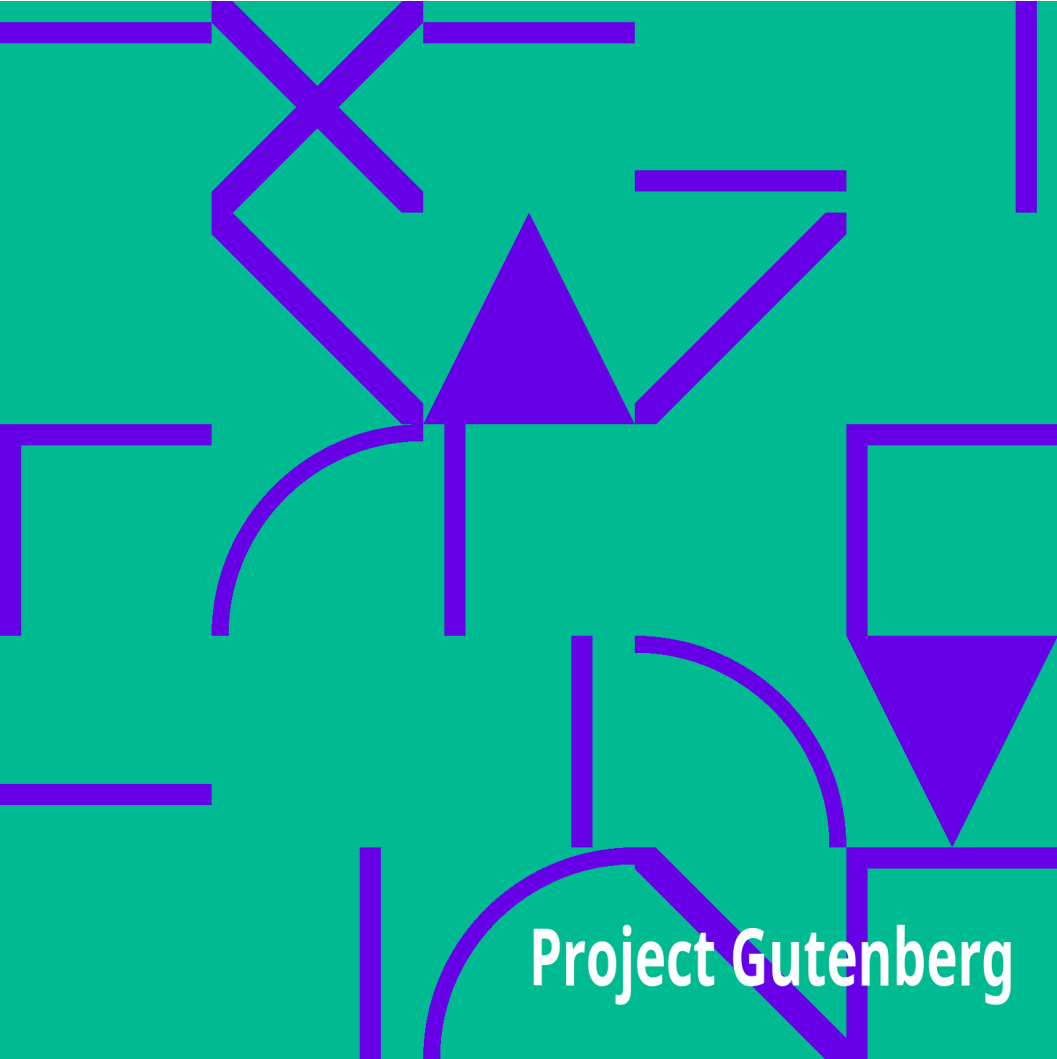


Every Man out of His Humour

Ben Jonson

An abstract geometric pattern composed of various shapes including triangles, squares, circles, and lines, all rendered in a light blue color against a dark blue background. The pattern is dense and covers the entire lower half of the image.

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Ben Jonson



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Title: Every Man out of His Humour

Author: Ben Jonson

Release date: January 1, 2003 [eBook #3695]

Most recently updated: July 13, 2026

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/3695

Credits: Produced by Sue Asscher, Amy E Zelmer, and David Widger

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MAN OUT OF HIS HUMOUR ***

EVERY MAN OUT OF HIS HUMOUR

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 impudent 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 confluxions, 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."*

[footnote] *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 mortal 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 Kately "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 plagiarist 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 similitude, 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 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 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, volume. 2, 1640 (1631-41);

fol., 1692, 1716-19, 1729;
edited by P. Whalley, 7 volumes., 1756;
by Gifford (with Memoir), 9 volumes.,
1816, 1846;
re-edited by F. Cunningham, 3 volumes.,
1871;
in 9 volumes., 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 OUT OF HIS HUMOUR

TO THE NOBLEST NURSERIES OF HUMANITY AND
LIBERTY IN THE KINGDOM THE INNS OF COURT

I UNDERSTAND you, Gentlemen, not your houses: and a worthy succession of you, to all time, as being born the judges of these studies. When I wrote this poem, I had friendship with divers in your societies; who, as they were great names in learning, so they were no less examples of living. Of them, and then, that I say no more, it was not despised. Now that the printer, by a doubled charge, thinks it worthy a longer life than commonly the air of such things doth promise, I am careful to put it a servant to their pleasures, who are the inheritors of the first favour born it. Yet, I command it lie not in the way of your more noble and useful studies to the public: for so I shall suffer for it. But when the gown and cap is off, and the lord of liberty reigns, then, to take it in your hands, perhaps may make some benchman, tinged with humanity, read and not repent him.

By your true honourer,

BEN JONSON. DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ASPER, the Presenter.

MACILENTE.

PUNTARVOLO, — his Lady. — Waiting Gent. — Huntsman. —

Servingmen. — Dog and Cat.

CARLO BUFFONE.

FASTIDIOUS BRISK, — Cinedo, his Page.

DELIRO, FALLACE, — Fido, their Servant. — Musicians.

SAVIOLINA.

SORDIDO. — His Hind.

*FUNGOSO. — Tailor, Haberdasher, Shoemaker
SOGLIARDO.*

SHIFT. — Rustics.

NOTARY.

*CLOVE, ORANGE. — A Groom. — Drawers. —
Constable, and Officers.*

GREX. — CORDATUS — MITIS.

THE CHARACTERS OF THE PERSONS

ASPER, he is of an ingenious and free spirit, eager and constant in reproof, without fear controlling the world's abuses. One whom no servile hope of gain, or frosty apprehension of danger, can make to be a parasite, either to time, place, or opinion.

MACILENTE, a man well parted, a sufficient scholar, and travail'd; who, wanting that place in the world's account which he thinks his merit capable of, falls into such an envious apoplexy, with which his judgment is so dazzled and distasted, that he grows violently impatient of any opposite happiness in another.

PUNTARVOLO, a vain-glorious knight, over-englishing his travels, and wholly consecrated to singularity; the very Jacob's staff of compliment; a sir that hath lived to see the revolution of time in most of his apparel. Of presence good enough, but so palpably affected to his own praise, that for want of flatterers he commends himself, to the floutage of his own family. He deals upon returns, and strange performances, resolving, in despite of public derision, to stick to his own fashion, phrase, and gesture.

CARLO BUFFONE, a public, scurrilous, and profane jester, that more swift than Circe, with absurd similes, will transform any person into deformity. A good feast-hound or banquet-beagle, that will scent you out a supper some three miles off, and swear to his patrons, damn him! he came in oars, when he was but wafted over in a sculler. A slave that hath an extraordinary gift in pleasing his palate, and will swill up more sack at a sitting than would make all the guard a posset. His religion is railing, and his discourse ribaldry.

FASTIDIOUS BRISK, a neat, spruce, affecting courtier, one that wears clothes well, and in fashion; practiseth by his glass how to salute; speaks good remnants, notwithstanding the base viol and tobacco; swears tersely and with variety; cares not what lady's favour he belies, or great man's familiarity: a good property to perfume the boot of a coach. He will borrow another man's horse to praise, and backs him as his own. Or, for a need, on foot can post himself into credit with his merchant, only with the gingle of his spur, and the jerk of his wand.

DELIRO, a good doting citizen, who, it is thought, might be of the common-council for his wealth; a fellow sincerely besotted on his own wife, and so wrapt with a conceit of her perfections, that he simply holds himself unworthy of her. And, in that hood-wink'd humour, lives more like a suitor than a husband; standing in as true dread of her displeasure, as when he first made love to her. He doth sacrifice two-pence in juniper to her every morning before she rises, and wakes her with villainous-out-of-tune music, which she out of her contempt (though not out of her judgment) is sure to dislike.

FALLACE, Deliro's wife, and idol; a proud mincing peat, and as perverse as he is officious. She dotes as perfectly upon the courtier, as her husband doth on her, and only wants the face to be dishonest.

SAVIOLINA, a court-lady, whose weightiest praise is a light wit, admired by herself, and one more, her servant Brisk.

SORDIDO, a wretched hob-nailed chuff, whose recreation is reading of almanacks; and felicity, foul weather. One that never pray'd but for a lean dearth, and ever wept in a fat harvest.

FUNGOSO, the son of Sordido, and a student; one that has revelled in his time, and follows the fashion afar off, like a spy. He makes it the whole bent of his endeavours to wring sufficient means from his wretched father, to put him in the courtiers' cut; at which he earnestly aims, but so unluckily, that he still lights short a suit.

SOGLIARDO, an essential clown, brother to Sordido, yet so enamoured of the name of a gentleman, that he will have it, though he buys it. He comes up every term to learn to take tobacco, and see

new motions. He is in his kingdom when in company where he may be well laughed at.

SHIFT, a thread-bare shark; one that never was a soldier, yet lives upon lendings. His profession is skeldring and odling, his bank Paul's, and his warehouse Picthatch. Takes up single testons upon oaths, till doomsday. Falls under executions of three shillings, and enters into five-groat bonds. He way-lays the reports of services, and cons them without book, damning himself he came new from them, when all the while he was taking the diet in the bawdy-house, or lay pawned in his chamber for rent and victuals. He is of that admirable and happy memory, that he will salute one for an old acquaintance that he never saw in his life before. He usurps upon cheats, quarrels, and robberies, which he never did, only to get him a name. His chief exercises are, taking the whiff, squiring a cockatrice, and making privy searches for imparters.

CLOVE and ORANGE, an inseparable case of coxcombs, city born; the Gemini, or twins of foppery; that like a pair of wooden foils, are fit for nothing but to be practised upon. Being well flattered they'll lend money, and repent when they have done. Their glory is to invite players, and make suppers. And in company of better rank, to avoid the suspect of insufficiency, will inforce their ignorance most desperately, to set upon the understanding of any thing. Orange is the most humorous of the two, (whose small portion of juice being squeezed out,) Clove serves to stick him with commendations.

CORDATUS, the author's friend; a man inly acquainted with the scope and drift of his plot; of a discreet and understanding judgment; and has the place of a moderator.

MITIS, is a person of no action, and therefore we afford him no character.

THE STAGE. After the second sounding.

ENTER CORDATUS, ASPER, AND MITIS.

COR. Nay, my dear Asper.

MIT. Stay your mind.

ASP. Away!

*Who is so patient of this impious world,
That he can check his spirit, or rein his
tongue?*

*Or who hath such a dead unfeeling sense,
That heaven's horrid thunders cannot wake?
To see the earth crack'd with the weight
of sin,*

*Hell gaping under us, and o'er our heads
Black, ravenous ruin, with her sail-
stretch'd wings,*

*Ready to sink us down, and cover us.
Who can behold such prodigies as these,
And have his lips seal'd up? Not I: my
soul*

*Was never ground into such oily colours,
To flatter vice, and daub iniquity:
But, with an armed and resolved hand,
I'll strip the ragged follies of the time
Naked as at their birth —*

COR. Be not too bold.

*ASP. You trouble me — and with a whip of
steel,
Print wounding lashes in their iron ribs.*

*I fear no mood stamp'd in a private brow,
When I am pleased t'unmask a public vice.*

*I fear no strumpet's drugs, nor ruffian's
stab,*

Should I detect their hateful luxuries:

No broker's usurer's, or lawyer's gripe,

*Were I disposed to say, they are all
corrupt.*

*I fear no courtier's frown, should I
applaud*

The easy flexure of his supple hams.

Tut, these are so innate and popular,

*That drunken custom would not shame to
laugh,*

*In scorn, at him, that should but dare to
tax 'em:*

*And yet, not one of these, but knows his
works,*

*Knows what damnation is, the devil, and
hell;*

Yet hourly they persist, grow rank in sin,

Puffing their souls away in perjurous air,

*To cherish their extortion, pride, or
lusts.*

*MIT. Forbear, good Asper; be not like
your name.*

*ASP. O, but to such whose faces are all
zeal,*

And, with the words of Hercules, invade

*Such crimes as these! that will not smell
of sin,*

But seem as they were made of sanctity!

Religion in their garments, and their hair

Cut shorter than their eye-brows! when
the conscience

Is vaster than the ocean, and devours
More wretches than the counters.

MIT. Gentle Asper,
Contain our spirits in more stricter
bounds,

And be not thus transported with the
violence

Of your strong thoughts.

COX. Unless your breath had power,
To melt the world, and mould it new again,
It is in vain to spend it in these moods.

ASP. [TURNING TO THE STAGE.]

I not observed this thronged round till
now!

Gracious and kind spectators, you are
welcome;

Apollo and Muses feast your eyes
With graceful objects, and may our Minerva
Answer your hopes, unto their largest
strain!

Yet here mistake me not, judicious
friends;

I do not this, to beg your patience,
Or servilely to fawn on your applause,
Like some dry brain, despairing in his
merit.

Let me be censured by the austere brow,
Where I want art or judgment, tax me
freely.

Let envious censors, with their broadest

eyes,

Look through and through me, I pursue no
favour;

Only vouchsafe me your attentions,
And I will give you music worth your ears.
O, how I hate the monstrousness of time,
Where every servile imitating spirit,
Plagued with an itching leprosy of wit,
In a mere halting fury, strives to fling
His ulcerous body in the Thespian spring,
And straight leaps forth a poet! but as
lame

As Vulcan, or the founder of Cripplegate.

MIT. In faith this humour will come ill
to some,

You will be thought to be too peremptory.

ASP. This humour? good! and why this
humour, Mitis?

Nay, do not turn, but answer.

MIT. Answer, what?

ASP. I will not stir your patience,
pardon me,

I urged it for some reasons, and the
rather

To give these ignorant well-spoken days
Some taste of their abuse of this word
humour.

COR. O, do not let your purpose fall,
good Asper;

It cannot but arrive most acceptable,

*Chiefly to such as have the happiness
Daily to see how the poor innocent word
Is rack'd and tortured.*

MIT. *Ay, I pray you proceed.*

ASP. *Ha, what? what is't?*

COR. *For the abuse of humour.*

ASP. *O, I crave pardon, I had lost my
thoughts.*

*Why humour, as 'tis 'ens', we thus define
it,*

*To be a quality of air, or water,
And in itself holds these two properties,
Moisture and fluxure: as, for
demonstration,*

*Pour water on this floor, 'twill wet and
run:*

*Likewise the air, forced through a horn or
trumpet,*

*Flows instantly away, and leaves behind
A kind of dew; and hence we do conclude,
That whatsoe'er hath fluxure and humidity,
As wanting power to contain itself,
Is humour. So in every human body,
The choler, melancholy, phlegm, and blood,
By reason that they flow continually
In some one part, and are not continent,
Receive the name of humours. Now thus far
It may, by metaphor, apply itself
Unto the general disposition:
As when some one peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw*

All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,

In their confluxions, all to run one way,
This may be truly said to be a humour

But that a rook, by wearing a pyed feather,

The cable hat-band, or the three-piled ruff,

A yard of shoe-tye, or the Switzer's knot

On his French garters, should affect a humour!

O, it is more than most ridiculous.

COR. He speaks pure truth; now if an idiot

Have but an apish or fantastic strain,
It is his humour.

ASP. Well, I will scourge those apes,

And to these courteous eyes oppose a mirror,

As large as is the stage whereon we act;
Where they shall see the time's deformity
Anatomised in every nerve, and sinew,

With constant courage, and contempt of fear.

MIT. Asper, (I urge it as your friend,) take heed,

The days are dangerous, full of exception,
And men are grown impatient of reproof.

ASP. Ha, ha!

You might as well have told me, yond' is heaven,

This earth, these men, and all had moved alike. —

Do not I know the time's condition?

Yes, Mitis, and their souls; and who they be

That either will or can except against me.

None but a sort of fools, so sick in taste,

That they contemn all physic of the mind,

And like gall'd camels, kick at every touch.

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

Will cherish my free labours, love my lines,

And with the fervour of their shining grace

Make my brain fruitful, to bring forth more objects,

Worthy their serious and intentive eyes.

But why enforce I this? as fainting? no.

If any here chance to behold himself,

Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong;

For, if he shame to have his follies known,

First he should shame to act 'em: my strict hand

Was made to seize on vice, and with a gripe

Squeeze out the humour of such spongy souls,

As lick up every idle vanity.

COR. Why, this is right furor poeticus!

Kind gentlemen, we hope your patience

*Will yet conceive the best, or entertain
This supposition, that a madman speaks.*

*ASP. What, are you ready there? Mitis,
sit down,*

*And my Cordatus. Sound ho! and begin.
I leave you two, as censors, to sit here:
Observe what I present, and liberally
Speak your opinions upon every scene,*

*As it shall pass the view of these
spectators.*

*Nay, now y'are tedious, sirs; for shame
begin.*

*And, Mitis, note me; if in all this front
You can espy a gallant of this mark,
Who, to be thought one of the judicious,
Sits with his arms thus wreath'd, his hat
pull'd here,*

*Cries mew, and nods, then shakes his empty
head,*

*Will shew more several motions in his face
Than the new London, Rome, or Niniveh,*

*And, now and then, breaks a dry biscuit
jest,*

*Which, that it may more easily be chew'd,
He steeps in his own laughter.*

*COR. Why, will that
Make it be sooner swallowed?*

ASP. O, assure you.

*Or if it did not, yet as Horace sings,
Mean cates are welcome still to hungry
guests.*

COR. 'Tis true; but why should we observe them, Asper?

ASP. O, I would know 'em; for in such assemblies

They are more infectious than the pestilence:

And therefore I would give them pills to purge,

And make them fit for fair societies.

How monstrous and detested is't to see

A fellow that has neither art nor brain,

Sit like an Aristarchus, or start ass,

Taking men's lines with a tobacco face,

In snuff still spitting, using his wry'd looks,

In nature of a vice, to wrest and turn

The good aspect of those that shall sit near him,

From what they do behold! O, 'tis most vile.

MIT. Nay, Asper.

ASP. Peace, Mitis, I do know your thought;

You'll say, your guests here will except at this:

Pish! you are too timorous, and full of doubt.

Then he, a patient, shall reject all physic,

'Cause the physician tells him, you are sick:

Or, if I say, that he is vicious,

You will not hear of virtue. Come, you are fond.

Shall I be so extravagant, to think,
That happy judgments, and composed spirits,

Will challenge me for taxing such as these?

I am ashamed.

COR. Nay, but good, pardon us;
We must not bear this peremptory sail,
But use our best endeavours how to please.

ASP. Why, therein I commend your careful thoughts,

And I will mix with you in industry
To please: but whom? attentive auditors,
Such as will join their profit with their pleasure,

And come to feed their understanding parts:

For these I'll prodigally spread myself,
And speak away my spirit into air;

For these, I'll melt my brain into invention,

Coin new conceits, and hang my richest words

As polish'd jewels in their bounteous ears?

But stay, I lose myself, and wrong their patience:

If I dwell here, they'll not begin, I see.

Friends, sit you still, and entertain this troop

With some familiar and by-conference,

I'll hast them sound. Now, gentlemen, I
go

To turn an actor, and a humorist,
Where, ere I do resume my present person,
We hope to make the circles of your eyes
Flow with distilled laughter: if we fail,
We must impute it to this only chance,
Art hath an enemy call'd ignorance.
[EXIT.

COR. How do you like his spirit, Mitis?

MIT. I should like it much better, if he
were less confident.

COR. Why, do you suspect his merit?

MIT. No; but I fear this will procure him
much envy.

COR. O, that sets the stronger seal on
his desert: if he had no enemies,
I should esteem his fortunes most wretched
at this instant.

MIT. You have seen his play, Cordatus:
pray you, how is it?

COR. Faith, sir, I must refrain to judge;
only this I can say of it, 'tis
strange, and of a particular kind by
itself, somewhat like 'Vetus
Comoedia'; a work that hath bounteously
pleased me; how it will answer the
general expectation, I know not.

MIT. Does he observe all the laws of comedy in it?

COR. What laws mean you?

MIT. Why, the equal division of it into acts and scenes, according to the Terentian manner; his true number of actors; the furnishing of the scene with Grex or Chorus, and that the whole argument fall within compass of a day's business.

COR. O no, these are too nice observations.

MIT. They are such as must be received, by your favour, or it cannot be authentic.

COR. Troth, I can discern no such necessity.

MIT. No!

COR. No, I assure you, signior. If those laws you speak of had been delivered us 'ab initio', and in their present virtue and perfection, there had been some reason of obeying their powers; but 'tis extant, that that which we call 'Comoedia', was at first nothing but a simple and continued song, sung by one only person, till

Susario invented a second; after him,
Epicharmus a third; Phormus and Chionides
devised to have four actors, with
a prologue and chorus; to which Cratinus,
long after, added a fifth and
sixth: Eupolis, more; Aristophanes, more
than they; every man in the
dignity of his spirit and judgment
supplied something. And, though that in
him this kind of poem appeared absolute,
and fully perfect, yet how is the
face of it changed since, in Menander,
Philemon, Cecilius, Plautus, and the
rest! who have utterly excluded the
chorus, altered the property of the
persons, their names, and natures, and
augmented it with all liberty,
according to the elegancy and disposition
of those times wherein they
wrote. I see not then, but we should
enjoy the same license, or free power
to illustrate and heighten our invention,
as they 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.

MIT. Well, we will not dispute of this
now; but what's his scene?

COR. Marry, 'Insula Fortunata', sir.

MIT. O, the Fortunate Island: mass, he
has bound himself to a strict law
there.

COR. Why so?

MIT. He cannot lightly alter the scene,
without crossing the seas.

COR. He needs not, having a whole island
to run through, I think.

MIT. No! how comes it then, that in some
one play we see so many seas,
countries, and kingdoms, passed over with
such admirable dexterity?

COR. O, that but shews how well the
authors can travel in their vocation,
and outrun the apprehension of their
auditory. But, leaving this, I would
they would begin at once: this
protraction is able to sour the
best-settled patience in the theatre.
[THE THIRD SOUNDING.]

MIT. They have answered your wish, sir;
they sound.

COR. O, here comes the Prologue.
[ENTER PROLOGUE.]

Now, sir, if you had staid a little
longer, I meant to have spoke your
prologue for you i'faith.

PROL. Marry, with all my heart, sir, you
shall do it yet, and I thank you.
[GOING.]

COR. *Nay, nay, stay, stay; hear you?*

PROL. *You could not have studied to have
done me a greater benefit at the
instant; for I protest to you, I am
unperfect, and, had I spoke it, I must
of necessity have been out.*

COR. *Why, but do you speak this
seriously?*

PROL. *Seriously! ay, wit's my help, do
I; and esteem myself indebted to
your kindness for it.*

COR. *For what?*

PROL. *Why, for undertaking the prologue
for me.*

COR. *How! did I undertake it for you?*

PROL. *Did you! I appeal to all these
gentlemen, whether you did or no.*

*Come, come, it pleases you to cast a
strange look on't now; but 'twill not
serve.*

COR. *'Fore me, but it must serve; and
therefore speak your prologue.*

PROL. *An I do, let me die poisoned with
some venomous hiss, and never live
to look as high as the two-penny room*

again.

[EXIT.

MIT. He has put you to it, sir.

COR. 'Sdeath, what a humorous fellow is this! Gentlemen, good faith I can speak no prologue, howsoever his weak wit has had the fortune to make this strong use of me here before you: but I protest —

[ENTER CARLO BUFFONE, FOLLOWED BY A BOY WITH WINE.

CAR. Come, come, leave these fustian protestations; away, come, I cannot abide these grey-headed ceremonies. Boy, fetch me a glass quickly, I may bid these gentlemen welcome; give them a health here. [EXIT BOY.] I mar'le whose wit it was to put a prologue in yond' sackbut's mouth; they might well think he'd be out of tune, and yet you'd play upon him too.

COR. Hang him, dull block!

CAR. O, good words, good words; a well-timber'd fellow, he would have made a good column, an he had been thought on, when the house was a building —

[RE-ENTER BOY WITH GLASSES..

O, art thou come? Well said; give me, boy; fill so! Here's a cup of wine sparkles like a diamond. Gentlewomen (I

am sworn to put them in first) and
gentlemen, around, in place of a bad
prologue, I drink this good draught to

your health here, Canary, the very elixir
and spirit of wine. [DRINKS.]

This is that our poet calls Castalian
liquor, when he comes abroad now and

then, once in a fortnight, and makes a
good meal among players, where he

has 'caninum appetitum'; marry, at home he
keeps a good philosophical diet,

beans and butter-milk; an honest pure
rogue, he will take you off three,

four, five of these, one after another,
and look villainously when he has

done, like a one-headed Cerberus. — He
does not hear me, I hope. — And

then, when his belly is well ballaced, and
his brain rigged a little, he

snails away withal, as though he would
work wonders when he comes home. He

has made a play here, and he calls it,
'Every Man out of his Humour': but

an he get me out of the humour he has put
me in, I'll trust none of his

tribe again while I live. Gentles, all I
can say for him is, you are

welcome. I could wish my bottle here
amongst you; but there's an old rule,

No pledging your own health. Marry, if
any here be thirsty for it, their

best way (that I know) is, sit still, seal
up their lips, and drink so much

of the play in at their ears.

[EXIT.]

MIT. What may this fellow be, Cordatus?

COR. Faith, if the time will suffer his
description, I'll give it you. He
is one, the author calls him Carlo
Buffone, an impudent common jester, a
violent railer, and an incomprehensible
epicure; one whose company is
desired of all men, but beloved of none;
he will sooner lose his soul than
a jest, and profane even the most holy
things, to excite laughter: no
honourable or reverend personage
whatsoever can come within the reach of
his eye, but is turned into all manner of
variety, by his adulterate
similes.

MIT. You paint forth a monster.

COR. He will prefer all countries before
his native, and thinks he can
never sufficiently, or with admiration
enough, deliver his affectionate
conceit of foreign atheistical policies.
But stay —
[ENTER MACILENTE.

Observe these: he'll appear himself anon.

MIT. O, this is your envious man,
Macilente, I think.

COR. The same, sir.

ACT I

SCENE I. — *The Country.*

ENTER MACILENTE, WITH A BOOK.

MACI. *"Viri est, fortunae caecitatem facile ferre."*

'Tis true; but, Stoic, where, in the vast world,

Doth that man breathe, that can so much command

His blood and his affection? Well, I see
I strive in vain to cure my wounded soul;
For every cordial that my thoughts apply

Turns to a corsive and doth eat it farther.

There is no taste in this philosophy;

'Tis like a potion that a man should drink,

But turns his stomach with the sight of it.

I am no such pill'd Cynick to believe,

That beggary is the only happiness;

Or with a number of these patient fools,

To sing: "My mind to me a kingdom is,"

When the lank hungry belly barks for food,

I look into the world, and there I meet

With objects, that do strike my blood-shot eyes

Into my brain: where, when I view myself,

Having before observ'd this man is great,
Mighty and fear'd; that lov'd and highly
favour'd:

A third thought wise and learn'd; a fourth
rich,

And therefore honour'd; a fifth rarely
featur'd;

A sixth admired for his nuptial fortunes:

When I see these, I say, and view myself,

I wish the organs of my sight were
crack'd;

And that the engine of my grief could cast

Mine eyeballs, like two globes of
wildfire, forth,

To melt this unproportion'd frame of
nature.

Oh, they are thoughts that have transfix'd
my heart,

And often, in the strength of
apprehension,

Made my cold passion stand upon my face,

Like drops of dew on a stiff cake of ice.

COR. This alludes well to that of the
poet,

"Invidus suspirat, gemit, incutitque
dentes,

Sudat frigidus, intuens quod odit."

MIT. O, peace, you break the scene.

[ENTER SOGLIARDO AND CARLO BUFFONE.]

MACI. Soft, who be these?

I'll lay me down awhile till they be past.

[LIES DOWN.

CAR. Signior, note this gallant, I pray you.

MIT. What is he?

CAR. A tame rook, you'll take him presently; list.

SOG. Nay, look you, Carlo; this is my humour now! I have land and money,
my friends left me well, and I will be a gentleman whatsoever it cost me.

CAR. A most gentlemanlike resolution.

SOG. Tut! an I take an humour of a thing once, I am like your tailor's
needle, I go through: but, for my name, signior, how think you? will it
not serve for a gentleman's name, when the signior is put to it, ha?

CAR. Let me hear; how is it?

SOG. Signior Insulso Sogliardo: methinks it sounds well.

CAR. O excellent! tut! an all fitted to your name, you might very well
stand for a gentleman: I know many Sogliardos gentlemen.

SOG. Why, and for my wealth I might be a

justice of peace.

CAR. *Ay, and a constable for your wit.*

SOG. *All this is my lordship you see here, and those farms you came by.*

CAR. *Good steps to gentility too, marry: but, Sogliardo, if you affect to be a gentleman indeed, you must observe all the rare qualities, humours, and compliments of a gentleman.*

SOG. *I know it, signior, and if you please to instruct, I am not too good to learn, I'll assure you.*

CAR. *Enough, sir. — I'll make admirable use in the projection of my medicine upon this lump of copper here. [ASIDE] — I'll bethink me for you, sir.*

SOG. *Signior, I will both pay you, and pray you, and thank you, and think on you.*

COR. *Is this not purely good?*

MACI. *S'blood, why should such a prick-ear'd hind as this Be rich, ha? a fool! such a transparent gull*

That may be seen through! wherefore should he have land,

Houses, and lordships? O, I could eat my entrails,

And sink my soul into the earth with sorrow.

CAR. First, to be an accomplished gentleman, that is, a gentleman of the

time, you must give over housekeeping in the country, and live altogether

in the city amongst gallants: where, at your first appearance, 'twere good

you turn'd four or five hundred acres of your best land into two or three

trunks of apparel — you may do it without going to a conjurer — and be

sure you mix yourself still with such as flourish in the spring of the

fashion, and are least popular; study their carriage and behaviour in all;

learn to play at primero and passage, and ever (when you lose) have two or

three peculiar oaths to swear by, that no man else swears: but, above all,

protest in your play, and affirm, "Upon your credit, As you are a true

gentleman", at every cast; you may do it with a safe conscience, I warrant you.

SOG. O admirable rare! he cannot choose but be a gentleman that has these

excellent gifts: more, more, I beseech you.

CAR. You must endeavour to feed cleanly at your ordinary, sit melancholy,

and pick your teeth when you cannot speak:
and

when you come to plays, be humorous, look
with a good starch'd face, and

ruffle your brow like a new boot, laugh at
nothing but your own jests, or

else as the noblemen laugh. That's a
special grace you must observe.

SAG. I warrant you, sir.

CAR. Ay, and sit on the stage and flout,
provided you have a good suit.

SOG. O, I'll have a suit only for that,
sir.

CAR. You must talk much of your kindred
and allies.

SOG. Lies! no, signior, I shall not need
to do so, I have kindred in the

city to talk of: I have a niece is a
merchant's wife; and a nephew, my

brother Sordido's son, of the Inns of
court.

CAR. O, but you must pretend alliance
with courtiers and great persons:

and ever when you are to dine or sup in
any strange presence, hire a fellow

with a great chain, (though it be copper,
it's no matter,) to bring you

letters, feign'd from such a nobleman, or
such a knight, or such a lady,

"To their worshipful, right rare, and nobly qualified friend and kinsman, signior Insulso Sogliardo": give yourself style enough. And there, while you intend circumstances of news, or enquiry of their health, or so, one of your familiars whom you must carry about you still, breaks it up, as 'twere in a jest, and reads it publicly at the table: at which you must seem to take as unpardonable offence, as if he had torn your mistress's colours, or breath'd upon her picture, and pursue it with that hot grace, as if you would advance a challenge upon it presently.

SOG. Stay, I do not like that humour of challenge, it may be accepted; but

I'll tell you what's my humour now, I will do this: I will take occasion

of sending one of my suits to the tailor's, to have the pocket repaired, or

so; and there such a letter as you talk of, broke open and all shall be

left; O, the tailor will presently give out what I am, upon the reading of it, worth twenty of your gallants.

CAR. But then you must put on an extreme face of discontentment at your man's negligence.

SOG. O, so I will, and beat him too: I'll have a man for the purpose.

MAC. You may; you have land and crowns:
O partial fate!

CAR. Mass, well remember'd, you must keep
your men gallant at the first,
fine pied liveries laid with good gold
lace; there's no loss in it, they
may rip it off and pawn it when they lack
victuals.

SOG. By 'r Lady, that is chargeable,
signior, 'twill bring a man in debt.

CAR. Debt! why that's the more for your
credit, sir: it's an excellent
policy to owe much in these days, if you
note it.

SOG. As how, good signior? I would fain
be a politician.

CAR. O! look where you are indebted any
great sum, your creditor observes
you with no less regard, than if he were
bound to you for some huge
benefit, and will quake to give you the
least cause of offence, lest he
lose his money. I assure you, in these
times, no man has his servant more
obsequious and pliant, than gentlemen
their creditors: to whom, if at any time
you pay but a moiety, or a fourth
part, it comes more acceptably than if you
gave them a new-year's gift.

SOG. I perceive you, sir: I will take up, and bring myself in credit, sure.

CAR. Marry this, always beware you commerce not with bankrupts, or poor needy Ludgathians; they are impudent creatures, turbulent spirits, they care not what violent tragedies they stir, nor how they play fast and loose with a poor gentleman's fortunes, to get their own. Marry, these rich fellows that have the world, or the better part of it, sleeping in their counting-houses, they are ten times more placable, they; either fear, hope, or modesty, restrains them from offering any outrages: but this is nothing to your followers, you shall not run a penny more in arrearage for them, an you list, yourself.

SOG. No! how should I keep 'em then?

CAR. Keep 'em! 'sblood, let them keep themselves, they are no sheep, are they? what, you shall come in houses, where plate, apparel, jewels, and divers other pretty commodities lie negligently scattered, and I would have those Mercuries follow me, I trow, should remember they had not their fingers for nothing.

SOG. That's not so good, methinks.

CAR. Why, after you have kept them a fortnight, or so, and shew'd them enough to the world, you may turn them away, and keep no more but a boy, it's enough.

SOG. Nay, my humour is not for boys, I'll keep men, an I keep any; and I'll give coats, that's my humour: but I lack a cullisen.

CAR. Why, now you ride to the city, you may buy one; I'll bring you where you shall have your choice for money.

SOG. Can you, sir?

CAR. O, ay: you shall have one take measure of you, and make you a coat of arms to fit you, of what fashion you will.

SOG. By word of mouth, I thank you, signior; I'll be once a little prodigal in a humour, i'faith, and have a most prodigious coat.

MAC. Torment and death! break head and brain at once,
To be deliver'd of your fighting issue.
Who can endure to see blind Fortune dote thus?
To be enamour'd on this dusty turf,
This clod, a whoreson puck-fist! O G—!

*I could run wild with grief now, to behold
The rankness of her bounties, that doth
breed*

*Such bulrushes; these mushroom gentlemen,
That shoot up in a night to place and
worship.*

*CAR. [SEEING MACILENTE.] Let him alone;
some stray, some stray.*

*SOG. Nay, I will examine him before I go,
sure.*

*CAR. The lord of the soil has all wefts
and strays here, has he not?*

SOG. Yes, sir.

*CAR. Faith then I pity the poor fellow,
he's fallen into a fool's hands.
[ASIDE.]*

*SOG. Sirrah, who gave you a commission to
lie in my lordship?*

MAC. Your lordship!

*SOG. How! my lordship? do you know me,
sir?*

MAC. I do know you, sir.

*CAR. He answers him like an echo.
[ASIDE.]*

SOG. *Why, Who am I, sir?*

MAC. *One of those that fortune favours.*

CAR. *The periphrasis of a fool. I'll observe this better.*

[ASIDE.

SOG. *That fortune favours! how mean you that, friend?*

MAC. *I mean simply: that you are one that lives not by your wits.*

SOG. *By my wits! no sir, I scorn to live by my wits, I. I have better means, I tell thee, than to take such base courses, as to live by my wits.*

What, dost thou think I live by my wits?

MAC. *Methinks, jester, you should not relish this well.*

CAR. *Ha! does he know me?*

MAC. *Though yours be the worst use a man can put his wit to, of thousands,*

to prostitute it at every tavern and ordinary; yet, methinks, you should

have turn'd your broadside at this, and have been ready with an apology,

able to sink this hulk of ignorance into the bottom and depth of his

contempt.

CAR. Oh, 'tis Macilente! Signior, you are well encountered; how is it?

O, we must not regard what he says, man, a trout, a shallow fool, he has no

more brain than a butterfly, a mere stuff suit; he looks like a musty

bottle new wicker'd, his head's the cork, light, light! [ASIDE TO

MACILENTE.] — I am glad to see you so well return'd, signior.

MAC. You are! gramercy, good Janus.

SOG. Is he one of your acquaintance? I love him the better for that.

CAR. Od's precious, come away, man, what do you mean? an you knew him as

I do, you'd shun him as you would do the plague.

SOG. Why, sir?

CAR. O, he's a black fellow, take heed of him.

SOG. Is he a scholar, or a soldier?

CAR. Both, both; a lean mongrel, he looks as if he were chop-fallen, with

barking at other men's good fortunes: 'ware how you offend him; he carries

oil and fire in his pen, will scald where it drops: his spirit is like

powder, quick, violent; he'll blow a man

up with a jest: I fear him worse
than a rotten wall does the cannon; shake
an hour after at the report.

Away, come not near him.

SOG. For God's sake let's be gone; an he
be a scholar, you know I cannot
abide him; I had as lieve see a
cockatrice, specially as cockatrices go now.

CAR. What, you'll stay, signior? this
gentleman Sogliardo, and I, are to
visit the knight Puntarvolo, and from
thence to the city; we shall meet there.

[EXIT WITH SOGLIARDO.]

MAC. Ay, when I cannot shun you, we will
meet.

'Tis strange! of all the creatures I have
seen,

I envy not this Buffone, for indeed
Neither his fortunes nor his parts deserve
it:

But I do hate him, as I hate the devil,
Or that brass-visaged monster Barbarism.

O, 'tis an open-throated, black-mouth'd
cur,

That bites at all, but eats on those that
feed him.

A slave, that to your face will, serpent-
like,

Creep on the ground, as he would eat the
dust,

And to your back will turn the tail, and
sting

More deadly than the scorpion: stay,
who's this?

Now, for my soul, another minion
Of the old lady Chance's! I'll observe
him.

[ENTER SORDIDO WITH AN ALMANACK IN HIS
HAND.

SORD. O rare! good, good, good, good,
good!

I thank my stars, I thank my stars for it.

MAC. Said I not true? doth not his
passion speak

Out of my divination? O my senses,
Why lost you not your powers, and become
Dull'd, if not deaded, with this
spectacle?

I know him, it is Sordido, the farmer,
A boor, and brother to that swine was
here.

[ASIDE.

SORD. Excellent, excellent, excellent!
as I would wish, as I would wish.

MAC. See how the strumpet fortune tickles
him,

And makes him swoon with laughter, O, O,
O!

SORD. Ha, ha, ha! I will not sow my
grounds this year. Let me see, what
harvest shall we have? "June, July?"

MAC. What, is't a prognostication raps
him so?

SORD. "The 20, 21, 22 days, rain and
wind." O good, good! "the 23, and
24, rain and some wind," good! "the 25,
rain," good still! "26, 27, 28,
wind and some rain"; would it had been
rain and some wind! well, 'tis
good, when it can be no better. "29,
inclining to rain": inclining to
rain! that's not so good now: "30, and
31, wind and no rain": no rain!
'slid, stay: this is worse and worse:
What says he of St. Swithin's?
turn back, look, "saint Swithin's: no
rain!"

MAC. O, here's a precious, dirty, damned
rogue,
That fats himself with expectation
Of rotten weather, and unseason'd hours;
And he is rich for it, an elder brother!
His barns are full, his ricks and mows
well trod,
His garners crack with store! O, 'tis
well; ha, ha, ha!
A plague consume thee, and thy house!

SORD. O here, "St. Swithin's, the 15 day,
variable weather, for the most
part rain", good! "for the most part
rain": why, it should rain forty
days after, now, more or less, it was a
rule held, afore I was able to hold

a plough, and yet here are two days no
rain; ha! it makes me muse. We'll

see how the next month begins, if that be
better. "August 1, 2, 3, and 4,

days, rainy and blustering:" this is well
now: "5, 6, 7, 8, and 9, rainy,

with some thunder;" Ay marry, this is
excellent; the other was false

printed sure: "the 10 and 11, great store
of rain"; O good, good, good,

good, good! "the 12, 13, and 14 days,
rain"; good still: "15, and 16,

rain"; good still: "17 and 18, rain",
good still: "19 and 20", good

still, good still, good still, good still,
good still! "21, some rain";

some rain! well, we must be patient, and
attend the heaven's pleasure,

would it were more though: "the 22, 23,
great tempests of rain, thunder
and lightning".

O good again, past expectation good!

I thank my blessed angel; never, never

Laid I [a] penny better out than this,

To purchase this dear book: not dear for
price,

And yet of me as dearly prized as life,

Since in it is contain'd the very life,

Blood, strength, and sinews, of my
happiness.

Blest be the hour wherein I bought this
book;

His studies happy that composed the book,

And the man fortunate that sold the book!

Sleep with this charm, and be as true to

me,

As I am joy'd and confident in thee
[PUTS IT UP.

[ENTER A HIND, AND GIVES SORDIDO A PAPER
TO READ.

MAC. Ha, ha, ha!

Is not this good? Is not pleasing this?

Ha, ha, ha! God pardon me! ha, ha!

Is't possible that such a spacious villain
Should live, and not be plagued? or lies
be hid

Within the wrinkled bosom of the world,

Where Heaven cannot see him? S'blood!
methinks

'Tis rare, and strange, that he should
breathe and walk,

Feed with digestion, sleep, enjoy his
health,

And, like a boisterous whale swallowing
the poor,

Still swim in wealth and pleasure! is't
not strange?

Unless his house and skin were thunder
proof,

I wonder at it! Methinks, now, the
hectic,

Gout, leprosy, or some such loath'd
disease,

Might light upon him; of that fire from
heaven

Might fall upon his barns; or mice and
rats

Eat up his grain; or else that it might
rot

Within the hoary ricks, even as it stands:
Methinks this might be well; and after all
The devil might come and fetch him. Ay,
'tis true!

Meantime he surfeits in prosperity,
And thou, in envy of him, gnaw'st thyself:
Peace, fool, get hence, and tell thy vexed
spirit,

Wealth in this age will scarcely look on
merit.

[RISES AND EXIT.

SORD. Who brought this same, sirrah?

HIND. Marry, sir, one of the justice's
men; he says 'tis a precept, and
all their hands be at it.

SORD. Ay, and the prints of them stick in
my flesh,

Deeper than in their letters: they have
sent me

Pills wrapt in paper here, that, should I
take them,

Would poison all the sweetness of my book,
And turn my honey into hemlock juice.

But I am wiser than to serve their
precepts,

Or follow their prescriptions. Here's a
device,

To charge me bring my grain unto the
markets:

Ay, much! when I have neither barn nor
garner,

Nor earth to hid it in, I'll bring 't;

till then,

Each corn I send shall be as big as Paul's.

O, but (say some) the poor are like to starve.

Why, let 'em starve, what's that to me?
are bees

Bound to keep life in drones and idle moths? no:

Why such are these that term themselves the poor,

Only because they would be pitied,
But are indeed a sort of lazy beggars,
Licentious rogues, and sturdy vagabonds,
Bred by the sloth of a fat plenteous year,
Like snakes in heat of summer, out of dung;

And this is all that these cheap times are good for:

Whereas a wholesome and penurious dearth
Purges the soil of such vile excrements,
And kills the vipers up.

HIND. O, but master,
Take heed they hear you not.

SORD. Why so?

HIND. They will exclaim against you.

SORD. Ay, their exclams

Move me as much, as thy breath moves a mountain.

Poor worms, they hiss at me, whilst I at home

Can be contented to applaud myself,
To sit and clap my hands, and laugh, and
leap,

Knocking my head against my roof, with joy
To see how plump my bags are, and my
barns.

Sirrah, go hie you home, and bid your
fellows

Get all their flails ready again I come.

HIND. I will, sir.

[EXIT.

SORD. I'll instantly set all my hinds to
thrashing

Of a whole rick of corn, which I will hide
Under the ground; and with the straw
thereof

I'll stuff the outsides of my other mows:

That done, I'll have them empty all my
garners,

And in the friendly earth bury my store,

That, when the searchers come, they may
suppose

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

And to lend more opinion to my want,

And stop that many-mouthed vulgar dog,

Which else would still be baying at my
door,

Each market-day I will be seen to buy

Part of the purest wheat, as for my
household;

Where when it comes, it shall increase my
heaps:

'Twill yield me treble gain at this dear time,

Promised in this dear book: I have cast all.

Till then I will not sell an ear, I'll hang first.

O, I shall make my prices as I list;

My house and I can feed on peas and barley.

What though a world of wretches starve the while;

He that will thrive must think no courses vile.

[EXIT.

COR. Now, signior, how approve you this? have the humourists exprest themselves truly or no?

MIT. Yes, if it be well prosecuted, 'tis hitherto happy enough: but

methinks Macilente went hence too soon; he might have been made to stay,

and speak somewhat in reproof of Sordido's wretchedness now at the last.

COR. O, no, that had been extremely improper; besides, he had continued

the scene too long with him, as 'twas, being in no more action.

MIT. You may inforce the length as a necessary reason; but for propriety,

the scene wou'd very well have borne it, in my judgment.

COR. O, worst of both; why, you mistake his humour utterly then.

MIT. How do I mistake it? Is it not envy?

COR. Yes, but you must understand, signior, he envies him not as he is a villain, a wolf in the commonwealth, but as he is rich and fortunate; for the true condition of envy is, 'dolor alienae felicitatis', to have our eyes continually fixed upon another man's prosperity that is, his chief happiness, and to grieve at that. Whereas, if we make his monstrous and abhorr'd actions our object, the grief we take then comes nearer the nature of hate than envy, as being bred out of a kind of contempt and loathing in ourselves.

MIT. So you'll infer it had been hate, not envy in him, to reprehend the humour of Sordido?

COR. Right, for what a man truly envies in another, he could always love and cherish in himself; but no man truly reprehends in another, what he loves in himself; therefore reprehension is out of his hate. And this distinction hath he himself made in a speech there, if you marked it, where

he says, "I envy not this Buffone, but I hate him." Why might he not as well have hated Sordido as him?

COR. No, sir, there was subject for his envy in Sordido, his wealth: so was there not in the other. He stood possest of no one eminent gift, but a most odious and fiend-like disposition, that would turn charity itself into hate, much more envy, for the present.

MIT. You have satisfied me, sir. O, here comes the fool, and the jester again, methinks.

COR. 'Twere pity they should be parted, sir.

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

COR. No, sir, this is one monsieur Fastidious Brisk, otherwise called the fresh Frenchified courtier.

MIT. A humourist too?

COR. As humorous as quicksilver; do but observe him; the scene is the country still, remember.

ACT II

SCENE I. — THE COUNTRY; BEFORE
PUNTARVOLO'S HOUSE.

ENTER FASTIDIOUS BRISK, CINEDO, CARLO
BUFFONE, AND SOGLIARDO.

FAST. Cinedo, watch when the knight
comes, and give us word.

CIN. I will, sir.
[EXIT.

FAST. How lik'st thou my boy, Carlo?

CAR. O, well, well. He looks like a
colonel of the Pigmies horse, or one
of these motions in a great antique clock;
he would shew well upon a
haberdasher's stall, at a corner shop,
rarely.

FAST. 'Sheart, what a damn'd witty
rogue's this! How he confounds with
his similes!

CAR. Better with similes than smiles:
and whither were you riding now,
signior?

FAST. Who, I? What a silly jest's that!
Whither should I ride but to the
court?

CAR. O, pardon me, sir, twenty places
more; your hot-house, or your
whore-house —

FAST. By the virtue of my soul, this
knight dwells in Elysium here.

CAR. He's gone now, I thought he would
fly out presently. These be our
nimble-spirited catsos, that have their
evasions at pleasure, will run over
a bog like your wild Irish; no sooner
started, but they'll leap from one
thing to another, like a squirrel, heigh!
dance and do tricks in their
discourse, from fire to water, from water
to air, from air to earth, as if
their tongues did but e'en lick the four
elements over, and away.

FAST. Sirrah, Carlo, thou never saw'st my
gray hobby yet, didst thou?

CAR. No; have you such a one?

FAST. The best in Europe, my good
villain, thou'lt say when thou seest him.

CAR. But when shall I see him?

FAST. There was a nobleman in the court

offered me a hundred pound for

him, by this light: a fine little fiery
slave, he runs like a — oh,

excellent, excellent! — with the very
sound of the spur.

CAR. How! the sound of the spur?

FAST. O, it's your only humour now
extant, sir; a good gingle, a good gingle.

CAR. S'blood! you shall see him turn
morrice-dancer, he has got him
bells, a good suit, and a hobby-horse.

SIG. Signior, now you talk of a hobby-
horse, I know where one is will not
be given for a brace of angels.

FAST. How is that, sir?

SOG. Marry, sir, I am telling this
gentleman of a hobby-horse; it was my
father's indeed, and though I say it —

CAR. That should not say it — on, on.

SOG. He did dance in it, with as good
humour and as good regard as any man
of his degree whatsoever, being no
gentleman: I have danc'd in it myself
too.

CAR. Not since the humour of gentility
was upon you, did you?

SOG. Yes, once; marry, that was but to shew what a gentleman might do in a humour.

CAR. O, very good.

MIT. Why, this fellow's discourse were nothing but for the word humour.

COR. O bear with him; an he should lack matter and words too, 'twere pitiful.

SOG. Nay, look you, sir, there's ne'er a gentleman in the country has the like humours, for the hobby-horse, as I have; I have the method for the threading of the needle and all, the —

CAR. How, the method?

SOG. Ay, the leigerity for that, and the whighhie, and the daggers in the nose, and the travels of the egg from finger to finger, and all the humours incident to the quality. The horse hangs at home in my parlour. I'll keep it for a monument as long as I live, sure.

CAR. Do so; and when you die, 'twill be an excellent trophy to hang over your tomb.

SOG. Mass, and I'll have a tomb, now I think on't; 'tis but so much charges.

CAR. Best build it in your lifetime then,
your heirs may hap to forget it
else.

SOG. Nay, I mean so, I'll not trust to
them.

CAR. No, for heirs and executors are
grown damnable careless, 'specially
since the ghosts of testators left
walking. — How like you him, signior?

FAST. 'Fore heavens, his humour arrides
me exceedingly.

CAR. Arrides you!

FAST. Ay, pleases me: a pox on't! I am
so haunted at the court, and at
my lodging, with your refined choice
spirits, that it makes me clean of
another garb, another sheaf, I know not
how! I cannot frame me to your
harsh vulgar phrase, 'tis against my
genius.

Sog. Signior Carlo!
[TAKES HIM ASIDE.]

COR. This is right to that of Horace,
"Dum vitant stulti vitia, in
contraria currunt"; so this gallant
labouring to avoid popularity, falls
into a habit of affectation, ten thousand

times hatefuller than the former.

CAR. [POINTING TO FASTIDIOUS.] Who, he?
a gull, a fool, no salt in him

i' the earth, man; he looks like a fresh
salmon kept in a tub; he'll be

spent shortly. His brain's lighter than
his feather already, and his

tongue more subject to lye, than that is
to wag; he sleeps with a musk-cat

every night, and walks all day hang'd in
pomander chains for penance; he

has his skin tann'd in civet, to make his
complexion strong, and the

sweetness of his youth lasting in the
sense of his sweet lady; a good empty

puff, he loves you well, signior.

SOG. There shall be no love lost, sir,
I'll assure you.

FAST. [ADVANCING TO THEM.] Nay, Carlo, I
am not happy in thy love, I see:

pray thee suffer me to enjoy thy company a
little, sweet mischief: by this

air, I shall envy this gentleman's place
in thy affections, if you be thus
private, i'faith.

ENTER CINEDO.

How now! Is the knight arrived?

CIN. No, sir, but 'tis guess'd he will
arrive presently, by his fore-runners.

FAST. His hounds! by Minerva, an

excellent figure; a good boy.

CAR. You should give him a French crown
for it; the boy would find two
better figures in that, and a good figure
of your bounty beside.

FAST. Tut, the boy wants no crowns.

CAR. No crown; speak in the singular
number, and we'll believe you.

FAST. Nay, thou are so capriciously
conceited now. Sirrah damnation, I
have heard this knight Puntarvolo reported
to be a gentleman of exceeding
good humour, thou know'st him; prithee,
how is his disposition? I never
was so favoured of my stars, as to see him
yet. Boy, do you look to the
hobby?

CIN. Ay, sir, the groom has set him up.

[AS CINEDO IS GOING OUT, SOGLIARDO TAKES
HIM ASIDE.

FAST. 'Tis well: I rid out of my way of
intent to visit him, and take
knowledge of his — Nay, good Wickedness,
his humour, his humour.

CAR. Why, he loves dogs, and hawks, and
his wife well; he has a good
riding face, and he can sit a great horse;
he will taint a staff well at

tile; when he is mounted he looks like the
sign of the George, that's all I
know; save, that instead of a dragon, he
will brandish against a tree, and
break his sword as confidently upon the
knotty bark, as the other did upon
the scales of the beast.

FAST. O, but this is nothing to that's
delivered of him. They say he has
dialogues and discourses between his
horse, himself, and his dog; and that
he will court his own lady, as she were a
stranger never encounter'd before.

CAR. Ay, that he will, and make fresh
love to her every morning; this
gentleman has been a spectator of it,
Signior Insulso.

SOG. I am resolute to keep a page. — Say
you, sir?
[LEAPS FROM WHISPERING WITH CINEDO.]

CAR. You have seen Signior Puntarvolo
accost his lady?

SOG. O, ay, sir.

FAST. And how is the manner of it,
prithee, good signior?

SOG. Faith, sir, in very good sort; he
has his humours for it, sir;
at first, (suppose he were now to come

from riding or hunting, or so,) he
has his trumpet to sound, and then the
waiting-gentlewoman she looks out,
and then he speaks, and then she speaks, –
very pretty, i'faith, gentlemen.

FAST. Why, but do you remember no
particulars, signior?

SOG. O, yes, sir, first, the gentlewoman,
she looks out at the window.

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

SOG. No, sir, not before; and then says
he, – ha, ha, ha, ha!

CAR. What says he? be not rapt so.

SOG. Says he, – ha, ha, ha, ha!

FAST. Nay, speak, speak.

SOG. Ha, ha, ha! – says he, God save you,
says he; – ha, ha!

CAR. Was this the ridiculous motive to
all this passion?

SOG. Nay, that that comes after is, – ha,
ha, ha, ha!

CAR. Doubtless he apprehends more than he
utters, this fellow; or else –

[A CRY OF HOUNDS WITHIN.

SOG. List, list, they are come from
hunting; stand by, close under this
terras, and you shall see it done better
than I can show it.

CAR. So it had need, 'twill scarce poise
the observation else.

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

FAST. O, withdraw, withdraw, it cannot be
but a most pleasing object.
[THEY STAND ASIDE.

ENTER PUNTARVOLO, FOLLOWED BY HIS HUNTSMAN
LEADING A GREYHOUND.

PUNT. Forester, give wind to thy horn. —
Enough; by this the sound hath
touch'd the ears of the inclos'd: depart,
leave the dog, and take with
thee what thou has deserved, the horn and
thanks.
[EXIT HUNTSMAN.

CAR. Ay, marry, there is some taste in
this.

FAST. Is't not good?

SOG. Ah, peace; now above, now above!

[A WAITING-GENTLEWOMAN APPEARS AT THE
WINDOW.

PUNT. Stay; mine eye hath, on the instant, through the bounty of the window, received the form of a nymph. I will step forward three paces; of the which, I will barely retire one; and, after some little flexure of the knee, with an erected grace salute her; one, two, and three! Sweet lady, God save you!

GENT. [ABOVE.] No, forsooth; I am but the waiting-gentlewoman.

CAR. He knew that before.

PUNT. Pardon me: 'humanum est errare'.

CAR. He learn'd that of his chaplain.

PUNT. To the perfection of compliment (which is the dial of the thought, and guided by the sun of your beauties,) are required these three specials; the gnomon, the puntilios, and the superficies: the superficies is that we call place; the puntilios, circumstance; and the gnomon, ceremony; in either of which, for a stranger to err, 'tis easy and facile; and such am I.

CAR. True, not knowing her horizon, he must needs err; which I fear he knows too well.

PUNT. What call you the lord of the castle, sweet face?

GENT. [ABOVE.] The lord of the castle is a knight, sir; signior Puntarvolo.

PUNT. Puntarvolo! O —

CAR. Now must he ruminate.

FAST. Does the wench know him all this while, then?

CAR. O, do you know me, man? why, therein lies the syrup of the jest;
it's a project, a designment of his own, a thing studied, and rehearst as
ordinarily at his coming from hawking or hunting, as a jig after a play.

SOG. Ay, e'en like your jig, sir.

PUNT. 'Tis a most sumptuous and stately edifice! Of what years is the knight, fair damsel?

GENT. Faith, much about your years, sir.

PUNT. What complexion, or what stature bears he?

GENT. Of your stature, and very near upon your complexion.

PUNT. Mine is melancholy, —

CAR. *So is the dog's, just.*

PUNT. *And doth argue constancy, chiefly
in love. What are his endowments?
is he courteous?*

GENT. *O, the most courteous knight in
Christian land, sir.*

PUNT. *Is he magnanimous?*

GENT. *As the skin between your brows,
sir.*

PUNT. *Is he bountiful?*

CAR. *'Slud, he takes an inventory of his
own good parts.*

GENT. *Bountiful! ay, sir, I would you
should know it; the poor are served
at his gate, early and late, sir.*

PUNT. *Is he learned?*

GENT. *O, ay, sir, he can speak the French
and Italian.*

PUNT. *Then he has travelled?*

GENT. *Ay, forsooth, he hath been beyond
seas once or twice.*

CAR. *As far as Paris, to fetch over a*

fashion, and come back again.

PUNT. Is he religious?

GENT. Religious! I know not what you call religious, but he goes to church, I am sure.

FAST. 'Slid, methinks these answers should offend him.

CAR. Tut, no; he knows they are excellent, and to her capacity that speaks them.

PUNT. Would I might but see his face!

CAR. She should let down a glass from the window at that word, and request him to look in't.

PUNT. Doubtless the gentleman is most exact, and absolutely qualified; doth the castle contain him?

GENT. No, sir, he is from home, but his lady is within.

PUNT. His lady! what, is she fair, splendidious, and amiable?

GENT. O, Lord, sir.

PUNT. Prithee, dear nymph, intreat her beauties to shine on this side of

the building.

[EXIT WAITING-GENTLEWOMAN FROM THE WINDOW.]

CAR. That he may erect a new dial of
compliment, with his gnomons and his
puntilios.

FAST. Nay, thou art such another cynic
now, a man had need walk uprightly
before thee.

CAR. Heart, can any man walk more upright
than he does? Look, look; as if
he went in a frame, or had a suit of
wainscot on: and the dog watching
him, lest he should leap out on't.

FAST. O, villain!

CAR. Well, an e'er I meet him in the
city, I'll have him jointed, I'll
pawn him in Eastcheap, among the butchers,
else.

FAST. Peace; who be these, Carlo?

ENTER SORDIDO AND FUNGOSO.

SORD. Yonder's your godfather; do your
duty to him, son.

SOG. This, sir? a poor elder brother of
mine, sir, a yeoman, may dispend
some seven or eight hundred a year; that's
his son, my nephew, there.

PUNT. You are not ill come, neighbour
Sordido, though I have not yet said,
well-come; what, my godson is grown a
great proficient by this.

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

FAST. What does he study? the law?

SOG. Ay, sir, he is a gentleman, though
his father be but a yeoman.

CAR. What call you your nephew, signior?

SOG. Marry, his name is Fungoso.

CAR. Fungoso! O, he look'd somewhat like
a sponge in that pink'd yellow
doublet, methought; well, make much of
him; I see he was never born to ride
upon a mule.

GENT. [REAPPEARS AT THE WINDOW.] My lady
will come presently, sir.

SOG. O, now, now!

PUNT. Stand by, retire yourselves a
space; nay, pray you, forget not the
use of your hat; the air is piercing.
[SORDIDO AND FUNGOSO WITHDRAW.]

FAST. What! will not their presence

prevail against the current of his
humour?

CAR. O, no; it's a mere flood, a torrent
carries all afore it.

[LADY PUNTARVOLO APPEARS AT THE WINDOW.]

PUNT. What more than heavenly pulchritude
is this.

What magazine, or treasury of bliss?
Dazzle, you organs to my optic sense,
To view a creature of such eminence:
O, I am planet-struck, and in yon sphere
A brighter star than Venus doth appear!

FAST. How! in verse!

CAR. An extacy, an extacy, man.

LADY P. [ABOVE] is your desire to speak
with me, sir knight?

CAR. He will tell you that anon; neither
his brain nor his body are yet
moulded for an answer.

PUNT. Most debonair, and luculent lady, I
decline me as low as the basis
of your altitude.

COR. He makes congies to his wife in
geometrical proportions.

MIT. Is it possible there should be any
such humorist?

COR. Very easily possible, sir, you see there is.

PUNT. I have scarce collected my spirits,
but lately scattered in the
administration of your form; to which, if
the bounties of your mind be any

way responsible, I doubt not but my
desires shall find a smooth and secure

passage. I am a poor knight-errant, lady,
that hunting in the adjacent

forest, was, by adventure, in the pursuit
of a hart, brought to this place;

which hart, dear madam, escaped by
enchantment: the evening approaching

myself and servant wearied, my suit is, to
enter your fair castle and
refresh me.

LADY. Sir knight, albeit it be not usual
with me, chiefly in the absence

of a husband, to admit any entrance to
strangers, yet in the true regard of

those innated virtues, and fair parts,
which so strive to express

themselves, in you; I am resolved to
entertain you to the best of my

unworthy power; which I acknowledge to be
nothing, valued with what so

worthy a person may deserve. Please you
but stay while I descend.

[EXIT FROM THE WINDOW.]

PUNT. Most admired lady, you astonish me.

[WALKS ASIDE WITH SORDIDO AND HIS SON.

CAR. What! with speaking a speech of
your own penning?

FAST. Nay, look: prithee, peace.

CAR. Pox on't! I am impatient of such
foppery.

FAST. O let us hear the rest.

CAR. What! a tedious chapter of
courtship, after sir Lancelot and queen

Guenever? Away! I marle in what dull
cold nook he found this lady out;

that, being a woman, she was blest with no
more copy of wit but to serve

his humour thus. 'Slud, I think he feeds
her with porridge, I: she could
never have such a thick brain else.

SOG. Why, is porridge so hurtful,
signior?

CAR. O, nothing under heaven more
prejudicial to those ascending subtle
powers, or doth sooner abate that which we
call 'acumen ingenii', than your

gross fare: Why, I'll make you an
instance; your city-wives, but observe

'em, you have not more perfect true fools
in the world bred than they are

generally; and yet you see, by the
fineness and delicacy of their diet,

diving into the fat capons, drinking your
rich wines, feeding on larks,
sparrows, potato-pies, and such good
unctuous meats, how their wits are
refined and rarified; and sometimes a very
quintessence of conceit flows
from them, able to drown a weak
apprehension.

ENTER LADY PUNTARVOLO AND HER WAITING-
WOMAN.

FAST. Peace, here comes the lady..

LADY. Gad's me, here's company! turn in
again.

[EXIT WITH HER WOMAN.

FAST. 'Slight, our presence has cut off
the convoy of the jest.

CAR. All the better, I am glad on't; for
the issue was very perspicuous.

Come let's discover, and salute the
knight.

[THEY COME FORWARD.

PUNT. Stay; who be these that address
themselves towards us? What Carlo!

Now by the sincerity of my soul, welcome;
welcome, gentlemen: and how dost

thou, thou 'Grand Scourge', or 'Second
Untruss of the time'?

CAR. Faith, spending my metal in this
reeling world (here and there), as

the sway of my affection carries me, and
perhaps stumble upon a
yeoman-feuterer, as I do now; or one of
fortune's mules, laden with
treasure, and an empty cloak-bag,
following him, gaping when a gab will
untie.

PUNT. Peace, you bandog, peace! What
brisk Nymphadoro is that in the
white virgin-boot there?

CAR. Marry, sir, one that I must interest
you to take a very particular
knowledge of, and with more than ordinary
respect; monsieur Fastidious.

PUNT. Sir, I could wish, that for the
time of your vouchsafed abiding
here, and more real entertainment, this is
my house stood on the Muses
hill, and these my orchards were those of
the Hesperides.

FAST. I possess as much in your wish,
sir, as if I were made lord of the
Indies; and I pray you believe it.

CAR. I have a better opinion of his
faith, than to think it will be so
corrupted.

SOG. Come, brother, I'll bring you
acquainted with gentlemen, and good
fellows, such as shall do you more grace

than —

SORD. Brother, I hunger not for such acquaintance: Do you take heed, lest —

[CARLO COMES TOWARD THEM.]

SOG. Husht! My brother, sir, for want of education, sir, somewhat nodding

to the boor, the clown; but I request you in private, sir.

FUNG. [LOOKING AT FASTIDIOUS BRISK.] By heaven, it is a very fine suit of clothes.

[ASIDE.]

COR. Do you observe that signior? There's another humour has new-crack'd the shell.

MIT. What! he is enamour'd of the fashion, is he?

COR. O, you forestall the jest.

FUNG. I marle what it might stand him in.
[ASIDE.]

SOG. Nephew!

FUNG. 'Fore me, it's an excellent suit, and as neatly becomes him.

[ASIDE.] — What said you, uncle?

SOG. When saw you my niece?

FUNG. Marry, yesternight I supp'd there.
— That kind of boot does very
rare too.
[ASIDE.]

SOG. And what news hear you?

FUNG. The gilt spur and all! Would I
were hang'd, but 'tis exceeding
good. [ASIDE.] — Say you, uncle?

SOG. Your mind is carried away with
somewhat else: I ask what news you hear?

FUNG. Troth, we hear none. — In good
faith [LOOKING AT FASTIDIOUS BRISK]

I was never so pleased with a fashion,
days of my life. O an I might have

but my wish, I'd ask no more of heaven
now, but such a suit, such a hat,

such a band, such a doublet, such a hose,
such a boot, and such a —

[ASIDE.]

SOG. They say, there's a new motion of
the city of Nineveh, with Jonas and
the whale, to be seen at Fleet-bridge.
You can tell, cousin?

FUNG. Here's such a world of questions
with him now! — Yes, I think there

be such a thing, I saw the picture. —
Would he would once be satisfied!

Let me see, the doublet, say fifty

shillings the doublet, and between three
or four pound the hose; then boots, hat,
and band: some ten or eleven
pound will do it all, and suit me for the
heavens!

[ASIDE.

SOG. I'll see all those devices an I come
to London once.

FUNG. Ods 'slid, an I could compass it,
'twere rare [ASIDE.] – Hark you,
uncle.

SOG. What says my nephew?

FUNG. Faith, uncle, I would have desired
you to have made a motion for me
to my father, in a thing that – Walk
aside, and I'll tell you, sir; no
more but this: there's a parcel of law
books (some twenty pounds worth)
that lie in a place for a little more than
half the money they cost; and I
think, for some twelve pound, or twenty
mark, I could go near to redeem
them; there's Plowden, Dyar, Brooke, and
Fitz-Herbert, divers such as I
must have ere long; and you know, I were
as good save five or six pound, as
not, uncle. I pray you, move it for me.

SOG. That I will: when would you have me
do it? presently?

FUNG. O, ay, I pray you, good uncle:
[SOGLIARDO TAKES SORDIDO ASIDE.] —

send me good luck, Lord, an't be thy will,
prosper it! O my stars, now,
now, if it take now, I am made for ever.

FAST. Shall I tell you, sir? by this
air, I am the most beholden to that
lord, of any gentleman living; he does use
me the most honourably, and with
the greatest respect, more indeed than can
be utter'd with any opinion of
truth.

PUNT. Then have you the count Gratiato?

FAST. As true noble a gentleman too as
any breathes; I am exceedingly
endear'd to his love: By this hand, I
protest to you, signior, I speak it
not gloriously, nor out of affectation,
but there's he and the count
Frugale, signior Illustre, signior
Luculento, and a sort of 'em, that when
I am at court, they do share me amongst
them; happy is he can enjoy me most
private. I do wish myself sometime an
ubiquitary for their love, in good
faith.

CAR. There's ne'er a one of them but
might lie a week on the rack, ere
they could bring forth his name; and yet
he pours them out as familiarly,
as if he had seen them stand by the fire

*in the presence, or ta'en tobacco
with them over the stage, in the lord's
room.*

*PUNT. Then you must of necessity know our
court-star there, that planet of
wit, madona Saviolina?*

FAST. O Lord, sir, my mistress.

PUNT. Is she your mistress?

*FAST. Faith, here be some slight favours
of hers, sir, that do speak it,
she is; as this scarf, sir, or this ribbon
in my ear, or so; this feather
grew in her sweet fan sometimes, though
now it be my poor fortune to wear
it, as you see, sir: slight, slight, a
foolish toy.*

*PUNT. Well, she is the lady of a most
exalted and ingenious spirit.*

*FAST. Did you ever hear any woman speak
like her? or enriched with a more
plentiful discourse?*

*CAR. O villainous! nothing but sound,
sound, a mere echo; she speaks as
she goes tired, in cobweb-lawn, light,
thin; good enough to catch flies
withal.*

PUNT. O manage your affections.

FAST. Well, if thou be'st not plagued for this blasphemy one day —

PUNT. Come, regard not a jester: It is in the power of my purse to make him speak well or ill of me.

FAST. Sir, I affirm it to you upon my credit and judgment, she has the most harmonious and musical strain of wit that ever tempted a true ear; and yet to see! — a rude tongue would profane heaven, if it could.

PUNT. I am not ignorant of it, sir.

FAST. Oh, it flows from her like nectar, and she doth give it that sweet quick grace, and exornation in the composure that by this good air, as I am an honest man, would I might never stir, sir, but — she does observe as pure a phrase, and use as choice figures in her ordinary conferences, as any be in the 'Arcadia'.

CAR. Or rather in Green's works, whence she may steal with more security.

SORD. Well, if ten pound will fetch 'em, you shall have it; but I'll part with no more.

FUNG. I'll try what that will do, if you

please.

SORD. Do so; and when you have them,
study hard.

FUNG. Yes, sir. An I could study to get
forty shillings more now! Well,
I will put myself into the fashion, as far
as this will go, presently.

SORD. I wonder it rains not: the
almanack says, we should have a store of
rain to-day.
[ASIDE.

PUNT. Why, sir, to-morrow I will
associate you to court myself, and from
thence to the city about a business, a
project I have; I will expose it to
you sir; Carlo, I am sure has heard of it.

CAR. What's that, sir?

PUNT. I do intend, this year of jubilee
coming on, to travel: and because
I will not altogether go upon expense, I
am determined to put forth some
five thousand pound, to be paid me five
for one, upon the return of myself,
my wife, and my dog from the Turk's court
in Constantinople. If all or
either of us miscarry in the journey, 'tis
gone: if we be successful, why,
there will be five and twenty thousand
pound to entertain time withal.

Nay, go not, neighbour Sordido; stay to-night, and help to make our society the fuller. Gentlemen, frolic: Carlo! what! dull now?

CAR. I was thinking on your project, sir, an you call it so. Is this the dog goes with you?

PUNT. This is the dog, sir.

CAR. He does not go barefoot, does he?

PUNT. Away, you traitor, away!

CAR. Nay, afore God, I speak simply; he may prick his foot with a thorn, and be as much as the whole venture is worth. Besides, for a dog that

never travell'd before, it's a huge journey to Constantinople. I'll tell

you now, an he were mine, I'd have some present conference with a

physician, what antidotes were good to give him, preservatives against

poison; for assure you, if once your money be out, there'll be divers

attempts made against the life of the poor animal.

PUNT. Thou art still dangerous.

FAST. Is signior Deliro's wife your kinswoman?

SOG. Ay, sir, she is my niece, my brother's daughter here, and my nephew's sister.

SORD. Do you know her, sir?

FAST. O Lord, sir! signior Deliro, her husband, is my merchant.

FUNG. Ay, I have seen this gentleman there often.

FAST. I cry you mercy, sir; let me crave your name, pray you.

FUNG. Fungoso, sir.

FAST. Good signior Fungoso, I shall request to know you better, sir.

FUNG. I am her brother, sir.

FAST. In fair time, sir.

PUNT. Come, gentlemen, I will be your conduct.

FAST. Nay, pray you sir; we shall meet at signior Deliro's often.

SOG. You shall have me at the herald's office, sir, for some week or so at my first coming up. Come, Carlo.
[EXEUNT.]

MIT. Methinks, Cordatus, he dwelt
somewhat too long on this scene; it hung
in the hand.

COR. I see not where he could have
insisted less, and to have made the
humours perspicuous enough.

MIT. True, as his subject lies; but he
might have altered the shape of his
argument, and explicated them better in
single scenes.

COR. That had been single indeed. Why,
be they not the same persons in
this, as they would have been in those?
and is it not an object of more
state, to behold the scene full, and
relieved with variety of speakers to
the end, than to see a vast empty stage,
and the actors come in one by one,
as if they were dropt down with a feather
into the eye of the spectators?

MIT. Nay, you are better traded with
these things than I, and therefore
I'll subscribe to your judgment; marry,
you shall give me leave to make
objections.

COR. O, what else? it is the special
intent of the author you should do
so; for thereby others, that are present,
may as well be satisfied, who
haply would object the same you would do.

MIT. So, sir; but when appears Macilente again?

COR. Marry, he stays but till our silence give him leave: here he comes,

and with him signior Deliro, a merchant at whose house he is come to

sojourn: make your own observation now, only transfer your thoughts to the

city, with the scene: where suppose they speak.

SCENE II. A ROOM IN DELIRO'S HOUSE.

ENTER DELIRO, MACILENTE, AND FIDO WITH FLOWERS AND PERFUMES.

DELI. I'll tell you by and by, sir, -
Welcome good Macilente, to my house,
To sojourn even for ever; if my best
in cates, and every sort of good entreaty,
May move you stay with me.

[HE CENSETH: THE BOY STREWS FLOWERS.

MACI. I thank you, sir. -

And yet the muffled Fates, had it pleased them,

Might have supplied me from their own full store.

Without this word, 'I thank you', to a fool.

I see no reason why that dog call'd Chance,

Should fawn upon this fellow more than me;
I am a man, and I have limbs, flesh,
blood,

Bones, sinews, and a soul, as well as he:
My parts are every way as good as his;
If I said better, why, I did not lie.

Nath'less, his wealth, but nodding on my
wants,

Must make me bow, and cry, 'I thank you,
sir'.

[ASIDE.

DELI. Dispatch! take heed your mistress
see you not.

FIDO. I warrant you, sir, I'll steal by
her softly.

[EXIT.

DELI. Nay, gentle friend, be merry; raise
your looks

Out of your bosom: I protest, by heaven,
You are the man most welcome in the world.

MACI. I thank you, sir. — I know my cue,
I think.

[ASIDE.

RE-ENTER FIDO, WITH MORE PERFUMES AND
FLOWERS.

FIDO. Where will you have them burn, sir?

DELI. Here, good Fido.
What, she did not see thee?

FIDO. No, sir.

DELI. That is well

Strew, strew, good Fido, the freshest
flowers; so!

MACI. What means this, signior Deliro?
all this censing?

DELI. Cast in more frankincense, yet
more; well said. —

O Macilente, I have such a wife!

So passing fair! so passing-fair-unkind!

But of such worth, and right to be unkind,

Since no man can be worthy of her kindness

—

MACI. What, can there not?

DELI. No, that is as sure as death,

No man alive. I do not say, is not,

But cannot possibly be worth her kindness,

Nay, it is certain, let me do her right.

How, said I? do her right! as though I
could,

As though this dull, gross tongue of mine
could utter

The rare, the true, the pure, the infinite
rights.

That sit, as high as I can look, within
her!

MACI. This is such dotage as was never
heard.

DELI. Well, this must needs be granted.

MACI. Granted, quoth you?

DELI. Nay, Macilente, do not so discredit
The goodness of your judgment to deny it.
For I do speak the very least of her:

And I would crave, and beg no more of
Heaven,

For all my fortunes here, but to be able
To utter first in fit terms, what she is,
And then the true joys I conceive in her.

MACI. Is't possible she should deserve so
well,
As you pretend?

DELI. Ay, and she knows so well

Her own deserts, that, when I strive
t'enjoy them,

She weighs the things I do, with what she
merits;

And, seeing my worth out-weigh'd so in her
graces,

She is so solemn, so precise, so froward,
That no observance I can do to her

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

I mend that fault; and then she says, I
faulted,

That I did mend it. Now, good friend,
advise me,

How I may temper this strange spleen in
her.

MACI. You are too amorous, too
obsequious,

And make her too assured she may command
you.

When women doubt most of their husbands'
loves,

They are most loving. Husbands must take
heed

They give no gluts of kindness to their
wives,

But use them like their horses; whom they
feed

But half a peck at once; and keep them so
Still with an appetite to that they give
them.

He that desires to have a loving wife,
Must bridle all the show of that desire:

Be kind, not amorous; nor bewraying
kindness,

As if love wrought it, but considerate
duty.

Offer no love rites, but let wives still
seek them,

For when they come unsought, they seldom
like them.

DELI. Believe me, Macilente, this is
gospel.

O, that a man were his own man so much,
To rule himself thus. I will strive,
i'faith,

To be more strange and careless; yet I
hope

I have now taken such a perfect course,
To make her kind to me, and live

contented,

That I shall find my kindness well
return'd,

And have no need to fight with my
affections.

She late hath found much fault with every
room

Within my house; one was too big, she
said,

Another was not furnish'd to her mind,

And so through all; all which, now, I have
alter'd.

Then here, she hath a place, on my back-
side,

Wherein she loves to walk; and that, she
said,

Had some ill smells about it: now, this
walk

Have I before she knows it, thus perfumed

With herbs, and flowers; and laid in
divers places,

As 'twere on altars consecrate to her,

Perfumed gloves, and delicate chains of
amber,

To keep the air in awe of her sweet
nostrils:

This have I done, and this I think will
please her.

Behold, she comes.

ENTER FALLACE.

FAL. Here's a sweet stink indeed!

What, shall I ever be thus crost and
plagued,

And sick of husband? O, my head doth

ache,

As it would cleave asunder, with these savours!

All my rooms alter'd, and but one poor walk

That I delighted in, and that is made

So fulsome with perfumes, that I am fear'd,

My brain doth sweat so, I have caught the plague!

DELI. Why, gentle wife, is now thy walk too sweet?

Thou said'st of late, it had sour airs about it,

And found'st much fault that I did not correct it.

FAL. Why, an I did find fault, sir?

DELI. Nay, dear wife,

I know thou hast said thou has loved perfumes,

No woman better.

FAL. Ay, long since, perhaps;

But now that sense is alter'd: you would have me,

Like to a puddle, or a standing pool,

To have no motion nor no spirit within me.

No. I am like a pure and sprightly river,

That moves for ever, and yet still the same;

Or fire, that burns much wood, yet still one flame.

DELI. But yesterday, I saw thee at our garden,

Smelling on roses, and on purple flowers;
And since, I hope, the humour of thy sense
Is nothing changed.

FAL. Why, those were growing flowers,
And these within my walk are cut and
strewed.

DELI. But yet they have one scent.

FAL. Ay! have they so?
In your gross judgment. If you make no
difference

Betwixt the scent of growing flowers and
cut ones,

You have a sense to taste lamp oil,
i'faith:

And with such judgment have you changed
the chambers,

Leaving no room, that I can joy to be in,
In all your house; and now my walk, and
all,

You smoke me from, as if I were a fox,
And long, belike, to drive me quite away:
Well, walk you there, and I'll walk where
I list.

DELI. What shall I do? O, I shall never
please her.

MACI. Out on thee, dotard! what star
ruled his birth,

That brought him such a Star? blind
Fortune still

Bestows her gifts on such as cannot use
them:

How long shall I live, ere I be so happy
To have a wife of this exceeding form?

[ASIDE.

DELI. Away with 'em! would I had broke a
joint

When I devised this, that should so
dislike her.

Away, bear all away.

[EXIT FIDO, WITH FLOWERS, ETC.

FAL. Ay, do; for fear

Aught that is there should like her. O,
this man,

How cunningly he can conceal himself,

As though he loved, nay, honour'd and
ador'd! —

DELI. Why, my sweet heart?

FAL. Sweet heart! O, better still!

And asking, why? wherefore? and looking
strangely,

As if he were as white as innocence!

Alas, you're simple, you: you cannot
change,

Look pale at pleasure, and then red with
wonder;

No, no, not you! 'tis pity o' your
naturals.

I did but cast an amorous eye, e'en now,

Upon a pair of gloves that somewhat liked
me,

And straight he noted it, and gave command
All should be ta'en away.

DELI. Be they my bane then!

What, sirrah, Fido, bring in those gloves
again

You took from hence.

FAL. 'Sbody, sir, but do not:

Bring in no gloves to spite me; if you do

—
DELI. Ay me, most wretched; how am I
misconstrued!

MACI. O, how she tempts my heart-strings
with her eye,

To knit them to her beauties, or to break!

What mov'd the heavens, that they could
not make

Me such a woman! but a man, a beast,

That hath no bliss like others? Would to
heaven,

In wreak of my misfortunes, I were turn'd

To some fair water-nymph, that set upon

The deepest whirl-pit of the rav'nous
seas,

My adamantine eyes might headlong hale

This iron world to me, and drown it all.

[ASIDE.

COR. Behold, behold, the translated
gallant.

MIT. O, he is welcome.

ENTER FUNGOSO, APPARELLED LIKE FASTIDIOUS BRISK.

FUNG. Save you, brother and sister; save you, sir! I have commendations for you out o' the country. I wonder they take no knowledge of my suit:

[ASIDE.] — Mine uncle Sogliardo is in town. Sister methinks you are melancholy; why are you so sad? I think you took me for Master Fastidious Brisk, sister, did you not?

FAL. Why should I take you for him?

FUNG. Nay, nothing. — I was lately in Master Fastidious's company, and methinks we are very like.

DELI. You have a fair suit, brother, 'give you joy on't.

FUNG. Faith, good enough to ride in, brother; I made it to ride in.

FAL. O, now I see the cause of his idle demand was his new suit.

DELI. Pray you, good brother, try if you can change her mood.

FUNG. I warrant you, let me alone: I'll put her out of her dumps.
Sister, how like you my suit!

FAL. O, you are a gallant in print now,
brother.

FUNG. Faith, how like you the fashion?
it is the last edition, I assure you.

FAL. I cannot but like it to the desert.

FUNG. Troth, sister, I was fain to borrow
these spurs, I have left my gown
in the gage for them, pray you lend me an
angel.

FAL. Now, beshrew my heart then.

FUNG. Good truth, I'll pay you again at
my next exhibition. I had but
bare ten pound of my father, and it would
not reach to put me wholly into
the fashion.

FAL. I care not.

FUNG. I had spurs of mine own before, but
they were not gingers.
Monsieur Fastidious will be here anon,
sister.

FAL. You jest!

FUNG. Never lend me penny more while you
live then; and that I'd be loth
to say, in truth.

FAL. When did you see him?

FUNG. Yesterday; I came acquainted with him at Sir Puntarvolo's: nay, sweet sister.

MACI. I fain would know of heaven now, why yond fool

Should wear a suit of satin? he? that rook,

That painted jay, with such a deal of outside:

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

Good heavens, give me patience, patience, patience.

A number of these popinjays there are,
Whom, if a man confer, and but examine
Their inward merit, with such men as want;
Lord, lord, what things they are!
[ASIDE.]

FAL. [GIVES HIM MONEY.] Come, when will you pay me again, now?

FUNG. O lord, sister!

MACI. Here comes another.

ENTER FASTIDIOUS BRISK, IN A NEW SUIT.

FAST. Save you, signior Deliro! How dost thou, sweet lady? let me kiss thee.

FUNG. How! a new suit? ah me!

DELI. And how does master Fastidious Brisk?

FAST. Faith, live in court, signior Deliro; in grace, I thank God, both of the noble masculine and feminine. I muse speak with you in private by and by.

DELI. When you please, sir.

FAL. Why look you so pale, brother?

FUNG. 'Slid, all this money is cast away now.

MACI. Ay, there's a newer edition come forth.

FUNG. 'Tis but my hard fortune! well, I'll have my suit changed. I'll go fetch my tailor presently but first, I'll devise a letter to my father.

Have you any pen and ink, sister?

FAL. What would you do withal?

FUNG. I would use it. 'Slight, an it had come but four days sooner, the fashion.

[EXIT.

FAST. There was a countess gave me her hand to kiss to-day, i' the presence: did me more good by that light

than — and yesternight sent her
coach twice to my lodging, to intreat me
accompany her, and my sweet
mistress, with some two or three nameless
ladies more: O, I have been
graced by them beyond all aim of
affection: this is her garter my dagger
hangs in: and they do so commend and
approve my apparel, with my judicious
wearing of it, it's above wonder.

FAL. Indeed, sir, 'tis a most excellent
suit, and you do wear it as
extraordinary.

FAST. Why, I'll tell you now, in good
faith, and by this chair, which, by
the grace of God, I intend presently to
sit in, I had three suits in one
year made three great ladies in love with
me: I had other three, undid
three gentlemen in imitation: and other
three gat three other gentlemen
widows of three thousand pound a year.

DELI. Is't possible?

FAST. O, believe it, sir; your good face
is the witch, and your apparel
the spells, that bring all the pleasures
of the world into their circle.

FAL. Ah, the sweet grace of a courtier!

MACI. Well, would my father had left me

but a good face for my portion
yet! though I had shared the unfortunate
with that goes with it, I had not
cared; I might have passed for somewhat in
the world then.

FAST. Why, assure you, signior, rich
apparel has strange virtues: it
makes him that hath it without means,
esteemed for an excellent wit: he
that enjoys it with means, puts the world
in remembrance of his means: it
helps the deformities of nature, and gives
lustre to her beauties; makes
continual holiday where it shines; sets
the wits of ladies at work, that
otherwise would be idle; furnisheth your
two-shilling ordinary; takes
possession of your stage at your new play;
and enricheth your oars, as
scorning to go with your scull.

MACI. Pray you, sir, add this; it gives
respect to your fools, makes many
thieves, as many strumpets, and no fewer
bankrupts.

FAL. Out, out! unworthy to speak where
he breatheth.

FAST. What's he, signior?

DELI. A friend of mine, sir.

FAST. By heaven I wonder at you citizens,

what kind of creatures you are!

DELI. Why, sir?

FAST. That you can consort yourselves
with such poor seam-rent fellows.

FAL. He says true.

DELI. Sir, I will assure you, however you
esteem of him, he's a man worthy
of regard.

FAST. Why, what has he in him of such
virtue to be regarded, ha?

DELI. Marry, he is a scholar, sir.

FAST. Nothing else!

DELI. And he is well travell'd.

FAST. He should get him clothes; I would
cherish those good parts of
travel in him, and prefer him to some
nobleman of good place.

DELI. Sir, such a benefit should bine me
to you for ever, in my friend's
right; and I doubt not, but his desert
shall more than answer my praise.

FAST. Why, an he had good clothes, I'd
carry him to court with me to-morrow.

DELI. He shall not want for those, sir,
if gold and the whole city will
furnish him.

FAST. You say well, sir: faith, signior
Deliro, I am come to have you
play the alchemist with me, and change the
species of my land into that
metal you talk of.

DELI. With all my heart, sir; what sum
will serve you?

FAST. Faith, some three or four hundred.

DELI. Troth, sir, I have promised to meet
a gentleman this morning in
Paul's, but upon my return I'll dispatch
you.

FAST. I'll accompany you thither.

DELI. As you please, sir; but I go not
thither directly.

FAST. 'Tis no matter, I have no other
designment in hand, and therefore as
good go along.

DELI. I were as good have a quartain
fever follow me now, for I shall
ne'er be rid of him. Bring me a cloak
there, one. Still, upon his grace
at court, I am sure to be visited; I was a
beast to give him any hope.

Well, would I were in, that I am out with
him once, and – Come, signior

Macilente, I must confer with you, as we
go. Nay, dear wife, I beseech

thee, forsake these moods: look not like
winter thus. Here, take my keys,

open my counting-houses, spread all my
wealth before thee, choose any

object that delights thee: if thou wilt
eat the spirit of gold, and drink

dissolved pearl in wine, 'tis for thee.

FAL. So, sir!

DELI. Nay, my sweet wife.

FAL. Good lord, how you are perfumed in
your terms and all! pray you
leave us.

DELI. Come, gentlemen.

FAST. Adieu, sweet lady.

[EXEUNT ALL BUT FALLACE.]

FAL. Ay, ay! let thy words ever sound in
mine ears, and thy graces

disperse contentment through all my
senses! O, how happy is that lady

above other ladies, that enjoys so
absolute a gentleman to her servant! "A

countess gives him her hand to kiss": ah,
foolish countess! he's a man

worthy, if a woman may speak of a man's
worth, to kiss the lips of an

empress.

RE-ENTER FUNGOSO, WITH HIS TAILOR.

FUNG. What's master Fastidious gone, sister?

FAL. Ay, brother. — He has a face like a cherubin!

[ASIDE.

FUNG. 'Ods me, what luck's this? I have fetch'd my tailor and all: which way went he, sister, can you tell?

FAL. Not I, in good faith — and he has a body like an angel!

[ASIDE.

FUNG. How long is't since he went?

FAL. Why, but e'en now; did you not meet him? — and a tongue able to ravish any woman in the earth.

[ASIDE.

FUNG. O, for God's sake — I'll please you for your pains, [TO HIS

TAILOR.] — But e'en now, say you? Come, good sir: 'slid, I had forgot it

too: if any body ask for mine uncle Sogliardo, they shall have him at the herald's office yonder, by Paul's

[EXIT WITH HIS TAILOR.

FAL. Well, I will not altogether despair:

I have heard of a citizen's
wife has been beloved of a courtier; and
why not I? heigh, ho! well, I
will into my private chamber, lock the
door to me, and think over all his
good parts one after another.
[EXIT.]

MIT. Well, I doubt, this last scene will
endure some grievous torture.

COR. How? you fear 'twill be rack'd by
some hard construction?

MIT. Do not you?

COR. No, in good faith: unless mine eyes
could light me beyond sense. I

see no reason why this should be more
liable to the rack than the rest:

you'll say, perhaps, the city will not
take it well that the merchant is

made here to doat so perfectly upon his
wife; and she again to be so

'Fastidiously' affected as she is.

MIT. You have utter'd my thought, sir,
indeed.

COR. Why, by that proportion, the court
might as well take offence at him

we call the courtier, and with much more
pretext, by how much the place

transcends, and goes before in dignity and
virtue: but can you imagine

that any noble or true spirit in court,
whose sinewy and altogether
unaffected graces, very worthily express
him a courtier, will make any
exception at the opening of such an empty
trunk as this Brisk is? or think
his own worth impeached, by beholding his
motley inside?

MIT. No, sir, I do not.

COR. No more, assure you, will any grave,
wise citizen, or modest matron,
take the object of this folly in Deliro
and his wife; but rather apply it
as the foil to their own virtues. For
that were to affirm, that a man
writing of Nero, should mean all emperors;
or speaking of Machiavel,
comprehend all statesmen; or in our
Sordido, all farmers; and so of the
rest: than which nothing can be uttered
more malicious or absurd. Indeed
there are a sort of these narrow-eyed
decyphers, I confess, that will
extort strange and abstruse meanings out
of any subject, be it never so
conspicuous and innocently delivered. But
to such, where'er they sit
concealed, let them know, the author
defies them and their writing-tables;
and hopes no sound or safe judgment will
infect itself with their
contagious comments, who, indeed, come
here only to pervert and poison the

sense of what they hear, and for nought else.

ENTER CAVALIER SHIFT, WITH TWO SI-QUISSSES (BILLS) IN HIS HAND.

MIT. Stay, what new mute is this, that walks so suspiciously?

COR. O, marry, this is one, for whose better illustration, we must desire you to presuppose the stage, the middle aisle in Paul's, and that, the west end of it.

MIT. So, sir, and what follows?

COR. Faith, a whole volume of humour, and worthy the unclasping.

MIT. As how? What name do you give him first?

COR. He hath shift of names, sir: some call him Apple-John, some signior

Whiffe; marry, his main standing name is cavalier Shirt: the rest are but as clean shirts to his natures.

MIT. And what makes he in Paul's now?

COR. Troth, as you see, for the advancement of a 'si quis', or two;

wherein he has so varied himself, that if any of 'em take, he may hull up and down in the humorous world a little

longer.

*MIT. It seems then he bears a very
changing sail?*

*COR. O, as the wind, sir: here comes
more.*

ACT III

SCENE I. — THE MIDDLE AISLE OF ST. PAUL'S.

SHIFT. [COMING FORWARD.] This is rare, I have set up my bills without discovery.

[ENTER ORANGE.

ORANGE. What, signior Whiffe! what fortune has brought you into these west parts?

SHIFT. Troth, signior, nothing but your rheum; I have been taking an ounce of tobacco hard by here, with a gentleman, and I am come to spit private in Paul's. 'Save you, sir.

ORANGE. Adieu, good signior Whiffe.
[PASSES ONWARD.

[ENTER CLOVE.

CLOVE. Master Apple-John! you are well met; when shall we sup together, and laugh, and be fat with those good wenches, ha?

SHIFT. Faith, sir, I must now leave you, upon a few humours and occasions; but when you please, sir.

[EXIT.

CLOVE. Farewell, sweet Apple-John! I wonder there are no more store of gallants here.

MIT. What be these two, signior?

COR. Marry, a couple, sir, that are mere strangers to the whole scope of our play; only come to walk a turn or two in this scene of Paul's, by chance.

ORANGE. Save you, good master Clove!

CLOVE. Sweet master Orange.

MIT. How! Clove and Orange?

COR. Ay, and they are well met, for 'tis as dry an Orange as ever grew:

nothing but salutation, and "O lord, sir!" and "It pleases you to say so,

sir!" one that can laugh at a jest for company with a most plausible and

extemporal grade; and some hour after in private ask you what it was. The

other monsieur, Clove, is a more spiced youth; he will sit you a whole

afternoon sometimes in a bookseller's shop, reading the Greek, Italian, and

Spanish, when he understands not a word of either; if he had the tongues to

his suits, he were an excellent linguist.

CLOVE. Do you hear this reported for certainty?

ORANGE. O lord, sir.

[ENTER PUNTARVOLO AND CARLO, FOLLOWED BY TWO SERVING-MEN, ONE LEADING A DOG, THE OTHER BEARING A BAG.]

PUNT. Sirrah, take my cloak; and you, sir knave, follow me closer. If thou lovest my dog, thou shalt die a dog's death; I will hang thee.

CAR. Tut, fear him not, he's a good lean slave; he loves a dog well, I warrant him; I see by his looks, I: — Mass, he's somewhat like him. 'Slud [TO THE SERVANT.] poison him, make him away with a crooked pin, or somewhat, man; thou may'st have more security of thy life; and — So sir; what! you have not put out your whole venture yet, have you?

PUNT. No, I do want yet some fifteen or sixteen hundred pounds; but my lady, my wife, is 'Out of her Humour', she does not now go.

CAR. No! how then?

PUNT. Marry, I am now enforced to give it out, upon the return of myself,

my dog, and my cat.

CAR. Your cat! where is she?

PUNT. My squire has her there, in the bag; sirrah, look to her. How lik'st thou my change, Carlo?

CAR. Oh, for the better, sir; your cat has nine lives, and your wife has but one.

PUNT. Besides, she will never be seasick, which will save me so much in conserves. When saw you signior Sogliardo?

CAR. I came from him but now; he is at the herald's office yonder; he requested me to go afore, and take up a man or two for him in Paul's, against his cognisance was ready.

PUNT. What, has he purchased arms, then?

CAR. Ay, and rare ones too; of as many colours as e'er you saw any fool's coat in your life. I'll go look among yond' bills, an I can fit him with legs to his arms.

PUNT. With legs to his arms! Good! I will go with you, sir.

[THEY GO TO READ THE BILLS.]

ENTER FASTIDIOUS, DELIRO, AND MACILENTE.

FAST. Come, let's walk in Mediterraneo:
I assure you, sir, I am not the
least respected among ladies; but let that
pass: do you know how to go
into the presence, sir?

MACI. Why, on my feet, sir.

FAST. No, on your head, sir; for 'tis
that must bear you out, I assure
you; as thus, sir. You must first have an
especial care so to wear your
hat, that it oppress not confusedly this
your predominant, or foretop;
because, when you come at the presence-
door, you may with once or twice
stroking up your forehead, thus, enter
with your predominant perfect; that
is, standing up stiff.

MACI. As if one were frightened?

FAST. Ay, sir.

MACI. Which, indeed, a true fear of your
mistress should do, rather than
gum-water, or whites of eggs; is't not so,
sir?

FAST. An ingenious observation. Give me
leave to crave your name, sir?

DELI. His name is Macilente, sir.

FAST. Good signior Macilente, if this gentleman, signior Deliro, furnish you, as he says he will, with clothes, I will bring you, to-morrow by this time, into the presence of the most divine and acute lady in court; you shall see sweet silent rhetorick, and dumb eloquence speaking in her eye, but when she speaks herself, such an anatomy of wit, so sinewised and arterised, that 'tis the goodliest model of pleasure that ever was to behold. Oh! she strikes the world into admiration of her; O, O, O! I cannot express them, believe me.

MACI. O, your only admiration is your silence, sir.

PUNT. 'Fore God, Carlo, this is good! let's read them again.

[READS THE BILL.

"If there be any lady or gentlewoman of good carriage that is desirous to entertain to her private uses, a young, straight, and upright gentleman, of the age of five or six and twenty at the most; who can serve in the nature of a gentleman-usher, and hath little legs of purpose, and a black satin suit of his own, to go before her in; which suit, for the more sweetening, now lies in lavender; and can hide his face with her fan, if need require; or sit in the cold at the stair foot for

her, as well as another gentleman:

let her subscribe her name and place, and diligent respect shall be given."

PUNT. This is above measure excellent, ha!

CAR. No, this, this! here's a fine slave.

[READS.

"If this city, or the suburbs of the same, do afford any young gentleman of

the first, second, or third head, more or less, whose friends are but

lately deceased, and whose lands are but new come into his hands, that, to

be as exactly qualified as the best of our ordinary gallants are, is

affected to entertain the most gentleman-like use of tobacco; as first, to

give it the most exquisite perfume; then, to know all the delicate sweet

forms for the assumption of it; as also the rare corollary and practice of

the Cuban ebolition, euripus and whiff, which he shall receive or take in

here at London, and evaporate at Uxbridge, or farther, if it please him.

If there be any such generous spirit, that is truly enamoured of these good

faculties; may it please him, but by a note of his hand to specify the

place or ordinary where he uses to eat and lie; and most sweet attendance,

with tobacco and pipes of the best sort,

shall be ministered. 'Stet,
quaeso, candide Lector.'

PUNT. Why, this is without parallel,
this.

CAR. Well, I'll mark this fellow for
Sogliardo's use presently.

PUNT. Or rather, Sogliardo, for his use.

CAR. Faith, either of them will serve,
they are both good properties:

I'll design the other a place too, that we
may see him.

PUNT. No better place than the Mitre,
that we may be spectators with you,

Carlo. Soft, behold who enters here:

ENTER SOGLIARDO.

Signior Sogliardo! save you.

SOG. Save you, good sir Puntarvolo; your
dog's in health, sir, I see: How
now, Carlo?

CAR. We have ta'en simple pains, to
choose you out followers here.

[SHOWS HIM THE BILLS.

PUNT. Come hither, signior.

CLOVE. Monsieur Orange, yon gallants
observe us; prithee let's talk
fustian a little, and gull them; make them

believe we are great scholars.

ORANGE. O lord, sir!

CLOVE. Nay, prithee let us, believe me, —
you have an excellent habit in
discourse.

ORANGE. It pleases you to say so, sir.

CLOVE. By this church, you have, la; nay,
come, begin — Aristotle, in his
 daemonologia, approves Scaliger for the
best navigator in his time; and in
 his hypercritics, he reports him to be
Heautontimorumenos: — you
 understand the Greek, sir?

ORANGE. O, good sir!

MACI. For society's sake he does. O,
here be a couple of fine tame parrots!

CLOVE. Now, sir, whereas the ingenuity of
the time and the soul's
 synderisis are but embrions in nature,
added to the panch of Esquiline, and
 the inter-vallum of the zodiac, besides
the ecliptic line being optic, and
 not mental, but by the contemplative and
theoric part thereof, doth
 demonstrate to us the vegetable
circumference, and the ventosity of the
 tropics, and whereas our intellectual, or
mincing capreal (according to the

metaphysicks) as you may read in Plato's
Histriomastix – You conceive me
sir?

ORANGE. O lord, sir!

CLOVE. Then coming to the pretty animal,
as reason long since is fled to
animals, you know, or indeed for the more
modelising, or enamelling, or
rather diamondising of your subject, you
shall perceive the hypothesis, or
galaxia, (whereof the meteors long since
had their initial inceptions and
notions,) to be merely Pythagorical,
mathematical, and aristocratical –

For, look you, sir, there is ever a kind
of concinnity and species – Let
us turn to our former discourse, for they
mark us not.

FAST. Mass, yonder's the knight
Puntarvolo.

DELI. And my cousin Sogliardo, methinks.

MACI. Ay, and his familiar that haunts
him, the devil with the shining face.

DELI. Let 'em alone, observe 'em not.

[SOGLIARDO, PUNTARVOLO, AND CARLO, WALK
TOGETHER.

SOG. Nay, I will have him, I am resolute
for that. By this parchment,

gentlemen, I have been so toiled among the
harrots yonder, you will not
believe! they do speak in the strangest
language, and give a man the
hardest terms for his money, that ever you
knew.

CAR. But have you arms, have you arms?

SOG. I'faith, I thank them; I can write
myself gentleman now; here's my
patent, it cost me thirty pound, by this
breath.

PUNT. A very fair coat, well charged, and
full of armory.

SOG. Nay, it has as much variety of
colours in it, as you have seen a coat
have; how like you the crest, sir?

PUNT. I understand it not well, what
is't?

SOG. Marry, sir, it is your boar without
a head, rampant. A boar without
a head, that's very rare!

CAR. Ay, and rampant too! troth, I
commend the herald's wit, he has
decyphered him well: a swine without a
head, without brain, wit, anything
indeed, ramping to gentility. You can
blazon the rest, signior, can you
not?

SOG. O, ay, I have it in writing here of
purpose; it cost me two shilling
the tricking.

CAR. Let's hear, let's hear.

PUNT. It is the most vile, foolish,
absurd, palpable, and ridiculous
escutcheon that ever this eye survised. —
Save you, good monsieur
Fastidious.

[THEY SALUTE AS THEY MEET IN THE WALK.]

COR. Silence, good knight; on, on.

SOG. [READS.] "Gyrony of eight pieces;
azure and gules; between three
plates, a chevron engrailed checquy, or,
vert, and ermins; on a chief
argent, between two ann'lets sable, a
boar's head, proper."

CAR. How's that! on a chief argent?

SOG. [READS.] "On a chief argent, a
boar's head proper, between two
ann'lets sable."

CAR. 'Slud, it's a hog's cheek and
puddings in a pewter field, this.

[HERE THEY SHIFT. FASTIDIOUS MIXES WITH
PUNTARVOLO; CARLO AND SOGLIARDO;

DELIRO AND MACILENTE; CLOVE AND ORANGE;
FOUR COUPLE.]

SOG. How like you them, signior?

PUNT. Let the word be, 'Not without mustard': your crest is very rare, sir.

CAR. A frying-pan to the crest, had had no fellow.

FAST. Intreat your poor friend to walk off a little, signior, I will salute the knight.

CAR. Come, lap it up, lap it up.

FAST. You are right well encounter'd, sir; how does your fair dog?

PUNT. In reasonable state, sir; what citizen is that you were consorted with? A merchant of any worth?

FAST. 'Tis signior Deliro, sir.

PUNT. Is it he? — Save you, sir!
[THEY SALUTE.]

DELI. Good sir Puntarvolo!

MACI. O what copy of fool would this place minister, to one endued with patience to observe it!

CAR. Nay, look you, sir, now you are a gentleman, you must carry a more

exalted presence, change your mood and
habit to a more austere form; be

exceeding proud, stand upon your
gentility, and scorn every man; speak

nothing humbly, never discourse under a
nobleman, though you never saw him

but riding to the star-chamber, it's all
one. Love no man: trust no man:

speak ill of no man to his face; nor well
of any man behind his back.

Salute fairly on the front, and wish them
hanged upon the turn. Spread

yourself upon his bosom publicly, whose
heart you would eat in private.

These be principles, think on them; I'll
come to you again presently.

[EXIT.

PUNT. [TO HIS SERVANT.] Sirrah, keep
close; yet not so close: thy breath
will thaw my ruff.

SOG. O, good cousin, I am a little busy,
how does my niece? I am to walk
with a knight, here.

ENTER FUNGOSO WITH HIS TAILOR.

FUNG. O, he is here; look you, sir,
that's the gentleman.

TAI. What, he in the blush-coloured
satin?

FUNG. Ay, he, sir; though his suit blush,
he blushes not, look you, that's

the suit, sir: I would have mine such a
suit without difference, such
stuff, such a wing, such a sleeve, such a
skirt, belly and all; therefore,
pray you observe it. Have you a pair of
tables?

FAST. Why, do you see, sir, they say I am
fantastical; why, true, I know
it, and I pursue my humour still, in
contempt of this censorious age.

'Slight, an a man should do nothing but
what a sort of stale judgments
about him this town will approve in him,
he were a sweet ass: I'd beg him,
i'faith. I ne'er knew any more find fault
with a fashion, than they that
knew not how to put themselves into it.
For mine own part, so I please
mine own appetite, I am careless what the
fusty world speaks of me. Puh!

FUNG. Do you mark, how it hangs at the
knee there?

TAI. I warrant you, sir.

FUNG. For God's sake do, not all; do you
see the collar, sir?

TAI. Fear nothing, it shall not differ in
a stitch, sir.

FUNG. Pray heaven it do not! you'll make
these linings serve, and help me

to a chapman for the outside, will you?

TAI. I'll do my best, sir: you'll put it off presently.

FUNG. Ay, go with me to my chamber you shall have it – but make haste of it, for the love of a customer; for I'll sit in my old suit, or else lie a bed, and read the 'Arcadia' till you have done.

[EXIT WITH HIS TAILOR.]

RE-ENTER CARLO.

CAR. O, if ever you were struck with a jest, gallants, now, now, now, I do usher the most strange piece of military profession that ever was discovered in 'Insula Paulina'.

FAST. Where? where?

PUNT. What is he for a creature?

CAR. A pimp, a pimp, that I have observed yonder, the rarest superficialities of a humour; he comes every morning to empty his lungs in Paul's here; and offers up some five or six hecatombs of faces and sighs, and away again.

Here he comes; nay, walk, walk, be not seen to note him, and we shall have excellent sport.

ENTER SHIFT; AND WALKS BY, USING ACTION TO

HIS RAPIER.

PUNT. 'Slid, he vented a sigh e'en now, I thought he would have blown up the church.

CAR. O, you shall have him give a number of those false fires ere he depart.

FAST. See, now he is expostulating with his rapier: look, look!

CAR. Did you ever in your days observe better passion over a hilt?

PUNT. Except it were in the person of a cutlet's boy, or that the fellow were nothing but vapour, I should think it impossible.

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

FAST. O violence! I wonder the blade can contain itself, being so provoked.

CAR. "With that the moody squire thumpt his breast,
And rear'd his eye to heaven for revenge."

SOG. Troth, an you be good gentlemen, let's make them friends, and take up the matter between his rapier and him.

CAR. Nay, if you intend that, you must
lay down the matter; for this
rapier, it seems, is in the nature of a
hanger-on, and the good gentleman
would happily be rid of him.

FAST. By my faith, and 'tis to be
suspected; I'll ask him.

MACI. O, here's rich stuff! for life's
sake, let us go:

A man would wish himself a senseless
pillar,

Rather than view these monstrous
prodigies:

"Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit —"

[EXIT WITH DELIRO.

FAST. Signior.

SHIFT. At your service.

FAST. Will you sell your rapier?

CAR. He is turn'd wild upon the question;
he looks as he had seen a serjeant.

SHIFT. Sell my rapier! now fate bless
me!

PUNT. Amen.

SHIFT. You ask'd me if I would sell my
rapier, sir?

FAST. I did indeed.

SHIFT. Now, lord have mercy upon me!

PUNT. Amen, I say still.

SHIFT. 'Slid, sir, what should you behold
in my face, sir, that should
move you, as they say, sir, to ask me,
sir, if I would sell my rapier?

FAST. Nay, let me pray you sir, be not
moved: I protest, I would rather
have been silent, than any way offensive,
had I known your nature.

SHIFT. Sell my rapier? 'ods lid! — Nay,
sir, for mine own part, as I am
a man that has serv'd in causes, or so, so
I am not apt to injure any
gentleman in the degree of falling foul,
but — sell my rapier! I will
tell you, sir, I have served with this
foolish rapier, where some of us
dare not appear in haste; I name no man;
but let that pass. Sell my
rapier! — death to my lungs! This rapier,
sir, has travell'd by my side,
sir, the best part of France, and the Low
Country: I have seen Flushing,
Brill, and the Hague, with this rapier,
sir, in my Lord of Leicester's
time; and by God's will, he that should
offer to disrapier me now, I would

— Look you, sir, you presume to be a gentleman of sort, and so likewise

your friends here; if you have any disposition to travel for the sight of

service, or so, one, two, or all of you, I can lend you letters to divers

officers and commanders in the Low Countries, that shall for my cause do

you all the good offices, that shall pertain or belong to gentleman of your

— [LOWERING HIS VOICE.] Please you to shew the bounty of your mind,

sir, to impart some ten groats, or half a crown to our use, till our

ability be of growth to return it, and we shall think oneself — 'Sblood!

sell my rapier!

SOG. I pray you, what said he, signior? he's a proper man.

FAST. Marry, he tells me, if I please to shew the bounty of my mind, to

impart some ten groats to his use, or so —

PUNT. Break his head, and give it him.

CAR. I thought he had been playing o' the Jew's trump, I.

SHIFT. My rapier! no, sir; my rapier is my guard, my defence, my revenue,

my honour; — if you cannot impart, be secret, I beseech you — and I will

maintain it, where there is a grain of

dust, or a drop of water. [SIGHS.]

Hard is the choice when the valiant must
eat their arms, or clem. Sell my

rapier! no, my dear, I will not be
divorced from thee, yet; I have ever

found thee true as steel, and — You cannot
impart, sir? — Save you,

gentlemen; — nevertheless, if you have a
fancy to it, sir —

FAST. Prithee away: Is signior Deliro
departed?

CAR. Have you seen a pimp outface his own
wants better?

SOG. I commend him that can dissemble
them so well.

PUNT. True, and having no better a cloak
for it than he has neither.

FAST. Od's precious, what mischievous
luck is this! adieu, gentlemen.

PUNT. Whither in such haste, monsieur
Fastidious?

FAST. After my merchant, signior Deliro,
sir.

[EXIT.]

CAR. O hinder him not, he may hap lose
his title; a good flounder, i'faith.

[ORANGE AND CLOVE CALL SHIFT ASIDE.]

CAR. How! signior Whiffe?

ORANGE. What was the difference between that gallant that's gone and you, sir?

SHIFT. No difference; he would have given me five pound for my rapier, and I refused it; that's all.

CLOVE. O, was it no otherwise? we thought you had been upon some terms.

SHIFT. No other than you saw, sir.

CLOVE. Adieu, good master Apple-John.
[EXIT WITH ORANGE.]

CAR. How! Whiffe, and Apple-John too? Heart, what will you say if this
be the appendix or label to both your indentures?

PUNT. It may be.

CAR. Resolve us of it, Janus, thou that look'st every way; or thou,
Hercules, that has travelled all countries.

PUNT. Nay, Carlo, spend not time in invocations now, 'tis late.

CAR. Signior, here's a gentleman desirous of your name, sir.

SHIFT. Sir, my name is cavalier Shift: I am known sufficiently in this walk, sir.

CAR. Shift! I heard your name varied even now, as I take it.

SHIFT. True, sir, it pleases the world, as I am her excellent tobacconist, to give me the style of signior Whiffe; as I am a poor esquire about the town here, they call me master Apple-John. Variety of good names does well, sir.

CAR. Ay, and good parts, to make those good names; out of which I imagine yon bills to be yours.

SHIFT. Sir, if I should deny the manuscripts, I were worthy to be banish'd the middle aisle for ever.

CAR. I take your word, sir: this gentleman has subscribed to them, and is most desirous to become your pupil. Marry, you must use expedition.

Signior Insulso Sogliardo, this is the professor.

SOG. In good time, sir: nay, good sir, house your head; do you profess these sleights in tobacco?

SHIFT. I do more than profess, sir, and,
if you please to be a
practitioner, I will undertake in one
fortnight to bring you, that you
shall take it plausibly in any ordinary,
theatre, or the Tilt-yard, if need
be, in the most popular assembly that is.

PUNT. But you cannot bring him to the
whiffe so soon?

SHIFT. Yes, as soon, sir; he shall
receive the first, second, and third
whiffe, if it please him, and, upon the
receipt, take his horse, drink his
three cups of canary, and expose one at
Hounslow, a second at Stains, and a
third at Bagshot.

CAR. Baw-waw!

SOG. You will not serve me, sir, will
you? I'll give you more than
countenance.

SHIFT. Pardon me, sir, I do scorn to
serve any man.

CAR. Who! he serve? 'sblood, he keeps
high men, and low men, he! he has
a fair living at Fullam.

SHIFT. But in the nature of a fellow,
I'll be your follower, if you please.

SOG. Sir, you shall stay, and dine with me, and if we can agree, we'll not part in haste: I am very bountiful to men of quality. Where shall we go, signior?

PUNT. Your Mitre is your best house.

SHIFT. I can make this dog take as many whiffes as I list, and he shall retain, or effume them, at my pleasure.

PUNT. By your patience, follow me, fellows.

SOG. Sir Puntarvolo!

PUNT. Pardon me, my dog shall not eat in his company for a million.
[EXIT WITH HIS SERVANTS.]

CAR. Nay, be not you amazed, signior Whiffe, whatever that stiff-necked gentleman says.

SOG. No, for you do not know the humour of the dog, as we do: Where shall we dine, Carlo? I would fain go to one of these ordinaries, now I am a gentleman.

CAR. So you may; were you never at any yet?

SOG. No, faith; but they say there

resorts your most choice gallants.

CAR. True, and the fashion is, when any stranger comes in amongst 'em,
they all stand up and stare at him, as he were some unknown beast, brought
out of Africk; but that will be helped with a good adventurous face. You
must be impudent enough, sit down, and use no respect: when anything's
propounded above your capacity smile at it, make two or three faces, and
'tis excellent; they'll think you have travell'd; though you argue, a whole
day, in silence thus, and discourse in nothing but laughter, 'twill pass.
Only, now and then, give fire, discharge a good full oath, and offer a
great wager; 'twill be admirable.

SOG. I warrant you, I am resolute; come, good signior, there's a poor
French crown for your ordinary.

SHIFT. It comes well, for I had not so much as the least portcullis of
coin before.

MIT. I travail with another objection, signior, which I fear will be
enforced against the author, ere I can be deliver'd of it.

COR. What's that sir?

MIT. That the argument of his comedy
might have been of some other nature,
as of a duke to be in love with a
countess, and that countess to be in love
with the duke's son, and the son to love
the lady's waiting maid; some such
cross wooing, with a clown to their
servingman, better than to be thus
near, and familiarly allied to the time.

COR. You say well, but I would fain hear
one of these autumn-judgments
define once, "Quid sit comoedia?" if he
cannot, let him content himself
with Cicero's definition, till he have
strength to propose to himself a
better, who would have a comedy to be
'imitatio vitae, speculum
consuetudinis, imago veritatis'; a thing
throughout pleasant and
ridiculous, and accommodated to the
correction of manners: if the maker
have fail'd in any particle of this, they
may worthily tax him; but if not,
why — be you, that are for them, silent,
as I will be for him; and give
way to the actors.

SCENE II. — THE COUNTRY.

ENTER SORDIDO, WITH A HALTER ABOUT HIS
NECK.

SORD. Nay, God's precious, if the weather

and season be so respectless,
that beggars shall live as well as their
betters; and that my hunger and
thirst for riches shall not make them
hunger and thirst with poverty; that
my sleep shall be broken, and their hearts
not broken; that my coffers
shall be full, and yet care; their's
empty, and yet merry; — 'tis time
that a cross should bear flesh and blood,
since flesh and blood cannot bear
this cross.

MIT. What, will he hang himself?

COR. Faith, ay; it seems his
prognostication has not kept touch with him,
and that makes him despair.

MIT. Beshrew me, he will be 'out of his
humour' then indeed.

SORD. Tut, these star-monger knaves, who
would trust them? One says dark
and rainy, when 'tis as clear as chrystal;
another says, tempestuous blasts
and storms, and 'twas as calm as a milk-
bowl; here be sweet rascals for a
man to credit his whole fortunes with!
You sky-staring coxcombs you, you
fat-brains, out upon you; you are good for
nothing but to sweat night-caps,
and make rug-gowns dear! you learned men,
and have not a legion of devils
'a votre service! a votre service!' by

heaven, I think I shall die a
better scholar than they: but soft –
ENTER A HIND, WITH A LETTER.
How now, sirrah?

HIND. Here's a letter come from your son,
sir.

SORD. From my son, sir! what would my
son, sir? some good news, no doubt.

[READS.

"Sweet and dear father, desiring you first
to send me your blessing, which

is more worth to me than gold or silver, I
desire you likewise to be

advertised, that this Shrove-tide,
contrary to custom, we use always to

have revels; which is indeed dancing, and
makes an excellent shew in truth;

especially if we gentlemen be well
attired, which our seniors note, and

think the better of our fathers, the
better we are maintained, and that

they shall know if they come up, and have
anything to do in the law;

therefore, good father, these are, for
your own sake as well as mine, to

re-desire you, that you let me not want
that which is fit for the setting

up of our name, in the honourable volume
of gentility, that I may say to

our calumniators, with Tully, 'Ego sum
ortus domus meae, tu occasus tuae.'

And thus, not doubting of your fatherly
benevolence, I humbly ask your

blessing, and pray God to bless you.

Yours, if his own," [FUNGOSO.]

How's this! "Yours, if his own!" Is he not my son, except he be his own

son? belike this is some new kind of subscription the gallants use. Well!

wherefore dost thou stay, knave? away; go.

[EXIT HIND.]

Here's a letter, indeed! revels? and benevolence? is this a weather to

send benevolence? or is this a season to revel in? 'Slid, the devil and

all takes part to vex me, I think! this letter would never have come now

else, now, now, when the sun shines, and the air thus clear. Soul! If

this hold, se shall shortly have an excellent crop of corn spring out of

the high ways: the streets and houses of the town will be hid with the

rankness of the fruits, that grow there in spite of good husbandry. Go to,

I'll prevent the sight of it, come as quickly as it can, I will prevent the

sight of it. I have this remedy, heaven.

[CLAMBERS UP, AND SUSPENDS THE HALTER TO A TREE.]

Stay; I'll try the pain thus a little. O, nothing, nothing. Well now!

shall my son gain a benevolence by my death? or anybody be the better for

my gold, or so forth? no; alive I kept it from them, and dead, my ghost

shall walk about it, and preserve it. My

son and daughter shall starve ere
they touch it; I have hid it as deep as
hell from the sight of heaven, and
to it I go now.
[FLINGS HIMSELF OFF.]

ENTER FIVE OR SIX RUSTICS, ONE AFTER
ANOTHER.

1 RUST. Ah me, what pitiful sight is
this! help, help, help!

2 RUST. How now! what's the matter?

1 RUST. O, here's a man has hang'd
himself, help to get him again.

2 RUST. Hang'd himself! 'Slid, carry him
afore a justice, 'tis
chance-medley, o' my word.

3 RUST. How now, what's here to do?

4 RUST. How comes this?

2 RUST. One has executed himself,
contrary to order of law, and by my
consent he shall answer it.
[THEY CUT HIM DOWN.]

5 RUST. Would he were in case to answer
it!

1 RUST. Stand by, he recovers, give him
breath.

SORD. Oh!

5 RUST. Mass, 'twas well you went the footway, neighbour.

1 RUST. Ay, an I had not cut the halter —

SORD. How! cut the halter! ah me, I am undone, I am undone!

2 RUST. Marry, if you had not been undone, you had been hang'd. I can tell you.

SORD. You thread-bare, horse-bread-eating rascals, if you would needs have been meddling, could you not have untied it, but you must cut it; and in the midst too! ah me!

1 RUST. Out on me, 'tis the caterpillar Sordido! how curst are the poor, that the viper was blest with this good fortune!

2 RUST. Nay, how accurst art thou, that art cause to the curse of the poor?

3 RUST. Ay, and to save so wretched a caitiff?

4 RUST. Curst be thy fingers that loos'd him!

2 RUST. Some desperate fury possess thee,
that thou may'st hang thyself too!

5 RUST. Never may'st thou be saved, that
saved so damn'd a monster!

SORD. What curses breathe these men! how
have my deeds

Made my looks differ from another man's,
That they should thus detest and loath my
life!

Out on my wretched humour! it is that
Makes me thus monstrous in true humane
eyes.

Pardon me, gentle friends, I'll make fair
'mends

For my foul errors past, and twenty-fold
Restore to all men, what with wrong I
robb'd them:

My barns and garnerers shall stand open
still

To all the poor that come, and my best
grain

Be made alms-bread, to feed half-famish'd
mouths.

Though hitherto amongst you I have lived,
Like an unsavoury muck-hill to myself,
Yet now my gather'd heaps being spread
abroad,

Shall turn to better and more fruitful
uses.

Bless then this man, curse him no more for
the saving

My life and soul together. O how deeply
The bitter curses of the poor do pierce!

*I am by wonder changed; come in with me
And witness my repentance: now I prove,
No life is blest, that is not graced with
love.*

[EXIT.]

*2 RUST. O miracle! see when a man has
grace!*

*3 RUST. Had it not been pity so good a
man should have been cast away?*

*2 RUST. Well, I'll get our clerk put his
conversion in the 'Acts and
Monuments'.*

*4 RUST. Do, for I warrant him he's a
martyr.*

*2 RUST. O God, how he wept, if you mark'd
it! did you see how the tears
trill'd?*

*5 RUST. Yes, believe me, like master
vicar's bowls upon the green, for all
the world.*

*3 RUST. O neighbour, God's blessing o'
your heart, neighbour, 'twas a good
grateful deed.*

[EXEUNT.]

*COR. How now, Mitis! what's that you
consider so seriously?*

MIT. Troth, that which doth essentially
please me, the warping condition
of this green and soggy multitude; but in
good faith, signior, your author
hath largely outstript my expectation in
this scene, I will liberally
confess it. For when I saw Sordido so
desperately intended, I thought I
had had a hand of him, then.

COR. What! you supposed he should have
hung himself indeed?

MIT. I did, and had framed my objection
to it ready, which may yet be
very fitly urged, and with some necessity;
for though his purposed violence
lost the effect, and extended not to
death, yet the intent and horror of
the object was more than the nature of a
comedy will in any sort admit.

COR. Ay! what think you of Plautus, in
his comedy called 'Cistellaria'?
there, where he brings in Alcesimarchus
with a drum sword ready to kill
himself, and as he is e'en fixing his
breast upon it, to be restrained from
his resolved outrage, by Silenium and the
bawd? Is not his authority of
power to give our scene approbation?

MIT. Sir, I have this only evasion left
me, to say, I think it be so
indeed; your memory is happier than mine:

but I wonder, what engine he
will use to bring the rest out of their
humours!

COR. That will appear anon, never pre-
occupy your imagination withal. Let
your mind keep company with the scene
still, which now removes itself from
the country to the court. Here comes
Macilente, and signior Brisk freshly
suited; lose not yourself, for now the
epitasis, or busy part of our
subject, is an act.

SCENE III. — AN APARTMENT AT THE COURT

ENTER MACILENTE, FASTIDIOUS, BOTH IN A NEW
SUIT, AND CINEDO, WITH TOBACCO.

FAST. Well, now signior Macilente, you
are not only welcome to the court,
but also to my mistress's withdrawing
chamber — Boy, get me some tobacco.

I'll but go in, and shew I am here, and
come to you presently, sir.

[EXIT.]

MACI. What's that he said? by heaven, I
mark'd him not:

My thoughts and I were of another world.
I was admiring mine own outside here,
To think what privilege and palm it bears
Here, in the court! be a man ne'er so
vile,

In wit, in judgment, manners, or what else;

If he can purchase but a silken cover,
He shall not only pass, but pass regarded:
Whereas, let him be poor, and meanly clad,
Though ne'er so richly parted, you shall have

A fellow that knows nothing but his beef,
Or how to rince his clammy guts in beer,
Will take him by the shoulders, or the throat,

And kick him down the stairs. Such is the state

Of virtue in bad clothes! — ha, ha, ha, ha!

That raiment should be in such high request!

How long should I be, ere I should put off
To the lord chancellor's tomb, or the shrives' poste?

By heav'n, I think, a thousand, thousand year.

His gravity, his wisdom, and his faith
To my dread sovereign, graces that survive him,

These I could well endure to reverence,
But not his tomb; no more than I'd commend
The chapel organ for the gilt without,
Or this base-viol, for the varnish'd face.

RE-ENTER FASTIDIOUS.

FAST. I fear I have made you stay somewhat long, sir; but is my tobacco ready, boy?

CIN. Ay, sir.

FAST. Give me; my mistress is upon coming, you shall see her presently, sir. [PUFFS.] You'll say you never accosted a more piercing wit. — This tobacco is not dried, boy, or else the pipe is defective. — Oh, your wits of Italy are nothing comparable to her: her brain's a very quiver of jests, and she does dart them abroad with that sweet, loose, and judicial aim, that you would — here she comes, sir. [SAVIOLINA LOOKS IN, AND DRAWS BACK AGAIN.]

MACI. 'Twas time, his invention had been bogged else.

SAV. [WITHIN.] Give me my fan there.

MACI. How now, monsieur Brisk?

FAST. A kind of affectionate reverence strikes me with a cold shivering, methinks.

MACI. I like such tempers well, as stand before their mistresses with fear and trembling; and before their Maker, like impudent mountains!

FAST. By this hand, I'd spend twenty pound my vaulting horse stood here now, she might see do but one trick.

MACI. Why, does she love activity?

CIN. Or, if you had but your long stockings on, to be dancing a galliard as she comes by.

FAST. Ay, either. O, these stirring humours make ladies mad with desire; she comes. My good genius embolden me: boy, the pipe quickly.

ENTER SAVIOLINA.

MACI. What! will he give her music?

FAST. A second good morrow to my fair mistress.

SAV. Fair servant, I'll thank you a day hence, when the date of your salutation comes forth.

FAST. How like you that answer? is't not admirable?

MACI. I were a simple courtier, if I could not admire trifles, sir.

FAST. [TALKS AND TAKES TOBACCO BETWEEN THE BREAKS.] Troth, sweet lady, I shall [PUFFS] — be prepared to give you thanks for those thanks, and — study more officious, and obsequious regards — to your fair beauties. — Mend the pipe, boy.

MACI. I never knew tobacco taken as a parenthesis before.

FAST. 'Fore God, sweet lady, believe it, I do honour the meanest rush in this chamber for your love.

SAV. Ay, you need not tell me that, sir; I do think you do prize a rush before my love.

MACI. Is this the wonder of nations!

FAST. O, by this air, pardon me, I said 'for' your love, by this light:
but it is the accustomed sharpness of your ingenuity, sweet mistress, to
[TAKES DOWN THE VIOL, AND PLAYS] — mass, your viol's new strung, methinks.

MACI. Ingenuity! I see his ignorance will not suffer him to slander her,
which he had done notably, if he had said wit for ingenuity, as he meant it.

FAST. By the soul of music, lady — HUM, HUM.

SAV. Would we might hear it once.

FAST. I do more adore and admire your — HUM, HUM — predominant
perfections, than — HUM, HUM — ever I shall have power and faculty to express — HUM.

SAV. Upon the viol de gambo, you mean?

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

SAV. Nay, rather by the fingers.

MACI. It makes good harmony with her wit.

FAST. Sweet lady, tune it. [SAVIOLINA TUNES THE VIOL.] – Boy, some tobacco.

MACI. Tobacco again! he does court his mistress with very exceeding good changes.

FAST. Signior Macilente, you take none, sir?

MACI. No, unless I had a mistress, signior, it were a great indecorum for me to take tobacco.

FAST. How like you her wit?
[TALKS AND TAKES TOBACCO BETWEEN AGAIN.]

MACI. Her ingenuity is excellent, sir.

FAST. You see the subject of her sweet fingers there – Oh, she tickles it so, that – She makes it laugh most divinely; – I'll tell you a good jest now, and yourself shall say it's a good one: I have wished myself to be

that instrument, I think, a thousand times, and not so few, by heaven! —

MACI. Not unlike, sir; but how? to be cased up and hung by on the wall?

FAST. O, no, sir, to be in use, I assure you; as your judicious eyes may testify. —

SAV. Here, servant, if you will play, come.

FAST. Instantly, sweet lady. — In good faith, here's most divine tobacco!

SAV. Nay, I cannot stay to dance after your pipe.

FAST. Good! Nay, dear lady, stay; by this sweet smoke, I think your wit be all fire. —

MACI. And he's the salamander belongs to it.

SAV. Is your tobacco perfumed, servant, that you swear by the sweet smoke?

FAST. Still more excellent! Before heaven, and these bright lights, I think — you are made of ingenuity, I —

MACI. True, as your discourse is. O abominable!

FAST. Will your ladyship take any?

SAV. O peace, I pray you; I love not the breath of a woodcock's head.

FAST. Meaning my head, lady?

SAV. Not altogether so, sir; but, as it were fatal to their follies that think to grace themselves with taking tobacco, when they want better entertainment, you see your pipe bears the true form of a woodcock's head.

FAST. O admirable simile!

AV. 'Tis best leaving of you in admiration, sir.

[EXIT.]

MACI. Are these the admired lady-wits, that having so good a plain song, can run no better division upon it? All her jests are of the stamp March was fifteen years ago. Is this the comet, monsieur Fastidious, that your gallants wonder at so?

FAST. Heart of a gentleman, to neglect me afore the presence thus! Sweet sir, I beseech you be silent in my disgrace. By the muses, I was never in so vile a humour in my life, and her wit was at the flood too! Report it

not for a million, good sir: let me be so far endeared to your love.

[EXEUNT.]

MIT. What follows next, signior Cordatus? this gallant's humour is almost spent; methinks it ebbs apace, with this contrary breath of his mistress.

COR. O, but it will flow again for all this, till there come a general drought of humour among our actors, and then I fear not but his will fall as low as any. See who presents himself here!

MIT. What, in the old case?

COR. Ay, faith, which makes it the more pitiful; you understand where the scene is?

ACT IV

SCENE I. — A ROOM IN DELIRO'S HOUSE.

ENTER FUNGOSO, FALLACE FOLLOWING HIM.

FAL. Why are you so melancholy, brother?

FUNG. I am not melancholy, I thank you, sister.

FAL. Why are you not merry then? there are but two of us in all the world, and if we should not be comforts one to another, God help us!

FUNG. Faith, I cannot tell, sister; but if a man had any true melancholy in him, it would make him melancholy to see his yeomanly father cut his neighbours' throats, to make his son a gentleman; and yet, when he has cut them, he will see his son's throat cut too, ere he make him a true gentleman indeed, before death cut his own throat. I must be the first head of our house, and yet he will not give me the head till I be made so. Is any man termed a gentleman, that is not always in the fashion? I would know but that.

FAL. If you be melancholy for that,
brother, I think I have as much cause
to be melancholy as any one: for I'll be
sworn, I live as little in the
fashion as any woman in London. By the
faith of a gentlewoman, beast that
I am to say it! I have not one friend in
the world besides my husband.

When saw you master Fastidious Brisk,
brother?

FUNG. But a while since, sister, I think:
I know not well in truth. By
this hand I could fight with all my heart,
methinks.

FAL. Nay, good brother, be not resolute.

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

FAL. Oh, sweet Fastidious Brisk! O fine
courtier! thou art he makest me
sigh, and say, how blessed is that woman
that hath a courtier to her
husband, and how miserable a dame she is,
that hath neither husband, nor
friend in the court! O sweet Fastidious!
O fine courtier! How comely he
bows him in his court'sy! how full he
hits a woman between the lips when
he kisses! how upright he sits at the
table! how daintily he carves! how
sweetly he talks, and tells news of this

lord and of that lady! how
cleanly he wipes his spoon at every
spoonful of any whitemeat he eats! and
what a neat case of pick-tooths he carries
about him still! O sweet
Fastidious! O fine courtier!

ENTER DELIRO AT A DISTANCE, WITH
MUSICIANS.

DELI. See, yonder she is, gentlemen.
Now, as ever you'll bear the name of
musicians, touch your instruments sweetly;
she has a delicate ear, I tell
you: play not a false note, I beseech
you.

MUSI. Fear not, signior Deliro.

DELI. O, begin, begin, some sprightly
thing: lord, how my imagination
labours with the success of it! [THEY
STRIKE UP A LIVELY TUNE.] Well
said, good i'faith! Heaven grant it
please her. I'll not be seen, for
then she'll be sure to dislike it.

FAL. Hey — da! this is excellent! I'll
lay my life this is my husband's
dotage. I thought so; nay, never play bo-
peep with me; I know you do
nothing but study how to anger me, sir.

DELI. [COMING FORWARD.] Anger thee,
sweet wife! why, didst thou not send
for musicians at supper last night

thyself?

FAL. To supper, sir! now, come up to
supper, I beseech you: as though
there were no difference between supper-
time, when folks should be merry,
and this time when they should be
melancholy. I would never take upon me
to take a wife, if I had no more judgment
to please her.

DELI. Be pleased, sweet wife, and they
shall have done; and would to fate
my life were done, if I can never please
thee!

[EXEUNT MUSICIANS.]

ENTER MACILENTE.

MACI. Save you lady; where is master
Deliro?

DELI. Here, master Macilente: you are
welcome from court, sir; no doubt
you have been graced exceedingly of master
Brisk's mistress, and the rest
of the ladies for his sake.

MACI. Alas, the poor fantastic! he's
scarce known

To any lady there; and those that know
him,

Know him the simplest man of all they
know:

Deride, and play upon his amorous humours,
Though he but apishly doth imitate

The gallant'st courtiers, kissing ladies'
pumps,

Holding the cloth for them, praising their
wits,

And servilely observing every one

May do them pleasure: fearful to be seen

With any man, though he be ne'er so
worthy,

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

Thus courtiers do, and these he
counterfeits,

But sets no such a sightly carriage

Upon their vanities, as they themselves;

And therefore they despise him: for
indeed

He's like the zany to a tumbler,

That tries tricks after him, to make men
laugh.

FAL. Here's an unthankful spiteful
wretch! the good gentleman vouchsafed

to make him his companion, because my
husband put him into a few rags, and

now see how the unrude rascal backbites
him!

[ASIDE.

DELI. Is he no more graced amongst them
then, say you?

MACI. Faith, like a pawn at chess: fills
up a room, that's all.

FAL. O monster of men! can the earth

bear such an envious caitiff?

[ASIDE.

DELI. Well, I repent me I ever credited him so much: but now I see what

he is, and that his masking vizor is off, I'll forbear him no longer. All

his lands are mortgaged to me, and forfeited; besides, I have bonds of his

in my hand, for the receipt of now fifty pounds now a hundred, now two

hundred; still, as he has had a fan but wagged at him, he would be in a new

suit. Well, I'll salute him by a serjeant, the next time I see him

i'faith, I'll suit him.

MACI. Why, you may soon see him sir, for he is to meet signior Puntarvolo

at a notary's by the Exchange, presently; where he meant to take up, upon

return.

FAL. Now, out upon thee, Judas! canst thou not be content to backbite thy

friend, but thou must betray him! Wilt thou seek the undoing of any man?

and of such a man too? and will you, sir, get your living by the counsel of traitors?

DELI. Dear wife, have patience.

FAL. The house will fall, the ground will open and swallow us: I'll not

bide here for all the gold and silver in heaven.

[EXIT WITH FUNGOSO.]

DELI. O, good Macilente, let's follow and appease her, or the peace of my life is at an end.

[EXIT.]

MACI. Now pease, and not peace, feed that life, whose head hangs so heavily over a woman's manger!

[EXIT.]

SCENE II. — ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

ENTER FALLACE AND FUNGOSO RUNNING; SHE CLAPS TO THE DOOR.

FAL. Help me, brother! Ods body, an you come here I'll do myself a mischief.

DELI. [WITHIN.] Nay, hear me, sweet wife; unless thou wilt have me go, I will not go.

FAL. Tut, you shall never have that vantage of me, to say, you are undone by me. I'll not bid you stay, I. Brother, sweet brother, here's four angels, I'll give you towards your suit: for the love of gentry, and as ever you came of Christian creature, make haste to the water side, (you know where master Fastidious uses to

land,) and give him warning of my
husband's malicious intent; and tell him
of that lean rascal's treachery.

O heavens, how my flesh rises at him!
Nay, sweet brother, make haste: you
may say, I would have writ to him, but
that the necessity of the time would
not permit. He cannot choose but take it
extraordinarily from me: and
commend me to him, good brother; say, I
sent you.

[EXIT.

FUNG. Let me see, these four angels, and
then forty shillings more I can
borrow on my gown in Fetter Lane. — Well,
I will go presently, say on my
suit, pay as much money as I have, and
swear myself into credit with my
tailor for the rest.
[EXIT.

SCENE III. — ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

ENTER DELIRO AND MACILENTE.

DELI. O, on my soul you wrong her,
Macilente. Though she be froward, yet
I know she is honest.

MACI. Well, then have I no judgment.
Would any woman, but one that were
wild in her affections, have broke out
into that immodest and violent

passion against her husband? or is't possible —

DELI. If you love me, forbear; all the arguments i' the world shall never wrest my heart to believe it.
[EXEUNT.]

COR. How like you the deciphering of his dotage?

MIT. O, strangely: an of the other's envy too, that labours so seriously to set debate betwixt a man and his wife. Stay, here comes the knight adventurer.

COR. Ay, and his scrivener with him.

SCENE IV. — PUNTARVOLO'S LODGINGS.

ENTER PUNTARVOLO, NOTARY, AND SERVANTS WITH THE DOG AND CAT.

PUNT. I wonder monsieur Fastidious comes not! But, notary, if thou please to draw the indentures the while, I will give thee thy instructions.

NOT. With all my heart, sir; and I'll fall in hand with them presently.

PUNT. Well then, first the sum is to be understood.

NOT. [WRITES.] Good, sir.

PUNT. Next, our several appellations, and
character of my dog and cat,
must be known. Shew him the cat, sirrah.

NOT. So, sir.

PUNT. Then, that the intended bound is
the Turk's court in Constantinople;
the time limited for our return, a year;
and that if either of us miscarry,
the whole venture is lost. These are
general, conceiv'st thou? or if
either of us turn Turk.

NOT. Ay, sir.

PUNT. Now, for particulars: that I may
make my travels by sea or land, to
my best liking; and that hiring a coach
for myself, it shall be lawful for
my dog or cat, or both, to ride with me in
the said coach.

NOT. Very good, sir.

PUNT. That I may choose to give my dog or
cat, fish, for fear of bones; or
any other nutriment that, by the judgment
of the most authentical
physicians where I travel, shall be
thought dangerous.

NOT. Well, sir.

PUNT. That, after the receipt of his money, he shall neither, in his own person, nor any other, either by direct or indirect means, as magic, witchcraft, or other such exotic arts, attempt, practise, or complot any thing to the prejudice of me, my dog, or my cat: neither shall I use the help of any such sorceries or enchantments, as unctions to make our skins impenetrable, or to travel invisible by virtue of a powder, or a ring, or to hang any three-forked charm about my dog's neck, secretly conveyed into his collar; (understand you?) but that all be performed sincerely, without fraud or imposture.

NOT. So, sir.

PUNT. That, for testimony of the performance, myself am to bring thence a Turk's mustachio, my dog a Grecian hare's lips, and my cat the train or tail of a Thracian rat.

NOT. [WRITES.] 'Tis done, sir.

PUNT. 'Tis said, sir; not done, sir. But forward; that, upon my return, and landing on the Tower-wharf, with the aforesaid testimony, I am to receive five for one, according to the

proportion of the sums put forth.

NOT. Well, sir.

PUNT. Provided, that if before our departure, or setting forth, either myself or these be visited with sickness, or any other casual event, so that the whole course of the adventure be hindered thereby, that then he is to return, and I am to receive the prenominated proportion upon fair and equal terms.

NOT. Very good, sir; is this all?

PUNT. It is all, sir; and dispatch them, good notary.

*NOT. As fast as is possible, sir.
[EXIT.]*

ENTER CARLO.

PUNT. O Carlo! welcome: saw you monsieur Brisk?

CAR. Not I: did he appoint you to meet here?

PUNT. Ay, and I muse he should be so tardy; he is to take an hundred pounds of me in venture, if he maintain his promise.

CAR. Is his hour past?

PUNT. Not yet, but it comes on apace.

CAR. Tut, be not jealous of him; he will
sooner break all the
commandments, than his hour; upon my life,
in such a case trust him.

PUNT. Methinks, Carlo, you look very
smooth, ha!

CAR. Why, I came but now from a hot-
house; I must needs look smooth.

PUNT. From a hot-house!

CAR. Ay, do you make a wonder on't? why,
it is your only physic. Let a
man sweat once a week in a hot-house, and
be well rubb'd, and froted, with
a good plump juicy wench, and sweet linen,
he shall ne'er have the pox.

PUNT. What, the French pox?

CAR. The French pox! out pox: we have
them in as good a form as they,
man; what?

PUNT. Let me perish, but thou art a salt
one! was your new-created
gallant there with you, Sogliardo?

CAR. O porpoise! hang him, no: he's a
leiger at Horn's ordinary, yonder;

his villainous Ganymede and he have been
droning a tobacco-pipe there ever
since yesterday noon.

PUNT. Who? signior Tripartite, that
would give my dog the whiffe?

CAR. Ay, he. They have hired a chamber
and all, private, to practise in,
for the making of the patoun, the receipt
reciprocal, and a number of other
mysteries not yet extant. I brought some
dozen or twenty gallants this
morning to view them, as you'd do a piece
of perspective, in at a key-hole;
and there we might see Sogliardo sit in a
chair, holding his snout up like
a sow under an apple-tree, while the other
open'd his nostrils with a
poking-stick, to give the smoke a more
free delivery. They had spit some
three or fourscore ounces between 'em,
afore we came away.

PUNT. How! spit three or fourscore
ounces?

CAR. Ay, and preserv'd it in porrengers,
as a barber does his blood, when
he opens a vein.

PUNT. Out, pagan! how dost thou open the
vein of thy friend?

CAR. Friend! is there any such foolish

thing in the world, ha? 'slid I
never relished it yet.

PUNT. Thy humour is the more dangerous.

CAR. No, not a whit, signior. Tut, a man
must keep time in all; I can oil
my tongue when I meet him next, and look
with a good sleek forehead; 'twill
take away all soil of suspicion, and
that's enough: what Lynceus can see
my heart? Pish, the title of a friend!
it's a vain, idle thing, only
venerable among fools; you shall not have
one that has any opinion of wit
affect it.

ENTER DELIRO AND MACILENTE.

DELI. Save you, good sir Puntarvolo.

PUNT. Signior Deliro! welcome.

DELI. Pray you, sir, did you see master
Fastidious Brisk? I heard he was
to meet your worship here.

PUNT. You heard no figment, sir; I do
expect him at every pulse of my watch.

DELI. In good time, sir.

CAR. There's a fellow now looks like one
of the patricians of Sparta;
marry, his wit's after ten i' the hundred:
a good bloodhound, a

close-mouthed dog, he follows the scent
well; marry, he's at fault now,
methinks.

PUNT. I should wonder at that creature is
free from the danger of thy tongue.

CAR. O, I cannot abide these limbs of
satin, or rather Satan indeed, that
will walk, like the children of darkness,
all day in a melancholy shop,
with their pockets full of blanks, ready
to swallow up as many poor
unthrifths as come within the verge.

PUNT. So! and what hast thou for him
that is with him, now?

CAR. O, d-n me! immortality! I'll not
meddle with him; the pure element
of fire, all spirit, extraction.

PUNT. How, Carlo! ha, what is he, man?

CAR. A scholar, Macilente; do you not
know him? a rank, raw-boned
anatomy, he walks up and down like a
charged musket, no man dares encounter
him: that's his rest there.

PUNT. His rest! why, has he a forked
head?

CAR. Pardon me, that's to be suspended;
you are too quick, too apprehensive.

DELI. Troth, now I think on't, I'll defer it till some other time.

MACI. Not by any means, signior, you shall not lose this opportunity, he will be here presently now.

DELI. Yes, faith, Macilente, 'tis best. For, look you, sir, I shall so exceedingly offend my wife in't, that —

MACI. Your wife! now for shame lose these thoughts, and become the master of your own spirits. Should I, if I had a wife, suffer myself to be thus passionately carried to and fro with the stream of her humour, and neglect my deepest affairs, to serve her affections? 'Slight, I would geld myself first.

DELI. O, but signior, had you such a wife as mine is, you would —

MACI. Such a wife! Now hate me, sir, if ever I discern'd any wonder in your wife yet, with all the speculation I have: I have seen some that have been thought fairer than she, in my time; and I have seen those, have not been altogether so tall, esteem'd properer women; and I have seen less noses grow upon sweeter faces, that have done very well too, in my

judgment. But in good faith, signior, for
all this, the gentlewoman is a
good, pretty, proud, hard-favour'd thing,
marry not so peerlessly to be
doted upon, I must confess: nay, be not
angry.

DELI. Well, sir, however you please to
forget yourself, I have not
deserv'd to be thus played upon; but
henceforth, pray you forbear my house,
for I can but faintly endure the savour of
his breath, at my table, that
shall thus jade me for my courtesies.

MACI. Nay, then, signior, let me tell
you, your wife is no proper woman,
and by my life, I suspect her honesty,
that's more, which you may likewise
suspect, if you please, do you see? I'll
urge you to nothing against your
appetite, but if you please, you may
suspect it.

DELI. Good sir.
[EXIT.]

MACI. Good, sir! now horn upon horn
pursue thee, thou blind, egregious
dotard!

CAR. O, you shall hear him speak like
envy. — Signior Macilente, you saw
monsieur Brisk lately: I heard you were
with him at court.

MACI. Ay, Buffone, I was with him.

CAR. And how is he respected there? I
know you'll deal ingenuously with
us; is he made much of amongst the sweeter
sort of gallants?

MACI. Faith, ay; his civet and his
casting-glass

Have helpt him to a place amongst the
rest:

And there, his seniors give him good
slight looks,

After their garb, smile, and salute in
French

With some new compliment.

CAR. What, is this all?

MACI. Why say, that they should shew the
frothy fool

Such grace as they pretend comes from the
heart,

He had a mighty windfall out of doubt!

Why, all their graces are not to do grace
To virtue or desert; but to ride both

With their gilt spurs quite breathless,
from themselves.

'Tis now esteem'd precisianism in wit,

And a disease in nature, to be kind

Toward desert, to love or seek good names.

Who feeds with a good name? who thrives
with loving?

Who can provide feast for his own desires,

With serving others? — ha, ha, ha!

*'Tis folly, by our wisest worldlings
proved,*

If not to gain by love, to be beloved.

*CAR. How like you him? is't not a good
spiteful slave, ha?*

PUNT. Shrewd, shrewd.

*CAR. D—n me! I could eat his flesh now;
divine sweet villain!*

*MACI. Nay, prithee leave: What's he
there?*

*CAR. Who? this in the starched beard?
it's the dull stiff knight*

*Puntarvolo, man; he's to travel now
presently: he has a good knotty wit;*

*marry, he carries little on't out of the
land with him.*

MACI. How then?

*CAR. He puts it forth in venture, as he
does his money upon the return of
a dog and cat.*

MACI. Is this he?

*CAR. Ay, this is he; a good tough
gentleman: he looks like a shield of*

*brawn at Shrove-tide, out of date, and
ready to take his leave; or a dry*

pole of ling upon Easter-eve, that has
furnish'd the table all Lent, as he
has done the city this last vacation.

MACI. Come, you'll never leave your
stabbing similes: I shall have you
aiming at me with 'em by and by; but —

CAR. O, renounce me then! pure, honest,
good devil, I love thee above the
love of women: I could e'en melt in
admiration of thee, now. Ods so, look
here, man; Sir Dagonet and his squire!

ENTER SOGLIARDO AND SHIFT.

SOG. Save you, my dear gallantos: nay,
come, approach, good cavalier:
prithce, sweet knight, know this
gentleman, he's one that it pleases me to
use as my good friend and companion; and
therefore do him good offices: I
beseech you, gentles, know him, I know him
all over.

PUNT. Sir, for signior Sogliardo's sake,
let it suffice, I know you.

SOG. Why, as I am a gentleman, I thank
you, knight, and it shall suffice.

Hark you, sir Puntarvolo, you'd little
think it; he's as resolute a piece
of flesh as any in the world.

PUNT. Indeed, sir!

SOG. Upon my gentility, sir: Carlo, a word with you; do you see that same fellow, there?

CAR. What, cavalier Shirt?

SOG. O, you know him; cry you mercy: before me, I think him the tallest man living within the walls of Europe.

CAR. The walls of Europe! take heed what you say, signior, Europe's a huge thing within the walls.

SOG. 'Tut, an 'twere as huge again, I'd justify what I speak. 'Slid, he swagger'd even now in a place where we were — I never saw a man do it more resolute.

CAR. Nay, indeed, swaggering is a good argument of resolution. Do you hear this, signior?

MACI. Ay, to my grief. O, that such muddy flags,

For every drunken flourish should achieve
The name of manhood, whilst true perfect valour,

Hating to shew itself, goes by despised!

Heart! I do know now, in a fair just cause,

I dare do more than he, a thousand times;

Why should not they take knowledge of this, ha!

And give my worth allowance before his?
Because I cannot swagger. — Now, the pox
Light on your Pickt-hatch prowess!

SOG. Why, I tell you, sir; he has been
the only 'Bid-stand' that ever kept

New-market, Salisbury-plain, Hockley i'
the Hole, Gadshill, and all the

high places of any request: he has had
his mares and his geldings, he,

have been worth forty, threescore, a
hundred pound a horse, would ha'

sprung you over the hedge and ditch like
your greyhound: he has done five

hundred robberies in his time, more or
less, I assure you.

PUNT. What, and scaped?

SOG. Scaped! i'faith, ay: he has broken
the gaol when he has been in

irons and irons; and been out and in
again; and out, and in; forty times,
and not so few, he.

MACI. A fit trumpet, to proclaim such a
person.

CAR. But can this be possible?

SHIFT. Pardon me, my dear Orestes; causes
have their quiddits, and 'tis
ill jesting with bell-ropes.

CAR. How! Pylades and Orestes?

SOG. Ay, he is my Pylades, and I am his
Orestes: how like you the conceit?

CAR. O, 'tis an old stale interlude
device; no, I'll give you names
myself, look you; he shall be your Judas,
and you shall be his elder-tree
to hang on.

MACI. Nay, rather let him be captain Pod,
and this his motion: for he
does nothing but shew him.

CAR. Excellent: or thus; you shall be
Holden, and he your camel.

SHIFT. You do not mean to ride,
gentlemen?

PUNT. Faith, let me end it for you,
gallants: you shall be his
Countenance, and he your Resolution.

SOG. Troth, that's pretty: how say you,
cavalier, shall it be so?

CAR. Ay, ay, most voices.

SHIFT. Faith, I am easily yielding to any
good impressions.

SOG. Then give hands, good Resolution.

CAR. Mass, he cannot say, good

Countenance, now, properly, to him again.

PUNT. Yes, by an irony.

MACI. O, sir, the countenance of
Resolution should, as he is, be
altogether grim and unpleasant.

ENTER FASTIDIOUS BRISK.

FAST. Good hours make music with your
mirth, gentlemen, and keep time to
your humours! — How now, Carlo?

PUNT. Monsieur Brisk? many a long look
have I extended for you, sir.

FAST. Good faith, I must crave pardon: I
was invited this morning, ere I
was out of my bed, by a bevy of ladies, to
a banquet: whence it was almost
one of Hercules's labours for me to come
away,
but that the respect of my promise did so
prevail with me. I know they'll
take it very ill, especially one, that
gave me this bracelet of her hair
but over night, and this pearl another
gave me from her forehead, marry she
— what! are the writings ready?

PUNT. I will send my man to know.
Sirrah, go you to the notary's, and
learn if he be ready: leave the dog, sir.
[EXIT SERVANT.]

FAST. And how does my rare qualified friend, Sogliardo? Oh, signior

Macilente! by these eyes, I saw you not; I had saluted you sooner else, o'

my troth. I hope, sir, I may presume upon you, that you will not divulge

my late check, or disgrace, indeed, sir.

MACI. You may, sir.

CAR. He knows some notorious jest by this gull, that he hath him so obsequious.

SOG. Monsieur Fastidious, do you see this fellow there? does he not look

like a clown? would you think there were any thing in him?

FAST. Any thing in him! beshrew me, ay; the fellow hath a good ingenious face.

SOG. By this element he is as ingenious a tall man as ever swagger'd about

London: he, and I, call Countenance and Resolution; but his name is cavalier Shift.

PUNT. Cavalier, you knew signior Clog, that was hang'd for the robbery at Harrow on the hill?

SOG. Knew him, sir! why, 'twas he gave all the directions for the action.

PUNT. How! was it your project, sir?

SHIFT. Pardon me, Countenance, you do me
some wrong to make occasions
public, which I imparted to you in
private.

SOG. God's will! here are none but
friends, Resolution.

SHIFT. That's all one; things of
consequence must have their respects;
where, how, and to whom. — Yes, sir, he
shewed himself a true Clog in the
coherence of that affair, sir; for, if he
had managed matters as they were
corroborated to him, it had been better
for him by a forty or fifty score
of pounds, sir; and he himself might have
lived, in despite of fates, to
have fed on woodcocks, with the rest: but
it was his heavy fortune to
sink, poor Clog! and therefore talk no
more of him.

PUNT. Why, had he more aiders then?

SOG. O lord, sir! ay, there were some
present there, that were the Nine
Worthies to him, i'faith.

SHIFT. Ay, sir, I can satisfy you at more
convenient conference: but, for
mine own part, I have now reconciled

myself to other courses, and profess a
living out of my other qualities.

SOG. Nay, he has left all now, I assure
you, and is able to live like a
gentleman, by his qualities. By this dog,
he has the most rare gift in
tobacco that ever you knew.

CAR. He keeps more ado with this monster,
than ever Banks did with his
horse, or the fellow with the elephant.

MACI. He will hang out his picture
shortly, in a cloth, you shall see.

SOG. O, he does manage a quarrel the best
that ever you saw, for terms and
circumstances.

FAST. Good faith, signior, now you speak
of a quarrel, I'll acquaint you
with a difference that happened between a
gallant and myself; sir
Puntarvolo, you know him if I should name
him signior Luculento.

PUNT. Luculento! what inauspicious
chance interposed itself to your two
loves?

FAST. Faith, sir, the same that sundered
Agamemnon and great Thetis' son;
but let the cause escape, sir: he sent me
a challenge, mixt with some few

braves, which I restored, and in fine we met. Now, indeed, sir, I must

tell you, he did offer at first very desperately, but without judgment:

for, look you, sir, I cast myself into this figure; now he comes violently

on, and withal advancing his rapier to strike, I thought to have took his

arm, for he had left his whole body to my election, and I was sure he could

not recover his guard. Sir, I mist my purpose in his arm, rash'd his

doublet-sleeve, ran him close by the left cheek, and through his hair. He

again lights me here, — I had on a gold cable hatband, then new come up,

which I wore about a murey French hat I had, — cuts my hatband, and yet it

was massy goldsmith's work, cuts my brims, which by good fortune, being

thick embroidered with gold twist and spangles, disappointed the force of

the blow: nevertheless, it grazed on my shoulder, takes me away six purls

of an Italian cut-work band I wore, cost me three pound in the Exchange but three days before.

PUNT. This was a strange encounter.

FAST. Nay, you shall hear, sir: with this we both fell out, and breath'd.

Now, upon the second sign of his assault, I betook me to the former manner

of my defence; he, on the other side,

abandon'd his body to the same danger
as before, and follows me still with
blows: but I being loth to take the
deadly advantage that lay before me of his
left side, made a kind of
stramazoun, ran him up to the hilts
through the doublet, through the shirt,
and yet miss'd the skin. He, making a
reverse blow, — falls upon my
emboss'd girdle, I had thrown off the
hangers a little before — strikes
off a skirt of a thick-laced satin doublet
I had, lined with four taffatas,
cuts off two panes embroidered with pearl,
rends through the drawings-out
of tissue, enters the linings, and skips
the flesh.

CAR. I wonder he speaks not of his
wrought shirt.

FAST. Here, in the opinion of mutual
damage, we paused; but, ere I
proceed, I must tell you, signior, that,
in this last encounter, not having
leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of
the rowels catch'd hold of the
ruffle of my boot, and, being Spanish
leather, and subject to tear,
overthrows me, rends me two pair of silk
stockings, that I put on, being
somewhat a raw morning, a peach colour and
another, and strikes me some
half inch deep into the side of the calf:
he, seeing the blood come,

presently takes horse, and away: I,
having bound up my wound with a piece
of my wrought shirt —

CAR. O! comes it in there?

FAST. Rid after him, and, lighting at the
court gate both together,
embraced, and march'd hand in hand up into
the presence. Was not this
business well carried?

MACI. Well! yes, and by this we can
guess what apparel the gentleman wore.

PUNT. 'Fore valour, it was a designment
begun with much resolution,
maintain'd with as much prowess, and ended
with more humanity. —

RE-ENTER SERVANT.

How now, what says the notary?

SERV. He says, he is ready, sir; he stays
but your worship's pleasure.

PUNT. Come, we will go to him, monsieur.
Gentlemen, shall we entreat you
to be witnesses?

SOG. You shall entreat me, sir. — Come,
Resolution.

SHIFT. I follow you, good Countenance.

CAR. Come, signior, come, come.

[EXEUNT ALL BUT MACILENTE.

MACI. O, that there should be fortune
To clothe these men, so naked in desert!
And that the just storm of a wretched life
Beats them not ragged for their wretched
souls,

And, since as fruitless, even as black, as
coals!

[EXIT.

MIT. Why, but signior, how comes it that
Fungoso appeared not with his
sister's intelligence to Brisk?

COR. Marry, long of the evil angels that
she gave him, who have indeed
tempted the good simple youth to follow
the tail of the fashion, and
neglect the imposition of his friends.
Behold, here he comes, very
worshipfully attended, and with good
variety.

SCENE V. — A ROOM IN DELIRO'S HOUSE

ENTER FUNGOSO IN A NEW SUIT, FOLLOWED BY
HIS TAILOR, SHOEMAKER, AND
HABERDASHER.

FUNG. Gramercy, good shoemaker, I'll put
to strings myself..

[EXIT SHOEMAKER.] — Now, sir, let me see,
what must you have for this hat?

HABE. Here's the bill, sir.

FUNG. How does it become me, well?

TAI. Excellent, sir, as ever you had any hat in your life.

FUNG. Nay, you'll say so all.

HABE. In faith, sir, the hat's as good as any man in this town can serve you, and will maintain fashion as long; never trust me for a groat else.

FUNG. Does it apply well to my suit?

TAI. Exceeding well, sir.

FUNG. How lik'st thou my suit, haberdasher?

HABE. By my troth, sir, 'tis very rarely well made; I never saw a suit sit better, I can tell on.

TAI. Nay, we have no art to please our friends, we!

FUNG. Here, haberdasher, tell this same.
[GIVES HIM MONEY.]

HABE. Good faith, sir, it makes you have an excellent body.

FUNG. Nay, believe me, I think I have as good a body in clothes as another.

TAI. You lack points to bring your apparel together, sir.

FUNG. I'll have points anon. How now! Is't right?

HABE. Faith, sir, 'tis too little' but upon farther hopes – Good morrow to you, sir.
[EXIT.]

FUNG. Farewell, good haberdasher. Well now, master Snip, let me see your bill.

MIT. Me thinks he discharges his followers too thick.

COR. O, therein he saucily imitates some great man. I warrant you, though he turns off them, he keeps this tailor, in place of a page, to follow him still.

FUNG. This bill is very reasonable, in faith: hark you, master Snip – Troth, sir, I am not altogether so well furnished at this present, as I could wish I were; but – if you'll do me the favour to take part in hand, you shall have all I have, by this hand.

TAI. Sir —

FUNG. And but give me credit for the rest, till the beginning of the next term.

TAI. O lord, sir —

FUNG. 'Fore God, and by this light, I'll pay you to the utmost, and acknowledge myself very deeply engaged to you by the courtesy.

TAI. Why, how much have you there, sir?

FUNG. Marry, I have here four angels, and fifteen shillings of white money: it's all I have, as I hope to be blest

TAI. You will not fail me at the next term with the rest?

FUNG. No, an I do, pray heaven I be hang'd. Let me never breathe again upon this mortal stage, as the philosopher calls it! By this air, and as I am a gentleman, I'll hold.

COR. He were an iron-hearted fellow, in my judgment, that would not credit him upon this volley of oaths.

TAI. Well, sir, I'll not stick with any gentleman for a trifle: you know

what 'tis remains?

FUNG. Ay, sir, and I give you thanks in good faith. O fate, how happy I

am made in this good fortune! Well, now I'll go seek out monsieur Brisk.

'Ods so, I have forgot riband for my shoes, and points. 'Slid, what luck's

this! how shall I do? Master Snip, pray let me reduct some two or three

shillings for points and ribands: as I am an honest man, I have utterly

disfurnished myself, in the default of memory; pray let me be beholding to

you; it shall come home in the bill, believe me.

TAI. Faith, sir, I can hardly depart with ready money; but I'll take up,

and send you some by my boy presently. What coloured riband would you have?

FUNG. What you shall think meet in your judgment, sir, to my suit.

TAI. Well, I'll send you some presently.

FUNG. And points too, sir?

TAI. And points too, sir.

FUNG. Good lord, how shall I study to deserve this kindness of you sir!

Pray let your youth make haste, for I should have done a business an hour

since, that I doubt I shall come too late.

[EXIT TAILOR.]

Now, in good faith, I am exceeding proud
of my suit.

COR. Do you observe the plunges that this
poor gallant is put to, signior,
to purchase the fashion?

MIT. Ay, and to be still a fashion behind
with the world, that's the sport.

COR. Stay: O, here they come from seal'd
and deliver'd.

SCENE VI. — PUNTARVOLO'S LODGINGS.

ENTER PUNTARVOLO, FASTIDIOUS BRISK IN A
NEW SUIT, AND SERVANTS WITH THE DOG.

PUNT. Well, now my whole venture is
forth, I will resolve to depart shortly.

FAST. Faith, sir Puntarvolo, go to the
court, and take leave of the ladies
first.

PUNT. I care not, if it be this
afternoon's labour. Where is Carlo?

FAST. Here he comes.

ENTER CARLO, SOGLIARDO, SHIFT, AND
MACILENTE.

CAR. Faith, gallants, I am persuading
this gentleman [POINTS TO SOGLIARDO]

to turn courtier. He is a man of fair
revenue, and his estate will bear

the charge well. Besides, for his other
gifts of the mind, or so, why they

are as nature lent him them, pure, simple,
without any artificial drug or

mixture of these two threadbare beggarly
qualities, learning and knowledge,

and therefore the more accommodate and
genuine. Now, for the life itself -

FAST. O, the most celestial, and full of
wonder and delight, that can be

imagined, signior, beyond thought and
apprehension of pleasure! A man

lives there in that divine rapture, that
he will think himself i' the ninth

heaven for the time, and lose all sense of
mortality whatsoever, when he

shall behold such glorious, and almost
immortal beauties; hear such

angelical and harmonious voices, discourse
with such flowing and ambrosial

spirits, whose wits are as sudden as
lightning, and humorous as nectar; oh,

it makes a man all quintessence and flame,
and lifts him up, in a moment,

to the very crystal crown of the sky,
where, hovering in the strength of

his imagination, he shall behold all the
delights of the Hesperides, the

Insulae Fortunatae, Adonis' Gardens,

Tempe, or what else, confined within
the amplest verge of poesy, to be mere
umbræ, and imperfect figures,
conferred with the most essential felicity
of your court.

MACI. Well, this ecomium was not
extemporal, it came too perfectly off.

CAR. Besides, sir, you shall never need
to go to a hot-house, you shall
sweat there with courting your mistress,
or losing your money at primero,
as well as in all the stoves in Sweden.
Marry, this, sir, you must ever be
sure to carry a good strong perfume about
you, that your mistress's dog may
smell you out amongst the rest; and, in
making love to her, never fear to
be out; for you may have a pipe of
tobacco, or a bass viol shall hang o'
the wall, of purpose, will put you in
presently. The tricks your
Resolution has taught you in tobacco, the
whiffe, and those sleights, will
stand you in very good ornament there.

FAST. Ay, to some, perhaps; but, an he
should come to my mistress with
tobacco (this gentleman knows) she'd reply
upon him, i'faith. O, by this
bright sun, she has the most acute, ready,
and facetious wit that – tut,
there's no spirit able to stand her. You
can report it, signior, you have

seen her.

PUNT. Then can he report no less, out of his judgment, I assure him.

MACI. Troth, I like her well enough, but she's too self-conceited, methinks.

FAST. Ay, indeed, she's a little too self-conceited; an 'twere not for that humour, she were the most-to-be-admired lady in the world.

PUNT. Indeed, it is a humour that takes from her other excellences.

MACI. Why, it may easily be made to forsake her, in my thought.

FAST. Easily, sir! then are all impossibilities easy.

MACI. You conclude too quick upon me, signior. What will you say, if I make it so perspicuously appear now, that yourself shall confess nothing more possible?

FAST. Marry, I will say, I will both applaud and admire you for it.

PUNT. And I will second him in the admiration.

MACI. Why, I'll show you, gentlemen. —

Carlo, come hither.

[MACI., CAR., PUNT., AND FAST. WHISPER TOGETHER.

SOG. Good faith, I have a great humour to the court. What thinks my Resolution? shall I adventure?

SHIFT. Troth, Countenance, as you please; the place is a place of good reputation and capacity.

SOG. O, my tricks in tobacco, as Carlo says, will show excellent there.

SHIFT. Why, you may go with these gentlemen now, and see fashions; and after, as you shall see correspondence.

SOG. You say true. You will go with me, Resolution?

SHIFT. I will meet you, Countenance, about three or four o'clock; but, to say to go with you, I cannot; for, as I am Apple-John, I am to go before the cockatrice you saw this morning, and therefore pray, present me excused, good Countenance.

SOG. Farewell, good Resolution, but fail not to meet.

SHIFT. As I live.
[EXIT.

PUNT. Admirably excellent!

MACI. If you can but persuade Sogliardo to court, there's all now.

CAR. O, let me alone, that's my task.
[GOES TO SOGLIARDO.]

FAST. Now, by wit, Macilente, it's above measure excellent; 'twill be the
only court-exploit that ever proved courtier ingenious.

PUNT. Upon my soul, it puts the lady quite out of her humour, and we shall laugh with judgment.

CAR. Come, the gentleman was of himself resolved to go with you, afore I moved it.

MACI. Why, then, gallants, you two and Carlo go afore to prepare the jest; Sogliardo and I will come some while after you.

CAR. Pardon me, I am not for the court.

PUNT. That's true; Carlo comes not at court, indeed. Well, you shall leave it to the faculty of monsieur Brisk, and myself; upon our lives, we will manage it happily. Carlo shall bespeak supper at the Mitre, against

we come back: where we will meet and
dimple our cheeks with laughter at
the success.

CAR. Ay, but will you promise to come?

PUNT. Myself shall undertake for them; he
that fails, let his reputation
lie under the lash of thy tongue.

CAR. Ods so, look who comes here!

ENTER FUNGOSO.

SOG. What, nephew!

FUNG. Uncle, God save you; did you see a
gentleman, one monsieur Brisk, a
courtier? he goes in such a suit as I do.

SOG. Here is the gentleman, nephew, but
not in such a suit.

FUNG. Another suit! [HE SWOONS.

SOG. How now, nephew?

FAST. Would you speak with me, sir?

CAR. Ay, when he has recovered himself,
poor Poll!

PUNT. Some rosa-solis.

MACI. How now, signior?

FUNG. I am not well, sir.

MACI. Why, this it is to dog the fashion.

CAR. Nay, come, gentlemen, remember your affairs; his disease is nothing but the flux of apparel.

PUNT. Sirs, return to the lodging, keep the cat safe; I'll be the dog's guardian myself.
[EXEUNT SERVANTS.]

SOG. Nephew, will you go to court with us? these gentlemen and I are for the court; nay, be not so melancholy.

FUNG. 'Slid, I think no man in Christendom has that rascally fortune that I have.

MACI. Faith, you suit is well enough, signior.

FUNG. Nay, not for that, I protest; but I had an errand to monsieur Fastidious, and I have forgot it.

MACI. Why, go along to court with us, and remember it; come, gentlemen, you three take one boat, and Sogliardo and I will take another; we shall be there instantly.

FAST. Content: good sir, vouchsafe us your pleasure.

PUNT. Farewell, Carlo: remember.

CAR. I warrant you: would I had one of Kemp's shoes to throw after you.

PUNT. Good fortune will close the eyes of our jest, fear not; and we shall frolick.

[EXEUNT.

MIT. This Macilente, signior, begins to be more sociable on a sudden, methinks, than he was before: there's some portent in it, I believe.

COR. O, he's a fellow of a strange nature. Now does he, in this calm of his humour, plot, and store up a world of malicious thoughts in his brain, till he is so full with them, that you shall see the very torrent of his envy break forth like a land-flood: and, against the course of all their affections, oppose itself so violently, that you will almost have wonder to think, how 'tis possible the current of their dispositions shall receive so quick and strong an alteration.

MIT. Ay, marry, sir, this is that, on which my expectation has dwelt all this while; for I must tell you, signior,

though I was loth to interrupt
the scene, yet I made it a question in
mine own private discourse, how he
should properly call it "Every Man out of
his Humour", when I saw all his
actors so strongly pursue, and continue
their humours?

COR. Why, therein his art appears most
full of lustre, and approacheth
nearest the life; especially when in the
flame and height of their humours,
they are laid flat, it fills the eye
better, and with more contentment.

How tedious a sight were it to behold a
proud exalted tree kept and cut
down by degrees, when it might be fell'd
in a moment! and to set the axe
to it before it came to that pride and
fulness, were, as not to have it
grow.

MIT. Well, I shall long till I see this
fall, you talk of.

COR. To help your longing, signior, let
your imagination be swifter than a
pair of oars: and by this, suppose
Puntarvolo, Brisk, Fungoso, and the
dog, arrived at the court-gate, and going
up to the great chamber.

Macilente and Sogliardo, we'll leave them
on the water, till possibility
and natural means may land them. Here

*come the gallants, now prepare your
expectations.*

ACT V

SCENE I. — THE PALACE STAIRS.

ENTER PUNTARVOLO, WITH HIS DOG, FOLLOWED
BY FASTIDIOUS
BRISK AND FUNGOSO.

PUNT. Come, gentles, Signior, you are
sufficiently instructed.

FAST. Who, I, sir?

PUNT. No, this gentleman. But stay, I
take thought how to bestow my dog;
he is no competent attendant for the
presence.

FAST. Mass, that's true, indeed, knight;
you must not carry him into the
presence.

PUNT. I know it, and I, like a dull
beast, forgot to bring one of my
cormorants to attend me.

FAST. Why, you were best leave him at the
porter's lodge.

PUNT. Not so; his worth is too well known
amongst them, to be forth-coming.

FAST. 'Slight, how will you do then?

PUNT. I must leave him with one that is ignorant of his quality, if I will have him to be safe. And see! here comes one that will carry coals, ergo, will hold my dog.

ENTER A GROOM, WITH A BASKET.

My honest friend, may I commit the tuition of this dog to thy prudent care?

GROOM. You may, if you please, sir.

PUNT. Pray thee let me find thee here at my return; it shall not be long, till I will ease thee of thy employment, and please thee. Forth, gentles.

FAST. Why, but will you leave him with so slight command, and infuse no more charge upon the fellow?

PUNT. Charge! no; there were no policy in that; that were to let him know the value of the gem he holds, and so to tempt frail nature against her disposition. No, pray thee let thy honesty be sweet, as it shall be short.

GROOM. Yes, sir.

PUNT. But hark you, gallants, and chiefly monsieur Brisk: when we come in eye-shot, or presence of this lady, let

not other matters carry us from our
project; but, if we can, single her forth
to some place —

FAST. I warrant you.

PUNT. And be not too sudden, but let the
device induce itself with good
circumstance. On.

FUNG. Is this the way? good truth, here
be fine hangings.

[EXEUNT PUNT., FAST., AND FUNGOSO.]

GROOM. Honesty! sweet, and short!
Marry, it shall, sir, doubt you not;
for even at this instant if one would give
me twenty pounds, I would not
deliver him; there's for the sweet: but
now, if any man come offer me but
two-pence, he shall have him; there's for
the short now. 'Slid, what a mad
humorous gentleman is this to leave his
dog with me! I could run away with
him now, an he were worth any thing.

ENTER MACILENTE AND SOGLIARDO.

MACI. Come on, signior, now prepare to
court this all-witted lady, most
naturally, and like yourself.

SOG. Faith, an you say the word, I'll
begin to her in tobacco.

MACI. O, fie on't! no; you shall begin

with, "How does my sweet lady",
or, "Why are you so melancholy, madam?"
though she be very merry, it's all
one. Be sure to kiss your hand often
enough; pray for her health, and tell
her, how "More than most fair she is".
Screw your face at one side thus,
and protest: let her fleer, and look
askance, and hide her teeth with her
fan, when she laughs a fit, to bring her
into more matter, that's nothing:
you must talk forward, (though it be
without sense, so it be without
blushing,) 'tis most court-like and well.

SOG. But shall I not use tobacco at all?

MACI. O, by no means; 'twill but make
your breath suspected, and that you
use it only to confound the rankness of
that.

SOG. Nay, I'll be advised, sir, by my
friends.

MACI. Od's my life, see where sir
Puntarvolo's dog is.

GROOM. I would the gentleman would return
for his follower here, I'll
leave him to his fortunes else.

MACI. 'Twere the only true jest in the
world to poison him now; ha! by
this hand I'll do it, if I could but get

him of the fellow. [ASIDE.]

Signior Sogliardo, walk aside, and think
upon some device to entertain the
lady with.

SOG. So I do, sir.

[WALKS OFF IN A MEDITATING POSTURE.]

MACI. How now, mine honest friend! whose
dog-keeper art thou?

GROOM. Dog-keeper, sir! I hope I scorn
that, i'faith.

MACI. Why, dost thou not keep a dog?

GROOM. Sir, now I do, and now I do not:
[THROWS OFF THE DOG.] I think

this be sweet and short. Make me his dog-
keeper!

[EXIT.]

MACI. This is excellent, above
expectation! nay, stay, sir; [SEIZING THE

DOG.] you'd be travelling; but I'll give
you a dram shall shorten your

voyage, here. [GIVES HIM POISON.] So,
sir, I'll be bold to take my leave

of you. Now to the Turk's court in the
devil's name, for you shall never

go o' God's name. [KICKS HIM OUT.] -
Sogliardo, come.

SOG. I have it i'faith now, will sting
it.

MACI. Take heed you leese it not signior,
ere you come there; preserve it.

[EXEUNT.

COR. How like you this first exploit of
his?

MIT. O, a piece of true envy; but I
expect the issue of the other device.

COR. Here they come will make it appear.

SCENE II. — AN APARTMENT IN THE PALACE.

ENTER SAVIOLINA, PUNTARVOLO, FASTIDIOUS
BRISK, AND FUNGOSO.

SAV. Why, I thought, sir Puntarvolo, you
had been gone your voyage?

PUNT. Dear and most amiable lady, your
divine beauties do bind me to those
offices, that I cannot depart when I
would.

SAV. 'Tis most court-like spoken, sir;
but how might we do to have a sight
of your dog and cat?

FAST. His dog is in the court, lady.

SAV. And not your cat? how dare you
trust her behind you, sir.

PUNT. Troth, madam, she hath sore eyes,
and she doth keep her chamber;

marry, I have left her under sufficient
guard there are two of my followers
to attend her.

SAV. I'll give you some water for her
eyes. When do you go, sir?

PUNT. Certes, sweet lady, I know not.

FAST. He doth stay the rather, madam, to
present your acute judgment with
so courtly and well parted a gentleman as
yet your ladyship hath never seen.

SAV. What is he, gentle monsieur Brisk?
not that gentleman?

[POINTS TO FUNGOSO.]

FAST. No, lady, this is a kinsman to
justice Silence.

PUNT. Pray, sir, give me leave to report
him. He's a gentleman, lady, of
that rare and admirable faculty, as, I
protest, I know not his like in

Europe; he is exceedingly valiant, an
excellent scholar, and so exactly

travelled, that he is able, in discourse,
to deliver you a model of any

prince's court in the world; speaks the
languages with that purity of

phrase, and facility of accent, that it

breeds astonishment; his wit, the
most exuberant, and, above wonder,
pleasant, of all that ever entered the
concave of this ear.

FAST. 'Tis most true, lady; marry, he is
no such excellent proper man.

PUNT. His travels have changed his
complexion, madam.

SAV. O, sir Puntarvolo, you must think
every man was not born to have my
servant Brisk's feature.

PUNT. But that which transcends all,
lady; he doth so peerlessly imitate
any manner of person for gesture, action,
passion, or whatever —

FAST. Ay, especially a rustic or a clown,
madam, that it is not possible
for the sharpest-sighted wit in the world
to discern any sparks of the
gentleman in him, when he does it.

SAV. O, monsieur Brisk, be not so
tyrannous to confine all wits within the
compass of your own; not find the sparks
of a gentleman in him, if he be a
gentleman!

FUNG. No, in truth, sweet lady, I believe
you cannot.

SAV. Do you believe so? why, I can find sparks of a gentleman in you, sir.

PUNT. Ay, he is a gentleman, madam, and a reveller.

FUNG. Indeed, I think I have seen your ladyship at our revels.

SAV. Like enough, sir; but would I might see this wonder you talk of; may one have a sight of him for any reasonable sum?

PUNT. Yes, madam, he will arrive presently.

SAV. What, and shall we see him clown it?

FAST. I'faith, sweet lady, that you shall; see, here he comes.

ENTER MACILENTE AND SOGLIARDO.

PUNT. This is he! pray observe him, lady.

SAV. Beshrew me, he clowns it properly indeed.

PUNT. Nay, mark his courtship.

SOG. How does my sweet lady? hot and moist? beautiful and lusty? ha!

SAV. Beautiful, an it please you, sir,

but not lusty.

SOG. O ho, lady, it pleases you to say
so, in truth: And how does my
sweet lady? in health? 'Bonaroba,
quaeso, que nouvelles? que nouvelles?'
sweet creature!

SAV. O excellent! why, gallants, is this
he that cannot be deciphered?
they were very blear-witted, i'faith, that
could not discern the gentleman
in him.

PUNT. But you do, in earnest, lady?

SAV. Do I sir! why, if you had any true
court-judgment in the carriage of
his eye, and that inward power that forms
his countenance, you might
perceive his counterfeiting as clear as
the noon-day; alas - nay, if you
would have tried my wit, indeed, you
should never have told me he was a
gentleman, but presented him for a true
clown indeed; and then have seen if
I could have deciphered him.

FAST. 'Fore God, her ladyship says true,
knight: but does he not affect
the clown most naturally, mistress?

PUNT. O, she cannot but affirm that, out
of the bounty of her judgment.

SAV. Nay, out of doubt he does well, for
a gentleman to imitate: but I

warrant you, he becomes his natural
carriage of the gentleman, much better
than his clownery.

FAST. 'Tis strange, in truth, her
ladyship should see so far into him!

PUNT. Ay, is it not?

SAV. Faith, as easily as may be; not
decipher him, quoth you!

FUNG. Good sadness, I wonder at it

MACI. Why, has she deciphered him,
gentlemen?

PUNT. O, most miraculously, and beyond
admiration.

MACI. Is it possible?

FAST. She hath gather'd most infallible
signs of the gentleman in him,
that's certain.

SAV. Why, gallants, let me laugh at you a
little: was this your device,
to try my judgment in a gentleman?

MACI. Nay, lady, do not scorn us, though
you have this gift of perspicacy
above others. What if he should be no

gentleman now, but a clown indeed,
lady?

PUNT. How think you of that? would not
your ladyship be Out of your Humour?

FAST. O, but she knows it is not so.

SAV. What if he were not a man, ye may as
well say? Nay, if your worships
could gull me so, indeed, you were wiser
than you are taken for.

MACI. In good faith, lady, he is a very
perfect clown, both by father and
mother; that I'll assure you.

SAV. O, sir, you are very pleasurable.

MACI. Nay, do but look on his hand, and
that shall resolve you; look you,
lady, what a palm here is.

SOG. Tut, that was with holding the
plough.

MACI. The plough! did you discern any
such thing in him, madam?

FAST. Faith no, she saw the gentleman as
bright as noon-day, she; she
deciphered him at first.

MACI. Troth, I am sorry your ladyship's
sight should be so suddenly struck.

SAV. O, you are goodly beagles!

FAST. What, is she gone?

SOG. Nay, stay, sweet lady: 'que
nouvelles? que nouvelles?'

SAV. Out, you fool, you!
[EXIT IN ANGER.]

FUNG. She's Out of her Humour, i'faith.

FAST. Nay, let's follow it while 'tis
hot, gentlemen.

PUNT. Come, on mine honour we shall make
her blush in the presence; my
spleen is great with laughter.

MACI. Your laughter will be a child of a
feeble life, I believe, sir.

[ASIDE.] — Come, signior, your looks are
too dejected, methinks; why mix
you not mirth with the rest?

FUNG. Od's will, this suit frets me at
the soul. I'll have it alter'd
to-morrow, sure.

SCENE III. — THE PALACE STAIRS.

ENTER SHIFT.

SHIFT. I am come to the court, to meet
with my Countenance, Sogliardo;

poor men must be glad of such countenance,
when they can get no better.

Well, need may insult upon a man, but it
shall never make him despair of

consequence. The world will say, 'tis
base: tush, base! 'tis base to

live under the earth, not base to live
above it by any means.

ENTER FASTIDIOUS, PUNTARVOLO, SOGLIARDO,
FUNGOSO, AND MACILENTE.

FAST. The poor lady is most miserably out
of her humour, i'faith.

PUNT. There was never so witty a jest
broken, at the tilt of all the court
wits christen'd.

MACI. O, this applause taints it foully.

SOG. I think I did my part in courting. —
O, Resolution!

PUNT. Ay me, my dog!

MACI. Where is he?

FAST. 'Sprecious, go seek for the fellow,
good signior
[EXIT FUNGOSO.

PUNT. Here, here I left him.

MACI. Why, none was here when we came in now, but cavalier Shirt; enquire of him.

FAST. Did you see sir Puntarvolo's dog here, cavalier, since you came?

SHIFT. His dog, sir! he may look his dog, sir; I saw none of his dog, sir.

MACI. Upon my life, he has stolen your dog, sir, and been hired to it by some that have ventured with you; you may guess by his peremptory answers.

PUNT. Not unlike; for he hath been a notorious thief by his own confession. Sirrah, where is my dog?

SHIFT. Charge me with your dog, sir! I have none of your dog, sir.

PUNT. Villain, thou liest.

SHIFT. Lie, sir! s'blood, — you are but a man, sir.

PUNT. Rogue and thief, restore him.

SOG. Take heed, sir Puntarvolo, what you do; he'll bear no coals, I can tell you, o' my word.

MACI. This is rare.

SOG. It's marle he stabs you not: By
this light, he hath stabbed forty,
for forty times less matter, I can tell
you of my knowledge.

PUNT. I will make thee stoop, thou
abject.

SOG. Make him stoop, sir! Gentlemen,
pacify him, or he'll be kill'd.

MACI. Is he so tall a man?

SOG. Tall a man! if you love his life,
stand betwixt them. Make him stoop!

PUNT. My dog, villain, or I will hang
thee; thou hast confest robberies,
and other felonious acts, to this
gentleman, thy Countenance —

SOG. I'll bear no witness.

PUNT. And without my dog, I will hang
thee, for them.

[SHIFT KNEELS.

SOG. What! kneel to thine enemies!

SHIFT. Pardon me, good sir; God is my
witness, I never did robbery in all
my life.

RE-ENTER FUNGOSO.

FUNG. O, sir Puntarvolo, your dog lies

giving up the ghost in the wood-yard.

MACI. Heart, is he not dead yet!
[ASIDE.

PUNT. O, my dog, born to disastrous
fortune! pray you conduct me, sir.
[EXIT WITH FUNGOSO.

SOG. How! did you never do any robbery
in your life?

MACI. O, this is good! so he swore, sir.

SOG. Ay, I heard him: and did you swear
true, sir?

SHIFT. Ay, as I hope to be forgiven, sir,
I never robbed any man; I never
stood by the highwayside, sir, but only
said so, because I would get myself
a name, and be counted a tall man.

SOG. Now out, base viliaco! thou my
Resolution! I thy Countenance! By
this light, gentlemen, he hath confest to
me the most inexorable company of
robberies, and damn'd himself that he did
'em: you never heard the like.

Out, scoundrel, out! follow me no more, I
command thee; out of my sight,
go, hence, speak not; I will not hear
thee: away, camouccio!
[EXIT SHIFT.

MACI. O, how I do feed upon this now, and
fat myself! here were a couple
unexpectedly dishumour'd. Well, by this
time, I hope, sir Puntarvolo and
his dog are both out of humour to travel.
[ASIDE.] — Nay, gentlemen, why
do you not seek out the knight, and
comfort him? our supper at the Mitre
must of necessity hold to-night, if you
love your reputations.

FAST. 'Fore God, I am so melancholy for
his dog's disaster — but I'll go.

SOG. Faith, and I may go too, but I know
I shall be so melancholy.

MACI. Tush, melancholy! you must forget
that now, and remember you lie at
the mercy of a fury: Carlo will rack your
sinews asunder, and rail you to
dust, if you come not.
[EXEUNT.]

MIT. O, then their fear of Carlo, belike,
makes them hold their meeting.

COR. Ay, here he comes; conceive him but
to be enter'd the Mitre, and 'tis
enough.

SCENE IV. — A ROOM AT THE MITRE.

ENTER CARLO.

CAR. Holla! where be these shot-sharks?

ENTER DRAWER.

DRAW. By and by; you are welcome, good master Buffone.

CAR. Where's George? call me George hither, quickly.

DRAW. What wine please you have, sir?
I'll draw you that's neat, master Buffone.

CAR. Away, neophite, do as I bid thee, bring my dear George to me: —

ENTER GEORGE.

Mass, here he comes.

GEORGE. Welcome, master Carlo.

CAR. What, is supper ready, George?

GEORGE. Ay, sir, almost: Will you have the cloth laid, master Carlo?

CAR. O, what else? Are none of the gallants come yet?

GEORGE. None yet, sir.

CAR. Stay, take me with you, George; let me have a good fat loin of pork laid to the fire, presently.

GEORGE. It shall, sir.

CAR. And withal, hear you, draw me the
biggest shaft you have out of the
butt you wot of; away, you know my
meaning, George; quick!

GEORGE. Done, sir.

[EXIT.

CAR. I never hungered so much for
anything in my life, as I do to know our
gallants' success at court; now is that
lean, bald-rib Macilente, that salt
villain, plotting some mischievous device,
and lies a soaking in their
frothy humours like a dry crust, till he
has drunk 'em all up: Could the
pumice but hold up his eyes at other
men's happiness, in any reasonable
proportion, 'slid, the slave were to be
loved next heaven, above honour,
wealth, rich fare, apparel, wenches, all
the delights of the belly and the
groin, whatever.

RE-ENTER GEORGE WITH TWO JUGS OF WINE.

GEORGE. Here, master Carlo.

CAR. Is it right, boy?

GEORGE. Ay, sir, I assure you 'tis right.

CAR. Well said, my dear George, depart:
[EXIT GEORGE.] — Come, my small

gimblet, you in the false scabbard, away,
so! [PUTS FORTH THE DRAWER, AND
SHUTS THE DOOR.] Now to you, sir
Burgomaster, let's taste of your bounty.

MIT. What, will he deal upon such
quantities of wine, alone?

COR. You will perceive that, sir.

CAR. [DRINKS.] Ay, marry, sir, here's
purity; O, George — I could bite
off his nose for this now, sweet rogue, he
has drawn nectar, the very soul
of the grape! I'll wash my temples with
some on't presently, and drink
some half a score draughts; 'twill heat
the brain, kindle my imagination, I
shall talk nothing but crackers and fire-
works to-night. So, sir! please
you to be here, sir, and I here: so.
[SETS THE TWO CUPS ASUNDER, DRINKS WITH
THE ONE, AND PLEDGES WITH THE
OTHER, SPEAKING FOR EACH OF THE CUPS, AND
DRINKING ALTERNATELY.]

COR. This is worth the observation,
signior.

CAR. 1 CUP. Now, sir, here's to you; and
I present you with so much of my
love.

2 CUP. I take it kindly from you, sir.
[DRINKS], and will return you the

like proportion; but withal, sir,
remembering the merry night we had at the
countess's, you know where, sir.

1 CUP. By heaven, you put me in mind now
of a very necessary office, which

I will propose in your pledge, sir; the
health of that honourable countess,
and the sweet lady that sat by her, sir.

2 CUP. I do vail to it with reverence
[DRINKS]. And now, signior, with

these ladies, I'll be bold to mix the
health of your divine mistress.

1 CUP. Do you know her, sir?

2 CUP. O lord, sir, ay; and in the
respectful memory and mention of her, I

could wish this wine were the most
precious drug in the world.

1 CUP. Good faith, sir, you do honour me
in't exceedingly. [DRINKS.]

MIT. Whom should he personate in this,
signior?

COR. Faith, I know not, sir; observe,
observe him.

2 CUP. If it were the basest filth, or
mud that runs in the channel, I am

bound to pledge it respectively, sir.
[DRINKS.] And now, sir, here is a

replenish'd bowl, which I will
reciprocally turn upon you, to the health of
the count Frugale.

1 CUP. The count Frugale's health, sir?
I'll pledge it on my knees, by
this light.
[KNEELS.

2 CUP. Nay, do me right, sir.

1 CUP. So I do, in faith.

2 CUP. Good faith you do not; mine was
fuller.

1 CUP. Why, believe me, it was not.

2 CUP. Believe me it was; and you do lie.

1 CUP. Lie, sir!

2 CUP. Ay, sir.

1 CUP. 'Swounds! you rascal!

2 CUP. O, come, stab if you have a mind
to it.

1 CUP. Stab! dost thou think I dare not?

CAR. [SPEAKS IN HIS OWN PERSON.] Nay, I
beseech you, gentlemen, what
means this? nay, look, for shame respect
your reputations.

[OVERTURNS WINE, POT, CUPS, AND ALL.

ENTER MACILENTE.

MACI. Why, how now, Carlo! what humour's this?

CAR. O, my good mischief! art thou come?
where are the rest, where are
the rest?

MACI. Faith, three of our ordnance are burst.

CAR. Burst! how comes that?

MACI. Faith, overcharged, overcharged.

CAR. But did not the train hold?

MACI. O, yes, and the poor lady is irrecoverably blown up.

CAR. Why, but which of the munition is miscarried, ha?

MACI. Imprimis, sir Puntarvolo; next, the Countenance and Resolution.

CAR. How, how, for the love of wit?

MACI. Troth, the Resolution is proved recreant; the Countenance hath
changed his copy; and the passionate knight is shedding funeral tears over
his departed dog.

CAR. What! is his dog dead?

MACI. Poison'd, 'tis thought; marry, how,
or by whom, that's left for some
cunning woman here o' the Bank-side to
resolve. For my part, I know
nothing more than that we are like to have
an exceeding melancholy supper
of it.

CAR. 'Slife, and I had purposed to be
extraordinarily merry, I had drunk
off a good preparative of old sack here;
but will they come, will they come?

MACI. They will assuredly come; marry,
Carlo, as thou lov'st me, run over
'em all freely to-night, and especially
the knight; spare no sulphurous
jest that may come out of that sweaty
forge of thine; but ply them with all
manner of shot, minion, saker, culverin,
or anything, what thou wilt.

CAR. I warrant thee, my dear case of
petrionels; so I stand not in dread
of thee, but that thou'lt second me.

MACI. Why, my good German tapster, I
will.

CAR. What George! Lomtero, Lomtero, etc.
[SINGS AND DANCES.

RE-ENTER GEORGE.

GEORGE. Did you call, master Carlo?

CAR. More nectar, George: Lomtero, etc.

GEORGE. Your meat's ready, sir, an your company were come.

CAR. Is the loin pork enough?

GEORGE. Ay, sir, it is enough.

[EXIT.]

MACI. Pork! heart, what dost thou with such a greasy dish? I think thou dost varnish thy face with the fat on't, it looks so like a glue-pot.

CAR. True, my raw-boned rogue, and if thou wouldst farce thy lean ribs with it too, they would not, like ragged laths, rub out so many doublets as they do; but thou know'st not a good dish, thou. O, it's the only nourishing meat in the world. No marvel though that saucy, stubborn generation, the Jews, were forbidden it; for what would they have done, well pamper'd with fat pork, that durst murmur at their Maker out of garlick and onions? 'Slight! fed with it, the whoreson strummel-patch'd, goggle-eyed grumble-dories, would have gigantomachised —

RE-ENTER GEORGE WITH WINE.

Well said, my sweet George, fill, fill.

MIT. This savours too much of
profanation.

COR. O — — Servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi
constet.

"The necessity of his vein compels a
toleration, for; bar this, and dash
him out of humour before his time."

CAR. "'Tis an axiom in natural
philosophy, what comes nearest the nature
of that it feeds, converts quicker to
nourishment, and doth sooner
essentiate." Now nothing in flesh and
entrails assimilates or resembles
man more than a hog or swine.
[DRINKS.

MACI. True; and he, to requite their
courtesy, oftentimes doffeth his own
nature, and puts on theirs; as when he
becomes as churlish as a hog, or as
drunk as a sow; but to your conclusion.
[DRINKS.

CAR. Marry, I say, nothing resembling man
more than a swine, it follows,
nothing can be more nourishing; for indeed
(but that it abhors from our
nice nature) if we fed upon one another,
we should shoot up a great deal
faster, and thrive much better; I refer me

to your usurous cannibals, or
such like; but since it is so contrary,
pork, pork, is your only feed.

MACI. I take it, your devil be of the
same diet; he would never have
desired to have been incorporated into
swine else. — O, here comes the
melancholy mess; upon 'em, Carlo, charge,
charge!

ENTER PUNTARVOLO, FASTIDIOUS BRISK,
SOGLIARDO, AND FUNGOSO.

CAR. 'Fore God, sir Puntarvolo, I am
sorry for your heaviness: body o'
me, a shrew'd mischance! why, had you no
unicorn's horn, nor bezoar's
stone about you, ha?

PUNT. Sir, I would request you be silent.

MACI. Nay, to him again.

CAR. Take comfort, good knight, if your
cat have recovered her catarrh,
fear nothing; your dog's mischance may be
holpen.

FAST. Say how, sweet Carlo; for, so God
mend me, the poor knight's moans
draw me into fellowship of his
misfortunes. But be not discouraged, good
sir Puntarvolo, I am content your
adventure shall be performed upon your
cat.

MACI. I believe you, musk-cod, I believe
you; for rather than thou

would'st make present repayment, thou
would'st take it upon his own bare
return from Calais
[ASIDE.

CAR. Nay, 'slife, he'd be content, so he
were well rid out of his company,
to pay him five for one, at his next
meeting him in Paul's. [ASIDE TO

MACILENTE.] — But for your dog, sir
Puntarvolo, if he be not out-right
dead, there is a friend of mine, a quack-
salver, shall put life in him
again, that's certain.

FUNG. O, no, that comes too late.

MACI. 'Sprecious! knight, will you
suffer this?

PUNT. Drawer, get me a candle and hard
wax presently.

[EXIT GEORGE.

SOG. Ay, and bring up supper; for I am so
melancholy.

CAR. O, signior, where's your Resolution?

SOG. Resolution! hang him, rascal: O,
Carlo, if you love me, do not
mention him.

CAR. Why, how so?

SOG. O, the arrantest crocodile that ever Christian was acquainted with.

By my gentry, I shall think the worse of tobacco while I live, for his sake: I did think him to be as tall a man

—

MACI. Nay, Buffone, the knight, the knight

[ASIDE TO CARLO.

CAR. 'Slud, he looks like an image carved out of box, full of knots; his face is, for all the world, like a Dutch purse, with the mouth downward, his beard the tassels; and he walks — let me see — as melancholy as one o' the master's side in the Counter. — Do you hear, sir Puntarvolo?

PUNT. Sir, I do entreat you, no more, but enjoin you to silence, as you affect your peace.

CAR. Nay, but dear knight, understand here are none but friends, and such as wish you well, I would have you do this now; flay me your dog presently (but in any case keep the head) and stuff his skin well with straw, as you see these dead monsters at Bartholomew fair.

PUNT. I shall be sudden, I tell you.

CAR. O, if you like not that, sir, get me somewhat a less dog, and clap
into the skin; here's a slave about the town here, a Jew, one Yohan: or a
fellow that makes perukes will glue it on artificially, it shall never be
discern'd; besides, 'twill be so much the warmer for the hound to travel
in, you know.

MACI. Sir Puntarvolo, death, can you be so patient!

CAR. Or thus, sir; you may have, as you come through Germany, a familiar
for little or nothing, shall turn itself into the shape of your dog, or any
thing, what you will, for certain hours —
[PUNTARVOLO STRIKES HIM] — Ods
my life, knight, what do you mean? you'll offer no violence, will you?
hold, hold!

RE-ENTER GEORGE, WITH WAX, AND A LIGHTED CANDLE.

PUNT. 'Sdeath, you slave, you ban-dog, you!

CAR. As you love wit, stay the enraged knight, gentlemen.

PUNT. By my knighthood, he that stirs in

his rescue, dies. — Drawer, begone!
[EXIT GEORGE.]

CAR. Murder, murder, murder!

*PUNT. Ay, are you howling, you wolf? —
Gentlemen, as you tender your
lives, suffer no man to enter till my
revenge be perfect. Sirrah, Buffone,
lie down; make no exclamations, but down;
down, you cur, or I will make thy
blood flow on my rapier hilts.*

*CAR. Sweet knight, hold in thy fury, and
'fore heaven I'll honour thee
more than the Turk does Mahomet.*

*PUNT. Down, I say! [CARLO LIES DOWN.] —
Who's there?
[KNOCKING WITHIN.]*

*CONS. [WITHIN.] Here's the constable,
open the doors.*

CAR. Good Macilente —

*PUNT. Open no door; if the Adalantado of
Spain were here he should not
enter: one help me with the light,
gentlemen; you knock in vain, sir
officer.*

CAR. 'Et tu, Brute!'

PUNT. Sirrah, close your lips, or I will

drop it in thine eyes, by heaven.

CAR. O! O!

CONS. [WITHIN] Open the door, or I will break it open.

MACI. Nay, good constable, have patience a little; you shall come in presently; we have almost done.
[PUNTARVOLO SEALS UP CARLO'S LIPS.]

PUNT. So, now, are you Out of your Humour, sir? Shift, gentlemen
[THEY ALL DRAW, AND RUN OUT, EXCEPT FUNGOSO, WHO CONCEALS HIMSELF BENEATH THE TABLE.]

ENTER CONSTABLE AND OFFICERS, AND SEIZE FASTIDIOUS AS HE IS RUSHING BY.

CONS. Lay hold upon this gallant, and pursue the rest.

FAST. Lay hold on me, sir, for what?

CONS. Marry, for your riot here, sir, with the rest of your companions.

FAST. My riot! master constable, take heed what you do. Carlo, did I offer any violence?

CONS. O, sir, you see he is not in case to answer you, and that makes you so peremptory.

RE-ENTER GEORGE AND DRAWER.

FAST. Peremptory! 'Slife, I appeal to the drawers, if I did him any hard measure.

GEORGE. They are all gone, there's none of them will be laid any hold on.

CONS. Well, sir, you are like to answer till the rest can be found out.

FAST. 'Slid, I appeal to George here.

CONS. Tut, George was not here: away with him to the Counter, sirs. —

Come, sir, you were best get yourself drest somewhere.

[EXEUNT CONST. AND OFFICERS, WITH FAST. AND CAR.

GEORGE. Good lord, that master Carlo could not take heed, and knowing what a gentleman the knight is, if he be angry.

DRAWER. A pox on 'em, they have left all the meat on our hands; would they were choaked with it for me!

RE-ENTER MACILENTE.

MACI. What, are they gone, sirs?

GEORGE. O, here's master Macilente.

MACI. [POINTING TO FUNGOSO.] Sirrah,

George, do you see that concealment
there, that napkin under the table?

GEORGE. 'Ods so, signior Fungoso!

MACI. He's good pawn for the reckoning;
be sure you keep him here, and let
him not go away till I come again, though
he offer to discharge all; I'll
return presently.

GEORGE. Sirrah, we have a pawn for the
reckoning.

DRAW. What, of Macilente?

GEORGE. No; look under the table.

FUNG. [CREEPING OUT.] I hope all be
quiet now; if I can get but forth of
this street, I care not: masters, I pray
you tell me, is the constable
gone?

GEORGE. What, master Fungoso!

FUNG. Was't not a good device this same
of me, sirs?

GEORGE. Yes, faith; have you been here
all this while?

FUNG. O lord, ay; good sir, look an the
coast be clear, I'd fain be going.

GEORGE. All's clear, sir, but the reckoning; and that you must clear and pay before you go, I assure you.

FUNG. I pay! 'Slight, I eat not a bit since I came into the house, yet.

DRAW. Why, you may when you please, 'tis all ready below that was bespoken.

FUNG. Bespoken! not by me, I hope?

GEORGE. By you, sir! I know not that; but 'twas for you and your company, I am sure.

FUNG. My company! 'Slid, I was an invited guest, so I was.

DRAW. Faith we have nothing to do with that, sir: they are all gone but you, and we must be answered; that's the short and the long on't.

FUNG. Nay, if you will grow to extremities, my masters, then would this pot, cup, and all were in my belly, if I have a cross about me.

GEORGE. What, and have such apparel! do not say so, signior; that mightily discredits your clothes.

FUNG. As I am an honest man, my tailor had all my money this morning, and

yet I must be fain to alter my suit too.
Good sirs, let me go, 'tis Friday
night, and in good truth I have no stomach
in the world to eat any thing.

DRAW. That's no matter, so you pay, sir.

FUNG. 'Slight, with what conscience can
you ask me to pay that I never
drank for?

GEORGE. Yes, sir, I did see you drink
once.

FUNG. By this cup, which is silver, but
you did not; you do me infinite
wrong: I looked in the pot once, indeed,
but I did not drink.

DRAW. Well, sir, if you can satisfy our
master, it shall be all one to us.

WITHIN. George!

GEORGE. By and by.
[EXEUNT.]

COR. Lose not yourself now, signior

SCENE V. — A ROOM IN DELIRO'S HOUSE.

ENTER MACILENTE AND DELIRO.

MACI. Tut, sir, you did bear too hard a

conceit of me in that; but I will
not make my love to you most transparent,
in spite of any dust of suspicion
that may be raised to cloud it; and
henceforth, since I see it is so
against your humour, I will never labour
to persuade you.

DELI. Why, I thank you, signior; but what
is that you tell me may concern
my peace so much?

MACI. Faith, sir, 'tist hus. Your wife's
brother, signior Fungoso, being
at supper to-night at a tavern, with a
sort of gallants, there happened
some division amongst them, and he is left
in pawn for the reckoning. Now,
if ever you look that time shall present
you with an happy occasion to do
your wife some gracious and acceptable
service, take hold of this
opportunity, and presently go and redeem
him; for, being her brother, and
his credit so amply engaged as now it is,
when she shall hear, (as he
cannot himself, but he must out of
extremity report it,) that you came, and
offered y ourself so kindly, and with that
respect of his reputation; why, the
benefit cannot but make her dote, and grow
mad of your affections.

DELI. Now, by heaven, Macilente, I
acknowledge myself exceedingly indebted

to you, by this kind tender of your love;
and I am sorry to remember that I
was ever so rude, to neglect a friend of
your importance. — Bring me shoes
and a cloak here. — I was going to bed, if
you had not come. What tavern
is it?

MACI. The Mitre, sir.

DELI. O! Why, Fido! my shoes. — Good
faith, it cannot but please her
exceedingly.

ENTER FALLACE.

FAL. Come, I marle what piece of night-
work you have in hand now, that you
call for a cloak, and your shoes: What,
is this your pander?

DELI. O, sweet wife, speak lower, I would
not he should hear thee for a
world —

FAL. Hang him, rascal, I cannot abide him
for his treachery, with his wild
quick-set beard there. Whither go you now
with him?

DELI. No, whither with him, dear wife; I
go alone to a place, from whence
I will return instantly. — Good Macilente,
acquaint not her with it by any
means, it may come so much the more
accepted; frame some other answer. —

I'll come back immediately.
[EXIT.]

*FAL. Nay, an I be not worthy to know
whither you go, stay till I take
knowledge of your coming back.*

MACI. Hear you, mistress Deliro.

FAL. So, sir, and what say you?

*MACI. Faith, lady, my intents will not
deserve this slight respect, when
you shall know them.*

*FAL. Your intents! why, what may your
intents be, for God's sake?*

*MACI. Troth, the time allows no
circumstance, lady, therefore know this
was but a device to remove your husband
hence, and bestow him securely,*

*whilst, with more conveniency, I might
report to you a misfortune that hath*

*happened to monsieur Brisk — Nay, comfort,
sweet lady. This night, being*

*at supper, a sort of young gallants
committed a riot, for the which he only*

*is apprehended and carried to the Counter,
where, if your husband, and*

*other creditors, should but have knowledge
of him, the poor gentleman were
undone for ever.*

FAL. Ah me! that he were.

MACI. Now, therefore, if you can think
upon any present means for his
delivery, do not foreslow it. A bribe to
the officer that committed him
will do it.

FAL. O lord, sir! he shall not want for
a bribe; pray you, will you
commend me to him, and say I'll visit him
presently.

MACI. No, lady, I shall do you better
service, in protracting your
husband's return, that you may go with
more safety.

FAL. Good truth, so you may; farewell,
good sir. [EXIT MACI.] – Lord,
how a woman may be mistaken in a man! I
would have sworn upon all the
Testaments in the world he had not loved
master Brisk. Bring me my keys
there, maid. Alas, good gentleman, if all
I have in this earthly world
will pleasure him, it shall be at his
service.
[EXIT.]

MIT. How Macilente sweats in this
business, if you mark him!

COR. Ay, you shall see the true picture
of spite, anon: here comes the
pawn and his redeemer.

SCENE VI. — A ROOM AT THE MITRE.

ENTER DELIRO, FUNGOSO, AND GEORGE.

DELI. Come, brother, be not discouraged for this, man; what!

FUNG. No, truly, I am not discouraged; but I protest to you, brother, I have done imitating any more gallants either in purse or apparel, but as shall become a gentleman, for good carriage, or so.

DELI. You say well. — This is all in the bill here, is it not?

GEORGE. Ay, sir.

DELI. There's your money, tell it: and, brother, I am glad I met with so good occasion to shew my love to you.

FUNG. I will study to deserve it in good truth an I live.

DELI. What, is it right?

GEORGE. Ay, sir, and I thank you.

FUNG. Let me have a capon's leg saved, now the reckoning is paid.

GEORGE. You shall, sir

[EXIT.

ENTER MACILENTE.

MACI. Where's signior Deliro?

DELI. Here, Macilente.

MACI. Hark you, sir, have you dispatch'd this same?

DELI. Ay, marry have I.

MACI. Well then, I can tell you news; Brisk is in the Counter.

DELI. In the Counter!

MACI. 'Tis true, sir, committed for the stir here to-night. Now would I

have you send your brother home afore him, with the report of this your

kindness done him, to his sister, which will so pleasingly possess her, and

out of his mouth too, that in the meantime you may clap your action on

Brisk, and your wife, being in so happy a mood, cannot entertain it ill, by any means.

DELI. 'Tis very true, she cannot, indeed, I think.

MACI. Think! why 'tis past thought; you shall never meet the like opportunity, I assure you.

DELI. I will do it. — Brother, pray you go home afore (this gentleman and

I have some private business), and tell my sweet wife I'll come presently.

FUNG. I will, brother.

MACI. And, signior, acquaint your sister, how liberally, and out of his

bounty, your brother has used you (do you see?), made you a man of good

reckoning; redeem'd that you never were possess of, credit; gave you as

gentlemanlike terms as might be; found no fault with your coming behind the fashion; nor nothing.

FUNG. Nay, I am out of those humours now.

MACI. Well, if you be out, keep your distance, and be not made a shot-clog

any more. — Come, signior, let's make haste.

[EXEUNT.

SCENE VII. — THE COUNTER.

ENTER FALLACE AND FASTIDIOUS BRISK.

FAL. O, master Fastidious, what pity is it to see so sweet a man as you are, in so sour a place!

[KISSES HIM.

COR. As upon her lips, does she mean?

MIT. O, this is to be imagined the Counter, belike.

FAST. Troth, fair lady, 'tis first the pleasure of the fates, and next of the constable, to have it so: but I am patient, and indeed comforted the more in your kind visit.

FAL. Nay, you shall be comforted in me more than this, if you please, sir.

I sent you word by my brother, sir, that my husband laid to 'rest you this morning; I know now whether you received it or no.

FAST. No, believe it, sweet creature, your brother gave me no such intelligence.

FAL. O, the lord!

FAST. But has your husband any such purpose?

FAL. O, sweet master Brisk, yes: and therefore be presently discharged, for if he come with his actions upon you, Lord deliver you! you are in for one half-a-score year; he kept a poor man in Ludgate once twelve year for sixteen shillings. Where's your keeper?

for love's sake call him, let him
take a bribe, and despatch you. Lord, how
my heart trembles! here are no
spies, are there?

FAST. No, sweet mistress. Why are you in
this passion?

FAL. O lord, master Fastidious, if you
knew how I took up my husband
to-day, when he said he would arrest you;
and how I railed at him that
persuaded him to it, the scholar there
(who, on my conscience, loves you
now), and what care I took to send you
intelligence by my brother; and how
I gave him four sovereigns for his pains:
and now, how I came running out
hither without man or boy with me, so soon
as I heard on't; you'd say I
were in a passion indeed. Your keeper,
for God's sake! O, master Brisk,
as 'tis in 'Euphues', 'Hard is the choice,
when one is compelled either by
silence to die with grief, or by speaking
to live with shame'.

FAST. Fair lady, I conceive you, and may
this kiss assure you, that where
adversity hath, as it were, contracted,
prosperity shall not — Od's me!
your husband.

ENTER DELIRO AND MACILENTE.

FAL. O me!

DELI. Ay! Is it thus?

MACI. Why, how now, signior Deliro! has
the wolf seen you, ha? Hath
Gorgon's head made marble of you?

DELI. Some planet strike me dead!

MACI. Why, look you, sir, I told you, you
might have suspected this long
afore, had you pleased, and have saved
this labour of admiration now, and
passion, and such extremities as this
frail lump of flesh is subject unto.

Nay, why do you not doat now, signior?
methinks you should say it were
some enchantment, 'deceptio visus', or so,
ha! If you could persuade
yourself it were a dream now, 'twere
excellent: faith, try what you can
do, signior: it may be your imagination
will be brought to it in time;
there's nothing impossible.

FAL. Sweet husband!

DELI. Out, lascivious strumpet!
[EXIT.]

MACI. What! did you see how ill that
stale vein became him afore, of
'sweet wife', and 'dear heart'; and are
you fallen just into the same now,
with 'sweet husband'! Away, follow him,

go, keep state: what! remember
you are a woman, turn impudent; give him
not the head, though you give him
the horns. Away. And yet, methinks, you
should take your leave of 'enfant
perdu' here, your forlorn hope. [EXIT
FAL.] — How now, monsieur Brisk?
what! Friday night, and in affliction
too, and yet your pulpamenta, your
delicate morsels! I perceive the
affection of ladies and gentlewomen
pursues you wheresoever you go, monsieur.

FAST. Now, in good faith, and as I am
gentle, there could not have come a
thing in this world to have distracted me
more, than the wrinkled fortunes
of this poor dame.

MACI. O yes, sir; I can tell you a think
will distract you much better,
believe it: Signior Deliro has entered
three actions against you, three
actions, monsieur! marry, one of them
(I'll put you in comfort) is but
three thousand, and the other two, some
five thousand pound together:
trifles, trifles.

FAST. O, I am undone.

MACI. Nay, not altogether so, sir; the
knight must have his hundred pound
repaid, that will help too; and then six
score pounds for a diamond, you

know where. These be things will weigh,
monsieur, they will weigh.

FAST. O heaven!

MACI. What! do you sigh? this is to
'kiss the hand of a countess', to
'have her coach sent for you', to 'hang
poniards in ladies' garters', to
'wear bracelets of their hair', and for
every one of these great favours to
'give some slight jewel of five hundred
crowns, or so'; why, 'tis nothing.

Now, monsieur, you see the plague that
treads on the heels o' your foppery:

well, go your ways in, remove yourself to
the two-penny ward quickly, to

save charges, and there set up your rest
to spend sir Puntarvolo's hundred

pound for him. Away, good pomander, go!

[EXIT FASTIDIOUS.

Why here's a change! now is my soul at
peace:

I am as empty of all envy now,

As they of merit to be envied at.

My humour, like a flame, no longer lasts

Than it hath stuff to feed it; and their
folly

Being now raked up in their repentant
ashes,

Affords no ampler subject to my spleen.

I am so far from malicing their states,

That I begin to pity them. It grieves me

To think they have a being. I could wish

They might turn wise upon it, and be saved

now,

So heaven were pleased; but let them
vanish, vapours! —

Gentlemen, how like you it? has't not
been tedious?

COR. Nay, we have done censuring now.

MIT. Yes, faith.

MACI. How so?

COR. Marry, because we'll imitate your
actors, and be out of our humours.

Besides, here are those round about you of
more ability in censure than we,

whose judgments can give it a more
satisfying allowance; we'll refer you to
them.

[EXEUNT CORDATUS AND MITIS.]

MACI. [COMING FORWARD.] Ay, is it even
so? — Well, gentlemen, I should

have gone in, and return'd to you as I was
Asper at the first; but by

reason the shift would have been somewhat
long, and we are loth to draw

your patience farther, we'll entreat you
to imagine it. And now, that you

may see I will be out of humour for
company, I stand wholly to your kind

approbation, and indeed am nothing so
peremptory as I was in the beginning:

marry, I will not do as Plautus in his
'Amphytrio', for all this, 'summi

*Jovis causa plaudite'; beg a plaudite for
God's sake; but if you, out of
the bounty of your good-liking, will
bestow it, why, you may in time make
lean Macilente as fat as sir John
Falstaff.*
[EXIT.]

THE EPILOGUE

AT THE
PRESENTATION BEFORE QUEEN ELIZABETH

BY MACILENTE.

*Never till now did object greet mine eyes
With any light content: but in her graces
All my malicious powers have lost their
stings.*

*Envy is fled from my soul at sight of her,
And she hath chased all black thoughts
from my bosom,*

*Like as the sun doth darkness from the
world,*

*My stream of humour is run out of me,
And as our city's torrent, bent t'infect
The hallow'd bowels of the silver Thames,
Is check'd by strength and clearness of
the river,*

*Till it hath spent itself even at the
shore;*

*So in the ample and unmeasured flood
Of her perfections, are my passions
drown'd;*

And I have now a spirit as sweet and clear
As the more rarefied and subtle air: —

With which, and with a heart as pure as
fire,

Yet humble as the earth, do I implore

[KNEELS.

O heaven, that She, whose presence hath
effected

This change in me, may suffer most late
change

In her admired and happy government:

May still this Island be call'd Fortunate,

And rugged Treason tremble at the sound,

When Fame shall speak it with an emphasis.

Let foreign polity be dull as lead,

And pale Invasion come with half a heart,

When he but looks upon her blessed soil.

The throat of War be stopt within her
land,

And turtle-footed Peace dance fairy rings

About her court; where never may there
come

Suspect or danger, but all trust and
safety.

Let Flattery be dumb, and Envy blind

In her dread presence; Death himself
admire her;

And may her virtues make him to forget

The use of his inevitable hand.

Fly from her, Age; sleep, Time, before her
throne;

Our strongest wall falls down, when she is
gone.

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
ACKNOWN, 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, life

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 (astron.), 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 10s., 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
 AFFERIL, 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, suitableness
 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 (Ital.), 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

BALARD, 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-GREAK, 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 of
 "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
 BESPRAWLE, bespatter
 BETHLEHEM GABOR, Transylvanian hero,
 proclaimed King of Hungary
 BEVER, drinking
 BEVIS, SIR, knight of romance whose horse
 was equally celebrated
 BEWAY, 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

BILE, 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 han), 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
 BOYE, "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 norse'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, (?) boiled, 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 MAINTENCE, 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
 CHEVEIL, from kidskin, which is elastic
 and pliable
 CHIAUS, Turkish envoy; used for a cheat,
 swindler
 CHILDERMASS DAY, Innocents' Day
 CHOKE-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
 CORV (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
 CRANTON, spider-like; also fairy
 appellation for a fly (Gifford, who refers
 to lines in Drayton's "Nimphidia")
 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 FILE, 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.")

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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

DISPARGEMENT, legal term supplied 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
 EXPLATE, terminate
 EXPLICATE, explain, unfold
 EXTEMPORAL, extempore, unpremediated
 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

FRAMFULL, 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
least (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, (?) figment: flighty, restless
(N.E.D.)

FULLAM, false dice

FULMART, polecat

FULSOME, foul, offensive

FURIBUND, raging, furious

GALLEY-FOIST, city-barge, 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

BARD, 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-WIND'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-COURSES, horse-dealer
 HOSPITAL, Christ's Hospital
 HOWLEGLAS, Eulenspiegel, the hero of a popular German tale which related 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 Enginer)

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)

JACE, 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 canulus*);

flower-bed laid out in fanciful design

KURSINED, KYRSIN, christened

LABOURED, wrought with labour and care

LADE, load(ed)

LADING, load

LAIID, plotted

LANCE-KNIGHT (*Lanzknecht*), a German mercenary foot-soldier

LAP, fold

LAR, household god

LARD, garnish

LARGE, abundant

LARUM, alarum, call to arms

LATTICE, tavern windows were furnished with lattices of various colours

LAUNDER, to wash gold in aqua regia, so as imperceptibly to extract some of it.

LAVE, ladle, bale

LAW, "give -," give a start (term of chase)

LAXATIVE, loose

LAY ABOARD, run alongside generally with intent to board

LEAGUER, siege, or camp of besieging army

LEASING, lying

LEAVE, leave off, desist

LEER, leering or "empty, hence, perhaps leer 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

LEESE, lose

LEGS, "make -," do obeisance

LEIGEP, resident representative

LEIGERITY, 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)
 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, hard; 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 own, 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

MANEIND, humanity

MAPLE FACE, spotted face (N.E.D.)

MARCH PANE, 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, making 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
MIDDLING 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
 MISPRIZE, 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, common-
 place
 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 score, 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, wood
 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
 OFFPRESS, 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
 OUTREGUIDANCE, 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, fending 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)
 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 gas carried by horsemen
 PETULANT, pert, insolent
 PHERE. See Fere
 PHLEGMA, watery distilled liquor (old chem. "water")
 PHRENETIC, madman
 PICARDIL, still 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
 POINTE, tabbed 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
 POMMANDER, 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
 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, state 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 — a not," matters not
 SEINK(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; chear (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, p. 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, lazaret-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

STALE, 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, strummed 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, toppers 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

TONNELLS, 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, read

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
TUMBLE, 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
TWO PENNY 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 vollee," 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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MAN OUT OF HIS HUMOUR ***

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