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Fast. Nay, let me pray you, sir, be not moved: I protest, I would rather have been silent, than any way offensive, had I known your nature.

Shift. Sell my rapier? Gods lid!—Nay, sir, for mine own part, as I am a man that has served in causes, or so, so I am not apt to injure any gentleman in the degree of falling foul, but—sell my rapier? I will tell you sir, I have served with this foolish rapier, where some of us dare not appear in haste! I name no man; but let that pass. Sell my rapier?—death to my lungs! This rapier, sir, has travelled by my side, sir, the best part of France, and the Low Country: I have seen Flushing, Brill, and the Hague, with this rapier, sir, in my Lord of Leicester's time; and, by God's will, he that should offer to disrapier me now, I would—Look you sir, you presume to be a gentleman of sort, and so likewise your friends here, if you have any disposition to travel for the sight of service, or so, one, two, or all of you, I can lend you letters to divers officers and commanders in the Low Countries, that shall for my cause do you all the good offices, that shall pertain or belong to gentlemen of your—[*Low to FASTIDIUS.*] Please you to shew the bounty of your mind, sir, to impart some ten groats, or half a crown to our use, till our ability be of growth to return it, and we shall think ourself—'Sblood! sell my rapier?

Sog. I pray you, what said he, signior? he's a proper man.

Fast. Marry, he tells me, if I please to show the bounty of my mind, to impart some ten groats to his use, or so—

Punt. Break his head, and give it him.

Car. I thought he had been playing o' the Jew's trump, I.

Shift. My rapier? no, sir: my rapier is my guard, my defence, my revenue, my honour;—[*Low as before.*] if you cannot impart, be secret, I beseech you—and I will maintain it, where there is a grain of dust, or a drop of

water. Hard is the choice when the valiant must eat their arms or clem.¹ Sell my rapier? no, my dear, I will not be divorced from thee yet: I have ever found thee true as steel, and—You cannot impart, sir?—'Save you, gentlemen;—nevertheless, if you have a fancy to it, sir.

Fast. Pr'ythee away:—Is Signior Deliro departed?

Car. Ha' you seen a pimp outface his own wants better?

Sog. I commend him that can dissemble 'em so well.

Punt. True, and having no better a cloak for it, than he has neither.

Fast. God's precious, what mischievous luck is this! adieu, gentlemen.

Punt. Whither in such haste, monsieur Fastidius?

Fast. After my merchant, Signior Deliro, sir. [*Exit.*]

Car. O hinder him not, he may hap lose his tide; a good flounder,² i'faith.

Orange. Hark you, Signior Whiffe, a word with you.

[*ORANGE and CLOVE call SHIFT aside.*]

Car. How? Signior Whiffe?

Orange. What was the difference between that gallant that's gone, and you, sir?

Shift. No difference; he would ha' given me five pound for my rapier, and I refused it; that's all.

Clove. O, was't no otherwise? we thought you had been upon some terms.³

Shift. No other than you saw, sir.

Clove. Adieu, good Master Apple-John.

[*Exit with ORANGE.*]

Car. How? Whiffe, and Apple-John too? 'Heart, what'll you say if this be the appendix, or label to both yond indentures?

Punt. It may be.

Car. Resolve us of it, Janus, thou that look'st every way; or thou, Hercules, that hast travelled all countries.

¹ Starve.

² A grovelling flat-fish.

³ Ill terms.

Punt. Nay, Carlo, spend not time in invocations now, 'tis late.

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

Shift. Sir, my name is Cavalier Shift: I am known sufficiently in this walk, sir.

Car. Shift? I heard your name varied e'en now, as I take it.

Shift. True, sir, it pleases the world, as I am her excellent tobacconist, to give me the style of Signior Whiffe: as I am a poor esquire about the town here, they call me Master Apple-John. Variety of good names does well, sir.

Car. Ay, and good parts, to make those good names: out of which I imagine yond bills to be yours.

Shift. Sir, if I should deny the manuscripts, I were worthy to be banished the middle aisle, for ever.

Car. I take your word, sir: this gentleman has subscribed to 'hem, and is most desirous to become your pupil. Marry, you must use expedition.—Signior Insulso Sogliardo, this is the professor.

Sog. In good time, sir; nay, good sir, house your head: do you profess these sleights in tobacco?

Shift. I do more than profess, sir, and, if you please to be a practitioner, I will undertake in one fortnight to bring you, that you shall take it plausibly in any Ordinary, Theatre, or the Tilt-yard, if need be, i' the most popular assembly that is.

Punt. But you cannot bring him to the whiffe, so soon.

Shift. Yes, as soon, sir; he shall receive the first, second, and third whiffe, if it please him, and upon the receipt, take his horse, drink his three cups of canary, and expose one at Hounslow, a second at Staines, and a third at Bagshot.

Car. [*Aside.*] Baw-waw!

¹ Hats were worn in the aisles.

² Peopled.

Sog. You will not serve me, sir, will you? I'll give you more than countenance.

Shift. Pardon me, sir, I do scorn to serve any man.

Car. Who! he serve? 'Sblood, he keeps high men, and low men, he! he has a fair living at Fullam.¹

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

Sog. Sir, you shall stay, and dine with me, and if we can agree, we'll not part in haste: I am very bountiful to men of quality.—Where shall we go, signior?

Punt. Your Mitre is your best house.

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

Punt. By your patience! follow me, fellows.

Sog. Sir Puntarvolo!

Punt. Pardon me, my dog shall not eat in his company for a million. [*Exit with his Servants.*]

Car. Nay, be not you amazed, Signior Whiffe, whate'er that stiff-necked gentleman says.

Sog. No, for you do not know the humour of the dog, as we do:—where shall we dine, Carlo? I would fain go to one of these Ordinaries, now I am a gentleman.

Car. So you may; were you never at any yet?

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

Car. True, and the fashion is, when any stranger comes in amongst 'hem, they all stand up and stare at him, as he were some unknown beast, brought out of Afric: but that'll be helped with a good adventurous face. You must be impudent enough, sit down, and use no respect; when anything's propounded above your capacity, smile at it, make two or three faces, and 'tis excellent, they'll think you have travelled; though you argue, a whole day, in silence thus, and discourse in nothing but laughter, 'twill pass. Only, now and then,

¹ Three kinds of cheating dice; see *Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 2, 94.

give fire, discharge a good full oath, and offer a great wager,—'twill be admirable.

Sog. I warrant you, I am resolute;—come, good signior, there's a poor French crown for your Ordinary.

Shift. It comes well, for I had not so much as the least portcullis¹ of coin before.

Mit. I travail with another objection, signior, which I fear will be enforced against the author, ere I can be delivered of it.

Cor. What's that, sir?

Mit. That the argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a countess, and that countess to be in love with the duke's son, and the son to love the lady's waiting-maid: some such cross wooing, with a clown to their servingman, better than to be thus near, and familiarly allied to the time.

Cor. You say well, but I would fain hear one of these autumn-judgments define once, *Quid sit comœdia*?² if he cannot, let him content himself with Cicero's definition—till he have strength to propose to himself a better—who would have a comedy to be *imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis*;³ a thing throughout pleasant, and ridiculous, and accommodated to the correction of manners: if the maker have failed in any particle of this, they may worthily tax him; but if not, why — be you, that are for them, silent, as I will be for him; and give way to the actors.



⁴ SCENE II.—*The Country.*

Enter SORDIDO, with a halter about his neck, and bearing a stool.

Sord. Nay, God's precious, if the weather and season be so disrespectful, that beggars shall live as well as their betters; and that my hunger, and thirst for riches shall not make them hunger and thirst with poverty; that my sleeps shall be broken, and their hearts not broken; that

¹ The penny and halfpenny had this on them.

² What comedy may be.

³ The imitation of life, the mirror of manners, the image of truth.

⁴ Scene vii. in old eds.

my coffers shall be full, and yet care¹; theirs empty, and yet merry! 'tis time that a cross should bear flesh and blood, since flesh and blood cannot bear this cross.

Mit. What, will he hang himself?

Cor. Faith, ay; it seems his prognostication has not kept touch with him, and that makes him despair.

Mit. Beshrew me, he will be "out of his humour" then indeed.

Sord. Tut, these star-monger knaves, who would trust 'hem? One says "dark and rainy," when 'tis as clear as crystal; another says, "tempestuous blasts and storms," and 'twas as calm as a milk-bowl? here be sweet rascals for a man to credit his whole fortunes with! You sky-staring coxcombs you, you fat-brains, out upon you; you are good for nothing but to sweat night-caps, and make rug-gowns dear!² You learned men, and have not a legion of devils "à vostre service! à vostre service!"³ by Heaven, I think I shall die a better scholar than they: but soft, how now, sirrah?

Enter a Hind, with a letter.

Hind. Here's a letter come from your son, sir.

Sord. From my son, sir? what would my son, sir? some good news, no doubt. [Reads.]

"Sweet and dear father, desiring you first to send me your blessing, which is more worth to me than gold or silver, I desire you likewise to be advertised, that this Shrove-tide, contrary to custom,⁴ we use always to have revels; which is indeed dancing, and makes an excellent show in truth; especially if we gentlemen be well attired, which our seniors note, and think the better of our fathers, the better we are maintained, and that, they shall know if they come up, and have anything to do in the law: therefore, good father, these are, for your own sake as well as mine, to re-desire you, that you let me not want that

¹ My care be full.

³ At your service.

² Worn by learned astrologers, &c.

⁴ Ordinary custom.

which is fit for the setting up of our name, in the honourable volume of gentility, that I may say to our calumniators, with Tully, *Ego sum ortus domus meæ, tu occasus tuæ.*¹ And thus, not doubting of your fatherly benevolence, I humbly ask your blessing, and pray God to bless you.”

“Yours, if his own.”

How's this! “Yours, if his own!” Is he not my son, except he be his own son? Belike this is some new kind of superscription the gallants use.—Well! wherefore dost thou stay, knave? away; go. [*Exit Hind.*] Here's a letter, indeed! “revels?” and “benevolence?” is this a weather to send benevolence? or is this a season to revel in. 'Slid, the devil and all takes part to vex me, I think! this letter would never have come now else, now, now, when the sun shines, and the air thus clear. 'Soul! if this hold, we shall shortly have an excellent crop of corn spring up out of the high-ways: the streets and houses of the town will be hid with the rankness of the fruits that grow there, in spite of good husbandry. Go to, I'll prevent the sight of it, come as quickly as it can, I will prevent² the sight of it. I have this remedy, Heaven. [*Ties his rope to a branch.*] Stay; I'll try the pain thus a little: O, nothing, nothing. Well, now, shall my son gain a benevolence by my death? or anybody be the better for my gold, or so forth? No; alive, I kept it from 'hem, and dead, my ghost shall walk about it, and preserve it, my son and daughter shall starve ere they touch it, I have hid it as deep as hell from the sight of Heaven, and to it I go now.

[*Falls off his stool.*]

Enter Rustics, one after another.

1st Rust. Ay me, what pitiful sight is this! help, help, help!

[*Cuts him down.*]

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

¹ I am the origin of my house, thou art the death of mine.

² Go before, anticipate.

1st Rust. O, here's a man has hanged himself, help to get him again.

2nd Rust. Hanged himself! 'Slid, carry him afore a justice, 'tis chance-medley, o' my word.

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

4th Rust. How comes this?

2nd Rust. One has executed himself, contrary to order of law, and by my consent he shall answer't.

5th Rust. Would he were in case to answer it!

1st Rust. Stand by, he recovers, give him breath.

Sord. Oh!

5th Rust. Mass, 'twas well you went the foot way, neighbour.

1st Rust. Ay, an I had not cut the halter——

Sord. How! cut the halter? ay me, I am undone, I am undone!

2nd Rust. Marry, if you had not been undone, you had been hanged, I can tell you.

Sord. You thread-bare, horse-bread-eating¹ rascals, if if you would needs have been meddling, could you not have untied it, but you must cut it; and in the midst too! ay me!

1st Rust. Out on me, 'tis the caterpillar Sordido! how cursed are the poor, that the viper was blessed with this good fortune!

2nd Rust. Nay, how accurst art thou, that art cause to the curse of the poor!

3rd Rust. Ay, and to save so wretched a caitiff!

4th Rust. Curst be thy fingers that loosed him!

2nd Rust. Some desperate fury possess thee, that thou may'st hang thyself too!

5th Rust. Never may'st thou be saved, that saved so damned a monster!

Sord. What curses breathe these men! how have my deeds

Made my looks differ from another man's,

¹ Horses were often fed on rye and other bread.

That they should thus detest, and loath my life!
 Out on my wretched humour, it is that
 Makes me thus monstrous in true human eyes.
 Pardon me, gentle friends, I'll make fair 'mends
 For my foul errors past, and twenty-fold
 Restore to all men, what with wrong I robbed them:
 My barns, and garners shall stand open still
 To all the poor that come, and my best grain
 Be made alms-bread, to feed half-famished mouths.
 Though hitherto amongst you I have lived,
 Like an unsavoury muck-hill to myself,
 Yet now my gathered heaps being spread abroad,
 Shall turn to better, and more fruitful uses.
 Bless then this man, curse him no more for saving
 My life, and soul, together. [*To himself.*] O, how
 deeply

The bitter curses of the poor do pierce!—
 I am by wonder changed; come in with me
 And witness my repentance: now, I prove,
 "No life is blessed, that is not graced with love. [*Exit.*

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

3rd Rust. Had 't not been pity so good a man should
 have been cast away?

2nd Rust. Well, I'll get our clerk put his conversion
 in the "Acts and Monuments."¹

4th Rust. Do, for I warrant him he's a martyr.

2nd Rust. O God, how he wept, if you marked it!
 did you see how the tears trilled?

5th Rust. Yes, believe me, like master vicar's bowls
 upon the green, for all the world.

3rd or 4th Rust. O neighbour, God's blessing o' your
 heart, neighbour, 'twas a good grateful deed. [*Exeunt.*

Cor. How now, Mitis? what's that you consider so
 seriously?

Mit. Troth, that which doth essentially please me, the
 warping condition of this green and soggy² multitude; but

¹ Fox's "Martyrs."

² Muddy

in good faith, signior, your author hath largely outstript
 my expectation in this scene, I will liberally confess it.
 For, when I saw Sordido so desperately intended, I thought
 I had had a hand of him, then.

Cor. What? you supposed he should have hung himself
 indeed?

Mit. I did, and had framed my objection to it ready
 which may yet be very fitly urged, and with some neces-
 sity: for though his purposed violence lost th' effect, and
 extended not to death, yet the intent and horror of the
 object was more than the nature of a comedy will in any
 sort admit.

Cor. Ay? what think you of Plautus, in his comedy
 called "Cistellaria"? there, where he brings in Alcesi-
 marchus with a drawn sword ready to kill himself, and as
 he is e'en fixing his breast upon it, to be restrained from
 his resolved outrage, by Silenium and the bawd? is not his
 authority of power to give our scene approbation?

Mit. Sir, I have this only evasion left me, to say, "I
 think it be so indeed; your memory is happier than mine:"
 but I wonder, what engine he will use to bring the rest
 "out of their humours!"

Cor. That will appear anon, never pre-occupy your ima-
 gination withal. Let your mind keep company with the
 scene still, which now removes itself from the country to the
 court. Here comes Macilente, and Signior Brisk freshly
 suited; lose not yourself, for now the epitasis,¹ or busy part
 of our subject, is in act.



² SCENE III.—*An Apartment at the Court*

Enter MACILENTE, FASTIDIUS, and CINEDO with tobacco.

Fast. Well, now, Signior Macilente, you are not only
 welcome to the court, but also to my mistress's withdraw-
 ing chamber:—boy, get me some tobacco—I'll but go
 in, and show I am here, and come to you presently, sir.

[*Exit.*

¹ The old critics gave to a comedy, (1) the Prologue; (2) the
 Protasis, or setting forth of the subject; (3) the Epitasis, or busy
 part of it; (4) the Catastrophe.

² Scene ix. in old eds.

Maci. What's that he said? by Heaven, I marked him not:

My thoughts and I were of another world.
I was admiring mine own outside here,
To think what privilege, and palm it bears
Here, in the court! Be a man ne'er so vile
In wit, in judgment, manners, or what else;
If he can purchase but a silken cover,
He shall not only pass, but pass regarded:
Whereas, let him be poor, and meanly clad,
Though ne'er so richly parted,¹ you shall have
A fellow, that knows nothing but his beef,
Or how to rinse his clammy guts in beer,
Will take him by the shoulders, or the throat,
And kick him down the stairs. Such is the state
Of virtue, in bad clothes!—ha, ha; ha, ha!
That raiment should be in such high request!
How long should I be, ere I should put off²
To the lord chancellor's tomb,³ or the shrives'⁴ posts?
By Heaven, I think, a thousand, thousand year.
His gravity, his wisdom, and his faith
To my dread sovereign—graces that survive him—
These I could well endure to reverence,
But not his tomb: no more than I'd commend
The chapel organ, for the gilt without,
Or this base-viol, for the varnished face.

Re-enter FASTIDIUS.

Fast. I fear I have made you stay somewhat long, sir;
—but is my tobacco ready, boy?

Cin. Ay, sir.

Fast. Give me;—my mistress is upon coming, you shall see her presently, sir [*Tob.*], you'll say you never accosted a more piercing wit.—This tobacco is not dried, boy, or else the pipe's defective.—Oh, your wits of Italy

¹ Possessed of parts, mentally endowed.

² Sir Chr. Hatton, died 1591.

³ Put off my hat.

⁴ Sheriffs'.

are nothing comparable to her! her brain's a very quiver of jests! and she does dart them abroad with that sweet loose,¹ and judicial aim, that you would—here she comes, sir. [*She is seen, and goes in again.*]

Maci. [*Aside.*] 'Twas time, his invention had been bogged else.

Sav. [*Within.*] Give me my fan there.

Maci. How now, Monsieur Brisk?

Fast. A kind of affectionate reverence strikes me with a cold shivering, methinks.

Maci. [*Aside.*] I like such tempers well, as stand before their mistresses with fear and trembling, and before their Maker, like impudent mountains!

Fast. By this hand, I'd spend twenty pound my vaulting-horse² stood here now, she might see me do but one trick.

Maci. Why, does she love activity?

Cin. Or, if you had but your long stockings on,³ to be dancing a galliard as she comes by.

Fast. Ay, either. O, these stirring humours make ladies mad with desire;—she comes. My good genius embolden me:—boy, the pipe quickly.

Enter SAVIOLINA.

Maci. What? will he give her music?

Fast. A second good morrow to my fair mistress.

Sav. Fair servant, I'll thank you a day hence, when the date of your salutation comes forth.

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

Maci. I were a simple courtier, if I could not admire trifles, sir.

Fast. [*Takes tobacco between the breaks.*] Troth, sweet lady, I shall [*Tob.*]—be prepared to give you thanks for those thanks, and—study more officious, and obse-

¹ The letting fly.

² A wooden one, for practising vaulting into the saddle.

³ Dancing stockings reaching above the knee.

quious regards—to your fair beauties.—Mend the pipe, boy.

Maci. [*Aside.*] I ne'er knew tobacco taken as a parathesis before.

Fast. 'Fore God, sweet lady, believe it, I do hold the meanest rush¹ in this chamber, for your love.

Sav. Ay, you need not tell me that, sir; I do think you do prize a rush before my love.

Maci. [*Aside.*] Is this the wonder of nations?

Fast. O, by this air, pardon me, I said “for your love” by this light: but it is the accustomed sharpness of your ingenuity, sweet mistress, to [*Takes down the viol.*]—Mass, your viol's new strung, methinks.

Maci. Ingenuity! I see his ignorance will not suffer him to slander her, which he had done most notably. He had said wit, for ingenuity, as he meant it.

Fast. By the soul of music, lady (*Hum, hum*). [*Strums.*]

Sav. Would we might hear it once.

Fast. I do more adore, and admire your (*Hum, hum*) predominant perfections, than (*Hum, hum*) ever I should have power, and faculty to express (*Hum*).

Sav. Upon the viol de gambo,² you mean?

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

Sav. Nay, rather by the fingers.

Maci. [*Aside.*] It makes good harmony with her wit.

Fast. Sweet lady, tune it? [*She moves aside to tune it.*]
—Boy, some tobacco.

Maci. [*Aside.*] Tobacco again! he does court his mistress with very exceeding good changes.

Fast. Signior Macilente, you take none, sir? [*Tob.*]

Maci. No; unless I had a mistress, signior, it were a great indecorum for me to take tobacco.

Fast. How like you her wit? [*Tob.*]

[*Talks and takes tobacco between again.*]

Maci. Her ingenuity is excellent, sir.

¹ Rushes were used instead of carpets.

² A violin held between the knees.

Fast. You see the subject of her sweet fingers there—oh, she tickles it so, that—she makes it laugh most finely;—I'll tell you a good jest now, and yourself shall say it's a good one: I have wished myself to be that instrument, I think, a thousand times, and not so soon, by Heaven! —

Maci. Not unlike, sir; but how? to be cased up and hanging by on the wall?

Fast. O no, sir, to be in use, I assure you; as your delicious eyes may testify.—

Sav. Here, servant, if you will play, come.

Fast. Instantly, sweet lady.—In good faith, here's the most divine tobacco!

Sav. Nay, I cannot stay to dance after your pipe.

Fast. Good! nay, dear lady, stay; by this sweet smoke, I think your wit be all fire.—

Maci. [*Aside.*] And he's the salamander belongs to it.¹

Sav. Is your tobacco perfumed, servant? that you wear by the sweet smoke?

Fast. Still more excellent! Before Heaven, and these bright lights, I think—you are made of ingenuity, I —

Maci. [*Aside.*] True, as your discourse is: oh abominable!

Fast. Will your ladyship take any?

Sav. O, peace, I pray you; I love not the breath of a woodcock's² head.

Fast. Meaning my head, lady?

Sav. Not altogether so, sir; but—as it were fatal to their follies, that think to grace themselves with taking tobacco, when they want better entertainment—you see your pipe bears the true form of a woodcock's head.

Fast. O admirable simile!

Sav. 'Tis best leaving of you in admiration, sir. [*Exit.*]

Maci. Are these the admired lady-wits, that having so

¹ “That lives in it,” in quarto.

² Simpleton's.

good a plain-song, can run no better division upon it. All her jests are of the stamp March was, fifteen years ago. Is this the comet, Monsieur Fastidius, that your gallants wonder at so?

Fast. Heart of a gentleman, to neglect me afore presence¹ thus!—Sweet sir, I beseech you be silent in my disgrace. By the Muses, I was never in so vile a humour in my life, and her wit was at the flood too. Report it not for a million, good sir; let me be so far endeared to your love. [Exeunt

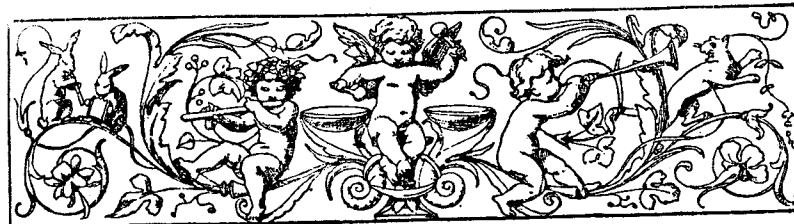
Mit. What follows next, Signior Cordatus? this gallant's humour is almost spent, methinks it ebbs apace, with this contrary breath of his mistress.

Cor. O, but it will flow again for all this, till there come a general drought of humour among all our actors, and then I fear not, but his will fall as low as any. See, who presents himself here!

Mit. What, i' the old case?

Cor. I'faith, which makes it the more pitiful; you understand where the scene is?

¹ So the quarto and folios. Gifford inserts "the."



ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.—A Room in DELIRO'S House.

Enter FUNGOSO, FALLACE following him.



AL. Why are you so melancholy, brother?

Fung. I am not melancholy, I thank you, sister.

Fal. Why are you not merry then? there are but two of us in all the world, and if we should not be comforts one to another, God help us!

Fung. Faith, I cannot tell, sister; but if a man had any true melancholy in him, it would make him melancholy, to see his yeomanly father cut his neighbours' throats, to make his son a gentleman; and yet, when he has cut 'hem, he will see his son's throat cut too, ere he make him a true gentleman indeed, before death cut his own throat. I must be the first head¹ of our house, and yet he will not give me the head till I be made so. Is any man termed a gentleman, that is not always i' the fashion? I would know but that.

Fal. If you be melancholy for that, brother, I think I have as much cause to be melancholy as one²; for I'll be sworn, I live as little in the fashion, as any woman in

¹ As being the first gentleman, see page 176.

² So the quarto and folios, "not always in the fashion" being apparently understood. Gifford inserts "any."

London. By the faith of a gentlewoman, beast that I am to say it! I ha' not one friend i' the world besides my husband. When saw you Master Fastidius Brisk, brother?

Fung. But awhile since, sister, I think: I know not well in truth. By this hand, I could fight with all my heart, methinks.

Fal. Nay, good brother, be not resolute.

Fung. [*To himself.*] I sent him a letter,¹ and he writes me no answer neither. [*Walks toward back and busies himself.*]

Fal. [*To herself.*] Oh, sweet Fastidius Brisk! Oh, fine courtier! thou art he makest me sigh, and say, how blessed is that woman that hath a courtier to her husband! and how miserable a dame she is, that hath neither husband, nor friend i' the court! O, sweet Fastidius! Oh, fine courtier! How comely he bows him in his curtsy! how full he hits a woman between the lips when he kisses! how upright he sits at the table! how daintily he carves! how sweetly he talks, and tells news of this lord, and of that lady! how cleanly he wipes his spoon at every spoonful of any white-meat² he eats, and what a neat case of pick-tooths he carries about him, still! O sweet Fastidius! Oh fine courtier!

³ *Enter DELIRO, with Musicians.*

Deli. See, yonder she is, gentlemen. Now, as ever you'll bear the name of musicians, touch your instruments sweetly, she has a delicate ear, I tell you: play not a false note, I beseech you.

Musi. Fear not, Signior Deliro.

Deli. O, begin, begin, some sprightly thing:—Lord, how my imagination labours with the success of it! [*They strike up a lively tune.*] Well 'sayed, good, i'faith! [*Aside.*] Heaven grant it please her! I'll not be seen, for then she'll be sure to dislike it.

¹ His father.

² Custard, &c.

³ Scene ii. in old eds.

Fal. Hey—da! this is excellent! I'll lay my life this is my husband's dotage. [*Looks about.*] I thought so; nay, never play bo-peep with me; I know you do nothing but study how to anger me, sir.

Deli. [*Coming towards her.*] Anger thee, sweet wife? why, didst thou not send for musicians to supper last night thyself?

Fal. To supper, sir? now [*Suiting action to word*], come up to supper, I beseech you: as though there were no difference between supper-time, when folks should be merry, and this time when they would be melancholy. I would never take upon me to take a wife, if I had no more judgment to please her.

Deli. Be pleased, sweet wife, and they shall ha' done: and would to fate, my life were done, if I can never please thee! [*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Enter MACILENTE.

Maci. 'Save you, lady; where is Master Deliro?

Deli. Here, Master Macilente: you are welcome from court, sir; no doubt you have been graced exceedingly of Master Brisk's mistress, and the rest of the ladies, for his sake.

Maci. Alas, the poor fantastic! he's scarce known To any lady there; and those that know him, Know him the simplest man of all they know: Deride and play upon his amorous humours, Though he but apishly doth imitate The gallant'st courtiers, kissing ladies' pumps, Holding the cloth¹ for them, praising their wits, And servilely observing every one, May do them pleasure: fearful to be seen With any man, though he be ne'er so worthy, That's not in grace with some, that are the greatest. Thus courtiers do, and these he counterfeits, But sets not such a sightly carriage

¹ The hangings at the doors.

Upon their vanities, as they themselves ;
And therefore they despise him : for indeed
He's like the zany to a tumbler,
That tries tricks after him, to make men laugh.

Fal. [*Aside.*] Here's an unthankful spiteful wretch !
the good gentleman vouchsafed to make him his com-
panion, because my husband put him into a few rags, and
now see how the unrude¹ rascal backbites him !

Deli. Is he no more graced amongst 'hem then ? say
you ?

Maci. Faith, like a pawn at chess : fills up a room,
that's all.

Fal. [*Aside.*] O monster of men ! can the earth bear
such an envious caitiff ?

Deli. Well, I repent me I e'er credited him so much :
but, now I see what he is, and that his masking vizer is
off, I'll forbear him no longer. All his lands are mort-
gaged to me, and forfeited ; besides, I have bonds of his
in my hand, for the receipt of now fifty pound, now a
hundred, now two hundred ; still, as he has had a fan
but wagged at him, he would be in a new suit. Well,
I'll salute him by a serjeant, the next time I see him,
i'faith, I'll "suit" him.

Maci. Why, you may soon see him, sir, for he is to
meet Signior Puntarvolo, at a notary's, by the Exchange,
presently ; where he means to take up, upon return—

Fal. Now, out upon thee, Judas ! canst thou not be
content to backbite thy friend, but thou must betray him ?
wilt thou seek the undoing of any man ? and of such a
man too ? —and will you, sir, get your living by the
counsel of traitors ?

Deli. Dear wife, have patience.

Fal. The house will fall, the ground will open, and
swallow us : I'll not bide here for all the gold and silver
in Heaven. [*Exit.*]

¹ Rudis is sometimes taken for lybertie from labour. (Th. Cooper,
Thes. L. Latinae.) Therefore unrude would be handicraft, mechan-
ical.

Deli. O, good Macilente, let's follow and appease her,
or the peace of my life is at an end. [*Exit.*]

Maci. Now pease, and not peace, feed that life, whose
head hangs so heavily over a woman's manger ! [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter FALLACE running, and claps to the door.*¹

Fal. Help me, brother ! [*To DELIRO within.*] Ods body,
an you come here, I'll do myself a mischief.

Deli. [*Within.*] Nay, hear me, sweet wife, unless thou
wilt have me go, I will not go.

Fal. Tut, you shall ne'er ha' that vantage of me, to
say, you are undone by me : I'll not bid you stay, I.—
Brother, sweet brother, here's four angels, I'll give you
towards your suit : for the love of gentry, and as ever
you came of christen² creature, make haste to the water
side, (you know where Master Fastidius uses to land,) and
give him warning of my husband's malicious intent ; and
tell him of that lean rascal's treachery : O Heavens, how
my flesh rises at him ! nay, sweet brother, make haste :
you may say, I would have writ to him, but that the
necessity of the time would not permit. [*To herself.*]
He cannot choose but take it extraordinarily from me ;—
and commend me to him, good brother ; say, I sent
you. [*Exit.*]

Fung. Let me see, these four angels, and then forty
shillings more I can borrow on my gown in Fetter Lane.
—Well, I will go presently, 'say on my suit, pay as much
money as I have, and swear myself into credit with my
tailor for the rest. [*Exit.*]

³ DELIRO and MACILENTE *pass over the stage.*

Deli. O, on my soul you wrong her, Macilente.
Though she be froward, yet I know she's honest.

Maci. Well, then have I no judgment : would any

¹ Gifford, having made Fungoso go out with Fallace, makes here
a new scene, viz., Scene ii. ² Christened.

³ Gifford makes this Scene iii. Jonson made it a new scene in
the quarto, but not in the folio.

woman, but one that were wild in her affections, have broke out into that immodest, and violent passion against her husband? or is't possible——

Del. If you love me, forbear; all the arguments i' the world shall never wrest my heart to believe it. [*Exeunt.*]

Cor. How like you the deciphering of his dotage?

Mit. O, strangely! and of the other's envy, too, that labours so seriously to set debate betwixt a man and his wife. Stay, here comes the knight adventurer.

Cor. Ay, and his scrivener with him.



¹ SCENE II.—PUNTARVOLO'S *Lodgings.*

Enter PUNTARVOLO, Notary, and Servants with the dog and cat.

Punt. I wonder Monsieur Fastidius comes not! but, notary, if thou please to draw the indentures the while, I will give thee thy instructions.

Not. With all my heart, sir; and I'll fall in hand with 'hem presently.

Punt. Well then, first, the sum is to be understood.

Not. [*Writes.*] Good, sir.

Punt. Next, our several appellations, and character of my dog, and cat, must be known:—show him the cat, sirrah.

Not. So, sir.

Punt. Then, that the intended bound is the Turk's court in Constantinople: the time limited for our return, a year: and that if either² of us miscarry, the whole venture is lost. These are general, conceiv'st thou? or if either of us turn Turk.

Not. Ay, sir.

Punt. Now for particulars: that I may make my

¹ Scene iii. in old eds.

² Used for three persons.

travels by sea or land, to my best liking: and that hiring a coach for myself, it shall be lawful for my dog, or cat, or both, to ride with me in the said coach.

Not. Very good, sir.

Punt. That I may choose¹ to give my dog, or cat, fish, for fear of bones; or any other nutriment that, by the judgment of the most authentical physicians where I travel, shall be thought dangerous.

Not. Well, sir.

Punt. That, after the receipt of his money, he shall neither, in his own person, nor any other, either by direct, or indirect means, as magic, witchcraft, or other such exotic² arts, attempt, practise, or complot any thing, to the prejudice of me, my dog, or my cat: neither shall I use the help of any such sorceries, or enchantments, as unctions to make our skins impenetrable, or to travel invisible by virtue of a powder, or a ring, or to hang any three-forked charm about my dog's neck, secretly conveyed into his collar: (understand you?) but that all be performed sincerely, without fraud, or imposture.

Not. So, sir.

Punt. That, for testimony of the performance, myself am to bring thence a Turk's mustachio, my dog a Grecian hare's lip, and my cat the train or tail of a Thracian rat.

Not. 'Tis done, sir.

Punt. 'Tis said, sir, not done, sir: but forward. That upon my return, and landing on the Tower-wharf, with the aforesaid testimony, I am to receive five for one, according to the proportion of the sums put forth.

Not. Well, sir.

Punt. Provided, that if before our departure, or setting forth, either myself, or these, be visited with sickness, or any other casual event, so that the whole course of the adventure be hindered thereby; that then, he is to return, and I am to receive, the prenominated proportion upon fair and equal terms.

¹ Most would say "choose whether or not." ² Outlandish.

Not. Very good, sir, is this all?

Punt. It is all, sir; and dispatch them, good notary.

Not. As fast as is possible, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CARLO.

Punt. O, Carlo! welcome: saw you Monsieur Brisk?

Car. Not I: did he appoint you, to meet here?

Punt. Ay, and I muse he should be so tardy: he is to take an hundred pounds of me in venture, if he maintain his promise.

Car. Is his hour past?

Punt. Not yet, but it comes on apace.

Car. Tut, be not jealous of him; he will sooner break all the commandments, than his hour; upon my life, in such a case, trust him.

Punt. Methinks, Carlo, you look very smooth! ha?

Car. Why, I come but now from a hot-house, I must needs look smooth.

Punt. From a hot-house!

Car. Ay, do you make a wonder on't? why, it's your only physic. Let a man sweat once a week in a hot-house, and be well rubbed, and frothed,¹ with a good plump juicy wench, and sweet linen, he shall ne'er ha' the pox.

Punt. What, the French pox?

Car. The French pox! our pox: 'sblood we have 'hem in as good form as they, man, what?

Punt. Let me perish, but thou art a salt one! was your new-created gallant there with you, Sogliardo?

Car. O porpoise! hang him, no: he's a leiger² at Horn's ordinary, yonder: his villanous Ganymede and he ha' been droning a tobacco-pipe there ever sin' yesterday noon.

Punt. Who? Signior Tripartite, that would give my dog the whiffe?

¹ More thoroughly and perhaps more quickly rubbed; chafed, without excoriating.

² Resident.

Car. Ay, he. They have hired a chamber and all, private, to practise in, for the making of the "patoun," "the receipt reciprocal,"¹ and a number of other mysteries not yet extant. I brought some dozen, or twenty gallants this morning to view 'hem, as you'd do a piece of perspective,² in at a key-hole: and there we might see Sogliardo sit in a chair, holding his snout up like a sow under an apple-tree, while th' other opened his nostrils with a poking-stick,³ to give the smoke a more free delivery. They had spit some three, or fourscore ounces between 'hem, afore we came away.

Punt. How! spit three or four score ounces?

Car. Ay, and preserved it in porrengers, as a barber does his blood, when he opens a vein.⁴

Punt. Out, pagan! how dost thou open the vein of thy friend?

Car. Friend? is there any such foolish thing i' the world, ha? 'Slid, I ne'er relished it yet.

Punt. Thy humour is the more dangerous.

Car. No, not a whit, signior. Tut, a man must keep time in all: I can oil my tongue when I meet him next, and look with a good sleet forehead; 'twill take away all soil of suspicion, and that's enough: what Lynceus can see my heart? Pish, the title of a friend! it's a vain, idle thing, only venerable among fools: you shall not have one that has any opinion of wit affect it.

⁵ *Enter DELIRO and MACILENTE.*

Del. 'Save you, good Sir Puntarvolo.

Punt. Signior Deliro! welcome.

Del. Pray you, sir, did you see Master Fastidius Brisk? I heard he was to meet your worship here.

Meanings unknown.

Probably in views or motions exhibited.

³ Small steel rods for plaiting ruffs.

⁴ Barbers undertook minor operations in surgery.

⁵ Scene iv. in old eds.

Punt. You heard no figment, sir, I do expect him at every pulse of my watch.

Deli. In good time, sir. [*The two move off a little.*]

Car. There's a fellow now, looks like one of the patri- cians of Sparta, marry, his wit's after ten i' the hundred: a good blood-hound, a close-mouthed dog, he follows the scent well; marry, he's at a fault now, methinks.

Punt. I should wonder at that creature is free from the danger of thy tongue.

Car. O, I cannot abide these limbs of satin, or rather Satan indeed, that'll walk, like the children of darkness, all day in a melancholy shop, with their pockets full of blanks, ready to swallow up as many poor unthrif- ts as come within the verge.

Punt. So! and what hast thou for him that is with him, now?

Car. O, damn me! "Immortality!" I'll not meddle with him, the pure element of fire, all spirit, extraction.

Punt. How, Carlo? ha, what is he, man?

Car. A scholar, Macilente, do you not know him? a lank, raw-boned anatomy, he walks up and down like a charged musket, no man dares encounter him: that's his rest¹ there.

Punt. His rest²! why, has he a forked head?

Car. Pardon me, that's to be suspended³; you are too quick, too apprehensive.

Deli. Troth, now I think on't, I'll defer it till some other time.

Maci. Not by any means, signior, you shall not lose this opportunity, he will be here presently now.

Deli. Yes faith, Macilente, 'tis best. For look you, sir, I shall so exceedingly offend my wife in't, that—

Maci. Your wife? now for shame lose these thoughts, and become the master of your own spirits. Should I, if

¹ *i.e.*, Deliro, his resting-place and support like a musket-rest.

² A musket-rest ♯, which was suspended when not in use.

³ Held over a while.

I had a wife, suffer myself to be thus passionately carried, to and fro, with the stream of her humour? and neglect my deepest affairs, to serve her affections? 'Slight, I would geld myself first.

Deli. O but signior, had you such a wife as mine is, you would—

Maci. Such a wife! Now God hate me, sir, if ever I discerned any wonder in your wife yet, with all the speculation¹ I have: I have seen some that ha' been thought fairer than she, in my time; and I have seen those, ha' not been altogether so tall, esteemed properer women; and I have seen less noses grow upon sweeter faces, that have done very well too, in my judgment: but, in good faith, signior, for all this, the gentlewoman is a good, pretty, proud, hard-favoured² thing, marry, not so peer- lessly to be doted upon, I must confess: nay, be not angry.

Deli. Well, sir, however you please to forget yourself, I have not deserved to be thus played upon; but hence- forth, pray you forbear my house, for I can but faintly endure the savour of his breath at my table, that shall thus jade me for my courtesies.

Maci. Nay, then, signior, let me tell you, your wife is no proper woman, and by my life, I suspect her honesty, that's more, which you may likewise suspect, if you please: do you see? I'll urge you to nothing, against your appe- tite, but if you please, you may suspect it.

Deli. Good, sir. [*Exit.*]

Maci. "Good sir!" now horn upon horn pursue thee, thou blind, egregious dotard!

Car. O, you shall hear him speak like envy.—Signior Macilente, you saw Monsieur Brisk lately? I heard you were with him at court.

Maci. Ay, Buffone, I was with him.

Car. And how is he respected there? I know you'll

¹ Insight.

² Not in her countenance, but in her mind.

deal ingenuously with us; is he made of¹ amongst the sweeter sort of gallants?

Maci. Faith, ay, his civet and his casting-glass² Have helped him to a place amongst the rest: And there, his seniors give him good slight looks, After their garb,³ smile, and salute in French With some new compliment.

Car. What, is this all?

Maci. Why say, that they should show the frothy fool Such grace, as they pretend comes from the heart, He had a mighty windfall out of doubt! Why, all their graces are, not to do grace To virtue, or desert, but to ride both; With their gilt spurs, quite breathless, from themselves. 'Tis now esteemed precisianism in wit, And a disease in nature, to be kind Toward desert, to love, or seek good names: Who feeds with a good name? who thrives with loving? Who can provide feast for his own desires, With serving others?—ha, ha, ha? 'Tis folly, by our wisest worldlings proved, If not to gain by love, to be beloved. [Turns away.

Car. How like you him? is't not a good spiteful slave, ha?

Punt. Shrewd, shrewd.

Car. Damn me! I could eat his flesh now: [Goes up to MACILENTE.] divine sweet villain! [Embraces him.]

Maci. Nay, pr'ythee leave: what's he there?

Car. Who? this i' the starched beard? it's the dull stiff knight Puntarvolo, man; he's to travel now presently: he has a good knotty wit, marry, he carries little o't out of the land with him.

Maci. How then?

Car. He puts it forth in venture, as he does his money; upon the return of a dog, and cat.

¹ i.e. Made much of. ² Scent-bottle for sprinkling with.

³ Manner.

Maci. Is this he?

Car. Ay, this is he; a good tough gentleman: he looks like a shield of brawn at Shrove-tide, out of date, and ready to take his leave; or a dry pole of ling upon Easter-eve, that has furnished the table all Lent, as he has done the city this last vacation.

Maci. Come, you'll never leave your stabbing similes: I shall ha' you aiming at me with 'hem by and by; but—

Car. O, renounce me then! pure, honest, good devil, I love thee above the love of women: I could e'en melt in admiration of thee, now! Gods so, look here, man; Sir Dagonet¹ and his squire!

² Enter SOGLIARDO and SHIFT.

Sog. 'Save you, my dear gallantos: nay, come, approach, good cavalier: prithee, sweet knight, know this gentleman, he's one that it pleases me to use as my good friend and companion: and therefore do him good offices: I beseech you, gentles, know him, know him all over.

Punt. Sir, for Signior Sogliardo's sake, let it suffice, I know you.

Sog. Why, as I am true gentleman, I thank you, knight, and it shall suffice. Hark you, Sir Puntarvolo, you'd little think it; he's as resolute a piece of flesh as any's i' the world.

Punt. Indeed, sir.

Sog. Upon my gentility, sir:—Carlo, a word with you; do you see that same fellow, there?

Car. What? Cavalier Shift?

Sog. O, you know him; cry you mercy: before me, I think him the tallest³ man living within the walls of Europe.

Car. The walls of Europe! take heed what you say, signior, Europe's a huge thing within the walls.

¹ The fool of the "Morte d'Arthur." ² Scene v. in old eds.

³ Bravest.

Sog. Tut, an 'twere as huge again, I'd justify what I speak. 'Slid, he swaggered e'en now in a place where we were: I never saw a man do it more resolute.

Car. Nay, indeed swaggering is a good argument of resolution.—Do you hear this, signior?

Maci. Ay, to my grief. [*Aside.*] O, that such muddy flags,

For every drunken flourish, should achieve
The name of manhood; whilst true perfect valour,
Hating to show itself, goes by despised!
'Heart! I do know now, in a fair just cause,
I dare do more than he, a thousand times:
Why should not they take knowledge of this? ha?
And give my worth allowance, before his?
Because I cannot swagger!—Now the pox
Light on your Pickt-hatch¹ prowess!

Sog. Why, I tell you, sir, he has been the only "Bid-stand" that ever kept New-market, Salisbury-plain, Hockley i' the Hole, Gads-hill; all the high places of any request: he has had his mares and his geldings, he, ha' been worth forty, three-score, a hundred pound a horse, would ha' sprung you over hedge and ditch like your greyhound: he has done five hundred robberies in his time, more or less, I assure you.

Punt. What, and 'scaped?

Sog. "'Scaped!" i' faith, ay: he has broken the gaol when he has been in irons, and irons; and been out, and in again; and out, and in; forty times, and not so few, he.

Maci. [*Aside.*] A fit trumpet, to proclaim such a person.

Car. But can this be possible?

Shift. Why, 'tis nothing, sir, when a man gives his affections to it.

Sog. Good Pylades, discourse a robbery or two, to satisfy these gentlemen of thy worth.

A disreputable suburb nigh to the Charter-house.

Shift. Pardon me, my dear Orestes; causes have their quiddits,¹ and 'tis ill jesting with bell-ropes.²

Car. How! Pylades and Orestes?

Sog. Ay, he is my Pylades, and I am his Orestes: how like you the conceit?

Car. O, it's an old stale interlude device: no, I'll give you names myself; look you, he shall be your Judas, and you shall be his elder-tree³ to hang on.

Maci. Nay rather, let him be Captain Pod, and this his motion; for he does nothing but show him.

Car. Excellent: or thus, you shall be Holden, and he your camel.⁴

Shift. You do not mean to ride, gentlemen?

Punt. Faith, let me end it for you, gallants: you shall be his Countenance, and he your Resolution.

Sog. Troth, that's pretty: how say you, cavalier, shall't be so?

Car. Ay, ay, most voices.

Shift. Faith, I am easily yielding to any good impressions.

Sog. Then give hands, good Resolution.

Car. Mass, he cannot say, good Countenance, now—properly—to him again.

Punt. Yes, by an irony.

Maci. O, sir, the countenance of Resolution should, as he is, be altogether grim and unpleasant.

⁵ Enter FASTIDIUS BRISK.

Fast. Good hours make music with your mirth, gentlemen, and keep time to your humours:—How now, Carlo?

Punt. Monsieur Brisk! many a long look have I extended for you, sir.

Fast. Good faith, I must crave pardon; I was invited this morning, ere I was out of my bed, by a bevy of ladies,

¹ Their whys and wherefores. ² *i.e.* Hanging ropes.

³ Referring to an European belief of probably late date.

⁴ Exhibited by Holden. ⁵ Scene vi. in odd eds.

to a banquet: whence it was almost one of Hercules' labours for me to come away, but that the respect of my promise did so prevail with me: I know they'll take it very ill, especially one, that gave me this bracelet of her hair but over night, and this pearl another gave me from her forehead, marry she——what? are the writings ready?

Punt. I will send my man to know.—Sirrah, go you to the notary's, and learn if he be ready: leave the dog, sir.

[*Exit* Servant.

Fast. And how does my rare qualified friend, Sogliardo?—oh, Signior Macilente! by these eyes, I saw you not, I had saluted you sooner else, o' my troth: [*To him apart.*] I hope, sir, I may presume upon you, that you will not divulge my late check, or disgrace, indeed, sir.

Maci. You may, sir.

Car. 'Sheart, he knows some notorious jest by this gull, that he hath him so obsequious.

Sog. Monsieur Fastidius, do you see this fellow there? does he not look like a clown? would you think there were any thing in him?

Fast. Any thing in him? beshrew me, ay; the fellow hath a good ingenious face.

Sog. By this element he is as ingenious a tall man as ever swaggered about London: he, and I, call Countenance, and Resolution; but his name is Cavalier Shift.

Punt. Cavalier, you knew Signior Clog, that was hanged for the robbery at Harrow o' the hill?

Sog. Knew him, sir! why, 'twas he gave all the directions for the action.

Punt. How? was it your project, sir?

Shift. Pardon me, Countenance, you do me some wrong to make occasions public, which I imparted to you in private.

Sog. God's will! here are none but friends, Resolution.

Shift. That's all one; things of consequence must have their respects, where, how, and to whom.—Yes, sir, he showed himself a true Clog in the coherence of that

affair, sir; for, if he had managed matters as they were corroborated¹ to him, it had been better for him by a forty or fifty score of pounds, sir; and he himself might ha' lived, in despite of fates, to have fed on woodcocks,² with the rest; but it was his heavy fortune to sink, poor Clog, and therefore talk no more of him.

Punt. Why, had he more aiders then?

Sog. O God, sir, ay! there were some present there, that were the Nine Worthies to him, i' faith.

Shift. Ay, sir, I can satisfy you at more convenient conference: but, for mine own part, I have now reconciled myself to other courses, and profess a living out of my other qualities.

Sog. Nay, he has left all now, I assure you, and is able to live like a gentleman, by his qualities. By this dog, he has the most rare gift in tobacco, that ever you knew.

Car. [*To MACILENTE.*] 'Sheart, he keeps more ado with this monster, than ever Banks did with his horse,³ or the fellow with the elephant.

Maci. [*To CARLO.*] He will hang out his picture shortly, in a cloth, you shall see.⁴

Sog. O, he does manage a quarrel, the best that ever you saw, for terms, and circumstances.

Fast. Good faith, signior, now you speak of a quarrel, I'll acquaint you with a difference, that happened between a gallant, and myself;—Sir Puntarvolo, you know him if I should name him, Signior Luculento.

Punt. Luculento! what inauspicious chance interposed itself to your two loves?

Fast. Faith, sir, the same that sundered Agamemnon, and great Thetis' son;⁵ but let the cause escape, sir: he sent me a challenge, mixt with some few braves, which I restored, and in fine we met. Now indeed, sir, I must

¹ Query, strongly impressed upon him.

² A pun, on noddies and woodcock.

³ The two were burnt for sorcery (see Jonson's last epigram) at Rome.

⁴ As an advertisement or sign.

⁵ *i.e.* A woman.

tell you, he did offer at first very desperately, but without judgment: for look you, sir; I cast myself into this figure:¹ now he comes violently on, and withal advancing his rapier to strike, I thought to have took his arm, for he had left his whole body to my election, and I was sure he could not recover his guard. Sir, I missed my purpose in his arm, rashed² his doublet sleeve, ran him close by the left cheek, and through his hair. He again, lights me here,—I had on a gold cable hatband, then new come up, which I wore about a murrey French hat I had,—cuts my hatband, and yet it was massy, goldsmith's work, cuts my brims, which by good fortune, being thick embroidered with gold twist, and spangles, disappointed the force of the blow: nevertheless, it grazed on my shoulder, takes me away six purls of an Italian cut-work band I wore, cost me three pound in the Exchange, but three days before.

Punt. This was a strange encounter!

Fast. Nay, you shall hear, sir: with this we both fell out, and breathed. Now, upon the second sign of his assault, I betook me to the former manner of my defence; he, on the other side, abandoned his body to the same danger as before, and follows me still with blows: but I, being loth to take the deadly advantage that lay before me of his left side, made a kind of stramazoun,³ ran him up to the hilts through the doublet, through the shirt, and yet missed the skin. He, making a reverse blow, falls upon my embossed girdle—I had thrown off the hangers a little before—strikes off a skirt of a thick-laced satin doublet I had, lined with some four taffatas, cuts off two panes, embroidered with pearl, rends through the drawings-out of tissue,⁴ enters the linings, and skips the flesh.

Car. I wonder he speaks not of his wrought shirt!

¹ Position.

² Rent.

³ A downright blow. The rapier was then a cut-and-thrust sword.

⁴ Supposed linings of rich material were drawn out through panes or openings in the outer stuff.

Fast. Here—in the opinion of mutual damage—we paused; but, ere I proceed, I must tell you, signior, that, in this last encounter, not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels caught hold of the ruffle of my boot, and—being Spanish leather, and subject to tear—overthrows me, rends me two pair of silk stockings—that I put on, being somewhat a raw morning, a peach colour and another—and strikes me some half inch deep into the side of the calf; he, seeing the blood come, presently takes horse, and away. I, having bound up my wound with a piece of my wrought shirt—

Car. O! comes it in there?

Fast. Rid after him, and, lighting at the court gate both together, embraced, and marched hand in hand up into the presence. Was not this business well carried?

Maci. Well? yes, and by this we can guess what apparel the gentleman wore.

Punt. 'Fore valour, it was a designment begun with much resolution, maintained with as much prowess, and ended with more humanity.—How now, what says the notary?

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. He says, he is ready, sir,—he stays but your worship's pleasure.

Punt. Come, we will go to him, monsieur.—Gentlemen, shall we entreat you to be witnesses?

Sog. You shall entreat me, sir.—Come, Resolution.

Shift. I follow you, good Countenance.

Car. Come, signior, come, come.

[*Exeunt all but* MACILENTE.]

Maci. O, that there should be fortune
To clothe these men, so naked in desert!
And that the just storm of a wretched life
Beats 'hem not ragged, for their wretched souls,
And, since as fruitless, e'en as black, as coals! [Exit.]

Mit. Why, but signior, how comes it, that Fungoso appeared not, with his sister's intelligence, to Brisk?

Cor. Marry, long of the evil angels that she gave him,

who have indeed tempted the good simple youth to follow the tail of the fashion, and neglect the imposition¹ of his friends. Behold, here he comes, very worshipfully attended, and with good variety.



² SCENE III.—*A Room in DELIRO'S House.*

Enter FUNGOSO in a new suit, with his Tailor, Shoemaker, and Haberdasher.

Fung. Gramercy, good shoemaker, I'll put to strings myself. [*Exit Shoemaker.*]—Now, sir, let me see, what must you have for this hat?

Hab. Here's the bill, sir.

Fung. How does 't become me, well?

Tai. Excellent, sir, as ever you had any hat in your life.

Fung. Nay, you'll say so, all.

Hab. In faith, sir, the hat's as good as any man i' this town can serve you, and will maintain fashion as long; ne'er trust me for a groat else.

Fung. Does it apply well to my suit?

Tai. Exceeding well, sir.

Fung. How lik'st thou my suit, haberdasher?

Hab. By my troth, sir, 'tis very rarely well made, I never saw a suit sit better, I can tell on.

Tai. Nay, we have no art to please our friends, we!

Fung. Here, haberdasher, tell³ this same.

[*Gives money.*]

Hab. Good faith, sir, it makes you have an excellent body.

Fung. Nay, believe me, I think I have as good a body in clothes, as another.

Tai. You lack points, to bring your apparel together, sir,

Fung. I'll have points anon:—how now! Is't right?

¹ The duty put upon him by.

² Scene vii. in old eds.

³ Count.

Hab. Faith, sir, 'tis too little, but upon farther hopes
—Good morrow to you, sir. [*Exit.*]

Fung. Farewell, good haberdasher.—Well, now, master Snip, let me see your bill.

Mit. Methinks he discharges his followers too thick.

Cor. O, therein he saucily imitates some great man. I warrant you, though he turns off them, he keeps this tailor, in place of a page, to follow him still.

Fung. This bill is very reasonable, in faith: hark you, Master Snip. Troth, sir, I am not altogether so well furnished at this present, as I could wish I were, but— if you'll do me the favour to take part in hand, you shall have all I have, by this hand—

Tai. Sir—

Fung. And but give me credit for the rest, till the beginning of the next term.

Tai. O Lord, sir—

Fung. 'Fore God, and by this light, I'll pay you to the utmost, and acknowledge myself very deeply engaged to you, by the courtesy.

Tai. Why, how much have you there, sir?

Fung. Marry, I have here four angels, and fifteen shillings of white¹ money: it's all I have, as I hope to be blest.

Tai. You will not fail me, at the next term, with the rest?

Fung. No, an I do, pray Heaven I be hanged. Let me never breathe again upon this mortal stage, as the philosopher calls it. By this air, and as I am a gentleman, I'll hold.

Cor. He were an iron-hearted fellow, in my judgment, that would not credit him upon his volley of oaths.

Tai. Well, sir, I'll not stick with any gentleman for a trifle: you know what 'tis remains?

Fung. Ay, sir, and I give you thanks in good faith.— O fate, how happy I am made in this good fortune!

¹ Silver.

Well, now I'll go seek out Monsieur Brisk. 'Ods so, I have forgot ribbon for my shoes, and points. 'Slid, what luck's this! how shall I do?—Master Snip, pray let me reduct some two or three shillings for points, and ribbon: as I am an honest man, I have utterly disfurnished myself, in the default of memory, pray le'me be behold-ing to you; it shall come home i' the bill, believe me.

Tai. Faith, sir, I can hardly depart¹ with ready money, but I'll take up, and send you some by my boy, presently. What coloured ribbon would you have?

Fung. What you shall think meet i' your judgment, sir, to my suit.

Tai. Well, I'll send you some presently.

Fung. And points² too, sir?

Tai. And points too, sir. [Turns to go out.]

Fung. Good Lord, how shall I study to deserve this kindness of you, sir! Pray, let your youth make haste, for I should have done a business an hour since, that I doubt I shall come too late. [Exit Tailor.] Now, in good faith, I am exceeding proud of my suit: [Exit.]

Cor. Do you observe the plunges, that this poor gallant is put to, signior, to purchase the fashion?

Mit. Ay, and to be still a fashion behind with the world, that's the sport.

Cor. Stay: O here they come from "sealed and delivered."



³ SCENE IV.—PUNTARVOLO'S Lodgings.

Enter PUNTARVOLO, FASTIDIUS BRISK in his new suit, and Servants, with the dog.

Punt. Well, now my whole venture is forth, I will resolve to depart shortly.

¹ Part. ² Tagged laces for tying, in place of hooks or buttons.
³ Scene viii. in old eds.

Fast. Faith, sir Puntarvolo, go to the court, and take leave of the ladies first.

Punt. I care not, if it be this afternoon's labour. Where is Carlo?

Fast. Here he comes.

Enter CARLO, SOGLIARDO, SHIFT, and MACILENTE.

Car. Faith, gallants, I am persuading this gentleman to turn courtier. He is a man of fair revenue, and his estate will bear the charge well. Besides, for his other gifts of the mind, or so, why, they are as nature lent him 'hem, pure, simple, without any artificial drug or mixture of these two threadbare beggarly qualities, learning and knowledge, and therefore the more accommodate,¹ and genuine. Now, for the life itself—

Fast. O, the most celestial, and full of wonder and delight, that can be imagined, signior, beyond all thought, and apprehension of pleasure! A man lives there, in that divine rapture, that he will think himself i' the ninth heaven² for the time, and lose all sense of mortality whatsoever, when he shall behold such glorious, and almost immortal beauties, hear such angelical, and harmonious voices, discourse with such flowing and ambrosian spirits, whose wits are as sudden as lightning, and humorous as nectar; oh; it makes a man all quintessence, and flame, and lifts him up, in a moment, to the very crystal crown³ of the sky, where, hovering in the strength of his imagination, he shall behold all the delights of the Hesperides, the Insulæ Fortunatæ, Adonis' gardens, Tempe, or what else, confined within the amplest verge of poesy, to be mere umbræ,⁴ and imperfect figures, conferred⁵ with the most essential felicity of your court.

Maci. Well, this encomium was not extemporal, it came too perfectly off.

¹ Fit or fitted. It was then a fashionable word used indiscriminately. ² Seven were the usual number.

³ The sixth of the seven heavens. ⁴ Shadows. ⁵ Compared.

Car. Besides, sir, you shall never need to go to a hot-house, you shall sweat there with courting your mistress, or losing your money at primero,¹ as well as in all the stoves in Sweden. Marry, this, sir, you must ever be sure to carry a good strong perfume about you, that your mistress's dog may smell you out amongst the rest: and, in making love to her, never fear to be out; for you may have a pipe of tobacco, or a bass viol shall hang o' the wall, of purpose, will put you in presently. The tricks your Resolution has taught you in tobacco, the whiffe, and those sleights, will stand you in very good ornament there.

Fast. Ay, to some, perhaps: but, an he should come to my mistress with tobacco (this gentleman knows) she'd reply upon him, i'faith. O, by this bright sun, she has the most acute, ready, and facetious wit that——tut, there's no spirit able to stand her. [*To MACILENTE.*] You can report it, signior, you have seen her.

Punt. Then can he report no less, out of his judgment, I assure him.

Maci. Troth, I like her well enough, but she's too self-conceited, methinks.

Fast. Ay, indeed, she's a little too self-conceited, an 'twere not for that humour, she were the most-to-be-admired lady in the world.

Punt. Indeed, it is a humour that takes from her other excellences.

Maci. Why, it may easily be made to forsake her, in my thought.

Fast. Easily, sir? then are all impossibilities easy.

Maci. You conclude too quick upon me, signior; what will you say, if I make it so perspicuously appear now, that yourself shall confess nothing more possible?

Fast. Marry, I will say, I will both applaud, and admire you for it.

Punt. And I will second him, in the admiration.

¹ One of the then most fashionable card games.

Maci. Why, I'll show you, gentlemen.—Carlo, come hither. [*All but SOGLIARDO and SHIFT whisper together.*]

Sog. Good faith, I have a great humour to the court: what thinks my Resolution? shall I adventure?

Shift. Troth, Countenance, as you please; the place is a place of good reputation, and capacity.

Sog. O, my tricks in tobacco, as Carlo says, will show excellent there.

Shift. Why, you may go with these gentlemen now, and see fashions: and after, as you shall see correspondence.

Sog. You say true. You will go with me, Resolution?

Shift. I will meet you, Countenance, about three or four of clock; but, to say to go with you, I cannot, for, as I am Apple-John, I am to go before the cockatrice¹ you saw this morning, and therefore, pray, present me excused, good Countenance.

Sog. Farewell, good Resolution, but fail not to meet.

Shift. As I live. [*Exit.*]

Punt. Admirably excellent!

Maci. If you can but persuade Sogliardo to court, there's all now.

Car. O let me alone, that's my task. [*Goes to him.*]

Fast. Now, by wit, Macilente, it's above measure excellent: 'twill be the only court-exploit that ever proved courtier ingenious.

Punt. Upon my soul, it puts the lady quite "out of her humour," and we shall laugh with judgment.

Car. Come, the gentleman was of himself resolved to go with you, afore I moved it.

Maci. Why then, gallants, you two, and Carlo go afore to prepare the jest; Sogliardo and I will come some while after you.

Car. Pardon me, I am not for the court.

Punt. That's true; Carlo comes not at court, indeed. Well, you shall leave it to the faculty of Monsieur Brisk,

¹ Harlot.

and myself; upon our lives, we will manage it happily. Carlo shall bespeak supper at the Mitre, against we come back: where we will meet, and dimple our cheeks with laughter at the success.

Car. Ay, but will you all promise to come?

Punt. Myself shall undertake for them: he that fails, let his reputation lie under the lash of thy tongue.

Car. Gods so, look who comes here!

Enter FUNGOSO.

Sog. What, nephew!

Fung. Uncle, God save you; did you see a gentleman, one Monsieur Brisk, a courtier? he goes in such a suit as I do.

Sog. Here is the gentleman, nephew, but not in such

Fung. Another suit! [a suit.]

Sog. How now, nephew?

Fast. Would you speak to me, sir?

Car. Ay, when he has recovered himself, poor Poll.¹

Punt. Some rosa-solis.²

Maci. How now, signior?

Fung. I am not well, sir.

Maci. Why, this it is to dog the fashion.

Car. Nay, come gentlemen, remember your affairs; his disease is nothing but the flux of apparel.

Punt. Sirs, return to the lodging, keep the cat safe; I'll be the dog's guardian myself. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

Sog. Nephew, will you go to court with us? these gentlemen and I are for the court: nay, be not so melancholy.

Fung. By God'slid, I think no man in Christendom has that rascally fortune that I have.

Maci. Faith, your suit is well enough, signior.

Fung. Nay, not for that, I protest; but I had an errand to Monsieur Fastidius, and I have forgot it.

Maci. Why, go along to court with us, and remember it, come. Gentlemen, you three take one boat, and

¹ Poor imitator.

² A spiced spirit.

Sogliardo and I will take another: we shall be there instantly.

Fast. Content: [*To FUNGOSO.*] good sir, vouchsafe us your pleasance.

Punt. Farewell, Carlo; remember.

Car. I warrant you: would I had one of Kemp's¹ shoes to throw after you.

Punt. Good Fortune will close the eyes of our jest, fear not: and we shall frolic. [*Exeunt.*]

Mit. This Macilente, signior, begins to be more sociable on a sudden, methinks, than he was before: there's some portent in't, I believe.

Cor. O, he's a fellow of a strange nature. Now does he, in this calm of his humour, plot, and store up a world of malicious thoughts in his brain, till he is so full with 'hem, that you shall see the very torrent of his envy break forth like a land-flood: and, against the course of all their affections, oppose itself so violently, that you will almost have wonder to think, how 'tis possible the current of their dispositions shall receive so quick, and strong an alteration.

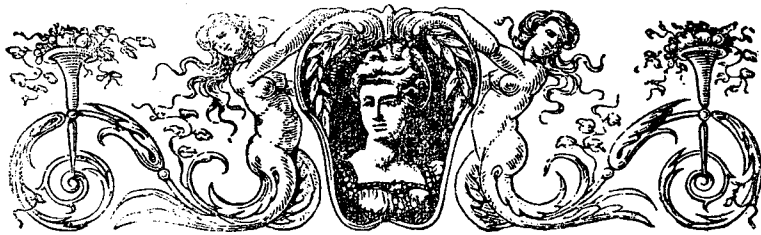
Mit. Ay, marry, sir, this is that, on which my expectation has dwelt all this while: for I must tell you, signior, though I was loth to interrupt the scene, yet I made it a question in mine own private discourse, how he should properly call it *Every Man out of his Humour*, when I saw all his actors so strongly pursue, and continue their humours?

Cor. Why, therein his art appears most full of lustre, and approacheth nearest the life; especially when in the flame, and height of their humours, they are laid flat: it fills the eye better, and with more contentment. How tedious a sight were it to behold a proud exalted tree lopt, and cut down by degrees, when it might be felled in a moment? and to set the axe to it before it came to that pride, and fulness, were, as not to have it grow.

Mit. Well, I shall long till I see this fall, you talk of.

Cor. To help your longing, signior, let your imagination be swifter than a pair of oars: and by this, suppose Puntarvolo, Brisk, Fungoso, and the dog, arrived at the court-gate, and going up to the great chamber. Macilente and Sogliardo, we'll leave them on the water, till possibility and natural means may land 'hem. Here come the gallants, now prepare your expectation.

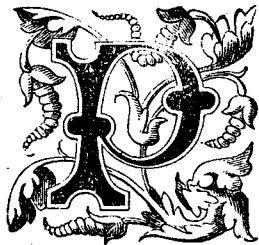
¹ The stage-clown who danced from London to Norwich, and hung up his shoes in the town hall there.



ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.—*The Hall of the Palace.*

Enter PUNTARVOLO, with his dog, FASTIDIUS BRISK and FUNGOSO.



PUNT. Come, gentles.—Signior, you are sufficiently instructed.

Fast. Who, I, sir?

Punt. No, this gentleman. But stay, I take thought how to bestow my dog, he is no competent attendant for the presence.

Fast. Mass, that's true, indeed, knight, you must not carry him into the presence.

Punt. I know it, and I, like a dull beast, forgot to bring one of my cormorants¹ to attend me. [lodge.

Fast. Why, you were best leave him at the porter's

Punt. Not so; his worth is too well known amongst them, to be forth-coming.

Fast. 'Slight, how'll you do then?

Punt. I must leave him with one, that is ignorant of his quality, if I will have him to be safe. And see! Here comes one that will carry coals, ergo, will hold my dog.²

Enter a Groom, with a charcoal basket.

My honest friend, may I commit the tuition³ of this dog to thy prudent care?

¹ Gormandizing servants.

² Coal carriers and minders of dogs were alike despised. See p. 228.

³ Safe keeping.

Groom. You may, if you please, sir.

Punt. Pray thee, let me find thee here at my return: it shall not be long, till I will ease thee of thy employment, and please thee.—Forth, gentles.

Fast. Why, but will you leave him with so slight a command, and infuse no more charge upon the fellow?

Punt. Charge? no; there were no policy in that: that were to let him know the value of the gem he holds, and so, to tempt frail nature against her disposition. No, [*Aloud to Groom.*] pray thee let thy honesty be sweet, as it shall be short.¹

Groom. Yes, sir.

Punt. But hark you, gallants, and chiefly Monsieur Brisk. When we come in eye-shot, or presence of this lady, let not other matters carry us from our project; but, if we can, single her forth to some place—

Fast. I warrant you.

Punt. And be not too sudden, but let the device induce itself with good circumstance. On.

Fung. Is this the way? good truth, here be fine hangings. [*Exeunt PUNTARVOLO, FASTIDIUS, and FUNGOSO.*

Groom. "Honesty!" "sweet, and short!" Marry, it shall, sir, doubt you not; for even at this instant if one would give me twenty pounds, I would not deliver him; there's for the "sweet": but now, if any man come offer me but two-pence, he shall have him; there's for the "short" now. 'Slid, what a mad humorous gentleman is this to leave his dog with me! I could run away with him now, an he were worth anything.²

Enter MACILENTE and SOGLIARDO.

Maci. Come on, signior, now prepare to court this all-witted lady, most naturally, and like yourself.

¹ In the quarto, "short and sweet," a proverbial saying.

² In the quarto there is added, "Well, I pray God send him quickly again."

Sog. Faith, an you say the word, I'll begin to her in tobacco.

Maci. O, fie on't! no; you shall begin with, "How does my sweet lady?" or, "Why are you so melancholy, madam?" though she be very merry, it's all one. Be sure to kiss your hand often enough; pray for her health, and tell her, how "more than most fair" she is. Screw your face o' t'one side thus, and protest; let her flier, and look askance, and hide her teeth with her fan, when she laughs a fit, to bring her into more matter, that's nothing: you must talk forward, (though it be without sense, so it be without blushing) 'tis most court-like and well.

Sog. But shall I not use tobacco at all?

Maci. O, by no means, 'twill but make your breath suspected, and that you use it only to confound the rankness of that.

Sog. Nay, I'll be advised, sir, by my friends.

Maci. God's my life, see where Sir Puntar's dog is.

Groom. I would the gentleman would return for his follower here, I'll leave him to his fortunes else.

Maci. [*Aside.*] S'heart, 'twere the only true jest in the world to poison him now: ha! by this hand I'll do it, if I could but get him of the fellow.—Signior Sogliardo, walk aside, and think upon some device to entertain the lady with.

Sog. So I do, sir.

[*Walks off meditating.*]

Maci. How now, mine honest friend? whose dog-keeper art thou?

Groom. Dog-keeper, sir? I hope I scorn that, i'faith.

Maci. Why? dost thou not keep a dog?

Groom. Sir, now I do, and now—I do not: [*Throws off the dog.*] I think this be "sweet" and "short." Make me his dog-keeper!

[*Exit.*]

Maci. This is excellent, above expectation, nay, stay, sir; you'd be travelling; but I'll give you a dram shall shorten your voyage: here. So, sir, I'll be bold to take

my leave of you. Now to the Turk's court in the devil's name, for you shall never go o' God's name.—Sogliardo, come.

Sog. I ha't i'faith, now, will sting it.

Maci. Take heed you leese¹ it not, signior, ere you come there: preserve it. [*Exeunt.*]

Cor. How like you this first exploit of his?

Mit. O, a piece of true envy; but I expect the issue of the other device.

Cor. Here they come, will make it appear.



SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter SAVIOLINA, PUNTARVOLO, FASTIDIUS BRISK,
and FUNGOSO.

Sav. Why, I thought, Sir Puntarvolo, you had been gone your voyage?

Punt. Dear, and most amiable lady, your divine beauties do bind me to those offices, that I cannot depart when I would.

Sav. 'Tis most court-like spoken, sir: but how might we do to have a sight of your dog, and cat?

Fast. His dog is in the court, lady.

Sav. And not your cat? how dare you trust her behind you, sir.

Punt. Troth, madam, she hath sore eyes, and she doth keep her chamber: marry, I have left her under sufficient guard, there are two of my followers to attend her.

Sav. I'll give you some water for her eyes: when do you go, sir?

Punt. Certes, sweet lady, I know not.

Fast. He doth stay the rather, madam, to present your acute judgment with so courtly, and well parted² a gentleman as yet your ladyship hath never seen.

¹ Lose.

² Mentally endowed.

Sav. What's he, gentle Monsieur Brisk? not that gentleman?
 [*Points to FUNGOSO.*]

Fast. No, lady, this is a kinsman to Justice Silence.¹

Punt. Pray, sir, give me leave to report him:—He's a gentleman, lady, of that rare and admirable faculty, as I protest, I know not his like in Europe: he is exceedingly valiant, an excellent scholar, and so exactly travelled, that he is able, in discourse, to deliver you a model of any prince's court in the world: speaks the languages with that purity of phrase, and facility of accent, that it breeds astonishment: his wit, the most exuberant, and, above wonder, pleasant, of all that ever entered the concave of this ear.

Fast. 'Tis most true, lady; marry, he is no such excellent proper man.

Punt. His travels have changed his complexion,² madam.

Sav. O, Sir Puntarvolo, you must think, every man was not born to have my servant Brisk's feature.³

Punt. But that which transcends all, lady; he doth so peerlessly imitate any manner of person for gesture, action, passion, or whatever—

Fast. Ay, especially a rustic, or a clown, madam, that it is not possible for the sharpest-sighted wit in the world to discern any sparks of the gentleman in him, when he does it.

Sav. O, Monsieur Brisk, be not so tyrannous to confine all wits within the compass of your own: not find the sparks of a gentleman in him, if he be a gentleman?

Fung. No, in truth, sweet lady, I believe you cannot.

Sav. Do you believe so? [*To FUNGOSO.*] Why, I can find sparks of a gentleman in you, sir.

Punt. Ay, he is a gentleman, madam, and a reveller.

Fung. Indeed, I think I have seen your ladyship at our revels.

¹ Shakespeare's; possibly, therefore, a Shallow.

² Constitution.

³ Make.

Sav. Like enough, sir; but would I might see this wonder you talk of: may one have a sight of him, for any reasonable sum?

Punt. Yes, madam, he will arrive presently.

Sav. What, and shall we see him clown it?

Fast. I'faith, sweet lady, that you shall: see, here he comes.

Enter MACILENTE with SOGLIARDO.

Punt. This is he! pray observe him, lady.

Sav. Beshrew me, he clowns it properly indeed.

Punt. Nay, mark his courtship.

Sog. How does my sweet lady? "hot and moist? beautiful and lusty?" ha?

Sav. Beautiful, an it please you, sir, but not lusty.

Sog. O ho, lady, it pleases you to say so, in truth: and "how does my sweet lady?" in health? "*Bona roba, quæso, que nouvelles? que nouvelles?*"¹ sweet creature!

Sav. O excellent! why gallants, is this he that cannot be deciphered? they were very blear-witted, i'faith, that could not discern the gentleman in him.

Punt. But do you, in earnest, lady?

Sav. Do I, sir? why, if you had any true court-judgment in the carriage of his eye, and that inward power that forms his countenance, you might perceive his counterfeiting, as clear as the noon-day: alas—Nay, if you would have tried my wit, indeed, you should never have told me he was a gentleman, but presented him for a true clown indeed; and then have seen if I could have deciphered him.

Fast. 'Fore God, her ladyship says true, knight:—but does he not affect the clown most naturally, mistress?

Punt. O, she cannot but affirm that, out of the bounty of her judgment.

Sav. Nay, out of doubt he does well, for a gentleman,

¹ A jumble of Italian, Latin, and French signifying "Handsomely dressed lady, I ask you, what news, what news?" "*Bona roba*" was equivocal, being also used in the sense of harlot.

to imitate; but I warrant you, he becomes his natural carriage of the gentleman, much better than his clownery.

Fast. 'Tis strange, in truth, her ladyship should see so far into him!

Punt. Ay, is't not?

Sav. Faith, as easily as may be; not decipher him, quoth you?

Fung. Good sadness,¹ I wonder at it!

Maci. Why, has she deciphered him, gentlemen?

Punt. O most miraculously, and beyond admiration!

Maci. Is't possible?

Fast. She hath gathered most infallible signs of the gentleman in him, that's certain.

Sav. Why, gallants, let me laugh at you, a little: was this your device, to try my judgment in a gentleman?

Maci. Nay, lady, do not scorn us, though you have this gift of perspicacy above others—What if he should be no gentleman now, but a clown indeed, lady?

Punt. How think you of that? would not your ladyship be "out of your humour?"

Fast. O, but she knows it is not so.

Sav. What if he were not a man, ye may as well say nay, if your worships could gull me so, indeed, you were wiser than you are taken for.

Maci. In good faith, lady, he is a very perfect clown, both by father, and mother: that I'll assure you.

Sav. O, sir, you are very pleasurable.

Maci. Nay, do but look on his hand, and that shall resolve you: look you, lady, what a palm here is.

Sog. Tut, that was with holding the plough.

Maci. The plough! did you discern any such thing in him, madam?

Fast. Faith no, she saw the gentleman as bright, as at noon-day, she: she deciphered him at first.

¹ Soberness.

Maci. Troth, I am sorry your ladyship's sight should be so suddenly struck.

Sav. O, you're goodly beagles! [Turns away.]

Fast. What, is she gone?

Sog. Nay, stay, sweet lady! "*que nouvelles? que nouvelles?*"

Sav. Out, you fool, you! [Exit.]

Fung. She's "out of her humour," i'faith.

Fast. Nay, let's follow it while 'tis hot, gentlemen.

Punt. Come, on mine honour we shall make her blush in the presence: my spleen is great with laughter.

Maci. [aside.] Your laughter will be a child of a feeble life, I believe, sir.—Come, signior, your looks are too dejected, methinks; why mix you not mirth with the rest?

Fung. By God's will, this suit frets me at the soul. I'll have it altered to-morrow, sure. [Exeunt.]



SCENE III.—The Palace Hall.

Enter SHIFT.

Shift. I am come to the court to meet with my Countenance, Sogliardo: poor men must be glad of such countenance, when they can get no better. Well. Need may insult upon a man, but it shall never make him despair of consequence. The world will say, 'tis base: tush, base! 'tis base to live under the earth, not base to live above it, by any means.

Enter FASTIDIUS, PUNTARVOLO, SOGLIARDO, FUNGOSO, and MACILENTE.

Fast. The poor lady is most miserably "out of her humour," i'faith.

Punt. There was never so witty a jest broken, at the tilt of all the court wits christened.¹

¹ Called by that title

Maci. [*Aside.*] O, this applause taints it, foully.

Sog. I think I did my part in courting.—O! Resolution!

Punt. Ay me, my dog!

Maci. Where is he?

Fast. God's precious, go seek for the fellow, good signior.

[*Exit FUNGOSO.*]

Punt. Here, here I left him.

Maci. Why, none was here when we came in now, but Cavalier Shift, enquire of him.

Fast. Did you see Sir Puntarvolo's dog here, cavalier, since you came?

Shift. His dog, sir? he may look his dog, sir! I saw none of his dog, sir.¹

Maci. [*Aside to PUNTARVOLO.*] Upon my life, he hath stolen your dog, sir, and been hired to it by some that have ventured with you; you may guess by his peremptory answers.

Punt. Not unlike; for he hath been a notorious thief by his own confession.—Sirrah, where is my dog?

Shift. Charge me with your dog, sir? I ha' none of your dog, sir.

Punt. Villain, thou liest.

Shift. Lie, sir? 'Sblood,—y'are but a man, sir!

Punt. Rogue and thief, restore him.

Sog. Take heed, Sir Puntarvolo, what you do: he'll bear no coals, I can tell you, o' my word.

Maci. [*Aside.*] This is rare.

Sog. It's mar'le he stabs you not: By this light he hath stabbed forty, for forty times less matter, I can tell you, of my knowledge.

Punt. I will make thee stoop, thou abject.

Sog. Make him stoop, sir!—Gentlemen, pacify him, or he'll be killed.

Maci. Is he so tall a man?

Sog. Tall a man? if you love his life, stand betwixt them: make him stoop!

¹ One gathers from this play in what low esteem the dog (though much used) and his keepers were held in England.

Punt. My dog, villain, or I will hang thee: thou hast confest robberies, and other felonious acts, to this gentleman, thy Countenance—

Sog. I'll bear no witness.

Punt. And without my dog, I will hang thee, for them.

[*SHIFT kneels.*]

Sog. What? kneel to thine enemies?

Shift. Pardon me, good sir; God is my witness, I never did robbery in all my life.

Re-enter FUNGOSO.

Fung. O, Sir Puntarvolo, your dog lies giving up the ghost in the woodyard.

Maci. [*Aside.*] Heart! is he not dead yet?

Punt. O, my dog, born to disastrous fortune!—'Pray you conduct me, sir.

[*Exit with FUNGOSO.*]

Sog. How? did you never do any robbery, "in your life?"

Maci. [*Aside.*] O, this is good!—so he swore, sir.

Sog. Ay, I heard him.—And did you swear true, sir?

Shift. Ay, as I hope to be forgiven, sir, I ne'er robbed any man; I never stood by the highway-side, sir, but only said so, because I would get myself a name, and be counted a tall man.

Sog. Now out, base viliano!¹ thou my Resolution? I thy Countenance? By this light, gentlemen, he hath confessed to me the most inexorable² company of robberies, and damned himself that he did 'hem; you never heard the like: out, scoundrel, out! follow me no more, I command thee: out of my sight, go, hence, speak not: I will not hear thee: away, camouccio!³ [*Exit SHIFT.*]

Maci. [*Aside.*] O, how I do feed upon this now, and fat myself! here were a couple unexpectedly dishumoured:

¹ Ital. *vigliacco*, a coward or scoundrel.

² Relentless (?) or not to be spoken of (?).

³ (?) Ital. *camoccio* and *camoscio*, the male chamois, signifying also "flat-nosed," characteristic of the Moors, and thence used as a term of reproach.

well, by this time, I hope, Sir Puntarvolo and his dog are both "out of humour" to travel.—Nay, gentlemen, why do you not seek out the knight, and comfort him? our supper at the Mitre must of necessity hold to-night, if you love your reputations.

Fast. 'Fore God, I am so melancholy for his dog's disaster, but I'll go.

Sog. Faith, and I may go too, but I know, I shall be so melancholy.

Maci. Tush, melancholy! you must forget that now, and remember you lie at the mercy of a fury: Carlo will rack your sinews asunder, and rail you to dust, if you come not.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mit. O, then, their fear of Carlo, belike, makes them hold their meeting.

Cor. Ay, here he comes: conceive him but to be entered the Mitre, and 'tis enough.



SCENE IV.—*A Room at the Mitre.*

Enter CARLO.

Car. Holla! where be these shot-sharks?¹

Enter Drawer.

Draw. By and by—you're welcome, good Master Buffone.

Car. Where's George? call me George hither, quickly.

Draw. What wine please you have, sir? I'll draw you that's neat, Master Buffone.

Car. Away, neophite, do as I bid thee, bring my dear George to me:—Mass, here he comes.

Enter GEORGE.

George. Welcome, Master Carlo.

¹ The drawers, the seekers of the shot or reckoning.

Car. What! is supper ready, George?

George. Ay, sir, almost: will you have the cloth laid, Master Carlo?

Car. O, what else? Are none of the gallants come yet?

George. None yet, sir.

Car. Stay, take me with you,¹ George; let me have a good fat loin of pork laid to the fire, presently.

George. It shall, sir.

Car. And withal, hear you? draw me the biggest shaft you have, out of the butt you wot of: away, you know my meaning, George, quick.

George. Done, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Car. I never hungered so much for thing in my life, as I do to know our gallants' success² at court; now is that lean bald-rib, Macilente, that salt villain, plotting some mischievous device, and lies a soaking in their frothy humours like a dry crust, till he has drunk 'hem all up: could the pumice³ but hold up his eyes at other men's happiness, in any reasonable proportion: 'Slid, the slave were to be loved next Heaven, above honour, wealth, rich fare, apparel, wenches, all the delights of the belly, and the groin, whatever.

Re-enter GEORGE with a large jug of wine.

George. Here, Master Carlo.

Car. Is't right, boy?

George. Ay, sir, I assure you 'tis right.

Car. Well said, my dear George, depart:—Come, my small gimlet, you in the false scabbard,⁴ away, [*Puts forth the Drawers, and shuts the door.*] so—. Now to you, Sir Burgomaster,⁵ let's taste of your bounty.

Mit. What, will he deal upon such quantities of wine, alone?

Cor. You will perceive that, sir.

¹ Take my intentions with you, understand me.

² Results, good or bad. ³ The absorbent. ⁴ Dress of a drawer.

⁵ The big-bellied jug, sometimes with a similar figure on it.

Car. [*Drinks.*] Ay, marry, sir, here's purity; O, George—I could bite off his nose for this now; sweet rogue, he has drawn nectar, the very soul of the grape! I'll wash my temples with some on't presently, and drink some half a score draughts; 'twill heat the brain, kindle my imagination, I shall talk nothing but crackers and fire-work to-night. So, sir! please you to be here, sir, and I here: so.

[*Sets the two cups asunder, drinks with the one, and pledges with the other.*]

Cor. This is worth the observation, signior.

Car. at 1st Cup. Now, sir, here's to you; and I present you with so much of my love.

Car. at 2nd Cup. I take it kindly from you, sir, [*Drinks.*] and will return you the like proportion; but withal, sir, remembering the merry night we had at the countess's, you know where, sir.

1st Cup. By Heaven, you put me in mind now of a very necessary office, which I will propose in your pledge, sir: the health of that honourable countess, and the sweet lady that sat by her, sir.

2nd Cup. I do vail¹ to it with reverence. [*Drinks.*] And now, signior, with these ladies, I'll be bold to mix the health of your divine mistress.

1st Cup. Do you know her, sir?

2nd Cup. O Lord, sir, ay; and in the respectful memory and mention of her, I could wish this wine were the most precious drug in the world.

1st Cup. Good faith, sir, you do honour me in't exceedingly. [*Drinks.*]

Mit. Whom should he personate in this, signior?

Cor. Faith, I know not, sir; observe, observe him.

2nd Cup. If it were the basest filth, or mud that runs in the channel, I am bound to pledge it, respectively,² sir.

¹ Lower to it, bend my knee.

² Respectfully.

[*Drinks.*] And now, sir, here is a replenished bowl, which I will reciprocally turn upon you, to the health of the Count Frugale.

1st Cup. The Count Frugale's health, sir? I'll pledge it on my knees, by this light.

2nd Cup. Will you, sir? I'll drink it on my knee, then, by the light.

Mit. Why, this is strange.

Cor. Ha' you heard a better drunken dialogue?

2nd Cup. Nay, do me right, sir.

1st Cup. So I do, in good faith.

2nd Cup. Good faith you do not; mine was fuller.

1st Cup. Why, by Jesu,¹ it was not.

2nd Cup. By Jesu, it was: and you do lie.

1st Cup. Lie, sir?

2nd Cup. Ay, sir.

1st Cup. 'Swounds!

2nd Cup. O, come, stab, if you have a mind to it.

1st Cup. Stab! dost thou think I dare not?

Car. [*Speaking in his own person.*] Nay, I beseech you, gentlemen, what means this? nay, look, for shame respect your reputations.

[*Overturns wine, pot, cups, and all.*]

² Enter MACILENTE.

Maci. Why, how now, Carlo! what humour's this?

Car. O, my good Mischief! art thou come? where are the rest, where are the rest?

Maci. Faith, three of our ordnance are burst.

Car. Burst? how comes that?

Maci. Faith, overcharged, overcharged.

Car. But did not the train hold?

Maci. O, yes, and the poor lady is irrecoverably blown up.

Car. Why, but which of the munition is miscarried, ha?

Maci. *Imprimis*, Sir Puntarvolo: next, the Countenance, and Resolution.

¹ "Believe me" in the folios, on account of the Act 7 James I.

² Scene v. in old eds.

Car. How? how, for the love of wit?

Maci. Troth, the Resolution is proved recreant: the Countenance hath changed his copy: ¹ and the passionate knight is shedding funeral tears over his departed dog.

Car. What's his dog dead?

Maci. Poisoned, 'tis thought; marry, how, or by whom, that's left for some cunning woman here o' the Bank-side to resolve. For my part, I know nothing, more than that we are like to have an exceeding melancholy supper of it.

Car. 'Slife, and I had purposed to be extraordinarily merry, I had drunk off a good preparative of old sack here: ² but will they come, will they come?

Maci. They will assuredly come: marry, Carlo, as thou lov'st me, run over 'hem all freely to-night, and especially the knight; spare no sulphurous jest that may come out of that sweaty forge of thine; but ply 'hem with all manner of shot, minion, saker, culverin, ³ or anything, what thou wilt.

Car. I warrant thee, my dear case of petronels: ⁴ so I stand not in dread of thee, but that thou'lt second me.

Maci. Why, my good German tapster, I will.

Car. What George! "Lomtero, Lomtero, &c."

[Sings and dances.]

Re-enter GEORGE.

George. Did you call, Master Carlo?

Car. More nectar, George: "Lomtero, &c."

George. Your meat's ready, sir, an your company were come.

Car. Is the loin of pork enough? ⁵

George. Ay, sir, it is enough.

[Exit.]

Maci. Pork? heart, what dost thou with such a greasy dish? I think thou dost varnish thy face with the fat on't, it looks so like a glue-pot.

¹ Turned him away.

² Probably drinks again.

³ Two, five-and-a-half, and eighteen pounders.

⁴ A couple of short carbines.

⁵ Done enough.

Car. True, my raw-boned-rogue, and if thou wouldst farce ¹ thy lean ribs with it too, they would not, like ragged laths, rub out so many doublets as they do: but thou know'st not a good dish, thou. O, it's the only nourishing meat in the world. No marvel, though that saucy, stubborn generation, the Jews, were forbidden it; for what would they ha' done, well pampered with fat pork, that durst murmur at their Maker, out of garlic and onions? 'Slight! fed with it, the whoreson strummel, patched, ² goggle-eyed Grumbledories, ³ would have Gigan-tomachized—⁴

Re-enter GEORGE with wine.

Well said, my sweet George, fill, fill.

Mit. This savours too much of profanation.

Cor. Oh ————— *Servetur ad imum,*
Qualis ab incæpto processerit, et sibi constet. ⁵
The necessity of his vein compels a toleration, for, bar this, and dash him out of humour before his time!

Car. 'Tis an axiom in natural philosophy, "What comes nearest the nature of that it feeds, converts quicker to nourishment, and doth sooner essentiate." Now nothing in flesh, and entrails assimilates or resembles man more than a hog or swine. [Drinks.]

Maci. True; and he, to requite their courtesy, oftentimes doffeth his own nature, and puts on theirs; as when he becomes as churlish as a hog, or as drunk as a sow: but to your conclusion. [Drinks.]

Car. Marry, I say, nothing resembling man more than a swine, it follows, nothing can be more nourishing: for indeed (but that it abhors from our nice nature) if we fed upon one another, we should shoot up a great deal

¹ Stuff.

² Long disshevelled haired.

³ Possibly compounded of grumble and dor (beetle), meaning cheat or fool.

⁴ Made a giants' battle of it; gormandised excessively.

⁵ As it has proceeded from the beginning, so let it be preserved to the last, that it may be consistent.

faster, and thrive much better: I refer me to your usurous cannibals,¹ or such like; but since it is so contrary, pork, pork is your only feed.

Maci. I take it, your devil be of the same diet; he would ne'er ha' desired to been incorporated into swine else.—O, here comes the melancholy mess; upon 'hem Carlo, charge, charge!

² *Enter* PUNTARVOLO, FASTIDIUS BRISK, SOGLIARDO, and FUNGOSO.

Car. 'Fore God, Sir Puntarvolo, I am sorry for your heaviness: body a me, a shrewd mischance! why, had you no unicorn's horn, nor bezoar's stone³ about you, ha?

Punt. Sir, I would request you be silent.

Maci. Nay, to him again.

Car. Take comfort, good knight, if your cat ha' recovered her catarrh, fear nothing; your dog's mischance may be holpen.

Fast. Say how, sweet Cario, for, so God mend me, the poor knight's moans draw me into fellowship of his misfortunes. But be not discouraged, good Sir Puntarvolo, I am content your adventure shall be performed upon your cat.

Maci. [*Aside to CARLO.*] I believe you, musk-cod, I believe you, for rather than thou would'st make present repayment, thou would'st take it upon his own bare return from Calais.

Car. [*Aside to him.*] Nay, uds-life, he'd be content, so he were well rid out of his company, to pay him five for one, at his next meeting him in Paul's.—But for your dog, Sir Puntar, if he be not out-right dead, t'ere is a friend of mine, a quack-salver, shall put life in him again, that's certain.

Fung. O, no, that comes too late.

Maci. [*Aside.*] God's precious! knight, will you suffer this?

¹ A hit at usurers. ² Scene vi. in old eds. ³ Antidotes.

Punt. Drawer, get me a candle, and hard wax presently.¹ [*Exit* Drawer.]

Sog. Ay, and bring up supper; for I am so melancholy.

Car. O, signior, where's your Resolution?

Sog. Resolution! hang him, rascal: O, Carlo, if you love me, do not mention him.

Car. Why, how so? how so?

Sog. O, the arrant'st crocodile that ever Christian was acquainted with. By my gentry, I shall think the worse of tobacco while I live, for his sake: I did think him to be as tall a man——

Maci. [*aside to CARLO.*] Nay, Buffone, the knight, the knight.

Car. 'Slud, he looks like an image carved out of box, full of knots: his face is, for all the world, like a Dutch purse, with the mouth downward, his beard the tassels; and he walks—let me see—as melancholy as one o' the master's side² in the Counter.—Do you hear, Sir Puntar?

Punt. Sir, I do entreat you no more, but enjoin you to silence, as you affect your peace.

Car. Nay, but dear knight, understand—here are none but friends, and such as wish you well—I would ha' you do this now; flay me your dog presently, (but in any case keep the head) and stuff his skin well with straw, as you see these dead monsters at Bartholomew fair——

Punt. I shall be sudden, I tell you.

Car. Or, if you like not that, sir, get me somewhat a less dog, and clap into the skin; here's a slave about the town here, a Jew, one Yohan;³ or a fellow that makes perukes will glue it on artificially, it shall ne'er be discerned; besides, 'twill be so much the warmer for the hound to travel in, you know.

Maci. [*Aside to him.*] Sir Puntarvolo, 'death, can you be so patient!

¹ At once.

² The master's side ranked between the knights' ward (occupied by those who could pay the best) and the hole in which the poorest prisoners were confined.

³ Not improbably the publican Yaughan alluded to in *Hamlet*, v.i.

Car. Or thus, sir : you may have—as you come through Germany—a familiar for little or nothing, shall turn itself into the shape of your dog, or any thing, what you will, for certain hours—[*PUNTARVOLO beats him.*]—'Ods my life, knight, what do you mean ? you'll offer no violence, will you ? hold, hold !

¹*Re-enter Drawer, with wax, and a lighted candle.*

Punt. 'Sdeath, you slave, you ban-dog, you !

Car. As you love wit, stay the enraged knight, gentlemen.

Punt. By my knighthood, he that stirs in his rescue, dies.—Drawer, begone !
[*Exit Drawer.*]

Car. Murder, murder, murder !

Punt. Ay, are you howling, you wolf ?—Gentlemen, as you tender your lives, suffer no man to enter, till my revenge be perfect. Sirrah, Buffone, lie down ; make no exclamations, but down : down, you cur, or I will make thy blood flow on my rapier hilts.

Car. Sweet knight, hold in thy fury, and 'fore Heaven, I'll honour thee more, than the Turk does Mahomet.

Punt. Down, I say ! [*CARLO lies down — knocking within*]—Who's there ?

Cons. [*Within.*] Here's the constable, open the doors.

Car. Good Macilente—

Punt. Open no door, if the Adelantado of Spain² were here he should not enter : one help me with the light, gentlemen ;—you knock in vain, sir officer.

Car. *Et tu, Brute !*³

Punt. Sirrah, close your lips, or I will drop it in thine eyes, by Heaven.
[*Seals up his lips.*]

Car. O ! O !

Cons. [*Within.*] Open the door, or I will break it open.

¹ Not George. See onward, "George was not here."

² The king's deputy.

³ Wrongly attributed to Cæsar as his last words, "And thou, O Brutus." He addresses Macilente.

Maci. Nay, good constable, have patience a little ; you shall come in presently ; we have almost done.

Punt. So, now, are you "out of your humour," sir ?
—Shift, gentlemen. [*They all draw, and disperse.*]

¹*Enter Constable and Officers.*

Cons. Lay hold upon this gallant, and pursue the rest.

Fast. Lay hold on me, sir ! for what ?

Cons. Marry, for your riot here, sir, with the rest of your companions.

Fast. My riot ! master constable, take heed what you do. Carlo, did I offer any violence ?

Cons. O, sir, you see he is not in case to answer you, and that makes you so paramptory.²

Re-enter GEORGE and Drawer.

Fast. Peremptory ! 'Slife, I appeal to the drawers, if I did him any hard measure.

George. They are all gone, there's none of them will be laid any hold on.

Cons. Well, sir, you are like to answer till the rest can be found out.

Fast. 'Slid, I appeal to George here.

Cons. Tut, George was not here : away with him to the Counter, sirs.—Come, sir, you were best get yourself dressed somewhere. [*Exeunt all but the two Drawers.*]

George. Good Lord, that Master Carlo could not take heed, and knowing what a gentleman the knight is, if he be angry.

Drawer. A pox on 'hem, they have left all the meat on our hands,—would they were choked with it for me !

Re-enter MACILENTE.

Maci. What, are they gone, sirs ?

¹ Scene vii. in old eds.

² A constable's pronunciation of a strange word.

George. O, here's Master Macilente.

Maci. Sirrah, George, do you see that concealment there? that napkin under the table?

George. God's so, Signior Fungoso!

Maci. He's good pawn for the reckoning; be sure you keep him here, and let him not go away till I come again, though he offer to discharge all: I'll return presently.

[*Exit.*

George. Sirrah, we have a pawn for the reckoning.

Draw. What? of Macilente?

George. No, look under the table.

Fung. [*looking out.*] I hope all be quiet now: if I can get but forth of this street, I care not; masters, I pray you tell me, is the constable gone?

George. What? Master Fungoso!

Fung. Was't not a good device this same of me, sirs?

George. Yes, faith; ha' you been here all this while?

Fung. O God, ay; good sir, look an the coast be clear, I'd fain be going.

George. All's clear, sir, but the reckoning! and that you must clear, and pay before you go, I assure you.

Fung. I pay? 'Slight, I eat not a bit since I came into the house, yet.

Draw. Why, you may when you please, 'tis all ready below, that was bespoken.

Fung. Bespoken? not by me, I hope?

George. By you, sir? I know not that; but 'twas for you, and your company, I am sure.

Fung. My company? 'Slid, I was an invited guest, so I was.

Draw. Faith we have nothing to do with that, sir, they're all gone but you, and we must be answered; that's the short and the long on't.

Fung. Nay, if you will grow to extremities, my masters, then would this pot, cup, and all were in my belly, if I have a cross¹ about me.

¹ A penny or other coin.

George. What, and have such apparel? do not say so, signior, that mightily discredits your clothes.

Fung. As I am an honest man, my tailor had all my money this morning, and yet I must be fain to alter my suit too: good sirs, let me go, 'tis Friday night, and in good truth I have no stomach in the world to eat anything.

Draw. That's no matter, so you pay, sir.

Fung. Pay? God's light, with what conscience can you ask me to pay that I never drank for?

George. Yes, sir, I did see you drink once.

Fung. By this cup, which is silver, but you did not, you do me infinite wrong, I looked in the pot once, indeed, but I did not drink.

Draw. Well, sir, if you can satisfy our master, it shall be all one to us.

One within. George!

George. By and by.¹

[*Exeunt.*

Cor. Lose not yourself now, signior.



² SCENE V.—*A Room in DELIRO'S House.*

Enter MACILENTE and DELIRO.

Maci. Tut, sir, you did bear too hard a conceit of me in that, but I will now make my love to you most transparent, in spite of any dust of suspicion, that may be raised to cloud it: and henceforth, since I see it is so against your humour, I will never labour to persuade you.

Del. Why, I thank you, signior; but what's that you tell me, may concern my peace so much?

Maci. Faith, sir, 'tis thus. Your wife's brother, Signior Fungoso, being at supper to-night at a tavern, with a sort³ of gallants, there happened some division amongst

¹ Immediately.

² Scene viii. in old eds.

³ Lot, number.

'hem, and he is left in pawn for the reckoning : now, if ever you look that time shall present you with an happy occasion to do your wife some gracious and acceptable service, take hold of this opportunity, and presently go, and redeem him ; for, being her brother, and his credit so amply engaged as now it is, when she shall hear, (as he cannot himself, but he must out of extremity report it) that you came, and offered yourself so kindly, and with that respect of his reputation, why, the benefit cannot but make her dote, and grow mad of your affections.

Del. Now, by Heaven, Macilente, I acknowledge myself exceedingly indebted to you, by this kind tender of your love ; and I am sorry to remember that I was ever so rude, to neglect a friend of your importance :—bring me shoes and a cloak, there.—I was going to bed, if you had not come ; what tavern is it ?

Maci. The Mitre, sir.

Del. O, why Fido, my shoes.—Good faith, it cannot but please her exceedingly.

Enter FALLACE.

Fal. Come, I mar'le what piece of night-work you have in hand now, that you call for your cloak and your shoes ! what, is this your pander ?

Del. O, sweet wife, speak lower, I would not he should hear thee for a world——

Fal. Hang him, rascal, I cannot abide him for his treachery, with his wild quick-set beard there.—Whither go you now with him ?

Del. No “ whither, with him,” dear wife ; I go alone to a place, from whence I will return instantly.—Good Macilente, acquaint not her with it by any means, it may come so much the more accepted, frame some other answer.—I'll come back immediately. [*Exit.*

Fal. Nay, an I be not worthy to know whither you go, stay, till I take knowledge of your coming back.

Maci. Hear you, Mistress Deliro.

Fal. So sir, and what say you ?

Maci. Faith lady, my intents will not deserve this slight respect, when you shall know 'hem.

Fal. Your intents ? why, what may your ‘ intents ’ be, for God’s sake ?

Maci. Troth, the time allows no circumstance, lady, therefore know, this was but a device to remove your husband hence, and bestow him securely, whilst, with more conveniency, I might report to you a misfortune that hath happened to Monsieur Brisk——nay, comfort, sweet lady. This night being at supper, a sort of young gallants committed a riot, for which he only is apprehended, and carried to the Counter, where, if your husband, and other creditors, should have but knowledge of him, the poor gentleman were undone forever.

Fal. Ay me ! that he were.

Maci. Now therefore, if you can think upon any present means for his delivery, do not foreslow¹ it. A bribe, to the officer that committed him, will do it.

Fal. O God, sir ! he shall not want for a bribe : ‘ pray you, will you commend me to him, and say I’ll visit him presently.

Maci. No, lady, I shall do you better service, in protracting your husband’s return, that you may go with more safety.

Fal. Good truth, so you may : farewell, good sir. [*Exit MACILENTE.*]—Lord, how a woman may be mistaken in a man ! I would have sworn upon all the Testaments in the world he had not loved Master Brisk.—Bring me my keys there, maid.—Alas, good gentleman, if all I have i’ this earthly world will pleasure him, it shall be at his service. [*Exit.*

Mit. How Macilente sweats i’ this business, if you mark him.

Cor. Ay, you shall see the true picture of spite, anon : here comes the pawn, and his redeemer.

¹ Over-slow.

1 SCENE VI.—*In the Mitre.**Enter DELIRO, FUNGOSO, and GEORGE.*

Deli. Come, brother, be not discouraged for this, man; what!

Fung. No, truly, I am not discouraged, but I protest to you, brother, I have done imitating any more gallants either in purse or apparel, but as shall become a gentleman, for good carriage, or so.

Deli. You say well.—This is all i' the bill here, is't not?

George. Ay, sir.

Deli. There's your money, tell it:—and, brother, I am glad I met with so good occasion to show my love to you.

Fung. I will study to deserve it in good truth, an I live.

Deli. What, is't right?

George. Ay, sir, and I thank you.

Fung. Let me have a capon's leg saved, now the reckoning is paid.

George. You shall, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter MACILENTE.

Maci. Where's Signior Deliro?

Deli. Here, Macilente.

Maci. Hark you, sir, ha' you dispatched this same?

Deli. Ay, marry have I.

Maci. Well then, I can tell you news, Brisk is i' the Counter.

Deli. I' the Counter!

Maci. 'Tis true, sir, committed for the stir here to-night. Now would I have you send your brother home afore, with the report of this your kindness done him, to his sister, which will so pleasingly possess her, and out of his mouth too; that i' the meantime you may clap your action on Brisk, and your wife, being in so happy a mood, cannot entertain it ill, by any means.

1 Scene ix. in old eds.

Deli. 'Tis very true, she cannot indeed, I think.

Maci. Think? why 'tis past thought, you shall never meet the like opportunity, I assure you.

Deli. I will do it.—Brother, pray you go home afore—this gentleman and I have some private business—and tell my sweet wife, I'll come presently.

Fung. I will, brother.

Maci. And, signior, acquaint your sister, how liberally, and out of his bounty, your brother has used you. Do you see? made you a man of good reckoning; redeemed that you never were possessed of, credit; gave you as gentlemanlike terms as might be; found no fault with your coming behind the fashion; nor nothing.

Fung. Nay, I am out of those humours now.

Maci. Well, if you be out, keep your distance, and be not made a shot-clog¹ any more.—Come, signior, let's make haste. [*Exeunt.*

2 SCENE VII.—*The Counter.**Enter FALLACE and BRISK.*

Fal. O Master Fastidius, what pity is't to see so sweet a man as you are, in so sour a place! [*Kisses him.*

Cor. As upon her lips, does she mean?

Mit. O, this is to be imagined the Counter, belike.

Fast. Troth, fair lady, 'tis first the pleasure of the fates, and next of the constable, to have it so: but I am patient, and indeed comforted the more, in your kind visit.

Fal. Nay, you shall be comforted in me, more than this, if you please, sir. I sent you word by my brother, sir, that my husband laid to 'rest you this morning, I know not whether you received it or no.

Fast. No, believe it, sweet creature, your brother gave me no such intelligence.

1 Payer of his comrades' reckonings.

2 Scene x. in old eds.

Fal. O, the Lord.

Fast. But has your husband any such purpose?

Fal. O, sweet Master Brisk, yes: and therefore be presently discharged, for if he come with his actions upon you, Lord deliver you! you are in for one half-a-score year; he kept a poor man in Ludgate once twelve year, for sixteen shillings. Where's your keeper? for love's sake call him, let him take a bribe, and despatch you. Lord, how my heart trembles! here are no spies? are there?

Fast. No, sweet mistress, why are you in this passion?

Fal. O Lord, Master Fastidius, if you knew how I took up my husband to-day, when he said he would arrest you; and how I railed at him that persuaded him to't, the scholar there, (who, on my conscience, loves you now) and what care I took to send you intelligence by my brother; and how I gave him four sovereigns¹ for his pains; and now, how I came running out hither without man or boy with me, so soon as I heard on't; you'd say I were in a passion indeed: your keeper, for God's sake! O, Master Brisk, as 'tis in Euphues,² "Hard is the choice, when one is compelled either by silence to die with grief, or by speaking to live with shame."

Fast. Fair lady, I conceive you, and may this kiss assure you, that where adversity hath, as it were, contracted, prosperity shall not—God's me! your husband.

Fal. O me!

Enter DELIRO, MACILENTE following.

Del. Ay! Is't thus?

Maci. Why, how now, Signior Deliro? has the wolf seen you,³ ha? Hath Gorgon's head made marble of you?

Del. Some planet strike me dead!

Maci. Why, look you, sir, I told you, you might have

¹ Angels.

² Lilly's book lately most fashionable.

³ and made you speechless!

suspected this long afore, had you pleased, and ha' saved this labour of admiration now, and passion, and such extremities as this frail lump of flesh is subject unto. Nay, why do you not doat now, signior? methinks you should say it were some enchantment, *deceptio visus*,¹ or so, ha? if you could persuade yourself it were a dream now, 'twere excellent: faith, try what you can do, signior; it may be your imagination will be brought to it in time, there's nothing impossible.

Fal. Sweet husband!

Del. Out, lascivious strumpet!

[*Exit.*

Maci. What? did you see how ill that stale vein became him afore, of "sweet wife," and "dear heart;" and are you fallen just into the same now, with "sweet husband!" Away, follow him, go, keep state; what! remember you are a woman, turn impudent: gi' him not the head, though you gi' him the horns. Away. And yet, methinks, you should take your leave of *Enfans-perdus* here, your "forlorn hope." [*Exit FALLACE.*—How now, Monsieur Brisk? what! Friday night, and in affliction too, and yet your *pulpamenta*?² your delicate morsels? I perceive the affection of ladies and gentlewomen pursues you, wheresoever you go, monsieur.

Fast. Now, in good faith, and as I am gentle, there could not have come a thing i' this world to have distracted me more, than the wrinkled fortunes of this poor spinster.³

Maci. O yes, sir; I can tell you a thing will distract you much better, believe it. Signior Deliro has entered three actions against you, three actions, monsieur! marry, one of them (I'll put you in comfort) is but three thousand, and the other two, some five thousand apiece; trifles, trifles.

Fast. O, I am undone.

¹ Deception of the sight.

² Nicely seasoned delicacies.

³ Spinster as now used commonly for an unmarried woman was then a common law term for such.

Maci. Nay, not altogether so, sir; the knight must have his hundred pound repaid, that 'll help too; and then six score pound for a diamond, you know where. These be things will weigh, monsieur, they will weigh.

Fast. O, Heaven.

Maci. What! do you sigh? this it is to "kiss the hand of a countess," to "have her coach sent for you," to "hang poniards in ladies' garters," to "wear bracelets of their hair," and for every one of these great favours to "give some slight jewel of five hundred crowns, or so;" why, 'tis nothing. Now, monsieur, you see the plague that treads o' the heels of your foppery: well, go your ways in, remove yourself to the two-penny ward quickly, to save charges, and there set up your rest¹ to spend Sir Puntar's hundred pound for him. Away, good pomander,² go!

[*Exit* FASTIDIUS.³

Why, here's a change! Now is my soul at peace.

I am as empty of all envy now,

As they of merit to be envied at.

My humour, like a flame, no longer lasts

Than it hath stuff to feed it; and their folly

Being now raked up in their repentant ashes,

Affords no ampler subject to my spleen.

I am so far from malicing their states,

That I begin to pity 'hem. It grieves me

To think they have a being. I could wish

They might turn wise upon it, and be saved now,

So Heaven were pleased: but let them vanish, vapours!

And now with Asper's tongue (though not his shape)

Kind patrons of our sports—you that can judge,

And with discerning thoughts measure the space

Of our strange Muse in this her maze of humour,

You, whose true notions do confine the forms

And nature of sweet poesy—to you

¹ Gambling term, meaning stakes; a pun is intended.

² Scent box, pomander being then a fashionable scent.

³ See note at the end of the play.

I tender solemn and most durious¹ thanks,
For your stretch[ed] patience and attentive grace.
We know—and we are pleased to know so much—
The cates² that you have tasted were not seasoned
For every vulgar palate, but prepared
To banquet pure, and apprehensive ears:
Let then their voices speak for our desert;
Be their applause the trumpet to proclaim
Defiance to rebelling Ignorance,
And the green spirits of some tainted few,
That, spite of pity [do] betray themselves
To scorn and laughter; and like guilty children,
Publish their infancy before their time
By their own fond³ exception: such as these
We pawn 'hem to your censure, till Time, Wit,
Or Observation, set some stronger seal
Of Judgment on their judgments; and entreat
The happier spirits in this fair-filled Globe⁴
(So many as have sweet minds in their breasts,
And are too wise to think themselves are taxed
In any general figure, or too virtuous
To need that wisdom's imputation:)
That with their bounteous hands, they would confirm
This, as their pleasure's patent: which not so signed,
Our lean and spent endeavours shall renew
Their beauties with the spring to smile on you.

¹ Lasting.

³ Foolish.

² Any victuals except bread.—*Minshen.*

⁴ The name of the theatre.

THE EPILOGUE,

AT THE

PRESENTATION BEFORE QUEEN ELIZABETH.

BY MACILENTE.

Blest, divine, unblemished, sacred, pure,
 Glorious, immortal, and indeed immense ;
 O that I had a world of attributes,¹
 Never till now did object greet mine eyes
 With any light content : but in her graces,
 All my malicious powers have lost their stings.
 Envy is fled my soul, at sight of her,
 And she hath chased all black thoughts from my bosom,
 Like as the sun doth darkness from the world.
 My stream of humour is run out of me,
 And as our city's torrent, bent t'infect
 The hallowed bowels of the silver Thames,
 Is checked by strength, and clearness of the river,
 Till it hath spent itself e'en at the shore ;
 So in the ample, and unmeasured flood
 Of her perfections, are my passions drowned ;
 And I have now a spirit as sweet, and clear
 As the most rarefied and subtle air.
 With which, and with a heart as pure as fire,
 Yet humble as the earth, do I implore,— [Kneels.
 O Heaven, that She, whose presence hath effected
 This change in me, may suffer most late change
 In her admired and happy government :
 May still this Island be called Fortunate,
 And rugged Treason tremble at the sound,
 When Fame shall speak it with an emphasis.
 Let foreign Polity be dull as lead,
 And pale Invasion come with half a heart,
 When he but looks upon her blessèd soil.

¹ These three lines are only given in the quarto.

The throat of War be stopped within her land,
 And turtle-footed Peace dance fairy rings
 About her court : where, never may there come
 Suspect, or danger, but all trust, and safety :
 Let Flattery be dumb, and Envy blind
 In her dread presence : Death himself admire her .
 And may her virtues make him to forget
 The use of his inevitable hand.
 Fly from her, Age , sleep, Time, before her throne —
 Our strongest wall falls down, when she is gone.

[Here the trumpets sound a flourish, in which time
 MACILENTE converts¹ himself to them that supply the place
 of Grex and speaks.]

How, now, sirs? how like you it? has't not been
 tedious?

Cor. Nay, we ha' done censuring now.

Mit. Yes, faith.

Maci. How so?

Cor. Marry, because we'll imitate your actors, and be
 "out of our humours." Besides, here are those, round
 about you, of more ability in censure than we, whose judg-
 ments can give it a more satisfying allowance : we'll refer
 you to them.

Maci. Ay, is't even so?—[To audience.] Well, gentle-
 men, I should have gone in, and returned to you as I
 was Asper at the first : but by reason the shift would
 have been somewhat long, and we are loth to draw your
 patience farther, we'll entreat you to imagine it. And
 now, that you may see I will be "out of humour" for
 company, I stand wholly to your kind approbation, and
 indeed am nothing so peremptory as I was in the begin-
 ning : marry, I will not do as Plautus in his "*Amphytrio*,"
 for all this, *Summi Jovis causâ plaudite*;² "beg a plaudite
 for God's sake ;" but if you, out of the bounty of your

¹ Turns.

² "Your applause for the sake of high Jove."

good-liking, will bestow it, why, you may, in time, make lean Macilente as fat,—as Sir John Falstaff. *Non ego ventosæ plebis suffragia venor.*¹ [Exeunt.]

IN the quarto edition of the play Jonson has inserted the following note. No doubt the disapproval of his eulogy, to which he refers, was intended by the Londoners to express their dissatisfaction of the Queen's treatment of their favourite, the Earl of Essex.

It had another catastrophe or conclusion, at the first playing which, *δια το την Βασιλισσαν προσωποεσθαι*,² many seemed not to relish it; and therefore 'twas since altered: yet that a right eyed and solid reader may perceive it was not so great a part of the Heaven awry, as they would make it; we request him but to look down upon these following reasons.

1. There hath been precedent of the like presentation in divers plays: and is yearly in our city pageants or shows of triumph.

2. It is to be conceived, that Macilente being so strongly possessed with envy, as the poet here makes him, it must be no slight or common object, that should effect so sudden and strange a cure upon him, as the putting him clean "out of his humour."

3. If his imagination had discoursed the whole world over for an object, it could not have met with a more proper, eminent, or worthy figure, than that of her Majesty's: which his election (though boldly, yet respectfully [*i.e.* respectfully]) used to a moral and mysterious end.

4. His greediness to catch at any occasion, that might

¹ "I hunt not for the suffrages of the windy multitude." Jonson evidently hoped to be substantially noticed by the Queen. The lines only occur in the quarto.

express his affection to his sovereign, may worthily plead for him.

5. There was nothing, in his examined opinion, that could more near or truly exemplify the power and strength of her invaluable virtues, than the working of so perfect a miracle on so opposed a spirit; who not only persisted in his humour, but was now come to the court, with a purposed resolution—his soul as it were now dressed in envy—to malign at any thing that should front him: when suddenly, against expectation, and all steel of his malice, the very wonder of her presence strikes him to the earth dumb, and astonished. From whence rising and recovering heart, his passion thus utters itself:

"Blest, divine, unblemished, sacred, pure,' &c