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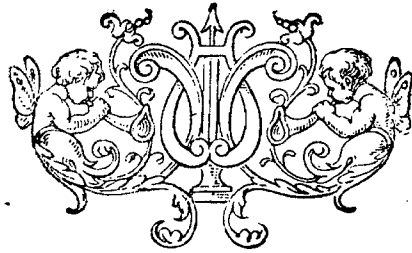
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“What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid ! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life.”

Master Francis Beaumont to Ben Jonson.



“Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?”

Keats.



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players, and make suppers. And in company of better rank, to avoid the suspect of insufficiency, will enforce their ignorance most desperately, to set upon the understanding of any thing. Orange is the more humorous of the two, (whose small portion of juice being squeezed out) Clove serves to stick him with commendations.

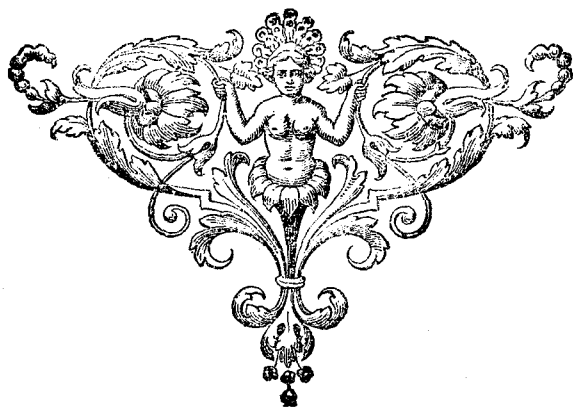
CORDATUS.¹ The author's friend; a man inly acquainted with the scope and drift of his plot: of a discreet and understanding judgment; and has the place of a Moderator.

MITIS. Is a person of no action, and therefore we have reason to afford him no character.

² It was not near his thought, that hath published this, either to traduce the author; or to make vulgar and cheap, any the peculiar and sufficient deserts of the actors: but rather—whereas many censures fluttered about it—to give all leave, and leisure, to judge with distinction.

¹ Cordatus and Mitis appear in the Induction, and act as Grex or Chorus in the play itself, being spectators on the stage who criticise, maintain and explain the action of the piece.

² The quarto only contains this paragraph, and divided off from the preceding matter.



EVERY MAN OUT OF HIS HUMOUR.

THE INDUCTION.

After the second sounding,¹

Enter CORDATUS, ASPER, and MITIS.



OR. 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, cracked with the weight of sin,
Hell gaping under us, and o'er our heads
Black, ravenous ruin, with her sail-stretched wings,
Ready to sink us down, and cover us.
Who can behold such prodigies as these,
And have his lips sealed up? not I: my soul
Was never ground into such oily colours,
To flatter vice, and daub iniquity:
But, with an armèd and resolvèd hand,
I'll strip the ragged follies of the time,

¹ There were three soundings before the play began.

Naked, as at their birth—

Cor. [*Aside to him.*] Be not too bold.

Asp. [*Aside.*] You trouble me—and with a whip of steel,
Print wounding lashes in their iron ribs.
I fear no mood stamped 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're 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 'hem :
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 Hercules¹—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 !² when the conscience
Is vaster than the ocean, and devours
More wretches than the Counters.³

Mit. Gentle Asper,
Contain your spirit in more stricter bounds,
And be not thus transported with the violence
Of your strong thoughts.

Cor. 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.*] I not observed this throngèd round till
now.
Gracious, and kind spectators, you are welcome,

¹ Audacious words.

² A description of the Puritan.

³ The City prisons.

Apollo and the 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 austerest 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 racked 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*,¹ we thus define it.

¹ A thing existing,

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 whatsoever hath fluxure, and humidity,
 As wanting power to contain itself,
 Is humour. So in every human body,
 The cholera, melancholy, phlegm, and blood,
 By reason that they flow continually
 In some one part, and are not continent,¹
 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,² 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,³ by wearing a pied feather,
 The cable hat-band, or the three-piled⁴ ruff,
 A yard of shoe-tie, 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
 Anatomized 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

¹ Staying together in one place.

² Affectsions.

³ Simpleton-prater.

⁴ Three-tiered.

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 'gainst me.
 None, but a sort¹ of fools, so sick in taste,
 That they contemn all physic of the mind,
 And, like galled 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 intente 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 'hem: my strict hand
 Was made to seize on vice, and with a gripe
 Squeeze out the humour of such spongy natures
 As lick up every idle vanity.

Cor. Why, this is right *furor poeticus*!² [*To audience*
 Kind gentlemen, we hope your patience
 Will yet conceive the best, or entertain
 This supposition, that a madman speaks.

Asp. [*To those within.*] 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, sir, 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 wreathed, his hat pulled here,
 Cries mew,³ and nods, then shakes his empty head,
 Will show more several motions in his face

¹ Lot.

² Poetic fury.

³ In token of disapprobation (cat-calls).

Than the new London, Rome, or Niniveh,¹
 And, now and then, breaks a dry biscuit jest,
 Which, that it may more easily be chewed,
 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,
 " *Fejunus raro stomachus vulgaris temnit,*"
 "Mean cates are welcome still to hungry guests."

Cor. 'Tis true, but why should we observe 'hem, Asper?

Asp. O, I would know 'hem, for in such assemblies
 They're more infectious than the pestilence :
 And therefore I would give them pills to purge,
 And make 'hem fit for fair societies.
 How monstrous, and detested is't to see
 A fellow, that has neither art, nor brain,
 Sit like an Aristarchus², or—stark-ass,
 Taking men's lines, with a tobacco face,
 In snuff³, still spitting, using his wryed 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're fond.⁴
 Shall I be so extravagant, to think,
 That happy judgments, and composèd 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,

¹ The Motions or Puppets in these shows.

² A most celebrated critic. ³ In offence, anger. ⁴ Foolish.

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 spend 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 polished jewels in their bounteous ears ?¹
 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 haste them sound. [*To audience.*] Now, gentlemen,

I go

To turn an actor, and a humourist,
 Where, ere I do resume my present person,
 We hope to make the circles of your eyes
 Flow with distillèd laughter : if we fail,
 We must impute it to this only chance,
 " Art hath an enemy called 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.²

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't ?

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 Comœdia* ;³ a work that hath boun-
 teously pleased me ; how it will answer the general expect-
 ation, 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

¹ See p. 92.

² Dislike.

³ The ancient comedy.

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*,¹ and in their present virtue and perfection, there had been some reason of obeying their powers: but 'tis extant, that that which we called *Comœdia*, 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 perfected, 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 licence 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!"² mass, he has bound himself to a strict law there.

Cor. Why so?

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

¹ From the beginning.

² England.

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 shows how well the authors can travel in their vocation, and outrun the apprehension of their auditory. But, leaving this, I would they would begin 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.

Enter Prologue.

Cor. O, here comes the Prologue:—now, sir, if you had stayed 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 ha' 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 room² 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—

¹ He puns on this and "travail."

² The gallery.

Enter CARLO BUFFONE, and 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 'hem a health here: [*Exit Boy.*] I mar'le whose wit 'twas to put a prologue in yond sackbut's¹ 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-timbered fellow, he would ha' made a good column, an he had been thought on, when the house was a-building—

Re-enter Boy with a glass.

O, art thou come? well said;² 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, a round in place of a bad prologue, I drink this good draught to your health here, Canary, the very elixir, and spirit of wine. 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*³: marry, at home he keeps a good philosophical diet, beans and buttermilk: an honest pure rogue, he will take you off three, four, five of these, one after another, and look villanously when he has done, like a one-headed Cerberus—he does not hear me, I hope,—and then, when his belly is well ballassed, and his brain rigged a little, he sails 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!* 'sblood 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.*]

¹ A bass trumpet-like instrument.

² Then used in sense of 'sayed, tried (and done).

³ A dog's greedy appetite.

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 meditating.

Observe these, he'll appear himself anon.

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

Cor. The same, sir.





ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I.—*The Country*

Enter MACILENTE



ACI. *Viri est, fortunæ cæcitatem facillè ferre.*

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

Doth that man breathe, than 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 corr'sive, and doth eat it farther
There is no taste in this philosophy,
'Tis like a potion that a man should drin
But turns his stomach with the sight of it.
I am no such pilled³ Cynic 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 observed this man is great,

¹ It is the part of one, truly a man, to bear easily the blindness of Fortune.

² Polled.

Mighty, and feared ; that, loved and highly favoured :
A third, thought wise and learned ; a fourth, rich,
And therefore honoured ; a fifth, rarely featured ;
A sixth, admired for his nuptial fortunes :
When I see these, I say, and view myself,
I wish the organs of my sight were cracked ;
And that the engine of my grief could cast
Mine eyeballs, like two globes of wildfire, forth,
To melt this unproportioned frame of nature.
Oh, they are thoughts that have transfixed my heart,
And often, i' 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.*¹

Mit. O, peace, you break the scene.

Maci. Soft, who be these ?
I'll lay me down awhile till they be past.

*Enter SOGLIARDO and CARLO BUFFONE.*²

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

Mit. What is he ?

Cor. 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't ?

Sog. Signior Insulso Sogliardo :¹ methinks it sounds well.

¹ Spitefully looking at what he hates, he sighs, groans, gnashes his teeth, and being cold, sweats.

² Scene ii. in old editions.

³ Senseless lubbard.

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. [*Aside.*] Ay, and a constable for your wit.¹

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 complements² 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. [*Aside.*] I'll make admirable use i' the projection of my medicine upon this lump of copper here.—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 not this purely good?

Maci. [*Aside.*] S'blood, why should such a prick-eared hind as this

Be rich? ha? a fool? such a transparent gull
That maybe 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 o'er housekeeping in the country, and live altogether in the city amongst gallants: where, at your first appearance, 'twere good you turned 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; ³ study their carriage and behaviour in

¹ As was a Dogberry, &c.

² Those things that make up.

³ Common.

all; learn to play at primero and passage,¹ and—ever when you lose—ha' 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,² sit melancholy, and pick your teeth when you cannot speak: and when you come to plays, be humorous, look with a good starched face, and ruffle your brow like a new boot,³ laugh at nothing but your own jests, or else as the noblemen laugh. That's a special grace you must observe.

Sog. I warrant you, sir.

Car. Ay, and sit o' 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 i' 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,⁴ (though it be copper, it's no matter) to bring you letters, feigned from such a nobleman, or such a knight, or such a lady, "To their worshipful, right rare, and nobly qualified friend or kinsman, Signior Insulso Sogliardo:" give yourself style enough. And there, while you intend⁵ circumstances of news, or enquiry of

¹ Gambling card games. ² Eating house. ³ See p. 24, note.

⁴ Worn by the higher attendants in a large house. ⁵ Seek.

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 breathed upon her picture; and pursue it with that hot grace, as if you would advance a challenge upon it presently.¹

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. [*Aside.*] You may; you have land and crowns: O partial fate!

Car. Mass, well remembered, 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't 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?²

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

¹ At the instant.

² *i.e.*, a politic man.

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 acceptedly than if you gave 'hem a new-year's gift.

Sog. I perceive you, sir: I will take up,¹ and bring myself in credit, sure.

Car. Marry this, always beware you commerce not with bankrupts, or poor needy Ludgathians;² 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 ha' 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 'hem then?

Car. Keep 'hem! '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 ha' 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 'hem a fortnight, or so, and showed 'hem enough to the world,³ you may turn 'hem 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,³ that's my humour: but I lack a cullisen.⁴

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

¹ On credit.

² Ludgate Hill tradesmen.

³ Of arms.

⁴ A badge of arms, worn on the arm of the servitor.

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. [*Aside.*] Torment and death! break head and brain at once,

To be delivered of your fighting issue.

Who can endure to see blind Fortune dote thus?

To be enamoured on this dusty turf,

This clod! a whoreson puck-fist¹! O God, God, God,
God, &c.

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. [*To SÓGLIARDO who sees 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 waifs² and strays here, has he not?

Sog. Yes, sir.

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

Sog. Sirrah, who gave you commission to lie in my

Mac. Your lordship? [*lordship?*]

Sog. How! "my lordship?" do you know me, sir?

Mac. I do know you, sir.

Car. [*Aside.*] He answers him like an echo.

Sog. Why, who am I, sir?

Mac. One of those that fortune favours.

Car. [*Aside.*] The periphrasis of a fool. I'll observe this better.

¹ The puff ball fungus.

² Q., Ff., "wefts," the more technical form of the same word.

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. 'Sblood, 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 turned your broadside at this, and have been ready with an apology,¹ able to sink this hulk of ignorance into the bottom, and depth of his contempt.

Car. 'Sblood, 'tis Macilente! [*To MACILENTE.*] Signior, you are well encountered; how is 't. [*Aside to him.*] 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 wickered, his head's the cork, light, light!—I am glad to see you so well returned, signior.

Mac. You are? gramercy, good Janus!

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

Car. God's precious, come away man, what do you mean? an you knew him as I do, you'd shun him as you'd do the plague.

Sog. Why, sir?

Car. O, he's a black fellow,² take heed on him.

Sog. Is he a scholar, or a soldier?

Car. Both, both; a lean mongrel, he looks as if he were chap-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's like

¹ Gr. and Lat. *Apologia*, defence.

² Malignant.

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 lief see a cockatrice,¹ 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 Buffoon, 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-mouthed 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 a scorpion: stay, who's this?
Now, for my soul, another minion
Of the old lady Chance's! I'll observe him.

² *Enter SORDIDO with an Almanac.*

Sord. O rare! good, good, good, good, good! I thank my stars, I thank my stars for it.

Mac. [*Aside.*] Said I not true? doth not his passion speak
Out of my divination? O my senses,
Why lose you not your powers, and become
Dulled, if not deaded, with this spectacle?

¹ The basilisk, a serpent fabled to kill by either sight or breath. It was then also a fashionable name for a harlot

² Scene iii. in old eds.

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

Scor. 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, Oh, oh, oh!

Sord. Ha, ha, ha, I will not sow my grounds this year. Let me see, what harvest shall we have? [*Turns over leaves.*] "June—July—August!"

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;—"St. Swithin's¹: no rain?"²

Mac. O, here's a precious, dirty, damnèd rogue,
That fats himself with expectation
Of rotten weather, and unseasoned hours;
And he is rich for it, an elder brother!
His barns are full! his ricks and mows³ 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 month⁴ begins, if that be better. "September, first, second, third, and

¹ 15th July.

² Probably in his hurry looks at wrong month, thus allowing of Macilente's speech.

³ Stacks.

⁴ *i.e.* The next month after August. He has kept his finger there while for the moment he turned to St. Swithin's Day.

fourth, days, rainy and blustering ;" this is well now :
 " fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth, rainy, with some
 thunder ;" Ay marry, this is excellent ; the other was false
 printed sure : " the tenth, and eleventh, great store of
 rain ;" O good, good, good, good, good ! " the twelfth,
 thirteenth, and fourteenth days, rain ;" good still :
 " fifteenth, and sixteenth, rain ;" good still : " seventeenth,
 and eighteenth, rain ;" good still : " nineteenth, and
 twentieth," good still, good still, good still, good still,
 good still ! " one and twentieth, some rain ;" some rain !
 well, we must be patient, and attend the heavens' plea-
 sure, would it were more though : " the two and twen-
 tieth, three and twentieth, great tempests of rain, thunder,
 and lightning."

O good again, past expectation good !
 I thank my blessed angel ; never, never,
 Laid ¹ I 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 contained the very life,
 Blood, strength, and sinews,² 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 joyed and confident in thee.

[*Puts it in his girdle.*]

The Hind enters and gives a paper.

Mac. Ha, ha, ha ! I' not this good ? Is't not pleasing
 Ha, ha, ha !³ God pardon me ! ha, ha ! [this ?
 Is't possible that such a spacious villain
 Should live, and not be plagued ? or lies he hid
 Within the wrinkled bosom of the world,
 Where Heaven cannot see him ? 'Sblood ! methinks

¹ Pronounced as a dissyllable.

² Nerves, *i.e.* feeling.

³ Probably Jonson meant the first or final "ha" to be a pro-
 longed one—Ha-a.

'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 loathed disease,
 Might light upon him ; or 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, e'en 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 vexèd 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 justices' men, he says
 'tis a precept,¹ and all their hands be at it.

Sord. Ay, and the prints of them stick in my flesh,
 Deeper than i' their letters : they have sent me
 Pills wrapped in paper here, that, should I take 'hem,
 Would poison all the sweetness of my book,
 And turn my honey into hemlock-juice.
 But I am wiser than to serve² their precepts,
 Or follow their prescriptions. Here's a device,
 To charge me bring my grain unto the markets :
 Ay, much³ ! when I have neither barn nor garner,
 Nor earth to hide it in, I'll bring it ; till then,
 Each corn I send shall be as big as Paul's.⁴
 O, but—say some—the poor are like to starve.
 Why, let 'hem starve, what's that to me ? are bees
 Bound to keep life in drones, and idle moths ? no :

¹ A technical or magisterial order.

³ Much grain I'll bring !

² Observe.

⁴ St. Paul's.

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;¹
 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 'gain'² 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 mows³:
 That done, I'll have 'hem empty all my garner,
 And i' 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-mouthèd vulgar dog,
 Which else would still be baying at my door,

¹ A spontaneous generation then believed in.

² Q., Ff., "again," but doubtless one vowel was meant to be elided.

³ Stacks.

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,¹
 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 expressed 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 re-
 proof 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 enforce the length, as a necessary reason;
 but for propriety, the scene would 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't not envy?

Cor. Yes, but you must understand, signior, he envies
 him not as he is a villain, a wolf i' the commonwealth, but
 as he is rich, and fortunate; for the true condition of envy
 is, *dolor alienæ felicitatis*,² 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 abhorred 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 our-
 selves.

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 Buffoon, but I hate him."

¹ Thrown all on the venture. ² Grief at another's happiness.

Mit. Stay, sir: "I envy not this Buffoon, 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 possessed 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.

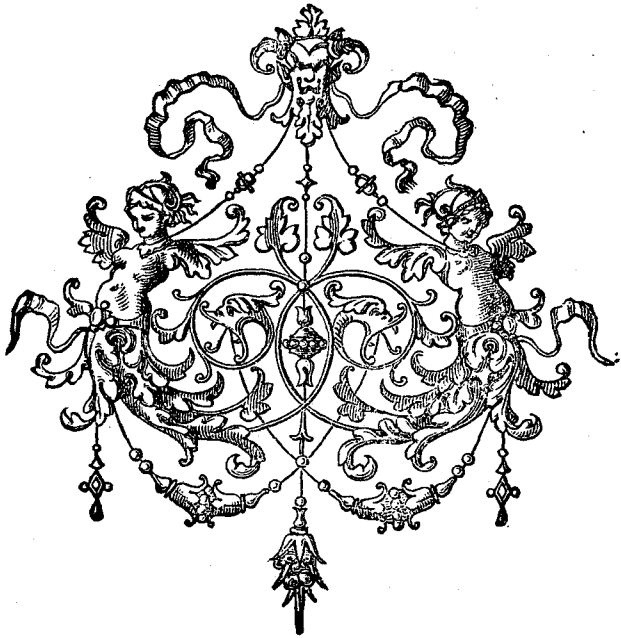
Cor. 'Twere pity they should be parted, sir.

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

Cor. No, sir, this is one Monsieur Fastidius 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 THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—*The Country; before PUNTARVOLO'S House.*

Enter FASTIDIUS 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 motions¹ in a great antique clock: he would show well upon a haberdasher's stall, at a corner shop, rarely.

Fast. 'Sheart, what a damned 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 catsos², that ha' 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 i' their discourse, from fire to water, from water to

¹ Moving figures.

² Rogues.

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 grey hobby yet, didst thou?

Car. No; ha' 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 i' 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. 'Sblood! you shall see him turn morrice-dancer, he has got him bells, a good suit, and a hobby-horse.

Sog. 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 danced in it myself too.

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

Sog. Yes, once; marry, that was but to show 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 i' 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 whigh-hie, and the daggers in the nose, and the travels of the egg from finger to finger, 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 damnably 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,¹ 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*;"² so this gallant, labouring to avoid popularity,³ falls into a habit of affectation, ten thousand times hatefuller than the former.

Car. 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 lie, than that's to wag: he sleeps with a musk-cat every night,

¹ Garb (Fr. *Gerbe*) a sheaf.

² While fools try to avoid certain vices they run into the opposite ones.

³ The popular phrasing or habits.

and walks all day hanged in pomander¹ chains for penance ; he has his skin tanned in civet, to make his complexion² 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.*] Nay, Carlo, I am not happy i' thy love, I see : pr'ythee 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. How now ! Is the knight arrived ?³

Enter CINEDO.

Cin. No, sir, but 'tis guessed he will arrive presently, by his fore-runners.⁴

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 i' that, and a good figure of your bounty beside.

Fast. Tut, the boy wants no crowns.

Car. No crown ;⁵ speak i' the singular number, and we'll believe you.

Fast. Nay, thou art so capriciously conceited now. Sirrah Damnation, I have heard this knight Puntarvolo reported to be a gentleman of exceeding good humour : thou knowest him ; pr'ythee, how is his disposition ? I ne'er 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

¹ A scent mixture, or paste, contained in perforated beads, etc.

² Temperament, constitution.

Some fail to see that their author means persons to be addressed before they enter on the stage.

⁴ He puns on fore and four.

Of the head.

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 taint¹ a staff well at tilt : 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 encountered 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 the Boy.*]

Car. You have seen Signior Puntarvolo accost his

Sog. O, ay, sir. [lady?]

Fast. And how is the manner of it, pr'ythee, good signior ?

Sog. Faith, sir, in very good sort, he has his humours for it, sir : as 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, gentleman. [signior?]

Fast. Why, but do you remember no particulars,

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

Car. After the trumpet has summoned a parley, not before ?

Sog. No, sir, not before ; and then says he,—ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, etc.²

¹ Though not break it properly.

² *i.e.* He continues to laugh artificially, to hide his ignorance.

Car. What says he? be not rapt so.

Sog. Says he,—ha, ha, ha, etc.

Fast. Nay, speak, speak.

Sog. Ha, ha, ha!—says he; God save you, says he—ha, ha, etc.

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

Sog. Nay, that, that comes after is,—ha, ha, ha, ha, etc.

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 terrace, and you shall see it done, better than I can show it.

Car. So it had need, 'twill scarce poize 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.

¹ *Enter PUNTARVOLO, and his Huntsman leading a greyhound.*

Punt. Forester, give wind to thy horn. [*He sounds.*] Enough; by this, the sound hath touched the ears of the inclosed: depart, leave the dog, and take with thee what thou hast deserved, the horn, and thanks.

[*Exit Huntsman.*]

Car. Ay, marry, there's some taste in this.

Fast. Is't not good?

Sog. Ah, peace, now above, now above!

[*The 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. No, forsooth; I am but the waiting gentlewoman.

¹ Scene ii. in old eds.

Car. He knew that before.

Punt. Pardon me; *humanum est errare.*

Car. He learned that of his chaplain.

Punt. To the perfection of complement, (which is the dial of the thought, and guided by the sun of your beauties) are required these three specials; the gnomon, the punttilios,¹ and the superficies; the superficies is that we call place; the punttilios, 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. The lord of the castle is a knight, sir; signior Puntarvolo.

Punt. Puntarvolo? O——

Car. Now must he ruminare.

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,² 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,³ 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.

¹ The points of the dial (?)

² A song—by the clown, who sometimes danced—then followed the play

³ Temperament.

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 is travelled?

Gent. Ay, forsooth, he hath beyond sea, 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.¹

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

Car. Tut, no; he knows they are excellent, and to her capacity that speaks 'hem.

Punt. Would I might 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. Pr'ythee, dear nymph, intreat her beauties to shine on this side of the building.

[Gentlewoman leaves the window.]

Car. That he may erect a new dial of complement, with his gnomons and his puntlios.

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

¹ By this she meant he was no Puritan.

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 ha' him jointed, I'll pawn him in Eastcheap, among the butchers, else.

Fast. Peace; who be these, Carlo?

¹ 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 looked somewhat like a sponge in that pinked yellow doublet, methought; well, make much of him; I see he was never born to ride upon a mule.²

Gent. [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 from that part of the stage.]

¹ Scene iii. in old eds.

² Ridden upon by sergeants at law or judges.

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 at the window.]

Punt. What more than heavenly pulchritude is this? What magazine, or treasury of bliss?

Dazzle, you organs to my optic sense,¹

To view a creature of such eminence:

O, I am planet-struck, and in yond sphere

A brighter star than Venus doth appear!

Fast. How? in verse!

Car. An extasy, an extasy, man.

Lady P. 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, low as the basis of your altitude.

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

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

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

Punt. I have scarce collected my spirits, but lately scattered in the admiration 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

¹ He makes him imitate Marston.

power; which I acknowledge to be nothing, valued with what so worthy a person may deserve. Please you but stay, while I descend.

Punt. Most admired lady, you astonish me! [Exit Lady.
[Walks aside with SORDIDO and his Son.]

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

Fast. Nay, look; pr'ythee, peace.

Car. Pox on't; I am impatient of such foppery.

Fast. O let's hear the rest.

Car. What a tedious chapter of courtship, after Sir Lancelot and Queen Guenever? Away! I mar'le in what dull cold nook he found this lady out? that, being a woman, she was blest with no more copy¹ of wit but to serve his humour thus. 'Slud, I think he feeds her with porridge, I: she could ne'er 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*,² than your gross fare: why, I'll make you an instance; your city-wives, but observe 'hem, you ha' not more perfect true fools i' 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 rarefied! and sometimes a very quintessence of conceit flows from 'hem, able to drown a weak apprehension.

Enter Lady PUNTARVOLO and her Waiting-woman.

Fast. Peace, here comes the lady.

Lady. God's me, here's company! turn in again.

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

¹ Plenty, Lat. *copia*.

² The point or fineness of wit

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?"¹

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,² as I do now; or one of fortune's mules, laden with treasure, and an empty cloak-bag, following him, gaping when a bag will untie.

Punt. Peace, you bandog, peace! What brisk Nymphodoro is that in the white virgin boot there?

Car. Marry, sir, one that I must intreat you to take a very particular knowledge of, and with more than ordinary respect:—Monsieur Fastidius.

Punt. Sir, I could wish, that for the time of your vouchsafed abiding here, and more real entertainment, this 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. [*Aside.*] 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 towards 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. [*Aside, looking at BRISK.*] By Heaven, it's a very fine suit of clothes!

¹ Marston's Satires were "the Scourge of Villany." ² Dog-keeper.

Cor. Do you observe that, signior? there's another humour has new-cracked the shell.

Mit. What? he is enamoured of the fashion, is he?

Cor. O, you forestall the jest.

Fung. [*Aside.*] I mar'le what it might stand him in.

Sog. Nephew?

Fung. [*Aside.*] 'Fore God, it's an excellent suit, and as neatly becomes him.—What said you, uncle?

Sog. When saw you my niece?

Fung. Marry, yesternight I supped there.—[*Aside.*] That kind of boot does very rare too.

Sog. And what news hear you?

Fung. [*Aide.*] The gilt spur and all! Would I were hanged, but 'tis exceeding good.—Say you, uncle?

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

Fung. Troth, we hear none. [*Aside.*] In good faith, 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 God now, but such a suit, such a hat, such a band, such a doublet, such a hose, such a boot, and such a——

Sog. They say, there's a new motion of the 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 question with him now!—Yes, I think there be such a thing, I saw the picture: [*Aside.*] 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 would do it all, and suit me, fore the Heavens!

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

Fung. [*Aside.*] God's lid, an I could compass it, 'twere rare:—Hark you, uncle.

Sog. What says my nephew?

Fung. Faith, uncle, I'd ha' 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 little more than half the money they cost ; and I think, for some twelve pound, or twenty mark, I could go near to redeem 'hem ; 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?¹

Fung. O, ay, I pray you, good uncle : [SOGLIARDO takes SORDIDO aside.]—God send me good luck, Lord, an't be thy will, prosper it! O Jesu, now, now, if it take, O Christ, I am made for ever.

Fast. Shall I tell you, sir? by this air, I am the most beholding to that lord, of any gentleman living ; he does use me the most honourably, and with the greatest respect, more indeed, than can be uttered 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 endeared to his love : by Jesu I protest to you, signior, I speak it not gloriously,² nor out of affectation, but there's he, and the Count Frugale, Signior Illustre, Signior Luculento, and a sort of 'hem that when I am at court, they do share me amongst 'hem. Happy is he can enjoy me most private. I do wish myself sometime an ubiquitous for their love, in good faith.

Car. [Aside.] There's ne'er a one of these, 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 'hem stand by the fire i' the presence, or ta'en tobacco with them over the stage, i' the lord's room.

Punt. Then you must of necessity know our court-star there? that planet of wit, Madonna Saviolina?

Fast. O Lord, sir! my mistress.

¹ At once.

² Boastfully.

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 mine ear, or so; this feather grew in her sweet fan sometimes, though now it be my poor fortunes 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, manage¹ 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 exornation² 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 i' the "Arcadia."³

Car. Or rather in Green's⁴ works, whence she may steal with more security.

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

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

¹ Control them as in the *manège*.

² Adornment.

³ Of Sir Philip Sidney.

⁴ His lately popular works being superseded by the "Arcadia."

Sord. Do so ; and when you have 'hem, study hard.

Fung. Yes, sir. [*Aside.*] 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. [*Aside.*] I wonder it rains not ! the almanac says, we should have store of rain to-day.

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 jubilee¹ 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 do 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 travelled 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.

i.e. 1600.

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, God, sir ! Signior Deliro, her husband, is my merchant.

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

Fast. I cry you mercy, sir [*Salutes elaborately.*] : 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 ha' 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 i'the hand.

Cor. I see not where he could have insisted less, and t' have made the humours perspicuous enough.

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

Cor. That had been single¹ 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 dropped 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's the special intent of the author

¹ Simple.

you should do so ; for thereby others, that are present, may as well be satisfied, who haply would object the same you 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.



¹ SCENE II.—*A Room in DELIRO'S House.*

Enter DELIRO, to MACILENTE and FIDO.

Deli. I'll tell you by and by, sir.—
Welcome, good Macilente, to my house,
To sojourn at my house² 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.—
[*Aside.*] 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, called Chance,
Should fawn upon this fellow, more than me;
I am a man, and I have limbs, flesh, blood,
Bones, sinews,³ 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."

Deli. Dispatch, take heed your mistress see you not.

Fido. I warrant you, sir, I'll steal by her softly. [*Exit.*]

¹ Scene iv. in old eds.

² In Q., Ff., "even" for "at my house."

³ Meaning probably, nerves.

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."—[*Aside.*] I know my cue, I think.

Re-enter FIDO, with more perjumes and flowers.

Fido. Where will you have 'hem burn, sir?

Deli. Here, good Fido.

What? she did not see thee?

Fido. No, sir.

Deli. That's well:
Strew, strew, good Fido, the freshest flowers; so.

Maci. What means this, Signior Deliro? all this censuring?

Deli. Cast in more frankincense, yet more, well'sayed.—
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 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,

¹ Farre unkind, in the folios.

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? ¹

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-weighed 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
Not with a mangerful of meat together,
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 ner kind to me, and live contented.

¹ Set forth.

That I shall find my kindness well returned,
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 furnished to her mind,
And so through all; all which, now, I have altered.
Then here, she hath a place, on my back-side,¹
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—
Perfumèd 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 crossed and plagued?
And sick of husband? O, my head doth ache,
As it would cleave asunder, with those savours!
All my rooms altered, and but one poor walk
That I delighted in, and that is made
So fulsome with perfumes, that I am feared,—
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 hath 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 hast loved perfumes,
No woman better.

Fal. Ay, long since, perhaps;
But now that sence is altered: you would have me,
Like to a puddle, or a standing pool,

² Back-yard.

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 ? Oh, I shall never please her !

Maci. [*Aside.*] 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 ?

Deli. Away with 'hem ! would I had broke a joint
When I devised this, that should so dislike her.
Away, bear all away. [*FIDO bears all away.*]

Fal. Ay, do ; for fear
Aught that is there should like¹ her ! O, this man,
How cunningly he can conceal himself !
As though he loved, nay, honoured and adored !—

Deli. Why, my sweet heart ?

¹ Please.

Fal. Sweet heart ! Oh, 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,¹ sir, but do not ;
Bring in no gloves to spite me ; if you do——

Deli. Ay me, most wretched ; how am I misconstrued ?

Maci. [*Aside.*] O, how she tempts my heart-strings
with her eye,

To knit them to her beauties, or to break !
What moved the Heavens, that they could not make
Me such a woman ? but a man, a beast,
That hath no bliss like to others ! Would to Heaven,
In wreak of my misfortunes, I were turned
To some fair water-nymph, that, set upon
The deepest whirl-pit of the ravenous seas,
My adamant² eyes might headlong hale
This iron world to me, and drown it all.

Cor. Behold, behold, the translated gallant.

Mit. O, he is welcome.

³ Enter FUNGOSO, apparelled as FASTIDIUS BRISK.

Fung. 'Save you brother, and sister ; 'save you, sir !
I have commendations for you out i' the country. [*Aside.*]
I wonder they take no knowledge of my suit :—mine

¹ 'Sbody, a dissyllab'le. F 2 omits, but gives nothing in its place,
and therefore an unmetrical line.

² Magnetic.

³ Scene v. in old eds.

uncle Sogliardo is in town. Sister, methinks you are melancholy; why are you so sad? I think you took me for Master Fastidius Brisk, sister, did you not?

Fal. Why should I take you for him?

Fung. Nay, nothing—I was lately in Master Fastidius his company, and methinks we are very like.

Del. You have a fair suit, brother, 'give¹ 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.

Del. '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 print² now, brother.

Fung. Faith, how like you the fashion? it's 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 ha' left my gown in gage for 'hem, 'pray you lend me an angel.

Fal. Now, beshrew my heart then.

Fung. Good truth, I'll pay you again at my next exhibition.³ 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 Fastidius 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?

¹ *i.e.*, God give, as Q.

³ Payment of allowance.

² Exactly.

Fung. Yesterday, I came acquainted with him at Sir Puntarvolo's: [*Caressingly for money.*] Nay, sweet sister.

Maci. [*Aside.*] I fain would know of Heaven now, why yond fool

Should wear a suit of satin? he? that rook?¹

That painted jay, with such a deal of outside?

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

Good Heaven, give me patience, patience, patience!

A number of these popinjays² there are,

Whom, if a man confer, and but examine

Their inward merit, with such men as want;

Lord, Lord, what things they are!

Fal. [*Giving money.*] Come, when will you pay me again, now?

Fung. O God, sister!

Maci. Here comes another.

³ *Enter* FASTIDIUS BRISK, *in a new suit.*

Fast. 'Save you, Signior Deliro! How dost thou, sweet lady? Let me kiss thee.

Fung. How? a new suit? ay me!

Del. And how does Master Fastidius Brisk?

Fast. Faith, live in court, Signior Deliro; in grace, I thank God, both of the noble masculine, and feminine. I must speak with you in private, by and by.⁴

Del. 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. Ha' you any pen and ink, sister?

Fal. What would you do withal?

¹ Prating gull.

³ Scene vi. in old eds.

² Parrots.

⁴ As soon as may be.

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 'hem beyond all aim of affection: this 's 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.

Del. 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 wit that goes with it, I had not cared: I might have passed for somewhat i' 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 ears, 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?

Del. A friend of mine, sir.

Fast. By Heaven, I wonder at you citizens, what kind of creatures you are!

Del. Why, sir?

Fast. That you can consort yourselves with such poor scam-rent fellows.

Fal. He says true.

Del. 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?

Del. Marry, he is a scholar, sir.

Fast. Nothing else?

Del. And he is well travelled.

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.

Del. Sir, such a benefit should bind 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.

Del. 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.

Del. 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 despatch 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. [*Aside.*] I were as good have a quartan 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, am I 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,¹ 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. [*Scornfully and tossing her head.*]

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 give 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.

¹ Would I had the money at the rate I've lent it him, and were done with him.

FUNGOSO returns with his Tailor.

Fung. What's Master Fastidius gone, sister?

Fal. Ay, brother.—[*Aside.*] He has a face like a cherubin!

Fung. God's me, what luck's this? I have fetched my tailor and all: which way went he, sister? can you tell?

Fal. Not I, in good faith—[*Aside.*] and he has a body like an angel!

Fung. How long is't since he went?

Fal. Why, but e'en now; did you not meet him?—[*Aside.*] and a tongue able to ravish any woman i' the earth!

Fung. O, for God's sake—[*To Tailor.*] I'll please you for your pains.—But e'en now, say you?—Come, good sir:—'Slid, I had forgot it too: sister, if anybody ask for mine uncle Sogliardo, they shall ha' 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 racked, 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 dote so perfectly upon his wife; and she again to be so *Fastidiously* affected as she is.

Mit. You have uttered 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 sinew¹ and altogether unaffected graces, very worthily express him a courtier,

¹ Felt (sinew, nerve).

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 SHIFT, with two Si-quisses¹ 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,² some Signior Whiffe; marry, his main standing name is Cavalier Shift: the rest are but as clean shirts to his natures.

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

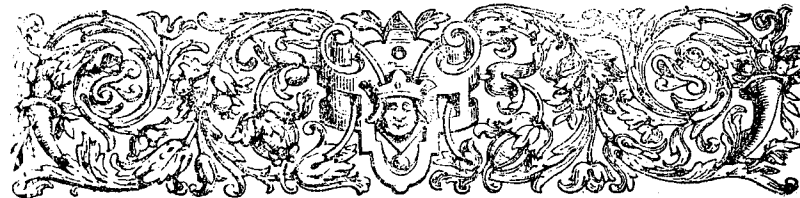
Cor. Troth, as you see, for the advancement of a *si quis* or two; wherein he has so varied himself, that if any one of 'hem take, he may hull up and down i' the humorous world a little longer.

Mit. It seems then, he bears a very changing sail?

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

¹ Bills asking "If any person," &c.

² Alias Apple-squire, alias pimp.



ACT THE THIRD.

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.

[*Each passes on his way.*]

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 i' 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 God, sir!" and, "It pleases you to say so, sir!" one that can laugh at a jest—for company—with a most plausible and extemporal grace; 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 God, sir!

² Enter CARLO and PUNTARVOLO, 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 ha' not put out your whole venture yet? ha' 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 likest thou my change, Carlo?

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

Punt. Besides, she will never be sea-sick, which will

¹ Scene ii. in old eds.

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 cognizance 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 look upon the bills.*]

¹ Enter FASTIDIUS, DELIRO, and MACILENTE.

Fast. Come, let's walk in Mediterraneo:² 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;³ 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 frighted?

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.

¹ Scene iii. in old eds.

² He puns, meaning, in the middle aisle.

³ A front lock of hair worn as upright as might be.

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 rhetoric," and "dumb eloquence speaking in her eye;"¹ but when she speaks herself, such an anatomy of wit, so sinewized and arterized, that 'tis the goodliest model of pleasure that ever was to behold. Oh! she strikes the world into admiration of her; Oh, Oh, Oh! I cannot express 'hem, believe me.

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

Punt. 'Fore God, Carlo, this is good; let's read 'hem again. [Reads.]

"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;² 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."—This is above measure excellent! ha?

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

Punt. [Reads.] "If this city, or the suburbs of the same, do afford any young gentleman of the first, second, or third head,³ 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 gentlemanlike 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,

¹ An almost quotation from Daniel's "Compl. of Rosamond."

² In pawn.

³ *i.e.* The first, second, or third gentleman of the family. See p. 199.

and practice of the Cuban ebullition, Euripus, and Whiff,¹ 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, quæso, candide Lector.*"²—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 'hem 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:—Signior Sogliardo, God save you!

³ Enter SOGLIARDO.

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!

Punt. Come hither, signior. [They show him the bills.]

Clove. Monsieur Orange, yond gallants observe us; pr'ythee let's talk fustian a little, and gull 'hem; make 'hem believe we are great scholars.

Orange. O Lord, sir!

Clove. Nay, pr'ythee let's, believe me, you have an excellent habit in discourse.

Orange. It pleases you to say so, sir.

Clove. By this church, you ha', la; nay, come, begin:—

¹ The drawing in, and possibly swallowing. The other two are unknown.

² "Kind reader, let it stand, I pray thee" [Do not tear it down].

³ Scene iv. in old eds.

Aristotle, in his *Dæmonologia*, 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 God, sir!

Maci. [*Aside.*] 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 paunch 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 metaphysics) as you may read in Plato's *Histriomastix*¹—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 modelizing, or enamelling, or rather diamondizing 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.

¹ Not Plato's but Marston's, whence and from his other writings, many of these fustian phrases are taken or imitated. I give three:—

"The poor soules better part so feeble is
So colde and dead is his *Synderesis*."

"His very soule, his intellectuall
Is nothing but a mincing capreall."

Sc. of Vill., Sat. II.

"More fit to fill the paunch of *Esquiline*."

Histrio., p. 4.

Maci. Ay, and his familiar that haunts him, the devil with the shining face.

Deli. Let 'hem alone, observe 'hem 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 harrots¹ 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 ha' you arms? ha' you arms?

Sog. I'faith, I thank God, 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.

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

Car. Ay, and rampant too! [*To PUNTARVOLO.*] 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 shillings the tricking.²

Car. Let's hear, let's hear.

Punt. [*Aside.*] It is the most vile, foolish, absurd, palpable, and ridiculous escutcheon that ever this eye surveyed.—'Save you, good Monsieur *Fastidius*.

[*They salute as they meet in the walk.*]

Car. Silence, good knight;—on, on.

Sog. [*Reads.*] "Gyrony of eight pieces; azure and gules, between three plates; a chevron, engrailed

¹ Vulgar for heralds.

² The drawing out with the pen.

checquy, or, vert, and ermins; on a chief argent, between two ann'lets sables, 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 sables."

Car. [*To PUNTARVOLO.*] 'Slud, it's a hog's cheek and puddings, in a pewter field, this.

[*Here they shift.* FASTIDIUS mixes with PUNTARVOLO; CARLO and SOGLIARDO; DELIRO and MACILENTE; CLOVE and ORANGE; four couple.

Sog. How like you 'hem, signior?

Punt. Let the word¹ 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't up, lap't up.²

Fast. You are right well encountered, 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 copy³ 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 ne'er 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 'hem hanged

¹ Motto.

² Fold it up.

³ Plenty, Lat. *copia*.

upon the turn. Spread yourself upon his bosom publicly, whose heart you would eat in private. These be principles, think on 'hem; I'll come to you again presently.

[*Exit.*

Punt. 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.

¹Enter FUNGOSO with his Tailor.

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

Tai. What, he i' 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,² such a sleeve, such a skirt, belly, and all; therefore, pray you observe it. Have you a pair of tables?³

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 this town will approve in him, he were a sweet ass: I'd beg him,⁴ i'faith. I ne'er knew any more find fault with a fashion, than they that knew not how to put themselves into't. 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, note 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 lin-

¹ Scene v. in old eds.

² An upright shoulder-lappet.

³ Memorandum leaves.

⁴ Wealthy lunatics were begged, for their property.

ings 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 i' my old suit, or else lie a-bed, and read the *Arcadia* till you have done. [Exit with Tailor.

Re-enter CARLO.

Car. O, if ever you were struck with a jest, gallants, now, now. I do usher the most strange piece of military profession that ever was discovered in *Insula Paulina*.¹

Fast. Where? where?

Punt. What is he, for a creature?

Car. A pimp, a pimp, that I have observed yonder, the rarest superficies 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.

²Enter SHIFT; and walks by.

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 cutler'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.

¹ In the Pauline isle (aisle).

² Scene vi. in old eds.

Fast. O violence! I wonder the blade can contain itself, being so provoked.

Car. "With that the moody squire thumpt his breast, And reared his eye to heaven for revenge."

Sog. Troth, an you be good gentlemen, let's make 'em friends, and take up the matter, between his rapier and him.

Car. Nay, if you intend that, you must lay down the matter,¹ for this rapier it seems, is in the nature of a hanger-on, and the good gentleman would happily² be rid of him.

Fast. By my faith, and 'tis to be suspected; I'll ask him.

Mac. [To DELIRO.] 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*—³

[Exit with DELIRO.]

Fast. Signior.

Shift. At your service.

Fast. Will you sell your rapier?

Car. S'blood, he is turned wild upon the question, he looks as he had seen a serjeant.

Shift. Sell my rapier? now God bless me!

Punt. Amen.

Shift. You asked 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?

¹ i.e. Lay down money.

² "Happily" and "haply" were then spelled (and possibly pronounced) alike.

³ Unhappy poverty has in itself nothing harder, than that it makes men ridiculous.