

Every Man in His Humor

Ben Jonson



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EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOR

(The Anglicized Edition)

By Ben Jonson

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INTRODUCTION

THE greatest of English dramatists except Shakespeare, the first literary dictator and poet-laureate, a writer of verse, prose, satire, and criticism who most potently of all the men of his time affected the subsequent course of English letters: such was Ben Jonson, and as such his strong personality assumes an interest to us almost unparalleled, at least in his age.

Ben Jonson came of the stock that was centuries after to give to the world Thomas Carlyle; for Jonson's grandfather was of Annandale, over the Solway, whence he migrated to England. Jonson's father lost his estate under Queen Mary, "having been cast into prison and forfeited." He entered the church, but died a month before his illustrious son was born, leaving his widow and child in poverty. Jonson's birthplace was Westminster, and the time of his birth early in 1573. He was thus nearly ten years Shakespeare's junior, and less well off, if a trifle better born. But Jonson did not profit even by this slight advantage. His mother married beneath her, a wright or bricklayer, and Jonson was for a time apprenticed to the trade. As a youth he attracted the attention of the famous antiquary, William Camden, then usher at Westminster School, and there the poet laid the solid foundations of his classical learning. Jonson always held Camden in veneration, acknowledging that to him he owed,

"All that I am in arts, all that I know:"

and dedicating his first dramatic success, "Every Man in His Humour," to him. It is doubtful whether Jonson ever went to either university, though Fuller says that he was "statutably admitted into

St. John's College, Cambridge." He tells us that he took no degree, but was later "Master of Arts in both the universities, by their favour, not his study." When a mere youth Jonson enlisted as a soldier trailing his pike in Flanders in the protracted wars of William the Silent against the Spanish. Jonson was a large and raw-boned lad; he became by his own account in time exceedingly bulky. In chat with his friend William Drummond of Hawthornden, Jonson told how "in his service in the Low Countries he had, in the face of both the camps, killed an enemy, and taken 'opima spolia' from him;" and how "since his coming to England, being appealed to the fields, he had killed his adversary which had hurt him in the arm and whose sword was ten inches longer than his." Jonson's reach may have made up for the lack of his sword; certainly his prowess lost nothing in the telling. Obviously Jonson was brave, combative, and not averse to talking of himself and his doings.

In 1592, Jonson returned from abroad penniless. Soon after he married, almost as early and quite as imprudently as Shakespeare. He told Drummond curtly that "his wife was a shrew, yet honest"; for some years he lived apart from her in the household of Lord Albany. Yet two touching epitaphs among Jonson's 'Epigrams', "On my first daughter," and "On my first son," attest the warmth of the poet's family affections. The daughter died in infancy, the son of the plague; another son grew up to manhood little credit to his father whom he survived. We know nothing beyond this of Jonson's domestic life.

How soon Jonson drifted into what we now call grandly "the theatrical profession" we do not know. In 1593 Marlowe made his tragic exit from life, and Greene, Shakespeare's other rival on the popular stage, had preceded Marlowe in an equally miserable death the year before. Shakespeare already had the running to himself. Jonson appears first in the employment of Philip Henslowe, the

exploiter of several troupes of players, manager, and father-in-law of the famous actor, Edward Alleyn. From entries in 'Henslowe's Diary', a species of theatrical account book which has been handed down to us, we know that Jonson was connected with the Admiral's men; for he borrowed 4 pounds of Henslowe, July 28, 1597, paying back 3s. 9d. on the same day on account of his "share" (in what is not altogether clear); while later, on December 3, of the same year, Henslowe advanced 20s. to him "upon a book which he showed the plot unto the company which he promised to deliver unto the company at Christmas next." In the next August Jonson was in collaboration with Chettle and Porter in a play called "Hot Anger Soon Cold." All this points to an association with Henslowe of some duration, as no mere tyro would be thus paid in advance upon mere promise. From allusions in Dekker's play, "Satiromastix," it appears that Jonson, like Shakespeare, began life as an actor, and that he "ambled in a leather pitch by a play-wagon" taking at one time the part of Hieronimo in Kyd's famous play, "The Spanish Tragedy." By the beginning of 1598, Jonson, though still in needy circumstances, had begun to receive recognition. Francis Meres—well known for his "Comparative Discourse of our English Poets with the Greek, Latin, and Italian Poets," printed in 1598, and for his mention therein of a dozen plays of Shakespeare by title—accords to Ben Jonson a place as one of "our best in tragedy," a matter of some surprise, as no known tragedy of Jonson from so early a date has come down to us. That Jonson was at work on tragedy, however, is proved by the entries in Henslowe of at least three tragedies, now lost, in which he had a hand. These are "Page of Plymouth," "King Robert II. of Scotland," and "Richard Crookback." But all of these came later, on his return to Henslowe, and range from August 1599 to June 1602.

Returning to the autumn of 1598, an event now happened to sever for a time Jonson's relations with Henslowe. In a letter to Alleyn, dated September 26 of that year, Henslowe writes: "I have lost one of my company that hurteth me greatly; that is Gabriel [Spencer], for he is slain in Hogsden fields by the hands of Benjamin Jonson, bricklayer." The last word is perhaps Henslowe's thrust at Jonson in his displeasure rather than a designation of his actual continuance at his trade up to this time. It is fair to Jonson to remark however, that his adversary appears to have been a notorious fire-eater who had shortly before killed one Feeke in a similar squabble. Duelling was a frequent occurrence of the time among gentlemen and the nobility; it was an imprudent breach of the peace on the part of a player. This duel is the one which Jonson described years after to Drummond, and for it Jonson was duly arraigned at Old Bailey, tried, and convicted. He was sent to prison and such goods and chattels as he had "were forfeited." It is a thought to give one pause that, but for the ancient law permitting convicted felons to plead, as it was called, the benefit of clergy, Jonson might have been hanged for this deed. The circumstance that the poet could read and write saved him; and he received only a brand of the letter "T," for Tyburn, on his left thumb. While in jail Jonson became a Roman Catholic; but he returned to the faith of the Church of England a dozen years later.

On his release, in disgrace with Henslowe and his former associates, Jonson offered his services as a playwright to Henslowe's rivals, the Lord Chamberlain's company, in which Shakespeare was a prominent shareholder. A tradition of long standing, though not susceptible of proof in a court of law, narrates that Jonson had submitted the manuscript of "Every Man in His Humour" to the Chamberlain's men and had received from the company a refusal; that Shakespeare called him back, read the play

himself, and at once accepted it. Whether this story is true or not, certain it is that "Every Man in His Humour" was accepted by Shakespeare's company and acted for the first time in 1598, with Shakespeare taking a part. The evidence of this is contained in the list of actors prefixed to the comedy in the folio of Jonson's works, 1616. But it is a mistake to infer, because Shakespeare's name stands first in the list of actors and the elder Kno'well first in the 'dramatis personae', that Shakespeare took that particular part. The order of a list of Elizabethan players was generally that of their importance or priority as shareholders in the company and seldom if ever corresponded to the list of characters.

"Every Man in His Humour" was an immediate success, and with it Jonson's reputation as one of the leading dramatists of his time was established once and for all. This could have been by no means Jonson's earliest comedy, and we have just learned that he was already reputed one of "our best in tragedy." Indeed, one of Jonson's extant comedies, "The Case is Altered," but one never claimed by him or published as his, must certainly have preceded "Every Man in His Humour" on the stage. The former play may be described as a comedy modelled on the Latin plays of Plautus. (It combines, in fact, situations derived from the "Captivi" and the "Aulularia" of that dramatist). But the pretty story of the beggar-maiden, Rachel, and her suitors, Jonson found, not among the classics, but in the ideals of romantic love which Shakespeare had already popularised on the stage. Jonson never again produced so fresh and lovable a feminine personage as Rachel, although in other respects "The Case is Altered" is not a conspicuous play, and, save for the satirising of Antony Munday in the person of Antonio Balladino and Gabriel Harvey as well, is perhaps the least characteristic of the comedies of Jonson.

"Every Man in His Humour," probably first acted late in the summer of 1598 and at the Curtain, is commonly regarded as an epoch-making play; and this view is not unjustified. As to plot, it tells little more than how an intercepted letter enabled a father to follow his supposedly studious son to London, and there observe his life with the gallants of the time. The real quality of this comedy is in its personages and in the theory upon which they are conceived. Ben Jonson had theories about poetry and the drama, and he was neither chary in talking of them nor in experimenting with them in his plays. This makes Jonson, like Dryden in his time, and Wordsworth much later, an author to reckon with; particularly when we remember that many of Jonson's notions came for a time definitely to prevail and to modify the whole trend of English poetry. First of all Jonson was a classicist, that is, he believed in restraint and precedent in art in opposition to the prevalent ungoverned and irresponsible Renaissance spirit. Jonson believed that there was a professional way of doing things which might be reached by a study of the best examples, and he found these examples for the most part among the ancients. To confine our attention to the drama, Jonson objected to the amateurishness and haphazard nature of many contemporary plays, and set himself to do something different; and the first and most striking thing that he evolved was his conception and practice of the comedy of humours.

As Jonson has been much misrepresented in this matter, let us quote his own words as to "humour." A humour, according to Jonson, was a bias of disposition, a warp, so to speak, in character by which

*"Some one peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw*

*All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their confluctions, all to run one way."*

But continuing, Jonson is careful to add:

*"But that a rook by wearing a pied feather,
The cable hat-band, or the three-piled ruff,
A yard of shoe-tie, or the Switzers knot
On his French garters, should affect a humour!
O, it is more than most ridiculous."*

Jonson's comedy of humours, in a word, conceived of stage personages on the basis of a ruling trait or passion (a notable simplification of actual life be it observed in passing); and, placing these typified traits in juxtaposition in their conflict and contrast, struck the spark of comedy. Downright, as his name indicates, is "a plain squire"; Bobadill's humour is that of the braggart who is incidentally, and with delightfully comic effect, a coward; Brainworm's humour is the finding out of things to the end of fooling everybody: of course he is fooled in the end himself. But it was not Jonson's theories alone that made the success of "Every Man in His Humour." The play is admirably written and each character is vividly conceived, and with a firm touch based on observation of the men of the London of the day. Jonson was neither in this, his first great comedy (nor in any other play that he wrote), a supine classicist, urging that English drama return to a slavish adherence to classical conditions. He says as to the laws of the old comedy (meaning by "laws," such matters as the unities of time and place and the use of chorus): "I see not then, but we should enjoy the same licence, or free power to illustrate and heighten our invention as they [the ancients] did; and not be tied to those strict and regular forms which the niceness of a few, who are nothing but form, would thrust upon us." "Every Man in His Humour" is written in prose, a novel practice which Jonson had of

his predecessor in comedy, John Lyly. Even the word "humour" seems to have been employed in the Jonsonian sense by Chapman before Jonson's use of it. Indeed, the comedy of humours itself is only a heightened variety of the comedy of manners which represents life, viewed at a satirical angle, and is the oldest and most persistent species of comedy in the language. None the less, Jonson's comedy merited its immediate success and marked out a definite course in which comedy long continued to run. To mention only Shakespeare's Falstaff and his rout, Bardolph, Pistol, Dame Quickly, and the rest, whether in "Henry IV." or in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," all are conceived in the spirit of humours. So are the captains, Welsh, Scotch, and Irish of "Henry V.," and Malvolio especially later; though Shakespeare never employed the method of humours for an important personage. It was not Jonson's fault that many of his successors did precisely the thing that he had reprobated, that is, degrade the humour: into an oddity of speech, an eccentricity of manner, of dress, or cut of beard. There was an anonymous play called "Every Woman in Her Humour." Chapman wrote "A Humorous Day's Mirth," Day, "Humour Out of Breath," Fletcher later, "The Humorous Lieutenant," and Jonson, besides "Every Man Out of His Humour," returned to the title in closing the cycle of his comedies in "The Magnetic Lady or Humours Reconciled."

With the performance of "Every Man Out of His Humour" in 1599, by Shakespeare's company once more at the Globe, we turn a new page in Jonson's career. Despite his many real virtues, if there is one feature more than any other that distinguishes Jonson, it is his arrogance; and to this may be added his self-righteousness, especially under criticism or satire. "Every Man Out of His Humour" is the first of three "comical satires" which Jonson contributed to what Dekker called the 'poetomachia' or war of the

theatres as recent critics have named it. This play as a fabric of plot is a very slight affair; but as a satirical picture of the manners of the time, proceeding by means of vivid caricature, couched in witty and brilliant dialogue and sustained by that righteous indignation which must lie at the heart of all true satire—as a realisation, in short, of the classical ideal of comedy—there had been nothing like Jonson's comedy since the days of Aristophanes. "Every Man in His Humour," like the two plays that follow it, contains two kinds of attack, the critical or generally satiric, levelled at abuses and corruptions in the abstract; and the personal, in which specific application is made of all this in the lampooning of poets and others, Jonson's contemporaries. The method of personal attack by actual caricature of a person on the stage is almost as old as the drama. Aristophanes so lampooned Euripides in "The Acharnians" and Socrates in "The Clouds," to mention no other examples; and in English drama this kind of thing is alluded to again and again. What Jonson really did, was to raise the dramatic lampoon to an art, and make out of a casual burlesque and bit of mimicry a dramatic satire of literary pretensions and permanency. With the arrogant attitude mentioned above and his uncommon eloquence in scorn, vituperation, and invective, it is no wonder that Jonson soon involved himself in literary and even personal quarrels with his fellow-authors. The circumstances of the origin of this 'poetomachia' are far from clear, and those who have written on the topic, except of late, have not helped to make them clearer. The origin of the "war" has been referred to satirical references, apparently to Jonson, contained in "The Scourge of Villainy," a satire in regular form after the manner of the ancients by John Marston, a fellow playwright, subsequent friend and collaborator of Jonson's. On the other hand, epigrams of Jonson have been discovered (49, 68, and 100) variously charging "playwright" (reasonably identified with Marston) with scurrility, cowardice, and

plagiarism; though the dates of the epigrams cannot be ascertained with certainty. Jonson's own statement of the matter to Drummond runs: "He had many quarrels with Marston, beat him, and took his pistol from him, wrote his 'Poetaster' on him; the beginning[s] of them were that Marston represented him on the stage."*

**The best account of this whole subject is to be found in the edition of 'Poetaster' and 'Satiromastix' by J. H. Penniman in 'Belles Lettres Series' shortly to appear. See also his earlier work, 'The War of the Theatres', 1892, and the excellent contributions to the subject by H. C. Hart in 'Notes and Queries', and in his edition of Jonson, 1906.*

Here at least we are on certain ground; and the principals of the quarrel are known. "Histriomastix," a play revised by Marston in 1598, has been regarded as the one in which Jonson was thus "represented on the stage"; although the personage in question, Chrisogonus, a poet, satirist, and translator, poor but proud, and contemptuous of the common herd, seems rather a complimentary portrait of Jonson than a caricature. As to the personages actually ridiculed in "Every Man Out of His Humour," Carlo Buffone was formerly thought certainly to be Marston, as he was described as "a public scurrilous, and profane jester," and elsewhere as "the grand scourge or second untruss [that is, satirist], of the time" (Joseph Hall being by his own boast the first, and Marston's work being entitled "The Scourge of Villainy"). Apparently we must now prefer for Carlo a notorious character named Charles Chester, of whom gossipy and inaccurate Aubrey relates that he was "a bold impertinent fellow...a perpetual talker and made a noise like a drum in a room. So one time at a tavern Sir Walter Raleigh beats him and

seals up his mouth (that is his upper and nether beard) with hard wax. From him Ben Jonson takes his Carlo Buffone ['i.e.', jester] in 'Every Man in His Humour' ['sic']." Is it conceivable that after all Jonson was ridiculing Marston, and that the point of the satire consisted in an intentional confusion of "the grand scourge or second untruss" with "the scurrilous and profane" Chester?

We have digressed into detail in this particular case to exemplify the difficulties of criticism in its attempts to identify the allusions in these forgotten quarrels. We are on sounder ground of fact in recording other manifestations of Jonson's enmity. In "The Case is Altered" there is clear ridicule in the character Antonio Balladino of Anthony Munday, pageant-poet of the city, translator of romances and playwright as well. In "Every Man in His Humour" there is certainly a caricature of Samuel Daniel, accepted poet of the court, sonneteer, and companion of men of fashion. These men held recognised positions to which Jonson felt his talents better entitled him; they were hence to him his natural enemies. It seems almost certain that he pursued both in the personages of his satire through "Every Man Out of His Humour," and "Cynthia's Revels," Daniel under the characters Fastidious Brisk and Hedon, Munday as Puntarvolo and Amorphus; but in these last we venture on quagmire once more. Jonson's literary rivalry of Daniel is traceable again and again, in the entertainments that welcomed King James on his way to London, in the masques at court, and in the pastoral drama. As to Jonson's personal ambitions with respect to these two men, it is notable that he became, not pageant-poet, but chronologer to the City of London; and that, on the accession of the new king, he came soon to triumph over Daniel as the accepted entertainer of royalty.

"Cynthia's Revels," the second "comical satire," was acted in 1600, and, as a play, is even more lengthy, elaborate, and

impossible than "Every Man Out of His Humour." Here personal satire seems to have absorbed everything, and while much of the caricature is admirable, especially in the detail of witty and trenchantly satirical dialogue, the central idea of a fountain of self-love is not very well carried out, and the persons revert at times to abstractions, the action to allegory. It adds to our wonder that this difficult drama should have been acted by the Children of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel, among them Nathaniel Field with whom Jonson read Horace and Martial, and whom he taught later how to make plays. Another of these precocious little actors was Salathiel Pavy, who died before he was thirteen, already famed for taking the parts of old men. Him Jonson immortalised in one of the sweetest of his epitaphs. An interesting sidelight is this on the character of this redoubtable and rugged satirist, that he should thus have befriended and tenderly remembered these little theatrical waifs, some of whom (as we know) had been literally kidnapped to be pressed into the service of the theatre and whipped to the conning of their difficult parts. To the caricature of Daniel and Munday in "Cynthia's Revels" must be added Anaides (impudence), here assuredly Marston, and Asotus (the prodigal), interpreted as Lodge or, more perilously, Raleigh. Crites, like Asper-Macilente in "Every Man Out of His Humour," is Jonson's self-complaisant portrait of himself, the just, wholly admirable, and judicious scholar, holding his head high above the pack of the yelping curs of envy and detraction, but careless of their puny attacks on his perfections with only too mindful a neglect.

The third and last of the "comical satires" is "Poetaster," acted, once more, by the Children of the Chapel in 1601, and Jonson's only avowed contribution to the fray. According to the author's own account, this play was written in fifteen weeks on a report that his enemies had entrusted to Dekker the preparation of "Satiromastix,

the Untrussing of the Humorous Poet," a dramatic attack upon himself. In this attempt to forestall his enemies Jonson succeeded, and "Poetaster" was an immediate and deserved success. While hardly more closely knit in structure than its earlier companion pieces, "Poetaster" is planned to lead up to the ludicrous final scene in which, after a device borrowed from the "Lexiphanes" of Lucian, the offending poetaster, Marston-Crispinus, is made to throw up the difficult words with which he had overburdened his stomach as well as overlarded his vocabulary. In the end Crispinus with his fellow, Dekker-Demetrius, is bound over to keep the peace and never thenceforward "malign, traduce, or detract the person or writings of Quintus Horatius Flaccus [Jonson] or any other eminent man transcending you in merit." One of the most diverting personages in Jonson's comedy is Captain Tucca. "His peculiarity" has been well described by Ward as "a buoyant blackguardism which recovers itself instantaneously from the most complete exposure, and a picturesqueness of speech like that of a walking dictionary of slang."

It was this character, Captain Tucca, that Dekker hit upon in his reply, "Satiromastix," and he amplified him, turning his abusive vocabulary back upon Jonson and adding "An immodesty to his dialogue that did not enter into Jonson's conception." It has been held, altogether plausibly, that when Dekker was engaged professionally, so to speak, to write a dramatic reply to Jonson, he was at work on a species of chronicle history, dealing with the story of Walter Terill in the reign of William Rufus. This he hurriedly adapted to include the satirical characters suggested by "Poetaster," and fashioned to convey the satire of his reply. The absurdity of placing Horace in the court of a Norman king is the result. But Dekker's play is not without its palpable hits at the arrogance, the literary pride, and self-righteousness of Jonson-Horace, whose

"ningle" or pal, the absurd Asinius Bubo, has recently been shown to figure forth, in all likelihood, Jonson's friend, the poet Drayton. Slight and hastily adapted as is "Satiromastix," especially in a comparison with the better wrought and more significant satire of "Poetaster," the town awarded the palm to Dekker, not to Jonson; and Jonson gave over in consequence his practice of "comical satire." Though Jonson was cited to appear before the Lord Chief Justice to answer certain charges to the effect that he had attacked lawyers and soldiers in "Poetaster," nothing came of this complaint. It may be suspected that much of this furious clatter and give-and-take was pure playing to the gallery. The town was agog with the strife, and on no less an authority than Shakespeare ("Hamlet," ii. 2), we learn that the children's company (acting the plays of Jonson) did "so berattle the common stages...that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither."

Several other plays have been thought to bear a greater or less part in the war of the theatres. Among them the most important is a college play, entitled "The Return from Parnassus," dating 1601-02. In it a much-quoted passage makes Burbage, as a character, declare: "Why here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down; aye and Ben Jonson, too. O that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow; he brought up Horace, giving the poets a pill, but our fellow Shakespeare hath given him a purge that made him bewray his credit." Was Shakespeare then concerned in this war of the stages? And what could have been the nature of this "purge"? Among several suggestions, "Troilus and Cressida" has been thought by some to be the play in which Shakespeare thus "put down" his friend, Jonson. A wiser interpretation finds the "purge" in "Satiromastix," which, though not written by Shakespeare, was staged by his company, and therefore with his approval and under his direction as one of the leaders of that company.

The last years of the reign of Elizabeth thus saw Jonson recognised as a dramatist second only to Shakespeare, and not second even to him as a dramatic satirist. But Jonson now turned his talents to new fields. Plays on subjects derived from classical story and myth had held the stage from the beginning of the drama, so that Shakespeare was making no new departure when he wrote his "Julius Caesar" about 1600. Therefore when Jonson staged "Sejanus," three years later and with Shakespeare's company once more, he was only following in the elder dramatist's footsteps. But Jonson's idea of a play on classical history, on the one hand, and Shakespeare's and the elder popular dramatists, on the other, were very different. Heywood some years before had put five straggling plays on the stage in quick succession, all derived from stories in Ovid and dramatised with little taste or discrimination. Shakespeare had a finer conception of form, but even he was contented to take all his ancient history from North's translation of Plutarch and dramatise his subject without further inquiry. Jonson was a scholar and a classical antiquarian. He reprobated this slipshod amateurishness, and wrote his "Sejanus" like a scholar, reading Tacitus, Suetonius, and other authorities, to be certain of his facts, his setting, and his atmosphere, and somewhat pedantically noting his authorities in the margin when he came to print. "Sejanus" is a tragedy of genuine dramatic power in which is told with discriminating taste the story of the haughty favourite of Tiberius with his tragical overthrow. Our drama presents no truer nor more painstaking representation of ancient Roman life than may be found in Jonson's "Sejanus" and "Catiline his Conspiracy," which followed in 1611. A passage in the address of the former play to the reader, in which Jonson refers to a collaboration in an earlier version, has led to the surmise that Shakespeare may have been that "worthier pen." There is no evidence to determine the matter.

In 1605, we find Jonson in active collaboration with Chapman and Marston in the admirable comedy of London life entitled "Eastward Hoe." In the previous year, Marston had dedicated his "Malcontent," in terms of fervid admiration, to Jonson; so that the wounds of the war of the theatres must have been long since healed. Between Jonson and Chapman there was the kinship of similar scholarly ideals. The two continued friends throughout life. "Eastward Hoe" achieved the extraordinary popularity represented in a demand for three issues in one year. But this was not due entirely to the merits of the play. In its earliest version a passage which an irritable courtier conceived to be derogatory to his nation, the Scots, sent both Chapman and Jonson to jail; but the matter was soon patched up, for by this time Jonson had influence at court.

With the accession of King James, Jonson began his long and successful career as a writer of masques. He wrote more masques than all his competitors together, and they are of an extraordinary variety and poetic excellence. Jonson did not invent the masque; for such premeditated devices to set and frame, so to speak, a court ball had been known and practised in varying degrees of elaboration long before his time. But Jonson gave dramatic value to the masque, especially in his invention of the antimasque, a comedy or farcical element of relief, entrusted to professional players or dancers. He enhanced, as well, the beauty and dignity of those portions of the masque in which noble lords and ladies took their parts to create, by their gorgeous costumes and artistic grouping and evolutions, a sumptuous show. On the mechanical and scenic side Jonson had an inventive and ingenious partner in Inigo Jones, the royal architect, who more than any one man raised the standard of stage representation in the England of his day. Jonson continued active in the service of the court in the writing of masques and other entertainments far into the reign of King

Charles; but, towards the end, a quarrel with Jones embittered his life, and the two testy old men appear to have become not only a constant irritation to each other, but intolerable bores at court. In "Hymenaei," "The Masque of Queens," "Love Freed from Ignorance," "Lovers made Men," "Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue," and many more will be found Jonson's aptitude, his taste, his poetry and inventiveness in these by-forms of the drama; while in "The Masque of Christmas," and "The Gipsies Metamorphosed" especially, is discoverable that power of broad comedy which, at court as well as in the city, was not the least element of Jonson's contemporary popularity.

But Jonson had by no means given up the popular stage when he turned to the amusement of King James. In 1605 "Volpone" was produced, "The Silent Woman" in 1609, "The Alchemist" in the following year. These comedies, with "Bartholomew Fair," 1614, represent Jonson at his height, and for constructive cleverness, character successfully conceived in the manner of caricature, wit and brilliancy of dialogue, they stand alone in English drama. "Volpone, or the Fox," is, in a sense, a transition play from the dramatic satires of the war of the theatres to the purer comedy represented in the plays named above. Its subject is a struggle of wit applied to chicanery; for among its 'dramatis personae', from the villainous Fox himself, his rascally servant Mosca, Voltore (the vulture), Corbaccio and Corvino (the big and the little raven), to Sir Politic Would-be and the rest, there is scarcely a virtuous character in the play. Question has been raised as to whether a story so forbidding can be considered a comedy, for, although the plot ends in the discomfiture and imprisonment of the most vicious, it involves no moral catastrophe. But Jonson was on sound historical ground, for "Volpone" is conceived far more logically on the lines of the ancients' theory of comedy than was ever the romantic drama

of Shakespeare, however repulsive we may find a philosophy of life that facilely divides the world into the rogues and their dupes, and, identifying brains with roguery and innocence with folly, admires the former while inconsistently punishing them.

"The Silent Woman" is a gigantic farce of the most ingenious construction. The whole comedy hinges on a huge joke, played by a heartless nephew on his misanthropic uncle, who is induced to take to himself a wife, young, fair, and warranted silent, but who, in the end, turns out neither silent nor a woman at all. In "The Alchemist," again, we have the utmost cleverness in construction, the whole fabric building climax on climax, witty, ingenious, and so plausibly presented that we forget its departures from the possibilities of life. In "The Alchemist" Jonson represented, none the less to the life, certain sharpers of the metropolis, revelling in their shrewdness and rascality and in the variety of the stupidity and wickedness of their victims. We may object to the fact that the only person in the play possessed of a scruple of honesty is discomfited, and that the greatest scoundrel of all is approved in the end and rewarded. The comedy is so admirably written and contrived, the personages stand out with such lifelike distinctness in their several kinds, and the whole is animated with such verve and resourcefulness that "The Alchemist" is a new marvel every time it is read. Lastly of this group comes the tremendous comedy, "Bartholomew Fair," less clear cut, less definite, and less structurally worthy of praise than its three predecessors, but full of the keenest and cleverest of satire and inventive to a degree beyond any English comedy save some other of Jonson's own. It is in "Bartholomew Fair" that we are presented to the immortal caricature of the Puritan, Zeal-in-the-Land Busy, and the Littlewits that group about him, and it is in this extraordinary comedy that the humour of Jonson, always open to this danger, loosens into the

Rabelaisian mode that so delighted King James in "The Gipsies Metamorphosed." Another comedy of less merit is "The Devil is an Ass," acted in 1616. It was the failure of this play that caused Jonson to give over writing for the public stage for a period of nearly ten years.

"Volpone" was laid as to scene in Venice. Whether because of the success of "Eastward Hoe" or for other reasons, the other three comedies declare in the words of the prologue to "The Alchemist":

"Our scene is London, 'cause we would make known No country's mirth is better than our own."

Indeed Jonson went further when he came to revise his plays for collected publication in his folio of 1616, he transferred the scene of "Every Man in His Humour" from Florence to London also, converting Signior Lorenzo di Pazzi to Old Kno'well, Prospero to Master Welborn, and Hesperida to Dame Kitely "dwelling i' the Old Jewry."

In his comedies of London life, despite his trend towards caricature, Jonson has shown himself a genuine realist, drawing from the life about him with an experience and insight rare in any generation. A happy comparison has been suggested between Ben Jonson and Charles Dickens. Both were men of the people, lowly born and hardly bred. Each knew the London of his time as few men knew it; and each represented it intimately and in elaborate detail. Both men were at heart moralists, seeking the truth by the exaggerated methods of humour and caricature; perverse, even wrong-headed at times, but possessed of a true pathos and largeness of heart, and when all has been said—though the Elizabethan ran to satire, the Victorian to sentimentality—leaving the world better for the art that they practised in it.

In 1616, the year of the death of Shakespeare, Jonson collected his plays, his poetry, and his masques for publication in a collective edition. This was an unusual thing at the time and had been attempted by no dramatist before Jonson. This volume published, in a carefully revised text, all the plays thus far mentioned, excepting "The Case is Altered," which Jonson did not acknowledge, "Bartholomew Fair," and "The Devil is an Ass," which was written too late. It included likewise a book of some hundred and thirty odd 'Epigrams', in which form of brief and pungent writing Jonson was an acknowledged master; "The Forest," a smaller collection of lyric and occasional verse and some ten 'Masques' and 'Entertainments'. In this same year Jonson was made poet laureate with a pension of one hundred marks a year. This, with his fees and returns from several noblemen, and the small earnings of his plays must have formed the bulk of his income. The poet appears to have done certain literary hack-work for others, as, for example, parts of the Punic Wars contributed to Raleigh's 'History of the World'. We know from a story, little to the credit of either, that Jonson accompanied Raleigh's son abroad in the capacity of a tutor. In 1618 Jonson was granted the reversion of the office of Master of the Revels, a post for which he was peculiarly fitted; but he did not live to enjoy its perquisites. Jonson was honoured with degrees by both universities, though when and under what circumstances is not known. It has been said that he narrowly escaped the honour of knighthood, which the satirists of the day averred King James was wont to lavish with an indiscriminate hand. Worse men were made knights in his day than worthy Ben Jonson.

From 1616 to the close of the reign of King James, Jonson produced nothing for the stage. But he "prosecuted" what he calls "his wonted studies" with such assiduity that he became in reality,

as by report, one of the most learned men of his time. Jonson's theory of authorship involved a wide acquaintance with books and "an ability," as he put it, "to convert the substance or riches of another poet to his own use." Accordingly Jonson read not only the Greek and Latin classics down to the lesser writers, but he acquainted himself especially with the Latin writings of his learned contemporaries, their prose as well as their poetry, their antiquities and curious lore as well as their more solid learning. Though a poor man, Jonson was an indefatigable collector of books. He told Drummond that "the Earl of Pembroke sent him 20 pounds every first day of the new year to buy new books." Unhappily, in 1623, his library was destroyed by fire, an accident serio-comically described in his witty poem, "An Execration upon Vulcan." Yet even now a book turns up from time to time in which is inscribed, in fair large Italian lettering, the name, Ben Jonson. With respect to Jonson's use of his material, Dryden said memorably of him: "[He] was not only a professed imitator of Horace, but a learned plagiary of all the others; you track him everywhere in their snow. ... But he has done his robberies so openly that one sees he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him." And yet it is but fair to say that Jonson prided himself, and justly, on his originality. In "Catiline," he not only uses Sallust's account of the conspiracy, but he models some of the speeches of Cicero on the Roman orator's actual words. In "Poetaster," he lifts a whole satire out of Horace and dramatises it effectively for his purposes. The sophist Libanius suggests the situation of "The Silent Woman"; a Latin comedy of Giordano Bruno, "Il Candelaio," the relation of the dupes and the sharpers in "The Alchemist," the "Mostellaria" of Plautus, its admirable opening scene. But Jonson commonly bettered his sources, and putting the stamp of his sovereignty on

whatever bullion he borrowed made it thenceforward to all time current and his own.

The lyric and especially the occasional poetry of Jonson has a peculiar merit. His theory demanded design and the perfection of literary finish. He was furthest from the rhapsodist and the careless singer of an idle day; and he believed that Apollo could only be worthily served in singing robes and laurel crowned. And yet many of Jonson's lyrics will live as long as the language. Who does not know "Queen and huntress, chaste and fair." "Drink to me only with thine eyes," or "Still to be neat, still to be dressed"? Beautiful in form, deft and graceful in expression, with not a word too much or one that bears not its part in the total effect, there is yet about the lyrics of Jonson a certain stiffness and formality, a suspicion that they were not quite spontaneous and unbidden, but that they were carved, so to speak, with disproportionate labour by a potent man of letters whose habitual thought is on greater things. It is for these reasons that Jonson is even better in the epigram and in occasional verse where rhetorical finish and pointed wit less interfere with the spontaneity and emotion which we usually associate with lyrical poetry. There are no such epitaphs as Ben Jonson's, witness the charming ones on his own children, on Salathiel Pavy, the child-actor, and many more; and this even though the rigid law of mine and thine must now restore to William Browne of Tavistock the famous lines beginning: "Underneath this sable hearse." Jonson is unsurpassed, too, in the difficult poetry of compliment, seldom falling into fulsome praise and disproportionate similtude, yet showing again and again a generous appreciation of worth in others, a discriminating taste and a generous personal regard. There was no man in England of his rank so well known and universally beloved as Ben Jonson. The list of his friends, of those to whom he had written verses, and those who had written verses to him,

includes the name of every man of prominence in the England of King James. And the tone of many of these productions discloses an affectionate familiarity that speaks for the amiable personality and sound worth of the laureate. In 1619, growing unwieldy through inactivity, Jonson hit upon the heroic remedy of a journey afoot to Scotland. On his way thither and back he was hospitably received at the houses of many friends and by those to whom his friends had recommended him. When he arrived in Edinburgh, the burgesses met to grant him the freedom of the city, and Drummond, foremost of Scottish poets, was proud to entertain him for weeks as his guest at Hawthornden. Some of the noblest of Jonson's poems were inspired by friendship. Such is the fine "Ode to the memory of Sir Lucius Cary and Sir Henry Moryson," and that admirable piece of critical insight and filial affection, prefixed to the first Shakespeare folio, "To the memory of my beloved master, William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us." to mention only these. Nor can the earlier "Epode," beginning "Not to know vice at all," be matched in stately gravity and gnomic wisdom in its own wise and stately age.

But if Jonson had deserted the stage after the publication of his folio and up to the end of the reign of King James, he was far from inactive; for year after year his inexhaustible inventiveness continued to contribute to the masquing and entertainment at court. In "The Golden Age Restored," Pallas turns from the Iron Age with its attendant evils into statues which sink out of sight; in "Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue," Atlas figures represented as an old man, his shoulders covered with snow, and Comus, "the god of cheer or the belly," is one of the characters, a circumstance which an imaginative boy of ten, named John Milton, was not to forget. "Pan's Anniversary," late in the reign of James, proclaimed that Jonson had not yet forgotten how to write exquisite lyrics, and

"The Gipsies Metamorphosed" displayed the old drollery and broad humorous stroke still unimpaired and unmatchable. These, too, and the earlier years of Charles were the days of the Apollo Room of the Devil Tavern where Jonson presided, the absolute monarch of English literary Bohemia. We hear of a room blazoned about with Jonson's own judicious 'Leges Convivales' in letters of gold, of a company made up of the choicest spirits of the time, devotedly attached to their veteran dictator, his reminiscences, opinions, affections, and enmities. And we hear, too, of valorous potations; but in the words of Herrick addressed to his master, Jonson, at the Devil Tavern, as at the Dog, the Triple Tun, and at the Mermaid,

*"We such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad,
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine."*

But the patronage of the court failed in the days of King Charles, though Jonson was not without royal favours; and the old poet returned to the stage, producing, between 1625 and 1633, "The Staple of News," "The New Inn," "The Magnetic Lady," and "The Tale of a Tub," the last doubtless revised from a much earlier comedy. None of these plays met with any marked success, although the scathing generalisation of Dryden that designated them "Jonson's dotages" is unfair to their genuine merits. Thus the idea of an office for the gathering, proper dressing, and promulgation of news (wild flight of the fancy in its time) was an excellent subject for satire on the existing absurdities among the newsmongers; although as much can hardly be said for "The Magnetic Lady," who, in her bounty, draws to her personages of differing humours to reconcile them in the end according to the alternative title, or "Humours Reconciled." These last plays of the old dramatist revert to caricature and the hard lines of allegory; the

moralist is more than ever present, the satire degenerates into personal lampoon, especially of his sometime friend, Inigo Jones, who appears unworthily to have used his influence at court against the broken-down old poet. And now disease claimed Jonson, and he was bedridden for months. He had succeeded Middleton in 1628 as Chronologer to the City of London, but lost the post for not fulfilling its duties. King Charles befriended him, and even commissioned him to write still for the entertainment of the court; and he was not without the sustaining hand of noble patrons and devoted friends among the younger poets who were proud to be "sealed of the tribe of Ben."

Jonson died, August 6, 1637, and a second folio of his works, which he had been some time gathering, was printed in 1640, bearing in its various parts dates ranging from 1630 to 1642. It included all the plays mentioned in the foregoing paragraphs, excepting "The Case is Altered;" the masques, some fifteen, that date between 1617 and 1630; another collection of lyrics and occasional poetry called "Underwoods, including some further entertainments"; a translation of "Horace's Art of Poetry" (also published in a vicesimo quarto in 1640), and certain fragments and ingatherings which the poet would hardly have included himself. These last comprise the fragment (less than seventy lines) of a tragedy called "Mortimer his Fall," and three acts of a pastoral drama of much beauty and poetic spirit, "The Sad Shepherd." There is also the exceedingly interesting 'English Grammar' "made by Ben Jonson for the benefit of all strangers out of his observation of the English language now spoken and in use," in Latin and English; and 'Timber, or discoveries' "made upon men and matter as they have flowed out of his daily reading, or had their reflux to his peculiar notion of the times." The 'Discoveries', as it is usually called, is a commonplace book such as many literary men have

kept, in which their reading was chronicled, passages that took their fancy translated or transcribed, and their passing opinions noted. Many passages of Jonson's 'Discoveries' are literal translations from the authors he chanced to be reading, with the reference, noted or not, as the accident of the moment prescribed. At times he follows the line of Macchiavelli's argument as to the nature and conduct of princes; at others he clarifies his own conception of poetry and poets by recourse to Aristotle. He finds a choice paragraph on eloquence in Seneca the elder and applies it to his own recollection of Bacon's power as an orator; and another on facile and ready genius, and translates it, adapting it to his recollection of his fellow-playwright, Shakespeare. To call such passages—which Jonson never intended for publication—plagiarism, is to obscure the significance of words. To disparage his memory by citing them is a preposterous use of scholarship. Jonson's prose, both in his dramas, in the descriptive comments of his masques, and in the 'Discoveries', is characterised by clarity and vigorous directness, nor is it wanting in a fine sense of form or in the subtler graces of diction.

When Jonson died there was a project for a handsome monument to his memory. But the Civil War was at hand, and the project failed. A memorial, not insufficient, was carved on the stone covering his grave in one of the aisles of Westminster Abbey:

"O rare Ben Jonson."

FELIX E. SCHELLING. THE COLLEGE, PHILADELPHIA,
U.S.A.

The following is a complete list of his published works:—

DRAMAS. —

Every Man in his Humour, 4to, 1601;
The Case is Altered, 4to, 1609;
Every Man out of his Humour, 4to, 1600;
Cynthia's Revels, 4to, 1601;
Poetaster, 4to, 1602;
Sejanus, 4to, 1605;
Eastward Ho (with Chapman and Marston), 4to, 1605;
Volpone, 4to, 1607;
Epicoene, or the Silent Woman, 4to, 1609 (?), fol., 1616;
The Alchemist, 4to, 1612;
Catiline, his Conspiracy, 4to, 1611;
Bartholomew Fayre, 4to, 1614 (?), fol., 1631;
The Divell is an Asse, fol., 1631;
The Staple of Newes, fol., 1631;
The New Sun, 8vo, 1631, fol., 1692;
The Magnetic Lady, or Humours Reconcild, fol., 1640;
A Tale of a Tub, fol., 1640;
The Sad Shepherd, or a Tale of Robin Hood, fol., 1641;
Mortimer his Fall (fragment), fol., 1640.

To Jonson have also been attributed additions to Kyd's *Jeronymo*, and collaboration in *The Widow* with Fletcher and Middleton, and in the *Bloody Brother* with Fletcher.

POEMS. —

Epigrams, The Forrest, Underwoods, published in fols., 1616,

1640;

Selections: Execration against Vulcan, and Epigrams, 1640;

G. Hor. Flaccus his art of Poetry, Englished by Ben Jonson, 1640;

Leges Convivialis, fol., 1692.

Other minor poems first appeared in Gifford's edition of *Works*.

PROSE. —

Timber, or Discoveries made upon Men and Matter, fol., 1641;
The English Grammar, made by Ben Jonson for the benefit of
Strangers, fol., 1640.

Masques and Entertainments were published in the early folios.

WORKS. —

Fol., 1616, vol. 2, 1640 (1631-41);
fol., 1692, 1716-19, 1729;
edited by P. Whalley, 7 vols., 1756;
by Gifford (with Memoir), 9 vols., 1816, 1846;
re-edited by F. Cunningham, 3 vols., 1871;
in 9 vols., 1875;
by Barry Cornwall (with Memoir), 1838;
by B. Nicholson (Mermaid Series),
with Introduction by C. H. Herford, 1893, etc.;
Nine Plays, 1904; ed. H. C. Hart (Standard Library), 1906,
etc;
Plays and Poems, with Introduction by H. Morley (Universal
Library), 1885;
Plays (7) and Poems (Newnes), 1905;
Poems, with Memoir by H. Bennett (Carlton Classics), 1907;
Masques and Entertainments, ed. by H. Morley, 1890.

SELECTIONS. —

J. A. Symonds, with Biographical and Critical Essay,
(Canterbury Poets), 1886;
Grosart, Brave Translunary Things, 1895;
Arber, Jonson Anthology, 1901;
Underwoods, Cambridge University Press, 1905;
Lyrics (Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher), the Chap Books,
No. 4, 1906;
Songs (from Plays, Masques, etc.), with earliest known
setting,
Eragny Press, 1906.

LIFE. —

See Memoirs affixed to Works;
J. A. Symonds (English Worthies), 1886;
Notes of Ben Jonson Conversations with Drummond of
Hawthornden;
Shakespeare Society, 1842;
ed. with Introduction and Notes by P. Sidney, 1906;
Swinburne, A Study of Ben Jonson, 1889.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

TO THE MOST LEARNED, AND MY HONOURED FRIEND
MASTER CAMDEN CLARENCIEUX

SIR,—There are, no doubt, a supercilious race in the world, who will esteem all office, done you in this kind, an injury; so solemn a vice it is with them to use the authority of their ignorance, to the crying down of Poetry, or the professors: but my gratitude must not leave to correct their error; since I am none of those that can suffer the benefits conferred upon my youth to perish with my age. It is a frail memory that remember s but present things: and, had the favour of the times so conspired with my disposition, as it could have brought forth other, or better, you had had the same

proportion, and number of the fruits, the first. Now I pray you to accept this; such wherein neither the confession of my manners shall make you blush; nor of my studies, repent you to have been the instructor: and for the profession of my thankfulness, I am sure it will, with good men, find either praise or excuse. Your true lover,

BEN JONSON.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KNOWELL, an old Gentleman: bearer.	OLIVER COB, a Water- bearer.
EDWARD KNOWELL, his Son. merry	JUSTICE CLEMENT, an old Magistrate.
BRAINWORM, the Father's Man	ROGER FORMAL, his Clerk.
GEORGE DOWNRIGHT, a plain Squire.	Wellbred's Servant
WELLBRED, his Half-Brother.	DAME KITELY, KITELY'S Wife.
KITELY, a merchant.	MRS. BRIDGET his Sister.
CAPTAIN BOBADILL, a Paul's Man.	TIB Cob's Wife
MASTER STEPHEN, a Country Gull.	Servants, etc.
MASTER MATHEW, the Town Gull.	
THOMAS CASH, KITELY'S Cashier.	

SCENE,--LONDON
PROLOGUE.

*Though need make many poets, and some such
As art and nature have not better'd much;
Yet ours for want hath not so loved the stage,
As he dare serve the ill customs of the age,
Or purchase your delight at such a rate,
As, for it, he himself must justly hate:*

To make a child now swaddled, to proceed
Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
Past threescore years; or, with three rusty swords,
And help of some few foot and half-foot words,
Fight over York and Lancaster's king jars,
And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scars.
He rather prays you will be pleas'd to see
One such to-day, as other plays should be;
Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,
Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please;
Nor nimble squib is seen to make afeard
The gentlewomen; nor roll'd bullet heard
To say, it thunders; nor tempestuous drum
Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come;
But deeds, and language, such as men do use,
And persons, such as comedy would choose,
When she would shew an image of the times,
And sport with human follies, not with crimes.
Except we make them such, by loving still
Our popular errors, when we know they're ill.
I mean such errors as you'll all confess,
By laughing at them, they deserve no less:
Which when you heartily do, there's hope left then,
You, that have so grac'd monsters, may like men.

ACT I

SCENE I.--A Street.

Enter KNOWELL, at the door of his house.

Know.

A goodly day toward, and a fresh morning.—Brainworm!

Enter

Brainworm.

Call up your young master: bid him rise, sir.

Tell him, I have some business to employ him.

Brai. *I will, sir, presently.*

Know.

But hear you, sirrah,

If he be at his book, disturb him not.

Brai. *Very good, sir.*

Know.

*How happy yet should I esteem myself,
Could I, by any practice, wean the boy
From one vain course of study he affects.
He is a scholar, if a man may trust
The liberal voice of fame in her report,
Of good account in both our Universities,
Either of which hath favoured him with graces:
But their indulgence must not spring in me
A fond opinion that he cannot err.
Myself was once a student, and indeed,
Fed with the self-same humour he is now,
Dreaming on nought but idle poetry,
That fruitless and unprofitable art,
Good unto none, but least to the professors;
Which then I thought the mistress of all knowledge:
But since, time and the truth have waked my judgment.*

And reason taught me better to distinguish T
he vain from the useful learnings.

Enter Master STEPHEN.

Cousin Stephen, What news with you, that you are here so
early?

Step. Nothing, but e'en come to see how you do, unclo.

Know. That's kindly done; you are welcome, coz.

Step.

Ay, I know that, sir; I would not have come else.
How does my cousin Edward, uncle?

Know.

O, well, coz; go in and see; I doubt he be scarce stirring
yet.

Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me, an he have e'er
a book
of the science of hawking and hunting; I would fain borrow
it.

Know. Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?

Step. No, wusse; but I'll practise against next year, uncle.
I have
bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells and all; I lack
nothing
but a book to keep it by.

Know. Oh, most ridiculous!

Step. Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle:—Why, you know
an a
man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages now-
a-days,

I'll not give a rush for him: they are more studied than the
Greek,

or the Latin. He is for no gallant's company without them;
and by

gadslid I scorn it, I, so I do, to be a consort for every
humdrum:

hang them, scroyles! there's nothing in them i' the world.
What do

you talk on it? Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keep
company
with none but the archers of Finsbury, or the citizens that
come a
ducking to Islington ponds! A fine jest, i' faith! 'Slid, a
gentleman mun shew himself like a gentleman. Uncle, I pray
you be
not angry; I know what I have to do, I trow. I am no novice.

Know.

You are a prodigal, absurd coxcomb, go to!
Nay, never look at me, 'tis I that speak;
Take't as you will, sir, I'll not flatter you.
Have you not yet found means enow to waste
That which your friends have left you, but you must
Go cast away your money on a buzzard,
And know not how to keep it, when you have done?
O, it is comely! this will make you a gentleman!
Well, cousin, well, I see you are e'en past hope
Of all reclaim:--ay, so; now you are told on't,
You look another way.

Step. What would you ha' me do?

Know.

What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman;
Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive;
That would I have you do: and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humours you.
I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections, or your own desert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He that is so respectless in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
Nor would I, you should melt away yourself
In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of scorn extinguish it;
And you be left like an unsavoury snuff,
Whose property is only to offend.
I'd have you sober, and contain yourself,
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;

*But moderate your expenses now, at first,
As you may keep the same proportion still:
Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy and mere borrow'd thing,
From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it.*

Enter a

Servant.

Who comes here?

Serv. Save you, gentlemen!

*Step. Nay, we do not stand much on our gentility, friend; yet
you*

*are welcome: and I assure you mine uncle here is a man of a
thousand a year, Middlesex land. He has but one son in all
the*

*world, I am his next heir, at the common law, master Stephen,
as*

*simple as I stand here, if my cousin die, as there's hope he
will:*

I have a pretty living O' mine own too, beside, hard by here.

Serv. In good time, sir.

*Step. In good time, sir! why, and in very good time, sir! You
do*

not flout, friend, do you?

Servo Not I, sir.

*Step. Not you, sir! you were best not, sir; an you should;
here be*

*them can perceive it, and that quickly too; go to: and they
can*

give it again soundly too, an need be.

*Servo Why, sir, let this satisfy you; good faith, I had no
such*

intent.

*Step. Sir, an I thought you had, I would talk with you, and
that*

presently.

Serv. Good master Stephen, so you may, sir, at your pleasure.

Step. And so I would, sir, good my saucy companion! an you were out

O' mine uncle's ground, I can tell you; though I do not stand upon

my gentility neither, in't.

Know. Cousin, cousin, will this ne'er be left?

Step. Whoreson, basefellow! a mechanical serving-man! By this cudgel, an 'twere not for shame, I would-

Know.

What would you do, you peremptory gull?

If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.

You see the honest man demeans himself

Modestly tow'rds you, giving no reply

To your unseason'd, quarrelling, rude fashion;

And still you huff it, with a kind of carriage

As void of wit, as of humanity.

Go, get you in; 'fore heaven, I am ashamed

Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me.

[Exit Master

Stephen.

Serv. I pray, sir, is this master Knowell's house?

Know. Yes, marry is it, sir.

Serv. I should inquire for a gentleman here, one master Edward

Knowell; do you know any such, sir, I pray you?

Know. I should forget myself else, sir.

Serv. Are you the gentleman? cry you mercy, sir: I was required by

a gentleman in the city, as I rode out at this end O' the town, to

deliver you this letter, sir.

Know. To me, sir! What do you mean? pray you remember your court'sy. [Reads.] To his most selected friend, master Edward

Knowell. What might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent

it?

Nay, pray you be covered.

Serv. One master Wellbred, sir.

Know. Master Wellbred! a young gentleman, is he not?

Serv. The same, sir; master Kitely married his sister; the rich

merchant in the Old Jewry.

Know. You say very true.--Brainworm! [Enter
Brainworm.

Brai. Sir.

Know. Make this honest friend drink here: pray you, go in.

[Exeunt Brainworm and
Servant.

This letter is directed to my son;
Yet I am Edward Knowell too, and may,
With the safe conscience of good manners, use
The fellow's error to my satisfaction.
Well, I will break it ope (old men are curious),
Be it but for the style's sake and the phrase;
To see if both do answer my son's praises,
Who is almost grown the idolater
Of this young Wellbred. What have we here?
What's this? [Reads]

Why, Ned, I beseech thee, hast thou forsworn all thy friends
in the

Old Jewry? or dost thou think us all Jews that inhabit there?
yet,

if thou dost, come over, and but see our frippery; change an
old

shirt for a whole smock with us: do not conceive that
antipathy

between us and Hogsden, as was between Jews and hogs-flesh.
Leave

thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green apricots,
evening and morning, on the north-west wall: an I had been
his son,

I had saved him the labour long since, if taking in all the
young

wenches that pass by at the back-door, and codling every kernel of

the fruit for them, would have served, But, pr'ythee, come over to

me quickly this morning; I have such a present for thee!—our Turkey company never sent the like to the Grand Signior.

One is a rhymer, sir, of your own batch, your own leaven; but doth think himself poet-major of the town, willing to be shewn,

and worthy to be seen. The other—I will not venture his description with you, till you come, because I would have you make

hither with an appetite. If the worst of 'em be not worth your

journey draw your bill of charges, as unconscionable as any Guildhall verdict will give it you, and you shall be allowed your

viaticum.
Windmill.

From the

From the Bordello it might come as well,
The Spittle, or Pict-hatch. Is this the man
My son hath sung so, for the happiest wit,
The choicest brain, the times have sent us forth!
I know not what he may be in the arts,
Nor what in schools; but, surely, for his manners,
I judge him a profane and dissolute wretch;
Worse by possession of such great good gifts,
Being the master of so loose a spirit.
Why, what unhallowed ruffian would have writ
In such a scurrilous manner to a friend!
Why should he think I tell my apricots,
Or play the Hesperian dragon with my fruit,
To watch it? Well, my son, I had thought you
Had had more judgment to have made election
Of your companions, than t' have ta'en on trust
Such petulant, jeering gamesters, that can spare
No argument or subject from their jest.
But I perceive affection makes a fool
Of any man too much the father.—Brainworm!

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brai. Sir.

Know. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?

Brai. Yea, sir, a pretty while since.

Know. And where is your young master?

Brai. In his chamber, sir.

Know. He spake not with the fellow, did he?

Brai. No, sir, he saw him not.

Know. Take you this letter, and deliver it my son;
but with no notice that I have opened it, on your life.

Brai. O Lord, sir! that were a jest indeed.
[Exit.

Know.

I am resolved I will not stop his journey,
Nor practise any violent means to stay
The unbridled course of youth in him; for that
Restrain'd, grows more impatient; and in kind
Like to the eager, but the generous greyhound,
Who ne'er so little from his game withheld,
Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat.
There is a way of winning more by love,
And urging of the modesty, than fear:
Force works on servile natures, not the free.
He that's compell'd to goodness may be good,
But 'tis but for that fit; where others, drawn
By softness and example, get a habit.
Then, if they stray, but warn them, and the same
They should for virtue have done, they'll do for shame.
[Exit.

SCENE II.-A Room in KNOWELL.'S House.

Enter E. KNOWELL, with a letter in his hand, followed
by

BRAINWORM.

E. Know. Did he open it, say'st thou?

Brai. Yes, O' my word, sir, and read the contents.

E. Know. That scarce contents me. What countenance, prithee,

made

he in the reading of it? was he angry, or pleased?

Brai. Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure
your
worship.

E. Know. No! how know'st thou then that he did either?

Brai. Marry, sir, because he charged me, on my life, to tell
nobody
that he open'd it; which, unless he had done, he would never
fear
to have it revealed.

E. Know. That's true: well, I thank thee, Brainworm.

Enter STEPHEN.

Step. O, Brainworm, didst thou not see a fellow here in
what-sha-call-him doublet? he brought mine uncle a letter
e'en now.

Brai. Yes, master Stephen; what of him?

Step. O, I have such a mind to beat him—where is he, canst
thou
tell?

Brai. Faith, he is not of that mind: he is gone, master
Stephen.

Step. Gone! which way? when went he? how long since?

Brai. He is rid hence; he took horse at the street-door.

Step. And I staid in the fields! Whoreson scanderbag rogue! O
that
I had but a horse to fetch him back again!

Brai. Why, you may have my master's gelding, to save your
longing,
sir.

Step. But I have no boots, that's the spite on't.

Brai. Why, a fine wisp of hay, roll'd hard, master Stephen.

*Step. No, faith, it's no boot to follow him now: let him e'en go
and hang. Prithee, help to truss me a little: he does so vex me—*

Brai. You'll be worse vexed when you are trussed, master Stephen.

*Best keep unbraced, and walk yourself till you be cold; your choler
may founder you else.*

*Step. By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'st me on't: how
dost thou like my leg, Brainworm?*

*Brai. A very good leg, master Stephen; but the woollen stocking
does not commend it so well.*

*Step. Foh! the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on,
for the dust: I'll have a pair of silk against winter, that I go to
dwell in the town. I think my leg would shew in a silk hose—*

Brai. Believe me, master Stephen, rarely well.

Step. In sadness, I think it would: I have a reasonable good leg.

*Brai. You have an excellent good leg, master Stephen; but I can not
stay to praise it longer now, and I am very sorry for it.*

[Exit.

Step. Another time will serve, Brainworm. Gramercy for this.

E. Know. Ha, ha, ha.

Step. 'Slid, I hope he laughs not at me; an he do—

E. Know. Here was a letter indeed, to be intercepted by a man's

father, and do him good with him! He cannot but think most
virtuously, both of me, and the sender, sure, that make the
careful

costermonger of him in our familiar epistles. Well, if he
read this

with patience I'll be gelt, and troll ballads for master John
Trundle yonder, the rest of my mortality. It is true, and
likely,

my father may have as much patience as another man, for he
takes

much physic; and oft taking physic makes a man very patient.
But

would your packet, master Wellbred, had arrived at him in
such a

minute of his patience! then we had known the end of it,
which now

is doubtful, and threatens—[Sees Master Stephen.] What, my
wise

cousin! nay, then I'll furnish our feast with one gull more
toward

the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's
three:

oh, for a fourth, Fortune, if ever thou' It use thine eyes, I
entreat thee—

Step. Oh, now I see who he laughed at: he laughed at somebody
in

that letter. By this good light, an he had laughed at me—

E. Know. How now, cousin Stephen, melancholy?

Step. Yes, a little: I thought you had laughed at me, cousin.

E. Know. Why, what an I had, coz? what would you have done?

Step. By this light, I would have told mine uncle.

E. Know. Nay, if you would have told your uncle, I did laugh
at
you, coz.

Step. Did you, indeed?

E. Know. Yes, indeed.

Step. Why then

E. Know. What then?

Step. I am satisfied; it is sufficient.

E. Know. Why, be so, gentle coz: and, I pray you, let me entreat a

courtesy of you. I am sent for this morning by a friend in the Old

Jewry, to come to him; it is but crossing over the fields to Moorgate: Will you bear me company? I protest it is not to draw you

into bond or any plot against the state, coz.

Step. Sir, that's all one an it were; you shall command me twice so

far as Moorgate, to do you good in such a matter. Do you think I

would leave you? I protest—

E. Know. No, no, you shall not protest, coz.

Step. By my fackings, but I will, by your leave:—I'll protest more

to my friend, than I'll speak of at this time.

E. Know. You speak very well, coz.

Step. Nay, not so neither, you shall pardon me: but I speak to

serve my turn.

E. Know. Your turn, coz! do you know what you say? A gentleman

of your sorts, parts, carriage, and estimation, to talk of your

turn in this company, and to me alone, like a tankard-bearer at a conduit! fie! A wight that, hitherto, his every step hath left the stamp of a great foot behind him, as every word the savour of a strong spirit, and he! this man! so graced, gilded,

or, to use a more fit metaphor, so tenfold by nature, as not ten

housewives' pewter, again a good time, shews more bright to

the

world than he! and he! (as I said last, so I say again, and still

shall say it) this man! to conceal such real ornaments as these,

and shadow their glory, as a milliner's wife does her wrought stomacher, with a smoaky lawn, or a black cyprus! O, coz! it cannot

be answered; go not about it: Drake's old ship at Deptford may

sooner circle the world again. Come, wrong not the quality of your

desert, with looking downward, coz; but hold up your head, so: and

let the idea of what you are be portrayed in your face, that men

may read in your physnomy, here within this place is to be seen the

true, rare, and accomplished monster, or miracle of nature, which

is all one. What think you of this, coz?

Step. Why, I do think of it: and I will be more proud, and melancholy, and gentlemanlike, than I have been, I'll insure you.

E. Know. Why, that's resolute, master Stephen!—Now, if I can but

hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will do well

for a suburb humour: we may hap have a match with the city, and

play him for forty pound.—Come, coz.

Step. I'll follow you.

E. Know. Follow me! you must go before.

Step. Nay, an I must, I will. Pray you shew me, good cousin.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Lane before Cob's House.

Enter Master MATHEW:

Mat. I think this be the house: what ho!

Enter

COB.

Cob. Who's there? O, master Mathew! give your worship good morrow.

Mat. What, Cob! how dost thou, good Cob? dost thou inhabit here,
Cob?

Cob. Ay, sir, I and my lineage have kept a poor house here, in Our days.

Mat. Thy lineage, monsieur Cob! what lineage, what lineage?

Cob. Why, sir, an ancient lineage, and a princely. Mine ance'try
came from a king's belly, no worse man; and yet no man either, by
your worship's leave, I did lie in that, but herring, the king of
fish (from his belly I proceed), one of the monarchs of the world,
I assure you. The first red herring that was broiled in Adam and
Eve's kitchen, do I fetch my pedigree from, by the harrot's book.
His cob was my great, great, mighty great grandfather.

Mat. Why mighty, why mighty, I pray thee?

Cob. O, it was a mighty while ago, sir, and a mighty great cob.

Mat. How know'st thou that?

Cob. How know I! why, I smell his ghost ever and anon.

Mat. Smell a ghost! O unsavoury jest! and the ghost of a herring
cob?

Cob. Ay, sir: With favour of your worship's nose, master

Mathew,

why not the ghost of a herring cob, as well as the ghost of Rasher

Bacon?

Mat. Roger Bacon, thou would'st say.

Cob. I say Rasher Bacon. They were both broiled on the coals; and a

man may smell broiled meat, I hope! you are a scholar, upsolve me

that now.

Mat. O raw ignorance!—Cob, canst thou shew me of a gentleman, one

captain Bobadill, where his lodging is?

Cob. O, my guest, sir, you mean.

Mat. Thy guest! alas, ha, ha, ha!

Cob. Why do you laugh, sir? do you not mean captain Bobadill?

Mat. Cob, pray thee advise thyself well; do not wrong the gentleman, and thyself too. I dare be sworn, he scorns thy house;

he! he lodge in such a base obscure place as thy house! Tut, I know

his disposition so well, he would not lie in thy bed if thou'dst

give it him.

Cob. I will not give it him though, sir. Mass, I thought somewhat

was in it, we could not get him to bed all night: Well, sir, though

he lie not on my bed, he lies on my bench: an't please you to go

up, sir, you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and

his cloak wrapped about him, as though he had neither won nor lost,

and yet, I warrant, he ne'er cast better in his life, than he has

done to-night.

Mat. Why, was he drunk?

Cob. Drunk, sir! you hear not me say so: perhaps he swallowed
a
tavern-token, or some such device, sir, I have nothing to do
withal. I deal with water and not with wine—Give me my
tankard

there, ho!—God be wi' you, sir. It's six o'clock: I should
have

carried two turns by this. What ho! my stopple! come.

Enter Tib with a water-
tankard.

Mat. Lie in a water-bearer's house! a gentleman of his
havings!

Well, I'll tell him my mind.

Cob. What, Tib; shew this gentleman up to the captain.[Exit
Tib

with Master Mathew.] Oh, an my house were the Brazen-head
now!

faith it would e'en speak Moe fools yet. You should have some
now

would take this master Mathew to be a gentleman, at the
least. His

father's an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so
forth; and

now does he creep and wriggle into acquaintance with all the
brave

gallants about the town, such as my guest is (O, my guest is
a fine

man!), and they flout him invincibly. He useth every day to a
merchant's house where I serve water, one master Kitely's, in
the

Old Jewry; and here's the jest, he is in love with
my master's sister, Mrs. Bridget, and calls her mistress; and
there

he will sit you a whole afternoon sometimes, reading of these
same

abominable, vile (a pox on 'em! I cannot abide them),
rascally

verses, poetrie, poetrie, and speaking of interludes; 'twill
make a

man burst to hear him. And the wenches, they do so jeer, and
ti-he

at him—Well, should they do so much to me, I'd forswear them all,

by the foot of Pharaoh! There's an oath! How many water-bearers

shall you hear swear such an oath? O, I have a guest—he teaches

me—he does swear the legiblest of any man christened: By St.

George! the foot of Pharaoh! the body of me! as I am a gentleman

and a soldier! such dainty oaths! and withal he does take this same

filthy roguish tobacco, the finest and cleanliest! it would do a

man good to see the fumes come forth at's tonnels.—Well, he owes

me forty shillings, my wife lent him out of her purse, by sixpence

at a time, besides his lodging: I would I had it! I shall have it,

he says, the next action. Helterskelter, hang sorrow, care'll kill

a cat, up-tails all, and a louse for the hangman.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Room in COB'S House.
BOBADILL discovered lying on a bench.

Bob. Hostess, hostess!

Enter TIB.

Tib. What say you, sir?

Bob. A cup of thy small beer, sweet hostess.

Tib. Sir, there's a gentleman below would speak with you.

Bob. A gentleman! 'odso, I am not within.

Tib. My husband told him you were, sir.

Bob. What a plague—what meant he?

Mat. [below.] Captain Bobadill!

Bob. Who's there!—Take away the bason, good hostess;—Come up,

sir.

Tib. He would desire you to come up, cleanly house, here!

Enter

MATHEW.

Mat. Save you, sir; save you, captain!

Bob. Gentle master Mathew! Is it you, sir? down.

Mat. Thank you, good captain; you may see I am somewhat audacious.

Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper last night by a sort of

gallants, where you were wished for, and drunk to, I assure you.

Mat. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain?

Bob. Marry, by young Wellbred, and others.—Why, hostess, stool

here for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, sir, 'tis very well.

Bob. Body O' me! it was so late ere we parted last night, I can

scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen, as you came; how

passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith, some half hour to seven; Now, trust me, you have an

exceeding fine lodging here, very neat, and private.

Bob. Ay, sir: sit down, I pray you. Master Mathew, in any case

possess no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who? I, sir; no.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient; but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally

visited, as some are.

Mat. True, captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me,
except it
be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am
extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so, I could not
extend
thus far.

Mat. O Lord, sir! I resolve so.

Bob. I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all
the
tumult and roar of fortune. What new book have you there?
What! Go
by, Hieronymo?

Mat. Ay: did you ever see it acted? Is't not well penned?
[While Master Mathew reads, Bobadill makes himself
ready.

Bob. Well penned! I would fain see all the poets of these
times pen
such another play as that was: they'll prate and swagger, and
keep
a stir of art and devices, when, as I am a gentleman, read
'em,
they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows, that live
upon
the: face of the earth again.

Mat. Indeed here are a number of fine speeches in this book.
O
eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears! there's a
conceit!
fountains fraught with tears! O life, no life, but lively
form of
death! another. O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs!
a
third. Confused and fill'd with murder and misdeeds! a
fourth. O,
the muses! Is't not excellent? Is't not simply the best that
ever

you heard, captain? Ha! how do you like it?

Bob. 'Tis good.

Mat.

To thee, the purest object to my sense,
The most refined essence heaven covers,
Send I these lines, wherein I do commence
The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.
If they prove rough, unpolish'd, harsh, and rude,
Haste made the waste: thus mildly I conclude.

Bob. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where's this?

Mat. This, sir! a toy of mine own, in my non-age; the infancy
of my
muses. But when will you come and see my study? good faith, I
can
shew you some very good things I have done of late.—That boot
becomes your leg passing well, captain, methinks.

Bob. So, so; it's the fashion gentlemen now use.

Mat. Troth, captain, and now you speak of the fashion, master
Wellbred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly:
This
other day, I happened to enter into some discourse of a
hanger,
which, I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was
most
peremptory beautiful and gentlemanlike: yet he condemned, and
cried
it down for the most pied and ridiculous that ever he saw.

Bob. Squire Downright, the half brother, was't not?

Mat. Ay, sir, he.

Bob. Hang him, rook! he! why he-has no more judgment than a
malt
horse: By St. George, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such
an
animal; the most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom, this
day,
he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a

soldier,

I ne'er changed with his like. By his discourse, he should eat

nothing but hay; he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle. He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but

all old iron and rusty proverbs: a good commodity for some smith to

make hob-nails of.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still,

where he comes: he brags he will give me the bastinado, as I hear.

Bob. How! he the bastinado! how came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I termed it so, for my more

grace.

Bob. That may be: for I was sure it was none of his word; but when,

when said he so?

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say; a young gallant, a friend of mine,

told me so.

Bob. By the foot of Pharaoh, an 'twere my case now, I should send

him a chartel presently. The bastinado! a most proper and sufficient dependence, warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither,

you shall chartel him; I'll shew you a trick or two you shall kill

him with at pleasure; the first stoccata, if you will, by this air.

Mat. Indeed, you have absolute knowledge in the mystery, I have

heard, sir.

Bob. Of whom, of whom, have you heard it, I beseech you?

Mat. Troth, I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have
very
rare, and un-in-one-breath-utterable skill, sir.

Bob. By heaven, no, not I; no skill in the earth; some small
rudiments in the science, as to know my time, distance, or
so. I

have professed it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use, than
mine

own practice, I assure you.—Hostess, accommodate us with
another

bed-staff here quickly. Lend us another bed-staff—the woman
does

not understand the words of action.—Look you, sir: exalt not
your

point above this state, at any hand, and let your poniard
maintain

your defence, thus:—give it the gentleman, and leave us.
[Exit Tib.]

So, sir. Come on: O, twine your body more about, that you may
fall to a more sweet, comely, gentlemanlike guard; so!
indifferent:

hollow your body more, sir, thus: now, stand fast O' your
left leg,

note your distance, keep your due proportion of time—oh, you
disorder your point most irregularly.

Mat. How is the bearing of it now, sir?

Bob. O, out of measure ill: a well-experienced hand would
pass upon
you at pleasure.

Mat. How mean you, sir, pass upon me?

Bob. Why, thus, sir,—make a thrust at me—[Master Mathew
pushes at

Bobadill] come in upon the answer, control your point, and
make a

full career at the body: The best-practised gallants of the
time

name it the pasado; a most desperate thrust, believe it.

Mat. Well, come, sir.

Bob. Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility or grace
to invite me. I have no spirit to play with you; your dearth
of
judgment renders you tedious.

Mat. But one venue, sir.

Bob. Venue! fie; the most gross denomination as ever I heard:
O,
the stoccata, while you live, sir; note that.—Come, put on
your
cloke, and we'll go to some private place where you are
acquainted;
some tavern, or so—and have a bit. I'll send for one of these
fencers, and he shall breathe you, by my direction; and then
I will
teach you your trick: you shall kill him with it at the
first, if
you please. Why, I will learn you, by the true judgment of
the eye,
hand, and foot, to control any enemy's point in the world.
Should
your adversary confront you with a pistol, 'twere nothing, by
this
hand! you should, by the same rule, control his bullet, in a
line,
except it were hail shot, and spread. What money have you
about
you, master Mathew?

Mat. Faith, I have not past a two shilling or so.

Bob. 'Tis somewhat with the least; but come; we will have a
bunch
of radish and salt to taste our wine, and a pipe of tobacco
to
close the orifice of the stomach: and then we'll call upon
young
Wellbred: perhaps we shall meet the Corydon his brother
there, and
put him to the question.

ACT II

*SCENE I.—The Old Jewry. A Hall in KITELY'S House.
Enter KITELY, CASH, and DOWNRIGHT.*

Kit.

*Thomas, come hither.
There lies a note within upon my desk;
Here take my key: it is no matter neither.--
Where is the boy?*

Cash. Within, sir, in the warehouse.

Kit.

*Let him tell over straight that Spanish gold,
And weigh it, with the pieces of eight. Do you
See the delivery of those silver stuffs
To Master Lucar: tell him, if he will,
He shall have the grograns, at the rate I told him,
And I. will meet him on the Exchange anon.*

Cash. Good, sir.

[Exit.

Kit. Do you see that fellow, brother Downright?

Dow. Ay, what of him?

Kit.

*He is a jewel, brother.
I took him of a child up at my door,
And christen'd him, gave him mine own name, Thomas:
Since bred him at the Hospital; where proving
A toward imp, I call'd him home, and taught him
So much, as I have made him my cashier,
And giv'n him, who had none, a surname, Cash:
And find him in his place so full of faith,
That I durst trust my life into his hands.*

Dow.

So would not I in any bastard's, brother,
As it is like he is, although I knew
Myself his father. But you said you had somewhat
To tell me, gentle brother: what is't, what is't?

Kit.

Faith, I am very loath to utter it,
As fearing it may hurt your patience:
But that I know your judgment is of strength,
Against the nearness of affection--

Dow.

What need this circumstance? pray you, be direct.

Kit.

I will not say how much I do ascribe
Unto your friendship, nor in what regard
I hold your love; but let my past behaviour,
And usage of your sister, [both] confirm
How well I have been affected to your--

Dow.

You are too tedious; come to the matter, the matter.

Kit.

Then, without further ceremony, thus.
My brother Wellbred, sir, I know not how,
Of late is much declined in what he was,
And greatly alter'd in his disposition.
When he came first to lodge here in my house,
Ne'er trust me if I were not proud of him:
Methought he bare himself in such a fashion,
So full of man, and sweetness in his carriage,
And what was chief, it shew'd not borrow'd in him,
But all he did became him as his own,
And seem'd as perfect, proper, and possest,
As breath with life, or colour with the blood.
But now, his course is so irregular,
So loose, affected, and deprived of grace,
And he himself withal so far fallen off
From that first place, as scarce no note remains,
To tell men's judgments where he lately stood.
He's grown a stranger to all due respect,
Forgetful of his friends; and not content
To stale himself in all societies,

He makes my house here common as a mart,
A theatre, a public receptacle
For giddy humour, and deceased riot;
And here, as in a tavern or a stews,
He and his wild associates spend their hours,
In repetition of lascivious jests,
Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night,
Control my servants; and, indeed, what not?

Dow. 'Sdeins, I know not what I should say to him, in the whole

world! He values me at a crack'd three-farthings, for aught I see.

It will never out of the flesh that's bred in the bone. I have

told him enough, one would think, if that would serve; but counsel

to him is as good as a shoulder of mutton to a sick horse. Well!

he knows what to trust to, for George: let him spend, and spend,

and domineer, till his heart ake; an he think to be relieved by

me, when he is got into one O' your city pounds, the counters, he

has the wrong sow by the ear, i'faith; and claps his dish at the

wrong man's door: I'll lay my hand on my halfpenny, ere I part

with it to fetch him out, I'll assure him.'

Kit. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you thus.

Dow. 'Sdeath! he mads me; I could eat my very spur leathers for

anger! But, why are you so tame? why do you not speak to him, and

tell him how he disquiets your house?

Kit.

O, there are divers reasons to dissuade me.

But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it

(Though but with plain and easy circumstance),

It would both come much better to his sense,

And savour less of stomach, or of passion.

You are his elder brother, and that title
Both gives and warrants your authority,
Which, by your presence seconded, must breed
A kind of duty in him, and regard:
Whereas, if I should intimate the least,
It would but add contempt to his neglect,
Heap worse on ill, make up a pile of hatred,
That in the rearing would come tottering down,
And in the ruin bury all our love.
Nay, more than this, brother; if I should speak,
He would be ready, from his heat of humour,
And overflowing of the vapour in him,
To blow the ears of his familiars
With the false breath of telling what disgraces,
And low disparagement's, I had put upon him.
Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable,
Make their loose comments upon every word,
Gesture, or look, I use; mock me all over,
From my flat cap unto my shining shoes;
And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'sies,
Beget some slander that shall dwell with me.
And what would that be, think you? marry, this:
They would give out, because my wife is fair,
Myself but lately married; and my sister '
Here sojourning a virgin in my house,
That I were jealous I--nay, as sure as death,
That they would say: and, how that I had quarrell'd,
My brother purposely, thereby to find
An apt pretext to banish them my house.

Dow. Mass, perhaps so; they're like enough to do it.

Kit.

Brother, they would, believe it; so should I,
Like one of these penurious quack-salvers,
But set the bills up to mine own disgrace,
And try experiments upon myself;
Lend scorn and envy opportunity
To stab my reputation and good name—

Enter Master MATHEW struggling with

BOBADILL.

Mat. I will speak to him.

Bob. Speak to him! away! By the foot of Pharaoh, you shall

not! you

shall not do him that grace.—The time of day to you,
gentleman O'

the house. Is master Wellbred stirring?

Dow. How then? what should he do?

Bob. Gentleman of the house, it is to you: is he within, sir?

Kit. He came not to his lodging to-night, sir, I assure you.

Dow. Why, do you hear? you!

Bob.

The gentleman citizen hath satisfied me;

I'll talk to no scavenger.

[Exeunt Bob. and

Mat.

Dow. How! scavenger! stay, sir, stay!

Kit. Nay, brother Downright.

Dow. 'Heart! stand you away, an you love me.

Kit. You shall not follow him now, I pray you, brother, good
faith

you shall not; I will overrule you.

Dow. Ha! scavenger! well, go to, I say little: but, by this
good

day (God forgive me I should swear), if I put it up so, say I
am

the rankest cow that ever pist. 'Sdeins, an I swallow this,
I'll

ne'er draw my sword in the sight of Fleet-street again while
I

live; I'll sit in a barn with madge-howlet, and catch mice
first.

Scavenger! heart!—and I'll go near to fill that huge tumbrel-
slop

of yours with somewhat, an I have good luck: your Garagantua
breech

cannot carry it away so.

Kit. Oh, do not fret yourself thus: never think on't.

Dow. *These are my brother's consorts, these! these are his camerades, his walking mates! he's a gallant, cavaliero too, right hangman cut! Let me not live, an I could not find in my heart*

to swinge the whole gang of 'em, one after another, and begin with

him first. I am grieved it should be said he is my brother, and

take these courses: Well, as he brews, so shall he drink, for George, again. Yet he shall hear on't, and that tightly too, an I

live, i'faith.

Kit.

*But, brother, let your reprehension, then,
Run in an easy current, not o'er high
Carried with rashness, or devouring choler;
But rather use the soft persuading way,
Whose powers will work more gently, and compose
The imperfect thoughts you labour to reclaim;
More winning, than enforcing the consent.*

Dow. *Ay, ay, let me alone for that, I warrant you.*

Kit.

How now! [Bell rings.] Oh, the bell rings to breakfast.

Brother, I pray you go in, and bear my wife company till I come;

I'll but give order for some despatch of business to my servants.

[Exit Downright. Enter COB, with his tankard.

Kit.

What, Cob! our maids will have you by the back, i'faith, for coming so late this morning.

Cob.

Perhaps so, sir; take heed somebody have not them by the belly,

for walking so late in the evening. [Exit.

Kit.

Well; yet my troubled spirit's somewhat eased,
Though not reposed in that security
As I could wish: but I must be content,
Howe'er I set a face on't to the world.
Would I had lost this finger at a venture,
So Wellbred had ne'er lodged within my house.
Why't cannot be, where there is such resort
Of wanton gallants, and young revellers,
That any woman should be honest long.
Is't like, that factious beauty will preserve
The public weal of chastity unshaken,
When such strong motives muster, and make head
Against her single peace? No, no: beware.
When mutual appetite doth meet to treat,
And spirits of one kind and quality
Come once to parley in the pride of blood,
It is no slow conspiracy that follows.
Well, to be plain, if I but thought the time
Had answer'd their affections, all the world
Should not persuade me but I were a cuckold.
Marry, I hope they have not got that start;
For opportunity hath balk'd them yet,
And shall do still, while I have eyes and ears
To attend the impositions of my heart.
My presence shall be as an iron bar,
'Twixt the conspiring motions of desire:
Yea, every look or glance mine eye ejects
Shall check occasion, as one doth his slave,
When he forgets the limits of prescription.

Enter Dame KITELY and

BRIDGET.

Dame K. Sister Bridget, pray you fetch down the rose-water,
above in the closet.--

[Exit

Bridget.

Sweet-heart, will you come in to
breakfast?

Kit. An she have overheard me now!--

Dame K. I pray thee, good muss, we stay for you.

Kit. By heaven, I would not for a thousand angels.

Dame K. What ail you, sweet-heart? are you not well? speak,
good
muss.

Kit. Troth my head akes extremely on a sudden.

Dame K. [putting her hand to his forehead.] O, the Lord!

Kit. How now! What?

Dame K. Alas, how it burns! Muss, keep you warm; good truth
it is
this new disease. There's a number are troubled withal. For
love's
sake, sweetheart, come in, out of the air.

Kit.

How simple, and how subtle are her answers!
A new disease, and many troubled with it?
Why true; she heard me, all the world to nothing.

Dame K. I pray thee, good sweet-heart, come in; the air will
do you
harm, in troth.

Kit. The air! she has me in the wind.—Sweet-heart, I'll come
to
you presently; 'twill away, I hope.

Dame K. Pray Heaven it do. [Exit.

Kit.

A new disease! I. know not, new or old,
But it may well be call'd poor mortals' plague;
For, like a pestilence, it doth infect
The houses of the brain. First it begins
Solely to work upon the phantasy,
Filling her seat with such pestiferous air,
As soon corrupts the judgment; and from thence,
Sends like contagion to the memory:
Still each to other giving the infection.
Which as a subtle vapour spreads itself
Confusedly through every sensive part,
Till not a thought or motion in the mind
Be free from the black poison of suspect.

Ah! but what misery is it to know this?
Or, knowing it, to want the mind's erection
In such extremes? Well, I will once more strive,
In spite of this black cloud, myself to be,
And shake the fever off that thus shakes me.
[Exit.]

SCENE II.--Moorfields.

Enter BRAINWORM disguised like a maimed Soldier.

Brai. 'Slid, I cannot choose but laugh to see myself
translated
thus, from a poor creature to a creator; for now must I
create an
intolerable sort of lies, or my present profession loses the
grace:
and yet the lie, to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit
as the
fico. O, sir, it holds for good polity ever, to have that
outwardly
in vilest estimation, that inwardly is most dear to us: so
much for
my borrowed shape. Well, the troth is, my old master intends
to
follow my young master, dry-foot, over Moorfields to London,
this
morning; now, I knowing of this hunting-match, or rather
conspiracy,
and to insinuate with my young master (for so must we that
are blue
waiters, and men of hope and service do, or perhaps we may
wear
motley at the year's end, and who wears motley, you know),
have got
me afore in this disguise, determining here to lie in
ambuscado,
and intercept him in the mid-way. If I can but get his cloke,
his
purse, and his hat, nay, any thing to cut him off, that is,
to stay
his journey, Veni, vidi, vici, I may say with captain Caesar,
I am
made for ever, i'faith. Well, now I must practise to get the
true

garb of one of these lance-knights, my arm here, and my—Odso!
my
young master, and his cousin, master Stephen, as I am true
counterfeit man of war, and no soldier!

Enter E. KNOWELL and STEPHEN.

E. Know. So, sir! and how then, coz?

Step. 'Sfoot! I have lost my purse, I think.

E. Know. How! lost your purse? where? when had you it?

Step. I cannot tell; stay.

Brai. 'Slid, I am afraid they will know me: would I could get
by
them!

E. Know. What, have you it?

Step. No; I think I was bewitched, I— [Cries.

E. Know. Nay, do not weep the loss: hang it, let it go.

Step. Oh, it's here: No, an it had been lost, I had not
cared, but
for a jet ring mistress Mary sent me.

E. Know. A jet ring! O the poesie, the poesie?

Step. Fine, i'faith.

Though Fancy sleep,
My love is deep.

Meaning, that though I did not fancy her, yet she loved me
dearly.

E. Know. Most excellent!

Step. And then I sent her another, and my poesie was,

The deeper the sweeter,
I'll be judg'd by St. Peter.

E. Know. How, by St. Peter? I do not conceive that.

Step. Marry, St. Peter, to make up the metre.

E. Know. Well, there the saint was your good patron, he help'd you
at your need; thank him, thank him.

Brai. I cannot take leave on 'em so; I will venture, come what
will. [Comes forward.] Gentlemen, please you change a few crowns
for a very excellent blade here? I am a poor gentleman, a soldier,
one that, in the better state of my fortunes, scorned so mean a
refuge; but now it is the humour of necessity to have it so.
You
seem to be gentlemen well affected to martial men, else I should
rather die with silence, than live with shame: however, vouchsafe
to remember it is my want speaks, not myself; this condition agrees
not with my spirit—

E. Know. Where hast thou served?

Brai. May it please you, sir, in all the late wars of Bohemia,
Hungary, Dalmatia, Poland, where not, sir? I have been a poor servitor by sea and land any time this fourteen years, and followed
the fortunes of the best commanders in Christendom. I was twice,
shot at the taking of Aleppo, once at the relief of Vienna; I have
been at Marseilles, Naples, and the Adriatic gulf, a gentleman-slave in the gallies, thrice; where I was most
dangerously shot in the head, through both the thighs; and yet,
being thus maimed, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me
but my
scars, the noted marks of my resolution.

Step. How will you sell this rapier, friend?

Brai. Generous sir, I refer it to your own judgment; you are
a
gentleman, give me what you please.

Step. True, I am a gentleman, I know that, friend; but what
though!

I pray you say, what would you ask?

Brai. I assure you, the blade may become the side or thigh of
the
best prince in Europe.

E. Know. Ay, with a velvet scabbard, I think.

Step. Nay, an't be mine, it shall have a velvet scapbard,
coz,
that's flat; I'd not wear it, as it is, an you would give me
an
angel,

Brai. At your worship's pleasure, sir; nay, 'tis a most pure
Toledo.

Step. I had rather it were a Spaniard. But tell me, what
shall I
give you for it? An it had a silver hilt

E. Know. Come, come, you shall not buy it: hold, there's a
shilling, fellow; take thy rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so; and
there's

another shilling, fellow; I scorn to be out-bidden. What,
shall I

walk with a cudgel, like Higginbottom, and may have a rapier
for
money.

E. Know. You may buy one in the city.

Step. Tut! I'll buy this i' the field, so I will: I have a
mind

to't, because 'tis a field rapier. Tell me your lowest price.

E. Know. You shall not buy it, I. say.

Step. By this money, but I will, though I give more than 'tis worth.

E. Know. Come away, you are a fool.

Step. Friend, I am a fool, that's granted; but I'll have it, for that word's sake. Follow me for your money.

Brai. At your service, sir.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.--Another Part of Moorfields.
Enter KNOWELL.

Know.

I cannot lose the thought yet of this letter,
Sent to my son; nor leave t' admire the change
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth
Within the kingdom, since myself was one--
When I was young, he lived not in the stews
Durst have conceived a scorn, and utter'd it,
On a gray head; age was authority
Against a buffoon, and a man had then
A certain reverence paid unto his years,
That had none due unto his life: so much
The sanctity of some prevail'd for others.
But now we all are fallen; youth, from their fear,
And age, from that which bred it, good example.
Nay, would ourselves were not the first, even parents,
That did destroy the hopes in our own children;
Or they not learn'd our vices in their cradles,
And suck'd in our ill customs with their milk;
Ere all their teeth be born, or they can speak,
We make their palates cunning; the first words
We form their tongues with, are licentious jests:
Can it call whore? cry bastard? O, then, kiss it!
A witty child! can't swear? the father's darling!
Give it two plums. Nay, rather than't shall learn
No bawdy song, the mother herself will teach it!--

But this is in the infancy, the days
Of the long coat; when it puts on the breeches,
It will put off all this: Ay, it is like,
When it is gone into the bone already!
No, no; this dye goes deeper than the coat,
Or shirt, or skin; it stains into the liver,
And heart, in some; and, rather than it should not,
Note what we fathers do! look how we live!
What mistresses we keep! at what expense,
In our sons' eyes! where they may handle our gifts,
Hear our lascivious courtships, see our dalliance,
Taste of the same provoking meats with us,
To ruin of our states! Nay, when our own
Portion is fled, to prey on the remainder,
We call them into fellowship of vice;
Bait 'em with the young chamber-maid, to seal,
And teach 'em all bad ways to buy affliction.
This is one path: but there are millions more,
In which we spoil our own, with leading them.
Well, I thank heaven, I never yet was he
That travell'd with my son, before sixteen,
To shew him the Venetian courtezans;
Nor read the grammar of cheating I had made,
To my sharp boy, at twelve; repeating still
The rule, Get money; still, get money, boy;
No matter by what means; money will do
More, boy, than my lord's letter. Neither have I
Drest snails or mushrooms curiously before him,
Perfumed my sauces, and taught him how to make them;
Preceding still, with my gray gluttony,
At all the ord'naries, and only fear'd
His palate should degenerate, not his manners.
These are the trade of fathers now; however,
My son, I hope, hath met within my threshold
None of these household precedents, which are strong,
And swift, to rape youth to their precipice.
But let the house at home be ne'er so clean
Swept, or kept sweet from filth, nay dust and cobwebs,
If he will live abroad with his companions,
In dung and leystals, it is worth a fear;
Nor is the danger of conversing less
Than all that I have mention'd of example.

Enter BRAIN WORM, disguised as
before.

Brai. My master! nay, faith, have at you; I am flesh'd now, I have
sped so well. [Aside.] Worshipful sir, I beseech you, respect
the
estate of a poor soldier; lam ashamed of this base course of
life,—God's my comfort—but extremity provokes me to't: what
remedy?

Know. I have not for you, now.

Brai. By the faith I bear unto truth, gentleman, it is no
ordinary
custom in me, but only to preserve manhood. I protest to you,
a man
I have been: a man I may be, by your sweet bounty.

Know. Pray thee, good friend, be satisfied.

Brai. Good sir, by that hand, you may do the part of a kind
gentleman, in lending a poor soldier the price of two cans of
beer,
a matter of small value: the king of heaven shall pay you,
and I
shall rest thankful: Sweet worship—

Know. Nay, an you be so importunate

Brai. Oh, tender sir! need will have its course: I was not
made to
this vile use. Well, the edge of the enemy could not have
abated me
so much: it's hard when a man hath served in his prince's
cause,
and be thus. [Weeps.] Honourable worship, let me derive a
small
piece of silver from you, it shall not be given in the course
of
time. By this good ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier last
night
for a poor supper; I had suck'd the hilts long before, am a
pagan
else: Sweet honour—

Know.

Believe me, I am taken with some wonder,

To think a fellow of thy outward presence,
Should, in the frame and fashion of his mind,
Be so degenerate, and sordid-base.
Art thou a man? and sham'st thou not to beg,
To practise such a servile kind of life?
Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,
Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
Offer themselves to thy election.
Either the wars might still supply thy wants,
Or service of some virtuous gentleman,
Or honest labour; nay, what can I name,
But would become thee better than to beg:
But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
As cloth the beetle on the dung she breeds in;
Nor caring how the metal of your minds
Is eaten with the rust of idleness.
Now, afore me, whate'er he be, that should
Relieve a person of thy quality,
While thou insist'st in this loose desperate course,
I would esteem the sin not thine, but his.

Brai. Faith, sir, I would gladly find some other course, if
so--

Know.

Ay,

You'd gladly find it, but you will not seek it.

Brai. Alas, sir, where should a man seek? in the wars;
there's no

ascent by desert in these days; but--and for service, would it
were as soon purchased, as wished for! the air's my comfort.

--

[Sighs.]--I know what I would say.

Know. What's thy name?

Brai. Please you, Fitz-Sword, sir.

Know.

Fitz-Sword!

Say that a man should entertain thee now,
Wouldst thou be honest, humble, just, and true?

Brai. Sir, by the place and honour of a soldier--

Know. Nay, nay, I like not these affected oaths; speak plainly,
man, what think'st thou of my words?

Brai. Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes were as happy as my service should be honest.

Know.

Well, follow me; I'll prove thee, if thy deeds
Will carry a proportion to thy words.

[Exit.

Brai. Yes, sir, straight; I'll but garter my hose. Oh that my belly

were hoop'd now, for I am ready to burst with laughing! never was

bottle or bagpipe fuller. 'Slid, was there ever seen a fox in years

to betray himself thus! now shall I be possest of all his counsels;

and, by that conduit, my young master. Well, he is resolved to

prove my honesty; faith, and I'm resolved to prove his patience:

Oh, I shall abuse him intolerably. This small piece of service will

bring him clean out of love with the soldier for ever. He will

never come within the sign of it, the sight of a cassock, or a

musket-rest again. He will hate the musters at Mile-end for it, to

his dying day. It's no matter, let the world think me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the slip at an instant:

why, this

is better than to have staid his journey: well, I'll follow him.

Oh, how I long to be employed!

[Exit.

ACT III

SCENE I.—The Old Jewry. A Room in the Windmill Tavern.

Enter Master MATHEW, WELLBRED, and BOBADILL.

Mat. Yes, faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seek you too.

Wel; Oh, I came not there to-night.

Bob. Your brother delivered us as much.

Wel. Who, my brother Downright?

Bob. He. Mr. Wellbred, I know not in what kind you hold me; but let me say to you this: as sure as honour, I esteem it So much out of the sunshine of reputation, to throw the least beam of regard upon such a—

Wel. Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother.

Bob. I protest to you, as I have a thing to be saved about me, I never saw any gentlemanlike part—

Wel. Good captain, faces about to some other discourse.

Bob. With your leave, sir, an there were no more men living upon th' face of the earth, I should not fancy him, by St. George!

Mat. Troth, nor I; he is of a rustical cut, I know not how: he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion.

Wel. Oh, master Mathew, that's a grace peculiar but to a few,
quos
aequus amavit Jupiter.

Mat. I understand you, sir.

Wel. No question, you do,—or do you not, sir.

Enter E. KNOWELL and Master

STEPHEN.

Ned Knowell! by my soul, welcome: how dost thou, sweet
spirit, my

genius? 'Slid, I shall love Apollo and the mad Thespian girls
the

better, while I live, for this, my dear Fury; now, I see
there's

some love in thee. Sirrah, these be the two I writ to thee
of: nay,

what a drowsy humour is this now! why dost thou not speak?

E. Know. Oh, you are a fine gallant; you sent me a rare
letter.

Wel. Why, was't not rare?

E. Know. Yes, I'll be sworn, I was ne'er guilty of reading
the

like; match it in all Pliny, or Symmachus's epistles, and
I'll have

my judgment burn'd in the ear for a rogue: make much of thy
vein,

for it is inimitable. But I marle what camel it was, that had
the

carriage of it; for, doubtless, he was no ordinary beast that
brought it.

Wel. Why?

E. Know. Why, say'st thou! why, dost thou think that any
reasonable

creature, especially in the morning, the sober time of the
day too,

could have mistaken my father for me?

Wel. 'Slid, you jest, I hope.

E. Know. Indeed, the best use we can turn it to, is to make a jest
on't; now: but I'll assure you, my father had the full view
of your
flourishing style some hour before I saw it.

Wel. What a dull slave was this! but, sirrah, what said he to
it,
i'faith?

E. Know. Nay, I know not what he said; but I have a shrewd
guess
what he thought.

Wel. What, what?

E. Know. Marry, that thou art some strange, dissolute young
fellow,
and I—a grain or two better, for keeping thee company.

Wel. Tut! that thought is like the moon in her last quarter,
'twill
change shortly: but, sirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with
my two
hang-by's here; thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in them if
thou
hear'st 'em once go; my wind-instruments; I'll wind them up—
But
what strange piece of silence is this, the sign of the Dumb
Man?

E. Know. Oh, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your
music
the fuller, an he please; he has his humour, sir.

Wel. Oh, what is't, what is't?

E. Know. Nay, I'll neither do your judgment nor his folly
that
wrong, as to prepare your apprehension: I'll leave him to the
mercy
of your search; if you can take him, so!

Wel. Well, captain Bobadill, master Mathew, pray you know

this

gentleman here; he is a friend of mine, and one that will
deserve

your affection. I know not your name, sir, [to Stephen.] but
I

shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to
you.

Step. My name is master Stephen, sir; I am this gentleman's
own

cousin, sir; his father is mine uncle, sir: I am somewhat
melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is
incident to a gentleman.

Bob. Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general man; but for
master

Wellbred's sake, (you may embrace it at what height of favour
you

please,) I do communicate with you, and conceive you to be a
gentleman of some parts; I love few words.

E. Know. And I fewer, sir; I have scarce enough to thank you.

Mat. But are you, indeed, sir, so given to it?

Step. Ay, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir: your true
melancholy

breeds your perfect fine wit, sir. I am melancholy myself,
diver

times, sir, and then do I no more but take pen and paper,
presently, and overflow you half a score, or a dozen of
sonnets at
a sitting.

E. Know. Sure he utters them then by the gross. [Aside.]

Step. Truly, sir, and I love such things out of measure.

E. Know. I'faith, better than in measure, I'll undertake.

Mat. Why, I pray you, sir, make use of my study, it's at your
service.

Step. I thank you, sir, I shall be bold I warrant you; have
you a
stool there to be melancholy upon?

Mat. That I have, sir, and some papers there of mine own
doing, at
idle hours, that you'll say there's some sparks of wit in
'em, when
you see them,

Wel. Would the sparks would kindle once, and become a fire
amongst
them! I might see self-love burnt for her heresy. [Aside.

Step. Cousin, is it well? am I melancholy enough?

E. Know, Oh ay, excellent.

Wel. Captain Bobadill, why muse you so?

E. Know. He is melancholy too.

Bob. Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honourable piece of
service, was performed to-morrow, being St. Mark's day, shall
be
some ten years now.

E. Know. In what place, captain?

Bob. Why, at the beleaguering of Strigonium, where, in less
than
two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in
Europe,
lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen,
it was
the first, but the best leaguer that ever I beheld with these
eyes,
except the taking in of—what do you call it?—last year, by
the
Genoways; but that, of all other, was the most fatal and
dangerous
exploit that ever I was ranged in, since I first bore arms
before
the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and a soldier!

Step. So! I had as lief as an angel I could swear as well as that gentleman.

E. Know. Then, you were a servitor at both, it seems; at Strigonium, and what do you call't?

Bob. O lord, sir! By St. George, I was the first man that entered the breach; and had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain if I had had a million of lives.

E. Know. 'Twas pity you had not ten; a cat's and your own, i'faith.
But, was it possible?

Mat. Pray you mark this discourse, sir.

Step. So I do.

Bob. I assure' you, upon my reputation, 'tis true, and you shall confess.

E. Know. You must bring me to the rack, first. [Aside.

Bob. Observe me judicially, sweet sir; they had planted me three demi-culverins just in the mouth of the breach; now, sir, as we were to give on, their master-gunner (a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think,) confronts me with his linstock, ready to give fire; I, spying his intendment, discharged my petronel in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, and put them pell-mell, to the sword.

Wel. To the sword! To the rapier, captain.

E. Know. Oh, it was a good figure observed, sir: but did you all
this, captain, without hurting your blade?

Bob. Without any impeach O' the earth: you shall perceive, sir.

[Shews his rapier.] It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid

on poor gentleman's thigh. Shall I tell you, sir? You talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindana, or so; tut! I lend no credit to that

is fabled of 'em: I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the boldlier maintain it.

Step. I marle whether it be a Toledo or no.

Bob. A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, sir. Step. I have a countryman of his here.

Mat. Pray you, let's see, sir; yes, faith, it is.

Bob. This a Toledo! Pish!

Step. Why do you pish, captain?

Bob. A Fleming, by heaven! I'll buy them for a guilder a-piece. An I would have a thousand of them.

E. Know. How say you, cousin? I told you thus much.

Wel. Where bought you it, master Stephen?

Step. Of a scurvy rogue soldier: a hundred of lice go with him! He swore it was a Toledo.

Bob. A poor provant rapier, no better.

Mat. Mass, I think it be indeed, now I look on't better.

E. Know. Nay, the longer you look on't, the worse. Put it up, put it up.

Step. Well, I will put it up; but by—I have forgot the captain's

oath, I thought to have sword! by it,—an e'er I meet him—

Wel. O, it is past help now, sir; you must have patience.

Step. Whoreson, coney-hatching rascal! I could eat the very hilts

for anger.

E. Know. A sign of good digestion; you have an ostrich stomach,

Cousin.

Step. A stomach! would I had him here, you should see an I had a

stomach.

Wel. It's better as it is.—Come, gentlemen, shall we go?

Enter BRAINWORM, disguised as before.

E. Know. A miracle, cousin; look here, look here!

Step. Oh—'Od's lid. By your leave, do you know me, sir?

Brai. Ay, sir, I know you by sight.

Step. You sold me a rapier, did you not?

Brai. Yes, marry did I, sir.

Step. You said it was a Toledo, ha?

Brai. True, I did so.

Step. But it is none.

Brai. No, sir, I confess it; it is none.

Step. Do you confess it? Gentlemen, bear witness, he has confest

it:—'Od's will, an you had not confest it.===

E. Know. Oh, cousin, forbear, forbear! Step. Nay, I have

done,
cousin.

Wel. Why, you have done like a gentleman; he has confest it,
what
would you more?

Step. Yet, by his leave, he is a rascal, under his favour, do
you
see.

E. Know. Ay, by his leave, he is, and under favour: a pretty
piece
of civility! Sirrah, how dost thou like him?

Wel. Oh, it's a most precious fool, make much on him: I can
compare
him to nothing more happily than a drum; for every one may
play
upon him.

E. Know. No, no, a child's whistle were far the fitter.

Brai. Shall I intreat a word with you?

E. Know. With me, sir? you have not another Toledo to sell,
have
you?

Brai. You are conceited, sir: Your name is Master Knowell, as
I
take it?

E. Know. You are in the right; you mean not to proceed in the
catechism, do you?

Brai. No, sir; I am none of that coat.

E. Know. Of as bare a coat, though: well, say, sir.

Brai. [taking E. Know. aside.] Faith, sir, I am but servant
to the
drum extraordinary, and indeed, this smoky varnish being
washed
off, and three or four patches removed, I appear your

worship's in
reversion, after the decease of your good father, Brainworm.

E. Know. Brainworm!'! 'Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath
blown
thee hither in this shape?

Brai. The breath of your letter, sir, this morning; the same
that
blew you to the Windmill, and your father after you.

E. Know. My father!

Brai. Nay, never start, 'tis true; he has followed you over
the
fields by the foot, as you would do a hare in the snow.

E. Know. Sirrah Wellbred, what shall we do, sirrah? my father
is
come over after me.

Wel. Thy father! Where is he?

Brai. At justice Clement's house, in Coleman-street, where he
but
stays my return; and then—

Wel. Who's this? Brainworm!

Brai. The same, sir.

Wel. Why how, in the name of wit, com'st thou transmuted
thus?

Brai. Faith, a device, a device; nay, for the love of reason,
gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here; withdraw,
and
I'll tell you all.

Wel. But art thou sure he will stay thy return?

Brai. Do I live, sir? what a question is that!

Wel. We'll prorogue his expectation, then, a little:
Brainworm,

thou shalt go with us.—Come on, gentlemen.==—Nay, I pray thee,
sweet Ned, droop not; 'heart, an our wits be so wretchedly dull,
that one old plodding brain can outstrip us all, would we were e'en
prest to make porters of, and serve out the remnant of our days in
Thames-street, or at Custom-house key, in a civil war against the
carmen!

Brai. Amen, amen, amen, say I.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II--The Old Jewry. KITELY'S Warehouse.
Enter KITELY and CASH.

Kit. What says he, Thomas? did you speak with him?

Cash. He will expect you, sir, within this half hour.

Kit. Has he the money ready, can you tell?

Cash. Yes, sir, the money was brought in last night.

Kit.

O, that is well; fetch me my cloak, my cloak!-- [Exit
Cash.]

Stay, let me see, an hour to go and come;
Ay, that will be the least; and then 'twill be
An hour before I can dispatch with him,
Or very near; well, I will say two hours.
Two hours! ha! things never dreamt of yet,
May be contrived, ay, and effected too,
In two hours' absence; well, I will not go.
Two hours! No, fleering Opportunity,
I will not give your subtilty that scope.
Who will not judge him worthy to be robb'd,
That sets his doors wide open to a thief,
And shews the felon where his treasure lies?
Again, what earthly spirit but will attempt
To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree,
When leaden sleep seals up the dragon's eyes?

*I will not go. Business, go by for once.
No, beauty, no; you are of too good caract,
To be left so, without a guard, or open,
Your lustre, too, 'll inflame at any distance,
Draw courtship to you, as a jet doth straws;
Put motion in a stone, strike fire from ice,
Nay, make a porter leap you with his burden.
You must be then kept up, close, and well watch'd,
For, give you opportunity, no quick-sand
Devours or swallows swifter! He that lends
His wife, if she be fair, or time or place,
Compels her to be false. I will not go!
The dangers are too many;--and then the dressing
Is a most main attractive! Our great heads
Within this city never were in safety
Since our wives wore these little caps: I'll change 'em;
I'll change 'em straight in mine: mine shall no more
Wear three-piled acorns, to make my horns ake.
Nor will I go; I am resolved for that.*

*Re-enter CASH with a
cloak.*

*Carry in my cloak again. Yet stay. Yet do, too:
I will defer going, on all occasions.*

Cash.

Sir, Snare, your scrivener, will be there with the bonds.

Kit.

*That's true: fool on me! I had clean forgot it;
I must go. What's a clock?*

Cash.

Exchange-time, sir.

Kit.

*'Heart, then will Wellbred presently be here too,
With one or other of his loose consorts.
I am a knave, if I know what to say,
What course to take, or which way to resolve.
My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,
Wherein my imaginations run like sands,
Filling up time; but then are turn'd and turn'd:
So that I know not what to stay upon,
And less, to put in act.--It shall be so.
Nay, I dare build upon his secrecy,
He knows not to deceive me.--Thomas!*

Cash. Sir.

Kit.

Yet now I have bethought me too, I will not.--
Thomas, is Cob within?

Cash. I think he be, sir.

Kit.

But he'll prate too, there is no speech of him.
No, there were no man on the earth to Thomas,
If I durst trust him; there is all the doubt.
But should he have a clink in him, I were gone.
Lost in my fame for ever, talk for th' Exchange!
The manner he hath stood with, till this present,
Doth promise no such change: what should I fear then?
Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune once.
Thomas--you may deceive me, but, I hope--
Your love to me is more--

Cash. Sir, if a servant's
Duty, with faith, may be call'd love, you are
More than in hope, you are possess'd of it.

Kit.

I thank you heartily, Thomas: give me your hand:
With all my heart, good Thomas. I have, Thomas,
A secret to impart unto you--but,
When once you have it, I must seal your lips up;
So far I tell you, Thomas.

Cash. Sir, for that--

Kit.

Nay, hear me out. Think I esteem you, Thomas,
When I will let you in thus to my private.
It is a thing sits nearer to my crest,
Than thou art 'ware of, Thomas; if thou should'st
Reveal it, but--

Cash. How, I reveal it?

Kit.

Nay,
I do not think thou would'st; but if thou should'st,

'Twere a great weakness.

Cash. *A great treachery:
Give it no other name.*

Kit. *Thou wilt not do't, then?*

Cash. *Sir, if I do, mankind disclaim me ever!*

Kit. *He will not swear, he has some reservation,
Some conceal'd purpose, and close meaning sure;
Else, being urg'd so much, how should he choose
But lend an oath to all this protestation?
He's no precisian, that I'm certain of,
Nor rigid Roman Catholic: he'll play
At fayles, and tick-tack; I have heard him swear.
What should I think of it? urge him again,
And by some other way! I will do so.
Well, Thomas, thou hast sworn not to disclose:--
Yes, you did swear?*

Cash. *Not yet, sir, but I will,
Please you--*

Kit. *No, Thomas, I dare take thy
word,
But, if thou wilt swear, do as thou think'st; good;
I am resolv'd without It; at thy pleasure.*

Cash. *By my soul's safety then, sir, I protest,
My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word
Deliver'd me in nature of your trust.*

Kit. *It is too much; these ceremonies need not:
I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.
Thomas, come hither, near; we cannot be
Too private in this business. So it is,--
Now he has sworn, I dare the safelier venture.*
[Aside.]

*I have of late, by divers observations--
But whether his oath can bind him, yea, or no,
Being not taken lawfully? ha! say you?*

I will ask council ere I do proceed:— [Aside.
*Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,
I'll spy some fitter time soon, or to-morrow.*

Cash. *Sir, at your pleasure.*

Kit. *I will think:-and, Thomas,
I pray you search the books 'gainst my return,
For the receipts 'twixt me and Traps.*

Cash. *I will, sir.*

Kit. *And hear you, if your mistress's brother, Wellbred,
Chance to bring hither any gentleman,
Ere I come back, let one straight bring me word.*

Cash. *Very well, sir.*

Kit. *To the Exchange, do you hear?
Or here in Coleman-street, to justice Clement's.
Forget it not, nor be not out of the way.*

Cash. *I will not, sir.*

Kit. *I pray you have a care on't.
Or, whether he come or no, if any other,
Stranger, or else; fail not to send me word.*

Cash. *I shall not, sir.*

Kit. *Be it your special business
Now to remember it.*

Cash. *Sir, I warrant you.*

Kit. *But, Thomas, this is not the secret, Thomas,
I told you of.*

Cash. *No, sir; I do suppose it.*

Kit. Believe me, it is not.

Cash. Sir, I do believe you.

Kit.

By heaven it is not, that's enough: but, Thomas,
I would not you should utter it, do you see,
To any creature living; yet I care not.
Well, I must hence. Thomas, conceive thus much;
It was a trial of you, when I meant
So deep a secret to you, I mean not this,
But that I have to tell you; this is nothing, this.
But, Thomas, keep this from my wife, I charge you,
Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here.--
No greater hell than to be slave to fear. [Exit.

Cash.

Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here!
Whence should this flood of passion, trow, take head? ha!
Best dream no longer of this running humour,
For fear I sink; the violence of the stream
Already hath transported me so far,
That I can feel no ground at all: but soft--
Oh, 'tis our water-bearer: somewhat has crost him now.
Enter COB, hastily.

Cob. Fasting-days! what tell you me of fasting days? 'Slid,
would
they were all on a light fire for me! they say the whole
world
shall be consumed with fire one day, but would I had these
Ember-weeks and villanous Fridays burnt in the mean time, and
then--

Cash. Why, how now, Cob? what moves thee to this choler, ha?

Cob. Collar, master Thomas! I scorn your collar, I, sir; I am
none
O' your cart-horse, though I carry and draw water. An you
offer to
ride me with your collar or halter either, I may hap shew you
a
jade's trick, sir.

Cash. O, you'll slip your head out of the collar? why,
goodman Cob,
you mistake me.

Cob. Nay, I have my rheum, and I can be angry as well as
another,
sir.

Cash. Thy rheum, Cob! thy humour, thy humour—thou misstak'st.

Cob. Humour! mack, I think it be so indeed; what is that
humour?
some rare thing, I warrant.

Cash. Marry I'll tell thee, Cob: it is a gentlemanlike
monster,
bred in the special gallantry of our time, by affectation;
and fed
by folly.

Cob. How! must it be fed?

Cash. Oh ay, humour is nothing if it be not fed: didst thou
never
hear that? it's a common phrase, feed my humour.

Cob. I'll none on it: humour, avaunt! I know you not, be
gone! let
who will make hungry meals for your monstership, it shall not
be I.

Feed you, quoth he! 'slid, I have much ado to feed myself;
especially on these lean rascally days too; an't had been any
other

day but a fasting-day—a plague on them all for me! By this
light,

one might have done the commonwealth good service, and have
drown'd

them all in the flood, two or three hundred thousand years
ago. O,

I do stomach them hugely. I have a maw now, and 'twere for
sir

Bevis his horse, against them.

Cash. I pray thee, good Cob, what makes thee so out of love

with
fasting days?

Cob. Marry, that which will make any man out of love with
'em, I
think; their bad conditions, an you will needs know. First
they are
of a Flemish breed, I am sure on't, for they raven up more
butter
than all the days of the week beside; next, they stink of
fish and
leek-porridge miserably; thirdly, they'll keep a man devoutly
hungry all day, and at night send him supperless to bed.

Cash. Indeed, these are faults, Cob.

Cob. Nay, an this were all, 'twere something; but they are
the only
known enemies to my generation. A fasting-day no sooner
comes, but
my lineage goes to wrack; poor cobs! they smoak for it, they
are
made martyrs O' the gridiron, they melt in passion: and your
maids
to know this, and yet would have me turn Hannibal, and eat my
own
flesh and blood. My princely coz, [pulls out a red herring]
fear
nothing; I have not the heart to devour you, an I might be
made as
rich as king Cophetua. O that I had room for my tears, I
could weep
salt-water enough now to preserve the lives of ten thousand
thousand of my kin! But I may curse none but these filthy
almanacks; for an't were not for them, these days of
persecution
would never be known. I'll be hang'd an some fish-monger's
son do
not make of 'em, and puts in more fasting-days than he should
do,
because he would utter his father's dried stock-fish and
stinking
conger.

Cash. 'Slight peace! thou'lt be beaten like a stock-fish

else:

here's master Mathew.

Enter WELLIBRED, E. KNOWELL, BRAINWORM,
MATHEW, BOBADILL, and STEPHEN.

Now must I look out for a messenger to my master.

[Exit with Cob.

Wel, Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest, and
exceedingly
well carried!

E. Know. Ay, and our ignorance maintain'd it as well, did it
not?

Wel. Yes, faith; but was it possible thou shouldst not know
him? I
forgive master Stephen, for he is stupidity itself.

E. Know. 'Fore God, not I, an I might have been join'd patten
with

one of the seven wise masters for knowing him. He had so
writhen

himself into the habit of one of your poor infantry, your
decayed;

ruinous, worm-eaten gentlemen of the round; such as have
vowed to

sit on the skirts of the city, let your provost and his half-
dozen

of halberdiers do what they can; and have translated begging
out of

the old hackney-pace to a fine easy amble, and made it run as
smooth off the tongue as a shove-groat shilling. Into the
likeness

of one of these reformados had he moulded himself so
perfectly,

observing every trick of their action, as, varying the
accent,

swearing with an emphasis, indeed, all with so special and
exquisite a grace, that, hadst thou seen him, thou wouldst
have

sworn he might have been sergeant-major, if not lieutenant-
colonel

to the regiment.

Wel. Why, Brainworm, who would have thought thou hadst been
such an

artificer?

E. Know. An artificer! an architect. Except a man had studied begging all his life time, and been a weaver of language from his infancy for the cloathing of it, I never saw his rival.

Wel. Where got'st thou this coat, I marle?

Brai. Of a Houndsditch man, sir, one of the devil's near kinsmen, a broker.

Wel. That cannot be, if the proverb hold; for 'A crafty knave needs no broker.'

Brai. True, sir; but I did need a broker, ergo—

Wel. Well put off:—no crafty knave, you'll say.

E. Know. Tut, he has more of these shifts.

Brai. And yet, where I have one the broker has ten, sir.

Reenter CASH

Cash. Francis! Martin! ne'er a one to be found now? what a spite's this!

Wel. How now, Thomas? Is my brother Kitely within?

Cash. No, sir, my master went forth e'en now; but master Downright is within.—Cob! what, Cob! Is he gone too?

Wel. Whither went your master, Thomas, canst thou tell?

Cash. I know not: to justice Clement's, I think, sir—Cob!

[Exit

E. Know. Justice Clement! what's he? Wel.

Why, dost thou not know him? He is a city-magistrate, a justice here, an excellent good lawyer, and a great scholar; but the only

mad, merry old fellow in Europe. I shewed him you the other day.

E. Know. Oh, is that he? I remember him now. Good faith, and he is a very strange presence methinks; it shews as if he stood out of the rank from other men: I have heard many of his jests in the University. They say he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horse.

Wel. Ay, or wearing his cloak on one shoulder, or serving of God; any thing, indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

Re-enter CASH.

Cash. Gasper! Martin! Cob! 'Heart, where should they be trow?

Bob. Master Kitley's man, pray thee vouchsafe us the lighting of this match.

[Exit.

Cash. Fire on your match! no time but now to vouchsafe?—Francis!

Cob!

Bob. Body O' me! here's the remainder of seven pound since yesterday was seven-night. 'Tis your right Trinidado: did you never take any master Stephen?

Step. No, truly, sir; but I'll learn to take it now, since you commend it so.

Bob. Sir, believe me, upon my relation for what I tell you, the world shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, where neither myself, nor a dozen gentlemen more of my knowledge, have received the taste of any other nutriment in

the

world, for the space of one and twenty weeks, but the fume of this

simple only: therefore, it cannot be, but 'tis most divine.

Further, take it in the nature, in the true kind; so, it makes an

antidote, that, had you taken the most deadly poisonous plant in

all Italy, it should expel it, and clarify you, with as much ease

as I speak. And for your green wound,—your Balsamum and your St.

John's wort, are all mere gulleries and trash to it, especially

your Trinidado: your Nicotian is good too. I could say what I know

of the virtue of it, for the expulsion of rheums, raw humours,

crudities, obstructions, with a thousand of this kind; but I profess myself no quack-salver. Only thus much; by Hercules, I do

hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the

most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to

the use of man.

E. Know. This speech would have done decently in a tobacco-trader's mouth.

Re-enter CASH with COB.

Cash. At justice Clement's he is, in the middle of Coleman-street.

Cob. Oh, oh!

Bob. Where's the match I gave thee, master Kitley's man?

Cash. Would his match and he, and pipe and all, were at Sancto

Domingo! I had forgot it.

[Exit.

Cob. 'Od's me, I marle what pleasure or felicity they have in

taking this roguish tobacco. It's good for nothing but to choke a

man, and fill him full of smoke and embers: there were four died

out of one house last week with taking of it, and two more the bell

went for yesternight; one of them, they say, will never scape it;

he voided a bushel of soot yesterday, upward and downward. By the

stocks, an there were no wiser men than I, I'd have it present

whipping, man or woman, that should but deal with a tobacco pipe:

why, it will stifle them all in the end, as many as use it; it's

little better than ratsbane or rosaker.

[Bobadill beats him.]

All. Oh, good captain, hold, hold!

Bob. You base cullion, you!

Re-enter CASH.

Cash. Sir, here's your match. Come, thou must needs be talking too,
thou'rt well enough served.

Cob. Nay, he will not meddle with his match, I warrant you: well,
it shall be a dear beating, an I live.

Bob. Do you prate, do you murmur?

E. Know. Nay, good captain, will you regard the humour of a fool?
Away, knave.

Wel. Thomas, get him away.

[Exit Cash with Cob.]

Bob. A whoreson filthy slave, a dung-worm, an excrement! Body O'

Caesar, but that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit, I'd have

stabb'd him to the earth.

Wel. Marry, the law forbid, sir!

Bob. By Pharaoh's foot, I would have done it.

Step. Oh, he swears most admirably! By Pharaoh's foot! Body
O'

Caesar!—I shall never do it, sure. Upon mine honour, and by
St.

George!—No, I have not the right grace.

Mat. Master Stephen, will you any? By this air, the most
divine

tobacco that ever I drunk.

[Practises at the

post.

As I am a gentleman! By—
Mat.

[Exeunt Bob. and

Step. None, I thank you, sir. O, this gentleman does it
rarely,

too: but nothing like the other. By this air!

Brai. [pointing to Master Stephen.] Master, glance, glance!
master

Wellbred!

Step. As I have somewhat to be saved, I protest—

Wel. You are a fool; it needs no affidavit.

E. Know. Cousin, will you any tobacco?

Step. I, sir! Upon my reputation—

E. Know. How now, cousin!

Step. I protest, as I am a gentleman, but no soldier, indeed—

Wel. No, master Stephen! As I remember, your name is entered
in the

artillery-garden.

Step. Ay, sir, that's true. Cousin, may I swear, as I am a
soldier,

by that?

E. Know. O yes, that you may; it is all you have for your money.

Step. Then, as I am a gentleman, and a soldier, it is "divine tobacco!"

Wel. But soft, where's master Mathew! Gone?

Brai. No, sir; they went in here.

Wel. O let's follow them: master Mathew is gone to salute his mistress in verse; we shall have the happiness to hear some of his poetry now; he never comes unfinished.—Brainworm!

Step. Brainworm! Where? Is this Brainworm?

E. Know. Ay, cousin; no words of it, upon your gentility.

Step. Not I, body of me! By this air! St. George! and the foot of Pharaoh!

Wel. Rare! Your cousin's discourse is simply drawn out with oaths.

E. Know. 'Tis larded with them; a kind of French dressing, if you love it.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III—Coleman-Street. A Room in Justice CLEMENT'S House.

Enter KITELY and COB.

Kit. Ha! how many are there, say'st thou?

Cob. Marry, sir, your brother, master Wellbred—

Kit. Tut, beside him: what strangers are there, man?

Cob. Strangers? let me see, one, two; mass; I know not well,—
there are so many.

Kit. How! so many?

Cob. Ay, there's some five or six of them at the most.

Kit.

A swarm, a swarm!
Spite of the devil...how they sting my head
With forked stings, thus wide and large!
But, Cob, How long hast thou been coming hither, Cob?

Cob. A little while, sir.

Kit. Didst thou come running?

Cob. No, sir.

Kit.

Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste.
Bane to my fortunes! what meant I to marry?
I, that before was rank'd in such content,
My mind at rest too, in so soft a peace,
Being free master of mine own free thoughts,
And now become a slave? What! never sigh;
Be of good cheer, man; for thou art a cuckold:
'Tis done, 'tis done! Nay, when such flowing-store,
Plenty itself, falls into my wife's lap,
The cornucopiae will be mine, I know.—But, Cob,
What entertainment had they? I am sure
My sister and my wife would bid them welcome: ha?

Cob. Like enough, sir; yet I heard not a word of it.

Kit.

No;
Their lips were seal'd with kisses, and the voice,
Drown'd in a flood of joy at their arrival,
Had lost her motion, state and faculty.—
Cob,
Which of them was it that first kiss'd my wife,
My sister, I should say?—My wife, alas!
I fear not her: ha! who was it say'st thou?

Cob. By my troth, sir, will you have the truth of it?

Kit. Oh, ay, good Cob, I pray thee heartily.

Cob. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for Bridewell than your
worship's company, if I saw any body to be kiss'd, unless
they

would have kiss'd the post in the middle of the warehouse;
for

there I left them all at their tobacco, with a pox!

Kit. How! were they not gone in then ere thou cam'st?

Cob. O no, sir.

Kit. Spite of the devil! what do I stay here then? Cob,
follow me.

[Exit.

Cob. Nay, soft and fair; I have eggs on the spit; I cannot go
yet,

sir. Now am I, for some five and fifty reasons, hammering,
hammering revenge: oh for three or four gallons of vinegar,
to

sharpen my wits! Revenge, vinegar revenge, vinegar and
mustard

revenge! Nay, an he had not lien in my house, 'twould never
have

grieved me; but being my guest, one that, I'll be sworn, my
wife

has lent him her smock off her back, while his own shirt has
been

at washing; pawned her neck-kerchers for clean bands for him;
sold

almost all my platters, to buy him tobacco; and he to turn
monster

of ingratitude, and strike his lawful host! Well, I hope to
raise

up an host of fury for't: here comes justice Clement.

Enter Justice CLEMENT, KNOWELL, and FORMAL.

Clem. What's master Kately gone, Roger?

Form. Ay, sir.

Clem. 'Heart O' me! what made him leave us so abruptly?—How
now,
sirrah! what make you here? what would you have, ha?

Cob. An't please your worship, I am a poor neighbour of your
worship's—

Clem. A poor neighbour of mine! Why, speak, poor neighbour.

Cob. I dwell, sir, at the sign of the Water-tankard, hard by
the
Green Lattice: I have paid scot and lot there any time this
eighteen years.

Clem. To the Green Lattice?

Cob. No, sir, to the parish: Marry, I have seldom scaped
scot-free
at the Lattice.

Clem. O, well; what business has my poor neighbour with me?

Cob. An't like your worship, I am come to crave the peace of
your
worship.

Clem. Of me, knave! Peace of me, knave! Did I ever hurt thee,
or
threaten thee, or wrong thee, ha?

Cob. No, sir; but your worship's warrant for one that has
wrong'd
me, sir: his arms are at too much liberty, I would fain have
them
bound to a treaty of peace, an my credit could compass it
with your
worship.

Clem. Thou goest far enough about for't, I am sure.

Kno. Why, dost thou go in danger of thy life for him, friend?

Cob. No, sir; but I go in danger of my death every hour, by his means; an I die within a twelve-month and a day, I may swear by the law of the land that he killed me.

Clem. How, how, knave, swear he killed thee, and by the law? What pretence, what colour hast thou for that?

Cob. Marry, an't please your worship, both black and blue; colour enough, I warrant you. I have it here to shew your worship.

Clem. What is he that gave you this, sirrah?

Cob. A gentleman and a soldier, he says, he is, of the city here.

Clem. A soldier of the city! What call you him?

Cob. Captain Bobadill.

Clem. Bobadill! and why did he bob and beat you, sirrah? How began the quarrel betwixt you, ha? speak truly, knave, I advise you.

Cob. Marry, indeed, an't please your worship, only because I spake against their vagrant tobacco, as I came by them when they were taking on't; for nothing else.

Clem. Ha! you speak against tobacco? Formal, his name.

Form. What's your name, sirrah?

Cob. Oliver, sir, Oliver Cob, sir.

Clem. Tell Oliver Cob he shall go to the jail, Formal.

Form. Oliver Cob, my master, justice Clement, says you shall go to the jail.

Cob. O, I beseech your worship, for God's sake, dear master justice!

Clem. 'Sprecious! an such drunkards and tankards as you are, come to dispute of tobacco once, I have done: away with him!

Cob, O, good master justice! Sweet old gentleman! [To Knowell.

Know. "Sweet Oliver," would I could do thee any good!—justice Clement, let me intreat you, sir.

Clem. What! a thread-bare rascal, a beggar, a slave that never drunk out of better than piss-pot metal in his life! and he to deprave and abuse the virtue of an herb so generally received in the courts of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of sweet ladies, the cabins of soldiers!—Roger, away with him! 'Od's precious—I say, go to.

Cob. Dear master justice, let me be beaten again, I have deserved it: but not the prison, I beseech you.

Know. Alas, poor Oliver!

Clem. Roger, make him a warrant:—he shall not go, but I fear the knave.

Form. Do not stink, sweet Oliver, you shall not go; my master will give you a warrant.

Cob. O, the Lord maintain his worship, his worthy worship!

Clem. Away, dispatch him. [Exeunt Formal and Cob;] How now, master Knowell, in dumps, in dumps! Come, this becomes not.

Know. Sir, would I could not feel my cares.

*Clem. Your cares are nothing: they are like my cap, soon put on,
and as soon put off. What! your son is old enough to govern himself: let him run his course, it's the only way to make him a staid man. If he were an unthrift, a ruffian, a drunkard, or a licentious liver, then you had reason; you had reason to take care: but, being none of these, mirth's my witness, an I had twice so many cares as you have, I'd drown them all in a cup of sack. Come, come, let's try it: I muse your parcel of a soldier returns not all this while.*

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV

*SCENE I--A Room in KITELY'S House.
Enter DOWNRIGHTIT and Dame KITELY.*

*Dow. Well, sister, I tell you true; and you'll find it so in
the
end.*

*Dame K. Alas, brother, what would you have me to do? I cannot
help
it; you see my brother brings them in here; they are his
friends.*

*Dow. His friends! his fiends. 'Slud! they do nothing but
haunt him
up and down like a sort of unlucky spirits, and tempt him to
all
manner of villainy that can be thought of. Well, by this
light, a
little thing would make me play the devil with some of them:
an
'twere not more for your husband's sake than anything else,
I'd
make the house too hot for the best on 'em; they should say,
and
swear, hell were broken loose, ere they went hence. But, by
God's
will, 'tis nobody's fault but yours; for an you had done as
you
might have done, they should have been parboiled, and baked
too,
every mother's son, ere they should have come in, e'er a one
of
them.*

*Dame K. God's my life! did you ever hear the like? what a
strange*

man is this! Could I keep out all them, think you? I should
put
myself against half a dozen men, should I? Good faith, you'd
mad
the patien'st body in the world; to hear you talk so, without
any
sense or reason.

Enter Mistress BRIDGET, Master MATHEW, and
BOBADILL;
followed, at a distance, by WELLBRED, E.
KNOWELL,
STEPHEN, and BRAINWORM.

Brid.

Servant, in troth you are too prodigal
Of your wit's treasure, thus fu pour it forth
Upon so mean a subject as my worth.

Mat. You say well, mistress, and I mean as well.

Dow. Hoy-day, here is stuff!

Wel. O, now stand close; pray Heaven, she can get him to
read! he
should do it of his own natural impudency.

Brid. Servant, what is this same, I pray you?

Mat. Marry, an elegy, an elegy, an odd toy—

Dow. To mock an ape withal! O, I could sew up his mouth, now.

Dame K. Sister, I pray you let's hear it.

Dow. Are you rhyme-given too?

Mat. Mistress, I'll read it if you please.

Brid. Pray you do, servant.

Dow. O, here's no foppery! Death! I can endure the stocks
better.

[Exit.

E. Know. What ails thy brother? can he not hold his water at reading of a ballad?

Wel. O, no; a rhyme fu him is worse than cheese, or a bag-pipe; but
mark; you lose the protestation.

Mat. Faith, I did it in a humour; I know not how it is; but please
you come near, sir. This gentleman has judgment, he knows how to
censure of a—pray you, sir, you can judge?

Step. Not I, sir; upon my reputation, and by the foot of Pharaoh!

Wel. O, chide your cousin for swearing.

E. Know. Not I, so long as he does not forswear himself.

Bob. Master Mathew, you abuse the expectation of your dear mistress, and her fair sister: fie! while you live avoid this prolixity.

Mat. I shall, sir, well; incipere dulce.

E. Know. How, insipere duke! a sweet thing to be a fool, indeed!

Wel. What, do you take incipere in: that sense?

E. Know. You do not, you! This was your villainy, to gull him with
a motte.

Wel. O, the benchers' phrase: pauca verba, pauca verba!

Mat.

Rare creature, let me speak without offence,
Would God my rude words had the influence
To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine,
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine.

E. Know. *This is Hero and Leander.*

Wel. *O, ay: peace, we shall have more of this.*

Mat.

*Be not unkind and fair: misshapen stuff
Is of behaviour boisterous and rough.*

Wel. *How like you that, sir? [Master Stephen shakes his head.*

E. Know. *'Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feel
an there
be any brain in it.*

Mat. *But observe the catastrophe, now:
And I in duty will exceed all other,
As you in beauty do excel Love's mother.*

E. Know. *Well, I'll have him free of the wit-brokers, for he
utters nothing but stolen remnants.*

Wel. *O, forgive it him.*

E. Know. *A filching rogue, hang him!--and from the dead! it's
worse than sacrilege.*

*WELLBRED, E. KNOWELL, and Master STEPHEN, come
forward.*

Wel. *Sister, what have you here, verses? pray you let's see:
who
made these verses? they are excellent good.*

Mat. *O, Master Wellbred, 'tis your disposition to say so,
sir. They
were good in the morning: I made them ex tempore this
morning.*

Wel. *How! ex tempore?*

Mat. *Ay, would I might be hanged else; ask Captain Bobadill:
he saw
me write them, at the-pox on it!--the Star, yonder.*

Brai. *Can he find in his heart to curse the stars so?*

E. Know. Faith, his are even with him; they have curst him
enough
already.

Step. Cousin, how do you like this gentleman's verses?

E. Know. O, admirable! the best that ever I heard, coz.

Step. Body O' Caesar, they are admirable! the best that I
ever
heard, as I am a soldier!

Re-enter DOWNRIGHT.

Dow. I am vext, I can hold ne'er a bone of me still: 'Heart,
I
think they mean to build and breed here.

Wel. Sister, you have a simple servant here, that crowns your
beauty with such encomiums and devices; you may see what it
is to
be the mistress of a wit, that can make your perfections so
transparent, that every blear eye may look through them, and
see

him drowned over head and ears in the deep well of desire:
Sister

Kitely. I marvel you get you not a servant that can rhyme,
and do
tricks too.

Dow. O monster! impudence itself! tricks!

Dame K. Tricks, brother! what tricks?

Brid. Nay, speak, I pray you what tricks?

Dame K. Ay, never spare any body here; but say, what tricks.

Brid. Passion of my heart, do tricks!

Wel. 'Slight, here's a trick vied and revied! Why, you
monkeys,
you, what a cater-wauling do you keep! has he not given you
rhymes

and verses and tricks?

Dow. O, the fiend!

Wel. Nay, you lamp of virginity, that take it in snuff so,
come,
and cherish this tame poetical fury in your servant; you'll
be

begg'd else shortly for a concealment: go to, reward his
muse. You

cannot give him less than a shilling in conscience, for the
book he

had it out of cost him a teston at least. How now, gallants!
Master

Mathew! Captain! what, all sons of silence, no spirit?

Dow. Come, you might practise your ruffian tricks somewhere
else,

and not here, I wuss; this is no tavern or drinking-school,
to vent

your exploits in.

Wel. How now; whose cow has calved?

Dow. Marry, that has mine, sir.

Nay, boy, never look askance at me for the matter; I'll tell
you of

it, I, sir; you and your companions mend yourselves when I
have

done.

Wel. My companions!

Dow. Yes, sir, your companions, so I say; I am not afraid of
you,

nor them neither; your hang-byes here. You must have your
poets and

your potlings, your soldados and foolados to follow you up
and down

the city; and here they must come to domineer and swagger.
Sirrah,

you ballad-singer, and slops your fellow there, get you out,
get

you home; or by this steel, I'll cut off your ears, and that

presently.

Wel. 'Slight, stay, let's see what he dare do; cut off his ears!

cut a whetstone. You are an ass, do you see; touch any man here,

and by this hand I'll run my rapier to the hilts in you.

Dow. Yea, that would I fain see, boy.

[They all draw.

Dame K. O Jesu! murder! Thomas! Gasper!

Brid. Help, help! Thomas!

Enter CASH and some of the house to part them.

E. Know. Gentlemen, forbear, I pray' you.

Bob. Well, sirrah, you Holofernes; by my hand, I will pink your

flesh full of holes with my rapier for this; I will, by this good

heaven! nay, let him come, let him come, gentlemen; by the body of

St. George, I'll not kill him.

[Offer to fight again, and are parted.

Gash. Hold, hold, good gentlemen. Dow. You whoreson, bragging coystril!

Enter KITELY.

Kit.

Why, how now! what's the matter, what's the stir here?

Whence springs the quarrel? Thomas! where is he?

Put up your weapons, and put off this rage:

My wife and sister, they are the cause of this.

What, Thomas! where is the knave?

Gash. Here, sir.

Wel. Come, let's go: this is one of my brother's ancient humours,

this.

Step. I am glad nobody was hurt by his ancient humour.

[Exeunt Wellbred, Stephen, E. Knowell, Bobadill, and Brainworm.

Kit. Why, how now, brother, who enforced this brawl?

Dow. A sort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for God nor the

devil And they must come here to read ballads, and roguery, and

trash! I'll mar the knot of 'em ere I sleep, perhaps; especially

Bob there, he that's all manner of shapes: and songs and sonnets,

his fellow.

Brid.

Brother, indeed you are too violent,

Too sudden in your humour: and you know

My brother Wellbred's temper will not bear

Any reproof, chiefly in such a presence,

Where every slight disgrace he should receive

Might wound him in opinion and respect.

Dow. Respect! what talk you of respect among such, as have no spark

of manhood, nor good manners? 'Sdeins, I am ashamed to hear you'!

respect!

[Exit.

Brid.

Yes, there was one a civil gentleman,

And very worthily demeaned himself.

Kit. O, that was some love of yours, sister.

Brid.

A love of mine! I would it were no worse, brother;

You'd pay my portion sooner than you think for.

Dame K. Indeed he seem'd to be a gentleman of a very exceeding fair disposition, and of excellent good parts.

[Exeunt Dame Kitely and Bridget.]

Kit.

Her love, by heaven! my wife's minion.
Fair disposition! excellent good parts!
Death! these phrases are intolerable.
Good parts! how should she know his parts?
His parts! Well, well, well, well, well, well;
It is too plain, too clear: Thomas, come hither.
What, are they gone?

Cash. Ay, sir, they went in.

My mistress and your sister—

Kit. Are any of the gallants within?

Cash. No, sir, they are all gone.

Kit. Art thou sure of it--?

Cash. I can assure you, sir.

Kit. What gentleman was that they praised so, Thomas?

Cash. One, they call him Master Knowell, a handsome young gentleman, sir.

Kit.

Ay, I thought so; my mind gave me as much:
I'll die, but they have hid him in the house,
Somewhere, I'll go and search; go with me, Thomas:
Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.--The Lane before COB'S House.
Enter COB

Cob. [knocks at the door.] What, Tib! Tib, I say!

Tib. [within.] How now, what cuckold is that knocks so hard?

Enter Tib.

O, husband! is it you? What's the news?

Cob. Nay, you have stunn'd me, i'faith; you have, given me a knock O' the forehead will stick by me. Cuckold! 'Slid, cuckold!

Tib. Away, you fool! did I know it was you that knocked? Come, come, you may call me as bad when you list.

Cob. May I? Tib, you are a whore.

Tib. You lie in your throat, husband.

Cob. How, the lie! and in my throat tool do you long to be stabb'd, ha?

Tib. Why, you are no soldier, I hope.

Cob. O, must you be stabbed by a soldier? Mass, that's true! when was Bobadill here, your captain? that rogue, that foist, that fencing Burgullion? I'll tickle him, i'faith.

Tib. Why, what's the matter, trow?

Cob. O, he has basted me rarely, sumptuously! but I have it here in black and white, [pulls out the warrant.] for his black and blue shall pay him. O, the justice, the honestest old brave Trojan in London; I do honour the very flea of his dog. A plague on him, though, he put me once in a villanous filthy fear; marry, it vanished away like the smoke of tobacco; but I was smoked soundly first. I thank the devil, and his good angel, my guest. Well, wife, or Tib, which you will, get you in, and lock the door; I charge you

let nobody in to you, wife; nobody in to you; those are my words:

not Captain Bob himself, nor the fiend in his likeness. You are a

woman, you have flesh and blood enough in you to be tempted; therefore keep the door shut upon all comers.

Tib. I warrant you, there shall nobody enter here without my consent.

Cob. Nor with your consent, sweet Tib; and so I leave you.

Tib. It's more than you know, whether you leave me so.

Cob. How?

Tib. Why, sweet.

Cob.

Tut, sweet or sour, thou art a flower.

Keep close thy door, I ask no more.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.-A Room in the Windmill Tavern.

Enter E. KNOWELL, WELLBRED, STEPHEN, and BRAINWORM,
disguised as before.

E. Know. Well, Brainworm, perform this business happily, and thou

makest a purchase of my love for ever.

Wel. I'faith, now let thy spirits use their best faculties: but, at

any hand, remember the message to my brother; for there's no other

means to start him.

Brai. I warrant you, sir; fear nothing; I have a nimble soul has

waked all forces of my phant'sie by this time, and put them in true

motion. What you have possest me withal, I'll discharge it amply,

sir; make it no question.

[Exit.

Wel. Forth, and prosper, Brainworm. Faith, Ned, how dost thou approve of my abilities in this device?

E. Know. Troth, well, howsoever; but it will come excellent if it take.

Wel. Take, man! why it cannot choose but take, if the circumstances miscarry not: but, tell me ingenuously, dost thou affect my sister Bridget as thou pretend'st?

E. Know. Friend, am I worth belief?

Wel. Come, do not protest. In faith, she is a maid of good ornament, and much modesty; and, except I conceived very worthily of her, thou should'st not have her.

E. Know. Nay, that I am afraid, will be a question yet, whether I shall have her, or no.

Wel. 'Slid, thou shalt have her; by this light thou shalt.

E. Know. Nay, do not swear.

Wel. By this hand thou shalt have her; I'll go fetch her presently.

'Point but where to meet, and as I am an honest man I'll bring her.

E. Know. Hold, hold, be temperate.

Wel. Why, by—what shall I swear by? thou shalt have her, as I am—

E. Know. Praythee, be at peace, I am satisfied; and do believe thou wilt omit no offered occasion to make my desires complete.

Wel. Thou shalt see, and know, I will not.

[Exeunt.]

*SCENE IV.—The Old Jewry.
Enter FORMAL and KNOWELL.*

Form. Was your man a soldier, sir?

*Know. Ay, a knave
I took him begging O' the way, this morning,
As I came over Moorfields.*

*Enter BRAINWORM. disguised as
before.*

*O, here he is!--you've made fair speed, believe me,
Where, in the name of sloth, could you be thus?*

*Brai. Marry, peace be my comfort, where I thought I should
have had little comfort of your worship's service.*

Know. How so?

*Brai. O, sir, your coming to the city, your entertainment of
me, and your sending me to watch--indeed all the circumstances
either of your charge, or my employment, are as open to your son, as
to yourself.*

*Know. How should that be, unless that villain, Brainworm,
Have told him of the letter, and discover'd
All that I strictly charg'd him to conceal?
'Tis so.*

Brai. I am partly O' the faith, 'tis so, indeed.

Know. But, how should he know thee to be my man?

*Brai. Nay, sir, I cannot tell; unless it be by the black art.
Is not your son a scholar, sir?*

Know.

Yes, but I hope his soul is not allied
Unto such hellish practice: if it were,
I had just cause to weep my part in him,
And curse the time of his creation.
But, where didst thou find them, Fitz-Sword?

Brai. You should rather ask where they found me, sir; for
I'll
be sworn, I was going along in the street, thinking nothing,
when,
of a sudden, a voice calls, Mr. Knowell's man! another cries,
Soldier! and thus half a dozen of them, till they had call'd
me
within a house, where I no sooner came, but they seem'd men,
and
out flew all their rapiers at my bosom, with some three or
four
score oaths to accompany them; and all to tell me, I was but
a
dead man, if I did not confess where you were, and how I was
employed, and about what; which when they could not get out
of
me, (as, I protest, they must have dissected, and made an
anatomy
of me first, and so I told them,) they lock'd me up into a
room
in the top of a high house, whence by great miracle (having a
light heart) I slid down by a bottom of packthread into the
street, and so 'scaped. But, sir, thus much I can assure you,
for I heard it while I was lock'd up, there were a great many
rich merchants and brave citizens' wives with them at a
feast;
and your son, master Edward, withdrew with one of them, and
has
'pointed to meet her anon at one Cob's house a water-bearer
that dwells by the Wall. Now, there your worship shall be
sure
to take him, for there he preys, and fail he will not.

Know.

Nor will I fail to break his match, I doubt not.
Go thou along with justice Clement's man,
And stay there for me. At one Cob's house, say'st thou?

Brai. Ay, sir, there you shall have him. [Exit Knowell.] Yes—
invisible! Much wench, or much son! 'Slight, when he has
staid

there three or four hours, travailing with the expectation of
wonders, and at length be deliver'd of air! O the sport that
I

should then take to look on him, if I durst! But now, I mean
to

appear no more afore him in this shape: I have another trick
to act

yet. O that I were so happy as to light on a nupson now of
this

justice's novice!—Sir, I make you stay somewhat long.

Form. Not a whit, sir. Pray you what do you mean, sir?

Brai. I was putting up some papers.

Form. You have been lately in the wars, sir, it seems.

Brai. Marry have I, sir, to my loss, and expense of all,
almost.

Form. Troth, sir, I would be glad to bestow a bottle of wine
on

you, if it please you to accept it—

Brai, O, sir

Form. But to hear the manner of your services, and your
devices in

the wars; they say they be very strange, and not like those a
man

reads in the Roman histories, or sees at Mile-end.

Brai. No, I assure you, sir; why at any time when it please
you, I

shall be ready to discourse to you all I know;—and more too
somewhat. [Aside.]

Form. No better time than now, sir; we'll go to the Windmill:
there

we shall have a cup of neat grist, we call it. I pray you,
sir, let

me request you to the Windmill.

Brai. I'll follow you, sir;—and make grist of you, if I have
good
luck. [Aside.]

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Moorfields.

Enter MATHEW, E. KNOWELL, BOBADILL, and STEPHEN.

Mat. Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him
where we
were to-day, Mr. Wellbred's half-brother? I think the whole
earth
cannot shew his parallel, by this daylight.

E. Know. We were now speaking of him: captain Bobadill tells
me he
is fallen foul of you too.

Mat. O, ay, sir, he threatened me with the bastinado.

Bob. Ay, but I think, I taught you prevention this morning,
for
that: You shall kill him beyond question; if you be so
generously
minded.

Mat. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick.

[Fences.]

Bob: O, you do not give spirit enough to your motion, you are
too
tardy, too heavy! O, it must be done like lightning, hay!
[Practises at a post with his
cudgel.]

Mat. Rare, captain!

Bob. Tut! 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a-punto. E. Know.
Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters
of
defence here?

Mat. O good sir! yes, I hope he has.

Bob. I will tell you, sir. Upon my first coming to the city,
after
my long travel for knowledge, in that mystery only, there
came
three or four of them to me, at a gentleman's house, where it
was
my chance to be resident at that time, to intreat my presence
at
their schools: and withal so much importuned me, that I
protest to
you, as I am a gentleman, I was ashamed of their rude
demeanour out
of all measure: Well, I told them that to come to a public
school,
they should pardon me, it was opposite, in diameter, to my
humour;
but if so be they would give their attendance at my lodging,
I
protested to do them what right or favour I could, as I was a
gentleman, and so forth.

E. Know. So, sir! then you tried their skill?

Bob. Alas, soon tried: you shall hear, sir. Within two or
three
days after, they came; and, by honesty, fair sir, believe me,
I
graced them exceedingly, shewed them some two or three tricks
of
prevention have purchased them since a credit to admiration:
they
cannot deny this; and yet now they hate me, and why? because
I am
excellent; and for no other vile reason on the earth.

E. Know. This is strange and barbarous, as ever I heard.

Bob. Nay, for a more instance of their preposterous natures;
but
note; sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six
of
them together, as I have walked alone in divers skirts it'll
town,
as Turnbull, Whitechapel, Shoreditch, which were then my
quarters;

and since, upon the Exchange, at my lodging, and at my ordinary:

where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a street, in

the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe

me. Yet all this lenity will not overcome their spleen; they will

be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may spurn abroad

with his foot at pleasure. By myself, I could have slain them all,

but I delight not in murder. I am loth to bear any other than this

bastinado for them: yet I hold it good polity not to go disarmed,

for though I be skilful, I may be oppressed with multitudes.

E. Know. Ay, believe me, may you, sir: and in my conceit, our whole

nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

Bob. Alas, no? what's a peculiar man to a nation? not seen.

E. Know. O, but your skill, sir.

Bob. Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will

tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal; I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known

to her majesty and the lords,—observe me,—I would undertake, upon

this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not

only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general; but to

save the one half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding

war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think

you?

E. Know. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself.
throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit,
strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an
instinct, a
character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the
special
rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your
imbroccato,
your passada, your montanto; till they could all play very
near, or
altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were
forty
thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the
tenth of
March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the
enemy;
they could not in their honour refuse us: Well, we would kill
them;
challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them;
twenty
more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his
twenty a
day, that's twenty score; twenty score that's two hundred;
two
hundred a day, five days a thousand: forty thousand; forty
times
five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by
computation. And this will I venture my poor gentlemanlike
carcase
to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us,
by fair
and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

E. Know. Why, are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all
times?

Bob. Tut! never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.

E. Know. I would not stand in Downright's state then, an you
meet
him, for the wealth of anyone street in London.

Bob. Why, sir, you mistake me: if he were here now, by this
welkin,
I would not draw my weapon on him. Let this gentleman do his

mind:

but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him, at my distance.

E. Know. 'Od's, so, look where he is! yonder he goes.

[Downright crosses the stage.

Dow. What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals?

Bob. It is not he, is it?

E. Know. Yes, faith, it is he.

Mat. I'll be hang'd then if that were he.

E. Know. Sir, keep your hanging good for some greater matter, for I assure you that were he.

Step. Upon my reputation, it was he.

Bob. Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so: but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he yet.

E. Know. That I think, sir.

Re-enter DOWNRIGHT.

But see, he is come again.

Dow. O, Pharaoh's foot, have I found you? Come, draw to your tools; draw, gipsy, or I'll thrash you.

Bob. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee; hear me—

Dow. Draw your weapon then.

Bob. Tall man, I never thought on it till now—Body of me, I had a warrant of the peace served on me, even now as I came along, by

a water-bearer; this gentleman saw it, Master Mathew.

Dow. 'Sdeath! you will not draw then?

[Disarms and beats him. Mathew runs
away.]

Bob. Hold, hold! under thy favour forbear!

Dow. Prate again, as you like this, you whoreson foist you!
You'll

control the point, you! Your consort is gone; had he staid he
had

shared with you, sir.

[Exit.]

Bob. Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace,
by

this good day.

E. Know. No, faith, it's an ill day, captain, never reckon it
other: but, say you were bound to the peace, the law allows
you to

defend yourself: that will prove but a poor excuse.

Bob. I cannot tell, sir; I desire good construction in fair
sort. I

never sustain'd the like disgrace, by heaven! sure I was
struck

with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

E. Know. Ay, like enough; I have heard of many that have been
beaten under a planet: go, get you to a surgeon. 'Slid! an
these be

your tricks, your passadoes, and your montantos, I'll none of
them.

[Exit Bobadill.] O, manners! that this age should bring forth
such

creatures! that nature should be at leisure to make them!
Come,

coz.

Step. Mass, I'll have this cloak.

E. Know. 'Od's will, 'tis Downright's.

Step. Nay, it's mine now, another might have ta'en it up as well:

I'll wear it, so I will.

E. Know. How an he see it? he'll challenge it, assure yourself.

Step. Ay, but he shall not have it: I'll say I bought it.

E. Know. Take heed you buy it not too dear, coz.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.-A Room in KITELY'S House.

Enter KITELY, WELLBRED, Dame KITELY, and BRIDGET,

Kit.

Now, trust me, brother, you were much to blame,
T' incense his anger, and disturb the peace
Of my poor house, where there are sentinels
That every minute watch to give alarms
Of civil war, without adjection
Of your assistance or occasion.

Wel. No harm done, brother, I warrant you: since there is no harm

done, anger costs a man nothing; and a tall man is never his own

man till he be angry. To keep his valour in obscurity, is to keep

himself as it were in a cloak bag. What's a musician, unless he

play? What's a tall man unless he fight? For, indeed, all this my

wise brother stands upon absolutely; and that made me fall in with

him so resolutely.

Dame K. Ay, but what harm might have come of it, brother?

Wel. Might, sister? so might the good warm clothes your husband

wears be poisoned, for any thing he knows: or the wholesome wine he

drank, even now at the table.

Kit.

Now, God forbid! O me! now I remember
My wife drank to me last, and changed the cup,
And bade me wear this cursed suit to-day.
See, if Heaven suffer murder undiscover'd!
I feel me ill; give me some mithridate,
Some mithridate and oil, good sister, fetch me:
O, I am Sick at heart, I burn. I burn.
If you will save my life, go fetch it me.

Wel. O strange humour! my very breath has poison'd him.

Brid.

Good brother be content, what do you mean?
The strength of these extreme conceits will kill you.

Dame K.

Beshrew your heart, blood, brother Wellbred, now,
For putting such a toy into his head!

Wel. Is a fit simile a toy? will he be poison'd with a simile?

Brother Kitely, what a strange and idle imagination is this!
For
shame, be wiser. O' my soul there's no such matter.

Kit. Am I not sick? how am I then not poison'd? Am I not
poison'd?
how am I then so sick?

Dame K. If you be sick, your own thoughts make you sick.

Wel. His jealousy is the poison he has taken.

Enter BRAINWORM, disguised in FORMAL'S
clothes.

Brai. Master Kitely, my master, justice Clement salutes you;
and
desires to speak with you with all possible speed.

Kit. No time but now, when I think I am sick, very sick!
well, I

will wait upon his worship. Thomas! Cob! I must seek them
out, and
set them sentinels till I return. Thomas! Cob! Thomas!

[Exit. Wel.

This is perfectly rare, Brainworm; [takes him aside.] but how
got'st thou this apparel of the justice's man?

Brai. Marry, sir, my proper fine pen-man would needs bestow
the
grist on me, at the Windmill, to hear some martial discourse;
where

I so marshall'd him, that I made him drunk with admiration;
and,

because too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I
stript him

stark naked as he lay along asleep, and borrowed his suit to
deliver this counterfeit message in, leaving a rusty armour,
and an

old brown bill to watch him till my return; which shall be,
when I

have pawn'd his apparel, and spent the better part O' the
money,

perhaps.

Wel. Well, thou art a successful merry knave, Brainworm: his
absence will be a good subject for more mirth. I pray thee
return

to thy young master, and will him to meet me and my sister
Bridget

at the Tower instantly; for here, tell him the house is so
stored

with jealousy, there is no room for love to stand up'right
in. We

must get our fortunes committed to some larger prison, say;
and

than the Tower, I know no better air, nor where the liberty
of the

house may do us more present service. Away.

Exit Brai.

Re-enter KITELY, talking aside to CASH.

Kit.

Come hither, Thomas. Now my secret's ripe,
And thou shalt have it: lay to both thine ears.
Hark what I say to thee. I must go forth, Thomas;

Be careful of thy promise, keep good watch,
Note every gallant, and observe him well,
That enters in my absence to thy mistress:
If she would shew him rooms, the jest is stale,
Follow them, Thomas, or else hang on him,
And let him not go after; mark their looks;
Note if she offer but to see his band,
Or any other amorous toy about him;
But praise his leg, or foot: or if she say
The day is hot, and bid him feel her hand,
How hot it is; O, that's a monstrous thing!
Note me all this, good Thomas, mark their sighs,
And if they do but whisper, break 'em off:
I'll bear thee out in it. Wilt thou do this?
Wilt thou be true, my Thomas?

Cash. As truth's self, sir.

Kit. Why, I believe thee: Where is Cob, now? Cob!

[Exit.

Dame K. He's ever calling for Cob: I wonder how he employs Cob so.

Wel. Indeed, sister, to ask how he employs Cob, is a necessary question for you that are his wife, and a thing not very easy for you to be satisfied in; but this I'll assure you, Cob's wife is an excellent bawd, sister, and oftentimes your husband haunts her house; marry, to what end? I cannot altogether accuse him; imagine you what you think convenient: but I have known fair hides have foul hearts ere now, sister.

Dame K. Never said you truer than that, brother, so much I can tell you for your learning. Thomas, fetch your cloak and go with me.

[Exit Gash.] I'll after him presently: I would to fortune I could take him there, i'faith, I'd return him his own, I warrant

him!

[Exit.

Wel. So, let 'em go; this may make sport anon. Now, my fair sister-in-law, that you knew but how happy a thing it were to be fair and beautiful.

Brid. That touches not me, brother.

Wel. That's true; that's even the fault of it; for indeed, beauty stands a woman in no stead, unless it procure her touching.— But, sister, whether it touch you or no. It touches your beauties; and I am sure they will abide the touch; an they do not, a plague of all ceruse, say I! and it touches me too in part, though not in the—Well, there's a dear and respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly and worthily affected toward you, and hath vowed to inflame whole bonfires of zeal at his heart, in honour of your perfections. I have already engaged my promise to bring you where you shall hear him confirm much more. Ned Knowell is the man, sister: there's no exception against the party. You are ripe for a husband; and a minute's loss to such all occasion, is a great trespass in a wise beauty. What say you, sister? On 'my soul he loves you; will you give him the meeting?

Brid. Faith, I had very little confidence in mine own constancy, brother, if I durst not meet a man; but this motion of yours savours of an old knight adventurer's servant a little too much, methinks.

Wel. What' s that, sister?

Brid. Marry, of the squire.

Wel. No matter if it did, I would be such an one for my friend. But see, who is return'd to hinder us!

Reenter KITELY.

Kit.

*What villainy is this? call'd out on a false message!
This was some plot; I was not sent for.--Bridget,
Where is your sister?*

Brid. I think she be gone forth, sir.

Kit. How! is my wife gone forth? whither, for God's sake?

Brid. She's gone abroad with Thomas.

Kit.

*Abroad with Thomas! Oh, that villain dors me:
Beast that I was, to trust him! whither, I pray you,
Went she?*

Brid. I know not, sir.

Wel. I'll tell you, brother, Whither I suspect she's gone;

Kit. Whither, good brother?

Wel. To Cob's house, I believe: but, keep my counsel.

Kit.

*I will, I will: to Cob's house! doth she haunt Cob's?
She's gone a purpose now to cuckold me,
With that lewd rascal, who, to win her favour,
Hath told her all.*

[Exit.

Wel.

Come, he is once more gone,

Sister, let's lose no time; the affair is worth it.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.--A Street.

Enter MATHEW and BOBADILL.

Mat. I wonder, captain, what they will say of my going away, ha?

Bob. Why, what should they say; but as of a discreet gentleman;
quick, wary, respectful of nature's fair lineaments? and that's
all.

Mat. Why so! but what can they say of your beating?

Bob. A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind of gross battery
used, laid on strongly, borne most patiently; and that's all.

Mat. Ay, but would any man have offered it in Venice, as you say?

Bob. Tut! I assure you, no: you shall have there your nobilis, your
gentilezza, come in bravely upon your reverse, stand you close,
stand you firm, stand you fair, save your retricato with his left
leg, come to the assalto with the right, thrust with brave steel,
defy your base wood! But wherefore do I awake this remembrance? I
was fascinated, by Jupiter; fascinated, but I will be unwitch'd
and revenged by law.

Mat. Do you hear? is it not best to get a warrant, and have him
arrested and brought before justice Clement?

Bob. It were not amiss; would we had it!

Enter BRAINWORM disguised as FORMAL.

Mat. Why, here comes his man; let's speak to him.

Bob. Agreed, do you speak,

Mat. Save you, sir.

Brai. With all my heart, sir.

Mat. Sir, there is one Downright hath abused this gentleman and myself, and we determine to make our amends by law: now, if you would do us the favour to procure a warrant to bring him afore your master, you shall be well considered, I assure you, sir.

Brai. Sir, you know my service is my living; such favours as these gotten of my master is his only preferment, and therefore you must consider me as I may make benefit of my place.

Mat. How is that, Sir?

Brai. Faith, sir, the thing is extraordinary, and the gentleman may be of great account; yet, be he what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of angels in my hand you shall have it, otherwise not.

Mat. How shall we do, captain? he asks a brace of angels, you have no money?

Bob. Not a cross, by fortune.

Mat. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but twopence left of my two shillings in the morning for wine and radish: let's find him some pawn.

Bob. Pawn! we have none to the value of his demand.

Mat. O, yes; I'll pawn this jewel in my ear, and you may pawn your silk stockings, and pull up your boots, they will ne'er be mist: it must be done now.

Bob. Well, an there be no remedy, I'll step aside and pull them off.

[Withdraws.]

Mat. Do you hear, sir? we have no store of money at this time, but you shall have good pawns; look you, sir, this jewel, and that gentleman's silk stockings; because we would have it dispatch'd ere we went to our chambers.

Brai. I am content, sir; I will get you the What's his name, say you? Downright?

Mat. Ay, ay, George Downright.

Brai. What manner of man is he?

Mat. A tall big man, sir; he goes in a cloak most commonly of silk-russet, laid about with russet lace.

Brai. 'Tis very good, sir.

Mat. Here, Sir, here's my jewel.

Bob. [returning.] And here are my stockings.

Brai. Well, gentlemen, I'll procure you this warrant presently; but who will you have to serve it?

Mat. That's true, captain: that must be considered.

Bob. Body O' me, I know not; 'tis service of danger.

Brai. Why, you were best get one O' the varlets of the city, a serjeant: I'll appoint you one, if you please.

Mat. Will you, sir? why, we can wish no better.

Bob. We'll leave it to you, sir.

[Exeunt Bob. and

Mat.

Brai. This is rare! Now will I go and pawn this cloak of the justice's man's at the broker's, for a varlet's suit, and be the

varlet myself; and get either more pawns, or more money of Downright, for the arrest.

[Exit.

SCENE VIII.—The Lane before COB'S House.

Enter KNOWELL.

Know.

Oh, here it is; I am glad I have found it now;
Ho! who is within here?

Tib. [within.] I am within, sir; what's your pleasure?

Know. To know who is within beside yourself.

Tib. Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope?

Know.

O, fear you the constable? then I doubt not,
You have some guests within deserve that fear;
I'll fetch him straight.

Enter TIB.

Tib. O' God's name, sir!

Know. Go to: come tell me, is not young Knowell here?

Tib. Young Knowell! I know none such, sir, o' mine honesty.

Know.

Your honesty, dame! it flies too lightly from you.
There is no way but fetch the constable.

Tib. The constable! the man is mad, I think.

[Exit, and claps to the door.

Enter Dame KITELY and CASH.

Cash. Ho! who keeps house here?

Know.

*O, this is the female copesmate of my son:
Now shall I meet him straight.*

Dame K. Knock, Thomas, hard.

Cash. Ho, goodwife!

Re-enter TIB.

Tib. Why, what's the matter with you?

Dame K.

*Why, woman, grieves it you to ope your door?
Belike you get something to keep it shut.*

Tib. What mean these questions, pray ye?

Dame K. So strange you make it! is not my husband here?

Know. Her husband!

Dame K. My tried husband, master Kitely?

Tib. I hope he needs not to be tried here.

Dame K. No, dame, he does it not for need, but pleasure.

Tib. Neither for need nor pleasure is he here.

Know. This is but a device to balk me withal:

*Enter KITELY, muffled in his
cloak.*

Soft, who is this? 'tis not my son disguised?

Dame K.

*[spies her husband, and runs to him.]
O, sir, have I fore-stall'd your honest market,
Found your close walks? You stand amazed now, do you?
I'faith, I am glad I have smok'd you yet at last.
What is your jewel, trow? In, come, let's see her;
Fetch forth your housewife, dame; if she be fairer,
In any honest judgment, than myself,
I'll be content with it: but she is change,*

*She feeds you fat, she soothes your appetite,
And you are well! Your wife, an honest woman,
Is meat twice sod to you, sir! O, you treachour!*

Know. She cannot counterfeit thus palpably.

Kit.

*Out on thy more than strumpet impudence!
Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? and have I taken
Thy bawd and thee, and thy companion,
This hoary-headed letcher, this old goat,
Close at your villainy, and would'st thou 'scuse it
With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me?
O, old incontinent, [to Knowell.] dost thou not shame,
When all thy powers in chastity are spent,
To have a mind so hot? and to entice,
And feed the enticements of a lustful woman?*

Dame K. Out, I defy thee, I, dissembling wretch!

Kit.

*Defy me, strumpet! Ask thy pander here,
Can he deny it; or that wicked elder?*

Know. Why, hear you, sir.

Kit.

*Tut, tut, tut; never speak:
Thy guilty conscience will discover thee.*

Know. What lunacy is this, that haunts this man?

Kit.

*Well, good wife bawd, Cob's wife, and you,
That make your husband such a hoddy-doddy;
And you, young apple-squire, and old cuckold-maker;
I'll have you every one before a justice:
Nay, you shall answer it, I charge you go.*

Know.

*Marry, with all my heart, sir, I go willingly;
Though I do taste this as a trick put on me,
To punish my impertinent search, and justly,
And half forgive my son for the device.*

Kit. Come, will you go?

Dame K. *Go! to thy shame believe it.*

Enter Cob.

Cob. *Why, what's the matter here, 'what's here to do?*

Kit.

*O; Cob, art thou come? I have been abused,
And in thy house; was never man so wrong'd!*

Cob. *'Slid, in my house, my master Kitely! who wrongs you in
my house? '*

Kit.

*Marry, young lust in old, and old in young here:
Thy wife's their bawd, here have I taken them.*

Cob. *How, bawd! is my house come to that? Am I preferr'd
thither?*

*Did I not charge you to keep your doors shut, Isbel? and--you
let them lie open for all comers! [Beats his wife.*

*Know. Friend, know some cause, before thou beat'st thy wife.
This is madness in thee.*

Cob. *Why, is there no cause?*

Kit.

*Yes, I'll shew cause before the justice, Cob:
Come, let her go with me.*

Cob. *Nay, she shall go.*

*Tib. Nay, I will go. I'll see an you may be allowed to make a
bundle of hemp of your right and lawful wife thus, at every
cuckoldy knave's pleasure. Why do you not go?*

Kit. *A bitter quean! Come, we will have you tamed.*

[Exeunt.

SCENE IX.--A Street.

Enter BRAINWORM, disguised as a City Serjeant.

Brai. Well, of all my disguises yet, now am I most like myself,

being in this serjeant's gown. A man of my present profession never

counterfeits, till he lays hold upon a debtor, and says, he rests

him; for then he brings him to all manner of unrest. A kind of

little kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace, made like a

young artichoke, that always carries pepper and salt in itself.

Well, I know not what danger I undergo by this exploit; pray Heaven

I come well off!

Enter MATHEW and BOBADILL.

Mat. See, I think, yonder is the varlet, by his gown.

Bob. Let's go in quest of him.

Mat. 'Save you, friend! 'are not you here by appointment of justice

Clement's man?

Brai. Yes, an't please you, sir; he told me, two gentlemen had

will'd him to procure a warrant from his master, which I have about

me, to be served on one Downright.

Mat. It is honestly done of you both; and see where the party comes

you must arrest; serve it upon him quickly afore he be aware.

Bob. Bear back, master Mathew.

Enter STEPHEN in DOWNRIGHT'S cloak.

Brai. Master Downright, I arrest you in the queen's name, and must

carry you afore a justice by virtue of this warrant:

Step. Me, friend! I am no Downright, I; I am master Stephen; You do

not well to arrest me, I tell you, truly; I am in nobody's bonds

nor books, I would you should know it. A plague on you heartily,

for making me thus afraid afore my time!

Brai. Why, now you are deceived, gentlemen.

Bob. He wears such a cloak, and that deceived us: but see, here a'

comes indeed; this is he; officer.

Enter DOWNRIGHT.

Dow. Why how now, signior gull! are you turn'd filcher of late!

Come, deliver my cloak.

Step. Your cloak, sir! I bought it even now, in open market.

Brai. Master Downright, I have a warrant I must serve upon you,

procured by these two gentlemen.

Dow. These gentlemen! these rascals!

[Offers to beat them.]

Brai. Keep the peace, I charge you in her majesty's name.

Dow. I obey thee. What must I do, officer?

Brai. Go before master justice Clement; to answer that they can

object against you, sir: I will use you kindly, sir.

Mat. Come, let's before, and make the justice, captain.

Bob. The varlet's a tall man, afore heaven!

[Exeunt Bob. and Mat.]

Dow. Gull, you'll give me my cloak.

Step. Sir, I bought it, and I'll keep it.

Dow. You will?

Step. Ay, that I will.

Dow. Officer, there's thy fee, arrest him.

Brai. Master Stephen I must arrest you.

*Step. Arrest me! I scorn it. There, take your cloak, I'll
none
on't.*

*Dow. Nay, that shall not serve your turn now, sir. Officer,
I'll go
with thee to the justice's; bring him along.*

Step. Why, is not here your cloak? what would you have?

Dow. I'll have you answer it, sir.

*Brai. Sir, I'll take your word, and this gentleman's too, for
his
appearance.*

Dow. I'll have no words taken: bring him along.

Brai. Sir, I may choose to do that, I may take bail.

*Dow. 'Tis true, you may take bail, and choose at another
time: but
you shall not now, varlet: bring him along, or I'll swinge
you.*

*Brai. Sir, I pity the gentleman's case: here's your money
again.*

Dow. 'Sdeins, tell not me of my money; bring him away, I say.

Brai. I warrant you he will go with you of himself, sir.

Dow. Yet more ado?

Brai. I have made a fair mash on't;

Aside.

Step. Must I go?

Brai. I know no remedy, master Stephen.

*Dow. Come along afore me here; I do not love your hanging
look
behind.*

*Step. Why, sir, I hope you cannot hang me for it: can he,
fellow?*

*Brai. I think not, sir; it is but a whipping matter, sure.
[Exeunt.*

ACT V

*SCENE I.-Coleman Street.
A Hall in Justice CLEMENT'S House.*

*Enter CLEMENT, KNOWELL, KITELY, Dame K., TIB., CASH,
COB, and Servants.*

Step. Why then let him do his worst, I am resolute.

*Clem. Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave: my chair, sirrah.
You,
master Knowell, say you went thither to meet your son?*

Know. Ay, sir.

*Clem. But who directed you thither? Know. That did mine own
man,
sir.*

Clem. Where is he?

*Know. Nay, I know not now; I left him with your clerk, and
appointed him to stay here for me.*

Clem. My clerk! about what time was this?

Know. Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

*Clem. And what time came my man with the false message to
you,
master Kitley?*

Kit. After two, sir.

*Clem. Very good: but, mistress Kitley, how chance that you
were at
Cob's, ha?*

Dame K. An't please you, sir, I'll tell you: my brother Wellbred told me, that Cob's house was a suspected place—

Clem. So it appears, methinks: but on.

Dame K. And that my husband used thither daily.

Clem. No matter, so he used himself well, mistress.

Dame K. True, sir: but you know what grows by such haunts oftentimes.

Clem. I see rank fruits of a jealous brain, mistress Kately: but
did you find your husband there, in that case as you suspected?

Kit. I found her there, sir.

Clem. Did you, so! that alters the case. Who gave you knowledge of
your wife's being there?

Kit. Marry, that did my brother Wellbred.

Clem. How, Wellbred first tell her; then tell you after!
Where is
Wellbred?

Kit. Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

Clem. Why this is a mere trick, a device; you are gull'd in
this
most grossly all. Alas, poor wench! wert thou beaten for
this?

Tib. Yell, most pitifully, an't please you.

Cob. And worthily, I hope, if it shall prove so.

Clem. Ay, that's like, and a piece of a sentence.—
Enter a Servant.

How now, sir! what's the matter?

Serv. Sir, there's a gentleman in the court without, desires to speak with your worship.

Clem. A gentleman! what is he?

Serv. A soldier, sir, he says.

Clem. A soldier! take down my armour, my sword quickly. A soldier speak with me! Why, when, knaves? Come on, come on; [arms himself] hold my cap there, so; give me my gorget, my sword: stand by, I will end your matters anon.—Let the soldier enter.

[Exit Servant.]

Enter BOBADILL, followed by MATHEW.

Now, sir, what have you to say to me? Bob. By your worship's favour—

Clem. Nay, keep out, sir; I know not your pretence. You send me word, sir, you are a soldier: why, sir, you shall be answer'd here: here be them that have been amongst soldiers. Sir, your pleasure.

Bob. Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman and myself have been most uncivilly wrong'd and beaten by one Downright, a coarse fellow, about the town here; and for mine own part, I protest, being a man in no sort given to this filthy humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted me in the way of my peace, despoiled me of mine honour, disarmed me of my weapons, and rudely laid me along in the open streets, when I not so much as once offer'd to resist him.

Clem. O, God's precious! is this the soldier? Here, take my armour

off quickly, 'twill make him swoon, I fear; he is not fit to
look
on't, that will put up a blow.

Mat. An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

Clem. Why, an he were, sir, his hands were not bound, were
they?

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. There's one of the varlets of the city, sir, has
brought two
gentlemen here; one, upon your worship's warrant.

Clem. My warrant!

Serv. Yes, sir; the officer says, procured by these two.

Clem. Bid him come in. [Exit Servant.] Set by this picture.
Enter DOWNRIGHT, STEPHEN, and BRAINWORM, disguised as
before.

What, Master Downright! are you brought in at Mr.
Freshwater's suit
here?

Dow. I'faith, sir, and here's another brought at my suit.

Clem. What are you, sir?

Step. A gentleman, sir. O, uncle!

Clem. Uncle! who, Master Knowell?

Know. Ay, sir; this is a wise kinsman of mine.

Step. God's my witness, uncle, I am wrong'd here monstrously,
he
charges me with stealing of his cloak, and would I might
never
stir, if I did not find it in the street by chance.

Dow. O, did you find it now? You said you bought it
ereastwhile.

Step. And you said, I stole it: nay, now my uncle is here,
I'll do
well enough with you.

Clem. Well, let this breathe awhile. You that have cause to
complain there, stand forth: Had you my warrant for this
gentleman's apprehension?

Bob. Ay, an't please your worship.

Clem. Nay, do not speak in passion so: where had you it?

Bob. Of your clerk, sir.

Clem. That's well! an my clerk can make warrants, and my hand
not
at them! Where is the warrant-officer, have you it?

Brai. No, sir; your worship's man, Master Formal, bid me do
it for
these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

Clem. Why, Master Downright, are you such a novice, to be
ser'ved
and never see the warrant?

Dow. Sir, he did not serve it on me.

Clem. No! how then?

Dow. Marry, sir, he came to me, and said he must serve it,
and he
would use me kindly, and so—

Clem. O, God's pity, was it so, sir? He must serve it! Give
me my
long sword there, and help me off. So, come on, sir varlet, I
must
cut off your legs, sirrah; [Brainworm kneels.] nay, stand up,
I'll
use you kindly, I must cut off your legs, I say.
[Flourishes over him with his long
sword.

Brai. O, good sir, I beseech you; nay, good master justice!

Clem. I must do it, there is no remedy; I must cut off your legs,

sirrrah, I must cut off your ears, you rascal, I must do it:
I must
cut off your nose, I must cut off your head.

Brai. O, good your worship!

Clem. Well, rise; how dost thou do now? dost thou feel thyself

well? hast thou no harm?

Brai. No, I thank your good worship, sir.

Clem. Why so! I said I must cut off thy legs, and I must cut off

thy arms, and I must cut off thy head; but I did not do it: so you

said you must serve this gentleman with my warrant, but you did not

serve him. You knave, you slave, you rogue, do you say you must,

sirrah! away with him to the jail; I'll teach you a trick for your

must, sir.

Brai. Good sir, I beseech you, be good to me.

Clem. Tell him he shall to the jail; away with him, I say.

Brai. Nay, sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for committing

more than this: I will not lose by my travail any grain of my fame,

certain.

[Throws off his serjeant's gown.]

Clem. How is this?

Know. My man Brainworm!

Step. O, yes, uncle; Brainworm has been with my cousin Edward and I

all this day.

Clem. I told you all there was some device.

Brai. Nay, excellent justice, since I have laid myself thus open to
you, now stand strong for me; both with your sword and your balance.

Clem. Body O' me, a merry knave! give me a bowl of sack: if he
belong to you, Master Knowell, I bespeak your patience.

Brai. That is it I have most need of; Sir, if you'll pardon me,
only, I'll glory in all the rest of my exploits.

Know. Sir, you know I love not to have my favours come hard from
me. You have your pardon, though I suspect you shrewdly for being
of counsel with my son against me.

Brai. Yes, faith, I have, sir, though you retain'd me doubly this
morning for yourself: first as Brainworm; after, as Fitz-Sword. I
was your reform'd soldier, sir. 'Twas I sent you to Cob's upon the
errand without end.

Know. Is it possible? or that thou should'st disguise thy language
so as I should not know thee?

Brai. O, sir, this has been the day of my metamorphosis. It is not
that shape alone that I have run through to-day. I brought this
gentleman, master Kitely, a message too, in the form of master
Justice's man here, to draw him out O' the way, as well as your
worship, while master Wellbred might make a conveyance of mistress
Bridget to my young master.

Kit. How! My sister stolen away? Know. My son is not married,
I
hope.

Brai. Faith, Sir, they are both as sure as love, a priest,
and
three thousand pound, which is her portion, can make them;
and by
this time are ready to bespeak their wedding-supper at the
Windmill, except some friend here prevent them, and invite
them
home.

Clem. Marry, that will I; I thank thee for putting me in mind
on't.

Sirrah, go you and fetch them hither upon my warrant. [Exit
Servant.] Neither's friends have cause to be sorry, if I know
the
young couple aright. Here, I drink to thee for thy good news.
But I
pray thee, what hast thou done with my man, Formal?

Brai. Faith, sir, after some ceremony past, as making him
drunk,
first with story, and then with wine, (but all in kindness,)
and
stripping him to his shirt, I left him in that cool vein;
departed,
sold your worship's warrant to these two, pawn'd his livery
for
that varlet's gown, to serve it in; and thus have brought
myself by
my activity to your worship's consideration.

Clem. And I will consider thee in another cup of sack. Here's
to
thee, which having drunk off this my sentence: Pledge me.
Thou hast
done, or assisted to nothing, in my judgment, but deserves to
be
pardon'd for the wit of the offence. If thy master, or any
man
here, be angry with thee, I shall suspect his ingine, while I
know

him, for't. How now, what noise is that?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, it is Roger is come home.

Clem. Bring him in, bring him in.

Enter FORMAL in a suit of armour.

What! drunk? in arms against me? your reason, your reason for this?

Form. I beseech your worship to pardon me; I happened into ill company by chance, that cast me into a sleep, and stript me of all my clothes.

Clem. Well, tell him I am Justice Clement, and do pardon him: but what is this to your armour? what may that signify?

Form. An't please you, sir, it hung up in the room where I was stript; and I borrow'd it of one of the drawers to come home in, because I was loth to do penance through the street in my shirt.

Clem. Well, stand by a while.

Enter E. KNOWELL, WELLBRED, and BRIDGET.

Who be these? O, the young company; welcome, welcome! Give you joy.

Nay, mistress Bridget, blush not; you are not so fresh a bride, but the news of it is come hither afore you. Master bridegroom, I have made your peace, give me your hand: so will I for all the rest ere you forsake my roof.

E. Know. We are the more bound to your humanity, sir.

Clem. Only these two have so little of man in them, they are
no
part of my care.

Wel. Yes, sir, let me pray you for this gentleman, he belongs
to my
sister the bride.

Clem. In what place, sir?

Wel. Of her delight, sir, below the stairs, and in public:
her
poet, sir.

Clem. A poet! I will challenge him myself presently at
extempore.

Mount up thy Phlegon, Muse, and testify,
How Saturn, sitting in an ebon cloud,
Disrobed his podex, white as ivory,
And through the welkin thunder'd all aloud.

Wel. He is not for extempore, sir: he is all for the pocket
muse;
please you command a sight of it.

Clem. Yes, yes, search him for a taste of his vein. [They
search
Mathew's pockets.

Wel. You must not deny the queen's justice, sir, under a writ
of
rebellion.

Clem. What! all this verse? body O' me, he carries a whole
realm, a
commonwealth of paper in his hose: let us see some of his
subjects.

[Reads.

Unto the boundless ocean of thy face,
Runs this poor river, charg'd with streams of eyes.

How! this is stolen.

E. Know. A parody! a parody! with a kind of miraculous gift,
to
make it absurder than it was.

Clem. Is all the rest of this batch? bring me a torch; lay it
together, and give fire. Cleanse the air. [Sets the papers on
fire.] Here was enough to have infected the whole city, if it
had

not been taken in time. See, see, how our poet's glory
shines!

brighter and brighter! still it increases! O, now it is at
the

highest; and now it declines as fast. You may see, sic
transit
gloria mundi!

Know. There's an emblem for you, son, and your studies.

Clem. Nay, no speech or act of mine be drawn against such as
profess it worthily. They are not born every year, as an
alderman.

There goes more to the making of a good poet, than a sheriff.

Master Kitley, you look upon me!—though I live in the city
here,

amongst you, I will do more reverence to him, when I meet
him, than

I will to the mayor out of his year. But these paper-pedlars!
these

ink-dabblers! they cannot expect reprehension or reproach;
they
have it with the fact,

E. Know. Sir, you have saved me the labour of a defence.

Clem. It shall be discourse for supper between your father
and me,

if he dare undertake me. But to dispatch away these, you sign
O'

the soldier, and picture of the poet, (but both so false, I
will

not have you hanged out at my door till midnight,) while we
are at

supper, you two shall penitently fast it out in my court
without;

and, if you will, you may pray there that we may be so merry
within

as to forgive or forget you when we come out. Here's a third,
because we tender your safety, shall watch you, he is
provided for
the purpose. Look to your charge, sir.

Step. And what shall I do?

Clem. O! I had lost a sheep an he had not bleated: why, sir,
you
shall give master Downright his cloak; and I will intreat him
to
take it. A trencher and a napkin you shall have in the
buttery, and
keep Cob and his wife company here; whom I will intreat first
to be
reconciled; and you to endeavour with your wit to keep them
so.

Step. I'll do my best.

Cob. Why, now I see thou art honest, Tib, I receive thee as
my dear
and mortal wife again.

Tib. And I you, as my loving and obedient husband.

Clem. Good compliment! It will be their bridal night too.
They are
married anew. Come, I conjure the rest to put off all
discontent.

You, master Downright, your anger; you, master Knowell, your
cares;
Master Kitely and his wife, their jealousy.

For, I must tell you both, while that is fed,
Horns in the mind are worse than on the head.

Kit. Sir, thus they go from me; kiss me, sweetheart.

See what a drove of horns fly in the air,
Wing'd with my cleansed and my credulous breath!
Watch' em suspicious eyes, watch where they fall.

*See, see! on heads that think they have none at all!
O, what a plenteous world of this will come!
When air rains horns, all may be sure of some!*

I have learn'd so much verse out of a jealous man's part in a play.

*Clem. 'Tis well, 'tis well! This night we'll dedicate to
friendship, love, and laughter. Master bridegroom, take your
bride
and lead; every one a fellow. Here is my mistress, Brainworm!
to
whom all my addresses of courtship shall have their
reference:
whose adventures this day, when our grandchildren shall hear
to be
made a fable, I doubt not but it shall find both spectators
and
applause.*

[Exeunt.]

GLOSSARY

ABATE, cast down, subdue.

ABHORRING, repugnant (to), at variance.

ABJECT, base, degraded thing, outcast.

ABRASE, smooth, blank.

ABSOLUTE(LY), faultless(ly).

ABSTRACTED, abstract, abstruse.

ABUSE, deceive, insult, dishonour, make ill use of.

ACATER, caterer.

ACATES, cates.

ACCEPTIVE, willing, ready to accept, receive.

ACCOMMODATE, fit, befitting. (The word was a fashionable one and used on all occasions. See "Henry IV.," pt. 2, iii. 4).

ACCOST, draw near, approach.

ACKNOWLEDGE, confessedly acquainted with.

ACME, full maturity.

ADALANTADO, lord deputy or governor of a Spanish province.

ADJECTION, addition.

ADMIRATION, astonishment.

ADMIRE, wonder, wonder at.

ADROP, philosopher's stone, or substance from which obtained.

ADSCRIBE, subscribe.

ADULTERATE, spurious, counterfeit.

ADVANCE, lift.

ADVERTISE, inform, give intelligence.

ADVERTISED, "be—," be it known to you.

ADVERTISEMENT, intelligence.

ADVISE, consider, bethink oneself, deliberate.

ADVISED, informed, aware; "are you—?" have you found that out?

AFFECT, love, like; aim at; move.

AFFECTED, disposed; beloved.

AFFECTIONATE, obstinate; prejudiced.

AFFECTS, affections.

AFFRONT, "give the—," face.

AFFY, have confidence in; betroth.

AFTER, after the manner of.

AGAIN, AGAINST, in anticipation of.

AGGRAVATE, increase, magnify, enlarge upon.

AGNOMINATION. See Paranomasie.

AIERY, nest, brood.

AIM, guess.

ALL HID, children's cry at hide-and-seek.

ALL-TO, completely, entirely ("all-to-be-laden").

ALLOWANCE, approbation, recognition.

ALMA-CANTARAS (astronomy), parallels of altitude.

ALMAIN, name of a dance.

ALMUTEN, planet of chief influence in the horoscope.

ALONE, unequalled, without peer.

ALUDELS, subliming pots.

AMAZED, confused, perplexed.

AMBER, AMBRE, ambergris.

AMBREE, MARY, a woman noted for her valour at the siege of Ghent, 1458.

AMES-ACE, lowest throw at dice.

AMPHIBOLIES, ambiguities.

AMUSED, bewildered, amazed.

AN, if.

ANATOMY, skeleton, or dissected body.

ANDIRONS, fire-dogs.

ANGEL, gold coin worth 10 shillings, stamped with the figure of the archangel Michael.

ANNESH CLEARE, spring known as Agnes le Clare.

ANSWER, return hit in fencing.

ANTIC, ANTIQUE, clown, buffoon.

ANTIC, like a buffoon.

ANTIPERISTASIS, an opposition which enhances the quality it opposes.

APOZEM, decoction.

APPERIL, peril.

APPLE-JOHN, APPLE-SQUIRE, pimp, pander.

APPLY, attach.

APPREHEND, take into custody.

APPREHENSIVE, quick of perception; able to perceive and appreciate.

APPROVE, prove, confirm.

APT, suit, adapt; train, prepare; dispose, incline.

APT(LY), suitable(y), opportune(ly).

APTITUDE, suitability.

ARBOR, "make the—," cut up the game (Gifford).

ARCHES, Court of Arches.

ARCHIE, Archibald Armstrong, jester to James I. and Charles I.

ARGAILE, argol, crust or sediment in wine casks.

ARGENT-VIVE, quicksilver.

ARGUMENT, plot of a drama; theme, subject; matter in question; token, proof.

ARRIDE, please.

ARSEDINE, mixture of copper and zinc, used as an imitation of gold-leaf.

ARTHUR, PRINCE, reference to an archery show by a society who assumed arms, etc., of Arthur's knights.

ARTICLE, item.

ARTIFICIALLY, artfully.

ASCENSION, evaporation, distillation.

ASPIRE, try to reach, obtain, long for.

ASSALTO (Italian), assault.

ASSAY, draw a knife along the belly of the deer, a ceremony of the hunting-field.

ASSOIL, solve.

ASSURE, secure possession or reversion of.

ATHANOR, a digesting furnace, calculated to keep up a constant heat.

ATONE, reconcile.

ATTACH, attack, seize.

AUDACIOUS, having spirit and confidence.

AUTHENTIC(AL), of authority, authorised, trustworthy, genuine.

AVISEMENT, reflection, consideration.

AVOID, begone! get rid of.

AWAY WITH, endure.

AZOCH, Mercurius Philosophorum.

BABION, baboon.

BABY, doll.

BACK-SIDE, back premises.

BAFFLE, treat with contempt.

BAGATINE, Italian coin, worth about the third of a farthing.

BAIARD, horse of magic powers known to old romance.

BALDRICK, belt worn across the breast to support bugle, etc.

BALE (of dice), pair.

BALK, overlook, pass by, avoid.

BALLACE, ballast.

BALLOO, game at ball.

BALNEUM (BAIN MARIE), a vessel for holding hot water in which other vessels are stood for heating.

BANBURY, "brother of—," Puritan.

BANDOG, dog tied or chained up.

BANE, woe, ruin.

BANQUET, a light repast; dessert.

BARB, to clip gold.

BARBEL, fresh-water fish.

BARE, meer; bareheaded; it was "a particular mark of state and grandeur for the coachman to be uncovered" (Gifford).

BARLEY-BREAK, game somewhat similar to base.

BASE, game of prisoner's base.

BASES, richly embroidered skirt reaching to the knees, or lower.

BASILISK, fabulous reptile, believed to slay with its eye.

BASKET, used for the broken provision collected for prisoners.

BASON, basons, etc., were beaten by the attendant mob when bad characters were "carted."

BATE, be reduced; abate, reduce.

BATOON, baton, stick.

BATTEN, feed, grow fat.

BAWSON, badger.

BEADSMAN, prayer-man, one engaged to pray for another.

BEAGLE, small hound; fig. spy.

BEAR IN HAND, keep in suspense, deceive with false hopes.

BEARWARD, bear leader.

BEDPHERE. See Phere.

BEDSTAFF, (?) wooden pin in the side of the bedstead for supporting the bedclothes (Johnson); one of the sticks or "laths"; a stick used in making a bed.

BEETLE, heavy mallet.

BEG, "I'd—him," the custody of minors and idiots was begged for; likewise property fallen forfeit to the Crown ("your house had been begged").

BELL-MAN, night watchman.

BENJAMIN, an aromatic gum.

BERLINA, pillory.

BESCUMBER, defile.

BESLAVE, beslabber.

BESOGNO, beggar.

BESPAWLE, bespatter.

BETHLEHEM GABOR, Transylvanian hero, proclaimed King of Hungary.

BEVER, drinking.

BEVIS, SIR, knight of romance whose horse was equally celebrated.

BEWRAY, reveal, make known.

BEZANT, heraldic term: small gold circle.

BEZOAR'S STONE, a remedy known by this name was a supposed antidote to poison.

BID-STAND, highwayman.

BIGGIN, cap, similar to that worn by the Beguines; nightcap.

BILIVE (belive), with haste.

BILK, nothing, empty talk.

BILL, kind of pike.

BILLET, wood cut for fuel, stick.

BIRDING, thieving.

BLACK SANCTUS, burlesque hymn, any unholy riot.

BLANK, originally a small French coin.

BLANK, white.

BLANKET, toss in a blanket.

BLAZE, outburst of violence.

BLAZE, (her.) blazon; publish abroad.

BLAZON, armorial bearings; fig. all that pertains to good birth and breeding.

BLIN, "withouten—," without ceasing.

BLOW, puff up.

BLUE, colour of servants' livery, hence "—order," "—waiters."

BLUSHET, blushing one.

BOB, jest, taunt.

BOB, beat, thump.

BODGE, measure.

BODKIN, dagger, or other short, pointed weapon; long pin with which the women fastened up their hair.

BOLT, roll (of material).

BOLT, dislodge, rout out; sift (boulting-tub).

BOLT'S-HEAD, long, straight-necked vessel for distillation.

BOMBARD SLOPS, padded, puffed-out breeches.

BONA ROBA, "good, wholesome, plum-cheeked wench" (Johnson) —not always used in compliment.

BONNY-CLABBER, sour butter-milk.

BOOKHOLDER, prompter.

BOOT, "to—," into the bargain; "no—," of no avail.

BORACHIO, bottle made of skin.

BORDELLO, brothel.

BORNE IT, conducted, carried it through.

BOTTLE (of hay), bundle, truss.

BOTTOM, skein or ball of thread; vessel.

BOURD, jest.

BOVOLI, snails or cockles dressed in the Italian manner (Gifford).

BOW-POT, flower vase or pot.

BOYS, "terrible—," "angry—," roystering young bucks. (See Nares).

BRABBLES (BRABBLESH), brawls.

BRACH, bitch.

BRADAMANTE, a heroine in "Orlando Furioso."

BRADLEY, ARTHUR OF, a lively character commemorated in ballads.

BRAKE, frame for confining a horse's feet while being shod, or strong curb or bridle; trap.

BRANCHED, with "detached sleeve ornaments, projecting from the shoulders of the gown" (Gifford).

BRANDISH, flourish of weapon.

BRASH, brace.

BRAVE, bravado, braggart speech.

BRAVE (adv.), gaily, finely (apparelled).

BRAVERIES, gallants.

BRAVERY, extravagant gaiety of apparel.

BRAVO, bravado, swaggerer.

BRAZEN-HEAD, speaking head made by Roger Bacon.

BREATHE, pause for relaxation; exercise.

BREATH UPON, speak dispraisingly of.

BREND, burn.

BRIDE-ALE, wedding feast.

BRIEF, abstract; (mus.) breve.

BRISK, smartly dressed.

BRIZE, breese, gadfly.

BROAD-SEAL, state seal.

BROCK, badger (term of contempt).

BROKE, transact business as a broker.

BROOK, endure, put up with.

BROUGHTON, HUGH, an English divine and Hebrew scholar.

BRUIT, rumour.

BUCK, wash.

BUCKLE, bend.

BUFF, leather made of buffalo skin, used for military and serjeants' coats, etc.

BUFO, black tincture.

BUGLE, long-shaped bead.

BULLED, (?) bolled, swelled.

BULLIONS, trunk hose.

BULLY, term of familiar endearment.

BUNGY, Friar Bungay, who had a familiar in the shape of a dog.

BURDEN, refrain, chorus.

BURGONET, closely-fitting helmet with visor.

BURGULLION, braggadocio.

BURN, mark wooden measures ("—ing of cans").

BURROUGH, pledge, security.

BUSKIN, half-boot, foot gear reaching high up the leg.

BUTT-SHAFT, barbless arrow for shooting at butts.

BUTTER, NATHANIEL ("Staple of News"), a compiler of general news. (See Cunningham).

BUTTERY-HATCH, half-door shutting off the buttery, where provisions and liquors were stored.

BUY, "he bought me," formerly the guardianship of wards could be bought.

BUZ, exclamation to enjoin silence.

BUZZARD, simpleton.

BY AND BY, at once.

BY(E), "on the __," incidentally, as of minor or secondary importance; at the side.

BY-CHOP, by-blow, bastard.

CADUCEUS, Mercury's wand.

CALIVER, light kind of musket.

CALLET, woman of ill repute.

CALLOT, coif worn on the wigs of our judges or serjeants-at-law (Gifford).

CALVERED, crimped, or sliced and pickled. (See Nares).

CAMOUCCIO, wretch, knave.

CAMUSED, flat.

CAN, knows.

CANDLE-RENT, rent from house property.

CANDLE-WASTER, one who studies late.

CANTER, sturdy beggar.

CAP OF MAINTENANCE, an insignia of dignity, a cap of state borne before kings at their coronation; also an heraldic term.

CAPABLE, able to comprehend, fit to receive instruction, impression.

CAPANEUS, one of the "Seven against Thebes."

CARACT, carat, unit of weight for precious stones, etc.; value, worth.

CARANZA, Spanish author of a book on duelling.

CARCANET, jewelled ornament for the neck.

CARE, take care; object.

CAROSH, coach, carriage.

CARPET, table-cover.

CARRIAGE, bearing, behaviour.

CARWHITCHET, quip, pun.

CASAMATE, casemate, fortress.

CASE, a pair.

CASE, "in—," in condition.

CASSOCK, soldier's loose overcoat.

CAST, flight of hawks, couple.

CAST, throw dice; vomit; forecast, calculate.

CAST, cashiered.

CASTING-GLASS, bottle for sprinkling perfume.

CASTRIL, kestrel, falcon.

CAT, structure used in sieges.

CATAMITE, old form of "ganymede."

CATASTROPHE, conclusion.

CATCHPOLE, sheriff's officer.

CATES, dainties, provisions.

CATSO, rogue, cheat.

CAUTELOUS, crafty, artful.

CENSURE, criticism; sentence.

CENSURE, criticise; pass sentence, doom.
CERUSE, cosmetic containing white lead.
CESS, assess.
CHANGE, "hunt—," follow a fresh scent.
CHAPMAN, retail dealer.
CHARACTER, handwriting.
CHARGE, expense.
CHARM, subdue with magic, lay a spell on, silence.
CHARMING, exercising magic power.
CHARTEL, challenge.
CHEAP, bargain, market.
CHEAR, CHEER, comfort, encouragement; food, entertainment.
CHECK AT, aim reproof at.
CHEQUIN, gold Italian coin.
CHEVRIL, from kidskin, which is elastic and pliable.
CHIAUS, Turkish envoy; used for a cheat, swindler.
CHILDERMASS DAY, Innocents' Day.
CHOKER-BAIL, action which does not allow of bail.
CHRYSOPOEIA, alchemy.
CHRYSOSPERM, ways of producing gold.
CIBATION, adding fresh substances to supply the waste of evaporation.
CIMICI, bugs.
CINOPER, cinnabar.
CIOPPINI, chopine, lady's high shoe.
CIRCLING BOY, "a species of roarer; one who in some way drew a man into a snare, to cheat or rob him" (Nares).

CIRCUMSTANCE, circumlocution, beating about the bush; ceremony, everything pertaining to a certain condition; detail, particular.

CITRONISE, turn citron colour.

CITTERN, kind of guitar.

CITY-WIRES, woman of fashion, who made use of wires for hair and dress.

CIVIL, legal.

CLAP, clack, chatter.

CLAPPER-DUDGEON, downright beggar.

CLAPS HIS DISH, a clap, or clack, dish (dish with a movable lid) was carried by beggars and lepers to show that the vessel was empty, and to give sound of their approach.

CLARIDIANA, heroine of an old romance.

CLARISSIMO, Venetian noble.

CLEM, starve.

CLICKET, latch.

CLIM O' THE CLOUGHS, etc., wordy heroes of romance.

CLIMATE, country.

CLOSE, secret, private; secretive.

CLOSENESS, secrecy.

CLOTH, arras, hangings.

CLOUT, mark shot at, bull's eye.

CLOWN, countryman, clodhopper.

COACH-LEAVES, folding blinds.

COALS, "bear no—," submit to no affront.

COAT-ARMOUR, coat of arms.

COAT-CARD, court-card.

COB-HERRING, HERRING-COB, a young herring.

COB-SWAN, male swan.

COCK-A-HOOP, denoting unstinted jollity; thought to be derived from turning on the tap that all might drink to the full of the flowing liquor.

COCKATRICE, reptile supposed to be produced from a cock's egg and to kill by its eye—used as a term of reproach for a woman.

COCK-BRAINED, giddy, wild.

COCKER, pamper.

COCKSCOMB, fool's cap.

COCKSTONE, stone said to be found in a cock's gizzard, and to possess particular virtues.

CODLING, softening by boiling.

COFFIN, raised crust of a pie.

COG, cheat, wheedle.

COIL, turmoil, confusion, ado.

COKELY, master of a puppet-show (Whalley).

COKES, fool, gull.

COLD-CONCEITED, having cold opinion of, coldly affected towards.

COLE-HARBOUR, a retreat for people of all sorts.

COLLECTION, composure; deduction.

COLLOP, small slice, piece of flesh.

COLLY, blacken.

COLOUR, pretext.

COLOURS, "fear no—," no enemy (quibble).

COLSTAFF, cowlstaff, pole for carrying a cowl=tub.

COME ABOUT, charge, turn round.

COMFORTABLE BREAD, spiced gingerbread.

COMING, forward, ready to respond, complaisant.

COMMENT, commentary; "sometime it is taken for a lie or fayned tale" (Bullokar, 1616).

COMMODITY, "current for—," allusion to practice of money-lenders, who forced the borrower to take part of the loan in the shape of worthless goods on which the latter had to make money if he could.

COMMUNICATE, share.

COMPASS, "in—," within the range, sphere.

COMPLEMENT, completion, completement; anything required for the perfecting or carrying out of a person or affair; accomplishment.

COMPLEXION, natural disposition, constitution.

COMPLIMENT, See Complement.

COMPLIMENTARIES, masters of accomplishments.

COMPOSITION, constitution; agreement, contract.

COMPOSURE, composition.

COMPTER, COUNTER, debtors' prison.

CONCEALMENT, a certain amount of church property had been retained at the dissolution of the monasteries; Elizabeth sent commissioners to search it out, and the courtiers begged for it.

CONCEIT, idea, fancy, witty invention, conception, opinion.

CONCEIT, apprehend.

CONCEITED, fancifully, ingeniously devised or conceived; possessed of intelligence, witty, ingenious (hence well conceited,

etc.); disposed to joke; of opinion, possessed of an idea.

CONCEIVE, understand.

CONCENT, harmony, agreement.

CONCLUDE, infer, prove.

CONCOCT, assimilate, digest.

CONDEN'T, probably conducted.

CONDUCT, escort, conductor.

CONEY-CATCH, cheat.

CONFECT, sweetmeat.

CONFER, compare.

CONGIES, bows.

CONNIVE, give a look, wink, of secret intelligence.

CONSORT, company, concert.

CONSTANCY, fidelity, ardour, persistence.

CONSTANT, confirmed, persistent, faithful.

CONSTANTLY, firmly, persistently.

CONTEND, strive.

CONTINENT, holding together.

CONTROL (the point), bear or beat down.

CONVENT, assembly, meeting.

CONVERT, turn (oneself).

CONVEY, transmit from one to another.

CONVINCE, evince, prove; overcome, overpower; convict.

COP, head, top; tuft on head of birds; "a cop" may have reference to one or other meaning; Gifford and others interpret as "conical, terminating in a point."

COPE-MAN, chapman.

COPESMATE, companion.

COPY (Lat. copia), abundance, copiousness.

CORN ("powder—"), grain.

COROLLARY, finishing part or touch.

CORSIVE, corrosive.

CORTINE, curtain, (arch.) wall between two towers, etc.

CORYAT, famous for his travels, published as "Coryat's Crudities."

COSSET, pet lamb, pet.

COSTARD, head.

COSTARD-MONGER, apple-seller, coster-monger.

COSTS, ribs.

COTE, hut.

COTHURNAL, from "cothurnus," a particular boot worn by actors in Greek tragedy.

COTQUEAN, hussy.

COUNSEL, secret.

COUNTENANCE, means necessary for support; credit, standing.

COUNTER. See Compter.

COUNTER, pieces of metal or ivory for calculating at play.

COUNTER, "hunt—," follow scent in reverse direction.

COUNTERFEIT, false coin.

COUNTERPANE, one part or counterpart of a deed or indenture.

COUNTERPOINT, opposite, contrary point.

COURT-DISH, a kind of drinking-cup (Halliwell); N.E.D. quotes from Bp. Goodman's "Court of James I.": "The king...caused his carver to cut him out a court-dish, that is, something of every dish, which he sent him as part of his reversion," but this does not sound like short allowance or small receptacle.

COURT-DOR, fool.

COURTEAU, curtal, small horse with docked tail.

COURTSHIP, courtliness.

COVETISE, avarice.

COWSHARD, cow dung.

COXCOMB, fool's cap, fool.

COY, shrink; disdain.

COYSTREL, low varlet.

COZEN, cheat.

CRACK, lively young rogue, wag.

CRACK, crack up, boast; come to grief.

CRAMBE, game of crambo, in which the players find rhymes for a given word.

CRANCH, craunch.

CRANION, spider-like; also fairy appellation for a fly (Gifford, who refers to lines in Drayton's "Nymphidia").

CRIMP, game at cards.

CRINCLE, draw back, turn aside.

CRISPED, with curled or waved hair.

CROP, gather, reap.

CROPSHIRE, a kind of herring. (See N.E.D.)

CROSS, any piece of money, many coins being stamped with a cross.

CROSS AND PILE, heads and tails.

CROSSLET, crucible.

CROWD, fiddle.

CRUDITIES, undigested matter.

CRUMP, curl up.

CRUSADO, Portuguese gold coin, marked with a cross.

CRY ("he that cried Italian"), "speak in a musical cadence," intone, or declaim (?); cry up.

CUCKING-STOOL, used for the ducking of scolds, etc.

CUCURBITE, a gourd-shaped vessel used for distillation.

CUERPO, "in—," in undress.

CULLICE, broth.

CULLION, base fellow, coward.

CULLISEN, badge worn on their arm by servants.

CULVERIN, kind of cannon.

CUNNING, skill.

CUNNING, skilful.

CUNNING-MAN, fortune-teller.

CURE, care for.

CURIOUS(LY), scrupulous, particular; elaborate, elegant(ly), dainty(ly) (hence "in curious").

CURST, shrewish, mischievous.

CURTAL, dog with docked tail, of inferior sort.

CUSTARD, "quaking—," "—politic," reference to a large custard which formed part of a city feast and afforded huge

entertainment, for the fool jumped into it, and other like tricks were played. (See "All's Well, etc." ii. 5, 40.)

CUTWORK, embroidery, open-work.

CYPRES (CYPRUS) (quibble), cypress (or cyprus) being a transparent material, and when black used for mourning.

DAGGER ("—frumety"), name of tavern.

DARGISON, apparently some person known in ballad or tale.

DAUPHIN MY BOY, refrain of old comic song.

DAW, daunt.

DEAD LIFT, desperate emergency.

DEAR, applied to that which in any way touches us nearly.

DECLINE, turn off from; turn away, aside.

DEFALK, deduct, abate.

DEFEND, forbid.

DEGENEROUS, degenerate.

DEGREES, steps.

DELATE, accuse.

DEMI-CULVERIN, cannon carrying a ball of about ten pounds.

DENIER, the smallest possible coin, being the twelfth part of a sou.

DEPART, part with.

DEPENDANCE, ground of quarrel in duello language.

DESERT, reward.

DESIGNMENT, design.

DESPERATE, rash, reckless.

DETECT, allow to be detected, betray, inform against.

DETERMINE, terminate.

DETRACT, draw back, refuse.

DEVICE, masque, show; a thing moved by wires, etc., puppet.

DEVISE, exact in every particular.

DEVISED, invented.

DIAPASM, powdered aromatic herbs, made into balls of perfumed paste. (See Pomander.)

DIBBLE, (?) moustache (N.E.D.); (?) dagger (Cunningham).

DIFFUSED, disordered, scattered, irregular.

DIGHT, dressed.

DILDO, refrain of popular songs; vague term of low meaning.

DIMBLE, dingle, ravine.

DIMENSUM, stated allowance.

DISBASE, debase.

DISCERN, distinguish, show a difference between.

DISCHARGE, settle for.

DISCIPLINE, reformation; ecclesiastical system.

DISCLAIM, renounce all part in.

DISCOURSE, process of reasoning, reasoning faculty.

DISCOURTSHIP, discourtesy.

DISCOVER, betray, reveal; display.

DISFAVOUR, disfigure.

DISPARAGEMENT, legal term applied to the unfitness in any way of a marriage arranged for in the case of wards.

DISPENSE WITH, grant dispensation for.

DISPLAY, extend.

DIS'PLE, discipline, teach by the whip.

DISPOSED, inclined to merriment.

DISPOSURE, disposal.
DISPRISE, depreciate.
DISPUNCT, not punctilious.
DISQUISITION, search.
DISSOLVED, enervated by grief.
DISTANCE, (?) proper measure.
DISTASTE, offence, cause of offence.
DISTASTE, render distasteful.
DISTEMPERED, upset, out of humour.
DIVISION (mus.), variation, modulation.
DOG-BOLT, term of contempt.
DOLE, given in dole, charity.
DOLE OF FACES, distribution of grimaces.
DOOM, verdict, sentence.
DOP, dip, low bow.
DOR, beetle, buzzing insect, drone, idler.
DOR, (?) buzz; "give the—," make a fool of.
DOSSER, pannier, basket.
DOTES, endowments, qualities.
DOTTEREL, plover; gull, fool.
DOUBLE, behave deceitfully.
DOXY, wench, mistress.
DRACHM, Greek silver coin.
DRESS, groom, curry.
DRESSING, coiffure.
DRIFT, intention.

DRYFOOT, track by mere scent of foot.
DUCKING, punishment for minor offences.
DUILL, grieve.
DUMPS, melancholy, originally a mournful melody.
DURINDANA, Orlando's sword.
DWINdle, shrink away, be overawed.
EAN, yean, bring forth young.
EASINESS, readiness.
EBOLITION, ebullition.
EDGE, sword.
EECH, eke.
EGREGIOUS, eminently excellent.
EKE, also, moreover.
E-LA, highest note in the scale.
EGGS ON THE SPIT, important business on hand.
ELF-LOCK, tangled hair, supposed to be the work of elves.
EMMET, ant.
ENGAGE, involve.
ENGHLE. See Ingle.
ENGHLE, cajole; fondle.
ENGIN(E), device, contrivance; agent; ingenuity, wit.
ENGINEER, engineer, deviser, plotter.
ENGINOUS, crafty, full of devices; witty, ingenious.
ENGROSS, monopolise.
ENS, an existing thing, a substance.
ENSIGNS, tokens, wounds.

ENSURE, assure.

ENTERTAIN, take into service.

ENTREAT, plead.

ENTREATY, entertainment.

ENTRY, place where a deer has lately passed.

ENVOY, denouement, conclusion.

ENVY, spite, calumny, dislike, odium.

EPHEMERIDES, calendars.

EQUAL, just, impartial.

ERECTION, elevation in esteem.

ERINGO, candied root of the sea-holly, formerly used as a sweetmeat and aphrodisiac.

ERRANT, arrant.

ESSENTIATE, become assimilated.

ESTIMATION, esteem.

ESTRICH, ostrich.

ETHNIC, heathen.

EURIPUS, flux and reflux.

EVEN, just equable.

EVENT, fate, issue.

EVENT(ED), issue(d).

EVERT, overturn.

EXACUATE, sharpen.

EXAMPLESS, without example or parallel.

EXCALIBUR, King Arthur's sword.

EXEMPLIFY, make an example of.

EXEMPT, separate, exclude.

EXEQUIES, obsequies.

EXHALE, drag out.

EXHIBITION, allowance for keep, pocket-money.

EXORBITANT, exceeding limits of propriety or law, inordinate.

EXORNATION, ornament.

EXPECT, wait.

EXPIATE, terminate.

EXPLICATE, explain, unfold.

EXTEMPORAL, extempore, unpremeditated.

EXTRACTION, essence.

EXTRAORDINARY, employed for a special or temporary purpose.

EXTRUDE, expel.

EYE, "in—," in view.

EYEBRIGHT, (?) a malt liquor in which the herb of this name was infused, or a person who sold the same (Gifford).

EYE-TINGE, least shade or gleam.

FACE, appearance.

FACES ABOUT, military word of command.

FACINOROUS, extremely wicked.

FACKINGS, faith.

FACT, deed, act, crime.

FACTIOUS, seditious, belonging to a party, given to party feeling.

FAECES, dregs.

FAGIOLI, French beans.

FAIN, forced, necessitated.
FAITHFUL, believing.
FALL, ruff or band turned back on the shoulders; or, veil.
FALSIFY, feign (fencing term).
FAME, report.
FAMILIAR, attendant spirit.
FANTASTICAL, capricious, whimsical.
FARCE, stuff.
FAR-FET. See Fet.
FARTHINGAL, hooped petticoat.
FAUCET, tapster.
FAULT, lack; loss, break in line of scent; "for—," in default of.
FAUTOR, partisan.
FAYLES, old table game similar to backgammon.
FEAR(ED), affright(ed).
FEAT, activity, operation; deed, action.
FEAT, elegant, trim.
FEE, "in—" by feudal obligation.
FEIZE, beat, belabour.
FELLOW, term of contempt.
FENNEL, emblem of flattery.
FERE, companion, fellow.
FERN-SEED, supposed to have power of rendering invisible.
FET, fetched.
FETCH, trick.
FEUTERER (Fr. vautrier), dog-keeper.

FEWMETS, dung.

FICO, fig.

FIGGUM, (?) jugglery.

FIGMENT, fiction, invention.

FIRK, frisk, move suddenly, or in jerks; "—up," stir up, rouse; "firks mad," suddenly behaves like a madman.

FIT, pay one out, punish.

FITNESS, readiness.

FITTON (FITTEN), lie, invention.

FIVE-AND-FIFTY, "highest number to stand on at primero" (Gifford).

FLAG, to fly low and waveringly.

FLAGON CHAIN, for hanging a smelling-bottle (Fr. flacon) round the neck (?). (See N.E.D.).

FLAP-DRAGON, game similar to snap-dragon.

FLASKET, some kind of basket.

FLAW, sudden gust or squall of wind.

FLAWN, custard.

FLEA, catch fleas.

FLEER, sneer, laugh derisively.

FLESH, feed a hawk or dog with flesh to incite it to the chase; initiate in blood-shed; satiate.

FLICKER-MOUSE, bat.

FLIGHT, light arrow.

FLITTER-MOUSE, bat.

FLOUT, mock, speak and act contemptuously.

FLOWERS, pulverised substance.

FLY, familiar spirit.

FOIL, weapon used in fencing; that which sets anything off to advantage.

FOIST, cut-purse, sharper.

FOND(LY), foolish(ly).

FOOT-CLOTH, housings of ornamental cloth which hung down on either side a horse to the ground.

FOOTING, foothold; footstep; dancing.

FOPPERY, foolery.

FOR, "—failing," for fear of failing.

FORBEAR, bear with; abstain from.

FORCE, "hunt at—," run the game down with dogs.

FOREHEAD, modesty; face, assurance, effrontery.

FORESLOW, delay.

FORESPEAK, bewitch; foretell.

FORETOP, front lock of hair which fashion required to be worn upright.

FORGED, fabricated.

FORM, state formally.

FORMAL, shapely; normal; conventional.

FORTHCOMING, produced when required.

FOUNDER, disable with over-riding.

FOURM, form, lair.

FOX, sword.

FRAIL, rush basket in which figs or raisins were packed.

FRAMPULL, peevish, sour-tempered.

FRAPLER, blusterer, wrangler.

FRAYING, "a stag is said to fray his head when he rubs it against a tree to...cause the outward coat of the new horns to fall off" (Gifford).

FREIGHT (of the gazetti), burden (of the newspapers).

FREQUENT, full.

FRICACE, rubbing.

FRICATRICE, woman of low character.

FRIPPERY, old clothes shop.

FROCK, smock-frock.

FROLICS, (?) humorous verses circulated at a feast (N.E.D.); couplets wrapped round sweetmeats (Cunningham).

FRONTLESS, shameless.

FROTED, rubbed.

FRUMETY, hulled wheat boiled in milk and spiced.

FRUMP, flout, sneer.

FUCUS, dye.

FUGEAND, (?) figent: fidgety, restless (N.E.D.).

FULLAM, false dice.

FULMART, polecat.

FULSOME, foul, offensive.

FURIBUND, raging, furious.

GALLEY-FOIST, city-berge, used on Lord Mayor's Day, when he was sworn into his office at Westminster (Whalley).

GALLIARD, lively dance in triple time.

GAPE, be eager after.

GARAGANTUA, Rabelais' giant.

GARB, sheaf (Fr. gerbe); manner, fashion, behaviour.

GARD, guard, trimming, gold or silver lace, or other ornament.

GARDED, faced or trimmed.

GARNISH, fee.

GAVEL-KIND, name of a land-tenure existing chiefly in Kent; from 16th century often used to denote custom of dividing a deceased man's property equally among his sons (N.E.D.).

GAZETTE, small Venetian coin worth about three-farthings.

GEANCE, jaunt, errand.

GEAR (GEER), stuff, matter, affair.

GELID, frozen.

GEMONIES, steps from which the bodies of criminals were thrown into the river.

GENERAL, free, affable.

GENIUS, attendant spirit.

GENTRY, gentlemen; manners characteristic of gentry, good breeding.

GIB-CAT, tom-cat.

GIGANTOMACHIZE, start a giants' war.

GIGLOT, wanton.

GIMBLET, gimlet.

GING, gang.

GLASS ("taking in of shadows, etc."), crystal or beryl.

GLEEK, card game played by three; party of three, trio; side glance.

GLICK (GLEEK), jest, gibe.

GLIDDER, glaze.

GLORIOUSLY, of vain glory.

GODWIT, bird of the snipe family.
GOLD-END-MAN, a buyer of broken gold and silver.
GOLL, hand.
GONFALIONIER, standard-bearer, chief magistrate, etc.
GOOD, sound in credit.
GOOD-YEAR, good luck.
GOOSE-TURD, colour of. (See Turd).
GORCROW, carrion crow.
GORGET, neck armour.
GOSSIP, godfather.
GOWKED, from "gowk," to stand staring and gaping like a fool.
GRANNAM, grandam.
GRASS, (?) grease, fat.
GRATEFUL, agreeable, welcome.
GRATIFY, give thanks to.
GRATITUDE, gratuity.
GRATULATE, welcome, congratulate.
GRAVITY, dignity.
GRAY, badger.
GRICE, cub.
GRIEF, grievance.
GRIPE, vulture, griffin.
GRIPE'S EGG, vessel in shape of.
GROAT, fourpence.
GROGRAN, coarse stuff made of silk and mohair, or of coarse silk.

GROOM-PORTER, officer in the royal household.

GROPE, handle, probe.

GROUND, pit (hence "grounded judgments").

GUARD, caution, heed.

GUARDANT, heraldic term: turning the head only.

GUILDER, Dutch coin worth about 4d.

GULES, gullet, throat; heraldic term for red.

GULL, simpleton, dupe.

GUST, taste.

HAB NAB, by, on, chance.

HABERGEON, coat of mail.

HAGGARD, wild female hawk; hence coy, wild.

HALBERD, combination of lance and battle-axe.

HALL, "a—!" a cry to clear the room for the dancers.

HANDSEL, first money taken.

HANGER, loop or strap on a sword-belt from which the sword was suspended.

HAP, fortune, luck.

HAPPILY, haply.

HAPPINESS, appropriateness, fitness.

HAPPY, rich.

HARBOUR, track, trace (an animal) to its shelter.

HARD-FAVOURED, harsh-featured.

HARPOCRATES, Horus the child, son of Osiris, figured with a finger pointing to his mouth, indicative of silence.

HARRINGTON, a patent was granted to Lord H. for the coinage of tokens (q.v.).

HARROT, herald.

HARRY NICHOLAS, founder of a community called the "Family of Love."

HAY, net for catching rabbits, etc.

HAY! (Ital. hai!), you have it (a fencing term).

HAY IN HIS HORN, ill-tempered person.

HAZARD, game at dice; that which is staked.

HEAD, "first—," young deer with antlers first sprouting; fig. a newly-ennobled man.

HEADBOROUGH, constable.

HEARKEN AFTER, inquire; "hearken out," find, search out.

HEARTEN, encourage.

HEAVEN AND HELL ("Alchemist"), names of taverns.

HECTIC, fever.

HEDGE IN, include.

HELM, upper part of a retort.

HER'NSEW, hernshaw, heron.

HIERONIMO (JERONIMO), hero of Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy."

HOBBY, nag.

HOBBY-HORSE, imitation horse of some light material, fastened round the waist of the morrice-dancer, who imitated the movements of a skittish horse.

HODDY-DODDY, fool.

HOIDEN, hoyden, formerly applied to both sexes (ancient term for leveret? Gifford).

HOLLAND, name of two famous chemists.

HONE AND HONERO, wailing expressions of lament or discontent.

HOOD-WINK'D, blindfolded.

HORARY, hourly.

HORN-MAD, stark mad (quibble).

HORN-THUMB, cut-purses were in the habit of wearing a horn shield on the thumb.

HORSE-BREAD-EATING, horses were often fed on coarse bread.

HORSE-COURSER, horse-dealer.

HOSPITAL, Christ's Hospital.

HOWLEGLAS, Eulenspiegel, the hero of a popular German tale which relates his buffooneries and knavish tricks.

HUFF, hectoring, arrogance.

HUFF IT, swagger.

HUISHER (Fr. huissier), usher.

HUM, beer and spirits mixed together.

HUMANITIAN, humanist, scholar.

HUMOROUS, capricious, moody, out of humour; moist.

HUMOUR, a word used in and out of season in the time of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, and ridiculed by both.

HUMOURS, manners.

HUMPHREY, DUKE, those who were dinnerless spent the dinner-hour in a part of St. Paul's where stood a monument said to be that of the duke's; hence "dine with Duke Humphrey," to go hungry.

HURTLESS, harmless.

IDLE, useless, unprofitable.

ILL-AFFECTED, ill-disposed.

ILL-HABITED, unhealthy.

ILLUSTRATE, illuminate.

IMBIBITION, saturation, steeping.

IMBROCATA, fencing term: a thrust in tierce.

IMPAIR, impairment.

IMPART, give money.

IMPARTER, any one ready to be cheated and to part with his money.

IMPEACH, damage.

IMPERTINENCIES, irrelevancies.

IMPERTINENT(LY), irrelevant(ly), without reason or purpose.

IMPOSITION, duty imposed by.

IMPOTENTLY, beyond power of control.

IMPRESS, money in advance.

IMPULSION, incitement.

IN AND IN, a game played by two or three persons with four dice.

INCENSE, incite, stir up.

INCERATION, act of covering with wax; or reducing a substance to softness of wax.

INCH, "to their—es," according to their stature, capabilities.

INCH-PIN, sweet-bread.

INCONVENIENCE, inconsistency, absurdity.

INCONY, delicate, rare (used as a term of affection).

INCUBEE, incubus.

INCUBUS, evil spirit that oppresses us in sleep, nightmare.

INCURIOUS, unfastidious, uncritical.
INDENT, enter into engagement.
INDIFFERENT, tolerable, passable.
INDIGESTED, shapeless, chaotic.
INDUCE, introduce.
INDUE, supply.
INEXORABLE, relentless.
INFANTED, born, produced.
INFLAME, augment charge.
INGENIOUS, used indiscriminantly for ingenuous; intelligent, talented.
INGENUITY, ingenuousness.
INGENUOUS, generous.
ENGINE. See Engin.
INGINER, engineer. (See Engineer).
INGLE, OR ENGHLE, bosom friend, intimate, minion.
INHABITABLE, uninhabitable.
INJURY, insult, affront.
IN-MATE, resident, indwelling.
INNATE, natural.
INNOCENT, simpleton.
INQUEST, jury, or other official body of inquiry.
INQUISITION, inquiry.
INSTANT, immediate.
INSTRUMENT, legal document.
INSURE, assure.

INTEGRATE, complete, perfect.

INTELLIGENCE, secret information, news.

INTEND, note carefully, attend, give ear to, be occupied with.

INTENDMENT, intention.

INTENT, intention, wish.

INTENTION, concentration of attention or gaze.

INTENTIVE, attentive.

INTERESSED, implicated.

INTRUDE, bring in forcibly or without leave.

INVINCIBLY, invisibly.

INWARD, intimate.

IRPE (uncertain), "a fantastic grimace, or contortion of the body: (Gifford)."

JACK, Jack o' the clock, automaton figure that strikes the hour; Jack-a-lent, puppet thrown at in Lent.

JACK, key of a virginal.

JACOB'S STAFF, an instrument for taking altitudes and distances.

JADE, befool.

JEALOUSY, JEALOUS, suspicion, suspicious.

JERKING, lashing.

JEW'S TRUMP, Jew's harp.

JIG, merry ballad or tune; a fanciful dialogue or light comic act introduced at the end or during an interlude of a play.

JOINED (JOINT)-STOOL, folding stool.

JOLL, jowl.

JOLTHEAD, blockhead.

JUMP, agree, tally.

JUST YEAR, no one was capable of the consulship until he was forty-three.

KELL, cocoon.

KELLY, an alchemist.

KEMB, comb.

KEMIA, vessel for distillation.

KIBE, chap, sore.

KILDERKIN, small barrel.

KILL, kiln.

KIND, nature; species; "do one's—," act according to one's nature.

KIRTLE, woman's gown of jacket and petticoat.

KISS OR DRINK AFORE ME, "this is a familiar expression, employed when what the speaker is just about to say is anticipated by another" (Gifford).

KIT, fiddle.

KNACK, snap, click.

KNIPPER-DOLING, a well-known Anabaptist.

KNITTING CUP, marriage cup.

KNOCKING, striking, weighty.

KNOT, company, band; a sandpiper or robin snipe (*Tringa canutus*); flower-bed laid out in fanciful design.

KURSINED, KYRSIN, christened.

LABOURED, wrought with labour and care.

LADE, load(ed).

LADING, load.

L A I D, plotted.

LANCE-KNIGHT (Lanzknecht), a German mercenary foot-soldier.

L A P, fold.

L A R, household god.

L A R D, garnish.

L A R G E, abundant.

L A R U M, alarum, call to arms.

L A T T I C E, tavern windows were furnished with lattices of various colours.

L A U N D E R, to wash gold in aqua regia, so as imperceptibly to extract some of it.

L A V E, ladle, bale.

L A W, "give—," give a start (term of chase).

L A X A T I V E, loose.

L A Y A B O A R D, run alongside generally with intent to board.

L E A G U E R, siege, or camp of besieging army.

L E A S I N G, lying.

L E A V E, leave off, desist.

L E E R, leering or "empty, hence, perhaps, leer horse, a horse without a rider; leer is an adjective meaning uncontrolled, hence 'leer drunkards'" (Halliwell); according to Nares, a leer (empty) horse meant also a led horse; leeward, left.

L E E S E, lose.

L E G S, "make—," do obeisance.

L E I G E R, resident representative.

L E I G E R I T Y, legerdemain.

LEMMA, subject proposed, or title of the epigram.

LENTER, slower.

LET, hinder.

LET, hindrance.

LEVEL COIL, a rough game...in which one hunted another from his seat. Hence used for any noisy riot (Halliwell).

LEWD, ignorant.

LEYSTALLS, receptacles of filth.

LIBERAL, ample.

LIEGER, ledger, register.

LIFT(ING), steal(ing); theft.

LIGHT, alight.

LIGHTLY, commonly, usually, often.

LIKE, please.

LIKELY, agreeable, pleasing.

LIME-HOUND, leash-, blood-hound.

LIMMER, vile, worthless.

LIN, leave off.

Line, "by—," by rule.

LINSTOCK, staff to stick in the ground, with forked head to hold a lighted match for firing cannon.

LIQUID, clear.

LIST, listen, hark; like, please.

LIVERY, legal term, delivery of the possession, etc.

LOGGET, small log, stick.

LOOSE, solution; upshot, issue; release of an arrow.

LOSE, give over, desist from; waste.

LOUTING, bowing, cringing.

LUCULENT, bright of beauty.

LUDGATHIANS, dealers on Ludgate Hill.

LURCH, rob, cheat.

LUTE, to close a vessel with some kind of cement.

MACK, unmeaning expletive.

MADGE-HOWLET or OWL, barn-owl.

MAIM, hurt, injury.

MAIN, chief concern (used as a quibble on heraldic term for "hand").

MAINPRISE, becoming surety for a prisoner so as to procure his release.

MAINTENANCE, giving aid, or abetting.

MAKE, mate.

MAKE, MADE, acquaint with business, prepare(d), instruct(ed).

MALLANDERS, disease of horses.

MALT HORSE, dray horse.

MAMMET, puppet.

MAMMOTHREPT, spoiled child.

MANAGE, control (term used for breaking-in horses); handling, administration.

MANGO, slave-dealer.

MANGONISE, polish up for sale.

MANIPLES, bundles, handfuls.

MANKIND, masculine, like a virago.

MANKIND, humanity.

MAPLE FACE, spotted face (N.E.D.).

MARHPANE, a confection of almonds, sugar, etc.

MARK, "fly to the—," "generally said of a goshawk when, having 'put in' a covey of partridges, she takes stand, marking the spot where they disappeared from view until the falconer arrives to put them out to her" (Harting, *Bibl. Accip. Gloss.* 226).

MARLE, marvel.

MARROW-BONE MAN, one often on his knees for prayer.

MARRY! exclamation derived from the Virgin's name.

MARRY GIP, "probably originated from By Mary Gipcy" = St. Mary of Egypt, (N.E.D.).

MARTAGAN, Turk's cap lily.

MARYHINCHCO, stringhalt.

MASORETH, Masora, correct form of the scriptural text according to Hebrew tradition.

MASS, abb. for master.

MAUND, beg.

MAUTHER, girl, maid.

MEAN, moderation.

MEASURE, dance, more especially a stately one.

MEAT, "carry—in one's mouth," be a source of money or entertainment.

MEATH, metheglin.

MECHANICAL, belonging to mechanics, mean, vulgar.

MEDITERRANEO, middle aisle of St. Paul's, a general resort for business and amusement.

MEET WITH, even with.

MELICOTTON, a late kind of peach.

MENSTRUE, solvent.

MERCAT, market.

MERD, excrement.

MERE, undiluted; absolute, unmitigated.

MESS, party of four.

METHEGLIN, fermented liquor, of which one ingredient was honey.

METOPOSCOPY, study of physiognomy.

MIDDLELING GOSSIP, go-between.

MIGNIARD, dainty, delicate.

MILE-END, training-ground of the city.

MINE-MEN, sappers.

MINION, form of cannon.

MINSITIVE, (?) mincing, affected (N.E.D.).

MISCELLANY MADAM, "a female trader in miscellaneous articles; a dealer in trinkets or ornaments of various kinds, such as kept shops in the New Exchange" (Nares).

MISCELLINE, mixed grain; medley.

MISCONCEIT, misconception.

MISPRISE, MISPRISION, mistake, misunderstanding.

MISTAKE AWAY, carry away as if by mistake.

MITHRIDATE, an antidote against poison.

MOCCINIGO, small Venetian coin, worth about ninepence.

MODERN, in the mode; ordinary, commonplace.

MOMENT, force or influence of value.

MONTANTO, upward stroke.

MONTH'S MIND, violent desire.

MOORISH, like a moor or waste.

MORGLAY, sword of Bevis of Southampton.

MORRICE-DANCE, dance on May Day, etc., in which certain personages were represented.

MORTALITY, death.

MORT-MAL, old sore, gangrene.

MOSCADINO, confection flavoured with musk.

MOTHER, *Hysterica passio*.

MOTION, proposal, request; puppet, puppet-show; "one of the small figures on the face of a large clock which was moved by the vibration of the pendulum" (Whalley).

MOTION, suggest, propose.

MOTLEY, parti-coloured dress of a fool; hence used to signify pertaining to, or like, a fool.

MOTTE, motto.

MOURNIVAL, set of four aces or court cards in a hand; a quartette.

MOW, set of hay or sheaves of grain.

MUCH! expressive of irony and incredulity.

MUCKINDER, handkerchief.

MULE, "born to ride on—," judges or serjeants-at-law formerly rode on mules when going in state to Westminster (Whally).

MULLETS, small pincers.

MUM-CHANCE, game of chance, played in silence.

MUN, must.

MUREY, dark crimson red.

MUSCOVY-GLASS, mica.

MUSE, wonder.

MUSICAL, in harmony.

MUSS, mouse; scramble.

MYROBOLANE, foreign conserve, "a dried plum, brought from the Indies."

MYSTERY, art, trade, profession.

NAIL, "to the—" (ad unguem), to perfection, to the very utmost.

NATIVE, natural.

NEAT, cattle.

NEAT, smartly apparelled; unmixed; dainty.

NEATLY, neatly finished.

NEATNESS, elegance.

NEIS, nose, scent.

NEUF (NEAF, NEIF), fist.

NEUFT, newt.

NIAISE, foolish, inexperienced person.

NICE, fastidious, trivial, finical, scrupulous.

NICENESS, fastidiousness.

NICK, exact amount; right moment; "set in the—," meaning uncertain.

NICE, suit, fit; hit, seize the right moment, etc., exactly hit on, hit off.

NOBLE, gold coin worth 6s. 8d.

NOCENT, harmful.

NIL, not will.

NOISE, company of musicians.

NOMENTACK, an Indian chief from Virginia.

NONES, nonce.

NOTABLE, egregious.

NOTE, sign, token.

NOUGHT, "be—," go to the devil, be hanged, etc.

NOWT-HEAD, blockhead.

NUMBER, rhythm.

NUPSON, oaf, simpleton.

OADE, woad.

OBARNI, preparation of mead.

OBJECT, oppose; expose; interpose.

OBLATRANT, barking, railing.

OBNOXIOUS, liable, exposed; offensive.

OBSERVANCE, homage, devoted service.

OBSERVANT, attentive, obsequious.

OBSERVE, show deference, respect.

OBSERVER, one who shows deference, or waits upon another.

OBSTANCY, legal phrase, "juridical opposition."

OBSTREPEROUS, clamorous, vociferous.

OBSTUPEFACT, stupefied.

ODLING, (?) "must have some relation to tricking and cheating"
(Nares).

OMINOUS, deadly, fatal.

ONCE, at once; for good and all; used also for additional emphasis.

ONLY, pre-eminent, special.

OPEN, make public; expound.

OPPILATION, obstruction.

OPPONE, oppose.

OPPOSITE, antagonist.

OPPRESS, suppress.

ORIGINOUS, native.

ORT, remnant, scrap.

OUT, "to be—," to have forgotten one's part; not at one with each other.

OUTCRY, sale by auction.

OUTRECUIDANCE, arrogance, presumption.

OUTSPEAK, speak more than.

OVERPARTED, given too difficult a part to play.

OWLSPIEGEL. See Howleglass.

OYEZ! (O YES!), hear ye! call of the public crier when about to make a proclamation.

PACKING PENNY, "give a—," dismiss, send packing.

PAD, highway.

PAD-HORSE, road-horse.

PAINED (PANED) SLOPS, full breeches made of strips of different colour and material.

PAINFUL, diligent, painstaking.

PAINT, blush.

PALINODE, ode of recantation.

PALL, weaken, dim, make stale.

PALM, triumph.

PAN, skirt of dress or coat.

PANNEL, pad, or rough kind of saddle.

PANNIER-ALLY, inhabited by tripe-sellers.

PANNIER-MAN, hawker; a man employed about the inns of court to bring in provisions, set the table, etc.

PANTOFLE, indoor shoe, slipper.

PARAMENTOS, fine trappings.

PARANOMASIE, a play upon words.

PARANTORY, (?) peremptory.

PARCEL, particle, fragment (used contemptuously); article.

PARCEL, part, partly.

PARCEL-POET, poetaster.

PARERGA, subordinate matters.

PARGET, to paint or plaster the face.

PARLE, parley.

PARLOUS, clever, shrewd.

PART, apportion.

PARTAKE, participate in.

PARTED, endowed, talented.

PARTICULAR, individual person.

PARTIZAN, kind of halberd.

PARTRICH, partridge.

PARTS, qualities, endowments.

PASH, dash, smash.

PASS, care, trouble oneself.

PASSADO, fencing term: a thrust.

PASSAGE, game at dice.

PASSINGLY, exceedingly.

PASSION, effect caused by external agency.

PASSION, "in—," in so melancholy a tone, so pathetically.

PATOUN, (?) Fr. Paton, pellet of dough; perhaps the "moulding of the tobacco...for the pipe" (Gifford); (?) variant of Petun, South American name of tobacco.

PATRICO, the recorder, priest, orator of strolling beggars or gipsies.

PATTEN, shoe with wooden sole; "go—," keep step with, accompany.

PAUCA VERBA, few words.

PAVIN, a stately dance.

PEACE, "with my master's—," by leave, favour.

PECULIAR, individual, single.

PEDANT, teacher of the languages.

PEEL, baker's shovel.

PEEP, speak in a small or shrill voice.

PEEVISH(LY), foolish(ly), capricious(ly); childish(ly).

PELICAN, a retort fitted with tube or tubes, for continuous distillation.

PENCIL, small tuft of hair.

PERDUE, soldier accustomed to hazardous service.

PEREMPTORY, resolute, bold; imperious; thorough, utter, absolute(ly).

PERIMETER, circumference of a figure.

PERIOD, limit, end.

PERK, perk up.

PERPETUANA, "this seems to be that glossy kind of stuff now called everlasting, and anciently worn by serjeants and other city officers" (Gifford).

PERSPECTIVE, a view, scene or scenery; an optical device which gave a distortion to the picture unless seen from a particular point; a relief, modelled to produce an optical illusion.

PERSPICIL, optic glass.

PERSTRINGE, criticise, censure.

PERSUADE, inculcate, commend.

PERSWAY, mitigate.

PERTINACY, pertinacity.

PESTLING, pounding, pulverising, like a pestle.

PETASUS, broad-brimmed hat or winged cap worn by Mercury.

PETITIONARY, supplicatory.

PETRONEL, a kind of carbine or light gun carried by horsemen.

PETULANT, pert, insolent.

PHERE. See Fere.

PHLEGMA, watery distilled liquor (old chem. "water").

PHRENETIC, madman.

PICARDIL, stiff upright collar fastened on to the coat (Whalley).

PICT-HATCH, disreputable quarter of London.

PIECE, person, used for woman or girl; a gold coin worth in Jonson's time 20s. or 22s.

PIECES OF EIGHT, Spanish coin: piastre equal to eight reals.

PIED, variegated.

PIE-POUDRES (Fr. pied-poudreux, dusty-foot), court held at fairs to administer justice to itinerant vendors and buyers.

PILCHER, term of contempt; one who wore a buff or leather jerkin, as did the serjeants of the counter; a pilferer.

PILED, pilled, peeled, bald.

PILL'D, polled, fleeced.

PIMLICO, "sometimes spoken of as a person—perhaps master of a house famous for a particular ale" (Gifford).

PINE, afflict, distress.

PINK, stab with a weapon; pierce or cut in scallops for ornament.

PINNACE, a go-between in infamous sense.

PISMIRE, ant.

PISTOLET, gold coin, worth about 6s.

PITCH, height of a bird of prey's flight.

PLAGUE, punishment, torment.

PLAIN, lament.

PLAIN SONG, simple melody.

PLAISE, plaice.

PLANET, "struck with a—," planets were supposed to have powers of blasting or exercising secret influences.

PLAUSIBLE, pleasing.

PLAUSIBLY, approvingly.

PLOT, plan.

PLY, apply oneself to.

POESIE, posy, motto inside a ring.

POINT IN HIS DEVICE, exact in every particular.

POINTS, tagged laces or cords for fastening the breeches to the doublet.

POINT-TRUSSER, one who trussed (tied) his master's points (q.v.).

POISE, weigh, balance.

POKING-STICK, stick used for setting the plaits of ruffs.

POLITIC, politician.

POLITIC, judicious, prudent, political.

POLITICIAN, plotter, intriguer.

POLL, strip, plunder, gain by extortion.

POMANDER, ball of perfume, worn or hung about the person to prevent infection, or for foppery.

POMMADO, vaulting on a horse without the aid of stirrups.

PONTIC, sour.

POPULAR, vulgar, of the populace.

POPULOUS, numerous.

PORT, gate; print of a deer's foot.

PORT, transport.

PORTAGUE, Portuguese gold coin, worth over 3 or 4 pounds.

PORTCULLIS, "—of coin," some old coins have a portcullis stamped on their reverse (Whalley).

PORTENT, marvel, prodigy; sinister omen.

PORTENTOUS, prophesying evil, threatening.

PORTER, references appear "to allude to Parsons, the king's porter, who was...near seven feet high" (Whalley).

POSSESS, inform, acquaint.

POST AND PAIR, a game at cards.

POSY, motto. (See Poesie).

POTCH, poach.

POULT-FOOT, club-foot.

POUNCE, claw, talon.

PRACTICE, intrigue, concerted plot.

PRACTISE, plot, conspire.

PRAGMATIC, an expert, agent.

PRAGMATIC, officious, conceited, meddling.

PRECEDENT, record of proceedings.

PRECEPT, warrant, summons.

PRECISIAN(ISM), Puritan(ism), preciseness.

PREFER, recommend.

PRESENCE, presence chamber.

PRESENT(LY), immediate(ly), without delay; at the present time; actually.

PRESS, force into service.

PREST, ready.

PRETEND, assert, allege.

PREVENT, anticipate.

PRICE, worth, excellence.

PRICK, point, dot used in the writing of Hebrew and other languages.

PRICK, prick out, mark off, select; trace, track; "—away," make off with speed.

PRIMERO, game of cards.

PRINCOX, pert boy.

PRINT, "in—," to the letter, exactly.

PRISTINATE, former.

PRIVATE, private interests.

PRIVATE, privy, intimate.

PROCLIVE, prone to.

PRODIGIOUS, monstrous, unnatural.

PRODIGY, monster.

PRODUCED, prolonged.

PROFESS, pretend.

PROJECTION, the throwing of the "powder of projection" into the crucible to turn the melted metal into gold or silver.

PROLATE, pronounce drawlingly.

PROPER, of good appearance, handsome; own, particular.

PROPERTIES, stage necessities.

PROPERTY, duty; tool.

PRORUMPED, burst out.

PROTEST, vow, proclaim (an affected word of that time); formally declare non-payment, etc., of bill of exchange; fig. failure of personal credit, etc.

PROVANT, soldier's allowance—hence, of common make.

PROVIDE, foresee.

PROVIDENCE, foresight, prudence.

PUBLICATION, making a thing public of common property (N.E.D.).

PUCKFIST, puff-ball; insipid, insignificant, boasting fellow.

PUFF-WING, shoulder puff.

PUISNE, judge of inferior rank, a junior.

PULCHRITUDE, beauty.

PUMP, shoe.

PUNGENT, piercing.

PUNTO, point, hit.

PURCEPT, precept, warrant.

PURE, fine, capital, excellent.

PURELY, perfectly, utterly.

PURL, pleat or fold of a ruff.

PURSE-NET, net of which the mouth is drawn together with a string.

PURSUIVANT, state messenger who summoned the persecuted seminaries; warrant officer.

PURSY, PURSINESS, shortwinded(ness).

PUT, make a push, exert yourself (N.E.D.).

PUT OFF, excuse, shift.

PUT ON, incite, encourage; proceed with, take in hand, try.

QUACKSALVER, quack.

QUAINT, elegant, elaborated, ingenious, clever.

QUAR, quarry.

QUARRIED, seized, or fed upon, as prey.

QUEAN, hussy, jade.

QUEASY, hazardous, delicate.

QUELL, kill, destroy.

QUEST, request; inquiry.

QUESTION, decision by force of arms.

QUESTMAN, one appointed to make official inquiry.

QUIB, QUIBLIN, quibble, quip.

QUICK, the living.

QUIDDIT, quiddity, legal subtlety.

QUIRK, clever turn or trick.

QUIT, requite, repay; acquit, absolve; rid; forsake, leave.

QUITTER-BONE, disease of horses.

QUODLING, codling.

QUOIT, throw like a quoit, chuck.

QUOTE, take note, observe, write down.

RACK, neck of mutton or pork (Halliwell).

RAKE UP, cover over.

RAMP, rear, as a lion, etc.

RAPT, carry away.

RAPT, enraptured.

RASCAL, young or inferior deer.

RASH, strike with a glancing oblique blow, as a boar with its tusk.

RATSEY, GOMALIEL, a famous highwayman.

RAVEN, devour.

REACH, understand.

REAL, regal.

REBATU, ruff, turned-down collar.

RECTOR, RECTRESS, director, governor.

REDARGUE, confute.

REDUCE, bring back.

REED, rede, counsel, advice.

REEL, run riot.

REFEL, refute.

REFORMADOES, disgraced or disbanded soldiers.

REGIMENT, government.

REGRESSION, return.

REGULAR ("Tale of a Tub"), regular noun (quibble) (N.E.D.).

RELIGION, "make—of," make a point of, scruple of.
RELISH, savour.
REMNANT, scrap of quotation.
REMORA, species of fish.
RENDER, depict, exhibit, show.
REPAIR, reinstate.
REPETITION, recital, narration.
REREMOUSE, bat.
RESIANT, resident.
RESIDENCE, sediment.
RESOLUTION, judgment, decision.
RESOLVE, inform; assure; prepare, make up one's mind;
dissolve; come to a decision, be convinced; relax, set at ease.
RESPECTIVE, worthy of respect; regardful, discriminative.
RESPECTIVELY, with reverence.
RESPECTLESS, regardless.
RESPIRE, exhale; inhale.
RESPONSIBLE, correspondent.
REST, musket-rest.
REST, "set up one's—," venture one's all, one's last stake (from
game of primero).
REST, arrest.
RESTIVE, RESTY, dull, inactive.
RETCHESS(NESS), reckless(ness).
RETIRE, cause to retire.
RETRICATO, fencing term.
RETRIEVE, rediscovery of game once sprung.

RETURNS, ventures sent abroad, for the safe return of which so much money is received.

REVERBERATE, dissolve or blend by reflected heat.

REVERSE, REVERSO, back-handed thrust, etc., in fencing.

REVISE, reconsider a sentence.

RHEUM, spleen, caprice.

RIBIBE, abusive term for an old woman.

RID, destroy, do away with.

RIFLING, raffling, dicing.

RING, "cracked within the—," coins so cracked were unfit for currency.

RISSE, risen, rose.

RIVELLED, wrinkled.

ROARER, swaggerer.

ROCHET, fish of the gurnet kind.

ROCK, distaff.

RODOMONTADO, braggadocio.

ROGUE, vagrant, vagabond.

RONDEL, "a round mark in the score of a public-house" (Nares); roundel.

ROOK, sharper; fool, dupe.

ROSAKER, similar to ratsbane.

ROSA-SOLIS, a spiced spirituous liquor.

ROSES, rosettes.

ROUND, "gentlemen of the—," officers of inferior rank.

ROUND TRUNKS, trunk hose, short loose breeches reaching almost or quite to the knees.

ROUSE, carouse, bumper.

ROVER, arrow used for shooting at a random mark at uncertain distance.

ROWLY-POWLY, roly-poly.

RUDE, RUDENESS, unpolished, rough(ness), coarse(ness).

RUFFLE, flaunt, swagger.

RUG, coarse frieze.

RUG-GOWNS, gown made of rug.

RUSH, reference to rushes with which the floors were then strewn.

RUSHER, one who strewed the floor with rushes.

RUSSET, homespun cloth of neutral or reddish-brown colour.

SACK, loose, flowing gown.

SADLY, seriously, with gravity.

SAD(NESS), sober, serious(ness).

SAFFI, bailiffs.

ST. THOMAS A WATERINGS, place in Surrey where criminals were executed.

SAKER, small piece of ordnance.

SALT, leap.

SALT, lascivious.

SAMPSUCHINE, sweet marjoram.

SARABAND, a slow dance.

SATURNALS, began December 17.

SAUCINESS, presumption, insolence.

SAUCY, bold, impudent, wanton.

SAUNA (Lat.), a gesture of contempt.

SAVOUR, perceive; gratify, please; to partake of the nature.

SAY, sample.

SAY, assay, try.

SCALD, word of contempt, implying dirt and disease.

SCALLION, shalot, small onion.

SCANDERBAG, "name which the Turks (in allusion to Alexander the Great) gave to the brave Castriot, chief of Albania, with whom they had continual wars. His romantic life had just been translated" (Gifford).

SCAPE, escape.

SCARAB, beetle.

SCARTOCCIO, fold of paper, cover, cartouch, cartridge.

SCONCE, head.

SCOPE, aim.

SCOT AND LOT, tax, contribution (formerly a parish assessment).

SCOTOMY, dizziness in the head.

SCOUR, purge.

SCOURSE, deal, swap.

SCRATCHES, disease of horses.

SCROYLE, mean, rascally fellow.

SCRUPLE, doubt.

SEAL, put hand to the giving up of property or rights.

SEALED, stamped as genuine.

SEAM-RENT, ragged.

SEAMING LACES, insertion or edging.

SEAR UP, close by searing, burning.

SEARCED, sifted.

SECRETARY, able to keep a secret.

SECULAR, worldly, ordinary, commonplace.

SECURE, confident.

SEELIE, happy, blest.

SEISIN, legal term: possession.

SELLARY, lewd person.

SEMBLABLY, similarly.

SEMINARY, a Romish priest educated in a foreign seminary.

SENSELESS, insensible, without sense or feeling.

SENSIBLY, perceptibly.

SENSIVE, sensitive.

SENSUAL, pertaining to the physical or material.

SERENE, harmful dew of evening.

SERICON, red tincture.

SERVANT, lover.

SERVICES, doughty deeds of arms.

SESTERCE, Roman copper coin.

SET, stake, wager.

SET UP, drill.

SETS, deep plaits of the ruff.

SEWER, officer who served up the feast, and brought water for the hands of the guests.

SHAPE, a suit by way of disguise.

SHIFT, fraud, dodge.

SHIFTER, cheat.

SHITTLE, shuttle; "shittle-cock," shuttlecock.

SHOT, tavern reckoning.

SHOT-CLOG, one only tolerated because he paid the shot (reckoning) for the rest.

SHOT-FREE, scot-free, not having to pay.

SHOVE-GROAT, low kind of gambling amusement, perhaps somewhat of the nature of pitch and toss.

SHOT-SHARKS, drawers.

SHREWD, mischievous, malicious, curst.

SHREWDLY, keenly, in a high degree.

SHRIVE, sheriff; posts were set up before his door for proclamations, or to indicate his residence.

SHROVING, Shrovetide, season of merriment.

SIGILLA, seal, mark.

SILENCED BRETHERN, MINISTERS, those of the Church or Nonconformists who had been silenced, deprived, etc.

SILLY, simple, harmless.

SIMPLE, silly, witless; plain, true.

SIMPLES, herbs.

SINGLE, term of chase, signifying when the hunted stag is separated from the herd, or forced to break covert.

SINGLE, weak, silly.

SINGLE-MONEY, small change.

SINGULAR, unique, supreme.

SI-QUIS, bill, advertisement.

SKELDRING, getting money under false pretences; swindling.

SKILL, "it—s not," matters not.

SKINK(ER), pour, draw(er), tapster.

SKIRT, tail.

SLEEK, smooth.

SLICE, fire shovel or pan (dial.).

SLICK, sleek, smooth.

'SLID, 'SLIGHT, 'SPRECIOUS, irreverent oaths.

SLIGHT, sleight, cunning, cleverness; trick.

SLIP, counterfeit coin, bastard.

SLIPPERY, polished and shining.

SLOPS, large loose breeches.

SLOT, print of a stag's foot.

SLUR, put a slur on; cheat (by sliding a die in some way).

SMELT, gull, simpleton.

SNORLE, "perhaps snarl, as Puppy is addressed" (Cunningham).

SNOTTERIE, filth.

SNUFF, anger, resentment; "take in—," take offence at.

SNUFFERS, small open silver dishes for holding snuff, or receptacle for placing snuffers in (Halliwell).

SOCK, shoe worn by comic actors.

SOD, seethe.

SOGGY, soaked, sodden.

SOIL, "take—," said of a hunted stag when he takes to the water for safety.

SOL, sou.

SOLDADOES, soldiers.

SOLICIT, rouse, excite to action.

SOOTH, flattery, cajolery.

SOOTHE, flatter, humour.

SOPHISTICATE, adulterate.

SORT, company, party; rank, degree.

SORT, suit, fit; select.

SOUSE, ear.

SOUSED ("Devil is an Ass"), fol. read "sou't," which Dyce interprets as "a variety of the spelling of "shu'd": to "shu" is to scare a bird away." (See his "Webster," page 350).

SOWTER, cobbler.

SPAGYRICA, chemistry according to the teachings of Paracelsus.

SPAR, bar.

SPEAK, make known, proclaim.

SPECULATION, power of sight.

SPED, to have fared well, prospered.

SPEECE, species.

SPIGHT, anger, rancour.

SPINNER, spider.

SPINSTRY, lewd person.

SPITTLE, hospital, lazar-house.

SPLEEN, considered the seat of the emotions.

SPLEEN, caprice, humour, mood.

SPRUNT, spruce.

SPURGE, foam.

SPUR-RYAL, gold coin worth 15s.

SQUIRE, square, measure; "by the—," exactly.

STAGGERING, wavering, hesitating.

STAIN, disparagement, disgrace.

STALE, decoy, or cover, stalking-horse.

STALE, make cheap, common.

STALK, approach stealthily or under cover.

STALL, forestall.

STANDARD, suit.

STAPLE, market, emporium.

STARK, downright.

STARTING-HOLES, loopholes of escape.

STATE, dignity; canopied chair of state; estate.

STATUMINATE, support vines by poles or stakes; used by Pliny (Gifford).

STAY, gag.

STAY, await; detain.

STICKLER, second or umpire.

STIGMATISE, mark, brand.

STILL, continual(ly), constant(ly).

STINKARD, stinking fellow.

STINT, stop.

STIPTIC, astringent.

STOCCATA, thrust in fencing.

STOCK-FISH, salted and dried fish.

STOMACH, pride, valour.

STOMACH, resent.

STOOP, swoop down as a hawk.

STOP, fill, stuff.

STOPPLE, stopper.

STOTE, stoat, weasel.

STOUP, stoop, swoop=bow.

STRAIGHT, straightway.

STRAMAZOUN (Ital. stramazzone), a down blow, as opposed to the thrust.

STRANGE, like a stranger, unfamiliar.

STRANGENESS, distance of behaviour.

STREIGHTS, OR BERMUDAS, labyrinth of alleys and courts in the Strand.

STRIGONIUM, Grau in Hungary, taken from the Turks in 1597.

STRIKE, balance (accounts).

STRINGHALT, disease of horses.

STROKER, smoother, flatterer.

STROOK, p.p. of "strike."

STRUMMEL-PATCHED, strummel is glossed in dialect dicts. as "a long, loose and dishevelled head of hair."

STUDIES, studious efforts.

STYLE, title; pointed instrument used for writing on wax tablets.

SUBTLE, fine, delicate, thin; smooth, soft.

SUBTLETY (SUBTILITY), subtle device.

SUBURB, connected with loose living.

SUCCUBAE, demons in form of women.

SUCK, extract money from.

SUFFERANCE, suffering.

SUMMED, term of falconry: with full-grown plumage.

SUPER-NEGULUM, topers turned the cup bottom up when it was empty.

SUPERSTITIOUS, over-scrupulous.

SUPPLE, to make pliant.

SURBATE, make sore with walking.

SURCEASE, cease.

SUR-REVERENCE, save your reverence.

SURVISE, peruse.

SUSCITABILITY, excitability.

SUSPECT, suspicion.

SUSPEND, suspect.

SUSPENDED, held over for the present.

SUTLER, victualler.

SWAD, clown, boor.

SWATH BANDS, swaddling clothes.

SWINGE, beat.

TABERD, emblazoned mantle or tunic worn by knights and heralds.

TABLE(S), "pair of—," tablets, note-book.

TABOR, small drum.

TABRET, tabor.

TAFFETA, silk; "tuft-taffeta," a more costly silken fabric.

TAINT, "—a staff," break a lance at tilting in an unscientific or dishonourable manner.

TAKE IN, capture, subdue.

TAKE ME WITH YOU, let me understand you.

TAKE UP, obtain on credit, borrow.

TALENT, sum or weight of Greek currency.

TALL, stout, brave.

TANKARD-BEARERS, men employed to fetch water from the conduits.

TARLETON, celebrated comedian and jester.

TARTAROUS, like a Tartar.

TAVERN-TOKEN, "to swallow a—," get drunk.

TELL, count.

TELL-TROTH, truth-teller.

TEMPER, modify, soften.

TENDER, show regard, care for, cherish; manifest.

TENT, "take—," take heed.

TERSE, swept and polished.

TERTIA, "that portion of an army levied out of one particular district or division of a country" (Gifford).

TESTON, tester, coin worth 6d.

THIRDBOROUGH, constable.

THREAD, quality.

THREAVES, droves.

THREE-FARTHINGS, piece of silver current under Elizabeth.

THREE-PILED, of finest quality, exaggerated.

THRIFTILY, carefully.

THRUMS, ends of the weaver's warp; coarse yarn made from.

THUMB-RING, familiar spirits were supposed capable of being carried about in various ornaments or parts of dress.

TIBICINE, player on the tibia, or pipe.

TICK-TACK, game similar to backgammon.

TIGHTLY, promptly.

TIM, (?) expressive of a climax of nonentity.

TIMELESS, untimely, unseasonable.

TINCTURE, an essential or spiritual principle supposed by alchemists to be transfusible into material things; an imparted characteristic or tendency.

TINK, tinkle.

TIPPET, "turn—," change behaviour or way of life.

TIPSTAFF, staff tipped with metal.

TIRE, head-dress.

TIRE, feed ravenously, like a bird of prey.

TITILLATION, that which tickles the senses, as a perfume.

TOD, fox.

TOILED, worn out, harassed.

TOKEN, piece of base metal used in place of very small coin, when this was scarce.

TONNELS, nostrils.

TOP, "parish—," large top kept in villages for amusement and exercise in frosty weather when people were out of work.

TOTER, tooter, player on a wind instrument.

TOUSE, pull, rend.

TOWARD, docile, apt; on the way to; as regards; present, at hand.

TOY, whim; trick; term of contempt.

TRACT, attraction.

TRAIN, allure, entice.

TRANSITORY, transmittable.

TRANSLATE, transform.

TRAY-TRIP, game at dice (success depended on throwing a three) (Nares).

TREACHOUR (TRECHER), traitor.

TREEN, wooden.

TRENCHER, serving-man who carved or served food.

TRENDLE-TAIL, trundle-tail, curly-tailed.

TRICK (TRICKING), term of heraldry: to draw outline of coat of arms, etc., without blazoning.

TRIG, a spruce, dandified man.

TRILL, trickle.

TRILLIBUB, tripe, any worthless, trifling thing.

TRIPOLY, "come from—," able to perform feats of agility, a "jest nominal," depending on the first part of the word (Gifford).

TRITE, worn, shabby.

TRIVIA, three-faced goddess (Hecate).

TROJAN, familiar term for an equal or inferior; thief.

TROLL, sing loudly.

TROMP, trump, deceive.

TROPE, figure of speech.

TROW, think, believe, wonder.

TROWLE, troll.

TROWSES, breeches, drawers.

TRUCHMAN, interpreter.

TRUNDLE, JOHN, well-known printer.

TRUNDLE, roll, go rolling along.

TRUNDLING CHEATS, term among gipsies and beggars for carts or coaches (Gifford).

TRUNK, speaking-tube.

TRUSS, tie the tagged laces that fastened the breeches to the doublet.

TUBICINE, trumpeter.

TUCKET (Ital. toccato), introductory flourish on the trumpet.

TUITION, guardianship.

TUMBLER, a particular kind of dog so called from the mode of his hunting.

TUMBREL-SLOP, loose, baggy breeches.

TURD, excrement.

TUSK, gnash the teeth (Century Dict.).

TWIRE, peep, twinkle.

TWOPENNY ROOM, gallery.

TYRING-HOUSE, attiring-room.

ULENSPIEGEL. See Howleglass.

UMBRATILE, like or pertaining to a shadow.

UMBRE, brown dye.

UNBATED, unabated.

UNBORED, (?) excessively bored.

UNCARNATE, not fleshly, or of flesh.

UNCOUTH, strange, unusual.

UNDERTAKER, "one who undertook by his influence in the House of Commons to carry things agreeably to his Majesty's wishes" (Whalley); one who becomes surety for.

UNEQUAL, unjust.

UNEXCEPTED, no objection taken at.

UNFEARED, unaffrighted.

UNHAPPILY, unfortunately.

UNICORN'S HORN, supposed antidote to poison.

UNKIND(LY), unnatural(ly).

UNMANNED, untamed (term in falconry).

UNQUIT, undischarged.

UNREADY, undressed.

UNRUDE, rude to an extreme.

UNSEASONED, unseasonable, unripe.

UNSEELED, a hawk's eyes were "seeled" by sewing the eyelids together with fine thread.

UNTIMELY, unseasonably.

UNVALUABLE, invaluable.

UPBRAID, make a matter of reproach.

UPSEE, heavy kind of Dutch beer (Halliwell); "—Dutch," in the Dutch fashion.

UPTAILS ALL, refrain of a popular song.

URGE, allege as accomplice, instigator.

URSHIN, URCHIN, hedgehog.

USE, interest on money; part of sermon dealing with the practical application of doctrine.

USE, be in the habit of, accustomed to; put out to interest.

USQUEBAUGH, whisky.

USURE, usury.

UTTER, put in circulation, make to pass current; put forth for sale.

VAIL, bow, do homage.

VAILS, tips, gratuities.

VALL. See Vail.

VALLIES (Fr. valise), portmanteau, bag.

VAPOUR(S) (n. and v.), used affectedly, like "humour," in many senses, often very vaguely and freely ridiculed by Jonson; humour, disposition, whims, brag(ging), hector(ing), etc.

VARLET, bailiff, or serjeant-at-mace.

VAUT, vault.

VEER (naut.), pay out.

VEGETAL, vegetable; person full of life and vigour.

VELLUTE, velvet.

VELVET CUSTARD. Cf. "Taming of the Shrew," iv. 3, 82, "custard coffin," coffin being the raised crust over a pie.

VENT, vend, sell; give outlet to; scent, snuff up.

VENUE, bout (fencing term).

VERDUGO (Span.), hangman, executioner.

VERGE, "in the—," within a certain distance of the court.

VEX, agitate, torment.

VICE, the buffoon of old moralities; some kind of machinery for moving a puppet (Gifford).

VIE AND REVIE, to hazard a certain sum, and to cover it with a larger one.

VINCENT AGAINST YORK, two heralds-at-arms.

VINDICATE, avenge.

VIRGE, wand, rod.

VIRGINAL, old form of piano.

VIRTUE, valour.

VIVELY, in lifelike manner, livelily.

VIZARD, mask.

VOGUE, rumour, gossip.

VOICE, vote.

VOID, leave, quit.

VOLARY, cage, aviary.

VOLLEY, "at—," "o' the volee," at random (from a term of tennis).

VORLOFFE, furlough.

WADLOE, keeper of the Devil Tavern, where Jonson and his friends met in the 'Apollo' room (Whalley).

WAIGHTS, waits, night musicians, "band of musical watchmen" (Webster), or old form of "hautboys."

WANNION, "vengeance," "plague" (Nares).

WARD, a famous pirate.

WARD, guard in fencing.

WATCHET, pale, sky blue.

WEAL, welfare.

WEED, garment.

WEFT, waif.

WEIGHTS, "to the gold—," to every minute particular.

WELKIN, sky.

WELL-SPOKEN, of fair speech.

WELL-TORNED, turned and polished, as on a wheel.

WELT, hem, border of fur.

WHER, whether.

WHETSTONE, GEORGE, an author who lived 1544(?) to 1587(?).

WHIFF, a smoke, or drink; "taking the—," inhaling the tobacco smoke or some such accomplishment.

WHIGH-HIES, neighings, whinnyings.

WHIMSY, whim, "humour."

WHINILING, (?) whining, weakly.

WHIT, (?) a mere jot.

WHITEMEAT, food made of milk or eggs.

WICKED, bad, clumsy.

WICKER, pliant, agile.

WILDING, esp. fruit of wild apple or crab tree (Webster).

WINE, "I have the—for you," Prov.: I have the perquisites (of the office) which you are to share (Cunningham).

WINNY, "same as old word "wonne," to stay, etc." (Whalley).

WISE-WOMAN, fortune-teller.

WISH, recommend.

WISS (WUSSE), "I—," certainly, of a truth.

WITHOUT, beyond.

WITTY, cunning, ingenious, clever.

WOOD, collection, lot.

WOODCOCK, term of contempt.

WOOLSACK ("—pies"), name of tavern.

WORT, unfermented beer.

WOUNDY, great, extreme.

WREAK, revenge.

WROUGHT, wrought upon.

WUSSE, interjection. (See Wiss).

YEANLING, lamb, kid.

ZANY, an inferior clown, who attended upon the chief fool and mimicked his tricks.

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HIS HUMOR ***

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