hath effected
This change in me) may neuer suffer Change
In her Admir'd and happie Gouernment:
May still this *Iland* be call'd *Fortunate*,
- 4475 And Rugged *Treason* tremble at the sound 4190
VVhen *Fame* shall speake it with an *Emphasis*.
Let forraine *Pollicie* be dull as Lead,
And pale *Inuasion* come with halfe a heart
VVhen he but lookes vpon her blessed Soile:

- 4480 The Throat of *Warre* be stopt within her Land,
 And Turtle-footed *Peace* daunce fairie Rings
 About her Court; where neuer may there come
Suspect or *Daunger*, but all *Trust* and *Safetie*:
 Let *Flatterie* be dumbe, and *Enuie* blind
- 4485 In her dread Presence: *Death* himselfe admire her:
 And may her *Vertues* make him to forget
 The vse of his ineuitable hand.
 Fly from her *Age*; Sleepe *Time* before her Throne.
 Our strongest wall falls downe when she is gone. 4204
- 4490 *Here the Trumpets sound a flourish, in which time Macilente conuerts
 himselfe to them that supply the place of GREX, and speakes.*

G R E X.

- Mac.* How now sirs? how like you it? has't not ben tedious? 4147
Cor. Nay, we ha' done *censuring*, now.
- 4495 *Mit.* Yes faith. 4150
Mac. How so?

Cor. Mary because wee'le imitate your *Actors*, and be out of
 our *Humors*. Besides, here are those (round about you) of more
 abilitie in *Censure* than we, whose iudgements can giue it a more
 4500 satisfying Allowance: wee'le referre you to them.

Mac. I? is't e'en so? VVell, Gentlemen, I should haue gone
 in, and return'd to you as I was *Asper* at the first: but (by reason
 the Shift would haue been somewhat long, and wee are loth to
 draw your *Patience* any farder) wee'le intreat you to imagine
 4505 it. And now (that you may see I will be out of *Humor* for com-
 panie) I stand wholly to your kind *Approbation*, and (indeed) am
 nothing so peremptorie as I was in the beginning: Marie I
 will not do as *Plautus* in his *Amphitryo* for all this (*Summi Iouis cau-
 sa, Plaudite:*) begge a *Plaudite* for Gods sake; but if you (out of
 4510 the Bountie of your good liking) will bestow it; why, you may
 (in time) make leane *Macilente* as fat as *Sir Iohn Fallstaffe*.

Exeunt.

Non ego ventosæ plebis suffragia venor.

Materialien zur Kunde
des
älteren Englischen Dramas

Materialien zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas

UNTER MITWIRKUNG DER HERREN

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BEGRUENDET UND HERAUSGEGEBEN

VON

W. BANG

o. ö. Professor der Englischen Philologie an der Universität Louvain

SIEBZEHNTER BAND

LOUVAIN
A. UYSTPRUYST

LEIPZIG
O. HARRASSOWITZ

LONDON
DAVID NUTT

1907

BEN JONSON'S
EVERY MAN OUT OF HIS HUMOR

REPRINTED

FROM LINGE'S QUARTO OF 1600

BY

W. Bang AND W. W. Greg

no plates



*98556
24/9/09.*

LEIPZIG
O. HARRASSOWITZ

LOUVAIN
A. UYSTPRUYST

LONDON
DAVID NUTT

1907

PREFATORY NOTE

The play of *Every Man out of his Humour* appears twice in the volumes of the Stationers' Register, as follows :

8 Aprilis [1600] William holme Entred for his copie vnder the handes of master harsnet. and master wyndet warden. A Comicall Satyre of euery man out of his humour vjd

[Arber, III. 159.]

28^o. Aprilis 1638.... Master Bishop Assigned ouer vnto him by vertue of a note vnder the hand and seale of master Smethw[i]cke and subscribed by Master Bourne warden all the Right and interest in a play called Euery man out of his humour by Ben : Johnson vjd

[Arber, IV. 417.]

An edition in quarto was published in 1600 by William Holme. The printer, as shown by the device on the title page, was Peter Short. Another edition in quarto, bearing the same date, was printed, by whom is uncertain, for Nicholas Linge, who continued in business till 1607. Linge's edition is a careless and ignorant reprint of Holme's and possesses no independent authority. Of Holme's edition copies are extant in the Bodleian and Dyce libraries; of Linge's in the same and in the British Museum as well (C. 57. c. 22).

Both early editions are now reprinted in the *Materialien*. The text of Holme's quarto has been set up from a transcript of the Bodleian copy, and the proofs have been read with that in the Dyce library. No variations have been discovered. The reprint of Linge's quarto follows the British Museum copy; reference has been had to the Dyce copy, also without revealing any variations. As usual the reprints aim at following their respective originals as faithfully as possible. All misprints have been retained, including turned letters and wrong founts. The spacing has of necessity been normalised, but the division of words has in all cases been preserved.

The lines have been numbered throughout, and correspondence with the text of the 1616 folio (*Materialien*, VII) noted in the right hand margin.

The following peculiarities deserve mention. In Holme's quarto sheets I-Q are printed in a different type from that used for the beginning of the book. This is most clearly seen in the case of the italic fount, but the roman differs also. In Linge's quarto sheet N is wrongly imposed, pages 102 and 103 having changed places.

On pages 110 and 111 of both quartos a mistake has unfortunately occurred in the numbering of the lines. Line 3881 should be marked 3880^{bis} and the number 3885 should go one line higher.

The comickall Satyre of
EVERY MAN
OUT OF HIS
HVMOR.

As it was first compos'd by the Author B. I.

*Containing more then hath been publickely
spoken or acted.*

With the feuerall Character of euery person.

*Non aliena meo pressi pede | * si propius stes
Te capient magis | * & decies repetita placebunt.*



LONDON,
Printed for Nicholas Ling.
1600.

The names of the actors.

A SPER, The Presenter.

MACILENTE. SAVIOLINA. SORDIDO. His Hind.

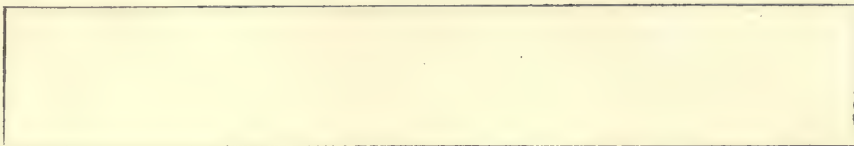
<i>Puntaruolo,</i>	{	His Ladie.	}	}	<i>Fungoso,</i>	{	Taylor.
		Waiting Gent					Haberdasher.
		Huntsman.					Shomaker.
		Seruingmen. 2.					
		Dog and Cat.					

Carlo Buffone. Sogliardo.

<i>Fastid. Briske.</i>	}	<i>Cinedo his Page.</i>	}	<i>Shift.</i>	{	<i>Rustici.</i>
<i>Deliro.</i>	}	<i>Fido their Seruant.</i>	}	<i>Clone.</i>		A Groomc.
<i>Falace.</i>	}	<i>Musicians.</i>	}	<i>Orengc.</i>		Drawers.
						Constable and Officers.

GREX.

CORDATVS. MITIS.

ASPER *his Character.*

Folio

HE is of an ingenious and free spirite, eager, and constant in reproofe, without feare controuling the worldes abuses; One whom no seruile hope of gaine, or frostie apprehension of danger, can make to be a *Parasite*, either to *Time*, *Place*, or *Opinion*. 39

MACILENTE.

A Man well parted, a sufficient Scholler, and traui'd; who (wanting that place in the worldes account, which he thinks his merit capable of) falls into such an enuious *Apoplexie*, with which his iudgement is so dazeled and distasted, that he growes violently impatient of any opposite happinesse in another. 10

PVNTARVOLO.

A Vaine-glorious Knight, ouer-Englishing his trauels, and wholly consecrated to *Singularitie*; the very *Iocobs* staffe of Complement: a Sir that hath liu'd to see the *reuo*lution of *Time* in most of his apparrell. Of presence good ynough, but so palpably affected to his owne prayse, that for want of flatterers, he commendes himselfe to the *floutage* of his owne familie. He deales vpon returnes, & strange performances, resoluing, in despight of publique derision, to sticke to his owne particular *fashion*, *phrase*, and *gesture*. 15 50

deest }
20 }

21

CARLO BVFFONE.

A Publike-scurrulous, and prophane Iester, that (more swift than *Circe* with obsurd *Siméle's* will transforme any person into Deformitie. A good Feast-hound or Banket-beagell, that will sent you out a Supper fome three mile 25 off, and sweare to his Patrons (*God dam me*) he came in Oares, when he was but wafted ouer in a Sculler. A slaue that hath an extraordinarie gift in pleasing his Pallat, and will swill vp more Sacke at a sitting, than would make all the *Guard a Posset*. His Religion is *Rayling*, and his Discourse *Ribaldrie*. They stand highest in his respect, whom he studies most to reproch. 59

deest }
30 }

31

PASTIDIVS BRISKE.

A Neate spruce affecting Courtier, one that weares clothes well, and in *Fashion*; practiseth by his glasse how to salute: speakes good Remnants (notwithstanding the *Base-violl*, and *Tabacco*;) swears tersely, and with *v*arrietie, cares not what Ladyes fauour he belies, or great mans familiaritie: a good propertie to perfume the boote of a Coach. He will borrow an other 35 mans

A ii.

mans

mans to prayse, and backes him as his owne. Or for a need on foote can post himselfe into credite with his Merchant, onely with the gingle of his Spurre, and the ierke of his Wand.

40

DELIRO.

A Good doting Citizen, who (it is thought) might be of the common Councell for his wealth: a fellow sincerely besotted on his owne wife, and so rapt with a conceit of her perfections, that he simply holdes himselfe unworthy of her: And in that hood-winkt humor, liues more like a suter than a husband; standing in as true dread of her displeasure, as when he first made loue to her. He doth sacrifice two pence in *Iuniper* to her euery morning before she rises, and makes her with *villanous-out-of-tune musicke*, which she out of her contempt (though not out of her iudgement) is sure to dislike.

79

deest |
49 |
50

✓ FALLACE.

D *Eliro's* Wife and Idoll, a proud mincing Peat, and as peruerse as he is officious, shee dotes as perfectly vpon the Courtier, as her husband doth on her, and onely wants the *Face* to be dishonest.

89

SAVIOLINA.

55 A Court Lady, whose weightiest prayse is a light wit, admir'de by her selfe and one more, her seruant *Briske*.

SORDIDO.

A Wretched Hobnail'd Chuffe, whose recreation is reading of *Almanackes*; and felicitie, foule weather: One that neuer pray'd, but for a *lean* *Dearth*; and euer wept in a *fat Haruest*.

60

FVNGOSO.

T He Sonne of *Sordido*, and a Student: one that has reuel'd in his time, and followes the Fashion a farre off like a *Spie*. He makes it the whole bent of his endeuours to wring sufficient meanes from his wretched Fathet, to put him in the Courtiers *Cut*: at which he earnestly aymes; but so vnluckily, that he still lights short a *Sute*.

65

SOGLIARDO.

A N essentiall Clowne, brother to *Sordido*. yet so enamour'd of the name of a Gentleman, that he will haue it though he buyes it. He comes vp euery Tearme to learne to take *Tabacco*, and see new *Motions*. He is in his Kingdome when he can get himselfe into company, where he may be well laught at.

70

deest |
72 |

SHIFT.

75 A Thredbare *Sharke*. One that neuer was Souldior, yet liues vpon *lendinges*. His profession is *skeldring* and *odling*, his Banke *Poules*, and his Ware-house *Pict-hatch*. Takes vp single *Testons* vpon Othes till doomes day. Fals vnder

112

vnder Executions of thrce shillings, and enters into fiue groat Bonds. He way laies the reports of *seruices*, and cons them without booke, damning himselfe he came new from them, when all the while he was taking the diet in a Bawdy
 80 house, or lay paw'd in his chamber for rent and victuals. He is of that admirable and happy Memory, that he will salute one for an olde acquaintance, that he neuer saw in his life before. He vsurpes vpon Cheates, Quarrels, and Robberies, which he neuer did, only to get him a name. His chiefe exercises are taking the *VVhiffe*, squiring a *Cocatrice*, and making priuy searches for *Im-*
 85 *parters*.

CLOVE and ORENGE.

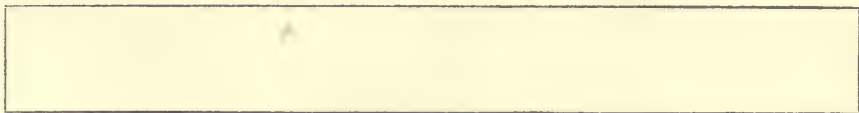
A N inseperable case of Coxcoms, city-borne: The *Gemini* or Twins of
 foppery; that like a paire of woodden Foyles, are fit for nothing, but to be
 practis'd vpon. Being well flatter'd, they'le lend money, and repent when
 90 they ha'done. Their glory is to feast Players, and make Suppers. And in company of better ranke (to auoyd the suspect of insufficiency) will enforce their Ignorance most desperatly, to set vpon the vnderstanding of any thing. *ORENGE* is the more humerous of the two (whose small portion of iuice (being squeeze'dout:) *CLOVE* serues to sticke him with commendations. 126

95 CORDATVS.

T He *Authors* friend; A man inly acquainted with the scope and drift of
 his *Plot*. Of a discreet and vnderstanding Iudgement, and has the place of
 a *Moderator*. 136

MITIS.

100 I S a person of no *Action*, and therefore we haue REASON to afforde him no
Character. 140



I T was not neare his thought that hath published this, either to traduce
 the *Authour*; or to make vulgar and cheape, any the peculiar and
 sufficient deserts of the *Actors*: but rather (whereas many *Censures*
 105 flutter'd about it) to giue all leaue, and leisure, to iudge with distinction. deest

deest }
 106 }

EVERIE MAN OVT
OF HIS HVMOR.

107

Inductio, sono secundo.

G R E X.

*Asper, Cordatus, Mitis.*110 *Cord.*

N Ay my deare *Asper*,
Mit. Stay your minde,
Asp. Away.

147

Who is so patient of this impious world,
That he can checke his spirit, or reigne his tongue?

115 Or who hath such a dead vnfeceling sence,
That heanens horride thunders cannot wake?
To see the earth, crackt with the weight of sinne,
Hell gaping vnder vs, and o're our heades
Blacke rau'nous Ruine with her saile-stretcht wings,

120 Readie to sinke vs downe and couer vs.

Who can behold such prodigies as these,
And haue his lips seal'd vp? not I: my soule
Was neuer ground into such oylie colours,
To flatter Vice, and daube Iniquitie:

160

125 But (with an armed, and resolued hand)
Ile strip the ragged follies of the time
Naked as at their birth.

Cord. Be not too bold.

Asp. You trouble me, and with a whip of steele

167

130 Print wounding lashes in their yron ribs.
I feare no mood stamp't in a priuate brow,
When I am pleas'd t'vnmaske a publike vice,

- I feare no strumpets drugs, nor ruffians stab,
Should I detect their hatefull luxuries;
- 135 No brokers, vsurers, or lawyers gripe,
Were I dispos'd to say, they're all corrupt.
I feare no courtiers frowne, should I applaud 175
The easie flexure of his supple hammes:
Tut, these are so innate and popular,
- 140 That drunken *Custom* would not shame to laugh
(In scorne) at him, that should but dare to taxe'hem:
And yet not one of these but knowes his Workes,
Knowes what *Damnation* is, the *Deuill*, and *Hell*,
Yet howerly they persist, grow ranke in sinne,
- 145 Puffing their soules away in peri'rous aire,
To cherish their extortion, pride, or lustes.
Mit. Forbeare good *Asper*, be not like your name. 185
Asp. O, but to such, whose faces are all zeale,
And (with the wordes of *Hercules*) inuade
- 150 Such crimes as these; that will not smell of sinne,
But seeme as they were made of sanctitie;
Religion in their garments, and their haire
Cut shorter than their eie-browes, when the conscience
Is vaster than the Ocean, and deuours
- 155 More wretches than the *Counters*.
Mit. Gentle *Asper*,
Containe your spirit in more stricter boundes,
And be not thus transported with the violence 195
Of your strong thoughts.
- 160 *Cord.* Vnlesse your breath had power
To melt the world, and mould it new againe,
It is in vaine to spend it in these moods.
Asp. I not obseru'd this thronged round till now:
Gracious, and kind Spectators, you are welcome,
- 165 *Apollo*, and the *Muses* feast your eyes
With gracefull obiectes; and may our *Menerua*
Answer your hopes, vnto their largest straine.
Yet here, mistake me not iudicious friendes:
I doe not this to beg your patience,

- 170 Or seruilely to fawne on your applause, 207
 Like some drie braine, despairing in his merit:
 Let me be censur'd, by th'austerest brow,
 Where I want art, or iudgement, taxe me freely:
 Let enuious *Critickes* with their broadest eies
- 175 Looke through and through me; I pursue no fauor:
 Onely vouchsafe me your attentions,
 And I will giue you musicke worth your eares.
 O how I hate the monstrosnesse of time,
 Where euery seruile imitating spirit,
- 180 (Plagu'd with an itching leprosie of wit)
 In a meere halting fury, striues to fling
 His vlc'rous body in the Thespian spring,
 And streight leap's foorth a Poet; but as lame
 As *Vulcane*, or the founder of Cripple-gate.
- 185 *Mit.* In faith this Humor will come ill to some, 222
 You will be thought to be too peremptorie.
Asp. This Humor? good; and why this Humor, *Mitis?*
 Nay doe not turne, but answer.
Mit. Answer? what?
- 190 *Asp.* I will not stirre your patience, pardon me,
 I vrg'd it for some reasons, and the rather
 To giue these ignorant wel-spoken daies
 Some taste of their abuse of this word *Humor*.
Cor. O doe not let your purpose fall, good *Asper*,
- 195 It cannot but ariue most acceptable,
 Chiefely to such as haue the happinesse
 Dayly to see how the poore innocent word
 Is rackt, and tortur'd.
Mit. I, I pray you proceed.
- 200 *Asp.* Ha? what? what is't? 236
Cor. For the abuse of Humor.
Asp. O, I craue pardon, I had lost my thoughts.
 Why *Humor* (as 'tis *ens*) we thus define it
 To be a qualitie of aire or water,
- 205 And in it selfe holdes these two properties,
 Moisture and Fluxure : As for demonstration,

- Poure water on this floore, 'twill wet and runne, 243
 Likewise the aire (forc't through a horne or trumpet)
 Flowes instantly away, and leaues behind
 210 A kinde of due; and hence we doe conclude
 That what soe're hath fluxure and humiditie,
 As wanting power to containe it selfe,
 Is *Humor*: so in euery humane bodie
 The choller, melancholy, flegme, and bloud,
 215 By reason that they flow continually
 In some one part, and are not continent,
 Receiue the name of Humors. Now thus farre
 It may by Metaphore apply it selfe
 Vnto the generall disposition, 255
 220 As when some one peculiar quality
 Doth so possesse a man, that it doth draw
 All his affects, his spirits, and his powers
 In their confluions all to runne one way,
 This may be truely sayd to be a Humor,
 225 But that a Rooke in wearing a pide feather,
 The cable hatband, or the three-pild ruffe,
 A yard of shooe-tie, or the Switzers knot
 On his French garters, should affect a Humor,
 O, 'tis more than most rediculous.
 230 *Cord.* He speakes pure trueth: Now if an Ideot
 Haue but an Apish or Phantasticke straine,
 It is his Humor.
Asp. Well, I will scourge those Apes,
 And to these courteous eies oppose a mirror,
 235 As large as is the Stage whereon we act, 270
 Where they shall see the times deformity,
 Anotamiz'd in euery Nerue and sinew,
 With constant courage, and contempt of feare.
Mit. Asp. (I vrge it as your friend) take heed,
 240 The dayes are dangerous, full of exception,
 And men are growne impatient of reproofe.
Asp. Ha, ha:
 You might as well haue told me, yond' is heauen,

B

This

This earth, these men; and all had mou'd alike. 278
 245 Doe not I know the times condition?
 Yes *Mitis*, and their soules, and who they be
 That either will or can except against me:
 None but a sort of fooles, so sicke in tast,
 That they contemne all Physicke of the mind,
 250 And like gald Camels kicke at euery touch,
 Good men, and vertuous spirits, that loath their vices,
 Will cherish my free labours, loue my lines,
 And with the feruor of their shining grace,
 Make my braine fruitfull to bring foorth more obiects
 255 Worthy their serious and intentiue eies.
 But why enforce I this, as fainting? no:
 If any here chaunce to behold himselfe,
 Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong,
 For if he shame to haue his follies knowne,
 260 First he should shame to act'hem: my strict hand
 Was made to ceaze on vice; and with a gripe
 Crush out the Humor of such spongie soules, 295
 As licke vp euery idle vanity.

Cord. Why this is right *Furor Poeticus*:

265 Kind Gentlemen, we hope your patience
 Will yet conceiue the best, or entertaine
 This supposition, That a madman speakes.

Asp. What? are you ready there? *Mitis* sit downe;
 And my *Cordatus*. Sound hoe, and begin:

270 I leaue you two as Censors to sit here,
 Obserue what I present, and liberally
 Speake your opinions, vpon euery Scene, 306
 As it shall passe the view of these Spectators,
 Nay now, y'are tedious Sirs, for shame begin:

275 And *Mitis* note me if in all this front,
 You can espie a gallant of this marke,
 Who (to be thought one of the iudicious)
 Sits with his armes thus wreath'd, his hat pul'd here,
 Cries meaw, and nods, then shakes his empty head,
 280 Will shew more seuerall motions in his face

Than the new London, Rome, or Nineueh, 315
 And (now and then) breakes a drie bisket iest,
 Which that it may more easily be chew'd,
 He sleeps in his owne laughter.

285 *Cord.* Why? will that
 Make it be sooner swallow'd?

Asp. O, assure you:

Or if it did not, yet as *Horace* sings:

" *Ieiunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit,*

290 " Meane cates are welcome still to hungrie guests.

Cord. 'Tis true, but why should we obserue 'hem *Asper*?

Asp. O I would know 'hem, for in such assemblies, 324

Th'are more infectious than the Pestilence,
 And therefore I would giue them Pils to purge,

295 And make 'hem fit for faire societies.

How monstrous and detested is't to see
 A fellow that has neither art nor braine,
 Sit like an *Aristarchus*, or starke asse,
 Taking mens lines with a Tobacco face

300 In snuffe, still spitting, vsing his wried lookes
 (In nature of a vice) to wrest and turne
 The good aspect of those that shall sit neare him,
 From what they doe behold? O tis most vile.

Mit. Nay *Asper*.

305 *Asp.* Peace *Mitis*, I doe know your thought: 337

You'le say, your audience will except at this?
 Pish, you are too timorous, and full of doubt:
 Then, he a patient, shall reiect all Physicke
 'Cause the Physitian tels him you are sicke:

310 Or, if I say that he is vicious,
 You will not heare of vertue: come, y'are fond,
 Shall I be so extrauagant to thinke
 That happy iudgements and composed spirits
 Will challenge me for taxing such as these?

315 I am asham'd.

Cord. Nay, but good pardon vs.

We must not beare this peremptorie saile,

But vse our best endeouours how to please.

Asp. Why, therein I commend your carefull thoughts

350

320 And I will mixe with you in industrie

To please; but whom? attentue auditors,
Such as will ioyne their profite with their pleasure,
And come to feede their vnderstanding parts:

For these, Ile prodigally spend my selfe,

325 And speake away my spirit into ayre;

For these, Ile melt my braine into inuention,
Coine new conceites, and hang my richest words
As polisht iewels in their bounteous eares.

But stay, I loose my selfe, and wrong their patience;

330 If I dwell here, they'le not begin, I see:

Friends sit you still, and entertaine this troupe
With some familiar and by-conference,
Ile hast them sound: now Gentlemen I go
To turne an Actor, and a Humorist,

335 Where (ere I do resume my present person)

We hope to make the circles of your eyes
Flow with distilled laughter: if we fayle,
We must impute it to this onely chance
" *Art* hath an enemie cal'd *Ignorance*.

340

Exit.

Cord. How do you like his spirit, *Mitis*?

371

Mit. I should like it much better, if he were lesse confident.

Cord. Why, do you suspect his merit?

Mit. No, but I feare this will procure him much enuie.

345 *Cordatus.* O, that sets the stronger seale on his desert, if he had
no enemies, I should esteeme his fortunes most wretched at this in-
stant.

Mit. You haue seene his play *Cordatus*? pray you; how is't?

Cord. Faith sir, I must refraine to iudge, onely this I can say of it,
350 'tis strange, and of a perticular kind by it selfe, somewhat like *Vetus*
Comædia: a worke that hath bounteously pleased me, how it will an-
swere the generall expectation, I know not.

Mit. Does he obserue all the lawes of Comedie in it?

Cord. What lawes meane you?

Mit. Why

355 *Mit.* Why the equall deuision of it into Acts and Scenes, according to the Terentian manner, his true number of Actors; the furnishing of the Scene with *Grex* or *Chorus*, and that the whole Argument fall within compasse of a dayes efficiencie. 384

Cord. O no, these are too nice obseruations.

360 *Mit.* They are such as must be receiued by your fauour, or it cannot be Authentique.

Cord. Troth I can discerne no such necessitie.

Mit. No?

Cord. No, I assure you signior; if those lawes you speake of, had 393
365 been deliuered vs, *ab Initio*; and in their present vertue and perfection, there had been some reason of obeying their powers: but 'tis extant, that that which we call *Comædia*, was at first nothing but a simple & continued Satyre, sung by one only person, till *Susario* inuented a second, after him *Epicharmus* a third, *Phormus*, and *Chionides* deused to haue foure Actors, with a *Prologue* and *Chorus*; to which *Cratinus* (long after) added a fift and fixt; *Eupolis* more, *Aristophanes* more then they: euery man in the dignitie of his spirit and iudgement, supplid somthing: and (though that in him this kind of Poeme appeared absolute, and fully perfected) yet how is the face
375 of it chang'd since, in *Menander*, *Philemon*, *Cecilius*, *Plautus*, and the rest; who haue vtterly excluded the *Chorus*, altered the property of the persons, their names, and natures, and augmented it with all libertie, according to the elegancie and disposition of those times wherein they wrote? I see not then but wee should enioy the same
380 *Licentia* or free power, to illustrate and heighten our inuention as they did: and not be tyed to those strict and regular formes, which the nicenesse of a fewe (who are nothing but *Forme*) would thrust vpon vs.

Mit. Well, we will not dispute of this now: but what's his 412
385 Scene?

Cor. *Mary Insula fortunata*, Sir.

Mit. O, the fortunate Iland? masse he was bound himselfe to a strict law there.

Cor. Why so?

390 *Mit.* Hee cannot lightly after the Scene without crossing the seas.

Cor. He needs not, hauing a whole Ilande to runne through, I 418
thinke.

Mit. No? how comes it then, that in some one play wee see so
395 many Seas, Countries, and Kingdomes, past ouer with such admi-
rable dexteritie?

Cor. O, that but shewes how well the Authors can trauaile in
their vocation, and out-run the apprehention of their Auditory.
But leauing this, I would they would begin once: this protraction
400 is able to sower the best-settled patience in the Theatre.

Mit. They haue answered your wish Sir: they sounde.

Sound the third time.

ENTER PROLOGVE.

Cor. O here comes the Prologue: Now sirre, if you had stayed 426
405 a little longer, I meant to haue spoke your Prologue for you, I
fayth.

Pro. Mary with all my hart sir, you shall do it yet, and I thanke
you.

Cor. Nay, nay, stay, stay, heare you?

410 *Pro.* You could not haue studied to ha'done mee a greater be-
nefite at the instant, for I protest to you, I am vnperfect, and (had I
spoke it) I must of necessitie haue been out.

Cor. Why, but do you speake this seriously?

Pro. Seriously! I (God's my helpe do I) and esteeme my selfe in- 437
415 debted to your kindnesse for it.

Cor. For what?

Pro. Why for vndertaking the Prologue for mee.

Cor. How? did I vndertake it for you?

Pro. Did you! I appeale to all these Gentlemen whether you
420 did or no? Come, it pleases you to cast a strange looke on't now; but
'twill not serue.

Cor. Fore God but it must serue, and therefore speake your Pro-
logue.

Pro. And I doe, let me die poyson'd with some venemous hisse,
425 and neuer liue to looke as high as the two-pennie roome, againe.

Mit.

^{deest}₄₂₆ } *Mit.* Hee has put you to it, Sir:

Cor. Sdeath, what a humorous fellow is this? Gentlemen, good fayth I can speake no Prologue, howsoever his weake wit has had
430 the fortune to make this strong vse of mee here before you: but I protest;

Enter Carlo Buffone, with a Boy.

Carl. Come, come, leaue these fustian protestations: away, come, 454
I cannot abide these gray-headed ceremonies. Boy, fetch mee a
435 Glasse, quickly, I may bid these Gentlemen welcome; giue him a health here: I mar'le whose wit 'twas to put a Prologue in yon'd Sackbuts mouth: they might well thinke heel'd be out of tune, and yet you'd play vpon him too. *Exit Boy.*

Cor. Hang him dull block.

440 *Carl.* O good wordes, good wordes, a well-timberde fellow, hee woulde ha'made a good colume and he had been thought on when the house was a building. O art thou *Enter Boy with*
come? well sayd: giue me; Boy, fill, so: *a glasse.*

here's a cup of wine sparkles like a Diamonde. Gentlewomen (I am
445 sworne to put them in first) and Gentlemen, a round, in place of a bad Prologue, I drinke this good draught to your health here, Canarie, the verie *Elixir* and Spirit of *(He drinks.)*

Wine: this is that our Poet cals Castalian liquor, when he comes a-
broad (now and then) once in a fortnight, and makes a good Meale 467
450 among Players; where he has *Caninum appetitum*: mary at home he keepes a good Philosophical diet, beanes and butter-milke: an honest pure rogue, he will take you off three, foure, fieve of these one after another, & looke vilanously when he has done, like a one-headed *Cerberus* (he do'not heare me I hope) and then when his belly is well
455 ballac't, and his braine rigg'd a little, he sayles away withall, as though he would worke wonders when he comes home: hee has made a Play here, and he cals it, *Euery man out of his Humor*. Sblood and he get me out of the humor he has put me in, Ile ne're trust none of his tribe againe while I liue. Gentles all, I can say for him,
460 is, you are welcome. I could wish my bottle here amongst you; but there's an olde rule; *No pledging your owne health*: marie if anye heere bee thirstie for it, their best waye (that I knowe)
is,

is, sit still, seale vp their lips, and drinke so much of the play in at
their eares. *Exit.*

465 *Mit.* What may this fellow be, *Cordatus*? 483

Cor. Faith, if the time will suffer his discription, I'll giue it you:
he is one; the Author calls him *Carlo Buffone*, an impudent common
iester, a violent railer, and an incomprehensible Epicure: one, whose
company is desir'd of all men, but belou'd of none: he will sooner
470 loose his soule, than a iest; and prophane euen the most holy things,
to excite laughter: no honourable or reuerende personage what-
soeuer, can come within the reach of his eye, but is turn'd inro all
manner of varietie, by his adult'rate *simele's*.

Mit. You paint fourth a monster.

475 *Cord.* He will prefer all countries before his natiue, and thinkes
he can neuer sufficiently, or with admiration enough, deliuer his af-
fectionate conceit of forrein Atheisticall pollicies: but stay, obserue
these, hee'll appeare himselfe anon.

Enter Macilente, solus.

480 *Mit.* O, this is your enuious man (*Macilente*) I thinke.

Cord. The same, sir.

ACTVS PRIMVS. SCENA PRIMA.

Folio

Act. I. Sc. I.

500

Mac. Viri est, fortunæ cæcitatem facile ferre:

Tis true; but Stoique; where (in the vast worlde)
485 Doth that man breath, that can so much command
His bloud and his affection? well, I see,
I striue in vaine to cure my wounded soule:
For euery cordiall that my thoughts applie
Turns to a cor'siue, and doth eat it farder.
490 There is no taste in this Philosophie,
Tis like a Potion that a man should drinke,
But turnes his Stomacke with the sight of it.
I am no such pild *Cinique*, to beleue
That beggerie is the onclie happinesse:
495 Or (with a number of these patient fooles)
To sing, *My minde to mee a Kingdome is*,
When the lanke hungry belly barkes for foode:

I looke

I looke into the worlde, and there I meete
 With obiectes, that doe strike my blood-shot eies
 500 Into my braine; where, when I view my selfe,
 Hauing before obseru'd, this man is great,
 Mightie, and fear'd, that lou'd and highly fouour'd:
 A third, thought wise and learned: a fourth, rich,
 And therefore honour'd: a fifth, rarely featur'd:
 505 A sixth, admir'd for his nuptiall fortunes.
 When I see these (I say) and view my selfe,
 I wish my *Oblique* instruments were crackt,
 And that the engine of my grieffe could cast
 Mine eye-bals like two globes of wild fire foorth,
 510 To melt this vnproportion'd frame of Nature.
 Oh, they are thoughts that haue transfixt my hart,
 And often (i'the strength of apprehension)
 Made my cold passion stand vpon my face,
 Like droppes of sweate on a stiffe cake of yce.

516

515

G R E X.

Cor. { This alludes well to that of the Poet,
Inuidus suspirat, gemit, incutitque dentes,
Sudat frigidus, intuens quod odit.
 Mit. { O peace, you breake the Scene.

534

520

Enter Sogliardo, with Carlo Buffone.

SCENA SEC.

Mac. Soft, who be these?
 I'le lay me downe a while till they be past.

538

G R E X.

525 Cor. { Signior, note this gallant, I pray you.
 Mit. { What is hee?
 Cor. { A tame Rooke, youle take him presently: List.

Sog. Nay looke you *Carlo*, this is my Humour now: I haue
 lande and money, my friendes left me well, and I will be a Gen-
 530 tleman whatsoeuer it cost me.

Folio

Act.I.Sc.2.

C.

Car.

Car. A most Gentleman-like resolution.

Sog. Tut, and I take an humor of a thing once, I am like your 550
taylors needle, I go through: but, for my name Signior, how
thinke you? will it not serue for a Gentlemans name, when the

535 Signior is put to it? Ha?

Car. Let me heare, how is't?

Sog. Signior *Insulso Sogliardo*, me thinkes it soundes well.

Car. O excellent: tut and all fitted to your name, you might
very well stand for a Gentleman: I know many *Sogliardoes* Gen-
540 tlemen.

Sog. Why, and for my wealth I might be a Iustice of peace.

Car. I, and a Constable for your wit.

Sog. All this is my Lordship you see heere, and those Farmes
you came by.

545 *Car.* Good steps to gentilitie too, marie: but *Sogliardo*, if you 561
affect to be a Gentleman indeed, you must obserne all the rare
qualities, humors, and complementes of a Gentleman.

Sog. I know it Signior, and if you please to instruct, I am not
too good to learne, Ile assure you.

550 *Car.* Inough sir: Ile make admirable vse i'the proiection of
my medicine vpon this lumpe of copper here. Ile bethinke mee
for you sir.

Sog. Signior, I will both pay you and pray you, and thanke
you, and thinke on you.

555 *G R E X.*

Cord. Is not this purely good? 571

Mac. Sbloud, why should such a prick-eard Hind as this

Bee rich? Ha? a foole? such a transparent gull

That may be secne through? wherefore should he haue land,

560 Houses, and Lordships? O, I could eate my entrailes,

And sinke my soule into the earth with sorrow.

Car. First (to be an accomplit Gentleman; that is, a Gentle-
man of the time) you must giue ore housekeeping in the Coun-
trey, and liue altogether in the Citie amongst gallants; where,
565 at your first apparance, twere good you turnde foure or fue
hundred Acres of your best lande into two or three Trunkes of
apparrell, you may doe it without going to a Coniurer: and be
sure

sure you mixe your selfe still with such as flourish in the spring of the fashion, and are least Popular; studie their cariage and behauiour in all: learne to play at *Primero* and *Passage*, and (euer when you loose) ha'two or three peculiar othes to sweare by, that no man else sweares: but aboue all, protest in your plaie, & affirme, *Vpon your credite; As you are a Gentleman* (at euerie cast:) you may do it with a safe conscience, I warrant you.

575 *Sog.* O admirable rare! hee cannot chuse but be a Gentleman, that ha'es these excellent giftes: more, more, I beseech you. 589

Car. You must endeuour to feede cleanlie at your Ordinarie, sit melancholie, and picke your teeth when you cannot speake: 580 and when you come to Playes, bee Humorous, looke with a good starch't face, and ruffle your brow like a new Boot; laugh at nothing but your owne iestes, or else as the Noblemen laugh; that's a speciall grace you must obserue.

Sog. I warrant you sir.

585 *Car.* I, and sit o'the Stage, and floute; prouided, you haue a good suit.

Sog. O Ile haue a suit onelie for that sir.

Car. You must talke much of your kindred and alies.

Sog. Lies! no Signior, I shall not neede to doe so, Il'haue kindred in the Cittie to talke of; I haue a neece is a Merchants wife; 590 and a nephew, my brother *Sordidos* son, of the Innes of Court.

Car. O but you must pretende alliance with Courtiers and great persons: and euer when you are to dine or suppe in anie 603 strange presence, hire a fellowe with a great Chaine (though 595 it bee Copper it's no matter) to bring you Letters, feign'd from such a Nobleman, or such a Knight, or such a Ladie, To their Worshipfull, right rare, and Noble qualified friende or Kinsman, *Signior Insulso Sogliardo*; giue your selfe stile enough. And there (while you intende circumstances of newes, or enquire of their health, or soe) one of your Familiars (whome 600 you must carrie about you still) breakes it vppe (as twere in a iest) and reades it publikely at the Table: at which, you must seeme to take as vnardonable offence as if he had torne your Mistresse colours, or breat'd vpon her picture, and pur-

605 sue it with that hot grace, as if you would enforce a challenge
vpon it presently,

Sog. Stay, I doe not like that Humor of challenge, it may be 615
accepted: but I'le tell you what's my humor now: I will doe
this, I will take occasion of sending one of my suites to the Tay-
610 lors to haue the pocket repaired, or so; and there such a letter as
you talke off (broke open and all) shall be left. O, the Taylor will
presently giue out what I am vpon the reading of it, worth
twenty of your Gallants.

Car. But then you must put on an extreame face of discon-
615 tentment at your mans negligence.

Sog. O, so I will, and beate him too: I'le haue a man for the
purpose.

Mac. You maie, you haue lande and crownes: O partiall
Fate!

620 *Car.* Masse well remembred, you must keepe your men gal- 625
lant, at the first, fine pide Liueries laide with good golde lace,
there's no lesse in it, they may rip't off and pawne it, when they
lacke victuals.

Sog. Bir Ladie that is chargeable Signior, 'twill bring a man
625 in debt.

Car. Debt? why that's the more for your credite sir: it's an
excellent pollicie to owe much in these dayes, if you note it.

Sog. As how good Signior? I would faine be a Politician.

Car. O, looke where you are indebted anie great summe, 632
630 your creditor obserues you with no lesse regard, then if he were
boud to you for some huge benefite, and will quake to giue you
the least cause of offence, least he loose his money. I assure you
(in these times) no man has his seruant more obsequious & pli-
ant, than Gentlemen their creditors: to whom (if at any time)
635 you pay but a moietie or a fourth part, it comes more accepted-
ly, than if you gaue'hem a newyeeres gift.

Sog. I perceiue you sir, I will take vp, and bring my selfe in
credite sure.

Cor. Marrie this, alwaies beware you commerce not with
640 Bankroutes, or poore needie Ludgathians: they are impudent
creatures, turbulent spirities, they care not what violent trage-
dies

dies they stirre, nor how they play fast and loose with a poore Gentlemans fortunes to get their owne: marry, these rich fel-
lowes (thar ha'the worlde, or the better part of it, sleeping in
645 their counting-houses) they are ten times more peaceable, they:
either feare, hope, or modestie restraines them from offering
anie outrages: but this is nothing to your followers, you shall
not runne a pennie more in arrerage for them, and you list your
selfe.

650 *Sog.* No? how should I keepe'hem then? 650

Carl. Keepe'hem? Sblood let them keepe themselues, they are
no Sheepe, are they? What? you shall come in houses where
Plate, Apparrell, Iewels, and diuers other prettie commodities
lie necligently scattered, and I would ha'those *Mercuries* fol-
655 lowe me (I trow) should remember they had not their fingers for
nothing.

Sog. That's not so good me thinkes.

Car. Why after you haue kept them a fortnight or so, and
shew'd'hem yenough to the world, you may turne'hem away,
660 and keepe no more but a Boy, it's ynough.

Sog. Nay my humor is not for Boyes, Ile keepe men, and I
keepe any: and Ile giue coates, rhat's my humor; but I lacke a
Cullisen.

Car. Why now you ride to the citie, you may buy one, Ile 662
665 bring you where you shall ha'your choise for money.

Sog. Can you sir?

Car. O I, you shall haue one take measure of you, and make
you a *Coate* of armes to fit you of what fashion you will.

Sog. By worde of mouth I thanke you Signior; Ile be once a
670 little prodigall in a Humor in faith, and haue a most prodigious
Coate.

Mac. Torment and death, breake head and braine at once,
To be deliuer'd of your fighting issue.

Who can endure to see blinde Fortune dote thus?

675 To be enamour'd on this dustie Turfe?

This clod? a hoorsen Puckfist? O God, God, God, God, &c.

I could runne wild with grieffe now to behold

The ranknesse of her bounties, that doth breed

- Such Bulrushes; these Mushrompe Gentlemen, 676
 680 That shoot vp in a night to place and worship.
Car. Let him alone, some stray, some stray.
Sog. Nay I will examine him before I goe sure.
Car. The Lord of the soile ha's all wefts and straies here, ha's
 he not?
 685 *Sog.* Yes sir.
Car. Faith then I pittie the poore fellowe, hee's falne into a
 fooles hands.
Sog. Sirah, who gaue you commission to lie in my Lordship?
Mac. Your Lordship?
 690 *Sog.* How? my Lordship? doe you know me sir?
Mac. I do know you sir.
Car. S'heart, he answers him like an Eccho.
Sog. Why, who am I Sir?
Mac. One of those that Fortune fauors. 690
 695 *Car.* The *Periphrasis* of a foole; Ile obserue this better.
Sog. That fortune fauors? how meane you that friend?
Mac. I meane simply; That you are one that liues not by
 your wits.
Sog. By my wits? No sir, I scorne to liue by my wits, I; I haue
 700 better meanes I tell thee, than to take such base courses, as to liue
 by my wits. Sblood doest thou thinke I liue by my wits?
Mac. Me thinkes Iester, you should not relish this well.
Car. Ha? does he know me?
Mac. Though yours be the worst vse a man can put his wit 700
 705 too of thousandes, to prostitute it at euerie Tauerne and Ordinarie,
 yet (me thinkes) you should haue turn'd your broade side
 at this, and haue been readie with an Apologie, able to sinke
 this Hulke of Ignorance into the bottome, and depth of his
 Contempt.
 710 *Car.* Sblood tis *Macilente*: Signior, you are well encountred,
 how is't? O we must not regarde what he saies man; a Trout, a
 shallow foole, he ha's no more braine than a Butterflie, a meere
 stuf suite, he lookes like a mustie bottle new wickerd, his head's
 the Corke, light, light. I am glad to see you so well return'd
 715 Signior.

Mac.

Mac. You are? Gramercie good *Ianus*.

710

Sog. Is he one of your acquaintance? I loue him the better for that.

Car. Gods pretious, come away man, what do you meane? and
720 you knew him as I do, you'd shun him as you'd do the plague?

Sog. Why sir?

Car. O, hee's a blacke fellow, take heed on him.

Sog. Is he a Scholler or a Souldior?

Car. Both, both; a leane Mungrell, hee lookes as if he were
725 chap-falne with barking at other mens good fortunes: 'ware
how you offend him, hee carries Oyle and Fire in his pen, will
scald where it drops, his Spirit's like Powder, quicke, violent;
hee'le blow a man vp with a iest: I feare him worse than a rot-
ten Wall do's the Cannon, shake an hower after at the report:
730 away, come not neare him.

Sog. For Gods sake lets be gone, and he be a Scholler, you
know I cannot abide him, I had as leue see a Cocatrice, specially
as Cocatrices go now. 723

Car. What, youle stay Signior? this Gentleman *Sogliardo* and
735 I are to visite the Knight *Puntaruolo*, and from thence to the Ci-
tie, we shall meete there.

Exeunt Car. and Sog.

Mac. I, when I cannot shun you, we will meete.

729

Tis strange: of all the creatures I haue seene,

740 I enuie not this *Buffon*, for indeed

Neither his fortunes nor his partes deserue it;

But I do hate him as I hate the deuill,

Or that bras-visag'd monster *Barbarisme*,

O, tis an open-throated, blacke-mouth'd curre,

745 That bites at all, but eate s on those that feed him:

A slaue, that to your face will (Serpent-like)

Creepe on the ground, as he would eate the dust;

And to your backe will turne the taile and sting

More deadly than a Scorpion: stay, who's this?

750 Now for my soule, another minion

Of the old lady *Chance's*, Ile obserue him.

Enter

Enter Sordido with a Prognostication.

SCENA TER.

Folio
Act. I. Sc.

Sord. O rare, good, good, good, good, good, I thanke my
755 Christ, I thanke my Christ for it.

Mac. Said I not true? doth not his passion speake
Out of my diuination? O my sences,
Why loose you not your powers, and become
Dead, dull, and blunted with this Spectacle?

760 I know him, tis *Sordido*, the Farmer,
A Boore, and brother to that Swine was here.

Sor. Excellent, excellent, excellent, as I would wish, as I
would wish.

Mac. See how the strumpet *Fortune* tickles him,
765 And makes him swouné with laughter, O, O, O.

755

Sord. Ha, ha, ha, I will not sow my grounds this yeere, Let me
see what Haruest shall we haue? Iune, Iulie?

Mac. What is't a Prognostication rap's him so?

Sord. The .xx. xxi. xxii. daies, raine and wind; O good, good:
770 the .xxiii. and xxiiii. raine and some wind; good: the xxv raine;
good still: xxvi. xxvii. xxviii. winde and some raine; would it
had been raine and some winde: well tis good (when it can bee
no better) xxix. inclining to raine: inclining to raine? that's not
so good now .xxx. and .xxxi. wind and no raine. No raine? S'lid
775 stay, this is worse and worse: what saies he of *S. Swithens*? Turne
backe, looke *S. Swithens*: no raine.

Mac. O there's a pretious filthy damned rogue,
That fats himselfe with expectation
Of rotten weather, and vnseason'd howers;

767

780 And he is rich for it, and elder brother,
His barnes are full, his reekes, and mowes well trod,
His garnars cracke with store. O, tis well; ha, ha, ha:
A plague consume thee and thy house.

Sord. O heare, *S. Swithens*, the .xv. day, variable weather, for
785 the most part raine, good; for the most part raine: Why it
should raine fortie daies after now, more or lesse; it was a rule
helde afore I was able to holde a plough, and yet here are two
daies,

daies no raine; ha? it makes me muse. Weele see how the next 777
 month begins, if that be better. August: August, first, second,
 790 third, and fourth dayes, rainie, and blustering; this is well now:
 fift, sixt, seuenth, eight, and ninth, raine, with some thunder; I
 marry, this is excellent; the other was false printed sure: the
 tenth, and eleuenth, great store of raine: O good, good, good,
 good, good: the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth daies, raine;
 795 good stil: fifteenth and sixteenth, raine; good still: seunteenth,
 and eighteenth, raine; good still: nineteenth and twentieth,
 Good still, good still, good still, good still, good still: one and
 twentieth, some raine: some raine? well, we must be patient,
 and attend the heauens pleasure, would it were more though:
 800 the two and twentieth, three and twentieth, great tempest of
 raine, thunder, and lightning.

O good againe, past expectation good:
 I thanke my blessed angell; neuer, neuer,
 Laid I penney better out then this,

805 To purchase this deare booke: not deare for price,
 And yet of me, as dearely priz'd as life,
 Since in it is containd the very life,
 Blood, strength, and sinewes of my happinesse:
 Blest be the houre wherein I bought this booke,
 810 His studies happy that compos'd the booke,
 And the man fortunate that sold the booke:
 Sleepe with this charme, and be as true to mee,
 As I am ioy'd and confident in thee.

Enter a Hind to Sordido with a paper.

815 *Mac.* Ha, ha, ha? Is not this good? Is it not pleasing this? ha, ha? 802
 Ist possible that such a spacious villaine (Gods ha?
 Should liue, and not be plagude? or lies he hid
 Within the wrinckled bosome of the world,
 Where heauen cannot see him? Sblood (me thinkes)
 820 Tis rare and admirable, that he should breath and walke,
 Feed with disgestion, sleepe, enioy his health,
 And (like a boystrous Whale, swallowing the poore)
 Still swimme in wealth and pleasure: is it not strange?
 Vnlesse his house and skin were thunder-prooffe,

D

I won-

- 825 I wonder at it. Me thinkes now, the Hecticke,
 Gout, Leprosie, or some such loath'd disease
 Might light vpon him; or that fire (from heauen)
 Might fall vpon his barnes; or mice and rats
 Eat vp his graine; or else that it might rot
- 830 Within the hoary Reekes, e'ne as it stands.
 Me thinkes this might be well; and after all,
 The diuell might come and fetch him: I, tis true.
 Meane time he surfets in prosperitie,
 And thou (in enuie of him) gnaw'st thy selfe:
- 835 Peace foole, get hence, and tell thy vexed spirit,
„Wealth in this age will scarcely looke on merit. *Exit.*
Sord. Who brought this same sirrha? 825
Hind. Marrie sir one of the Iustices men, he saies tis a precept,
 and all their hands be at it.
- 840 *Sord.* I, and the prints of them sticke in my flesh
 Deeper then i'their letters: They haue sent me
 Pils wrapt in a paper here, that should I take'hem,
 Would poison all the sweetnesse of my Booke,
 And turne my Honey into Hemlocke iuice:
- 845 But I am wiser than to serue their precepts,
 Or follow their prescriptions: Here's a deuise,
 To charge me bring my Graine into the markets:
 I, much, when I haue neither Barne nor Garner,
 Nor earth to hide it in, Ile bring it; but till then,
- 850 Each corne *I* send shall be as big as Paules.
 O, but (say some) the poore are like to sterue.
 Why let'hem sterue, what's that to me? are Bees
 Bound to keepe life in Drones and idle Moaths? no:
 Why such are these (that tearme themselues the poore,
- 855 Only because they would be pittied)
 But are indeed a sort of lazie Beggers,
 Licencious Rogues, and sturdie Vagabonds,
 Bred (by the sloth of a fat plentious yeare)
 Like snakes in heat of summer out of dung,
- 860 And this is all that these cheape times are good for:
 Whereas a holesome and penurious Dearth

Purges the soyle of such vile excrements,
And kills the Vipers vp.

Hind. O but maister,

865 Take heed they heare you not.

Sord. Why so?

Hind. They will exclaime against you.

853

Sor. I, their exclames

Moue me as much, as thy breath moues a Mountaine;

870 Poore wormes, they hisse at me, whilst I at home

Can be contented to applaud my selfe,

To sit and clap my hands, and laugh and leape,

Knocking my head against my roofe, with ioy

To see how plumpe my bags are, and my barnes.

875 Sirah, go, hie you home, and bid your fellowes

Get all their flailes readie againe I come.

Hind. I will sir.

Exit Hind.

Cord. Ile instantly set all my Hinds to thrashing

862

Of a whole Reeke of corne, which I will hide

880 Vnder the ground: and with the straw thereof

Ile stuffe the outsides of my other Mowes:

That done, Ile haue'hem emptie all my Garners,

And i'the friendly Earth bury my store,

That when the Searchers come, they may suppose

885 All's spent, and that my fortunes were belied.

And to lend more opinion to my want,

And stop that many-mouthed vulgar Dog,

(Which else would still be bayting at my doore)

Each market day, I will be seene to buy

890 Part of the purest Wheat, as for my houshold:

Where when it comes, it shall encrease my heapes,

Twill yeeld me treble gaine at this deare time,

Promisde in this deare Booke: I haue cast all,

Till then I will not sell an eare, Ile hang first.

895 O I shall make my prizes as I list,

My house and I can feed on Peas and Barley,

What though a world of wretches sterue the while?

„ He that will thriue, must thinke no courses vile. *Exit.*

G R E X.

900 *Cor.* Now signior, how approue you this? haue the Humo- 884
rists exprest themselues truly or no?

Mit. Yes (if it be wel prosecuted) tis hitherto happie ynough:
but me thinks *Macilente* went hence too soone, hee might haue
bene made to stay, and speake somewhat in reproofe of *Sordidos*
905 wretchednesse, now at the last.

Cor. O no, that had bin extremly improper, besides he had cōti-
nued the *Scene* too lōg with him as twas, being in no more actiō.

Mit. You may enforce the length as a necessary reason; but for
propriety the *Scene* wold very wel haue born it, in my iudgment.

910 *Cor.* O worst of both: why you mistake his humor vtterly thē.

Mit. How? do I mistake it? is it not Enuie?

Cor. Yes, but you must vnderstand Signior, hee enuies him
not as he is a villaine, a wolfe in the commonwealth, but as he is
rich and fortunate; for the true condition of enuy, is *Dolor aliena*
915 *felicitatis*, to haue our eyes continually fixt vpon another mans
prosperitie, that is his chiefe happinesse, and to grieue at that.
Whereas if we make his monstrous and abhord actions, our ob-
iect, the grieue (we take then) comes neerer the nature of Hate
than Enuie, as being bred out of a kind of contempt and loathing
920 in our selues.

Mit. So you'le infer it had beene Hate, not Enuie in him, to 904
reprehend the humor of *Sordido*?

Cor. Right, for what a man truly enuies in another, he could
alwaies loue, and cherish in himselfe; but no man truly repre-
925 hends in another what he loues in himselfe: therefore reprehension
is out of his Hate. And this distinction hath hee himselfe
made in a speech there (if you marke it) where hee saies, *I enuy
not this Buffon, but I hate him.*

Mit. Stay sir: *I enuy not this Buffon, but I hate him*: why might
930 he not as well haue hated *Sordido* as him?

Cor. No Sir, there was subiect for his enuie in *Sordido*; his
wealth: So was there not in the other, hee stood possess of no
one eminent gift, but a most odious and friend-like disposition,
that would turne Charitie it selfe into Hate, much more Enuie
935 for the present.

Exit

Enter

Enter Carlo, Buffone, Sogliardo, Fastidius Briske, Cinedo.

ACTVS SECVNDVS, SCENA PRIMA.

Mit. You haue satisfied me sir, O here comes the *Foole* and 917
the *Iester* againe me thinkes.

940 *Cor.* Twere pittie they should be patted sir.

Mit. What bright-shining gallant's that with them? the
knight they went to?

Cord. No sir, this is one Monsieur *Fastidius Briske*, otherwise
calde the fresh Frenchfield Courtier.

945 *Mit.* A humorist too?

Cord. As humorous as quick-siluer, doo but obserue him, the
Scene is the countrey still, remember.

Fast. Cinedo, watch when the knight comes, & giue vs word. *Folio*

Cine. I will sir. *Act.II.Sc.I.*

950 *Fast.* How likste thou my boy, *Carlo*?

Car. O wel, wel, he lookes like the colonel of a Pigmies horse,
or one of these motions in a great anticke clocke: hee would
shewe well vpon a Habberdashers stall, at a corner shop rarely.

Fast. Sheart, what a damnde wittie rogue's this? how hee 936
955 confounds with his *similies*?

Car. Better with *similies* than smiles: and whether were you
riding now Signior?

Fast. Who I? what a silly iest's that? whither should I ride
but to the Court?

960 *Car.* O pardon me sir, twentie places more: your hot house,
or your-----

Fast. By the vertue of my soule, this knight dwels in *Elizium*
here.

Car. Hees gone now, I thought hee would flie out present-
965 ly. These be our nimble-sprighted *Catso's*, that ha'their euasi-
ons at pleasure, wil run ouer a bog like your wild Irish: no soo-
ner started, but they'le leape from one thing to another like a
squirrell, heigh; Daunce, and doo trickes in their discourse, from
Fire to Water, from Water to Ayre, from Ayre to Earth, as if
970 their tongues did but euen licke the foure Elements ouer, and
away.

Fast. Sirra *Carlo*, thou neuer saw'st my grey Hobbie yet, didst thou? 95r

Carl. No, ha'you such a one?

975 *Fast.* The best in Europe (my good villaine) thou'lt say, when thou seest him.

Car. But when shall I see him?

Fast. There was a Noble man i'the Court offered mee 100. pound for him by this light: a fine little fierie slaue, hee turnes
980 like a (O) excellent, excellent, with the very sound of the spurre.

Car. How? the sound of the spurre?

Fast. O, it's your only humor now extant sir: a good gingle, a good gingle.

Carl. Sblood you shall see him turne morrisdauncer, hee ha's
985 got him belles, a good sute, and a Hobby-horse.

Sog. Signior, now you talke of a Hobby-horse, I know where one is, will not be giuen for a brace of angels.

Fast. How is that Sir?

Sog. Mary sir, I am telling this gentleman of a Hobby-horse,
990 it was my fathers indeed, and (though I say it

Car. That should not say it) on, on. 970

Sog. Hee did daunce in it with as good humour, and as good gard, as any man of his degree whatsoeuer, beeing no Gentleman: I haue daunc't in it my selfe too.

995 *Car.* Not since the Humour of gentilitie was vpon you? did you?

Sog. Yes once: marry, that was but to shew what a gentleman might doo in a Humor.

Car. O very good.

1000

G R E X .

Mit. { Why this fellowes discourse were nothing but for
the word Humor.

Cord. { O beare with him, and he should lacke matter and
words too, 'twere pittifull.

1005 *Sog.* Nay looke you Sir, there's ne're a Gentleman i' the country has the like humors for the Hobby-horse as I haue? I haue the Methode for the threeding of the needle, the----

Car. How the Methode?

Sog. I,

Sog. I, the Leigeritie, for that, and the wigh-hie, and the
 1010 daggers in the Nose, and the trauels of the Egge from finger to
 finger, all the Humors incident to the qualitie. The horse hangs
 at home in my parlor, Ile keepe it for a monument, as long as
 I liue, sure.

Carl. Doo so: and when you die, 'twill be an excellent Tro-
 1015 phee to hang ouer your Tombe.

Sog. Masse, and Ile haue a Tombe (nowe I thinke on't) 'tis
 but so much charges.

Car. Best builde it in your life time then, your Heyres may
 hap to forget it else.

1020 Sog. Nay I meane so, Ile not trust to them.

Carl. Noe, for Heires and Executors, are growne damnable
 carelesse, specially since the ghostes of Testators left walking:
 how like you him Signior?

Fast. 'Fore heauens, his humor arrides me exceedingly.

1025 Car. Arrides you?

Fast. I, pleases me (a poxe on't) I am so haunted at the Court
 and at my lodging, with your refin'd choice spirits, that it makes
 me cleane of another Garbe, another straine, I knowe not how:
 I cannot frame me to your harsh vulgar phrase, tis agaynst my

1030 *Genius.*

Sog. Signior *Carla.*

G R E X.

1035 Cord. { This is right to that of *Horace, Dum vitant stulti vitia*
in contraria currant: so this gallant labouring to auoid
 Popularitie, falles into a habit of Affectation, tenne
 thousand times more hatefull than the former.

Car. Who he? a gull? a foole? no salt in him i'the earth man:
 hee lookes like a fresh Salmon kept in a tubbe: hee'le bee spent
 shortly, his braine's lighter than his feather alreadie, and his
 1040 tongue more subiect to lie, than that's to wag: hee sleepes with
 a muske Cat euery night, and walkes all day hang'd in Pomander
 chaines for pennance: hee ha's his skin tan'd ciuet, to make
 his complexion strong, and the sweetnesse of his youth lasting
 in the sence of his sweet Ladie, A good emptie Puffe, hee loues
 1045 you well Signior.

Sog. There

Sog. There shall be no loue lost Sir, Ile assure you.

1019

Fast. Nay *Carl*, I am not happie in thy loue I see, pr'y thee suffer mee to enioy thy companie a little (sweete mischiefe) by this ayre, I shall enuie this Gentlemans place in thy affections, 1050 if you be thus priuate I faith: how now? is the Knight arriu'd?

Enter Cinedo.

Cine. No Sir, but tis gest he will arriue presently, by his fore-runners.

Fast. His hounds! by *Minerua* an excellent Figure; a good 1055 boy.

Car. You should giue him a French crowne for it: the boye would find two better Figures in that, and a good Figure of your bountie beside.

Fast. Tut, the boy wants no crownes.

1060 *Car.* No crowne: speake in the singular number, and weele beleeeue you.

Fast. Nay, thou art so capriciously conceyted nowe: *Sirra (Dânation)* I haue heard this Knight *Puntaruallo*, reported to be a Gentleman of exceeding good humour: thou knowst him: 1065 pry-thee, how is his disposition? I ne're was so fauour'de of my starres as to see him yet. Boy, do you looke to the Hobbie?

Cine. I Sir, the groome has set him vp.

1038

Fast. Tis well: I ridde out of my way, of intent to visit him, and take knowledge of his: Nay good *Wickednesse*, his humour, 1070 his humour.

Car. Why he loues Dogges, and Haukes, and his wife well: he has a good ryding face, and hee can sit a great Horse; hee will taint a staffe well at tilt: when hee is mounted, hee lookes like the signe of the *George*, thats all I knowe: saue that in steede of 1075 a Dragon, hee will brandish against a tree, and breake his sword as confidently vpon the knottie barke, as the other did vpon the skales of the beast.

Fast. O, but this is nothing to that is deliuered of him: they say hee has dialogues, and discourses betweene his Horse, him- 1080 selfe, and his Dogge: and that hee will court his owne Ladie, as she were a stranger neuer encountred before.

Car. I, that hee will, and make fresh loue to her euery morning:

ning: this gentleman has bene a Spectator of it, *Signior Insulso*.

Sog. I am resolute to keepe a Page: say you sir?

1053

1085 *Car.* You haue seene *Signior Puntaruolo* accost his Ladie?

Sogl. O, sir.

Fast. And how is the maner of it pr'y thee good Sgnior?

Sog. Faith sir in very good sort; hee has his humours for it sir: as first, (suppose he were now to come from riding, or hunting, 1090 or so) he has his trumpet to sound, and then the waiting Gentlewoman, shee lookes out; and then hee speakes, and then shee speakes: very prettie I faith gentlemen.

Fast. Why, but do you remember no particulars, signior?

Sog. O, yes sir: first, the gentlewoman shee lookes out at the 1095 window.

Car. After the trumpet has summon'd a parle? not before?

Sog. No sir, not before: and then saies he; ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Car. What saies he? be not rapt so.

Sog. Saies he; ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

1100 *Fast.* Nay speake, speake.

Sog. Ha, ha, ha, saies he: God saue you, ha, ha, &c.

1070

Car. Was this the ridiculous motiue to all this passion?

Sog. Nay that, that comes after is: ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Car. Doubtlesse hee apprehends more than hee vtters, this 1105 fellow: or else.

Sog. List, list, they are come from hunting: *A crie of hounds*
stand by, close vnder this Tarras, and you shal *within*.
see it done better than I can shew it.

Car. So it had need, 'twill scarce poize the obseruation else.

1110 *Sog.* Faith I remember all, but the manner of it is quite out of my head.

Fast. O withdraw, withdraw, it cannot be but a most pleasing obiect.

Enter Puntaruolo, a Huntsman with a Graihound.

Act.II.Sc.2.

1115 *Pun.* Forrester, giue winde to thy Horne. Inough: by this the sound hath toucht the eares of the enclosed: Depart, leaue the Dogge, and take with thee what thou hast deseru'd, the Horne, and thanks.

Car. I mary, there's some taste in this.

E

Fast. Is't

1120 *Pant.* *Fast.* Is't not good?

Sog. Ah peace, now aboue, now aboue.

The wayting Gentlewomen appeare at the window.

Pun. Stay: mine eye hath (on the instant) through the boun- 1091
tie of the window, receiu'd the forme of a Nymph, I will step for-
1125 ward three paces: of the which, I will barely retire one; and (af-
ter some little flexure of the knee) with an erected grace salute
her: 1, 2, and 3. Sweet Lady, God saue you.

Gent. No forsooth: I am but the waiting Gentlewoman.

Carl. He knew that before.

1130 *Punt.* Pardon me: *Humanum est errare.*

Carl. He learn'd that of a Puritane.

Punt. To the perfeccion of Complement (which is the dyall
of the thought, and guided by the Sunne of your beauties) are
requirde these three Proiects: the *Gnomon*, the *Puntlios*, and the
1135 *Superficies*: the *Superficies*, is that we call *Place*; the *Puntlio's*,
Circumstance; and the *Gnomon*, *Ceremonie*: in either of which, for
a stranger to erre, 'tis easie and facile; and such am I.

Car. True, not knowing her *Horison*, hee must needes erre:
which I feare, he knowes too well.

1140 *Pun.* What call you the Lord of the Castle? sweet face.

Gent. The Lord of the Castle is a knight sir; Signior *Puntar-* 1109
uolo.

Punt. *Puntaruolo?* O.

Car. Now must he ruminare.

1145 *Fast.* Does the wench know him all this while then?

Car. O, doo you know me man? why therein lies the sirrup of
the ieast: it's a Proiect, a designment of his owne, a thing studied,
and rehearst as ordinarily at his comming from hawking or hun-
ting, as a Iigge after a Play.

1150 *Sog.* I, e'en like your Iigge sir.

Punt. 'Tis a most sumptuous and stately edifice: what yeares
is the Knight, faire Damsell?

Gent. Faith much about your yeares sir.

Punt. What complexion, or what stature beares he?

1155 *Gent.* Of your stature, and very neere vpon your complexion.

Punt. Mine is Melancholly.

Car. So

Car. So is the dogs, iust.

1125

Punt. And doth argue constancie, chiefly in loue. What are his endowments? Is he courteous?

1160 *Gent.* O the most courteous Knight vpon Gods earth sir.

Punt. Is he magnanimous?

Gent. As the skin betweene your browes sir.

Punt. Is he bountifull?

1165 *Car.* Sbloud, hee takes an Inuentorie of his owne good partes.

Gent. Bountifull? I sir I would you should know it; the poore are serude at his gate, early and late sir.

Punt. Is he learned?

Gent. O, sir, he can speake the French and Italian.

1170 *Punt.* Then he is trauailde?

Gent. I forsooth, he hath bene beyond-sea, once or twise.

Carl. As far as Paris, to fetch ouer a fashion, and come backe againe.

Punt. Is he religious?

1140

1175 *Gent.* Religious? *I* know not what you call religious, but hee goes to Church *I* am sure.

Fast. Slid, me thinkes these answeres should offend him.

Carl. Tut no: he knowes they are excellent, and to her capacitie that speake them.

1180 *Punt.* Would *I* might but see his face.

Carl. Shee should let downe a glasse from the window at that word, and request him to looke in it.

Punt. Doubtlesse, the gentleman is most exact, and absolutely qualified? doth the Castle containe him?

1185 *Gent.* No sir, he is from home, but his Lady is within.

Punt. His Lady? what is she faire? splendidious? and amiable?

Gent. O *Iesu* sir!

1190 *Punt.* Prythee deare Nymph, intreat her beauties to shine on this side of the building.

Exit. Gent. from the window.

Carl. That hee may erect a new dyall of complement, with his *Gnomons*, and his *Puntolios*.

Fast. Nay, thou art such an other *Cinique* now, a man had need
1195 walke vprightly before thee.

Carl. Heart, can any man walke more vpright than he does? 1160
Looke, looke: as if he went in a frame, or had a sute of Wane-
scot on: and the dogge watching him least hee should leape out
on't.

1200 *Fast.* O villaine!

Car. Well, and euer I meet him in the citie, Ile haue him ioyn-
ted, Ile pawne him in East-cheape among butchers else.

Fast. Peace, who be these, *Carlo*?

Enter Sordido, with his sonne Fungoso.

Act.II.Sc.3

1205 *Sord.* Yonders your god-father: do your dutie to him sonne.

Sog. This sir? a poore elder brother of mine sir, a yeoman, may
dispend some seuen or eight hundred a yeare: that's his sonne,
my nephew there.

Punt. You are not il-come neighbour *Sordido*, though I haue
1210 not yet said welcome: what, my god-sonne is growne a great
Proficient by this?

Sord. I hope he will grow great one day, sir.

Fast. What does he study? the law?

Sog. I sir, he is a gentleman, though his father be but a yeo-
1215 man.

Car. What call you your nephew, Signior?

Sog. Mary his name is *Fungoso*.

Car. *Fungoso*? O, he lookt somewhat like a sponge in that
pinckt doublet me thought: well, make much of him; I see hee
1220 was neuer borne to ride vpon a moile.

Gen. My Lady will come presently sir.

Enter. Gent. aboue.

Sog. O now, now.

1185

Punt. Stand by, retire your selues a space: nay, pray you, forget
not the vse of your hat; the aire is piercing.

1225 *Sordido and Fungoso withdraw at the other part of the stage,*
meane time, the Lady is come to the window.

Fast. What? will not their presence preuaile against the cur-
rent of his humor?

Car. O no: it's a meere floud, a Torrent, carries all afore it.

1230 *Punt.* *What more than heauenly pulchritude is this?*

What

*What Magazine, or treasure of blisse?
Dazle your organs to my optique sence,
To view a creature of such eminence:
O, I am planet-strooke, and in yond Sphere,*

1235 *A brighter starre than Venus doth appeare.*

Fast. How? in verse?

1197

Car. An Extasie, an Extasie, man.

Lady. Is your desire to speake with me, sir Knight?

Car. Hee will tell you that anon: neither his Braine, nor his
1240 Bodie, are yet moulded for an answer.

Punt. Most debonaire, and Luculent Ladie, I decline me as
low as the *Basis* of your *Altitude*.

G R E X.

1245 *Cord.* { Hee makes congies to his wife in Geometricall pro-
portions.

Mit. { Is't possible there should be any such *Humorist*?

Cor. { Very easily possible, Sir, you see there is.

Punt. I haue scarce collected my spirites, but lately scatter'd
in the admiration of your Forme: to which (if the bounties of
1250 your minde be any way responsible) I doubt not but my desires
shall finde a smooth and secure passage. I am a poore Knight-
errant (Ladie) that hunting in the adiacent Forrest, was by ad-
venture in the pursuit of a Hart, brought to this place: which
Hart (deare Madame) escaped by enchantment: the euening
1255 approaching (my selfe and seruant wearied) my suit is, to enter
your faire Castle, and refresh me.

Lady. Sir Knight, albeit it be not vsuall with mee (chiefely in 1216
the absence of a husband) to admit any entrance to strangers, yet
in the true regard of those inward vertues, and faire parts which
1260 so striue to expresse themselues in you, I am resolu'd to enter-
taine you to the best of my vnworthie power: which I acknow-
ledge to be nothing, valew'd with what so worthie a person may
deserue. Please you but stay, while I descend.

*She departs: and Puntaruolo fals in with Sordido,
and his sonne.*

1265

Punt. Most admir'd Lady, you astonish me.

Car. What? with speaking a speech of your owne penning?

E 3

Fast. Nay

Fast. Nay looke, pr'y thee peace.

Car. Pox ont: I am impatient of such fopperie.

1225

1270 *Fast.* O lets heare the rest.

Car. What? a tedious Chapter of Courtship, after sir *Lancelot*, and Queen *Gueuener*? away: I mar'le in what dull cold nooke he found this Ladie out? that being a woman) she was blest with no more copie of wit, but to serue his Humour thus. Sblood, I
1275 thinke he feeds her with Porridge, I: she could ne're haue such a thicke braine else.

Sog. Why is Porridge so hurtfull, Signior?

Car. O, nothing vnder Heauen more preiudiciall to those ascending subtile powers, or doth sooner abate that which we call,
1280 *Acumen Ingenij*, than your grosse fare: why Ile make you an Instance: your Citie wiues, but obserue 'hem, you ha' not more perfect true fooles in the world bredde, than they are generally: and yet you see (by the finesse and delicacie of their Diet, diuing into the fatte Capons, drinking your rich wines, feeding
1285 on Larks, Sparrows, Potato pyes, and such good vnctuous meats) how their wits are refinde and ratifide: and somtimes a verie *Quintessence* of conceit flowes from them, able to drown a weak Apprehension.

Fast. Peace, here comes the Ladie.

1242

1290 *Enter Lady with her Gent. and seeing them, turnes in againe.*

Lady. Gods me, here's company: turne in againe.

Fast. S'light our presence has cut off the conuoy of the iest.

Car. All the better, I am glad ont: for the issue was very perspicuous. Come, let's discouer, and salute the Knight.

1295 *Carlo and the other two, step forth to Punt.*

Punt. Stay: who be these that addresse themselues towardes vs? what *Carlo*? now by the sinceritie of my soule, welcome, welcome gentlemen: and how doest thou, thou *Grand Scourge*, or *Second Vntrusse of the time*?

1300 *Carl.* Faith spending my mettall in this Reeling world (heere and there) as the swaie of my Affection carries mee, and perhaps stumble vpon a yeoman Pheuterer, as I doo now; or one of Fortunes Moyles laden with treasure, and an emptie Cloke-
bagge

bagge following him, gaping when a bagge will vntie.

1305 *Punt.* Peace you bandogge peace: what briske *Nimfadoro* is 1256
that in the white virgin boote there?

Carl. Mary sir, one, that I must entreat you to take a very particular knowledge of, and with more than ordinarie respect: Monsieur *Fastidius*.

1310 *Punt.* Sir, I could wish that for the time of your vouchsaft abiding heere, and more Reall entertainment, this my house stood on the Muses hill: and these my Orchardes were those of the *Hesperide's*.

Fast. I possesse as much in your wish sir, as if I were made Lord 1315
of the Indies: and I pray you beleuee it.

Car. I haue a better opinion of his Faith, than to rhinke it will be so corrupted.

Sog. Come brother, Ile bring you acquainted with Gentlemen, and good fellows, such as shall do you more grace, than----

1320 *Sord.* Brother, I hunger not for such acquaintance:

Do you take heed, least:---- *Carlo is comming toward them.*

Sog. Husht: my Brother sir, for want of education sir, some- 1272
what nodding to the Boore, the Clowne; but I request you in priuate sir.

1325 *Fun.* By *Iesu*, it is a very fine sute of cloathes.

G R E X.

Cor. { Doe you obserue that, Signior? theres another humor
has new crackt the shell.

Mit. { What? he is enamourd of the Fashion, is he?

1330 *Cor.* { O you forestall the iest.

Fun. I mar'le what it might stand him in?

Sog. Nephew?

Fun. 'Fore God it is an excellent sute, and as neatly becomes him. What said you Vncle?

1335 *Sog.* When saw you my Neece?

Fun. Mary yesternight *I* supt there. That kind of Boot does very rare too.

Sog. And what newes heare you?

Fun. The guilt Spurre and all: would *I* were hangde, but it is exceeding

1340 exceeding good. Say you?

Sog. Your mind is carried away with some what else: I aske 1290
what newes you heare?

Fun. Troth wee heare none: in good faith I was neuer so
pleas'd with a fashion dayes of my life: O (and I might haue but
1345 my wish) I'd aske no more of God now, but such a suite, such a
Hatte, such a Bande, such a Doublet, such a Hose, such a
Boote, and such a----

Sog. They say there's a newe Motion of the Citie of Nineueh,
with *Jonas* and the Whale, to be seene at Fleet-bridge? you can
1350 tell Cousin?

Fun. Here's such a world of question with him now: Yes, I
thinke there be such a thing, I saw the picture: would he would
once be satisfied. Let me see, the Doublet, say fiftie shillings the
Doublet, and betweene three or foure pound the Hose, then
1355 Bootes, the Hat, and Band: some ten or eleuen pound would do
it all, and suite me for the *heauens*.

Sog. I'll see all those deuises, and I come to London once.

Fun. God slid, and I cold compasse it, twere rare: harke you
Vncle.

1360 *Sog.* What saies my Nephew?

1305

Fung. Faith Vncle, I'd ha desirde you to haue made a moti-
on for me to my father in a thing, that: walke aside and I'll tell
you sir, no more but this: there's a parcel of Lawe bookes (some
twenty pounds worth) that lie in a place for litle more then halfe
1365 the money they cost: and I thinke for some twelue pounce or
twenty marke, I could go neere to redeeme them: there's *Plow-
den, Diar, Brooke, and Fitz Herbert*: diuers such as I must haue
ere long: and you know I were as good saue fiue or sixe pounce
as not, Vncle: I pray you moue it for me.

1370 *Sog.* That I wil: when would you haue me do it? presently?

Fung. O I, I pray you good Vncle: God send me good lucke:
Lord (and it be thy wil) prosper it: O Iesu: now, now, if it take
(O Christ) I am made for euer.

Fast. Shall I tell you sir: by this aire, I am the most behol-
1375 ding to that Lord, of any Gentleman liuing: hee dooes vse me
the most honourably, and with the greatest respect, more in-
deed,

deed, than can be vtter'd with any opinion of truth.

Punt. Then haue you, the Count *Gratiato*?

1322

Fast. As true noble a Gentleman too as any breathes; *I* am
1380 exceedingly endear'd to his loue: by *Iesu*, (I protest to you
Signior; *I* speake it not gloriously, nor out of affectation, but)
theres he, and the Count *Frugale*, Signior *Illustre*, Signior *Lu-*
culento, and a sort of them; that (when *I* am at the Court) they
doo share mee amongst them. Happie is he can enioy me most
1385 priuate; *I* doo wish my selfe sometime an *Vbiquitarie* for their
loue, in good faith.

Carl. Theres neuer a one of these but might lye a weeke on
the Racke, ere they could bring foorth his name: and yet hee
powres them out as familiarly, as if hee had seene them stand
1390 by the fire in the presence, or tane *Tabacco* with them ouer the
stage, in the Lords roome.

Punt. Then you must of necessitie knowe our Court-starre
there? that planet of wit, *Maddona Sauiolina*?

Fast. O Lord sir! my mistresse.

1336

1395 *Punt.* Is she your mistresse?

Fast. Faith, heere be some slight fauours of hers sir, that doo
speake it, *Shee is*; as this Scarfe sir, or this Ribband in mine eare,
or so; this Feather grew in her sweete Fanne sometimes, though
nowe it bee my poore fortune to weare it as you see sir; slight,
1400 slight, a foolish toy.

Punt. Well, shee is the Ladie of a most exalted, and inge-
nous spirit.

Fast. Did you euer heare any woman speake like her? or en-
richt with a more plentifull discourse?

1405 *Carl.* O villanous! nothing but sound, sound, a meere *Eccho*,
shee speakes as she goes tir'd, in Cobweb lawne, light, thin: good
enough to catch flies withall.

Punt. O, manage your affections.

Fast. Well, if thou beest not plagu'd for this blasphemie one
1410 daie:-----

Punt. Come, regarde not a *Iester*: it is in the power of my
purse to make him speake well or ill of me.

F

Fast. Sir,

Fast. Sir, I affirme it to you (vpon my Credit and iudgement) 1352
she has the most Harmonious and Musically straine of Wit, that
1415 euer tempted a true eare; and yet to see, a rude rogue will profane
Heauen.

Punt. I am not ignorant of it sir.

Fast. Oh, it flowes from her like *Nectar*, and she doth giue it,
that sweete, quicke grace, and exornation in the composure,
1420 that (*By this good Heauen*) shee does obserue as pure a Phrase,
and vse as choise Figures in her ordinary conferences, as any be
i'the *Arcadia*.

Car. Or rather in *Greenes* works, whence she may steale with
more securitie.

1425 *Sord.* Well, if tennē pound will fetch'hem, you shall haue it,
but I'll part with no more.

Fun. I'll trie what that will doo, if you please.

Sord. Doo so: and when you haue'hem, studie hard.

Fun. Yes sir: and I could studie to get fortie shillings more
1430 now: well, I will put my selfe into the Fashion, as farre as this
will goe, presently.

Sord. I wonder it raines not! the Almanacke saies we should 1370
haue store of raine to day.

Pun. Why sir, to morrow I will associate you to the Court
1435 my selfe; and from thence to the Cittie, about businesse, a
Project I haue: I will expose it to you Sir: *Carlo* I am sure has
heard of it.

Car. What's that sir?

Punt. I doo entend this yeare of *Iubile* to trauaile: and (be-
1140 cause I will not altogether goe vpon expence) I am determi-
ned to put forth some fiew thousand pounce, to be paide me fiew
for one, vpon the returne of my selfe, my Wife, and my Dogge,
from the Turkes Court in *Constantinople*. If all, or either of vs
miscarry in the iourney, 'tis gone: if wee be successfull, why,
1445 there will be xxv. thousand pounce to entertaine time withall.
Nay, go not neighbour *Sordido*; stay to night, and helpe to make
our societie the fuller. Gentlemen, frolicke: *Carlo*? what? dull
now?

Car. I

Car. I was thinking on your Proiect sir, and you call it so: is 1385
1450 this the Dogge goes with you?

Punt. This is the Dogge Sir.

Car. He do'not go bare-foote, does he?

Punt. Away you traitor, away.

Car. Nay afore God, I speake simply; he may pricke his foote
1455 with a thorne, and bee as much as the whole venter is woorth.
Besides, for a Dogge that neuer trauail'd before, it's a huge iour-
ney to *Constantinople*: Ile tell you nowe (and hee were mine)
I'd haue some present conference with a Physitian, what An-
tidotes were good to giue him, and Preseruatiues against poy-
1460 son: for (assure you) if once your money bee out, there will be
diuers attempts made against the life of the poore *Animall*.

Punt. Thou art still dangerous.

Fast. Is Signior *Deliros* wife your kinswoman?

Sog. I sir, she is my Neece, my brothers daughter heere, and
1465 my Nephewes sister.

Sord. Doo you know her sir?

Fast. O God sir, Signior *Diliro* her husband is my Merchant.

Fun. I, haue seene this Gentleman there, often.

Fast. I crie you mercy sir: let me craue your name, pray you.

1470 *Fun.* *Fungoso* sir.

1405

Fast. Good Signior *Fungoso*, I shall request to know you bet-

Fun. I am her brother sir. (ter sir.

Fast. In faire time sir.

Punt. Come Gentlemen, I will be your conduct.

1475 *Fast.* Nay pray you sir; we shal meet at Signior *Deliro's* often.

Sog. You shall ha'me at the Herals office sir, for some weeke
or so, at my first comming vp. Come *Carlo*. *Exeunt.*

G R E X.

Mit. Me thinks *Cordatus*, he dwelt somewhat too long on this
1480 Scene: it hung in the hand.

Cord. I see not where he could haue insisted lesse, and to haue
made the Humors perspicuous enough.

Mit. True, as his Subiect lies: but he might haue altered the
shape of Argument, and explicated'hem better in single *Scenes*.

1485 *Cord.* That had bene Single indeed: why? be they not the 1421
 same persons in this, as they would haue bene in those? and is it
 not an object of more State, to behold the *Scene* full, and relieu'd
 with varietie of Speakers to the end, then to see a vast emptie
 stage, and the Actors come in (one by one) as if they were dropt
 1490 downe with a feather into the eye of the Audience?

Mit. Nay, you are better traded with these things than I, and
 therefore I'll subscribe to your iudgement; marry you shal giue
 me leaue to make obiections.

Cord. O what else? it's the speciall intent of the Author you
 1495 should do so: for thereby others (that are present) may as well
 be satisfied, who happily would object ihe same you do.

Mit. So sir, but when appeares *Macilente* againe?

Enter Macilente, Deliro, Fido, with hearbs and perfumes.

Cord. Mary he stayes but till our silence giue him leaue: here 1434
 1500 he comes, and with him, Signior *Deliro* a Merchant, at whose
 house hee is come to sojourne: Make your own obseruation now:
 onely transfer your thoughts to the Citie with the *Scene*: where,
 suppose they speake.

S C E N A T E R T I A.

Act.II.Sc.4

1505 *Deliro.* I'll tell you by and by sir.

Welcome (good *Macilente*) to my house,
 To sojourne euen for euer, if my best
 In cates, and euery sort of good intreaty
 May moue you stay with me. .

1445

1510 *Deliro* turnes to his boy, and fals a strowing of flowers.

Mac. I thanke you sir:

And yet the muffled Fates (had it pleas'd them)
 Might haue suppli'd me from their owne full store
 Without this word (*I thanke you*) to a foole.

1515 I see no reason why that Dog (call'd *Chaunce*)

Should fawne vpon this fellow more than me:
 I am a man, and I haue Limmes, Flesh, Bloud,
 Bones, Sinewes, and a Soule as well as he:

My

- My parts are euery way as good as his,
 1520 If I said better? why I did not lie;
 Nath'lesse his wealth (but nodding on my wants)
 Must make me bow, and crie: *I thanke you sir.*
Deli. Dispatch, take heed your mistresse see you not.
Fido. I warrant you sir. *Exit Fido.*
 1525 *Deli.* Nay gentle friend be merry, raise your lookes
 Out of your bosome, I protest (by heauen)
 You are the man most welcome in the world.
Mac. *I thanke you sir,* I know my *cue* I thinke.
Enter Fido with two Censors.
 1530 *Fido.* Where will you haue 'hem burne sir? 1463
Deli. Here good *Fido*:
 What? she did not see thee?
Fido. No sir.
Deli. That's well:
 1535 Strew, strew, good *Fido*, the freshest flowers, so.
Mac. What meanes this Signior *Deliro*?
Deli. Cast in more Frankincence, yet more, well said.
 O *Macilente*, I haue such a wife,
 So passing faire, so passing faire vnkind,
 1540 And of such worth and right to be vnkind,
 (Since no man can be worthie of her kindnesse.)
Mac. What can there not? 1472
Deli. No, that is sure as death,
 No man aliue: I doo not say *is not*:
 1545 But cannot possibly be worth her kindnesse.
 Nay that is certaine, let me doo her Right:
 How said *I*? doo her Right? as though *I* could,
 As though this dull grosse tongue of mine could vtter
 The rare, the true, the pure, the infinite Rights
 1550 That sir (as high as *I* can looke) within her.
Mac. This is such dotage as was neuer heard.
Deli. Well, this must needs be graunted.
Mac. Graunted quoth you?
Deli. Nay *Macilente*; do not so discredit

1555 The goodnes of your iudgement to denie it,
 For I doo speake the very least of her.
 And I would craue and beg no more of heauen
 For all my fortunes here, but to be able
 To vtter first in fit tearmes, what she is,

1560 And then the true ioyes I conceaue in her.

Maci. Is't possible she should deserue so well
 As you pretend?

1489

Deli. I, and she knowes so well

Her owne deserts that (when I striue t'enioy them)
 1565 She waies the thing I doo, with what she merits:
 And (seeing my worth outwai'd so in her graces)
 She is so solemne, so precise, so froward,
 That no obseruance I can doo to her,
 Can make her kind to me: if she find fault,

1570 I mend that fault, and then she saies I faulted
 That *I* did mend it. Now good Friend aduise me
 How *I* may temper this strange Splene in her.

Maci. You are too amorous, too obsequious,
 And make her, too assur'd she may command you.

1500

1575 When women doubt most of their husbands loues,
 They are most louing. Husbands must take heed
 They giue no gluts of kindnesse to their wiues,
 But vse them like their Horses, whom they feed
 Not with a manger-full of meat together,

1580 But halfe a pecke at once, and keepe them so
 Still with an appetite to that they giue them.

He that desires to haue a louing wife,
 Must bridle all the shew of that desire:
 Be kind, not amorous, nor bewraying kindnesse,

1585 As if loue wrought it, but considerate Dutie:
 ,, Offer no loue-rites, but let wiues still seeke them,
 ,, For when they come vnsought, they sildome like them.

Deli. Beleeue me *Macilente*, this is Gospell.

O that a man were his owne man so much,
 1590 To rule himselfe thus; *I* will striue yfaith

To

To be more strange and carelesse: yet I hope
 I haue now taken such a perfect course,
 To make her kind to me, and liue contented,
 That I shall find my kindnesse well return'd,
 1595 And haue no need to fight with my affections.
 She (late) hath found much fault with euery roome
 Within my house; One was too big (she said)
 Another was not furnisht to her mind,
 And so through all: All which I haue alter'd:
 1600 Then here she hath a place (on my backside)
 Wherein she loues to walke, and that (she said)
 Had some ill smels about it. Now this walke
 Haue I (before she knowes it) thus perfum'd
 With hearbes and flowers, and laid in diuers places
 1605 (As'twere on Altars consecrate to her)
 Perfumed Gloues, and delicate chaines of Amber,
 To keepe the aire in awe of her sweete nostrils:
 This haue I done, and this I thinke will please her.
 Behold she comes.

1518

1610

Enter Fallace.

Fall. Here's a sweet stinke indeed:
 What, shall I euer be thus crost and plagu'd?
 And sicke of husband? O my head doth ake
 As it would cleaue asunder with these sauours,
 1615 All my Room's alter'd, and but one poore Walke
 That I delighted in, and that is made
 So fulsome with perfumes, that I am fear'd
 (My braine doth sweat so) I haue caught the plague.

1537

Del. Why (gentle wife) is now thy walke too sweete?
 1620 Thou said'st of late it had sower aires about it,
 And found'st much fault, that I did not correct it.

Fall. Why, and I did find fault Sir?

Deli. Nay deare wife;

I know thou hast said thou hast lou'd perfumes,
 1625 No woman better.

Fall. I

- Fall.* I, long since perhaps,
 But now that Sence is alterd: you would haue me 1550
 (Like to a puddle or a standing poole)
 To haue no motion, nor no spirit within me.
- 1630 No, I am like a pure and sprightfull Riuer,
 That moues for euer, and yet still the same:
 Or fire that burnes much wood, yet still one flame.
Deli. But yesterday, I saw thee at our garden
 Smelling on Roses and on purple flowers,
- 1635 And since I hope the Humor of thy Sence
 Is nothing chang'd.
- Fall.* Why those were growing flowers,
 And these within my walke are cut and strew'd.
- Deli.* But yet they haue one sent.
- 1640 *Fall.* I, haue they so?
 In your grosse iudgement: if you make no difference
 Betwixt the sent of growing flowers and cut ones,
 You haue a sence to tast Lampe-oyle, yfaith.
 And with such iudgement haue you chang'd the chambers, 1565
- 1645 Leauing no roome that I can ioy to be in
 In all your house: and now my Walke and all
 You smoake me from, as if I were a Foxe,
 And long belike to driue me quite away:
 Well walke you there, and Ile walke where I list.
- 1650 *Deli.* What shall I doo? oh I shall neuer please her.
Ma. Out on thee dotard, what starre rulde his birth?
 That brought him such a Starre? blind Fortune still
 Bestowes her gifts on such as cannot vse them:
 How long shall I liue, ere I be so happie,
- 1655 To haue a wife of this exceeding Forme?
Deli. Away with them, would I had broke a ioynt,
 When I deuis'd this that should so dislike her,
 Away, beare all away. *Fido beare all away.*
- Fall.* I doo: for feare
- 1660 Ought that is there should like her. O this man
 How cunningly he can conceale himselfe,

As though he lou'd? lou'd? nay honour'd and ador'd? 1582

Deli. Why, my sweete heart?

Fall. Sweete-heart? oh, better still:

1665 And asking why? wherefore? and looking strangely,
As if he were as white as innocence.

Alas, you're simple, you: you cannot change,

Looke pale at pleasure, and then red with Wonder:

No, no, not you: I did but cast an amorous eie e'en now

1670 Vpon a paire of Gloues that somewhat likt me,
And straight he noted it, and gaue commaund
All should be tane away.

Deli. Be they my bane then:

What sirah, *Fido*, bring in those Gloues againe *Enter Fido.*

1675 You tooke from hence.

Fall. S'body sirra, but do not:

Bring in no Gloues to spite me: If ye doe----

Deli. Ay me, most wretched; how am I misconstru'd?

Mac. O, how she tempts my heart-strings with her eye, 1598

1680 To knit them to her Beauties, or to breake?

What mou'd the heauens, that they could not make

Me such a woman? but a man; a beast,

That haath no blisse like to others. Would to God

(In wreake of my misfortunes) I were turn'd

1685 To some faire water Nymph, that set vpon
The deepest whirlepit of the rau'nous Seas,
My Adamantine eyes might headlong hale
This yron world to me, and drowne it all. 1608

Enter Fungoso in Briskes Sute.

1690 *G R E X.*

Cord. { Behold, behold, the translated Gallant.

Mit. { O, he is welcome.

Fung. God saue you Brother, and Sister, God saue you sir: 1613

1695 I haue commendations for you out i'the countrey: I (wonder
they take no knowledge of my Sute:) mine. Vncle *Sogliardo*
is in towne: Sister, me thinkes you are Melancholly: why are
you so sad? I thinke you tooke me for Maister *Fastidius Briske*

G

(Sister)

(Sister) did you not?

Fall. Why should I take you for him? 1618

1700 *Fun.* Nay nothing, I was lately in Maister *Fastidius* his company, and me thinkes we are very like.

Deli. You haue a faire sute Brother, God giue you ioy on't.

Fung. Faith good ynough to ride in Brother, I made it to ride in.

1705 *Fall.* O, now I see the cause of his idle demaund, was his new sute.

Deli. Pray you good brother, try if you can change her mood.

Fung. I warrant you, let mee alone. Ile put her out of her dumps. Sister, how like you my sute?

1710 *Fall.* O you are a gallant in print now Brother.

Fun. Faith, how like you the fashion? it is the last Edition I assure you.

Fall. I cannot but like it to the desert.

1715 *Fun.* Troth sister, I was faine to borrow these Spurres, I ha' left my gowne in gage for them, pray you lend me an angell.

Fall. Now beshrow my heart then.

Fung. Good truth Ile pay you againe at my next exhibition: 1634
I had but bare ten pound of my father, and it would not reach to put me wholly into the fashion.

1720 *Fall.* I care not.

Fung. I had Spurres of mine owne before, but they were not Ginglers. Monsier *Fastidius* will be here anon sister.

Fall. You iest?

1725 *Fun.* Neuer lend me penny more (while you liue then) and that I'lde be loth to say, in truth.

Fall. When did you see him?

Fung. Yesterday, I came acquainted with him at Sir *Puntar-uolo's*: nay sweet sister.

1730 *Mac.* I faine would know of heauen now, why yond foole Should weare a sute of Sattin? he? that Rooke?

That painted Iay, with such a deale of outside?

What is his inside trow? ha, ha, ha, ha.

Good heauen giue me patience,

A number of these Popeniayes there are,
 1735 Whom if a man conferre, and but examine
 Their inward merit, with such men as want;
 Lord, Lord, what things they are!
Fall. Come, when will you pay me againe now?
Fun. O God Sister.

165r

1740 *Enter Fastidius Briske in a new sute.* *Act.II.Sc.6.*
Mac. Here comes another. 1657

Fast. Saue you Signior *Deliro*: how doest thou sweet Lady?
 Let me kisse thee.

Fun. How? a new sute? Ay me.

1745 *Deli.* And how does Maister *Fastidius Briske*?

Fast. Faith liue in Court Signior *Deliro*, in grace I thank God,
 both of the Noble Masculine and Feminine. I must speake with
 you in priuate by and by.

Deli. When you please Sir.

1750 *Fall.* Why looke you so pale brother?

Fun. Slid all this money is cast away now.

Maci. I, there's a newer Edition come forth.

1670

Fun. Tis but my hard fortune: wel, Ile haue my sute changde,
 Ile go fetch my Tailor presently, but first Ile deuise a letter to my
 1755 father. Ha'you any pen and inke Sister?

Fall. What would you do withall?

Fun. I would vse it. S'light and it had come but foure dayes
 sooner the Fashion.

Exit.

Fast. There was a Countesse gaue me her hand to kisse to day
 1760 in the presence: it did me more good by Iesu, then, and yester-
 night sent her Coach twise to my lodging, to intreate me accom-
 pany her, and my sweet mistresse, with some two or three name-
 lesse Ladies more: O, I haue bene grac't by them, beyond all
 aime of affection: this is her garter, my dagger hanges in: and
 1765 they doo so commend and approue my apparell, with my iudici-
 ous wearing of it, it's aboue wonder.

Fall. Indeed sir, tis a most excellent sute, and you doo weare
 it as extraordinary.

Fast. Why Ile tell you now (in good faith) and by this Chaire, 1686
 1770 which (by the grace of God) I entend presently to sit in, I had
 three Sutes in one yeare, made three great Ladies in loue with
 me: I had other three, vndid three Gentlemen in imitation: and
 other three, gat three other Gentlewomen, Widdows of three
 thousand pound a yeare.

1775 *Deli.* Is't possible?

Fast. O beleuee it sir; your good Face is the Witch, and your
 Apparell the Spelles, that bring all the pleasures of the world in-
 to their Circle.

Fall. Ah, the sweet Grace of a Courtier!

1780 *Mac.* Well, would my father had left me but a good Face for
 my portion yet; though I had shar'd the vnfortunate Wit that
 goes with it, I had not car'de: I might haue past for somewhat
 in the world then.

Fast. Why, assure you Signior, rich apparell has strange ver- 1698
 1785 tues: it makes him that hath it without meanes, esteemed for an
 excellent Wit: he that enioyes it with meanes, puts the world in
 remembrance of his meanes: it helps the deformities of Na-
 ture, and giues Lustre to her beauties: makes continuall Holi-
 day where it shines: sets the wits of Ladies at worke, that other-
 1790 wise would bee idle: furnisheth your two-shilling Ordinarie:
 takes possession of your Stage at your new Play: and enricheth
 your Oares, as scorning to goe with your Scull.

Mac. Pray you sir, adde this: it giues respect to your fooles,
 makes many Theeues, as many Strumpets, and no fewer
 1795 Bankrups.

Fall. Out, out, vnworthie to speake where he breatheth.

Fast. What's he, Signior?

Deli. A friend of mine, sir.

Fast. By heauen, I wonder at you Cittizens, what kinde of
 1800 Creatures you are?

Deli. Why sir?

Fast. That you can consort your selues with such poore seam-
 rent fellowes.

Fall. He saies true.

Deli. Sir,

1805 *Deli.* Sir I will assure you (how euer you esteeme of him) he's 1717
a man worthy of regard.

Fast. Why? what ha's hee in him of such vertue to be regarded? ha?

Deli. Marry he is a Scholler sir.

1810 *Fast.* Nothing else?

Deli. And he is well trauailde.

Fast. He should get him cloathes; I would cherish those good parts of trauell in him, and preferre him to some Nobleman of good place.

1815 *Deli.* Sir, such a benefit should bind me to you for euer (in my friends right) and I doubt not but his desert shall more than answere my praise.

Fast. Why, and hee had good cloathes, I'd carrie him to the Court with me to morrow.

1820 *Deli.* He shall not want for those Sir, if Golde and the whole Cittie will furnish him.

Fast. You say wel sir: faith Signior *Deliro*, I am come to haue you play the *Alchymist* with me, and chaunge the *Species* of my land, into that mettall you talke of.

1825 *Deli.* With all my heart sir, what summe will serue you? 1735

Fast. Faith some three or fourescore pound.

Deli. Troth sir, I haue promist to meete a Gentleman this morning in *Paules*, but vpon my returne I'le dispatch you.

Fast. Ile accompany you thither.

1830 *Deli.* As you please sir: but I go not thither directly.

Fast. 'Tis no matter, I haue no other designment in hand, and therefore as good go along.

Deli. I were as good haue a Quartane feauer follow me now, for I shall ne're be ridde of him: (bring me a Cloake there one)
1835 Still vpon his grace at the Court am I sure to be visited: I was a beast to giue him any hope. Well, would I were in, that I am out with him once, and. -- Come Signior *Macilente*, I must conferre with you as we go. Nay deare wife, I beseech thee forsake these moods: looke not like winter thus. Heere take my
1840 keyes, open my counting houses, spread all my wealth before

thee, choose any obiect that delightes thee: If thou wilt eate the spirit of Golde, and drinke dissolu'd Pearle in Wine, tis for thee.

Fall. So Sir.

1752

1845 *Deli.* Nay my sweet wife.

Fall. Good Lord! how you are perfumed in your tearmes and all: pray you leaue vs.

Deli. Come Gentlemen.

Fast. Aduie, sweet Ladie.

Exeunt all but Fallace.

1850 *Fall.* I, I, Let thy wordes euer sounde in mine eares, and thy Graces disperse contentment through all my sences: O, how happie is that Ladie aboue other Ladies, that enioyes so absolute a Gentleman to her Seruant! A Countesse giue him her hand to kisse! ah foolish Countesse; hee's a man woorthie
1855 (if a woman may speake of a mans woorth) to kisse the lips of an Empresse.

Enter Fungoso with his Taylor.

Fun. What's Maister *Fastidius* gone, sister?

1764

Fall. I brother: he has a Face like a *Cherubin*.

1860 *Fun.* Gods me, what luck's this? I haue fetcht my Taylor and all: which way went he sister? can you tell?

Fall. Not I, in good faith: and hee has a bodie like an Angell.

Fun. How long is't since he went?

1865 *Fall.* Why but e'en nowe: did you not meete him? and a Tongue able to rauish any woman in the earth.

Fun. O, for Gods sake (Ile please you for your paines:) but e'en now, say you? Come good sir: S'lid I had forgot it too: Sister, if any bodie aske for mine Vncle *Sogliardo*, they shall ha'
1870 him at the *Heralds* Office yonder by *Paules*.

Exit with his Taylor.

Fall. Well; I will not altogether dispaire: I haue heard of a Citizens wife has bene beloued of a Courtier; and why not I? heigh ho: well, I will into my priuate Chamber, locke the doore
1875 to me, and thinke ouer all his good partes one after another.

Exit.

GREX.

G R E X.

Mit. Well, I doubt this last *Scene* will endure some grieuous 1781
Torture.

1880 *Cor.* How? you feare'twil be rackt by some hard Cōstruction?

Mit. Doo not you?

Cord. No in good faith: vnlesse mine eyes coulde light mee
beyond *Sence*, I see no reason why this should be more Liable
1885 to the Racke than the rest: you'le say perhaps the Cittie will
not take it well, that the Merchant is made here to dote so perfectly
vpon his wife; and she againe, to be so *Fastidiously* affected,
as she is?

Mit. You haue vtter'd my thought sir, indeed.

Cord. Why (by that proportion) the Court might as well
1890 take offence at him wee call the Courtier, and with much more
Pretext, by how much the place transcendes and goes before
in dignitie and vertue: but can you imagine that anie Noble
or true Spirite in the Court (whose Sinewie, and altogether vn-
affected graces, verie worthily expresse him a Courtier) will
1895 make any exception at the opening of such an emptie Trunke
as this *Briske* is? or thinke his owne worth impeacht by behol-
ding his motley inside?

Mit. No sir, I doo not.

1797

Cord. No more, assure you, will any graue wise Cittizen, or
1900 modest Matron, take the obiect of this Follie in *Deliro* and his
Wife; but rather apply it as the foyle to their owne vertues:
For that were to affirme, that a man writing of *Nero*, should
meane all Emperours: or speaking of *Machiauel*, comprehend
all States-men; or in our *Sordido*, all Farmars; and so of the
1905 rest: than which, nothing can bee vtter'de more malicious
and absurd. Indeed there are a sort of these narrow-ey'd De-
cipherers, I confesse, that will extort straunge and abstruse
meanings out of anie Subiect, bee it neuer so Conspicuous
and innocentlie deliuerd. But to such (where er'e they sit con-
1910 ceald) let them knowe, the Authour defies them, and their
writing-table; and hopes, no sounde or safe iudgement,
will infect it selfe with their contagious Comments, whoe
(indeed)

(indeed) come here only to peruert and poison the sence of what they heare, and for nought else.

1915 *Mit.* Stay, what new *Mute* is this that walks so suspiciously? 1811

ACTVS TERTIVS, SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Cavalier Shift, with two Siquisses in his hand.

Cord. O, marry this is one, for whose better Illustration, we 1812 must desire you to presuppose the Stage, the middle Isle in 1920 *Paules*; and that, the West end of it.

Mit. So sir: and what followes?

Cord. Faith a whole volume of Humor, and worthie the vn-clasping.

Mit. As how? what name do you giue him first?

1925 *Cord.* He hath shift of names sir: some call him *Apple Iohn*, some Signior *Whiffe*, marry his maine standing name is *Cavalier Shift*: the rest are but as cleane shirts to his *Natures*.

Mit. And what makes he in *Paules* now?

Cor. Troth as you see, for the aduancement of a *Siquis* or two; 1930 wherein he has so varied himselfe, that if any one of them take, he may hull vp and down i'the Humorous world a little longer.

Mit. It seemes then, he beares a very changing saile?

Cor. O, as the wind sir: here comes more.

Enter Orange.

Act.III.Sc.

1935 *Shift.* This is rare, I haue set vp my bills without discouerie. 1829

Oren. What? Signior *Whiffe*? what fortune has brought you into these West parts?

Shift. Troth Signior, nothing but your Rheume; I haue bene taking an ounce of Tabacco hard by heere with a Gentleman, 1940 and I am come to spit priuate in *Paules*. God saue you sir.

Oren. Adu good Signior *Whiffe*. *Enter Cloue.*

Cloue. Maister *Apple Iohn*? you are well met: when shall wee suppe together, and laugh and bee fatte with those good Wenches? ha?

1945 *Shift.* Faith sir, I must now leaue you, vpon a fewe Humors and occasions: but when you please Sir.

Exit.

Cloue. Fare-

Cloue. Farewell sweet *Apple Iohn*: I wonder there are no more 1840
store of Gallants here?

G R E X.

1950 *Mit.* { What be these two, Signior?
Cor. { Marry a couple sir, that are meere strangers to the
whole scope of our Play; only come to walke a turne
or two i'this *Scene* of *Paules* by chance.

They walke together.

1955 *Oren.* Saue you, good Maister *Cloue*.

Cloue. Sweet Master *Orenge*.

G R E X.

Mit. How? *Cloue*, and *Orenge*?

1960 *Cor.* I, and they are wel met, for 'tis as drie an *Orenge* as euer 1851
grew: nothing but *Salutation*, and *O God sir*, and *It pleases*
you to say so sir; one that can laugh at a iest for company, with a
most plausible, and extemporall grace; and some houre after
in priuate aske you what it was: the other, *Monsieur Cloue*, is
1965 a more spic't youth: he will sit you a whole afternoone
sometimes, in a Book-sellers shop, reading the Greeke, Ita-
lian, and Spanish: when hee vnderstands not a word of ey-
ther: if he had the Tongues to his Sutes, he were an excellent
Linguist.

Cloue. Do you heare this reported for certainty?

1970 *Oreng.* O good sir.

Enter Puntaruolo, Carlo: two seruingmen following,
one leading the Dogge.

Act.III.Sc.2.

1975 *Punt.* Sirrah, take my Cloake: and you sir knaue, follow mee
closer: if thou loosest my Dogge, thou shalt die a Dogs death: I
will hang thee.

Carl. Tut, feare him not, hee's a good leane slaue, hee loues
a Dogge well I warrant him; I see by his looke, I: masse hee's
somewhat like him. Sbloud poyson him, make him away with a
crooked pin, or somewhat man; thou maist haue more securitie
1980 of thy life: and so Sir, what? you ha'not put out your whole ven-
ter yet? ha'you.

Punt. No, I do want yet some fiteene or sixteene hundred
H pounds:

pounds: but my Lady (my wife) is out of her Humor; shee does not now goe.

1985 *Car.* No? how then?

1872

Punt. Marry, I am now enforc't to giue it out, vpon the re-
turne of my selfe, my Dogge, and my Cat.

Car. Your Cat? where is shee?

Punt. My Squire has her there in the Bagge: Sirrah, looke to
1990 her: How lik'st thou my change, *Carlo*?

Car. Oh, for the better sir: your Cat has nine liues, and your
wife has but one.

Punt. Besides, shee will neuer be Sea-sicke, which will saue
me so much in Conserues: when saw you signior *Sogliardo*?

1995 *Car.* I came from him but now, hee is at the Heraulds Office
yonder: he requested me to goe afore, and take vp a man or two
for him in *Paules*, against his Cognisance was readie.

Punt. What? has he purchast armes then?

Car. I, and rare ones too: of as many colours, as e're you sawe
2000 any fooles coat in your life. Ile go looke among yond Billes, and
I can fit him with Legs to his Armes.

Pun. With Legs to his Armes! Good: I will go with you sir.

They go to looke vpon the Billes.

Enter Fastidius, Deliro, and Macilente.

Act.III.Sc.3

2005 *Fast.* Come, lets walke in the *Mediterraneum*: I assure you sir,
I am not the least respected among Ladies: but let that passe: do
you know how to goe into the Presence sir?

Mac. Why, on my feete sir.

Fast. No, on your head sir: for tis that must beare you out, I
2010 assure you; as thus sir: You must first haue an especiall care so to
weare your Hat, that it oppresse not confusedly this your Predo-
minant or Fore-top: because (when you come at the Presence
doore) you may with once or twise stroking vp your Forehead
thus, enter with your Predominant perfect: that is, standing vp
2015 stiffe.

Mac. As if one were frightened?

Fnst. I sir.

Mac. Which indeed, a true feare of your Mistresse should
doo,

doo, rather than Gumme water, or whites of Egges: is't not so
2020 Sir?

Fast. An ingenious obseruation: giue me leaue to craue your 1906
name sir.

Deli. His name is *Macilente* sir.

Fast. Good Signior *Macilente*: if this Gentleman, Signior
2025 *Deliro*, furnish you as he saies he will with cloathes, I will bring
you to morrow by this time, into the presence of the most Di-
uine and *Acute* Ladie of the Court: you shall see sweet Silent
Rhetorique, and Dumbe Eloquence speaking in her eye: but
when shee speakes her selfe, such an Anatomie of Witte, so
2030 Sinewiz'd and Arteriz'd, that 'tis the goodliest Modell of
pleasure that euer was, to beholde. Oh, she strikes the world
into Admiration of her; (O, O, O) I cannot expresse'hem be-
leeue mee.

Mac. O, your onely Admiration, is your silence, sir.

2035 *Punt.* Fore God *Carlo*, this is good; let's read'hem againe: 1918
*If there be anie Ladie, or Gentlewoman of good carriage, that is de-
sireous to entertaine (to her priuate uses) a young straight, and vpright
Gentleman, of the age of fve, or sixe and twentie at the most: who can
serue in the nature of a Gentleman Vsher, and hath little legs of pur-
2040 pose, and a blacke Satten Sute of his owne to goe before her in: which
Sute (for the more sweetning) now lies in Lauander: and can hide
his face with her Fan, if need require: or sit in the colde at the staire
foote for her, as well as an other Gentleman: Let her subscribe her
Name and Place, and diligent respect shall be giuen.*

2045 This is aboue measure excellent; ha?

Carl. No this, this: here's a fine slaue.

Punt. If this Citie, or the sub-urbs of the same, doo affoord any young
Gentleman, of the 1. 2. or 3. head, more or lesse, whose friendes are but
lately deceased, and whose lands are but new come to his hands, that
2050 (to be as exactly qualified as the best of our ordinary gallants are) is
affected to entertaine the most Gentlemanlike use of Tabacco: as
first, to giue it the most exquisite perfume; then, to know all the dili-
cate sweet formes of the assumption of it: as also the rare Corollary and
practise of the Cuban Ebolution, *EV RIPVS*, and *Whiffe*; which he

2055 *shall receiue or take in here at London, and euaporate at Vxbridge, or farder, if it please him. If there be any such generous spirit, that is truly enamour'd of these good faculties: May it please him, but (by a note of his hand) to specife the place, or Ordinary where he uses to eat and lie, and most sweet attendance with Tabacco and Pipes of the best sort*
 2060 *shall be ministred: STET QVÆSO CANDIDE LECTOR. Why this is without Paralel, this!*

Carlo. Well, I'le marke this fellowe for *Sogliardo's* vse pre-1946
 sently.

Put. Or rather, *Sogliardo* for his vse.

2065 *Carlo.* Faith either of 'hem will serue, they are both good *Properties*: I'le designe the other a place too, that wee may see him.

Punt. No better place than the Mitre, that we may be Spectators with you *Carlo*. Soft, behold, who enters here: Signior *Sogli-*
 2070 *ardo!* God saue you. *Enter Sogliardo.*

Act.III.Sc

Sog. Saue you good sir *Puntaruolo*; your Dogge's in health sir I see: how now *Carlo*?

Car. We haue ta'ne simple paines to choose you out followers here.

2075 *Punt.* Come hither Signior.

They shew him the Bills.

Cloue. Monsieur *Oreng*, yond' Gallants obserue vs; pray thee let's talke Fustian a litle and gul'hem: make'hem beleue we are great Schollers.

2080 *Oreng.* O Lord sir.

Cloue. Nay, pr'y thee let's, by Iesu: you haue an excellent habit in discourse.

Oreng. It pleases you to say so sir.

Cloue. By this Church you ha'la: nay come, begin: *Aristotle*
 2085 *in his Dæmonologia approoues Scaliger for the best Nauigator in his time: and in his Hypercritiques, he reports him to be Hcautontimorumenos: you vnderstand the Greeke sir?*

Oreng. O good sir.

Mac. For societies sake hee does. O here be a couple of fine
 2090 tame Parrets.

Cloue. Now

Cloue. Now sir, Whereas the *Ingennitie* of the time, and the 1974
soules *Synderisis* are but *Embrions* in Nature, added to the panch
of *Esquiline*, & the *Inter-uallum* of the *Zodiack*, besides the *Eclip-*
tickeline being *Optick* & not *Mental*, but by the *contemplatiue* and
2095 *Theoricke* part therof, doth demonstrate to vs the *vegetable cir-*
cumference, and the *ventositie* of the *Tropicks*, and wheras our *in-*
tellectuall or *mincing capreall* (according to the *Metaphisicks*) as
you may read in *Plato's Histriomastix*: You conceiue me sir?

Oren. O Lord sir.

2100 *Clou.* Then comming to the prety *Animal*, as *Reason long since*
is fled to Animals you know, or indeed for the more *modelizing* or
enamelling, or rather *diamondizing* of your *subiect*, you shall per-
ceiue the *Hipohesis* or *Galaxia*, (whereof the *Meteors* long since had
their *Initial inceptions* and *Notions*) to bee meerly *Pithagori-*
2105 *cal*, *Mathematicall*, and *Astronomicall*: for looke you sir, there is
euer a kind of *Concinnitie* and *Species*. Let vs turne to our former
discourse, for they marke vs not.

Fast. Masse, yonders the Knight *Puntaruolo*.

Deli. And my cousin *Sogliardo*, me thinkes.

1990

2110 *Mac.* I, and his familiar that haunts him, the diuel with a shi-
ning face.

Deli. Let them alone, obserue them not.

Sogliardo, Punt. Car. walke.

Sog. Nay I wil haue him, I am resolute for that, by this parch-
2115 ment gentlemen, I haue bene so toylde among the Harrots yon-
der, you wil not beleeeue, they do speak in the strangest language,
and giue a man the hardest termes for his money, that euer you
knew.

Car. But ha'you armes? ha'you armes?

2120 *Sog.* Yfayth, I thanke God I can write my selfe Gentlemen
now, heeres my Pattent, it cost me thirtie pound by this breath.

Punt. A very faire Coat, well chargde, and full of Armorie.

Sog. Nay, it has as much varietie of colours in it, as you haue
seene a Coat haue, how like you the Crest sir?

2125 *Punt.* I vnderstand it not well, what is't?

Sog. Marry sir, it is your Bore without a head Rampant.

Car. Nay looke you sir, now you are a Gentleman, you must 2040
 carry a more exalted presence, chaunge your moode and habite
 2165 to a more austere forme, be exceeding proud, stand vpon your
 Gentilitie, and scorne euery man. Speak nothing humbly, neuer
 discourse vnder a Noble-man, though you neuer sawe him but
 riding to the *Starre-chamber*, it's all one. Loue no man, Trust no
 man, speake ill of no man to his face, nor well of any man behind
 2170 his backe. Salute fairly on the front, and wish'hem hang'd vpon
 the turne. Spread your selfe vpon his bosome publikely, whose
 heart you would eate in priuate. These be principles, thinke on
 'hem, I'le come to you againe presently.

Exit Car. Sogliardo mixes with Punt. and Fast. (ruffe:

2175 *Punt.* Sirah, keep close, yet not so close, thy breath wil thaw my

Sog. O good cousin, I am a little busie, how does my neece, I
 am to walke with a knight here.

Enter Fung. with his Tailor. Act.III.Sc.5.

Fung. O he is here, looke you sir, that's the Gentleman.

Tail. What he i'the blush colourd Sattin?

2180 *Fung.* I, he sir, thogh his sute blush, he blushes not: looke you,
 that's the sute sir: I would hate mine, such a sute without diffe-
 rence, such stuffe, such a wing, such a sleeue, such a skirt, belly and
 all; therefore, pray you obserue it. Haue you a paire of Tables?

Fast. Why do you see sir? they say I am Phantastical: why true,
 2185 I know it, & I pursue my Humor still in cōtempt of this *censori-*
ous age: S'light & a man should do nothing but what a sort of
 stale iudgements about this towne will approue in him, he were a
 sweet Asse, I'd beg him yfaith: I ne're knew any more find fault
 with a fashion, then they that knew not how to put themselues
 2190 into it: For mine own part, so I please mine owne appetite, I am
 carelesse what the fustie World speakes of me, puh.

Fung. Do you marke how it hangs at the knee there?

Tail. I warrant you sir.

Eung. For Gods sake do, note all: do you see the Coller sir?

2195 *Tail.* Feare nothing, it shall not differ in a stitch sir.

Pun. Pray God it do not: you'le make these linings serue? and
 helpe me for a chapman for the outside, will you?

Tail. I'le do my best sir: you'le put it off presently?

Fung. I

Fung. I, go with me to my chamber you shall haue it, but make
2200 hast of it, for the loue of Christ, for I'le sit i'my old sute, or else lie
a bed and read the *Arcadia*, till you haue done.

Exit with Tailor.

Enter Car.

Caol. O, if euer you were strucke with a iest, Gallants, now, 2080
now. I do vs her the most strange peece of Military Profession,
2205 that euer was discover'd in *Insula Paulina*.

Fast. Where? where?

Punt. What is he for a Creature?

Carl. A Pimpe, a Pimpe, that I haue obseru'd yonder, the ra-
rest *Superficies* of a humor: he comes euery morning to emptie
2210 his lungs in *Pauls* here, and offers vp some fiue or six *Hecatomb's*
of faces and sighes, and away againe. Here he comes; nay walke,
walke, bee not seene to note him, and wee shall haue excellent
sport.

Enter Shift.

Act.III.Sc

Walkes by, and vses action to his Rapier.

2215 *Punt.* S'lid he vented a sigh e'ne now, I thought he would haue
blowne vp the church.

Carl. O you shall haue him giue a number of those false fires
ere he depart.

Fast. See now he is expostulating with his Rapier, Looke,
2220 Looke.

Carl. Did you euer in your dayes obserue better passion ouer
a hilt?

Punt. Except it were in the person of a Cutlers boy, or that
the fellow were nothing but Vapour, I should thinke it impos-
2225 sible.

Car. See, againe, hee claps his sword o'the head, as who should
say, Well, go to.

Fast. O violence, I wonder the blade can containe it selfe, be-
ing so prouokt.

2230 *Carl.* *With that, the moody Squire thumpt his brest,*
And rear'd his eyen to heauen for Reuenge.

Sog. Troth, and you be Gentlemen, Lets make'hem friends,
and take vp the matter betweene his Rapier and he.

Carl. Nay, if you intend that, you must lay downe the mat-
ter,

2035 ter, for this Rapier (it seemes) is in the nature of a Hanger on,
and the good Gentleman would happily bee rid of him.

Fast. By my fayth and'tis to bee suspected, I'le aske him. 2111

Mac. O here's rich stuffe, for Christ sake, let vs goe,
A man would wish himselve a sencelesse pillar,
2240 Rather than view these monstrous prodigies:

*Nil habet infelix Paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod Ridiculos homines facit.* *Exit, with Deliro.*

Fast. Signior.

Shift. At your seruice.

2245 *Fast.* Will you sell your Rapier?

Carl. S'bloud he is turn'd wild vpon the question, he looks
as hee had seene a Serjeant.

Shift. Sell my Rapier? now God blesse me.

Punt. Amen.

2250 *Shift.* You askt mee, if I would sell my Rapier Sir?

Fast. I did indeede.

Shift. Now Lord haue mercie vpon me.

Punt. Amen, I say still.

Shift. S'lud Sir, what should you behold in my face Sir, that
2255 should mooue you (as they say Sir) to aske me Sir, if I would
sell my Rapier?

Fast. Nay (let me pray you Sir) be not moou'd: I protest I 2130
would rather haue beene silent, then any way offensiue, had I
knowne your nature.

2260 *Shift.* Sell my Rapier? Gods lid: Nay Sir (for mine own part)
as I am a man that has seru'd in causes, or so, so I am not apt to
iniurie any Gentleman in the degree of falling foule, but: sell
my Rapier? I wil tel you Sir, I haue seru'd with this foolish Ra-
pier, where some of vs dare not appeare in hast, I name no mā:
2265 but let that passe; Sell my Rapier? Death to my Lungs. This
Rapier Sir, has trauel'd by my side Sir, the best part of France
and the low Countrey: I haue seene *Vlishing*, *Brill*, and the
Haghe with this Rapier, in my Lord of *Leysters* time: and (by
Gods wil) he that should offer to disrapier me now, I would —

2270 Looke y ou sir, you presume to be a Gentleman of good sort,

I and

and so likewise your friends here, If you haue any dispositiō to trauel, for the sight of seruice, or so, One, two, or al of you, I can lend you letters to diuers Officers and Commaunders in the Low Countries, that shal for my cause do you al the good offices that shall pertaine or belong to Gentlemen of your —
 2275 fices that shall pertaine or belong to Gentlemen of your —
 Please you to shewe the Bountie of your mind Sir, to impart some ten groats or halfe a Crown to our vse, til our abilitie be of grow'th to returne it, and wee shall thinke our selfe. —
 Sbloud sell my Rapier?

2280 *Sog.* I pray you what sayd he Signior? hee's a proper man. 2150

Fast. Marie he tels me, if I please to shew the bountie of my mind, to impart some ten groates to his vse or so.

Punt. Breake his head, and giue it him.

Carl. I thought he had bin playing on the Iewes Trump I.

2285 *Shift.* My Rapier? no sir: my Rapier is my Guard, my Defence, my Reuenuew, my Honor: (if you cannot impart, be secret I beseech you) & I wil maintain it, where there is a grain of dust, or a drop of water: (hard is the choise when the valiant must eat their Armes or clem:) Sel my Rapier? no my Deare,
 2290 I will not be deuorc't from thee yet, I haue euer found thee true as steele: & (you cannot impart sir) God saue you Gentlemen: (neuerthesse if you haue a fancie to it sir.)

Fast. Pr'y thee away: is Signior *Deliro* departed?

Carl. Ha'you seene a Pimpe out-face his own wants better?

2295 *Sog.* I commend him that can dissemble them so well.

Punt. True, and hauing no better a cloak then he has for it 2165
 neither. (Gentlemen.

Fast. Gods precious, what mischieuous lucke is this? adiew

Punt. Whither? in such haste, Monsieur *Fastidius*?

2300 *Fast.* After my Marchant, Signior *Deliro* sir.

Carl. O hinder him not, he may hap lose his Tyde, a good
 Flounder i'faith. *Exit.*

Oren. Hark you Sig. *Whiffe*, a word with you. (*Oren.* & *Cloue*

Carl. How? Signior *Whiffe*? (*call Shift aside.*

2305 *Oren.* What was the difference betweene that young Gal-
 lant that's gone, and you sir?

Shift.

Shift. No difference: he would h'a giu'n me fūe pound for my Rapier, and I refus'd it; that's all. (some termes.

Clou. O, was it no otherwise? we thought you had ben vpon
2310 *Shift.* No other than you saw sir. (Clou.

Clou. Adiew good Master *Apple Iohn.* *Exeūt Oren. &*

Carl. How? *Whiffe,* and *Apple Iohn* too? Hart, what'll you say if this be the *Appendix* or Labell to both yond'Indentures?

Punt. It may be. *Car.* Resolue vs of it *Ianus,* thou that lookst
2315 euery way; or thou *Hercules,* that hast trauail'd all Countries.

Punt. Nay *Carlo,* spend not time in Inuocatiō now; 'tis late.

Car. Signior, here's a Gentlemā desirous of your name sir.

Shift. My name is *Cauallier Shift:* I am knowne sufficiently in this walke sir.

2320 *Car. Shift?* I heard your name varied e'ene now, as I take it.

Shift. True sir, it pleases the world (as I am her excellent *Tabacconist*) to giue me the style of Signior *Whiffe:* as I am a poore Esquire about the towne here, they cal me Master *Apple Iohn,* varietie of good names does well sir.

2325 *Carl.* I, and good parts, to make those good names: out of which I imagine yond' Billes to bee yours.

Shift. Sir, if I should denie the *Scriptures,* I were worthy to bee banisht the middle yle for euer.

Carl. I take your word sir: this gentleman has subscrib'd to
2330 'hē, & is most desirous to become your Pupil; mary you must vse expedition: *Signor Insulso Sogliardo,* this is the Professor.

Sog. In good time sir, nay good sir house your head, do you professe these sleights in *Tabacco?*

Shift. I doe more then professe sir, & (if you please to be a
2335 practitioner) I will vndertake in one fortnight to bring you, that you shall take it plausibly in any Ordinarie, Theatre, or the Tilt-yard if neede bee; the most popular assembly that is.

Punt. But you cannot bring him to the *Whiffe* so soone?

Shift. Yes as soone sir: he shall receiue the 1, 2, & 3. *Whiffe,*
2340 if it please him, & (vpon the receipt) take his horse, drinke his three cups of Canarie, and expose one at Hounslow, a second at Stanes, and a third at Bagshot.

Carl. Baw-waw.

(*Countenance.*

Sog. You wil not serue me sir, wil you? I'le giue you more thā 2215
2345 *Shift.* Pardon mee Sir, I do scorne to serue any man.

Carl. Who? he serue? S'bloud hee keepes High men, & Low men, he? hee has a fayre liuing at Fullam.

Shift. But in the nature of a fellow, I'le bee your follower if you please.

2350 *Sog.* Sir, you shall stay and dine with me, & if we can agree, wee'le not part in haste: I am very bountiful to mē of quality. Where shall wee goe Signior?

Punt. Your Mitre is your best house.

Shift. I can make this dog take as many whiffes as I list, and 2355 hee shall retaine, or refume them at my pleasure.

Punt. By your patience, follow mee fellowes.

Sog. Sir *Puntaruolo.*

Punt. Pardon me, my dog shal not eate in his company for 2230 a Million. *Exit Punt. with his fellowes.*

2360 *Carl.* Nay be not you amaz'd, Signior *Whiffe*, what e're that stiff-neckt Gentleman sayes.

Sog. No, for you do not know the Humor of the Dog, as we do: where shal we dine *Carlo*? I would faine goe to one of these Ordinaries, now I am a Gentleman.

2365 *Carl.* So you may, were you neuer at none yet?

Sog. No fayth, but they say, there resorts your most choyse Gallants.

Car. True, and the fashion is, when any stranger comes in amongst 'hem, they all stand vp and stare at him, as hee were 2370 some vnknowne beast brought out of Affricke, but that'll be helpt with a good aduenturous face; you must bee impudent enough, sit downe, and vse no respect: when any thing's propounded aboue your capacitie, smile at it, make two or three faces, and 'tis excellent, they'le thinke you haue trauel'd: 2375 though you argue a whole day in silence thus, and discourse in nothing but laughter, 'twill passe. Onely (now and then) giue fire, discharge a good full Oth, and offer a great Wager, 'twill be admirable.

Sog. I

Sog. I warrāt you, I am resolute, come good Signior, theres 2248
2380 a poore French crowne for your Ordinarie.

Shift. It comes wel, for I had not so much as the least Port-
cullice of coyne before. *Exeunt.*

G R E X.

Mit. I trauell with another obiection Signior, which I feare
2385 wil be enforc'd against the Author, ere I cā be deliuer'd of it.

Cord. What's that sir?

Mit. That the argument of his Comedie might haue bin of
some other nature, as of a Duke to bee in loue with a Coun-
tesse, and that Countesse to be in loue with the Dukes sonne,
2390 and the sonne to loue the Ladies wayting-maide: some such
crosse wooing, with a Clowne to their seruing-man, better
than to bee thus neere and familiarly allied to the time.

Cord. You say wel, but I would faine heare one of these Au-
tumne-iudgemēts define once, *Quidsit Comædia?* if he cānot,
2395 let him content himselfe with *Ciceros* definition (till hee haue
strength to propose to himselfe a better) who would haue a Co-
medie to be *Imitatio vitæ, Speculum Consuetudinis, Imago veri-*
tatis, a thing throughout pleasant & ridiculous. & accommo-
dated to the correction of maners: if the maker haue fail'd in
2400 any particle of this, they may worthily taxe him, but if not,
why; be you (that are for them) silent, as I will be for him; and
giue way to the Actors.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Act.III.Sc.7.

Enter Sordido with a halter about his necke.

2405 *Sord.* Nay Gods precious, if the weather and the season be
so respectlesse, that Beggars shall liue as well as their betters;
and that my hunger and thirst for riches, shall not make them
hunger and thirst with Pouertie; that my sleeps shall be bro-
ken, and their hearts not broken; that my coffers shal be full,
2410 and yet care; theirs emptie, and yet merrie: Tis time that a
Crosse should beare flesh and bloud, since flesh and bloud
cannot beare this crosse.

G R E X.

2415 *Mit.* { What will hee hang himselfe? 2280
Cor. { Faith I, it seemes his Prognostication has not kept
 touch with him, and that makes him despaire.

Mit. { Beshrow me, he wil be out of his Humor then indeed.

Sord. Tut, these star-monger knaues, who would trust 'hem? one saies, darke and rainy, when 'tis as cleere as Christall; another saies, tempestuous blasts and stormes, and 'twas as calme
 2420 as a Milk-bowle; here be sweet rascals for a man to credit his whole fortunes with: You skie-staring Cockscombs you: you fat braines, out vpon you; you are good for nothing but to sweate night-caps, and make rug-gownes deare: you learned
 2425 men, & haue not a legion of deuils, *a vostre seruice: a vostre seruice?* By heauen I think I shall die a better scholler then they: but soft, how now sirrah? *Enter a Hind with a letter.*

Hind. Here's a letter come from your sonne sir.

Sord. From my sonne sir? what would my sonne sir? some
 2430 good newes no doubt. *The letter.*

*Sweet & deere father (desiring you first to send me your blessing, 2295 which is more worth to me thã gold or siluer) I desire you likewise to be aduertised, that this Shrouetide (contrary to custome) we use alwaies to haue Reuels; which is indeed dancing, & makes an excellēt
 2435 shew in truth; especially if we Gentlemen be well attir'd, which our Seniors note, & thinke the better of our fathers, the better wee are maintain'd, & that they shal know if they come vþ, & haue any thing to do in the Law: therefore good father, these are (for your own sake, as wel as mine) to re-desire you, that you let me not wāt that which
 2440 is fit for the setting vþ of our name in the honorable volume of Gēti-
 2440^{bia} lity, that I may say to our Columnators with Tullie, EGO SVM
 ORTVS DOMVS MEAE, TV OCCASSVS TVAE. And thus (not doubting of your fatherly Beneuolence) I humbly ask you blessing, and pray God to blesse you. Yours, if his owne.*

How's this? *Yours, if his own?* is he not my sonne, except he be
 2445 his own sonne? Belike this is some new kinde of subscription the Gallants vse. Well, wherefore doest thou stay knaue? *Away: goe. Exit Hind.*

Here's

Here's a letter indeed; Reuels? & beneuolence? is this a wea-
 ther to send beneuolence? or is this a season to reuell in? S'lid 2315
 2450 the deuill and all takes part to vexe mee I thinke: this letter
 would neuer haue come now else, now, now, when the sunne
 shines, and the ayre thus cleere. Soule if this hold, wee shall
 shortly haue an excellent crop of corne spring out of the high
 waies, the streets and houses of the towne will be hid with the
 2455 ranknesse of the fruits that grow there, in spight of good Hus-
 bandry. Go to, Ile preuent the sight of it, come as quickly as it
 can, I wil preuent the sight of it. I haue this remedie *Heauen*:
 stay; Ile trie the paine thus a little: O, nothing, nothing. Wel,
 now shall my sonne gaine a beneuolence by my death? or any
 2460 body be the better for my gold, or so forth? No. Aliue I kept it
 from 'hem, and (dead) my ghost shal walke about it, and pre-
 serue it, my sonne and daughter shall sterue ere they touch it,
 I haue hid it as deepe as Hell from the sight of Heauen, and
 to it I goe now. *Fals off.*

2465 *Enter Rustici, 5. or 6. one after another.* *Act.III.Sc.8.*

Rust. 1 Aye me, what pitifull sight is this? helpe, helpe, help.

Rust. 2 How now? what's the matter?

Rust. 1 O here's a man has hang'd himsele, helpe to get
 him againe.

2470 *Rust. 2* Hang'd himsele? Slid carry him afore a Iustice, 'tis
chance medley on my word.

Rust. 3 How now, what's here to doe?

Rust. 4. How comes this?

2475 *Rust. 2* One has executed himsele contrary to the order of
 Law, and by my consent hee shall answer't.

Rust. 5 Would he were in case to answer it.

Rust. 1 Stand by, he recouers, giue him breath.

Sord. Oh.

Rust. 5 Masse, 'twas well you went the foote-way neighbor.

2480 *Rust. 1* I, and I had not cut the halter. *(done.*

Sord. How? cut the halter? Aye mee, I am vndone, I am vn- 2345

deest }
 2482 }

Rust. 2 Mary if you had not beene vndone, you had beene
 hang'd I can tell you.

Sord. You

2485 *Sord.* You thredbare hors-bread eating rascals, if you would 2348
needs haue beene medling, could you not haue vntied it, but
you must cut it? and in the midst too? Aye mee.

Rust. 1 Out on mee, 'tis the Caterpillar *Sordido*; how cursed
are the poore, that the viper was blest with this good fortune?

2490 *Rust.* 2 Nay, how accurst art thou, that art cause to the curse
of the poore?

Rust. 3 I, and to saue so wretched a Caytife.

Rust. 4. Curst bee thy fingers that loos'd him.

Rust. 2 Some desperate furie possesse thee, that thou maiest
2495 hang thy selfe too. (monster.

Rust. 5 Neuer maiest thou bee sau'd, that sau'd so damn'd a

Sord. What curses breathe these men, how haue my deeds 2360
Made my lookes differ from another mans,
That they should thus detest, and lothe my life?

2500 Out on my wretched Humor, it is that

Makes mee thus monstrous in true humane eyes.

Pardon me (gentle friends) I'le make faire mends

For my foule errours past, and twentie-fold

Restore to all men, what with wrong I rob'd them:

2505 My Barnes and Garners shall stand open still

To all the poore that come, and my best graine

Be made alms-bread, to feed halfe-famisht mouthes.

Though hitherto amongst you I haue liu'd

Like an vnsauorie Muck-hill to my selfe.

2510 Yet now my gather'd heapes being spread abroad,

Shall turne to better, and more fruitfull vses.

Blesse then this man, curse him no more for sauing

My life and soule together. Oh how deeply

The bitter curses of the poore doe piercel

2515 I am by wonder chang'd, come in with mee

And witnesse my repentance: now I proue

,, No life is blest, that is not grac't with Loue.

Exit.

Rust. 2 O miracle! see when a man has grace.

Rust. 3 Had't not beene pitie so good a man should haue
2520 beene cast away?

Rust. 2 Well

Rust. 2 Well, I'le get our Clarke put his conuersion in the 2384
Chronicle.

Rust. 4 Doe, for I warrant him hee's a vertuous man.

Rust. O God how he wept if you mark't it: did you see how
2525 the teares trill'd?

Rust. 5 Yes beleeeue mee; like masters Vicars bowles vpon
the greene, for all the world.

3 or 4. O neighbour, God's blessing your heart neighbor,
'twas a good gratefull deede. *Exeunt.*

2530

G R E X.

Cord. How now *Mitis*? what's that you consider so seriously? 2394

Mit. Troth, that which doth essentially please me: the war-
ping condition of this greene and soggie multitude: but in
good fayth Signior, your Author hath largely ouer-slipt my
2535 expectation in this Scene, I will liberally confesse it. For whē
I saw *Sordido* so desperately intended, I thought I had had a
hand of him then. (indeede?)

Cord. What? you suppos'd hee should haue hung himselfe

Mit. I did; and had fram'd my obiECTION to it readie, which
2540 may yet be very fitly vrg'd, & with some necessity: for though
his purpos'd violence lost th'effect, & extended not to death,
yet the Intent and Horror of the object, was more then the
nature of a Comedie will in any sort allow.

Cord. I? what thinke you of *Plautus*, in his Comedie called
2545 *Cistellaria* there? where hee brings in *Alcesimarchus* with a
drawne sword, readie to kill himselfe, and as he is e'ne fixing
his breast vpon it, to be restrain'd from his resolu'd out-rage
by *Sileninm* and the Bawd: is not his authoritie of power to
giue our Scene approbation?

2550 *Mit.* Sir, I haue this (your only) euasion left mee, to say, *I*
thinke it bee so indeede, your memorie is happier than mine: but I
wonder what engine hee wil vse to bring the rest out of their
Humors.

Cord. That will appeare anon, neuer preoccupie your ima-
2555 gination withall. Let your mind keepe companie with the

K

Scene

Scene stil, which now remoues it selfe from the Countrey to the Court. Here comes *Macilente* and Signior *Briske* freshly suted, loose not your selfe, for now the *Epitasis* or busie part of our Subject is in Action.

2560

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Macilente, Briske, Cinedo, with Tabacco.

Fast. Well now Signior *Macilente*, you are not onely wel- *Act.III.Sc.*
come to the Court, but also to my mistris with drawing chā-
ber: Boy, get me some *Tabacco*, Ile but goe in, and shew I am
2565 here, and come to you presently sir. *Exit.*

Mac. What's that hee sayd? by heauen I markt him not,
My thoughts and I were of another world;
I was admiring mine owne outside here,
To thinke what priuiledge and palme it beares
2570 Here in the court: Be a man ne're so vile
In wit, in judgement, in manners, or what else;
If hee can purchase but a Silken couer,
He shall not onely passe, but passe regarded:
Whereas let him be poore and meanely clad,
2575 Though ne're so richly parted; you shall haue
A fellow (that knowes nothing but his Beefe
Or how to rince his clammie guts in beere)
Will take him by the shoulders or the throate,
And kicke him downe the staires. Such is the state
2580 Of vertue in bad cloths, ha, ha, ha, ha,
That Rayment should be in such high request?
How long shoud I be e're I should put off
To my Lord *Chancelors* tombe, or the *Shriues* posts?
By heauen (I thinke) a thousand thousand yeere.
2585 His Grautie, his wisdom, and his fayth,
To my dread Soueraigne (graces that suruiue him)
These I could well endure to reuerence,
But not his tombe, no more than Ile commend
The Chappell Organ for the guilt without,
2590 Or this base Violl for the varnisht face. *Enter Fast.*

2435

Fast. In faith I haue made you stay somewhat long sir; but is
my

my *Tabacco* ready boy?

Cine. I sir.

Fast. Giue me, my mistresse is vpon comming, you shall see 2453
2595 her presently sir, (*Tab.*) you'le say you neuer accosted a more
piercing wit. This *Tabacco* is not dried Boy, or else the Pipe's
defectiue. Oh, your wits of Italy are nothing comparable to
her, her braine's a very quiuer of iests, and she do's dart them
abroad with that sweete loose and iudiciall aime, that you
2600 would—here she comes sir.

Enter Sauiolina, and goes in againe.

Mac. 'Twas time, his inuention had beene bogd else.

Sau. Giue mee my fanne there.

Mac. How now Monsieur *Briske*?

2605 *Fast.* A kind of affectionate reuerence strikes me with a cold
shiuering (me thinks)

Mac. I like such tempers well, as stand before their Mis-
tresses with feare and trembling, and before their Maker like
impudent mountaines.

2610 *Fast.* By Iesu, I'd spend twentie pound my vaunting Horse
stood here now, she might see me doe but one tricke.

Mac. Why, do's she loue actiuitie? 2468

Cine. Or if you had but your long stockings on, to be dan-
cing a Galliard, as she comes by.

2615 *Fast.* I either. O these stirring humors make Ladies madde
with desire: she comes. My good *Genius* embolden me. Boy
the Pipe quickly. *Enter Sauiolina.*

Mac. What? will he giue her musicke?

Fast. A second good morrow to my faire mistresse.

2620 *Sau.* Faire seruant, Ile thanke you a day hence, when the
date of your salutation comes forth.

Fast. How like you that answere? is't not admirable? (sir.

Mac. I were a simple Courtier, if I could not admire trifles.

Fast. Troth sweet Lady, I shal (*Tab.*) be prepar'd to giue you
2625 thanks for those thanks, and (*Tab.*) study more officious and
obsequious regards (*Tab.*) to your faire beauties: (*Tab.*) mend
the pipe boy.

Mac. I ne're knew *Tabacco* taken as a *parenthesis* before. 2482

Fast. Fore God (sweet *Ladie*) beleuee it, I doe honour the
2630 meanest rush in this chamber for your loue.

Sau. I, you need not tell me that sir, I do think you do prize
a rush before my loue.

Mac. Is this the wonder of nations?

Fast. O, by Iesu pardon me, I said for your loue, by this light;
2635 but it is the accustomed sharpnesse of your *Ingenuitie* sweete
Mistresse to—Masse your *Violl's* new strung me thinkes.

Takes downe the Violl.

Mac. *Ingenuitie*; I see his ignorance will not suffer him to
slander her; which hee had done most notably, if he had sayd
2640 *Wit* for *Ingenuitie*, as he meant it.

Fast. By the soule of Musicke *Ladie* (*hum, hum*)

Sau. Would wee might heare it once.

Fast. I doe more adore and admire your (*hum, hum*) predo-
minate perfections, than (*hum, hum*) euer I shall haue power
2645 and facultie to expresse (*hum.*)

Sau. Vpon the *Violl de Gambo* you meane?

Fast. It's miserably out of tune, by this hand. 2500

Sau. Nay, rather by the fingers.

Mac. It makes good *Harmonie* with her wit.

2650 *Fast.* Sweete *Ladie* tune it. Boy, some *Tabacco*.

Mac. *Tabacco* againe? he do's court his mistresse with very
exceeding good changes.

Fast. Signior *Macilente*, you take none sir? (*Tab.*)

Mac. No, vnlesse I had a mistresse Signior, it were a great
2655 *Indecorum* for mee to take *Tabacco*.

Fast. How like you her wit? (*Tab.*)

Mac. Her *Ingenuitie* is excellent sir.

Fast. You see the subject of her sweete fingers there? (*Tab.*)
Oh shee tickles it so, that (*Tab.*) shee makes it laugh most
2660 Diuinely, (*Tab.*) Ile tell you a good jest now, and your selfe
shall say i'ts a good one: I haue wisht my selfe to be that In-
strument (I thinke) a thousand times, and not so few, by Hea-
uens (*Tab.*)

Maci. Not

Maci. Not vnlike sir: but how? to be cas'd vp and hung by 2516
2665 on the wall?

Fast. O, no sir, to bee in vse I assure you; as your judicious eyes may testifie. (*Tab.*)

Sau. Here seruant, if you will play, come.

Fast. Instantly, sweete Ladie (*Tab.*) In good fayth here's
2670 most Diuine *Tabacco*.

Sau. Nay, I cannot stay, to Daunce after your Pipe.

Fast. Good, my deere Ladie stay: by this sweete Smoke, I thinke your wit bee all fire. (*Tab.*)

Mac. And hee's the *Salamander* that liues by it.

2675 *Sau.* Is your *Tabacco* perfum'd sir, that you sweare by the sweete Smoke.

Fast. Still more excellent: before God, and these bright Heauens, I thinke (*Tab.*) you are made of *Ingenuitie*, I. (*Tab.*)

Maci. True, as your discourse is: O abhominable!

2531

2680 *Fast.* Will your Ladiship take any?

Sau. O, peace I pray you; I loue not the breath of a *Wood-*

Fast. Meaning my head, Ladie? (*cocks head.*)

Sau. Not altogether so sir; but (as it were Fatal to their folies, that thinke to grace themselues with taking *Tabacco*,
2685 when they want better entertainment) you see your Pipe beares the true forme of a *Woodcockes* head.

O Admirable *Simile!*

Sau. 'Tis best leauing you in Admiration, sir.

Exit Sauiolina.

2690 *Mac.* Are these the admired Ladi-wits, that hauing so good a Plaine-song, can run no better Diuision vpon it. S'heart, all her jests are of the stampe *March* was fiftene yeres agoe. Is this the *Comet* Monsieur *Fastidius*, that your Gallants wonder at so?

2695 *Fast.* Heart of a Gentleman to neglect mee afore presence 2546 thus: Sweet Sir, I beseech you be silent in my disgrace; By Iesu, I neuer was in so vile a Humor in my life, and her wit was at the flood too: Report it not for a million good sir; let me be so farre endear'd to your loue.

Exeunt.

2700

G R E X.

Mit. What followes next, Signior *Cordatus*? this Gallants 2551
Humor is almost spent me thinks. it ebbes apace, with this
contrarie breath of his mistresse.

Cord. O, but it will flow againe for all this, till there come a
2705 generall drought of Humor among all our Actors, and then I
feare not, but his will fall as low as any. See who presents him-
selfe here?

Mit. What, i'the old case?

Cord. Ifaith, which makes it the more pitifull; you vnder-
2710 stand where the Scene is?

ACTVS QVARTVS, SCENA PRIMA. *Act.IV.Sc.*

Enter Fungoso, Fallace following him.

Fall. Why are you so Melancholy brother?

Fun. I am not melancholy, I thanke you sister.

2715 *Fall.* Why are you not merie then? there are but two of vs
in the world, and if wee should not bee comforts to one ano-
ther, God helpe vs.

Fun. Faith, I cannot tell sister, but if a man had any true me-
lancholy in him, it would make him melancholy, to see his
2720 yeomanly father cut his neighbours throats to make his sonne
a Gentleman: and yet when hee has cut'them, he will see his
sonnes throat cut too, e're he make him a true Gentleman in-
deed, before death cut is own throat. I must be the first Head
of our house, and yet hee will not giue me the head, till I bee
2725 made so. Is any man term'd a Gentleman, that is not alwaies
i'the fashion? I would know but that.

Fall. If you bee melancholy for that, brother, I think I haue
as much cause to bee melancholy, as one; for I'le be sworne I
liue as little in the fashiō, as any woman in *London*. By the Bi-
2730 ble of heauen (beast that I am to say it) I haue not one friend
i'the world besides my husband. When saw you Master *Fasti-
dius Briske*, Brother?

Fun. But a while since sister, I thinke, I know not well in
truth. By Gods lid I could fight, with all my heart, me thinks.

Fall. Nay

2735 *Fall.* Nay good Brother, be not resolute.

Fun. I sent him a letter, and he writes me no answer neither.

Fall. Oh sweete *Fastidius Briske*, O fine *Courtier*, thou art he
makst me sigh & say, How blessed is that woman that hath a
Courtier to her husband? & how miserable a dame she is that
2740 hath neither husband nor friend in the *Court*? O sweet *Fastidius*,
O fine *Courtier*. How comely hee bowes him in his courtesie?
how ful he hits a womā betwixt the lips whē he kisses? how vp-
right he sits at the table? how daintily he carues? how sweet-
ly he talks, and tels newes of this Lord, and of that Lady? how
2745 cleanly hee wipes his spoone at euery spoonfull of any whit-
meate hee eates, and what a neate case of pick-toothes he car-
ries about him still? O sweete *Fastidius*, O fine *Courtier*.

Enter Deliro with Musicians.

Act. IV. Sc. 2.

Deli. See, yonder she is Gentlemē, now (as euer you'le beare
2750 the name of *Musicians*) touch your instruments sweetly, she has
a delicate eare, I tell you, play not a false note I beseech you.

Music. Feare not, Signior *Deliro*.

Deli. O begin, begin some sprightly thing; Lord, howe my
imagination labours with the successe of it: well sayd, good
2755 yfaith, heauen graunt it please her: I'le not bee seene, for then
shee'le be sure to dislike it.

Fall. Heyda, this is excellent: I'le lay my life this is my hus-
bands dotage. I thought so, nay neuer play peeke-boe with
me, I know you doe nothing but studie how to anger mee sir.

2760 *Deli.* Anger thee, sweete wife? why, didst thou not send for
Musicians to supper last night thy selfe?

Fall. To supper Sir? now come vp to supper I beseech you:
as though there were no difference betweene Supper time
when folks should be merrie, and this time, when they would
2765 be Melancholy? I would neuer take vpon me to take a wife,
if I had no more Indgement to please her.

Deli. Be pleas'd sweet wife, & they shal ha' done: & would
to Christ my life were done, if I can neuer please thee.

Exit Musicians.

Enter Macilente.

Maci. God

- 2770 *Maci.* God saue you Ladie; where is Master *Deliro*? 2615
Deli. Here, Master *Macilente*: you'r welcome frō the Court
 Sir; no doubt you haue beene grac't exceedingly of Master
Brisks Mistresse, and the rest of the Ladies for his sake?
Mac. Alas, the poore *Phantasticke*, hee's scarce knowne
 2775 To any Lady there: and those that know him,
 Know him the simplest man of all they know:
 Deride, and play vpon his amorous Humors,
 Though hee but Apishly doth imitate
 The Gallans't Courtiers, kissing Ladies Pumps,
 2780 Holding the Cloth for them, praying their Wits,
 And seruily obseruing euery one,
 May doe them pleasure: Fearefull to bee seene
 With any man (though hee bee ne're so worthy)
 That's not in grace with some that are the greatest.
 2785 Thus Courtiers doe, and these hee counterfeits,
 But sets not such a sightly carriage
 Vpon their vanities, as they themselues;
 And therefore they despise him: for indeed
 Hee's like a *Zani* to a Tumbler,
 2790 That tries trickes after him, to make men laugh.
Fall. Here's an vnthankful spitefull wretch: the good Gen- 2636
 tleman vouchsaft to make him his companion (because my
 husband put him into a few Rags) and now see how the vn-
 rude Rascall back-bites him,
 2795 *Deli.* Is he no more grac't amongst 'hem then? say you?
Mac. Faith like a pawne at *Chesse*, fils vp a roume, that's all.
Fall. O monster of men! can the Earth beare such an enui-
 ous Caytiffe?
Deli. Well, I repent me I e're credited him so much: but
 2800 (now I see what he is, & that his masking vizer is off) I'le for-
 beare him no longer, al his lands are morgag'd to me, and for-
 feited: besides, I haue bonds of his in my hand for the receipt of
 now xx pound, now xxx, now xxv: still as he has had a Fanne
 but wagg'd at him, he would be in a new Sute. Wel, I'le salute
 2805 him by a *Sergeāt*, the next time I see him yfaith, I'le Suit him.
Maci.

Mac. Why, you may soone see him sir, for he is to meet Sig- 2650
nior *Puntarvolo* at a *Notaries* by the *Exchange* presently, where
he meanes to take vp vpon returne.

Fall. Now out vpon thee *Iudas*; canst thou not bee content to
2810 backe-bite thy friend, but thou wilt betray him? wilt thou seeke
the vndoing of any man? and of such a man too? and will you
sir get your liuing by the counsell of Traitors?

Deli. Deere wife haue patience.

Fall. The house will fall, the ground will open, & swallow vs:
2815 Ile not bide here for all the gold and siluer in Heauen. *Exit.*

Deli. O good *Macilente* let's follow and appease her, or the
Peace of my life is at an end. *Exit.*

Maci. Now *Pease*, and not Peace feede that life, whose head
hangs so heauily ouer a womans Manger. *Exit.*

2820 *Enter Fallace running, at another doore, and claps it to.*

Fall. Helpe me, brother: Gods body and you come here, I'le 2664
doe my selfe a mischiefe.

Deli. Nay, heare me sweet wife, vnlesse thou wilt haue me goe,
I will not go. *Within.*

2825 *Fall.* Tut, you shall n'ere ha' that vantage of mee, to say you
are vndone by mee: I'le not bid you stay, I. Brother, sweete bro-
ther, here's foure Angels, I'le giue you toward your Sute; for
the loue of Iesu, and as euer you came of Christen creature,
make haste to the water side (you know where Master *Fastidius*
2830 vses to land) and giue him warning of my husbands intent; and
tell him of that leane Rascals trecherie: O Iesu, how my flesh
rises at him? nay, sweete brother make haste, you may say I
would haue writ to him, but that the necessitie of the time
would not suffer it: He cannot choose but take it extraordina-
2835 rily from mee: and Commend mee to him good brother: say I
sent you. *Exit.*

Fung. Let mee see; these foure Angels: and then fortie shil-
lings more I can borrow on my gowne in Fetter-lane: well, I
will goe presently, say on my Sute, pay as much money as I
2840 haue, and swear my selfe into Credit with my Taylor for the
rest. *Exit.*

L

SCENA

SCENA SECVNDA.

*Enter Deliro with Macilente, speaking as they passe
ouer the Stage.*

2845 *Deli.* O, on my soule you wrong her, *Macilente*, 2682
Though she be froward, yet I know shee is honest.

Mac. Well, then haue I no iudgement; would any woman
(but one that were wild in her affections) haue broke out into
that immodest and violent Passion against her husband? or is't
2850 possible—

Deli. If you loue me, forbear; all the Arguments i'the world
shall neuer wrest my heart to beleue it. *Exeunt.*

G R E X.

Cord. How like you the Deciphering of his Dotage?
2855 *Mit.* O, strangely; and of the others enuie too, that labours
so seriously to set debate betwixt a man and his wife. Stay, here
comes the Knight Aduenturer.

Cord. I, and his *Scriuener* with him.

SCENA TERTIA.

Act.IV.Sc.

2860 *Enter Puntarvolo, Notarie, with Seruingmen.*

Punt. I wonder Monsieur *Fastidius* comes not! but *Notarie*,
if thou please to draw the Indentures the while, I will giue thee
the *Theorie*.

Not. With all my heart sir; and i'le fall in hand with 'hem
2865 presently.

Punt. Well then, first; the *Summe* is to bee vnderstood.

Not. Good, sir.

Punt. Next, our seuerall *Appellations*, and *Character* of my
Dogge and Cat must bee knowne: shew him the Cat *Sirrah*.

2870 *Not.* So sir.

Punt. Then, that the intended *Point*, is the Turks Court in
Constantinople: the Time limited for our returne, a yeere: and
that if either of vs miscarrie, the whole Venter is lost. These are
Generall; conceiu'st thou? or if either of vs turne *Turque*.

2875 *Not.* I sir.

Punt. Now for Particulars: that I may make my trauailes by
Sea

Sea or *Land* for my best liking: and that (hiring a Coach for my selfe) it shall be lawfull for my Cat and Dog to ride with me in the sayd Coach.

2880 *Not.* Very good Sir.

Punt. That I may choose to giue my Dogge or Cat Fish, for 2716 feare of bones, or any other Nutriment, that (by the iudgement of the most Autenticall *Phisicians* where I trauaile) shal be thought dangerous.

2885 *Not.* Well sir.

Pun. That (after the receit of his mony) he shal neither in his owne person, or any other, either by direct, or indirect meanes; as *Magicke*, *witchcraft*, or other such *Exotick* Arts, attempt, practise, or complot any thing, to the preiudice of Mee, my Dogge, 2890 or my Cat: Neither shall I vse the helpe of any such Sorceries or Enchantments; as Vnctions to make our skins impenetrable, or to trauaile inuisible, by vertue of a Powder, or a Ring, or to hang any three forked charme about my Dogs necke, secretly conuey'd into his Collar: vnderstand you? but that all bee 2895 performed, sincerely, without fraud or imposture.

Not. So sir.

Punt. That (for testimonie of the performance) my selfe am to bring thence a Turks *Mustachio*, my Dog a Hares lip, and my Cat, the traine or taile of a Rat.

2900 *Not.* 'Tis done sir.

Pun. 'Tis said sir, not done sir; but forward. That vpon my re- 2735 turne and landing on the Tower wharfe, with the aforesaid Testimonie, I am to receiue fiue for one, according to the proportion of the summes put forth.

2905 *Not.* Well sir.

Punt. Prouided, that if before our departure or setting forth, either my selfe, or these be visited with sicknesse, or any other casuall euent, so that the whole course of the *Aduenture* bee hindred thereby; that then, Hee is to returne, and I am to 2910 receiue the prenominated Proportion, vpon fayre and equall termes.

Not. Very good sir; is this all?

- Punt.* It is all sir; and dispatch them good *Notarie*. 2746
- Not.* As fast as is possible sir. *Exit.* *Enter Carlo.*
- 2915 *Punt.* O *Carlo*, welcome: saw you Mounsier *Briske*?
- Carl.* Not I, did hee appoynt you to meete here?
- Punt.* I, and I muse hee should bee so tardie: hee is to take an hundred pounds of me in venture, if he maintaine his promise.
- Carl.* Is his houre past?
- 2920 *Punt.* Not yet, but it comes on apace.
- Carl.* Tut, be not iealous of him; hee will sooner breake all the tenne Commandements, than his Houre; vpon my life in such a case trust him.
- Punt.* Mee thinkes *Carlo*, you looke very smoothe: ha?
- 2925 *Carl.* Why, I come but now from a Hot-house, I must needes looke smoothe.
- Punt.* From a Hot-house?
- Carl.* I, do you make a wonder on't, why it's your onely *Phisicke*. Let a man sweate once a weeke in a Hot-house, and be wel
- 2930 rubd and froted with a good plumpe iuicie wench, and sweete Linnen, hee shall n'ere ha' the Poxe.
- Punt.* What? the *French* Poxe?
- Carl.* The *French* Poxe! our Poxe: S'bloud we haue 'hem in 2765 as good forme as they man: what?
- 2935 *Punt.* Let me perish, but thou art a Villaine: was your new created Gallant there with you? *Sogliardo*?
- Carl.* O *Porpuse*, hang him, no: hee's a Lieger at *Hornes* Ordinarie yonder: his villanous *Ganimede* and hee ha' bin droning a *Tabacco* Pipe there, euer sin' yester-day noone.
- 2940 *Punt.* Who? Signior *Tripartite*, that would giue my Dogge the *Whiffe*?
- Carl.* I, he: they haue hir'd a chamber and all priuate to practise in, for the making of the *Patoun*, the *Receit Reciprocall*, and a number of other mysteries, not yet extant. I brought some do-
- 2945 sen or twentie Gallants this morning to view 'hem, (as you'd doe a piece of *Perspectiue*) in at a key-hole; and there we might see *Sogliardo* sit in a Chaire, holding his snowt vp, like a Sow vnder an Apple tree, while th'other open'd his nostrilles with a
- Poking-

Poking-sticke, to giue the smoke a more free deliuerie. They
2950 had spit some three or fourescore ounces betweene 'hem, afore
we came away.

Punt. How! spit three or fourescore ounces? 2783

Carl. I, and preseru'd it in porrengers, as a Barber does his
Blood, when hee pricks a veine. (friend?

2955 *Punt.* Out *Pagan*; how dost thou pricke the Vaine of thy

Carl. Friend? Is there any such foolish thing i'the world?
ha? S'lid I ne're rellisht it yet.

Punt. Thy Humor is the more dangerous.

Carl. No not a whit Signior: Tut, a man must keepe time in
2960 all: I can oyle my tongue when I meete him next, and looke
with a good slicke forehead; 'twill take away all soyle of *Suspi-*
cion, and that's inough: what *Lynceus* can see my heart? Pish, the
title of a *Friend*, it's a vaine idle thing, onely venerable among
fooles: you shall not haue one that has any opinion of wit, affect
2965 it.

Enter Deliro and Macilente.

Act.IV.Sc.4.

Deli. Saue you good sir *Puntarvolo*.

Punt. Signior *Deliro*! welcome.

Deli. Pray you sir, did you see master *Fastidius Briske*? I heard
he was to meete your Worship here.

2970 *Punt.* You heard no Figment sir, I doe expect him euery mi-
nute my Watch strikes.

Deli. In good time sir.

Carl. There's a fellow now, lookes like one of the *Patricians* of
Sparta, mary his wits after ten i'the hundred. A good Bloud-
2975 hound, a close mouth'd Dog, hee follows the sent well, marrie
hee's at a fault now me thinks.

Punt. I should wonder at that creature is free from the dan-
ger of thy tongue.

Carl. O I cannot abide these limmes of *Sattin*, or rather *Sa-*
2980 *than* indeed, that'll walke (like the children of darknesse) all
day in a melancholy shop, with their pockets full of Blankes,
readie to swallow vp as many poore vnthrifts, as come within
the verge.

Punt. So: and what hast thou for him that is with him now?

Carl. O

2985 *Car.* O (Damne mee) *Immortalitie*, Ile not meddle with him, 2816
the pure *Element of Fire*, all *Spirit*, *Extraction*.

Punt. How *Carlo*? ha, what is hee man?

Carl. A scholler, *Macilente*, doe you not know him? a lanke
raw-bon'd *Anatomie*, he walks vp and down like a charg'd mus-
2990 ket, no man dares encounter him: that's his Rest there.

Punt. His Rest? why has he a forked head?

Carl. Pardon me, that's to bee suspended, you are too quicke,
too apprehensiue.

Deli. Troth (now I thinkt on't) Ile defer it til some other time.

2995 *Maci.* Gods precious, not by any meanes Signior, you shall
not lose this opportunitie, hee will be here presently now.

Deli. Yes faith *Macilente*, 'tis best. For looke you sir, I shall so
exceedingly offendmy wife in't, that——

Mac. Your wife? now for shame loose these thoughts, and
3000 become the master of your own spirits. Should I (if I had a wife)
suffer my self to be thus passionatly caried (too & fro) with the
streame of her Humor? and neglect my deepest affaires, to serue
her affections? Sbloud I would geld my selfe first.

Deli. O but Signior, had you such a wife as mine is, you wold-- 2835

3005 *Mac.* Such a wife? Now God hate mee sir, if euer I discern'd
any wonder in your wife yet, with all the speculation I haue: I
haue seen some that ha' bin thought fairer thā she, in my time;
and I haue seen those ha' not beene altogether so tall, esteem'd
proper women; and I haue seen lesse Noses grow vpon sweeter
3010 Faces, that haue done very well too in my iudgement: but in
good faith Signior for all this, the Gentlewoman is a good pre-
tie proud hard-fauour'd thing, mary not so peerelesse to be do-
ted vpon, I must confesse: nay, bee not angrie.

Deli. Well sir, (how euer you please to forget your selfe) I
3015 haue not deseru'd to bee thus play'd vpon, but henceforth, pray
you forbear my house, for I can but faintly endure the saour of
his breath at my table, that shall thus jade me for my courtesies.

Mac. Nay then Signior, let mee tell you, your wife is no pro-
per woman by *Iesu*, and I suspect her honestie, that's more,
3020 which you may likewise suspect (if you please:) doe you see? Ile

vrge you to nothing against your appetite, but if you please,
you may suspect it.

Deli. Good sir.

Exit.

2852

Mac. Good sir? Now Horne vpon Horne pursue thee, thou
3025 blind egregious Dotard.

Carl. O you shall heare him speake like Enuie. Signior *Maci-
lente*, you saw Monsieur *Briske* lately? I heard you were with
him at the Court.

Maci. I *Buffone*, I was with him.

3030 *Carl.* And how is hee respected there? (I know youle deale
ingeniously with us?) is he made of amongst the sweeter sort of
Gallants?

Mac. Faith I, his *Ciuet* and his *casting glasse*,
Haue helpt him to a place amongst the rest,
3035 And there his *Seniors* giue him good sleight lookes,
After their Garbe, smile, and salute in French
With some new complement.

Carl. What is this all?

Mac. Why say, that they should shew the frothie foole,
3040 Such grace as they pretend comes from the heart,
He had a mightie wind-fall out of doubt.
Why all their *Graces* are not to doe Grace
To vertue, or desert: but to ride both
With their guilt spurres quite breathlesse from themselues.

3045 'Tis now esteem'd *Precisianisme* in wit;
And a Disease in *Nature* to be kind
Toward Desert, to Loue, or seeke good Names:
Who feedes with a Good name? who thriues with longing?
Who can prouide feast for his owne desires,
3050 With seruing others? ha, ha, ha:
'Tis folly by our wisest worldlings prou'd
(If not to gaine by loue) to bee belou'd.

Carl. How like you him, is't not a good spightfull slaue? ha?

Punt. Shrewd, shrewd.

(villain.)

3055 *Car.* Damne me, I could eate his flesh now: Diuine sweet

Mac. Nay, pr'y thee leaue: what's he there?

Carl. Who?

Carl. Who? this i'the starcht Beard? it's the dull stiffe 2885
Knight *Puntarvolo* man; hee's to trauaile now presently: he has
a good knottie wit, marry hee carries little on't out of the land
3060 with him.

Mac. How then?

Carl. He puts it forth in venture, as he does his money; vpon
the returne of a Dog and Cat.

Mac. Is this hee?

3065 *Carl.* I, this is hee; a good tough Gentleman: hee lookes like
a chine of Brawne at *Shrouetide*, out of date, & ready to take his
leau: or a drie Poule of Ling vpon *Easter-eue*, that has furnisht
the table all Lent, as he has done the Citie this last *Vacation*.

Mac. Come, you'le neuer leau: your stabbing *Simile's*: I shall
3070 ha' you aiming at mee with 'hem by and by, but—

Carl. O renounce mee then: pure, honest, good *Deuill*, I loue
thee about the loue of women: I could e'ne melt in Admirati-
on of thee now: Gods so', looke here man; Sir *Dagonet* and his
Esquire.

Enter Sog. and Shift.

Act.IV.Sc.

3075 *Sog.* Saue you my deere *Gallanto's*: nay, come approach,
good *Cauallier*: pr'y thee (sweet knight) know this Gentleman,
hee's one that it pleases mee to vse as my good friend & compa-
nion; and therefore doe him good offices: I beseech you Gen-
tles, know him.

3080 *Punt.* Sir (for Signior *Sogliardo*s sake) let it suffice, I know you.

Sog. Why by Iesu, I thanke you knight, and it shall suffice.

Hearke you sir *Puntaruolo*, you'ld little thinke it; hee's as reso-
lute a peece of flesh as any's i'the world.

Punt. Indeede sir?

3085 *Sog.* Vpon my Gentilitie sir: *Carlo*, a word with you; Doe
you see that same fellow there?

Car. What? *Cauallier Shift*?

Sog. O you know him; crie you mercie: before God, I think
him the tallest man liuing within the walles of *Europe*.

3090 *Carl.* The walles of *Europe*! take heede what you say Signior,
Europ's a huge thing within the walles.

Sog. Tut (and 'twere as huge againe) Il'd iustifie what I
speake.

speake. S'lid, he swagger'd e'en now in a place where wee were:
I neuer saw a man do it more resolute.

3095 *Carl.* Nay, indeed swaggering is a good *Argument of Resolution*. Doe you heare this, Signior?

Maci. I, to my grieffe. O that such muddie Flags 2925
For euerie drunken flourish, should atchieue
The name of *Manhood*; whilst true perfect Valour

3100 (Hating to shew it selfe) goes by despis'd.
Sbloud, I doe know now (in a faire iust cause)
I dare doe more then hee a thousand times:
Why should not they take knowledge of this? ha?
And giue my worth allowance before his?

3105 Because I cannot swagger. Now the Poxe
Light on your *Pickt-Hatch* prowess.

Sog. Why I tell you sir, hee has beene the onely *Bidstand* that
euer was, kept *New-market, Salisburie Plaine, Hockley i'the hole,*
Gads-hill; all the high places of any Request: hee has had his
3110 Mares and his Geldings hee, ha' been worth forty, threescore,
a hundred pound a Horse, would ha' sprung you ouer hedge
and ditch like your Greyhound: hee has done fue hundred
Robberies in his time, more or lesse, I assure you.

Punt. What? and scapt?

3115 *Sog.* Scapt! Yfaith I: hee has broken the iayle when hee has
been in yrons, and yrons; & beene out, & in againe; and out,
and in; fortie times, and not so few, hee.

Mac. A fit Trumpet to proclaime such a person. 2945

Carl. But can this bee possible? (to it.

3120 *Shift.* Why, 'tis nothing sir, when a man giues his Affections

Sog. Good *Pylades* discourse a Robberie or two, to satisfie
these Gentlemen of thy worth.

Shift. Pardon me my deere *Orestes*: Causes haue their *Quid-*
dits, and 'tis ill iesting with Bell-ropes.

3125 *Carl.* How? *Pylades* and *Orestes*? (conceit?

Sog. I, he is my *Pylades*, and I am his *Orestes*: how like you the

Carl. O it's an old stale Enterlude deuice: No, I'le giue you
Names my selfe: looke you, he shall be your *Iudas*, and you shal

M bee

be his *Elder* tree to hang on.

3130 *Mac.* Nay, rather let him be *Captaine Pod*, and this his *Mo-* 2958
tion, for he does nothing but Shew him.

Car. Excellent: or thus; you shal be *Holden*, & he your *Camell*.

Shift. You doe not meane to ride Gentlemen?

Punt. Faith let me end it for you Gallants: you shall bee his
3135 *Countenance*, and hee your *Resolution*.

Sog. Troth that's pretie: how say you *Cauallier*, shalt bee so?

Carl. I, I, most voyces.

Shift. Faith I am easily yeelding to any good Impressions.

Sog. Then giue hands good *Resolution*.

3140 *Carl.* Masse he cannot say good *Countenance* now (proper-
ly) to him againe.

Punt. Yes, by an *Ironie*.

Mac. O sir, the countenance of *Resolution* should, as hee's al-
together grim and vnpleasant. *Enter Briske.*

3145 *Fast.* Good houres make Musicke with your mirth Gentle- *Act.IV.Sc.1*
men, and keepe times to your humors: how now *Carlo*?

Punt. Monsieur *Briske*! many a long looke haue I extended
for you sir.

Fast. Good faith I must craue pardon; I was inuited this
3150 morning ere I was out of my bedde, by a Beuie of Ladies, to a
Banquet: whence it was almost one of *Hercules* Labours for mee
to come away, but that the respect of my promise did so pre-
uaile with mee: I know they'le take it very ill, especially one,
that gaue mee this bracelet off her Haire but ouer night, and
3155 this Pearle another gaue me from her forehead, Mary shee—
what? are these writings ready?

Punt. I will send my man to know. Sirrah, goe you to the
Notaries, and learne if hee be readie: leaue the Dog sir.

Exit Seruingman.

3160 *Fast.* And how does my rare qualified friend *Sogliardo*? oh
Signior Macilente! by these eyes I sawe you not, I had saluted
you sooner else on my troth: I hope sir I may presume vpon
you, that you will not divulge my late checke, or disgrace in-
deede sir.

Mac. You

3165 *Mac.* You may sir.

2993

Car. S'heart hee knowes some notorious jest by this Gull, that hee hath him so obsequious.

Sog. Monsieur *Fastidius*, doe you see this fellow there? does hee not looke like a clowne? would you thinke there's any
3170 thing in him?

Fast. Any thing in him? beshrew mee, I; the fellow hath a good ingenious face.

Sog. By this Element, hee is an ingenious tall man as euer swaggerd about *London*: hee and I call *Countenance* and *Resolu-*
3175 *tion*, but his name is *Cauallier Shift*.

Punt. *Cauallier*, you knew Signior *Clog*, that was hang'd for the robberie at *Harrow* on the hill?

Sog. Knew him sir! why 'twas hee gaue all the directions for the Action.

3180 *Punt.* How? was't your Project sir?

Shift. Pardon mee *Countenance*, you doe me some wrong to make that publicke, which I imparted to you in priuate.

Sog. Gods will, here are none but friends *Resolution*. 3010

Shift. That's all one; things of Consequence must haue their
3185 respects, where, how, and to whom. Yes sir, he shewed himselfe a true Clogge in the coherence of that affaire sir; for if hee had manag'd matters as they were corroborated to him, it had been better for him by a fortie or fiftie score of pounds sir, and he himselfe might ha' liu'd (in despight of Fate) to haue fedde on
3190 *Woodcocks* with the rest: but it was his heauie fortunes to sinke poore *Clog*, and therefore talke no more of him.

Punt. Why, had hee no more Agents then?

Sog. O God sir; I, there were some present there, that were the nine *Worthies* to him yfaith.

3195 *Shift.* I sir, I can satisfie you at more conuenient conference: but (for mine owne part) I haue now reconci'd my selfe to o-ther courses, and professe a liuing out of my other qualities.

Sog. Nay, hee has left all now (I assure you) and is able to liue like a Gentleman by his Qualitie. By this Dog, he has the most
3200 rare gift in *Tabacco* that euer you knew.

Carl. S'heart, hee keeps more adoe with this monster, than 3027
euer *Bankes* did with his Horse, or the fellow with the *Elephant*.

Mac. Hee will hang out his picture shortly in a cloth, you shall
see.

3205 *Sog.* O hee do's manage a quarrell the best that euer you
saw, for termes and circumstances.

Fast. Good faith Signior, (now you speake of a quarrell) Ile
acquaint you with a difference that happened betweene a Gal-
lant and my selfe: sir *Puntaruolo*, you knowe him if I should
3210 name him; Signior *Luculento*.

Punt. *Luculento!* what inauspicious chance interpos'd it selfe
betwixt your two loues?

Fast. Faith sir, the same that sundred *Agamemnon* and great
Thetis sonne; but let the cause escape sir: He sent me a challenge
3215 (mixt with some few braues) which I restor'd, and in fine wee
met. Now indeede sir (I must tell you) hee did offer at first very
desperately, but without iudgement: for looke you sir, I cast
my selfe into this figure: now he comes violently on, and with-
all aduancing his Rapier to strike, I thought to haue tooke his
3220 arme (for hee had left his whole body to my election, and I was
sure hee could not recouer his guard) sir, I mist my purpose in
his arme, rasht his doublet sleeue, ranne him close by the left
cheeke, and through his haire: He againe lights me here, I had
a gold Cable hatband, then new come vp, (which I wore about
3225 a murrey French Hat I had) cuts my Hatband (and yet it was
Massie, Gold-smithes worke, cuts my brimmes, which by good
fortune being thicke, embrodered with gold twist, and span-
gles) disappointed the force of the blow: Neuerthelesse it graz'd
on my shoulders, takes me away sixe purlles of an Italian cut-
3230 worke Band I wore, cost me three pounds in the Exchange but
three daies before.

Punt. This was a strange encounter.

3054

Fastid. Nay you shall heare sir, with this wee both fell out
and breath'd: Now, (vpon the second signe of his assault,) I
3235 betooke mee to the former maner of my defence; hee (on
the other side) abandon'd his bodie to the same daunger as
before,

before, and followes mee still with blowes. But I (being loth to take the deadly aduantage that lay before mee of his left side) made a kind of *stramazoun*, ran him vp to the hilts, through the
 3240 doublet, through the shirt, and yet mist the skinne. He (making a reuerse blow, fals vpon my emboss'd girdle (I had thrown off the hāgers a little before) strikes off the skirt of a thick lac't satin doublet I had (lin'd with some foure Taffataes) cuts off two panes embrodered with Pearles, rents through the drawings
 3245 out of Tissew, enters the linings, and skips the flesh.

Car. I wonder hee speakes not of his wrought shirt.

3067

Fast. Here (in the opinion of mutuall dammage) wee paus'd: but (ere I proceede) I must tell you Signior, that (in this last encounter) not hauing leisure to put off my siluer spurres, one
 3250 of the rowels catcht hold of the ruffle of my Boote, and (being Spanish Leather, and subiect to teare) ouerthrowes mee, rends mee two paire of silke stockings (that I put on, being somewhat a raw morning, a Peach-colour, and another) and strikes mee some halfe inch deepe into the side of the Calfe: He (seeing the
 3255 bloud come) presently takes horse, and away. I (hauing bound vp my wound with a peece of my wrought shirt)

Carl. O, comes it there?

Fast. Rid after him, & (lighting at the Court gate both together) embrac'd, and marcht hand in hand vp into the Presence.

3260 *Mac.* Well, by this wee can gesse what apparrell the Gentleman wore.

Punt. Fore God it was a designement begun with much resolution, maintain'd with as much prowesse, & ended with more
 3083 humanitie. How now, what sayes hee?

3265 *His seruingman enters.*

Seruing. The *Notarie* sayes he is ready sir, he staves but your Worships pleasure.

Punt. Come, wee will goe to him Monsieur. Gentlemen, shal wee entreate you to bee witnesses.

3270 *Sog.* You shall entreate mee sir, come *Resolution.*

Shift. I follow you good *Countenance.*

Carl. Come Signior, come, come.

Maci. O, that there should bee fortune
 To clothe these men, so naked in desert,
 3275 And that the iust storme of a wretched life,
 Beates 'hem not ragged for their wretched Soules,
 And since as fruitlesse, euen as blacke as coles.

Exit.

G R E X.

Mit. Why but Signior, howe comes it that *Fungoso* appear'd
 3280 not with his sisters intelligence to *Briske*.

Cord. Marie long of the euill Angels that shee gaue him, who
 haue indeede tempted the good simple youth to follow the
 taile of the fashion, and neglect the imposition of his friends.
 Behold, here hee comes, verie worshipfully attended, and with
 3285 good varietie.

SCENA QVARTA.

Act.IV.Sc.

Enter Fungoso, with Taylor, Shoe-maker, and Haberdasher.

Fung. Gramercie good Shoe-maker, Ile put to strings my
 selfe.

Exit Shoe-maker.

3290 Now sir, let mee see, what must you haue for this Hat?

Haber. Here's the Bill, sir.

Fung. How does't become me? well?

Tayl. Excellent sir, as euer you had any Hat in your life.

Haber. Nay faith sir, the Hat's as good as any man i'this town
 3295 can serue you, And will maintaine Fashion as long, ne're trust
 mee for a groat else.

Fung. Does it apply well to my sute?

Tay. Exceeding well sir.

Fung. How li'kst thou my sute Haberdasher?

3300 *Hab.* By my troth sir 'tis very rarely well made, I neuer saw
 a sute sit better I can tell on.

Tay. Nay, we haue no Arte to please our friends, wee.

Fung. Here Haberdasher, tell this same.

Haber. Good faith sir, it makes you haue an excellent body.

3305 *Fung.* Nay (beleuee mee) I thinke I haue as good a bodie in
 clothes as another.

Tay. You lacke points to bring your apparrell together.

Fung. I'le

Fung. I'le haue points anon: how now? is't right.

3126

Hab. Faith sir 'tis too little, but vpon farther hopes. Good
3310 morrow to you sir. *Exit Haberdasher.*

Fun. Farewell good Haberdasher: well now master *Snip* let
mee see your Bill.

G R E X.

Mit. { Me thinkes hee discharges his followers too thicke.

3315 *Cor.* { O, therein hee saucily imitates some great man. I war-
rant you though hee turnes off them, hee keeps this
Taylor in place of a Page to follow him.

Fung. This Bill is very reasonable in fayth: Hearke you Ma-
ster *Snip*, Troth sir I am not altogether so well furnisht at this
3320 present, as I could wish I were: but— If you'le doe me the fa-
uour to take part in hand, you shall haue all I haue by *Iesu*.

Tay. Sir——

Fung. And but giue mee credite for the rest, til the beginning
of the next Terme.

3325 *Tay.* O Lord Sir——

Fung. Fore God and by this light Ile pay you to the vtmost,
and acknowledge my selfe very deeply engag'd to you by this
hand.

Tay. Why how much haue you there Sir?

3146

3330 *Fung.* Mary I haue here foure Angels, and fifteen shillings of
white money, it's all I haue as ' hope to bee sau'd.

Tay. You will not faile mee at the next Terme with the rest.

Fung. No: and I do, pray God I bee hang'd. Let mee neuer
3335 breathe againe vpon this mortall Stage, as the Philosopher cals
it. By this aire, and (as I am a Gentleman) Ile hold.

G R E X.

Cor. { Hee were an yron-hearted fellow in my iudgement,
that would not credite him upon these monstrous
othes.

3340 *Tay.* Well sir, Ile not sticke with any Gentleman for a tri-
fle, you know what 'tis remaines.

Fung. I Sir, and I giue you thanks in good faith; O God, how
happie am I made in this good fortune! Well, nowe i'le goe
seeke

seeke out Monsieur *Briske*. Gods so, I haue forgot Ribband for
 3345 my shooes, and points. S'lid what luck's this? how shall we doe?
 Master *Snippe*, pray let mee reduct some two or three shillings
 for poynts and Rybband: by Iesu I haue vtterly disfurnisht my
 selfe in the default of memorie; pray le' mee bee beholding to
 you, it shall come home i'the Bill beleeeue mee.

3350 *Tay.* Faith sir, I can hardly depart with money, but i'le take 3165
 vp, and send you some by my boy presently. What colour'd
 Ribband would you haue? (sute.

Fun. What you shall thinke meet i'your iudgement sir to my
Tay. Well, i'le send you some presently.

3355 *Fun.* And poynts too sir?

Tay. And poynts too sir. *Exit Taylor.*

Fun. Good Lord, how shall I studie to deserue this kindnesse
 of you sir? Pray let your youth make hast, for I should haue done
 a businesse an houre since, that I doubt I shall come too late.

3360 Now in good truth I am exceedingly proude of my sute. *Exit.*

G R E X.

Cord. Doe you obserue the plunges that this poore Gallant is
 put too (Signior) to purchase the Fashion?

3365 *Mit.* I, and to bee still a Fashion behind the world, that's the
 sport.

Cord. Stay: O here they come from *Seal'd and deliuer'd*.

SCENA QVINTA.

Act. IV. Sc.

Enter Puntaruolo, Fastidius Briske, seruingmen, with the Dog.

3370 *Punt.* Well, now my whole venture is forth, I will resolute to
 depart shortly.

Fast. Faith sir *Puntaruolo* goe to the Court, and take leaue of
 the Ladies first.

Punt. I care not if it bee this afternoones labor: where is *Carlo*?

Fast. Here hee comes.

3375 *Enter Carlo, Sogliardo, Shift, and Macilente.*

Carl. Faith Gallants, I am perswading this Gentleman to
 turne Courtier, he is a man of faire reuenew, and his estate will
 beare the charge well, besides for his other gifts of the minde,

or

or so why, they are as Nature lent him'hem, pure, simple, with-
 3380 out any *Artificiall* drug or mixture of these two thredbare beg-
 gerly qualities, *Learning* and *Knowledge*, and therefore the more
accommodate and *Genuine*. Now for the life it selfe-

Fact. O, the most *Celestiall*, and full of woonder and delight 3200
 that can be imagin'd Signior, beyond all thought and appre-
 3385 hension of Pleasure. A man liues there in that diuine *Rapture*,
 that he will think himselfe i'the third Heauen for the time, and
 loose all sence of Mortalitie whatsoever; when he shall behold
 such glorious (and almost immortall) beauties, heare such An-
 gelicall and Harmonious voices, discourse with such flowing
 3390 and *Ambrosian* spirits, whose wits as suddaine as Lightning and
 humorous as *Nectar*; Oh: it makes a man all *Quintessence* and
Fleame, and liftes him vp (in a moment) to the very Christall
 Crowne o'the skie, where (houering in the strength of his *Ima-*
gination) he shall behold all the delights of the *Hesperides*, the *In-*
 3395 *sulæ Fortunatæ*, *Adonis* gardens, *Tempe*, or what else (confin'd
 within the amplest verge of *Poesie*) to be meere *Vmbræ* and im-
 perfect Figures, conferr'd with the most essentiall felicitie of
 your Court.

Mac. Wel, this ENCOMION was not extemporall, it came
 3400 too perfectly off.

Car. Besides sir, you shall neuer need to go to a Hothouse, 3215
 you shall sweat there with courting your mistresse, or loosing
 your money at *Primero*, as well as in all the Stoues in Flaunders.
 Mary this Sir, you must euer be sure to carrie a good strong
 3405 perfume about you, that your mistresse Dog may smell you out
 amongst the rest; and (in making loue to her) neuer feare to be
 out: for you may haue a pipe of *tabacco*, or a base *Violl* shal hang
 o'the wall of purpose, will put you in presently. The tricks your
Resolution has taught you in *Tabacco*, (the Whiffe, and those
 3410 sleights) will stand you in very good Ornament there?

Fact. I, to some per haps: but, and hee should come to my
 Mistresse with *Tabacco* (this Gentleman knowes) shee'd reply
 vpon him y faith. Oh (by this bright Sunne (shee has the most
 acute, ready, and facetious wit, that 8. tut there'sno spirit able

N

to

3415 to stand her. You can report it Signior, you haue seene her?

Punt. Then can he report no lesse out of his iudgement, I assure him.

Maci. Troth I like her well enough, but shee's too selfe-con- 3230
ceited me thinkes.

3420 *Fast.* I indeed, shee's a litle too selfe-conceited, and 'twere not for that Humor, she were the most to be admir'd Lady in the world.

Punt. Indeed it is a Humor that takes from her other excellencies.

3425 *Mac.* why it may easily be made to forsake her in my thought.

Fast. Easily Sir? then are all impossibilities easie.

Mac. You conclude too quicke vpon me Signior, what will you say if I make it so conspicuously appeare now, that your selfe shall confesse nothing more possible.

3430 *Fast.* Mary I will say. *I will both applaud you, & admire you for it.*

Punt. And I will second him.

Mac. Why I'le shew you Gentlemen; *Carlo*, come hither.

Macilente, Carlo, Puntarvolo, and Briske, whisper.

Sog. Good faith I haue a great Humor to the Court, what 3435
thinks my *Resolution*, shall I aduenture?

Shift. Troth *Countenance*, as you please; the Place is a place of 3245
good *Reputation* and *Capacitie*.

Sog. O my trickes in *Tabacco* (as *Carlo* sayes) wil shew excellent there.

3440 *Shift.* Why you may goe with these Gentlemen now, and see fashions; and after, as you shall see *Correspondence*.

Sog. You say true. You will goe with me *Resolution*.

Shift. I will meete you *Countenance*, about three or foure of 3445
clocke, but, to say to goe with you I cannot; for (as I am *Apple*
Iohn) I am to goe before the *Cocatrice* you saw this morning, & therefore pray, present me excus'd good *Countenance*.

Sog. Farewell good *Resolution*, but faile not to meet.

Shift. As I liue.

They breake silence.

Exit Shift.

3450 *Punt.* Admirably excellent.

Mac. If

Mac. If you can but persuade *Sogliardo* to the Court, there's al
now.

Carl. O let me alone, that's my taske. 3261

Fast. Now by Iesu *Macilente*, it's aboute measure excellent:
3455 'twill be the onely Courtly exploit that euer prou'd Courtier
ingenious.

Punt. Vpon my soule it puts my Lady quite out of her Hu-
mor, and we shall laugh with iudgment.

Carl. Come, the Gentleman was of himselfe resolu'd to goe
3460 with you, afore I mou'd it.

Mac. Why then gallants, you two and *Carlo* go afore to pre-
pare the iest: *Sogliardo* and I will come some while after you.

Car. Pardon me, I am not for the Court.

Punt. That's true; *Carlo* comes not at the Court indeed: well,
3465 you shall leaue it to the *facultie* of Monsieur *Briske*, & my selfe;
vpon our liues we will manage it happily. *Carlo* shall bespeake
Supper at the Mitre against wee come backe: where wee will
meet. and dimple our cheekes with laughter at the successe.

Carl. I, but will you all promise to come?

3470 *Punt.* My selfe shall *manfrede* it for them: he that failes, let his
Reputation lie vnder the lash of thy tongue.

Carl. Gods so', looke who comes here?

Enter Fungoso.

Sog. What, Nephew? 3280

3475 *Fung.* Vncle, God saue you; did you see a Gentleman, one
Monsieur *Briske*? a Courtier, he goes in such a Sute as I doe,

Sog. Here is the Gentleman Nephew, but not in such a Sute.

Fung. Another Sute!

He Swounnes.

Sog. How now Nephew?

3480 *Fast.* Would you speake to me Sir?

Carl. I, when he has recouer'd himselfe: poore Poll.

Punt. Some *Rosa-solis*.

Mac. How now Signior?

Fung. I am not well Sir.

3485 *Mac.* Why this it is, to dog the Fashion.

Carl. Nay come Gentlemen, remember your affaires; his
N ij disease

disease is nothing but the *Fluxe* of apparell,

Punt. Sirs, returne to the lodging, keepe the Cat safe; I'le 3294
be the Dogs *Guardian* my selfe. *Exeunt Scruingmen*

3490 *Sog.* Nephew, will you goe to the Court: with vs; these Gentle-
men and I are for the Court: nay be not so Melancholly.

Fun. By Gods lid I thinke no man in Christendome has that
rascally fortune that I haue.

Maci. Faith your Sute is well enough Signior.

3495 *Fun.* Nay, not for that I protest; but I had an errand to Mon-
sieur *Fastidius*; and I haue forgot it

Maci. Why goe along to the Court with vs, and remember
it come. Gentlemen, you three take one boat, and *Sogliardo*
and I will take another: we shalbe there instantly.

3500 *Fast.* Content: good Sir vouchsafe vs your pleasance.

Punt. Farewell *Carlo*; remember.

Carl. I warrant you: would I had one of *Kempes* shooes to
throw after you.

Punt. Good Fortune will close the eyes of our jest, feare not: 3310
3505 and we shall frolick. *Exeunt.*

G R E X.

Mit. This *Macilente* Signior, begins to be more sociable on a
suddaine me thinkes, than he was before, ther's some Portent
in't, I beleuee.

3510 *Cord.* O hee's a fellow of a straunge Nature. Now do's he (in
this calme of his Humor) plot and store vp a world of malicious
thoughts in his braine, till he is so full with'him, that you shall
see the very Torrent of his Enuie breake forth, and against the
course of all their affections oppose it selfe so violently, that
3515 you will almost haue woonder to thinke how 'tis possible the
current of their Dispositions shall receiue so quick and strong
an alteration.

Mit. I marry sir, this is that on which my Expectation has
dwelt all this while: for I must tell you Signior (though I was
3520 loth to interrupt the Scene) yet I made it a question in mine
owne priuate discourse, how he should properly call it, *Euery*
man out of his Humor, when I saw all his Actors so strongly pur-
sue

sue and continue their humors?

Cord. Why therein his Art appeares most full of lustre, and 3328
3525 approacheth nearest the life, especially when in the flame and
height of their Humors they are laid flat, it fils the eye better,
and with more contentment. How tedious a sight were it to
behold a proud exalted tree lopt and cut downe by degrees,
when it might be feld in a moment? and to set the axe to it, be-
3530 fore it came to that pride & fulnes, were as not to haue it grow.

Mit. Wel, I shall long till I see this fall you talke of.

Cord. To helpe your longing, Signior, let your imagination
be swifter then a paire of Oares, and by this, suppose *Puntaruo-*
lo, Briske, Fungoso, and the Dog, arriu'd at the Court gate, & go-
3535 ing vp to the gteat chamber. *Macilente* and *Sogliardo*, wee'll
leauē them on the water till possibility and naturall means may
land 'hem. Here come Gallants, now prepare your Epecta-
tion.

ACTVS QVINTVS, SCENA PRIMA.

Act.V.Sc.I.

3540 *Enter Punteruolo, Fastidius Briske, Fungoso, and the Dog.*

Punt. Come Lordings. Signior, you are sufficiētly instructed.

Fast. Who, I sir?

Punt. No, this Gentleman. But stay, I take thought how to be-
stow my dog, he is no competent attendant for the Presence.

3545 *Fast.* Masse that's true indeed knight, you must not carry him
into the Presence.

Punt. I know it, and I (like a dull beast) forgot to bring one
of my Cormorants to attend me.

Fast. Why, you're best leauē him at the Porters lodge.

3550 *punt.* Not so: his worth is too well knowne amongst them, to
be forth-comming.

Fast. Slight, how'll you do then?

punt. I must leauē him with one that is ignorant of his quali-
tie, if I will haue him to be safe. And see: Here comes one that
3555 will carie coales, *Ergo*, will hold my dog. My honest friend, may
I commit the tuition of this dog to thy prudent care?

Enter a Groome with a basket.

Groome. You may if you please sir.

punt. Pray

3595 she laughs a fit, to bring her into more matter; that's nothing:
you must talke forward (though it be without sense, so it bee
without blushing) 'tis most Courtlike and well.

Sog. But shall I not vse *Tabacco* at all? 3397

Mac. O, by no meanes, 'twill but make your breath suspe-
3600 cted; and that that you vse it onely to confound the rankenesse
of that.

Sog. Nay, Ile be aduis'd sir by my friends.

Maci. Gods my life, see where sir *Puntars Dog* is.

Groome. I would the Gentleman would returne for his follo-
3605 wer here, Ile leaue him to his fortunes else.

Maci. S'hart, 'twere the onely true iest in the world to poy-
son him now: ha? by Gods will Ile do it, if I could but get him
of the fellow. Signior *Sogliardo*, walke aside, and thinke vpon
some deuse to entertaine the Lady with.

3610 *Sog.* So I do sir.

Sog. walks off, meditating.

Mac. How now mine honest friend? whose Dog-keeper
art thou?

Groome. Dog-keeper sir? I hope I scorne that Ifaith. 3410

Mac. Why? do'st thou not keepe a Dog?

3615 *Groome.* Sir, now I doe, and now I doe not: I thinke this bee
Sweete and Short: make me his Dog-keeper?

Throwe off the Dog, & exit.

Maci. This is excellent aboue expectation: nay stay sir,
you'd be traouelling; but Ile giue you a dramme shall shorten
3620 your voyage: here: so sir, Ile be bold to take my leaue of you:
now to the *Turkes* Court in the diuels name, for you shal neuer
go on Gods name. (*Kickes him out*) *Sogliardo*, come.

Sog. I ha' 't yfaith now, will sting it.

Maci. Take heed you leese it not Signior, ere you come
3625 there: preserue it. *Exeunt*

G R E X.

3421

Cor. { How like you this first exploit of his?

Mit. { O, a peece of true Enuie, but I expect the issue of the
other deuse.

3630 *Cor.* { Here they come, will make it appeare.

S C E N A

Punt. Pray thee let me find thee here at my returne: it shall
3560 not be long, till I will Ease thee of thy employment, and Please
thee. Forth Gentles.

Fast. Why, but will you leaue him with so slight command,
and infuse no more charge vpon the fellow?

Punt. Charge? no, there were no pollicie in that; that were
3565 to let him know the value of the Gem he holds, & so, to tempt
fraile nature against her disposition. No, pray thee let thy Ho-
nestie be sweet and short.

Groome. yes sir.

Punt. But heark you Gallants, and cheefly Monsieur *Briske*
3570 When wee come in eye-shot or presence of this Ladie, let
not others matters carrie vs from our Proiect: but (if wee can)
single her forth to some place.

Fast. I warrant you.

Punt. And bee not too suddaine, but let the deuise induce i
3575 selfe with good Circumstance: on.

Fung. Is this the way? good truth here be fine hangings.

Exeunt Puntarvolo, Briske, Fungoso.

Groome. Honestie, Sweet and Short? mary it shall sir, doubt 3380
you not: for euen at this instant if one would giue me twenti
3580 pounds, I would not deliuer him; there's for the Sweet: but
now, if any man come offer me but two-pence, hee shall hau
him; there's for the Short now. Sbloud, what a mad Humorous
Gentleman is this to leaue his Dog with me? I could run awa
with him now, and he were worth any thing: well, I pray God
3585 send him quickly againe. *Enter Macilente and Sogliardo.*

Mac. Come on Signior, now prepare to Court this All-wit
ted Ladie, most Naturally and like your selfe.

Sog. Faith and you say the word, Ile begin to her in *Tabacco*

Mac. O fie on't, no you shall begin with, *How does my sweet*
3590 *Ladie*; or, *Why are you so melancholly Madam*? though she be very
merrie, it's all one: be sure to kisse your hand often enough;
pray for her health, and tell her, how *more than most faire* shee is:
Screw your face a t'one side thus, & Protest; let her fleere and
looke a skaunce, and hide her Teeth with her Fanne, when
she

SCENA SECVNDA.

Act.V.Sc.2.

Enter Puntarvolo, Sauiolina Factidius Briske, Fungoso.

Sau. Why I thought Sir *Puntarvolo*, you had been gone your Voyage?

3635 *Punt.* Deare, and most Amiable Ladie, your Diuine Beauties do bind me to those Offices, that I cannot depart when I would.

Sau. 'Tis most Courtlike spoken sir; but how might we doe to haue a sight of your Dog and Cat?

Fact. His Dogge's in the Court, Ladie. (sir?)

3640 *Sau.* And not your Cat? how dare you trust her behind you

Punt. Troth Madame she hath sore eyes, and shee dooth keepe her Chamber: marry I haue left her vnder sufficient guard: there are two of my Hinds to attend her. (go sir?)

Sau. Ile giue you some Water for her eyes: when doe you

3645 *Punt.* Certes sweet Ladie, I know not.

Fact. He doth stay the rather Madame, to present your *Acute* iudgement with so Courtly, and well-Parted a Gentleman, as yet your Ladiship hath neuer scene. (man?)

Sau. What's he, gentle Mounsieur *Briske*? not that Gentle

3650 *Fast.* No Ladie, this is a Kinsman of Iustice *Silence*. 3447

Punt. Pray' sir: giue me leaue to report him: hee's a Gentleman (Ladie) of that rare and admirable *facultie*, as (I protest) I know not his like in *Europe*: he is exceedingly Valiant, an excellent Scholler and so exactly trauail'd that hee is able in
3655 discourse, to deliuer you a *Modell* of any Princes Court in the world: 'speakes the Languages with that puritie of Phrase, and facilitie of *Accent*, that it breeds astonishment: his Wit, the most Exuberant and (aboue wonder) pleasant, of all that euer entred the concaue of this eare. (man.)

3660 *Fast.* 'Tis most true Ladie; mary he is no such excellēt proper

Punt. His Trauailles haue chang'd his complexion, Madame.

Sau. O sir *Puntarvolo*, you must thinke euery man was not borne to haue my Seruant *Brisks* feature.

Punt. But that which transcends all, Ladie; he doth so Peer-
3665 lessely imitate any manner of person for Gesture, Action, Passion, or what euer.

Fast. I

Fast. I, especially a Rusticke or a Clowne Madame, that it is 3463
not possible for the sharpest-sighted with (in the world) to dis-
cerne any sparkes of the Gentleman in him, when hee does it.

3670 *Sau.* O Mounsieur *Brisk*, be not so Tyranous to confine all
Wits within the compasse of your owne: Not find the sparkes
of a Gentleman in him, if he be a Gentleman?

Fun. No in truth (sweet Ladie) I beleue you cannot.

Sau. Do you beleue so? why I can find sparkes of a Gentle-
3675 man in you sir?

Punt. I, he is a Gentleman Madame, and a Reueller.

Fun. Indeed I think I haue seen your Ladiship at our Reuels.

Sau. Lik inough sir: but would I might see this wonder you
talke of: may one haue a sight of him for any reasonable sum?

3680 *Punt.* Yes Madam, he will arriue presently.

Sau. What, and shall we see him Clowne it?

Fast. I faith (sweet Lady) that you shall: see heere he comes.

Enter Macilente with Sogliardo.

Punt. This is he; pray obserue him Lady.

3685 *Sau.* Beshrew me, he Clownes it properly indeed.

Punt. Nay, marke his Courtship. *lusty? ha*

Sog. How dos my sweet Lady; *hote and moyst? Beautifull and*

Sau. *Beautifull* and it please you sir, but not *lusty*.

Sog. O ho Ladie; it pleases you to say so in truth: and how
3690 does my sweet Lady; in health? *Bona roba, quæso? que Nouelles?*
que Nouelles? Sweete creature.

Sau. O excellent: why Gallants, is this he that cannot be
Deciphered? they were very bleare-witted yfaith that could
not discern the Gentleman in him.

3695 *Punt.* But do you, in earnest Lady?

Sau. Do I sir? why if you had any true Court-iudgement
in the carriage of his eye, and that inward power that formes
his countenance, you might perceiue his counterfeiting as
cleere as the noone day: Alas; Nay if you would haue tried my
3700 Wit indeed, you should neuer haue tolde me he was a Gentle-
man, but presented him for a true Clowne indeede; and then
haue seene if I could haue decipher'd him.

O

Fast. Fore

Fast. 'Fore God, her Ladiship sayes true (knight:) but does he not affect the Clowne most naturally, Mistresse?

3705 *Punt.* O, she cannot but affirme that out of the Bountie of her iudgement. 3500

Sau. Nay out of doubt he does well, for a Gentleman to imitate; but I warrant you, he becomes his naturall carriage of the Gentleman, much better than his Clownerie.

3710 *Fast.* Tis strange in truth, her Ladiship should see so farre into him.

Punt. I, is't not.

Sau. Faith as easily as may be: not decipher him, quoth you?

Fung. Good sadnesse, I wonder at it.

3715 *Mac.* Why, has she decipher'd him, Gentlemen?

Punt. O most miraculously, and beyond Admiration.

Mac. Is't possible?

Fast. Shee hath giuen most infallible signes of the Gentleman in him, that's certaine.

3720 *Sau.* Why, Gallants, let me laugh at you a litle: was this your deuise, to trie my iudgement in a Gentleman? 3514

Maci. Nay Lady, do not scorne vs, though you haue this gift of Perspicacie aboue others: What if he should be no Gentleman now, but a Clowne indeed, Lady?

3725 *Punt.* How thinke you of that? would not your Ladiship be out of your Humor?

Fast. O, but she knowes it is not so.

Sau. What if he were not a man, ye may as well say? nay if your Worships could gull me so indeede, you were wiser
3730 then you were taken for.

Maci. In good faith Lady, he is a very perfect Clowne, both by father and mother : that Ile assure you.

Sau. O Sir, you are very pleasurable.

Maci. Nay, do but looke on his hand, and that shall resolute
3735 you: Looke you Lady, what a palme here is.

Sog. Tut, that was with holding the plough.

Mac. The Plough! did you discerne any such thing in him, Madame?

Fast. Faith

Fast. Faith no, she saw ths Gentleman as bright as at noone- 353r
3740 day she: he decipher'd him at first.

maci. Troth I am sorie your Ladiships sight should be so
suddainly strooke.

Sau. O, you're good Beagles!

Fast. What, is she gone?

3745 *Sog.* Nay stay sweet Lady; *Que Nouvelles, Que Nouvelles?*

Sau. Out, you foole you. *Exit Sau.*

Fung. Shee's out of her Humor yfaith.

Fast. Nay, let's follow it while tis hote Gentlemen.

3750 *Punt.* Come, on mine honour wee le make her blush in the
Presence: my splene is great with laughter.

Mac. Your laughter will be a child of a feeble life I beleue
sir. Come Signior, your lookes are too delected me thinkes:
why mixe you not mirth with the rest?

3755 *Fung.* By Gods will, this Sute frets me at the Soule. Ile haue
it alter'd to morrow sure. *Exeunt.*

Enter Shift.

Act. V. Sc. 3.

Shift. I am come to the Court to meet with my *Countenance*
Sogliardo: poore men must be glad of such countenance, when
they can get no better. Well, Need may insult vpon a man, but
3760 it shall neuer make him despaire of Consequence. The world
will say, tis base; tush, base! tis base to liue vnder the earth, not
base to liue aboue it by any meanes.

Enter Puntarvolo, Fastidius, Sogliardo, Fungoso, Macilente.

3765 *Fost.* The poore Ladie is most miserably out of her Humour
yfaith.

Punt. There was neuer so witty a iest broken at the Tilt, of
all the Court wits christen'd.

Maci. O, this applause taints it fouly.

Sog. I thinke I did my part in Courting. O *Resolution.*

3770 *Punt.* Ay me, my Dog.

maci. Where is he?

Fast. Gods precious, go seeke for the fellow, good Signior.
sends away Fungoso.

Punt. Here, here I left him.

O ij

maci. Why

3775 *Maci.* Why none was here when we came in now, but *Cavalier Shift*, enquire of him.

Fast. Did you see sir *Puntarvolos* dog here *Cavalier*, since you came? (Dog sir.

Shift. His Dog sir? he may looke his Dog sir; I see none of his 3570

3780 *Mac.* Vpon my life he has stoln your Dog sir, and benhir,d to it by some that haue ventur'd with you; you may gesse by his peremptorie answeres.

Punt. Not vnlike; for he hath been a notorious theefe by his owne confession. Sirrah, where's my Dog?

3785 *Shift.* Charge me with your Dog sir? I ha'non of your dogsir.

Punt. Villaine, thou liest.

Shift. Lie sir? S'blood y'are but a man sir.

Punt. Rogue and Theefe, restore him.

Sog. Take heed sir *Puntarvolo* what you doe; hee'le beare no 3790 coales I can tell you (of my word.

Maci. This is rare.

Sog. It's mar'le he stabs you not: by this Light, he hath stab'd fortie for fortie times lesse matter, I can tell you, of my knowledge.

3795 *Punt.* I will make thee stoupe, thou Abiect.

Sog. Make him stoupe sir. Gentlemen pacifie him, or hee'le be kill'd.

Mac. Is he so tall a man?

Sog. Tall a man? if you loue his life stand betwixt'hem: 3800 make him stoupe!

Pun. My dog Villain, or I wil hang thee: thou hast confest ro- 3590 berries, & other felonious acts to this Gentlemā thy *Countenāce*

Sog. Ile beare no witnesse.

Punt. And without my Dog I will hang thee, for them.

3805 *Shift kneeles.*

Sog. What? kneele to thine enemie?

Shift. Pardon mee good sir; God is my Iudge I neuer did Robberie in all my life. *Enter Fungoso.*

Fung. O sir *Puntarvolo*, your Dog lies giuing vp the ghost in 3810 the wood-yard.

Mac. S'blood

Maci. S'bloud is he not dead yet?

Punt. O, my Dogge borne to disastrous fortune! pray you 3600
conduct me sir. *Exit Punt. with Fung.*

Sog. How? did you neuer do any robbery in your life?

3815 *Mac.* O this is good: so he swore sir.

Sog. I heard him. And did you sweare true sir?

Shift. I (as God shall haue part of my soule Sir) I ne're rob'd
any man I; neuer stood by the high-way side Sir, but only sayd
so, because I would get my selfe a name, and be counted a tall
3820 man.

Sog. Now out base *Viliaco*: Thou my *Resolution*? I thy *Coun-*
tenance? By this light, Gentlemen, he hath confest to me the most
inexorable companie of Robberies, and damn'd himselfe that
he did 'hem; you neuer heard the like: out skoundrell out, fol-
3825 low me no more I command thee; out of my sight, go, hence,
speake not, I will not heare thee; away *Camouccio*.

Mac. O, how do I feed vpon this now, and fat my selfe? here
were a couple vnexpectedly dishumor'd: well by this time I
hope sir *Puntarvolo* and his Dog are both out of Humor to tra-
3830 uaile: nay, Gentlemen, why do you not seeke out the Knight,
and comfort him? our Supper at the Mitre must of necessitie
hold to night, if you loue your Reputations.

Fast. 'Fore God I am so Melancholly for his Dogges disaster
but i'le go. (cholly)

3835 *Sog.* Faith and I may go too, but I know I shall be so Melan- 3620

Nac. Tush, Melancholly? you must forget that now, and re-
member you lie at the mercie of a Furie: *Carlo* will racke your
sinewes asunder, and raile you to dust if you come not. *Exeunt.*

3840 *GREX* { *Mit.* O then their feare of *Carlo* belike, makes them
hold their meeting.
Cor. I, here he comes: conceiue him but to be enter'd
the Mitre.

SCENA TERTIA.

Act.V.Sc.4.

Enter Carlo.

3845 *Car.* Holla: where be these Shotmakers? *Enter Drawer*

Draw. By and by: you are welcome good master *Buffone*.

O iii

Carl.

Carl. Where's *George*? call me *George* hither quickly.

Draw. What wine please you haue Sir? I'le draw you that's neat *Buffone*.

3850 *Car.* Away *Neophite*, do as I bid; bring my deare *George* to me 3636
Masse here he comes. *Enter George.*

Georg. Welcome Maister *Carlo*.

Carl. What's Supper readie, *George*?

Geor. I sir, almost: will you haue the cloth laid, Maister *Carlo*?

3855 *Carl.* O, what else: are none of the Gallants come yet?

Georg. None yet sir.

Carl. Stay, take me with you *George*: let me haue a good fat Loine of Porke laid to the fire presently.

Georg. It shall sir.

3860 *Carl.* And withall, heare you? draw me the biggest shaft you haue out of the But you wot of: away, you know my meaning *George*, quick.

George. Done sir.

Exit.

Carl. S'bloud, I neuer hungred so much for thing in my life, 3650
3865 as I doe to knowe our Gallants successe at the Court: now is that leane Blad-rid *Macilente*, that salt Villaine, plotting some mischieuous deuise, and lies a soking in their frothy Humours like a drie crust, till he has drunke 'hem all vp: could the Kecks but hold vp's eyes at other mens happinesse in any reasonable
3870 proportion, S'lid the slaue were to be loued next Heauen, a-boue Honour, Wealth, rich Fare, Apparell, Wenches, all the delights of the Bellie, and the Groine, whateuer.

Georg. Here, maister *Carlo*.

Carl. Is't right, Boy?

3875 *Geor.* I sir, I assure you 'tis right.

Carl. Well said, my deare *George*, depart: Come, my small Gimblet, you in the false scabberd, away; { *Puts forth the Draso:* Now to you sir *Burgomaster*, let's tast of { *wer & shuts the dore* your Bounty.

3880

G R E X.

Mit. { what, will he deale vpon such quantities of wine alone. 3665

Cord { You shall perceiue that sir.

He drinkes.

Carl. I

Carl. I mary sir, here's puritie. O *George*, I could bite of thy nose for this now: Sweet Rogue, he has drawne *Nectar*, the very soule of the Grape: I'll wash my temples with some on't presently: and drinke some halfe a score draughts; 'twill heate
 3885 the Braine, kindle my imagination, I shall talke nothing but Crackers and Fire-worke to night. So sir; Please you to bee here sir, and I here: So.

He sets the two cups asunder, and first drinkes with the one, and pledges with the other.
 3890

GREX. Cord. This is worth the obseruation, Signior.

Carl. 1 *cap.* Now sir, here's to you; and I present you with 3675 so much of my loue.

2 *Cup.* I take it kindly from you sir. (*Drinkes.*) And wil return
 3895 you the like proportion: but withall sir, remembering the merrie night we had at the Countesses; you know where sir.

1 *Cup.* By Iesu you doe put me in mind now of a very necessary office, which I wil propose in your pledge sir: The health of that honorable Countesse, & the sweet Lady that sat by her sir.
 3900 2 I do vail to it with reuerence. (*Drinks.*) 2 And now Signior, with these Ladies, I'll be bold to mixe the health of your Diuine Mistresse. 1 Doe you know her sir? 2 O Lord sir, I, and in the respectfull memorie and mention of her, I could wish this wine were the most pretious drugge in the world.

3905 1 Good faith sir you doe honor me in't exceedingly. (*Drinks.*)

G R E X.

Mit. { Whom should he personate in this, Signior? 3690

Cord. { Faith I know not sir, obserue, obserue him.

2 If it were the basest filth or mud that runnes in the chan-
 3910 nell, I am bound to pledge it by God sir. (*Drinks.*) And now sir, here is againe a replenisht bowle sir, which I will *reciprocally* returne vpon you to the health of the *Count Frugale*. 1 The *Count Frugales* health sir? I'll pledge it on my knees by Iesu. 2 Will you sir? I'll drinke it on my knees then, by the Lord. (*Drinks.*)

3915 G R E X.

Mit. { Why this is straunge.

Cor. { Ha' you hard a better drunken Dialogue?

2 Nay,

2 Nay, do me right Sir. 1. So I do in good faith. 2. Good 3702
 faith you do not; mine was fuller. 1. Why, by Iesu it was not.
 3920 2. By Iesu it was, and you do lie. 1. Lie sir. 2. I sir. 1. S'wounds
 you rascall. 2. O, come, stab, if you haue a mind to it. 1. Stab?
 dost thou thinke I dare not? (*In his owne person*) Nay, I beseech
 you Gentlemen, what meanes this; nay looke, for shame re-
 spect your reputations.

3925 *Ouerturnes wine, pot, cups, and all.*

Enter Macilente.

Act.V.Sc.5

Mac. Why how now *Carlo*, what Humor's this?

Car. O my good Mischief, art thou come? where are the rest?
 where are the rest?

3930 *Mac.* Faith three of our Ordinance are burst.

Carl. Burst, how comes that?

Mac. Faith, ouer-charg'd, ouer-charg'd.

Carl. But did not the traine hold?

Mac. O yes, and the poore Lady is irreouerably blowne vp.

3935 *Carl.* Why, but which of the Munitiō is miscarried? ha?

Mac. *Imprimis*, Sir *puntarvolo*: next, the *Countenance*, and Re- 3725
solution.

Carl. How? how for the loue of God?

Mac. Troth the *Resolution* is proou'd Recreant; the *Counte-*
 3940 *nance* hath chang'd his Coppie; and the Passionate Knight, is
 shedding Funerall teares ouer his departed Dogge.

Carl. What's his Dogge dead?

Mac. Poison'd 'tis thought: marry how, or by whom, that's
 left for some Cunning woman heere o'the Banke-side to re-
 3945 solve: For my part, I know nothing, more than that we are like
 to haue an exceeding Melancholly Supper of it.

Carl. S'life, and I had purpos'd to be extraordinarily merry:
 I had drunke off a good Preparatiue of old Sacke heere: but
 will they come, will they come?

3950 *Mac.* They will assuredly come: mary *Carlo* (as thou lou'st
 me) runne ouer 'hem all freely to night, and especially the
 Knight; spare no *Sulphurious* yeast that may come out of that
 sweatie Forge of thine, but ply'hem with all manner of Shot,

Minion,

Minion, Saker, Culverine, or any thing what thou wilt.

3955 *Carl.* I warrant thee my deare Cale of *Petrione*, so stand I not 3744
in dread of thee, but that thou'lt second me.

Maci. Why my good *Germane* Tapster, I will.

Carl. What *George. Lomtero, Lomtero, &c.*

Daunceth.

Georg. Did you call, Master *Carlo*?

3960 *Carl.* More *Nectar, George, Lomtero, &c.*

Geor. Your meat's ready sir, and your company were come.

Carl. Is the Loine of Porke enough?

Geor. I Sir, it is enough.

Maci. Porke? S,heart what doest thou with such a greasie
3965 Dish: I thinke thou dost Varnish thy face with the fat on't, it
lookes so like a Glew-pot.

Carl. True, my Raw-bon'd Rogue: and if thou would'st
farce thy leane Ribs with it too, they would not (like ragged
Lathes) rub out so many Dubletes as they do: but thou knowest
3970 not a good Dish, thou. O, it's the only nourishing meat in the
world: No maruaile though that saucie stubborne Generati-
on the *Iewes*, were forbidden it: for what would they ha'done,
well pamper'd with fat Porke, that durst murmure at their mar-
ker out of Garlicke and Onions. S'blood fed with it, the hor-
3975 son strummell patch, Goggle-ey'd Grumbledories, would ha'
Gigantomachiz'd. Well said my sweet *George*, fill, fill.

G R E X.

Mit. { This sauours too much of Prophanation.

3765

3980 *Cor.* { *O servetur ad inum, qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi cō-*
stet. The necessitie of his vaine compels a tolleration:
for, barre this, and dash him out of Humor before his
time.

Carl. 'Tis an *Axiome*. in Naturall Philosophie, *What comes near-*
est the nature of that it feeds, cōverts quicker to nourishmēt, & doth
3985 *sooner essentiate.* Now nothing in flesh and Entrailes, *assimulates*
or resembles Man more, then a Hog or Swine. (*Drinkes*)

Maci. True; and hee (to requite their courtesie) oftentimes
d'offeth off his owne nature, and puts on theirs; as when hee
becomes as churlish as a Hogge, or as a drunke ar a Sow: but to

P

your

3990 your conclusion.

(*Drinkes*)

Car. Mary I say, nothing resembling Man more than a Swine, 3776
it followes, nothing can be more nourishing: for indeed (but
that it abhorres from our nice Nature) if we fed one vpon ano-
ther, we should shoot vp a great deale faster, and thriue much
3995 better: I referre me to your Long-lane *Cannibales*, or such like:
but since 'tis so contrary, Porke, Porke is your only feed.

Maci. I take it your Deuill be of the same Diet; hee would
ne're ha' desir'e to beene incorporated into Swine else. O here
comes the Malancholly messe: vpon 'hem *Carlo* charge, charge
4000 *Enter Puntarvolo, Fastidius, Sogliardo, Fungoso.*

Carl. 'Fore God sir *Puntarvolo*, I 'am sorrie for your heauines.
Body a mee, a shrewd mischaunce: why had you 'no *Vnicornes*
hornes, nor *Bezars* stone about you? ha?

Punt. Sir, I would request you be silent.

4005 *Maci.* Nay, to him againe.

Carl. Take comfort good knight, if your Cat ha'recouered
her Cataract, feare nothing; your Dogges mischance may be
holpen.

Fast. Say how (*sweete Carlo*) for so God mend me, the poore 3796
4010 Knights moanes draw me into fellowship of his misfortunes.
But be not discouraged good sir *Puntarvolo*, I am content your
aduenture shall be perform'd vpon your Cat.

Maci. I beleeeue you Muske-cod, I beleeeue you, for rather
than thou would'st make present repaimēt, thou would'st take
4015 it vp on his owne bare returne from *Callice*.

Carl. Nay Gods life, hee ld bee content (so he were well rid
out of his company) to pay him fiew for one at his next mee-
ting him in *Paules*. but for your Dogge, sir *Puntar*, if hee be not
out-right dead, there is a friend of mine a *Quack-sauer*, shall
4020 put life in him againe, that's certaine.

Fung. O no, that comes too late.

Maci. Gods precious Knight, will you suffer this?

Punt. Drawer; get me a Candle and hard waxe presently:

Sog. I, and bring vp supper; for I am so Melancholy.

4025 *Carl.* Ah Signior, where's your *Resolution*.

Sog. Reso-

Sog. Resolution! hang him rascall: O *Carlo*, if you loue me, do not mention him.

Carl. Why, how so? how so?

3815

Sog. O the arrantst *Crocodile* that euer *Christiã* was acquainted with. By *Iesu*, I shall thinke the worse of *Tabacco* while I liue for his sake: I did thinke him to be as tall a man----

Maci. Nay *Buffone*, the Knight, the Knight.

Car. Sblood, he lookes like an Image carued out of Boxe, full of knots: his face is (for all the world) like a Dutch purse
4035 with the mouth downward; his beard's the Tassels: and hee walkes (let me see) as melancholly as one o' the Masters side in the *Counter*. Do you heare sir *Puntar*?

Punt. Sir, I do entreat you no more., but enioyne you to silence, as you affect your peace.

4040 *Carl.* Nay but deare Knight vnderstand (here are none but friends, and such as wish you well) I would ha' you do this now: Fleay me your dog presently (but in any case keepe the head) and stuffe his skin well with straw, as ye see these dead monsters at *Bartholmew* faire.

4045 *Punt.* I shall be sodaine I tell you.

3831

Carl. Or if you like not that sir, giue mee somewhat a lesse dog and clap into the skin; here's a slaue about the towne here, a Iew, one *Yohan*, or a fellow that makes periwigs, will glew it on artificially, it shall ne'er bee discern'd: besides, twill be so
4050 much the warmer for the hound to trauell in you know.

Maci. Sir *Puntarvolo*, Sdeath can you be so patient?

Carl. Or thus sir, you may haue (as you come through Germany) a Familiar for litle ornothing shal turne it selfe into the shape of your Dogge, or any thing (what you will) for certaine
4055 howers: Gods my life Knight, what do you meane? youle offer no violenc, will you? Hold, hold.

Punt. Sbloud you slaue, you Bandog you.

Car. As you loue God, stay the enraged knight, Gentlemen.

Punt. By my knighthood, hee that stirres in his rescue, dies,
4060 Drawer be gone.

Carl. Murder, murder, murder.

P ij

Punt. I

Punt. I, are you houling you Wolfe? Gentlemen, as you 3848
tender your liues, suffer no man to enter, till my reuenge bee
perfect. Sirha *Buffone*, lie downe; make no exclamations, but
4065 downe; downe you Curre, or I will make thy blood flow on my
Rapier hilts:

Carl. Sweet knight hold in thy furie, and'fore God Ile ho-
nour thee more than the Turke dos *Mahomet*.

Punt. Downe (I say.) Whose there?

4070 *Const.* Here's the Constable, open the dores. *Within.*

Carl. Good *Macilente*.

Punt. Open no dore, if the *Adalantado* of Spaine were here:
he should not enter: On, helpe me with the light, Gentlemen,
you knocke in vaine sir officer.

4075 *Carl.* *Et tu Brute*.

Punt. Sirha close your lips, or I will drop it in thine eyes by
heauen.

Carl. O, O.

They seale vp his lips.

Const. Open the dore, or I will breake it open.

4080 *Mac.* Nay good Constable haue patience a little, you shall
come in presently, we haue almost done.

Punt. So; now, are you out of your humour sir. Shift Gentle-
men. *They all draw & Exeunt.*

Enter Constable with Officers, and stay Briske.

Act.V.Sc.7

4085 *Const.* Lady hold vpon this gallant, and pursue the rest.

Fast. Lay hold on me sir! for what? *(panions.*

Const. Mary for your riot here sir, with the rest of your com-

Fast. My riot! God's my iudge, take heed what you doe;

Carlo. did I offer any violence?

4090 *Const.* O sir, you see he is not in case to answere you, and that
makes you so peramptorie.

Fast. Peremptorie, Slife I appeale to the Drawers, if I did
him any hard measure. *Enter George.*

Gorg. They are all gone, there'snone of them will bee laid
4095 any hold on,

Const. Well sir, you are like to answere till the rest can bee
found out.

Fast. Sbloud

Fast. S'bloud I appeale to *George* here.

Const. Tut *George* was not here: away with him to the counter 3885
4100 sirs. Come sir, you were best get your selfe drest somewhere.

Exeunt.

Manent two Drawers.

Georg. Good Lord, that master *Carlo* could not take heed, & knowing what a Gentleman the Knight is, if he be angrie.

Drawer. A poxe on 'hem, they haue left all the meate on our
4105 hands, would they were choakt with it for me.

Enter Macilente.

Mac. What, are they gone sirs?

George. O here's master *Macilente*.

Mac. Sirrah *George*, do you see that concealment there? that
4110 Napkin vnder the table?

George. Gods so', Signior *Fungoso*!

Mac. Here's a good pawne for the reckoning; be sure you keep him here, & let him not go away til I come again, though he offer to discharge all; I'le returne presently,

4115 *George.* Sirrah we haue a pawne for the reckoning.

Draw. What? of *Macilente*?

3900

Georg. No; looke vnder the Table.

Fung. I hope all be quiet now; if I can get but forth of this street, I care not. Masters, I pray you tell me, is the Constable
4120 gone? *Looks out vnder the Table.*

George. What? Master *Fungoso*?

Fung. Was't not a good deuise the same of me, Sirs?

George. Yes faith: ha' you beene here all this while?

Fung. O God I: good sirs looke and the coast be cleare, I'ld
4125 faine be going.

George. All's cleare Sir, but the Reckoning; and that you must cleare and pay before you goe, I assure you.

Fung. I pay? S'light, I eate not a bit since I came into the house yet.

4130 *Draw.* Why, you may when you please sir, tis all readie below that was bespoken.

Fung. Bespoken, not by me I hope.

Geo. By you sir? I know not that: but t'was for you and your

companie, I am sure.

4135 *Fung.* My company? S'lid I was an inuited guest, so I was. 3917

Draw. Faith we haue nothing to doe with that Sir, they're all gone but you, and wee mus. be answer'd; that's the short and they long on't.

Fung. Nay, if you will grow to extremities, my Masters, then
4140 would this Pot, Cup, and all were in my belly, if I haue a crosse about me.

Georg. What, and haue such Apparell? Doe not say so, Signior, that mightily discredits your cloathes.

Fung. By Iesu the Taylor had all my money this morning,
4145 and yet I must be faine to alter my Sute too: good Sirs, let me goe, 'tis Friday night; and in good truth I haue no-stomack in the world to eate any thing.

Draw. That's no matter so you pay Sir.

Fung. Pay? Gods light, with what conscience can you aske
4150 me to pay that I neuer dranke for?

Georg. Yes Sir, I did see you drinke once.

Fung. By this Cup (which is *siluer*) but you did not, you doe me infinite wrong, I look't in the pot once indeed, but I did not drinke.

4155 *Draw.* Well sir, if you can satisfie my Maister, it shall be all one to vs. By and by.

One calls George within.

Exeunt.

G R E X.

Cord. Loose not your selfe now, Signior

4160 *Enter Macilente and Deliro.*

Act.V.Sc.8.

Maci. Tut sir, you did beare too hard a conceit of me in that, but I will now make my loue to you most transparant, in spight of any dust of suspition, that may be raised to dimme it: and henceforth since. I see it is so against your Humor, I will neuer
4165 labour to persuade you.

Deli. Why I thanke you Signior, but what's that you tell me may concerne my peace so much?

Mac. Faith sir, 'tis thus. Your wiues brother Signior *Fungoso* beeing at supper to night at a Tauerne with a sort of Gallants:
there

4170 there happened some diuision amongst'hem, and he is left in
 pawne for the Reckoning: now if euer you look that time shall
 present you with a happie occasion to doe your wife some gra-
 cious & acceptable seruice, take hold of this opportunitie, and
 presently go and redeeme him; for being her brother, and his
 4175 credit so amply engaged as now it is, when she shall heare (as
 he cannot himselfe, but hee must of extremitie report it) that
 you came and offered your self so kindly, and with that respect
 of his Reputation, S'lud the benefit cannot but make her dote,
 and grow mad of your affections.

4180 *Deli.* Now by heauen *Macilente*, I acknowledge my selfe ex- 3958
 ceedingly indebted to you, by this kind tender of your loue;
 and I am sorry to remember that I was euer so rude to neglect
 a friend of your worth, bring me shoes and a cloke there, I was
 going to bed if you had not come, what *Tauerne* is it?

4185 *Mac.* The Mitre sir.

Deli. O; why *Fido*, my shoes. Good faith it cannot but please
 her exceedingly.

Enter Fallace.

Fall. Come, I marl'e what peece of nightworke you haue in
 hand now, that you call for your cloake and your shoes: what
 4190 is this your *Pandor*?

Deli. O sweet wife speake lower, I would not he should heare
 thee for a world--

Fall. Hang him rascall, I cannot abide him for his treacherie,
 with his wild quicke-set beard there. Whither goe you now
 4195 with him?

Deli. No whither with him deare wife, I go alone to a place, 3972
 from whence I will returne instantly. Good *Macilente* acquaint
 not her with it by any meanes, it may come so much the more
 accepted, frame some other answeere, I'll come backe immedi-
 4200 atly.

Exit Deliro.

Fall. Nay, and I be not worthie to know whither you go, stay
 till I take knowledge of your comming backe.

Mac. Heare you *Mistres Deliro*.

Fall. So sir, and what say you?

4205 *Mac.* Faith Ladie, my intents will not deserue this slight re-
 spect

spect, when you shall know 'hem. (sake?

Fall. Your intents? why, what may your intent be for Gods 3982

Mac. Troth the time allows no circumstance Lady, therefore know, this was but a deuise to remoue your husband hence, & 4210 bestow him securely, whil'st (with more conueniencie) I might report to you a misfortune that hath happened to Monsieur *Briske*; nay comfort sweet Lady. This night (being at supper) a sort of young Gallants committed a Riot, for the which he (only) is apprehended and carried to the *Counter*, where if your 4215 husband and other Creditors should but haue knowledge of him, the poore Gentleman were vndone for euer.

Fall. Ay me, that he were.

Maci. Now therefore, if you can thinke vpon any present meanes for his deliuerie, do not foreslow it: A bribe to the Of- 4220 ficer that committed him, will doe it.

Fall. O God sir, he shall not want for a bribe; pray you, will you commend me to him, and say I'll visite him presently.

Mac. No Lady, I shall do you better seruice in protracting your husbands returne, that you may goe with more safetie.

4225 *Exit.*

Fall. Good truth so you may; farewell good sir. Lord how a woman may be mistaken in a man? I would haue sworne vpon all the Testaments in the world he had not lou'd master *Briske*. Bring me my keyes there mayd: Alasse good Gentleman, if all 4230 I haue i' this earthly world will pleasure him, it shall be at his seruice.

Exit.

G R E X.

Mit. How *Macilente* sweats i' this businesse, if you mark him

Cord. I, you shall see the true picture of spight anon, here 4235 comes the Pawne and his Redeemer.

Enter Deliro, Fungoso, Drawer following them.

Act.V.Sc.9.

Deli. Come brother, be not discourag'd for this man, what?

Draw. No truly, I am not discourag'd, but I protest to you, Brother, I haue done imitating anie more Gallants either in 4240 purse or apparell, but as shall become a Gentleman for good carriage or so.

Deli. You

Deli. You say well. This is all i'the bill here? is't not?

4015

Georg. I Sir.

Deli. There's your money, tell it: and Brother, I am glad I
4245 met with so good occasion to shew my loue to you.

Fung. I will studie to deserue it in good truth, and I liue.

Deli. What is't right?

Geor. I Sir, and I thanke you.

(is paid.

Fung. Let me haue a Capons legge sau'd, now the reckoning

4250 *Geor.* You shall Sir.

*Exit.**Enter Maci.*

Maci. Where's Signior *Deliro*?

Deli. Here *Macilente*.

Maci. Harke you sir, ha'you dispatcht this same?

Deli. I marry haue I.

4255 *Maci.* Well then, I can tell you news, *Briske* is i'the Counter.

Deli. I'the Counter?

Mac. 'Tis true Sir, committed for the stirre here to night. 4030

Now would I haue you send your brother home afore, with the
report of this your kindnesse done him to his sister, which will
4260 so pleasingly possesse her, and out of his mouth too, that i'the
meane time you may clap your Action on *Briske*, and your wife
(being in so happie a mood) cannot entertaine it ill by any
meanes.

Deli. 'Tis very true, she cannot indeed, I thinke.

4265 *Mac.* Thinke? why'ts past thought, you shall neuer meete
the like opportunitie, I assure you.

Deli. I will do it. Brother pray you go home afore, this Gent.
and I haue some priuate businesse; and tell my sweet wife, Ile
come presently.

4270 *Fung.* I will Brother.

Maci. And Signior, acquaint your sister, how liberally and
out of his bountie, your brother has vs'd you. (Doe you see?)
made you a man of good Reckoning; redeem'd that you ne-
uer were possest of, Credit; gaue you as Gentlemanlike terms
4275 as might be; found no fault with your comming behind the fa-
shion; nor nothing.

Fung. Nay I am out of those Humors now.

Q

Mac. Well,

Maci. Well, if you be out, keepe your distance, and bee not made a Shot-clog no more. Come Sig. let's make hast. *Exeunt.*

4280

Enter Briske and Fallace.

Act.V.Sc

Fall. O maister *Fastidius*, what pittie is't to see so sweet a man as you are in so soure a place? *and kisse him.*

G R E X.

Cord. {As vpon her lips do's shee meane?

4285

Mit. {O, this is to be imagin'd the *Counter* belike?

Fast. Troth faire Lady, 'tis first the pleasure of the Fates, and next of the Constable to haue it so, but, I am pacient, & indeed comforted the more in your kind visitation.

Fall. Nay, you shall be comforted in me more than this, if
4290 you please Sir. I sent you word by my brother Sir, that my husband laid to rest you this morning, I know not whether you receiu'd it, or no?

Fast. No beleuee it, sweet Creature, your Brother gaue mee no such *intelligence.*

4295 *Fall.* O the Lord!

Fast. But has your husband any such purpose?

Fall. O God Maister *Briske*, yes: and therefore be presently discharg'd; for if he come with his Actions vpon you (Lord deliuer you) you are in for one halfe a score yeare; he kept a poore
4300 man in Ludgate once, twelue year for *sixteene shillings*. Where's your keeper, for Gods loue call him, let him take a bribe, and dispatch you, Lord how my heart trembles! here are no spies? are there?

Fast. No sweete mistresse, why are you in this passion.

4305 *Fall.* O Christ Maister *Fastidius*, if you knew how I tooke vp 4075
my husband to day, when he said he would arrest you; and how I rail'd at him that persuaded him to't, the scholer there, (who on^r my conscience loues you now) & what care I tooke to send you *intelligence* by my brother; and how I gaue him foure So-
4310 ueraignes for his paines; and now, how I came running out hether without man or boy with mee, so soone as I heard on't; you'd say, I were in a passion indeed: your keeper for Gods sake. O master *Brisk* (as 'tis in *Euphues*) *Hard is the choise, whẽ on is compelled*

compelled either by silence to die with grief, or by speaking to liue with
 4314^{bis} *shame.*

4315 *Fast.* Faire Ladie I conceiue you, and may this kisse assure
 you, that where Aduersitie hath (as it were) contracted, Pros-
 peritie shall not—Gods light your Husband.

Fall. O mee!

Enter Deliro. Macilente.

Act.V.Sc.II

4320 *Deli.* I? is't thus!

Maci Why how now Signior *Deliro*? has the Wolfe seene
 you? ha? hath *Gorgons* head made marble on you?

Deli. Some planet strike me dead.

Maci. Why looke you Sir, I told you, you might haue sus-
 4325 pected this long afore, had you pleas'd; and ha'sau'd this labour
 of Admiration now, and Passion; and such extremities as this
 fraile lump of flesh is subiect vnto. Nay, why do you not dote
 now Signior? Mee thinkes you should say it were some En-
 chauntment, *Deceptio visus*, or so, ha? if you could persuade your
 4330 selfe it were a dreame now, twere excellent: faith trie what
 you can doe Signior; it may bee your Imagination will bee
 brought to it in time, there's nothing impossible.

Fall. Sweet Husband?

Deli. Out lasciuious Strumpet.

Exit Deliro.

4335 *Maci.* What? did you see how ill that stale vain became him 4105
 afore, of Sweete Wife, and Deare heart? and are you falne
 iust into the same now? with Sweete Husband. A way, follow
 him, goe, keepe state: what? Remember you are a woman: turn
 impudent: gi'him not the head, though you gi'him the hornes,
 4340 Away.

Exit Fallace.

And yet me thinks you should take your leaue of *Infans-perdus*
 here, your forlorne hope. How now Mounsieur *Brisk*: what? Fri-
 day at night? & in affectiō too? & yet your *Pulpamenta*? your de-
 licate morsels: I perceiue the affection of Ladies and Gentle-
 4345 women, pursues you wheresoeuer you go Mounsieur.

4346 } *Fast.* Now in good faith (and as I am Gentle) there could not
 deest }
 haue come a thing i' this world to haue distracted mee more
 than the wrinckled fortunes of this poore Dame.

Q ii

Maci. O

4350 *Maci.* O yes Sir: I can tell you a thing will distract you 4117
 much better, beleue it. Signior *Deliro* has entred three Actions
 against you, three Actions Mounsieur: marry one of them (Ile
 put you in comfort) is but three thousand mark, and the other
 two some fiew thousand pound together, trifles, trifles.

4355 *Fast.* O God, I am vndone.

Maci. Nay not altogether so Sir, the Knight must haue his
 hundred pound repai'd, that 'll helpe too, and then sixscore
 pound for a Diamond: you know where? these be things will
 weigh Mounsieur; they will weigh.

4360 *Fast.* O Iesu!

Maci. What doe you sigh? this it is to kisse the hand of a
 Countesse, to haue hir Coach sent for you, to hang Poniards in
 Ladies garters, to weare Bracelets of their haire, and for euery
 one of these great fauours to giue some slight Iewell of fiew
 4365 hundred crownes, or so, why'tis nothing. Now Mounsieur, you
 see the plague that treads o' the heeles of your fopperie, well,
 goe your waies in; Remoue your selfe to the two-penny ward
 quickly to saue charges, and there set vp your rest to spend Sir
Puntars hundred pound for him. Away good *Pomardo*, goe.

4370

Exit Briske.

Why here's a change: Now is my soule at peace, 4135
 I am as empty of all Enuie now,
 As they merrit to be enuied at,
 My Humor (like a flame) no longer lasts 4138
 4375 Than it hath stufte to feed it, and their vertue,
 Being now rak't vp in embers of their Folly,
 Affordsno ampler Subiect to my Spirit ;
 I am so farre from malicing their states, 4142
 That I begin to pittie them: it greeues me
 4380 To thinke they haue a *being*; I could wish
 They might turne wise vpon it, and be sau'd now,
 So Heauen were pleas'd: but let them vanish Vapors. 4146
 And now with *Aspers* tongue (though not his shape)
 Kind *Patrons* of our sports (you that can iudge,
 4385 And with discerning thoughts measure the space

Of our straunge Muse in this her *Maze* of Humor.
 You, whose true Notions doe confine the formes
 And nature of sweet *Poesie*) to you
 I tender solemne and most dureous thanks,
 4390 For your stretcht patience and attentiuē grace.
 We know (and we are pleas'd to know so much)
 The Cates that you haue tasted were not season'd
 For euery vulgar Pallat, but prepar'd
 To banket pure and apprehensiuē eares:
 4395 Let then their Voices speake for our desert;
 Be their *Applause* the Trumpet to proclaime
 Defiance to rebelling Ignorance,
 And the greene spirits of some tainted Few,
 That (spight of pittie) betray themselues
 4400 To Scorne ond Laughter; and like guiltie Children,
 Publish their *infancie* before their time,
 By their owne fond exception: Such as these
 We pawne 'hem to your *censure*, tell Time, Wit,
 Or Obseruation, set some stronger seale
 4405 Of *iudgement* on their iudgements; and entreat
 The happier spirits in this faire-fild Globe,
 (So many as haue sweet minds in their breasts,
 And are too wise to thinke themselues are taxt
 In any generall Figure, or to vertuous
 4410 To need that wisedomes imputation:)
 That with their bounteous *Hands* they would confirme
 This, as their pleasures *Pattent*: which so sign'd,
 Our leaue nnd spent Endeouours shall renue
 Their Beauties with the *Spring* to smile on you.

IT had another *Catastrophe* or Conclusion, at the first Playing: which (DIA TO TEN BASILISSAN PROSOPOPOESTHAI) many seem'd not to relish it; and therefore 'twas since altered: yet that a right-eyd and solide Reader may perceiue it was not so
 4420 great a part of the Heauen awry, as they would make it; we request him but to looke downe vpon these following Reasons.

4422 {
 deest {

1 *There hath bene President of the like Presentation in diuers Playes: and is yeerely in our Citie Pageants or shewes of Triumph.*

4425

2 *It is to be conceiu'd, that Macilente being so strongly possess'd with Enuie, (as the Poet here makes him) it must be no sleight or common Obiect, that should effect so sodaine and strange a cure vpon him, as the putting him cleane out of his Humour.*

4430 {
 deest {

3 *If his Imagination had discourst the whole world ouer for an Obiect, it could not haue met with a more Proper, Eminent, or worthy Figure, than that of her Maiesties: which his Election (though boldly, yet respectiuely) vs'd to a Morall and Mysterious end.*

4435

4 *His greedinesse to catch at any occasion, that might expresse his affection to his Soueraigne, may worthily plead for him.*

4438 {
 deest {

5 *There was nothing (in his examin'd opinion) that could more neare or truly exemplifie the power and strength of her inualluable Vertues, then the working of so perfect a Miracle on so oppos'd a Spirit, who not only persisted in his Humor, but was now come to the Court, with a purpos'd resolution (his Soule as it were now drest in Enuie) to maligne at any thing that should front him: when sodainly (against expectation, and all steele of his Malice) the very wonder of her Presence strikes him to the earth dumbe, and astonisht. From whence rising and recouering heart, his Passion thus utters it selfe.*

4445

4449 {
 deest {

4450 *Maci. Blesse, Diuine, Vnblemisht. Sacred, Pure, Glorious immortall, and indeed Immense;*
 O that I had a world of Attributes,

To

- To lend or adde to this high *Maiestie*:
 Neuer till now did *Obiect* greet mine eyes 4169
- 4455 With any light Content: but in her *Graces*
 All my malicious Powers haue lost their stings:
Enuie is fled my Soule at sight of her,
 And shee hath chac'd all blacke thoughts from my bosome,
 Like as the *Sunne* doth darknesse from the world.
- 4460 My streame of *Humor* is run out of me:
 And our Citties *Torrent* (bent t'infect
 The hallow'd bowels of the siluer *Thames*)
 Is checkt by strength and clearenesse of the Riuers,
 Till it hath spent it selfe e'ene at the shore?
- 4465 So in the ample and vnmeasur'd Flood 4180
 Of her *Perfections*, are my *Passions* drown'd:
 And I haue now a *spirit* as sweet and cleere,
 As the most rarefi'd and subtill Aire;
 With which, and with a heart as pure as Fire,
- 4470 (Yet humble as the Earth) doe I implore, *He kneeles.*
 O *Heauen*: that Shee (whose *Figure* hath effected
 This change in me) may neuer suffer Change
 In her Admir'd and happie Gouernment:
 May still this *Iland* be call'd *Fortunate*,
- 4475 And Rugged *Treason* tremble at the sound 4190
 When *Fame* shall speake it with an *Emphasis*.
 Let forraine *Pollicie* be dull as Lead,
 And pale *Inuasion* come with halfe a heart
 When he but lookes vpon her blessed Soile:
- 4480 The Throat of *Warre* be stopt within her Land,
 And Turtle-footed *Peace* daunce fairie Rings
 About her Court; where neuer may there come
Suspect or *Daunger*, but all *Trust* and *Safetie*:
 Let *Flatterie* be dumbe, and *Enuie* blind
- 4485 In her dread Presence: *Death* himselfe admire her:
 And may her *Vertues* make him to forget
 The vse of his ineuitable hand.
 Fly from her *Age*; Sleepe *Time* before her Throne,

Our strongest wall fals downe when she is gone.

4204

4490 *Here the Trumpets sound a flourish, in which time Macilente
conuert's himselfe to them that supply the place of*

4401^{bis}

GREX, and speakes.

G R E X.

Mac. How now sirs? how like you it? has't not bene tedious? 4147

Cor. Nay, we ha' done censuring now.

4495 *Mit.* Yes faith.

4150

Mac. How so?

Cor. Mary because we'le imitate your Actors, and be out
of our Humors. Besides, here are those (round about you) of
more abilitie in Censure then we, whose iudgements can giue
4500 it a more satisfying Allowance: wee'le referre you to them.

Mac. I? is't e'en so? Well, Gentlemen, I should haue gone
in, and return'd to you as I was *Asper* at the first: but (by reason
the shift would haue bene somewhat long, and we are loth to
draw your patience any farder) wee'le intreat you to imagine
4505 it. And now (that you may see I will be out of Humor for
company) I stand wholly to your kind Approbation, and (in-
deed) am nothing so peremptorie as I was in the beginning:
Marie I will not do as *Plautus* in his *Amphitryo* for all this (*Sum-
mi Iouis causa, Plaudite:*) begge a *Plaudite* for Gods sake; but if
4510 you (out of the bountie of your good liking) will bestow it;
why, you may (in time) make leane *Macilente* as fat as *Sir Iohn*

4511^{bis} *Fall-staffe.*

Exeunt.

Non ego ventosæ plebis suffragia venor

Materialien zur Kunde
des
älteren Englischen Dramas

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BEGRUENDET UND HERAUSGEGEBEN

VON

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ACHTZEHNTER BAND

LOUVAIN
A. UYSTPRUYST

LEIPZIG
O. HARRASSOWITZ

LONDON
DAVID NUTT

1907

ANTHONY BREWER'S
THE LOVE-SICK KING

EDITED

FROM THE QUARTO OF 1655

BY

A. E. H. Swaen.



no. 112

98557
24/9/09

LEIPZIG
O. HARRASSOWITZ

LOUVAIN
A. UYSTPRUYST

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INTRODUCTION.

§ 1 TEXT. The present edition is printed from a copy in the Royal Library at The Hague. Before it was acquired for this collection it belonged to Frederic Perkins Esq. of Chipstead Place, Kent, whose bookplate is on the inside of the cover, and it formed part of the Bridgewater Library as is evident from a printed notice at the foot of the list of *Dramatis Personae*. The copy is a good one except that the binder has cut off too much at the lower edge, in consequence of which piece of Vandalism some words have become indistinct and others have been clipped off altogether. Dr. B. A. P. van Dam has kindly written out for me the bottom lines of every page from the copy in the British Museum (644 b. 4), which, wherever this was necessary, I have printed enclosed in square brackets. Unfortunately, however, that copy has also suffered slightly at the hands of the bookbinder. Of « A 3 usurper » only the tops are visible. Of « B from », entire in the copy I have used, only the greater part of « B » and the top of the « f » of « from » have been spared. Only the tops of « Har » on B^v have escaped destruction. « B 2 mous » wants the lower part of the letters. « B 3 under » is so indistinct that Dr. van Dam reads « A 3 ». I have printed « B 3 » with the addition of a mark of interrogation ; of course the possibility of a misprint in the signature is not excluded, but where in one copy this signature is entirely wanting and in the other has dwindled down to little more than a dot I thought it safest to retain the B. The catchword on B 3^v seems to be « Thorn » in the British Museum copy but may be « Thor. » as the name is sometimes written, e. g. F 2. The period after « Alu » on C 2^v is very indistinct. « ward » on D 3^v is entirely wanting in either copy. There is only a slight trace of G in the British Museum copy, and the catchword is wanting in both.

On the whole the text is a good one, the number of misprints not being very great. The original has been scrupulously followed in all details, except that a modern s has been printed instead of the old-fashioned long f. At the end of this Introduction the reader will find a list of all the misprints occurring in the original except such as for some reason or other are mentioned in the notes.

The lines agree in every respect with the original. The stage directions are as much as possible in the same place as in the original. In the case of the catchwords this was not always easy as the old printers did not scruple to make a line project beyond the preceding ones; thus, in the original, « who » at the bottom of A 3^r stands more to the right by its own breadth. For the rest I refer the reader to pp. xviii and xix of Mr. R. B. Mc Kerrow's edition of *The Devil's Charter* (*Materialien* VI) : what is said there virtually applies to every reprint of an old text. — The utmost care has been bestowed upon the correction of the proofsheets. The revises have been read by two of my colleagues whom I here thank for their help.

§ 2 DATE AND AUTHOR. The play was printed in 1655 and revived at the King's Theatre in 1680. In the course of the same year it is said to have been reprinted under the title of *The Perjured Nun*, 4^o. I have never seen this play and have not succeeded in my attempts to discover a copy. Neither in the library of the British Museum nor in the Bodleian is there a copy of it.

The Lovesick King was included by Chetwood in his *Select Collection of Old Plays* (Dublin, 1750). Kirkman, Baker, and Halliwell have identified Anth. Brewer with the T. B. (supposed to stand for Tony Brewer !) whose name is on title-page of *The Country Girl* (1647, 4^o), a play of much higher standard than *The Lovesick King*, and who may be identical with Thomas Brewer. Owing to a wrong interpretation of the blanks in Kirkman's *Catalogue, Lingua* has long been ascribed to Brewer. *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* has also been ascribed to our author, owing to a mixing up of the names of Anthony and Thomas Brewer, and of the title of the play with that of Thomas Brewer's prose tract « *The Merry Devil* ». These particulars, which I owe to the *Dictionary of National Biography* is about all that we know both of the play and the writer (*). Thus much only is certain that Brewer must have been well acquainted with the local history of Newcastle : he knew not only the half authentic half legendary history of Thornton but also the local proverb connected with his name. Of course this need not necessarily point to his being a native of Newcastle, but it makes it very probable that he resided there for some time. Moreover, the interest of the play is so local that one cannot help thinking that it must have been written for a Newcastle audience. Unfortunately we are here

*j Cp. Halliwell, *A Dict. of Old English Plays*, 1860, p. 154. — W. Carew Hazlitt, *A Manual for the Collector and Amateur of Old English Plays*, 1892, p. 141. — Ward, *English Dramatic Literature*, 1899, III. 174, 175.

transgressing on the domain of guesses. Mr. Richard Welford, the well-known antiquary of Newcastle, author « *Men of Mark 'twixt Tyne and Tweed* » informs me that after a diligent search he has utterly failed to find any trace of the name of Ant. Brewer. In a reply in *Notes and Queries* 10th S. ii. 468 he says that he has found no record of our play.

As regards the date at which the play was written we are utterly in the dark : the only thing we can say is that it must have been written long before it was printed, but nothing in the play gives us any certain clue to the year.

Whether the play on « Canute » mentioned by Henslowe in 1597 has any connection with our play is, to say the least of it, doubtful (*). In Mr. Greg's new edition of the *Diary* the entry is as follows :

the xi of octobre begane my lord admerals & my lord of penbrockes men to playe at my howsse 1579.

		tt at hardwute	00	16	00-00-1
	31	ne	02	00	00-014-00
October		tt at fryer spendelton	00	16	30-12-00
		2	00	16	30-12-00
November 1597		tt at burbon	00	10	00-14-00
		3	00	10	00-14-00
		tt at knewtvs			

A note is attached to this passage, saying : « hardwute (C. Hardacute) The word is smudged and rather illegible. It might possibly be hardcunte, but I do not think it is ». (C. = Collier.) Collier in his edition of 1845 reads « Hardacute » and adds in a note : « Ought we not to read Hardiknute ? Afterwards we have Knewtus for Canutus, meaning, no doubt, the same drama » (p. 91). It is on the face of it not very likely that within the course of a month two different plays with a Danish usurper for subjects should have been staged. If Brewer's play is a Newcastle production, and if the names of Osric and Hoffman are taken from *Hamlet* and *Hoffman* (v. *infra*) Henslowe's « Knewtvs » can have no connection with our play. In Collier's edition of the *Diary* there is on p. 276 « A Note of all suche bookes as belong to the Stocke, and such as I have bought since the 3^d of March 1598 » — among which is « Hardicanewtes. » There is no reason why our play should be referred to as « Hardicanutus », which name is only mentioned casually in the last Act (*Hardiknute* l. 1842).

Mr. Fleay (*Chronicles of the English Drama* II, p. 34) says : *The Lovesick King* was not, I think, acted at London, but at Newcastle. In II, 1. « Is he not one of those players of interludes that dwells at Newcastle ? » « If there be any Helicon in England, 'tis here at

*) v. Felix E. Schelling, *The English Chronicle Play*, 1902, p. 169.

Newcastle ? » In III. 1 ; V. 3, Newcastle sea-coals are preferred to Croydon charcoals. In II. 1 Monday, the playwright, is alluded to : « What day is this ? O, Monday, I shall love Monday's vein to poetize as long as I live. » Cf. Jonson, *The Case is Altered*, 1598, I. 1, where Antonio Balladino (Monday) says, « An' they'll give me twenty pounds a play, I'll not raise my vein. » Grim the Collier is one of the characters. Haughton's play of that name dates March 1600. Heywood's *How to learn of a woman to woo* (acted at Court 1605, and of course earlier in public) seems to be alluded to at the end of Act I and in Act II. All these indicate a date of c.1604. The names of the characters, Grim, Osric, Hoffman, Randal, Canutus, etc. seem to be taken from Admiral's men's plays of 1597-1603 ». Unfortunately Mr. Fleay does not quote the exact lines said to contain an allusion to Heywood's play nor does he give his reasons for seeing at all an allusion in them. Moreover, it is rather difficult to see how there can be allusions in our play to a non-extant drama : *How to learn of a woman to woo* is lost. Mr. Fleay, *History of the Stage* p. 412, however, thinks it may be the same play as *The Wise Woman of Hogsdon*, which was not printed till 1638, but probably acted many years earlier (Ward, II 574.)

The year in which *Grim the Collier* was printed can be of little assistance in determining the date of our play as there is nothing to prove that Brewer took his Grim from that play, the character appearing on the stage as early as 1571, and *Tom Collier* as early as 1568. The name of Hoffman may have been taken from Chettle's play of that name, mentioned by Henslowe in 1602. This would fix the downward limit. Similarly the name of Osric may have been suggested by Hamlet, which goes back to about the same time. It would seem far from unlikely that these names should have been taken from two plays which bear so much resemblance to each other *), and which, no doubt, attracted much attention at the time. As a playwright would hardly take names from old plays but rather from such as he had recently read or seen, and had become popular with the playgoing public, Mr. Fleay's hypothesis seems to be corroborated by the probable origin of the two names. The name of Osric may also have been suggested by one of Thomas Heywood's lost dramas perhaps written in collaboration with Wentworth

*) After very carefully examining the numerous points of agreement Ackermann (in his edition of *Hoffman*, 1894) says : aus allem scheint mit Evidenz hervorzugehen dass das Drama als Gegenstück zu Shakespeare's Hamlet von Chettle für das Rose Theatre in Southwark geschrieben wurde. (p. xxii.)

Smith *, mentioned in Henslowe's *Diary* under 20 September 1602 (p. 181). « Lent vnto the companye the 20 of septmber 1602 to paye vnto m^r smythe in pte of payment of (of) a Boocke called marshalle oserecke some of { iijl. » On the 30th of September 1602 Henslowe paid three pounds : vnto Thomas hewode in fulle payment for his Boocke of oserecke. » (p. 182), while on the 3rd of November there is again mention of the play of « oserocke. » It will be noted that this play also belongs to the year 1602. — Perhaps we may trace the influence of Macbeth in the name of Malcolm, and in l. 648 a reference to Macbeth II, 3. 17 : *They say a Taylor burnt his goose*. This would fix the downward limit at 1605. The part played by the Scotch in our play may be attributable to a wish to please king James. Especially the words at the close of the play (ll. 1967-1975) are very important in this connection and would seem to point to 1603 or the years immediately following it. No undue importance should be attached to the fact that our play contains four lines of a song that also occur in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* : such songs were common property. That Brewer knew his Shakespeare is evident from the quotation from *Venus and Adonis* : *Death's ebon dart'* (l. 317)

An additional reason for assigning the play to 1605, or at least to a not much later date, may be found in another circumstance. In that year a play *The History of Richard Whittington* was entered in the Register of the Stationers' Company **. As the title shows it was written to glorify the deeds of Whittington. There is a certain amount of similarity between the lives and fortunes of Thornton and Whittington : both came poor to a big town ; both made their fortunes in an unexpected manner ; both were munificent ; both became mayor of the town where they had prospered ; Whittington married his master's daughter, Thornton his master's widow. It should seem by no means unlikely that Brewer, partly in imitation of, partly in rivalry of the play commemorating the London hero, wrote a play commemorating a Newcastle hero.

§ 3 SOURCES. The present play falls under Prof. Schelling's headings of « pseudo-history and folk-lore ***) », and of « biographical

*) v. Ward II 607.

**) 8 february (1605) Thomas Pavyer. Entred for his copy vnder th[e] h[an]des of the Wardens. « *The history of Richard Whittington of his lowe byrthe. his great fortune* » as yt was plaied by the prynces servantes. . . vjd. (Arber's *Transcript*, III. 282). On the 16 July of the same year a ballad was entered « called. *The vertuous Lyfe and memorable Death of Sir Richard Whittington mercer sometymes Lord Maiour of the honorable Citie of London*. (ibid. III 296.)

***) v. Felix E. Schelling, *The English Chronicle Play*, 1902. p. 277.

chronicle play *) ». As regards the pseudo-historical part, nothing is known of any amour between Canute and a nun « Cartesmunda »; no reference is made to it in the lengthy article on the Danish King in the *Dictionary of National Biography* **). Perhaps the author was thinking of the intrigue between King Edgar and the nun of Wilton, Wulfthryth, to which reference is made in *Grim the Collier* I, 2:

Is not that Dunstan he who check'd the king
About his privy dealing with the nun,
And made him to do penance for the fault?

Langbaine, *English Dramatick Poets*, Oxford 1691, p. 31 says : The Historical part of the Plot is founded on the Invasion of the Danes, in the Reign of K. *Ethelred*, and *Alfred*; which the Author calls *Etheldred* and *Alured*. See the Writers of English Affairs, as *Polydore* (,) *Vergil*, *Mathæus Westmonasteriens. Gul. Malmsburiensis, Ingulfus, Ranulphus Higden, Du Chesne, Speed, &c.* ». In none of these chronicles is there even the slightest reference to a story similar to that of Canute and Cartesmunda in our play : they one and all give a more or less detailed account of Canute's conquest and reign but are silent on this particular point. The name *Cartesmunda* Brewer may, however, have taken from J. Speed, *The Historie of Great Britaine vnder the Conquests of the Romans, Saxons, Danes and Normans*, London, 1632. In 27, 2 he mentions *Cartismandua* (faithlesse Cartismandua) as « Queene of the Brigantes » in the time of Caesar ; and in 34, 12 he gives the following account of her faithlessness : *Venutius*, a famous King of the *Brigantes*, and husband to *Cartismandua* (a woman of an high and noble lineage, but of a base and vnsatisfied lust) finding his bed abused by *Vellocatus* his servant and harness-bearer, raised his power against her, and her paramour. With him sided his *Brigantes*, and the neighbour countries adioyning, whose good will went generally with the lawfull husband, fearing the

*) *ibid.* p. 220.

**) The Rev. Wm. Hunt, author of the article on Canute in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, to whom I applied for information, courteously writes : « There is no historical ground for the story, nor have I met with anything like it, so far as Canute is concerned, in any later writer ». I am glad to say that my kind correspondent makes the same conjecture as to the origin of the story as I have made above. After mentioning Edgar's marriage with Elfrida and his intrigue with the « veiled lady » (*Dict. Nat. Biogr.* Vol. xvi, 368) he goes on to say : « They became famous ; for they are told by William of Malmesbury.— Brewer may well have read them in a history of his own time and have transferred such parts as he wanted for the purpose of his plot.— Canute and Winchester would of course have been better names for a playwright to use than the less known ones Edgar and Wilton. »

ambitious authority of a lustfull woman. With her went the *Romans*, at the command of *Didius* their *Deputy* : and these striking battell won the day ; yet so as the warre continued to the *Romans*, the kingdome to *Venutius*, and the infamy with *Cartismandua*, both for betraying the pledge of her trust reposed by *Caractacus* in his distresse, & her truth to *Venutius* her noble Lord and husband : preferring the licentious pleasures of a vassall before the bed of chaste mariage, or the nuptiall embracements of a worthy King, and hath to ages following left her name noted with the scarres of infamy, that time nor continuance shall euer weare away. » No doubt this account is based upon Tacitus, *Annales* 12, 36 : Ipse, ut ferme intuta sunt adversa, cum fidem *Cartimandus* (var. *Cartimanduae*), reginae Brigantium, petivisset, vinctus ac victoribus traditus est, nono post anno quam bellum in Britannia coepit. And again 40 : Post captum *Caractacum* praecipuus scientia rei militaris *Venutius*, e Brigantum civitate, ut supra memoravi, fidusque diu et Romanis armis defensus, cum *Cartimandua* (— dum *cod.*) reginam matrimonio teneret ; — callidisque *Cartimandua* (*Cartimannus cod.*) artibus fratrem ac propinquos *Venutii* interceptit. 3, 45 : in *Cartismandua* reginam. — *Cartimandua* Brigantibus imperitabat. — In extremum discrimen *Cartismandua* adduxit. — Holder, *Alt-Celtischer Sprachschatz*, Leipzig, 1896, p. 817, 8 says : *Carti-mandūā* mit variante *Cartis-mandūā* (s-stamm in composition, cf. *Atis-mara*, *Civis-marus* (?), *Ratis-bona* ; oder ist nach Brugmann hinter dem s- ein vocal geschwunden, cf. gen. *Viscari* aus * *Visu-cari* ?), « curruum copiam habens » ? Zu Καρθιλιτανως cf. *Mandu-essedum* ; nach d'Arbois de Jubainville « la fille de celui qui veille sur un objet appelé « *carti-s* », *Carti-* peut-être une variante de *Carlo-* dans *Carlo-briga*, *Carlo-val*, cf. *Eporedi-rix* et *Eporedorix* » ; F. name einer Königin der Brigantes in Brittanien, a. 50-59 p. Chr. — Nothing is known about a nun of this name at Winchester. No mention is made of a nun *Cartesmunda* in : Tanner, *Notitia Monastica*, 1787 ; or in : *An ancient MS. of the 8th or 9th c. formerly belonging to St Mary's Abbey, or Nunnaminster, Winchester* ; edited by W. de Gray Birch, 1889. The Abbey of St Mary, Winchester, was destroyed in 1114 in the war between Stephen and the Empress Maud (v. Dugdale, *Monasticon Anglicanum* II 452, 1846). No register of the Abbey is in existence. (ibid. 453.) No information on this subject is to be found in *A Description of Winchester*, 1760.

Erkinwald is an historical name, having been borne by a bishop of London in the 7th century.

As has been said *The Love-sick King* is also a « biographical chronicle play » with Thornton for its hero.

Thornton is an historical personage. The following particulars concerning him I owe to the kindness of the Mayor of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and of Mr. R. Oliver Heslop, secretary of The Society of Antiquaries of that town. « Roger Thornton came to Newcastle as a youth in the latter part of the 14th century and was understood to be in very poor circumstances. He is mentioned in the local annals in 1394 as a shipowner ; in 1397 he was one of the Bailiffs of Newcastle. When Henry IV came to the throne Thornton was elected a member of Parliament for Newcastle, and he obtained from the King in 1400 the separation of Newcastle from the County of Northumberland, and, grateful for his services in this matter, Newcastle elected Thornton the first Mayor *under the new régime*. (Thornton was *not* the first mayor of Newcastle.) Thornton was elected Mayor of Newcastle eight times. He became a very wealthy man, and Leyland described him as « wonderful rich » and « the richest merchant that ever was dwelling in Newcastle. » Thornton died in Newcastle in 1430, and was buried in All Saints Church, and over his grave was erected an altar-tomb, inlaid with a mounted brass of French workmanship. This brass is still existing in All Saints Church, and is regarded as the Medieval treasure of the City. »

« A traditional couplet, once current here, records the fact that :

At the Westgate came Thornton in,
With a hap, a ha'penny and a lambskin.

This is usually interpreted as an allusion to the poor condition in which Thornton entered the town and began the career of Merchant Adventurer in which he subsequently amassed great wealth. But this popularly received view has been questioned. A very ancient proverb runs : « Hap and a halfpenny are world's gear enough. » Thornton came it is alleged, furnished not only with the necessaries of life i. e. « hap » (clothing) and a halfpenny, but with a lambskin (or purse) besides. And it is stated that his family was one of standing in the county. — Thornton's rise to great wealth induced jealousy. This became manifest in disparagement of his origin and a belief in questionable means adopted in acquiring his wealth. »

Thus truth and untruth are mixed : Thornton who flourished under Henry IV is represented as living in the reign of Canute ; Canute who was victorious and reigned over England till his death in 1035 is represented as being defeated by Alfred, who died in 901 !

In one respect the Thornton plot is important : it adds great force to Mr. Fleay's contention that *The Lovesick King* was acted, or at all events first acted, in Newcastle. The play was sure to appeal to the local pride in a man of Thornton's fame and importance.

Grim the Collier is a favourite figure in the older drama. In Hazlitt's *Dodsley* there are three plays in which a collier appears on the stage :

In the « *Enterlude Intituled Like wil to like quod the Deuel to the Collier* » by Vlpian Fulwel 1568, Tom Collier is one of the minor characters, his part being limited to a dialogue with Nichol Newfangle and Lucifer, crowned by a dance and a song to the tune of *Tom Collier of Croydon hath sold his coals*. (Hazlitt's *Dodsley* III.)

In *Damon and Pithias* (Rich. Edwards, 1571) Grim the Collier suddenly appears at the Court of Dionysius the tyrant to bring coals for the « King's mouth. » He falls into the hands of Will and Jack, two lackeys who make a fool of him and pick his purse. As in the former play the connection with the rest of the drama is of the slightest. (*ib.* IV.)

In *Grim the Collier of Croydon ; or, The Devil and his Dame : with the Devil and Saint Dunstan*. By I. T. Grim though giving his name to the play can hardly be said to be the hero of the comedy though the part he plays in it is far more important than that which he plays in the two preceding ones. He is a kind, simple-hearted fellow over head and ears in love with Joan, an eagerly contested rural beauty, whom, assisted in this by Robin Goodfellow, he triumphantly leads to the altar. Grim is a male prototype of Mrs. Malaprop. (*ib.* VIII ; first printed in 1662 but probably written about 1600.)

Nothing in these three plays points to direct imitation by Brewer. He merely took the collier from the older drama generally, as a popular personage who, by his naive talk and foolish quips was sure to please an audience who were « tickled o' the sere. » The adaptation of the story of Edgar and Wulfthryth would point to Brewer's taking the character of Grim from *Grim the Collier*.

§ 4. METRE. The reader will at once notice that nearly all the verse has been printed as prose. It was, of course, altogether impossible to indicate throughout how the lines ought to be read : only in some cases I have given a hint in the notes, or printed the verse there as I think it ought to be read. Without going into excesses the book of Dr. van Dam and Dr. Stoffel will frequently enable the student to reduce disorder to order. The metre reminds us of Fletcher's : we often find short and long lines varying the regular length of the pentameter.

§ 5. THE PLAY OF 1750. The changes in this play are utterly unimportant : to insert them in the notes would be to burden this

book with valueless matter. In order to enable the reader to form an opinion of the alterations made by the publisher I subjoin a small number of the most striking variants.

- l. 59 *added* : countrymen.
- l. 60 *changed* : for fight.
- ll. 110,1 *changed* : Haste & summon all thy friends in Norfolk.
- l. 115 *changed* : journey's long.
- ll. 258,9 *changed* : this realm is ours by conquest.
- ll. 1114,5 *changed* : Sir, & wish you health ; for you have wealth
enough to make you happy.

§ 6. LITERARY VALUE. Little need be said with regard to the literary value of the play. It is interesting on account of its threefold plot : historical-biographical (Thornton) ; pseudo-historical (Canutus) ; legendary (Grim the Collier). Aesthetic value it has none.

Groningen, 1907.

A. E. H. SWAEN.

MISPRINTS IN THE ORIGINAL TEXT.

- l. 13. No stop between r and captain.
- l. 21. Walcolme.
- l. 27. No period after *Goodgift*.
- l. 50. *Ethelred*.
- l. 140. *Elkinwald*.
- l. 232. peirce.
- l. 348. *Manet*.
- l. 434. a A Lambs-skin.
Thorneton.
- l. 612. inteat.
- l. 617. Ist't.
- l. 658. ist't.
- l. 801. *Elkinwald*.
- l. 972. rhy.
- l. 1071. *Thonton*.
- l. 1120. foget.
- l. 1300. o.
- l. 1339. you.
- l. 1404. de'.
- l. 1430. inmine.
- l. 1626. Allegaince.
- l. 1693. himhe.
- l. 1751. asto.
- l. 1809. diety.
- l. 1875. Mu sick.
summos.

Readers are requested to correct the following errors in the text :

- l. 831. There should be a mark of exclamation after *accurst*.
- l. 1013. The period (.) after *Thornton* should be a comma (,).
- p. 41. The signature F has dropped out.
- p. 48. There should be no period (.) after *The Love-sick King*.

THE
Love-sick KING,

An English
Tragical History:

WITH
The Life and Death of *Cartesmunda*,
the fair Nun of *Winchester*.

Written by *Anth. Brewer, Gent.*



LONDON,
Printed for *Rob Pollard* at the *Ben. Jonson-head*
behind the Exchange, and *John Sweeting*
at the *Angel* [in *Popes-head-Alley*].

1655

Persons of the Play.

<p><i>Etheldred King of England, slain.</i></p> <p><i>Alured his Brother, after</i></p> <p>5 <i>disguised under the name of Eldred, and at last King.</i></p> <p><i>Canutus King of Denmark, the Love-sick King.</i></p> <p>10 <i>The King of Scotland.</i></p> <p><i>Edmond Duke of Thetford</i></p> <p><i>Edulf and Edell, Lords.</i></p> <p>1 <i>Captain.</i></p> <p>2. <i>Captain.</i></p> <p>15 <i>Osbert the Rebel, Duke of Mertia.</i></p> <p><i>Erkinwald, and Harrold, Lords of Denmark.</i></p> <p><i>Osrick, Hoffman, & Hul-</i></p> <p>20 <i>drick, Danes,</i></p> <p><i>Walcolme, a Scot.</i></p>	<p><i>The Abbot of Winchester.</i></p> <p><i>Goodgift a Merchant of Newcastle.</i></p> <p><i>Randal a Coal-Merchant, 25</i></p> <p><i>brother to Goodgifts wife.</i></p> <p><i>George, Factor to Goodgift</i></p> <p><i>Thornton the Pedlar.</i></p> <p><i>Grim the Collier, Servant</i></p> <p><i>to Randal. 30</i></p> <p><i>A Black-smith.</i></p> <p><i>A Gold-smith.</i></p> <p><i>A Workman.</i></p> <p><i>Colliers.</i></p> <p><i>Elgina, Sister to Canutus 35</i></p> <p><i>King of Denmark.</i></p> <p><i>Cartesmunda the fair Nun</i></p> <p><i>of Winchester.</i></p> <p><i>Wife to Goodgift, after his</i></p> <p><i>widow. 40</i></p> <p><i>The Scene, England.</i></p>
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The Love Sick KING.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Enter King Etheldred, Alured his Brother, Edmond Duke of Thetford,
45 *Eduf, Edell Earl of Hampshire, with their Swords drawn, and*
some Souldiers wounded before them. Alarms continuing afar off.

King,

50 **O** Stay and hear me speak my noble Friends, my Subjects
and my Souldiers hear your King ; in nine set Battels
gainst the conquering *Danes* hath *Ethelred* with various
fortunes fought, to rescue you and *England* from the
spoils of War and Tyranny : Recall your spirits, this
City *Winchester* is all our strength,

And if you cease to fight, the Foe comes on,

55 With bloody rage, and sad confusion.

Cap. 1. The breach is made, the *Danes* rush ore the Walls, and like
the pent up Ocean 'bove his banks, falls from his height with roaring vio-
lence, and drowns us all in blood.

Alu. despair not quite,

60 We yet may beat 'em back, arm, arm to fight.

Edm. The *Danes* are in the streets, slaughter begins, and execution
is their Souldiers words. O will you lay your throats beneath their
swords, or doth your danger make you desperate ? your houses will be
preys to fire and theft.

65 *King.* Your Wives and Daughters slaves to *Danish* lust.

Alur. Your Children in their Mothers arms struck dead.

Edm. The names of English torn from memory ;

Oh let your valors in one chance be hurl'd,

Or quite extirpe a Nation from the World.

70 *King.* See, on my knees, I pray you, for your selves ; O 'tis for
Englands safety not my own, makes me a Subject to my Subjects thus,

pitty your King, your Country, and your selves that now are falling,
let your valors rise, and in this last resist your enemies.

Alu. Now by my Princely birth (my royal Brother) His sight a-
75 mazes more than all the *Danes*; rise, rise, and speak no more; put them
away, the stones will sooner yeeld you aid than they.

2. *Capt.* Rip up our Brests, and see our loyal hearts to fight and die
for you in this just cause, But death hath seized us, all our bloods are
wasted, and through our many wounds our souls exhausted.

80 1. *Capt.* And since we can no more, O let your swords take swift
revenge, and save the *Danes* a labor, In killing us you ease our present
woes. *Alarm and cries within.*

Ent Edel. Fly royal Princes, save your lives by flight, the day looks
clouded, there's no hope of safety; The traiterous *Osbert* Duke of
85 *Mertia* makes Head against you, and with all his Troops, enters the
City gates, guards in the *Danes*, tryumphs in slaughter thorough every
street. The aged Father of St. *Swithins* Abby, that with his holy Cross
between his hands, mounted the Walls to cause the Souldiers on to
fight for Freedom and Religion, Seeing this Treason, hath retir'd him-
90 self, and on the holy Altar heaves his hands, awaiting death; the chaste
religious Mayds, with *Cartesmunda* their fair Governess,
Flock to the Temple as their last defence,
Hoping that place may shield their innocence.

King. Come, Princely *Alured*, my noble Brother, lets seek to stop
95 their pressing through the City, if we must die---

Alur, 'Tis but our Fate

Which even till death close by thy side Ile wait. *Exeunt.*

Alarm. Enter *Osbert, Erkinwald, Harold, and the Danes cry-*
ing Kill, kill, the wounded Souldiers rise and fight, to them,
100 the King, *Alured, and the English, who are driven out*
and the King slain.

Edm. Seek for your safety, Sir, the King is dead.

Alur. See noble *Edmond* what the *Danes* have done, a King, by
Heaven created for a Crown, now onely made fit for a golden Urne, be-
105 trayd to death and slaughter pittiless.

Edm. Curse on the Traitors heart that wrought this Treason, rebel-
lious *Osbert* that betrayest thy Country.

Alur. Leave his reward to Heaven that will avenge it; and brave
Duke *Edmond*, sith the times are such, lets take disguise with speed
110 and seek for safety: If Heaven be pleas'd, brave Lord, we yet may live,
if not, what Heaven has given, ile freely give. Hie thee to *Thetford*, raise
thy

thy friends in *Norfolk*, If I escape with life, Ile post to *Scotland*,
Donald the King is of a noble spirit, and will not slack I know to send
 his aide against this common Foe to both our Kingdoms.

115 There shalt thou meet me, tho our journeys far,
 Wee'l once again renew this dreadful war.

Edm. Spoke like the hope of *England*! Royal Prince! shake hands
 in this red City, and then part, for in thy quarrell I will live and
 dye.

120 *Alu.* First bear hence this cold clay of Majesty, our hapless Brother, and
 revenge his death.

Edm. That, and what else may but express thy Worth and Title
 to the Crown, ile still pursue, or may black infamy my baseness
 tell.

125 *Alu.* My soul shall quit thy love. Brave Prince farewell.

Exeunt severally.

Alarm. Enter *Canutus*, K. of *Denmark*, *Elgina* his Sister, *Erkin-*
wald, *Osbert*, *Harold*, *Osrick*, *Souldiers*.

Osb. The Cities wone, my Lord, the King is slain, and great *Ca-*
 130 *nutus* with his Royal Troops may take possession of this conquer'd
 Town.

Canu. Thy love brave *Osbert* duke of *Mertia*, revolting from the
English to our part, has overturn'd the City *Winchester*, drown'd in the
 blood of Kingly *Etheldred* and all his Hoast. Hie thee Duke *Erkin-*
 135 *wald*, conduct our beauteous Sister to our Tent : You shall go back
Elgina strongly guarded, till with our swords we clear all passages that
 may oppose our peaceful enterance.

Stand on yon Hill, and hear the *English* crys,
 While Trumpets sound the *Danish* Victories.

140 *Conduct her Elkinwald.*

Erk. I shall, great Prince.

Elgi. The Gods protect my noble Brothers safety, and crown thy
 brows with wreathes of victory.

Canu. Duke *Harold* take our Guards, and march before, ransack
 145 the Temple, and each private house,
 Who bears the name of *English* strike him dead ;
 This day the Kingdom's wholly conquered.

Osb. Long may it so remain to great *Canutus* ; an hundred thirty
 years the *English* Kings have paid just Tribute to the conquering
 150 *Danes*, which now re-conquered, with assured hopes to hold pos-
 session of the State and Crown, see here the slaughtered Body of a
 King [.]

Usurping and disloyal *Etheldred*,
 Thus *Osbert* sets his foot upon thy head,
 155 That was annointed late with precious Balm,
 Rejoycing that by me thy pride is faln.

Canu. Forbear brave *English* Lord, remember this, he was a King,
 let not thy Subject foot tread on thy Sovereigns head ; Take off his
 Crown, and when the slaughter's past present it to us, and we will then
 160 reward thy faithful service ; enter the Town, spare neither Sex nor
 Age,

Whip out this *English* Race, with iron rods ;
 The vanquish'd are but men, the Victors, gods. *Exeunt.*

Alarm. *A great Cry within. Enter Abbot bearing a Cross,*
 165 *Cartesmunda with two Tapers burning, which she placeth on*
the Altar, two or three Nuns following.

Abbot. Come holy Virgins, hie you to the Altar.

Car. The raging Foe pursues, defend us Heaven, Take Virgin tears,
 the balm of martyr'd Saints, as tribute due to thy Tribunal Throne ;
 170 with thy right hand keep us from rage and murder ; let not our dan-
 ger fright us, but our sins : Misfortunes touch our Bodies, not our
 Souls ;

Keep Faith before us, from Hell none escapes,
 Our deaths may be thy will, but not our Rapes.

175 *Abb* Fair *Cartesmunda*, bright illustrious Maid, O be thou con-
 stant in this day of tryal.

Vertue is Vice unless it do persever,
 That is true Holiness that lasts for ever.

Car. Upon my knees to you and Heaven I swear, when I do yeeld
 180 my Virgin vow to lust, in the soft Twines of an insatiate bed, may I give
 up the treasure of my youth

To such a man, whose lust and poisoned breath

May soon reward my sin, and be my death. *Follow, follow,*
Alarm,

185 *Abb.* Such Vows being kept are true religious. Hark, hark, the bloody
 Foe has forc'd the Temple.

Turn boldly and be constant, here's the tryal.

All Virgins, To Nature wee'l be false, to Heaven be loyal.

Alarm. *Enter Canutus, Erkinwald, Harrold, Hofman,*
 190 *Osrick, Souldiers.*

Canu. On, on, kill all, spare none ; this by *Canutus* dyes ; ha !
 Who

- Who holds my conquering hand ? what power unknown,
By Magick thus transforms me to a stone,
Senseless of all the faculties of life ?
- 195 My blood runs back, I have no power to strike.
Call in our Guards, and bid them all give ore,
Sheath up your swords with me, and kill no more ;
Her Angel-beauty cryes, she must not dye,
Nor live but mine : O I am taken strangely :
- 200 Methinks I lift my sword against my self,
When I oppose her : All perfection !
O see, the pearled dew drops from her eyn ;
Arise in peace ; fair soul, will you be mine ?
Car. If you be death not else.
- 205 *Canut.* Here is his power, for if my wrath thou move,
This blow shall rid my heart of torturing love ;
Pale deaths effect shall take away the cause, and I be free as Ayr : Thou
Sorceress, that stay'st my hand with Witchcraft, and with Charms :
I will unwind thy cunning Exorcismes. Rare beautious Virgin, Will
210 you love *Canutus* ?
Cartes. When to these bodies dead, thou givest new life, I then will
love thee.
Canut. Ile give thee death, As those in blood have faln ; and thou
shalt dye. I cud,-- We will withdraw ; Then kill her.
- 215 *Cartes.* And I am ready. Tyrant, do thy worst. O heaven !
Canut. Hold Traytor, hold, th'ast kill'd thy Sovereign : Does she
not bleed ? O Love how strong's thy fear ? All *England* shall not buy
this Jewel from me : Didst thou strike her ?
Har. I had not drawn my sword, you came so sudden.
- 220 *Canut.* Nor never may'st thou draw it 'gainst her life, so she bee
pleas'd to love.
Cartes. To hate thee I will love, but never love thee.
Canut. Grant me thy Love, my Royalties are thine, and thou shalt
strike the Sun blind with thy lustre, in Ornaments more rich then is the
225 Treasure hid in the unknown bottome of the Sea ; And for thy pleasures--
Cartes. Peace, sleek Flattery. Thou seekest to violate my Virgin .
Vow with thy enchanting tongue, which ere I break,
The heavens shall fright the earth ; Saints prove unjust,
Death lose this power, ere I imbrace mans lust.
- 230 *Canut.* She turns me wild with rage and passion ; Ile rip thy bosome
up to see that wonder, a constant womans heart : Sure thine is flint, yet
thus

thus Ile peirce it were it Adamant : Oh ! *He offers to strike, and his sword falls.*

Erkin. My Royal Lord.

235 *Har.* Great Prince recall your spirits.

Canut. I'm struck with lightning from the torrid Zone,
Stand all betwixt me and that flaming Sun ;
Yet do not : Let her heat in death be spent.
Go *Erkinwald*, convey her to my Tent.

240 Let her be guarded with more watchful eyes,
Then heaven has stars, for fear she be surpriz'd ;
If here she stay, I shall consume and dye,
'Tis time must give my passions remedy.

Art thou not gone ? Kill him that gazeth on her,

245 For all that see her, sure must doat like me,
And Treason will be wrought against us for her.

Be sudden. To our Tents, Prethee away,

The hell on earth is love that brings delay. *Exit Erkin. with Cartes.*

Har. The Duke of *Mertia* with the *English* Crown attends the
250 pleasure of my Lord the King.

Canut. Present him to us ; O obdurate Maid,

The *English* Crown is valueless to thee,

This thy *Idea* crowns my victory.

Ent. Osbert.

Osb. Low, as obedience, thus the vanquish'd *English* yeelds subject
255 duty to the King of *Danes*, and with this conquer'd Crown our lives
and honors.

Canut. You please us well Duke *Osbert* ; come invest us, thy
warlike hand shall crown *Canutus* head, For by thy aid, this Realm is
conquered.

260 *Osb.* Long live *Canutus* mighty King of *Danes*, of *Denmark*,
Norway, and of *England* King. *Florish.*

Canut. Thanks Duke of *Mertia*, We must now remember that by
thy late revolt we wan this City, slew *Etheldred* the Lord of many
thousands.

265 Now for reward which should ha' come before,

Thou never shalt crown King or subject more.

Off with his head.

Osb. My Lord.

Canut. A guard I say, stop up the Traytors mouth : Let us have
270 fear, not love ; Mans nature will be bold where it is lik'd ; A Kingdome
got by blood must so be kept : I will not hear him speak ; Away with
him ;

him ; Bring me his wisdoms head into my Tent, there weel converse.

Osb. Heavens wrath is justly sent.

Exit with Guard.

Canut. Here was it that I saw that blazing Star whose bright aspect
275 promis'd a general peace to this affrighted Kingdome : Torches Slaves,
the night comes on us, we are all in darkness, prepare my bed, weel rest
us after toyl, and sleep, thou mother of forgetfulness, drown all my
thoughts that ere I saw this Virgin, make her a stranger to my memory,
that I may joy in this, not dye for love. *Hofman*, her looks are heaven ;
280 her eyes are *Cupids* darts ; Go bring her to me : Art not gone yet
slave ? It is an Embassie too good for *Hermes*, the Herauld of the
gods : Thou shalt meet Lightning, yet on thou must, go ask that weep-
ing Nun, dost hear me ? Art not gone ? Were *Hellen* now alive, this
Maid alone would stain her beauty and new *Troy* should burn, *Paris*
285 would dye again to live to see her : O bring me her, Dull slave with
reverence ; Let not the Sun be more out-worshipp'd by the tann'd *Bar-
barian* : Tell her, A bleeding Lover sent thee to her, and name me
if thou chance to see her smile : Tha'st not forgot my name.

A cup of Wine ready.

290 *Hof.* No my good Lord.

Canut. Let me not spurn thee, Go, Fetch me some Wine, weel
war a while with Love. Fair *Phædra*, who in *Corinth* once was
found, compar'd to her, as different they wo'd show, as sable Ebony to
Alpine Snow ; when first I saw her at the holy Altar, Surely the gods
295 more careful of her life, then of a mass of souls brought me upon her,
and fix'd my soul to hers : Let's have some Musick. *Ent. Hofman.*

But thou prevent'st us with a better sound. The Accent of her
Name strikes Musick dumb, for she is Ayr of all perfection.-- Her
Name ?

300 *Hof.* Her three times sacred Name, most Royal King, is *Cartes-
munda*, a Religious Nun.

Canut. It needs no Epithite t'express the Name,
For *Cartesmunda* is the worlds bright frame.

I charge thee Villain, strait conduct her to me. Her sacred Name is
305 *Cartesmunda* call'd ; O fairest soul ! I fear't a harder Task to conquer
thee, than all the spacious Bounds of *Barbary* ; Had the gods none to
take my glory from me, but a weak woman ? O strange destin'd Fate !
Ten Worlds in Arms against *Canutus* State.

Enter Osrick and Cartesmunda.

310 See the day breaks ; Look where *Aurora* comes, and see the Mornings
dew falls from her eyes, begetting better Flowers than those of May

B

from

from the glad ravish'd Earth : O tell me *Fayr*, Speak *English Maid* ;
How camest thou to my sight ? What makest thou here ? Camest thou
to murder me ?

315 *Cartis*. What all my friends have found but wretched I,
I seek for, death to end my misery.

Canut. But canst not find him, for thou art immortal ; Death wud
dye for thee, if he ever saw thee, and for thy sake make blunt his Ebon
dart ; Pray weep no more, He prays that might command ; We will
320 not force the Jewel thou so prizest, till thou bequeath it freely to my
youth. We are oth' Eagles kind, and scorn to stoop to an ignoble
Thought : Sweet will you hear me ; 'Twas King *Canutus* fetch'd that
sigh you heard : Still turn aside ! Well, if you loathe me, leave me ;
there lyes your way : Yet be advis'd, Fond Maid ; No sooner shalt
325 thou pass from forth my sight, but the base Souldiers will lay hold
on thee, and what I value 'bove Religion, will not be thus much there,
They'l ravish thee, and therefore prethee stay, with tears I pray thee.
Thou frosty *April*, woo't not love for love ? Doo't then for Honor,
Pleasure, Majesty : Ungentle still ? Then get thee from my sight : Go
330 to the Woods, and learn of wilder Beasts a little pitty : You preserve
chastity with a foul sin, Ingratitude : Goodnight ; Yet stay, We are
strangers, We may kiss at parting ; Thou hast infus'd *Promethean*
Fires into me : I have two lives, Yet none of them mine own. Fair
Cartesmunda, If thou wilt be gone, bid me Goodnight, though in
335 some Language that I understand not :

Cartes. Goodnight, My Lord.

Canut. When shall I have thy Love ?

Cartes. When men shall cease to think there is a God, or any thing
more strange : Alas, great Prince !

340 My chastity stands at the Bar above,
My Life I owe to you, but not my Love.

Canut. So young, and full of grey hair'd Purity : In vain I shoot
against a wall of brass, that sends mine own shafts back upon my self.
I must choose fitter time to conquer thee. Lights, and a double guard
345 t'attend my Love.

(Fairest) Good rest ; be dutious in her keeping,
Ile wake with thought of thee, and then with weeping.

Exeunt. Manet Erkinwald, Harold, Captain.

Erk. The King is Love-sick *Harold* ; Joyn thy powers, and round
350 begirt this City *Winchester* ; Beset the wayes, let not the *English* scape,
That stood the siege and sack of *Winchester*.

Har.

Har. I think there's few escap'd, the King is slain
And *England* now submits toth' conquering *Dane*.

Erk. Prince *Alured*, the Brother to the King, and *Edmond* Duke
355 of *Thetford* both are scap'd and may raise powers afresh : Therefore
be careful. *Enter Elgina.*

Har. Doubt not my Lord. See here comes the Princess. *Ex.*

Erk. Madam, I bring you dear commends from your great Brother,
England is won, and the white flag of peace is rear'd upon the ruins of
360 this City, King *Etheldred* is slain, and great *Canutus* invested with his
Crown and Dignity. What conquest can be more ?

Elg. That you subdue your thoughts ; good sir, give ore, till I have
conference with the King.

Erk. And then youle love ?

365 *Elg.* Till then ile love no other.

Enter two Souldiers dragging in Alured in disguise.

1 Soul. Drag him along, he's *English* and must dye. Come for-
ward sir.

Alu. Yee cannot fright me, 'tis my wish to die,
370 And I that seek it scoff your Tyranny,
O for fair *Englands* good and my lost powers,
Mine be the suffering, and the glory yours.

Erk. What prisoner have our *Danish* Souldiers got ?

2 Sould. One of the stragling *English*, my good Lord,
375 And now are leading him to have him tortur'd.

Erk. Let him come near us, Say, what art thou ?

(Whispers with Alured.)

Elg. Some God, I think, disguis'd in humane shape, come down to
court us with bewitching looks,
380 There's something tels me, if my thoughts speak truth,
To thee I owe the pleasure of my youth.

Erk. Was that thy fortune, 'thad been better far
Th'adst fallen amongst thy friends in this dread war
Then live to further shame. Away and hang him.

385 *Elg.* Stay good my Lord.

Erk. Madam forbear, the King hath sworn the deaths of all that
bar'd his enterance to this City ; they scorn'd his profer'd peace,
and now must perish. This may suffice, Hee's *English*, and must dye.

Elg. If all the *English* perish, then must I, for I (now know) in
390 *England* here was bred, although descended of the *Danish* blood, King
[*Hardiknut* my Father, thirty years governed the one half of this fa-]

mous Kingdom, where I, that time was born an *English* Princess ;
Therefore I pray, my Lord, set this man free
Let me bestow his life and liberty ;

395 Ile beg it of the King.

Erk. Madam, tis yours, go Souldiers drink this gold, and let our
word to you discharge your Prisoner.

1. *Soul.* It shall my Lord, wo'd we were rid of all the *English* thus.

Ex. Sould.

400 *Elg.* Pray Sir, resolve me, what has your fortunes been ?

Alu. The most of woes dear Princess, I have liv'd to see my Coun-
try ruin'd, my friends murdred,
My self condemn'd to die, and but for you
I had been dead, that life I have's your due.

405 *Elg.* Comfort your self, henceforth you shall be mine,
Attend this, noble Lord, 'tis for your good ;
Where mildness conquers, we must shed no blood.

Erk. You are all compact of Love and Mercy (Lady) attend me
sir, and for this Princess sake, we will prefer thee ; come beauteous Ma-
410 dam you now must leave the Tents to entertain the glorious tryumphs of
the great *Canutus*, whom you must comfort, for the Love-sick King
sits sadly doating on a beauteous Nun.

Elg. Is't possible (my Lord) the King our brother,
In midst of Conquest sho'd be *Cupids* prisoner ?

415 *Erk.* Such is loves power, it flies with swiftest wings,
And midst his armed Guards he woundeth Kings.

Elg. *Venus* defend me, if he be thus powerful we shall be all Soul-
diers, and these stern Wars must be transformed into Loves encounters.
Well, my good Lord, wee'l see this *English* wonder my Brother so ad-
420 mires, call for our Guard and Train.

Erk. They are ready (madam)

Elg. Go you before then (sir) and Ile not stay,
Look to your Prisoner, lest he run away.

Erk. O fear not Lady-- Come sir.

Ex. Erk. Alu.

425 *Elg.* Wo'd he wo'd run, so he wo'd take me with him, by *Jove* I love
him, but 'tis bashfulness, that thus makes women hide their passions,
even till we burst and die ; we must not plead love,
Yea, tho't be offered we must still refuse it
With fond denial when we wish to chuse it.

430 I see no sence for this ; well amorous youth,
[For thy sake Ile teach women what to do,]

[And]

And spight of custom to begin to wooe.

Exit.

ACT. 2.

Enter *Thornton* with *Needles*, and a *Lamb-skin*, Singing.

435 *Thor.* Be gone, be gone, my Juggy, my Puggy, be gone my Love,
my Dear, my Money is gone, and ware I have none, but one poor Lamb-
skin here : Why so, and who buies this Lamb-skin now, A most
fine, dainty, nappy Lamb-skin, if a Lady would line her Petticoat,
A sweeter Lamb-skin cannot kiss her Catastrophe : Let me see, how of-
440 ten do I transform my self in four and twenty hours ? First, Here in
Northumberland, mine own native Country, amongst poor people I
change these myllan fustian Needles into eggs, then my eggs into mo-
ney, and then am I a Merchant, not of Eels-skins, but Lamb-skins ; and
thus poor *Thornton* of *Northumberland*, picks out a living in spight
445 of Beggery : Yet this is not the living that I aim at neither ; for I may
tell to all men that I have a terrible mind to be a horrible rich man ; nay, I
am half assured on't too, for where ere I go, there's something still whis-
pers in mine ears, I shall be greater, and here at *Newcastle* too, into
450 which I am now entring. All which to confirm, a Witch or a Jugler, has
guided my fate in writing, and now Ile read it once again, that all the
World may know my fortunes, and wonder at them. Mark then, for thus
it goes.

Reads.

Go to *Newcastle*, take thy fate,

Yet ere thou enter, count thy State,

455 If service in that place thou get

Thy wealth will rise to infinite,

And *Thorntons* name in *England* stand,

The richest Subject in the Land.

O fortune, how hast thou favoured a poor Merchant stranger ? I have all
460 this wealth in conceit already, and all this have I got of a cunning man,
for two poor Millan Needles, and one of 'em lacks an eye too. No
matter. Hope keeps the heart whole, and I shall be rich, that's certain,
but how I know not, nor care not, so I come in any likeness ; my For-
tune says, I must get a service here in *Newcastle*, but ere I enter I must
465 count the wealth I have now, and that's soon reckoned, one poor half
penny and a Lamb-skin, is all the wealth I have yfaith, and yet for all
this my state must stand the richest Subject in the Land ; 'tis certain, my
mind gives me it, and I am assur'd on't, yet I must put my self in re-
membrance of my poverty, lest I should forget my self when I am grown
470 so rich, I will write a note on't ere I enter the Town, and hang it here
[upon some tree,] to keep it in mind, as long as the River of *Time* runs

[B 3 (?)]

[under]

under it. Let me see, instead of paper this Tile-stone shall serve, and here's an Ink-horn I stole from my Hostis, a scurvy Quean, if I had not given her money for my Ale, she would have chaulked me presently,
 475 this shall serve the turn. Ile sit down and write, sweet *Hellicon* inspire me with thy Castalian lucke.

Enter Goodgift, and Randolfe, and George, his Wife.

Good. Come, come dispatch, the wind is North North West, and blows fair on us ; Where is *George* my Factor ?

480 *Fact.* Here Sir,

Good. At the next ebb, good *George*, I and the ship fall down to *Tinmouth* ; are your books made even, the goods made fit, and all things fitting for the voyage.

Fact. All's done sir, the Commodities priz'd and summ'd ; their
 485 value at my back return from Sea, I hope to treble to you.

Good. Heaven deal in that, or gain, or loss we must be still contented, and therefore are we call'd Adventurers, because we know 'tis hazard.

Rand. 'Tis indeed sir, and I do wonder at this gain of hazard youle
 490 set so great a state, seeing the time joyns with the Sea in danger ; the *Danish* Fleet watcheth to pill the *English* Venturers. Then be advis'd.

Wife. Yet to avoid all dangers Husband, I'de have you do as here my Brother doth, venture your state in your own Country, tho the gains be smaller, the safety's not so doubtful.

495 *Good.* I, I, Wife, thy Brother *Randolfe* here is known a famous Merchant for *Newcastle* Coals, and *England* holds the circuit of his traffick, but we that are Adventurers abroad, must fame our Country through all Christendom, nay far beyond our Christian Territories, to *Egypt*, *Barbary*, and the Tauny Moors, Where not indeed ? if Sea and
 500 wind gives way unto our dancing Vessels ; nay, nay, Brother, your merchandize compar'd with us, I tell you, is but a poor fresh-water venture.

Rand. Well brother, well, pursue your Foreign gain, I rest content at home, at the years end wee'l cast the difference 'twixt your far-fetch'd
 505 treasure, and our *Newcastle* home-bred Minerals, you shall perceive strange transformation, black coals turn'd to white silver, that's my comfort sir.

Good. And take it to you sir, with much good I wish it. But stay, stay, who is that ?

510 *Rand.* One that is very brain busie it seems.

Good. Peace, peace, observe him prethee.

[*Thor.*]

Thorn. Here did *Thornton* enter in
With hope, a half penny, and a Lambs-skin,
It shall go yfaith. Ile never strive to mend it ; foot this Poetry, and a
515 mans brains were not well laid in his head, woo'd make him mad, I
think if there be any *Hellicon* in *England* 'tis here at *Newcastle*, I
am inspired with it, every Coal-pit has a rellish on't, for who goes down
but he comes out as black as Ink.

Good. Is not this fellow mad ?

520 *Rand.* Good faith I doubt it.

Thorn. Well this writing will I set up here at the Towns end,
that when I have got all these riches together, and sit amongst my
comely Brethren, I then may staulk the pace of wit, and worship,
here to read this Manuscript, then will I view my Ware-houses, disperse
525 my coyn, comfort the poor, I and perhaps build Churches.

Rand. Either he speaks to himself, or hee's possest with some
strange talking spirit, that Dialogues within him.

Thorn. Then will I have some Fifty Beades-men in my life time,
for that's the first way to be prayed for here, and mourned for when I am
530 gone, and on their Gowns their Cullisance shall be six millan Needles,
and a silver Lambs-skin.

Good. Ha, ha, the more he speaks, methinks 'tis more distracted.
Lets question him.

Wife, Is hee not, think you Husband, one of those Players of
535 Interludes that dwels at *Newcastle*, and conning of his Part, for
surely these are other mens matters hee talks of? Doe you hear
honest man, and Friend, let mee instruct you to bee wise and so-
ber.

Sings.

Thorn. I come not hither for thee to teach,
540 I have no pulpit for to Preach,
I woo'd th'adst kist me under the Breech,
As thou art a Lady gay.

Wife, Marry comé up with a vengeance.

Good. La you wife, you see what 'tis to trouble a man in his
545 Meditations, prethee let him alone, hee's not mad I warrant thee.

Thorn. With hope, a half-penny, and a Lambs-skin, I protest
I never pleas'd my self better. Let mee see, what day's this ; O
Monday ! I shall love Mondays vein to poetize as long as I live, for
this trick.

550 *Good.* Good speed, Good fellow.

Thor. Ha, Whose that ? O I thank you Gentlemen ; If I have
good

good speed, Ile do good deeds the sooner : Your sufferance a little I beseech you ; Then will I build some famous Monument.

Rand. Thou build'st i'th' Ayr I think : Prethee, what Country-
555 man art ?

Thor. Faith Sir, a poor *Northumberland* man, and yet I tell yee Gentlemen, not altogether the poor Fellow, which you behold me ; Fortune may change, If you seek what I shall be, 'Tis infinite, and cannot be summ'd together : But if you wo'd know my present store ; It is
560 all summ'd on this Tyle-stone : I shall be very rich, that's certain ; and this Town of *Newcastle* must be the raising of my fortune, if there I get service, then are Wealth and Treasure my servants.

Good. And such a servant cannot want a Master. But Prethee tell me, Whence hast thou these hopes ?

565 *Thorn.* Pray Sir, read that, then tell me your opinion.

Good. Prethee let's see't. Go to *Newcastle* take thy Fate,

Yet ere thou enter, count thy State :

If service in that place thou get,

Thy wealth will rise to infinit ;

570 And *Thorntons* name in *England* stand

The richest subject in the Land.--- Excellent yfaith ! And dost thou beleeve all this ?

Thorn. As sure as you live Sir, and all the world cannot drive me from this opinion but that I shall be a very rich man.

575 *Good.* I like thy confidence : How dost desire to have Employment ? Wilt thou go to Sea.

Thorn. Sea or Land, Fire or Ayr ; Let *Newcastle* be my home, and some honest man my Master. This Halfpenny, and this Millan Needle, shall I multiply to a Million of Halfpence, and this innocent
580 Lambs-skin to a Magnificent Lordship.

Good. Stay there, I prethee, 'tis wealth enough for a subject, come, Ile give thee handsel, that's Entertainment, my name is *Goodgift* a Merchant of *Newcastle*, where thou desirest to serve, give me thy hand, If I do live to see thee this rich man, I shall be proud to say, I was thy
585 Master.

Thorn. I am your servant Sir, and will be faithful.

Good. Obey me then at first, as Ile imply thee : Thou shalt to Sea, I see thou wilt be thrifty : Come hither *George*, take him a Shipboard with thee, change his Apparrel strait, and make him handsome ; I begin
590 so well to relish his Plainness that I am half perswaded of his hopes. How say'st thou wife ?

Wife.

Wife. Nay, Nay, He bad me kiss his Breech, Birlady, but that's no matter Husband, seeing I see his Fortunes are so hopeful he shall have my likeing : Come hither *Thornton*, since thy Master sends thee out to
595 Sea, there's something for thee to begin thy stock with, and if thou double it, Ile ne're grudge yfaith, So thou't remember me, when th'art a rich man.

Good. Ha, Ha,-- she's confident already.

Rand. So shall I ne're be, till I see it Sir.

600 *Good.* Well, Well, Do as I bid thee *George*, under thy self, let him have charge of all.

George How will he put off these Commodities he has Sir ?

Thorn. Tush, Tush, Ile have an out-cry Fellow *George*, for so I take it Sir, your name is now.

605 *George* Why what's thy Lambs-skin good for ?

Thorn. Marry Muff Sir.

Wife. Thou say'st true indeed *Thornton*, and Ile purchase it of thee, for that purpose, Ile give thee a Groat for it to line my Muff withal.

610 *Thorn.* And you shall ha't Mistriss, It has been lain dead on my hands a great while, and now it shall be dead on yours, only this, Sweet Master, I must inteat you, that ere I enter the Town, I may hang up this writing here ; I doubt not Sir, but at my coming home, I shall be able to ha't cut in stone.

615 *Good.* Agreed, Agreed, an honest Motion. How now, Who's this comes here ?

Enter Grim.

Wife. 'Tis *Grim* the Collyer, Ist't not brother ?

Rand. O yes sister, the main Over-seer of all my Coles, I warrant you, his heads more troubled too, then *Thorntons* was to count his
620 hop'd-for wealth, and mark how wisely he proceeds about it.

Grim. Let me see now, first five hundred Chaldron of Coals at ten Groats a Chaldron, that is, in Coals and mony ; ten Groats, and ten Groats, is twice ten Groats ; Then take twice ten out of two times ten, and there remains four times ten : fivescore Chaldron at ten Groats a
625 Coal comes to five shillings, then take me thirty Coals out of thirty Chaldron, and put them together, and there's the whole Voyage, so thirty Chaldron of Coals, comes to five Chaldron of Angels.

Good. O rare ! He multiplies bravely.

Rand. I told you what a reck'ning he wo'd make on't.

630 *Grim.* Then to cast how many Fourpence halfpennies there are in a Chaldron of Angels : Let me see, take half a Chaldron out of a whole

Chaldron, and there remains--- No, No, this is not the way ; I must begin lower : A Chaldron of Angels, if you take nothing out, there remains something : This is the honest way for a servant when he casts up
635 his Masters Reckonings, to take nothing out, and then the whole Stock remains untouched still.

Rand. I marry Sir, I like that well ; Why, How now *Grim*, What art thou doing ?

Grim. I cry you mercy Master, I am even doing my good will to
640 make your Accounts right Sir : There's five hundred Chaldron of Coals leaving the River, and ship'd away : They'l be Sea-sick to morrow.

Rand. How many for *London* (*Grim* ?)

Grim. Three hundred Chaldron, Sir.

645 *Rand.* And whither go the rest ?

Grim. 'Twas purposed they sho'd ha gone to *Winchester*, but its thought since the *Danes* came thither, they have little need of Sea-coal, every place is so hot ; they say a Taylor burnt his Goose, and yet no fire came neer him.

650 *Rand.* That's strange. Well *Grim*, bid them alter their course for *Winchester*, bid them put in at *Lyn*, and *Yarmouth*, and let *London* be the farthest of their journey until these Wars afford us better safety.

Grim. Alas Master, if you stow up your ships, you may ee'n hang
655 up your Collyers, for they'l starve and dye if they come above ground once ; you have sevenscore pits, and seven hundred lusty Collyers daily digging in them, and if they come above ground once--- What *Thornton* my old Acquaintance ! How ist't, How ist't man ?

Thorn. Never better yfaith.

660 *Good.* Dost thou know him ?

Grim. Better then the Taylor that made his Doublet : Know *Thornton*, the famous Needle-maker of *Northumberland* ? There's not a Beggar that carries a Patch about her, but knows him ; All our Collyers buy Needles of him for the same purpose : Many a night
665 has he lain in the Sellerage amongst : *Thornton*, How many Eggs have you roasted at our fire in the Coal-pits ?

Thorn. Thou posest me now yfaith *Grim*, I have been infinitely beholding to thee, and when I am a rich man, here's my hand, Ile requite it.

670 *Grim.* I had rather thou would'st set a certain day to do't. Dost thou think to be rich by Pedlers Eggs, and Lambs-skins ?

Thorn.

Thorn. But I have other Employments now *Grim.*

Good. He is my servant Sir, and is already by my best liking voyaging to Sea.

675 *Grim.* Does he go a foot Sir ?

Good. Sirra, Sirra, He's a Venturer too, and when you see his safe return again with wealth from Sea, you'l make legs to him.

Grim. How legs to him ? I scorn him and his Lambs-skins. No Sir, *Thornton* must remember I am Controler of the Cole-pits, and that
680 many a night I have committed him to the Hole, and there he lay forty Fathom deep beneath me, where I co'd have buried him alive, if I had thought on't : Make legs to him ?

Good. Come, Come Sir, Wee'l have you friends at parting ; Go *George*, follow my directions, and let *Thornton* have that Employment
685 I prescribed to you ; Come Sir, you shall first erect your Character according to your mind at the Towns end, to keep a Record of your Entrance in.

Thorn. With hope, a Halfpenny, and a Lambs-skin, that's all Sir.

690 *Grim.* Ha, Ha, a brave rich man I promise you.

Exeunt.

Enter Erkinwald and Alured.

Erkin. Is thy name *Eldred* ?

Alur. Yes, My good Lord.

Erkin. Thou art my prisoner still, and we have power o're all, thy
695 Life and Fortunes.

Alur. I still confess it, Sir.

Erkin. 'Tis well, Canst thou guess then, why my love extends it self so lineally towards thee ? Thou know'st that even from death I have advanced thee close to my self, and trust thee with my secrets, and one
700 above the rest, requires thy aid, thy subtle and quick brain can better forge matter of fair discourse than mine can be, The bright *Elgina* thou must court for me. In Peace and War she has been still my aym, for her the tedious night I do beguile, with serious thoughts of her divinity, and watching till the midnight Chimes be past, have wak'd again before the
705 Village Cock had call'd the Plowman to his early labor.

Go plead my love, yet ere thou go, here swear

(Yet I with love will win thee, not with fear)

Never to injure me in this disguise, Nor with *Icavian* wing to soar too high.

710 *Alur.* I were a villain to betray your trust, being so meritless of your great favours, and therefore vow by all that man may swear by, Ile

be as true to you in this employment, as truth is to the just.

Erk. Thou hast said enough, I leave it to thy trust-- Go, return and make me happy, there's gold, spend freely. *Exit.*

715 *Alu.* Fortune I see thou now art blind, and foolish, and without aim direct'st thy giddy shafts, these gifts thou givest to me, which I despise, what physick helps a man just as he dies? Tis *Englands* peace that I would live to Court, but she is fled, and I a captive Prince, slave to my mortal foes, till time release me, that once I may regret my *English*
720 friends, which long ere this, I know have wish'd my presence, to joyn our forces for our Countryes freedom. *Enter Elgina.*

But here she comes whom I must plead for love; my faith is past, and were she beauties Queen, and half the world her dowre, I wo'd not wrong The trust I have receiv'd, Ile court her for him,

725 And plead my Masters love, though she abhor him.

Elg. Who's there, *Eldred*?

Alu. Your pardon beauteous Princess, I must wooe you.

Elg. But ile prevent you sir, for ile wooe you.

Alu. For noble *Erkinwald* my warlike Master. All love from
730 him.

Elg. Is nothing like to thee,
That conquer'st love, and *Cupids* Deity.

Alu. You do amaze me Lady.

Elg. Be not afraid,

735 But tell me boldly, could you love a Maid

That for thy sake wo'd be a president, and teach all women a new way to win the often wish'd desires of stubborn men? In me you shall observe patience and duty, tender care, and fear; by thy bright eyes, Ile teach the constant Turtle truer love, and make the Nuns at *Vesta's* Altar swear,

740 The Virgin state is not so strict to move

As the obsequious life you lead in love.

And cannot you yet say, you mean to love me.

Alu. Beshrew me Madam but you tempt me shrewdly, pray give me leave to think upon 't... Ha! my vow's not broke yet; for I wooe
745 not her, that was my oath sure, and I think there's no man that can withstand the wooing of a woman. Fond fool, how quickly youth and blood transform?

Elg. Come, What's your answer?

Alu. Dearest Lady, There is but one thing in the world that hates me,
750 and you have brought it with you.

Elg. O me! what sho'd it be?

[*Alu.*]

Alu. Forgive my rashness, 'tis a thing within you, not you, that charms me from you.

Elg. Be it my heart, ile pull it out, so thou wilt love me.

755 *Alu.* O gracious Princess, 'tis your Royal blood, so near allied unto the great *Canutus*

Keeps me at distance, were our states made even

My love sho'd be as strong as zeal to Heaven.

Therefore Imperial Maid---

760 *Elg.* No more, if that be all, we will dispence with greatness, use me like one that loves you, Ile Invent a plot that shall in short secure us both ; I crave but this, that thou be true of faith : For by my life I love thee.

Alu. And (gracious Princess) since now I see your passions are un-
765 feign'd, I vow not onely to requite your love, but with affected and sincere intents to crown your wishes, though it work my ruin.

Elg. Our faiths and hearts are one then, *Cupids* wings,

Can crown mean births, with joy, make slaves of Kings

Knew *Erkinwald* my heart, hee'd change with thee,

770 And be thy slave to have command ore me.

Lend me thine ear in private.

Enter Erkinwald.

Erk. At it so close ? Ile hear their conference, win her, and gain thy Freedom, Love and Honor. Ha ! That kiss (bold slave) past thy
775 Commission ; Death and the Devil, she kisseth him too. O fond *Erkinwald* be blind and do not see them ; thy office was to speak, but not for thy self.

Alu. Natures Divinity is in thy looks, and he an Atheist sees thee, and not loves. Should *Erkinwald* now see it, I wo'd love thee, tho for
780 each kiss I had a several torture, ten deaths for thy injoying were my Bliss.

Elg. So high I prize thee, by this Virgins kiss.

Erk. Yet you make shift to reach him with your lips ; Degenerate Princess, I suspect thy birth : Yet well mayst thou be Sister to thy Brother,
785 For Great *Canutus* blood runs low as thine, and Love-sick doateth on an *English* Nun.

Alu. Then you resolve to fly ?

Elg. Heaven knows I do.

Erk. Here's one will stop your Journey. Thunder part ye, slave.

790 *Elg.* Ha, O me unfortunate !

Alu. Tush, fear not Madam. See here I stand my Lord.

[C 3]

[*Erk.*]

Erk. A perjurd Villain.

Alu. That tongue lies that speaks it--- Hear me, I courted for thee with my best of speech, and shew'd my faith as firm as Adamant,
795 till fate that rules all love, ore-rul'd her so, that she became a Suiter for my love,

And on my worthless self her smiles hath thrown ;
My tongue was yours, but my consent mine own.

Erk. Ile have that heart she loves--- hold eyes from weeping.

800 *Elg.* But I shall hate that heart if in thy keeping.

Sheath up thy sword, and hear me *Elkinwald*, what shall I give thee to renounce my love ?

Erk. As much as thou would'st give t'attain *Elizium* sho'd not avert my love from these fair eyes, *Joves* thunder, or eternal miseries shall
805 never so transform me.

Elg. Yet I cannot love thee.

Erk. But ile remove the cause of that. Villain, thou hast seen our slaves dye, when their Lords have laugh'd, Come, run on my weapon, this is Princely favor,

810 For greater tortures do attend on thee,

But wee'l be merciful in Tyranny.

Elg. See, on the Earth, thy Sovereigns Sister kneels, to beg thy pitty.

Erk. There's nothing but thy love can purchase it.

815 *Elg.* Yet have mercy, the fault in love was thine, thou didst betray me when thou let'st me see him ; and Villain thou, if thou but touch his life, the Great *Canutus* shall revenge my wrongs,
For after him *Elgina* will not live ;

Bethink thee then, O yet some pitty give !

820 *Alu.* Do not debase your self, for my poor life,

I dare his worst, my love is constant still,

More resolute to die, than thou to kill.

Erk. Tis worthy praise, then see, behold thy death.

Alu. With open eyes, as I wo'd view her state,

825 And like a man thus I pursue my fate.

(They fight, Elgina goes between, Erkinwald kills her.)

Elg. Hold, hold. O I am slain, farewell dear friend, the loss of thee is Tyranny in death

And death a dream, so thou but close mine eies.

830 Chaste love is born in Heaven, and never dies.

Erk. Amazement to my soul, O my *Elgina* ! O I am most accurst
[twas this hand struck thee.] [*Alu.*]

Alu. For which Ile be revenged ; thus Heaven is just. *Kills him.*

Erk. Base Villain thou hast slain me.

835 *Alu.* 'Tis thy fate. Farewel.

Oh pure, unspotted Maid, unhappy Princess,
This hand shall keep thy will and close thine eyes,
Let thy soul joy, for here thy Murderer lies
Dead at my foot, and I with thee could die,

840 Were my poor Country free from misery.

War calls me to the field. O my *Elgina*, Autume is on thy cheeks, the
Rose is wither'd, and thou look'st like the Alablaster statue,
Upon thy lips I print this parting kiss,
And flying from thee, leave all earthly bliss. *Exit.*

845 *Enter Harrold, Osrick, and Captains.*

Har. *Osrick*, we hear the Duke of *Thetford* raiseth men in *Norfolk*.

Osr. All *England* sure, I think will mutiny, if thus the King neglect his hopeful Conquest, by doating on a womans lustful Beauty.

Har. Never was man in love bewicht like him, he will not suffer
850 speech or any counsel that may dis-swade from her ; he bars his sight from any but the Nun, and his loose Panders. Ha ! what sight is this ? Duke *Erkinwald* and the Princess murdered, this sight wo'd sad even Tyranny it self, draw tears from Tygers, and make wonder dumb.

Oh Great *Canutus* what portents are these

855 This heavy curse lights on thy lust and ease.

Thy sister, and thy best of friends are slain,
And safety now is frighted from thy Throne.

Convey this spectacle of grief aside, and let a guard pursue the murderer.

860 Ile hie me to the King, and there relate

Their deaths, his lust, both guided by strong fate. *Exeunt.*

Banquet. Enter K. Canutus.

Can. She is an Angel in the shape of woman, chaster than *Dian*, colder than *Freezland* snow, and yet she burns me ; if I miss her now, my
865 death must be the period of my love ; Go, let those Jewels, Cates, perfumes and Musick, be all produc'd together in one sense.

Unite all raptures, let's have nothing scant,

That she may taste at once, what all Queens want. *Musick.*

Strike heavenly Musick, with a tuneful measure,

870 And with thy raptures swell her blood and pleasure.

Enter Cartesmunda and Osrick.

The star appears, welcome dear soul, to make our joyes more full, sit
to

to this Banquet, Great Queen of my heart, and fully joy thy senses in each part.

875 *Cart.* My senses are intranc'd, or do I dream ;
O let me back return to hide my shame.

Can. O stay divinest soul, hear me but speak.

Cart. O I have lost my sence with these Inchantments ; I am I know not how, for all my powers are useless, but mine eyes to
880 weep.

Can. Make not the earth proud to receive thy tears, lest being subject unto me her King, I force her to restore again those pearls, more rich than all the Jewels of our Crown, so high I prize thy tears, yet thee 'bove all.

885 *Cart.* I am your Servant, Prisoner, Vassal, worse.

Can. Thine eyes upon my freedom laid that curse.
If thou bee'st mine, I do command thy love ;
Where Kings of Subjects beg, let pitty move.

Cart. How can so great a King, be weakness slave ?

890 *Can.* In doating of those joyes I near shall have.

Cart. Men that lust women once, no more indure 'em,
In health they loathe the physick that did cure 'em.

Can. When I neglect thy love, or touch thy life, may all my Battels prove unfortunate, and I lose all the conquering *Danes* have got, and end
895 my days with shame and inward grief.

Cart. Your words be registred, with hands divine,
O keep your vow (great Prince) for I break mine.

I blush to say, I yeeld, I'm wholly yours, a spotless Virgin now is in your power, and as you mildly courted, so this kiss confirms mee to
900 you.

Can. And my soul to thee.

Never did man meet more felicitie.

Run Vassals run, prepare all sweet delight

For *Cartesmund*a sleeps with me to night.

Enter Harold.

905 *England* shall sleep in peace, for all my force

On *Cartesmund*a's love shall now be spent,

Thy Arns shall be my Arms, thy Bed my Tent.

Har. Defend me Heaven, how is this King transform'd ? my news is not so sad, as is this sight.

Can. Whose there ? *Harold* ? what news ?

910 *Har.* The *English* Princes (mighty Sovereign) seeing your Highness thus forsake the field, threaten fresh war, and *England* will be lost.

Can.

Can. But *Cartesmunda* won, In thee we have all good that *England* holds,

915 All Conquest in these Arms *Canutus* folds.

Hast more to say ?

Har. Yes, but with grief (my Lord) The fair *Elgina*, your beautiful sister, and that only one that made her Sex admir'd, is slain, great King.

920 *Canut.* Give me this Bracelet, I have begg'd it long.

Har. And noble *Erkinwald* lyes murd' red too.

Can. Why now th'art my pretty one, Come, kiss thy *Canutus*.

Har. Had you (my Lord) as I, beheld that sight, the Tyranny of death had sure amaz'd you.

925 *Can.* What does he talk on ?

Car. Do you not mark, my Lord ; he sayes, Your Sister's dead.

Can. Let her be buried then : Remove out of mine eye, thou fright'st my love. Some Musick there : Come *Cartesmunda* kiss me : Go bid our Souldiers hang their Arms up ; Fold up our Ensigns, and
930 unbrace our Drums, *England* is conquer'd, all our Wars are done, and all in this, that *Cartesmunda's* won.--

Exeunt. Manet Har.

Har. O strange Inchantment, the sad news I brought, Though now regardless, whilom would have made his eyes start from their orbs to hear of it : O fair *Elgina* ! happy now th'art dead, and dost not live to
935 see thy brothers folly. This is not now *Canutus*, nor his Palace, but rather seems a *Roman* Theatre, and this young *Nero* acting Comedies, with some light Strumpet in bold scenes of Lust ; This change with wonder I behold, and see

That love is powerful o're inferior things,

940 When thus to baseness it transforms great Kings.

Exit.

ACT. III.

Enter Grim and Colliers with Baskets and Sacks.

Grim. Come Bullies, fetch more Coals, and aboard with 'em lustily, shew your selves *Newcastle-men*, not proud, but honest and humble,
945 and such as do not scorn to carry Coals.

1 *Col.* I warrant you Mr. *Grim*, Wee'l send 'em going, *Newcastle* Coals are Hereticks, and must be burnt at *London*.

Exeunt Colliers.

Grim. You say well, Wee'l put 'em to water first, and then let 'em put fire in their Tayls afterward.

Enter Randolph.

950 *Rand.* Well said *Grim*, I see thou art not idle.

Grim. No Master, I am Bayly of your Cole-pits, and your Worships Benefactor: I will do what lies in a true servant; Seven hundred black

Indians, or Newcastle Collyers, your Worship keeps daily to dive for Treasure five hundred fathom deep for you, and as they bring it up, Ile
955 *send it out to your profit, Sir.*

Rand. 'Tis well done *Grim*, thy gains will one day be a Gentleman.

Grim. A Gentleman? Nay I hope one day to purchase a Lordship, and all my Collyers under me shall be Ladies, for Ile maintain 'em with
960 black Masks on their faces already; but do you hear Master? I hear there is some disadvantage towards us, and it behoves us to look to't, they say there are a new sort of Colliers crept up neer *London*, at a place call'd *Croydon*, that have found out a way by scorching of wood to make Charcoals, and 'tis to be fear'd this may hinder our Traffick
965 Master.

Rand. How? To make Coals of wood, art sure 'tis so?

Grim. Most certain Sir, but never fear it Master, *Newcastle* Coals shall conquer *Croydon*, we can give a Chaldron of Sea-coals for a sack of Char-coals.

970 *Rand.* Thou say'st well *Grim*; but I hear my brothers ship's return'd with large Advantage, I mean to see him, mean time insist upon rhy care, good *Grim*.

Grim. O sweet Master, Let me go with you, I'd fain see how *Thornton* our Needle-merchant has sped, I doubt me, his Lambs-skin
975 is turn'd to three Sheeps-skins the wrong side outward.

Rand. Come, Let's go; but see they come to us.

Enter Goodgift, his Wife, Thornton and George.

Good. Now brother *Randolph* how is't with you Sir?

980 *Rand.* Glad by the happy tydings of your News Sir; Fame has out-strip'd the wind that brought your ships, and tells us of a rich and prosperous Voyage: Ile talk with your Factor, Sir, and know your Purchase.

Good. Do, Do, Mean time Ile talk with *Thornton* here my honest Merchant of Millan Needles; How hast thou sped in thy Voyage, how
985 didst thou brook the Sea?

Grim. I think he was glad to pump over-board; How say you *Thornton*?

Thorn. Tush, Tush, Thou art a Fresh-water Fellow (*Grim.*)

990 *Grim.* A Fresh-water Fellow? O disgrace to a Collier! If ever I kill a Whale hand to hand, it shall be thee.

Good. Nay, good *Grim*.

Grim. Mr. *Goodgift*, I pray pardon me: Shall *Grim* the Collyer
that

that has been thus long Controler of the Cole-pits, chief Sergeant of the Selleridge, nay the very Demigorgan of the Dungeon, be call'd a Fresh-
995 water Fellow ?

Good. Quietness, I say, Wee'l have no quarrelling.

Grim. I beseech you Sir, Let's both be let down into a Cole pit five Fathom deep, and he that kills the other, shall be stifled with a Damp, and so you shall never be troubled to hang, nor bury us.

1000 *Good.* Go to, I say, Ile have yee friends again : Come, shake hands.

Grim. Never, unless I may call him, Porpoise, now at single hand, Sir.

Good. I, I, Thou shalt.

1005 *Grim.* Thou ? go thy wayes, thou art a Porpoise, and now I am friends with thee.

Good. So, So, 'Tis well, and now as I was saying, *Thornton*, What Voyage hast thou made to benefit thy hopes, your Halfpenny, and your Lambs-skin ? My Factor tells me here thou hast been careful and diligent, but to the wealth and greatness you expect, I yet hear no-
1010 thing.

Wife. I marry Husband that's the news I look for ; Sir, Come tell us *Thornton*. How have you bestowed the mony that I gave you ?

Thorn. Faith Mistriss, as the rest, my full stock to Sea, you, and my
1015 good friends gave, was five shillings, and putting in at *Preston* for fresh water, I turn'd it there into six Tun of Iron, one of which Tuns I have already sold unto an Anchor-Smith here in *Newcastle* for four pound ; the rest, if I put off so well, will multiply my stock most richly, Mistriss.

1020 *Good.* 'Tis well, but far from hope of wealth and Lordships
Thornton.

Rand. Yet that re-multiplied again, good brother, may help his Halfpenny and his Lambs-skin somewhat.

Good. Well, well *Thornton*, th'art welcome home however ; So art
1025 thou *George* ; Go see the ship unladed, wee'l go before, and view the Ware-houses.

Fac. I shall Sir.

Good. Come brother, will you go ?

Rand. Yes, Sir ; You'l quarrel no more, if we leave you together
1030 now ?

Grim. No Sir, I mean to borrow some mony of him now.

Rand. That's not his way to thrive ; Look to him *Thornton*.

Excunt. Manent Thorn. Grim.

Grim. I warrant you Master, wee'l agree well enough ; Ah Sirra, Mr.
1035 *Thornton*, you have got six Tun of Iron already, you must take heed
now that you fall not into some crafty Ironmongers hand to deceive you
of your whole stock ; Look too't, they are hard dealers that deal in Iron ;
if you be gull'd, remember what *Martin* said to his man, Whose the
Fool now ?

1040 *Thorn.* Tush *Grim*, Look there man, my whole stock lies not in
Iron ; a little stock I borrowed of my fellow *George* at Sea, and with it, I
have purchased these Pearles.

Grim. Pearles ? Prethee tell me true : Are they Pearls yfaith ?

Thorn. Pearles ? I, and precious ones too, I hope.

1045 *Grim.* Ha, ha, good Oyster Pearl, worth twelpepence a pound, I
think.

Thorn. No matter man, I cannot lose by them howsoever ; they cost
me little ; I have sent for a Goldsmith a purpose to know the certainty.

Enter a Smith.

1050 *Grim.* That's well, and in the mean time, here comes your first
Chapman : How now good man Iron-fist, Why do you puff and
blow so ?

Smith. O Mr. *Thornton*, I'm ee'n out of breath with seeking you,
unless you stand my friend, I shall be undone for ever.

1055 *Thorn.* Why, what's the matter man ?

Sm. Your Iron, Sir, your Iron, that I bought of you, is not the
mettal I took it for, 'twill do me no good Sir, there will not a nayl be
hammered out of it, when I heat it, it melts, and when 'tis cold agen, it
bends like lead, and if it lye on my hand, I am undone for ever ; I be-
1060 seech you, Sir, take it agen, though I lose ten shillings ith' price I paid
for't.

Thorn. Nay, I must not rise by hurt of any man ; Ile take't agen,
and thou shalt lose no penny. I prethee let me see't, Is this a part on 't.

Sm. I, for here's the end of one of the Bars, the poorest peece of
1065 Iron I e're hammered on.

Thor. Well, leave this with me, and bear the rest home to my Ma-
sters Ware-house, thou shalt sustain no loss, thou shalt have thy mony.

Sm. I thank you Sir, Ile bear it back agen, and my wife that yet
curseth you most terribly, shall pray for you most horribly.

1070 *Thorn.* This is strange, my great Venture turn'd to nothing now ?

Grim.

Grim, Faith Mr. *Thornton*, and your pearls prove no better than your Iron, you were best turn Merchant of Lambs-skins again.

Enter Goldsmith.

Thorn. Well I know the worst on't *Grim*, see here comes the *Gold-*
1075 *smith* that I sent for ; if my Pearls prove as bad as my Iron, I am quite
begger'd yfaith,

Gold. Now Mr. *Thornton* what's your business with me ?

Thor. Your advice in these few pearls sir, and I would know the va-
lue of them.

1080 *Golds*. They are fair and round, are they your own sir ?

Thorn. Ile answer the sail of them.

Gold. And have you any more of 'em sir ?

Thor. Some thirty more, and far more orient than these are too.

Golds. Ile give you twenty pound for these two at a venture sir.

1085 *Grim*. You shall have Pearl my dog at that price sir.

Gold. What say you Mr. *Thornton* ?

Thorn. Twenty pound say y' ? there's some hope then towards my
half-penny I see. Come sir, Ile make a rash bargain, you are my first
Chapman, and shall have first refusal, both in the price of these and all
1090 the rest ; and since you give me this good comfort, sir, pray let me trou-
ble you a little further, you have good skill in Metals sir, pray look on
this ; what metal should this be ?

Golds. Let me see it sir, Ile tell you presently.

He touches it with a Touchstone.

1095 *Grim*. A beastly peece of Iron 'tis, it came new from the Forge,
old Iron-fist the Smith has been hammering, but he can do no good
on't.

Thor. What think you sir ?

Golds. Ha ! fore Heaven, it touches fair, have you any store of this
1100 metal sir ?

Thorn. Yes sir, six Tun I assure you, I brought it for good Iron, but
my smal skill has deceiv'd me.

Golds. You were well deceived sir, for if the rest
Of your six Tun with this in trial stand
1105 You're now the richest Subject in the Land.

Thor. Ha ! Gold ? Delude me not I beseech you sir, let me beleave
you plainly. Y'have toucht this peece, and this Ile give you to make
good your word.

Golds. Upon my life I will, 'tis perfect gold, and for this Wedge
1110 I will refine it all to its pure lustre, and your infinite profit.

[D 3]

Thorn.

Thorn. I make that bargain with you, this peece is yours, and since you give these hopes, I pray conceal it, and meet me at the Warehouse, there Ile shew you the full six Tun I spake of, and confer.

Golds. I will attend you sir, and tell you thus,

1115 Your Fortunes all are rich and wonderous. *Exit.*

Thor. I have a thankful heart to heaven for't, that's my comfort : Why how now fellow *Grim*, how stand'st thou man ?

Grim. Six Tun of Gold ? O that I durst but imbrace you Mr. *Thornton* !

1120 *Thorn.* Tush man, I prethee do ; Ile ne're forget my self nor thee, I am honest *Thornton*, and thou honest *Grim*.

Grim. Poor *Grim* the Collier sir, but Ile never be your worships equal, you shall be tryumphant Mr. *Thornton*, and I poor *Grim*, your honest friend, and quondam fellow.

1125 *Thorn.* Come, come, no more of this, help me to cast my venture honest *Grim* : Six tun of gold ?

Grim. Most right sir.

Thor. Three pound an ounce, is threescore pounds a pound.

Grim. And that's horrible usury for your worship.

1130 *Thor.* Nay, nay, no worship good *Grim*, this is Heavens blessing thrown on a poor mans head.

Grim. Wo'd I were thrown into a Coal-pit with such a blessing on my back.

Thor. Nay prethee let's reckon further, three pound an ounce, and
1135 threescore a pound, is full sixteen thousand pound a Tun, and doubling that to six times six, comes near to forty hundred thousand pounds, almost four millions.

Grim. O Lord sir ! is not that better than twenty millan Needles that your Lordship had wont to sell amongst the Colliers, and when you came
1140 to *Newcastle*, as your writing says, Here did *Thornton* enter in, with hope, a half-penny, and a Lambs-skin.

Thor. True, true, good *Grim*, and I shall ne'r forget it.

Grim. O that my mother had lapp'd me in a Lambs-skin the first hour of my begetting, for now I see there is no luck to a Lambs-skin, six
1145 Tun of gold at one purchase, and besides all this your Highness does forget the pearls too.

Thor. Nay, nay, no Titles *Grim*, 'tis all heavens blessing still.

Grim. Tis true sir, and I think your Majesty's the richest man--

Thor. Away, away, thou'lt speak Treason anon *Grim*. The wealth
1150 I have I see is infinite, and be thousecret and conceal a while, and here-

[]

ward thee with large recompence.

Enter Smith.

Grim. I am your Vassal sir, and will be obedient to your Excellence in all things. But see the foolish Smith is return'd to see you.

Thor. Prethee be silent. How now honest Smith, hast thou sent
1155 home the iron?

Smith. O yes sir, I thank Heaven I have rid my hands of it, you have made me a man Mr. *Thornton*, my house is quiet, my wife silent, I have carried home your leaden iron, return me my silver back agen, and my wife and I shall pray for you when you are dead and rotten.

1160 *Thor.* Well sir, with all my heart. I received four pound; Look you sir, there 'tis, all your full sum to a penny.

Smith. Sweet Mr. *Thornton*, shall I not give you four pots for all this kindness? pray sir, 'tis fit I should lose something.

Thor. No, no, I'm satisfied.

1165 *Grim.* Do you hear ancient Iron-fist, the old Smith of *Newcastle*, I can tell you one thing, if the Almanack or Erra-pater be true, youle hang your self ere to morrow morning.

Smith. How, hang my self!

Thor. Nay, prethee *Grim*, thou wilt discover all anon.

1170 *Grim.* No I warrant you sir, I do it but to work a little profit. Do you hear Smith, what shall I give you for the ashes and rubbish that came off of that old Iron that you refused now?

Smith. How? the ashes? marry I mean to sweep 'em out of my shop when I come home yfaith, for fear they infect the rest. What wilt thou
1175 do with 'em?

Grim. That's all one, Let me have all the ashes and the peeces you broke off that Bar you brought to Mr. *Thornton*, and Ile give thee five shillings.

Smith. Five shillings? Ile not be said to gull you Mr. *Grim*, but an youle give me a groat ready money, th'are yours.

1180 *Grim.* A bargain: There's your groat.

Smith. The ashes, and all the peeces of iron are yours sir.

Grim. Bear witness Mr. *Thornton*, come, Ile go fetch 'em presently, y'ad best make haste, your dismal day's to morrow, you know what I told you, and unless you rid your self of 'em quickly, you will hang
1185 your self, that's certain.

Exeunt. Manet Thornton.

Thorn. Ha! Have my hopes ore-tane me? think on't *Thornton*, and thank Heaven for't; here at *Newcastle* first

In low estate, did *Thornton* enter in,

With hope, a half-penny, and a Lambs-skin,

1190 And now my large Accounts, of wealth scarce told,

I keep possession of six Tun of gold.
 The blessings strange, and I must now resolve
 To tie my vows to my auspicious fate,
 Lest the world curse, and Heaven call me ingrate ;
 1195 To make of this my gold a household God,
 Were meer Idolatry, no't shall fly abroad :
Newcastle, to thy good, large sums of love
 My promise oweth, which ile pay, and prove,
 To grace thy fame, Ile beautifie thy ground,
 1200 And build a wall that shall imbrace thee round. *Exit.*
Musick. Enter Cartesmunda, and discovereth Canutus asleep,
Attendants, Osrick.

Car. That Musick is too loud, tread softly sirs ; How sweetly in his
 sleep *Canutus* looks ? Ile not envy thee *Juno*, keep thy *Jove*, here lies
 1205 the soul of *Cartesmunda's* love. Now by this kiss *Canutus* I do love thee,
 thou needst not dream it, fie, fie, sluggard fie, beshrew the God of
 dreams, what, did he fright thee ? Or art thou fighting of some battel
 now, wherein thou seest me taken prisoner, and startst with fear of that ?
 There's nothing else that could afright thee, though it came like thunder,
 1210 for thou wert made for *Armes*, and for these *Arms* ; and yet thy sword
Canutus did not win me. I saw these eies, when I refus'd to love thee,
 begin to lose their splendor, and in tears drown their neglected brightness.
 I have seen this face half dead when I have frown'd upon't, and with my
 smiles life has return'd agen ; go, go, you wanton, by this kiss Ile beat you.
 1215 *Can.* How now Sweet-heart ?

Car. Art thou awake my Love ? then I am well.

Can. Well *Cartesmunda*, sleep, and I will watch as careful as the ten-
 der Pellican stands by her tender young ; give me a kiss potent as *Bac-*
chus to raise appetite, and let's go sleep together, if I get a Boy upon
 1220 thy youth, he shall be King, and half the world shall be his Dower.

Knocks within.

Whose that knocks so rudely for his death ? hath not the slave describ'd
 the noyse ? *Enter Hofman.*

Hof. Osr. It is Duke *Harold*, sir, intreats access.

1225 *Can.* He does not chuse his time well. Let him in. *Enter Harold.*

Osr. The King is angry sir.

Har. Angry, sayst thou ? holy Saints defend us, 'has foes enough to
 vent his spleen upon, and not to shrowd himself thus from his friends.
 Most mighty Prince.

1230 *Can.* Rise *Harold*, we co'd chide you ; But go on.

Har

Har. Pardon (my speech my Lord) it is my duty, and I must needs make bold to tell your Highness, y're no Souldier but a Love-sick Prince, And while you dally out your daies in love, the *English* all are raising head against you, the Garrisons that kept *Northumberland* are
1235 chas'd as far as *York*, two thousand *Danes*, died in that bloody slaughter. And now again those warlike Princes all their Forces joyn, and seek you forth.

Can. Fetch me some wine, wee'l drink to all their deaths that dare disturb us ; *Cartesmund*a, thou shalt sweetly pledge me, come
1240 faster slave. *Dance.*

Thus in this wine wee'l wash away all care,
My pleasures and my conquest all are here.
Come pledge me sweet.

Har. The Duke of *Thetfords* Forces raised in *Norfolk*, have quite
1245 expuls'd the *Danes*, the *English* Nobles bound to your State by conquest and by oath, forsake Allegiance, and with sound of Drums proclaim Prince *Alured* the *English* King.

Can. Ho, ha, ha. *Cart.* Why laughs my Love ?

Can. To see thee pledge me such a hearty draught.

1250 *Har.* You see my Lord hee's careless, and neither minds us nor his persons safety.

Os. Most Royal sir, what order for your forces ?

Can. Let's have some musick strait ; Come *Cartesmund*a wee'l dance out half this day, and that being done, we will retire our selves and
1255 sleep agen. Why, when yee siaves? do your souls sleep within you? here's good musick. *Dance.*

Har. So was the warlike Drum and Trumpet once, great *Hardiknute* the glory of the *Danes*. Thy Son plays now the King.

Enter a Captain

1260 *Capt.* Hail mighty King.

Can. Thunder to thee ; Foot can we not be private ?

Capt. Alas my Leige my news is of importance.

Can. So is my pleasure slave, avoid our presence, thou and the rest that come to fill our ears with tumults and with bloody Massacres, fright-
1265 ing my heavenly Love, for whose sweet sake let men fall thicker than the checker'd leaves, the stern winds rend and ravish from the tree, when yellow Autum turns them into gold. *Flourish.*

Be gone, come *Cartesmund*a let's retire,
We will not stir were all the world on fire.

Ex.

E

Osric.

1270 *Osr.* Is this the end of all our former conquests? to be re-conquer'd
now with wine and women?

Har. I, this is she that bears so high a stroak, we dare not shake
our heads for fear we loose 'em; if she but dreams a dream that not
delights her, next morning there are some are sure to bleed for 't, whose
1275 lot so ere it be.

Osr. Wo'd it were mine, my Lords, so she co'd dream, and it would
come to pass, the Devil might fetch her.

Har. This twelve month sir, he has not touch'd his Armor, nor been
ith'field to chear his Souldiers.

1280 *Osr.* We now must make as great a suit to see him, as if we beg'd
for Tipes of dignity.

Cap. No more, I see your griefs and all our ruins, if we keep si-
lent thus. Ile speak to him, and venture life for such a general good, if
my plots fail, my tongue shall boldly speak
1285 To touch his baseness, though I lose my head,
Ile die, or win him from this strumpets bed.
Fear not to second me.

Har. Not I, were death assur'd, Ile first begin,
A Souldiers best fight is to beat down sin.

1290 *Enter Canutus and a Guard.*

Can. Double my Guards about her, I will prove
There's no happiness on earth but love.

Cap. Most mighty Prince.

Can. Audacious Traytor, wherefore com'st thou to us, did we not
1295 charge thee to avoid the presence.

Cap. Your Father (Royal Sir) knew me a Souldier, and I have
fought for you, yet if you please, so I may speak, make me your hum-
ble Martyr.

Can. Slave what wouldst thou say?

1300 *Cap.* That which my life shall prove
Y've lost your conquest in a womans love.
Could you unty the vail *Cupid* has bound about your eyes and forehead,
you wo'd find she were not all so fair as you esteem her, Nature was never
so impartial to give to one to rob a million, arm but your self and lead
1305 your Souldiers forth to win another City, you shall find her beauty far
out-strip'd, sacred Leige, if like a young man you take counsel ill,
Destroy me quickly, it shall be my fame
I di'd to win you from a Strumpets shame.

Can.

Can. Thou'st spoke enough to damn thee, Impudent Traytor, go
1310 dye unpittied; Though thou hast my hate, thou shalt not have the honor
of my sword to take away thy life, you of our Guard; See a base death
performed upon this Slave.

Capt. Farewel my Leige you once must have a grave.

Exit with Guard.

1315 *Har.* My Resolution's firm, and I will speak, though hell shu'd
gape to swallow me alive; What's he that's gon to death my So-
vereign?

Can. A Traytor (*Harold*) to my best content.

Har. O pardon sir, your rage has lost a man of more true worth
1320 then all this Nation; He was not of that strain of Counsellors, that like
a tuft of Rushes in a Brook, bends every way the current turns it self,
yeelding to every puff of Appetite that comes from Majesty, but with
true zeal he faithfully declared the grief of all: Pardon me (*great*
Canutus) I must speak, and let thy subject on his knee intreat, the
1325 Kingly Lion yet to rouze his strength,
And chase those *English* that do only wound,
Because our Rescuer will not be found.

Can. Fond man, how dar'st thou check our Appetite: Hast thou
forgot, our frown can strike thee dead.

1330 *Har.* I know't, and willingly lay down my head;
For 'tis more honor by thy wrath to dye,
Then living to behold thy misery,
Which sure is coming on.

Can. Let it make haste. Wee'l beat it back with our triumphant
1335 Hoast.

Har. You cannot, till you beat that wanton hence; She has bewitch'd
your senses (*mighty Lord*)
Her Tresses, like to Adamantine Chains,
Have let all heat but lust out of you veyns;
1340 When she is gone, your valor you'l assume,
But while she staves, she doth your state consume.

Can. No more: Go bid the Captains meet me in the Hall; Tell 'em
to morrow early wee'l come down;
And in strange kind to all your eyes wee'l shew
1345 We can command our self as well as you. Away.

Har. Ile do your will, and hope for good event. *Exit.*

Can. There is no hell on earth but discontent.

I feel my blood grows chil, a sudden qualm in a deep Læthe seems to
drown my joyes. *Enter Cartes.*

1350 But here comes she, by whom those thoughts are gon,

Earths happiness, at whose creation

Nature spent all her stock : Welcome my love to make our joyes full,
Goadorn thy self in all the richest Jems my Coffers yeelds ; Wear all the
Jewels purchas'd with my crown, and out-shine *Dian* in a Robe of

1355 stars.

Cart. For what, my Lord ?

Can. To please mine eyes, and make all men admire thy Radencie.

Thy Beauty shall out-brave the glorious Sun,

Florish.

Somewhat *Can't* must do to be talk'd on.

Exeunt.

1360 *Enter Mr. Randolph, and his Sister in Mourning.*

Rand. Fie Sister, weep no more, 'tis time to lay by grief, and with
the death of your late husband, now bury your sorrows.

Wife. Shu'd I forget so soon so good a husband ?

Rand. His goodness was your good, your late dead husband has left
1365 you rich, and full Executrix to be over-seen by Mr. *Thornton*, whose
care I cannot pass without some note ; For though his wealth be rays'd
to Infinites, he not forgets a servants love.

Wife. Alas good brother, I have woo'd him from it.

Rand. How Sister have you woo'd him ?

1370 *Wife.* I, from civility, Methinks 'tis unmannerly in me, to see a man
so much in state the better, to be so like a servant to me ; I tell you I have
woo'd him from it.

Rand. I think 'twere better far he woo'd you Sister.

Wife. Woo'd me ? For what ?

1375 *Rand.* For Love Sister.

Wife. O fie, good Brother : The very word would wrong my
husbands grave.

Rand. Tush, a Womans Sorrow, has been in black to day, in green
to morrow.

1380 *Wife.* I, but I am none of those : No, no, Ile never marry.

Rand. Come, you are foolish, think upon him, Sister, Hee's a rich
man, I tell you. Hee's now the wealthiest subject *England* hath.

Wife. O but my Husband !

Rand. Which of 'em ? he that's gone, or this to come ? Think of
1385 Mr. *Thornton*.

Wife. Alas, I am not his equal :

Rand.

Rand. Tush you were once his Better, hee's humble still.

Wife. Well, Ile speak no more on't.

Rand. Well, think on't then.

1390 *Wife.* Hey, ho, Hee's a very honest man truly, and had my husband dyed but two months ago, I might ha' thought on't.

Rand. How fare you Sister ?

Wife. As a green widow sir ; Pray if you see Mr. *Thornton*, say I'd speak with him. *Enter Thornton and a Workman.*

1395 *Rand.* Are you there yfaith Sister ; See, hee's here already.

Thorn. Spare for no cost, and ply the Workmen hard, Ile pay 'em all, they shall not want for mony ; have you tane the compass of the Wall ?

Work. We have, to a foot sir.

1400 *Thorn.* How many Towers of strength may be erected, dividing each distance by a hundred paces.

Work. 'Tis cast already, and the compass falls,
A hundred fourscore Towers to grace the Walls.

Thorn. How high de'you raise the Walls ?

1405 *Work.* As you directed sir, full a hundred foot.

Thorn. Right, and twelve in breadth.

Work. Just so sir, 'twill be a pleasant walk to view the Town :

Thorn. So I wo'd have it ; And therefore from the highest erect a Battlement above the Platform four foot high a' both sides, both to
1410 secure, and make the place more pleasant ; See it rais'd so.

Work. I shall sir.

Wife. O my dear Husband !

Thorn. Why, how now Mistriss ?

Wife. O Mr. *Thornton*, I never see you, but I think of a good hus-
1415 band.

Rand. I marry Sister, that's a pretty cast.

Thorn. Your pardon I beseech you gentle Mistriss ; Your Factor and myself have summ'd your state, and find it cleerly, all your debts discharg'd, in compleat value fifteen thousand pound.

1420 *Rand.* Ha, ha, Sister, a good Dowry to get a new husband, trust me.

Wife. No, no, Ile nere marry again ; Ile e'en follow Mr. *Thorn-*
tons rule, you see he lives a Batchellor.

Rand. Sir, Methinks 'twere good you took a wife, and so leave your
1425 own to your own posterity.

Thorn. In all, Ile take my Mistress counsel : Pray resolve me, Had

I, a mind to marry, which in your judgement were the fitter, a Maid, or Widow ?

Wife. Truly, I think a Widow sir, you may imagine, I may speak
1430 somewhat in mine own Flattery ; but alas, 'tis a state I shall not change !
'Tis for your good, I speak in love, no hate,
A Widow sir, will best secure your state.

Thorn. You counsel well Mistriss, and Ile think on't.

Wife. The sooner the better too, I can assure you ; you'll find much
1435 comfort in't, you may elect some young green thing out of a Mayden
choyce, that may be fury and froward, she may please your eye a little,
and other parts about you, but vex your heart, and be a gulph to swallow
your estate ; If you'll deal wisely (as I hope you will) take me a Widow,
that knows how and what to do, that has been season'd in a husbands
1440 usage, and one that will obey as you shall honor :

He that will quietly lay down his head,

Let him contract a Widow to his bed.

And still I say, take me a Widow, sir.

Rand. Why, you say honestly Sister ; Do you understand her sir ;
1445 she bids you take her a Widow.

Wife. You are merry Brother.

Thorn. Nay you said so Mistriss, speak 't agen then, for by my Faith,
wer't not for two things Mistriss, I'd come a wooing to you.

Rand. Two things ? Why three things shall not hinder it ; What
1450 are they ?

Thorn. My first fear is, the marriage of so much wealth as ours
compounded, would choak all content, and with the superflux change
all to cares.

Rand. You take good course for that already, sir, your charitable
1455 works so well begun, will help to disperse the o're-plus freely.

Thorn. You have removed that well, the other is, that the remem-
brance of my poor estate, which is so publickly proclaimed to all men,
might make my wealthy Mistriss here disdain me.

Wife. Nay, that's your glory, sir, and cannot be accounted as your
1460 shame.

Rand. Why La sir, she has helpt that her self now.

Thorn. Yfaith, say then Mistriss (I am a bad Wooer, 'tis my be-
ginning) shall it be a match ?

Wife. I cannot so forget my late lost husband.

1465 *Rand.* Why, this repairs your losses, Sister, you lost a good one,
and find his equal with a wealthy purchase.

[*Thorn.*]

Thor. Put me in hope that I may once enjoy you.

Wife. I will not marry, sir, these seven years, trust me.

Rand. How? this seven years Sister? fie upon't, we may be all
1470 dead and rotten six years before it; come, come, speak in compass
sister.

Wife, Truly Brother under half a year I won't here on't.

Rand. I marry sir, that was well bated. Speak agen Sister, and let it be
a fortnight.

1475 *Wife.* A fortnight? no, no, not this month, beleeve me.

Ran. Away, away, a months too long, hark you sister, wee'l clap it
up privately to night, and the Town shall not know on't till a moneth
hence.

Wife. To night? O fie upon't! an you love me Brother let it not
1480 be till to morrow morning, I beseech you, for the speech of people.

Ran. Afraid of wind? tush let it vanish Sister, I say he shall marry
thee to night.

Thor. Let it be so, and here's an earnest Mistris. *Kiss.*

Wife. Alas I kiss coldly in a morning Gown sir,

1485 *Thor.* Tush it shall off; wee'l marry, then to bed,
Wooing is idle, better to be sped.

Wife. Use your own will sir,

Ran. Why, so, 'tis as it sho'd be now; imbrace him sister,
And live in love and wealth, 'bove all admir'd,

1490 Here's seven years quickly in an hour expir'd. *Exeunt.*

ACT, 4.

Enter King of Scots, Alured, Malcome, Edmond, and Captains,

Drums and Colours.

K. Thus far tryumphantly with good success, my Princely friends we
1495 have together march'd, and from the North parts quite disperst the
Danes, alone the City *York* holds firm again, whose buildings we will
level with the earth, unless they suddenly yeeld up the City; give
your advice most Princely *Alured*, on your fair quarrel all our Fates
depend.

1500 *Alu.* Your Highness has been fruitful in your love, bringing the best
that *Scotland* can afford, in honorable Armies to right our wrong, let's
forward then, and dare 'em to the Gates, our horses hoofs shall fur-
row up their Land, and sow the fields with blood instead of corn.

1 Cap. Spoke like the Brother of dead *Etheldred*, summon 'em to
1505 the Wals. Drums beat a parly.

Enter

Enter Above, Harrold, and Souldiers.

Har. The meaning of this Parly.

King. *Danes* yee see all hope of Conquest has forsaken you quite,
Two thousand of your stoutest Souldiers are faln already by our conque-
1510 ring swords, if ye will yeeld affirm it, if not death shall in his meagre fu-
ry through your Host, revel and catch your Jubile. Then tell us, do you
resolve to fight it out or fly.

Mal. Or stay and have your throats cut in the fight?

Edm. Or leap the wals, and break your necks before us?

1515 *Mal.* Resolve so quickly, and save us a labor.

Har. Yes, with immediate speed, set ope the gates
And like a torrent on their heads wee'l fall,
The Field and Air shall be their burial.

King. If there we fall, our fame out-lasts times date
1520 On to the field, blest with propitious fate. *Exeunt.*

*Alarm, Excursions. Enter King, Alured, Malcome, Ed-
mond, Captains.*

K. All earthly honors are thine own, fair Prince, and Heaven fights in
thy cause, the Cities taken.

1525 *Alu.* The *Danes* are all expuls'd and fled for safety.

Edm. The *Danes* are fled from danger, not from shame
That still pursues 'em wheresoere they fly
And on their Tombs shall live eternally.

Mal. Let's seek the Love-sick King *Canutus* forth,
1530 And in one Battel try his valors worth.

Alu. That's our intent most noble *Malcome*, but we must war se-
curely, all their strength will now be bandied to oppose our coming, and
therefore whilst you here refresh your Army, Duke *Edmond* and my
self will try our friends, and in these North parts gather up new Forces to
1535 aid us 'gainst all *Danish* stratagem.

King. We like it well, assist us gracious Fate,
To seat a true Prince in his Royal state. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Thornton, Wise, Randolph, the Partners, Workmen, and
George, with the table of the writing in golden Letters,
1540 and Grims speech.*

Part. Y've stohn a wealthy marriage Mr. *Thornton* unwares to all
the Town, but we are glad we are so well deceived.

Thor. Faith Gentlemen, it was not to abridge the Nuptial Feast, for
that shall have his full Solemnity, but from some private causes of my
1545 Mistris. Whose

Whose power retains all former dutie from me,
And as a Servant still she shall command me.

Wife. Not so sir, I resign that title now, my self and state are onely
by your power to be dispos'd and sway'd.

1550 *Rand.* I, well said sister: This match was richly made, with liking and
with joy to all the Country. And Brother *Thornton* (so Ile call you now)
I came prepar'd to give you fit surrender of the last Bargain which you
purchas'd of me.

Thor. Your Coal-pits and your Servants Brother *Randolf*.

1555 *Rand.* Yes sir, and look you, this is the Orator must speak for all,
in his mouth they have put the Law and willingness they have to
serve.

Enter Grim.

Thor. Who honest *Grim*?

Grim. Yes sir, and I am the Prologue to the Play,
1560 And for them all I have to say.

Seven hundred men in sable wise,
From forth the Coal-pits shall arise,
Not melting men made out of wax,
But such as use Spade and Pick-ax.

1565 Who when you bid 'em use their skills
Shall make a Dale of *Mauburn* hils,
Then raise a Mount as high as *Poles*
And turn it strait to burning coals.

Thor. This speech I think was pen'd on purpose.

1570 *Grim.* I speak deep things, some sir, of 50 fathom deep, I do it
de profundis, and no disparagement to the Author, that which I have
spoken was in as
Good ryme as ent'ring in,
With hope, a half-penny, and a Lambs-skin.

1575 *Thor.* Ha, ha, thou hit'st me there yfaith.

Grim, I give you a taste sir, how you shall find me here, and as for
my seven hundred fellows they are honest *Tartarians*, and whosoever
deals with 'em shall find them grim fellows I assure you.

Thor. *Grim* thou wert always honest, and on my word thy love shall
1580 have reward.

Baily. Sir, all your works, both finished and intended, are pious,
holy, and religious.

Part. And in the goodness if you still persever
You build your self a house in Heaven for ever.

1585 *Thor.* Heaven have the praise of ail, and look ye Gentlemen. Reach
me

me the Table *George*, I have here repair'd the copy of my first arrival here, which yet hangs up insculp'd on a tiles hard : but now 'tis rectifi'd in golden Letters, with the same phrase stil, onely thus alter'd,

Here at this West-gate first, came *Thornton* in

1590 *Grim*. With hope, a halfpenny, and a Lambs-skin.

I remember that still sir.

Georg. How now *Grim*, are you so sawcy Sirrah ?

Thor. 'Tis well done *Grim*, I'd ha't remembred ever, go place it ore the gate that all may view it, and witness these great blessings heaven
1595 has sent. The reason why I urge this Register,

To have my memory thus kept in store,

Is not my wealth, but to record me poor.

Go see it done.

Ex. Workmen, George

George. For ever may it stand to your renown.

1600 *Part*. And all succeeding fame,

While this Town stands still honor *Thorntons* name.

Thorn. Amidst these poor indeavors of my love, my careful Master must not be forgot, whose Heir I am become, and for his sake, I will re-edifie *Alhallows* Church, where in the peaceful bed of death he sleeps,
1605 and build a Tomb for him cut out in Touchstone, which in our *Persian* Voyage was return'd, from whence my golden Mineral arriv'd.

Grim. In the likeness of old iron sir.

Thorn. I, thou say'st true *Grim*.

Grim. I have wondered a thousand times old Iron-fist the Smith did
1610 not hang himself for refusing the first Tun of it, a whoreson Cox-comb.

Wife. They say you got somewhat by it *Grim*.

Grim. Alas Mistris, a few chips or so, some ten pounds worth for a groat, I think I bought on him,

Shout,

1615 *Rand*. How now, what mean these shouts ?

Grim. I think there's some Match at Foot-bal towards, the Colliers against the whole Country cut, and long tail.

Enter George

Thor. What's the News good *George* ?

George Prince *Alured* and *Edmond* Duke of *Thetford* are newly
1620 lighted, and desire to speak with the Town Magistrates.

Thor. We shall with joy receive him as our Prince, and wish he had as free possession of this whole Kingdom, as this Town shall give him.

Enter Alured and Edmond.

All. See where he comes ; All duty to your Highness.

1625 *Alu*. Rise Gentlemen, we have your hearts, forbear your knees,
your

your true Allegaince hath proclaim'd it self that never yeelded yet to foreign Scepter, you have fortified your walls 'gainst all invasions
And in that circuit gloriously she stands
With kind imbraces to infold your friends.

1630 *Thor.* Our Town, our selves, our lives are all your homigers, as the most lawful and indubitate Heir,
To our late Sovereign Lord, and to your Throne.
We fall as Subjects, you we know our own.

Alu. My best of thanks is due to my best friends. Which is the
1635 man amongst yee Gentlemen that bears the name of *Thornton*?

Thor. Your Subject and your Servant, Royal sir.

Alu. Let me imbrace you sir, and tell you this, your goodness speaks you nobly : *England* is fam'd in this fair Town, much honored by your vertues. Our Countries conquest by these *Danish* wars
1640 Have not such blazon from our shame exhal'd,
As these your good deeds now have countervail'd.

Thor. I can do nothing but my duty sir.

Alu. 'Tis worthy praise in all, and trust me Gentlemen, we have good hope to see a happy day, and once again make *England* singular,
1645 Free in herself and Princes. I came now with my best Hors-manship from the *Scotch* Army, whose Royal King in Neighbor amity, is arm'd in my just cause, has past the *Tweed* with prosperous forrage through *Northumberland*, all Holds and Castles taken by the *Danes* restore themselves to his subjection in our behalf. The City *York* is won, from whence
1650 I came.

Ed. And whilst we forrage thus, their King *Canutus*, doating on the beauties of *Cartesmunda* Nun of *Winchester*,
Of his estate so careless now is grown,
Hee'l put no arms but *Cartesmunda's* on.

1655 *Thor.* Go forward noble Princes, your work's good, and to encourage it, ten thousand pounds Ile lend your grace to leavy Souldiers, which if you never pay, Ile never aske, and for my own employment to your aid, Ile lend (if you will honor me so far) all the full strength *Newcastle* can afford, I have seven hundred men that call me Master.

1660 *Grim.* Besides *Grim* the chief Controler sir.

Thor. Very true sir, and these Ile four times double,
And three months shall their charge be mine alone,
To back your Right and seat you in your Throne.

Alu. Your bounty and your love exceeds all means of president and
1665 recompence.

Thor. Tis but my duty still, which Ile not slack, go *Grim* and muster my seven hundred Colliers, to them ile add two thousand more of our *Newcastle* strength, and thou shalt be an Officer to conduct 'em.

Grim. For a Corporal or so, let me alone with my Squadron, I dare
1670 undertake with my seven hundred Colliers in six days, under ground, to march to *London*, they shall dig their way themselves too.

Rand. And know 'tis two hundred miles.

Grim. That's nothing, Ile march forty miles a day with 'em at pleasure, there is no Pioneer to be compared to a Collier in his Coal-pit, if youle
1675 have a dozen Cities as we go, undermin'd and blown up, give but every man a bushel of Apples to his Breakfast, and you shall hear the wind roar and shake the ground like an Earthquake.

Thor. Well sir, wee'l try their valors ; go *George*, get Armor ready, and *Grim*, get thou a Drum and Marshal 'em.

Grim. If you wo'd rake hell and Phlegitan, Acaron and Barrathrum, all those Low Countries cannot yeeld you such a company. Tara, ra, ra, ra,
1680 ra, O brave Master, now for a company of conquering Colliers. Come *George*. *Exit.*

Thor. Now would it please my Leige so far to grace his humble
1685 Subjects and their new built Town to take a homely Banquet, we sho'd think 'twere royal Neighborhood to heat our buildings.

Alu. We cannot be unkind, though to your hurt, we will dispense with our great hast so long, and then from Banquets unto Battels fly ; Which Heaven (we hope) will guide successfully. *Exeunt.*

1690 *Enter Harold, Huldrick, Osrick, Captains, and Lords of Denmark.*

Hul. Go let our Drums and Trumpets spight of fear, thunder aloud i'th Air, and tell *Canutus*, his Captains do attend to speak with him he promis'd to come down.

1695 *Har.* Yes down toth'earth.

Hul. And in the shameful ruins he prepares with lust, and murder, bury up his name, he's known by nothing but a large defame, the City *York* for want of aid is lost, and still the foe pursues, if thus we stand to sooth him in this sin, our conquest dies.

1700 And we in blood must end our victories, 'sfoot sound and call him.

Enter Hoffman.

Hof. Give your attendance Lords, the King is coming.

A flourish, and Drums and Trumpets.

Hul. 'Tis time he sho'd, he has been absent long
1705 And done his honor, fame[,] and Country wrong.

[How]

How did he take your reprehension *Harold*?

Har. It startled him at first, but when with mildness he did appoint this general meeting to us, to what good purpose it inclines I know not.

1710 *Osr.* I hope the best, see here he comes, my Lord.

Florish. Enter *Canutus* leading *Cartesmunda*, richly attired and deckt with Jewels, Hofman, and Gentlemen attending.

Can. Where are our Vassals, attend your charge, and our delight, with all your best of care and diligence, or by those stars whose influence
1715 made me great; you dye in Torments all, let not the Sun extort from her bright Rayes, to give him lustre (or if inamor'd as we know he is) unless the Alpes have frozen up his Flames.

Let him not on her smooth front dart his heat,
No, not for all his glory or arched seat.

1720 *Omnes.* All health and honor to the great *Canutus*.

Can. Rise in our favor, vail thy face my love, we must not have thee seen too much by slaves.

Cap. Content, attend the King and his fair love.

Osr. Long may she be the Mistriss of his youth:

1725 *Capt.* And give him heaven on earth.

Har. And hell to boot: S'death shall we flatter thus?

Can: So, now you crouch and fawn like daunted Curs that dare not look the Lion in the face; Come *Cartesmunda* mount *Canutus* Throne. *Flourish.*

1730 Let me unvail thy face, and tell me now, which of you all that thus have tax'd my lightness, cu'd (if possest of such a Jem as this) less value it then I: What think'st thou *Osrick*?

Osr. I have not seen the like.

Can. Nor ever shall, what Nature had in store was given to her,
1735 And can one crown'd with such a heavenly weight,
Live and forgo this Center of delight.

Hul. Let not these vain Affections (Royal Lord) sway you from reason thus.

Can. Ha! What is he?

1740 *Hul.* Do you not know me sir? the time has been, when in thy Batels *Huldrick* has been seen knee deep in blood, cutting his way by force, careless of life to free thy Royal person, and does your Mightiness not know me now? Then hear the news I bring to comfort you: The *Danes* once stil'd by Names of Conquerors, are now subdued and
1745 slain, The King of *Scots* banded together with the *English* forces, have late

at *York* o'rethrown our *Garrisons*, and now to *London* march victoriously, defacing all, thy conquer'd Cities burn ;
 And in their falls, the flames do rise so high,
 They seem to light the *Tapers* of the skie.

1750 And since *Fames Trump* which oft hath summon'd thee, is not so potent
 asto draw thee forth, thy honor bids me dare thee to the *Field*, if thy
 high spirit be not extinct by *Lust* : Let's arm our selves for
 shame.

Can. Traytor, thou hast deserved death ere thou dyest ; and this thy
 1755 proud presume shall break thy neck, for chafing our high blood ; O
 love thou art unjust, I feel assaults far sharper in my breast, then all the
English Forces, 'gainst this wall ; now love and honor, with their oppo-
 site powers

Afflicts my soul, and with their vertuous strife,
 1760 Plead for my Love, my Honor, Fame, and Life ;
 With this mans words, my passions strongly move,
 He for my honor speaks. Honor, but Love
 I am thy Martyr now, and must go on,
 For what is Honor but Addition,

1765 Got in our pride of youth ; yet stay *Canutus*, think of thy wonted
 Fame, go on and conquer. Give me my horse, and I will quickly quell
 'um.

Cartes. What will *Canutus* do ?

Can. O *Cartesmund*, with that heavenly voyce, already I am
 1770 chang'd, stern War remains ; Kiss me, and kiss me dead, my best of
 Loves.

Osr. Hee's chang'd agen.

Hul. This *Strumpets* eye, does sure bewitch him with her *Sorcery* ;
 Ile not indure this shame.

Enter a Post.

1775 *Post.* Where is my Lord ?

Can. Where thou shalt not be long : What wouldst thou *Villain* ?

Post. Arm mighty Prince, we have descried at hand, the *Horse* and
Ensigns of the *English Army*, troop'd with their *Leaders* like the gods
 of War, who in bright steel, the fields do stoutly bear.

1780 *Can.* And there seek that which thou vile *Dog* shalt have ; Comest
 thou to fright my Love ?

Kills him.

Hul. Do not expose a mighty Nation, thus naked, to the *Tyranny* of
 Lust, *Canutus*.

Can. Traytor.

Hul.

1785 *Hul.* As thou art great, be just, Let not a Strumpets love, work all
our Ruines; the Enemie's at hand, and from thyside; Ile force this painted
Whore.

Car. Help me *Canutus*.

Hul. What, can you cry?

1790 *Can.* Wer't thou *Joves* Mynion, slave, thou thus had'st dy'd
*Canutus runs at him, catches her up in his arms, and runs
upon his sword.*

Hul. Ile meet it thus,
And dying so my end is glorious.

1795 *Car.* Oh I am slain!

Hul. I have my happy wish then, Welcome death,
I dyed (*Canutus*) to preserve thy breath. Dyes.

Can. Sink down to hell; What has my rashness done?
O *Cartesmunda*, stay thy fainting breath,
1800 Thou still shalt live with me in spight of death:

Car. My Fate is come, great King, my vestal Vow, that broken, with
my wish is faln upon me.

For your fair love I fay'd my faith with heaven,
And from your hand my death is justly given.

1805 Such was my former wish, farewell *Canutus*.
And with my fall may thy great Fame arise,
Poor *Cartesmunda*, thus untimely dyes. Dyes.

Can. May all the world dye with thee; now I see
The heavens envy an earthly Diety.

1810 *Har.* Brave *Huldrick* that durst dye for Countries good,
And for our freedom spent thy life and blood.

Canut. Ha, sit you weeping there; or has Amazement turn'd you
into stone,

That like men gasping all *Medusia's* stand,

1815 To see my Love thus fall by mine own hand:
Our Self will instantly be in the Field, and scourge the *English* pride and
Inhabitants. Sound up our Drum, and call our Troops together, and
arm with speed, Ile to the Field, and fight; Farewel dear Love, whom
I of life bereft, for which unwilling Act, O pardon me:

1820 *Canutus* arms, a while shall be thy Tomb,
Then gold inclose thee till the day of Doom.

Exeunt.

[*Act.*]

ACT. V.

At one Door, *Enter Canutus, Harold, Captains, with Drum and Colours.*

1825 At the other, *Malcol. Alured, Edm. Drum, with Colours.*

Can. How harsh these Drums sound now, that once like Musick, did more delight mine ear than *Orpheus* Lute ;

Sweet *Cartesmundas* death my senses kill,

Like one long sick, I relish all things ill.

Enter all the Colliers.

1830 *Har.* Courage my Lord, see where the *English* stand braving your Mightiness : Let's set upon 'em, and never leave till to their mother Earth they pay their lives as Tribute. Now, what sayes *Canutus* ?

Can. That ye are all Rebels.

Om. Eng. Rebels ?

1835 *Alu.* Stay let him speak it out.

Can. An hundred thirteen years, the *English* Kings have paid to *Denmark*, and our Ancestry an annual Tribute of ten thousand pounds, which you unjustly and rebelliously detain from me, a lawful successor.

Alur. 'Tis true *Canutus*, that the *Denmark* Kings, so long our
1840 native Island hath usurp'd, and whilst they kept within their *Danish* bounds, and left us to enjoy our own in peace, we justly paid our homage Fealty. But since your Father *Hardiknute* arose, and you succeeding him, neither content with that our Tribute, but would further seek our utter Extirpation, which five and twenty years you have attempted,
1845 planting here your selves in *Norfolk, Suffolk*, and in *Cambridgeshire*, erecting Garrisons through all our Kingdom against the Laws of former Articles, we now resolve to spend our Royal blood, and either counter-vail our former loss, or hazard all we hold, by doubtful battel.

Can. That is your answer then ?

1850 *Omnes.* Resolvedly for all.

Can. Now by the high, and Royal blood of Kings.

Edm. Swear by the beauteous Nun of *Winchester* ; you oft have kist that book.

Can. And that one word, has rais'd more vigor in my active blood,
1855 then ere her beauty flam'd my Appetite to crop the sweets of Love.

Mal. It shall be cool'd with better spels than earst her wanton Magick could e're invent to lay thy burning Ardor.

All. Danes. Parly no more *Canutus*.

Can. O *Cartesmundas* from thy gentle Arms,

1860 I flye to conquer in Wars rough Alarms.

Exeunt.

Alarm. Excursions. Enter Canutus and Alured.

Can.

Can. Why do'st not strike? do'st thou not like thy Aym? or do'st not know me? I am the *Danish* King, that which all Souldiers seek in bloody War, may here be got on me, eternal honor and easily too, for
1865 by the powers that made me, my senses are benumbed.

Alur. I dare not, nor will take no such Advantage, though I on thee could vent my roughest spleen; pass safe, my Lord, I will not fight with you for your fair Sisters sake, whose love was to me so high and potent, that it did attract her Virgin-thoughts to dart Loves joyes into me, and for the
1870 zeal due to her Memory, keep what I co'd take from you, Life and Honor.

Can. I prethee take it, Ile yeeld it willingly, and, for I see thou art religious in thy love, let me imbrace thy brest, and of my Love, bright *Cartesmunda* Nun of *Winchester*, Ile tell so sad a Tale.

1875 *Alur.* I cannot stay to hear it, hark great Sir,
Wars Mu sick summos me, for *Elgina's* sake,
I slip the Advantage that Fate bids me take. *Exit.*

Can. O for a Midwife, I am big with grief,
And fain would be delivered, tho with death.

1880 *Alarms.* Enter *Harold, Osrick, Captains, and Souldiers.*

Har. See where he stands, secure him Souldiers, Never did man so feebly use his sword in such sad times of Terror, O my Lord, can you in all this danger be thus calm?

Os. Though you neglect your self, yet prize your honor, or if not that, yet
1885 for your subjects sake, be pleas'd to re-assume your wonted valor.

Can. Can he be valiant that's without a heart? or can a senseless Trunck have sense of Loss?

Such have you made me, therefore share the gain,
And to these *English* leave your Lives and Fame.

1890 *All.* There is no way but Flight.

Can. Thank your selves for't; had *Cartesmunda* liv'd, and grac'd mine Attempts, but with a smile; these *English*, would as soon take part with those that from *Olympus* strove to pluck down *Jove*, as look upon *Canutus* sound Retreat, the blood of *Cartesmunda* stirs the gods
1895 for this Revenge; and if this may appease her angry soul, we get by losing it; Do what yee will, for I will never more taste joy on earth; her death makes all things poor.

Omnes. What shall we do?

Har. What else, but fight and dye,
1900 And in our deaths hide all our Infamy.

[]

Alarm. Enter *Thornton*, *Randolph*, and the *Colliers*, they fight and take *Canutus* prisoner, and drive out the rest. A *Florish* and a *Retreat* sounded.

1905 K. Scots. Enter *Alured*, *Donald*, *Malcolme*, *Edmond*, *Thornton*, with prisoners, *Grim*, and the *Colliers*, leading *Canutus*, and *Osrick*.

K. Thus from the usurped Temples of *Canutus*, we take the *English* Crown and plant it here, to whom in right it legally belongs. Princes and Souldiers, now with me proclaim Victorious *Alured*, *Englands* Sovereign.

1 10 *Omnes.* Long live great *Alured* our lawful King. *Florish :*

Alur. First to all-helping heaven due thanks we give,
Then next to you, by whom our glories live.

Grim. 'Twas I that took him prisoner, my Lord, the *Colliers* are the Conquerors.

1915 *Alu.* We will reward your Valours.

Har. Propose a ransome Royal *Alured*, to sad *Canutus* and his Country-men.

1920 *Can.* Give me no Ransom sir, O let me dye, in *Cartesmundas* death I brake my vow, and for her sake I have neglected all, and willingly have sought mine own sad ruine ; Ile have no Ransom, *Cartesmundas* dead, let me be buried with her, that's all the mercy I now will beg of thee from all thy Conquests.

1925 *Alu.* No, great *Canutus*, for I pitty thee, I call to mind thy Royal Sisters love, beauteous *Elgina*, worthier then thy Nun, whose loving heart was once unbosom'd here, and for her sake, Ile like a brother use thee, this one condition frees thee ransomless, that you abate the Fealty we paid you, you shall return unto your State in *Denmark*, and henceforth even as brothers wee will live, exchanging Embassies of Love and Honor. And now to you my worthy Country-men it shall be texted to

1930 your lasting fame, that your *Newcastle* strength set *England* free in this dayes fair and happy Victory, for which, and for thy sake (most worthy *Thornton*) wee'l give a lasting honor to the Town, now beautified by thee with Wals and Towers, to which wee'l add all noble priviledge belonging to a Town Incorporate ; and for your former Government of Poretereans,

1935 we here establish it a Majoralty, and *Thornton* as the first we here create Mayor of *Newcastle*, and give thee the power to elect a brotherhood of Aldermen, with choice of Sheriffs to assist thy Government, your Charter shall be drawn with fullest strength,

Even with the fairest Cities of our Land,

1940 This Sword confirms it from King *Alureds* hand ;

Bear

Bear it before ye still.

Thorn. Your Highness gives us honor 'bove our Merits.

Alur. We have not yet done all, but what we want, wee'l study to requite to thee and them.

1945 *Grim.* Then since your grace is got into the giving Vain, I beseech you sir, Let Corporal *Grim* be bold to put a Colliers request into one of your ears.

Alur. What's that *Grim*?

Grim. Only this sweet King, I that for thy service sake was Corporal, 1950 to be Warden of your Coal-Carriers, to provide Coals, Surreverence, for your Highness own tooth, Ile promise you weight and measure, if none of your Officers do purloyn, and warm their Noses at your fires in their own Chimnies.

Alu. A reasonable Request : Thou art our Coal-carrier.

1955 *Grim.* Nay, Ile carry no Coals neither, I can tell you, and yet I have another Chaldron of curtesies to desire from your kindness, that in remembrance of *Newcastle* Colliers that have fought so bravely, we may from henceforth have the upper shoulder, and the wall of *Croydon* Colliers, and that if ever they be found with a Goose in their sacks, they may 1960 be made to stand a whole Market day in the Bakers Pulpit, because they shewed themselves Cowards to their Country, and durst not fight against the *Danes*, as we have done.

Alur. All this is granted sir.

Grim. Then stand thy ground, old Coal of *Newcastle*, and a fig for 1965 *Croyden*.

Alur. How now, still sad *Canutus*? We now must war with love, to raise this siege, which we will do with Banquets, and with Revels. Great King of *Scotland*, we are yet a debtor to your kind love, which thus we 'gin to pay, all those our Northern borders bounding on *Cumberland*, from 1970 *Tine* to *Tweed*, we add unto your Crown, so 'twas fore-promised, and 'tis now perform'd ; Most fit it is that we be ever lovers ; The Sea that binds us in one Continent,

Doth teach us to imbrace two hearts in one,
To strengthen both 'gainst all invasion.

1975 Look up *Canutus* now all's cleer above,
Let *Cartesmund* dye in our new love ;
And let swift fame thy former glories ring,
And hide the follies of a *Love-sick King*.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.



NOTES.

1. **13.** The *C* of 1 *Captain* is bigger than the *C* of 2. *Captain*.
1. **52.** *Recall your spirits*. For *recall* = call back, cp. l. 235 and
If Henry were *recall'd* to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.
I H VI. I, 1. 66.
1. **58.** The *s* of *us* is inverted.
1. **68.** *be hurled* = hurl, rush impetuously. v. *N.E.D.* i.v. hurl 2.
1. **70.** Notice the contamination of the two constructions : « 'tis for
Englands safety - - that I became », and « Englands safety - - -
makes me ».
1. **74.** *amazes*, terrifies, alarms. cp. *Julius Caesar* III, 1. 96.
1. **74.** Read ' This ' for ' His ' if the words are considered to be
addressed to the King. If, as I think, they are an aside His has
to be retained.
1. **77.** *see — to fight*. For infinitive with *to* after *see* cp. *Taming of the
Shrew* I, 1. 179, and Franz, *Shakespeare Grammatik* § 494.
1. **83.** There is no period after *Ent* —. *Edel* has only one *l* here.
1. **86.** *thorough*. Cp. *Julius Caesar* V, 1. 110. — *guards in*, attends,
escorts into the town. v. *N.E.D.* i.v. guard 1.d.
1. **88.** *to cause on to fight*. I have been unable to find another instance
of this construction.
1. **96.** Comma after *Alur* in the original.
1. **108.** The semicolon after ' it ' is very indistinct ; it may be a
comma only.
1. **128.** *Harold* is sometimes written with *r* sometimes with *rr* in the
text.
1. **152.** *King*. Only the tops of the letters are visible. — There is no
hyphen between *Love* and *sick* at the top of A 3 verso (p. 5).
1. **175.** No period after *Abb*.
1. **180.** The comma after *lust* is indistinct.
1. **189.** *Hofman*. Note the single *f*.
1. **199.** *I am taken strangely*, I am strangely affected, captivated,
charmed. Cp. I long To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely. *Tempest* V, 313.
1. **214.** *I cud*, icud, icod, ecod. Cp. *Englische Studien* XXIV, p. 47 ff.
It is just possible that *I cud* stands for *I could*, and that Canutus
interrupts himself. Cp. *wud* l. 317.
1. **222-223.** The *C* of *Cartes*. and *Canut*. is bigger than elsewhere.
1. **242.** *Consume*. Cp. *Much Ado* III, 1. 78.
1. **247.** *sudden*, rapid, quick. — May it please my lord To taste a glass
of Greek wine first, and *suddenly* She shall attend my lord. —
A New Way to pay Old Debts. III, 2.

1. 253. *Idea* seems to be used here for « the ideal realized in an individual ». Cp. *N.E.D.* i.v. *idea* 2 † b.
1. 279. Cp. We'll joy in such a son. *Pericles* I, 1. 118.
1. 286. The meaning seems to be : Let not the sun be worshipped more by the Barbarian than we worship her.
1. 302. *Epithite* is in the original.
1. 313. *What makest thou here?* Cp. I *Honest Whore* I, 1. I'm well — what makes this doctor here?
1. 318. For *death's ebon dart* cp. *Venus and Adonis*. 948.
1. 328. *Woo't*. Cp. Franz § 20 d.
1. 350. *begirt*. Cp. Then as we are, Souldiers, *begirt* vs round. *Valiant Welshman* III, 3. 55. — *Paradise Lost* V, 868. — The beauteous spirits do *engirt* thee round. *Campion, First Book of Airs*, 20.
1. 362. *give ore*, cease, stop speaking. — I have given over, I'll speak no more. *Henry IV B. II*, 3. 5.
1. 389. The *i* of *English* is inverted.
1. 400. *résolve*, inform, tell. Cp. But he departed straight, I can *resolve* you. *Epicoene* II, 2. — For I suppose that you can full discourse And flat *resolve* me of the thing I seek. *Arden of Feversham* I, 1. 456.
1. 402. The comma after *murdered* may be a semicolon.
1. 408. There is no period after 'Lady'.
1. 410. To give entertainment to the triumphant Canutus.
1. 416. Read 'their' for 'his'.
1. 435. *Fuggy*. Diminutive of *fug*, a pet name for Joan; applied as a common name to a sweetheart or mistress, v. *N.E.D.* i.v. — « Come forward, *fug* » says the Clown to his sister *Joan* in *Merlin* II, 1.
1. 439. *Catastrophe*, the posteriors. Cp. A plague of this winde; O, it tickles our *Catastrophe*. *Merry Devil of Edmonton* II, 1. — He tickle his *catastrophe* for this. *ibid.* V, 2. Cp. H 4 B II, 1, 66.
1. 442. *Myllan needles*. Besides Milanese needles, Spanish ones are mentioned: Now vse your bodkin, Your *spanish needle*, and your pressing Iron. *Arden of Feversham* I, 1.
fustian, worthless.
1. 443. *Eels-skins*. The *N.E.D.* has : *Merchant of eel-skins* = ? rag and bone collector.
1. 446. In Elizabethan English *horrible* was used adverbially in the sense of 'very, very much', much in the same way as 'awfully' is used in modern slang. Cf. *Horrible* afeard. H IV A II, 4. 402.
1. 462. Cp. 'If it were not for hope the heart would break'. *Bohn's Handbook of Proverbs*. p. 103.
1. 463. 'I' no doubt stands for 'it', which refers in an indefinite way to fortune or riches.
1. 467. *my mind gives me it*, i.e. suggests it to me. — *My mind gave me* his clothes made a false report of him. *Coriol.* IV, 5. 157. *Eastward Hoe* III, 3. *Knight of the Burning Pestle, Induction*.
1. 471-2. There is no hyphen between *Love* and *sick* of the headline.
1. 474. *she would have chaulked me*, written up my score in chalk.
1. 480. The comma after *Sir* is in the original.

- l. 481. *fall down*, to descend or drop down a river etc. *N.E.D.*
- l. 480. Perhaps we ought to read : at this *game* of hazard youle set so great a *stake*.
- l. 512-3. See introduction.
- l. 514. *foot*. For *foot*, *cudsfoot*, *udsfoot*, 'sfoot/and similar oaths *v. Englische Studien* XXIV. p. 31 ff.
- l. 530. *Cullisance* = cognizance.
- l. 534. The comma after *Wife* is in the original.
- l. 534-5. For the religious drama performed at Newcastle-on-Tyne see Ward, *English Dramatic Literature* I 55, 70, 91. — Cp. Introduction.
- l. 539. This song also occurs in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* III, 5.
- I come not hither for thee to teach,
I have no pulpit for thee to preach,
I would thou hadst kissed me under the breech,
As thou art a lady gay. (Mermaid Series).
- l. 543. The comma after *Wife* is in the original. — *Marry come up* implies indignation. Cp. *Englische Studien*, XXIV, 205.
- l. 548. *I shall love Mondays vein to poetize*. See Introduction.
- l. 571. The mark of exclamation is broken.
- l. 582. *Entertainment*, « the action of maintaining persons in one's service or of taking persons into service ». *N.E.D.*
- l. 602. *put off*, get rid of. — I cannot *put off* my opinion so easily. *Merry Wives* II, 1. 243. — There is no period after *George*.
- l. 603. *out-cry*, auction ; *v. N.E.D.* and *Dialect Dictionary*.
- l. 605. There is no period after *George*.
- l. 606. *Marry Muff*, an oath. Cp. *Mary muff*, sir, are you grown so dainty? Fielding, *Joseph Andrews* II, 1. — Mrs. Goodgift takes the word in the sense of a lady's muff. — Cp. *Englische Studien* XXIV, 205, and l. 543.
- l. 610. *It has been lain dead*, contamination of « has lain » and « has been lying ». *To lie dead* is still the usual phrase for « to be unsaleable ».
- l. 615. *motion*, intention. Cp. Your suit is granted, And you loved for the *motion*. *A new Way to pay Old Debts*, V.
- l. 648. *goose*, a tailor's iron. Cp. *Macbeth*, II, 3. 17.
- l. 651. A small spot over the comma behind *Lyn* makes it look like a semicolon.
- l. 658. *How is't*? cp. l. 978 : *how is't with you Sir*?
- l. 665. *amongst*, together, among something else. *N.E.D.* i.v. *among*, B 3. — The colon is not very distinct and may very well be a broken mark of interrogation. There is room enough for a word of two letters to have fallen out after *amongst*. *Us* would give a very good sense.
- l. 665. *sellerage*. Cp. Hamlet I, 5. 151.
- l. 673. *best liking*. Cp. But now, if your *good liking* stand thereto, Ile craue your pardon to goe seeke the Prince. *Spanish Tragedy* I, 4.
- l. 677. *make legs*, curtsy. Cp. Why, you slaves, Created only *to make legs*, and cringe. *A New Way to pay Old Debts*, I, 3.

1. **680.** *hole*, a dungeon or prison-cell. v. *N.E.D.* — Cp. The Knight will i' the Knights Ward — ; and Maister Quicksilver would be i' the *Hole*. *Eastward Hoe* V, 2.
1. **690.** *brave* for *bravely* = very. Cp. *bravely*^s in *N.E.D.*, especially the last quotation.
1. **722.** *my faith is past*. Cp. I have passed my word and promise to the emperor. *Titus Andron.* I, 468.
1. **736.** *president*. For the spelling cp. As if we were in our *president* way. *Faire Em.* I, 2.
1. **743.** *shrewdly*, very much, in a high degree. Cp. My fame is *shrewdly* gored. *Troilus* III, 3. 228.
1. **751.** The period after the catchword *Alu* is indistinct.
1. **778.** The character after *thee* is indistinct ; it may be a semi-colon.
1. **786.** It is rather difficult to decide whether the E of English is italic or roman.
1. **794.** *my best of speeek*. Cp. *My best of wit*, be ready. I *Honest Whore* III, 1.
1. **808.** The comma behind 'laugh'd' is in the text.
1. **826.** The pause after *her* may be a comma but I believe it is a smudged period.
1. **853.** *it self*. The space between the two words is very small.
1. **854.** There is no period at the end of this line.
1. **864.** *Freezland*, no doubt so spelt to suggest derivation from « freeze ».
1. **890.** *doat of* is rare ; Shakespeare has only *doat (dote) on*.
1. **891.** *lust* in this sense is not registered in the *N.E.D.* It seems to mean *to enjoy*. There is one example of *to lust* in the sense of *desire* in Murray.
1. **927.** *Remove out of mine eye*. Cp. He hence *removed* last night. *All's Well* V, 1. 23.
1. **951, 2.** The hyphen after *Wor* and the *k* of *black* are smudged.
1. **952.** *Benefactor*. Grim means *factor*.
1. **963.** For *Grim of Croydon* v. Introduction.
1. **971.** *insist upon thy care*, persist in thy good cares.
1. **998.** This is probably the oldest instance of *damp* in the sense of *choke-damp*. The earliest quotation in the *N.E.D.* belongs to 1626.
1. **1008.** Note the transition from *thy* to *your*.
1. **1010.** *but to the wealth and greatness you expect, I yet hear nothing*. For *to* = *as to* cp. Once more to this Captain Dumain : you have answered to his reputation with the duke and to his valour : what is his honesty ? *All's well that ends Well* IV, 3. 277.
1. **1038.** This is a line from a popular song, which I quote from Chappell with his annotations (*Old English Popular Music*, 1893, I 140) :

« Martin said to his Man ».

Freemen's Songs to Three Voices, Deuteromelia, 1609. *The Fitzwilliam Virginal Book*.

Martin said to his man,
 Fie, man, fie :
 O Martin said to his man,
 Who's the foole now ?
 Martin said to his man,
 Fill thou the cup and I the can :
 Thou hast well drunken man,
 Who's the foole now ?

—
 I see a man in the Moone,
 Fie, man, fie :
 I see a man in the moone,
 Who's the foole now ?
 I see a man in the moone,
 Clowting of St. *Peter's* shoone,
 Thou hast well, &c.

—
 I see a hare chase a hound,
 Fie, man, fie :
 I see a hare chase a hound,
 Who's the foole now ?
 I see a hare chase a hound,
 Twenty mile above the ground,
 Thou hast well, &c.

—
 I see a goose ring a hog,
 Fie, man, fie :
 I see a goose ring a hog,
 Who's the foole now ?
 I see a goose ring a hog,
 And a snayle that did bite a dog,
 Thou hast well, &c.

—
 I see a mouse catch the cat,
 Fie, man, fie :
 I see a mouse catch the cat,
 Who's the foole now ?
 I see a mouse catch the cat,
 And the cheese to eate the rat,
 Thou hast well, &c.

This song, which is thought to be a satire upon the relaters of marvellous tales, was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company as a ballad in 1588, when Thomas Orwyn had a licence to print it. It is alluded to in Dekker's comedy, *Old Fortunatus*, and in Dryden's *Sir Martin Mar-all, or the Feign'd Innocence*, 1668, Act. IV. »

The reference to *Old Fortunatus* is to IV, 1. (or l. 2025 in Scherer's edition from which I quote) :

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, laugh, laugh in scorne,
 Who's ye foole ? the foole, he wears a horne.

The passage in Dryden is :

Sir Martin. I tell thee Man I did it, and it was done by the Help of no Devil, but this Familiar of my own Brain; how long would it have been ere thou could'st have thought of such a Project? *Martin* said to his Man *Who's the Fool now?* — *Warner.* Who's the Fool? why, who uses to be the Fool? he that ever was since I knew him, and ever will be so!

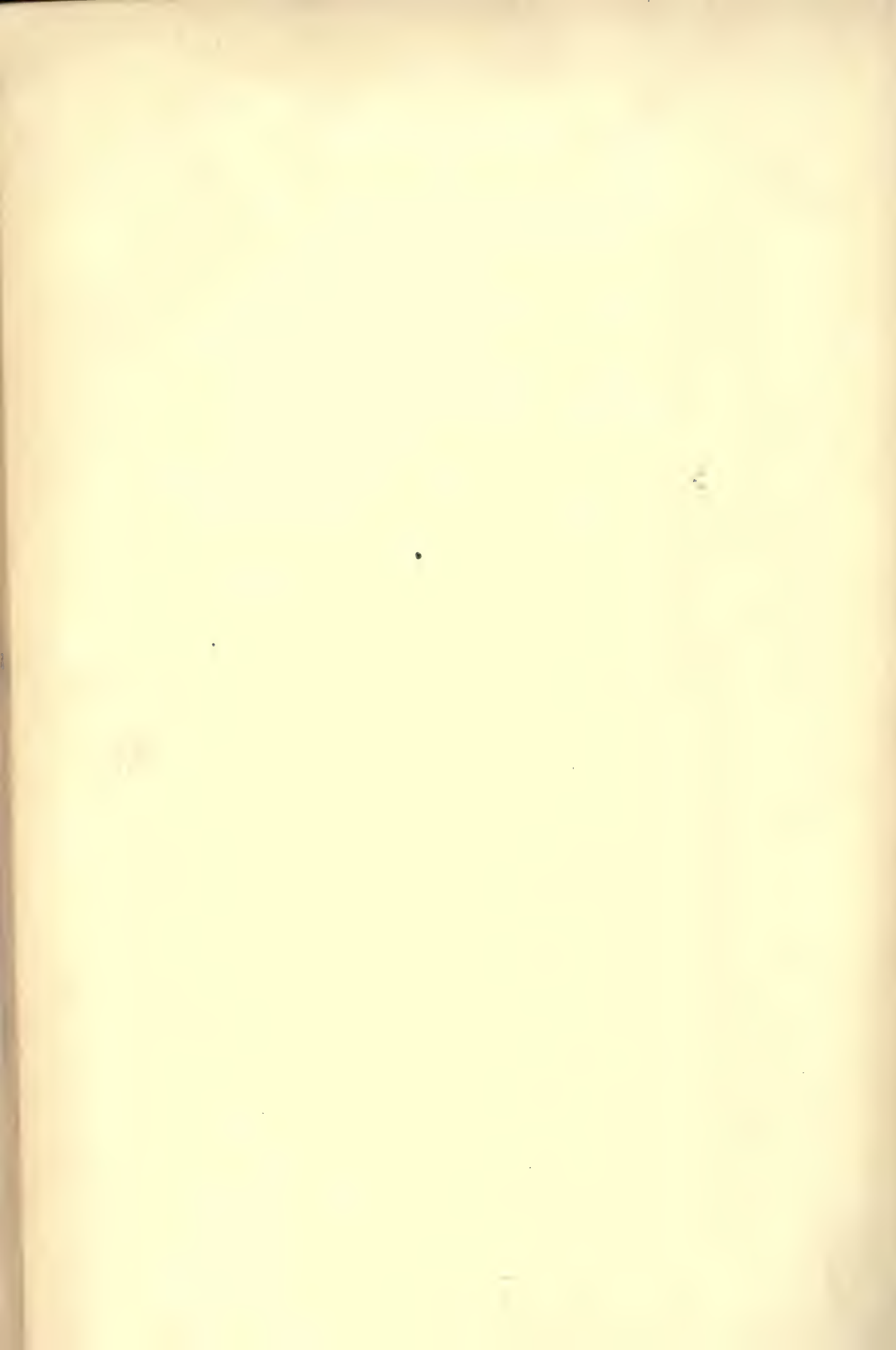
1. **1048.** *a purpose*, of purpose. Cp. This is *of purpose* laid by some that hate me to quench mine honour. *Henry VIII.* V, 2. 14.
1. **1050.** Cp. l. 610.
1. **1076.** The comma behind *yfaith* is in the original.
1. **1149.** *thou'lt* is in the original.
1. **1150.** In both copies the catchword is cut away. In the British Museum copy there is a remnant of the *d* of *ward*.
1. **1166.** *Erra-pater*. An 'almanac' or 'prognostication', known as *Erra Pater's Prognostication*, first printed by R. Bankes. Bankes printed from 1523-1546. See note to l. 92 of Bang's edition of *The Queen or the Excellency of her Sex* (Materialien XIII.) Cf. Max Förster, *Die Kleinliteratur des Aberglaubens im Altenglischen*, Archiv CX, p. 349. Also *Hudibras* I, 1. 129.
1. **1172.** *now*, but *now*. Cp. I that now Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg Of my lord general. *Coriolanus* I, 9. 79.
1. **1173.** The comma after *Smith* is in the original.
1. **1204.** The point of interrogation after *looks* is indistinct; it may very well be an inverted semicolon.
1. **1236.** *seek you forth*, seek you out. Cp. *N.E.D.* *forth* 8.
1. **1255.** *when* denotes impatience. — No more, I say: to the tortures, *when!* *Spanish Tragedy* III, 1. 47. — Sirrah, bid my wife come to me: why, *when?* II *Honest Whore* II, 2.
1. **1272.** *that bears so high a stroak*, that is so high-handed. — Muret-Sanders i.v. *stroke* 17 has: Kraft, Wirkung, Gewalt, Vermögen: *he has a great stroke* er vermag viel.
1. **1281.** *Tipes of dignity*, signs, badges of dignity. — Thy father bears the *type* of king of Naples. 3 *Henry VI.* I, 4. 121.
1. **1311.** The *t* of *to* is almost illegible.
1. **1339.** *You.* Read *your*.
1. **1350.** *Canu't*. Cp. Van Dam and Stoffel, *William Shakespeare, Pro-sody and Text*, p. 114 ff.
1. **1367.** *Infinites*. For this plural use v. *N.E.D.* i.v. *infinite* C. 2.
1. **1382.** *wealthest* is in the original.
1. **1383.** The pause after *wife* may be a colon.
1. **1416.** *cast*, device, trick; or it may mean 'throw (of dice)', here of course used figuratively. For the former sense cp. But hear, Master King, by your leave, a *cast*. Now you have done with them, I pray you, begin with me. *Mucedorus* V (*A* text). For the latter: But, above all, protest in your play, and affirm, Upon your credit, As you are a true gentleman, *at every cast*. *Every Man out of his Humour* I, 1.
1. **1418.** *cleerly*, net. v. *N.E.D.*

1. **1426.** The comma after *all* is very indistinct. The copy in the British Museum has a distinct (,).
1. **1436.** *fury* I take to be a misprint for *ficky*.
1. **1470.** *compass*, moderation. Cp. *N.E.D.* and *Dialect Dictionary*.
1. **1501.** The comma after *wrong* is very indistinct.
1. **1505.** There is a smudge behind *Enter* looking like a period. The British Museum copy, however, has no stop.
1. **1521.** *Excursions*, sallies, sorties.
1. **1532.** *bandied*, banded together, leagued. v. *N.E.D.*
1. **1538.** *partner* appears to be used in the wider sense of associate, colleague. Cp. *N.E.D.* i.v. *partner* 2.
1. **1561.** *wise*, guise, appearance, dress.
1. **1577.** *Tartarians*. Two words are here mixed up by Grim : 1. *Tartarean* pertaining to Tartarus ; 2. *Tartarean* pertaining to Tartary. — There's not a *Tartarian* nor a Carrier, shall breath upon your geldings. *Merry Devil* I, 1. 10. — No mouse ; that was a *Tartarian*. *Knight of the Burning Pestle* II, 8.
Fellowers may of course be a misprint for followers but this is unlikely, considering the correctness of the text. *Follower* is a very rare word of which the *N.E.D.* gives only one example.
1. **1586.** *repair'st* for *repair'd*.
1. **1617.** *cut and long tail*. Literally : horses or dogs with cut tails and with long tails ; hence figuratively : all sorts of people ; riff-raff. (*N.E.D.*) — Cp. Love and money sweepes all before them, be they *cut or longtaylor*. *The Queen, or the Excellency of her Sex*, 2985. (Materialien XIII).
1. **1631.** *indubitare*, indubitable, undoubted. Cf. *Love's Labour Lost* IV, 1. 67.
11. **1639-41.** The meaning of these lines seems to be : « The shame which attaches to our country in consequence of these Danish wars is balanced by your good deeds ».
1. **1644.** *singular*, unequalled. — Each your doing, so *singular* in each particular, Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds, That all your acts are queens. *Winter's Tale* IV, 4. 144.
1. **1647.** *forrage* has here the secondary sense of *raid*.
1. **1680.** *Phlegitan*, *Acaron*. Grim means *Pyriphlegeton*, *Acheron*.
1. **1686.** *Neighborhood*, neighbourly kindness.
to heat our buildings. House heating or house-warming is « the action of celebrating the entrance into the occupation of a new house or home with a feast or entertainment ». v. Captain Marryatt, *Olla Podrida, Modern-built Townhouses*. For house-heating the *N.E.D.* gives examples from 19 century literature only.
1. **1697.** *defame*, infamy. Cp. *Lucrece* 768.
1. **1699.** *to sooth him in this sin*, to humour. Cp. Is't good *to soothe* him in these contraries ? *Com. of Err.* IV, 4. 82.
1. **1700.** The period after *him* looks like a comma.
1. **1710.** The comma after *best* is very indistinct.
1. **1716.** One would expect the parentheses to enclose from *or* to *Flames*. The period after *Flames* may be a comma.

1. 1737. The stop after *Hul* may be a colon.
1. 1745. *have*, as if the subject were « The King of Scots and the English forces ».
11. 1752-53. In scanning these lines read *spir't* for *spirit*.
11. 1752-54. Read as follows :
- Let's arm / our selves / for shame / Trayt'th'hast / deserved
Death ere / thou dyest / and this / thy proud / presume.
For reasons and analogues cp. the chapters on prosody in van Dam and Stoffel, *W. Shakespeare*.
1. 1755. *presume*, presumption. I cannot find another instance of this word.
1. 1778. In scanning read 'arm'. Cp. van Dam and Stoffel, p. 93 ff.
1. 1770. *bear*, carry, win. — His word might *bear* my wealth at any time. *Com. of Errors* V, 8. Cp. 'to conquer the field'.
11. 1782-85. Read *nation* as a trissyllabic, *Canutus* as a dissyllabic word (*Canute*) :
- Canutus / traytör / as thou / art great / be just.
Or read : th'art?
11. 1786-89. Read : Ile force / this paint / ed whore / help me / Canute
What can / you cry / wer't thou / Joves myn / ion
Slave thou / thus had'st / dy'd I / will meet / it thus.
1. 1786. The semicolon is in the text.
1. 1790. There is no period at the end of the line.
1. 1791. The stage direction is not particularly clear. Cp. l. 1819. Evidently Cartesmundä runs upon Canutus' sword, after Huldric has caught her in his arms.
1. 1801. In order to scan the line we must substitute *on* or 'pon for *upon* ; that bro / ken with / my wish / is faln / on me.
1. 1803. *fayl'd* = broke. Now obsolete ; the last example in *N.E.D.* is from Cowper's *Tirocinium*.
1. 1812-1819. I suppose that in l. 1814 something has dropped out. — *all* in l. 1814 may be wrong for *at*, the substitution of which would make the line intelligible. — For *Inhabitants* read *habitants* (v. *N.E.D.*). — *Together* should be read as a dissyllabic word (v. van Dam and Stoffel).
- Ha, sit you weeping there ;
Or has Amazement turn'd you into stone,
That like men gasping at Medusa stand,
To see my Love thus fall by mine own hand :
Our self will instantly be in the Field,
And scourge the *English* pride and Habitants.
Sound up our Drum, and call our Troops together,
And arm with speed, Ile to the Field, and fight ;
Farewel dear Love, whom I of life bereft,
For which unwilling Act, O pardon me.
1. 1828. The form *Kill* is caused by senses.
1. 1858. *parly* = speak, talk. — I renounce your defiance, if you *parle* so roughly. *Merry Devil* v, 2.
1. 1861. The periods after *Alarm* and *Excursions* are indistinct and

may be commas.

1. **1894.** There should be a full stop after sound.
1. **1900.** The signature is wanting in both copies.
1. **1929.** *to you it shall be texted.* to text = to write, to put up in writing.
Cp. O then, how high shall this great Troy *text up* the memory
Of you her noble prætor! Dekker, *London's Tempe*.
1. **1933.** There seems to be a comma after Towers.
1. **1934.** *Poretereans* = proletarians; no doubt a printer's error.
1. **1950.** *Surreverence* = *Sir reverence*. Cp. A very reverent body, ay
such a one as a man may not speak of without he say *Sir*
reverence. *Com. of Errors* III, 2. 93. — The nice fondling, my
lady *sir reverence*, that I must not nowe presume to call daughter.
Eastward Hoe II, 1. — *Mildred*. O, good sister! *Ger.* Sister, *Sir*
Reverence. *ibid.* IV, 2. — It is evident from these examples that
the expression lost its original meaning and could be applied
even to women.
1. **1951.** *for your Highness own tooth*; *tooth* = relish, palate, taste. Cp.
Chart. He's an excellent musician himself, you must note that.
May. And having met one fit *for his own tooth*, you see, he skips
from us. Dekker and Webster, *Northward Ho*, IV. 4.
1. **1960.** *the Bakers Pulpit* = the pillory. Cp. the following quotations
from *N.E.D.* where, however, *baker's pulpit* is not mentioned.
A Pillorie, for the punishment of Bakers, offending in the
assise of bread. *Stow, Survey*. — I feare we parte not ye'et,
Quoth the baker to the pylorie. J. Heywood, *Proverbs & Epigrams*,
47 (1867).



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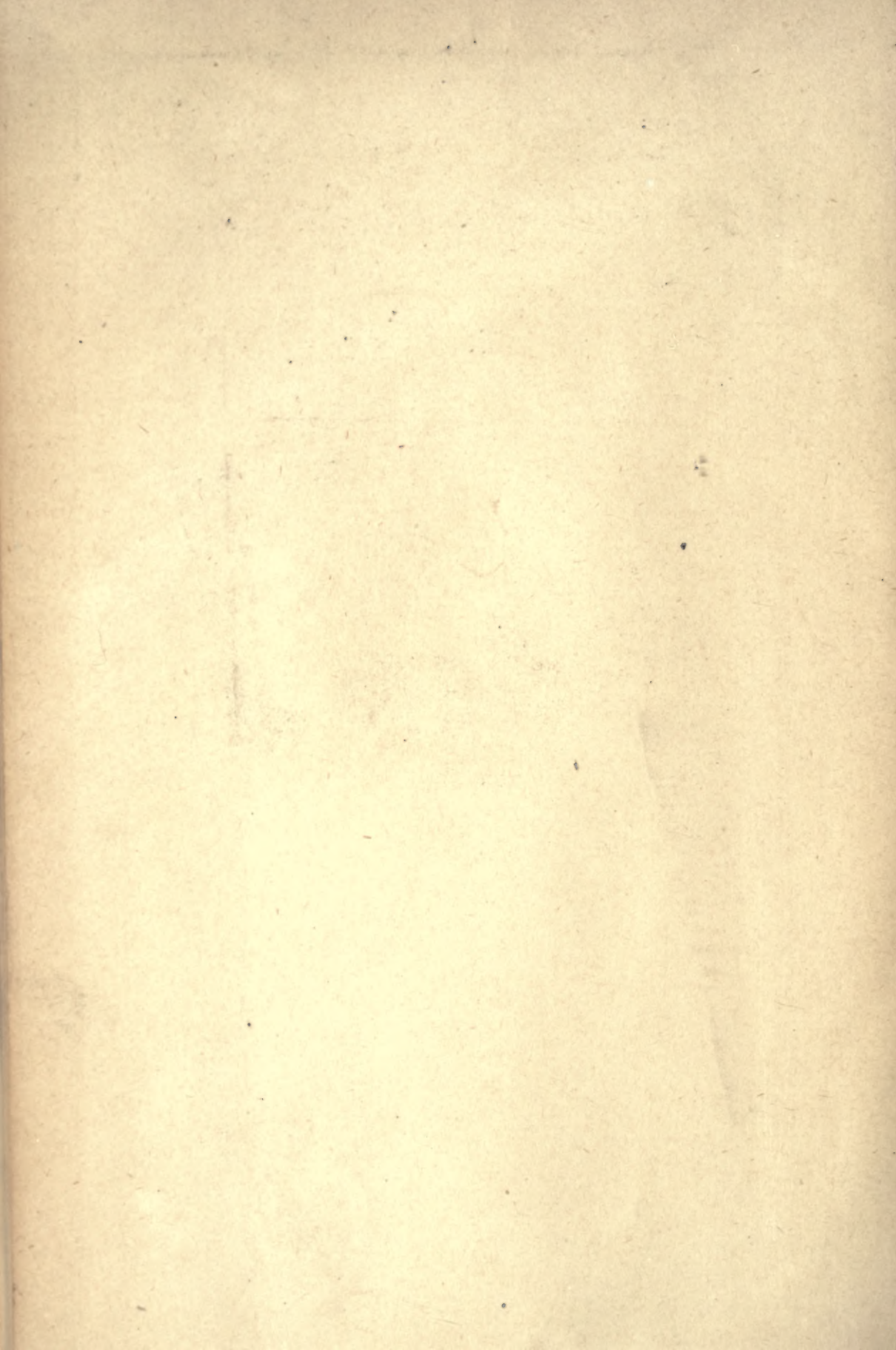
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Ben Jonson's Every man
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