A TALE OF A TUB

BY

BEN JONSON

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY

BY

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PREFACE

A Tale of a Tub had never appeared in a separate edition until the autumn of 1913, when Dr. Hans Scherer brought it out in *Materialien zur Kunde des Älteren Englischen Dramas*, Band 39. Although the present work was well under way when Scherer's appeared, it was, of course, a question as to whether there was need of another edition. The Yale University Library offered exceptional resources for a more detailed study of the text than had yet been made; and in many instances the views of the present editor were quite different from those previously brought forward. It was believed, therefore, that there still remained an opportunity to edit the play in such a way as to make it more available to English readers.

Though *A Tale of a Tub* must always be considered one of the least significant of Jonson's plays, it is to be doubted if any other affords more interest for a study of the present nature. The question of date, once settled, becomes merely an interesting bit of literary history. But the play itself; its freshness and vitality; its return to the Gammer-Gurton species; its grasp on the mid-sixteenth-century, John-Heywood manner of thought; its Inigo-Jones interest; its missing Vitruvius-Hoop part; the unique aspect presented by the summarizing *Motion* at the end—all these things, as revealing Jonson and the working of Jonson's mind at this particular stage in his work, suggest questions and ideas over which a student might well like to linger, and which he can not hope to exhaust within the prescribed limits of a work like this. *A Tale of a Tub* deserves more attention than

has as yet been accorded it. The range of its allusion and the accuracy of its detail, if not its merits as literature or drama, mark it as a not unworthy product of Jonson's mind.

I desire to take this opportunity of acknowledging my indebtedness, through many years, to the Reverend Alexander James Carlyle, D. Litt., Lecturer of University College, Oxford, whose stimulating tutorship first aroused my particular interest in the English drama, and whose continuing inspiration and guidance have led to the final outcome of the present work. For more immediate assistance of various kinds, my hearty thanks are due to the following: to Professor John Milton Berdan for the unlimited use of his copy of the folio of 1640, and for suggestions as to some details of the work; to Professor William Lyon Phelps and Professor C. F. Tucker Brooke for valuable criticisms of specific portions; to Professor John C. Schwab, Mr. Andrew Keogh, Mr. Henry R. Gruener, and the Yale Library staff, for bibliographical aid; and especially to Professor Albert Stanburrough Cook and Professor Charlton Miner Lewis, for the time, thought, and attention they have given to the work as a whole.

Finally, I desire to take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the unfailing courtesy and cordiality of the vast student-body whom we call the Men of Yale, without which the opportunities which Yale University so generously throws open to women could not be what they now are, the crowning joy of student-days.

F. M. S.

YALE UNIVERSITY,
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CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

A. Editions of the Text

1640.

A Tale of a Tub was first printed in the second volume of the 1640 folio of Jonson's works, where it appeared between *The Magnetic Lady* and *The Sad Shepherd.* Dr. Hans Scherer notes five differences in the text of the two folios to which he had access (cf. his edition, p. xv). They are as follows[1]:

	Folio A	Folio B
3. 5. 61	for a soune,	for a sonne,
5. 2. 26	as my man Hilts	as I man Hilts
5. 2. 52	my Ladie Mothers house,	my Ladies Mothers house,
5. 7. 31	fine oild Lanterne-paper,	fine old Lanterne paper.
5. 7. 47	Citie:	Citi$_e$:

The two folios available for the present edition, the Yale Library copy and that of Professor Berdan, have, in each case referred to above, the same reading. This in the first instance is that of Folio B, and in the other four instances that of Folio A. The paging of both is that of Folio A, whose pages are numbered from 75 to 79, and then begin again at 70, and continue to 113.

There is one difference between the Yale folio and that of Professor Berdan which occurs in the names of the *Maids of the Bridall* in 'The Persons that Act.' These are as follows:

The Yale Folio	Professor Berdan's Folio
Ione Ioyce,	Ione, Ioyce,
Madge Parnel,	Madge, Parnel,
Grisell, Kate,	Grisell, Kate.

[1] The references are to the text of the present edition.

The text of Dr. Scherer's edition has the same reading as that of Professor Berdan's folio. As he does not mention the matter, Folio A and Folio B are doubtless the same in this respect. There is no doubt that the reading in Professor Berdan's folio is correct, because six was a usual number of bridesmaids, and because in his folio the names are given in a uniform manner.

From the conditions in *A Tale of a Tub* as it appears in these four folios, it may be inferred that there were at least four imprints of the second volume of the 1640 folio. It is impossible to tell in what order they occurred. Folio B, on account of the mistakes noted, would seem to have been the earliest, but it has the correct paging, and it is difficult to see how this could have been altered. The Yale folio, with the incorrect printing of the *Maids of the Bridall*, would seem to have been printed before Professor Berdan's copy, in which these are corrected. Professor Berdan's copy and Folio A correspond, except for the spelling of the word *soune*. The correctness of these two folios seems to rest upon the question of how the meaning of the passage is best expressed; see note on 3. 5. 61. Dr. Scherer's text has all the readings of Folio A except the first, but gives *sonne* in this place.

The play, being printed after Jonson's death, seems to represent the stage-version, from which Vitruvius Hoop's part, to which Inigo Jones objected, had been struck out (cf. page xiv of this text, and the life of Inigo Jones, Shak. Soc., p. 29). The chief faults are, as might be expected, largely typographical. They consist of mistakes in punctuation; of running words together as in 'spirither,' 1. 1. 20, and 'doetoo,' 4. 1. 30; of the introduction of extra words or letters, as in 'For I ought I know,' 1. 2. 39, 'Yes, we who not him,' 4. 1. 82; of occasional mistakes in the speaker's name, as 'Ite,' 2. 1. 56;

and of the omission of the name of the speaker, as 'Turfe,' 2. 2. 110, and 'Puppy,' 2. 3. 13.

The one thing of particular interest is the marginal note opposite 3. 2. 38—9, 'Clay's *first mist.*' In lines 11—12, Clay has said, 'I will not stay by't, for all the Tiles in Kilburne,' and has evidently gone out then. The marginal note, saying that he is now missed, is doubtless designed to be a direction to the actors, and serves to strengthen the idea that the printed text is from the acting version of the play.

1692.

The 1692 folio has a general title-page, reading: The Works of Ben Jonson, Which were formerly Printed in Two Volumes, are now Reprinted in One. To which is added A Comedy, called the New Inn. With Additions never before Published. London, 1692. *A Tale of a Tub* has the same relative position as before. It occupies 23 pages, 509—531. The title-page of the 1640 edition is compressed; the prologue occupies the lower half of the page, being placed before, instead of after, 'The Persons that Act.' This edition, though occasionally changing a word (cf. 2. 1. 52, 'Fairies' for 'Faies'), concerns itself chiefly with the correction of typographical errors, and shows, by the changes in punctuation, a careful study of the text.

1716.

The Works of Ben. Johnson. [6 vols. 8vo.] Volume the Fifth, Containing, *A* Tale *of a* Tub. *The* Sad Shepherd: *Or, A* Tale *of* Robin Hood. Under-woods: *consisting* of *divers Poems.* Mortimer's *Fall.* Masques. London, 1716. *A Tale of a Tub* is found on pp. 1—89. The text of this edition varies but little from that of 1692, though occasionally a correction occurs that was overlooked

before (cf. 3. 7. 32, 'What, now's the matter?' changed to 'What's now the matter?'). In this edition the separation of the lines that involve more than one speaker, though not completely carried out, begins; and the stage-directions are here, for the first time, introduced into the text.

1729.

The British Museum Catalogue gives, under this date: Ben Jonson's Plays. 2 vols. Dublin, 12mo.

1756.

The Works of Ben Jonson. In Seven Volumes. Collated with All former Editions, and corrected; with Notes Critical and Explanatory. By Peter Whalley, Late Fellow of St. John's College in Oxford. 8vo. London, 1756. *A Tale of a Tub* is in Volume 5, pages 1—94. This edition shows a careful and conscientious, if, at times, misguided study of the text. The separation of speeches into paragraphs is completed; the act-headings are omitted, except for the first scene in each act; italics are used only for the names of the speakers and for stage-directions. Whalley, at times, makes alterations in the text to suit his own ideas (cf. 1. 6. 54, 'we ha' brought' for 'we ha' bought'; 1. 7. 36, 'their husbands jealous too of them,' for 'their husbands jealous of them'; 2. 2. 87, 'we were set upon' for 'were set upon,' etc.); but in general they show excellent judgment (cf. 2. 1. 52, the change of 'Fairies' back to the 'Faies' of the folio; 2. 1. 57, *Cle.* for *Ite*; 2. 3. 110, the introduction of Turfe as the speaker before 'Odd pretious woman,' etc.). Whalley's notes, the first to be made on the play, are partly in justification of his alterations in the text, and partly critical and explanatory. They show excellent judgment.

1811.

The Dramatic Works of Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher: The First Printed from the Text, and with the Notes of Peter Whalley; the Latter, From the Text, and with the Notes of the late George Colman, Esq. Embellished with Portraits. In Four Volumes. Royal 8vo., two-columned. London, 1811. *A Tale of a Tub* is found in Volume 1, pages 635—668. The prologue is printed as in the folio, after the 'Persons Represented' (this heading is only used in this edition). For the rest, the play is, as it advertises itself to be, a reprint of Whalley's text, giving, however, the act and scene at the top of each page.

1816.

The Works of Ben Jonson, in Nine Volumes, with notes Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir, by W. Gifford, Esq. 8vo. London, 1816. *A Tale of a Tub* is found in Volume 6, pp. 129—241. The prologue is put before the 'Dramatis Personæ,' (this title is first used here). The scenes are renumbered, so that whereas the folio had 39 scenes, there are now but 19, a change that can be justified, since the scene-divisions as given by Jonson often mark no change in the scene, but rather in the action of the play. Gifford gives at the head of each scene the place at which the action takes place and its setting, and inserts new details into the stage-directions. He changes the heading, 'The *Scene* interloping' in Act 4 to 'Scene II' (see note on the same in this edition), and omits 'Clay's *first mist*,' commented on above, as well as other directions. Many important emendations are made without comment (e.g. 1. 1. 77; 1. 3. 41—46; 3. 7. 54, etc. in textual notes); and some (e.g. 1. 2. 35—6), which he asserts 'restores the passage to sense, and is not far perhaps from that of the author,'

give a reading quite out of keeping with the ordinary speech of the character. Gifford's notes, as far as they are designedly critical, are directed to eulogizing Jonson, and to showing that any adverse criticism arises from spite, jealousy, and incomplete knowledge. They have little value as real criticism.

1838.

The Works of Ben Jonson, with a Memoir by Barry Cornwall. London, 1838. *A Tale of a Tub* occupies pp. 464—489. The text contains no notes, and is a reprint of the text of Gifford, whom Barry Cornwall greatly admired.

1842, 1846.

In 1842, Moxon (London) brought out a new one-volume edition of Gifford's Jonson, and, in 1846, one of Barry Cornwall's. Each has for a frontispiece the Honthorst portrait of Jonson, and each has facing the portrait an etched title-page, with a picture of Hawthornden, and the date, 1838. The sole difference between these two pages is in the name of the author of the memoir, which corresponds, of course, to that on the printed title-page which immediately follows. Both volumes contain on the succeeding page the following: 'To Robert Southey, Esq. LL.D. Poet-Laureate, etc. This edition of The Works of Ben Jonson, is inscribed by The Publisher. November, 1838.' *A Tale of a Tub* is found, without notes, in each volume on pages 464—489. These editions add nothing of critical value, but are of considerable interest as indicating the demand at the time for Jonson's works.

1871.

The Works of Ben Jonson with Notes Critical and Explanatory and a Biographical Memoir by W. Gifford,

Esq. with Introduction and Appendices by Lieut.-Col. F. Cunningham. 3 vols., 8vo. London, 1871.

1875.

Another edition of the same in 9 vols., London, 1875. This edition, known as the Cunningham-Gifford, is now the standard edition of Jonson's works. *A Tale of a Tub* is found in Volume 6, pp. 119—226, with Cunningham's notes on pp. 494—501. The text is Gifford's, though Cunningham protests against such changes from the folio as he deems unwarranted or unnecessary (see notes to this edition *passim*). The knowledge and keenness which Cunningham shows in his notes is overshadowed both by his feeling of irritation regarding contrary views, and by his effort to make the text sustain Collier's idea of an early date for the writing of the play. They add, however, considerably to the value of the Gifford and Whalley annotations.

1910.

The Complete Plays of Ben Jonson [Everyman's Library, 2 vols., 12mo. London], edited, with Introduction and Glossary, by Felix E. Schelling. *A Tale of a Tub* is in Volume 2, pp. 573—634. The text is, with hardly an exception, a reprint of Gifford's. There are no notes.

1913.

Materialien zur Kunde des Älteren Englischen Dramas. Folio. Band 39: *A Tale of a Tub, nach dem Drucke von* 1640 *herausgegeben von Dr. Hans Scherer.* This is the first separate edition of *A Tale of a Tub.* The introduction summarizes the previous views regarding an early date for the play, adding new details; discusses the sources of the play and of the dialect used; and compares the text of it as found in two 1640 folios. The

notes are for the most part explanatory, but offer suggestions as to more correct readings. This is by far the most complete and careful edition of the play that has as yet appeared.

B. The Date of the Play

In Herbert's Licenses for Acting Plays,[1] under the date of May 7, 1633, there is the following entry:—'Received for allowing The Tale of the Tub Vitruvius Hoop's part wholly struck out and the motion of the tub by command from my lord chamberlain: exceptions being taken against it by Inigo Jones, surveyor of the King's works, as a personal injury unto him, £2.' In the records by the Master of the Revels of the performances at Court,[2] under the date of Tuesday, Jan. 14, 1634, is the entry:—'The Tale of the Tub by the Queen's players. Not liked.' The play was first printed in the 1640 folio of Jonson's works, and was held to be the last play that Jonson wrote for the stage.

Collier,[3] in a memorandum, dated October 2, 1832, which he sent to Cunningham while his edition of Gifford was in process, was the first to take a different view:—'It is strange that it seems to have struck nobody, not even his last editor Gifford, that The Tale of a Tub must have been one of Ben Jonson's early plays, if not his earliest. He mentions Queen Elizabeth in several places, noticing her predecessor also, but never her successor: thus, in Act i, sc. 2. [1. 4. 53][4] he makes Turfe ask:

> Does any wight perzent hir majesty's person ?

[1] Fleay, *History of the Stage*, p. 336.

[2] *Op. cit.*, p. 316.

[3] Jonson, *Works*, ed. Cunningham-Gifford, I. xiii—xv.

[4] The bracketed references are to the text of this edition.

On the next page [1. 5. 33] he speaks of

> King Edward our late liege, and sovereign lord.

We may remark besides that its dialogue and construction are very much upon the model of the more ancient form of our drama; note, too, the rhyming versification. Hannibal Puppy thus breaks out in Act iii sc. 2. [3. 4. 28—32]

> Instead of bills, with colstaves come; instead of spears, with spits
> Your slices serve for slicing swords, to save me and my wits:
> A lady and her woman here, their huisher eke by side,
> (But he stands mute,) have plotted how your Puppy to divide.

Again in the same scene [3. 5. 48—51] we have a specimen of the shorter comic measure, though the editors have not perceived it, and print the lines consecutively:—

> No, lady gay,
> You shall not zay
> That your Val Puppy
> Was so unlucky
> As to name a tail,
> Be as be may be,
> Before a lady.

'The allusions are all old, and John Heywood, the dramatist of the reign of Henry VIII, is mentioned by name with the battle of St. Quentin's [3. 9. 15], which happened in 1557, an old character asserting that he had then been a captain. Skelton, with his *Elinor Rumming*, is also spoken of [5. 3. 24—5], with Tom Tiler [1. 4. 39] and other matters, which would have been quite out of date if, as Gifford tells us, the *Tale of a Tub* had been "the last piece which Jonson brought on the stage." These points may serve to show that the comedy was in fact written many years before it was acted in 1633, and more than forty years before it was printed in the folio of 1640, posterior to the death of the poet. I may be very wrong,

but the hint is perhaps worth following up by any new editor. We meet, in the play, with no notices of James I, or his son, though allusions to them might easily and appropriately have been introduced.—J.P.C.'

Cunningham, subscribing to this view,[1] adds, to substantiate it: 'Artifice of composition was, I conceive, altogether unthought of by the Elizabethan dramatists, who, as Gifford remarks of Jonson,[2] "usually brought up their action as closely as possible to the period of writing."'

Collier's idea received no further attention for many years. Forster[3] speaks of an early and a late form, but Fleay, in his *Chronicle of English Drama*,[4] is the first to take up the matter seriously. He maintains that the play first existed in a different form, and 'was certainly acted in Queen Elizabeth's reign'; that it was altered in 1633 to satirize Inigo Jones; and that the added part was that which was all left out in its presentation at Court, because Inigo Jones excepted to it. This view, taken as a whole, has received considerable support, though there are differences of opinion as to the question of its presentation in the earlier form. Small[5] and Scherer[6] hold, with Fleay, that it was produced in Queen Elizabeth's reign. Manly[7] goes so far as to think it was, perhaps, written for the Children of the Chapel Royal. Schelling,[8] Thorndike,[9] Baskervill,[10] and Tucker Brooke,[11] who accept the idea of an early form, and Castelain,[12] who thinks it possible, do not concern themselves with the question of its production at that time. The strongest opposition to

[1] Jonson, *Works*, ed. Cunningham-Gifford, 1. xv.
[2] *Op. cit*, 3. 354, note.
[3] *Life of Jonathan Swift*, 1. 163, n.
[4] 1. 370—371.
[5] *Stage-Quarrel*, p. 14.
[6] Bang, *Materialien*, 39. ix—x.
[7] *Camb. Hist. Eng. Lit.*, 6. 237.
[8] *Eliz. Drama*, 1. 326.
[9] *Camb. Hist. Eng. Lit.*, 6. 5.
[10] *English Elements in Jonson's Early Comedy*, p. 76.
[11] *The Tudor Drama*, p. 403.
[12] *Ben Jonson, l'Homme et l'Oeuvre*, p. 451.

Fleay's view comes from Aronstein.[1] Symonds[2] refers to the discussion, but dismisses the question, as well as the play, with slight notice. Koeppel expresses surprise[3] at Scherer's view of an early date. Ward[4] includes it among the comedies whose dates are 'established with certainty,' and, like Courthope[5] and Gayley,[6] assumes the later date without comment. The later date is contended for by Brinsley Nicholson[7] (whose view is supported by H. C. Hart[8]), on the ground of internal evidence, but he does not state what that evidence is. Baskervill's statement[9] that the view 'that *A Tale of a Tub* was written during Elizabeth's reign is now pretty generally accepted,' is then not so safe as Schelling's,[10] that whether it is an early or a late play is still a 'moot question.'

Those who hold to the idea of an early form of the play have given considerable attention to the question of the exact date of this. Fleay[11] and Scherer[12] argue for the exact date of its production. Both favour Feb. 14, on account of its Valentine-Day setting.[13] Small[14] refutes this by a comparison with Chapman's *May-Day*, in which the author in the very first speech 'clearly tells us that it was presented in January.' Fleay's argument for 1601 as the date of presentation, on account of supposed allusions to contemporary plays, Small refutes by showing that the seeming references were, instead, proverbial

[1] *Ben Jonson*, p. 228. [2] *English Worthies*, p. 188.
[3] *Deutsche Lit. Zeitung*, 1908, No. 28.
[4] *Hist. Dram. Lit.*, 2. 343, 378.
[5] *Hist. Eng. Poetry*, 4. 290.
[6] *Rep. Eng. Com.*, 3. 3.
[7] *Notes & Queries*, 7th Series, 6. (Oct. 13, 1888), 285.
[8] *Notes & Queries*, 7th Series, 6. (Dec. 15, 1888), 473.
[9] *Op. cit.*, p. 76. [10] *Eliz. Drama*, 1. 326.
[11] *Op. cit.*, 1. 370—1. [12] *Loc. cit.*
[13] Scherer seems not to have noticed Small's argument against this.
[14] *Op. cit.*, pp. 14—15.

expressions of the time. Scherer's argument[1] for placing the date of its writing soon after Jonson's release from prison in 1598 is inconclusive. Small, while maintaining that the play was produced in the early form, does not attempt to fix the date for this. He places the time of writing as 'between about 1597 (when Jonson began to write) and the death of Elizabeth in 1603.' This period corresponds with Thorndike's idea of 'about 1597,'[2] and Schelling's[3] that the 'fixing of the date at 1601 cannot be far wrong.' The others who either accept the idea of an early version of the play, or think it 'possible,' have no especial concern with the date beyond placing

[1] Scherer argues that the blows at lawyers, the ordeal of Clay, the clumsy behaviour of the high constable towards Thums, and Turfe's excitement over the 'hue and cry,' may be impressions which Jonson received at the time of his own arrest and trial. This argument rests on two assumptions—that these things are seriously meant, and that a man of Jonson's temperament and mental calibre would have forgotten these impressions with the lapse of time. In this connection, note, too, Sidney Lee's statement (*Great Englishmen of the XVI century*, p. 262) that Jonson, with Spenser, Massinger, and Webster, shows as great a knowledge of the law as Shakespeare. Scherer's suggestion that the use of disguises shows the influence of Chapman's *May-Day*, as well as that the allusions and references to other plays help to fix the date, are balanced by certain echoes from such plays as *The New Inn*, to be found in *A Tale of a Tub*; cf. a common use of proverbs and current expressions ('Fortune a bawd and a blind beggar'; 'ill halting before a cripple'; 'a lady gay'), common references (Lilly's *Grammar*, Tom Tinker, French Hood), and the common use of such unusual words as *crambe, frampul* (an echo of the character, Lady Frampul). Scherer's feeling that, if a work of a poet is less great than his masterpiece, it is better placed among the first works of his muse than anywhere else, is offset by Dryden's oft-quoted reference to Jonson's last plays (where this was placed in his day) as 'dotages' (Dryden's *Works*, Scott & Saintsbury's ed., 15, 346). All these arguments rest upon mere feelings and impressions, and are not conclusive as evidence for either date.

[2] *Loc. cit.* [3] *Loc. cit.*

the time of writing in Elizabeth's reign, which means a general acceptance of Small's view. Baskervill, dealing with the play especially as a type,[1] makes a careful study of it in comparison with other plays of the earlier period. This, as an argument for an earlier form of it, is, however, not convincing. He himself notes its similarity, in type, to *Bartholomew Fair*, and considers this one reason for Jonson's passing favourably upon his early effort. He cites his return, in '*The Sad Shepherd* with its Robin Hood and Robin Goodfellow,' to 'themes most popular in the English drama at a time when *A Tale of a Tub* must have been first written.' He notes, too, that 'the strongest evidence against an early date for *A Tale of a Tub* is the fact that the weakening of Jonson's power as a dramatist, and his growing fondness for treating the peasantry, might well prepare us for just such a play as *A Tale of a Tub* at a late period in his life.' All this indicates that Baskervill is working from an *a priori* conviction, rather than proving his thesis that 'the strongest reason for assigning *A Tale of a Tub* to an early date is found in the nature of the work itself.'[2]

It is evident from the foregoing discussion that any attempts to establish an early or a late date for the play on the ground of seeming allusions or references, or by a comparison with other plays of either period, must be unsatisfactory, and that such results cannot be accepted as final. The argument for an early date because of the frequent use of the word 'queen,' together with the use of the word 'king' in general and specific senses, which originated with Collier; and that of Fleay[3] for an earlier and a later form, on the ground that the satire on Inigo Jones is confined to specific portions of the play, which seem to be loosely connected with the main plot, require more careful consideration.

[1] *Op. cit.*, pp. 76—80. [2] *Op. cit.*, p. 76.
[3] *Op. cit.*, pp. 370—371, 386.

Fleay was the first to note as an element in the discussion the scene labelled 'The Scene Interloping,' found in Act 4, which, both by its heading and its subject-matter, is very loosely joined to the context. This, together with 5. 2. 28—75, 'Can any man make . . . to him alone,' and 5. 6. 22—103, 'I must confer' . . . end of play, in which the satire on Inigo Jones is found, he holds to be the revised portions of the play. In this view he is followed by Small,[1] Baskervill, and Scherer. The presence of 'The Scene Interloping' between the scenes labelled I and II in Act 4 presents real difficulties. Gifford [2] accounts for it by saying that it is required to allow time for Metaphor's walk from Preamble's house in Maribone to the place near Kentish-Town where he comes upon Tub and Hilts. To this it can be replied that no such scenes are introduced in other parts of the play where there is an equal need of them.[3] It is undoubtedly true, and quite properly so, that its printed heading, 'The Scene Interloping,' and its position in the Folio between scenes labelled 'Scene I' and 'Scene II,' have considerable weight in a consideration of it. These facts, taken in connection with other evidences within the play,[4] and its posthumous publication, indicate that this is the way the play left Jonson's hands, and that this scene was inserted after Scenes I and II were written. Taking the scene quite by itself, the facts that it is a preparation for the satire on Inigo Jones, which is otherwise all contained in Act 5, that it has a peculiar heading and position, and

[1] Small (p. 176) would begin the first revised portion in Act 5, with the beginning of Sc. 3, but Baskervill (p. 78) disproves his argument for this.

[2] Jonson, *Works*, 6. 189, *note*.

[3] Cf. Scenes 3 and 4 of the same Act.

[4] Note the act-headings of the scenes in Act 4—viz. IV, IIII, IV, IV, IV, IIII. Cf. also, conspicuous mistakes in printing of lines, cited *passim* in the notes of this edition.

that it occurs in a play not printed under Jonson's supervision, point to its having been added after the idea of the satire had been taken up. Nothing more can reasonably be said for it than this.

Fleay's argument for the other so-called revised portions in Act 5 is based on the fact that they, together with 'The Scene Interloping,' contain 'all the characteristics which identify Jones with characters in other plays,' and all the satire against him. This, in itself, cannot be held to prove that these parts were not in the play as it first left Jonson's hands, or that they do not form an integral part of the plot. The consideration of them as 'revised portions' rests on two assumptions—that the masque was out of keeping with the circumstances embodied in the plot, and that the alterations in it were unnecessary. It seems not to have been previously noted that both of these assumptions are contrary to the facts in the case.

At the time when Tub asks (5. 2. 28),

> Can any man make a Masque here i' this company?

all things point to the successful outcome of his proposed marriage with Awdrey. In 4. 4. 1—31, he has settled the matter with her. In 5. 1, he completes the plan for the marriage. (Note, too, that in 5. 3. 61—2, 66—7, Turfe has decided that John Clay shall not be Awdrey's husband, and that he will give her to Tub.) Tub, thereupon, decides to celebrate his marriage, and end St. Valentine's Day with a masque, two things quite in accordance with the customs of the time.[1] Between this

[1] Masson, *Travels in Eng.*, p. 410, cites this, with other things of 'very antient custom,' practised on St. Valentine's Day. Chambers, *The Mediæval Stage*, 1. 393, *note*, 398—399, cites instances of these at court-weddings. Harrison, *Descr. of Eng.*, 2. 38—42, gives an account of the masques given 'that night in honor of this joyful nuptiall of the Princess Elizabeth.' Jonson himself had written the masque of *Hymenæi* for a similar purpose.

time and that indicated in 5. 6. 22, where a further revised portion is said to begin, i.e., where Tub says,

> I must conferre with Mr. In-and-In
> About some alterations in my masque,

the situation of affairs has changed completely. Awdrey has been married to Pol-Marten. The conditions under which the masque was first planned no longer exist. Alterations in it are therefore required by the exigencies of the case, by the plot as plot, quite irrespective of the satire on Inigo Jones. If any further explanation is required to account for the introduction of such a dull and uninteresting 'motion,' it is to be found in Aronstein's penetrating remark[1] that Jonson gathers up the threads of the play at the end in a motion which serves to show how far the powers of the architect and scene-shifter are excelled by those of the poet. This fact is further emphasized, although Aronstein does not call particular attention to it, by the halting, wooden verse of the 'architectonicus professor' in which the motion is written, as well as by the characterization of him given in 'The Scene Interloping' in Act 4.

It is clear, then, that 'The Scene Interloping' was an afterthought. The masque may have been so, too, but there is no proof of this. As to the time which elapsed between the writing of the early part and the idea of introducing the satire, it may have been a week, a month, or a year. There is nothing to prove that it was thirty-three or thirty-five years.

The other argument for the date of the play, namely, that of Collier,[2] is based on the frequent use of the word 'queen,' the reference to 'King Edward, our late liege

[1] *Loc. cit.*

[2] See *infra*. This argument Small and Scherer have carefully worked out.

and sovereign lord,' and the use of the word 'king' in other more general senses. This argument rests, as Cunningham[1] saw, entirely on the assumption that the time of the action in the drama and the time of its composition coincide. As Aronstein says, there is no validity in a proof based on such an assumption. There is no reason why the poet should not place the dramatic action at the time in which he intends to represent more ancient customs. As an example of ancient expressions which are used to indicate this earlier period, Aronstein cites the use of participles with *y* (cf. *yfound, yclept, ystyled*), which he says were already antiquated in Jonson's youth. According to Collier's argument, the play cannot represent past time. If it does, the whole necessity for its having been written in Jonson's youth falls to the ground.

Those who have held the view of an early date seem to have overlooked certain facts in the play itself which serve to fix the time in which the dramatic action takes place. Captain Thums and his companion (Canon Hugh,[2] and Hilts[3] in disguise) both fought at St. Quentin's (1557) and both are still strong and vigorous. Metaphor[4] is described as a 'pretty fellow' by Preamble, who loves not to have 'shadows or half-wits' about him. These terms indicate attractive youthfulness. He asks Hilts,[5] a man whose whole characterization represents him as under middle age, to be his godfather—a fact indicating his own sense of immaturity. And Metaphor remembers[6] 'King Edward, our late liege' (d. 1553), and 'set down the pomp' with which he rode forth. These facts, like the suggestion to call in John Heywood[7] (d. 1580), if need be, to help in the masque, prove conclusively that

[1] See *infra*.
[2] Cf. 3. 9. 10—44; 4. 1. 1—120.
[3] Cf. 2. 3. 1—170.
[4] Cf. 1. 5. 29.
[5] Cf. 2. 6. 48; 4. 2. 1—96.
[6] Cf. 1. 5. 30—35.
[7] Cf. 5. 2. 74.

the scene of the play is laid in the early years of Elizabeth's reign. Other less important facts support this view. Collier himself notes the ancient form of dialogue and construction, the rhyming versification, and the shorter comic measure found in the play. But there are also certain facts which prove that the action, in a play having the verisimilitude found in *A Tale of a Tub*, could not have been placed as late as 1597. St. Pancras' church, Norden writes in 1593,[1] 'standeth alone, utterly forsaken, old and weather-beaten.' Tottenham Court, whose manor-house was demised to Queen Elizabeth by Dudley in 1560, and was the scene of visits from her at that time, had, by 1596, ceased to be a residence for people of means and pretensions.[2]

It appears, then, that the time of the action in the play was near the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, let us say in 1565. The play cannot have been written before 1597. It is clear, therefore, that Jonson was deliberately creating a fictitious atmosphere of past time. There is, then, no reason to suppose that this was done in 1598, rather than in 1633. It may therefore be concluded that the play was written about the time of presentation in 1633.

The date of *A Tale of a Tub* can, however, be determined by an entirely different manner of approach to the question. Saintsbury, in his *History of English Prosody*,[3] throws out a hint that Jonson took much more liberty with the number of syllables in his later than in his earlier plays, but no one has ever gone into the matter

[1] *Spec. Brit.*, p. 39.

[2] An almshouse was founded here in 1596 by 'one Zancho, a Spaniard, the first confectioner ever known in the kingdom,' who, on his death in 1602, 'left 100£ as a stock to buy bread for the poor. Cf. Walford, *Old and New London*, 5. 553; Lysons, *Environs*, 4 766—7; Hughson, *London*, 6. 387 ff.

[3] 2. 68.

In considering the date of this play, it was suggested to the present editor that a study of the verse of the plays might throw some light upon the question. A preliminary study of one hundred lines from each play made it evident that there was such a difference, and that that difference had a direct bearing on the question of the date of *A Tale of a Tub.* A careful study of Jonson's plays with respect to the number of extra syllables *within* the lines was then made.[1]

This study discloses some interesting facts. In *A Tale of a Tub*, a study of the extra syllables within the lines[2] in the portions called 'revised,' i.e., 'The Scene Interloping' (5. 2. 28—75), 5. 6. 22—103, and the portions called 'early,' i.e., the portions exclusive of these, shows the following results,[2] per one hundred lines:

A Tale of a Tub	Percentage of Extra Syllables
So-called 'early' portions	24·7
So-called 'revised' portions	24·3

Taken by itself, this result points to one thing. If Jonson's plays, taken as a whole, show any marked difference in his use of extra syllables between the early and the late ones, then *A Tale of a Tub* must all have been written at one time.

[1] In making this study, the Cunningham-Gifford edition of Jonson's plays has been used, as presenting the most uniform text. Since the play under discussion is almost entirely in blank verse, it was deemed fairer to eliminate all rhymed verse and incomplete lines in the plays. Wilke's *Metrische Untersuchungen zu Ben Jonson* (Halle, 1884) has been taken as a basis of pronunciation and contraction. To his suggestions there have been added such other points as the preliminary study of a hundred lines from each play showed to be in accordance with Jonson's practice.

[2] No account has been taken of feminine endings, as they are not vital to the point in hand.

The counting of the extra syllables within the lines of all the plays gives the following results:[1]

	Percentage of Extra Syllables[2]
Every Man In	5·
Every Man Out	4·5
The Case is Altered	2·5
Cynthia's Revels	4·
Poetaster	5·
Sejanus	3·
Volpone	9·1
Epicœne	Prose
Alchemist	15·
Catiline	3·
Bartholomew Fair	Prose
The Devil is an Ass	12·
The Staple of News	24·
The New Inn	16·6
The Magnetic Lady	24·8
A Tale of a Tub (entire)	24·6
So-called 'early' portions	24·7
So-called 'revised' portions	24·3

[1] In *Every Man in his Humour* the Italian version of the play was used, because this was the earlier form, and because the English version showed the verse to be an adaptation of that of the earlier form, rather than a new effort. For *Every Man In*, *Every Man Out*, *The Case is Altered*, *Cynthia's Revels*, and the *Poetaster*, known to be early plays, and for *The New Inn* and *The Magnetic Lady*, known to be late, as well as for *A Tale of a Tub*, the results are given for all the unrhymed full lines of the plays. In the other plays, since there the result is only one of general interest, they are given for one hundred lines from each. The order of the plays is that in which Ward gives them.

[2] Jonson seems frequently to have printed 'the' with an apostrophe, and 'I should,' 'I would,' etc., in contracted forms. Inasmuch as the early plays were printed under his supervision, and *A Tale of a Tub* was not, it seemed that errors might creep into

These results[1] show that there was a wide difference in the number of extra syllables between Jonson's early and his late plays. Considered by themselves, and in connection with those given for the so-called 'early' and the so-called 'revised' portions of the play itself, they

the computation, and favour the case for this play. Accordingly, if an extra syllable such as 'the,' or an auxiliary such as 'I should' or 'I would' has been found, it has not been counted in making up the tables in the text. The following table shows the number of extra syllables thus disregarded, and it shows also what the results would have been if all these syllables had been counted. The difference, it will be seen, is not significant. The results are given as before in percentages.

	The = th'	Contracted verb-forms	Total extra syllables within the lines
Every Man In	0	0	5·
Every Man Out	0	0	4·5
The Case is Altered	·7	1·6	4·8
Cynthia's Revels	0	0	4·
Poetaster	·9	·3	6·2
Sejanus	1·	0	4·
Volpone	·3	2·6	12·0
Epicœne	Prose	—	—
Alchemist	0	1·	16·
Catiline	1·	0	4·
Bartholomew Fair	Prose	—	—
The Devil is an Ass	1·	1·	14·
The Staple of News	2·	5·	31·
The New Inn	1·	3·1	20·7
The Magnetic Lady	·9	3·2	28·9
A Tale of a Tub (entire)	1·25	2·7	28·55
So-called 'early' portions	·76	2·4	27·7
So-called 'revised' portions	·57	·3	25·17

[1] Several other things of interest are to be noted here. The result for *The Case is Altered* places it where Courthope does, before or just after the first draft of *Every Man In*, but not, as Thorndike and Tucker Brooke put it, with *A Tale of a Tub* in its earlier form. *Sejanus* and *Catiline* seem out of their place, and give the same result, though written seven years apart. They are both tragedies, and are therefore written in a more restrained style.

establish two facts. *A Tale of a Tub* is a late play, and it was all written at about the same time. It stands, then, where its licensing in 1633 puts it, as Jonson's last work for the stage.

The two memoranda quoted by W. Bang in the *Modern Language Review* (I. 211), give evidence, which purports to have Ben Jonson's authority, that *The Devil is an Ass* and *A Tale of a Tub* were written at the same time; but the manuscript evidence is no longer extant, and it is therefore difficult to arrive at any conclusion respecting its authenticity.

C. Critical Comment

Ben Jonson, more than any other dramatist of his age, reflects the London of his time. At the end of his career, he produces a play differing in many respects from those which have gone before. It is not a humour-play. It has freshness of spirit and the charm of reality. In thought and manner, it is contemporary with *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. If an explanation, however speculative, is to be found for all this, it must be sought in the development and the conditions of the time, and in Jonson's drama as an expression of these, as well as in the workings of Jonson's individual mind.

Probably too much has been made of the idea that Jonson's mind became hopelessly settled in the groove of the humour-play. The masques never fail to show considerable freshness of spirit. *The Sad Shepherd* bears witness to his versatility, even in his last days. Two things may be safely asserted. If Ben Jonson wrote humour-plays, it was because they seemed to him the wisest kind of play to write at the time. If he took up a new type, it was because that type seemed to him to

have greater or more promising dramatic possibilities at the time. Jonson had not the great poetic genius which works unconsciously, and which impels its possessor along certain paths, whether he will or no. His was the intellectual, the reasoning, the calculating mind.

The work of such a man must always be interpreted in the light of contemporary literary feeling. Professor Brooke[1] finds in the rapid differentiation of society into classes and genera the cause of the humour-aspect of Jonson's plays. *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* gives evidence, long before Jonson had ceased to work the humour-vein, of the reflection in the drama of the individualization of these classes. It reflects, moreover, two other things. With this individualization, there has come the tendency of each class to ape the class just above it. This repetition of the aspects of life, natural to one class, in the classes of a lower stratum, affords immense dramatic opportunity to satirize one class under the terms of another, and to expose in a comic light the foolish absurdities of mankind. The dramatic possibilities of the situation were further stimulated by the influence of *Don Quixote* in England, as *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* bears witness.

The opportunity for successful exploitation of humour-plots growing less, Jonson works in with them certain *genre*-elements in *Bartholomew Fair*, *The Staple of News*, and *The Magnetic Lady*. But these, as compared with *A Tale of a Tub*, go only a little way into the new field. The references, proverbs, manner of thought, and manner of speech in *A Tale of a Tub*, all point to the fact that Jonson had given his mind over to the study and consideration of mid-sixteenth-century literature, to the consideration of life under its terms. There seems to be one explanation of this.

[1] *The Tudor Drama*, p. 407.

With the beginning of the seventeenth century, there had sprung up in London a revival of the ballad, the chapbook, the broad-sheet—the literature of the people in the street. Professor Routh[1] cites *Pimlyco* or *Runne Red Cap* (1609) as marking the beginning of the return to the older type. It is significant, in the light of our play, that the author of the ballad had chanced upon *The Tunnyng of Elinour Rummyng*, and had been inspired by its spirit 'with those mad times to weigh our times,' and so describe his age in the enthusiastic terms of another. This type of literature was a revival of the old. The revival came about because the people of the newer age had, under new conditions, re-awakened to the feelings of the earlier time. It was a return to the less complex realities of life.

On the drama of the time, this literature left but an occasional trace, like the introduction of the old heroic ballad in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, but it reached a climax of power in *The Turnament of Tottenham Court*,[2] where it appears not only in its striking ballad-form, but as a satire on the present time under the terms of the tournament of the Middle Ages. Here, with great exactness of detail, a circle of clowns wage a mock battle at Tottenham for the hand of the 'refe's' daughter.[3] This poem appeared in 1631. Bedwell, who prints it in *The History of Tottenham*, asserts that it had been in the hands of Wither (one of Jonson's close friends), at least six or eight years before it appeared in print. The singularity of thought and treatment, and the use of Tottenham as the scene of action, are suggestive. Jonson

[1] *Camb. Hist. Eng. Lit.*, 4. 413.

[2] Cf. Percy's *Reliques* (Edinburgh, 1858), 2. 10.

[3] Lysons, *Environs of London*, 4. 762, calls attention to a singular duel in Tottenham between neighbours at a house-warming that (he says) reminds the reader of this tournament.

could not have failed to see it in its printed form. He could hardly have failed to see the dramatic possibilities offered for treating the traditions of the upper classes under the terms of the lower. He could hardly have failed to appreciate the freshness and vitality which a study of the lower classes affords. He could hardly have failed to realize the advantages afforded by the use of the older, fresher, more vivid expression.

Whether or not he did any of these things, he began *A Tale of a Tub* with his mind saturated with just these things. He set himself to satirize the ideas and customs of certain classes in life in the terms of another, and he does this in the manner of speech and turn of thought of the drama of the earlier period. Jonson's chief interest in all this seems to lie in presenting the absurdities of life—those of the poet and the masque-mechanic being pretty evenly balanced, with a laugh at both of them when seen as others see them. In the midst of this came the quarrel with Inigo Jones.[1] Jonson, at first invigorated by his anger, pours forth a tide of rage which

[1] Much has been written on the quarrel between Jonson and Inigo Jones. The main authenticated facts are as follows: The two were associated together in producing masques at court. In the Folio there are reprints of three which were printed under Jonson's care. The headings are as follows:

1625 *Pan's Anniversary*, Inventors, Inigo Jones, Ben Jonson.
1630 *Love's Triumph*, Inventors, Ben Jonson, Inigo Jones.
1630 *Chloridia*, Inventors, Ben Jonson, Inigo Jones.

According to a letter dated Jan. 12, 1631/2 (*Works*, 1. cxxxii), Jonson was, thenceforth, discarded as a writer of masques for the Court, 'by reason of the predominant power of Inigo Jones, who this time twelve-month, was angry with him *for putting his own name before his* in the title-page; which Ben Jonson has made the subject of a bitter satire or two against Inigo.' Cf. also *An Expostulation with Inigo Jones*, *An Epigram on Inigo Jones*, *To Inigo Marquis Would-be* (*Works*, 8. 109—115), and *A Tale of a Tub*.

must have become vituperative, in the Vitruvius-Hoop part, later 'struck out.' But rage blinds, destroys the artistic sense, paralyses critical acumen. The play is ruined. It becomes the vehicle of the petulant, ungovernable rage of a crotchety old man. And, by the irony of fate, it detracts from the reputation of a great dramatist, in order to keep alive the memory of a man less well known to fame.

The great merits of *A Tale of a Tub* are the freshness of its spirit, the reality of its mood, and the genuineness of its characters. In all this there is to be found real pleasure and charm. In the characters there is truth and universality. The hero of the play, the likeable, 'advent'rous Squire,' following with great determination the whimsical love of the moment, more keenly alive to the chase than the object, at one moment the full-grown man, the next the petulant boy, is found in this day as in that. The mother, jealous of her son's affections, impatient of his 'growing up'; the happily wedded, commonplace parents, seeking to settle their daughter in a like state; the young girl, coveting the importance and the insignia of the matron; the master, false to all, forgetful of the fact that he is teaching his servant to be false to him; the blundering coward, cheating himself out of the luck which has fallen upon him; the happy-go-lucky, irresponsible, irrepressible Jack-sauce carrying the world along with his cheer—all these are found in the world of to-day as in that of Ben Jonson's time. It is the 'universal' aspects of these characters, the freshness of spirit and the reality of the mood of this play, which make *A Tale of a Tub* greater in some respects than *Cynthia's Revels*, *The Devil is an Ass*, and *The Case is Altered*. For life is, after all, a human document, writ large with the joys, the sorrows, the follies, the struggles, the tragedies, the idiocies of mankind.

But if these are the chief merits of *A Tale of a Tub*, they are likewise its only merits. Quite apart from the satire on Inigo Jones, and the introduction of the 'Motion,' the play leaves a sense of hopeless confusion. Jonson's usual method of procedure—Acts 1—3 working up to the exposure of the 'knave'; Act 4 showing the recovery of his position; Act 5 accomplishing his final overthrow—involves difficulties, which he largely overcomes in such plays as *Volpone* and *The Alchemist* by concentrating everything on the one thread of the plot, and by keeping the audience informed in regard to all its details. In *A Tale of a Tub* he commits an atrocious blunder, is guilty of the greatest of dramatic crimes, by mystifying his audience at the start. And he not only does this, he not only fails to let them know the plot on which the further action is to hang, but he uses this same plot for the opposing factions. The first blunder ruins the play as a piece of dramatic art. The second leaves it in hopeless confusion.

Aronstein likens the play to a painting by Teniers. This is perhaps its best description. The background is clearly defined, and it is that of real life, of the actualities of existence. The people are real and genuine, in real and lifelike attitudes, carrying on real and vivacious conversations. The drawing is good, the colouring subtle. But there is no unity in the whole: here a group, there a group; this one carrying on one set of actions, that another. Jollity, actuality, life, but hopeless confusion which leaves the spectator wondering vaguely what it is all about.

A TALE OF A TUB.

A COMEDY compoſed

By

BEN: IOHNSON.

Catul.—*Inficeto eſt inficetior rure.*

LONDON,
Printed M. DC. XL.

EDITOR'S NOTE

The text here adopted is that of the original folio edition of 1640. The impression followed is that found in the Yale University Library, which has been collated with the folio belonging to Professor J. M. Berdan, and the differences noted. An effort has been made to make the text an exact folio-reproduction. Of the subsequent editions, only such variants have been noted as may be deemed emendations, or as are otherwise significant.

F_1 = Yale Folio
F_2 = Professor Berdan's Folio
F_3 = Dr. Scherer's Folio A
F_4 = Dr. Scherer's Folio B
1692 = The 1692 Folio
1716 = Edition of 1716
W = Whalley's edition, 1756
G = Gifford's edition, 1816
S = Schelling's edition, 1910
\+ = and all later editions

[67] # The Persons that act.

CHAN HVGH,	*Vicar of* Pancrace, *and Captaine* Thums.
SQVIRE TVB,	*Of* Totten-Court, *or Squire* TRIPOLY.
BASKET HILTS,	*His man, and Governour.*
JVST: PREAMBLE,	*Of* Maribone, alias BRAMBLE.
MILES METAPHOR,	*His Clarke.*
LADY TVB,	*Of* Totten, *the Squires Mother.*
POL-MARTEN,	*Her Huiſher.* DIDO WISPE *her woman.*
TOBIE TVRFE,	*High Conſtable of* Kentiſh Towne.
DA: SIBIL TVRFE,	*His Wife.*
Mrs. AWDREY TVRFE,	*Their Daughter the Bride.*
IOHN CLAY,	*Of* Kilborne *Tile-maker, the appointed Bride-groome.*
IN-AND-IN. MEDLAY.	*Of* Iſlington, *Cooper and Headborough.*
RASI: CLENCH,	*Of* Hamſted, *Farrier, and petty Conſtable.*
TO-PAN,	*Tinker, or Mettal-man of* Belſiſe. *Thirdborough.*

1692, 1716, and W place the Prologue before the list of players, 1811 after, G (1816) before, C—G before, S after. 1 The Persons that act.] Persons Represented, 1811. Dramatis Personæ. G+ Rearrange the Dramatis Personæ, placing the men first, and the women together at the end.

D'OGE: SCRIBEN, *Of* Chalcot *the great Writer.*
BALL PVPPY, *The high Conſtables man.*
FATHER ROSIN, *The Minſtrell, and His* 2 Boyes.
IONE IOYCE,
MADGE PARNEL,
GRISELL, KATE, } *Maides of the Bridall.*
BLACK IACK, *The Lady* Tubs *Butler.*

2 Groomes.

The *Scene*, Finsbury-hundred.

19—21 Jone, Joyce,
Madge, Parnel,
Grisell, Kate. } F_2+

[68]

PROLOGVE.

NO State-*affaires, nor any politique* Club,
Pretend wee in our Tale, *here, of a* Tub.
But acts of Clownes *and* Conſtables, *to day*
Stuffe out the Scenes *of our ridiculous* Play.
A Coopers wit, or ſome ſuch buſie Sparke,
Illumining the high Conſtable, *and his Clarke.*
And all the Neighbour-hood, from old Records,
Of antick Proverbs, drawne from Whitſon-Lord's,
And their Authorities, at Wakes *and* Ales,
With countrey precedents, and old Wives Tales;
Wee bring you now, to ſhew what different things
The Cotes *of* Clownes, *are from the* Courts *of* Kings.

A TALE

A TALE OF A TUB.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sir *Hugh.* *Tub.* *Hilts.*

Hug. NOw o' my faith, old Biſhop *Valentine*,
You' ha' brought us nipping weather: *Febʀuere*
Doth cut and ſheare; your day, and dioceſſe
Are very cold. All your Pariſhioners;
As well your Layicks, as your Quiriſters,
Had need to keepe to their warme Fether-beds,
If they be ſped of loves: this is no ſeaſon,
To ſeeke new Makes in; though Sir *Hugh* of *Pancrace*,
Be hither come to *Totten*, on intelligence,
To the young Lord o' the Mannor, Squire *Tripoly*,
On ſuch an errand as a Miſtris is.
What, Squire! I ſay? *Tub.* I ſhould call him too:
Sir *Peter Tub* was his father, a Salt-peeter-man;
Who left his Mother, Lady *Tub* of *Totten-Court*, here, to revell, and keepe open houſe in;
With the young Squire her ſonne, and's Governour *Basket-Hilts*, both by ſword, and dagger: *Domine*,

Scene I. *Totten-Court—Before* lady Tub's *House* G+ Sir *Hugh*—.] *Enter* Canon Hugh G+ 2—3 *Februere* Doth cut and sheare;] No italics W All in italics G+ 12 I say? *Tub.* I should] I say, *Tub* I should 1716 I say? Tub I should W I say.—[*Calls*] Tub I should G+ 17 dagger: [*calls again*] G+

Armiger Tub, Squire *Tripoly*, *Expergiſcere.*
I dare not call aloud, leſt ſhe ſhould heare me;
And thinke I conjur'd up the ſpirither, ſonne,
In Prieſts-lack-*latine:* O ſhee is jealous
At the Windor. Of all man-kind for him. *Tub.* Chanon, i'ſt you?
He comes downe in his night Gowne. *Hug.* The Vicar of *Pancrace*, Squire *Tub*! wa' hoh!
Tub. I come, I ſtoop unto the call; Sir *Hugh!*
Hug. He knowes my lure is from his Love: faire *Awdrey*
Th' high Conſtables Daughter of *Kentiſh* Towne, here Mr.
Tobias Turfe. *Tub.* What newes of him? *Hug.* He has wak'd me,
An houre before I would, Sir. And my duty,
To the young worſhip of *Totten-Court*, Squire *Tripoly;*
Who hath my heart, as I have his: your Mrs.
Is to be made away from you, this morning,
Saint *Valentines* day: there are a knot of Clownes,
The Counſell of *Finsbury*, ſo they are y-ſtyl'd,
Met at her Fathers; all the wife o' th' hundred;
Old *Baſi' Clench* of *Hamſted*, petty Conſtable;
[70] *In-and-In Medlay*, Cooper of *Iſlington*,
And Headborough; with lowd *To-Pan* the Tinker,
Or Mettall-man of *Belſize*, the Third-borough:
And *D'ogenes Scriben*, the great Writer of *Chalcot.*
Tub. And why all theſe? *Hug.* Sir to conclude in Counſell,
A Husband, or a Make for Mrs. *Awdrey;*
Whom they have nam'd, and prick'd downe, *Clay* of *Kilborne*,
A tough young fellow, and a Tile-maker.

20 spirither] spirit her 1692+
22 windor.] window W+ *At the windor.*] Om. G+ *Tub* [appears at the window] G+
23 *He comes downe in his night Gowne.*] Om. G+
27 *Turfe. Enter* Tub *in his night-gown* G+
33 y-styl'd] styled G+
35 Basi'] Rasi' W+

Tub. And what muſt he doe? *Hugh.* Cover her, they ſay:
And keepe her warme Sir: Mrs. *Awdrey Turfe*,
Laſt night did draw him for her *Valentine;*
Which chance, it hath ſo taken her Father, and Mother,
(Becauſe themſelves drew ſo, on *Valentine*'s Eve
Was thirty yeare) as they will have her married
To day by any meanes; they have ſent a Meſſenger
To *Kilborne*, poſt, for *Clay;* which when I knew,
I poſted with the like to worſhipfull *Tripoly*,
The Squire of *Totten:* and my adviſe to croſſe it.
Tub. What is't Sir *Hugh? Hugh.* Where is your Governour *Hilts?*
Baſquet muſt doe it. *Tub. Baſquet* ſhall be call'd:
Hilts, can you ſee to riſe? *Hil.* Cham not blind Sir
With too much light. *Tub.* Open your tother eye,
And view if it be day. *Hil.* Che can ſpy that
At's little a hole, as another, through a Milſtone.
Tub. Hee will ha' the laſt word, though he talke Bilke for't.
Hugh. Bilke? what's that? *Tub.* Why nothing, a word ſignifying
Nothing; and borrow'd here to expreſſe nothing.
Hugh. A fine device! *Tub.* Yes, till we heare a finer.
What's your device now, Chanon *Hugh? Hugh.* In private.
Lend it your eare; I will not truſt the ayre with it;
Or ſcarce my Shirt; my Caſſock ſha' not know it;
If I thought it did, Ile burne it. *Tub.* That's the way,
You ha' thought to get a new one, *Hugh:* Is't worth it?
Let's heare it firſt. *Hugh.* Then hearken, and receive it.
This 'tis Sir, doe you reliſh it? *Tub.* If *Hilts*
Be cloſe enough to carry it; there's all.

They whisper. Hilts *enters, and walkes by, making himselfe ready.*

56 riſe? [*Aloud Hilts* [*appears at the window*] G+
59 milſtone. [*exit above.* G+
69 *They whisper*] Om. G+ receive it. [*Whispers him* G+
70 Stage-direction introduced into the text 1692+

Hil. It i' no ſand? nor Butter-milke? If't be,
Ich' am no zive, or watring pot, to draw
Knots i' your' caſions. If you truſt me, zo:
If not, praforme it your zelves. 'Cham no mans wife,
But reſolute *Hilts:* you'll vind me i' the Buttry.
Tub. A teſtie Clowne: but a tender Clowne, as wooll:
And melting as the Weather in a Thaw:
Hee'll weepe you, like all *Aprill:* But he'ull roare you
Like middle *March* afore: He will be as mellow,
And tipſie too, as *October:* And as grave,
And bound up like a froſt (with the new yeare)
In *Ianuary;* as rigid, as he is ruſticke.
Hug. You know his nature, and deſcribe it well;
Ile leave him to your faſhioning. *Tub.* Stay, Sir *Hugh;*
[71] Take a good Angell with you, for your Guide:
And let this guard you home-ward, as the bleſſing,
To our deviſe. *Hug.* I thanke you Squires-worſhip,
The Squire goes off. Moſt humbly (for the next, for this I am ſure of.)
O for a Quire of theſe voices, now,
To chime in a mans pocket, and cry chinke!
One doth not chirpe: it makes no harmony.
Grave Juſtice *Bramble*, next muſt contribute;
His charity muſt offer at this wedding:
Ile bid more to the Baſon- and the Bride-ale;
Although but one can beare away the Bride.
I ſmile to thinke how like a Lottery
Theſe Weddings are. *Clay* hath her in poſſeſſion;
The Squire he hopes to circumvent the *Tile-Kill:*
And now, if Juſtice *Bramble* doe come off,
'Tis two to one but *Tub* may looſe his botome.

76 [*Exit.* G+ 77 A testie Clowne: but a tender Clowne, as wooll:] A testy, but a tender clown as wool, G+ 79 he 'ull roare you] he'll roar you G+ 86 [*Gives him a piece of money* G+ 88 device. [*Exit.* G+ 89 *The Squire goes off.*] Om. G+ 101 [*Exit.* G+

ACT I. SCENE II.

Clench. Medlay. Scriben. Pan. Puppy.

Cle. Why, 'tis thirty yeare, eene as this day now:
Zin Valentines day, of all dayes curſin'd, looke you;
And the zame day o' the moneth, as this *Zin Valentine*,
Or I am vowly deceiv'd. *Med.* That our High Conſtable,
Mr. *Tobias Turfe*, and his Dame were married.
I thinke you are right. But what was that *Zin Valentine?*
Did you ever know 'um, Good-man *Clench? Cle. Zin Valentine*,
Hee was a deadly *Zin*, and dwelt at *High-gate*,
As I have heard, but 't was avore my time:
Hee was a Cooper too, as you are. *Medlay*,
An' In-an-In: A woundy, brag young vellow:
As th' port went o' hun, then, and i' thoſe dayes.
Scri. Did he not write his name, *Sim Valentine?*
Vor I have met no *Sin* in *Finsbury* bookes;
And yet I have writ 'hem ſixe or ſeven times over.
Pan. O' you mun looke for the nine deadly *Sims*,
I' the Church bookes, *Doge*'; not the' high Conſtables;
Nor i' the Counties: Zure, that ſame *Zin Valentine*,
Hee was a ſtately *Zin:* an' hee were a *Zin*,
And kept 'brave houſe. *Cle.* At the Cock and Hen, in *High-gate*.
You ha' 'freſh'd my rememory well in't! neighbour *Pan:*
He had a place, in laſt King *Harrie's* time,
Of ſorting all the young couples; joyning 'hem;
And putting 'hem together; which is, yet,
Praſorm'd, as on his day—*Zin Valentine;*
As being the *Zin* o' the ſhire, or the whole Countie:
I am old Rivet ſtill, and beare a braine,

Scene II.—*Kentish Town—A Room* in Turfe's *House*. G+ *Clench.* . . .] *Enter* Clench, Medlay, D'oge Scriben, Ball, Puppy *and* Pan. G Ball Puppy C—G+

17 not [in] the G+

21 rememory] memory G+

The *Clench*, the Varrier, and true Leach of *Hamſted.*

[72] *Pan.* You are a ſhrewd antiquity, neighbour *Clench!*
And a great Guide to all the Pariſhes!
The very Bel-wether of the Hundred, here,
As I may zay, Mr. *Tobias Turfe;*
High Conſtable, would not miſſe you, for a' ſcore on us,
When he doe' ſcourſe of the great Charty to us.
Pup. What's that, a Horſe? Can' ſcourſe nought but a Horſe?
I neere read o' hun, and that in *Smith-veld* Chartie:
I' the old *Fabians* Chronicles: nor I thinke
In any new. He may be a Giant there,
For I ought I know. *Scri.* You ſhould doe well to ſtudy
Records, Fellow *Ball*, both Law and Poetry.
Pup. Why, all's but writing, and reading, is it *Scriben?*
An't be any more, it's meere cheating zure.
Vlat cheating, all your Law, and Poets too.
Pan. Mr. High Conſtable comes. *Pup.* Ile zay't avore 'hun.

ACT I. SCENE III.

Turfe. Clench. Medlay. Scriben. Puppy. Pan.

Tur. What's that, makes you' all ſo merry, and lowd, Sirs, ha?
I could ha' heard you to my privie walke.
Cle. A Contervarſie, 'twixt your two learn'd men here:
Annibal Puppy ſayes, that Law and Poetry
Are both flat cheating; All's but writing and reading,
He ſayes, be't verſe or proſe. *Tur.* I thinke in conzience,
He do' zay true? Who is't doe thwart 'un, ha?

35—36 Horſe? I neere read o' hun, and that in *Smith-veld* chartie] horſe, and that in Smithveld. Charty! I ne'er read o' hun, G+

39 For I ought I know.] For ought I know. 1716 W aught G+ Scene III.] Om. G+ *Turfe . . .*] *Enter* Turfe G+

4 *Annibal*] Hannibal G+

Med. Why my friend *Scriben*, and't pleaſe your worſhip.
Tur. Who *D'oge?* my *D'ogenes?* a great Writer, marry!
Hee'll vace mee down, mee my ſelfe ſometimes,
That verſe goes upon veete, as you and I doe:
But I can gi' 'un the hearing; zit me downe;
And laugh at 'un; and to my ſelfe conclude,
The greateſt Clarkes, are not the wiſeſt men
Ever. Here they' are both! What Sirs, diſputin,
And holdin Arguments of verſe, and proſe?
And no greene thing afore the Door, that ſhewes,
Or ſpeakes a wedding? *Scr.* Thoſe were verſes now,
Your worſhip ſpake, and run upon vive feet.
Tur. Feet, vrom my mouth, *D'oge?* Leave your 'zurd uppi-nions:
And get me in ſome boughes. *Scr.* Let 'hem ha' leaves firſt.
There's nothing greene but Bayes, and Roſemary.
Pup. And they're too good for ſtrewings, your Maids ſay.
Tur. You take up 'dority ſtill, to vouch againſt me.
All the twelfe ſmocks i' the houſe, zur, are your Authors.
Get ſome freſh hay then, to lay under foot:
Some Holly and Ivie, to make vine the poſts:
Is't not Sonne *Valentines* day? and Mrs. *Awdrey*,
Your young Dame to be married: I wonder *Clay*
Should be ſo tedious: Hee's to play *Sonne Valentine!* [73]
And the Clowne ſluggard's not come fro' *Kilborne* yet?
Med. Do you call your Son i' Law Clowne, and't pleaſe your worſhip?
Tur. Yes, and vor worſhip too; my neighbour *Medlay.*
A *Midleſex* Clowne; and one of *Finsbury:*
They were the firſt Colon's o' the kingdome here:

10 down [sirs] G+

29 married? [*Exit* Puppy] G+

The Primitory Colon's; my *D'ogenes* ſayes.
Where's *D'ogenes*, my Writer now? What were thoſe
You told me, *D'ogenes*, were the firſt Colon's
O' the Countrey? that the *Romans* brought in here?
Scr. The *Coloni*. Sir, *Colonus* in an Inhabitant:
A Clowne originall: as you'ld zay a Farmer, a Tiller o' th' Earth,
Ere ſin' the *Romans* planted their Colonie firſt,
Which was in *Midleſex*.
Tur. Why ſo, I thanke you heartily, good *D'ogenes*, you ha' zertified me.
I had rather be an ancient Colon, (as they zay) a Clowne of *Midleſex*:
A good rich Farmer, or high Conſtable.
I'ld play hun' gaine a Knight, or a good Squire;
Or Gentleman of any other Countie
I' the Kindome. *Pan.* Out-cept *Kent*, for there they landed
All Gentlemen, and came in with the Conquerour,
Mad *Iulius Cæſar*; who built *Dover*-Caſtle:
My Anceſtor *To-Pan*, beat the firſt Ketle-drum,
Avore 'hun, here vrom *Dover* on the March:
Which peice of monumentall copper hangs
Vp, ſcourd, at *Hammer-ſmith* yet; for there they came
Over the *Thames*, at a low water marke;
Vore either *London*, I, or *Kingſton* Bridge—
I doubt were kurſind. *Tur.* Zee, who is here: *Iohn Clay!*
Zonne Valentine, and Bride-groome! ha' you zeene
Your Valentine-Bride yet, ſin' you came? *Iohn Clay?*

41—46 . . . as you'd say, a farmer,
A tiller of the earth, e'er since the Romans
Planted their colony first, which was in Middlesex.
Tur. Why so! I thank you heartily, good Diogenes,
You ha' zertified me, I had rather be
An ancient colon, (as they say,) a clown of Middlesex, G+

58 kursined. *Re-enter* Puppy *with* John Clay G+

ACT I. SCENE IV.

To them.

Clay.

Cla. No wuſſe. Che lighted, I, but now i' the yard:
Puppy ha' ſcarce unſwadled my legges yet.
Tur. What? wiſpes o' your wedding day, zonne? This is right
Originous Clay: and *Clay* o' *Kilborne* too!
I would ha' had bootes o' this day, zure, zonne *Iohn.*
Cla. I did it to ſave charges: we mun dance,
O this day, zure: and who can dance in boots?
No, I got on my beſt ſtraw-coloured ſtockins,
And ſwaddeld 'hem over to zave charges; I.
Tur. And his new ſhamois Doublet too with points;
I like that yet: and his long ſawſedge-hoſe,
Like the Commander of foure ſmoaking Tile-kils,
Which he is Captaine of; Captaine of *Kilborne:*
Clay with his hat turn'd up, o' the leere ſide, too:
As if he would leape my Daughter yet ere night,
And ſpring a new *Turfe* to the old houſe:
Looke, and the wenches ha' not vound un out;
And doe parzent un, with a van of Roſemary,
And Bayes; to vill a Bow-pot, trim the head [74]
Of my beſt vore-horſe: wee ſhall all ha' Bride-laces,
Or points, I zee; my Daughter will be valiant;
And prove a very *Mary Anbry* i' the buſines.
Cle. They zaid, your worſhip had ſur'd her to Squire *Tub*
Of *Totten-Court* here; all the hundred rings on't.
Tur. A Tale of a Tub, Sir; a meere tale of a Tub.
Lend it no eare I pray you: The Squire *Tub*

Scene IV. *Clay.* To them.] Om. G+ 1 No wusse,] No, wusse, G+
3 is right] Om. 1756. Inserted W+ 16 After line 16, *Enter* Joyce, Joan *and the other* Maids *with ribbands, rosemary and bay for the bride-men* G+
22 *Anbry*] Ambry W+

Is a fine man, but he is too fine a man,
And has a Lady *Tub* too to his Mother:
Ile deale with none o' thefe vine ſilken *Tubs.*
Iohn Clay, and Cloath-breech for my money, and Daughter.
Here comes another old Boy too, vor his colours
Enter Father Roſin. Will ſtroake downe my wives udder of purſes, empty
Of all her milke money, this Winter Quarter;
Old Father *Roſin*, the chiefe Minſtrell here:
Chiefe Minſtrell too of *High gate:* ſhe has hir'd him
And all, his two Boyes for a day and a halfe,
And now they come for Ribbanding, and Roſemary;
Give 'hem enough Girles, gi' 'hem enough, and take it
Out in his tunes anon. *Cle.* I'll ha' *Tom Tiler*,
For our *Iohn Clay's* ſake, and the Tile kils, zure.
Med. And I the jolly Joyner, for mine owne ſake.
Pan. Ile ha' the joviall *Tinker* for *To.Pans* ſake.
Tur. Wee'll all be jovy this day, vor ſonne *Valentine.*
My ſweet ſonne *Iohn's* ſake. *Scri.* There's another reading now:
My Mr. reades it *Sonne*, and not *Sinne Valentine.*
Pup. Nor *Zim:* And hee is i' the right: He is high Conſtable.
And who ſhould reade above un, or avore 'hun?
Tur. Sonne *Iohn* ſhall bid us welcome all, this day:
Wee'll zerve under his colours: Leade the troop *Iohn*,
And *Puppy;* ſee the Bels ring. Preſſe all noiſes
Of *Finsbury*, in our name; *D'ogenes Scriben*
Shall draw a ſcore of warrants vor the buſines.
Do's any wight parzent hir Majeſties perſon,
This Hundred, 'bove the high Conſtable? *All.* No, no.
Tur. Vſe our Authority then, to the utmoſt on't.

32 *Enter Father Rosin.*] After line 32. *Enter Rosin and his two* Boys. G+
55 [*Exeunt* G+

ACT I. SCENE V.

Hugh. Preamble. Metaphor.

Hugh. So, you are ſure Sir to prevent 'hem all;
And throw a block i' the Bride-groomes way, *Iohn Clay*,
That he will hardly leape ore. *Pre.* I conceive you,
Sir *Hugh;* as if your Rhetoricke would ſay,
Whereas the Father of her is a *Turfe*,
A very ſuperficies of the earth;
Hee aimes no higher, then to match in *Clay;*
And there hath pitch'd his reft. *Hug.* Right Justice *Bramble:*
You ha' the winding wit, compaſſing all. 9
Pre. Subtile Sir *Hugh*, you now are i' the wrong, [75]
And erre with the whole Neighbour-hood, I muſt tell you;
For you miſtake my name. Justice *Preamble*
I write my ſelfe; which with the ignorant Clownes, here
(Becauſe of my profeſſion of the Law,
And place o' the peace) is taken to be *Bramble.*
But all my warrants Sir, doe run *Preamble:*
Richard Preamble. Hugh. Sir I thanke you for't.
That your good worſhip, would not let me run
Longer in error, but would take me up thus—
Pre. You are my learned, and canonick neighbour: 20
I would not have you ſtray; but the incorrigible
Knot-headed beaſt, the Clownes, or Conſtables,
Still let them graze; eat Sallads; chew the Cud:
All the Towne-muſicke will not move a log.
Hug. The Beetle and Wedges will, where you will have 'hem.
Pre. True, true Sir *Hugh*, here comes *Miles Metaphore*,
My Clarke: Hee is the man ſhall carry it, Chanon,

Scene V] Scene III—*Maribone—A Room in justice* Preamble's *House.* G+
Hugh . . .] *Enter canon* Hugh *and justice* Preamble. G+
22 Knot-headed] Nott-headed G+
26 Sir Hugh.—*Enter* Miles Metaphor. G+

By my inſtructions. *Hug.* He will do't *ad unguem*,
Miles Metaphore: Hee is a pretty fellow.
Pre. I love not to keepe ſhadowes, or halfe-wits,
To foile a buſines. *Metaphore!* you ha' ſeene
A King ride forth in ſtate. *Met.* Sir that I have:
King *Edward* our late Leige, and ſoveraigne Lord:
And have ſet downe the pompe. *Pre.* Therefore I ask'd you.
Ha' you obſerv'd the Meſſengers o' the Chamber?
What habits they were in? *Met.* Yes; Minor Coats.
Vnto the Guard, a Dragon, and a Grey-hound,
For the ſupporters of the Armes. *Pre.* Well mark'd;
You know not any of 'hem? *Met.* Here's one dwels
In *Maribone.* *Pre.* Ha' you acquaintance with him?
To borrow his coat an houre? *Hug.* Or but his badge,
'Twill ſerve: A little thing he weares on his breſt.
Pre. His coat, I ſay, is of more authority:
Borrow his coat for an houre. I doe love
To doe all things compleately, Chanon *Hugh;*
Borrow his coat, *Miles Metaphore*, or nothing.
Met. The Taberd of his office, I will call it,
Or the Coat-Armour of his place: and ſo
Metaph. *goes out* Inſinuate with him by that Trope—.
Pre. I know your powers of Rhetorick, *Metaphore.*
Fetch him off in a fine figure for his coat I ſay.
Hug. Ile take my leave Sir of your worſhip too:
Bycauſe I may expect the iſſue anone.
Pre. Stay my diviner Counſell, take your fee;
Wee that take fees, allow 'hem to our Counſell;
And our prime learned Counſell, double fees:
There are a brace of Angels to ſupport you
I' your foot-walke this froſt, for feare of falling;
Or ſpraying of a point of Matrimony,

35—37 See Note. 49—50 *Metaph. goes out.*] Om. G+
51 [*Exit* Metaphor. G+

When you come at it. *Hug.* I' your worſhips ſervice; [76]
That the exploit is done, and you poſſeſt
Of Mrs. *Awdrey Turfe—Pre.* I like your project. *Preamble goes out.*
Hug. And I, of this effect of two to one;
It worketh in my pocket, 'gainſt the Squire,
And his halfe bottome here, of halfe a peice:
Which was not worth the ſtepping ore the ſtile for:
His Mother has quite marr'd him: Lady *Tub*,
She's ſuch a veſſell of *fæces:* all dry'd earth!
Terra damnata, not a drop of ſalt!
Or *Peeter* in her! All her Nitre is gone.

ACT I. SCENE VI.

Lady Tub. Pol-Marten.

Lad. Is the Nag ready *Marten*? call the Squire.
This froſty morning wee will take the aire,
About the fields: for I doe meane to be
Some-bodies *Valentine*, i' my Velvet Gowne,
This morning, though it be but a beggar-man.
Why ſtand you ſtill, and doe not call my ſonne?
Pol. Madam, if he had couched with the Lambe,
He had no doubt beene ſtirring with the Larke:
But he ſat up at Play, and watch'd the Cock,
Till his firſt warning chid him off to reſt.
Late Watchers are no early Wakers, Madam;
But if your Ladiſhip will have him call'd—.
Lad. Will have him call'd? Wherefore did I, Sir, bid him
Be call'd, you Weazell, Vermin of an Huiſher?
You will returne your wit to your firſt ſtile

62 *Preamble goes out.*] . . . project. [*Exit.* G+ Scene VI.] Scene IV.—*Totten-Court.* Before lady Tub's *House* G+ *Lady*—] *Enter* lady Tub *and* Pol Martin G+

Of *Marten Polcat*, by theſe ſtinking tricks,
If you doe uſe 'hem : I ſhall no more call you
Pol-marten, by the title of a Gentleman,
Pol-marten goes out. If you goe on thus—*Pol.* I am gone. *Lad.* Be quick then,
I' your come off: and make amends you Stote!
Was ever ſuch a Full-mart for an Huiſher,
To a great worſhipfull Lady, as my ſelfe;
Who, when I heard his name firſt, *Martin Polcat*,
A ſtinking name, and not to be pronounc'd
Without a reverence. In any Ladies preſence; my very heart eene earn'd, ſeeing the Fellow
Young, pretty and handſome; being then I ſay,
A Basket-Carrier, and a man condemn'd
To the Salt-peeter workes; made it my ſuit
To Mr. *Peeter Tub*, that I might change it;
And call him as I doe now, by *Pol-marten*,
To have it found like a Gentleman in an Office,
And made him mine owne Fore-man, daily waiter,
And he to ſerve me thus! Ingratitude!
Beyond the Courſenes yet of any Clownage,
He returnes. [77] Shewen to a Lady! what now, is he ſtirring?
Pol. Stirring betimes out of his bed, and ready.
Lad. And comes he then? *Pol.* No Madam, he is gone.
Lad. Gone? whither? aske the Porter: Where's he gone?
Pol. I met the Porter, and have ask'd him for him;
He ſayes he let him forth an houre agoe.
Lad. An houre agoe! what buſines could he have,
So early? where is his man, grave *Basket Hilts?*

19 I am gone. [*Exit* G+

19 Pol-marten goes out] Om. G+

25 Without a reverence] In any lady's presence without a reverence; My very heart e'en yearn'd, seeing the fellow W+

35 to a Lady! *Re-enter* Pol-martin G+

35 *He returns.*] Om. G+

His Guide, and Governour? *Pol.* Gone with his Maſter.
Lad. Is he gone too? O that ſame ſurly knave,
Is his right hand: and leads my ſonne amiſſe.
He has carried him to ſome drinking match, or other:
Pol-marten, I will call you ſo againe;
I'am friends with you now. Goe get your horſe, and ride
To all the Townes about here, where his haunts are;
And croſſe the fields to meet, and bring me word;
He cannot be gone farre, being a foot.
Be curious to inquire him: and bid *Wiſpe*
My woman come, and waite on me. The love
Wee Mothers beare our Sonnes, we ha' bought with paine.
Makes us oft view them, with too carefull eyes,
And over-looke 'hem with a jealous feare,
Out-fitting Mothers.

ACT I. SCENE VII.

Lady Tub. Wiſpe.

Lad. How now *Wiſpe*? Ha' you
A Valentine yet: I'm taking th' aire to chooſe one.
Wif. Fate ſend your Ladiſhip a fit one then.
Lad. What kind of one is that? *Wif.* A proper man,
To pleaſe your Ladiſhip. *Lad.* Out o' that vanity,
That takes the fooliſh eye: Any poore creature,
Whoſe want may need my almes, or courteſie;
I rather wiſh; ſo Biſhop *Valentine*,
Left us example to doe deeds of Charity;
To feed the hungry; cloath the naked, viſit
The weake, and ſicke; to entertaine the poore;
And give the dead a Chriſtian Funerall;
Theſe were the workes of piety he did practiſe,

53 wait on me. [*Exit* Pol. G+ Scene VII] Om. G+ *Lady Tub. Wiſpe*] *Enter* Dido Wiſpe G

And bad us imitate; not looke for Lovers,
Or handſome Images to pleaſe our ſenſes.
I pray thee *Wiſpe*, deale freely with me now:
Wee are alone, and may be merry a little:
Tho' art none o'the Court-glories; nor the wonders
For wit, or beauty i' the Citie: tell me,
What man would ſatisfie thy preſent phanſie?
Had thy ambition leave to chooſe a Valentine,
Within the Queenes Dominion, ſo a ſubject.
[78] *Wif.* Yo' ha' gi' me a large ſcope, Madam, I confeſſe,
And I will deale with your Ladiſhip ſincerely:
I'll utter my whole heart to you. I would have him,
The braveſt, richeſt, and the propereſt man
A Taylor could make up; or all the Poets,
With the Perfumers: I would have him ſuch;
As not another woman, but ſhould ſpite me!
Three Citie Ladies ſhould run mad for him:
And Countri-Madams infinite. *Lad.* You'ld ſpare me,
And let me hold my wits? *Wif.* I ſhould with you—
For the young Squire, my Maſters ſake diſpenſe
A little; but it ſhould be very little.
Then all the Court-wives I'ld ha' jealous of me;
As all their husbands jealous of them:
And not a Lawyers Puſſe of any quality,
But lick her lips, for a ſnatch in the Terme time. *Lad.* Come,
Let's walke: wee'll heare the reſt, as we goe on:
You are this morning in a good veine, *Dido:*
Would I could be as merry. My ſonnes abſence
Troubles me not a little: though I ſeeke
Theſe wayes to put it off; which will not helpe:
Care that is entred, once into the breſt,
Will have the whole poſſeſſion, ere it reſt.

36 jealous of] jealous too of W+

ACT II. SCENE I.

Turfe. Clay. Medlay. Clench. To-Pan. Scriben. Puppy.

Tur. ZOnne *Clay*, cheare up, the better leg avore:
This is a veat is once done, and no more.
Cle. And then 'tis done vor ever, as they ſay.
Med. Right! vor a man ha' his houre, and a dog his day.
Tur. True neighbour *Medlay*, yo' are ſtill *In-and-In.*
Med. I would be Mr. Conſtable, if' ch' could win.
Pan. I zay, *Iohn Clay*, keepe ſtill on his old gate:
Wedding, and hanging, both goe at a rate.
Tur. Well ſaid *To-Pan:* you ha' ſtill the hap to hit
The naile o' the head at a cloſe: I thinke there never
Marriage was manag'd with a more aviſement,
Then was this mariage, though I ſay't, that ſhould not;
Eſpecially 'gain' mine owne fleſh, and blood;
My wedded Wife. Indeed my Wife would ha' had
All the young Batchelers and Maids, forſooth,
O' the zixe Pariſhes hereabout: But I
Cry'd none, ſweet *Sybil:* none of that geare, I:
It would lick zalt, I told her, by her leave.
No, three, or voure our wife, choiſe honeſt neighbours:
Vpſtantiall perſons: men that ha' borne office:
And mine owne Family, would bee inough [79]
To eate our dinner. What? Deare meate's a theiſe:
I know it by the Butchers, and the Mercat-volke;
Hum drum I cry. No halfe-Oxe in a Pie:

Scene I.—*The fields near Pancras.* G+ *Turfe. . . .*] *Enter, in procession, with ribbands, rosemary and bay,* Turfe, Clay, Medlay, Clench, To-Pan, Scriben, *and* Puppy, *with the bride-cake, as going to church.* G+ 17 none, sweet *Sybil;* none of that geare,] All in Italics. G+ 20 Vpstantiall . . . borne] Ubstantial . . . have born G+ 23 Mercat-volke;] Market-volk; 1692+

A man that's bid to Bride-ale, if hee ha' cake,
And drinke enough, hee need not veare his ſtake.
Cle. Tis right: he has ſpoke as true as a Gun; beleeve it.
Tur. Come *Sybil*, come: Did not I tell you o' this?
This pride, and muſter of women would marre all?
Sixe women to one Daughter, and a Mother!
The Queene (God ſave her) ha' no more her ſelfe.
D. Tur. Why, if you keepe ſo many, Mr. *Turfe*,
Why, ſhould not all preſent our ſervice to her?
Tur. Your ſervice? good! I thinke you'll write to her ſhortly,
Your very loving and obedient Mother.
Tur. Come, ſend your Maids off, I will have 'hem ſent
Home againe wife: I love no traines o' *Kent*,
Or Chriſtendome, as they ſay. *Sc.* Wee will not back,
And leave our Dame. *Med.* Why ſhould her worſhip lack
Her taile of Maids, more then you doe of men?
Tur. What, mutinin *Madge?* *Io.* Zend back your C'lons agen.
And wee will vollow. *All.* Elſe wee'll guard our Dame.
Tur. I ha' zet the neſt of waſpes all on a flame.
D. Tur. Come, you are ſuch another Mr. *Turfe:*
A Clod you ſhould be call'd, of a high Conſtable:
To let no muſicke goe afore your child,
To Church, to cheare her heart up this cold morning.
Tur. You are for Father *Roſin*, and his conſort
Of fidling Boyes, the great *Feates*, and the leſſe:
Bycauſe you have entertain'd 'hem all from *High-gate*.
To ſhew your pompe, you'ld ha' your Daughter, and Maids
Dance ore the fields like Faies, to Church this froſt?

After line 27. *Enter dame* Turfe *and* Awdrey, *followed by* Joan, Joyce, Madge, Parnel, Griſel, *and* Kate, *dressed for the wedding*. G+

35 Your very loving and obedient Mother.] *Your very loving and obedient mother* G+

36 *Tur.*] Om. G+

52 Faies,] Fairies, 1692, 1716. Faies W+

Ile ha' no rondels, I, i' the Queenes pathes;
Let 'un ſcrape the Gut at home, where they ha' fill'd it
At after-noone. *D. Turfe.* Ile ha' 'hem play at dinner.
Ite. She is i' th' right, Sir; vor your wedding dinner
Is ſtarv'd without the Muſicke. *Med.* If the Pies
Come not in piping hot, you ha' loſt that Proverbe.
Tur. I yield to truth: wife are you ſuſſified?
Pan. A right good man! when he knowes right, he loves it.
Scri. And he will know't, and ſhew't too by his place
Of being high Conſtable, if no where elſe.

ACT II. SCENE II.

To them.

Hilts bearded, booted and ſpur'd.

Hil. Well over-taken, *Gentlemen!* I pray you,
Which is the Queenes High Conſtable among you?
Pup. The talleſt man: who ſhould be elſe, doe you thinke? [70]
Hil. It is no matter what I thinke, young Clowne: Your anſwer ſavours of the Cart. *Pup.* How? Cart? and Clowne? Doe you know whoſe teame you ſpeake to?
Hil. No: nor I care not: Whoſe Jade may you be?
Pup. Jade? Cart? and Clowne? O for a laſh of whip-cord! Three-knotted coard! *Hil.* Doe you mutter? Sir, ſnorle this way; That I may heare, and anſwer what you ſay,
With my ſchoole-dagger, 'bout your Coſtard Sir.
Looke to't, young growſe: Ile lay it on, and ſure;
Take't off who's wull. *Cle.* Nay, pray you Gentleman—.

56 *Ite.*] *Cle.* W+ Scene II. To them.] Om. G+ *Hilts . . .*] *Enter* Hilts *with a false beard, booted and spurred.* G+

13 who's wull.] who wull. [*Draws his sword.* G+

Hil. Goe too: I will not bate him an ace on't.
What? Rowle-powle? Maple-face? All fellowes?
Pup. Doe you heare friend, I wou'd wiſh you, vor your good,
Tie up your brended Bitch there, your dun ruſtie
Pannyer-hilt poinard: and not vexe the youth
With ſhewing the teeth of it. We now are going
To Church, in way of matrimony, ſome on us:
Tha' rung all in a'ready. If it had not,
All the horne beaſts are grazing i' this cloſe,
Sould not ha' pull' me hence, till this Aſh-plant
Had rung noone o' your pate, Mr. Broome-beard.
Hil. That would I faine zee, quoth the blind *George*
Of *Holloway:* Come Sir. *Awd.* O their naked weapons!
Pan. For the paſſion of man, hold Gentleman, and *Puppy.*
Cla. Murder, O Murder! *Awd.* O my Father, and Mother!
D. Tur. Husband, what doe you meane? Sonne *Clay* for Gods ſake——
Tur. I charge you in the Queenes name, keepe the peace.
Hil. Tell me o' no Queene, or *Keyſar:* I muſt have
A legge, or a hanch of him, ere I goe. *Med.* But zir,
You muſt obey the Queenes high Officers.
Hil. Why muſt I, Good-man *Muſt? Med.* You muſt, an'you wull.
Tur. Gentleman, I'am here for fault, high Conſtable—
Hil. Are you zo? what then? *Tur.* I pray you Sir put up
Your weapons; doe, at my requeſt: For him,
On my authority, he ſhall lie by the heeles,
Verbatim continente, an' I live.
D. Tur. Out on him for a knave, what a dead fright
He has put me into? Come *Awdrey*, doe not ſhake.

Awd. But is not *Puppy* hurt? nor the tother man?
Cla. No Bun; but had not I cri'd Murder, I wuſſe—
Pup. Sweet Good-man *Clench*, I pray you reviſe my Mr.
I may not zit i' the ſtocks, till the wedding be paſt
Dame. Mrs. *Awdrey:* I ſhall breake the Bride-cake elſe.
Cle. Zomething muſt be, to ſave authority, *Puppy*.
D. Tur. Husband—*Cle.* And Goſſip—*Awd.* Father—*Tur.*' Treat mee not.
It is i' vaine. If he lye not by the heeles,
Ile lie there for 'hun. Ile teach the Hine,
To carry a tongue in his head, to his ſubperiors.
Hil. This's a wife Conſtable! where keepes he ſchoole? [71]
Cle. In *Kentiſh Towne*, a very ſurvere man.
Hil. But as ſurvere as he is; Let me Sir tell him,
He ſha' not lay his man by the heeles for this.
This was my quarrell: And by his office leave,
If't carry 'hun for this, it ſhall carry double;
Vor he ſhall carry me too. *Tur.* Breath of man!
Hee is my chattell, mine owne hired goods:
An' if you doe abet 'un in this matter,
Ile clap you both by the heeles, ankle to ankle.
Hilt. You'll clap a dog of waxe as ſoone, old *Blurt?*
Come, ſpare not me, Sir; I am no mans wife:
I care not, I, Sir, not three skips of a Lowſe for you,
And you were ten tall Conſtables, not I.
Tur. Nay, pray you Sir, be not angry; but content:
My man ſhall make you, what amends you'll aske 'hun.
Hil. Let 'hun mend his manners then, and know his betters:
It's all I aske 'hun: and 'twill be his owne;
And's Maſters too, another day. Che vore 'hun.
Med. As right as a Club, ſtill. Zure this angry man
Speakes very neere the marke, when he is pleas'd.

46 Dame. Mrs] Dame, Mrs. 1692+

Pup. I thanke you Sir, an' I meet you at *Kentiſh Towne*,
I ha' the courteſie o' hundred for you.
Hil. Gramercy, good high Conſtables Hine. But hear you?
Maſſ: Conſtable, I have other manner o' matter,
To bring you about, then this. And ſo it is,
I doe belong to one o' the Queenes Captaines;
A Gent'man o' the Field, one Captaine *Thum's*:
I know not, whether you know 'hun, or no: It may be
You doe, and 't may be you doe not againe.
Tur. No, I aſſure you on my Conſtable-ſhip,
I doe not know 'hun. *Hil.* Nor I neither i'faith.
It skils not much; my Captaine, and my ſelfe,
Having occaſion to come riding by, here,
This morning, at the corner of Saint *Iohn's* wood,
Some mile o' this Towne, were ſet upon
By a ſort of countrey fellowes: that not onely
Beat us, but rob'd us, moſt ſufficiently;
And bound us to our behaviour, hand and foot;
And ſo they left us. Now, *Don Conſtable*,
I am to charge you in her Majeſties name,
As you will anſwer it at your apperill,
That forth-with you raiſe Hue and Cry i' the Hundred,
For all ſuch perſons as you can diſpect,
By the length and bredth, o' your office: vor I tell you,
The loſſe is of ſome value, therefore looke to't.
Tur. As Fortune mend me, now, or any office
Of a thouſand pound, if I know what to zay,
Would I were dead; or vaire hang'd up at *Tiburne*,
If I doe know what courſe to take; or how

76 Mass: Constable] Mass Constable 1692+
83 i'faith [*Aside.* G+
87 mile o' this] mile [west] o' this G+
87 were set upon] we were upon W, were set upon G+
89 most sufficiently;] sufficiently, 1716, most sufficiently W+

To turne my ſelfe; juſt at this time too, now, [72]
My Daughter is to be married: Ile but goe
To *Pancridge* Church, hard by, and returne inſtantly,
And all my Neighbour-hood ſhall goe about it.
Hil. Tut, *Pancridge* me no *Pancridge*, if you let it
Slip, you will anſwer it, and your Cap be of wooll;
Therefore take heed, you'll feel the ſmart elſe, Conſtable.
Tur. Nay, good Sir ſtay. Neighbours! what thinke you o'this?
D. Tur. Faith, Man—. Odd pretious woman, hold your tongue;
And mind your pigs o' the ſpit at home; you muſt
Have Ore in every thing. Pray you Sir, what kind
Of fellowes were they? *Hil.* Theev's kind, I ha' told you.
Tur. I meane, what kind of men? *Hil.* Men of our make.
Tur. Nay, but with patience, Sir, we that are Officers
Muſt 'quire the ſpeciall markes, and all the tokens
Of the deſpected parties, or perhaps—elſe,
Be nere the nere of our purpoſe in 'prehending 'hem.
Can you tell, what 'parrell any of them wore?
Hil. Troth no: there were ſo many o' hun, all like
So one another: Now I remember me,
There was one buſie fellow, was their Leader;
A blunt ſquat ſwad, but lower then your ſelfe,
He' had on a Lether Doublet, with long points.
And a paire of pin'd-up breech's, like pudding bags:
With yellow ſtockings, and his hat turn'd up
With a ſilver Claſpe, on his leere ſide. *D. Tur.* By theſe
Markes it ſhould be *Iohn Clay*, now bleſſe the man!
Tur. Peace, and be nought: I thinke the woman be phrenſick.

108 Constable [*Going* G+

110 Man-.] Man- *Turfe.* W+ Odd pretious woman,] odd, precious woman, 1692, 1718, Odd precious, woman W, Odd's precious, woman G+

112 Ore] oar W, have [an] oar G+

Hil. Iohn Clay? what's he, good Miſtris? *Awd.* He that ſhall be
My husband—*Hil.* How! your husband, pretty one?
Awd. Yes, I ſhall anone be married: That's he.
Tur. Paſſion o' me, undone! *Pup.* Bleſſe Maſters ſonne!
Hil. O you are well 'prehended: know you me Sir?
Clay. No's my record: I never zaw you avore.
Hil. You did not? where were your eyes then? out at waſhing?
Tur. What ſhould a man zay? who ſhould he truſt
In theſe dayes? Harke you *Iohn Clay*, if you have
Done any ſuch thing, tell troth, and ſhame the Divell.
Cle. Vaith doe: my Goſſip *Turfe* zaies well to you *Iohn.*
Med. Speake man, but doe not conveſſe, nor be avraid.
Pan. A man is a man, and a beaſt's a beaſt, looke to't.
D. Tur. I' the name of men, or beaſts! what doe you doe?
Hare the poore fellow out on his five wits,
And ſeven ſenſes? Doe not weepe *Iohn Clay.*
I ſweare the poore wretch is as guilty from it,
As the Child was, was borne this very morning.
Cla. No, as I am a kyrſin ſoule, would I were hang'd
If ever I—alaſſe I! would I were out
Of my life, ſo I would I were, and in againe—
Pup. Nay, Mrs. *Awdrey* will ſay nay to that.
[73] No, In-and-out? an' you were out o' your life,
How ſhould ſhe doe for a husband? who ſhould fall
Aboord o' her then, *Ball?* He's a *Puppy?*
No; *Hanniball* has no breeding: well! I ſay little;
But hitherto all goes well, pray it prove no better.
Awd. Come Father; I would wee were married: I am a cold.

Hil. Well, Mr. Conſtable, this your fine Groome here,
Bride-groome, or what Groome elſe, ſoere he be,
I charge him with the felonie; and charge you
To carry him back forthwith to *Paddington*,
Vnto my Captaine, who ſtaies my returne there:
I am to goe to the next Juſtice of peace,
To get a warrant to raiſe *Huy* and *Cry*,
And bring him, and his fellowes all afore 'hun.
Fare you well Sir, and looke to 'hun I charge you,
As yo'll anſwer it. Take heed; the buſines
If you deferre, may prejudiciall you
More then you thinke-for, zay I told you ſo. Hilts *goes out.*

Tur. Here's a Bride-ale indeed! Ah zonne *Iohn*, zonne *Clay*!
I little thought you would ha' prov'd a peece
Of ſuch falſe mettall. *Cla.* Father, will you beleeve me?
Would I might never ſtirre i' my new ſhoes,
If ever I would doe ſo voule a fact.

Tur. Well Neighbours, I doe charge you to aſſiſt me
With 'hun to *Paddington.* Be he a true man, ſo:
The better for 'hun. I will doe mine office,
An' he were my owne begotten a thouſand times.

D. Tur. Why, doe you heare man? Husband? Mr. *Turfe*!
What ſhall my Daughter doe? *Puppy*, ſtay here.
Awd. Mother, Ile goe with you, and with my Father. *She followes her husb. and neighbours.*

ACT II. SCENE III.

Puppy. Awdrey. Hilts.

Pup. Nay, ſtay ſweet Mrs. *Awdrey*: here are none
But one friend (as they zay) deſires to ſpeake
A word, or two, cold with you: How doe you veele

169 Hilts *goes out*] [*Exit.* G+
180 *She followes her* husb. and *neighbours.* [*Exeunt all but* Awdrey *and* Puppy. G+ Scene III. *Puppy. Awdrey. Hilts.*] Om. G+

Your ſelfe this froſty morning? *Awd.* What ha' you
To doe to aske, I pray you? I am a cold.
Pup. It ſeemes you are hot, good Mrs. *Awdrey.*
Awd. You lie; I am as cold as Ice is: Feele elſe.
Pup. Nay, you ha' coold my courage: I am paſt it,
I ha' done feeling with you. *Awd.* Done with me?
I doe defie you. So I doe, to ſay
You ha' done with me: you are a ſawcy *Puppy.*
Pup. O you miſtake! I meant not as you meane.
Awd. Meant you not knavery, *Puppy*? No: not I.
Clay meant you all the knavery, it ſeemes,
[74] Who rather, then he would be married to you,
Choſe to be wedded to the Gallowes first.
Awd. I thought he was a diſſembler; he would prove
A ſlippery Merchant i' the froſt. Hee might
Have married one firſt, and have beene hang'd after,
If hee had had a mind to't. But you men,
Fie on you. *Pup.* Mrs. *Awdrey*, can you vind,
I your heart to fancie *Puppy*? me poore *Ball*?
Enter Hilts. *Awd.* You are diſpos'd to jeere one, Mr. *Hanniball.*
Pitty o' me! the angry man with the beard!
Hil. Put on thy hat, I 'looke for no deſpect.
Where's thy Maſter? *Pup.* Marry, he is gone
With the picture of deſpaire, to *Paddington.*
Hil. Pr'y thee run after 'hun, and tell 'hun he ſhall
Find out my Captaine, lodg'd at the red-*Lyon*
In *Paddington*; that's the Inne. Let 'un aske
Vor Captaine *Thum's*; And take that for thy paines:
He may ſeeke long enough elſe. Hie thee againe.
Pup. Yes, Sir you'll looke to Mrs. Bride the while?
Hil. That I will: prethee haſte. *Awd.* What *Puppy*? *Puppy*?

13 knavery, *Puppy*? No:] knavery? *Puppy.* No: 1692, 1716. knavery, Puppy? No: W. knavery, Puppy? *Pup.* No, G+
23 *Enter* Hilts.] *Re-enter* Hilts. G+
34 haste. [*Exit* Puppy. G+

Hil. Sweet Mrs. Bride, Hee'll come againe preſently.
Here was no ſubtile device to get a wench.
This Chanon has a brave pate of his owne!
A ſhaven pate! And a right monger, y'vaith!
This was his plot! I follow Captaine *Thum's*?
Wee rob'd in Saint *Iohn's* wood? I' my tother hoſe!
I laugh, to thinke what a fine fooles finger they have
O this wiſe Conſtable, in pricking out
This Captaine *Thum's* to his neighbours: you ſhall ſee
The Tile-man too ſet fire on his owne *Kill*,
And leap into it, to ſave himſelfe from hanging.
You talke of a Bride-ale, here was a Bride-ale broke,
I' the nick. Well: I muſt yet diſpatch this Bride,
To mine owne maſter, the young Squire, and then
My taske is done. Gen'woman! I 'have in ſort
Done you ſome wrong, but now Ile doe you what right
I can: It's true, you are a proper woman;
But to be caſt away on ſuch a Clowne-pipe
As *Clay*; me thinkes, your friends are not ſo wiſe
As nature might have made 'hem; well, goe too:
There's better fortune comming toward you,
An' you doe not deject it. Take a voole's
Counſell, and doe not ſtand i' your owne light.
It may prove better then you thinke for: Looke you.
Awd. Alas Sir, what is't you would ha' me doe?
I'ld faine doe all for the beſt, if I knew how.
Hil. Forſake not a good turne, when 'tis offered you;
Faire Miſtris *Awdrey*, that's your name, I take it.
Awd. No Miſtris, Sir, my name is *Awdrey*.
Hil. Well, ſo it is, there is a bold young Squire,
The blood of *Totten*, *Tub*, and *Tripoly*——. [75]
Awd. Squire *Tub*, you meane? I know him: he knowes me too.

42 O this wise Constable,] O'this wise Constable, 1692+ 49 done. [*Aside.*] G+

Hil. He is in love with you: and more, he's mad for you.
Awd. I, ſo he told me: in his wits, I thinke.
But hee's too fine for me; and has a Lady
Tub to his Mother. Here he comes himſelfe!

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Tub. Hilts. Awdrey.

Tub. O you are a truſty Governour! *Hil.* What ailes you?
You doe not know when yo'are well, I thinke:
You'ld ha' the Calfe with the white face, Sir, would you?
I have her for you here; what would you more?
Tub. Quietnes, *Hilts*, and heare no more of it.
Hil. No more of it, quoth you? I doe not care
If ſome on us had not heard ſo much of't,
I tell you true; A man muſt carry, and vetch,
Like *Bungy*'s dog for you. *Tub.* What's he? *Hil.* A Spaniel.
And ſcarce be ſpit i' the mouth for't. A good Dog
Deſerves, Sir, a good bone, of a free Maſter:
But, an' your turnes be ſerv'd, the divell a bit
You care for a man after, ere a Lard of you.
Like will to like, y-faith, quoth the ſcab'd Squire
To th' mangy Knight, when both met in a diſh
Of butter'd viſh. One bad, there's nere a good;
And not a barrell better Hering among you.
Tub. Nay *Hilts*! I pray thee grow not fram-pull now.
Turne not the bad Cow, after thy good ſoape.
Our plot hath hitherto tane good effect:
And ſhould it now be troubled, or ſtop'd up,

68 I,] Ay, G+ 70 Mother. *Enter* Tub. G+ Scene IV. *Tub. Hilts. Awdrey.*] Om. G+ 13 Lard] laird G+ 14 Like will to like,] *Like will to like*, G+ 17 a barrell better] a barrel the better G+

'Twould prove the utter ruine of my hopes.
I pray thee haſte to *Pancridge*, to the Chanon:
And gi' him notice of our good ſucceſſe;
Will him that all things be in readineſſe.
Faire *Awdrey*, and my ſelfe, will croſſe the fields,
The neareſt path. Good *Hilts*, make thou ſome haſte
And meet us on the way. Come gentle *Awdrey*.
Hil. Vaith, would I had a few more geances on't:
An' you ſay the word, ſend me to *Iericho*.
Out-cept a man were a Poſt-horſe, I ha' not knowne
The like on't; yet, an' he had kind words,
'Twould never irke 'hun. But a man may breake
His heart out i' theſe dayes, and get a flap
With a fox-taile, when he has done. And there is all.
Tub. Nay, ſay not ſo *Hilts*: hold thee; there are Crownes—
My love beſtowes on thee, for thy reward.
If Gold will pleaſe thee, all my land ſhall drop [76]
In bounty thus, to recompence thy merit.
Hil. Tut, keepe, your land, and your gold too Sir: I
Seeke neither—nother of 'hun. Learne to get
More: you will know to ſpend that zum you have
Early enough: you are aſſur'd of me.
I love you too too well, to live o' the ſpoyle:
For your owne ſake, were there were no worſe then I.
All is not Gold that gliſters: Ile to *Pancridge*.
Tub. See, how his love doth melt him into Teares!
An honeſt faithfull ſervant is a Jewell.
Now th' adventurous Squire hath time, and leiſure,
To aske his *Awdrey* how ſhe do's, and heare
A gratefull anſwer from her. Shee not ſpeakes:

32 had [had] kind words, G+
41 Seeke neither—nother of 'hun.] Seek neither—neither of 'un. G+
44 I love you too too well.] I love you too well, 1716. I love you too too well, W+
45 were there were] would there were W+
46 *Pancridge*. [*Exit crying*. G+

Hath the proud Tiran, Froſt, uſurp'd the ſeate
Of former beauty in my Loves faire cheek;
Staining the roſeat tincture of her blood,
With the dull die of blew-congealing cold?
No, ſure the weather dares not ſo preſume
To hurt an object of her brightneſſe. Yet,
The more I view her, ſhee but lookes ſo, ſo.
Ha? gi' me leave to ſearch this myſterie!
O now I have it: Bride, I know your griefe;
The laſt nights cold, hath bred in you ſuch horror
Of the aſſigned Bride-groomes conſtitution,
The *Kilborne* Clay-pit; that froſt-bitten marle;
That lumpe in courage: melting cake of Ice;
That the conceit thereof hath almoſt kill'd thee.
But I muſt doe thee good wench, and refreſh thee.
Awd. You are a merry man, Squire *Tub*, of *Totten*!
I have heard much o' your words, but not o' your deeds.
Tub. Thou ſayest true, ſweet; I' ha' beene too ſlack in deeds.
Awd. Yet, I was never ſo ſtraight-lac'd to you, Squire.
Tub. Why, did you ever love me, gentle *Awdrey*?
Awd. Love you? I cannot tell: I muſt hate no body,
My Father ſayes. *Tub.* Yes, *Clay*, and *Kilburne*; *Awdrey*,
You muſt hate them. *Awd.* It ſhall be for your ſake then.
He offers to kisse her. *Tub.* And for my ſake, ſhall yield you that gratuitie.
She puts him back. *Awd.* Soft, and faire, Squire, there goe two word's to a bargaine.
Tub. What are thoſe *Awdrey*? *Awd.* Nay, I cannot tell.
My Mother ſaid, zure, if you married me,
You'ld make me a Lady the firſt weeke: and put me
In, I know not what, the very day. *Tub.* What was it?
Speake gentle *Awdrey*, thou ſhalt have it yet.

75 *He offers to kisse her.*] [*Offers to kiss her.* G+
76 *She puts him back.*] [*Puts him back.* G+

Awd. A velvet dreſſing for my head, it is,
They ſay will make one brave: I will not know
Beſſe Moale, nor *Margery Turne-up*: I will looke
Another way upon 'hem, and be proud.
Tub. Troth I could wiſh my wench a better wit;
But what ſhe wanteth there, her face ſupplies.
There is a pointed luſtre in her eye [77]
Hath ſhot quite through me, and hath hit my heart:
And thence it is, I firſt receiv'd the wound,
That ranckles now, which only ſhee can cure.
Faine would I worke my ſelfe, from this conceit;
But, being fleſh, I cannot. I muſt love her,
The naked truth is: and I will goe on,
Were it for nothing, but to croſſe my Rivall's.
Come *Awdrey*: I am now reſolv'd to ha' thee.

Act II. Scene V.

Preamble. Metaphore. Tub. Awdrey.

Pre. Nay, doe it quickly, *Miles*; why ſhak'ſt thou man?
Speake but his name: Ile ſecond thee my ſelfe.
Met. What is his name? *Pre.* Squire *Tripoly* or *Tub.*
Any thing—*Met.* Squire *Tub*, I doe arreſt you
I' the Queenes Majeſties name, and all the Councels.
Tub. Arreſt me, Varlet? *Pre.* Keepe the peace I charge you.
Tub. Are you there, Juſtice *Bramble*? where's your warrant?
Pre. The warrant is directed here to me,
From the whole table; wherefore I would pray you
Be patient Squire, and make good the peace.
Tub. Well, at your pleaſure, Iuſtice. I am wrong'd:
Sirrah, what are you have arreſted me?

Scene V.] Om. G+ *Preamble. . . .*] *Enter* Justice Preamble *and* Metaphor *disguised as a pursuivant.* G+

Pre. He is a Purs'yvant at Armes, Squire *Tub.*
Met. I am a Purs'yvant, ſee, by my Coat elſe.
Tub. Well Purs'yvant, goe with me: Ile give you baile.
Pre. Sir he may take no baile. It is a warrant,
In ſpeciall from the Councell, and commands
Your perſonall appearance. Sir, your weapon
I muſt require: And then deliver you
A Priſoner to this officer, Squire *Tub.*
I pray you to conceive of me no other,
Then as your friend, and neighbour. Let my perſon
Be ſever'd from my office in the fact,
And I am cleare. Here Purs'yvant, receive him
Into your hands; And uſe him like a Gentleman.
Tub. I thanke you Sir: But whither muſt I goe now?
Pre. Nay, that muſt not be told you, till you come
Vnto the place aſſign'd by his inſtructions.
Ile be the Maidens Convoy to her father,
For this time, Squire. *Tub.* I thanke you Mr. *Bramble.*
I doubt, or feare, you will make her the ballance
To weigh your Juſtice in. Pray yee doe me right,
And lead not her, at leaſt out of the way.
Juſtice is blind, and having a blind Guide,
She may be apt to ſlip aſide. *Pre.* Ile ſee to her.
[78] *Tub.* I ſee my wooing will not thrive. Arreſted!
As I had ſet my reſt up, for a wife?
And being ſo faire for it, as I was—. Well, fortune,
Thou art a blind Bawd, and a Beggar too,
To croſſe me thus; and let my onely Rivall,
To get her from me? That's the ſpight of ſpights.
But moſt I muſe at, is, that I, being none
O' th' Court, am ſent for thither by the Councell!
My heart is not ſo light, as't was i' the morning.

35 [*Exit* Preamble *with* Awdrey. G+.

ACT II. SCENE VI.

Hilts. Tub. Metaphor.

Hil. You meane to make a Hoiden, or a Hare
O me, t' hunt Counter thus, and makes theſe doubles:
And you meane no ſuch thing, as you ſend about?
Where's your ſweet-heart now, I marle? *Tub.* Oh *Hilts*!
Hil. I know you of old! nere halt afore a Criple.
Will you have a Cawdle? where's your griefe, Sir? ſpeake?
Met. Doe you heare friend? Doe you ſerve this Gentleman?
Hil. How then, Sir? what if I doe? peradventure yea:
Peraventure nay, what's that to you Sir? Say.
Met. Nay, pray you Sir, I meant no harme in truth:
But this good Gentleman is arreſted. *Hil.* How?
Say me that againe. *Tub.* Nay *Basket*, never ſtorme;
I am arreſted here, upon command
From the Queenes Councell; and I muſt obey.
Met. You ſay Sir very true, you muſt obey.
An honeſt Gentleman, in faith! *Hil.* He muſt?
Tub. But that which tormenteth me, is this,
That Juſtice *Bramble* hath got hence my *Awdrey*.
Hil. How? how? ſtand by a little, ſirrah, you
With the badge o' your breſt. Let's know Sir what you are?
Met. I am Sir (pray you doe not looke ſo terribly)
A Purs'yvant. *Hil.* A Purs'yvant? your name Sir?
Met. My name Sir—*Hil.* What is't? ſpeake? *Met. Miles Metaphor*;
And Juſtice *Preambles* Clarke. *Tub.* What ſayes he? *Hil.* Pray you
Let us alone. You are a Purs'yvant?

Scene VI.] Om. G+ *Hilts. . . .*] *Re-enter* Hilts. G+
20 breast. [*Draws his sword.*] G+

Met. No faith, Sir, would I might never ſtirre from you,
I' is made a Purs'yvant againſt my will.
Hil. Ha! and who made you one? tell true, or my will
Shall make you nothing, inſtantly. *Met.* Put up
Your frightfull Blade; and your dead-doing looke,
And I ſhall tell you all. *Hil.* Speake then the truth,
And the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.
Met. My Maſter, Juſtice *Bramble*, hearing your Maſter,
The Squire *Tub*, was comming on this way,
With Mrs. *Awdrey*, the high Conſtables Daughter;
Made me a Purs'yvant: and gave me warrant
[79] To arreſt him, ſo that hee might get the Lady,
With whom he is gone to *Pancridge*, to the Vicar,
Not to her Fathers. This was the device,
Which I beſeek you, doe not tell my Maſter.
Tub. O wonderfull! well *Basket*, let him riſe:
And for my free eſcape, forge ſome excuſe.
Ile poſt to *Paddington*, t'acquaint old *Turfe*,
With the whole buſines, and ſo ſtop the mariage.
Hil. Well, bleſſe thee: I doe wiſh thee grace, to keepe
Thy Maſters ſecrets, better, or be hang'd.
Met. I thanke you, for your gentle admonition.
Pray you, let me call you God-father hereafter.
And as your God-ſonne *Metaphore* I promiſe,
To keepe my Maſters privities, ſeald up
I' the vallies o' my truſt, lock'd cloſe for ever,
Or let me be truſs'd up at *Tiburne* ſhortly.
Hil. Thine owne wiſh, ſave, or choake thee; Come away.

29 *Met.* [kneels.] Put up G +
44 Mariage. [*Exit.* G+
47 *Met.* [*rises.*] G+
53 *Exeunt.* G+

ACT III. SCENE I.

Turfe. Clench. Medlay. To-Pan. Scriben. Clay.

Tur. PAſſion of me, was ever man thus croſs'd?
All things run *Arſie Varſie*; upſide downe.
High Conſtable! Now by our Lady o' *Walſingham.*
I had rather be mark'd out *Tom Scavinger*:
And with a ſhovell make cleane the high wayes,
Then have this office of a Conſtable,
And a high Conſtable! The higher charge
It brings more trouble, more vexation with it.
Neighbours, good neighbours, 'vize me what to doe:
How wee ſhall beare us in this *Huy* and *Cry.*
We cannot find the Captaine; no ſuch man
Lodg'd at the *Lion*, nor came thither hurt.
The morning wee ha' ſpent in privie ſearch;
And by that meanes the Bride-ale is differr'd;
The Bride, ſhee's leſt alone in *Puppie's* charge;
The Bride-groome goes under a paire of ſureties;
And held of all as a reſpected perſon.
How ſhould we buſsle forward? Gi' ſome counſell,
How to beſtirre our ſtumps i' theſe croſſe wayes.
Cle. Faith Goſſip *Turfe*, You have, you ſay, Remiſſion,
To comprehend all ſuch, as are diſpected:
Now, would I make another privie ſearch
Through this Towne, and then you have zearch'd two towns.
Med. Maſters, take heed, let's not vind too many:
One's enough to ſtay the Hang-mans ſtomack.
There is *Iohn Clay*, who is yvound already;
A proper man: A Tile-man by his trade:
A man as one would zay, moulded in clay: [80]

Scene I.—*Kentish Town.* G+ *Turfe. . . .*] *Enter* Turfe. . . . G+
1 was ever man] was ever a man G+

As ſpruce as any neighbours child among you:
And he (you zee) is taken on conſpition,
And two, or three (they zay) what call you 'hem?
Zuch as the Juſtices of *Coram nobis*
Grant——(I forget their names, you ha' many on 'hem,
Mr. High Conſtable they come to you.)
I ha' it at my tongues end—Cunni-borroughes,
To bring him ſtraight avore the zeſſions houſe.
Tur. O you meane warrens, neighbour, doe you not?
Med. I, I, thick ſame! you know 'un well enough.
Tur. Too well, too well; wou'd I had never knowne 'hem.
Wee good Vree-holders cannot live in quiet,
But every houre new purcepts, *Huy's* and *Cry's*,
Put us to requiſitions night and day:
What ſhud a man zay, ſhud we leave the zearch?
I am in danger, to reburſe as much
As he was rob'd on; I, and pay his hurts,
If I ſhould vollow it, all the good cheare
That was provided; for the wedding dinner
Is ſpoil'd, and loſt. Oh there are two vat pigs,
A zindging by the vier: Now by Saint *Tomy*,
Too good to eate, but on a wedding day;
And then, a Gooſe will bid you all, Come cut me.
Zun *Clay*, zun *Clay* (for I muſt call thee ſo)
Be of good comfort; take my Muckinder;
And dry thine eyes. If thou beeſt true, and honeſt;
And if thou find'ſt thy conſcience cleare vrom it,
Pluck up a good heart, wee'll doe well enough.
If not, confeſſe a truths name. But in faith
I durſt be ſworne upon all holy bookes,
Iohn Clay would nere commit a Robberie

38 I, I,] Ay, ay, G+ 45 hurts,] hurts. W+ 47 provided; for] provided for 1692+ 49 Tomy,] Tony, G+

On his owne head. *Cla.* No; Truth is my rightfull Judge
I have kept my hands, here hence, fro' evill ſpeaking,
Lying, and ſlandering; and my tongue from ſtealing.
He doe not live this day can ſay, *Iohn Clay*
I ha' zeene thee, but in the way of honeſty.
Pan. Faith neighbour *Medlay*, I durſt be his burrough,
He would not looke a true man in the vace.
Cla. I take the towne to concord, where I dwell,
All *Kilburne* be my witneſſe; If I were not
Begot in baſhfulneſſe, brought up in ſhameſac'tneſſe:
Let 'un bring a dog, but to my vace, that can
Zay, I ha' beat 'hun, and without a vault;
Or but a cat, will ſweare upon a booke,
I have as much as zet a vier her taile;
And Ile give him, or her a crowne for 'mends.
But to give out, and zay, I have rob'd a Captaine!
Receive me at the latter day, if I
Ere thought of any ſuch matter; or could mind it—.
Med. No *Iohn*, you are come of too good perſonage; [81]
I thinke my Goſſip *Clench*, and Mr. *Turfe*
Both thinke, you would ra'tempt no ſuch voule matter.
Tur. But how unhappily it comes to paſſe!
Juſt on the wedding-day! I cry me mercy:
I had almoſt forgot the *Huy* and *Cry*:
Good neighbour *Pan*, you are the Third-burrow,
And *D'ogenes Scriben*, you my learned Writer,
Make out a new purcept—Lord, for thy goodneſſe,
I had forgot my Daughter, all this while;
The idle knave hath brought no newes from her.
Here comes the ſneaking *Puppy*; What's the newes?
My heart! my heart! I feare all is not well,
Some things miſhap'd, that he is come without her.

89 *Puppy*;] puppy, W+ puppy,—*Enter* Puppy *and* dame Turfe, on *different sides.* What's the news? G+

ACT III. SCENE II.

To them.

Puppy. Da: Turfe.

Pup. Oh, where's my Maſter? my Maſter? my Maſter?
D. Tur. Thy Maſter? what would'ſt with thy Maſter, man?
There's thy Mr. *Tur.* What's the matter *Puppy?*
Pup. Oh Maſter! oh Dame! oh Dame! oh Maſter!
D. Tur. What ſai'ſt thou to thy Maſter, or thy Dame?
Pup. Oh *Iohn Clay*! *Iohn Clay*! *Iohn Clay*! *Tur.* What of *Iohn Clay?*
Med. Luck grant he bring not newes he ſhall be hang'd.
Cle. The world forfend, I hope, it is not ſo well.
Cla. Oh Lord! oh me! what ſhall I doe? poore *Iohn*!
Pup. Oh *Iohn Clay*! *Iohn Clay*! *Iohn Clay*! *Cla.* Alas,
That ever I was borne! I will not ſtay by't,
For all the Tiles in *Kilburne.* *D. Tur.* What of *Clay?*
Speake *Puppy*, what of him? *Pup.* He hath loſt, he hath loſt.
Tur. For luck ſake ſpeake, *Puppy*, what hath he loſt?
Pup. Oh *Awdrey, Awdrey, Awdrey*! *D. Tur.* What of my daughter *Awdrey?*
Pup. I tell you *Awdrey*—doe you underſtand me?
Awdrey, ſweet Maſter! *Awdrey*, my deare Dame——
Tur. Where is ſhe? what's become of her, I pray thee?
Pup. Oh the ſerving-man! the ſerving-man! the ſerving-man!
Tur. What talk'ſt thou of the ſerving-man? where's *Awdrey?*
Pup. Gone with the ſerving-man, gone with the ſerving-man.
D. Tur. Good *Puppy*, whither is ſhe gone with him?

Scene II. To them. *Puppy, Da: Turfe*] Om. G+ 12 Kilborn. [Runs off. G+

Pup. I cannot tell, he bad me bring you word,
The Captaine lay at the *Lion*, and before
I came againe, *Awdrey* was gone with the ſerving-man ;
I tell you, *Awdrey*'s run away with the ſerving-man.
Tur. 'Od'ſocks! my woman, what ſhall we doe now?
D. Tur. Now, ſo you helpe not, man, I know not, I.
Tur. This was your pompe of Maids. I told you on't.
Sixe Maids to vollow you, and not leave one
To wait upo' your Daughter: I zaid, Pride
Would be paid one day, her old vi'pence, wife.
Med. What of *Iohn Clay*, *Ball Puppy*? *Pup.* He hath loſt—
Med. His life for velonie? *Pup.* No, his wife by villanie.
Tur. Now, villaines both! oh that ſame *Huy* and *Cry*!
Oh neighbours! oh that curſed ſerving-man!
O maids! O wife! But *Iohn Clay*, where's he? Clay's *firſt miſt.*
How! fled for veare, zay yee? will he ſlip us now?
Wee that are ſureties, muſt require 'hun out.
How ſhall wee doe to find the ſerving-man?
Cocks bodikins! wee muſt not loſe *Iohn Clay*:
Awdrey, my daughter *Awdrey* too! let us zend
To all the townes, and zeeke her; but alas,
The *Huy* and *Cry*, that muſt be look'd unto.

[82]

ACT III. SCENE III.

To them.

Tub.

Tub. What, in a paſſion *Turfe*? *Tur.* I good *Squire Tub.*
Were never honeſt Varmers thus perplext.
Tub. *Turfe*, I am privie to thy deepe unreſt:
The ground of which, ſprings from an idle plot,

37 Clay's *first mist.*] Om. G+ Scene III. To them.] Om. G+ *Tub.*] *Enter* Tub. G+ 1 I]ay, G+

Caſt by a Suitor, to your daughter *Awdrey*——
And thus much, *Turfe*, let me advertiſe you;
Your daughter *Awdrey*, met I on the way,
With Juſtice *Bramble* in her company:
Who meanes to marry her at *Pancridge* Church.
And there is Chanon *Hugh*, to meet them ready:
Which to prevent, you muſt not truſt delay;
But winged ſpeed muſt croſſe their ſlie intent:
Then hie thee, *Turfe*, haſte to forbid the Banes.
Tur. Hath Juſtice *Bramble* got my daughter *Awdrey*?
A little while, ſhall he enjoy her, zure.
But O the *Huy* and *Cry*! that hinders me:
I muſt purſue that, or neglect my journey:
Ile ene leave all: and with the patient Aſſe,
The over-laden Aſſe, throw off my burden,
And caſt mine office; pluck in my large eares
Betimes, leſt ſome diſ-judge 'hem to be hornes:
I'll leave to beat it on the broken hooſe,
And eaſe my paſternes. Ile no more High Conſtables.
Tub. I cannot chooſe, but ſmile, to ſee thee troubled
With ſuch a bald, halfe-hatched circumſtance!
The Captaine was not rob'd, as is reported;
That trick the Juſtice craftly deviz'd,
To breake the mariage with the Tile-man *Clay*.
The *Huy*, and *Cry*, was meerely counterfeit:
The rather may you judge it to be ſuch,
[83] Becauſe the Bride-groome, was deſcrib'd to be
One of the theeves, firſt i' the velonie.
Which, how farre 'tis from him, your ſelves may gueſſe:
'Twas Juſtice *Bramble's* vetch, to get the wench.
Tur. And is this true Squire *Tub*? *Tub.* Beleeve me *Turfe*,
As I am a Squire: or leſſe, a Gentleman.
Tur. I take my office back: and my authority,
Vpon your worſhips words. Neighbours, I am

High Conſtable againe: where's my zonne *Clay*?
He ſhall be zonne, yet, wife, your meat by leaſure:
Draw back the ſpits. D. *Tur.* That's done already man.
Tur. Ile breake this mariage off: and afterward,
She ſhall be given to her firſt betroth'd.
Looke to the meate, wife: looke well to the roſt.
Tub. Ile follow him aloofe, to ſee the event.
Pup. Dame, Miſtris, though I doe not turne the ſpit;
I hope yet the Pigs-head. *D. Tur.* Come up, Jack-ſauce
It ſhall be ſerv'd in to you. *Pup.* No, no ſervice,
But a reward for ſervice. *D. Tur.* I ſtill tooke you
For an unmannerly *Puppy*: will you come,
And vetch more wood to the vier, Mr. *Ball*?
Pup. I wood to the vier? I ſhall piſſe it out firſt:
You thinke to make me ene your oxe, or aſſe;
Or any thing. Though I cannot right my ſelfe
On you; Ile ſure revenge me on your meat.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

La: Tub. Pol-Marten. Wiſpe. Puppy.

Pol. Madam, to *Kentiſh* Towne, wee are got at length;
But, by the way wee cannot meet the Squire:
Nor by inquiry can we heare of him.
Here is *Turfe's* houſe, the father of the Maid.
Lad. Pol-Marten, ſee, the ſtreets are ſtrew'd with herbes,
And here hath beene a wedding, *Wiſpe*, it ſeemes!
Pray heaven, this Bridall be not for my ſonne!
Good *Marten*, knock: knock quickly: Aske for *Turfe*.

40 yet,] yet; G+ 44 rost. [*Exit, followed by his neighbours.* G+ 45 event. [*Exit.* G+ 51 *Ball*? [*exit.* G+ 55 meat. [*exit.* G+ Scene IV.] Scene II.—*The Same.—Before* Turfe's *House.* G+ *La: Tub. . . .*] *Enter* Lady Tub. Pol, Martin, and Wispe. G, B.C. Pol Martin, C—G+ 7 Bridall] bride-ale W+

My thoughts miſgive me, I am in ſuch a doubt——
Pol. Who keepes the houſe here? *Pup.* Why the doore, and wals
Doe keepe the houſe. *Pol.* I aske then, who's within?
Pup. Not you that are without. *Pol.* Looke forth, and ſpeake
Into the ſtreet, here. Come before my Lady.
Pup. Before my Lady? Lord have mercy upon me:
If I doe come before her, ſhee will ſee
The hand-ſom'ſt man in all the Towne, pardee!
Now ſtand I vore her, what zaith velvet ſhe?
Lad. Sirrah, whoſe man are you? *Pup.* Madam, my Maſters.
Lad. And who's thy Maſter? *Pup.* What you tread on, Madam.
[84] *Lad.* I tread on an old Turfe. *Pup.* That *Turfe*'s my Maſter.
Lad. A merry fellow! what's thy name? *Pup.* *Ball Puppy*
They call me at home: abroad, *Hanniball Puppy.*
Lad. Come hither, I muſt kiſſe thee, Valentine *Puppy.*
Wiſpe! ha' you got you a Valentine? *Wif.* None, Madam;
He's the firſt ſtranger that I ſaw. *Lad.* To me
Hee is ſo, and ſuch. Let's ſhare him equally.
Pup. Helpe, helpe good Dame. A reskue, and in time.
In ſtead of Bils, with Colſtaves come; in ſtead of Speares, with Spits;
Your ſlices ſerve for ſlicing ſwords, to ſave me, and my wits:
A Lady, and her woman here, their Huiſher eke by ſide,
(But he ſtands mute) have plotted how your *Puppy* to divide.

10 *Pol.* [*knocking.*] G+ *Pup.* [*within*] G+
14 *Pup.* [*within*] G+
16 pardee! *Enter* Puppy *from the house.* G+
26 equally. [*They struggle to kiss him.* G+

ACT III. SCENE V.

To them.

D. Turfe. Maids.

D. Turfe. How now? what noiſe is this with you, *Ball Puppy*?
Pup. Oh Dame! And fellowes o' the Kitchin! Arme,
Arme, for my ſafety; if you love your *Ball*:
Here is a ſtrange thing, call'd a Lady, a Mad-dame:
And a device of hers, yclept her woman;
Have plotted on me, in the Kings high-way,
To ſteale me from my ſelfe, and cut me in halfes,
To make one *Valentine* to ſerve 'hem both;
This for my right-ſide, that my left-hand love.
D. Tur. So ſawcy, *Puppy*? to uſe no more reverence
Vnto my Lady, and her velvet Gowne?
Lad. *Turfe*'s wife, rebuke him not: Your man doth pleaſe me
With his conceit. Hold: there are ten old nobles,
To make thee merrier yet, halfe-*Valentine*.
Pup. I thanke you right-ſide: could my left as much,
'Twould make me a man of marke: young *Hanniball*!
Lad. *Dido*, ſhall make that good; or I will for her.
Here *Dido Wiſpe*, there's for your *Hanniball*:
He is your Countrey-man, as well as *Valentine*.
Wif. Here Mr. *Hanniball*: my Ladies bounty
For her poore woman, *Wiſpe*. *Pup.* Brave *Carthage Queene*!
And ſuch was *Dido*: I will ever be
Champion to her, who *Iuno* is to thee.
D. Tur. Your Ladiſhip is very welcome here.
Pleaſe you, good Madam, to goe nere the houſe.
Lad. *Turfe*'s wife, I come thus farre to ſeeke thy husband,

Scene V. To them.] Om. G+ *D. Turfe. . . .*] *Enter* Dame Turfe, Jean, Joyce, Madge &c. G+

Having ſome buſines to impart unto him.
Is he at home? *D. Tur.* O no, and't ſhall pleaſe you:
He is poſted hence to *Pancridge* with a witneſſe.
Young Juſtice *Bramble* has kept levell coyle
Here in our Quarters, ſtole away our Daughter,
And Mr. *Turfe*'s run after, as he can,
[85] To ſtop the marriage, if it will be ſtop'd.
Pol. Madam, theſe tydings are not much amiſſe!
For if the Juſtice have the Maid in keepe,
You need not feare the mariage of your ſonne.
Lad. That ſomewhat eaſeth my ſuſpitious breſt.
Tell me, *Turfe*'s wife, when was my ſonne with *Awdrey*?
How long is't, ſince you ſaw him at your houſe?
Pup. Dame, let me take this rump out of your mouth.
D. Tur. What meane you by that Sir? *Pup.* Rumpe, and taile's all one.
But I would uſe a reverence for my Lady:
I would not zay ſurreverence, the tale
Out o' your mouth, but rather take the rumpe.
D. Tur. A well bred youth! and vull of favour you are.
Pup. What might they zay, when I were gone, if I
Not weigh'd my wordz? This *Puppy* is a voole!
Great *Hannibal*'s an Aſſe; he had no breeding:
No Lady gay, you ſhall not zay,
That your *Val. Puppy*, was ſo unlucky,
In ſpeech to faile, as t' name a taile,
Be as be may be, 'vore a faire Lady.
Lad. Leave jeſting, tell us, when you ſaw our ſonne.
Pup. Marry, it is two houres agoe. *Lad.* Sin' you ſaw him?
Pup. You might have ſeene him too, if you had look'd up.
For it ſhind, as bright as day. *Lad.* Meane my ſonne.

49 No Lady] No, Lady 1716+
56 Meane] I mean W+

Pup. Your ſunne, and our ſunne are they not all one?
Lad. Foole, thou miſtak'ſt; I ask'd thee, for my ſonne.
Pup. I had thought there had beene no more ſunnes, then one.
I know not what you Ladies have, or may have.
Pol. Did'ſt thou nere heare, my Lady had a ſonne?
Pup. She may have twenty; but for a ſonne, unleſſe
She meane preciſely, Squire *Tub*, her zonne,
He was here now; and brought my Mr. word
That Juſtice *Bramble* had got Mrs. *Awdrey*
But whither he be gone, here's none can tell.
Lad. *Marten*, I wonder at this ſtrange diſcourſe:
The ſoole it ſeemes tels true; my ſonne the Squire
Was doubtleſſe here this morning. For the match,
Ile ſmother what I thinke, and ſtaying here,
Attend the ſequell of this ſtrange beginning,
Turfe's wife; my people, and I will trouble thee:
Vntill we heare ſome tidings of thy husband.
The rather, for my partie *Valentine*.

ACT III. SCENE VI.

Turfe. Awdrey. Clench. Med-lay. Pan. Scriben.

Tur. Well, I have carried it, and will triumph
Over this Juſtice, as becomes a Conſtable;
And a high Conſtable: next our Saint *George*, [86]
Who reſcued the Kings Daughter, I will ride;
Above Prince *Arthur*. *Cle.* Or our *Shore-ditch* Duke.
Med. Or *Pancridge* Earle. *Pan*: Or *Bevis*, or Sir *Guy*.
Who were high Conſtables both. *Cle.* One of *Southampton*——.

59 sunnes,] sons G+
59 then] than 1692+
70—71 beginning, *Turfe's* wife;] beginning. *Turfe's* wife, 1692, 1716, W. beginning.—G+ Scene VI.] Scene III. *Pancras.* G+ *Turfe. . . .*] *Enter* Turfe, . . . G+

Med. The tother of *Warwick*-Caſtle. *Tur.* You ſhall worke it
Into a ſtorie for me, neighbour *Medlay*,
Over my Chimney. *Scri.* I can give you Sir,
A *Roman* ſtorie of a petty-Conſtable,
That had a Daughter, that was call'd *Virginia*,
Like Mrs. *Awdrey*, and as young as ſhe;
And how her Father bare him in the buſines,
'Gainſt Juſtice *Appius*, a *Decemvir* in *Rome*,
And Juſtice of Aſſiſe. *Tur.* That, that good *D'ogenes*!
A learned man is a Chronikell! *Scri.* I can tell you
A thouſand, of great *Pompei'*, *Cæſar*, *Trajan*,
All the high Conſtables there. *Tur.* That was their place:
They were no more. *Scr. Dictator*, and high Conſtable
Were both the ſame. *Med.* High Conſtable was more, tho'!
He laid *Dick*: *Tator* by the heeles. *Pan. Dick*: *Toter*!
H' was one o' the Waights o' the Citie: I ha' read o'hun:
He was a fellow would be drunke, debauch'd—
And he did zet un i' the ſtocks indeed:
His name *Vadian*, and a cunning Toter.
Awd. Was ever ſilly Maid thus poſted off?
That ſhould have had three husbands in one day;
Yet (by bad fortune) am poſſeſt of none?
I went to Church to have beene wed to *Clay*;
Then Squire *Tub* he ſeiz'd me on the way,
And thought to ha' had me: but he miſt his aime;
And Juſtice *Bramble* (neareſt of the three)
Was well nigh married to me; when by chance,
In ruſh'd my Father, and broke off that dance.
Tur. I, Girle, there's nere a Juſtice on 'hem all,
Shall teach the Conſtable to guard his owne:
Let's back to *Kentiſh*-Towne, and there make merry;

18 *Pompei'*,] Pompey, 1692+

Theſe newes will be glad tidings to my wife:
Thou ſhalt have *Clay*, my wench. That word ſhall ſtand.
Hee's found by this time, ſure, or elſe hee's drown'd:
The wedding dinner will be ſpoil'd: make haſte.
Awd. Husbands, they ſay, grow thick; but thin are ſowne,
I care not who it be, ſo I have one.
Tur. I? zay you zo? Perhaps you ſhall ha' none, for that.
Awd. Now out on me! what ſhall I doe then?
Med. Sleepe Miſtris *Awdrey*, dreame on proper men.

ACT III. SCENE VII. [87]

Hugh. Preamble. Metaphore.

Hugh. O *bone Deus*! have you ſeene the like?
Here was, *Hodge* hold thine eare, faire, whilſt I ſtrike.
Body o' me, how came this geare about?
Pre. I know not, Chanon, but it fals out croſſe.
Nor can I make conjecture by the circumſtance
Of theſe events; it was impoſſible,
Being ſo cloſe, and politickly carried,
To come ſo quickly to the eares of *Turſe*.
O Prieſt, had but thy ſlow delivery
Beene nimble, and thy lazie *Latine* tongue,
But run the formes ore, with that ſwift diſpatch,
As had beene requiſite, all had beene well!
Hug. What ſhould have beene, that never lov'd the Friar;
But thus you ſee th'old *Adage* verified,

46 on] upon G+
47 men. [*Exeunt.* G+
Scene VII.] Scene IV.—*Another part of the same.* G+ *Hugh. Preamble, Metaphore.*] *Enter* Sir Hugh *and* Preamble. G+
2 Here was Hodge, 1692. Here was, Hodge W+

Multa cadunt inter——you can gheſſe the reſt.
Many things fall betweene the cup, and lip:
And though they touch, you are not ſure to drinke.
You lack'd good fortune, wee had done our parts:
Give a man fortune, throw him i' the Sea.
The properer man, the worſe luck: Stay a time;
Tempus edax—In time the ſtately Oxe, &c.
Good counſels lightly never come too late.
Pre. You Sir will run your counſels out of breath.
Hug. Spurre a free horſe, hee'll run himſelfe to death.
Sancti Evangeliſtæ! Here comes *Miles*!
Pre. What newes man, with our new maid Purs'yvant?
Met. A Purſuyvant? would I were, or more purſie,
And had more ſtore of money; or leſſe purſie,
And had more ſtore of breath: you call me Purſyvant!
But, I could never vant of any purſe
I had, ſin' yo' were my God-fathers, and God-mothers,
And ga' me that nick-name. *Pre.* What, now's the matter?
Met. Nay, 'tis no matter. I ha' beene ſimply beaten.
Hugh. What is become o' the Squire, and thy Priſoner?
Met. The lines of blood, ran ſtreaming from my head,
Can ſpeake what rule the Squire hath kept with me.
Pre. I pray thee *Miles* relate the manner, how?
Met. Be't knowne unto you, by theſe preſents, then,
That I *Miles Metaphore*, your worſhips Clarke:
Have ene beene beaten, to an Allegory,
By multitude of hands. Had they beene but
Some five or ſixe, I' had whip'd 'hem all, like tops
In *Lent*, and hurl'd 'hem into *Hoblers*-hole;
Or the next ditch: I had crack'd all their coſtards,
As nimbly as a Squirrell will crack nuts:
[88] And flouriſhed like to *Hercules*, the Porter

After line 24, *Enter* Metaphore. G+
32 what, now's] What's now 1716+

Among the Pages. But, when they came on
Like Bees about a Hive, Crowes about carrion,
Flies about ſweet meats; nay, like water-men
About a Fare: then was poore *Metaphore*
Glad to give up the honour of the day,
To quit his charge to them, and run away
To ſave his life, onely to tell this newes.
Hug. How indirectly all things have falne out!
I cannot chooſe but wonder what they were
Reskued your rivall from the keepe of *Miles*:
But moſt of all I cannot well digeſt,
The manner how our purpoſe came to *Turfe*.
Pre. *Miles*, I will ſee that all thy hurts be dreſt.
As for the Squires eſcape, it matters not:
Wee have by this meanes diſappointed him;
And that was all the maine I aimed at.
But Chanon *Hugh*, now muſter up thy wits,
And call thy thoughts into the Conſiſtory.
Search all the ſecret corners of thy cap,
To find another queint deviſed drift,
To diſappoint her mariage with this *Clay*;
Doe that, and Ile reward thee jovially.
Hug. Well ſaid *Magiſter* Juſtice. If I fit you not
With ſuch a new, and well-laid ſtratagem,
As never yet your eares did heare a finer,
Call me, with Lilly, *Bos*, *Fur*, *Sus*, *atq*; *Sacerdos*.
Pre. I heare, there's comfort in thy words yet, Chanon.
Ile truſt thy regulars, and ſay no more.
Met. Ile follow too. And if the dapper Prieſt
Be put as cunning, point in his deviſe,
As I was in my lie: my Maſter *Preamble*
Will ſtalke, as led by the noſe with theſe new promiſes,
And fatted with ſuppoſes of fine hopes.

54 things have falne] things are fallen G+ 74 [*Exeunt* Hugh *and* Pre. G+ 77 *Preamble*] Bramble G+ 79 [*Exit.* G+

ACT III. SCENE VIII.

Turfe. D. Turfe. L. Tub. Pol.-mart. Awd. Pup.

Tur. Well Madam, I may thanke the Squire your ſonne:
For, but for him, I had beene over-rearch'd.
D. Tur. Now heavens bleſſing light upon his heart:
Wee are beholden to him, indeed Madam.
Lad. But can you not reſolve me where he is?
Nor about what his purpoſes were bent?
Tur. Madam, they no whit were concerning me:
And therefore was I leſſe inquiſitive.
Lad. Faire maid, in faith, ſpeake truth, and not diſſemble:
Do's hee not often come, and viſit you?
[89] *Awd.* His worſhip now, and then, pleaſe you, takes paines
To ſee my Father, and Mother: But for me,
I know my ſelfe too meane for his high thoughts
To ſtoop at, more then asking a light queſtion,
To make him merry, or to paſſe his time.
Lad. A ſober maid! call for my woman *Marten.*
Pol. The maids, and her halfe-*Valentine* have pli'd her
With court'ſie of the Bride-Cake, and the Bowle,
As ſhe is laid awhile. *Lad.* O let her reſt!
We will croſſe ore to *Canterbury*, in the interim;
And ſo make home. Farewell good *Turfe*, and thy wife.
I wiſh your daughter joy. *Tur.* Thankes to your Ladiſhip,
Where is *Iohn Clay* now? have you ſeene him yet?
D. Tur. No, he has hid himſelfe out of the way,

Scene VIII.] Scene V.—*Kentish Town.—Before* Turfe's *House.* G+
Turfe. . . .] *Enter* Turfe. . . . Pol Martin, Awdrey *and* Puppy. G+
10 Do's hee] Does he G+
20 *Canterbury*,] Canbury, G+
22 joy. [*Exeunt* Lady T. *and* Pol. G

For feare o' the *Huy* and *Cry*. *Tur.* What, walkes that ſhadow
Avore 'un ſtill? *Puppy* goe ſeeke 'un out,
Search all the corners that he haunts unto,
And call 'un forth. Wee'll once more to the Church,
And try our vortunes. Luck, ſonne *Valentine*:
Where are the wiſe-men all of *Finzbury*?

Pup. Where wiſe-men ſhould be; at the Ale, and Bride-cake.
I would this couple had their deſtinie,
Or to be hang'd, or married out o' the way:
Man cannot get the mount'nance of an Egge-ſhell, *Enter the neighbours to* Turfe.
To ſtay his ſtomack. Vaith, vor mine owne part,
I have zup'd up ſo much broth, as would have cover'd
A legge o' Beefe, ore head and eares, i' the porredge pot:
And yet I cannot ſuſſifie wild nature.
Would they were once diſpatch'd, we might to dinner.
I am with child of a huge ſtomack, and long;
Till by ſome honeſt Midwife-peice of Beefe,
I be deliver'd of it: I muſt goe now,
And hunt out for this *Kilburne* Calfe, *Iohn Clay*:
Whom where to find, I know not, nor which way.

ACT III. SCENE IX.

To them.

Chanon *Hugh*, like Captaine *Thumbs*.

Hug. Thus as a begger in a Kings diſguiſe,
Or an old Croſſe well ſided with a May-pole.
Comes Chanon *Hugh*, accoutred as you ſee
Diſguis'd *Soldado* like: marke his deviſe:

34 *Enter the neighbours to* Turfe.] *Enter* Clench. Medlay, Scriben, &c. G+

44 way. [*Exit.* G+ Scene IX. To them.] Om. G+ Chanon . . .] *Enter* Sir Hugh, *disguised as a captain.* G+

2 May-pole.] May-pole, 1792+

The Chanon, is that Captaine *Thum's*, was rob'd:
Theſe bloody ſcars upon my face are wounds;
This ſcarfe upon mine arme ſhewes my late hurts:
And thus am I to gull the Conſtable.
Now have among you, for a man at armes:
Friends by your leave, which of you is one *Turfe*?
[90] *Tur.* Sir, I am *Turfe*, it you would ſpeake with me.
Hug. With thee *Turfe*, if thou beeſt High Conſtable.
Tur. I am both *Turfe*, Sir, and High Conſtable.
Hug. Then *Turfe*, or *Scrurfe*, high, or low Conſtable:
Know, I was once a Captaine at Saint *Quintins*,
And paſſing croſſe the wayes over the countrey,
This morning betwixt this and *Hamſted*-Heath,
Was by a crue of Clownes rob'd, bob'd, and hurt.
No ſooner had I got my wounds bound up,
But with much paine, I went to the next Juſtice
One Mr. *Bramble* here, at *Maribone*:
And here a warrant is, which he hath directed
For you one *Turfe*; if your name be *Tobie Turfe*;
Who have let fall (they ſay) the *Huy*, and *Cry*:
And you ſhall anſwer it afore the Juſtice.
Tur. Heaven, and Hell, Dogges, Divels, what is this?
Neighbours, was ever Conſtable thus croſs'd?
What ſhall we doe? *Med.* Faith, all goe hang our ſelves:
I know no other way to ſcape the Law.
Pup. Newes, newes, O newes—*Tur.* What, haſt thou found out *Clay*?
Pup. No Sir, the newes is that I cannot find him.
Hug. Why doe you dally, you dam'd ruſſet coat,
You Peaſant, nay you Clowne, you Conſtable;
See that you bring forth the ſuſpected partie,
Or by mine honour (which I won in field)
Ile make you pay for it, afore the Juſtice.

9 arms:] arms! [*Aside.* G+ After line 29, *Re-enter* Puppy G+

Tur. Fie, fie; O wife, I' am now in a fine pickle.
He that was moſt ſuſpected is not found;
And which now makes me thinke, he did the deed,
He thus abſents him, and dares not be ſeene.
Captaine, my innocence will plead for me.
Wife, I muſt goe, needs, whom the Divell drives:
Pray for me wife, and daughter; pray for me.
Hug. Ile lead the way: Thus is the match put off,
And if my plot ſucceed, as I have laid it,
My Captaine-ſhip ſhall coſt him many a crowne.
D. Tur. So, wee have brought our egges to a faire Market. *They goe out.*
Out on that villaine *Clay*: would he doe a robbery?
Ile nere truſt ſmooth-fac'd Tile-man for his ſake.
Awd. Mother, the ſtill Sow eates up all the draffe. *They goe out.*
Pup. Thus is my Maſter, *Toby Turfe*, the patterne
Of all the painefull a'ventures, now in print.
I never could hope better of this match:
This Bride-ale: For the night before to day,
(Which is within mans memory, I take it)
At the report of it, an Oxe did ſpeake;
Who dy'd ſoone after: A Cow loſt her Calfe:
The Belwether was ſlead for't: A fat Hog
Was ſing'd, and waſh'd, and ſhaven all over; to
Looke ugly 'gainſt this day: The Ducks they quak'd;
The Hens too cackled: at the noiſe whereof, [91]
A Drake was ſeene to dance a headleſſe round:
The Gooſe was cut i' the head, to heare it too:
Brave *Chant-it-cleare*, his noble heart was done;
His combe was cut: And two or three o' his wives,
Or faireſt Concubines, had their necks broke,
Ere they would zee this day: To marke the verven

46 crowne. [*Aside. Exeunt all but* Dame T., Awd., *and* Puppy. G+
47 *They goe out.*] Om. G+
50 *They goe out.*] [*Exeunt* Dame T. *and* Awd. G+

Heart of a beaſt, the very Pig, the Pig,
This very mornin, as hee was a roſting
Cry'd out his eyes, and made a ſhow as hee would
Ha' bit in two the ſpit, as he would ſay;
There ſhall no roſt-meat be this diſmall day.
And zure, I thinke, If I had not got his tongue
Betweene my teeth, and eate it, he had ſpoke it.
Well, I will in, and cry too; never leave
Crying, untill our maids may drive a Buck
With my ſalt teares at the next waſhing day.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Preamble. Hugh. Turfe. Metaphor.

Pre. KEepe out thoſe fellowes; Ile ha' none come in,
But the High Conſtable, the man of peace,
And the Queenes Captaine, the brave man of warre.
Now neighbour *Turfe*, the cauſe why you are call'd,
Before me by my warrant, but unſpecified,
Is this; and pray you marke it thoroughly!
Here is a Gentleman, and as it ſeemes,
Both of good birth, faire ſpeech, and peaceable,
Who was this morning rob'd here in the wood:
You for your part a man of good report,
Of credit, landed, and of faire demeanes,
And by authority, high Conſtable;
Are notwithſtanding touch'd in this complaint,
Of being careleſſe in the *Huy* and *Cry*.
I cannot chooſe but grieve a Soldiers loſſe:
And I am ſory too for your neglect,

71 the spit, as he would say;] the spit; as he would say, 1692+ 73 If] if 1692+ 77 day. [*Exit.* Scene I.—*Maribone.—A Room in* Justice Preamble's *House.* G+ *Preamble. . . .*] *Enter* Justice Preamble, Sir Hugh, *disguised as before,* Turfe *and* Metaphor. G+

Being my neighbour; this is all I object.
Hug. That is not all; I can alledge far more,
And almoſt urge him for an acceſſorie.
Good Mr. Juſtice gi' me leave to ſpeake,
For I am Plaintiſe. Let not neighbour-hood
Make him ſecure, or ſtand on priviledge.
Pre. Sir, I dare uſe no partiality:
Object then what you pleaſe, ſo it be truth.
Hug. This more: and which is more, then he can anſwer, [92]
Beſide his letting fall the *Huy*, and *Cry*
He doth protect the man, charg'd with the felonie,
And keepes him hid I heare, within his houſe,
Becauſe he is affied unto his Daughter.
Tur. I doe defie 'hun, ſo ſhall ſhee doe too.
I pray your worſhips favour, le' me have hearing.
I doe conveſſe, 'twas told me ſuch a velonie,
And't not diſgriev'd me a little when 'was told me,
Vor I was going to Church, to marry *Awdrey*:
And who ſhould marry her, but this very *Clay*,
Who was charg'd to be the chiefe theiſe o'hun all.
Now I (the halter ſtick me, if I tell,
Your worſhips any leazins did fore-thinke 'un
The trueſt man, till he waz run away.
I thought, I had had 'un as zure as in a zaw-pit,
Or i' mine Oven. Nay, i' the Towne-pound.
I was za ſure o' hun: I'ld ha' gi'n my life for 'un,
Till he did ſtart. But now, I zee 'un guilty,
Az var as I can looke at 'un. Would you ha' more?
Hug. Yes, I will have Sir what the Law will give me.
You gave your word to ſee him ſafe, forth comming;
I challenge that: But, that is forfeited;
Beſide, your careleſneſſe in the purſuit,
Argues your ſlackneſſe, and neglect of dutie,

38 leazins did] leazins) did 1692+

Which ought be puniſh'd with ſeverity.
Pre. He ſpeakes but reaſon *Turfe.* Bring forth the man,
And you are quit: But otherwiſe, your word
Binds you to make amends for all his loſſe,
And thinke your ſelfe befriended, if he take it
Without a farder ſuit, or going to law.
Come to a compoſition with him, *Turfe*:
The Law is coſtly, and will draw on charge.
Tur. Yes, I doe know, I vurſt mun vee a Returney,
And then make legges to my great man o' Law,
To be o' my counſell, and take trouble-vees,
And yet zay nothing vor me, but deviſe
All diſtrict meanes, to ranſackle me o' my money.
A Peſt'lence prick the throats o' hun. I doe know hun
As well az I waz i' their bellies, and brought up there.
What would you ha' me doe? what would you aske of me?
Hug. I aske the reſtitution of my money;
And will not bate one penny o' the ſumme:
Foure ſcore, and five pound. I aske, beſides,
Amendment for my hurts; my paine, and ſuffering
Are loſſe enough for me, Sir, to ſit downe with;
Ile put it to your worſhip; what you award me,
Ile take; and gi' him a generall releaſe.
Pre. And what ſay you now, neighbour *Turfe*? *Tur.* I put it
Ene to your worſhips bitterment, hab, nab.
[93] I ſhall have a change o' the dice for't, I hope, let 'hem ene run: And—
Pre. Faith then Ile pray you, 'cauſe he is my neighbour,
To take a hundred pound, and give him day.
Hug. Saint *Valentines* day, I will, this very day,
Before Sunne ſet: my bond is forfeit elſe.

50 ought be] ought to be 1716. ought be W+

Tur. Where will you ha' it paid? *Hug.* Faith, I am a ſtranger
Here i' the countrey: Know you Chanon *Hugh*,
The Vicar of *Pancrace*? *Tur.* Yes, wee who not him?
Hug. Ile make him my Attorney to receive it,
And hgive you a diſcharge. *Tur.* Whom ſhall I ſend for't?
Pre. Why, if you pleaſe, ſend *Metaphore* my Clarke.
And *Turfe*, I much commend thy willingneſſe;
It's argument of thy integrity.
Tur. But, my integrity ſhall be my zelfe ſtill:
Good Mr. *Metaphore*, give my wife this key;
And doe but whiſper it into her hand:
(She knowes it well inow) bid her, by that
Deliver you the two zeal'd bags o' ſilver,
That lie i' the corner o' the cup-bord, ſtands
At my bed-ſide, they' are viftie pound a peece;
And bring 'hem to your Maſter. *Met.* If I prove not
As juſt a Carrier as my friend *Tom Long* was,
Then call me his curtall, chenge my name of *Miles*,
To *Guile's*, *Wile's*, *Pile's*, *Bile's*, or the fouleſt name
You can deviſe, to crambe with, for ale.
Hug. Come hither *Miles*, bring by that token, too,
Faire *Awdrey*; ſay her father ſent for her:
Say *Clay* is found, and waits at *Pancrace* Church,
Where I attend to marry them in haſte.
For (by this meanes) *Miles* I may ſay't to thee,
Thy Maſter muſt to *Awdrey* married be.
But not a word but mum: goe get thee gone;
Be warie of thy charge, and keepe it cloſe.
Met. O ſuper-dainty Chanon! Vicar incóney,
Make no delay, *Miles*, but away.
And bring the wench, and money.

82 wee who not him ?] who knows not him ? W. who [knows] not him ? G+
99 crambe] cramb 1692. crambo W+
100 Hugh. [*takes* Met. *aside.*] G+
110 money [*Exit.* G+

Hug. Now Sir, I ſee you meant but honeſtly;
And, but that buſines cals me hence away,
I would not leave you, till the ſunne were lower.
But Mr. Juſtice, one word, Sir, with you.
By the ſame token, is your Miſtris ſent for
By *Metaphore* your Clarke, as from her Father.
Who when ſhe comes, Ile marry her to you,
Vnwitting to this *Turfe*, who ſhall attend
Me at the parſonage. This was my plot:
Which I muſt now make good; turne Chanon, againe,
In my ſquare cap. I humbly take my leave.
Pre. Adieu, good Captaine. Truſt me, neighbour *Turfe*,
He ſeemes to be a ſober Gentleman:
But this diſtreſſe hath ſomewhat ſtir'd his patience.
[94] And men, you know, in ſuch extremities,
Apt not themſelves to points of courteſie;
I'm glad you ha' made this end. *Tur.* You ſtood my friend:
I thanke your Juſtice-worſhip; pray you be
Prezent anone, at tendring o' the money,
And zee me have a diſcharge: Vor I ha' no craft
I' your Law quiblins. *Pre.* Ile ſecure you, neighbour.

The *Scene* interloping.

Medlay. Clench. Pan. Scriben.

Med. Indeed, there is a woundy luck in names, Sirs,
And a maine myſterie, an' a man knew where
To vind it. My God-ſires name, Ile tell you,
Was *In-and-In Shittle*, and a Weaver he was,

114 [*Aside to* Pre. G+
121 leave. [*Exit.* G+
131 neighbour. [*Exeunt.* The Scene interloping.] Scene II.—*The Country near* Maribone. G+ *Medlay. . . .*] *Enter* Medlay, Clench, Pan, *and* Scriben. G+
2 maine] vain G+

And it did fit his craft: for ſo his Shittle
Went in, and in, ſtill: this way, and then that way.
And he nam'd me, *In-and-In Medlay*: which ſerves
A Joyners craft, bycauſe that wee doe lay
Things in and in, in our worke. But, I am truly
Architectonicus profeſſor, rather:
That is (as one would zay) an Architect.
Cle. As I am a Varrier, and a Viſicarie:
Horſe-ſmith of *Hamſted*, and the whole Towne Leach—.
Med. Yes, you ha' done woundy cures, Goſſip *Clench*.
Cle. An' I can zee the ſtale once, through a Vrine-hole,
Ile give a ſhrew'd gheſſe, be it man, or beaſt.
I cur'd an Ale-wife once, that had the ſtaggers
Worſe then five horſes, without rowelling.
My God-phere was a *Rabian*, or a *Iew*,
(You can tell *D'oge*!) They call'd un Doctor *Raſi*.
Scr. One *Raſis* was a great *Arabick* Doctor.
Cle. Hee was King *Harry's* Doctor, and my God-phere.
Pan. Mine was a merry *Greeke*, *To-Pan*, of *Twyford*:
A joviall Tinker, and a ſtopper of holes;
Who left me mettall-man of *Belſife*, his heire.
Med. But what was yours *D'oge*? *Scr.* Vaith, I cannot tell
If mine were kyrſind, or no. But, zure hee had
A kyrſin name, that he left me, *Diogenes*.
A mighty learned man, but peſt'lence poore.
Vor, h' had no houſe, ſave an old *Tub*, to dwell in,
(I vind that in records) and ſtill he turn'd it
I' the winds teeth, as't blew on his back-ſide,
And there they would lie rowting one at other,
A weeke, ſometimes. *Med.* Thence came *A Tale of a Tub*;
And the virſt *Tale of a Tub*, old *D'ogenes Tub*.

20 (You can tell *D'oge*!)] (You can tell, D'oge!) 1692+ 20 un] 'un 1692+

Scr. That was avore Sir *Peter Tub*, or his Lady.
Pan. I, or the Squire their ſonne, *Tripoli Tub.*
Cle. The Squire is a fine Gentleman! *Med.* He is more:
[95] A Gentleman and a halfe; almoſt a Knight;
Within zixe inches: That's his true meaſure.
Cle. Zure, you can gage 'hun. *Med.* To a ſtreake, or leſſe:
I know his d'ameters, and circumference:
A Knight is ſixe diameters; and a Squire
Is vive, and zomewhat more: I know't by compaſſe,
And skale of man. I have upo' my rule here,
The juſt perportions of a Knight, a Squire;
With a tame Juſtice, or an Officer, rampant,
Vpo' the bench, from the high Conſtable
Downe to the Head-borough, or Tithing-man;
Or meaneſt Miniſter o' the peace, God ſave 'un.
Pan. Why, you can tell us by the Squire, Neighbour,
Whence he is call'd a Conſtable, and whaffore.
Med. No, that's a booke-caſe: *Scriben* can doe that.
That's writing and reading, and records. *Scr.* Two words,
Cyning and *Staple*, make a Conſtable:
As wee'd ſay, A hold, or ſtay for the King.
Cle. All Conſtables are truly *Iohn's* for the King,
What ere their names are; be they *Tony*, or *Roger.*
Med. And all are ſworne, as vingars o' one hand,
To hold together 'gainſt the breach o' the peace;
The High Conſtable is the Thumbe, as one would zay,
The hold-faſt o' the reſt. *Pan.* Pray luck he ſpeed
Well i' the buſines, betweene Captaine *Thums*,
And him. *Med.* Ile warrant 'un for a groat:
I have his meaſures here in Rithmetique.
How he ſhould beare un ſelfe in all the lines
Of's place, and office: Let's zeeke 'un out.

51 Squire] square, W. squire, G+
57 *John's*] Johns G+ 66 beare] hear S 67 out. *Exeunt.* G+

ACT IIII. SCENE II.

Tub. Hilts. Metaphor.

Tub. *Hilts*, how do'ſt thou like o' this our good dayes worke?
Hil. As good ene nere a whit, as nere the better.
Tub. Shall we to *Pancridge*, or to *Kentiſh-Towne*, *Hilts*?
Hil. Let *Kentiſh-Towne*, or *Pancridge* come to us,
If either will: I will goe home againe.
Tub. Faith *Basket*, our ſucceſſe hath beene but bad,
And nothing proſpers, that wee undertake;
For we can neither meet with *Clay*, nor *Awdrey*,
The Chanon *Hugh*, nor *Turfe* the Conſtable:
We are like men that wander in ſtrange woods,
And looſe our ſelves in ſearch of them wee ſeeke.
Hil. This was becauſe wee roſe on the wrong ſide:
But as I am now here, juſt in the mid-way,
Ile zet my ſword on the pommell, and that line
The point valles too, wee'll take: whether it be
To *Kentiſh-Towne*, the Church, or home againe.
Tub. Stay, ſtay thy hand: here's Juſtice *Brambles* Clarke, [96] *Enter* Metaphor.
The unlucky Hare hath croſt us all this day.
Ile ſtand aſide whilſt thou pump'ſt out of him
His buſines, *Hilts*; and how hee's now employed.
Hil. Let mee alone, Ile uſe him in his kind.
Met. Oh for a Pad-horſe, Pack-horſe, or a Poſt-horſe,
To beare me on his neck, his back, or his croupe!
I am as weary with running, as a Mil-horſe
That hath led the Mill once, twice, thrice about,
After the breath hath beene out of his body.

Scene II.] Scene III.—*The Country near* Kentish Town. G+ *Tub.* . . .] *Enter* Tub *and* Hilts. G+
17 Stage direction after line 17 G+
20 employed. [*Walks aside.* G+

I could get up upon a pannier, a pannell,
Or, to ſay truth, a very Pack-ſadle,
Till all my honey were turn'd into gall
And I could ſit in the ſeat no longer,
Oh the legs a of lackey now, or a foot-man,
Who is the Surbater of a Clarke currant,
And the confounder of his treſleſſe dormant.
But who have we here, juſt in the nick?
Hil. I am neither nick, nor in the nick: therefore
You lie Sir *Metaphor*. *Met.* Lye? how? *Hil.* Lye ſo Sir.
He ſtrikes up his heeles. *Met.* I lye not yet i' my throat. *Hil.* Thou ly'ſt o' the ground.
Do'ſt thou know me? *Met.* Yes, I did know you too late.
Hil. What is my name then? *Met. Basket. Hil. Basket?* what?
Met. Basket, the Great—*Hil.* The Great? what? *Met.* Lubber—
I ſhould ſay Lover, of the Squire his Maſter.
Hil. Great is my patience, to forbeare thee thus,
Thou Scrape-hill, Skoundrell, and thou skum of man;
Vncivill, orenge-tawny-coated Clarke:
Thou cam'ſt but halfe a thing into the world,
And waſt made up of patches, parings, ſhreds:
Thou, that when laſt thou wert put out of ſervice,
Travaild'ſt to *Hamſted* Heath, on an *Aſh-we'nsday*,
Where thou didſt ſtand ſixe weekes the *Iack* of *Lent*,
For boyes to hoorle, three throwes a penny, at thee,
To make thee a purſe: Seeſt thou this, bold bright blade?
This ſword ſhall ſhred thee as ſmall unto the grave,
As minc'd meat for a pie. Ile ſet thee in earth

31 Oh the] Oh [for] the G+
37 *He strikes up his heels.*] Lie so, sir. [*Strikes up his heels.* G+
40 The Great? what?] The Great what? W+
43 Scrape-hill, Skoundrell,] scrape-hill scoundrel, G+
51 this, bold] this bold 1716+

All ſave thy head, and thy right arme at liberty,
To keepe thy hat off, while I queſtion thee,
What? why? and whether thou wert going now
With a face, ready to breake out with buſines?
And tell me truly, leſt I daſh't in peeces.
Met. Then *Basket* put thy ſmiter up, and heare;
I dare not tell the truth to a drawne ſword.
Hil. 'Tis ſheath'd, ſtand up, ſpeake without feare, or wit.
Met. I know not what they meane; but Conſtable *Turfe*
Sends here his key; for monies in his cubbard
Which he muſt pay the Captaine, that was rob'd
This morning. Smell you nothing? *Met.* No, not I;
Thy breeches yet are honeſt. *Met.* As my mouth.
Doe you not ſmell a rat? I tell you truth, [97]
I thinke all's knavery: For the Chanon whiſper'd
Me in the eare, when *Turfe* had gi'n me his key,
By the ſame token to bring Mrs. *Awdrey*,
As ſent for thither; and to ſay *Iohn Clay*
Is found, which is indeed to get the wench
Forth for my Maſter, who is to be married,
When ſhe comes there: The Chanon has his rules
Ready, and all there to diſpatch the matter.
Tub. Now on my life, this is the Chanon's plot!
Miles, I have heard all thy diſcourſe to *Basket*.
Wilt thou be true, and Ile reward thee well,
To make me happy, in my Miſtris *Awdrey*?
Met. Your worſhip ſhall diſpoſe of *Metaphore*,
Through all his parts, ene from the ſole o' the head,
To the crowne o' the foot, to manage of your ſervice.
Tub. Then doe thy meſſage to the Miſtris *Turfe*,
Tell her thy token, bring the money hither,
And likewiſe take young *Awdrey* to thy charge:

62 *Met.* [*rises.*] G+
83 *Tub.* [*comes forward.*] G+

Which done, here, *Metaphore*, wee will attend,
And intercept thee. And for thy reward,
You two ſhall ſhare the money; I the Maid:
If any take offence, Ile make all good.
Met. But ſhall I have halfe the money Sir, in faith?
Tub. I on my Squire-ſhip, ſhalt thou: and my land.
Met. Then, if I make not, Sir, the cleanlieſt ſcuſe
To get her hither, and be then as carefull
To keepe her for you, as't were for my ſelfe:
Downe o' your knees, and pray that honeſt *Miles*
May breake his neck ere he get ore two ſtiles.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Tub. Hilts.

Tub. Make haſte then: we will wait here thy returne.
This luck unlook'd for, hath reviv'd my hopes,
Which were oppreſt with a darke melancholly.
In happy time, we linger'd on the way,
To mete theſe ſummons of a better ſound,
Which are the eſſence of my ſoules content.
Hil. This heartleſſe fellow; ſhame to ſerving-men;
Staine of all livories; what feare makes him doe!
How ſordid, wretched, and unworthy things;
Betray his Maſters ſecrets, ope the cloſet
Of his deviſes, force the fooliſh Juſtice,
Make way for your Love, plotting of his owne:
Like him that digs a trap, to catch another,
And falls into't himſelfe! *Tub.* So wou'd I have it.
And hope 'twill prove a jeſt to twit the Juſtice with.
[98] *Hil.* But that this poore white-liver'd Rogue ſhould do't?

94 selfe :] self, 1692+ Scene III. *Tub. Hilts.*] Om. G+
1 returne. [*Exit* Met.

And meerely out of feare? *Tub.* And hope of money, *Hilts.*
A valiant man will nible at that bait.
Hil. Who, but a foole, will refuſe money profer'd?
Tub. And ſent by ſo good chance. Pray heaven he ſpeed.
Hil. If he come empty-headed, let him count
To goe back empty-headed; Ile not leave him
So much of braine in's pate, with pepper and vineger,
To be ſerv'd in for ſawce, to a Calves head.
Tub. Thou ſerv'ſt him rightly, *Hilts.* *Hil.* Ile ſeale az much
With my hand, as I dare ſay now with my tongue;
But if you get the Laſſe from *Dargiſon*,
What will you doe with her? *Tub.* Wee'll thinke o' that
When once wee have her in poſſeſſion, Governour.

Act IV. Scene IV.

Puppy. Metaphore. Awdrey.

Pup. You ſee wee truſt you, Mr. *Metaphore*,
With Mrs. *Awdrey*: pray you uſe her well,
As a Gentle-woman ſhould be us'd. For my part,
I doe incline a little to the ſerving-man;
Wee have beene of a coat—I had one like yours:
Till it did play me ſuch a ſleeveleſſe errand,
As I had nothing where to put mine armes in,
And then I threw it off. Pray you goe before her,
Serving-man-like: and ſee that your noſe drop not.
As for example; you ſhall ſee me: marke,

21 empty-headed,] empty-handed, 1692+ 25 Thou serv'st him] Thou [wilt] serve him G+ 25 seale az] seal [to] as G+ 29 Governour. [*Exeunt.* G+ Scene IV.—*Another part of the same.* G+ *Puppy.* . . .] *Enter* Puppy *and* Metaphor *with* Awdrey. G+

How I goe afore her. So doe you: ſweet *Miles*,
She for her owne part, is a woman cares not
What man can doe unto her, in the way
Of honeſty, and good manners. So farewell
Faire Mrs. *Awdrey*: Farewell Mr. *Miles*.
I ha' brought you thus farre, onward o' your way:
I muſt goe back now to make cleane the roomes,
Where my good Lady has beene. Pray you commend mee
To Bride-groome *Clay*; and bid him beare up ſtiffe.
Met. Thanke you good *Hanniball Puppy*; I ſhall fit
The leg of your commands, with the ſtraight buskins
Of diſpatch preſently. *Pup.* Farewell fine *Metaphore*.
Met. Come gentle Miſtris, will you pleaſe to walke?
Awd. I love not to be led: I'd goe alone.
Met. Let not the mouſe of my good meaning, Lady,
Be ſnap'd up in the trap of your ſuſpition,
To looſe the taile there, either of her truth,
Or ſwallow'd by the Cat of miſconſtruction.
Awd. You are too finicall for me; ſpeake plaine Sir.

[99]

ACT IV. SCENE V.

Tub. Awdrey. Hilts. Metaphore.
Lady. Pol-marten.

To them.

Tub. Welcome againe my *Awdrey*: welcome Love:
You ſhall with me; in faith deny me not.
I cannot brook the ſecond hazzard Miſtris.
Awd. Forbeare Squire *Tub*, as mine owne mother ſayes,
I am not for your mowing. Youle be flowne
Ere I be fledge. *Hil.* Haſt thou the money *Miles*?
Met. Here are two bags, there's fiftie pound in each.

12 See Note. 22 *Metaphore.* [*Exit.* G+ 24 I'd goe] I would go G+ Scene V. *Tub.* . . . To them.] Om. G+ *Lady.* . . .] *Enter* Tub *and* Hilts. G+ 6 fledge] fledg'd 1692+

Tub. Nay Awdrey, I poſſeſſe you for this time:
Sirs; Take that coyne betweene you, and divide it.
My pretty ſweeting give me now the leave
To challenge love, and marriage at your hands.
Awd. Now, out upon you, are you not aſham'd?
What will my Lady ſay? In faith I thinke
She was at our houſe: And I thinke ſhee ask'd for you:
And I thinke ſhe hit me i' th' teeth with you,
I thanke her Ladiſhip, and I thinke ſhe meanes
Not to goe hence, till ſhe has found you. How ſay you?
Tub. Was then my Lady Mother at your houſe?
Let's have a word aſide. *Awd.* Yes, twenty words.
Lad. 'Tis ſtrange, a motion, but I know not what,
Comes in my mind, to leave the way to *Totten*,
And turne to *Kentiſh-Towne*, againe my journey:
And ſee my ſonne *Pol-marten* with his *Awdrey*:
Erewhile we leſt her at her fathers houſe:
And hath he thence remov'd her in ſuch haſte!
What ſhall I doe? ſhall I ſpeake faire, or chide?
Pol. Madam, your worthy ſonne, with dutious care,
Can governe his affections: Rather then
Breake off their conference ſome other way,
Pretending ignorance of what you know.
Tub. And this all, faire *Awdrey*: I am thine.
Lad. Mine you were once, though ſcarcely now your own.
Hil. 'Slid my Lady! my Lady! *Met.* Is this my Lady bright?

17 you. How say you ?] you. *Tub.* How say you ! W+
18 *Tub.*] Om. W+
19 words. [*They walk aside.* G+ After line 19, *Enter* Lady Tub *and* Pol Marten. G+ See my sonne Pol-Marten] see my son, Pol-marten, 1692, 1716 W See ! my son, Pol Martin, G+
22 *Kentish-Towne*, againe] Kentish-Towne again 1716+
28 then] than 1692, 1716. then W. then, G+
32 *Lad.*] *Lady T.* [*comes forward* G+
33 bright? [*Exit.* G+

Tub. Madam, you tooke me now a little tardie.
Lad. At prayers, I thinke you were: what, ſo devout
Of late, that you will ſhrive you to all Confeſſors
You meet by chance? Come, goe with me, good Squire,
And leave your linnen: I have now a buſines,
And of importance, to impart unto you.
Tub. Madam, I pray you, ſpare me but an houre;
Pleaſe you to walke before, I follow you.
Lad. It muſt be now, my buſines lies this way.
Tub. Will not an houre hence, Madam, excuſe me?
Lad. Squire, theſe excuſes argue more your guilt.
[100] You have ſome new device now, to project,
Which the poore Tile-man ſcarce will thanke you for.
What? will you goe? *Tub.* I ha' tane a charge upon me,
To ſee this Maid conducted to her Father,
Who, with the Chanon *Hugh*, ſtaies her at *Pancrace*,
To ſee her married to the ſame *Iohn Clay*.
Lad. This very well; but Squire take you no care.
Ile ſend *Pol-marten* with her, for that office:
You ſhall along with me; it is decreed.
Tub. I have a little buſines, with a friend Madam.
Lad. That friend ſhall ſtay for you, or you for him.
Pol-marten; Take the Maiden to your care;
Commend me to her Father. *Tub.* I will follow you.
Lad. Tut, tell not me of following. *Tub.* Ile but ſpeake
A word. *Lad.* No whiſpering: you forget your ſelfe,
And make your love too palpable: A Squire?
And thinke ſo meanely? fall upon a Cow-ſhard?
You know my mind. Come, Ile to *Turfe*'s houſe,
And ſee for *Dido*, and our *Valentine*.
They all goe out but Pol-marten *and* Awdrey. *Pol-marten*, looke to your charge; Ile looke to mine.
Pol. I ſmile to thinke after ſo many proffers

64 *They all goe out but* Pol-marten *and* Awdrey.] [*Exeunt* Lady T., Tub *and* Hilts G+

This Maid hath had, ſhe now ſhould fall to me:
That I ſhould have her in my cuſtody:
Twere but a mad trick to make the eſſay,
And jumpe a match with her immediately:
She's faire, and handſome: and ſhee's rich enough:
Both time, and place miniſter faire occaſion:
Have at it then: Faire Lady, can you love?
Awd. No Sir, what's that? *Pol.* A toy, which women uſe.
Awd. If't be a toy, it's good to play withall.
Pol. Wee will not ſtand diſcourſing o' the toy:
The way is ſhort, pleaſe you to prov't Miſtris?
Awd. If you doe meane to ſtand ſo long upon it;
I pray you let me give it a ſhort cut, Sir.
Pol. It's thus, faire Maid: Are you diſpos'd to marry?
Awd. You are diſpos'd to aske. *Pol.* Are you to grant?
Awd. Nay, now I ſee you are diſpos'd indeed.
Pol. I ſee the wench wants but a little wit;
And that defect her wealth may well ſupply:
In plaine termes, tell me, Will you have me *Awdrey*?
Awd. In as plaine termes, I tell you who would ha' me.
Iohn Clay would ha' me, but he hath too hard hands;
I like not him: beſides, hee is a thiefe.
And Juſtice *Bramble*, he would faine ha' catch'd me:
But the young Squire, hee, rather then his life,
Would ha' me yet; and make me a Lady, hee ſayes,
And be my Knight; to doe me true Knights ſervice,
Before his Lady Mother. Can you make me
A Lady, would I ha' you? *Pol.* I can gi' you
A ſilken Gowne, and a rich Petticoat:
And a french Hood. All fooles love to be brave: [101]
I find her humour, and I will purſue it.

72 then! [*Aside.*] G+
96 it. [*Aside. Exeunt.* G+

ACT IV. SCENE. VI.

Lady. D. Turfe. Squire Tub. Hilts. Puppy. Clay.

Lad. And as I told thee, ſhee was intercepted
By the Squire here, my ſonne: and this bold Ruffin
His man, who ſafely would have carried her
Vnto her Father; and the Chanon *Hugh*;
But for more care of the ſecurity,
My Huiſher hath her now, in his grave charge.
D. Tur. Now on my faith, and holy-dom, we are
Beholden to your worſhip. She's a Girle,
A fooliſh Girle, and ſoone may tempted be:
But if this day paſſe well once ore her head,
Ile wiſh her truſt to her ſelfe. For I have beene
A very mother to her, though I ſay it.
Tub. Madam, 'tis late, and *Pancridge* is i' your way:
I thinke your Ladiſhip forgets your ſelfe.
Lad. Your mind runs much on *Pancridge.* Well, young Squire,
The black Oxe never trod yet O your foot:
Theſe idle Phant'ſies will forſake you one day.
Come Mrs. *Turfe*, will you goe take a walke
Over the fields to *Pancridge*, to your husband?
D. Tur. Madam, I had beene there an houre agoe:
But that I waited on my man *Ball Puppy.*
What *Ball* I ſay? I thinke the idle ſlouch
Be falne aſleepe i' the barne, he ſtayes ſo long.
Pup. Sattin, i' the name of velvet-*Sattin*, Dame!
The Divell! O the Divell is in the barne:
Helpe, helpe, a legion——Spirit legion,

Scene VI.] Scene V.—Kentish Town. G+ *Lady.* . . .] *Enter* Lady Tub, Dame Turfe, Squire Tub *and* Hilts. G+ 16 O] o' 1692, 1716 W. on G+ 22 What Ball I say?] What, Ball, I say? 1692+ After line 23, *Enter* Puppy *hastily from the barn.* G+ 26 a legion—Spirit legion] a legion—Spirit-Legion 1692, 1716, W. a legion [of] spirits, [a] legion G+

Is in the barne! in every ſtraw a Divell.
Tur. Why do'ſt thou bawle ſo *Puppy*? Speake, what ailes thee?
Pup. My name's *Ball Puppy*, I ha' ſeene the Divell
Among the ſtraw: O for a Croſſe! a Collop
Of Friar *Bacon*, or a conjuring ſtick
Of Doctor *Fauſtus*! Spirits are in the barne.
Tub. How! Spirits in the barne? *Basket*, goe ſee.
Hil. Sir, an' you were my Maſter ten times over,
And Squire to boot; I know, and you ſhall pardon me:
Send me 'mong Divels? I zee you love me not:
Hell be at their game: Ile not trouble them.
Tub. Goe ſee; I warrant thee there's no ſuch matter.
Hil. An' they were Giants, 't were another matter.
But Divells! No, if I be torne in peeces,
What is your warrant worth? Ile ſee the Feind
Set fire o' the barne, ere I come there.
D. Tur. Now all Zaints bleſſe us, and if he be there, [102]
He is an ugly ſpright, I warrant. *Pup.* As ever
Held fleſh-hooke, Dame, or handled fire-ſorke rather:
They have put me in a ſweet pickle, Dame:
But that my Lady-*Valentine* ſmels of muske,
I ſhould be aſham'd to preſſe into this preſence.
Lad. *Basket*, I pray thee ſee what is the miracle!
Tub. Come, goe with me: Ile lead. Why ſtand'ſt thou man?
Hil. Cocks pretious Maſter, you are not mad indeed?
You will not goe to hell before your time?
Tub. Why art thou thus afraid? *Hil.* No, not afraid:
But by your leave, Ile come no neare the barne.
Tur. *Puppy*! wilt thou goe with me? *Pup.* How? goe with you?
Whither, into the Barne? To whom, the Divell?
Or to doe what there? to be torne 'mongſt 'hum?
Stay for my Maſter, the High Conſtable,

Or *In-and-In*, the Head-borough; let them goe,
Into the Barne with warrant; ſeize the Feind;
And ſet him in the ſtocks for his ill rule:
Tis not for me that am but fleſh and blood,
To medle with 'un. Vor I cannot, nor I wu' not.
Lad. I pray thee *Tripoly*, looke, what is the matter?
Tub. That ſhall I Madam. *Hil.* Heaven protect my Maſter.
I tremble every joynt till he be back.
Pup. Now, now, even now they are tearing him in peeces.
Now are they toſſing of his legs, and armes,
Like Loggets at a Peare-tree: Ile to the hole,
Peepe in, and looke whether he lives or dies.
Hil. I would not be i' my Maſters coat for thouſands.
Pup. Then pluck it off, and turne thy ſelfe away.
O the Divell! the Divell! the Divell! *Hil.* Where man? where?
D. Tur. Alas that ever wee were borne. So neere too?
Pup. The Squire hath him in his hand, and leads him
Out by the Collar. *D. Tur.* O this is *Iohn Clay.*
Lad. *Iohn Clay* at *Pancrace*, is there to be married.
Tub. This was the ſpirit reveld i' the Barne.
Pup. The Divell hee was: was this he was crawling
Among the Wheat-ſtraw? Had it beene the Barley,
I ſhould ha' tane him for the Divell in drinke;
The Spirit of the Bride-ale: But poore *Iohn*,
Tame *Iohn* of *Clay*, that ſticks about the bung-hole—
Hil. If this be all your Divell, I would take
In hand to conjure him: But hell take me
If ere I come in a right Divells wake,
If I can keepe me out on't. *Tub.* Well meant *Hilts.*

65 Madam. [*Goes into the barn* G+ 76 Collar] collar. *Re-enter* Tub, *dragging in* Clay. G+ 87 *Hilts.* [*Exit.* G+

Lad. But how came *Clay* thus hid here i' the ſtraw,
When newes was brought, to you all hee was at *Pancridge*;
And you beleev'd it? *D. Tur.* Juſtice *Brambles* man
Told me ſo, Madam: And by that ſame token,
And other things, he had away my Daughter,
And two ſeal'd bags of money. *Lad.* Where's the Squire? [103]
Is hee gone hence? *Tub.* H' was here Madam, but now.
Clay. Is the *Huy* and *Cry* paſt by? *Pup.* I, I, *Iohn Clay.*
Clay. And am I out of danger to be hang'd?
Pup. Hang'd *Iohn*? yes ſure; unleſſe, as with the Proverbe,
You meane to make the choice of your owne gallowes.
Cla. Nay, then all's well, hearing your newes *Ball Pupy*,
You ha' brought from *Paddington*, I ene ſtole home here,
And thought to hide me, in the Barne ere ſince.
Pup. O wonderfull! and newes was brought us here,
You were at *Pancridge*, ready to be married.
Cla. No faith, I nere was furder then the Barne.
D. Tur. Haſte *Puppy.* Call forth Miſtris *Dido Wiſpe*,
My Ladies Gentle-woman, to her Lady;
And call your ſelfe forth, and a couple of maids,
To waite upon me: we are all undone!
My Lady is undone! her fine young ſonne,
The Squire is got away. *Lad.* Haſte, haſte, good *Valentine.*
D. Tur. And you *Iohn Clay*; you are undone too! All!
My husband is undone, by a true key,
But a falſe token: And my ſelfe's undone,
By parting with my Daughter, who'll be married
To ſome body, that ſhe ſhould not, if wee haſte not.

104 furder then] further than 1692+
113 falſe] false 1692+
115 [*Exeunt.* G+

ACT V. SCENE I.

Tub. Pol-marten.

Tub. I Pray thee good *Pol-marten*, ſhew thy diligence,
And faith in both: Get her, but ſo diſguis'd,
The Chanon may not know her, and leave me
To plot the reſt: I will expect thee here.
Pol. You ſhall Squire. Ile performe it with all care,
If all my Ladies Ward-robe will diſguiſe her.
Come Miſtris *Awdrey*. *Awd.* Is the Squire gone?
Pol. Hee'll meet us by and by, where he appointed:
You ſhall be brave anone, as none ſhall know you.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Clench. Medlay. Pan. Scriben.

To them.

Tub Hilts.

Cle. I wonder, where the Queenes High Conſtable is!
I veare, they ha' made 'hun away. *Med.* No zure; The Juſtice
Dare not conzent to that. Hee'll zee 'un forth comming.
[104] *Pan.* He muſt, vor wee can all take corpulent oath,
Wee zaw 'un goe in there. *Scr.* I, upon record!
The Clock dropt twelve at *Maribone*. *Med.* You are right, *D'oge*!
Zet downe to a minute, now 'tis a' moſt vowre.
Cle. Here comes Squire *Tub*. *Scri.* And's Governour, Mr. *Basket*.

Scene I.—*The Fields near* Kentish Town. G+ *Tub. Pol-marten.*] *Enter* Squire Tub *and* Pol Martin. G+

4 here [*Exit.* G+

7 *Awdrey*] *Awdrey*. *Enter* Awdrey. G+

9 you. [*Exeunt.* G+ Scene II.—Kentish Town. G+ *Clench. . . .*] *Enter* Clench, Medlay, Pan, *and* Scriben. G+ To them. *Tub Hilts.*] Om. G+

8 Tub. *Enter* Tub *and* Hilts. G+

8 Mr. Basket. Hilts,] Mr. Basket Hilts, 1692, 1716. Mr. Basket—Hilts, W+

Hilts, doe you know 'hun, a valiant wife vellow!
Az tall a man on his hands, as goes on veet.
Bleſſe you Maſs' *Basket*. *Hil.* Thanke you good *D'oge*. *Tub.* who's that?
Hil. *D'oge Scriben*, the great Writer Sir of *Chalcot*.
Tub. And, who the reſt? *Hil.* The wiſeſt heads o' the hundred.
Medlay the *Ioyner*, Head-borough of *Iſlington*,
Pan of *Belſize*, and *Clench* the Leach of *Hamſted*.
The High Conſtables Counſell, here of *Finsbury*.
Tub. Prezent me to 'hem, *Hilts*, Squire *Tub* of *Totten*.
Hil. Wiſe men of *Finsbury*: make place for a Squire,
I bring to your acquaintance, *Tub of Totten*.
Squire *Tub*, my Maſter, loves all men of vertue.
And longs (az one would zay) till he be one on you.
Cle. His worſhip's wel' cun to our company:
Would't were wiſer for 'hun. *Pan.* Here be ſome on us,
Are call'd the witty men, over a hundred;
Scr. And zome a thouſand, when the Muſter day comes.
Tub. I long (as my man *Hilts* ſaid, and my Governour)
To be adopt in your ſociety.
Can any man make a Maſque here i' this company?
Pan. A Maſque, what's that? *Scr.* A mumming, or a ſhew.
With vizards, and fine clothes. *Cle.* A diſguiſe, neighbour,
Is the true word: There ſtands the man, can do't Sir.
Medlay the Joyner, *In-and-In* of *Iſlington*,
The onely man at a diſguize in *Midleſex*.
Tub. But who ſhall write it? *Hil.* *Scriben*, the great Writer.
Scr. Hee'll do't alone Sir, He will joyne with no man:
Though he be a Joyner, in deſigne he cals it.
He muſt be ſole Inventer: *In-and-In*.
Drawes with no other in's project, hee'll tell you,

It cannot elſe be feazeable, or conduce:
Thoſe are his ruling words? Pleaze you to heare 'hun?
Tub. Yes Mr. *In-and-In*, I have heard of you;
Med. I can doe nothing, I. *Cle.* Hee can doe all Sir.
Med. They'll tell you ſo. *Tub.* I'ld have a toy preſented,
A Tale of a Tub, a ſtorie of my ſelfe,
You can expreſſe a Tub. *Med.* If it conduce
To the deſigne, what ere is feazeable:
I can expreſſe a Waſh-houſe (If need be)
With a whole pedigree of Tubs. *Tub.* No, one
Will be enough to note our name, and family:
Squire *Tub* of *Totten*, and to ſhew my adventures
This very day. I'ld have it in *Tubs*-Hall,
At *Totten-Court*, my Ladie Mothers houſe,
My houſe indeed, for I am heire to it.
[105] *Med.* If I might ſee the place, and had ſurvey'd it,
I could ſay more: For all Invention, Sir,
Comes by degrees, and on the view of nature;
A world of things, concurre to the deſigne,
Which make it feazible, if Art conduce.
Tub. You ſay well, witty Mr. *In-and-In.*
How long ha' you ſtudied Ingine? *Med.* Since I firſt
Ioyn'd, or did in-lay in wit, ſome vorty yeare.
Tub. A pretty time! *Basket*, goe you and waite
On Maſter *In-and-In* to *Totten-Court*,
And all the other wiſe Maſters; ſhew 'hem the Hall:
And taſte the language of the buttery to 'hem;
Let 'hem ſee all the Tubs about the houſe,
That can raiſe matter, till I come—which ſhall be
Within an houre at leaſt. *Cle.* It will be glorious,

45 conduce] *conduce* G+
46 feazeable] *feasible* G+
52 Totten-Court,] Tatton-Court, 1716. Totten-Court, W+
54 had] have 1716. had W+
58 make] makes G+
58 feazible,] *feasible*, G+ conduce.] *conduce.* G+

If *In-and-In* will undertake it, Sir:
He has a monſtrous medlay wit o' his owne.
Tub. Spare for no coſt, either in boords, or hoops,
To architect your Tub: Ha' you nere a Cooper
At *London* call'd *Vitruvius*? ſend for him;
Or old *Iohn Haywood*, call him to you, to helpe.
Scr. He ſcornes the motion, truſt to him alone.

ACT V. SCENE III.

Lady. Tub. D. Tur. Clay. Puppy. Wiſpe. Preamble. Turfe.

Lad. O, here's the Squire! you ſlip'd us finely ſonne!
Theſe manners to your Mother, will commend you;
But in an other age, not this: well! *Tripoly*,
Your Father, good Sir *Peter* (reſt his bones)
Would not ha' done this: where's my Huiſher *Martin*?
And your faire Mrs. *Awdrey*? *Tub.* I not ſee 'hem,
No creature, but the foure wiſe Maſters here,
Of *Finsbury* Hundred, came to cry their Conſtable,
Who they doe ſay is loſt. *D. Tur.* My husband loſt?
And my fond Daughter loſt? I feare mee too.
Where is your Gentleman, Madam? Poore *Iohn Clay*,
Thou haſt loſt thy *Awdrey*. *Cla.* I ha' loſt my wits,
My little wits, good Mother; I am diſtracted.
Pup. And I have loſt my Miſtris *Dido Wiſpe*,
Who frownes upon her *Puppy*, *Hanniball*.
Loſſe! loſſe on every ſide! a publike loſſe!
Loſſe o' my Maſter! loſſe of his Daughter! loſſe
Of Favour, Friends, my Miſtris! loſſe of all!

75 alone. [*Exeunt all but Tub.* G+ Scene III.] Om. G+ *Lady Tub.* . . .] *Enter* Lady Tub, Dame Turfe, Clay, Puppy *and* Wispe. After line 18, *Enter* Turfe *and* Preamble. G+

Pre. What Cry is this? *Tur.* My man ſpeakes of ſome loſſe.
Pup. My Maſter is found: Good luck, an't be thy will,
Light on us all. *D. Tur.* O husband, are you alive?
[106] They ſaid you were loſt. *Tur.* Where's Juſtice *Brambles* Clarke?
Had he the money that I ſent for? *D. Tur.* Yes,
Two houres agoe; two fifty pounds in ſilver,
And *Awdrey* too. *Tur.* Why *Awdrey*? who ſent for her?
D. Tur. You Maſter *Turfe*, the fellow ſaid. *Tur.* Hee lyed.
I am cozen'd, rob'd, undone: your man's a Thiefe,
And run away with my Daughter, Mr. *Bramble*,
And with my money. *Lad.* Neighbour *Turfe* have patience,
I can aſſure you that your Daughter is ſafe,
But for the monies I know nothing of.
Tur. My money is my Daughter; and my Daughter
She is my money, Madam. *Pre.* I doe wonder
Your Ladiſhip comes to know any thing
In theſe affaires. *Lad.* Yes, Juſtice *Bramble*
I met the maiden i' the fields by chance,
I' the Squires company my ſonne: How hee
Lighted upon her, himſelfe beſt can tell.
Tub. I intercepted her, as comming hither,
To her Father, who ſent for her, by *Miles Metaphore*,
Juſtice *Preambles* Clarke. And had your Ladiſhip
Not hindred it, I had paid fine Mr. Juſtice
For his young warrant, and new Purs'yvant,
He ſerv'd it by this morning. *Pre.* Know you that Sir?
Lad. You told me, Squire, a quite other tale,
But I beleev'd you not, which made me ſend
Awdrey another way, by my *Pol-marten*:
And take my journey back to *Kentiſh-Towne*,

Where we found *Iohn Clay* hidden i' the barne,
To ſcape the *Huy* and *Cry*; and here he is.
Tur. Iohn Clay age'n! nay, then—ſet Cock a hoope:
I ha' loſt no Daughter, nor no money, Juſtice.
Iohn Clay ſhall pay. Ile looke to you now *Iohn.*
Vaith out it muſt, as good at night, as morning.
I am ene as vull as a Pipers bag with joy,
Or a great Gun upon carnation day!
I could weepe Lions teares to ſee you *Iohn.*
'Tis but two viſtie pounds I ha' ventur'd for you:
But now I ha' you, you ſhall pay whole hundred.
Run from your Burroughs, ſonne: faith ene be hang'd.
An' you once earth your ſelfe, *Iohn*, i' the barne,
I ha' no Daughter vor you: Who did verret 'hun.
D. Tur. My Ladies ſonne, the Squire here, vetch'd 'hun out.
Puppy had put us all in ſuch a vright,
We thought the Devill was i' the barne; and no body
Durſt venture o' hun. *Tur.* I am now reſolv'd,
Who ſhall ha' my Daughter. *D. Tur.* Who? *Tur.* He beſt deſerves her.
Here comes the Vicar. Chanon *Hugh*, we ha' vound
Iohn Clay agen! the matter's all come round.

ACT V. SCENE IV. [107]

To them.

Chanon Hugh.

Hugh. Is *Metaphore* return'd yet? *Pre.* All is turn'd
Here to confuſion: we ha' loſt our plot;
I feare my man is run away with the money,

49 John-Clay] John Clay 1692+ 51 age'n] agen 1692+ 51 Cock a hoope:] Cock-a-hoop 1716+ 68 Vicar.] Vicar.—*Enter* Sir Hugh G+ Scene IV. To them *Chanon Hugh*] Om. G+ 1 yet? [*Aside to Preamble.* G+

And *Clay* is found, in whom old *Turfe* is ſure
To ſave his ſtake. *Hug.* What ſhall wee doe then Juſtice?
Pre. The Bride was met i' the young Squires hands.
Hug. And what's become of her? *Pre.* None here can tell.
Tub. Was not my Mothers man, *Pol-marten*, with you?
And a ſtrange Gentlewoman in his company,
Of late here, Chanon? *Hug.* Yes, and I diſpatch'd 'hem.
Tub. Diſpatch'd 'hem! how doe you meane? *Hug.* Why married 'hem.
As they deſir'd; But now. *Tub.* And doe you know
What you ha' done, Sir *Hugh*? *Hug.* No harme, I hope.
Tub. You have ended all the Quarrell. *Awdrey* is married.
Lad. Married! to whom? *Tur.* My Daughter *Awdrey* married,
And ſhe not know of it! *D. Tur.* Nor her Father, or Mother!
Lad. Whom hath ſhe married? *Tub.* Your *Pol-marten*, Madam.
A Groome was never dreamt of. *Tur.* Is he a man?
Lad. That he is *Turfe*, and a Gentleman, I ha' made him.
D. Tur. Nay, an' he be a Gentleman, let her ſhift.
Hug. She was ſo brave, I knew her not, I ſweare;
And yet I married her by her owne name.
But ſhe was ſo diſguis'd, ſo Lady-like;
I thinke ſhe did not know her ſelfe the while!
I married 'hem as a meere paire of ſtrangers:
And they gave out themſelves for ſuch. *Lad.* I wiſh 'hem
Much joy, as they have given me hearts eaſe.
Tub. Then Madam, Ile intreat you now remit
Your jealouſie of me; and pleaſe to take
All this good company home with you, to ſupper:
Wee'll have a merry night of it, and laugh.

12 desir'd: But now.] desir'd but now W+

Lad. A right good motion, Squire; which I yeeld to:
And thanke them to accept it. Neighbour *Turfe*,
Ile have you merry, and your wife: And you,
Sir *Hugh*, be pardon'd this your happy error.
By Juſtice *Preamble*, your friend and patron.
Pre. If the young Squire can pardon it, I doe.

ACT V. SCENE V.

Puppy. Dido. Hugh.

tarry behind.

Pup. Stay my deare *Dido*, and good Vicar *Hugh*,
We have a buſines with you: In ſhort, this
If you dare knit another paire of ſtrangers, [108]
Dido of *Carthage*, and her Countrey-man,
Stout *Hanniball* ſtands to't. I have ask'd conſent,
And ſhe hath granted. *Hug.* But ſaith *Dido* ſo?
Did. From what *Ball-Hanny* hath ſaid, I dare not goe.
Hug. Come in then, Ile diſpatch you. A good ſupper
Would not be loſt, good company, good diſcourſe;
But above all where wit hath any ſource. 10

ACT V. SCENE VI.

Pol-marten. Awdrey. Tub. Lady. Preamble.
Turfe. D. Turfe. Clay.

Lad. After the hoping of your pardon, Madam,
For many faults committed. Here my wife,
And I doe ſtand, expecting your mild doome.

35 error.] error, 1716+ 37 doe. [*Exeunt all but Puppy, Wiſpe and Hugh.* G+ Scene V. *Puppy. Dido. Hugh.* tarry behind.] Om. G+ 10 source. [*Exeunt* G+ Scene VI.] Scene III.—Totten-Court.—*Before the House.* G+ *Pol-marten. . . .*] *Enter* Pol Martin, Awdrey, Tub, Lady Tub, Preamble, Turfe, Dame Turfe *and* Clay. G+ 1 *Lad.*] *Pol.* 1692+ 2 committed. Here] committed, here 1716+

Lad. I wiſh thee joy *Pol-marten*; and thy wife:
As much, Mrs. *Pol-marten.* Thou haſt trick'd her
Vp very fine, me thinkes. *Pol.* For that I made
Bold with your Ladiſhips Wardrobe, but have treſpaſs'd
Within the limits of your leave—I hope.
Lad. I give her what ſhe weares. I know all women
Love to be fine. Thou haſt deſerv'd it of me:
I am extreamely pleas'd with thy good fortune.
Welcome good Juſtice *Preamble*; And *Turfe*,
Looke merrily on our Daughter: She has married
A Gentleman. *Tur.* So me thinkes. I dare not touch her
She is ſo fine: yet I will ſay, God bleſſe her.
D. Tur. And I too, my fine Daughter. I could love her
Now, twice as well, as if *Clay* had her.
Tub. Come, come, my Mother is pleas'd. I pardon all,
Pol-marten in, and waite upon my Lady.
Welcome good Gheſts; ſee ſupper be ſerv'd in,
With all the plenty of the houſe, and worſhip.
I muſt conferre with Mr. *In-and-In*,
About ſome alterations in my Maſque;
Send *Hilts* out to me: Bid him bring the Councell
Of *Finsbury* hither. Ile have such a night
Shall make the name of *Totten-Court* immortall:
And be recorded to poſterity.

ACT V. SCENE VII.

Tub. Medlay. Clench. Pan. Scriben. Hilts.

Tub. O Mr. *In-and-In*, what ha' you done?
Med. Survey'd the place Sir, and deſign'd the ground,
[109] Or ſtand ſtill of the worke: And this it is.

6 that] that, 1692+ 25 hither. [Exeunt all but *Tub.* G+ Scene VII.] Om. G+ *Tub.* . . .] *Enter* Medlay, Clench, Pan, *and* Scriben. G+

Firſt, I have fixed in the earth, a *Tub*;
And an old *Tub*, like a Salt-Peeter Tub,
Preluding by your Fathers name Sir *Peeter*,
And the antiquity of your houſe, and family,
Originall from Salt-Peeter. *Tub.* Good yfaith,
You ha' ſhewne reading, and antiquity here, Sir.
Med. I have a little knowledge in deſigne,
Which I can varie Sir to *Infinito.*
Tub. Ad Infinitum Sir you meane. *Med.* I doe.
I ſtand not on my Latine, Ile invent,
But I muſt be alone then, joyn'd with no man.
This we doe call the Stand-ſtill of our worke.
Tub. Who are thoſe wee? you now joyn'd to your ſelfe.
Med. I meane my ſelfe ſtill, in the plurall number,
And out of this wee raiſe our *Tale of a Tub.*
Tub. No, Mr. *In-and-In*, my *Tale of a Tub*,
By your leave, I am *Tub*, the Tale's of me,
And my adventures! I am Squire *Tub*,
Subjectum Fabulæ. Med. But I the Author.
Tub. The Worke-man Sir! the Artificer! I grant you.
So *Skelton*-Lawreat; was of *Elinour Bumming*:
But ſhe the ſubject of the Rout, and Tunning.
Cle. He has put you to it, Neighbour *In-and-In.*
Pan. Doe not diſpute with him, he ſtill will win.
That paies for all. *Scr.* Are you revis'd o' that?
A man may have wit, and yet put off his hat.
Med. Now, Sir this Tub, I will have capt with paper:
A fine oild Lanterne-paper, that we uſe.
Pan. Yes every Barber, every Cutlet has it.
Med. Which in it doth containe the light to the buſines.

8 yfaith,] y-faith, 1716, W. i'faith, G+ 11 varie Sir] vary, sir, 1692+ 16 those wee?] those we, 1692. those We 1716+ 18 our Tale] Our Tale G+ 19 my Tale] My Tale G+ 24 -Lawreat;] -Laureat, 1692+ 24 Bumming:] Rumming; W+ 27 Doe . . . him, he . . . win.] Do . . . him; he . . . win W+

And ſhall with the very vapour of the Candle,
Drive all the motions of our matter about:
As we preſent 'hem. For example, firſt
The worſhipfull Lady *Tub.* *Tub.* Right worſhipfull,
I pray you, I am worſhipfull my ſelfe.
Med. Your Squire-ſhips Mother, paſſeth by (her Huiſher,
Mr. *Pol-marten* bareheaded before her)
In her velvet Gowne. *Tub.* But how ſhall the Spectators?
As it might be, I, or *Hilts*, know 'tis my Mother?
Or that *Pol-marten* there that walkes before her.
Med. O wee doe nothing, if we cleare not that.
Cle. You ha' ſeene none of his workes Sir? *Pan.* All the poſtures
Of the train'd bands o' the Countrey. *Scr.* All their colours.
Pan. And all their Captaines. *Cle.* All the Cries o' the Citie:
And all the trades i' their habits. *Scr.* He has his whiſtle
Of command: Seat of authority!
And virge to'interpret, tip'd with ſilver, Sir
You know not him. *Tub.* Well, I will leave all to him:
Med. Give me the briefe o' your ſubject. Leave the whole
State of the thing to me. *Hil.* Supper is ready, Sir.
My Lady cals for you. *Tub.* Ile ſend it you in writing.
Med. Sir, I will render feazible, and facile,
What you expect. *Tub.* *Hilts*, be't your care,
To ſee the Wife of *Finsbury* made welcome:

41 Spectators?] Spectators, 1692+
53 to me. [*Enter* Hilts. G+
55 feazible] *feasible* G+

Let 'hem want nothing. Iz old *Roſin* ſent for? *The Squire goes out.*
Hil. Hee's come within. *Scri.* Lord! what a world of buſines
The Squire diſpatches! *Med.* Hee is a learned man:
I thinke there are but vew o' the Innes o' Court,
Or the Innes o' Chancery like him. *Cle.* Care to fit 'un then. *The reſt follow.*

ACT V. SCENE VIII.

Iack. Hilts.

Iac. Yonder's another wedding, Maſter *Basket*,
Brought in by Vicar *Hugh*. *Hil.* what are they, *Iack*?
Iac. The High Conſtables Man, *Ball Hanny*; and Mrs. *Wiſpes*,
Our Ladies woman. *Hil.* And are the Table merry?
Iac. There's a young Tile-maker makes all laugh;
He will not eate his meat, but cryes at th' boord,
He ſhall be hang'd. *Hil.* He has loſt his wench already:
As good be hang'd. *Iac.* Was ſhe that is *Pol-marten*,
Our fellowes Miſtris, wench to that ſneake-*Iohn*?
Hil. I faith, *Black Iack*, he ſhould have beene her Bride-groome:
But I muſt goe to waite o' my wife Maſters.
Iack, you ſhall waite on me, and ſee the Maske anone:
I am halfe Lord Chamberlin, i' my Maſters abſence.
Iac. Shall wee have a Maſque? Who makes it? *Hil.* *In-and-In.*
The Maker of *Iſlington*: Come goe with me.
To the ſage ſentences of *Finsbury*.

58 *The Squire goes out.*] Om. G+
59 within. [*Exit* Tub.
62 *The reſt follow.*] *Exeunt.* G+ Scene VIII.] Scene IV.—*The Same.*—*A Room in the House.* G+ *Jack. Hilts.*] *Enter Black* Jack *and* Hilts. G+
2 *Hil.* what] *Hil.* What 1692+
14 *In-and-In.*] *In-and-In*, 1716+
15 Maker] Master 1692, 1716. Maker W+
19 *Finsbury.* [*Exeunt.* G+

ACT V. SCENE IX.

2 Groomes.

Gro 1. Come, give us in the great Chaire, for my Lady ;
And ſet it there: and this for Juſtice *Bramble.*
Gro. 2. This for the Squire my Maſter, on the right hand.
Gro. 1. And this for the High Conſtable. *Gro.* 2. This his wife.
Gro. 1. Then for the Bride, and Bride-groome, here *Pol-marten.*
Gro. 2. And ſhe *Pol-marten*, at my Ladies feet.
Gro. 1. Right. *Gro.* 2. And beſide them Mr. *Hanniball Puppy.*
Gro. 1. And his ſhee *Puppy*, Mrs. *Wiſpe* that was :
Here's all are in the note. *Gro.* 2. No, Mr. Vicar :
The petty Chanon *Hugh.* *Gro.* 1. And Caſt-by *Clay* :
There they are all. *Tub.* Then cry a Hall, a Hall !
'Tis merry in *Tottenham* Hall, when beards wag all.
Come Father *Rozin* with your Fidle now,
Loud muſicke. And two tall-toters : Flouriſh to the Maſque.

[111] ACT V. SCENE X.

Lady Preamble before her. *Tub. Turfe. D. Turfe. Pol-marten. Awdrey. Puppy. Wiſpe. Hugh. Clay.* All take their Seats. *Hilts* waits on the by.

Lad. Neighbours, all welcome : Now doth *Totten-Hall*
Shew like a Court : and hence ſhall firſt be call'd ſo.
Your witty ſhort confeſſion Mr. Vicar,

Scene IX. 2 *Groomes.*] Scene V.—*Another Room in the same, with a Curtain drawn across it. Enter* Tub, *followed by two* Grooms, *with chairs,* &c. *and* Rosin *and his two boys.* G+
e 11. a Hall, a Hall !] *a hall ! a hall !* G+ Scene X.] Om. G+
Lady. . . .] *Enter* Preamble, lady Tub, Turfe, dame Turfe, Pol Martin, . . . G+
1 *Lad.* Neighbours, all welcome :] *Lady T.* Neighbours all, welcome ! G+

Within hath beene the *Prologue*, and hath open'd
Much to my ſonnes device, his *Tale of a Tub*.
Tub. Let my Maſque ſhew it ſelfe: And *In-and-In*,
The Architect, appeare: I heare the whiſtle. *Hil.* Peace.
Med. Thus riſe I firſt, in my light linnen breeches,
To run the meaning over in ſhort ſpeeches. *Medlay* appears above the Curtain.
Here is a *Tub*; A *Tub* of *Totten-Court*:
An ancient *Tub*, hath call'd you to this ſport: 11
His Father was a Knight, the rich Sir *Peeter*;
Who got his wealth by a *Tub*, and by Salt-Peeter:
And left all to his Lady *Tub*; the mother
Of this bold Squire *Tub*, and to no other.
Now of this *Tub*, and's deeds, not done in ale,
Obſerve, and you ſhall ſee the very *Tale*. He drawes the Curtain, and diſcovers the top of the *Tub*.

The firſt Motion.

Hil. Ha' Peace. Loud Muſick.
Med. Here Chanon *Hugh*, firſt brings to *Totten-Hall*
The high Conſtables councell, tels the Squire all;
Which, though diſcover'd (give the Divell his due:) 21
The wife of *Finsbury* doe ſtill purſue.
Then with the Juſtice, doth he counterplot,
And this Clarke *Metaphore*, to cut that knot:
Whilſt Lady *Tub*, in her ſad velvet Gowne,
Miſſing her ſonne, doth ſeeke him up and downe.
Tub. With her *Pol-marten* bare before her. *Med.* Yes,
I have expreſt it here in figure, and Miſ-
tris *Wiſpe* her woman, holding up her traine.
Tub. I' the next page, report your ſecond ſtraine. 30

The ſecond Motion.

Hil. Ha' Peace. Loud Muſick.
Med. Here the high Conſtable, and Sages walke
To Church, the Dame, the Daughter, Bride-maids talke,

7 *Hil.* Peace.] Inserted in text. G+ 8—17 In italics. G+
19—26 In italics. G+ 28—29 In italics. G+ 31 *Hil.* Ha' Peace.
Loud Muſick.] Om. G+ 32—33 In italics. G+

Of wedding buſines; till a fellow in comes,
Relates the robbery of one Captaine *Thum's*:
Chargeth the Bride-groome with it: Troubles all,
And gets the Bride; who in the hands doth fall
Of the bold Squire, but thence ſoone is tane
39 By the ſly Juſtice, and his Clarke profane
[112] In ſhape of Purſuyvant; which he not long
Holds, but betrayes all with his trembling tongue:
As truth will breake out, and ſhew, &c.

Tub. O thou haſt made him kneele there in a corner,
I ſee now: there is ſimple honour for you *Hilts*!
Hil. Did I not make him to confeſſe all to you?
Tub. True; *In-and-In* hath done you right, you ſee.
Thy third I pray thee, witty *In-and-In.*
Cle. The Squire commends 'un. He doth like all well.
49 *Pan.* Hee cannot chooſe. This is geare made to fell.

The third Motion.

Hil. Ha' peace. Loud muſick.

Med. The careſull Conſtable, here drooping comes,
In his deluded ſearch, of Captaine *Thum's.*
Puppy brings word, his Daughter's run away
With the tall Serving-man. He frights Groome *Clay*,
Out of his wits. Returneth then the Squire,
Mocks all their paines; and gives Fame out a Lyar:
For falſely charging *Clay*, when 'twas the plot,
Of ſubtile *Bramble*, who had *Awdrey* got,
Into his hand, by this winding device.
60 The Father makes a reskue in a trice:
And with his Daughter, like Saint *George* on foot,
Comes home triumphing, to his deare Hart root.
And tell's the Lady *Tub*, whom he meets there,
Of her ſonnes courteſies, the Batchelor.

34—42 In italics. G+ 42 shew, &c.] show—G+ 50 *Hil.* Ha' peace. Loud musick] Om. G+ 51—64 In italics. G+ 64 Batchelor.] Batchelor, G+

Whoſe words had made 'hem fall the *Huy* and *Cry*.
When Captaine *Thum's* comming to aske him, why
He had ſo done? He cannot yeeld him cauſe:
But ſohe runs his neck into the Lawes. 68

The fourth Motion. *Hil.* Ha' peace. Loud Muſick.

Med. The Lawes, who have a nooſe to crack his neck,
As Juſtice *Bramble* tels him, who doth peck
A hundreth pound out of his purſe, that comes
Like his teeth from him, unto Captaine *Thum's*.
Thum's is the Vicar in a falſe diſguiſe:
And employes *Metaphore*, to fetch this prize.
Who tels the ſecret unto *Basket-Hilts*,
For feare of beating. This the Squire quilts
Within his Cap; and bids him but purloine
The wench for him: they two ſhall ſhare the coine.
Which the ſage Lady in her 'foreſaid Gowne 80
Breaks off, returning unto *Kentiſh-Towne*,
To ſeeke her *Wiſpe*; taking the Squire along,
Who finds *Clay Iohn*, as hidden in ſtraw throng.
Hil. O, how am I beholden to the Inventer, [113]
That would not, on record againſt me enter.
My ſlackneſſe here, to enter in the barne:
Well *In-and-In*, I ſee thou canſt diſcerne!
Tub. On with your laſt, and come to a Concluſion. 88

The fift Motion. *Hil.* Ha' peace. Loud Muſicke.

Med. The laſt is knowne, and needs but ſmall infuſion
Into your memories, by leaving in
Theſe Figures as you ſit. I, *In-and-In*,

65—68 In italics. G+ 69 *Hil.* Ha' peace. Loud Musick.] Om. G+
70—83 In italics. G+ 72 hundreth] hundred 1716+ 85 enter!] enter, G+
89 fift] Fifth 1692+ 89 *Hil.* Ha' peace. Loud Musicke.] Om. G+
90—92 In italics. G+

Preſent you with the ſhow: Firſt of a Lady
Tub, and her ſonne, of whom this Maſque here, made I.
Then Bride-groome *Pol*, and Miſtris *Pol* the Bride:
With the ſub-couple, who ſit them beſide.
Tub. That onely verſe, I alter'd for the better, *ἐυφονία gratiâ.*
Med. Then Juſtice *Bramble*, with Sir *Hugh* the Chanon:
And the Bride's Parents, which I will not ſtan' on,
Or the loſt *Clay*, with the recovered *Giles*:
Who thus unto his Maſter, him 'conciles,
On the Squires word, to pay old *Turfe* his Club,
And ſo doth end our *Tale* here, of a Tub.

The end.

93—96 In italics. G+ 98—103 In italics. G+
100 Giles :] Miles : Wh.+ 101 conciles] reconciles G+ 103 *The end.*] Om. 1692+ 103 *Tub.*] Tub. [*Exeunt.* G+ Squire Tub.] By 'Squire Tub. G+

EPILOGVE.

Squire T V B.

THis *Tale of mee, the* Tub *of* Totten-Court,
A Poet, *firſt invented for your ſport.*
Wherein the fortune of moſt empty Tubs
Rowling in love, are ſhewne; and with what rubs,
W'are commonly encountred: When the wit
Of the whole Hundred *ſo oppoſeth it.*
Our petty Chanon's *forked plot in chiefe,*
Slie Iuſtice arts, with the High Conſtables Briefe,
And brag Commands; my Lady Mothers care;
And her Pol-martens *fortune; with the rare*
Fate of poore Iohn, *thus tumbled in the Caske;*
Got In-and-In, *to gi't you in a* Maſque:
That you be pleas'd, who come to ſee a Play,
With thoſe that heare, and marke not what wee ſay.
Wherein the Poets *fortune is, I feare,*
Still to be early up, but nere the neare.

FINIS.

1—16 No italics. W All in italics. G+

EXPLANATORY NOTES

These notes include whatever has been thought valuable in previous editions, though lack of space has often made condensation necessary. The Bibliography should be consulted for abbreviated references, and for editions of works cited and used for material aid. References to *A Tale of a Tub* are to act, scene, and line of this edition; other references to Jonson are to the Cunningham-Gifford edition of 1875, act, scene, and page.

TITLE-PAGE

A Tale of a Tub. This was a proverbial expression in common use in Jonson's time, for a stupid, nonsensical story. Jonson also uses it in *For the Honor of Wales* (*Works* 7. 328). For its use in earlier plays, cf. Scherer. Forster, *Life of Swift* 1. 162—3, and *note*, says that the phrase originated from the practice of seamen to fling overboard a tub to turn a whale from mischief; and cites as an early use of it as a proverb, Sir Thomas More's exclamation, 'Why, this is a tale of a tub!' at an incoherent speech made in his court by an attorney named Tubbe. Heywood, *Prov.* (Sharman edition) p. 160, gives the following:

A Tale of a tubbe: your tale no truth avouth.

Catul.—*Inficeto est inficetior rure. Carm.* 22. 14. The whole stanza is as follows:

Hoc quid putemus esse? qui modo scurra
Aut siquid hac re tritius uidebatur,
Idem infaceto est infacetior rure,
Simul poemata attigit, neque idem unquam
Æque est beatus ac poema cum scribit:
Tam gaudet in se tamque se ipse miratur.

This is meant, doubtless, to characterize Inigo Jones.

THE PERSONS THAT ACT

Persons that act. 2. **Chan.** Chanon or Canon.

2. **Pancrace.** Pancras. Timbs: Pancras was corrupted to Pancridge in Queen Elizabeth's time. *A Woman is a Weather-cock* (Dodsley's *Old Eng. Plays*, 4th ed., 2. 33): 'Thou Pancridge parson!' *note*: Or 'Pancras parson,' a term of contempt for the convenient clergyman of that day.

Pancras, the most extensive parish in Middlesex, included the hamlets of Kentish Town, Camden Town, all Tottenham Court Road, and was bounded on the west by Hamsted (including part of Haverstock-hill and Chalk Farm), and Marybone. St. Pancras church was erected about 1180, Stukeley says, on the site of a Roman camp; Norden, in his *Speculum Britanniæ* describes it, in 1593, as standing 'all alone, utterly forsaken, old and wether-beten'; 'yet about this structure have bin manie buildings, now decayed, leaving poor Pancras without companie or comfort.' Regarding Pancras itself, Norden says: 'Although this place be as it were forsaken of all, and true men seldom frequent the same but upon devyne occasions, yet it is visited and usually haunted by roages, vagabondes, harlettes, and theeves, who assemble not there to pray, but to wayte for praye, and manie fall into their hands clothed, that are glad when they are escaped naked. Walke not ther too late'; cf. Timbs, *Curiosities of London* pp. 193, 640; Walford, *Old and New London* 5. 327 ff.; Norden, *Spec. Brit.* p. 38 (quoted by Lysons); Lysons, *Environs of London* 4. 612 ff. At the time of the action of our play, the parish of Pancras consisted of hamlets lying in open country, where robberies were not uncommon. The church must have been already growing old. Its heads had fallen into bad repute.

3. **Totten-Court.** Tothill, Totenhall, Totenham Court, was a prebendary manor belonging to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's. Queen Elizabeth visited Henry, Lord Compton, at Bruce Castle in Tottenham, in May, 1578.

The manor of Tothete (now Tottenham Court) contained five hides, and is so described in the record of Domesday. In the year 1560, the prebendary manor of Totenhall or Totten-

ham was demised to Queen Elizabeth for ninety-nine years in the name of Sir Robert Dudley; cf. *Parliamentary Surveys at St. Paul's* (quoted by Lysons).

The meaning of Tot or Tote, which I suppose to have been descriptive, is nowhere, I think, satisfactorily defined. Baxter supposes Tote to be a corruption of Theoda, the people; Bedwell derives Totenham from the word Toten, to wind like a horn; Parkins, in his *History of Norfolk*, conjectures it to be a river.—Lysons. Cf. Hone, *Year Book* p. 24; Lysons, *Environs of London* 4. 615, 735, 753; Hughson, *Circuit of Lond.* 5. 387—392; Walford, *Old and New London* pp. 548—564.

5. **Maribone.** The name of this place was anciently called Tibourne, from its situation near a small bourn, or rivulet, formerly called Aye-brook, or Eye-brook, and now Tybourn-brook. When the site of the church was altered to another spot near the same brook, it is probable that it was called St. Mary at the bourn, now corrupted to St. Mary le bone, or Marybone.—Lysons.

Ty-bourne, afterwards Tyburn, a small brook coming from Kilburn, and flowing into the Thames, gave its name to the prison on its banks; see 2. 2. 100.

8. **Turfe.** Though here called High Constable of Kentish Towne, Turfe seems to have been High Constable of the hundred; cf. 1. 4. 53—5.

12. **In-and-In Medlay. Of Islington, Cooper and Headborough.** Nares, Halliwell: In-and-In, a game; cf. also *The New Inne* 3. 1. 361:

> He is a merchant still, adventurer
> At in and in.

In *A Tale of a Tub*, the word is doubtless a play on In-i-go, Jones' name, but the title is further degraded by the associations connected with the game.

13. **Hamsted.** A town or tithing in the parish of St. Pancras.

14. **Belsise.** A manor in Hamsted, whose owners, father and son, were Clerks of the Council of Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth respectively.—Lysons, *op. cit.* 3. 349.

Third-borough. The conservator of the peace of a tithing. According to Blount's *Law Dictionary*, thirdborough and headborough were synonomous.—*NED.*

15. **Chalcot.** An ancient manor-house, situated in Hamsted. The old manor-house of Upper Chalcot still remains in England's Lane on Haverstock Hill, and the site of Lower Chalcot is indicated by Chalk Farm and Chalcot Terrace.—Walford, *Old and New London* 5. 291.

Fleay (*Chr.* 1. 370) is quite wrong in considering that Chilcot, Finsbury, is meant in place of Chalcot, Hamsted, since from his argument all the other places must also be in Finsbury, which is contrary to the facts in the case.

18—20. The Yale folio (1640) gives the names as of four maids; the other three, described in the Introduction, as of six, the more usual number; cf. Textual notes.

23. The *Scene*, **Finsbury-hundred.** The title, Finsbury-hundred, was either used as a fictitious name by Jonson, or was introduced here by the printer, through a misapprehension of the text. Middlesex was divided into six hundreds. St. Pancras, in which all the action of the play took place, was in the hundred of Edmonton. Totten-Court, Maribone, Kentish Town, Islington, Hamsted, Belsise, Chalcot, all lie here. Sir Hugh, 1. 1. 33, calls Turfe and his cronies the Council of Finsbury, for 'so they are y-styled,' 'all the wise o' the hundred.' The hundred must be Edmonton, not Finsbury, which lay in the county of London.

Hundred. Blackstone, *Introd.* 4. 115: 'As ten families of freeholders made up a town or tithing, so ten tithings composed a superior division, called a hundred. A sub-division of a county or shire, having its own court.' Turfe (cf. 1. 4. 53—4) was High Constable of the hundred.

Norden, *Spec. Brit.*: The hundreds have Constables, Tythings have third-borows, in some places Hedborows. [Clench was petty constable of the town or tithing of Hamsted; In-and-In was the head-borough of the town or tithing of Islington.] 'If anie small matter did fall out worthie to be discussed, the tithing-man or boroholder should decide the same in their léetes, whereas the great causes were re-

ferred to the hundreds, the greater to the lathes,' etc. Cf. Holinshed's *Chronicles* (Lond. 1807) I. 259.

PROLOGUE

6. **A coopers wit, or some such busie Sparke.** A satirical reference to Inigo Jones, who 'was put apprentice to a joiner in Paul's Churchyard' (quoted in *DNB.* from Addit. MS. 23,069, fol. 19).

9. **Whitsun-Lord.** The Lord of the Whitsun-Ale was chosen, 'previously to the meeting,' to be Lord of the Ale. He, together with the Lady and their retinue, all dress suitably to their characters, and entertain the company in various ways. The sculpture on the outside of St. John's Church, Cirencester, dating back to 1504—1522, represents, tradition says, the ancient festivity called a Whitsun-Ale; cf. Douce, in *Carter's Ancient Sculpture* (1780) pp. 19—23.

10. **Wake.** Originally a vigil, kept as an annual church-celebration in commemoration of the completion or dedication of a parish church. The strictly religious wake consisted in an all-night service of prayer and meditation in the church, followed by a day devoted to feasting, dancing, and sports. These wakes soon degenerated into fairs, and, in the *Book of Sports* of James I and Charles I, were among the feasts to be observed. The same sense is found in a verb, as in *Haml.* I. 4. 8:

> The King doth *wake* to night, and takes his rouse,
> Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels.

See also Stubbs, *Anatomy of Abuses* (ed. 1836) pp. 177—179.

10. **Ale.** From its use in composition, it means a feast or merry-making, as in the words, *Whitson-Ale*, *Bride-Ale*, *Midsummer-Ale*, *Church-Ale*, *Clerk-Ale*. These feasts were partly for charitable purposes, collections being taken at them: for example, at *Clerk-Ales*, a contribution for parish-clerks. Whitson-Ales were formerly instituted for repairing churches (from collections taken at them). At these feasts, ale appears to have been the predominant liquor.—Douce, in *Carter's Ancient Sculpture* p. 19.

May-games, Wakes and Whitson-ales, etc., if they be not at unseasonable hours, may justly be permitted.—Burton, *Anat. of Mel.* (London, 1826) p. 417. See also Stubbs, *Anat. of Abuses* (ed. 1836) pp. 173—176.

10. **Authorities.** The authors of the jests of the Whitsun Lords.

11. **country precedents.** Country originals or examples; cf. *Merch. Ven.* 4. 1. 220; *Wint. Tale* 2. 1. 84.

11. **old Wives Tales.** 'This is an *old wives tale*, or a fashion of speech cleane out of fashion,' Cotgrave, *s.v. Langage.*—Halliwell.

14. **cotes of clownes.** Dwelling-places of rustics; cf. *As You Like It* 3. 2. 448.

ACT I

1. 1. 1. **Bishop Valentine.** According to the *Encycl. Brit.*, there were two martyrs whose festivals fell on Feb. 14, one a Roman priest, the other Bishop of Terni. The passion of both is founded on legends. Douce, *Illustrations of Shakespeare*: 'The custom of choosing *Valentines* is of very long standing, and, like many others of a popular nature, is no more than a corruption of something similar that had prevailed in the times of paganism. It was the practice in ancient Rome, during a great part of the month of February, to celebrate the *Lupercalia*, which were feasts in honour of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was named *februata*, *februalis*, and *februlla*. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian church, who by every possible means endeavoured to eradicate the vestiges of Pagan superstitions, and chiefly by some commutation of their forms, substituted, in the present instance, the names of particular saints, instead of those of the women: and as the festival of the *Lupercalia* had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen Saint Valentine's day for celebrating the new feast, because it occurred nearly at the same time. This is, in part, the opinion of a

learned and rational compiler of the lives of the saints, the Reverend Alban Butler. It should seem, however, that it was utterly impossible to extirpate altogether any ceremony to which the common people had been accustomed.' Douce's statement embraces all the aspects which are variously emphasized by Wheatley, *Illustrations of Common Prayer* p. 57; that quoted from Bourne in Brand's *Popular Antiquities* (1841) 1. 31, etc. In Dudley, Lord North's *Forest of Varieties*, 1645, p. 61, is found the statement that 'A lady of wit and quality, whom you [his brother] well know, would never put herself to the chance of a Valentine, saying that *she would never couple herself but by choyce.*' This indicates the force of the custom. Masson, in his *Travels in England* p. 410, states that there was another kind of Valentine, which was the first young man or woman that chance throws in your way in the street or elsewhere on that day. The one thus met or chosen is called a Valentine.

Jonson uses all the aspects of the day in this play. The choosing of Awdrey, 1. 1. 46; the marriage of her parents thirty years before, as the natural outcome of such a choice, 1. 1. 48—9; the religious teaching regarding Valentine as a Saint, 1. 7. 5—15; the chance-meeting on St. Valentine's day, with its outcome in a marriage, 1. 7. 1—4; 3. 4. 23—26; 3. 5. 1—22; 5. 5. 1—10.

References to the day have always been popular in poetry. The earliest specimens of poetical *Valentines* are those of Charles, Duke of Orleans, the father of Louis XII of France.

In English poetry, the day is referred to as the season for the mating of birds, as well as the coupling of lovers. The earliest allusion seems to be that quoted by Strutt, *Manners and Customs* 3. 179, from MS. Harl. 2241, written by Lydgate in praise of Queen Catherine, consort of Henry V:

> Seynte Valentyne, of cuſtom yeere by yeere,
> Men have an uſaunce in this regioun
> To loke and ſerche *Cupides* Kalendere,
> And choſe theyr choyſe, by grete affeccioun;
> Such as ben prike with *Cupides* mocioun,
> Takyng theyr choyſe as theyr ſort doth falle:
> But I love oon whiche excellith alle.

Cf. also Chaucer, *Parliament of Fowles* 303—13; *Hamlet* 4. 5. 48—51; *M. N. Dream* 4. 1. 144; Feb. 14, Calendar of Flowers, Lean, *Coll. of Proverbs* 1. 407. Brand quotes from the old Roman calendar on Feb. 14: 'Manes nocte vagari creduntur.' Strutt also refers to 'the superstition, which till of late prevailed, the belief of the appearance and power of dæmons, spectres, fairies, and the like, on this day. Such a superstition seems be in Dame Turfe's mind in 4. 6. 8—11.

For later customs, valentines, and poetical allusions, see *Brand* 1. 53—62; *Strutt* p. 180.

1. 1. 2—3. **Februere**
Doth cut and sheare; cf. *Book of Days* 1. 206; also:

> The Welchman would rather see his dam on her bier,
> Than to see a fair Februeer.
>
> —Ray's *Collection of English Proverbs.*
>
> A' the months o' the yeer
> Curse a fair Februeer.
>
> —Ray.

It is to be noted that Jonson has brought this in, in a way to preserve the rhymed-verse effect, with which he might have been familiar through his Scotch ancestry. Gifford was the first to print it all in italics.

1. 1. 5. **Layicks, Quiristers.** See Glossary. These lines recall those of Donne's *Epithalamium* (*Works*, Grosart's ed., 1. 255), on the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to Frederick, Count Palatine, St. Val. Day, 1614:

> Hail, Bishop Valentine! whose day this is:
> All the air is thy diocese:
> And all thy chirping choristers
> And other birds are thy parishioners.

In the account given of this marriage in the *Description of England* (2. 38—42), Harrison also describes the masks, etc., which were given 'that night in honor of this joyful nuptiall.'

1. 1. 6. **Had need to keep.** *Had* is here a subjunctive, as it is (though with a different sense) in the common idiom ***had***

better. *Need* is a substantive. The combination is common in Elizabethan English; cf. *2 Henry IV* 2. 4. 162:

Therefore captains had need look to 't;

As You Like It 2. 7. 179:

Orlando. I thank you most for him.
Adam. So had you need.

1. 1. 7. **sped of loves.** Already furnished with makes or mates: for then they need not rise early to find a Valentine. —Gifford. This use of *sped* for *successful* is found in *Merry W. of W.* 3. 5. 67, and in *Lycidas* 1. 122. In Shakespeare it has more usually the opposite meaning; cf. *Mer. of V.* 2. 9. 72:

So be gone: you are sped.

Rom. and Jul. 3. 1. 94:

I am hurt. A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.

This meaning is perfectly possible here, and more in keeping with the context. The two examples, given below, with a limiting genitive, show this meaning:

We believe we deserve to be *sped of* all that our blind hearts desire.

—Tyndale, *Ans. to Sir T. More* (Parker Soc. 1850) p. 11.

Being *sped of* my grumbling thus and eased into better temper.

—Blackmore, *Lorna Doone*, Chap. 60.

1. 1. 8. **make,** mate; cf. Barclay, *The Ship of Fools* (1509) 2. 237. 12:

With such words the good man they revyle,
Saying one to other: 'Lo yonder same is he
Which without make thinketh him wise to be.'

Spenser, *Faerie Queene* 3. 11. 2:

And of fair Britomart ensample take,
That was as true in love, as Turtle to her make.

Make is also found in Quarto 2, Shakespeare, *Lear* 4. 3. 36. The other old editions use *mate*.

Cf. also, Jonson, *Masque of Owls* (*Works* 8. 58):

Where their Maides, and their Makes,
At dancings, and Wakes,
Had their napkins and poses.

1. 1. 9. **on.** For the metaphorical use of *on*, see Abbott, *Shakespearean Gram.* 180.

1. 1. 13. **Salt-peeter-man.** As salt-petre was found in the district, this gives a local touch, while at the same time showing that the wealth of the family was not of long standing.

1. 1. 15. **Here.** This place. The use of *here* as a noun is rare. Cf. *Lear* 1. 1. 264:

Thou losest here a better where to find.

1. 1. 18. **Armiger.** Cf. Glossary. It is to be noticed throughout that Sir Hugh uses churchly and other Latin phrases frequently, calling attention, thereby, to the contrast between his character and his calling.

Expergiscere = awake, bestir yourself.

1. 1. 20. **conjur'd up the spirither, sonne.** The sound of these unfamiliar words might cause her to think I was practicing witchcraft on her son. The 1692 edition corrects the typographical errors here. See Textual Notes.

1. 1. 21. **jealous.** Suspicious. Cf. *Lucrece* 1. 800:

Let not the jealous daie behold that face.

Whither *Philarete*:

Never did the jealous't ear
Any muttering rumour hear.

and *Lear* 5. 1. 56:

Edm. To both these Sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the Adder.

Furness: In Lowland Scotch, 'to jalouse' is 'to suspect.'

1. 1. 21. **lack-latine.** Nares: *Lack* was formerly prefixed at pleasure to words of all kinds, like the Greek *alpha privativa*, to denote deficiency. Cf. also Florio, p. 162: A silly clarke, an informer, a pettiefogger, a promoter, a Sir John Lacke-Latine.—Halliwell. One who knows little or no Latin;

chiefly in *Sir John Lack-Latin*, a name for an ignorant priest. —*NED.*

1. 1. 22, 23. **Chanon, . . . Vicar.** A canon is a secular clergyman connected with a cathedral, where the canons with the dean form a body of ecclesiastical dignitaries. A vicar is a priest of a parish, the tithes of which belong to a chapter or religious house. The vicar receives a salary or a smaller part of the tithes.—*NED* Tub uses the higher title, Hugh his own proper one.

1. 1. 23. **wa'hoh.** *Either* an abbreviated form of the 'What ho!' used in Shakespeare, *1 Henry IV* 2. 1. 52: 'What ho! chamberlain,' and elsewhere, *or* an abbreviation of the 'wahahowe' which Cotton cites as an interjection used in hallooing. Camden's *Remains* (Lond. 1657, p. 38): 'Again for expressing our passion, our interjections are very apt and forcible. . . . In attention *Haa*; in calling *Whoupe*; in halloowing *Wahahowe*; all which (in my ear) seem to be derived from the very nature of those severall affections.'

1. 1. 24, 25. **I stoop unto the call. He knowes my lure is from his Love.** Both expressions refer to falconry. A *lure* is an apparatus constructed of a bunch of feathers, to which is attached a long cord or thong, and from the interstices of which, during its training, the hawk is fed. Latham, *Falconry, Words of Art Expl.*, explains that a *lure* is that whereto Falconers call their young Hawkes by casting it up into the air.—*NED.*

Markham, *Country Content* 1. 5. 30, gives a more detailed account: 'After your Hawks are manned, you shall bring them to the Lure by easie degrees, as first, making them jump unto the fist, after fall upon the Lure, then come to the voice and lastly, to know the voice and Lure so perfectly that either upon the sound of the one, sight of the other, and he will presently come in.' See also Glossary.

1. 1. 25. **night Gowne.** A dressing-gown. Cf. *Macbeth* 2. 2. 70:

> Hark! more knocking. Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
> And show us to be watchers.

5. 1. 69: I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, etc.

1. 1. 32—33. **there are a knot of Clownes, The Counsell of Finsbury, so they are y-styl'd . . . all the wise o' th' hundred.** The counsell of Finsbury, a nick-name applied to a circle of cronies, who meet from time to time. Finsbury had some especial significance, and has no specific reference to the parish by that name, since the members of the counsell live in the hundred of Edmonton. For the special meaning, note 1. 4. 51:

Press all the noises of Finsbury.

and the reference to John Clay of Kilborn in 1. 3. 31:

A Middlesex Clowne; and one of Finsbury.

For references to the 'High-Constable's Counsell, here of Finsbury,' see 5. 2. 16. Note also the phrase 'wisest heads o' the hundred.' 3. 8. 30; 5. 2. 13—14; and for the use of 'wise men of Finsbury' as a title, see 5. 2. 18, 22—28; 5. 7. 57; 5. 10. 22.

1. 1. 55. **Basquet.** It is difficult to account for this spelling, except as one of the indications of carelessness in the printing of the folio.

1. 1. 56, 58. **Cham. Che.** See Glossary. This dialectic use is common in the drama of the time. Johnson, in his edition of *King Lear*, notes (4. 6. 233) that Edgar counterfeits the Western dialect. Steevens says that 'when our ancient writers introduce a rustic, they commonly allot him this Somersetshire dialect.' Farmer, *Proverbs*, etc., says of John Heywood (*E. E. Dramatists* p. 342), that 'the conventional rustic speech of early plays is a mixture of southern and northern dialect, but chiefly of the former.'

1. 1. 58—9. **Che can spy . . . through a Milstone.** Heywood, *Proverbs*, Chap. 10 (ed. Sharman, p. 43), 'seene far in a Milstone.' *Note*: Another illustration of the early use of this proverbial saying may be culled from Lyly's *Euphues and his England*: 'Then Fidus, your eies are so sharp that you cannot onely looke through a milstone, but cleane through the minde, and so cunning that you can levell at the disposition of women you never knew.'

1. 1. 60. **Bilke.** Doubtless a bit of slang. Cunningham gives as a derivation, taken from Lane's *Arabic Dictionary*: '*Baluk*—a desert tract of sand which gives growth to nothing —white plains in sand which gives growth to nothing.'

1. 1. 63. **device.** From the number of times that this word is used by different characters in the play, there seems an intention to ridicule its use. It was a favourite word of Shakespeare's, being used in twenty-three of his plays.

1. 1. 66, 69. **Cassock . . . hearken and receive it.** Churchly expressions characteristic of Hugh, and serving to keep the duplicity of his character in mind.

1. 1. 71. **close.** Reserved, secretive. *1 Henry IV* 2. 3: 'For secrecie No lady closer!'

1. 1. 74. **to draw Knots i' your' casions.** As Scherer remarks, this is doubtless a proverbial expression.

1. 1. 75. **'Cham no mans wife.** I am not one not to be trusted. Cf. also 2. 2. 63.

1. 1. 77. **'A testie Clowne: but a tender clown as wool.'** Gifford changes this line to 'A testy, but a tender clown as wool.' The change makes the metre more regular, but seems hardly justifiable. The folio reading is quite natural. Tub speaks hastily of his devoted servant, then corrects his harsh judgement by a more appreciative one.

1. 1. 79. **weep you . . . roar you.** These are survivals of the ethical dative (Abbott 220). Cf. *M. N. Dream* 1. 2. 78—81:

> I will roare you as gently as any sucking dove;
> I will roare and 'twere any nightinggale.

1. 1. 86. **Angell.** Halliwell: A gold coin, varying in value from about six shillings and eightpence to ten shillings: affording a subject for many a wretched pun to Shakespeare and his contemporaries. It was introduced by Edward IV in the early part of his reign. *NED.*: *Prov.* There spake an angel, = approval of a plan made by another. 'Angels work wonders in Westminster Hall.'

1. 1. 95. **Bason, and the Bride-ale.** From its connection with bride-ale, bason probably meant bowl; cf. 3. 8. 17—

18, indicating the bride-bowl of spiced ingredients handed about with the cake. Bason and bride-ale = wedding.

1. 1. 100. **come off.** Pay well. Cf. *Four P's* 1. 65: *Merry Wives* 4. 3. 13.

1. 1. 101. *Tub* **may loose his botome.** 'To tell a Tale of a Tub and the bottom out of it,' is found in Lean, *Coll.* 3. 326.

1. 2. 2. **Zin.** Dialectic use of $z = s$.

vowly. Foully.

1. 2. 7. **Good-man.** A friendly, respectful form of address.

1. 2. 8. **deadly.** Wright: *Very, extremely*, in both a good and a bad sense.

1. 2. 11. **woundy, brag.** Wright gives *extremely, very*, for both these words. *The Cent. Dict.* cites the use of *woundy* in *A Tale of a Tub* 4. *Sc. Interloping*, 1, for *exceedingly very*. See also, Congreve, *Love for Love* 4. 3:

He was woundy angry when I gave him that wipe.

and J. Baillie:

Travelled ladies are woundy nice.

Cunningham: *Brag* meant *brisk, spirited, full of spirits*. It occurs again in *Ep.* 9.

The spacing in the folio seems to indicate that some change was made, or was to be made, here. The meaning is quite evidently that this *Zin Valentine* was a very gay youth.

1. 2. 14. This seems to indicate that the *Counsell of Finsbury* had existed for a long time. Possibly this is a burlesque on the clubs of the day.

1. 2. 14. **Finsbury books.** The records of the *Counsell of Finsbury*.

1. 2. 20. **Cock and Hen.** Probably an old inn, a scene of cock-fighting. There was a Cock-lane in Smithfield.

1. 2. 23. **sorting.** Arranging, providing or supplying (a person, etc.) with something.—*NED.* Supplying, furnishing to one's satisfaction, *e.g.* 'I can sort ye with a knife.' —Wright. Note, too, the play upon the word 'sort' with the idea of *lot*.

1. 2. 27—28. **I am old Rivet still . . . The Clench.** I am one who can 'put two and two together.' See Glossary.

1. 2. 28. **Leach.** *Leach* is an old word, signifying a physician; and it is now applied to those who undertake the cure of cows and horses, so that in some parts of the kingdom, those doctors and farriers are still called *cow-leaches*, *horse-leaches*, etc.—Whalley.

1. 2. 34. **scourse.** Discourse.

1. 2. 35. **'scourse.** Whalley's note on this in *Bartholomew Fair* 3. 4. p. 337, is as follows: '"Will you *scourse* with him?" *i.e.* "Will you deal with him for his horses?" We usually say horse-courses and horse-coursing; but my learned friend, the editor of Junius, supposes the words should be *horse-coses*, and *horse-cosing*: the verb *cose* was used by the Scots in the sense of bartering or exchanging.' Cunningham: 'Scoursing means *swapping* as well as *discoursing*.'

1. 2. 36. **Smith-veld.** Whalley: 'The "campus planus re et nomine" of Fitz-Stephen, for centuries used as a market for sheep, horses, cattle, and hay.'

1. 2. 37. **Fabians Chronicles.** In 1516, Fabian's *Chronicles* were published as the 'New Chronicles of England and of France.' Scherer also cites among others the Chronicles of Hall, published in 1542, and of Fox, in 1563, with Lanquet's *Epitome of Chronicles*, in 1559. What Puppy really means is 'In the so-called "New Chronicles," which are really very old [1516], nor in any other history that is really more modern.'

1. 2. 39. **For I ought I know.** This passage was corrected in the 1692 edition, the first 'I' being omitted.

1. 2. 41. Note the layman's definition of literature.

1. 2. 43. Scherer points to this line as indicating Jonson's feeling against the law. If this be granted, his feeling for poets and poetry must be put in the same category.

1. 3. 10—15. **Hee'll . . . ever.** Whalley prints this in inverted commas, but he is not followed by later editors.

1. 3. 10. **vace me down.** Put me down by positive assertions. Cf. *Com. of Err.* 3. 1. 6:

> But here's a villain would face me down,
> He met me on the mart.

1. 3. 11. **verse goes upon veete, as you and I doe.** Cunningham: 'When Jonson was setting out to walk to Scotland, Lord Bacon said to him that "he loved not to see Poesy go on other feet than poeticall Dactylus and Spondæus."'

1. 3. 13. **conclude.** Come to a conclusion, deduce; cf. Romans 3. 28: 'Therefore we conclude, that a man is justified by faith.'

1. 3. 14. **The greatest Clarke.** Cf. Heywood, *Prov.* (ed. Sharman, p. 115). Sharman gives as of earlier date: *History of Reynard the Foxe*, 1481: 'Now I here wel, it is trewe that I long syth have redde and herde, that the best clerkes ben not the wysest men.' Cf. Chaucer, *Reeve's Tale*:

> 'The gretteste clerkes been noght the wysest men'
> As whylom to the wolf thus spak the mare.

1. 3. 16. **of.** Concerning.

1. 3. 17—18. **no greene thing afore the Doore.** In Bœotia the door of the house was decked for a wedding with festoons of ivy and bay.—Wood, *The Wedding-Day in all Countries* 1. 37. Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost* 1. 2. 90:

> Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers.

1. 3. 22. Rosemary, which was anciently thought to strengthen the memory, was not only carried at funerals, but also worn at weddings. Roger Hacket, in *A Marriage Present* (a curious wedding sermon, 1607), speaks of it: 'The last of the flowers is the rosemary (Rosemarinus, the rosemary, is for married men), the which by name, nature, and continued use, man challengeth as properly belonging to himself. It overtoppeth all the flowers in the garden, boasting man's rule. It helpeth the braine, strengtheneth the memorie, and is very medicinable for the head. Another property of the rosemary is, it affects the hart. Let this Ros Marinus, this flower of men, ensigne of your wisdom, love and loyaltie, be carried not only in your hands, but in your heads and your hearts.'

Perhaps the reason for the use of rosemary is found in Robinson's *Handfull of Pleasant Delites*, 1584 (see Brand, *Pop. Ant.* 2. 119—120):

Rosemarie is for remembrance
Betweene us daie and night,
Wishing that I may alwaies have
You present in my sight.

In Poland and in Sweden the bride carried a bouquet of rosemary (Wood, *op. cit.*). Both rosemary and bays appear to have been gilded on these occasions. So Hacket (Brand 3. 120): 'Smell sweet, O ye flowers, in your native sweetness: be not gilded with the idle art of man.'

Strutt (3. 154), states that 'branches were dipped in gilt, tied to the sleeves of the attendant boys': that rosemary, 'gilded very fair,' was carried in the bride-cup before the bride; and that garlands of wheat, finely gilded, were also used. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, it is asked: 'Were the rosemary branches dipped?'

It would seem, too, that the rosemary used at weddings was previously dipped in scented water. Cf. Dekker's *Wonderful Years*: 'The rosemary that was washt in sweet water to set out the bridall, is now wet in tears to furnish her buriall.'

Parkinson, *Garden of Flowers* (p. 598): 'The bay-leaves are necessary both for civil uses'; and (p. 426): 'Rosemary is almost of as great use as bays . . .: for civil uses, as all doe know, at weddings, funerals, etc., to bestow among friends.'

1. 3. 23. There was anciently a custom at marriages of strewing herbs and flowers, as also rushes, from the house or houses, where persons betrothed resided, to the church. See Herrick's *Hesperides*, p. 129:

Glide by the banks of virgins, then, and passe
The showers of roses, lucky foure-leav'd grasse.

Braithwaite's *Strappado for the Divell*, p. 74:

All haile to Hymen and his marriage day,
Strew rushes, and quickly come away;

Armin's *History of the Two Maids of Moreclacke*, opens thus (preparatory to a wedding): 'Enter a maid *strewing flowers*, and a serving-man perfuming the door.'—Brand 2. 116—118.

1. 3. 24. **You take up 'dority still to vouch against me.** Whalley has the following curious note: 'The word *dority* is here given as a proper name: the folio reads *'dority*, which I suppose is a blunder in the speaker for *authority*; for we have no woman of the name of *Dorothy* either in the *Dramatis Personæ*, or alluded to in any part of the play.'

1. 3. 25. **smocks.** Women.

Authors. Instigators.

1. 3. 28. There is no mention, in the accounts of St. Valentine's day, of decorating the houses. This is evidently another instance of Turfe's tendency to confusion.

1. 3. 34. ***Middlesex* Clowne.** Ray, *Prov.* (Lond. 1818, p. 169): 'Middlesex *clowns*. Because gentry and nobility are respectively observed according to degree, by people far distant from *London*, less regarded by these *Middlesexians* (frequency breeds familiarity) because abounding thereabouts. It is generally true that where the common people are richer, there are they more surly and uncivil: as also where they have less dependence on the gentry, as in places of great trade.'

1. 3. 41—45. The verses here are peculiar, 41 and 43 being of unusual length. Gifford arranged the lines differently (see variants), as is quite justifiable.

1. 3. 49. **Out-cept.** Cunningham: 'Horne Tooke quotes this passage, and describes *outcept* as the imperative of a miscoined verb, whimsically composed of *out* and *capere* instead of *ex* and *capere*. *Diversions of Purley*, 1798, 1. 432. Jonson uses it again in this play, 2. 4. 31, and in *Love's Welcome at Welbeck* (*Works* 8. 121):

> Look not so near, with hope to understand,
> Out-cept, sir, you can read with the left-hand.'

1. 4. 1. **wusse.** See Glossary.

1. 4. 3. **wispes.** Scherer: The wisps of straw were tied gaiter-fashion around the stockings in order to save them.

1. 4. 6. **charges.** Expense. Clay is here playing the gallant. To be ready for the dance which follows a wedding, he wears his shoes and his straw-coloured stockings; to keep

from damaging them, he wears wisps and swathes. His doublet and hose mark the height of fashion.

1. 4. 11. **Sawedge-hose.** See Glossary, and Stubbs, *Anat. of Abuses*, pp. 44—46.

1. 4 17. **and.** Gifford changes this to *an*, meaning 'if.'

1. 4. 17—20. Brand 'gathers' from this passage in *A Tale of a Tub* that it was 'customary for the maidens, *i.e.* bride-maids, on the bridegroom's first appearance in the morning, to present him with a bunch of rosemary bound with ribands.' There is nothing in the text to indicate any special significance in this action, since the friends and the musicians, as well, get 'ribbanding and rosemary.'

1. 4. 19. **Bow-pot.** *NED.*: Bough-pot, a pot or other vessel for holding boughs. Cf. Higins *Junius' Nomenclator* (1588), p. 388: Bough-pots or flower-pots stood in the windows of private houses.

1. 4. 20. **bride-laces, or points.** See Glossary. Brand (2. 130) gives the following facts. In a letter concerning the manner of celebrating the marriage between Sir Philip Herbert and the Lady Susan, is the statement: 'No ceremony was omitted of bridecakes, points, garters and gloves.'

In Davison's *Rhapsody* (Lond. 1890) pp. 12—16, the following occur, in a list of prizes for ladies:

9. A Dozen of Pointes.

You are in every point a lover true,
And therefore fortune gives the *points* to you.

10. A Lace.

Give her the *lace* that loves to be straight-lac'd
So Fortune's little gift is aptly plac'd.

Strutt (3. 154): 'In the account of the marriage ceremony of John Newchombe, it is said that the bride was led to church between two sweet boys, "with *bride-laces* and rosemary tied about their silken sleeves." See also, Dekker's *Honest Whore*, second part, 5. 2: "Looke ye, do you see the *bride-laces that I give at my wedding* will serve to tye rosemary to both your coffins, when you come from hanging."'

1. 4. 22. **and prove a very Mary Anbry i' the business.** Anbry is a corruption of Ambry; Whalley changed the spelling in his edition. Nares: Mary Ambrey was an English heroine, immortalized by her valour at the siege of Ghent in 1584. See Percy's *Reliques* (Lond. 1858) 2. 174 for the ballad composed to her honour. Her name was proverbially applied to women of strength and spirit. Cf. Jonson, *The Fortunate Isles* (*Works* 8. 75); *Epicœne* 4. 1. 418; Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Scornful Lady* 5. 4.

1. 4. 23. **sur'd.** *NED.*: Assured, an obsolete form for *betrothed, affianced.* Cf. Savile, *Tacitus, Agric.* 242: He assured to me his daughter.

1. 4. 24. **on't.** Of it (Abbott 181). Cf. *Tempest* 4. 1. 157: Such stuff as dreams are made on.

1. 4. 27. **fine.** Note the two meanings of *fine* here: first, *fine* = refined, good; secondly, = trim, showy.—Schmidt.

1. 4. 29. **silken.** Dressed in silk.

1. 4. 30. **John Clay, and Cloath-breech for my money.** Gifford: The allusion is to the *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, a humorous tract by Greene. The contending parties in the Dialogue are *Velvet-breeches* and *Cloth-breeches*, the representatives of the court and country. The superiority throughout is given to the latter.

1. 4. 34. **Rosin.** Generic name for minstrel, transferred from the verb *rosin*, to rub the violin-bow with rosin. Father Rosin is the chief minstrel of Highgate and Kentish-Town, and possibly of Tottenham; cf. 5. 9. 13.

1. 4. 39—42. **I'll ha' *Tom Tiler*, . . . And I the jolly Joyner, . . .**

Ile ha' the jovial *Tinker*. In *Tom Tyler and His Wife*, there occur seven songs, all sung by Tom, but as none are to be found in the collections of Elizabethan music, this *Tom Tiler* is probably not a song, but the tune of an old dance. For mention of this, cf. Heywood, *A Woman Killed with Kindness* (Dodsley's *Old Plays*, p. 232):

Nicholas. . . . call for the Cushion-dance.

Roger Brickbat. For my part I like nothing so well as Tom Tyler.

As no allusion is to be found to any 'tune' by the name of *The Jolly Joyner*, and as it is a well known custom of Jonson's to put proper names in italics, the fact that 'Joyner' is in ordinary type points to the fact that Medlay's request is one more display of his ignorance and egotism. To-Pan's calling for a real song, which Medlay's title suggests, adds force to this idea.

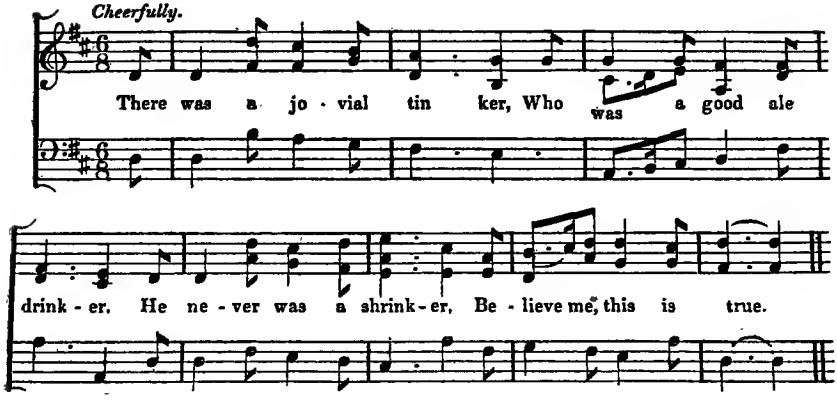
The *Jovial Tinker, or Joan's Ale is New*, was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, 26th Oct., 1594, by John Danter. In the *Douce Collection*, thirteen stanzas are given. Chappell, in his *Popular Music*, gives three. The song was so popular as to bring forth an answer to it. Tinkers were famous for their music. Harsnet, *Declaration of Egregious Impostures*, speaks of one who 'had been allowed for the *master setter of Catches or Roundes used to be sung by Tinkers*, as they sit by the fire.' Cf. also Jonson, *Pan's Anniversary* (*Works* 8. 44): The tinker, I told you of, with his kettle drum before and after, *a master of music.*

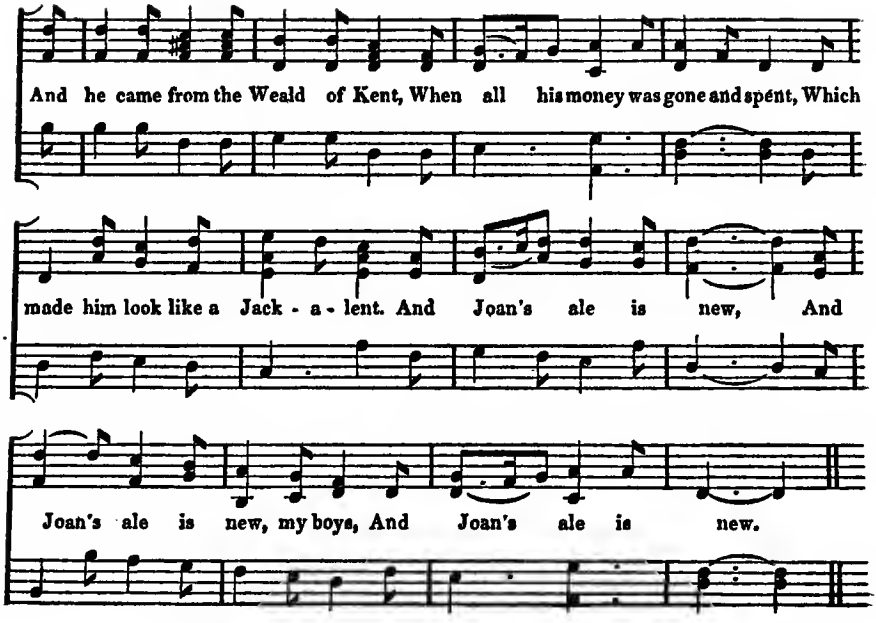
The music and words following are those given in Chappell 1. 188—9:

The song has the following lengthy title: 'Joan's ale is new; or a new merry medley, shewing the power, the strength, the operation, and the virtue that remains in good ale, which is accounted the mother-drink of England.'

All you that do this merry ditty view,
Taste of Joan's ale, for it is strong and new, &c.

'To a pleasant new Northern tune.'





The Tinker he did settle
Mostlike a man of mettle,
And vow'd to pawn his kettle;
Now mark what did ensue:
His neighbours they flock in apace,
To see Tom Tinker's comely face,
Where they drank soundly for a space,
Whilst Joan's ale, etc.

The cobbler and the broom-man
Came up into the room, man,
And they said they would drink for boon, man,
Let each one take his due!
But when the liquor good they found,
They cast their caps upon the ground,
And so the tinker he drank round,
Whilst Joan's ale, etc.

1. 4. 44. **There's another reading now.** Note Scriben's clerkly tendency to annotation.

1. 4. 50. **noises.** Gifford (*Works* 3. 388, *note*): This term, which occurs perpetually in our old dramatists, means a *company* or *concert*. In Jonson's days they sedulously attended taverns, ordinaries, etc., and seem to have been importunate for admission to the guests. They usually consisted of three, and took their name from the leader of their little band. Thus we hear of 'Mr. Sneak's *noise*,' 'Mr. Creak's *noise*,' and, in Cartwright, of 'Mr. Spindle's *noise*.' These names are probably the invention of Shakespeare, and the rest; but they prove the existence of the custom. When this term went out of use, I cannot tell; but it was familiar in Dryden's time, who has it in his *Wild Gallant*, and elsewhere. Cf. 'I hear him coming, and a whole *noise* of fidlers at his heels. *Maiden Queen*.'

1. 4. 53. **hir Majesties person.** It is to be noted that whenever the word is seriously meant, it is *her* majesty. Cf. 'Queenes Dominione' 1. 7. 22.

1. 5. 1. **prevent.** From the Latin form *prævenire*, to go before, anticipate. Cf. *Julius Cæsar* 5. 1. 103-106:

> I know not how,
> But I do find it cowardly and vile,
> For fear of what might fall, so to *prevent*
> The time of life.

Hamlet 2. 2. 305:

> So shall my anticipation *prevent* your discovery.

1. 5. 22. **Knot-headed.** Gifford changes this to *Nott-headed*. On this change, Cunningham has the following: 'The folio (the only authority) reads *Knot-headed*, and I cannot conceive why it is changed. Jonson uses it again in the *News from the New World*, vol. xii, p. 344, "Male and female the same, *not heads* and broad hats," and Gifford then explains it to be "closely shorn or polled."

'*Nott-headed* means *closely cropped* (from OE. *knot* = shorn): but *knot-headed* would mean *thick-headed*, from the

hardness and thickness of knots in wood. It seems probable that the word *nott-headed*, though in common use (cf. 1 *Henry IV* 2. 4, and *Wid. Tears*, O. Pl. 6. 150), was misunderstood (its origin being obscure) and was supposed to be *knot-headed*. In this case, Jonson may have meant just what he wrote.'

1. 5. 25. **Beetle.** Note the play on 'beetle.'

1. 5. 27. **carry it.** Execute it. Cf. *Henry VIII* 1. 2. 134: He'll carry it so to make the sceptre his; *King Lear* 5. 3. 37: Carry it so as I have set it down.

1. 5. 28. ***ad unguem.*** Horace, *Ars Poetica* 290—294, has the following:

> Vos, O
> Pompilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite quod non
> Multa dies et multa litura coërcuit atque
> Præsectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.

It is to be doubted, however, whether, for all Jonson's knowledge of Horace, this was not taken from Lily's *Grammaticus Rudimenta*, a reminiscence of the verses at the end of the grammar, entitled *Gulielmi Lilii ad sous Discipulos Pædagogica, seu Carmen de Moribus.* *Ad unguem* here occurs in the line:

> Et quæcunque mihi reddis, discantur ad unguem.

The reference to Lily's grammar in 3. 7. 72, as well as the note on a similar passage in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Furness' Variorum, p. 221, point to the latter idea. Lily's grammar was first printed in 1527, as a part of Colet's *Æditio*, and was undoubtedly the school textbook of the Elizabethan dramatists.

1. 5. 29. **Hee is a pretty fellow.** *NED.*: Pretty, a general epithet of admiration, meaning, when applied to persons, having the proper appearance or qualities of a man. It was conventionally applied to soldiers, brave, warlike. Cf. Bp. Guthrie *Mem.* p. 28: If it had not been that the said Francis with the help of two pretty men that attended him, rescued him out of their barbarous hands, etc.

1. 5. 30. **I love not to keep shadowes, or halfe-wits.** *Shadowes* was an Elizabethan term applied to actors in a play, signifying a comparison of portraits with realities. Cf. *M.N.D.* 5. 1. 430:

If we *shadows* have offended.
Think but this and all is mended.

It was also used to signify an attenuated form (*NED.*); cf. Kyngesmill, *Godly Adv.* 13: 'Least instead of a man, ye find but the shadow.'

The meaning here is, then, I love not to keep feeble or stupid men.

1. 5. 32. **A king ride forth in state.** Whalley: Our old chronicles and historians are very large in their descriptions of such pageants: and Stow, in his *Survey*, gives us many instances of the sovereigns riding 'in great state thro' the city, attended by his guards and nobles.'

1. 5. 35. **Messengers o' the Chamber.** 'The messengers or warrant-servers of various courts were called "pursuivants," and, like the pursuivants of the Heralds' College, wore official tabards. In this play, Preamble's clerk, Miles Metaphor, borrows a pursuivant's tabard, and, thus disguised, makes a pretended arrest,' 2. 5. 5, I' the Queenes Majesties name, and all the Councels. In this capacity, he is called, repeatedly, a pursuivant, or a pursuivant at arms; but nothing in the play indicates that he was pretending to be an officer of the Heralds' College.—Nason, *Heralds and Heraldry in Jonson's Plays*, p. 124.

1. 5. 36—38. **a Dragon, and a Grey-hound,** etc. Gifford: Henry VII, a prince of the house of Tudor, in memory of their descent from Cadwallader, gave from his first accession, the red or rouge *dragon* (when he also constituted Rouge Dragon pursuivants), for the dexter supporter of his arms, with the *greyhound* of the house of York on the left. Nason, *Heralds and Heraldry in Jonson's Plays* (p. 125), says of this: 'This note of Gifford's leaves the impression that the messengers described by Metaphor bore on their official coats the royal supporters used by King Henry VII. I am not prepared to offer an alternative explanation; but I cannot believe that Gifford's implied interpretation is correct. In the first place, if these messengers wore the *royal* arms upon their tabards, as pursuivants of the king, their tabards would not be referred to as "*minor* coats." In the second place, the royal arms in

the reign of King Edward VI did not have the same supporters as the royal arms of Henry VII. Boutell and Aveling give the supporters of the Tudor and Stuart sovereigns thus:—

"Henry VII: A dragon gu., and a greyhound arg., or two greyhounds arg.; also a lion or, and a dragon gu.

Henry VIII: A lion or, and a dragon gu., and sometimes a bull, a greyhound, or a cock, all argent.

Edward VI: A lion or, and a dragon gu.

Mary and Elizabeth: A lion or, and a dragon gu., or a greyhound arg.

James I first bore two lions; secondly, two unicorns; and afterwards a lion or, for England, and a unicorn arg., for Scotland. The supporters of the Royal shield of England have remained unchanged since the time of James I."

'According to this list' [Nason continues] 'the dragon and the greyhound have not been used *together* as supporters of the royal arms since the reign of Henry VII. Since that reign, one of the supporters has always been a lion. As I said above, I am not prepared to offer an explanation of this passage; but as for Gifford's explanation,—I doubt.'

The explanation is, perhaps, to be found in the fact that Jonson is not writing for heraldry in his own scholastic and exact person, but that Metaphor is speaking, and that Metaphor is an inexact, time-serving, conscienceless person, who plays with words and ideas. In this instance, neither Preamble nor Hugh would trouble to correct him. As with the title 'pursuivant' and the whole disguise, nothing of any seriousness is considered.

1. 5. 41. **badge.** *NED.*: A distinctive device, emblem or mark, used originally to identify a knight or distinguish his followers.

1. 5. 49. **Insinuate with.** To make favour. Cf. *Venus and Adonis* 1012: With death she humbly doth insinuate; *As You Like It*, Ep. 8—9: What a case am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor can insinuate with you in behalf of a good play; *Rich. III* 1. 4. 152: He would insinuate with you but to make you sigh.

1. 5. 54. **diviner.** *NED.*: *Obs.* A wise man or sage.

1. 5. 54. **Counsell.** Councelor. *NED.*: For counselor; **Diviner counsell** = our prime learned Counsell.

1. 5. 59. **spraying of a point of Matrimony.** All editors avoid commenting on this phrase. In the absence of help from the *New English Dictionary* on the word *spraying*, I find no solution.

1. 5. 66. **Stepping ore the stile.** Heywood has a proverb that this remark may be derived from (Sharman, p. 166): You would be over the stile ere you come to it. Gascoigne, *Works* 1. 215 has: You would fain leap over the stile before you come to the hedge. But Ray gives: To leap over the hedge before you come to the stile.

1. 5. 69—70. **not a drop of salt! Or Peeter in her.** Whalley: The quibble, such as it is, may possibly escape the reader; we must let him know then, he means she had nothing of her husband's temper, who was Sir Peter Tub.

1. 6. 4. **I doe mean to be**
Some-bodies Valentine. Cf. note on 1. 1. 1.

1. 6. 14. The printing of this line in the folio seems to indicate that some change had been made in it.

1. 6. 16. **Polcat.** Applied contemptuously.

1. 6. 21. **Full-mart.** Whalley: One of the names for a pole-cat. Cunningham: The beast is hardly known by any other name in Scotland.

1. 6. 26. **Without a reverence.** Without an apology; cf. *Rom. and Jul.* 1. 4. 42. Gifford: 'An allusion to the good old custom of apologizing for the introduction of a free expression, by bowing to the principal person in the company, and saying,—Sir, *with reverence*, or, Sir, *reverence*. There is much filthy stuff on this simple interjection (of which neither Stevens nor Malone appears to have known the import) in the notes to *Romeo and Juliet*.' See note on 3. 5. 42.

Whalley calls attention to the fact that 'the text is given very oddly; part of it is got into the margin and the verses are disjointed.' For his rearrangement, which has since been followed, see Textual Notes.

1. 6. 27. **condemn'd.** Doomed.

1. 6. 32. **Fore-man.** Most important, most prominent servant.

1. 6. 52. **Wispe.** A *wisp*, or small twist of straw or hay, was often applied as a mark of approbrium to an immodest woman, a scold, or similar offenders.—Nares. The name is here, as is usual with Jonson, of especial significance.

1. 6. 54. **bought with pain.** Whalley changes 'bought' to 'brought,' Gifford changes back to 'bought,' and later editors follow him. The sense is, of course, the same in either case. 'Bought' is, perhaps, more in keeping with Lady Tub's *nouveau riche* type of character.

1. 6. 57. **Out-fitting.** Exceeding the quality of jealousy befitting mothers. A combination with *oũt* that Jonson is fond of. See note on 1. 3. 49.

1. 7. 8—15. These sentiments from Lady Tub, taken with the rest of her speech, characterize her as a Puritan of the type Jonson so often brings into his plays. With reference to Bishop Valentine, see note on 1. 1. 1.

1. 7. 22. **Within the Queenes Dominion.** Cunningham: 'This does not read as if written when Charles had been king eight years.' Cf. 'The Date of the Play,' Introduction to this edition.

1. 7. 31—32. **Citie Ladies . . . Countri-Madams.** A possible allusion to Massinger's *City Madam.*

1. 7. 33. **dispense.** Relax the law a little. The ecclesiastical sense of the word is a reflection of the Puritanical speech in lines 8—15 of this scene.

1. 7. 36. **jealous of them.** Whalley: I have inserted *too*, which helps out the measure, and makes the sentiment rather clearer than before.

1. 7. 44—45. These lines, with those of 4. 2. 10—11, form the sole examples of deep, haunting thought in the play.

ACT II

2. 1. 1. **the better leg avore.** A proverbial saying. Cf. *King John* 4. 2. 170: 'the better leg before,' and *Tit.* 2. 3. 192. *NED.*: To put (set) one's best leg foremost = to go

one's best pace. Cf. Tomson, *Calvin's Serm. Tim.* 17/2: 'They . . . set the better legge before.'—Scherer.

2. 1. 4. **a man ha' his houre, and a dog his day.** The second part seems chiefly to be the current proverb. Cf. Heywood, *Prov.* 1. 36; *Summer's Last Will and Testament* (Dodsley-Hazlitt 8. 43); *Hamlet* 5. 1. 315, etc. Hazlitt, *Prov.* p. 10, states also that the Essex folks add, 'and a cat has two Sundays.'—Scherer.

2. 1. 7—8. The rhyming couplet, which Jonson occasionally uses, adds an interesting effect of sprightliness.

2. 1. 8. **Wedding, and hanging, both goe at a rate.** Heywood, *Prov.* p. 15: 'Wedding is destiny, and hanging likewise.' An earlier mention of the saying 'Hanging and wiving go by destiny' is found in the *Schole-hous for Women*, 1541. In 1558, a ballad was licensed with the title, 'The Proverbe is true y^t^ Weddynge is destinyē.' Cf. *Tom Tyler and His Wife* (*Anonymous Old Plays, E. E. Dramatists* p. 293):

> The proverb reporteth, no man can deny,
> That wedding and hanging is destiny.

2. 1. 10. **to hit The naile o' the head.** *Rem acu tetigisti.* —*Plautus.* Title of a lost drama mentioned in the play of *Sir Thomas More* (circa 1590):

> The common proverb, as it is read,
> That we should hit the nayle o' the head,
> Without the Blacksmith cannot be said,
> Which nobody can deny.—*Wit Restor'd*, 1658.

In *Sir Eger*, Hazlitt's *Pop. Scot. Poetry* 2. 149, we have: 'I strake the nail upon the head.'—Hazlitt, *Eng. Prov.* (Lond. 1907) p. 478.

2. 1. 11. **a more.** Greater.

2. 1. 15. Bridemaids and the bridegroom men are both mentioned in *Antiquitat. Convivial.* fol. 68. In England, their use goes back to Anglo-Saxon times, when, as Strutt says, 'the bride was led by a matron, who was called the bride's woman, followed by a company of young maidens, who were

called the bride's maids.' Strutt (3. 154) cites the account of the wedding of John Newchombe, which speaking of his bride, says that, 'after hee, came the chiefest maidens of the country, some bearing bridecakes, and some garlands made of wheat finely gilded, and so passed to church.'—Brand 2. 113—4.

2. 1. 17. **none sweet *Sybil*: none of that geare.** Gifford prints all this in italics.

2. 1. 18. **lick zalt.** Salt is expensive, costly. Therefore, *lick salt* = consume money. In Lincolnshire, there is the saying, 'Meat is at a salt price' (Wright, *E. D. D.*). In Central Africa the natives will give things of value for a spoonful of salt.

2. 1. 24. **Hum drum.** Schmidt: *To cry hum* = to betray deliberation or indignation. *NED.*: *Humdrum* is found about 1550, apparently a reduplication of *hum*, the verb. It is doubtful whether the second element had any distinct connection with *drum*, the substantive.

It is worthy of note that Ben Jonson, in *Every Man in His Humour* (1. 1. 9—10), spells the word with a hyphen, and applies it to a routine character, as meaning a dull, monotonous, commonplace fellow.

2. 1. 26. **veare his stake.** Fear to get a return for his gift. Cf. the country marriage in Charles Sorel's *Francion*, where the bridal pair weep because the wedding-feast has cost more than the value of the gifts received.

2. 1. 27. **true as a Gun.** Cf. 'right as a gun' (Fletcher, *Prophetess* 1. 3), = right beyond all question.

2. 1. 37. **traines of Kent.** Gifford and Scherer think this a play upon the old proverb, 'Kentish long-tails.' The more natural explanation is that it means, 'I love no trains, whether of Kent, or of any place in Christendom.' The emphasis is, of course on 'train,' a customary expression for 'following.' The reference to Kent forms a part of the time-setting of the play. In February, 1554, Queen Mary's intended marriage with Philip of Spain brought about the rebellion of Wyatt and the men of Kent, which nearly cost the Princess Elizabeth her life. After this, trains of Kent would have no pleasant associations for Queen Elizabeth's subjects.

See also, *Queen Elizabeth's Progresses* 1. 7, and Ranke, *Hist. of Eng.* 1. 198, 222.

2. 1. 44. **Mr. Turfe.** It is to be noted that Dame Turfe, in calmness, always addresses her husband as 'Master.' Only in times of stress does she drop into the familiar terms of 'Husband,' etc. So, on his side, it is in a time of distress or of wrath that he calls her 'Sybil.'

2. 1. 45. **Clod.** Blockhead, or lump of clay; therefore, unfeeling. Cf. *Volpone* 3. 1. 225. 'Not bred 'mongst clods and clodpoles, here on earth.'

2. 1. 49. **the great Feates, and the lesse.** The artists and the lesser players.

2. 1. 52. **Dance ore the fields like Faies.** Whalley, commenting on the 1716 change of *Faies* to *fairies*, has the following note: '*Faies* is the more grotesque expression, and *fairies* spoils the measure of the verse. What follows in the next line,

I'll ha' no rondels, I, *i' the queen's paths*,

alludes to rings or circles made in the grass, as the country superstition used to say, by the dancing of *fairies*.'

2. 1. 56. *Ite.* Whalley: 'It does not appear who this speaker is, for the initial letters *Ite.* are applicable to none now on the stage. I have therefore given it to *Clench*, as the error was easy from the similitude of those letters to *Cle.*'

2. 2. 4—5. **young Clowne: Your answer savours of the Cart.** Your reply shows you to be boorish.

2. 2. 9. **snorle this way.** Cunningham: The words are addressed to Puppy, so *snorle* may be taken as synonymous for *snarl.*

2. 2. 11. **Costard.** *NED.*: A kind of apple of large size. Applied humorously or derisively to the head. Cf. Udall, *Royster D.* 3. 5. (Arb.): 'I knocke your costarde if ye offer to strike me'; *Lear* 4. 6. 240: 'Ice try whither your costard or my ballow be the harder.'

2. 2. 14. **I will not bate him an ace.** I will not 'let up on him' a jot.

2. 2. 15. **Maple-face.** Gifford: 'A term of contempt, of which the precise import is not known. Mr. Malone thinks it alludes to the rough bark of the maple. It may be so: though I suspect it rather refers to colour, and means tann'd or sun-burnt.' Cunningham comments on this, but thinks it is applied to one whose face is disfigured with scars of the small-pox. *NED.* defines it as 'spotted-face.'

2. 2. 18. **Pannyer-hilt poinard.** The situation here is interesting. Puppy, not knowing Hilts in his disguise, uses the word 'Pannyer-hilt' which is the same as 'Basket-hilt'; and, moreover, speaks of the group of friends, of whom he is evidently the youngest, as 'youth.'

2. 2. 23—4. **till this Ash-plant Had rung noone o' your pate.** Gifford: 'This is a proverbial allusion to the custom of *striking the dresser* as a signal for dinner, which was served up at noon. The notices of this practice are innumerable.'

2. 2. 27. **For the passion of man.** Used for 'Passion of God.' The statute 3 James I, Chr. 21, 1605—06, reads as follows: '*An Act to Restrain the Abuses of Players*: For the preventing and avoiding of the great abuse of the Holy name of God in stage-plays, enterludes, may-games, shews, and such like; (2) be it enacted by our sovereign lord the King's majesty, and by the lords spiritual and temporal, and the commons in this present parlement assembled, and by the authority of the same, That if at any time or times after the end of this present session of parliament any person or persons do or shall in any stage play, enterlude, shew, may-game or pageant, jestingly or profanely speak or use the holy name of God, or of Christ Jesus, or of the Holy Ghost, or of the Trinity, which are not to be spoken of but with fear and reverence, shall forfeit for every such offence by him or them committed, ten pounds: (3) the one moiety thereof to the Kings majesty, his heirs and successors, the other moiety thereof to him or them that will sue for the same in any court of record at Westminster, wherein no essoin, protection or wager of law shall be allowed.'

2. 2. 34. **Good-man.** *NED.*: 'Prefixed to names of persons under the rank of gentlemen, especially yeomen and farmers. Also in ironical use. Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost* 4. 2. 37:

'Dictissima, goodman Dull.' And *Dick of Devon* 2. 4. 1: 'Pray (goodman rascal) how long have you and he been brothers.'

2. 2. 35. **for fault.** Abbott: 'For (in opposition to): hence "to prevent." "For fault," therefore, means to prevent trouble.

Cf. Chaucer, *Sir Thopas*:

> And over that an habergeon *for* percing of his harte.

And *The Alchemist* 5. 3:

> *Love.* Is there an officer there?
> *Off.* Yes, two or three *for* failing.

Shakespeare, *Sonnet* 52:

> The which he will not every hour survey
> *For* blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.

Beaumont and F.:

> We'll have a bib *for* spoiling thy doublet.'

2. 2. 38. **lie by the heels.** This expression dates back to *Hickscorner*.

2. 2. 43. **Bun.** Equivalent to *bunny*.

2. 2. 44. **revise my Mr.** Make him reconsider his decision.

2. 2. 46. **Dame. Mrs. Awdrey.** Dame, Mistress Awdrey, also revise him.

2. 2. 46. **I shall break the Bride-cake else.** Brand: 'The ceremony used at the solemnization of a marriage was called *confarreation*, in token of a most firm conjunction between the man and the wife, with a cake of *wheat* or *barley*. This, Blount tells us, is still retained in part with us, by that which is called the bridecake used at weddings. The cake was carried before the bride to the church. "When the brides comes from church" Moffett (*Health's Improvement* p. 218) says, "the English are wont to cast wheat upon her head." Sometimes the cake was cut into little square pieces, thrown over the bridegroom's and bride's heads and then put through the ring. Sometimes it was broken over the bride's head, and then thrown away among the crowd to be scrambled for.'

2. 2. 51. **To carry a tongue in his head.** Wright gives 'to have a tongue in one's head' as a dialectical phrase = to have the power of scolding. Here the meaning seems to be, 'I'll teach him to be polite.'

2. 2. 62. **You'll clap a dog of waxe as soone, old Blurt.** Cunningham: 'I cannot see why the simple phrase "Old Blurt," should be an allusion to Middleton's Play, when the old saying of "Blurt Master Constable" was familiar in men's mouths before either Jonson or Middleton was born. It seems to have meant "a fig for the constable," and I find that Cotgrave translates "*Nargues*, tush, *blurt*, pish, fie, it cannot be so."'

"A 'dog of waxe' also requires a note. In *Philaster* (Dyce's *Beaumont and Fletcher* 1. 218), we have:

> *Meg.* O! tis a prince of wax!
> *Gal.* A dog it is!

And in *Romeo and Juliet* 1. 2, the Nurse says:—

> A man, young lady! lady, such a man
> As all the world——Why he's a man of wax!

Cock o' wax (in the degraded form of *cockywax*) is still a common term among schoolboys. But *dog o' wax* seems to have been a more honourable term than any of them."

2. 2. 70. **Che vore 'hun.** In Furness' Variorum edition of *King Lear*, there is the following note on this expression (4. 6. 246, p. 291): '*Che vor' ye.* Jonson: I warn you. Wright: Capell quotes from an old comedy called *The Contention between Liberality and Prodigality* (1602): "You by gisse sir tis high time che vore ye Cham averd another will ha'te afore me."'

2. 2. 74. **courtesie o' the hundred.** A laugh at the aristocracy.

2. 2. 76. **Mass: Constable.** The 1792 edition, followed by the later ones, print this *Mass Constable.* Wilke, *Metrische Untersuchungen zu Ben Jonson* p. 5, notes the use of the

shortened form *mas* for *master* in *Volpone* 2. 1. 199: 'Is *Mass' Stone* dead!'; *Magnetic Lady* 3. 1. 51: 'Sweet Mas' *Needle*'; *Staple of News* 2. 1. 205: 'And you Mas. *Broker* shall have a feeling'; 2. 1. 213: 'But *Mas Broker*, here'; and thinks this argues a one-syllabled pronunciation of this word. However this may be, the passages in these other plays would seem to prove conclusively that the word as used here is equivalent to *Master*, and to the *Don* used in line 91. The other meaning to be gathered from the punctuation, 'Mass': = 'By the Mass,' is not in accord with the thought.

2. 2. 84. **It skils not much.** Gifford: 'It matters not, it is of no consequence, etc. So in the *Poetaster*: Give him what thou hast, though it lack a shilling or two of the sum, it *skills not.*'

2. 2. 87—89. **Some mile o' this Towne, . . . most sufficiently.** The 1716 edition omits the 'most' before 'sufficiently.' Whalley restores 'the most,' and introduces 'we' before 'were.' Commenting on this, he says: 'In the first and third of these verses a syllable is wanting; I have supplied them by conjecture, as they stand in the text, and have likewise the concurrence of the folio in 1640, for reading *most sufficiently.*' Gifford omits the *we*, and, in its place, introduces a bracketed *west* before *mile.* Regarding this, Cunningham says, 'I cannot see the slightest need of interpolating a word here. And all Hilts' hearers knew the direction he came from without being told.' [To be accurate, the direction was southwest.] Later editions follow Gifford's reading.

2. 2. 93. **at your apperill.** Cf. *The Devil is an Ass* 5. 3. 130; *Magnetic Lady* 5. 6. 109. Gifford cites also *Timon of Athens* 1. 2. 32, and speaks with much bitterness of Steevens', Malone's, and Ritson's display of their ignorance of Jonson's plays, in connection with their note on this phrase in *Timon.*

2. 2. 94. **Hue and Cry.** *NED.*: An outcry calling for the pursuit of a felon, raised by the party aggrieved, by a constable, etc.

2. 2. 98. **Fortune mend me.** God mend me. Cf. *As*

You Like It 4. 1. 193: And so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths; and *Cymbeline* 5. 5. 68: Heaven mend all!

2. 2. 106. **Pancridge me no Pancridge.** The formation of a new verb recalls *Rich. II* 2. 3. 85:

Grace me no grace, nor *uncle* me no uncles.

And *R. and J.* 3. 5. 153:

Thank me no thankings, nor *proud* me no prouds.

2. 2. 107. **Your Cap be of wooll.** Nares calls attention to the statute, 13 Elizabeth (1571), C. 19, enforcing the wearing of woollen caps. The statute is as follows: 'Every person above the age of seven years shall wear upon the sabbath and holy day (unless in the time of travels out of their towns, hamlet, etc.) upon their head, a cap of wool knit, thicked and dressed in England, made within this realm, and only dressed and finished by some of the trades of cappers, upon pain to forfeit . . . except maids, ladies, gentlewomen, noble personages and every lord, knight and gentleman of twenty marks land and their heirs,' etc.

Nares says further that there was a song whose burden was this phrase, and quotes this passage as an allusion to it. The 'cap of wool' seems to have been considered as a peculiar mark of a citizen; probably higher ranks wore no caps at all. Cf. Marston, *Dutch Courtezan*: 'Though my husband be a citizen and *his cap's made of wool*, yet I have wit.' And *Love's Labour's Lost* 5. 2. 281: 'Well, better wits have worn *plain statute caps.*'

2. 2. 110. **Odd pretious, woman.** Whalley: 'The speaker's name is wanting; it appears that old *Turfe* is the person to whom the speech belongs, and I have set his name at the beginning of it.' *NED.*: '*Odd* is a minced form of God which came into vogue about 1600, to avoid overt profanation of sacred names.'

2. 2. 111. **mind your pigs o' the spit at home.** Mind your own business.

2. 2. 112. **Have Ore in every thing.** Heywood, *Proverbs*, chap. 10 (ed. Sharman, p. 40): 'Have an oar in every man's barge.' Somewhat earlier, the proverb is found in

a ballad entitled *Long have I bene a singing man*, by John Redford, circa 1540.

2. 2. 118. **Be nere the nere.** See also Epilogue 1. 16. *NED.*: 'A common phrase, 1560—1625. Never the nearer to one's purpose or aim.'

2. 2. 120—128. The description of the person present as he now is, and not as he was on the road, is clever, the more so that it emphasizes the stupidity of the listeners, since no one discovers the error.

2. 2. 123. **swad.** Cunningham: 'A rude clown, a rustic. Lyly uses the word in *Midas* 4. 3, "I'll warrant that was devised by some country *swad*."'

2. 2. 129. **be nought.** Gifford, in a note on 'be curst,' in *Bartholomew Fair* (*Works* 4. 398), takes up the discussion of the phrase 'be nought,' as found in *As You Like It* 1. 1. 37, 'Marry, sir, be better employed, and *be naught* awhile,' opposing Johnson, Steevens, and Malone, and agreeing with Warburton that it was 'a proverbial curse, equivalent to "a mischief on you!"' *NED.* says: 'Be *nought*; Found only in the imperative. Equivalent to "Be silent, keep quiet."' Obs. This definition gives a clearer meaning to the following examples of its use, which Gifford quotes:

Storie of K. Darius:

Come away, and *be naught a whyle.*

Swetnam:

Get you both in, and *be naught awhile*!

2. 2. 136. **out at washing.** Scherer quotes Nares on the phrase 'to give the head for washing,' meaning to submit to overbearing insult, as a possible explanation of this passage. It is impossible to accept this meaning, since it raises difficulties which do not exist. When you send your clothes to be washed, you have to get along without them for the time. Clay had not the use of his eyes; had he sent them out to wash?

2. 2. 139. **tell troth, and shame the Divell.** Cf. *1 Henry IV* 3. 1. 57:

While you live, tell truth and shame the devil!

The expression is also found in Rabelais, *Works*, Author's Prologue to the Fifth Book :

Speak the truth and shame the Devil.

2. 2. 144. **Hare the poor fellow out on his five wits.** Cunningham : 'The very idea of a hare is associated with scaring and confusion. Clarendon speaks of some "poor creature" being "hared by the council of officers."'

2. 2. 146. **guilty from.** *NED.* : 'Guiltless from. The construction with *from* is obsolete. (1382) Wyclif, Matt. 27. 24 : "I am innocent or giltlesse, fro the blood of this just man."'

2. 3. 3. **cold.** Coldly, soberly, seriously.—Halliwell.

2. 3. 11. **you are a sawcy Puppy.** Gifford : 'Awdrey's indignation arises from the equivocal use of the word done. Her affectation of delicacy amidst her real grossness is well marked.'

2. 3. 23. **to jeere one.** Abbott 200 : 'The preposition is omitted after some verbs which can easily be regarded as transitive. Thus if we can say "plot my death," there is little difficulty in the license.

Cf. *Rich. III* 3. 4. 62 :

They do *conspire* (for) my death.

R. of Lucrece 1839 :

And his physicians *fear* (for) *him* mightily.

Rich. II 3. 2. 163 :

Scoffing (at) his state.'

2. 3. 36. **Here was no subtile device to get a wench.** Whalley : 'The negative in this line means just the reverse of what it stands for, and that the device was extremely subtile ; and it is so used by our author's contemporaries. So in Shakespeare :

Here's no knavery.—*Taming of the Shrew* 1. 6.'

Cunningham : 'This form of speech is used in the same ironical way by Shakespeare :

Now what a thing it is to be an ass !
Here's no fond jest !—*Tit. And.* 4. 2.'

2. 3. 40. **Wee rob'd in Saint John's wood? I' my tother hose!** The phrase 'I' my tother hose!' has evidently some such ironical meaning as is conveyed by the modern phrases 'in my eye,' 'or 'over the left,' or 'not on your life.' Hilts seems to say, in substance:—'I told you I served Capt. Thums, and had been robbed in St. John's wood. Had I really been? Well, I guess not!'

2. 3. 41. **what a fine fooles finger they have.** Scherer quotes *NED.* on the phrase, 'To have a fine finger' = to be apt at fingering bribes. This seems not to be the meaning here. The thought is really: 'What a cat's paw they have made of this wise constable in pointing out this fictitious person to his neighbours.'

2. 3. 47. **I' the nick.** See also 4. 2. 34—35 = 'In the nick of time.'

2. 4. 9. **Bungy's dog.** The historical Friar Bungay was a distinguished scholar who studied and taught in Oxford in the thirteenth century. He was associated with Friar Bacon, another of the same group, in carrying on researches in so-called physical science. These men, like Cornelius Agrippa in Germany, 'were supposed to have supernatural powers, and much legendary lore about them has come down to us.' One of these legends converted the favourite black dog of Agrippa, which attended him in his closing days, into a familiar spirit. It seems likely that from this legend arose that of Bungy's dog, a *familiar* by whose diabolical agency various deeds were effected. Cf. Ward's notes on *Dr. Faustus* and *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, pp. ix, xix ff., 114, 194, and Morley's *History of Cornelius Agrippa* 2. 318—9.

Spaniel. Because of a docile, timid, affectionate disposition.

2. 4. 10. **And scarce be spit i' the mouth for't.** Probably not, as Scherer thinks, from the proverb, 'Spit in his mouth and make him a mastiff.' Hilts is merely continuing his former sentence. He means: 'A man must carry and fetch like Bungy's dog for you, and scarce get as much reward as to have you spit in his mouth.'

2. 4. 11. **A good Dog Deserves, Sir, a good bone.** Hazlitt, p. 16.

2. 4. 12—13. **the divell a bit . . . ere a Lard of you.** Cf. Cunningham comments on the change to 'laird' introduced by Gifford: 'Laird is peculiar to Scotland, and altogether out of place in the mouth of Basket Hilts, of Totten Court, Middlesex.'

2. 4. 14—16. **Like will to like. . . . Of butter'd vish.** These lines, of the type used in early English plays, as Collier first noted, might well be printed as follows:

'Like will to like'
Quoth the scab'd Squire
To th' mangy Knight,
When both met in a dish
Of butter'd fish.

Hazlitt, p. 297, thinks that 'like to like' is the genuine form of the 'like will to like' found in Heywood. Gascoigne quotes it without further addition in his *Complaynt of Philomene*, written at intervals between 1562 and 1575. Cf. also *pares cum paribus*, of which the other forms are variations, and see Ulpian Fulwell's *Drama*: 'Like will to like, quoth the devil to the collier.'

Hazlitt gives '*over* a dish,' in place of 'in,' in our proverb.

For this expression cf. Dodsley-Hazlitt, *Old Plays* 3. 307, 330, 338. Cf. also 'A scald horse for a scabbed squire.'—Heywood.

2. 4. 17. **not a barrell better Hering.** Heywood, *Prov.* (ed. Sharman, p. 172), in a note on 'In neither barrel better herring,' says: 'An elliptical way of saying that no one barrel contains herrings better than another. An early instance of its use occurs in a work of Bishop Bale, *Kynge John*: "Lyke Lord, lyke chaplaine, neyther barrel better herynge." Again in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* 1621: "Begin where you will, you shall find them all alike, never a barrell the better herring."'

2. 4. 18. **grow not fram-pull now.** There are a Lord and two Lady Frampuls in *The New Inn.* One of the three,

not disguised, typifies the meaning of the word, given by *NED.* as *sour-tempered, cross, disagreeable.* The word is of obscure origin; and it is doubtful which of the many divergent forms is the earliest. Cunningham gives examples of its use in *Merry Wives of W.* 2. 2. 88: 'He is a very jealousy man, she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart'; *Wit at Several Weapons* (Beaumont and Fletcher, ed. Dyce, 4. 54): 'Is Pompey grown so malapert, so frampel'; *Two Noble Kinsmen* (*ibid.* 11. 386):

> Now, when the credit of our town lay on it,
> Now to be frampal.

2. 4. 19. **Turne not the bad Cow, after thy good soape.** This is evidently a proverbial expression; I am not quite sure that I understand it; unless it refers to the custom in some countries of using *cow-dung* as a succedaneum for *soap.* —Gifford. Gifford's explanation is surely something more than far-fetched. Is it not more likely to refer to a cow with dirty feet getting among the newly washed clothes spread out to dry upon the green?—Cunningham. Cunningham's explanation seems a little more impossible than Gifford's. Halliwell and Wright both give, as a meaning for *soap* (*dial.*), 'a sup, a gulp, or a moderate quantity of any liquid.' The proverb then reads, 'Turn not the bad cow after thy good drink'; and its application to Hilts is in the idea that, having helped Tub thus far, he should not spoil things by getting cross now.

2. 4. 29. **a few more geances on't.** Whalley: Jaunts or errands.

2. 4. 31. **Out-cept.** See note on 1. 3. 49.

2. 4. 33. **irke.** Cunningham: 'As Nares says, this word has ceased to be current, and is preserved chiefly by being known in schools as the conventional translation of *tædet.* I find it in one of Queen Elizabeth's letters to James VI (C. S. p. 169), "And well it were if that were all. I *irke* that my pen should write the rest." Here there is no mistake about Her Grace's meaning.'

2. 4. 33—4. **breake His heart out.** Break, to tear (Hants).—Halliwell.

2. 4. 34—5. **get a flap With a fox-taile.** Cunningham: 'I suppose this means "and get a cut with a sword for his pains."'

2. 4. 41. **Seeke neither—nother of 'hun.** On the change of 'nother' to 'neither' by Gifford, Cunningham remarks: 'Can anything be feebler than this *neither* repeated. On turning to the folio, the only authority, I find that Hilts' words are "neither—nother," a form of duplication which I believe is not yet obsolete, and is quite in keeping with the speaker's style of conversation.'

2. 4. 41. **Learne to get.** *Learn* with the infinitive (with *how* omitted) remains in such phrases as 'learn to talk,' 'learn to labour and to wait.' Other examples of the kind are found in the text. *NED.* gives: *2nd Pt. Return fr. Parnas.* 5. 1. 1999: 'I was a gamesome boy and learned to sing.' And Butler, *Serm. Wks.* 1873, 2. 47: 'There are times for silence; when they should learn to hear, and be attentive.'

2. 4. 46. **All is not Gold that glisters.** Cf. Chaucer's *Prologue* to the *Chanounes Yemans Tale* (*Works*, ed. Bohn, 2. 37):

> Al thing which that schineth as the gold,
> Is nought gold, as that I have herd told.

Skeat refers this to the *Parabolæ* of Alanus de Insulis, a Latin poet who died in 1294:

> Non teneas aurum totum quod splendet ut aurum,
> Nec pulchrum pomum quodlibet esse bonum.

Cf. also, Lydgate, *Mutability of Hum. Affairs*:

> All is not gold that outward showeth bright.

And *Li Diz de friere Denise cordelier*, circa 1300:

> Uns proverbes dit et reconte
> Que tout n'est pas ors c'on voit luire.

The present form is found in Heywood (ed. Sharman, p. 47). Cf. Percy Soc. Reprints, *E. E. Poetry* 2. 22.

2. 4. 51—59. **Shee not speakes: . . . mysterie!** Recalls *Twelfth Night* 2. 4. 115:

Let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.

2. 4. 64. **lumpe in courage.** Whalley: Perhaps the poet's word was *lumping*; though I have not placed it in the text.

2. 4. 76. **Soft, and faire.** Seemingly a proverbial phrase. Halliwell defines 'soft' as 'gently,' and 'fair' as meaning 'soft' or 'slow.' 'Soft' as an ejaculation of mild surprise is common in old plays; cf. *Hamlet* 3. 1. 88: 'Soft you now! The fair Ophelia.'

2. 4. 76. **there goe two word's to a bargaine.** Hazlitt, p. 321, has: 'More words than one go to a bargain.'—Scherer.

2. 4. 82. **A velvet dressing for my head.** See note on 'French hood,' 4. 5. 95. Latimer mentions French hoods in his sermons.

2. 4. 84. ***Besse Moale,* nor *Margery Turne-up.*** The significance of Awdrey's feeling is found in the names given to these characters.

2. 4. 86—96. This is evidently an aside. It emphasizes the fact that Tub's love for Awdrey is only flesh-deep, and lines 94—6 give a reason for his pursuit of her quite in accord with his nature as an 'advent'rous squire.' The outcome brings to him only a short-lived chagrin, which is pique rather than disappointment.

2. 5. 34. **Justice is blind.** Cf. *The New Inn* 2. 2. 341.

2. 5. 38. **faire for it.** *NED.*: '*To be fair for*; to have a good change of (obtaining).'

2. 6. 1. **You meane to make a Hoiden.** Gifford: 'Dr. Johnson derives this word from the Welsh *hoeden*, an awkward country girl. From the passage in the text, as well as from several others which I have met with of a similar kind, I am induced to think that hoiden was the ancient term for a *leveret*. It was assuredly the name of some animal remarkable for the vivacity of its motions, and was formerly applied to the youth of both sexes, though now confined to designate a wild romping girl.'

2. 6. 5. **nere halt afore a Criple.** Heywood, *Prov.* (Sharman) p. 125: *It is hard halting before a creeple.*

Gascoigne, *Fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi*: I perceyve (quod she) it is evill to halte before a creple. Ferdinando, perceyving now that his Mistryse waxed angry, thought good on hir behalfe thus to answere: and it is evill to hop before them that runne for the Bell.

2. 6. 51. **In the vallies of my trust.** Gifford: *i.e.* I suppose, in the portmanteau or cloke-bag: from the French *valise.*

ACT III

3. 1. 3. **by our Lady of Walsingham.** This passage is cited by Nares as showing that this *Lady*, *i.e.* the Virgin Mary whose shrine at Walsingham was the rival of Becket's for pilgrims, was a proper person to swear by. The present form of the oath is doubtless used to evade the strictures of the law.

Like will to Like. Dodsley's *Old Plays* 3. p. 311, proves Nares first point.

3. 1. 4. **Tom Scavinger.** The general name for a street-cleaner.

3. 1. 16. **paire of sureties.** Bail.

3. 1. 26. **There is John Clay, who is yvound already.** Scherer calls attention to the following note by Gifford, found in the 1816 edition, but not in the later ones. It seems worth while to give the note in full: 'This play is in the western dialect, as the *Sad Shepherd* is a specimen of the Lowland Scottish: the letter *y* is commonly prefixed to participles passive, as well as a poetical augmentation: *Quo minus mireris*, says Mr. Davis in *Junius*, *B. Jonsonum in fabulâ cui titulus* Tale of a Tub, *inter alia istius (scil. occidentalis) idiomatis exempla, haec verba protulisse,*

There is John Clay, who is yvound already.
Etymol. Liter. Y.'—Whal.

'The dialect (which is only partially western) was, I believe, once more general than is commonly supposed, and, in any case, it is quite certain that the Saxon prefix was as universal as the language. Aubrey, who is very careless

in his gossiping tales, and who seems to have made far more use of his ears than his eyes, tells us, in more than one place, that "Ben Jonson took a catalogue from Mr. Lacy of the Yorkshire dialect, for the clownery to his comedy called The Tale of a Tub."'

3. 1. 32. **Justices of Coram nobis.** 'Justices in the court of the King's Bench.'—*NED.* The phrase is used here as a general term for the upper court.

3. 1. 45. **pay his hurts.** For the omission of the preposition, cf. *Hamlet* 1. 3. 52: 'Fear me not'; *King John* 4. 2. 189: 'They whisper one another in the ear.'

3. 1. 49. **Saint Tomy.** Saint Anthony. Gifford's note, stating that Whalley gives us a St. Thomas for this, is inaccurate. Whalley follows the folio in giving St. Tomy, and in the *Errata* at the beginning of his volume says 'for St. Tomy read St. Tony.'

3. 1. 60. **On his owne head.** *NED.*: = of one's own head. Out of one's own thought, of one's own accord. Cf. Tomson *Calvin's Serm. Tim.* 1/2: 'That he [S. Paul] thrust not in himself, uppon his owne head, but that he was appointed of God.'

3. 1. 65. **I durst be his burrough.** Whalley: 'Or *Borrow*, *i.e.* his pledge or security.' Gifford: 'The word, which is pure Saxon, is very common with our older writers.'

3. 1. 82. **cry me mercy.** An old idiom, equivalent to 'I beg your pardon.' For the omission of the preposition before the indirect object, cf. Abbott Par. 201. See also *Rich. III.* 4. 4. 180: 'Hear me a word'; *op. cit.* 4. 5. 515: 'I cry thee mercy'; *1 Hen. IV* 1. 2.: 'My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury'; *Lear* 3. 6. 54: 'Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.'

3. 1. 86. **Lord, for thy goodness.** Used like 'Lord have mercy on us'; cf. *Love's Labour's Lost* 4. 2. 419. A prayer form used, here, half-trivially, in place of an oath.

3. 2. 30—1. **Sixe Maids to vollow you, and not leave one To wait upo' your Daughter.** This statement forms a climax to Turfe's confusion of mind.

3. 2. 38. **Clay's *first mist.*** This marginal note is quite different from anything else in the play. The meaning is, doubtless, that here Clay is first missed. The spelling, for a marginal note is awkward and, unless it stands as a direction for the actors, the whole expression seems unnecessary.

3. 3. 21. **dis-judge.** Evidently a mistake for *misjudge*, and not, as Scherer has it, in the regular meaning of *dis-judge*, 'to deprive of or remove from the office of judge.'

3. 3. 22. **I'll leave to beat it on the broken hoofe.** I'll cease to go on foot, to be on the move.

3. 3. 23. **ease my pasternes.** Take my rest.

3. 3. 40. **He shall be zonne, yet, wife, your meat by leasure:** The change in punctuation introduced by Gifford renders the sense much better:

> He shall be zon yet; wife, your meat by leisure:

NED.: *by leisure* = slowly.

3. 3. 44. **Looke to the meate.** 'Here is a manifest *sneer* at Shakespeare

> Look to the *baked* meat, good Angelica.

The unworthy subterfuge of *roasting* this meat instead of *baking* it, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, would not have screened the author from the just resentment of the variorum critics, had they luckily known of this passage.'—Gifford.

This serves as a good example of Gifford's criticism of critics, since roasting whole animals for feasts was a custom of long standing, and the use of this expression ought not to expose Jonson to the charge of sneering at anyone.

3. 3. 47. **Jack-sauce.** Cf. *Henry V* 4. 7. 148: 'His reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jacksauce.' Schmidt calls this Fluellen's blunder for Saucy-Jack. Moore Smith, in a note on this passage, gives another example of the word in *How a Man may Choose a Good Wife from a Bad* 5. 1. 8 See also, Vanbrugh, *False Friend* 3. 2: 'Why how now Jack-sauce? why, how now, Presumption?'

3. 4. 1—3. **Madam, to *Kentish* Towne, we are got at length;**
But, by the way wee cannot meet the Squire:
Nor by inquiry can we heare of him.
Abbot: 'With some few intransitive verbs, mostly of motion, *be* and *have* are still used. "He *is* gone," "he *has* gone." The *is* expresses the present state, the *has* the activity necessary to cause the present state. In Shakespearean English, however, there is a much more common use of *is* with intransitive verbs. Cf. *Much Ado* 4. 2. 63: "Prince John *is* this morning secretly stolen away."'

The use of the simple present for the complete present is explicable on the ground that, when an action continued up to the present time is still continuing, the speaker may prefer the verb *simply* to dwell on the fact that the action is present. *1 Henry IV* 4. 1. 127: 'That's the worst tidings that I *hear of yet*'; *Hamlet* 3. 1. 91: '*How does* your honour *for this many a day*?'

3. 4. 5. **the streets are strew'd with herbes.** Brown, in his *Britannia's Pastorals* (Lond. 1625, p. 50) has the following:

> Others in wicker baskets
> Bring from the Marish Rushes, to o'erspread
> The green whereon to Church the Lovers tread.

3. 4. 17. **velvet she.** Scherer: Cf. 'velvet friends,' *As You Like It* 2. 1. 50.

3. 4. 26. **Hee is so, and such. Let's share him equally.** Gifford changes this line, quite unnecessarily, to 'He is so, and as such let's share him equally.'

3. 4. 28—31. **In stead of Bils, . . . to divide.** Wilke (p. 70) calls attention to the fact that these are the only verses which Jonson has written in the metre of the old tragedies, the sevenfoot iambus, with the pause after the fourth foot and with alliteration.

3. 4. 28. **with colstaves come.** Cunningham: 'Colestaff is the name of the pole on which men carry a burthen between them, as for instance a barrel of beer.'

3. 5. 5. **a device of hers.** Gifford: *i.e.* 'an animated puppet. Device (vice) was the name given to every piece of machinery moved by wheels or wires. (*Vice* is, simply, some kind of machinery; a doll in short moved by wires. Thus Holinshed describes the "Rood of Boxlie" in Kent, as "made with divers *vices* to moove the eyes and lips".) Cf. also *The Alchemist* 1. 1.:

> And, on your stall, a puppet, with a vice
> And a court-focus, to call city-dames.'

3. 5. 16. **a man of mark.** Gifford thinks the words above, 'there are ten old nobles,' should read 'there is *an* old noble,' to agree with the singular number of *mark*. It is needless to assume any exactness where punning is involved. The quibble between *noble* (6s. 8d.) and *mark* (13s. 4d.), the latter being double the value of the former, is a favourite with our old writers. Thus in *The Puritan* 1. 3: '*A man of mark*, quoth- a! I do not think he can show a beggar's noble.' Cf. also *Magnetic Lady* 4. 1.

3. 5. 17—21. The use of the old story of Dido was common in the Elizabethan dramatists, and has not, as Scherer seems to think, any particular reference to Marlowe's Drama, *Dido, Queen of Carthage*. There are eleven references to her in Shakespeare alone. The various allusions throughout the play, especially those used by the 'Counsell of Finsbury,' serve to show how widespread the knowledge of such matters was among people of this class in Elizabeth's time.

3. 5. 25. **Please you, to goe nere the house.** *Nere* for *nigher* or *nearer* occurs also in the Epilogue. Cf. Heywood, *Proverbs*, chap. 9 (*ed.* Sharman, p. 35): 'The neer to the church, the further from God.'

3. 5. 30. **levell coyle.** 'A rough game, formerly much in fashion at Christmas, in which one hunted another from his seat. Florio mentions "a Christmas game called *rise up good fellow* or *itch buttocke*," which refers to the same amusement.

"*Jouër à cul-leve*, to play at levell-coyle," Cotgrave. Hence the phrase came to be used for any noisy riot.'—Halliwell.

Cunningham quotes the following from Andrew Marvell's *Character of Holland:*

> Yet still his claim the injured Ocean laid,
> And oft at leap frog o'er their steeples plaid.
> . . . . . .
> A daily deluge over them does boyl,
> The earth and water play at Level-coyl
> The Fish oft-times the Burgher dispossest,
> And sat not as a Meat, but as a Guest.

3. 5. 32. **as he can.** As well as he can.

3. 5. 42. **for.** Before.

3. 5. 43. **surreverence** = Sir-reverence, a corruption of the phrase, 'Save your reverence,' which was said as a kind of apology before the utterance of anything that might be considered objectionable. Cf. *Com. of Errors* 3. 2. 93: 'A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of without he say "Sir-reverence"'; and *Bartholomew Fair*, Induct.: 'Hee has (sirreverence) kick'd me three, or four times about the Tyring-house'; *New Custom* 1. 1: 'It would almost for anger (sir reverence) make a man to pigs.'

3. 5. 48—50. For Collier's view of the printing of these lines, see *Introduction* to this edition, on the 'Date of the Play'.

3. 6. 3—4. **Saint *George*, Who rescued the Kings Daughter.** Perseus slew the sea-monster that threatened the virgin Andromeda, daughter of Cepheus and Cassiopeia, king and queen of the Ethiopians. This legend was taken over by Christianity, St. George being substituted for Perseus. The legend stands for the sun-god conquering the powers of darkness.

3. 6. 5. *Shore-ditch* **Duke.** 'When Henry VIII became king, he gave a prize at Windsor to those who should excell in this exercise (archery) when Barlo, one of his guards, an inhabitant of Shoreditch, acquired such honour as an archer, that the king created him *Duke of Shore-ditch* on the spot.'—Ellis' *History of Shore-ditch*, p. 170.

'The most successful of London archers was, after this, called the *Duke of Shore-ditch*, as a mock title.'—Halliwell.

3. 6. 5—8. **Above Prince Arthur,** etc. In the procession of the Society of Archers (called Prince Arthur's Knights) to the Artillery-ground, where an annual display of skill took place. The procession seems to have been a kind of burlesque parade, the members assuming the names of the knights of the Round Table. Prince Arthur was the leader; the others, his knights. Of these, Bevis of Hampton and Guy of Warwick were famous in romance, their exploits not a little marvellous. Schmidt calls Guy 'a hero of romance,' and Bevis a fabulous knight in the time of William the Conqueror. The stories of both are found in our early metrical romances, and were probably translated from the French. Cf. *Henry VIII* 1. 1. 38:

> They did perform
> Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story
> Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
> That *Bevis* was believ'd.

Also 5. 4. 22:

> I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,
> To mow 'em down.

The 'Pancridge earl' was, according to Nares, another 'of the ridiculous personages in the burlesque procession called Arthur's Show.' It is worthy of note that *Medlay* mentions him here, since in Jonson's lines to Jones as *Inigo Marquis Would-be*, is found the same expression.

> Content thee to be Pancridge earl the while,
> An earl of show; for all thy worth is show.

This last fact points to Jonson's having had Jones in mind in the early portions of the play, as well as in the late ones. Pancridge *Earl* is also found in *The Divell is an Ass. Works*, vol. v. p. 41.

3. 6. 12—16. ***Virginia . . . Appius.*** Virginia, the beautiful daughter of L. Virginius, a plebeian centurion, was coveted by the decemvir Appius Claudius, who instructed one of his clients to claim her as his slave. The client brought her

before Appius, who sustained the claim, refusing to listen to any argument from her father. Virginius, thereupon, stabs her to the heart, in the presence of Appius and the people. A storm of popular indignation arose, and the decemvirs were forced to resign.

3. 6. 22. **He laid *Dick*: *Tator* by the heeles.** Whalley: 'Low as the joke is, we find Butler has borrowed it in his speech of Colonel Pride: "They talk indeed of a Roman general, who came from the plough; *Dick Tator*, I think they call him, who having beat the enemy went home to the country rich, and renowned for a very wise man."—*Last Speech of Colonel Pride.*'

3. 6. 26. **His name *Vadian*, and a cunning Toter.** Gifford: 'A toter or tooter is a low term for a piper. Who this "cunning toter" was, I cannot inform the reader, unless it be Robert *Fabyan*.—Fabian was parcel poet, and parcel historian, and wrote a rhyming Chronicle of English story down to his own times, the end of the fifteenth century. If this be To-Pan's *Vadian*, he certainly cannot be called a cunning toter; but he was undoubtedly popular among the lower classes: he was besides, an alderman, a sheriff, and by occupation a mercer. His Chronicle treats of pageants, lord-mayors' feasts, and other goodly matters, very delectable to city ears.'

3. 6. 27. **posted off.** *NED.*: 'Handed over to another, shifted, turned off, *Obs.* Cf. E. Elton, *Exp. Rom.* 7. 88: "It is the fashion of most men to post off the fault, and blame of their sins from themselves."'

3. 6. 46. **Now out on me!** Whalley gives for this, 'None, out on me!' There seems no need for the change.

3. 7. 2. ***Hodge* hold thine eare, faire.** 'Hodge' is an abbreviation for 'Roger,' used as a typical name for the English agricultural labourer or rustic. The whole is evidently a proverb.

The spacing in the folio again suggests that some alteration was made in the text.

3. 7. 3. **Body o' me.** An oath, for "body o' God."

3. 7. 4. **crosse.** *NED.*: 'In an adverse or unfavourable way. Cf. Knolles, *Hist. Turks*, p. 164: "Things falling out

crosse with the old Emperour"; and also P. Bulkeley, *Gospel Cov't* 1. 156: Though things go crosse against me.

3. 7. 15—22. ***Multa cadunt inter . . .* too late.** *Multa cadunt inter calicem supremaque labra.* Thought to be from Aulus Gellius. Hugh lapses here into preaching, with the same ease that he elsewhere lapses into ritualistic expressions. It is to be noted, too, that this lapsing always occurs when he is deep in intrigue.

3. 7. 19. **Give a man fortune, throw him i' the Sea.** Scherer calls attention to the fact that a drama entitled *Give a man luck, and throw him into the sea*, an old play, was licensed to Richard Olive, July 23, 1600, and was brought again on the stage by Paul's Boys (Fleay, *Chr.* 2. 310). He also notes a parallel proverb in Hazlitt, p. 151: '*Give a woman luck, and cast her into the sea.*'

3. 7. 21. ***Tempus edax.*** Ovid, *Met.* 15. 234. The whole passage is as follows:

> Tempus edax rerum tuque, invidiosa vetustas,
> Omnia destruitis, vitiataque dentibus ævi
> Paulatim lenta consumitis omnia morte.

In time the stately Ox. Gifford takes this to be an allusion to the *Spanish Tragedy*, in line with Jonson's protest in *Bartholomew Fair*, The Induction: 'Hee that will sweare, *Jeronimo*, or *Andronicus* are the best playes, etc. Gifford may, of course, be right. There is, however, a similar passage in Thomas Watson's *Hecatompathia*, from which that in the *Spanish Tragedy* seems to have been taken. Jonson may have had either in mind. Both are given below.

Spanish Tragedy 2. 1. 3—6:

> In time the savage bull sustains her yoke,
> In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure,
> In time shall wedges cleave the hardest oak,
> In time the flint is pierced with softest shower, etc.

Hecatompathia, Sonnet 47:

In time the Bull is brought to weare the yoke;
In time all haggard Hawkes will stoope the Lures;
In time small wedge will cleave the statliest Oake;
In time the Marble weares with weakest showres, etc.

Watson says that his first two lines are an imitation of *Serafino* [Serafino], *Sonnetto* 103.

3. 7. 22. **Good counsels lightly never come too late.** *Lightly* = commonly.

3. 7. 23. **out of breath.** *Cf. Com. of Err.* 4. 1. 57: 'You run this humour out of breath'; Chapman, *Gentleman-Usher* p. 94b: That phrase is so run out of breath in trifles, that we shall have no belief at all in earnest shortly'; *Hum. Days Mirth.* p. 28a: "Here 's a poor man run out of breath quickly.—Why, Monsieur Lemot, your name is run out of breath at every word you speak.'—Scherer.

3. 7. 24. **Spurre a free horse, hee'll run himselfe to death.** Lean, *Coll.* 4. 100: 'Spur not a free horse too much.' (Clarke.) The expression, as Jonson gives it, seems not to have been used elsewhere.

3. 7. 26—30. **Purs'yvant . . . pursie, . . . purse.** In connection with the word-play, cf. *Fortune by Land and Sea* (Th. Heywood, *Dramatic Works* 6. 409).—Scherer.

3. 7. 36. **what *rule* the Squire hath kept with me.** Apparently put for behaviour or conduct, in allusion, perhaps, to the frolics called *misrule*. Cf. *Twelfth Night* 2. 3. 132: 'If you priz'd my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil *rule*.'

3. 7. 39—40. **I. *Miles Metaphor*, . . . beaten, to an Allegory.** The play here on figures of speech is worthy of note. A metaphor is beaten out until it becomes the figure of one thing in the terms of another.

3. 7. 42—3. **tops In *Lent*.** The whipping of tops was like egg-rolling, one of the regular festival-sports in villages. Steevens says 'a large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipt in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief while they could not work.' Chambers doubts this. The sense of the text seems to support Steevens' idea. Cf. *Twelfth Night* 1. 3. 42:

'He's a coward and a coystrill, that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.'

3. 7. 43. **Hoblers-hole.** A hole into which a top that spins unsteadily was thrown.

3. 7. 46. **Hercules, the Porter.** Whalley's first remark on this, that 'It may mean any great overgrown porter,' is probably all that can be said for it. His further suggestion that it might allude to Parsons, King James' porter, like Gifford's that it must be William Evans his successor, because Parsons had died before this was written, is of little value. There were giants in the days of Henry VIII, and giant porters in the Tower and elsewhere, as there were dwarfs. Metaphor is not noted for his accuracy, but for his invention, his ready wit, and his power to look after himself.

3. 7. 55. **I cannot choose but wonder what they were.** Abbott: '*What* is often used apparently with little sense of "of what kind or quality" where we should use *who*, especially in the phrase "*what* is he?" 2 *Hen. IV* 1. 2. 66:

> *Chief Justice.* What's he that goes there?
> *Servant.* Falstaff, an't so please your lordship.

As You Like It 2. 4. 88—9:

> *Ros.* What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?
> *Cor.* That young swain.'

3. 7. 65. **cap.** Here a satirical allusion both to Hugh's church dress, *i.e.*, his office, and to his head, *i.e.*, his brain.

3. 7. 72. **Call me, with Lilly,** *Bos*, *Fur*, etc. Cf. note on 1. 5. 28, for allusion to Lilly. These words occur in a list of regular nouns, and the use of one recalls the whole line. The meaning here is, quite clearly, 'Call me an Ass if,' etc.

3. 7. 74. **Ile trust thy regulars.** The meaning is double, *regular nouns*, and *regular* as referring to a member of a religious order observing a Rule, hence a member of the regular clergy.

3. 7. 76. **Be but as cunning, point in his devise.** Whalley: 'That is, be as exact and clever in his plot as I was in mine. It is an allusion, or rather a corruption from the French phrase, *à points devisez*, which the reader may find in

the *Alchemist* Act 5, not. 3. Perhaps a transposition of the words here may be right, and we ought to read, "*Be but as cunning in his point device.*"

3. 8. 5. **resolve me.** Inform me. *Julius Cæsar* 3. 2. 183:

To be resolved,
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no.

Pericles 2. 5. 68:

Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit.

3. 8. 20. **Canterbury.** Cunningham suggests that this was the name given by the common people to Canonbury Manor, which is situated not far from Islington. 'The name Canonbury, given to it from its belonging to the Canons of a priory, is still used in the names of the park, roads, square, and street named from it.' It is, therefore, hard to justify Whalley, Gifford, and later editors, in introducing the word *Canbury* into the text.

'This Can'bury house is best known now as having given shelter for a time to Oliver Goldsmith.'—Cunningham.

3. 8. 32—3. **their destinie, Or to be hang'd, or married.** Cf. note on 2. 1. 8.

3. 9. 1—9. In this soliloquy, two things are to be noted: the fact that the true character of Hugh is seen, and Jonson's usual mode of announcing the individual and letting him describe himself while in view. Lines 6 and 7 recall those of the clowns in *M.N.D.* They are doubtless a laugh at the way rustics gave their plays at village-festivals.

3. 9. 5. **The Chanon, is that Captaine Thum's was rob'd.** The spacing in the folio indicates some omission. Comparing the line with 2. 3. 43, there will be seen the same extra space. In 5. 10. 66 no such space occurs. The omission of the *who* was common in Elizabethan English.

3. 9. 15. **I was once a Captaine at Saint Quintins.** Cunningham: 'This battle was fought on 10th August, 1557, which points to an earlier date for the writing of the play than 1633.' For a discussion of this point, see the Introduction to this edition in the 'Date of the Play.'

3. 9. 18. **bob'd.** Pommelled.

3. 9. 24. **let fall.** Allowed to stop.

3. 9. 33. **You Peasant, nay you Clowne, you Constable.** This may be taken as representing the contempt which the army or the clergy (or both) felt for the law. This contempt is in evidence all through the play.

3. 9. 42. **I must goe, needs, whom the Divell drives.** 'He must needs go whom the Devil drives.'—Heywood. Cf. also *Triall of Treasure*, ed. 1849, p. 41; *Autobiography of Sir John Bramston*, Camd. Soc., p. 359. The spacing of the line in the folio, shows that some change was made in it. Possibly the proverb was written in its regular form and then changed.

3. 9. 47. **we have brought our eggs to a fair market.** Cf. Hazlitt, p. 516. Title of a tract printed in 1651. 'To bring one's pigs to a wrong market' occurs in Cartwright's *Ordinary*, written before 1634.

3. 9. 50. **the still Sow eats up all the draffe.** Cf. *Tom Tiler* (*op. cit.*, p. 308), and *Merry Wives* 4. 2. 93:

> We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
> Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
> We do not act, that often jest and laugh;
> 'Tis old but true, 'Still swine eat all draff.'

Heywood (ed. Sharman, p. 46, note): 'A "still sow" was a term of reproach for a sly, lurking fellow; "draff" is anything unfit for human food.' Heywood has also the proverb:

> Draff is your errand, but drink ye would.

And in Taylor's *Whipping or Snipping of Abuses*:

> Draff is good enough for hogs.

3. 9. 52—72. A fine satire on popular beliefs in portents, etc. The parallel to *Hamlet* 1. 1. 112—124; *Julius Cæsar* 1. 3. 1—70; 2. 2. 1—30; *Macbeth* 2. 4. 1—17, is striking, though Shakespeare is taking the beliefs seriously, as a part of the mental background of the characters portrayed. Such beliefs were pretty nearly universal at the time. Jonson must be understood to be satirising the popular beliefs, and not as making any attack on Shakespeare.

3. 9. 64. **done.** Broken.

3. 9. 70. **Cry'd out his eyes.** On this Gifford quotes from *The Complete Housekeeper*: 'When the eye of a pig in roasting drops out, it is a mark that it (the pig, I presume) is almost roasted enough.' He does not attempt to analyse the rest of the passage in the same way.

Cunningham more wisely refers to Lamb on *Roast Pig*: How equably he turneth round the string. Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars!'

3. 9. 76. **drive a Buck.** *NED.*: 'To drive the buck: to carry through the process of bucking.' ('Buck-washing' = bleaching with lye.)

3. 9. 76—77. **Crying . . . day.** Cunningham: 'Which means that the water from his eyes was sufficient to carry through a general family washing.'

ACT IV

4. 1. 1. According to 5. 2. 6, it is now noon, and nearly four hours elapse before Turfe appears again to his friends, in 5. 3.

4. 1. 8. **Both of good birth, faire speech, and peaceable.** The extension of 'both' to more than two objects was common in earlier literature. Cf. Chaucer, *Knight's Tale* 1440:

> To whom bothe heuene and erthe and see is sene;

Lydgate, *Bochas*, 1. 7. 18:

> She was both joly, fayre, and good;

So also in Shakespeare, 1 *Hen. VI* 5. 5. 107:

> Margaret shall now be Queene and rule the King;
> But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme.

And *Ven. and Ad.* 747:

> Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities.

4. 1. 30—35. Turfe (cf. 3. 2. 23—40) knows that the captain has not been robbed, yet here, in his fright, admits it. His credulousness is further emphasized in lines 38—44, first, by his great trust in Clay, and then by its speedy overthrow.

4. 1. 70. **to sit downe with.** To bear, endure.

4. 1. 73—5. **I put it**
Ene to your worships bitterment, hab, nab.
I shall have a chance o' the dice for't, I hope,
let'hem ene run.

This passage must be taken all together. 'Hab, nab' (see previous note) seems here to be equivalent to 'one way or the other,' or 'come what come may.' Turfe means: 'I submit to your arbitration, and take the chance of its being for or against me.' Then he adds: 'I shall have an equal chance, just as one has in throwing dice. *Let the dice run.*'

4. 1. 74. **bitterment.** Arbitrament, arbitration.

hab, nab. Nares: Have or have not, hit or miss, at a venture; *quasi*, *have or n'ave*, *i.e.*, have not; as *nill* for will not.

Holinshed, *Hist. of Ireland* F. 2. Col. 2: 'The citizens in their rage imagining that every post in the church had bin one of their souldyers, shot *habbe* or *nabbe* at random.'

Hab-nab is the same, which Blount and Skinner derive rightly from the Saxon *habban*, to have, and *nabban*, not to have; as 'Tis *hab-nab* whether he will gain his point or not.'

Heywood: 'As they came in by hab, nab, so will I bring them in a reckoning at six and at sevens.'

See also Harington, *Epig.* (116):

> Not of Jack Straw, with his rebellious crew,
> That set King, Realm and Laws at hab or nab.'

4. 1. 77. **give him day.** Release him.

4. 1. 82. **wee who not him?** Whalley omits *wee* as superfluous, and inserts "knows" after "who". Later editors follow him but put "knows" in brackets. It is possible, of course, to interpret the "not" (from Œ *nāt*) as "knows not," but this leaves the "wee" unaccounted for. There is, however, no real reason to make a change or to seek for a new interpretation. Turfe's confusion might cause him to say just this. With a comma after *wee*, it would be more natural. There seems no reason to make a change.

4. 1. 90. **whisper it into her hand.** *i.e.* Put it softly,

secretly into her hand. The use of *whisper* transitively, with the addressed person or communication as object, is not uncommon in Shakespeare. *Much Ado* 3. 1. 4: 'Whisper her ear and tell her.' *All's Well* 2. 3. 75: 'Your followers, I will whisper to the business.' *Venus and Ad.* 1125: 'She whispers in his ear a heavy tale.' *Rich. II* 2. 4. 11: 'Lean-looking prophets whisper fearful change.' The figurative use of *whisper*, as found here, is rare.

4. 1. 96. **Tom Long.** *NED.*: 'One who takes a long time in coming. Cf. W. Foster, *Hoplochrisma-Spongus*, 43: 'Surely this is Tom Long the carrier, who will never doe his errand.' Also Heywood, *Prov.* (Sharman, p. 62): 'I will send it him by John Long the carier.'

4. 1. 99. **to crambe with, for ale.** 'Crambe,' as the name of a game in which the player gives a word or line of verse to which each of the others has to find a rhyme, is used elsewhere by Jonson. Cf. *Devil is an Ass* 5. 5. (*Works* 5. 145).

> *F.* Joule, owle, foule, troule, boule,
> *P.* Crambe, another of the Divells games!

New Inne 1. 1.: [*Works* 5, p. 315.]

> Where every Jovial Tinker, for his chinke,
> May cry, mine host, to crambe! *give us drinke;*
> *And doe not slinke but skinke or else you stinke.*

The use of *to crambe* as a verb the *NED.* calls *rare*, and gives only the example in our text. For an account of the game, cf. Strutt, *Sports and Pastimes* 4. 4. 295.

4. 1. 106. **not a word but mum.** *Mum* being an inarticulate sound, indicating inability or unwillingness to speak was used as a command to be silent or secret. It was equivalent to 'hush!' 'silence!' 'not a word!' Cf. Fulwell, *Like will to Like* Eiij: "No more woords but *mum* and stand a while a side; *Lear* 1. 4. 215:

> Mum, mum, he that keepes nor crust, nor crum,
> Weary of all, shall want some.

(*NED.*). The same idea remains in the modern expression, Mum's the word!' See also, Heywood, *Prov.* (Sharman, p. 113):

> I will say nought but mum, and *mum is counsell.*

4. 1. 108. **incóney.** *NED.*: 'A cant word, prevalent about 1600, of unascertained origin. ? Rare, fine, delicate, pretty, nice.

Love's Labour's Lost 3. 1. 136.

Clo. My sweete ounce of man's flesh, my in-conie Jew.

Op. cit. 4. 1. 144:

Col. . . . O my troth most sweet jests, most inconie vulgar wit.

Marlowe, *Jew of Malta* 4. 5. 1:

Let music rumble
Whilst I in thy incony lap do tumble.

Porter, *Angry Wom. Abingd.* H2:

O I have sport in coney I faith.

Middleton, *Blurt, Master-Const.* 2. 2:

It makes you have, O, a most incony body!

[The notes of Whalley and Cunningham seem unnecessary after the final word given above.]

4. 1. 109—110. **Make no delay. . . money.** Again there are the old, short lines printed in the longer form.

4. **The Scene Interloping.** For a discussion of this heading, see Introduction, 'The Date of the Play.' Whatever else may be said of the scene, it shows clever characterization, and affords relief from the ever-changing intrigues of the plot.

4. *Sc. Inter.* 2. **maine.** G. + change this to *vain*, but nothing is gained thereby.

Maine, meaning *great*, is in current use in the phrase, '*the main thing.*'

4. *Sc. Inter.* 12. **Visicarie.** Physicary. Evidently used for physician, since Physicary (*NED.*) meant medicinal preparations. Cf. tr. *Boccaccio's Decameron* 109 (quoted by *NED.*): 'A Quacksalver . . . one that deales in drugges and physicarie.'

4. *Sc. Inter.* 19. **Rabian.** Arabian.

4. *Sc. Inter.* 19, 22. **God-phere.** *NED.* gives these as the only examples of the use of this form.

4. *Sc. Inter.* 23. **a merry** *Greeke.* Nares: '*As merry as a Greek. Prov.* The Greeks were proverbially spoken of by the Romans, as fond of good living and free potations; and they used the term *græcari*, for *to indulge* in these articles. Hence we also took the name of a *Greek* for a jovial fellow. Drunkards, says Prynne, *Healthes Sicknesse* fol. B. 2. b, are called, "Open, liberall, or free housekeepers, *merry Greeks*; and such like stiles and titles."'

4. *Sc. Inter.* 24. **A jovlall Tinker.** Cf. 1. 4. 42.

4. *Sc. Inter.* 29. **pest'lence poore.** *NED.*: '"Plaguy," "Pesky," "tarnation." *Colloq.* The two examples quoted of the use of *pestilence* as an adverb, are both from Ben Jonson. The other is in *Barth. Fair* 2. 1. [*Works* 4, p. 382.]'

4. *Sc. Inter.* 38—50. Medlay's mixture of technical exactness and stupid inability to see anything beyond, is cleverly portrayed.

4. *Sc. Inter.* 51. **you can tell us by the Squire.** Cunningham: 'Cotgrave has "Esquierre, a rule or *squire*, an instrument used by masons," etc.'

4. *Sc. Inter.* 55. **Cyning and Staple make a Constable,** Gifford: 'The learned Scriben had just been looking into Verstegan for his ridiculous etymology.' Cunningham: 'This derivation has the support of Sir T. Smith in *The Commonwealth* 2. 25. But unluckily the same word is found both in French and Spanish, where it evidently comes from *comes stabuli*, the Count of the Stable.'

4. *Sc. Inter.* 62. **hold-fast.** Cf. 'stand-still,' 5. 7. 15. Medlay has a gift in making compounds difficult to express in other words.

4. *Sc. Inter.* 64. **Ile warrant 'un for a groat.** I'll go bail for him, 'back him' for a groat.

4. 2. 1. **like o'.** Abbott: '*Of* is sometimes used to separate an object from the direct action of a verb, when the verb is not always or often used as a transitive verb. The *of* after "to like" is perhaps a result of the old impersonal use of the verb, "me liketh," "him liketh," which might seem to disqualify the verb from taking a direct object. Similarly "it repents me *of*" becomes "I repent *of*." Hence—*The Passionate Pilgrim* 212:

It was a lordling's daughter that liked *of* her master.

All's Well that Ends Well 2. 3. 131:

Thou dislikest *of* virtue for the name.

Much Ado 5. 4. 59:

I am a husband if you like *of* me.

So also, *Love's Labour's Lost* 1. 1. 107: 4. 3. 158; *Rich. III* 4. 4. 354.'

4. 2. 2. **As good ene nere a whit, as nere the better.** *i.e.* So good [not by a good deal] that never a better was seen.

4. 2. 10—11. Cf. note on 1. 7. 44—45.

4. 2. 22—34. The metre, rhythm, and words give an idea of breathlessness hard to match elsewhere.

4. 2. 22. **Oh for a Pad-horse.** Is this intended as a reminder of *Richard III* 5. 4. 7; 13:

A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!

4. 2. 31. **Oh the legs.** Evidently *for* is omitted.

4. 2. 32. **Who is the Surbator of a Clarke currant.** Cunningham thinks this difficult. In the light of *NED.*, it means that a lackey or a footman out-runs the running clerk.

4. 2. 33. **confounder of his treslesse dormant.** Cf. *Alchemist* 4. 1. [*Works* 4. p. 125]:

He looks in that deep ruff like a head in a platter,
Served in by a short cloak upon two trestles.

4. 2. 40. **Lubber— . . . Lover.** Scherer calls attention to the fact that the same pun is perpetrated by Shakespeare. Cf. *Two Gentlemen of V.* 2. 5. 41—43:

Speed. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

4. 2. 43. **Scrape-hill.** This word is not to be found. It is probably a corruption of *scrape-scall.* Of this, Halliwell quotes from Withal: 'That will draw everything, good, badde, precious, vile, regarding nothing but the gaine, a *scraper* or *scrape-scall.*'

4. 2. 44. **orange-tawny.** Nares: 'The colour appropriated

by custom to the dress of inferior persons, attributed also to Jews.' Cf. *Bacon's Essays* 41 [Bohn, p. 113]: 'They say that usurers should have orange-tawny bonnets because they do judaize.

4. 2. 49. ***Jack of Lent.*** An effigy which is taken to represent Judas Iscariot, apparently stood as a cock-shy from Ash Wednesday to Good Friday, and was then burnt.

4. 2. 57. **to break out.** To burst, to discharge itself.

4. 2. 68—9. **whisper'd Me.** See note on 4. 1. 90.

4. 2. 84. **Tell her thy token.** Reveal to her thy authority.

4. 3. 1. **wait.** Stay in expectation of.

4. 3. 19. **Who . . . will refuse money proffer'd ?** Cf. 2. 4. 4—46 for a very different view of money-getting on Hilts' part.

4. 3. 25. **Thou serv'st him rightly.** Gifford's change in this line to make it read 'Thou [wilt] serve him rightly,' seems unwarranted. The folio reading can be justified as applying to Hilts' plan as accomplished. Or this may be a play on the word 'serve'. In any case, Tub is never troubled by rules, whether of grammar or conduct.

4. 3. 27. **Dargison.** Gifford: 'In some childish book of knight errantry, which I formerly read, but cannot now call to mind, there is a dwarf of this name, who accompanies a lady of great beauty and virtue through many perilous adventures, as her guard and guide. I have no great faith in the identity of this personage, but he may serve till a better is found.' Nares: 'In all passages, Dargison, whether a person or a place, holds the objects in confinement or captivity.' Chappell says there was a tune of Dargeson, and a 'Ballet of the Hathorne Tree' sung 'after Donkin Dargeson.' Two fragments of such an old ballad are preserved in the 'Isle of Gulls,' a comedy by John Day.

Act 5, Sign. H_3, b:

> The girls are ours
> We have won them away to *Dargison.*

Op. cit. :

An ambling nag, and adowne, adowne,
We have borne her away to Dargison.

4. 4. 5. **We have beene of a coat.** '"A man of his coat," "one of their own coat," was a common phrase for one of the same class. It arose out of the use of a garb to indicate a profession (*e.g.* clerical).'—*NED.* Cf. *Every Man in His Humour* 3, 1. [*Works*, vol. 1, p. 68]:

I am none of that coat.

And *Case is Altered* 1. 1. p. 309 [*Works*, vol. 6, p. 309]:

Val. How now, man! how dost thou?

Oni. Faith, sad, heavy, as a man of my coat ought to be.

And *The Staple of News* 1. 2. p. 184 [*Works*, vol. 5, p. 184]:

P. Can. And, by your leave,
Good master's worship, some of your velvet coat
Make corpulent curt'sies to her, till they crack for't.

4. 4. 6. **a sleevelesse errand.** An errand ending in or leading to nothing. Cf. Heywood, *Prov.* Chap. 7. (ed. Sharman, p. 29):

And one morning timely he tooke in hand
To make to my house a *sleeveless errande.*

In *Whimzies: or a New Cast of Characters*, London, 1631, p. 83, speaking of 'a Launderer,' the author says: 'She is a notable, witty, tatling titmouse, and can make twentie *sleeveless errands* in hope of a good turne.' Taylor, *Workes* 2. 111:

If all these faile, a beggar woman may
A sweet love letter to her hands convay;
Or a sweet laundresse or a hearbwife can
Carry a sleeveless errand now and then.
—Halliwell, and Hazlitt.

Sharman has the following note: 'The origin of the word sleeveless, in the sense of unprofitable, has defied the most careful philological research. I would suggest that the phrase originated in the mediæval custom of favoured knights wearing the sleeve of their mistress as a mark of favour; such aspirants

as failed to obtain the badge being dubbed as sleeveless. Spenser writes: "Sir Launcelot wore the sleive of the faire maide of Asteloth in a tourney, whereat queene Guenever was much displeased."

'The word sleeveless is frequently found allied to other substantives. Bishop Hall speaks of the "sleeveless tale of transubstantiation," and Milton writes of a "sleeveless reason." Chaucer uses it in the *Testament of Love*, and three centuries afterwards its place in popular estimation appears from a passage in Addison's *Spectator*: "My landlady quarrelled with him for sending every one of her children on a sleeveless errand, as she calls it." '

4. 4. 12—15. **She for her owne part, is a woman cares not**
What man can doe . . . Cunningham: 'I fail to see any sense in this as it stands, but alter the position of the comma in the first line, and the meaning comes out at once:

She for her own part is, a woman cares not, etc.'

4. 4. 20—29. Koeppel thinks this an ironical hit at Euphuism. [Scherer.] Cf. Koeppel, *Stud. z. Gesch.* p. 69. It has in it the comparison by means of animals, that was typically euphuistic.

4. 5. 5—6. **I am not for your mowing. Youle be flowne**
Ere I be fledge. Probably this refers to Tub's fickleness, as well as to their different ranks in life.

4. 5. 15. **hit me i' th' teeth with you.** *NED.*: 'To hit one in the teeth, to reproach, upbraid, or censure with a thing. Cf. Coverdale, Matt. 27. 44: "The murtherers also that were crucified with him, cast the same in his tethe." 1 *H. IV* 5. 2. 42:

To arms, for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth.'

4. 5. 17. **How say you?** W+ wisely give these words to Tub.

4. 5. 20. **a motion.** *NED.*: 'suggestion, proposal. *Preface* to *Bible Trans.* (1611): "To whom . . . a sealed book was delivered, with this *motion*, Read this, I pray you."'

4. 5. 23. **see my sonne *Pol-marten*.** It is obvious that a comma is omitted after *see*, after *sonne*, and after *Pol-marten*.

4. 5. 31. **And this all.** 'Whalley: We must supply something to give meaning to the first part of this verse. I suppose it stood originally thus:

An' this be all, fair Awdrey, I am thine.

'Tis probable she was clearing some suspicions he had entertained; and as he was now satisfied, he had no scruple remaining, but was wholly hers.'

4. 5. 34. **you took me . . . a little tardie.** *NED.*: 'Surprised, came upon unawares; hence detected, "caught" in a crime, fault, or error.'

Udall, *Erasm. Apoph.* 253:

He took her tardie with a plaine lye.

R. III. 4. 1. 52:

Be not ta'ne tardie by unwise delay.

4. 5. 38. **linnen** = the wearer of linen. Cf. *smocks*, 1. 3. 25. Whalley: 'The words are spoke of Awdrey, and so perhaps there may be no difficulty in applying the last word; but Mr. Theobald queries the expression, and has wrote in his margin *Leman*, that is mistress.'

4. 5. 43. **Will not an hour hence, Madam, excuse me?** Will not my coming an hour hence serve to excuse me now?

4. 5. 63. **see for.** *NED.*: '*obs.* for *look for, try to find.* Narborough, *Journal in Acc. Sev. Late Voy.* 1. 32: "My Lieutenant went up the River in the Boat nine or ten miles *to see for* People that way."

'Miss Burney, *Evelina*, Chap. 76: "[she] begged me to see for some books she had left in the parlour."'

4. 5. 69. **jump.** *NED.*: 'Drive forward with a bound. Cf. *Devill an Ass* 4. 1. [*Works*, vol. 5. p. 95]:

'Why, there was Sir John Monie-man
Could jump A Business quickly.'

4. 5. 71. **Both time and place minister faire occasion.** Recalls *Tempest* 2. 1. 179—80: 'I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these Gentlemen.' *Op. cit.* 2. 1. 217—19:

> The occasion speaks thee, and
> My strong imagination sees a Crowne
> Dropping upon thy head.

4. 5. 72. **can you love?** Gifford: *i.e.* '*know* you love? so, at least, Awdrey understands it.'

4. 5. 76. **prove.** Try.

4. 5. 82. **I see the wench wants but a little wit.** Gifford: 'Awdrey shows no want of wit; but a little pretty perversity. Pol uses *disposed* for inclined, and Awdrey persists in taking it in the old sense; *i.e.* for jesting, or merriment.'

4. 5. 86. **he hath too hard hands.** Most critics of this play, as is natural, refer to *A. Y.L.I.* 5. 1, for a comparison of the two Awdreys. There are certain points of resemblance, it is true, but that the Awdrey of this play is more attractive in person and more witty in speech must be admitted by all who read *A Tale of a Tub* with care. Maidens less dull have elsewhere liked or disliked a man for his personal appearance. Cf. Miranda, Juliet, Perdita, and Portia.

4. 5. 95. **a french Hood.** The first mention of a French hood occurs in Holinshed, who says that Anne of Cleves, the day after her arrival in England, wore 'a French hood after the English fashion, which became her very well.' In the *State Papers*, H. VIII. 1. 695, is found the entry: 'To the Quenes Grace ye must appoynte six frenche hoods, with thappurtenaunces.' Their popularity is indicated by Udall, *Royster D.* 2. 3. (Arb.) 35: 'We shall go in our frenche hoods every day'.

That the fashion did not last is indicated by the following: Massinger, *City Madam* (acted 1632) 4. 3: 'My young ladies in buffin gowns and green aprons! tear them off!—and a French hood too—*now, 'tis out of fashion*, a fool's cap would be better!'

And Jackson, *Hygiasticon* (1636) (quoted by *NED.*):

For these lose times, when a strict sparing food
More's out of fashion then an old *French hood.*

The common use of velvet for head-gear is accounted for by Stowe: 'In consequence of a sumptuary law made by Elizabeth, ceased the wearing of minever caps, otherwise called three corner caps, which formerly was the wearing of all grave matrons:—but the Aldermen's wives and such like, made them bonnets of velvet, after the minever cap fashion, but larger, which made a great shew upon the head.' In a description of things 'digging up to themselves cesternes of iniquity and pittes of adversitie, which, in the end, without the great mercie of God, will be their utter confusion,' he says: 'then on toppes of these stately turrets (I mean their goodly heades . . .) stand their other capital ornaments, as Frēch-hood, hatte, cap, kercher, and such like, whereof some be of velvet, some (but few) of wooll, . . .' etc.

It would seem from the above, that Awdrey's desire for a French hood was, then, only in part a love of finery. Her chief desire, as seen throughout the play, was not only to be married but also to wear the insignia of the matron.

4. 5. 96. **humour.** The one use in this play of Jonson's favourite word.

4. 6. 2. **bold Ruffin.** Lady Tub's titles for Hilts vary with her moods.

4. 6. 7. **holy-dom.** *NED.*: 'A holy relic.' Schmidt queries if corrupted from *holy dame.*

4. 6. 11. **Ile wish her trust to her selfe.** *Wish*, meaning desire, invite, ask, bid; with an infinitive (with or without *to*) is common in Shakespeare.

Henry VIII 1. 2. 161:

Wishing me to permit my chaplain.

Meas. 5. 1. 79:

Nor (was I) wished to hold my peace.

Much Ado 3. 1. 42:

To wish him wrestle with affection.

1 *Hen. VI* 2. 5. 96:

The rest I wish thee gather.

4. 6. 16. **The black Oxe never trod yet O your foot.** Heywood *Prov.*, Chap. 7 (*ed.* Sharman, p. 28), has 'The black oxe had not trod on his or her foote': and the footnote, 'This proverb, meaning to fall into decrepitude or experience misfortune, occurs again in Lyly's *Sapho and Phao*, 1584: "Venus waxeth old: and then she was a pretie wench, when Juno was a young wife; now crowes foot is on her eye, and the black oxe hath trod on her foot".' Ray, *Prov. Phrases*, p. 205, gives the explanation of the proverb as 'he never knew what sorrow or adversity meant.'

4. 6. 30—32. **O for a Crosse! a Collop**
Of Friar *Bacon*, or a conjuring stick
Of Doctor *Faustus!* Puppy's 'theology' is a little mixed. The symbol of the Christian religion, a piece of the flesh of a legendary magician, or the conjuring stick of one who had sold himself to the devil—any one of these to keep him from the devil himself!

A play on the word *bacon* is doubtless intended. For Friar Bacon, see note on 2. 4. 9.

Faustus or Faust was a real person, a 'semi-divine' and 'of the University of Heidelberg,' who lived in the early part of the sixteenth century. Legends grew up around the name, belonging to a 'Johannes' and a 'Georgius.' The story connected with the name is of a man who sold himself to the devil, for the possession of supernatural power. Cf. Ward's *Introduction* to the plays, *Dr. Faustus*, and *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, pp. xxxiii—li.

Heywood, *Prov.* (Sharman, p. 49) has: 'It is a deere collup That is cut out of th' owne flesh.' And in 1 *Henry VI* 5. 4. 18 is: 'God knows thou art a colup of my flesh.'

4. 6. 46. **put me in a sweet pickle.** So also *Temp.* 5. 1. 281: 'How camest thou in this pickle?—I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last'; *Ant. and Cleopatra* 2. 5. 66

Stew'd in brine
Smarting in lingering pickle.

4. 6. 47. **muske.** This perfume has at times been used extravagantly (cf. Nares) and has been considered the typical

scent of a would-be fashionable woman or foppish man. George Eliot uses it typically in her description of *Tito* and of *Stephen Guest*.

4. 6. 69. **Like loggets at a pear-tree.** See also *Hamlet* 5. 1. 94 (Variorum, p. 384): 'Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at *loggats* with 'em?'

Clarendon has this note on the passage: '"Loggats," diminutive of *log*. The game so-called resembles bowls, but with notable differences. First, it is played not on a green, but on a floor strewed with ashes. The Jack is a wheel of lignum-vitæ or other hard wood, nine inches in diameter and three or four inches thick. The loggat, made of apple-wood, is a truncated cone 26 or 27 inches in length, tapering from a girth of 8½ or 9 inches at the one end to 3½ or 4 inches at the other. Each player has three loggats which he throws, holding lightly the thin end. The object is to lie as near the Jack as possible. . . . Perhaps Ham. meant to compare the skull to the Jack at which the bones were thrown.'

'Loggets' was included in the number of unlawful games enumerated 33 Henry VIII. It is now called *kittle-pins*. As Whalley remarks, the word here 'signifies no more than a billet or small clump of wood, and is probably diminutive for the word log: the game itself was so-called from the *loggets* or wooden pins made use of in the play.' Gifford: '*Loggets* (a diminutive of log) are sticks or small pieces of wood which country people throw at their apple and pear trees to beat down the fruit that cannot otherwise be reached. There is a deal of grave trifling on the meaning of this common word, in the notes on Shakespeare.' Gifford's note is of some interest, since neither the *NED.* nor Wright, *Eng. Dialect. Dict.*, gives any such explanation.

4. 6. 107—108. Note Dame Turfe's tendency to grandeur.

4. 6. 113. **falfe.** Quite evidently a misprint.

ACT V

5. 1. 7. G+ put in a stage direction, 'Enter Awdrey,' here. The fact that her name is not given in the heading of

the scene seems to point to this, but she might, of course, have been standing by, absorbed in thought.

5. 2. 2. **ha' made 'hun away.** *NED.*: made away with = put out of the way, put to death: Stubbes, *Anat. of Abuses* 2 (1882), 55: 'For money I am persuaded they (physicians) can make away with any whom they have access unto.'

5. 2. 16, 18. **The High-Constables Counsell . . . Wise men of Finsbury.** These terms, quite evidently synonymous, stand for the *Counsell of Finsbury*, elsewhere referred to. That this is the name for a group of friends, rather than for a 'Counsell' in the legal sense, is evidenced by the fact that it has, for one of its members, Scriben, who is merely 'the great writer of Chalcot,' and that Hilts himself is probably at times of their number. Pan's remark, 23—24, confirms this. See also note on 1. 1. 33.

5. 2. 21. **longs till he be one on you.** '*Longs*' is used absolutely, as if it meant '*is uneasy*'.

5. 2. 28. **Can any man make a Masque here i' this company?** Tub's plans for his marriage with Awdrey are on the way to a successful outcome. He therefore plans to have a masque to complete the marriage-festivities, as was quite customary.

5. 2. 28—30. **Masque . . . mumming . . . shew . . . disguise.** In the reign of Elizabeth, 'mummings' and 'disguisings' were known at court by the common name of 'mask'. The first two terms, however, continued to be the vernacular name, applied interchangeably to dances in disguise, such as described in *Henry VIII* 1. 4. See Jonson, *Masque of Augurs* [*Works*, vol. 7. p. 411]: 'Disguise was the old English word for a masque, sir, before you were an implement belonging to the Revels'.

As the idea of a masque exists in Tub's mind, there is, however, something more to it than this; cf. 5. 6. 23; 5. 6. 54; 5. 10. It connects itself with the *motion*, the name by which it is always called by *Medlay*, though Tub always speaks of it as a *masque*.

A motion was the earliest name for a puppet-show. It

seems to have been customary for the showman to 'interpret' for the puppets, by reciting a suitable dialogue. Lanthorn Leatherhead, 'I am the mouth of them all.' Cf. *Ham.* 3. 2. 256; *Two Gent.* 2. 1. 100. The term *motion* is used in this play for a shadow-play. See Chambers, *Mediæv. Stage*, 1. 393—401; 2. 158. *NED.*: A shadow-play—a play in which the actors appear as shadows cast upon a screen placed between the stage and the auditorium.

5. 2. 28-75. For a discussion of this as an integral portion of the play, see *Introduction, The Date of the Play.*

5. 2. 57—8. **A world of things, concurre to the designe,**
Which make it feazible, if Art conduce.
Cunningham: 'From the frequent repetition of *feasible* and *conduce* it is impossible to doubt that they were pet words of the great architect's.' They are introduced with comical effect and in a way that somewhat interferes with Gifford's 'unoffending Jonson' theory. From p. 218 [5. 7. 54] we may gather that 'feasible and facile' was another of his phrases.

5. 2. 60. **How long ha' you studied Ingine?** The play on the word *Ingine* involves its two meanings—*machinery*—and *wit.*

5. 2. 61. **inlay in wit.** *Fig.* use of the general process of inlaying. The *NED.* gives this as the only example of the verb used *absolutely.*

5. 2. 61. **some vorty yeare.** This specific number completes the identification of Medlay with Inigo Jones, since at the time of writing it was about forty years since Jones learned the cooper's trade.

5. 2. 71. The sarcasm in these lines is not to be missed. Cf. *Expostulation with Inigo Jones* [*Works* 8. 111]: 'Painting and carpentry are the soul of the masque.'

5. 2. 72. **Ha' you nere a Cooper At *London* call'd *Vitruvius?*** This name is applied in scorn to Inigo Jones, in ironical reference to the Roman architect of whose treatise *De Architectura Libri Decem* it is said, from the Renaissance down, that 'in every point his precepts were accepted as final.'

This name for Jones is also used in *The Magnetic Lady*,

Induction, p. 7: 'All our work is done without a portal, or *Vitruvius*.'

In the presentation of the play at Court (cf. Introduction, 'The Date of the Play'), 'Vitruvius Hoop's part was struck out, Inigo Jones objecting.'

5. 2. 74—5. **old John Haywood. . . . He scornes the motion.** Scherer is inclined to think that Jonson here refers to Thomas Heywood. This is quite out of keeping with Jonson's accuracy of detail, as well as with his care in placing the action in the early years of Elizabeth's reign.

5. 3. 4. (**rest his bones.**) A Catholic influence remaining in Puritanism.

5. 3. 5, 11. **where's my Huisher Martin? . . . Where is your Gentleman, Madam?** The head-servant of Lady Tub is, in Dame Turfe's eyes, a gentleman.

5. 3. 7—8. **the foure wise Masters here, Of Finsbury Hundred.** These were (cf. 5. 2. 12—16): D'oge, Medlay, To-Pan, and Clench. *Finsbury* must again be considered a fictitious name.

5. 3. 8. **cry.** In the same sense as in 'Hue and Cry,' *i.e. announce.*

5. 3. 16—18. Recalls Shylock, in *M. of V.* 2. 8. 15—22. Possibly here a burlesque on tragedy. See also lines 32—3.

5. 3. 20. **Good luck, and't be thy will.** Good luck addressed as a god or goddess.

5. 3. 29. **Neighbour Turfe.** Lady Tub's change from suspicion to friendliness is to be noted in the form of address, 'Neighbour Turfe,' in place of 'Turfe.'

5. 3. 45. **a quite other tale.** Abbott: 'In early English we sometimes find "*a* so new robe."'

As *another* was formerly *an other*, the arrangement in our text is easily accounted for.

5. 3. 51. **set Cock a hoope.** Gifford: 'A phrase denoting the excess of mirth and jollity: but of doubtful derivation. The received opinion seems to be that it had birth from the practice of laying, on extraordinary occasions of festivity, the *cock* (spigot) on the *hoop* of the barrel, and letting the ale flow without intermission. I suspect that it had a more dignified origin.

Heywood, *Prov.* (Shannon), p. 113.

Hee maketh havocke, and *setteth cock on the hoope.*
Hee is so lavish, the stocke beginnes to droope.

Lean, *Collectanea* 3. 327: 'The theory that this expression of a condition of reckless exaltation and extravagance is from the analogy of one who lavishes his store of drink, letting it run in a stream, by removing the spigot and placing it on the hoops passing over the barrel, is supported by the fact that the figure of a cock of the poultry-yard was used for the purpose of turning the stream on and off, as may be seen in one of the block books in the first case as you enter the King's Library in the British Museum. Ds., *Ep.* 287:

He sets cock on the hoop; in you would say,
For cocking in hoops is now all the play,
And therefore no marvel men's stocks often droop
That still use the cockpit to set cock in hoop.

5. 3. 61. **An' you once earth your selfe, *John*, i' the barne,**
I ha' no Daughter vor you? Turfe uses *an'* for *and*, but for *and* in the sense of *if.* Jonson himself quotes from Lord Berners, where this is the case: What knowledge should we have of ancient things past *and* history were not?—*Abbott*, p. 101.

The meaning here is, clearly, that if Clay has hidden himself, he shall not have Awdrey. When Turfe finds that this is the fact, he decides against Clay, and evidently in favour of Tub; cf. lines 66—7.

earth is used for *have earthed.*

5. 4. 1. **return'd . . . turn'd.** It is to be noted that the play on words grows less frequent as the stage-business increases.

5. 4. 14—31. Tub's acceptance of the news is worth careful study.

5. 4. 18. **Is he a man?** Turfe is puzzled by the name.

5. 4. 21—26. **She was so brave, I knew her not, I sweare,** etc. This is the weak spot in the plot. Hugh has been quite too clever elsewhere, to be so dull here; and

there is no evidence of superior bribing. Yet this is just the kind of thing Jonson does in the *Alchemist* and in *Volpone*. Doubtless he means it to indicate the tendency of those who know themselves clever to fall through crass stupidity. The difficulty is that he fails to make these clever people of his conceited enough. Being clever does not make people dull; only blinding conceit accomplishes that.

5. 5. 8—9. **A good supper Would not be lost.** Abbott, p. 331, maintains that 'would' is not used for 'should,' and explains away such a case as *T. N.* 3. 1. 44: 'I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress.' Applying his reasoning here, one must consider that the supper had active wishes. This is hardly to be accepted.

5. 5. 9—10. Recalls *Macb.* 3. 4. 38—9.

5. 6. 1. **Lad.** Evidently the speaker is not Lady Tub, but Pol-marten. See Textual notes.

5. 6. 3. **expecting.** Awaiting.

5. 6. 8. **your leave.** Tub, not his mother, had given the permission to plunder her wardrobe. In her relief at the outcome, Lady Tub lets the statement go uncorrected.

5. 6. 16. **my fine Daughter. I could love her Now, twice as well.** Characteristic of Dame Turfe.

5. 6. 21. Here the play ended, as it was presented at court. Gifford's statement that it ended here as presented 'on the stage,' if he means 'on the public stage,' lacks support.

5. 6. 23. **alterations.** Since he has lost Awdrey, he must make changes in the masque. His purpose, too, is changed, being now to 'make the name of *Totten-Court* immortall.'

5. 7. 2—3, 15. **the ground, Or stand still of the worke.** The awkward phrase *stand still* is Medlay's own. Evidently 'ground' and 'stand still' both mean 'staging' in the modern sense.

5. 7. 17. **I meane my selfe still, in the plurall number.** This doubtless meant that, when Jonson and Jones worked together on a masque, Jones looked upon the outcome as done by 'himself still, in the plurall number.'

5. 7. 24—25. **So *Skelton*-Lawreat; was of *Elinour Bumming:***

But she the subject of the Rout and Tunning. Skelton (1460—1529) obtained in 1489 the academical degree of *poeta laureatus* from Oxford. This degree was also conferred on him in 1493 by the University of Louvain, and by his *alma mater Cantabrigiensis*. He ends very many of his poems: 'Quod Skelton, Laureat.' It is to be doubted that Jonson meant anything more by the use of the word 'Lawreat' than a laugh at Skelton for so signing himself.

The Tunnynge of Elynour Rummynge (the ale-wife of Sothray) is a ribald tale of the coming of various women to get ale, and of their means of paying for it.

5. 7. 27. **he still will win. That paies for all.** The punctuation is, of course, quite wrong.

5. 7. 30. **capt.** The skeleton tub, which forms the stage or picture-setting, has the front cover 'capt' with the semi-transparent paper especially prepared for such purposes.

5. 7. 31. **A fine oild Lanterne-paper.** Scherer takes up under this heading the question of Inigo Jones's identification with Lantern Leatherhead in *Bartholomew Fair*, citing Fleay, Ward, and Castelaine's points of view. The question is interesting, but seems to have no bearing on the present play, as the use of 'Lanterne-paper' for a shadow-play was a necessity quite aside from the question of the author of the 'libretto,' or the stage-manager, or mechanic.

5. 7. 48. **whistle Of command.** So in the *Expostulation with Inigo Jones* (*Works* 8. 118):

> We all know,
> The maker of the properties; in sum,
> The scene, the engine; but he now is come
> To be the music-master, tabler too;
> He is, or would be, the main *Dominus* Do-
> All of the work, and so shall still for Ben,
> Be Inigo, the whistle, and his men.

5. 7. 50. **virge to 'interpret.** Cunningham: 'Cooper (1587) has "*Virga*, a rodde or yarde," and we are to imagine

Inigo going about with a combination of foot-rule and staff in his hand. These touches are very interesting.'

5. 7. 52. **Give me the briefe o' your subject.** A summary, abstract. Cf. *M. N. D.* 5. 1. 42: 'There is a brief how many sports are ripe.'

5. 7. 62. **Care to *fit* 'un then.** *dial.* Suit, satisfy. Take care to suit (satisfy) him then.

5. 8. 1. **wedding.** For newly-married pair.

5. 8. 2. **Brought in.** Led in.

5. 8. 13. **I am halfe Lord Chamberlin, i' my Masters absence.** Fleay: 'A severe hit at Herbert; Astley being the nominal, but he the acting Master of the Revels.'

5. 8. 15. **The Maker of *Islington*.** The 1716 edition changes this to 'Master.' As Whalley remarks, the folio reading is better—*maker*, *i.e.*, the *poet* of Islington.

5. 9. 1. **give us in.** Hand us in.

5. 9. 11. **a Hall, a Hall!** *NED.*: 'A cry to clear the way or make room in a crowd, especially for a dance.'

Cf. *R. and J.* 1. 5. 28: 'A Hall Hall, give roome, and foote it Girles.' Chapman, *Hum. Dayes Myrth* (*Plays*, 1873) 1. 103: 'A hall, a hall, the pageant of the Butterie.'

In the second illustration, it is used to announce a show.

5. 9. 12. **'Tis merry in . . . Hall, when beards wag all.** Heywood, *Prov.* (Sharman, p. 138), gives this. Sharman, in a footnote, gives as the earliest form, from the *Life of Alexander* 1312:

> Swithe mury hit is in halle,
> When burdes wawen alle.

See also 2 *Henry IV* 5. 3. 34.

'When beards wag all,' Ray gives as meaning, 'when all are eating, feasting, or making good cheer.'

5. 9. 14. **tall-toters.** Tall tooters.

5. 10. *Stage-directions*. **on the by.** At the side.

5. 10. 18. **The first Motion.** Gifford: 'The puppets were probably drest or coloured so as to resemble their respective originals: from the description of the show given in a former

page, it seems to have been a rude imitation of the *Ombres Chinoises*, in which the *fantoccini* were represented on sliders of oiled paper. Medlay must be understood to play them in conformity to the description.'

Gifford's assumption is not borne out by the text: 5. 7. 31-2 says that the *tub* (of which only the top appears in the presentation; cf. 5. 10. 18, marginal note) is to be *capt* with a 'fine oild Lanterne-paper.' In 5. 7. 44-47 we are told that the figures shall be correct in figure, pose and colouring. In the Second Motion ll. 34-41, 53, 60-63, 73, etc., action takes place in the picture. The reader is inclined to think that when the curtain is drawn, the huge tub is seen on its side. The top, covered with oiled paper, is then the frame for the 'shadow-play' which was (according to the *NED.*), a play in which the actors appeared as shadows cast upon a screen placed between the stage and the auditorium.

Gifford further remarks on this: It argues somewhat of a querulous and waspish disposition in Inigo Jones to raise so loud an outcry (for he had appealed to the court) on this occasion. For ought that appears, he might have passed unnoticed, and Medlay and his Motions been trusted to the patience of the usual audience, without any essential injury to his reputation. If Jonson really had any object in view in this dull repetition, it could only be that of turning the whole play into a jest. A jest indeed, it is, made up, as he says himself, 'of old records, antique proverbs,' and verbal witticisms on names, etc. Cunningham: But surely nobody supposes that the play, as here given, contains all that was intended to have been presented. On this point Peter Cunningham says:—'Gifford when he wrote this, had wholly overlooked the curious circumstance that the character of Vitruvius Hoop is not to be found in the play as it has come down to us. It is easy to believe that the puppet motions in the piece would not have affected the reputation of Inigo, but the original character of Vitruvius Hoop, we may fairly assume was extremely personal.'—*Life of Inigo Jones* (Shak. Soc.), p. 29. Vitruvius is mentioned, and only mentioned, ante, 5. 2. 73.

5. 10. 18. G+ print Medlay's descriptions of the Motion

in italics, which serves to emphasize it and bring it out by contrast.

5. 10. 19. **The first Motion.** It will be observed that each 'motion' corresponds to an act.

5. 10. 20. **councell.** *NED.*: Plan; cf. *Merlin*, 14. 202: He ne Kowde no counseile how he myght his londe deffende; and Tindale, *Acts* 2. 23: Delivered by the determinat counsell and foreknoweledge of God.

5. 10. 25. **sad velvet Gowne.** *NED.*: Dark-coloured; cf. Becon, *Catech.* 6 Wks. 1. 536:

'If they be olde women and maryed: not lyght apparell, but sad raiment pleaseth a godly husband.'

This dark colour of Lady Tub's velvet is the final touch required to mark the combination of 'Puritan' and 'Cavalier' elements emphasized in her conversation in 1. 7.

5. 10. 32—41. Here perhaps Medlay's poetical power is shown at the height of its absurdity.

5. 10. 42. The space left between this and the following line, suggests that something was omitted or that another line was to be inserted. The fact that *shew* is left without a rhyme, points to the latter idea.

5. 10. 51. **carefull.** In its original sense of care-full.

5. 10. 56. **gives Fame out a Lyar.** Shows the rumour to be false.

5. 10. 61. **like Saint *George* on foot.** This should read, for the sense, 'like Saint George, on foot.' Turfe comes on foot. In the reference to Saint George, 3. 6. 4. (when Medlay was present), Turfe says, 'I will ride.' Medlay, practical and prosaic, knows that he did not ride, and so states the fact here, as it is.

5. 10. 68. **so he runs his neck into the Lawes.** Scherer thinks this a possible reference to his own fate, of which he was reminded so unpleasantly by Tucca, *Satirom.* l. 384. [*Materialien* 20]: 'Thou . . . readst as leageably as some that have bin sav'd by their neck-verse.'

5. 10. 77—8. **the Squire quilts Within his Cap.** This the squire pieces or joins together in his mind.

5. 10. 83. **straw throng.** Cunningham: *i.e.* in throng

straw, or closely piled straw. The word *throng* as an adjective is in constant use in Scotland; a man for instance would commence a letter, 'I am very *throng*,' meaning that he was enveloped in business like John Clay in the straw.

5. 10. 97. It would be a matter of interest to know whether the wrong form of the Greek word used here was a misprint in the 1640 folio, or whether Jonson used the wrong form purposely to satirise Tub's pedantry.

5. 10. 100. **recovered.** Scherer takes this to refer to Metaphore's previously worn-out condition in 4. 2. 22—34.

5. 10. 100. ***Giles.*** Evidently for *Miles*, as W+ give it.

5. 10. 102. **to pay old *Turfe* his Club.** To pay him the money due him.

EPILOGUE

Ep. 1—2. This is held to signify Jonson's own estimate of the play.

7. **forked plot.** Two-sided, or two-pronged. A reference to the fact that Hugh's one plot was given to the two parties, to Tub, and to Preamble.

11. **poore John.** Scherer quotes Nares to the effect that 'poor John' was a coarse kind of fish. The examples given of the use of this phrase by Shakespeare, to denote a worthless fellow, hyphenate the word. Here perhaps nothing more is meant than 'poor John Clay.'

12—14. ***Got* In-and-In, *to gi't you in a* Masque:**
***That you be pleas'd, who come to see a* Play,**
With those that heare, and marke not what wee say.

There is here the final hit at Jones' work, and with it some of Jonson's own bitterness and sense of discouragement over the failure of some of his work, voiced in his *Ode to Himself* (*Works* 8. 368).

GLOSSARY

In preparing this glossary, the *New English Dictionary*, as far as it has appeared at this date, has been the chief source, though Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* has also furnished considerable aid: for dialectical and other lexicons used, reference should be made to the Bibliography.

A dagger before a word or a definition indicates that the word or definition is obsolete; parallel lines, that a word has never been naturalized.

Advertise, *v.* † Inform. 3. 3. 6.

Affy, *v. arch.* Affiance, betroth. 4. 1. 29.

Ale, *n.* See note on Prologue. 10.

Allegory, *n.* See note on 3. 7. 40.

Amendment, *n.* † Amends-making, reparation. 4. 1. 69.

Angell, *n.* See note on 1. 1. 86.

Anone, *adv.* † Straightway, presently. 2. 2. 132.

Antiquity, *n.* † An old man. 1. 2. 29.

† **Apperill,** *n. rare.* Peril, risk. See note on 2. 2. 93.

† **Apt,** *v.* Incline, dispose, render fit. 4. 1. 126. Cf. Poetaster. 1. 2. 107.

Armiger, *n.* One who attended a knight to bear his shield, etc.; in later usage, one entitled to bear heraldic arms. See note on 1. 1. 18.

Ash-plant, *n.* A pole or cudgel of ash. 2. 2. 23.

Author, *n.* † Instigator. 1. 3. 25.

Bate, *v.* Strike off or take away (a part of), abate, remit, deduct. 2. 2. 14.

Beetle, *n.* Heavy wooden mallet. 1. 5. 24.

† **Bilke,** *n.* Empty talk, nonsense. 1. 1. 60.

Bitterment = Arbitrement. 4. 1. 74.

Brag, *a.* Boastful. 1. 2. 11.

Brave, *a. adv.* Splendid, showy, finely-dressed. 2. 4. 83; 4. 6. 95; 5. 1. 9.

Breake *v.* Wear out, crush the strength of. 2. 4. 33.

Brended, *obs. form of* Brinded. 2. 2. 17.
Bride-ale, *n.* See note on 1. 1. 95.
† **Bride-lace,** *n.* A piece of gold, silk, or other lace, used to bind up the sprigs of rosemary formerly worn at weddings. 1. 4. 20.
† **Buck,** *n.* Washing. *To drive the buck*: to carry through a washing with lye. 3. 9. 76.
† **Bun,** *n.* A term of endearment. 2. 2. 43.
Burrough = † Borrow, *n.* Surety. 3. 1. 65.

Carnation-day = Coronation-day. 5. 3. 56.
Carry, *v.* 1. *arch.* To conduct, manage, execute. 1. 5. 27.
2. *arch.* and *dial.* To take as a prisoner. 2. 2. 57.
Cast, *v.* 1. Devise, plot. 3. 3. 5.
2. *dial.* Yield up, cast off. 3. 3. 20.
Cawdle, *n.* A warm drink consisting of thin gruel, mixed with wine or ale, sweetened and spiced. 2. 6. 6.
† **'Cham,** *pro. dial.* I am. 1. 1. 56.
Chanon, *n.* Early form for canon. 1. 1. 22.
Charges, *n.* † Trouble, inconvenience. 1. 4. 9.
† **Che,** *pron. dial.* I. 2. 2. 70, etc.
Cleanliest, *a.* † Cleverest, most adroit. 4. 2. 93.
Clench, *n.* That part of the nail or bolt turned back in clenching. 1. 2. 28.
† **Clownage,** *n.* Action or behaviour of a clown. 1. 6. 34.
Clowne, *n.* 1. Countryman. 1. 3. 31, 34.
2. A stupid person. 1. 3. 32.
Coat-Armour, *n.* Arms blazoned upon a surcoat. 1. 5. 48.
† **Cock,** *n.* Perversion of the word God, (an intermediate form being *gock*), used in oaths and forcible ejaculations. Cf. Cock's bodikins. 3. 2. 42. Cock's pretious. 4. 6. 51.
† **Cock a hoope,** (to set) *phr.* To turn on the tap and let the liquor flow. 5. 3. 51.
Collop, *n.* A small slice, a piece of flesh. 4. 6. 30.
Colon, *n.* An ignorant pun on *clown* and *colonus*. 1. 3. 35. 40.
Colstaves, *n.* For Cowl-staves. Stout sticks. See note on 3. 4. 28.
Composition, *n. arch.* or *obs.* Agreement. 4. 1. 56.
Comprehend = Apprehend. 3. 1. 21.
Conceit, *n.* † Notion, idea, thought. 2. 4. 92; 3. 5. 12.
Conceive, *v.* Understand. 1. 5. 3.

Concord, *v.* Agree. 3. 1. 67.
Condemn'd, *a. fig.* Doomed by fate. 1. 6. 27.
Conduce, *v.* 1. † Contribute, 5. 2. 39.
2. Further, aid in bringing about. 5. 2. 58.
Consistory, *n.* † *fig.* A council; as a source of determination. 3. 7. 64.
Consort, *n.* † Company. 2. 1. 48.
Conspition = Suspicion. 3. 1. 30.
Costard, *n. arch.* Applied humorously to the head. See note on 2. 2. 11; 3. 7. 44.
Cote, *n.* † Hut, cottage. Pro. 13.
† **Cow-shard,** *n.* Cow-dung. 4. 5. 61.
Coyle, *obs. form of* Coil. Noisy disturbance. 3. 5. 29.
† **Crambe.** 1. See note on 4. 1. 99.
2. *v.* To play crambo. 4. 1. 99.
Cross, *v.* Thwart, hinder. 1. 1. 53. Cf. *Mer. of Venice.* 3. 1. 24. *M. S. N. Dream.* 2. 1. 119.
Crosse, *adv. rare.* Adversely. 3. 7. 4.
Cry, *v.* See note on 3. 1. 82.
† **Cunni-borrough** = Cony-burrow *n.* A rabbit-burrow. 3. 1. 35.
Curious, *a.* † Minute in inquiry. 1. 6. 52.
Currant, *obs. form of* Courant, *n.* A runner. 4. 2. 32.
Cursin'd, *a.* Hallowed. 1. 2. 2.
† **Curtail,** *n.* A horse with its tail cut short or docked (and sometimes the ears cropped). 4. 1. 97.
Cyning. See note on 4. *Sc. Inter.* 54.

† **Demeans,** *n.* Demesne, possessions. 4. 1. 11.
Device, *n.* † 1. Spectacle, show, idea. 1. 1. 63.
2. A plan. 1. 1. 64.
† **District,** *a.* Severe, rigorous, stringent. 4. 1. 62.
'Dority, *n.* For authority. 1. 3. 24.
Draff, *n.* Wash or swill given to swine. 3. 9. 50.
Drift, *n.* † Scheme, plot, design. 3. 7. 66.
Dun, *a.* Of a dull or dingy-brown colour. 2. 2. 17.

Entertain, *v.* † To take into one's service: to hire. 2. 1. 50.
Expergiscere. See note on 1. 1. 18.

Fact, *n.* † Deed, evil deed, crime. Cf. Schmidt. 2. 2. 174.
Faeces, *n.* Offal, excrement. 1. 5. 68.

Fair, *adv.* † In a proper or suitable manner. 3. 7. 2.
Fall, *v.* = Let fall. 5. 10. 65.
Fetch, *n.* Contrivance, stratagem, trick. 3. 3. 34.
Fire-forke, *n.* A fork-shaped instrument used for stirring up the fire, putting on fuel, etc. 4. 6. 45.
Flap, *n.* † A blow or slap. 2. 4. 34.
Flesh-hooke, *n.* A hook for removing meat from the pot. 4. 6. 45.
† **Fram-pull,** *a.* Sour-tempered. 2. 4. 18.
Full-mart, *obs. form of* Foumart, *n.* Polecat. Used as a word of contempt. 1. 6. 21.

Geare, *n.* † 1. Stuff. 2. 1. 17 ; 5. 10. 49.
† 2. Matter, affair, business. 3. 7. 3.
† **God-phere,** *n.* Godfather. See note 4. *Scene Inter.* 21.
Gossip, *n.* Friend, familiar acquaintance. 2. 2. 48.
Gramercy, *excl.* Thank you. 2. 2. 75.
Groat, *n.* † Taken as a type of a very small sum. 4. *Scene Inter.* 63.
Growse = Grouse. 2. 2. 12.
Guard, *v. arch.* To escort as a guard. 2. 1. 42.

Hab, nab, *adv. obs.* or *dial.* Succeed or fail, hit or miss. 4. 1. 74.
Hare, *v.* Frighten. 2. 2. 144.
† **Hart-root,** *n.* A beloved one. 5. 10. 62.
Headborough, *n.* A parish officer identical with a petty constable, a tithing-man. 1. 1. 37 ; 4. *Sc. Inter.* 48.
† **Hine,** *n.* Old form for hind. † A lad, boy, stripling : *hence* fellow. 2. 2. 51.
† **Hoblers-hole,** *n.* See note on 3. 7. 43.
Hoiden, *n.* † A clown. See note on 2. 6. 1.
Holy-dom, *n.* A holy thing, a relic, a word much used in oaths and adjurations : hence, the asseveration : *By my holydom.* 4. 6. 7.
Hue and Cry. See note on 2. 2. 94.
Huisher, *n.* Usher. 1. 6. 14.
Hundred, *n.* A subdivision of a county or shire, having its own court. 1. 1. 34 ; 1. 4. 24 ; 2. 2. 74.

† **Incony.** *a.* Rare, fine, delicate. See note on 4. 1. 108.
In-lay, *v.* See note on 5. 2. 61.

† **Ingine,** *n.* See note on 5. 2. 60.
† **Insinuate,** *v.* To ingratiate oneself with. Cf. *Rich. III.* 1. 4. 152. *Titus And.* 4. 2. 38; 1. 5. 49.

† **Jacksauce,** *n.* An impudent person, a 'saucebox.' 3. 3. 47.
Jade, *n.* A vicious, worthless, ill-tempered horse; rarely applied to a donkey. 2. 2. 7, 8.
John, *n.* A representative proper name for a servant. 4. *Sc. Inter.* 56.
Jovially, *adv.* † In the manner of a Jove. 3. 7. 68.
† **Jovy,** *a.* Jovial, merry. 1. 4. 43.

† **Keepe,** *n.* charge, custody. 3. 5. 34.
† **Knot-headed,** *a.* For nott-headed, closely-cropped. A term of contempt. 1. 5. 2.
Kursind, *a.* Christened. 1. 3. 58; 4. *Sc. Inter.* 26—7.

Layick, *n.* A layman. 1. 1. 5.
Leach. See note on 1. 2. 28.
Leazin, *n. dial.* A lie. 4. 1. 38.
Logget, *n.* A small log or piece of wood, a diminutive log. 4. 6. 69.
Lure, *n.* The cry of a falconer recalling his hawk: *fig.* an alluring cry. See also note on 1. 1. 25.

Magister, *a.* Master. 3. 7. 69.
Maine, *n.* † Object aimed at: aim, purpose. 3. 7. 62.
Make, *n.* mate, companion, lover, husband or wife. 1. 1. 8.
Mangy, *a.* Beggarly, mean, 'lousy;' used as a general term of contempt. 2. 4. 15.
Maple-face, *n.* See note on 2. 2. 15.
† **Marle,** *n.* Contraction of marvel. 2. 4. 63. *v.* To marvel. 2. 6. 4.
Mar, *v. obs. ex. dial.* Ruin or damage morally. 1. 5. 67.
Mass. See note on 2. 2. 76.
Metall-man, *n.* A worker or dealer in metal. 4. *Sc. Inter.* 24.
Mind, *v.* Intend. 3. 1. 77.
Monger, *n.* One carrying on a petty and disreputable 'traffic.' 2. 3. 38.
Motion, *n.* † A puppet-show. See note on 5. 2. 75.
† **Mount'nance,** *n.* Quantity, amount. 3. 8. 34.
† **Muckinder,** *n.* for muckender, a handkerchief. 3. 1. 53.

† **Neare,** *a. obs.* form of nearer. 2. 2. 118; Ep. 16.
Neighbour-hood, *n.* † The fact of being neighbours. 4. 1. 21.
† **Nere,** *adv. obs.* variant of never. 2. 2. 118; 5. 2. 72; Ep. 16.
Nick, *n.* † The critical moment. 4. 2. 34, 35.
Noble, *n.* An old English coin worth about six shillings and eight pence. 3. 5. 12.
Noises, *n.* Bands of musicians. 1. 4. 50.
Nought. See note on 2. 2. 129.

† **'Od,** *interj.* A minced form of God, used in oaths, alone and with other words. 3. 2. 28.
† **Out-fitting,** *a.* [for *befitting*]. See note on 1. 6. 57.

† **Pad-horse,** *n.* A road-horse, an easy-paced nag. 4. 2. 22.
† **Pannyer-hilt** = Basket-hilt, *n.* A hilt provided with a defence for the swordsman's hand, consisting of narrow plates of steel curved into the shape of a basket. 2. 2. 18.
Pasterne, *n.* The part of an animal's foot between the fetlock and the hoof. 3. 3. 23.
Pate, *n.* Head as seat of the intellect. 2. 3. 37—38.
Phrensick = Frenzical, *a.* Frantic. 2. 2. 129.
† **Point,** 1. *a. rare.* Complete, ready. 3. 7. 76.
2. *n.* A tagged lace or cord of twisted yarn, silk or leather, for attaching hose to doublet, lacing a bodice, or fastening various parts where buttons would now be used. 1. 4. 10, 21.
† **Polcat,** *n.* = Pole-cat. A term applied contemptuously to a vile person. 1. 6. 16.
Pretend, *v.* † Aim at, aspire to. Pro. 2.
Prevent, *v.* See note on 1. 5. 1.
Prick down, *phr.* Pick out. 1. 1. 42.
Prime, *a.* Foremost, highest in degree. 1. 5. 56.
Primitory = Primitive, *a.* earliest. 1. 3. 36.
† **Privities,** *n.* Secret purposes. 2. 6. 48.
Purcept = Precept, *n.* Warrant. 3. 1. 41, 86.
Pursie = Pursy, *a.* Having a full purse; rich, wealthy. 3. 7. 27—8.
† **Pursyvant** = Pursuivant, *n.* A warrant-officer. 2. 5. 13—15; 3. 7. 26—29.
† **Pusse** = Puss, *n.* Formerly a term of reproach or contempt applied to a girl or woman. 1. 7. 37.

† **Quiblins,** *n.* Tricks. 4. 1. 131.

Quirister, *n. obs.* or *arch.* form of chorister. A member of the choir. 1. 1. 5.

Rampant, *a.* of a fierce disposition. 4. *Sc. Inter.* 46.
† **Reburse** = Disburse, *v.* Pay out. 3. 1. 44.
† **Regulars,** *n.* See note on 3. 7. 74.
Remission = Permission. 3. 1. 20.
Require = Inquire. 3. 2. 40.
Resolve, *v.* † Inform. 3. 8. 5.
Returney = Attorney. 4. 1. 58.
Reverence, *n.* 1. A bow or curtsy. 1. 6. 25.
2. Respect, deference. 3. 5. 42.
Revise = Advise. 2. 2. 44.
Rigid, *adj.* Severe, inflexible, unyielding. 1. 1. 83.
Rivet, *n.* A short nail or bolt used for fastening together metal plates and then driven out of sight. 1. 2. 27.
† **Rondel** = Roundel. A round dance. (Cf. *M. S. N. Dream.* 2. 2. 1); 2. 1. 53.
Rowel, *v.* To insert a circular piece of leather with a hole in the centre, known as a rowel, between the flesh and skin of an animal to cause the discharge of humours. 4. *Sc. Inter.* 17.
† **Rowle-powle** = Roly-poly, *n.* A worthless fellow, a rascal. 2. 2. 15.
† **Rowting** = Routing, *a. rare.* Roaring. 4. *Sc. Inter.* 32.
Russet coat, *n.* † A peasant, rustic. 3. 9. 32.
Rustic, *adj.* Clownish, rough. 1. 1. 83.

Sattin, *n. obs.* form of Satan. 4. 6. 24.
† **Sawsedge-hose** = Sausage-hose, *n.* Hose padded so as to resemble sausage. 1. 4. 11.
'Scourse = Discourse. 1. 2. 34.
'Scourse = Scourse, *v.* Barter, exchange, trade. 1. 2. 35.
Scrape-hill. See note on 4. 2. 43.
Shadowes, *n.* See note on 1. 5. 30.
Shamefac'tnesse, *n.* Modesty. 3. 1. 69.
Shrew = Shrewd. 1. 2. 29.
Sided, *a.* † Supported. 3. 9. 2.
'Slid, *int.* Abbreviation of *God's lid* (eyelid). A form of oath common in the 17th century. Cf. *Merry W.* 3. 4. 24; *T. Night.* 3. 4. 426.
Smocks, [for women.] 1. 3. 25.
Soape, *n.* See note on 2. 4. 19.

‖ **Soldado-like,** *a.* Soldier-like. 3. 9. 4.
Sort, *v.* See note on 1. 2. 23.
Sparke, *n.* A person of gay or lively character. Pro. 5.
Spraying. See note on 1. 5. 59.
Stand-still. See note on 5. 7. 15.
Stote = Stoat, *n.* Polecat. 1. 6. 20.
Superficies, *n.* Surface. 1. 5. 6.
Surbator, *n.* † Overthrower. 4. 2. 32.
Surreverence = Sir-reverence. See note on 3. 5. 41.
Sussifled = Satisfied. 2. 1. 59.

Taberd, *obs.* form of Tabard, *n.* A short gown, the official dress of a herald or pursuivant. 1. 5. 47.
Table, *n.* An official body of persons who sit at a table for the transacting of business. *Obs.* except in special connexions. 2. 5. 9.
Testie, *adj.* Easily angered, fretful, peevish. 1. 1. 77.
Thwart, *v.* Contradict. 1. 3. 7.
Thick, *a. arch.* or *dial.* The very (thing, person, etc.) mentioned: the same. 3. 1. 38.
Though, *a.* Study. 1. 1. 43.
Toter = Tooter. 3. 6. 22; 5. 9. 14.
Touch'd, *a.* † Charged. 4. 1. 13.
Treslesse, *obs.* form of Trestle, *n.* See note on 4. 2. 33.
Truss, *v.* Hang. 2. 6. 52.
Tunning, *n.* That which is brewe at one time. 5. 7. 25.

Upstantiall = Substantial. 2. 1. 20.

V = *dial.* for F.
Vallies. See note on 2. 6. 51.
Van, *n.* A bird's wing, a fan. Hence a feather, a decoration. 1. 4. 18.
Vear = Fear. 2. 1. 26.
Verven = Fervent, *a.* Hot, burning. 3. 9. 67.
Vingars = Fingers. 4. *Sc. Inter.* 11.
† **Virge,** *obs.* spelling of *Verge*, *n.* A rod or staff, carried as an emblem of authority or ensign of office. 5. 7. 50.
Visicarie. See note on 4. *Sc. Inter.* 12.
Vizard, *n.* Mask. 5. 2. 30.

Wa'hoh! See note on 1. 1. 23.

Walghts = Waits, *n.* Night musicians, band of musical watchmen, or old form of 'hautboys.' 3. 6. 23.

Wake. See note on Prologue. 10.

Warren, *n.* 1. A piece of ground appropriated to the breeding and preservation of game. 3. 1. 37.

2. Warrant. 3. 1. 37.

Whitson-lord, *n.* The master of the revels at the old Whitsuntide festivals. See note on Prologue. 9.

Woundy, *a.* 1. See note on 1. 2. 11.

2. Excessive. 4. 2. 1; 4. 2. 13.

† **Wuss,** *v.* = Ywis, know. 2. 2. 43.

† **Wusse,** *interjection.* Certainly, assuredly. 1. 4. 1.

† **Yclept,** *a.* A form of the past particle of † *Clepe*, A-S. verb, meaning *to call.* 3. 5. 5.

† **Yvound,** *a.* A form of the past particle of † Findan. A-S. verb, meaning *to find.* 3. 1. 27.

Z, *dial.* for *s.*

Zaw-pit = Saw-pit, *n.* A pit over which timber is sawed. 4. 1. 40.

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INDEX

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