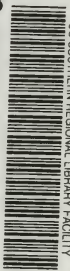


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or  
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## INTRODUCTION

**The Character of the Play.** Elizabethan drama has many vexed problems upon which scholars have expended time and trouble incalculable without really advancing these questions any appreciable distance. *The Return from Parnassus* is a case in point.

The play is the third and last of three, now called 'the Parnassus Group,' and is especially interesting and important because throwing light on certain facts in connection with Shakespeare's life. *The Return from Parnassus, Pt. II.*, for many years stood alone like a misshapen *torso*. The first two parts of the trilogy were esteemed irretrievably lost, no one seemingly being able to attach the references in *Pt. II.* to any of the existing dramas in Elizabethan literature, nor to identify the characters satirised. In 1886, however, the Rev. W. D. Macray, the cultured and scholarly librarian of the Bodleian at Oxford, while pursuing some researches in the vast but chaotic collection of Thomas Hearne, came across the long-lost plays, and at once gave them to the public. The first of these is styled *The Pilgrimage to Parnassus*, the second, *The Return from Parnassus, Pt. I.*, while the third is called *The Return from Parnassus, Pt. II.*, or the *Scourge of Simony*. That these at one time were closely associated there can be no doubt, because the three parts have

several characters in common, while certain of the personages in the third play refer to things that were said and done in the first and second. This much may, therefore, be affirmed at the outset, that the three plays had a common origin, were inspired, at least in the first issues or drafts of the pieces, by the same aims, and, finally, were illustrative of the same preferences and prejudices.

**Origin—the War of the Players.** I prefer to use the word ‘origin’ in place of ‘author’ because I have the misfortune to differ from all preceding writers on this subject, in maintaining the play or plays to be the work not of any one writer, but rather of a group of dramatists which owed its origin to that bitter antagonism which prevailed for some years between Ben Jonson, supported by a small circle of friends, on the one side, and Marston, Daniel, Chettle, and Munday, supported by Dekker, on the other. Gradually most of the leading playwrights of the day were at one time or another drawn into the quarrel, which was waged with varying fortunes, and one of the curious features of the war was that some who began on one side, at the end of the conflict were found ranged on the other.

**How the Quarrel Began.**<sup>1</sup> Most scholars who have examined the subject with care, agree that two passages in Marston’s *Satires* were the cause of the misunderstanding. In these Marston applies the title ‘Torquatus’<sup>2</sup> to Jonson,

<sup>1</sup> For an exhaustive and accurate study of ‘The War of the Theatres,’ see Professor Penniman’s volume bearing the above title, among the publications of the University of Pennsylvania.

<sup>2</sup> Titus Manlius Torquatus, a Roman consul, so called because he took the *Spolia opima* from the Gaulish leader.

because the name meant, as Penniman says, 'one who wore something round the neck.' The sting lay in the 'something' implied. Jonson, as is well known, had killed a man in a duel, and, on being found guilty, only saved himself from the gallows by claiming the right of 'neck-shrift,' under which statute, if he were able to prove himself a clerk 'by reading a verse from Holy Writ,' his life was saved. Jonson did this; therefore the name 'Torquatus' referred to his having the rope, figuratively speaking, round his neck, when he saved himself by 'conning his neck-verse.' Accordingly Marston, in the preface to his *Satires*, 'To those that seem Judiciall Perusers,' says, 'I wrote the first Satire in some places too obscure, in all places mislyking me. Yet when by some scurvy chaunce it shall come into the late perfumed fist of judicial Torquatus (that like some rotten stick in a troubled water hath gotte a great deale of barmie froth to stick to his sides), I know he will vouchsafe it, some of his new-minted epithets (as reall, intrinsicate, Delphicke) when in my conscience he understand not the least part of it.' The second passage occurs in Satire xi. of the *Scourge of Villanie*, and reads—

'Come along, Jack, room for a vaulting skip,  
 Room for Torquatus, that ne'er oped his lip  
 But in prate of *pommado reversa*,  
 Of the nimbling, tumbling Angelica.  
 Now, on my soul, his very intellect  
 Is nought but a curvetting Sommerset.'

From these two satirical references 'the War of the Theatres' may be said to have arisen, in which nearly every dramatist of

note took part. Certainly Ben Jonson deserved all he got. He was jealous and irritable, envious of the success of every popular favourite, and Marston's castigation was called forth by Jonson's gross attack, in *Every Man in his Humour*, on Samuel Daniel, who, as Penniman rightly says, 'had succeeded to the position held by Spenser who was virtually poet laureate.' Under the character of Master Matthew, Jonson had satirised Daniel, who was not only a popular favourite, but was respected by all his contemporaries. Marston, whose friendship with Daniel was of some standing, took up the cudgels on his friend's behalf, first in the passages in the *Scourge of Villanie*, to which attention has been called, and then in *Histriomastix*, in which, under the character 'Chrisoganus,' Jonson is bitterly satirised. The latter replied in *Every Man Out of his Humour* (1599), in which as 'Carlo Buffone,' Marston is held up to ridicule as 'a public, scurrilous, and profane jester; . . . his religion is railing, and his discourse ribaldry.'

Not content with this, Jonson introduces two other characters, Clove and Orange, who are brought in for the sole purpose of talking and ridiculing certain unusual words used by Marston in the *Scourge of Villanie* and *Histriomastix*. 'Orange,' by many critics, has been identified with Dekker. Whether this is so or not, one thing is certain, that, in some way or another unknown, Dekker was now drawn into the dispute. Fleay thought that Jonson did not assail the latter until he heard that Dekker had been retained to write *Satiromastix*, and Penniman supports this view. It has the merit of probability to recommend it. Then came *Patient Grissil* (1600) by Dekker, in which Jonson has been thought to be satirised under the character of 'Emulo, the lath, lime, and hair man, with his



absurd gallimaufry of language'; followed by Marston's *Jack Drum's Entertainment* (1600), wherein, as 'Monsieur John fo. de King,' Jonson is ridiculed. 'Although to us (says Penniman) the character of Monsieur John fo. de King does not seem to resemble Jonson, yet stage business and mimicry were probably introduced in presenting these plays, so that to the audience it was perfectly clear who was represented.' It was now Jonson's turn, and in *Cynthia's Revels* (1601) he retaliated upon his critics, satirising Marston, Daniel, Lodge, and Munday as Anaiides, Hedon, Asotus, and Amorphus, Dekker being mysteriously spared the lash. *Poetaster* (1601) succeeded, which is Jonson's sole avowed reply to the attacks made on him by other writers. Purely a satiric piece, it relies solely for its dramatic interest on its sketches of character, the scene being laid in Rome in the days of Augustus; while the originals of Horace (Jonson), Crispinus (Marston), and Demetrius (Dekker), can be easily recognised.

*Satiromastix* (1601) came next, being Dekker's retort to Jonson's *Poetaster*, and is an unsparing castigation of Jonson, being doubtless made more effective still by 'stage business,' in which Jonson's personal appearance and eccentricities would be caricatured. *Satiromastix* was followed by Marston's *What You Will* (probably written early in 1602), in which Jonson is satirised under the title of Quadratus; and in this play there is more direct personality used than had been the case previously, as, for example, when Lampatho (Marston) says of Quadratus (Jonson), 'I'll make Greatness quake, I'll tan the hide of thick-skin'd Hugeness,' a hit at Jonson's excessive corpulence; also this other remark by Laverdure when Quadratus is announced—'I'll not see him now, on my soul; he's in his

old perpetuana suit,' a reference to the customary slovenliness and untidiness of Jonson's dress. Last on the list of plays which were associated with the 'War of the Theatres' is *The Return from Parnassus*, the one we now propose to study in detail.

**Date of Composition :** the **Trilogy.** In marshalling the arguments affirmatory of the date of the *Return from Parnassus*, *Pt. II.*, we must ever keep the fact in remembrance that the play is the third and last division of a trilogy, which was acted probably more than once in its entirety at St. John's College, Cambridge, and that more than one reference occurs in the *Return*, *Pt. II.*, to sayings and doings chronicled in the other parts. This is proved by the lines (Prologue, 75 ff.)—

'In scholars' fortunes twice forlorn and dead,  
Twice hath our weary pen erst laboured,  
Making them pilgrims in Parnassus Hill,  
Then penning their return with ruder quill.  
Now we present unto each pitying eye,  
The Scholars' progress in their misery.'

The first question is, What was the precise year in which our play was represented? The following are the facts which are supplied by the internal evidence of the piece itself: (1) As *Belvidere* was entered at Stationers' Hall, August 11, 1600, *The Return from Parnassus*, *Pt. II.*, must have been represented on a date subsequent to that. (2) It was a Christmas toy written for the Yuletide celebrations of 1601, at St. John's College, Cambridge, or for the New Year rejoicings of 1602, as is proved by the questions put by Sir Raderic to Immerito, as to the Dominical letters. The letter for 1601 was 'D,' and for

1602 was 'C,' and the date is still further corroborated by the references to the Siege of Ostend and the Irish Rebellion, both of which were in progress at the time.

*The Pilgrimage to Parnassus* and the *Return from Parnassus*, Pt. I., have as we have already stated been reclaimed for us by the Rev. W. D. Macray, of the Bodleian Library. In the introduction to his admirable edition of these three plays, he says:—

'The first two comedies are now printed from a MS. preserved in one of Thomas Hearne's volumes of miscellaneous collections in the Bodleian Library. With a true sense of the possible value to others if not to himself, of all remnants of earlier times, of the very rags of writings, Hearne (who in the words of his self-written epitaph "studied and preserved antiquities" in a way for which we of later generations can never be too grateful), stored up all kinds of papers, binding them together just as they came to his hands in most admired confusion. . . . The MS. consists of twenty folio leaves (besides one outside leaf), written by a copyist, who, as evidently, had sometimes been unable to read, or too careless to read his original correctly.'

The three pieces, therefore, albeit eventually played as one consecutive work were composed at different times, but the evidence on which we must rely for the settlement of this point is largely of an internal character.

*The Pilgrimage to Parnassus*:—This was probably written, as Mr. Macray says, without any thought of the succeeding parts being ultimately appended, and was, like the other two parts, performed as a Christmas or New Year entertainment, in all likelihood in 1598-99. In the *Prologue* the statement is made that the work had been produced in three days—

'If you'll take three days' study in good cheer,  
Our Muse is blest that ever she came here.'

The action of all the parts is slight to a degree, recalling as Ward says, 'Many a time-honoured allegorical fancy of which an idea of a pilgrimage serves as a basis. The plot is so constructed that, while it served for the single play, by a little expansion it could be made to do duty for the trilogy. Philomusus and Studioso having determined to make a pilgrimage to 'green Parnassus Hill,' old Consiliodorus, the father of the first and the uncle of the other, takes occasion to give them some sage advice taken, he tells them, out of the fund of his own painful experience. He applauds their determination to go on pilgrimage, but warns them that if they would have a joyful time, they 'must be wary pilgrims by the way, and not trust each glozing flattering vein, warning them also against the graceless boys that feed the tavern with their idle coin.' The two youths accordingly begin their journey or pilgrimage to Parnassus, first travelling through the land of the *Trivium*, otherwise 'Logic Land,' with regard to which Studioso says he has got Jack Seton's map to direct them through that 'island' which is 'much like Wales, full of craggie mountains and thornie vallies, and in which there are two desperate robbers, named *Genus* and *Species*, which take captive every true man's invention.' Here they meet Madido, the wine-bibber, who, on being asked to travel with them to Parnassus, and of Helicon's pure stream to drink his fill, replies—

'Zounds! I travel to Parnassus! I tell thee it is not a pilgrimage for good wits; if I drink of that puddled water of Helicon in a company of lean Lenton Shadows, let me for a punishment converse with a single bear so long as I live, there's no true Parnassus but the third loft in a wine tavern, nor true Helicon but a cup of brown bastard'—

and who undertakes that, if he cannot with a quart of burnt sack

beside him, make a better poem than Kinsayder's *Satires*, Lodge's *Fig for Momus*, Bastard's *Epigrams*, Lichfield's *Trimming of Nash*, 'I'll give my head to any good fellow to make a *memento mori* of.'

Philomusus was almost won to cleave unto Madido, but was rescued by Studioso. The pilgrims next come into 'the Land of Rhetoric,' where—

'the birds delight the morning air  
With pretty tuneful notes and artless lays.  
Hark shrill Don Cicero, how sweet he sings,  
See how the groves wonder at his sweet note ;  
I like this grassy diapered green earth,  
Here tender feet may travel a whole day.'

Here they meet Stupido, a type of the Puritan scholar, with no mind above the dry bones of learning, and who has been attracted by Genevan Catechisms and the like ; also Amoretto, the wanton sensualist, who persuades them to become Venus's servitors, and to—'Crop you the joys of youth while that you may.' But such wanton pleasures soon disgust the pilgrims—though their experiences in the toils of pleasure make philosophy appear harsh and severe. They next meet Ingenioso, who has returned from Parnassus and declares it was all a fraud, that he had 'burned his books, split his pen, rent his paper, and cursed the cozening hearts that brought me up to no better fortune.' He wishes them to do the same. But they have nearly completed their four years' travel—the time usually occupied in preparing for a University degree—Parnassus is at hand, and the pilgrims press on up its slopes to stretch themselves with Phœbus by the Muse's sacred springs, where—

‘we will sit free from all envy’s rage  
And scorn each earthly Gullio of this age.’

The Return from Parnassus, Part I. This part was in all likelihood added when the author or authors saw the success which had attended the *Pilgrimage*. In i. i. 62 we are informed that the Pilgrimage has lasted seven years, for old Consiliodorus, in despatching letters to his son and nephew by Leonard, the carrier, says—

‘Seven times the earth in wanton livery  
Hath deckt herself to meet her blushing love,  
Since I two scholars to Parnassus sent,  
The place of solace and true merriment.’

Then we are introduced to the ‘two scholars,’ who, alas, have found that the ‘privileges of Parnassus’ are more abstract than concrete in quality, and appear bewailing their folly in setting out on a pilgrimage to the abodes of deities who exhibit so wanton a neglect of their worshippers. They then resolve ‘to wander unto the world to reap their fortunes wheresoever they may grow,’ whether in some thatched cottage or country hall, some porch, or belfry, or scrivener’s stall, which may yield a harbour to their wandering heads. They are naturally deeply depressed at the result of their pilgrimage hitherto, and long for the presence of ‘Ingenioso, that lad of jollity.’ Opportunely he appears, expressing as before his increasing disgust with Parnassus, stating that ‘Wit is but a phantasm and idea, a quarrelling shadow that will seldom dwell in the same room with a full purse.’ The friends after some conversation, in which Ingenioso gives them a few maxims of worldly-wise utility,

separate to pursue their fortunes, but arrange to meet anon at the Sign of the Sun.

Ingenioso calls upon a patron, whose name is not given, to whom he dedicates his poem, and receives in return *two groats*, with the remark that Homer had scarce so much bestowed on him in all his lifetime. The three friends meet at the tavern and falling in with Luxurio, another deserter from the Muse's cohorts, they all decide to forsake the 'flowery slopes of Parnassus' for London, Luxurio being taken with them in order that his witty sallies might shorten the road, his creditors meantime being left to bewail his levanting.

The next scene shows Philomusus, clad in a black frieze coat and with his keys and spade 'the ensigns of the sexton,' meeting with Studioso who has become tutor to a lad who bullies him, and for whom he has to discharge all the most menial offices. Neither of the friends keep their situations long, but we are entertained with another adventure of Ingenioso's with a new patron-gull, named Gullio. This personage, who is an early example of some of Jonson's favourite characters, is convinced that he possesses all the talents to which man can be heir, but does not care to weary himself by exercising them too frequently. Accordingly he invites Ingenioso to supply him with verses to palm off as his own, 'written in two or three divers veins—Chaucer's, Gower's, and Mr. Shakespeare's,' whereupon he begins to rhapsodise on 'sweet Mr. Shakespeare,' and quotes the first two lines of *Venus and Adonis*, a strong testimony to its amazing popularity at the time. He also shows acquaintance with *Romeo and Juliet*. But Gullio becomes an intolerable nuisance with his overweening conceit, and Ingenioso after quarrelling with him and styling his erstwhile patron 'a base carl

clothed in a satin suit, the scorn of all good wits, the ague of all soldiers'—that patron by the way who but a short time before he had extolled as 'Sans compare, never was so mellifluous a wit joined to so pure a phrase, such comely gesture, such gentleman-like behaviour,' betakes himself to London, where the vocation of a corrector of the press 'Shall keep me from base beggary,' while *Studioso* and *Philomusus* declare they will become perverts to Rome, and obtain the bribe given in such cases. Thus ends the first part of the *Return from Parnassus*.

**Return from Parnassus, Part II.**:—As the text of the piece is before the reader I do not intend to give the outlines of the action with the same degree of fulness, as has been done in the case of the other two parts. Suffice to say, that, although a knowledge of what had transpired in the two preceding plays is helpful in order to understand some of the allusions made by *Ingenioso*, *Studioso* and *Philomusus*, the *Second Part of the Return from Parnassus* is in a measure a dramatic integer. In other words, its action is sufficiently rounded off (1) to present a tolerably symmetrical plot which turns upon the question who will receive the benefice from Sir Raderic, and (2) whether the two pilgrims will succeed in making a living when they essay the vocations of a physician and his man, then of fiddlers, and finally of actors. In each and all they fail, or they realise that they are unfit for the profession, as in music, or that the profession is unfit for them as in the case of the stage. Characters are introduced which have no very direct influence on the progress of the action of the piece, as, for instance, *Judicio* and *Prodigo*. This much, however, may be said, that no small degree of skill in dramatic art is shown in rendering



Part II. at once the conclusion of the trilogy and a fairly artistic whole in itself. The conclusion come to by all the Pilgrims to Parnassus is that the life of the Scholar is one of misery, unless he be one of those whom Fortune favours with her smile. They have run through many callings, yet have thriven by none. *Studioso*, *Philomusus*, *Ingenioso*, *Academico*, *Furor Poeticus*, and *Phantasma*, each represent some specific intellectual gift, but no one is favoured more than another by Dame Fortune, and they have all to endure the mortification, as in the case of *Academico*, of seeing a clown like *Immerito* presented to a benefice which should have been given to him, simply because *Stercutio*, *Immerito's* father, is a wealthy clodhopper who does not stint his bribes through any dread of a charge of simony, but boldly buys his son into his benefice. In this way the second title of the part, *The Scourge of Simony*, is justified. Finally, the friends and pilgrims realising that the world is always going more decidedly against them, resolve to give up the struggle, *Studioso* and *Philomusus* determine to turn to the Arcadian simplicity of a shepherd's life.

'We have run through many lives yet thrive by none,  
Poor in content and only rich in moan ;  
A Shepherd's life thou know'st I wont admire,  
Turning a Cambridge apple by the fire ;  
To live in humble dale we now are bent  
Spending our days in fearless merriment.'

Could any difference be greater than existed even then between the ideal and the reality—between the pastoral life as pictured by the poets, and that which was really the lot

of the shepherds in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? *Ingenioso*, *Furor Poeticus*, and *Phantasma* determine to retire to the 'Isle of Dogs,' the true home of unrestrained invective, as is aptly remarked by Mr. Ward. Such is the outline of the action of Part II.

**The Characters** :—I think it will be admitted by any one who carefully studies the three plays, that in the last of the trilogy, the writer or writers have not only gained confidence in composition, but have acquired a marked accession to their satiric power. In other words, Part II. of the *Return* is by far the most sarcastic part of the three. In the first two plays the characters are more ludicrously farcical than satiric in conception and development. But no sooner have we begun to read the third part than a change is apparent. The prologue throughout abounds in home thrusts upon the spectators, even when begging for 'a *plaudite*,' for who but they themselves had neglected the scholar?

' Refined wits, your patience is our bliss,  
 Too weak our scene : too great your judgment is.  
 To you we seek to show a scholar's state ;  
 His scorned fortunes ; his unpitied fate.  
 To you ! for if you did not scholars bless,  
 Their case (poor case) were too too pitiless,  
 You shade the muses under fostering,  
 And make them leave to sigh and learn to sing.'

The opening lines also of the play are indicative of its tenour. After quoting from Juvenal, *Ingenioso*, says :

‘Aye, Juvenal, thy jerking hand is good,  
Not gently laying on, but fetching blood;  
So surgeon-like thou doth with cutting heal  
Where naught but lancing can the wound avail.’

A cursory perusal of the three parts will suffice to show that, while many of the characters are peculiar only to the several plays, others run through the whole trilogy. Of the latter, Philomusus, Studioso, and Ingenioso appear in all three. Consiliodorus, father of Philomusus and uncle of Studioso, appears in the *Pilgrimage to Parnassus*, and in the *Return*, Pt. I. Amoretto in the *Pilgrimage* and in the second part of the *Return*, though the two presentations of the character differ most materially the one from the other, he of the *Pilgrimage* being a lusty youth, full of love's boldness and defiance of all rivals, while the Amoretto of the *Return*, Pt. II., is a trifling coward with never a redeeming vice save covetousness to make him human. But of him more anon.

Ingenioso has by Fleay and others, been identified with Nash. Though there are unquestionably points of resemblance between the latter and Ingenioso, I cannot wholly agree with the identification. There are certain difficulties which would need to be explained away, before one could accept Fleay's statement:—‘Ingenioso, young Juvenal, who carries the vinegar bottle, sells Danter a libel on Cambridge, is an inventor of slight prose, satirises the Recorder, takes refuge in the Isle of Dogs, is too clearly Thomas Nash to need further comment.’ Now Nash albeit he was a satirist, and wrote a play the *Isle of Dogs*, was something more than the mere vitriol-scatterer, Mr. Fleay would make him out to be if

Ingenioso were to be esteemed his likeness. To my mind Gabriel Harvey would suit the points of identification better than any other writer. For be it noted as regards Ingenioso the satire is rather kindly fun than bitter condemnation, as in the case of 'Furor Poeticus.' That the character would not suit what we know of Nash becomes additionally apparent when Ingenioso pronounces a criticism on the dead Nash, which the writer or writers of the piece could scarcely have put into Ingenioso's mouth had Nash been the prototype of the character.

*Furor Poeticus*, another satirist, is a type of that sort of *ensor morum* which looks not or reeks not where his blows may fall provided they strike something. His 'very terrible roaring muse' and his 'high tiptoe strutting poesy' exactly describe the character of Marston, who, as *Judicio* says—

'Methinks he is a ruffian in his style,  
 Withouten bands or garter's ornament;  
 He quaffs a cup of Frenchman's Helicon,  
 Then roister-doister in his oily terms,  
 Cuts, thrusts, and foins, at whomsoe'er he meets,  
 And strews about Ram-Alley meditations.'

Further 'Furor Poeticus' goes to live in the *Isle of Dogs*, *i.e.*, among the lawyers, this being another point of identification with Marston, who was a member of the Temple. The strongest point in favour of the contention, however, lies in similarity between the style affected by Marston and that given to *Furor* in the play before us. One only needs to compare the diction of *Furor* with that of Marston in his *Satires* to see the resemblance.

Phantasma, the third satirist, is considered by Fleay to be Sir John Davies, among whose epigrams are some which to my mind exhibit points of affinity with Amoretto's character. Take that on Publius :—

‘ Publius, a student at the Common-law,  
 Oft leaves his books and for his recreation  
 To Paris Garden doth himself withdraw,  
 Where he is ravisht with such delectation  
 As down among the bears and dogs he goes.  
 Where, while he skipping cries, “ to head to head,”  
 His satin doublet and his velvet hose  
 Are all with spittle from above bespread ;  
 When he is like his father's country hall ;  
 Stinking with dogs and muted all with hawkes,  
 And rightly too on him this filth doth fall  
 Which for such filthy sports his books forsakes,  
 Leaving old Ployden, Dyer, Brooke alone  
 To see old Harry Hunkes and Sackarson.’

Phantasma satires Amoretto, and Sir John Davies satirised Publius in terms strongly similar. The former does so in scraps of epigram from the Latin poets, while Davies paraphrases without acknowledgment many lines from Horace, Juvenal, Martial, Persius, &c. For example in the one *Of a Gull*, he writes :—

‘ A Gull is he which while he proudly wears  
 A silver hilted rapier by his side.  
 Endures the lies and knocks about the ears  
 Whilst in his sheath his sleeping sword doth hide.

A Gull is he which wears good handsome clothes,  
 And stands, in Presence, stroking up his hair,  
 And fills up his imperfect speech with oaths,  
 And speaks not one wise word throughout the year.  
 But to define a Gull in terms precise,  
 A Gull is he which seems and is not wise.'

If Phantasma be not Sir John Davies, it is hard to see for whom the character can be intended.

Philomusus and Studioso, the son and nephew of Consiliodorus, are the typical Pilgrims to Parnassus, those men who without originality, or a vein either of genius or of humour calculated to catch public attention, nevertheless plod on, hoping against hope that in some occult way, not very well apparent to themselves even, they will succeed in literature. To them a University degree is considered to cover every other shortcoming, and they persist in keeping their sails set upon the same old academic tack, when already the fact has long been apparent to all, that the breeze of public taste has set in from another quarter of the compass altogether. The characters are drawn with admirable force and vigour, the outlines being clearly differentiated from each other though both personages are cast in the same mould. Fleay identifies Philomusus with Lodge, and Studioso with Drayton, but his arguments though ingenious are scarcely convincing enough to ensure acceptance.

Academico is another 'pilgrim,' but is the only one who elects to remain in his cell at the University.

'Adieu, you gentle spirits, long adieu,  
 Your wits I love and your ill fortunes rue ;

I'll haste me to my Cambridge cell again,  
My fortunes cannot wax, but they may wane.'

He is one who appears to be a strong Protestant, for he hates 'this popish tongue of Latin,' and like Immerito, at whom for the time he was jeering, 'he is as true an Englishman as lives.' Academico is one whose hopes of a benefice have often been raised ~~but~~ as frequently dashed, and when he appeals to Amoretto it is in such abject terms that even a gull like the latter, pokes fun at him.

Judicio, the corrector of the press, is evidently intended to be a portrait of some well-known contemporary character whose identity has now been lost to us. Judicio has a pronounced dislike to that crowd of minor singers that were foisting their wares upon the fickle public to the detriment of the greater poets, Spenser, Constable, Daniel, Drayton, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare, whose work while he professes to censure it, he is in reality highly praising. This appears from many of the criticisms passed on the poets cited in the dialogue of which the following may serve as specimens:—

'Sweet Constable doth take the wandering ear  
And lays it up in willing prisonment.'

Or—

'Drayton's sweet muse is like a sanguine dye  
Able to ravish the rash gazer's eye.'

Or—

'William Shakespeare,  
Who loves Adonis' love or Lucrece rape,  
His sweeter verse contains heart throbbing life,  
Could not a graver subject him content  
Without love's foolish lazy languishment.'

**Immerito** is a capital illustration of that type of clerk which after the Reformation had to be pitchforked into remote country livings if the services of the Church were to be maintained at all. Simony was rife then, and the most unsuitable individuals were obtruded into benefices which otherwise would have stood vacant. Immerito had never been inside a University; was entirely ignorant of Latin and Greek, but had such a touching self-reliance in his own powers, provided his patron favoured him, as would have provoked a sneer, were it not the outcome of a colossal simplicity. He could do all, if only Sir Raderick would consent to be 'the deficient cause of his preferment,' and his examination by Sir Raderick and the Recorder is a scene of genuine and well-sustained humour. His father Stercutio is also an admirably drawn character, in which greed, ignorance, and boorishness struggle with the ambition to see his son a clerk. Though his money is to him his life's blood, he consents to part with a 'hundred thanks' to moisten the ever arid palm of Amoretto.

**Sir Raderick and Amoretto**:—These are the two best drawn characters in the book. The satire in their case is more genial and good-natured, being written with a pen less steeped in gall than is the case with the other *dramatis personæ*. The knight is evidently a ponderous country magnate, with an overweening sense of his own importance. He dispenses justice according to the short and ready method of deciding in favour of those who bribe him most liberally. He insists upon having the right morally and socially to live as he pleases, but woebetide the man who attempts to do likewise. **Amoretto**, to quote Mr. Fleay's analysis, 'is a Cambridge man, a plagiarist, for whom Academico, writes a



speech on the Queen's Accession Day, November 17th; he forms his style on Ovid's *Art of Love*, uses technical hunting terms and other sporting phrases in his conversation, is a member of the Temple, son of Sir Raderick, knows no languages, is satirised by Phantasma (Davies?), is a "Carpenter of Sonnets," writes of his mistress's sweetness in a most equivocal manner, has been in Italy, is a friend of the Recorder, has a living which he can influence, but is not in holy orders himself.' Fleay thinks that Amoretto is meant for Samuel Daniel, but again we must decline to accord absolute acceptance to this view until the points of identification are more convincing.

**The Recorder:**—Tradition affirms this character to be a life-like portrait of Francis Brackyn, Recorder of Cambridge, who, as Mr. Macray states in the preface to his edition of the three plays, incurred extreme unpopularity in the University by maintaining the right of the Mayor of the town to take precedence of the Vice Chancellor in certain cases.<sup>1</sup> 'He had already been satirised in *Club-Law*, a play acted in Clare Hall in 1597-8, and it is possible he may also be the lawyer who at a later date figures as ignoramus in Ruggles' famous comedy. It may well be that it was on this account that the last part of our trilogy won the greater popularity among the academic auditors to whose sympathies it appealed; and the prominence given through its second title, *The Scourge of Simony*, to that portion of the play which represents the lawyer's co-operation with a patron in the sale of an ecclesiastical benefice, makes it also probable that the latter greedy reprobate, Sir Raderick,

<sup>1</sup> See Bass Mullinger's *University of Cambridge (1535-1625)*, p. 526.

may have been some other easily recognised and notorious character of the time.'

The other personages of the drama, Danter, the printer, the Burgess, a patient of Philomusus, when acting as a physician under the name Theodore, the two pages, the fiddlers, are no mere lay figures, but are all incisively differentiated from each other, and possess distinctive idiosyncrasies and qualities. The like may be said about the two actual contemporary personages which are introduced into the play, Burbage and Kempe, the former being the greatest tragic actor of his time, the latter its greatest exponent of broad and low comedy. As far as we know, the characters are true to life and must have gone a long way to render the piece popular.

**Shakespeare and Ben Jonson :—**The references made by Burbage and Kempe to Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and the 'War of the Theatres,' may be regarded as the final word in that great dispute. The tradition has come down to us from Elizabethan times of Jonson's persistent jealousy and depreciation of Shakespeare, yet when we come to examine the evidence, the question of Ben's jealousy of his great rival comes strangely nebulous. The same takes place here. A definite charge is made against Jonson of being a pestilent fellow, and of being so cantankerous that he was constantly quarrelling with his fellow poets, so much so that Shakespeare had to interfere in self-defence and administer a chastisement to Ben that not only silenced the latter, but was admitted to be well merited (Act IV. Sc. iii. l. 18). 'Why here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down, ay, and Ben Jonson too. O, that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow. He brought up Horace giving the poets a pill: but our fellow Shakespeare

hath given him a purge that made him bewray his credit.' Now what was this 'purge.' The only play of Shakespeare's that in any degree fits in with the known facts is *Troilus and Cressida*, and, as Professor Penniman thinks, there is evidence that seems to point to this play as in some way connected with the quarrel between Marston and Jonson. In the sub-play of *Troilus and Cressida* in *Histrionmastix*, as revised by Marston, occurs the passage :—

'The knight his valiant elbow wears,  
That when he shakes his furious spear  
The foe in shivering fearful sort  
May lay him down in death to snort'—

which seems a plain reference to Shakespeare, who (as Richard Simpson contended in his *School of Shakespeare*) was satirised in the main play under the character of Posthaste. In Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* occurs the line, 'When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws' which bears a strong resemblance to a reply by the latter to the attack by Marston. On the other hand, however, Shakespeare's play 'was never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar' before its publication in 1609, presumably without the author's consent being asked. Of course it may have been produced at the Universities or at the Inns of Court, and yet the phrase hold true that it had never been 'clapper-clawed by the hands of the vulgar.' There is at least a measure of probability that the passage in our play refers to *Troilus and Cressida*, but immediately the next question arises, wherein lay the satire on Jonson? In one passage of his *Chronicle of*

*the English Drama*, Fleay considers that Ajax is Jonson, and Thersites Marston; in another that Ajax is Dekker, Achilles is Jonson, and Thersites is Marston; while a third theory by him regards Dekker as Thersites. On the other hand, Dr. Cartwright in his *Shakespeare and Jonson, Dramatic and Wit Combats* declares that 'in *Troilus and Cressida* the character of Thersites, be it accidental or intentional, is an inimitable caricature of Crites and Horace, that is of Jonson.' After a careful consideration of the evidence *pro* and *con*, I am inclined to think that if satire be intended Jonson is satirised in Achilles and Marston in Thersites.

**Authorship**:—Owing to the circumstance that the three parts had in no case any name appended to their title page as the author, with the exception of this fact that on a copy of a 1606 quarto copy of the play the inscription has been found, 'To my Lovinge Smallocke—J.D.,' the handwriting of which has been identified as curiously similar to that of the dramatist John Day, conjecture has been left to busy itself with many problems. Personally, I am inclined to think that the acumen of Professor Israel Gollancz has gone far to settle the question. In his communication to Principal Ward, as quoted in vol. ii. p. 641 of *English Dramatic Literature*, he rightly thinks that the key to the problem must be sought for in the prologue to the first part of the *Return from Parnassus*. There the 'Stage-keeper' says:—

'That scraping leg, that dopping courtesy,  
That fawning bow, those sycophants smooth terms  
Gained our stage much favour did they not?  
Surely it made our poet a staid man.

Kept his proud neck from baser lambskin's wear,  
Had like to have made him Senior Sophister.  
He was fain to take his course by Germany  
Ere he could get a silly poor degree  
He never since durst name a piece of cheese,  
Though Cheshire seems to privilege his name.'

The word 'cheese,' according to the Professor, conceals an allusion to Caius College as pronounced according to the fashion of the sixteenth century, and as John Day was a Caius man, is there not a strong presumption in favour of this writer as the author of the three parts? Certainly the argument is ingenious and so far deserves to be accepted, but I cannot believe that Day was the sole author. Despite the general homogeneity of the trilogy, there are so many minor differences between the three parts in style and in treatment, that one can scarcely admit that the same pen wrote all three. For example, the Prologue, Act I. Sc. i.-ii., seem to reveal a different style from Act I. Sc. iv.-v., Act II. Sc. ii.; while the scenes wherein Amoretto appears, look to me to exhibit a difference of treatment from those in which Furor, Ingenioso, Phantasma, Philomusus, and Studioso take part. I am inclined to think that more than one of the University pens took part in it, and that the passage about Shakespeare was a grudging testimony to the extreme popularity of one who had beaten these University pens on their own ground, and was already regarded as the greatest dramatist of the age.

**Previous editions:**—The original issue of the second part of the *Return from Parnassus* took place as a quarto in 1606, its second impression as a separate publication occurring in

## INTRODUCTION The Return from Parnassus

April, 1878, by Professor Arber. It had, however, been included by Hawkins in his *Origin of the English Drama* 1773, and by W. Carew Hazlitt in the Fourth Edition of *Dodsley's Old Plays* 1874-76; while in 1886 the entire trilogy, the *Pilgrimage to Parnassus*, the *Return from Parnassus*, and the *Return from Parnassus, Pt. II.*, were issued from the Clarendon Press, edited by the Rev. W. D. Macray, M.A., F.S.A.

THE RETURN FROM PARNASSUS;  
OR,  
THE SCOURGE OF SIMONY

## PERSONS OF THE DRAMA

JUDICIO  
INGENIOSO  
DANTER  
PHILOMUSUS  
STUDIOSO  
FUROR POETICUS  
PHANTASMA  
Patient  
RICHARDETTO  
THEODORE, a physician  
BURGESSE, a patient  
JAQUES, a student  
ACADEMICO  
AMORETTO  
Page  
Signor IMMERITO  
STERCUTIO, father of IMMERITO  
Sir FREDERICK or RADERICK  
Recorder  
Page  
PRODIGO  
BURBAGE  
KEMPE  
Fidlers  
Patient's Man



## THE PROLOGUE

*Boy, Stage-keeper, Momus, Defensor.*

*Boy.* Spectators, we will act a comedy (*non plus*).

*Stage-K.* A pox on't, this book hath it not in it, you would be whipped, thou rascal : thou must be sitting up all night at cards, when thou should be conning thy part.

*Boy.* It's all along on you : I could not get my part a night or two before, that I might sleep on it.

*[Stage-keeper carrieth the Boy away under his arm.]*

*Mo.* It's even well done, here is such a stir about a scurvy English show. 9

*Defen.* Scurvy in thy face, thou scurvy jack, if this company were not — you paltry critic gentleman, you that know what it is to play at primero, or passage ; you that have been student at post and pair, saint and loadam ; you that have spent all your quarter's revenues in riding post one night in Christmas bear with the weak memory of a gamester.

*Mo.* Gentlemen, you that can play at noddy, or rather

play upon noddies : you that can set up a jest, at primero instead of a rest, laugh at the prologue that was taken away in a voyder. 20

*Defen.* What we present I must needs confess is but slubbered invention : if your wisdom obscure the circumstance, your kindness will pardon the substance.

*Mo.* What is presented here, is an old musty show, that hath lain this twelvemonth in the bottom of a coal-house amongst brooms and old shoes, an invention that we are ashamed of, and therefore we have promised the copies to the chandlers to wrap his candles in. 30

*Defen.* It's but a Christmas toy, and may it please your courtesies to let it pass.

*Mom.* It's a Christmas toy indeed, as good a conceit as sloughing hotcockles, or blind-man buff.

*Defen.* Some humors you shall see aimed at, if not well resembled. 36

*Mom.* Humors indeed ; is it not a pretty humor to stand hammering upon two *individuum vagum*, 2 scholars some whole year. These same Philomuses and Studioso have been followed with a whip and a verse, like a couple of vagabonds, through England and Italy. The Pilgrimage to Parnassus, and the Return from Parnassus, have stood the honest stage-keepers in many a crown's expense ; for links and vizards purchased a sophister a knock, which a club

hindered the butler's box, and emptied the College barrels ; and now unless you know the subject well, you may return home as wise as you came, for this last is the least part of the Return from Parnassus, that is both the first and the last time that the author's wit will turn upon the toe in this vein, and at this time the scene is not at Parnassus, that is, looks not good invention in the face. 53

*Defen.* If the catastrophe please you not, impute it to the displeasing fortunes of discontented scholars.

*Mom.* For catastrophe there's never a tale in Sir John Mandeville, or Bevis of Southampton, but hath a better turning.

*Stage-K.* What, you jeering ass, be gone with a pox. 59

*Mom.* You may do better to busy your self in providing beer, for the shew will be pitiful dry, pitiful dry. *[Exit.*

*No more of this ; I heard the spectators ask for a blank  
verse.*

What we shew, is but a Christmas jest,  
Conceive of this, and guess of all the rest :  
Full like a scholar's hapless fortunes pen'd,  
Whose former griefs seldom have happy end.  
Frame as well, we might with easy strain,  
With far more praise, and with as little pain,  
Stories of love, where forne the wondring bench,

THE PROLOGUE    The Return from Parnassus

The lispng gallant might enjoy his wench ;                    70  
Or make some sire acknowledge his lost son,  
Found when the weary act is almost done.  
Nor unto this, nor unto that our scene is bent,  
We only shew a scholar's discontent ;  
In scholars' fortunes twice forlorn and dead,  
Twice hath our weary pen erst laboured.  
Making them pilgrims in Parnassus hill,  
Then penning their return with ruder quill.  
Now we present unto each pitying eye,  
The scholar's progress in their misery.                    80  
Refined wits your patience is our bliss,  
Too weak our scene, too great your judgment is.  
To you we seek to shew a scholar's state,  
His scorned fortunes, his unpitied fate.  
To you ; for if you did not scholars bless,  
Their case, (poor case), were too too pitiless.  
You shade the muses under fostering,  
And make them leave to sigh, and learn to sing.

THE RETURN FROM PARNASSUS;  
OR,  
THE SCOURGE OF SIMONY

*Publicly acted by the Students in Saint John's College,  
in Cambridge.*

ACTUS I

SCENA I

*Ingenioso, with Juvenal in his hand.*

*Ing. Difficile est, satyram non scribere. Nam quis iniquæ  
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?*

Ay, Juvenal ; thy jerking hand is good,  
Not gently laying on, but fetching blood.  
So surgeon-like thou dost with cutting heal,  
Where nought but lancing can the wound avail.  
O suffer me, among so many men,  
To tread aright the traces of thy pen ;  
And light my link at thy eternal flame,

Till with it I brand everlasting shame. 10  
 On the world's forehead, and with thine own spirit,  
 Pay home the world according to his merit.  
 Thy purer soul could not endure to see,  
 Even smallest spots of base impurity ;  
 Nor could small faults escape thy cleaner hands.  
 Then foul-faced vice was in his swaddling bands,  
 Now, like Antæus, grown a monster is,  
 A match for none but mighty Hercules.  
 Now can the world practise in plainer guise,  
 Both sins of old and new born villanies. 20  
 Stale sins are stole ; now doth the world begin  
 To take sole pleasure in a witty sin.  
 Unpleasant as the lawless sin has been,  
 At midnight rest, when darkness covers sin.  
 It's clownish, unbeseeming a young knight,  
 Unless it dare outface the glaring light.  
 Nor can it nought our gallant praises reap,  
 Unless it be done in staring Cheape.  
 In a sin-guilty coach not closely pent,  
 Jogging along the harder pavement. 30  
 Did not fear check my repining sprit,  
 Soon should my angry ghost a story write ;  
 In which I would new-fostered sins combine,  
 Not known erst by truth-telling Aretine.

## SCENA II

*Ingenioso, Judicio.*

*Jud.* What, Ingenioso, carrying a vinegar bottle about thee, like a great school-boy, giving the world a bloody nose?

*Ing.* Faith, Judicio, if I carry the vinegar bottle, it's great reason I should confer it upon the bald-pated world; and again, if my kitchen want the utensils of viands, it's great reason other men should have the sauce of vinegar; and for the bloody nose, Judicio, I may chance indeed give the world a bloody nose, but it shall hardly give me a cracked crown, though it gives other poets French crowns.

*Jud.* I would wish thee, Ingenioso, to sheath thy pen, for thou canst not be successful in the fray, considering thy enemies have the advantage of the ground.

*Ing.* Or rather, Judicio, they have the grounds with advantage, and the French crowns with a pox, and I would they had them with a plague too; but hang them, swads, the basest corner in my thoughts, is too gallant a room to lodge them in; but say, Judicio, what news in your press, did you keep any late corrections upon any tardy pamphlets?

*Jud.* *Veterem iubes renovare dolorem*, Ingenioso; what e'er befalls thee, keep thee from the trade of the corrector of the press.

*Ing.* Marry so I will, I warrant thee, if poverty press not too much, I'll correct no press, but the press of the people.

*Jud.* Would it not grieve any good spirits to sit a whole month knitting out a lousy, beggarly pamphlet, and like a needy physician to stand whole years, tossing and tumbling, the filth that falleth from so many draughty inventions as daily swarm in our printing-house? 32

*Ing.* Come, I think we shall have you put finger in the eye, and cry, 'O friends, no friends'; say man, what new paper hobby-horses, what rattle-babies are come out in your late May morrice dance?

*Jud.* Fly my rhymes as thick as flies in the sun, I think there be never an ale house in England; nor any so base a May pole on a country green, but sets forth some poet's petronels or demilances to the paper wars in Paules Churchyard. 41

*Ing.* And well too may the issue of a strong hop learn to hop all over England, when as better wits sit like lame cobblers in their studies. Such barmy heads will always be working, when as sad vinegar wits sit souring at the bottom of a barrel; plain meteors, bred of the exhalation of tobacco, and the vapors of a moist pot, that soar up into the open air, when as sounder wit keeps below. 49

*Jud.* Considering the furies of the times, I could better endure to see those young can-quaffing hucksters



shoot off their pellets, so they would keep them from these English *florès-poetarum*; but now the world is come to that pass, that there starts up every day an old goose that sits hatching up those eggs which have been filched from the nest of crows and kestrels: here is a book, Ingenioso; why to condemn it to the usual Tyburn of all misliving papers, were too fair a death for so foul an offender.

*Ing.* What's the name of it, I pray thee, Judicio? 60

*Jud.* Look, it's here, 'Belvedere.'

*Ing.* What a bellwether in Paules Church-yard, so called, because it keeps a bleating, or because it hath the tinkling bell of so many poets about the neck of it; what is the rest of the title?

*Jud.* 'The garden of the Muses.'

*Ing.* What have we here, the poet's garish gaily bedecked like fore-horses of the parish? what follows?

*Jud.* *Quem referent musæ, vivet dum robora tellus,  
Dum cælum stellas, dum vehit amnis aquas.* 70

Who blurs fair paper, with foul bastard rhymes,  
Shall live full many an age in latter times;  
Who makes a ballad for an ale-house door,  
Shall live in future times for ever more.

Then ( ) thy muse shall live so long, (ita.)  
As drafty ballads to thy praise are sung.

But what's his device, Parnassus with the sun and the laurel? I wonder this owl dares look on the sun, and I marvel this goose flies not the

laurel ; his device might have been better a fool going in to the market place to be seen, with this motto, *scribimus indocti* ; or a poor beggar gleaning of ears in the end of harvest, with this word, *sua cuique gloria*. 84

*Jud.* Turn over the leaf, Ingenioso, and thou shalt see the paines of this worthy gentleman ; ‘sentences gathered out of all kind of poets, referred to certain methodical heades, profitable for the use of these times, to rhyme upon any occasion at a little warning’ : Read the names. 90

*Ing.* So I will, if thou wilt help me to censure them.

Edmund Spenser.

Michael Drayton.

Henry Constable.

John Davis.

Thomas Lodge.

John Marston.

Samuel Daniel.

Kit. Marlowe.

Thomas Watson.

Good men and true ; stand together ; hear your censure. What’s thy judgment of Spenser ?

*Jud.* A sweeter swan than ever song in Po,  
A shriller nightingale than ever blessed, 100  
The prouder groves of self-admiring Rome.  
Blithe was each valley, and each shepherd proud,  
While he did chaunt his rural minstrelsie.  
Attentive was full many a dainty ear ;  
Nay, hearers hung upon his melting tongue,  
While sweetly of his Fairy Queen he sung.  
While to the waters’ fall he tuned for fame,

And in each bark engraved Eliza's name.  
 And yet for all this, unregarding soil  
 Unlaced the line of his desired life,  
 Denying maintenance for his dear relief.  
 Careless care to prevent his exequy,  
 Scarce deigning to shut up his dying eye.

110

*Ing.* Pity it is that gentler wits should breed,  
 Where thickskin chuffles laugh at a scholar's need.  
 But softly may our honour's ashes rest,  
 That lie by merry Chaucer's noble chest.

But I pray thee proceed briefly in thy censure,  
 that I may be proud of my self, as in the first, so in  
 the last, my censure may jump with thine; Henry  
 Constable, S[anuel] D[aniel], Thomas Lodge,  
 Thomas Watson.

122

*Jud.* Sweete Constable doth take the wondering ear,  
 And lays it up in willing prisonment;  
 Sweet honey dropping D[aniel] doth wage  
 War with the proudest big Italian,  
 That melts his heart in sugared sonneting.  
 Only let him more sparingly make use  
 Of others' wit, and use his own the more;  
 That well may scorn base imitation.  
 For Lodge and Watson, men of some desert,  
 Yet subject to a critic's marginal.  
 Lodge for his oar in every paper boat,  
 He that turns over Galen every day,  
 To sit and simper Euphues' legacy.

130

*Ing.* Michael Drayton.

*Jud.* Drayton's sweet muse is like a sanguine dye,  
Able to ravish the rash gazer's eye.

*Ing.* How ever, he wants one true note of a poet of our times, and that is this, he cannot swagger it well in a tavern, nor domineer in a hothouse. 141

*Jud.* John Davis.

Acute John Davis, I affect thy rhymes,  
That jerk in hidden charms these looser times :  
Thy plainer verse, thy unaffected vein,  
Is graced with a fair and a sweeping train.

*Ing.* Lock and Hudson.

*Jud.* Lock and Hudson, sleep you quiet shavers,  
among the shavings of the press, and let your books lie in some old nooks amongst old boots and shoes, so you may avoid my censure. 151

*Ing.* Why then clap a lock on their feet, and turn them to commons.

John Marston.

*Jud.* What, Monsieur Kinsayder, lifting up your leg and pissing against the world? put up, man, put up for shame.

Methinks he is a ruffian in his style,  
Withouten bands or garters ornament,  
He quaffs a cup of Frenchman's Helicon. 160  
Then roister doister in his oily terms,  
Cuts, thrusts, and foines at whomsoever he meets.  
And strews about Ram-Ally meditations,

Tut' what cares he for modest close-couched terms,  
 Cleanly to gird our looser libertines?  
 Give him plain naked words stripped from their shirts,  
 That might beseem plain-dealing Aretine :  
 Ay ! there is one that backs a paper steed,  
 And manageth a pen-knife gallantly ;  
 Strikes his poinardo at a button's breadth,                   170  
 Brings the great battering ram of terms to towns,  
 And at first volley of his cannon shot,  
 Batters the walls of the old fusty world.

*Ing.* Christopher Marlowe.

*Jud.* Marlowe was happy in his buskined muse,  
 Alas ! unhappy in his life and end ;  
 Pity it is that wit so ill should dwell,  
 Wit lent from heaven, but vices sent from hell.

*Ing.* Our theatre hath lost, Pluto hath got,  
 A tragic penman for a dreary plot.                               180  
 Ben Jonson.

*Jud.* The wittiest fellow of a bricklayer in England.

*Ing.* A mere empiric, one that gets what he hath by  
 observation, and makes only nature privy to what  
 he endites ; so slow an inventor, that he were better  
 betake himself, to his old trade of bricklaying, a  
 bold whoreson, as confident now in making of a  
 book, as he was in times past in laying of a brick.  
 William Shakespeare.

*Jud.* Who loves Adonis' love, or Lucrece' rape,                   190  
 His sweeter verse contains heart-robbling life,

Could but a graver subject him content,  
Without loves' foolish lazy languishment.

*Ing.* Churchyard.

Hath not Shore's wife, although a light-skirts she,  
Given him a chaste long-lasting memory?

*Jud.* No, all light pamphlets once I finden shall,  
A Church-yard and a grave to bury all.

*Ing.* Thomas Nash.

199

Ay! here is a fellow, Judicio, that carried the deadly  
stock in his pen, whose muse was armed with a  
gagtooth, and his pen possessed with Hercules' furies.

*Jud.* Let all his faults sleep with his mournful chest,  
And then for ever with his ashes rest.

His style was witty, though he had some gall.  
Something he might have mended, so may all.  
Yet this I say, that for a mother wit,  
Few men have ever seen the like of it.

*Ingenioso reads the rest of the names.*

209

*Jud.* As for these, they have some of them been the old  
hedgestakes of the press, and some of them are at  
this instant the bots and glanders of the printing-  
house. Fellows that stand only upon terms to  
serve the turn, with their blotted papers, write as  
men go to stool, for needs, and when they write,  
they write as a bear pisses, now and then drop a  
pamphlet.

217

*Ing.* *Durum telum necessitas.* Good faith they do as  
I do, exchange words for money: I have some

traffic this day with Danter, about a little book which I have made, the name of it is a 'Catalogue of Cambridge Cuckolds,' but this Belvedere, this methodical ass, hath made me almost forget my time; I'll now to Pauls Church-yard, meet me an hour hence, at the sign of the Pegasus, in Cheapside, and I'll moist thy temples with a cup of claret, as hard as the world goes. [*Exit Judicio.*]

## SCENA III

*Enter Danter the Printer.*

*Ing.* Danter, thou art deceived; wit is dearer than thou takest it to be; I tell thee this libel of Cambridge has much fat and pepper in the nose; it will sell sheerly underhand, when all these books of Exhortations and Catechisms lie moulding on thy shopboard.

*Dan.* It's true; but good faith, M. Ingenioso, I lost by your last book: and you know there is many one that pays me largely, for the printing of their inventions; but for all this, you shall have 40 shillings, and an odd pottle of wine. 10

*Ing.* 40 shillings? a fit reward for one of your rhumatic poets, that beslavers all the paper he comes by, and furnishes the Chandlers with waste papers to wrap candles in; but as for me, I'll be paid dear, even

for the dregs of my wit ; little knows the world what belongs to the keeping of a good wit in waters, diets, drinks, Tobacco, &c. it is a dainty and costly creature, and therefore I must be paid sweetly : furnish me with money, that I may put my self in a new suit of clothes, and I'll suit thy shop with a new suit of terms ; it's the gallantest child my invention was ever delivered of. The title is, a Chronicle of Cambridge Cuckolds ; here a man may see what day of the month such a man's commons were inclosed, and when thrown open, and when any entailed some odd crowns, upon the heirs of their bodies unlawfully begotten ; speak quickly else I am gone. 28

*Dan.* Oh this will sell gallantly ; I'll have it whatsoever it cost ; will ye walk on, M. Ingenioso, we'll sit over a cup of wine and agree on it.

*Ing.* A cup of wine is as good a Constable as can be, to take up the quarrel betwixt us. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENA IV

*Philomusus, in a Physician's habit, Studioso, that is Jaques' Man, and Patient.*

*Phil.* *Tit tit tit, non point, non debet fieri phlebotomatio in coitu lunæ ;* here is a Recipe.



*Pat.* A Recipe !

*Phil.* *Nos Gallia non curamus quantitatem syllabarum ;*  
 let me hear how many stools you do make. Adieu,  
 monsieur, adieu, good monsieur ; what, Jaques,  
*Il n'y a personne après ici.*

*Stud.* *Non.*

*Phil.* Then let us steal time for this borrowed shape,  
 Recounting our unequal haps of late. 10  
 Late did the Ocean grasp us in his arms,  
 Late did we live within a stranger air ;  
 Late did we see the cinders of great Rome,  
 We thought that English fugitives there ate  
 Gold for restorative, if gold were meat.  
 Yet now we find by bought experience,  
 That wheresoe'er we wander up and down,  
 On the round shoulders of this massy world,  
 Or our ill fortunes, or the world's ill eye,  
 Forspeak our good, procures our misery. 20

*Stud.* So oft the Northern wind with frozen wings  
 Hath beat the flowers that in our garden grew :  
 Thrown down the stalks of our aspiring youth,  
 So oft hath winter nipt our trees fair rind,  
 That now we seem nought but two bared boughs,  
 Scorned by the basest bird that chirps in grove.  
 Nor Rome, nor Rhiems, that wonted are to give,  
 A Cardinal cap, to discontented clerks,  
 That have forsook the home-bred thanked roofs,  
 Yielded us any equal maintenance : 30

And it's as good to starve 'mongst English swine,  
As in a foreign land to beg and pine.

*Phil.* I'll scorn the world, that scorneth me again.

*Stud.* I'll vex the world, that works me so much pain.

*Phil.* Fly lame revenging power, the world well weens.

*Stud.* Flies have their spleen, each silly ant his teens.

*Phil.* We have the words, they the possession have.

*Stud.* We all are equal in our latest grave.

*Phil.* Soon then : O soon may we both graved be.

*Stud.* Who wishes death, doth wrong wise destiny. 40

*Phil.* It's wrong to force life-loathing men to breath.

*Stud.* It's sin 'fore doomed day to wish thy death.

*Phil.* Too late our souls flit to their resting place.

*Stud.* Why man's whole life is but a breathing space.

*Phil.* A painful minute seems a tedious year.

*Stud.* A constant mind eternal woes will bear.

*Phil.* When shall our souls their wearied lodge forgo ?

*Stud.* When we have tired misery and woe.

*Phil.* Soon may then fates this gale deliver send us ;

Small woes vex long, great woes quickly end us. 50

But let's leave this capping of rhymes, Studioso,  
and follow our late device, that we may maintain  
our heads in caps, our bellies in provender, and  
our backs in saddle and bridle ; hitherto we have  
sought all the honest means we could to live, and  
now let us dare, *aliquid brevibus gyris et carcere  
dignum* : let us run through all the lewd forms of  
lime-twig purloining villanies : let us prove Cony-

catchers, Bawds, or any thing, so we may rub-out. And first my plot for playing the French doctor—that shall hold ; our lodging stands here fitly in Shoe-lane, for if our comings-in be not the better, London may shortly throw an old shoe after us, and with those shreds of French, that we gathered up in our host's house in Paris, we'll gull the world, that hath in estimation foreign physicians, and if any of the hide-bound brethren of Cambridge and Oxford, or any of those stigmatic masters of art, that abused us in times past, leave their own physicians, and become our patients, we'll alter quite the style of them, for they shall never hereafter write, your Lordship's most bounden, but your Lordship's most laxative.

*Stud.* It shall be so ; see what a little vermin poverty altereth a whole milky disposition.

*Phil.* So then my self straight with revenge I'll sate.

*Stud.* Provoked patience grows intemperate.

## SCENA V

*Enter Richardetto, Jaques, Scholar learning French.*

*Jaq.* How now, my little knave, *quelle nouvelle, monsieur.*

*Richar.* There's a fellow with a night cap on his head, an urinal in his hand, would fain speak with Master Theodore.

*Jaq. Parle Francois mon petit garçon.*

*Richar. Ici un homme avec le bonnet de nuit sur la tête  
et un urinal en la main, que veut parler avec, M.  
Theodore.*

*Jaq. Fort bien.*

8

*Theod. Jaques, a bonne heure.*

[Exeunt.]

## SCENA VI

*Furor Poeticus, and presently after enters Phantasma.*

*Fur. (Rapt within contemplation.)* Why how now,  
Pedant Phœbus, are you smouching Thalia on her  
tender lips? There hoie; peasant avaunt; come, pretty  
short-nosed nymph: Oh sweet Thalia, I do kiss thy  
foot. What Clio? O sweet Clio! nay, pray thee do  
not weep, Melpomene. What, Urania, Polyhymnia,  
and Calliope! let me do reverence to your deities.

*[Phantasma pulls him by the sleeve.]*

*Fur.* I am your holy swain, that night and day,  
Sits for your sakes, rubbing my wrinkled brow,  
Studying a month for one epithet.  
Nay, silver Cinthia, do not trouble me;  
Straight will I thy Endymion's story write,  
To which thou hastest me on day and night.  
You light-skirt stars, this is your wonted guise,  
By gloomy light perk out your doubtful heads:

10

But when Dan Phœbus shows his flashing snout,  
You are sky puppies, straight your light is out.

*Phan.* So ho, Furor.

Nay prithee, good Furor, in sober sadness.

*Fur.* *Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo.* 20

*Phan.* Nay, sweet Furor, *ipsæ te Tytire pinus—*  
*Ipsi te fontes, ipsa hæc arbusta vocarunt.*

*Fur.* Who's that runs headlong on my quill's sharp point,  
That, wearied of his life and baser breath,  
Offers himself to an Iambic verse.

*Phan.* *Si, quoties peccant homines, sua fulmina mittat*  
*Iupiter, exiguo tempore inermis erit.*

*Fur.* What slimy, bold, presumptuous groom is he,  
Dares with his rude audacious hardy chat,  
Thus sever me from skybred contemplation? 30

*Phan.* *Carmina vel cælo possunt deducere lunam.*

*Fur.* Oh Phantasma ; what my individual mate?

*Phan.* *O mihi post nullas Furor memorande sodales.*

*Fur.* Say whence comest thou? sent from what deity?  
From great Apollo, or sly Mercury?

*Phan.* I come from the little Mercury, Ingenioso ; for,  
*Ingenio pollet cui vim natura negavit.*

*Fur.* Ingenioso?

He is a pretty inventor of slight prose :

But there's no spirit in his grov'ling speech, 40

Hang him whose verse can not out-belch the wind :

That cannot beard and brave Dan Eolus,

That when the cloud of his invention breaks,

Cannot out-crack the scare-crow thunderbolt.

*Phan.* Hang him, I say; *pendo, pependi; tendo tetendi; pedo pepedi.* Will it please you Master Furor, to walk with me? I promised to bring you to a drinking inn, in Cheapside, at the sign of the Nag's Head; for,

*Tempore lenta pati fræna docentur equi.* 50

*Fur.* Pass thee before, I'll come incontinent.

*Phan.* Nay, faith, master Furor, let's go together, *quoniam convenimus ambo.*

*Fur.* Let us march on unto the house of fame;  
There quaffing bowls of Bacchus' blood full nimbly,  
Indite a tip-toe strutting poesy.

[*They offer the way one to the other.*]

*Phan.* *Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui plenum?*

*Fur.* *Tu major; tibi me est æquum parere Menalca.*

## ACTUS II

## SCENA I

*Enter Philomusus, Theodore, his Patient the Burgess,  
and his Man with his Staff.*

*Theod.* [*Puts on his spectacles.*] Monsieur, here are  
*atomi natantes*, which do make shew your worship  
to be as lecherous as a bull.

*Burg.* Truly, Master Doctor, we are all men.

*Theod.* This vater is intention of heat; are you not per-  
turbed with an ake in your vace, or in your occiput?  
I mean your head-piece. Let me feel the pulse of  
your little finger.

*Burg.* I'll assure you, M. Theodore, the pulse of my head  
beats exceedingly, and I think I have disturbed my-  
self by studying the penal statutes. II

*Theod.* Tit, tit, your worship takes cares of your speeches.  
*O curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent;* it is an  
aphorism in Galen.

*Burg.* And what is the exposition of that?

*Theod.* That your worship must take a gland, *ut emittatur  
sanguis*: the sign is *fort* excellent, *fort* excellent.

*Burg.* Good Master doctor, use me gently ; for mark you, Sir, there is a double consideration to be had of me : first, as I am a public magistrate ; secondly, as I am a private butcher ; and, but for the worshipful credit of the place and office wherein I now stand and live, I would not hazard my worshipful apparel, with a suppository, or a glister ; but for the countenancing of the place, I must go oftener to stool ; for, as a great gentleman told me of good experience, that it was the chief note of a magistrate, not to go to the stool without a physician. 28

*Theod.* *A, vous etes un gentilhomme vraiment, what ho, Jaques, Jaques, ou es vous ? un fort gentell purgation for Monsieur Burgess.*

*Jaq.* *Votre tres-humble serviture a votre commandement.*

*Theod.* *Donnez-vous un gentell purge a Monsieur Burgess.*

I have considered of the crasis, and syntoma of your disease, and here is *un fort gentell purgation per evacuationem excrementorum*, as we physicians use to parley. 38

*Burg.* I hope, Master Doctor, you have a care of the country's officer ; I tell you I durst not have trusted my self with every physician, and yet I am not afraid for my self, but I would not deprive the town of so careful a magistrate.

*Theod.* O monsieur, I have a singular care of your valetudo ; it is requisite that the French physicians



be learned and careful, your English velvet cap is  
malignant and envious. 46

*Burg.* Here is, Master Doctor, four pence your due,  
and eight pence my bounty ; you shall hear from  
me, good Master Doctor ; farewell, farewell, good  
Master Doctor. 50

*Theod.* Adieu good monsieur, adieu good sir monsieur.  
Then burst with tears unhappy graduate ;  
Thy fortunes still wayward and backward been ;  
Nor canst thou thrive by virtue, nor by sin.

*Stud.* Oh how it grieves my vexed soul to see,  
Each painted ass in chair of dignity :  
And yet we grovel on the ground alone,  
Running through every trade, yet thrive by none ;  
More we must act in this life's tragedy. 60

*Phi.* Sad is the plot, sad the catastrophe.

*Stud.* Sighs are the chorus in our tragedy.

*Phi.* And rented thoughts continual actors be.

*Stud.* Woe is the subject, Phil. earth the loathed stage,  
Whereon we act this fained personage.  
Most like barbarians the spectators be,  
That sit and laugh at our calamity.

*Phi.* Bann'd be those hours when 'mongst the learned  
throng,  
By Granta's muddy bank we whilome sung. 70

*Stud.* Bann'd be that hill which learned wits adore,  
Where erst we spent our stock and little store.

*Phi.* Bann'd be those musty mews, where we have spent,

Our youthful days in paled languishment.

*Stud.* Bann'd be those cosening arts that wrought our  
woe,

Making us wand'ring Pilgrims to and fro.

*Phi.* And Pilgrims must we be without relief,  
And wheresoever we run there meets us grief.

*Stud.* Where'er we toss upon this crabbed stage, 80  
Grief's our companion, patience be our page.

*Phi.* Ah but this patience is a page of ruth,  
A tired lacky to our wand'ring youth.

## SCENA II

*Academico solus.*

*Acad.* Fain would I have a living, if I could tell how  
to come by it.—*Echo.* Buy it.

*A.* Buy it, fond Echo? why thou doth greatly mistake  
it.—*Echo.* Stake it.

*A.* Stake it? what should I stake at this game of  
simony?—*Echo.* Money.

*A.* What, is the world a game? are livings gotten by  
playing?—*Echo.* Paying.

*A.* Paying? but say what's the nearest way to come by a  
living.—*Echo.* Giving. 10

*A.* Must his worship's fists be then oiled with angels?—  
*Echo.* Angels.

- A.* Ought his gouty fists then first with gold to be greased.—*Echo.* Eased.
- A.* And is it then such an ease for his ass's back to carry money?—*Echo.* I.
- A.* Will then this golden ass bestow a vicarage gilded?—*Echo.* Gelded.
- A.* What shall I say to good Sir Raderic, that have no gold here?—*Echo.* Cold cheer. 20
- A.* I'll make it my lone request, that he would be good to a scholar.—*Echo.* Choler.
- A.* Yea, will he be choleric, to hear of an art or a science?—*Echo.* Hence.
- A.* Hence with liberal arts, what then will he do with his chancel?—*Echo.* Sell.
- A.* Sell it? and must a simple clerk be fain to compound then?—*Echo.* Pounds then.
- A.* What if I have no pounds, must then my suit be prorogued?—*Echo.* Rogued. 30
- A.* Yea, given to a rogue; shall an ass this vicarage compass?—*Echo.* Ass.
- A.* What is the reason that I should not be as fortunate as he?—*Echo.* Ass he.
- A.* Yet for all this, with a penniless purse will I trudge to his worship?—*Echo.* Words cheap.
- A.* Well, if he give me good words, it's more then I have from an Echo.—*Echo.* Go.

## SCENA III

*Amoretto, with an Ovid in his hand ; Academico.*

*Amor.* Take it on the word of a gentleman, thou cannot have it a penny under, think on't, think on't, while I meditate on my fair mistress.

*Nunc sequor imperium magne Cupido tuum.*

What ere become of this dull threadbare clerk,

I must be costly in my mistress' eye ;

Ladies regard not ragged company.

I will with the revenues of my chaffered church,

First buy an ambling hobby for my fair ;

Whose measured pace may teach the world to dance

Proud of his burden when he 'gins to prance :     11

Then must I buy a jewel for her ear,

A kirtle of some hundred crowns or more :

With these fair gifts when I accompanied go,

She'll give Jove's breakfast ; Sidney terms it so.

I am her needle, she is my Adamant,

She is my fair rose, I her unworthy prick.

*Acad.* Is there no body here will take the pains to geld  
his mouth ?     [*Aside.*

*Amor.* She's Cleopatra, I Mark Antony.     20

*Acad.* No, thou art a mere mark for good wits to shoot  
at ; and in that suit, thou wilt make a fine man to  
dash poor clowns out of countenance.     [*Aside.*

*Amor.* She is my moon, I her Endymion.

*Acad.* No, she is thy shoulder of mutton, thou her onion; or she may be thy Luna, and thou her Lunatic. [*Aside.*

*Amor.* I her Æneas, she my Dido is.

*Acad.* She is thy Io, thou her brasen ass;  
Or she dame Phantasy, and thou her gull, 30  
She thy Pasiphae, and thou her loving bull. [*Aside.*

## SCENA IV

*Enter Immerito, and Stercutio, his Father.*

*Ster.* Son, is this the gentleman that sells us the living?

*Im.* Fy, father, thou must not call it selling, thou must say, is this the gentleman that must have the gratuito?

*Acad.* What have we here, old truepenny come to town, to fetch away the living in his old greasy slops; then I'll none; the time hath been when such a fellow meddled with nothing but his ploughshare, his spade, and his hobnails, and so to a piece of bread and cheese, and went his way; but now these fellows are grown the only factors for preferment. 12

*Ster.* O is this the grating Gentleman, and how many pounds must I pay?

*Im.* O thou must not call them pounds, but thanks ; and hark you, father, thou must tell of nothing that is done ; for I must seem to come clear to it.

*Acad.* Not pounds but thanks : see whether this simple fellow that hath nothing of a scholar, but that the draper hath blacked him over, hath not gotten the style of the time. 21

*Ster.* By my faith, son, look for no more portion.

*Im.* Well, father, I will not, upon this condition, that when thou have gotten me the gratuito of the living, thou will likewise disburse a little money to the bishop's poser, for there are certain questions I make scruple to be posed in.

*Acad.* He means any question in Latin, which he counts a scruple ; O this honest man could never abide this popish tongue of Latin. O ! he is as true an English man as lives. 31

*Ster.* I'll take the gentleman now, he is in a good vein, for he smiles.

*Amor.* Sweet Ovid, I do honour every page.

*Acad.* Good Ovid, that in his life time lived with the Getes, and now after his death converseth with a barbarian.

*Ster.* God be at your work, sir ; my son told me you were the grating gentleman ; I am Stercutio, his father, sir, simple as I stand here. 40

*Amor.* Fellow, I had rather given thee an hundred pounds, than thou shouldst have put me out of my

excellent meditation ; by the faith of a gentleman, I was wrapt in contemplation.

*Im.* Sir, you must pardon my father, he wants bringing up.

*Acad.* Marry, it seems he hath good bringing up, when he brings up so much money.

*Ster.* Indeed, sir, you must pardon me, I did not know you were a gentleman of the Temple before. 50

*Amor.* Well I am content, in a generous disposition, to bear with country education, but fellow, what's thy name ?

*Ster.* My name, sir, Stercutio, sir.

*Amor.* Why then, Stercutio, I would be very willing to be the instrument to my father, that this living might be conferred upon your son ; marry, I would have you know, that I have been importuned by two or three several Lords, my kind cousins, in the behalf of some Cambridge man, and have almost engaged my word. Marry, if I shall see your disposition to be more thankful than other men, I shall be very ready to respect kind natured men ; for, as the Italian proverbe speaketh wel, *chi ha, haura.* 64

*Acad.* Why, here is a gallant young drover of livings.

*Ster.* I beseech you, sir, speak English ; for that is natural to me and to my son, and all our kindred, to understand but one language.

*Amor.* Why thus, in plain English ; I must be respected with thanks. 70

*Acad.* This is a subtle tractive, when thanks may be felt and seen.

*Ster.* And I pray you, sir, what is the lowest thanks that you will take?

*Acad.* The very same method that he useth at the buying of an ox.

*Amor.* I must have some odd sprinkling of an hundred pounds; if so, so—I shall think you thankful, and commend your son as a man of good gifts to my father. 80

*Acad.* A sweet world! give an hundred pounds, and this is but counted thankfulness.

*Ster.* Hark thou, sir, you shall have 80 thanks.

*Amor.* I tell thee, fellow, I never opened my mouth in this kind so cheap before in my life. I tell thee, few young gentlemen are found, that would deal so kindly with thee as I do.

*Ster.* Well, sir, because I know my son to be a toward thing, and one that hath taken all his learning on his own head, without sending to the university, I am content to give you as many thanks as you ask, so you will promise me to bring it to pass. 92

*Amor.* I warrant you for that: if I say it once, repair you to the place, and stay there for my father, he is walked abroad to take the benefit of the air. I'll meet him as he returns, and make way for your suit. [*Exeunt.*]



## SCENA V

*Enter Academico, Amoretto.*

*Amor.* Gallant, i' faith.

*Acad.* I see we scholars fish for a living in these shallow fords without a silver hook. Why, would it not gall a man to see a spruce gartered youth of our College, a while ago, be a broker for a living, and an old Bawd for a benefice? This sweet sir proffered me much kindness when he was of our College, and now I'll try what wind remains in his bladder. God save you, Sir. 9

*Amor.* By the mass I fear me, I saw this Genus and Species in Cambridge before now: I'll take no notice of him now; by the faith of a gentleman, this is pretty elegy. Of what age is the day, fellow? Sirrah boy, hath the groom saddled my hunting hobby? can Robin Hunter tell where a hare sits?

*Acad.* See a poor old friend of yours, of S—— College, in Cambridge.

*Amor.* Good faith, sir, you must pardon me. I have forgotten you.

*Acad.* My name is Academico, sir, one that made an oration for you once on the Queen's day, and a show that you got some credit by. 22

*Amor.* It may be so, it may be so, but I have forgotten it; marry, yet I remember there was such a fellow

that I was very beneficial unto in my time. But howsoever, sir, I have the courtesy of the town for you. I am sorry you did not take me at my father's house : but now I am in exceeding great haste, for I have vowed the death of a hare that we found this morning musing on her meaze. 30

*Acad.* Sir, I am emboldened by that great acquaintance that heretofore I had with you, as likewise it hath pleased you heretofore——

*Amor.* Look, sirrah, if you see my hobby come hitherward as yet.

*Acad.* To make me some promises, I am to request your good mediation to the worshipful your father, in my behalf : and I will dedicate to your self in the way of thanks, those days I have to live.

*Amor.* O good sir, if I had known your mind before, for my father hath already given the induction to a chaplain of his own, to a proper man, I know not of what university he is. 43

*Acad.* Signior Immerito, they say, hath bidden fairest for it.

*Amor.* I know not his name, but he is a grave discreet man, I warrant him ; indeed he wants utterance in some measure.

*Acad.* Nay, methinks he hath very good utterance for his gravity, for he came hither very grave, but I think he will return light enough, when he is rid of the heavy element he carries about him (*aside*). 52

*Amor.* Faith, sir, you must pardon me : it is my ordinary custom to be too studious : my mistress hath told me of it often, and I find it to hurt my ordinary discourse : but say, sweet sir, do ye affect the most gentlemanlike game of hunting.

*Acad.* How say you to the crafty gull, he would fain get me abroad to make sport with me in their hunter's terms, which we scholars are not acquainted with (*aside*). Sir, I have loved this kind of sport, but now I begin to hate it, for it hath been my luck always to beat the bush, while another killed the hare. 63

*Amor.* Hunter's luck, hunter's luck, sir ; but there was a fault in your hounds that did spend well.

*Acad.* Sir, I have had worse luck always at hunting the fox.

*Amor.* What, sir, do you mean at the unkennelling, untapezing, or earthing of the fox ?

*Acad.* I mean earthing, if you term it so ; for I never found yellow earth enough to cover the old fox your father (*aside*). 72

*Amor.* Good faith, sir, there is an excellent skill in blowing for the terriers ; it is a word that we hunters use when the fox is earthed. You must blow one long, two short ; the second wind, one long, two short. Now, sir, in blowing, every long containeth 7 quavers, one short containeth 3 quavers.

*Acad.* Sir, might I find any favour in my suit, I would wind the horn wherein your boon deserts

should be sounded with so many minims, so many quavers—— 82

*Amor.* Sweet sir, I would I could confer this, or any kindness upon you ; I wonder the boy comes not away with my hobby. Now, sir, as I was proceeding : when you blow the death of your fox in the field or covert, then must you sound 3 notes, with 3 winds, and recheat, mark you, sir, upon the same, with 3 winds.

*Acad.* I pray you, sir.

*Amor.* Now, sir, when you come to your stately gate, as you sounded the recheat before, so now you must sound the relief three times. 93

*Acad.* Relief call you it? it were good every patron would find the horn (*aside*).

*Amor.* O, sir, but your relief is your sweetest note ; that is, sir, when your hounds hunt after a game unknown ; and then you must sound one long and six short ; the second wind, two short and one long ; the third wind, one long and two short. 100

*Acad.* True, sir, it is a very good trade nowadays to be a villain ; I am the hound that hunts after a game unknown, and blows the villain (*aside*).

*Amor.* Sir, I will bless your ears with a very pretty story. My father out of his own cost and charges keeps an open table for all kind of dogs.

*Acad.* And he keeps one more by thee (*aside*).

*Amor.* He hath your grey-hound, your mongrel, your

mastiff, your levrier, your spaniel, your kennets, terriers, butchers' dogs, blood-hounds, dunghill-dogs, trundle-tails, prick-eared curs, small ladies' puppies, raches, and bastards. 112

*Acad.* What bawdy knave hath he to his father, that keeps his Rachel, hath his bastards, and lets his sons be plain ladies' puppies, to bewray a lady's chamber (*aside*).

*Amor.* It was my pleasure two days ago, to take a gallant leash of grey-hounds; and into my father's park I went, accompanied with two or three noble-men of my near acquaintance, desiring to shew them some of the sport. I caused the keeper to sever the rascal deer, from the bucks of the first head. Now, sir, a buck the first year is a fawn, the second year a pricket, the third year a sorel, the fourth year a sore, the fifth a buck of the first head, the sixth year a complete buck: as likewise your hart is the first year a calf, the second year a brocket, the third year a spade, the fourth year a stag, the fifth year a great stag, the sixth year a hart: as likewise the roe-buck is the first year a kid, the second year a girl, the third year a hemuse: and these are your special beasts for chase, or, as we huntsmen call it, for venery. 133

*Acad.* If chaste be taken for venery, thou art a more special beast, than any in thy father's forest (*aside*). Sir, I am sorry I have been so troublesome to you,

*Amor.* I know this was the readiest way to chase away the scholar, by getting him into a subject he cannot talk of for his life (*aside*). Sir, I will borrow so much time of you, as to finish this my begun story. Now, sir, after much travel we singled a buck, I rode that same time upon a roan gelding, and stood to intercept from the thicket : the buck broke gallantly ; my great swift being disadvantaged in his slip, was at the first behind ; marry, presently coted and outstripped them, when, as the hart presently descended to the river, and being in the water, proffered, and reproffered, and proffered again ; and at last he up-started at the other side of the water, which we call soil of the hart, and there other huntsmen met him with an adauntreley ; we followed in hard chase for the space of eight hours ; thrice our hounds were at default, and then we cried ‘ *a Slain !* ’ straight ‘ *So ho !* ’ through good reclaiming, my faulty hounds found their game again, and so went through the wood with gallant notice of music, resembling so many *viols de gambo* : at last the hart laid him down, and the hounds seized upon him, he groaned, and wèpt, and died. In good faith it made me weep too, to think of Acteon’s fortune, which my Ovid speaks of—[*He reads Ovid.*]

161

*Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido.*

*Acad.* Sir, can you put me in any hope of obtaining my suit?

*Amor.* In good faith, sir, if I did not love you as my soul, I would not make you acquainted with the mysteries of my art.

*Acad.* Nay, I will not die of a discourse yet, if I can choose [*he retires unseen*]. 169

*Amor.* So, sir, when we had rewarded our dogs with the small guts, and the lights, and the blood, the huntsmen hallooed, *so ho, Venué à coupler*, and so coupled the dogs, and then returned homeward. Another company of hounds that lay at advantage, had their couples cast off, and we might hear the huntsmen cry, *horse, decouple, avant*, but straight we heard him cry, *le amond*, and by that, I knew that they had the hare and on foot, and by and by I might see sore, and resore, prick and reprick: what, is he gone? ha, ha, ha, ha, these scholars are the simplest creatures!

## SCENA VI

*Enter Amoretto, and his Page.*

*Page.* I wonder what is become of that Ovid *de arte amandi*. My master, he that for the practise of his discourse, is wont to court his hobby abroad and at

home, in his chamber makes a set speech to his grey-hound, desiring that most fair and amiable dog to grace his company in a stately galliard ; and if the dog seeing him practise his lusty points, as his crosspoint back-caper, chance to bewray the room, he presently doffs his cap, most solemnly makes a low-leg to her ladyship, taking it for the greatest favour in the world, that she would vouchsafe to leave her civet box, or her sweet glove behind her. 13

[*Enter Amoretto who opens and reads Ovid.*]

*Page.* Not a word more, sir, an't please you, your hobby will meet you at the lane's end.

*Amor.* What, Jack, faith I cannot but vent unto thee a most witty jest of mine.

*Page.* I hope my master will not break wind (*aside*) : wilt please you, sir, to bless mine ears with the discourse of it. 21

*Amor.* Good faith, the boy begins to have an elegant smack of my style : why then thus it was, Jack ; a scurvy mere Cambridge scholar, I know not how to define him.—

*Page.* Nay, master, let me define a mere scholar ; I heard a courtier once define a mere scholar to be *animal scabiosum*, that is, a living creature that is troubled with the itch ; or a mere scholar, is a creature that can strike fire in the morning at his tinder-box, put on a pair of lined slippers, sit



rheuming till dinner, and then go to his meat when the bell rings ; one that hath a peculiar gift in a cough, and a licence to spit ; or if you will have him defined by negatives, he is one that cannot make a good leg, one that cannot eat a mess of broth cleanly, one that cannot ride a horse without spur-galling, one that cannot salute a woman, and look on her directly, one that cannot———— 39

*Amor.* Enough, Jack, I can stay no longer, I am so great in child-birth with this jest ; sirrah, this prædicable, this saucy groom, because when I was in Cambridge, and lay in a trundlebed under my tutor, I was content in discreet humility, to give him some place at the table ; and because I invited the hungry slave sometimes to my chamber, to the canvassing of a turkey pie, or a piece of venison, which my lady grand-mother sent me, he thought himself therefore eternally possessed of my love, and came hither to take acquaintance of me, and thought his old familiarity did continue, and would bear him out in a matter of weight. I could not tell how to rid myself better of the troublesome burr, than by getting him into the discourse of hunting, and then tormenting him awhile with our words of art, the poor scorpion became speechless, and suddenly vanished. These clerks are simple fellows, simple fellows. (*He reads Ovid.*) 58

*Page.* Simple indeed they are, for they want your courtly

composition of a fool, and of a knave (*aside*). Good faith, sir, a most absolute jest, but methinks it might have been followed a little farther.

*Amor.* As how, my little knave? 63

*Page.* Why thus, sir, had you invited him to dinner at your table, and have put the carving of a capon upon him, you should have seen him handle the knife so foolishly, then run through a jury of faces, then wagging his head, and shewing his teeth in familiarity, venture upon it with the same method that he was wont to untruss an apple pie, or tyrannise an egg and butter: then would I had applied him all dinner time with clean trenchers, clean trenchers, and still when he had a good bit of meat, I would have taken it from him, by giving him a clean trencher, and so have served him in kindness. 76

*Amor.* Well said, subtle Jack, put me in mind when I return again, that I may make my lady-mother laugh at the scholar: I'll to my game; for you, Jack, I would have your employ your time till my coming, in watching what hour of the day my hawk mutes. [*Exit.*

*Page.* Is not this an excellent office to be apothecary to his worship's hawk: to sit scouting on the wall, how the physic works? and is not my master an absolute villain, that loves his hawk, his hobby, and his grey-hound, more then any mortal creature?

do but dispraise a feather of his hawk's train, and he writhes his mouth, and swears, for he can do that only with a good grace, that you are the most shallow-brained fellow that lives ; do but say his horse stales with a good presence, he's your bond-slave : when he returns, I'll tell twenty admirable lies of his hawk, and then I shall be his little rogue and his white villain, for a whole week after. Well, let others complain, but I think there is no felicity to the serving of a fool. 96

## ACTUS III

## SCENA I

*Sir Raderic, Recorder, Page, Signior Immerito.*

*Sir Rad.* Signior Immerito, you remember my caution for the tithes, and my promise for farming my tithes at such a rate?

*Im.* Ay! and please your worship, sir.

*Sir Rad.* You must put in security for the performance of it in such sort, as I and Master Recorder shall like of.

*Im.* I will, an't please your worship.

*Sir Rad.* And because I will be sure that I have conferred this kindness upon a sufficient man, I have desired Master Recorder to take examination of you.

*Page.* My master, it seems, takes him for a thief, but he hath small reason for it; as for learning, it's plain he never stole any, and for the living he knows himself how he comes by it; for let him but eat a mess of furmenty this seven year, and yet he shall never be able to recover himself: alas,

poor sheep, that hath fallen into the hands of such a fox (*aside*). 20

*Sir Rad.* Good Master Recorder, take your place by me, and make trial of his gifts. Is the clerk there to record his examination? Oh the Page shall serve the turn.

*Page.* Trial of his gifts! never had any gifts a better trial. Why Immerito his gifts have appeared in as many colours as the rainbow; first to master Amoretto in colour of the satin suit he wears; to my lady, in the similitude of a loose gown; to my master, in the likeness of a silver basin and ewer; to us pages in the semblance of new suits and points. So master Amoretto plays the gull in a piece of a parsonage; my master adorns his cupboard with a piece of a parsonage; my mistress upon good days, puts on a piece of a parsonage; and we pages play at blow point for a piece of a parsonage. I think here's trial enough for one man's gifts (*aside*). 38

*Rec.* For as much as nature hath done her part in making you a handsome likely man——

*Page.* He is a handsome young man indeed, and hath a proper gelded parsonage.

*Rec.* In the next place, some art is requisite for the perfection of nature; for the trial whereof, at the request of my worshipful friend, I will in some sort propound questions fit to be resolved by one of

your profession. Say, what is a person that was never at the university?

*Im.* A person that was never in the university, is a living creature that can eat a tithe pig. 50

*Rec.* Very well answered; but you should have added, and must be officious to his patron. Write down that answer, to show his learning in logic.

*Sir Rad.* Yea, boy, write that down; very learnedly in good faith. I pray now let me ask you one question that I remember, whether is the masculine gender or the feminine more worthy?

*Im.* The feminine, sir.

*Sir Rad.* The right answer, the right answer. In good faith, I have been of that mind always; write, boy, that, to shew he is a grammarian. 60

*Page.* No marvel my master be against the grammar, for he hath always made false Latin in the genders (*aside*).

*Rec.* What university are you of?

*Im.* Of none.

*Sir Rad.* He tells truth; to tell truth is an excellent virtue; boy, make two heads, one for his learning, another for his virtues, and refer this to the head of his virtues, not of his learning.

*Page.* What, half a mess of good qualities referred to an ass' head (*aside*)? 71

*Sir Rad.* Now, Master Recorder, if it please you, I will examine him in an author, that will sound him

to the depth; a book of astronomy, otherwise called an almanack.

*Rec.* Very good, Sir Raderic; it were to be wished that there were no other book of humanity, then there would not be such busy state-prying fellows as are now a-days. Proceed, good sir.

*Sir Rad.* What is the Dominical Letter? 80

*Im.* C, sir, and please your worship.

*Sir Rad.* A very good answer, a very good answer, the very answer of the book. Write down that, and refer it to his skill in philosophy.

*Page.* C, the dominical letter; it is true, craft and cunning do so domineer; yet rather C and D are dominical letters, that is, crafty dunsery (*aside*).

*Sir Rad.* How many days hath September?

*Im.* April, June, and November, February hath 28 alone, and all the rest hath 30 and one. 90

*Sir Rad.* Very learnedly, in good faith; he hath also a smack in poetry. Write down that, boy, to shew his learning in poetry. How many miles from Waltham to London?

*Im.* Twelve, sir.

*Sir Rad.* How many from Newmarket to Grantham?

*Im.* Ten, sir.

*Page.* Without doubt, he hath been some carrier's horse?

*Sir Rad.* How call you him that is cunning in 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and the cypher? 100

*Im.* A good arithmetician.

*Sir Rad.* Write downe that answer of his, to show his learning in arithmetic.

*Page.* He must needs be a good arithmetician, that counted money so lately (*aside*).

*Sir Rad.* When is the new moon?

*Im.* The last quarter, the 5 day, at 2 of the clock, and 38 minutes in the morning.

*Sir Rad.* Write him down. How call you him, that is weather-wise? 110

*Rec.* A good astronomer.

*Sir Rad.* Sirrah, boy, write him down for a good astronomer.

*Page.* *Ass colit ass-tra* (*aside*).

*Sir Rad.* What day of the month lights the Queen's day on?

*Im.* The 17 of November.

*Sir Rad.* Boy, refer this to his virtues, and write him down a good subject. 119

*Page.* Faith he were an excellent subject for 2 or 3 good wits; he would make a fine ass for an ape to ride upon (*aside*).

*Sir Rad.* And these shall suffice for the parts of his learning. Now it remains to try, whether you be a man of good utterance, that is, whether you can ask for the strayed heifer with the white face, as also chide the boys in the belfry, and bid the sexton whip out the dogs; let me hear your voice.



*Im.* If any man or woman——

130

*Sir Rad.* That's too high.

*Im.* If any man or woman——

*Sir Rad.* That's too low.

*Im.* If any man or woman can tell any tidings of a horse with four feet, two ears, that did stray about the seventh hour, three minutes in the forenoon, the fifth day.

*Page.* Ay, look at a horse just as it were the eclipse of the moon (*aside*).

*Sir Rad.* Boy, write him down for a good utterance. Master Recorder, I think he hath been examined sufficiently.

142

*Rec.* Ay, Sir Raderic, 'tis so; we have tried him very thoroughly.

*Page.* Ay, we have taken an inventory of his good parts, and prized them accordingly (*aside*).

*Sir Rad.* Signior Immerito, forasmuch as we have made a double trial of thee, the one of your learning, the other of your erudition; it is expedient also, in the next place, to give you a few exhortations, considering the greatest clerks are not the wisest men; this is, therefore, first to exhort you to abstain from controversies; secondly, not to gird at men of worship, such as myself, but to use your self discreetly; thirdly, not to speak when any man or woman coughs; do so, and in so doing, I will persevere to be your worshipful friend and loving patron.

158

*Im.* I thank your worship, you have been the deficient cause of my preferment.

*Sir Rad.* Lead Immerito in to my son, and let him dispatch him, and remember my tithes to be reserved, paying twelve pence a year. I am going to Moorfields, to speak with an unthrift, I should meet at the Middle Temple about a purchase; when you have done, follow us.

[*Exeunt Immerito and the Page.*]

## SCENA II

*Sir Raderic and Recorder.*

*Sir Rad.* Hark you, master Recorder, I have fleshed my prodigal boy notably, notably, in letting him deal for this living; that hath done him much good, much good, I assure you.

*Rec.* You do well, Sir Raderic, to bestow your living upon such an one as will be content to share, and on Sunday to say nothing; whereas your proud university princox thinks he is a man of such merit, the world cannot sufficiently endow him with preferment; an unthankful viper, an unthankful viper, that will sting the man that revived him. II

Why is't not strange to see a ragged clerk,  
Some stamel weaver, or some butcher's son;

That scrubbed a-late within a sleeveless gown,  
When the commencement, like a morrice dance,  
Hath put a bell or two about his legs,  
Created him a sweet clean gentleman ;  
How then he 'gins to follow fashions.  
He, whose thin sire dwells in a smoky roof,  
Must take tobacco and must wear a lock. 20  
His thirsty dad drinks in a wooden bowl,  
But his sweet self is served in silver plate.  
His hungry sire will scrape you twenty legs,  
For one good Christmas meal on New-Year's day ;  
But his maw must be capon-crammed each day.  
He must ere long be triple beneficed,  
Else with his tongue he'll thunderbolt the world,  
And shake each peasant by his deaf-man's ear.  
But, had the world no wiser men than I,  
We'd pen the prating parrots in a cage, 30  
A chair, a candle, and a tinderbox.  
A thacked chamber, and a ragged gown,  
Should be their lands and whole possessions ;  
Knights, lords, and lawyers, should be lodged and  
dwell  
Within those over-stately heaps of stone ;  
Which doting sires in old age did erect.

Well, it were to be wished, that never a scholar  
in England might have above forty pound a year. 39  
*Sir Rad.* Faith, master Recorder, if it went by wishing,  
there should never an one of them all have above

twenty a year ; a good stipend, a good stipend, Master Recorder. Ay, in the mean time, howsoever, I hate them all deadly, yet I am fain to give them good words. Oh they are pestilent fellows, they speak nothing but bodkins, and piss vinegar. Well, do what I can in outward kindness to them, yet they do nothing but bewray my house ; as there was one that made a couple of knavish verses on my country chimney, now in the time of my sojourning here at London : and it was thus— 51

Sir Raderic keeps no chimney cavalier,  
That takes tobacco above once a year.

And another made a couple of verses on my daughter, that learns to play on the *viol-de-gambo*,

Her *viol-de-gambo* is her best content,  
For 'twixt her legs she holds her instrument.

Very knavish, very knavish, if you look into it, Master Recorder ; nay they have played many a knavish trick beside with me. Well, 'tis a shame indeed there should be any such privilege for proud beggars, as Cambridge and Oxford are. But let them go ; and if ever they light in my hands, if I do not plague them, let me never return home again to see my wife's waiting maid. 65

*Rec.* This scorn of knights is too egregious.

But how should these young colts prove amblers,  
When the old heavy galled jades do trot :  
There shall you see a puny boy start up,

And make a them against common lawyers : 70  
 Then the old unwieldy camels 'gin to dance,  
 This fiddling boy playing a fit of mirth :  
 The graybeards scrub, and laugh and cry, 'good,  
 good,  
 To them again, boy, scourge the barbarians :'  
 But we may give the losers leave to talk,  
 We have the coin, then tell them laugh for me.  
 Yet knights and lawyers hope to see the day,  
 When we may share here their possessions,  
 And make indentures of their chaffered skins ; 80  
 Dice of their bones to throw in merriment.

*Sir Rad.* O good faith, Master Recorder, if I could see that day once !

*Rec.* Well, remember another day, what I say ; scholars are pried into of late, and are found to be busy fellows, disturbers of the peace ; I'll say no more, guess at my meaning, I smell a rat.

*Sir Rad.* I hope at length England will be wise enough, I hope so, i' faith ; then an old knight may have his wench in a corner without any satires or epigrams. But the day is far spent, master Recorder, and I fear by this time, the unthrift is arrived at the place appointed in Moorfields. Let us hasten to him. [*He looks on his watch.*]

*Rec.* Indeed this day's subject transported us too late ; I think we shall not come much too late. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENA III

*Enter Amoretto, his Page, Immerito booted.*

*Amor.* Master Immerito, deliver this letter to the poser in my father's name ; marry withal some sprinkling, some sprinkling, *verbum sapienti sat est* ; farewell, master Immerito.

*Im.* I thank your worship most heartily.

*Page.* Is it not a shame to see this old dunce learning his induction at these years ? But let him go, I lose nothing by him, for I'll be sworn, but for the booty of selling the parsonage, I should have gone in mine old clothes this Christmas. A dunce I see is a neighbourlike brute beast, a man may live by him.

*Amor.* (*seems to make verse.*) A pox on it, my muse is not so witty as she was wont to be ; 'her nose is like,' not yet ; plague on these mathematics, they have spoiled my brain in making a verse. 15

*Page.* Hang me, if he hath any more mathematics than will serve to count the clock, or tell the meridian hour by rumbling of his paunch.

*Amor.* Her nose is like——

*Page.* A cobbler's shoeing horn (*aside*). 20

*Amor.* Her nose is like a beauteous maribone.

*Page.* Marry a sweet snotty mistress (*aside*).

*Amor.* Faith I do not like it yet ; ass as I was to read

a piece of Aristotle in Greek yesternight ; it hath put me out of my English vein quite. 25

*Page.* O monstrous lie ! let me be a point-trusser while I live, if he understands any tongue but English (*aside*).

*Amor.* Sirrah, boy, remember me when I come in Paul's Churchyard to buy a Ronsard, and Dubartas in French, and Aretine in Italian, and our hardest writers in Spanish, they will sharpen my wits gallantly ; I do relish these tongues in some sort. Oh, now I do remember, I hear a report of a poet newly come out in Hebrew ; it is a pretty harsh tongue, and telleth a gentleman traveller ; but come let's haste after my father ; the fields are fitter to heavenly meditations. [*Exeunt.* 37

*Page.* My masters, I could wish your presence at an admirable jest ; why presently this great linguist, my master, will march through Paul's Churchyard ; 40 come to a bookbinder's shop, and with a big Italian look, and a Spanish face, ask for these books in Spanish and Italian ; then turning, through his ignorance, the wrong end of the book upwards, use action, on this unknown tongue after this sort ; first, look on the title, and wrinkle his brow ; next make as though he read the first page, and bites a lip ; then with his nail score a margent, as though there were some notable conceit ; and lastly, when he thinks he hath gulled the standers-by sufficiently, throws 50 the book away in a rage, swearing that he could

never find books of a true print, since he was last in Joadna ; enquire after the same mart, and so departs. And so must I, for by this time his contemplation is arrived at his mistress's nose end ; 55 he is as glad as if he had taken Ostend ; by this time he begins to spit, and cry, 'boy, carry my cloake ;' and now I go to attend on his worship.

## SCENA IV

*Enter Ingenioso, Furor, Phantasma.*

*Ing.* Come, lads, this wine whets your resolution in our design ; it's a needy world with subtle spirits, and there's a gentlemanlike kind of begging, that may beseem poets in this age.

*Fur.* Now, by the wing of nimble Mercury,  
 By my Thalia's silver-sounding harp ;  
 By that celestial fire within my brain,  
 That gives a living genius to my lines ;  
 Howe'er my dulled intellectual  
 Capers less nimbly than it did afore, 10  
 Yet will I play 'a hunt's up' to my muse,  
 And make her mount from out her sluggish nest,  
 As high as is the highest sphere in heaven :  
 Awake you paltry trulls of Helicon,  
 Or by this light I'll swagger with you straight :



You grandsire Phœbus, with your lovely eye,  
 The firmament's eternal vagabond,  
 The heaven's promoter, that doth peep and pry  
 Into the acts of mortal tennis balls,  
 Inspire me straight with some rare delicies,                   20  
 Or I'll dismount thee from thy radiant coach ;  
 And make thee a poor cutchy here on earth.

*Phan. Currus auriga paterni.*

*Ing.* Nay prythee, good Furor, do not rove in rhymes  
 before thy time ; thou hast a very terrible roaring  
 muse, nothing but squibs and fine jerks ; quiet thy  
 self a while, and hear thy charge.

*Phan. Huc ades hæc ; animo concipe dicta tuo.*                   28

*Ing.* Let us on to our device, our plot, our project. That  
 old Sir Raderic, that new printed *compendium* of  
 all iniquity, that hath not aired his country chimney  
 once in three winters : he that loves to live in an  
 odd corner here at London, and affect an old wench  
 in a nook ; one that loves to live in a narrow room,  
 that he may with more facility in the dark, light  
 upon his wife's waiting maid ; one that loves a life,  
 a short sermon, and a long play ; one that goes to  
 a play, to a whore, to his bed in circle, good for  
 nothing in the world but to sweat nightcaps, and  
 foul fair lawn shirts, feed a few foggy serving  
 men, and prefer dunces to livings. This old Sir  
 Raderic, Furor, it shall be thy task to cudgel  
 with thy thick-thwack terms ; marry, at the first

give him some sugar-candy terms, and then if he will not untie the purse-strings of his liberality, sting him with terms laid in aqua fortis and gun-powder.

*Fur. In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas.*

The servile current of my sliding verse,  
 Gentle shall run into his thick-skinned ears ; 50  
 Where it shall dwell like a magnifico,  
 Command his slimy spright to honour me  
 For my high, tiptoe-strutting poesy ;  
 But if his stars hath favoured him so ill,  
 As to debar him by his dunghill thoughts,  
 Justly to esteem my verses' lowting pitch :  
 If his earth-rooting snout shall 'gin to scorn,  
 My verse, that giveth immortality ;  
 Then, *Bella per Emathios.*

*Phan. Furor arma ministrat.* 60

*Fur.* I'll shake his heart upon my verses' point,  
 Rip out his guts with riving poniard :  
 Quarter his credit with a bloody quill.

*Phan. Calami, atramentum, charta, libelli,  
 Sunt semper studiis arma parata tuis.*

*Ing.* Enough, Furor ; we know thou art a nimble swaggerer with a goose-quill : now for you, Phantasma, leave trussing your points, and listen.

*Phan. Omne tulit punctum.* 69

*Ing.* Mark you Amoretto, Sir Raderic's son ; to him shall thy piping poetry and sugar-ends of

verses be directed ; he is one, that will draw out his pocket-glass thrice in a walk ; one that dreams in a night of nothing but musk and civet, and talks of nothing all day long but his hawk, his hound, and his mistress ; one that more admires the good wrinkle of a boot, the curious crinkling of a silk stocking, then all the wit in the world ; one that loves no scholar, but him whose tired ears can endure half a day together his fly-blown sonnets of his mistress and her loving pretty creatures, her monkey and her puppy ; it shall be thy task, Phantasma, to cut this gull's throat with fair terms ; and if he hold fast for all thy juggling rhetoric, fall at defiance with him, and the poking stick he wears. 86

*Phan. Simul extulit ensem.*

*Ing.* Come brave imps, gather up your spirits, and let us march on, like adventurous knights, and discharge a hundred poetical spirits upon them.

*Phan. Est deus in nobis, agitante calescimur illo.*

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENA V

*Enter Philomusus, Studioso.*

*Stud.* Well, Philomusus, we never 'scaped so fair a scouring ; why yonder are pursuivants out for the

French doctor, and a lodging bespoken for him and his man in Newgate. It was a terrible fear that made us cast our hair.

*Phil.* And canst thou sport at our calamities?  
And count'st us happy to 'scape prisonment?  
Why the wide world, that blesseth some with weal,  
Is to our chained thoughts a darksome jail.

*Stud.* Nay, prythee, friend, these wonted terms forego,  
He doubles grief that comments on a woe. 11

*Phil.* Why do fond men term it impiety,  
To send a wearisome sad grudging ghost,  
Unto his home, his long, long, lasting home?  
Or let them make our life less grievous be,  
Or suffer us to end our misery.

*Stud.* Oh no, the sentinel his watch must keep,  
Until his lord do licence him to sleep.

*Phil.* It's time to sleep within our hollow graves,  
And rest us in the darksome womb of earth : 20  
Dead things are graved, and bodies are no less  
Pined and forlorn like ghostly carcasses.

*Stud.* Not long this tap of loathed life can run ;  
Soon cometh death, and then our woe is done.  
Meantime, good Philomusus, be content,  
Let's spend our days in hopeful merriment.

*Phil.* Curst be our thoughts whene'er they dream of  
hope ;  
Ban'd be those haps that henceforth flatter us,  
When mischief dogs us still and still for aye,

From our first birth until our burying day. 30  
 In our first gamesome age, our doting sires  
 Carkéd and cared to have us letteréd :  
 Sent us to Cambridge, where our oil is spent :  
 Us our kind college from the teat did tear :  
 And forced us walk before we weaned were.  
 From that time since wandered have we still ;  
 In the wide world, urg'd by our forced will,  
 Nor ever have we happy fortune tried :  
 Then why should hope with our rent state abide ?  
 Nay let us run unto the baseful cave, 40  
 Pight in the hollow ribs of craggy cliff,  
 Where dreary owls do shriek the live-long night,  
 Chasing away the birds of cheerful light :  
 Where yawning ghosts do howl in ghastly wise,  
 Where that dull hollow-eyed, that staring sire,  
 Yclept Despair, hath his sad mansion ;  
 Him let us find, and by his counsel we,  
 Will end our too much irked misery.

*Stud.* To wail thy haps, argues a dastard mind.

*Phil.* To bear too long, argues an ass's kind. 50

*Stud.* Long since the worst chance of the die was cast.

*Phil.* But why should that word 'worst' so long time  
last ?

*Stud.* Why dost thou now these sleepy complaints com-  
mence ?

*Phil.* Why should I e'er be dulled with patience ?

*Stud.* Wise folk do bear what struggling cannot mend.

*Phil.* Good spirits must with thwarting fates contend.

*Stud.* Some hope is left our fortunes to redress.

*Phil.* No hope but this, e'er to be comfortless.

*Stud.* Our life's remainder gentler hearts may find. 60

*Phil.* The gentlest hearts to us will prove unkind.

## ACTUS IV

## SCENA I

*Sir Raderic and Prodigio, at one corner of the Stage ; Recorder and Amoretto, at the other.—Two Pages scouring of tobacco pipes.*

*Sir Rad.* Master Prodigio, Master Recorder, hath told you law, your land is forfeited ; and for me not to take the forfeiture, were to break the Queen's law ; for mark you, it's law to take the forfeiture ; therefore not to take it, is to break the Queen's law ; and to break the Queen's law, is not to be a good subject, and I mean to be a good subject. Besides, I am a justice of the peace ; and being justice of the peace, I must do justice, that is law, that is to take the forfeiture, especially having taken notice of it. Marry, master Prodigio, here are a few shillings over and besides the bargain. 12

*Prod.* Pox on your shillings ; s'blood a while ago, before he had me in the lurch, who but my cousin Prodigio ; you are welcome, my cousin Prodigio ; take my

cousin Prodigio's horse ; a cup of wine for my cousin Prodigio ; good faith you shall sit here, good cousin Prodigio, a clean trencher for my cousin Prodigio ; have a special care of my cousin Prodigio's lodging : now master Prodigio with a pox, and a few shillings for a vantage. A plague on your shillings ! Pox on your shillings ! If it were not for the serjeant which dogs me at my heels, a plague on your shillings, pox on your shillings ! pox on your self and your shillings ! pox on your worship ! if I catch thee at Ostend—I dare not stay for the serjeant. [Exit. 27

*Sir Rad. Page.* Good faith, master Prodigio is an excellent fellow, he takes the *gulan ebullitio* so excellently.

*Amor. Page.* He is a good liberal gentleman ; he hath bestowed an ounce of tobacco upon us, and as long as it lasts, come cut and long-tail, we'll spend it as liberally for his sake.

*Sir Rad. Page.* Come fill the pipe quickly, while my master is in his melancholy humour ; it's just the melancholy of a collier's horse.

*Amor. Page.* If you cough, Jack, after your tobacco, for a punishment you shall kiss the pantofle. 39

*Sir Rad.* It's a foul oversight, that a man of worship cannot keep a wench in his house, but there must be muttering and surmising. It was the wisest saying that my father ever uttered, that a wife was



the name of necessity, not of pleasure : for what do men marry for, but to stock their ground, and to have one to look to the linen, sit at the upper end of the table, and carve up a capon ; one that can wear a hood like a hawk, and cover her foul face with a fan ; but there's no pleasure always to be tied to a piece of mutton ; sometimes a mess or stewed broth will do well, and an unlaced rabbit is best of all ; well, for mine own part, I have no great cause to complain, for I am well provided of three bouncing wenches, that are mine own fee-simple ; one of them I am presently to visit, if I can rid my self cleanly of this company. Let me see how the day goes : (*he pulls his watch out.*) Precious coals, the time is at hand, I must meditate on an excuse to begone.

59

*Rec.* The which I say, is grounded on the statute I spake of before, enacted in the reign of Henry the VI.

*Amor.* It is a plain case, whereon I mooted in our Temple, and that was this : put case, there be three brethren, John a Nokes, John a Nash, and John a Stile ; John a Nokes the elder, John a Nash the younger, John a Stile the youngest of all ; John a Nash the younger, dieth without issue of his body lawfully begotten ; whether shall his lands ascend to John a Nokes the elder, or descend to John a Stile the youngest of all ? The answer is : the lands do collaterally descend, not ascend.

71

*Rec.* Very true ; and for a proof hereof, I will shew you a place in Littleton, which is very pregnant in this point.

## SCENA II

*Enter Ingenioso, Furor, Phantasma.*

*Ing.* I'll pawn my wits, that is, my revenues, my land, my money, and whatsoever I have, for I have nothing but my wit, that they are at hand ; why any sensible snout may wind master Amoretto and his pomander, master Recorder and his two neat's feet that wear no socks, Sir Raderic by his rammish complexion. *Olet Gorgonius hircum, sicut Lupus in fabula.* Furor, fire the touch-box of your wit ; Phantasma, let your invention play tricks like an ape ; begin thou, Furor, and open like a flap-mouthed hound ; follow thou, Phantasma, like a lady's puppy ; and as for me, let me alone, I'll come after like a water-dog, that will shake them off when I have no use of them. My masters, the watchword is given : Furor discharge. 15

*Fur.* [*To Sir Rad.*] The great projector of the thunderbolts

He that is wont to piss whole clouds of rain,  
 Into the earth, vast gaping urinal,  
 Which that one-eyed subsizer of the sky, 20  
 Dan Phœbus, empties by calidity :

He and his townsmen planets bring to thee,  
Most fatty lumps of earth's fecundity.

*Sir Rad.* Why will this fellow's English break the  
Queen's peace? I will not seem to regard him.

*Phan.* [*To Am.*] *Mæcænas atavis edite regibus,  
O, et præsidium, et dulce decus meum,  
Dii faciant votis vela secunda tuis.*

*Ing.* God save you, good master Recorder, and good  
fortunes follow your deserts; I think I have curst  
him sufficiently in few words. 31

*Sir Rad.* What have we here, three begging soldiers:  
Come you from Ostend, or from Ireland?

*Page.* *Cujum pecus? an Melibæi?* I have vented all the  
Latin one man had.

*Phan.* *Quid dicam amplius? domini similis os.*

*Amor. Page.* Let him not alone I pray thee; to him  
again, tickle him there.

*Phan.* *Quam dispari domino dominaris?*

*Rec.* Nay, that's plain in Littleton; for if that fee-  
simple and the fee-tail be put together, it is called  
hotch-potch; now this word hotch-potch in English,  
is a pudding; for in such a pudding is not commonly  
one thing only, but one thing with another. 44

*Amor.* I think I do remember this also at a mooting in  
our Temple; so then this hotch-potch seems a  
term of similitude.

*Fur.* [*To Sir Rad.*] Great Capricornus, of thy head take  
keep;

Good Virgo, watch, while that thy worship sleep ; 50  
 And when thy swelling vents amain,  
 Then Pisces be thy sporting chamberlain.

*Sir Rad.* I think the devil hath sent some of his family  
 to torment me.

*Amor.* There is tail-general, and tail-special, and  
 Littleton is very copious in that theme ; for tail-  
 general is, when lands are given to a man and his  
 heirs of his body begotten ; tail-special, is when  
 lands are given to a man and to his wife, and to the  
 heirs of their two bodies lawfully begotten, and  
 that is called tail-special. 61

*Sir Rad.* Very well, and for his oath I will give a  
 distinction ; there is a material oath, and a formal  
 oath ; the formal oath may be broken, the material  
 may not be broken : for mark you, sir, the law is to  
 take place before the conscience, and therefore you  
 may, using me your counsellor, cast him in the suit :  
 there wants nothing to the full meaning of this place.

*Phan.* *Nihil hic nisi carmina desunt.* 69

*Ing.* An excellent observation in good faith ; see how  
 the old fox teacheth the young cub to worry a  
 sheep, or rather sits himself like an old goose,  
 hatching the addle brain of master Amoretto :  
 there is no fool to the satin fool, the velvet fool,  
 the perfumed fool ; and therefore the witty tailors  
 of this age put them, under colour of kindness, into  
 a pair of cloth-bags, where a voider will not serve

the turn : and there is no knave to the barbarous knave, the moulting knave, the pleading knave : what ho, master Recorder, master *Noverint universi per presentes*, not a word he, unless he feel it in his fist. 82

*Phan.* *Mitto tibi merulas, cancos imitare legendo.*

*Sir Rad.* [To *Fur.*] Fellow, what art thou that art so bold ?

*Fur.* I am the bastard of great Mercury,  
Got on Thalia when she was asleep :  
My gaudy grandsire, great Apollo hight,  
Born was, I hear, but that my luck was ill,  
To all the land upon the forked hill.

*Phan.* *O crudelis Alexi, nil mea carmina curas ?* 90  
*Nil nostri miserere ? mori me denique coges ?*

*Sir Rad. Page.* If you use them thus, my master is a justice of peace, and will send you all to the gallows.

*Phan.* *Hei mihi, quod domino non licet ire tuo.*

*Ing.* Good Master Recorder, let me retain you this term for my cause—for my cause, good Master Recorder.

*Rec.* I am retained already on the contrary part ; I have taken my fee ; begone, begone. 99

*Ing.* It's his meaning I should come off ; why here is a true style of a villain, the true faith of a lawyer ; it is usual with them to be bribed on the one side, and then to take a fee of the other ; to plead weakly, and to be bribed, and rebribed, on the one side, then to be feed, and refeed, of the other, till at length,

*per varios casus*, by putting the case so often, they make their clients so lank, that they may case them up in a comb-case, and pack them home from the term, as though they had travelled to London to sell their horse only, and having lost their fleeces, live afterward like poor shorn sheep. III

*Fur.* The gods above, that know great Furor's fame,  
 And do adore grand poet Furor's name ;  
 Granted long since at heaven's high parliament,  
 That whoso Furor shall immortalize,  
 No yawning goblins shall frequent his grave,  
 Nor any bold, presumptuous cur shall dare,  
 To lift his leg against his sacred dust.  
 Where'er I have my rhymes, thence vermin fly,  
 All, saving that foul-fac'd vermin poverty. 120  
 This sucks the eggs of my invention ;  
 Evacuates my wit's full pigeon-house.  
 Now may it please thy generous dignity,  
 To take this vermin napping as he lies  
 In the true trap of liberality.  
 I'll cause the Pleiades to give thee thanks,  
 I'll write thy name within the sixteenth sphere  
 I'll make the Antarctic pole to kiss thy toe, 130  
 And Cynthia to do homage to thy tail.

*Sir Rad.* Precious coals, thou a man of worship and justice too? It's even so, he is either a mad man, or a conjurer : it were well if his words were examined, to see if they be the Queen's, or no.

*Phan. Nunc si nos audis, ut qui es divinus Apollo,  
Dic mihi, qui nummos non habet, unde petat?*

*Amor.* I am still haunted with these needy Latinist fellows—the best counsel I can give is to be gone.

*Phan. Quod peto da, Caie; non peto consilium.*

*Amor.* Fellow, look to your brains; you are mad, you are mad. 140

*Phan. Semel insanivimus omnes.*

*Amor.* Master Recorder, is it not a shame that a gallant cannot walk the street quietly for needy fellows, and that, after there is a statute come out against begging? [*He strikes his breast.*]

*Phan. Pectora percussit, pectus quoque robora fiunt.*

*Rec.* I warrant you, they are some needy graduates: the university breaks wind twice a year, and lets fly such as these are. 149

*Ing.* So ho, Master Recorder, you that are one of the devil's fellow-commoners; one that sizeth the devil's butteries, sins, and perjuries very lavishly; one that are so dear to Lucifer, that he never puts you out of commons for non-payment; you that live like a sumner, upon the sins of the people; you whose vocation serves to enlarge the territories of hell, that (but for you) had been no bigger than a pair of stocks, or a pillory; you, that hate a scholar, because he descries your ass's ears; you that are a plague stuffed cloak-bag of all iniquity, which the grand serving man

of hell, will one day truss up behind him, and carry to his smoky wardrobe. 173

*Rec.* What frantic fellow art thou, that art possessed with the spirit of malediction ?

*Fur.* Vile muddy clod of base, unhallowed clay,  
Thou slimy-sprighted, unkind Saracen,  
When thou wert born, dame Nature cast her calf ;  
For age and time had made thee a great ox,  
And now thy grinding jaws devour quite 170  
The fodder due to us of heavenly spright.

*Phan.* *Nefasto te posuit die, quicumque primum et sacrilegâ manu,*  
*Produxit arbos in nepotum perniciem ob propriumque pugi.*

*Ing.* I pray you, Monsieur Plowdon, of what university was the first lawyer of? None forsooth, for your law is ruled by reason, and not by art : great reason indeed, that a Plowdenist should be mounted on a trapped palfrey, with a round velvet dish on his head, to keep warm the broth of his wit, and a long gown, that makes him look like a *cedant arma togæ*, whilst the poor Aristotelians walk in a short cloak, and a close Venetian hose, hard by the oyster-wife ; and the silly poet goes muffled in his cloak, to escape the Counter. And you, Master Amoretto, that art the chief carpenter of sonnets, a privileged vicar for the lawless marriage of ink and paper, you that are good for nothing but to



commend in a set speech, to colour the quantity of your mistress stool, and swear it is most sweet civet ; it's fine when that puppet-player Fortune, must put such a Birchen-lane post in so good a suit, such an ass in so good fortune. 194

*Amor.* Father, shall I draw ?

*Sir Rad.* No, son, keep the peace, and hold thy peace.

*Ing.* Nay, do not draw, lest you chance to bepiss your credit.

*Fur.* *Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.*

Fearful Megæra, with her snaky twine, 200  
Was cursed dam into thy damned self ;  
And Hircan tigers in the desert rocks,  
Did foster up thy loathed hateful life ;  
Base ignorance the wicked cradle rocked ;  
Vile barbarism was wont to dandle thee ;  
Some wicked hell-hound tutored thy youth,  
And all the grisly sprights of griping hell,  
With mumming looks have dogged thee since thy  
birth.

See how the spirits do hover o'er thy head,  
As thick as gnats in summer eveningtide. 210

Baleful Alecto, prythee stay a while,  
Till with my verses I have racked his soul ;  
And when thy soul departs, a cock may be,  
No blank at all in hell's great lottery.  
Shame sits and howls upon thy loathed grave,  
And howling, vomits up in filthy guise,  
The hidden stories of thy villanies. 217

*Sir Rad.* The devil, my masters, the devil in the likeness of a poet ; away, my masters, away.

[*Exit.*

*Phan.* *Arma, virumque cano.*

*Quem fugis ? ah demens !*

*Amor.* Base dog, it is not the custom in Italy to draw upon every idle cur that barks, and did it stand with my reputation :—oh, well go to, thank my father for your lives.

*Ing.* Fond gull, whom I would undertake to bastinado quickly, though there were a musket planted in thy mouth ; are not you the young drover of livings Academico told me of, that haunts steeple fairs ? Base worm, must thou needs discharge thy carbin to batter down the walls of learning ? 231

*Amor.* I think I have committed some great sin against my mistress, that I am thus tormented with notable villains, bold peasants. I scorn, I scorn them !

*Fur.* [*To Rec.*] Nay prythee, good sweet devil, do not thou part,

I like an honest devil that will shew

Himself in a true hellish smoky hue :

How like thy snout is to great Lucifer's ! 240

Such talons had he, such a glaring eye,

And such a cunning sleight in villany.

*Rec.* Oh the impudency of this age ! And if I take you in my quarters. [*Exeunt Sir Rad., Amor, and Record.*

*Fur.* Base slave, I'll hang thee on a crossed rhyme, And  
quarter.

*Ing.* He is gone, Furor, stay thy fury.

*Sir Rad. Page.* I pray you, gentlemen, give 3 groats for  
a shilling.

*Imor. Page.* What will you give me for a good old suit  
of apparel? 251

*Phan.* *Habet et musca splenem, et formicæ suabilis inest.*

*Ing.* Gramercy, good lads, this is our share in happi-  
ness, to torment the happy: let's walk along, and  
laugh at the jest; it's no staying here long, lest  
Sir Raderic's army of bailiffs and clowns be sent  
to apprehend us.

*Phan.* *Procul hinc, procul ite, profani.*

I'll lash Apollo's self with jerking hand,  
Unless he pawn his wit to buy me land.

260

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENA III

*Burbage, Kemp.*

*Bur.* Now, Will Kemp, if we can entertain these  
scholars at a low rate, it will be well, they have  
oftentimes a good conceit in a part.

*Kemp.* It's true indeed, honest Dick, but the slaves  
are somewhat proud; and besides, it is a good  
sport in a part to see them never speak in their

walk, but at the end of the stage, just as though in walking with a fellow we should never speak but at a stile, a gate, or a ditch, where a man can go no further. I was once at a comedy in Cambridge, and there I saw a parasite make faces and mouths of all sorts on this fashion. 12

*Bur.* A little teaching will mend these faults, and it may be besides they will be able to pen a part.

*Kemp.* Few of the university pen play well; they smell too much of that writer Ovid, and that writer Metamorphosis, and talk too much of Proserpina and Jupiter. Why here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down—ay, and Ben Jonson too. O that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow; he brought up Horace, giving the poets a pill; but our fellow Shakespeare hath given him a purge, that made him bewray his credit. 23

*Bur.* It's a shrewd fellow indeed. I wonder these scholars stay so long, they appointed to be here presently, that we might try them: oh, here they come.

*Stud.* Take heart, these lets our clouded thoughts refine;

The sun shines brightest when it 'gins decline.

*Bur.* Master Philomusus and Master Studioso, God save you.

*Kemp.* Master Philomusus and Master Otioso, well met.

*Phil.* The same to you, good Master Burbage. What Master Kemp, how doth the Emperor of Germany?

*Stud.* God save you, Master Kemp; welcome, Master Kemp, from dancing the morrice over the Alps. 36

*Kempe.* Well, you merry knaves, you may come to the honour of it one day. Is it not better to make a fool of the world as I have done, than to be fooled of the world, as you scholars are? But be merry, my lads, you have happened upon the most excellent vocation in the world for money: they come north and south to bring it to our playhouse; and for honours, who of more report than Dick Burbage, and Will Kemp; he is not counted a gentleman, that knows not Dick Burbage, and Will Kemp; there's not a country wench that can dance "Sellers Round," but can talk of Dick Burbage, and Will Kemp. 49

*Phil.* Indeed, M. Kemp, you are very famous; but that is as well for works in print, as your part in cue.

*Kempe.* You are at Cambridge still with size cue, and be lusty humorous poets, you must untruss; I rode this my last circuit, purposely because I would be judge of your actions. 56

*Bur.* Master Studioso, I pray you, take some part in this book, and act it, that I may see what will fit you best; I think your voice would serve for Hieronimo; observe how I act it, and then imitate me. [*He recites.*

*Stud.* "Who calls Hieronimo from his naked bed? And, &c."

*Bur.* You will do well after a while.

63

*Kemp.* Now for you. Methinks you should belong to my tuition, and your face methinks would be good for a foolish mayor, or a foolish justice of the peace. Mark me.—Forasmuch as there be two states of a commonwealth, the one of peace, the other of tranquillity; two states of war, the one of discord, the other of dissension; two states of an incorporation, the one of the aldermen, the other of the brethren; two states of magistrates, the one of governing, the other of bearing rule; now—as I said even now, for a good thing cannot be said too often—virtue is the shoeinghorn of justice; that is, virtue is the shoeinghorn of doing well; that is, virtue is the shoeinghorn of doing justly: it behoveth me, and is my part to commend this shoeinghorn unto you. I hope this word shoeinghorn doth not offend any of you, my worshipful brethren; for you being the worshipful headsmen of the town, know well what the horn meaneth. Now therefore I am determined not only to teach, but also to instruct, not only the ignorant, but also the simple, not only what is their duty towards their betters, but also what is their duty towards their superiors. Come, let me see how you can do; sit down in the chair.

88

*Phil.* “Forasmuch as there be, &c.”

*Kemp.* Thou wilt do well in time, if thou wilt be ruled

by thy betters, that is by myself, and such grave aldermen of the playhouse as I am.

*Bur.* I like your face, and the proportion of your body for Richard III. ; I pray, Master Philomusus let me see you act a little of it.

*Phil.* ' Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by the sun of York.'

*Bur.* Very well, I assure you ; well, Master Philomusus and Master Studioso, we see what ability you are of ; I pray walk with us to our fellows, and we'll agree presently. 101

*Phil.* We will follow you straight, Master Burbage.

*Kemp.* It's good manners to follow us, Master Philomusus and Master Otioso. [*Exeunt*

*Phil.* And must the basest trade yield us relief ?  
Must we be practis'd to those leaden spouts,  
That nought down vent but what they do receive ?  
Some fatal fire hath scorched our fortune's wing,  
And still we fall, as we do upward spring ;  
As we strive upward to the vaulted sky, 110  
We fall, and feel our hateful destiny.

*Stud.* Wonder it is, sweet friend, thy pleading breath,  
So like the sweet blast of the southwest wind,  
Melts not those rocks of ice, those mounts of woe,  
Congealed in frozen hearts of men below.

*Phil.* Wonder as well thou may'st, why 'mongst the waves  
'Mongst the tempestuous waves on raging sea,  
The wailing merchant can no pity crave

What cares the wind and weather for their pains?  
 One strikes the sail, another turns the same, 120  
 He shakes the main, another takes the oar,  
 Another laboureth and taketh pain,  
 To pump the sea into the sea again.  
 Still they take pains, still the loud winds do blow,  
 Till the ship's prouder mast be laid below :

*Stud.* Fond world, that ne'er thinks on that aged man,  
 That Ariosto's old swift-paced man,  
 Whose name is Time, who never lins to run,  
 Loaden with bundles of decayed names,  
 The which in Lethe lake he doth entomb, 130  
 Save only those which swanlike scholars take,  
 And do deliver from that greedy lake.  
 Inglorious may they live, inglorious die,  
 That suffer learning live in misery.

*Phil.* What care they what fame their ashes have,  
 When once they're cöoped up in silent grave?

*Stud.* If for fair fame they hope not when they die,  
 Yet let them fear grave staining infamy.

*Phil.* Their spendthrift heirs will those fire-brands  
 quench, 140

Swaggering full moistly on a tavern's bench.

*Stud.* No shamed sire for all his glosing heir,  
 Must long be talked of in the empty air.

*Stud.* Believe me, thou that art my second self,  
 My vexed soul is not disquieted,  
 For that I miss, that gaudy painted state,



Whereat my fortunes fairly aimed of late.  
 For what am I, the mean'st of many mo,  
 That, earning profit, are repaid with wo?  
 But this it is that doth my soul torment, 150  
 To think so many activable wits,  
 That might contend with proudest bards of Po,  
 Sit now immured within their private cells,  
 Drinking a long lank watching candle's smoke,  
 Spending the marrow of their flowering age,  
 In fruitless poring on some worm-eat leaf:  
 When their deserts shall seem of due to claim,  
 A cheerful crop of fruitful swelling sheaf;  
 Cockle their harvest is, and weeds their grain,  
 Contempt their portion, their possession pain. 160  
 Scholars must frame to live at a low sail.

*Phil.* Ill sailing where there blows no happy gale.

*Stud.* Our ship is ruined, all her tackling rent.

*Phil.* And all her gaudy furniture is spent.

*Stud.* Tears be the waves whereon her ruins bide.

*Phil.* And sighs the winds that waste her broken side.

*Stud.* Mischief the pilot is the ship to steer.

*Phil.* And woe the passenger this ship doth bear.

*Stud.* Come, Philomusus, let us break this chat.

*Phil.* And break my heart! oh would I could break  
 that! 171

*Stud.* Let's learn to act that tragic part we have.

*Phil.* Would I were silent actor in my grave!

## ACTUS V

## SCENA I

*Philomusus and Studioso become Fiddlers; with their concert.*

*Phil.* And tune, fellow-fiddlers; Studioso and I are ready. [*They tune.*]

*Stud.* (*Going aside, sayeth*) Fair fell good Orpheus, that would rather be

King of a mole hill, then a keysar's slave :

Better it is 'mongst fiddlers to be chief,

Then at a player's trencher beg relief.

But is't not strange, this mimic ape should prize

Unhappy scholars at a hireling rate ?

Vile world, that lifts them up to high degree, 10

And treads us down in grovelling misery.

England affords those glorious vagabonds,

That carried erst their fardels on their backs,

Coursers to ride on through the gazing streets,

Sweeping it in their glaring satin suits,

And pages to attend their masterships :

With mouthing words that better wits have framed,

They purchase lands, and now esquires are named.

*Phil.* Whate'er they seem being even at the best,  
They are but sporting fortune's scornful jest. 20

*Stud.* So merry fortune's wont from rags to take  
Some ragged groom, and him a gallant make.

*Phil.* The world and fortune hath play'd on us too long.

*Stud.* Now to the world we fiddle must a song.

*Phil.* Our life is a plain song with cunning penned,  
Whose highest pitch in lowest base doth end.  
But see our fellows unto play are bent ;  
If not our minds, let's tune our instrument.

*Stud.* Let's in a private song our cunning try,  
Before we sing to stranger company. 30

*Phil. sings. The tune.*

How can he sing, whose voice is hoarse with care ?  
How can he play, whose heart strings broken are ?  
How can he keep his rest, that ne'er found rest ?  
How can he keep his time, whom time ne'er blessed ?  
Only he can in sorrow bear a part,  
With untaught hand, and with untuned heart.  
Fond hearts, farewell, that swallowed have my youth.  
Adieu, vain muses, that have wrought my ruth.  
Repent, fond sire, that trained'st thy hapless  
son, 40

In learning's lore since bounteous alms are done.  
Cease, cease, harsh tongue, untuned music rest :  
Entomb thy sorrows in thy hollow breast.

*Stud.* Thanks, Philomusus, for thy pleasant song,

Oh had this world a touch of juster grief,  
 Hard rocks would weep for want of our relief!

*Phil.* The cold of woe hath quite untun'd my voice,  
 And made it too too harsh for listening ear :  
 Time was, in time of my young fortune's spring,  
 I was a gamesome boy, and learned to sing. 50

But say, fellow musicians, you know best whither  
 we go ; at what door must we imperiously beg ?

*Jack Fid.* Here dwells Sir Raderic and his son : it  
 may be now at this good time of New-Year he will  
 be liberal ; let us stand near and draw.

*Phil.* Draw, callest thou it ; indeed it is the most  
 desperate kind of service that ever I adventured  
 on.

## SCENA II

*Enter the two Pages.*

*Sir Rad. Page.* My master bids me tell you, that he  
 is but newly fallen asleep, and you base slaves  
 must come and disquiet him ; what, never a basket  
 of capons ? mass, and if he comes, he'll commit  
 you all.

*Amor. Page.* Sirrah<sup>r</sup> Jack, shall you and I play Sir  
 Raderic and Amoretto, and reward these fiddlers ?  
 I'll my master Amoretto, and give them as much as  
 he useth.

*Sir Rad. Page.* And I my old master Sir Raderic : fiddlers play ; I'll reward you, faith I will. [*They play.* 11

*Amor. Page.* Good faith, this pleaseth my sweet mistress admirably : cannot you play ' Twitty twatty ' foole, or ' To be at her, to be at her. '

*Sir Rad. Page.* Have you never a song of Master Dowland's making ?

*Amor. Page.* Or, *hos ego versiculos feci, &c.* A pox on it, my master Amoretto useth it very often. I have forgotten the verse. 19

*Sir Rad. Page.* Sirrah Amoretto : here are a couple of fellows brought before me, and I know not how to decide the cause ; look in my Christmas book who brought me a present.

*Amor. Page.* On New-year's day, goodman Fool brought you a present, but goodman Clown brought you none.

*Sir Rad. Page.* Then the right is on goodman Fool's side.

*Amor. Page.* My mistress is so sweet, that all the physicians in the town cannot make her stink ; she never goes to the stool ; oh she is a most sweet little monkey. Please your worship, good father, yonder are some would speak with you. 33

*Sir Rad. Page.* What, have they brought me any thing ? if they have not, say I take physic. Forasmuch, fiddlers, as I am of the peace, I must needs love all weapons and instruments, that are for the peace,

among which, I account your fiddles, because they can neither bite or scratch ; marry, now finding your fiddles to jar, and knowing that jarring is a cause of breaking the peace, I am, by the virtue of my office, and place, to commit your quarrelling fiddles to close prisonment in their cases. 43

*They call within, Sha ho, Richard, Jack !*

*Amor. Page.* The fool within, mars our play without. Fiddlers, set it on my head, I use to size my music, or go on the score for it ; I'll pay it at the quarter's end.

*Sir Rad. Page.* Farewell, good Pan, sweet Thamyras, adieu ! Dan Orpheus, a thousand times farewell. 50

*Jack Fid.* You swore you would pay us for our music.

*Sir Rad. Page.* For that, I'll give Master Recorder's law, and that is this, there is a double oath, a formal oath, and a material oath ; a material oath cannot be broken, the formal oath may be broken. I swore formally : farewell, fiddlers.

*Phil.* Farewell, good wags, whose wits praiseworth I deem ;

Though somewhat waggish ; so we all have been.

*Stud.* Faith, fellow fiddlers, here's no silver found in this place ; no, not so much as the usual Christmas entertainment of musicians, a black jack of beer, and a Christmas pie. 62

*[They walk aside from their fellows.]*

*Phil.* Where'er we in the wide world playing be,

Misfortune bears a part, and mars our melody ;  
 Impossible to please with music strain,  
 Our heart strings broken are ne'er to be tuned again.

*Stud.* Then let us leave this baser fiddling trade,  
 For though our purse should mend, our credits fade.

*Phil.* Full glad I am to see thy mind's free course,  
 Declining from this trencher-waiting trade. 70  
 Well may I now disclose in plainer guise,  
 What erst I meant to work in secret wise :  
 My busy conscience checked my guilty soul,  
 For seeking maintenance by base vassalage,  
 And then suggested to my searching thought,  
 A shepherd's poor secure contented life,  
 On which since then I doated every hour,  
 And meant this same hour in sadder plight,  
 To have stolen from thee in secrecy of night. 79

*Stud.* Dear friend, thou seem'st to wrong my soul too  
 much,  
 Thinking that Studioso would account,  
 That fortune sour, which thou accountest sweet ;  
 Not any life to me can sweeter be,  
 Than happy swains in plain of Arcady.

*Phil.* Why then let's both go spend our little store,  
 In the provision of due furniture :  
 A shepherd's hook, a tarbox, and a scrip ;  
 And haste, unto those sheep-adorned hills, 89  
 Where if not bless our fortunes, we may bless our  
 wills.

*Stud.* True mirth we may enjoy in thacked stall,  
Nor hoping higher rise, nor fearing lower fall.

*Phil.* We'll, therefore, discharge these fiddlers. Fellow, musicians, we are sorry that it hath been your ill hap to have had us in your company, that are nothing but screech-owles, and night-ravens, able to mar the purest melody ; and besides, our company is so ominous, that where we are, thence liberality is packing ; our resolution is therefore to wish you well, and to bid you farewell. 101

Come, Studioso, let us haste away,  
Returning ne'er to this accursed place.

## SCENA III

*Enter Ingenioso, Academico.*

*Ing.* Faith, Academico, it's the fear of that fellow, I mean the sign of the sergeant's head, that makes me to be so hasty to be gone : to be brief, Academico, writs are out for me, to apprehend me for my plays, and now I am bound for the Isle of Dogs. Furor, and Phantasma, come after, removing the camp as fast as they can : farewell, *mea si quid vota valebunt.* 8

*Acad.* Faith, Ingenioso, I think the university is a melancholic life ; for there a good fellow cannot sit



two hours in his chamber, but he shall be troubled with the bill of a drawer, or a vintner : but the point is, I know not how to better my self, and so I am fain to take it.

## SCENA IV

*Philomusus, Studioso, Furor, Phantasma.*

*Phil.* Who have we there ? Ingenioso, and Academico.

*Stud.* The very same. Who are those ? Furor, and Phantasma. [*Furor takes a louse off his sleeve.*]

*Fur.* And art thou there, six-footed Mercury ?

*Phan.* (*with his hand in his bosom.*) Are rhymes become such creepers now a days ?

Presumptuous louse, that doth good manners lack,  
Daring to creep upon poet Furor's back :

*Multum refert quibuscum vixeris.*

*Non videmus manticæ quod in tergo est.* 10

*Phil.* What, Furor and Phantasma too, our old college fellows ; let us encounter them all, Ingenioso, Academico, Furioso, Phantasma. God save you all.

*Stud.* What, Ingenioso, Academico, Furioso, Phantasma ; how do you, brave lads ?

*Ing.* What, our dear friends, Philomusus and Studioso ?

*Acad.* What, our old friends, Philomusus and Studioso ?

*Fur.* What, my supernatural friends ?

*Ing.* What news with you in this quarter of the city ?

*Phil.* We've run through many trades, yet thrive by  
none. 21

Poor in content, and only rich in moan,  
A shepherd's life thou know'st I wont t' admire,  
Turning a Cambridge apple by the fire.  
To live in humble dale we now are bent,  
Spending our days in fearless merriment.

*Stud.* We'll teach each tree, even of the hardest kind,  
To keep our woeful name within their rind :  
We'll watch our flock, and yet we'll sleep withal ;  
We'll tune our sorrows to the water's fall ; 30  
The woods and rocks with our shrill songs we'll  
bless ;

Let them prove kind, since men prove pitiless.

But say, whither are you, and your company, jogging? it seems, by your apparel, you are about to wander.

*Ing.* Faith, we are fully bent to the Lords of Misrule in  
the world's wide heath ; our voyage is to the Isle of  
Dogs, there where the blatant beast doth rule and  
reign, renting the credit of whom it please, 40  
Where serpent's tongues, the penmen are to write,  
Where cats do waul by day, and dogs by night :  
There shall engorged venom be my ink,  
My pen a sharper quill of porcupine,  
My stained paper this sin-loaden earth :  
There will I write in lines shall never die,  
Our seared lordings' crying villany.

*Phil.* A gentle wit thou hadst, nor is it blame,  
To turn so tart, for time hath wronged the same.

*Stud.* And well thou dost from this fond earth to flit, 50  
Where most men's pens are hired parasites.

*Acad.* Go happily, I wish thee store of gall,  
Sharply to wound the guilty world withal.

*Phil.* But say, what shall become of Furor and Phantasma?

*Ing.* These my companions still with me must wend.

*Acad.* Fury and fancy on good wits attend.

*Fur.* When I arrive within the Isle of Dogs,  
Dan Phoebus, I will make thee kiss the pump.  
Thy one eye pries in every draper's stall, 60  
Yet never thinks on poet Furor's need :  
Furor is lousy, great Furor lousy is,  
I'll make thee rue this lousie case I wis.  
And thou, my sluttish laundress Cynthia,  
Ne'er thinks on Furor's linen, Furor's shirt :  
Thou and thy squirting boy Endymion,  
Lies slavering still upon a lawless couch.  
Furor will have thee carted through the dirt,  
That mak'st great poet Furor want his shirt.

*Ing.* Is not here a trusty dog, that dare bark so boldly  
at the moon? 71

*Phil.* Exclaiming want, and needy care, and cark,  
Would make the mildest spright to bite and barke.

*Phan.* *Canes timidi vehementius latrant.* There are  
certain burrs in the Isle of Dogs, called in our

English tongue, men of worship ; certain briars, as the Indians call them ; as we say certain lawyers ; certain great lumps of earth, as the Arabians call them ; certain grosers, as we term them, *quos ego sed motos præstat componere fluctus.* 80

*Ing.* We three unto the snarling island haste,  
And there our vexed breath in snarling waste.

*Phil.* We will be gone unto the downs of Kent,  
Sure footing we shall find in humble dale :  
Our fleecy flock we'll learn to watch and ward,  
In July's heat, and cold of January :  
We'll chant our woes upon an oaten reed,  
Whiles bleating flock upon their supper feed :

*Stud.* So shall we shun the company of men. 89  
That grows more hateful as the world grows old,  
We'll teach the murmuring brooks in tears to flow ;  
And steepy rock to wail our passed woe.

*Acad.* Adieu, you gentle spirits, long adieu :  
Your wits I love, and your ill fortunes rue :  
I'll haste me to my Cambridge cell again,  
My fortunes cannot wax, but they may wane.

*Ing.* Adieu, good shepherds, happy may you live,  
And if hereafter in some secret shade,  
You shall recount poor scholars' miseries, 100  
Vouchsafe to mention, with tear-swelling eyes,  
Ingenioso's thwarting destinies ;  
And thou, still happy Academico,  
That still mayst rest upon the muses' bed,

Enjoying there a quiet slumbering,  
 When thou repair'st unto thy Granta's stream,  
 Wonder at thine own bliss, pity our case,  
 That still doth tread ill-fortune's endless maze.  
 Wish them, that are preferment's almoners,  
 To cherish gentle wits in their green bud ; 110  
 For had not Cambridge been to me unkind,  
 I had not turn'd to gall a milky mind.

*Phil.* I wish thee of good hap a plenteous store,  
 Thy wit deserves no less, my love can wish no more,  
 Farewell, farewell, good Academico ;  
 Never may'st thou taste of our forepassed woe.  
 We wish thy fortunes may attain their due :  
 Furor, and you, Phantasma, both adieu.

*Acad.* Farewell, farewell, farewell, O long farewell ;  
 The rest my tongue conceals, let sorrow tell. 120

*Phan.* *Et longum vale, inquit Iola.*

*Fur.* Farewell, my masters ; Furor's a masty dog,  
 Nor can with a smooth glozing farewell cog.  
 Nought can great Furor do, but bark and howl,  
 And snarl, and grin, and carl, and touse the world,  
 Like a great swine, by his long, lean eared lugs.  
 Farewell musty, dusty, rusty, fusty London,  
 Thou art not worthy of great Furor's wit,  
 That cheatest vertue of her due desert,  
 And suffer'st great Apollo's son to want. 130

*Ing.* Nay, stay awhile, and help me to content :  
 So many gentle wits attention,

Who ken the laws of every comic stage,  
 And wonder that our scene ends discontent.  
 Ye airy wits subtle,  
 Since that few scholars fortunes are content,  
 Wonder not if our scene ends discontent.  
 When that your fortunes reach their due content,  
 Then shall our scene end in her merriment.

*Phil.* Perhaps some happy wit, with seely hand, 140  
 Hereafter may record the pastoral,  
 Of the two scholars of Parnassus hill,  
 And then our scene may end, and have content.

*Ing.* Meantime if there be any spiteful ghost,  
 That smiles to see poor scholars' misery ;  
 Cold is his charity, his wit too dull,  
 We scorn his censure, he's a jeering gull.  
 But whatsoe'er refined sprites there be,  
 That deeply groan at our calamity, 150  
 Whose breath is turned to sighs, whose eyes are  
 wet,

To see bright arts bent to their latest set :  
 Whence never they again their heads shall rear,  
 To bless our art-disgracing hemisphere.

*Ing.* Let them.

*Fur.* Let them.

*Phan.* Let them.

*Acad.* And none but them.

*Phil.* And none but them.

*Stud.* And none but them.

} All give us a  
 } *plaudite.*

## GLOSSARY

- BANDS** (sub.), usually worn now by clergymen, but formerly by all gentlemen. It is remarkable that what was a hundred years back called a band is now called 'a pair of bands,' probably from a supposed resemblance to a pair of breeches; I. ii. 159.
- BEWRAY** (verb), soil, defile; II. v. 115; also III. ii. 48.
- BLOW-POINT** (sub.), a game for children which consisted in blowing pins or points against each other. It was probably akin to push-pin; III. i. 36. Cf. *Lingua*, 'He played at blow-point with Jupiter.'
- BLUR** (verb), stain, soil; I. ii. 71. Cf. *Hamlet*, III. iv. 41.
- BOTS** (sub.), the larvæ of the botfly found in the flesh and intestines of animals; the botfly is somewhat akin to the blow-fly, and deposits its eggs on cattle. The implication is that the individuals referred to here breed corruption in the press; I. ii. 212.
- BURR** (sub.), one who sticks fast to another so that the latter cannot get rid of him; II. vi. 53.
- CARBIN** or **CRABOUN** (sub.), a carbine or short musket; IV. ii. 231. It was also called a petronel; I. ii. 41. Cf. Beaumont & Fletcher's *Wit with Money*, v. i. 75.
- CHEAP** (sub.), Cheapside; I. i. 28.
- CHEST** (sub.), coffin; I. ii. 117; also I. ii. 203.
- CHUFF** (sub.) or **CHOUGH**, a kind of sea-bird that is very greedy and gluttonous; then a miserly churl; I. ii. 115. Cf. I *Henry IV.*, II. ii. 89.
- CLOSE-COCHED** (adj.), proper, exact, accurate; I. ii. 164.
- COG** (verb), to cheat; V. iv. 123. Cf. *Love's Labour Lost*, V. ii. 235.
- COMMONS** (sub.), to graze on the commons; *lit.*, 'out to grass'; I. ii. 153.
- CORRECTOR** of the Press (sub.), press-reader; I. ii. 24.
- COURTESIES** (sub.), an abbreviation for 'courteous spectators.' Prol. 32.
- CUT AND LONGTAIL** (phrase), terms applied to dogs, viz., those whose tails were cut and those which were left untouched. The reference means 'Come all and sundry'; IV. i. 33.
- CUTCHY** (sub.), slang term for 'coachee' = coachdriver; III. iv. 22.
- DEMILANCE** (sub.), small lance, used rather by infantry than cavalry; hence by inference the satiric productions of those who were not regular writers; I. ii. 40.
- DRAUGHTY** (adj.), windy, inflated; also filthy; I. ii. 31.
- EXEQUY** (sub.), funeral rites; usually found in the plural exequies; I. ii. 112. Cf. I *Henry VI.*, III. ii. 133.

**FARDEL** (sub.), burdens, loads ; also luggage ; v. i. 13.

**FIT** (sub.), a division of a song or dance ; III. ii. 72. Dr. Percy, in *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, quotes Puttenham's remarks about the minstrels and their 'romances,' which they sang in divisions or 'fits.' Cf. the Ancient Ballad of Chevy Chase, which is divided into 'Fytte the Firste' 'Fytte the Seconde,' &c.

**FLAPMOUTHED** (adj.), having loose-hanging lips ; IV. ii. 11.

**FOIN** (verb), to thrust or push in fencing ; I. ii. 162. Cf. *Much Ado about Nothing*, v. i. 84.

**FORNE** (prep.), before. Prol. 69.

**FORSPEAK**, also **FORESPEAK** (verb), to forbid ; I. iv. 20. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, III. vii. 3. Also to bewitch or destroy by speaking ; Drayton, *Heroical Epistles*.

**GAG-TOOTH** (sub.), a projecting tooth ; I. ii. 202. Cf. Nash, *Pierce Penilesse*, p. 47, Grossart's ed. vol. ii.

**GIRD** (verb), to jeer at, or wound by sarcasm ; I. ii. 165.

**GLANDERS** (sub.), a malignant, contagious, and fatal disease of the horse or ass, causing it to waste away. The implication is that the persons implied in the passage noted—I. ii. 212—caused the death of the press by the atrophy of true genius.

**GROSSERS** (sub.), an abbreviation of 'engrossers,' in double allusion to the engrossing of legal documents and the engrossing of gain ; v. iv. 79.

**HEDGE-STAKES** (sub.), the barriers keeping out rash intruders ; I. ii. 211.

**HOTCOCKLES** (sub.), a game among children, akin to Blindman's Buff. See Note *in loc.* Prol. 34.

**HUCKSTER** (sub.), bargainer, chafferer, from the verb to *huck*, to bargain ; I. ii. 51.

**HUMOURS** (sub.), eccentricities, fads. Prol. 35. Cf. *Love's Labour Lost*, III. i. 23 ; as also Ben Jonson's two plays, *Every Man in His Humour* and *Every Man out of His Humour*.

**IMPS** (sub.), comrades ; III. iv. 88. Early editions read 'mips.'

**JACK** (sub.), a term of contempt. Prol. 10. Cf. Dekker, *Belman of London*, 'Jack o' the Clocks' ; also *Merry Wives of Windsor*, I. iv. 123.

**JERKING** (partic. adj.), scourging ; I. i. 3 ; also see I. ii. 142, where the word means 'to flow on, to proceed.'

**JOADNA** (sub.), supposed to be a misprint for 'Padua' ; III. iii. 53.

**KESTREL** (sub.), a hawk of an untrainable breed ; hence used to signify anything that is base or worthless ; I. ii. 57. Cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, II. iii. 4.

**KNIT** (verb), darn up the holes left by the excision of erroneous passages ; I. ii. 29.

**LIGHT-SKIRTS** (sub.), a term applied to a woman of easy virtue ; I. ii. 195.

**LIN** (verb), to cease ; IV. iii. 128. Cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I. v. 35—



'And Sisyphus an huge round  
stone did reel  
Against an hill, ne might from  
labour lin ;'

also Browne, *Britannia's Pastorals*, II. i. 8.

LINK (sub.), a torch of tow and pitch. Prol. 44. Cf. also *Taming of the Shrew*, IV. i. 137.

LOADAM or LODAM (sub.), an ancient game of cards not unlike euchre. Prol. 14.

MAGNIFICO (sub.), Venetian grandee and Senator ; III. iv. 51.

MARGINAL (sub.), margin ; III. iii. 48.

MARGINAL (sub.) = critical notes ; I. ii. 132.

MASTY (sub.), a mastiff ; v. iv. 122.

MEAZE (sub.), a hare's form or shape, as seen in its shadow ; II. v. 30.

MEWS (sub.), a retired, enclosed place ; II. i. 73. Originally it meant a place where falcons were kept while moulting ; then any enclosed place. Cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I. v. 20.

MOSSY (adj.), rude, uncultivated ; II. i. 66.

NODDY (sub.), a game of cards somewhat akin to cribbage (see *Notes in loc.*). Prol. 14.

OBSCURE (verb), overlook. Prol. 22.

PANTOFLE (sub.), a slipper ; IV. i. 39.

PASSAGE (sub.), the name of a game played with dice. Prol. 12. (See *Note in loc.*)

PETRONEL (sub.), a carbine or light gun carried by a horseman ; I. ii. 40. Cf. *Hudibras*, I. ii. 788.

FIGHT (verb), pitched, situated ; III. v. 41 ; the old preterite tense of the verb to pitch. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, v. xi. 24.

PLOYDENIST (sub.), a lawyer, or a student of Edmond Plowden's volume, *Commentaires ou Reports*, IV. ii. 174.

POINT-TRUSSER (sub.), a valet ; literally one who helps another to 'truss his points' ; III. iii. 26.

POINTS (sub.), the laces for fastening breeches ; therefore 'to truss one's points' was to fasten one's breeches. Points = braces ; III. i. 32.

POST AND PAIR (sub.), a game of cards somewhat akin to bluff. Prol. 13. (See *Notes in loc.*)

POTTLE (sub.), the measure of two quarts ; I. iii. 10. Cf. *Othello*, II. iii. 54, 'potations pottle-deep.'

PRECIOUS COALS (expletive), an oath used by Sir Raderic, being possibly a well-known expression of a well-known individual ; IV. i. 57.

PRESS (verb), afflict, molest, plague I. ii. 25.

PRIMERO (sub.), a game of cards. (See *Notes in loc.*) Prol. 12. Cf. *Henry VIII.*, v. i. 7.

PRINCOX (sub.), a coxcomb ; III. ii. 8. Cf. Daniel's *Hymen's Triumph*, 'Ah, Sirrah, have I found you ? Are you here, you princox boy ?'

QU or QUE (sub.), a farthing ; IV. iii. 53.

QUE (sub.), the prompter's catch word ; IV. iii. 52.

RAM-ALLEY (noun), a notorious passage leading from Fleet Street to the Temple ; I. ii. 163. Cf. Massinger's *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, II. ii. 167.

- ROISTER-DOISTER, to act in a ruffianly and turbulent manner; I. ii. 161. Cf. Udall's farcical comedy, *Ralph Roister-Doister*.
- SAINT (sub.), the corrupt pronunciation of the game 'cent,' which was like our modern picquet. Prol. 13. (Cf. Note in loc.) See the *Dumb Knight* (Dodsley's Old Plays), Act IV. Sc. i.
- SCRUB (verb), to rub a stubbly beard; III. ii. 73.
- SHADE (verb), shelter. Prol. 88. Cf. *Henry VIII.*, v. i. 162.
- SIZE (verb), to take College Commons. Therefore to 'size que,' to take College Commons in minute quantities, like the farthing allowances of food and drink given to the sizars at Cambridge; IV. iii. 54.
- SLEIGHT (sub.), art; IV. ii. 242.
- SLOUGHING (partic. adj.), stooping or kneeling for the purposes of the game of hotcockles. Prol. 34.
- SLUBBERED (partic. adj.), slovenly, careless. Prol. 22. Cf. *Othello*, I. iii. 227.
- SOOPING (verb), sweeping.
- SOPHISTER (sub.), a captious and fallacious reason. Prol. 45. Cf. *2 Henry VI.*, v. i. 191.
- SOURING (verb), becoming dead and flat, without sparkle; I. ii. 46.
- STAMEL (adj.), a kind of coarse, red cloth; III. ii. 13. A stamel weaver would therefore mean a weaver of the coarse cloth in question. Randolph's *Hey for Honesty*. 'I translated my Stamell petticoat into the masculine gender.'
- STEEPLE-FAIR (sub.), a hiring fair; IV. ii. 229.
- STIGMATIC (adj.), disgraceful, ignominious; I. iv. 68. Cf. Webster's *White Devil*, 'let the stigmatic wrinkles in thy face.'
- STOCKADO (sub.), more properly *stoccata*, a thrust in fencing. I. ii. 201. Cf. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, II. i. 217; also Ben Jonson, *Every Man in His Humour*, I. iv. 189.
- SUBSIZAR = a poor scholar who performed the most menial offices in return for his board and education; IV. ii. 20.
- SUMNER (sub.), a summoner or apparitor; IV. ii. 155.
- SWAD (sub.), course bumpkins, boors; I. ii. 18. Cf. Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, II. ii. 'There was one busy fellow was their leader, a blunt squat *swad*.'
- TEEN (sub.), grief, misfortune; I. iv. 36. Cf. *Richard III.*, IV. i. 95; also Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I. xii. 18.
- THACKED (adj.), thatched; III. ii. 32.
- THICK-THWACK (adj.), fast coming; III. iv. 43. Cf. Hall's *Safores*, i. 6.
- TREAD (verb), follow; I. i. 8.
- TRUNDLEBED or TRUCKLEBED (sub.), a bed which was pushed in under a larger one, being used to accommodate servants or scholars; II. vi. 43.
- UNTAPEZING (sub.), uncovering, bringing out of concealment; II. v. 69; a hunting term for driving the game out of cover. Cf. Massinger, *Very Woman*, III. v. 62, 'Non I'll untapeze.'
- VIZARD (sub.), mask (also Visor and Vizor). Prol. 44. Cf. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV. iv. 70.
- VOYDER (sub.), a tray on which the remains of a feast are removed. Prol. 20.
- WORKING (verb), fermenting; I. ii. 45.

# NOTES

## PROLOGUE

1. *Non plus.* This is intended to signify that the boy stops short in his speech having broken down in his part, the reason being given below that he had been sitting up playing cards, and also that he had not been able to get his part in time. Boys were as regularly apprenticed to players as to masters in other professions. Lads of ten entered into artiled engagements. Their masters, usually actors, sometimes managers, taught them their trade and pocketed their earnings. Hart, who played in Chapman's *Bussy d'Ambois*, was Robinson's apprentice; while Beeston, a famous player at the Cockpit, had for his apprentices, Burt, Mohun, and Shatterel, who went on playing after the Restoration. Henslowe records the purchase of a boy from William Augustine for £8. Augustine must have trained the boy, holding under indentures the right to use him for his own profit. Cf. Symonds on this subject, *Shakspeare's Predecessors* (p. 242, ff.); also *Historia Histrionica*, in Hazlett's *Dodsley*, vol. xv. pp. 404-416.

3. *Whipt.* The rights of masters over apprentices in those days permitted the use of correction, and the reference to the whipping of apprentices occurs more than once in Elizabethan drama (cf. Dekker's *Shoemaker's Holiday*).

10. *Jack.* A term of contempt for silly paltry fellows (cf. I *Henry IV.* III. iii. 99), the price is a jack, a sneakcup. Cf. Jack o' the Clocks, a name for thieves, as well as for the figures which struck the hours in Old St. Paul's. Cf. Dekker's *Belman of London* (Temple Classics Edition), p. 34, l. 1; also p. 226.

12. *Primero* ; also called *prime* and *primavista*. A game at cards, alleged by some writers to be the oldest known in England. It is thus described by Barrington : ' Each player had four cards dealt to him, one by one, the seven was the highest card in point of number that he could avail himself of, which counted for twenty-one ; the six counted for eighteen, the five for fifteen, and the ace for the same ; but the two, the three and the four, for their respective points only. The knave of diamonds was commonly fixed upon for the quinola, which the player might make what card or suit he thought proper ; if the cards were of different suits the highest number was the primero (or prime), but if they were all of one colour he that held them won the flush.' Primero seems to have resembled the game called *l'ambigu*, if the two were not absolutely identical. It was reckoned a gambling game, as we learn from Greene's *Tu Quoque*, ' Primero, why I thought thou hadst not been so much a gamester as to play at it.' The mode of playing it is referred to in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, though the game itself is not named.

12. *Passage*. The name of a species of game played with dice. *The Compleat Gamester* (1680), says, ' Passage is a game at dice to be played at but by two, and is performed with three dice. The caster throws repeatedly until he has thrown doublets under ten, and then he is out and loseth, or doublets over ten, and then he passeth and wins. The game is referred to in the *Hog hath lost his Pearl*, ' Passage carried away the most part of it, a plague of fortune.'

13. *Post and pair*. Also called *pur* and *pair-royal*, a game of cards, wherein much depended on boldness in betting on the strength of your own hand. It corresponds somewhat to the modern game of *bluff*. A pair-royal of aces was the best hand, and next any other three cards according to order, kings, queens, knaves, descending. If there were no threes the highest pairs won.

13. *Saint*. This was a corrupt pronunciation of the game called *cent* which had some resemblance to our modern picquet. Cf.

Heywood's *A Woman killed with Kindness*, 'Husband, shall we play at saint;' also in Lewis Machin's and Gervase Markham's *Dumb Knight* we read, 'It is not *saint* by *cent* taken from hundreds;' while in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Four Plays in One* the reference occurs, 'The duke and his fair lady the beauteous Helena are now at *cent*.'

14. *Loadam*. Or more correctly *loddam* or *lodam*, an ancient game of cards, which was played by three persons, and seems to have had a curious resemblance to the American and Australian diggers game of 'cutthroat euchre.' Rochester in his *Poems* (1710), says—

'A kind of losing loddam in their game  
Where the worst writer has the greatest fame;'

while as late as 1735 we find in *Poor Robin* the reference—

'Some at cards and dice do play  
Their money and their time away—  
At loadam, cribbage, and all-fours.'

17. *Noddy*. Also a game of cards, having some resemblance to cribbage, also to *quinze* and *vingt'un*. (Cf. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. i. 117). 'S. She did nod, and I said I. P. And that set together is noddy;' also in *Damon and Pythias* we read—

'Ere you came hither, poore I was somebody  
The king delighted in me, now I am noddy;'

while Puttenham in his *Art of Poetry* (bk. i. chap. 20), refers to 'Thersites, the glorious noddie.' It certainly was a game in which counting was a material element, because in Sir T. Overbury's *Characters* we read, 'he reckons so many postures of the pike and musket as if he were counting at noddy.'

The fact will be noted that the first mention of the word noddy

refers to the game, the second to the allied meaning of the term as that of a foolish or pitiful fellow.

20. *Voyder*, or *Voider*=a basket or tray on which were carried away the remains of a meal. Dekker refers to this in the *Guls Hornbook*, 'Piers Plowman laid the cloth, and Simplicity brought in the *voider*'; also in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman Hater* (Act I. scene iii.), we note the allusion, 'For other's glorious shields, give me a *voider*.'

27. *Brooms and old shoes*. Weber would read, 'brooms and old shoes,' but the reading adopted is, I think, preferable.

29. *Copies to the chandler . . . in*. The surplus sheets of volumes which were out of date were then as now disposed of as waste-paper, often to trunkmakers, hence the gibe cast by Dekker at Jonson, that his works had greater circulation through the medium of the trunkmakers, then through the booksellers.

34. *Sloughing hot-cockles*=a game among children, derived from the French *hautes coquilles*. It consists in one of the number kneeling with his eyes bandaged, and guessing which of his companions had tapped him. It appears to have been derived from classic times as the *χυτρινδα* (*Chytrinda*) of the Greeks as described by ancient writers is almost identical. (Cf. Arbutnot, *Pollux*, lib. ix. cap. 7.)

*Blindman buff* is just the game familiar to us in the present day

35. *Humors*. Manners, eccentricities or idiosyncrasies, cf. Ben Jonson's two plays, *Every Man in His Humour* and *Every Man out of His Humour*. Jonson professedly wrote these plays as he says—

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

Shakespeare also, in the character of Nym, satirised it, and in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* makes the page exclaim, 'The humour of it! here's a fellow frights humour out of its wits'; Beaumont and

Fletcher also ridiculed the craze in the *Humorous Lieutenant*, which implies the eccentric or self-willed, not the jocular lieutenant.

42. *Pilgrimage to Parnassus, and the Return from Parnassus*, Part I. See Introduction, p. xiii.

46. *Butler's Box*. The butler held the counters at Christmas card parties, distributing them to the players, who paid a fee to the box. Wybarne's *New Age of Old Names* (1609): 'But stay, my friend, let it be first manifest that my father left land, and then we will rather agree at home than suffer the "Butler's Box" to win all.' Also in *Ram Alley*, Act 2, scene i.: 'Law is like a butler's box.'

57. *Sir John Mandeville* (cir. 1322). The author of the volume of travels which ranks as one of the earliest specimens of readable English prose. Whether such an individual ever existed, however, is at least open to question.

57. *Bevis of Southampton*. One of the ancient metrical romances, first edited for the Abbotsford Club by Turnbull, in 1838, and later by Kölbing, for the E.E.T.S. It is filled with marvellous adventures and fighting with giants, enchanters, &c.

69. *Forne*=before or before.

70. *Lisping* was esteemed a fashionable defect in Elizabethan times, somewhat akin to the latter-day slurring of the letter *r* in such sentences as, 'Now Bawabbas was a wobber.'

71. *Some dire . . . almost done*. Some critics profess to see in this an attack on Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, on the hypothesis that he was mixed up in the War of the Players.

ACT I. SCENE I.

1. i. 1. *Difficile . . . teneat de*. From Juvenal, Sat. 1. 1. 30.

1. i. 2. *Ferrens*. The quarto reads *furens*, which makes no sense in the line.

1. i. 3. *Ferking* here means heavy, in the sense of scourging.

1. i. 6. *Lancing*. Lanching in the quarto.

1. i. 17. *Antæus*. A mighty mythological giant, whose strength in wrestling was so great that he vowed he would erect a temple with the skulls of his vanquished foes. As he was the son of Neptune and Terra (the Earth), he received new strength every time he touched his mother. Hercules challenged him, and perceiving whence he drew his renewal of strength, caught him up in his arms and squeezed him to death. (Cf. Lucan, *Pharsalia*, bk. iv. 598, also Juvenal, Sat. III. 1. 88.)

1. i. 23. *As*. The quarto reads *is*, which I have changed into *as*, in order to make some sense out of a difficult passage.

1. i. 26. *Glaring Light*. The quarto reads *gloring*, which Arber retains, also Weber.

1. i. *Staring Cheap*=Cheapside, one of the oldest of the London thoroughfares. The original name was not 'Cheapside,' but 'West Cheap.' It is thus described by Paul Hentzner, who visited London in Shakespeare's time: 'The streets in the city are very handsome and clean; but that which is named from the goldsmiths, who inhabit it, surpasses all the rest; there is in it a gilt tower with a fountain that plays. Near it, on the farther side, is a handsome house, built by a goldsmith, and presented by him to the city.' In Bread Street, Cheapside, the famous Mermaid tavern was situated, one of the haunts of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and all the more notable players and playwrights.

1. i. 30. *Pavement*. In Elizabethan days the term pavement was attached to the middle of the road, which was usually studded with rough cobble stones.

## ACT I. SCENE II.

1. ii. 1. *Vinegar*. When bloodshed had to be represented on the Elizabethan stage, vinegar was used. Cf. Preston's *Cambyses*, iv. 217.

1. ii. 6. *Utensils*. Quarto reads 'utensilies.'

1. ii. 18. *Swads*. Bumpkins, county fellows. In *The Three Ladies*



of *London* (Act I. i. 67), Fraud styles Simplicity, 'Thou whoreson rascal swad;' while in the *Three Lords and Three Ladies of London* (l. 94), Will calls Wealth a 'curmudgeonly swad.'

I. ii. 24. *Corrector of the Press*. Some critics regard this as referring not merely to the press-reader, but to the press-censor. Cf. Fleay's *English Drama*, vol. ii. p. 350.

I. ii. 34. *O Friends, no Friends*. An imitation of Kyd's soliloquy of Jeronimo in the *Spanish Tragedy* (Act III. ii. 1).

'O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears,  
O life, no life but lively form of death,  
O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs.'

I. ii. 36. *May Morrice Dance*. May Day in England was the occasion for all kinds of sports and games, in which the morrice dance, and dancing round the maypole were prominent features, as we learn from Shakespeare's *All's Well that Ends Well*, where the clown says to the countess that her answer will serve for all questions 'as fit as ten groats for the hand of an attorney . . . as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, or a morris for May Day.'

I. ii. 39. *Maypole on a country greene*. The residents of an English village would have soon have lacked their church as their maypole, and some of these are still extant in remote country districts.

I. ii. 40. *Petronel*. A carbine, a light gun usually carried by a horseman. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Love's Cure* (Act I. i.), we read, 'He . . . discharged his petronell with such sure aim, that of the adverse party, from his horse, one tumbled dead;' also in *Hudibras* I. ii. 788—

'But he with petronel upheaved  
Instead of shield the blow received.'

I. ii. 40. *Demi-lance*=a light horseman armed with a lance, then the lance itself.

I. ii. 58. *Tyburn*. The place of execution. It was anciently the name of the parish of Marylebone, and took its name from a brook which ran down the ground now occupied by the principal thoroughfare, and on the banks of which stood a chapel, St. Mary 'le Bourne.' The place of execution for the City of London and the County of Middlesex, was at first by the burnside, but early in the fifteenth century the gibbet was removed further West. In 1512 it occupied the site of the modern Marble Arch, but eventually was located at the foot of Edgware Road. The last execution at Tyburn took place in 1783.

I. ii. 61. *Belvidere*. The full title of the book was *Belvidere or the Garden of the Muses*, 8vo, 1600. It was simply a volume of poetical selections, being completed by John Bodenham.

I. ii. 61. *Paul's Churchyard*. Comprised in Elizabethan days, a very extensive area. Mr. Fairman Ordish in *Shakespeare's London* says, 'St. Paul's Churchyard was surrounded by a series of posts, supporting continuous chains. The eastern entrances into the Churchyard from Cheapside and from Candlewick Street were protected by gates. . . . At the west end of the Cathedral, looking towards Ludgate, there were three stately gates or entries curiously wrought of stone, a large gate in the middle, and smaller gates on either side. Whether these gateways admitted immediately into the Cathedral is not clear from Stow's description, but they were probably gateways in the wall which surrounded the Churchyard, and within the area were situated the shops of the stationers, printers, and booksellers. From the popular dislike to Roman Catholicism, the Church and its environs were always styled 'Pauls' 'never 'St. Pauls,' until the reign of Charles I.

I. ii. 69. Cf. Tibullus, Bk. I. iv. 59.

I. ii. 71. *Who blurs . . . praise are sung*. There is a strong resemblance between these lines and Bishop Hall's lines in his *Virgidemiarum* (Bk. I. Sat. II.).

I. ii. 90. The names of the poets whose names are mentioned

for criticism are all well-known writers. Edmund Spenser (1552-1599), the immortal author of the *Fairy Queen and Shepherd's Calendar*. Henry Constable (1562-1613) was author of a Sonnet-sequence, *Diana*, and also contributed to *England's Helicon*. Thomas Lodge (1558[?]-1625), author of a variety of works, *Glaucus and Scilla*, *A Fig for Momus*, two plays, viz., *Wounds of Civil War*, and *A Looking Glass for England*; also translated Josephus, Seneca, and part of Du Bartas, and wrote the euphuistic romance *Rosalynde*, which suggested to Shakespeare, *As You Like It*. Samuel Daniel (1562-1619), author of the long poem *History of the Civil Wars*; *The Defence of Rhyme*; a tragedy, *Cleopatra*, and two pastoral tragi-comedies, the *Queen's Arcadia* and *Hymen's Triumph*. Thomas Watson (1557-1592), author of *Hecatompethia* or *The Passionate Centurie of Love*, a series of sonnets, and *The Tears of Fancie*. Michael Drayton (1563-1631), author of the *Polyolbion*, a description of England, and *Nymphidia*. Sir John Davis (1569-1626), author of *Nosce Teipsum*. John Marston (1575[?]-1634), poet, satirist, and dramatist, author of *Pygmalion's Image*, the *Scourge of Villainy*, *Antonio and Mellida*, and the *Malcontent*. Kit Marlowe (1564-1593), the mighty author of *Dr. Faustus*, *Edward II.* and the *Jew of Malta*.

I. ii. 99. *Po.* On the banks of the Po; an example of Synecdoche, inasmuch as Italian poets as a whole are implied.

I. ii. 106ff. *Nay hearers . . . Eliza's name.* Cf. Hall, *Virgildemiarum* (Bk. I. Sat. IV. ll. 19-28).

I. ii. 125. *Sweet honey-dropping Daniel . . . Italian.* Daniel did a large amount of translation from the Italian poets, and was accustomed to imitate them and to incorporate portions of their work in his poems without acknowledgment.

I. ii. 127. *Honey-dropping and sugared sonneting.* This and cognate phrases were in popular use. Cf. Meres's criticism of Shakespeare: 'The sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare. Witness his *Venus* and *Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugared sonnets among his private friends.'

I. ii. 132. *Subject to a critic's marginal*=laying themselves open to criticism.

I. ii. *In every paper boat*. Lodge was a most voluminous writer both in conjunction with others and by himself.

I. ii. 135. *Euphuus Legacy*. The name of one of Lodge's productions.

I. ii. 140. *He cannot swagger . . . holthouse*. This praise of Drayton's morality is not undeserved. His verse is remarkably pure for the period.

I. ii. 144. *That jerk in hidden charms*. His *Nosce Teipsum* is full of hard metaphysical conceits.

I. ii. 147. *Lock and Hudson*. Satirists of the time, aptly styled by Carew Hazlett in his notes upon this play, in his edition of Dodsley, as the Baevius and the Maevius of that age.

I. ii. 152. *Clap a lock . . . commons*=treat them like horses, and turn them out to graze.

I. ii. 155. *Monsieur Kinsayder*. Don Kinsayder was the pen-name adopted by Marston in the *Scourge of Villainy*; also in *What You Will*, one of his acknowledged plays, he again employs the title.

I. ii. 160. *Frenchman's Helicon*. Marston drew his inspiration, at first at least, from France rather than Italy.

I. ii. 161. *Then roister-doister . . . terms*=bluster in his foreign terminology. Marston was very fond of using uncommon words, and of coining terms to suit himself. In every attack made by Jonson upon Marston (says Professor Penniman, of Pennsylvania), we find the latter's vocabulary made an object of ridicule, the most direct and severe attack being in *Poetaster* (Act v. Scene 1.) where Crispinus is made to disgorge words used by Marston. This fact tends to establish yet more firmly the conclusion that Marston's peculiar vocabulary was his distinguishing characteristic.

I. ii. 163. *Ram Alley meditations*. Ram Alley was one of the avenues into the Temple from Fleet Street, and has been only

recently modernised. It formerly, among other places (says Hazlett) claimed to be exempt from the process of the Courts of Law, a privilege taken from it by a statute 9 and 10 William III. As the locality was the haunt of the lowest characters, the phrase 'Ram Alley meditations' means foul indecent language.

1. ii. 164. *Modest close-couched terms*=a decent appropriate style.

1. ii. 175. *Buskined muse*=tragedy.

1. ii. 176. Marlowe spent a wild and dissolute life which was terminated by a disgraceful death. Detecting his servant using some familiarity with his mistress, Marlowe rushed at him, dagger in hand, to stab him, but the man catching hold of his master's wrist to stay the stroke, the weapon was driven into Marlowe's head, from which wound he died in a short time.

1. ii. 182. *Bricklayer*. Ben Jonson's father was a bricklayer, and the poet himself in youth is said to have worked at the trade.

1. ii. 185. *So slow an inventor . . . laying of a brick*. Ben Jonson was proverbially slow in composition. He himself stated in the 'Early Prologue' to the *Poetaster*, that he wrote the play in fifteen weeks, a statement to which Dekker evidently refers when in *Satiromastix* he makes Tucca say, 'Will he be fifteen weeks about this Cockatrice's Egg too?' also in another place of the play the same character after styling Horace (Jonson) a 'Nasty tortoise,' adds, 'You and your itchy poetry break out like Christmas, but once a year.'

1. ii. 190. *William Shakespeare, who loves Adonis's love . . . languishment*. The fact is noteworthy that it was as a poet and not as a dramatist, that Shakespeare was believed to have won his title to immortality (cf. Meres's *Palladis Tamia*).

1. ii. 194. *Churchyard, Thomas (1520-1604)*. A poet of the early Elizabethan period, whose fecundity was prodigious. He continued writing up to extreme old age, when his style had become quite out of date, a fact referred to by Spenser, who alludes to him under the designation of 'Old Palaemon—that sang so long until

quite hoarse he grew.' His best poem is *The Legend of Shore's Wife*, mentioned in the next line.

1. ii. 195. *Jane Shore*, the mistress of Edward IV. She was married while very young to William Shore, said to have been a goldsmith, and greatly her senior. When the King began his liaison with her, Shore left her. Her position was one of great influence, but she never abused it, and was greatly beloved. On Edward's death his despicable brother Richard III. accused her of bewitching him, and when he could not prove it, egged the Bishop of London on to accuse her of immorality, and to sentence her to do penance clad in a white sheet and bearing a candle in her hand. She survived this indignity more than 40 years, and died in old age in London. The story that she expired of hunger in a ditch, thence called 'Shoreditch,' is quite mythical, as Shoreditch was in existence many years before her birth.

1. ii. 199. *Thomas Nash* (1567-1601). The greatest of the Elizabethan satirists, who became noted for his onslaught on the Puritans and the Marprelate Pamphleteers, particularly Gabriel Harvey; also for his *Pierce Penniless's Supplication to the Devil*.

1. ii. 211. *Hedgestakes of the press*. Men whose minds maintained the dead level of mediocrity, and never showed imaginative life by blossoming into works of genius.

1. ii. 212. *Bots and glanders*. Diseases very common among horses. The reference here is to the constant appearance of these men in print, until readers become nauseated and disgusted with them.

1. ii. 213. *Terms to serve the turn*. A style without either elegance or beauty, consisting merely of words thrown together to express the author's meaning.

1. ii. 220. *Danter* John Danter, a well-known Elizabethan printer, who issued Nash's books, also some of Nicolas Breton's.

## ACT I. SCENE III.

I. iii. 4. *Exhortations and Catechisms*. Sermons and doctrinal statements were much in vogue during the closing years of the sixteenth and the early years of the seventeenth century.

I. iii. 16. *Keeping a good wit in waters*. The words 'wit' and 'humour' were used with great laxity of signification in Elizabethan times; 'a wit' did not mean the same as in the days of Queen Anne, when it implied an individual who professedly laid himself out to be smart, both in speech and behaviour. In Elizabethan times, the term 'a wit,' was usually applied to writers of merit and discernment, also leaders of taste and culture. Gradually the word narrowed its signification, until in Addison's day the wits were simply the men about town and sayers of smart things.

## ACT I. SCENE IV

I. iv. 10. *haps*=accidents.

I. iv. 21. *A cardinal cap . . . clerks*. The practice was by no means unknown in the Roman Catholic Church of sealing the lips of a man who was proving troublesome, by raising him to some wealthy benefice, after which his difficulties in most instances disappeared. Cf. Ariosto, Sat. ii. l. 97, for a passage almost analogous to this.

I. iv. 38. *We are all equal in our latest grave*. Compare with this Southern's well-known lines—

‘The reconciling grave  
Swallows distinction first that made us foes :  
There all lie down in peace together.’

I. iv. 44. *Man's whole life is but a breathing space*. Cf. Shakespeare, *Macbeth* v. v. 24, 'Life's but a walking shadow.'

I. iv. 58. *Lime-twig purloining villainies*. For an insight into

these, read Greene's pamphlets on *Coney-calching*, also Dekker's *Belman of London*.

I. iv. 59. *So we may rub out*=manage to get a living.

I. iv. 61. *Shoe Lane*. One of the oldest thoroughfares in London, where, in James I.'s days, one of the four Cockpits within the liberties' was situated. Shoe Lane was frequently alluded to in early dramatic literature for its squalor and dirt, also for the notorious characters frequenting it. See Stow's *Survey of London*.

I. iv. 63. *London may shortly throw an old shoe after us*. The meaning of this passage is somewhat involved. To throw an old shoe after a person was considered equivalent to wishing him good luck. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Honest Man's Fortune*, Mallicorn says, 'Captain, your shoes are old, pray put 'em off and let one fling 'em after us.'

I. iv. 66. *Foreign Physicians* were in great request in England during the reigns of Elizabeth and James, until the reported discovery of an attempt on the part of the Spanish Ambassador's physician to poison his master raised a prejudice against them.

I. iv. 68. *Stigmatic masters of art that abused us, &c.* An allusion to the jealousy existing between the so-called 'University pens' and the 'Player pens;' the former being represented by Lyly, Greene, Nash, Lodge, &c., which the 'Player pens' comprised such writers as Shakespeare, Marlowe, Marston, &c. (Cf. *infra* IV. iii. 15), for additional evidence.

#### ACT I. SCENE V.

I. v. 7. Lines 7 and 8 of this Scene have got hopelessly mixed, and Hazlitt's emendations in the Dodsley edition of 1875 have at least the merit of giving sense, if we cannot be certain that the text was as represented. In place of reading 'la teste Theodore' after 'fort bien,' this proves to be a corruption of 'avec Maistre Theodore.'



## ACT I SCENE VI.

I. vi. 1. Mr. Macray points out in his edition of the play that the quarto assigns the first four lines to Phantasma, Furor's speech not beginning until 'Nay, pray thee.'

I. vi. 2. *Thalia*. One of the nine Muses who presided over pastoral and comic poetry.

I. vi. 5. *Clio*. Another of the Muses, who presided over history; as Melpomene over tragedy; Urania over astronomy; Polyhymnia over singing, rhetoric and harmony; and Calliope over eloquence and heroic poetry.

I. vi. 20. *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*. Cf. Horace, Odes (Bk. III. I. i).

I. vi. 42. *Eolus*. The God of the winds.

I. vi. 49. *Nags' Head in Cheapside*. A well-known hostelry of the time, referred to by Beaumont and Fletcher more than once; also by Hall and Marston in their Satires.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

II. i. 24. *Suppositor or a glister*=a suppository or a clyster, medical appliances to give relief in cases of constipation.

II. i. 35. *Crisis and syntoma*. 'Crisis' means literally the mixture of the different elements in the constitution of the body; while 'syntoma' implies the outward symptoms which reveal the character of the disease.

II. i. 47. *Velvet cap*. The invariable head-covering of physicians from the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries was a velvet skull cap. It is mentioned more than once in the literature of the time. Cf. the *Belman of London* by Dekker.

II. i. 60. *Sad is the plot . . . tragedy*. The author of the piece evidently desires the fact to be understood that if he did not conform to the rules of classical drama, it was not through ignorance. 'Plot,' 'catastrophe,' 'chorus,' were all terms in vogue at this time

in the great dispute between the classical and the romantic drama. Though it did not come to its head for upwards of two hundred years, the discussion frequently crops up by allusion in the Elizabethan drama.

II. ii. 66. *Mossy barbarians*=some critics suggest, 'most like barbarians.'

II. ii. 69. *Ban'd be those hours*=accursed be those hours. Cf. Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, Act I, Scene ii., 'I ban their souls to everlasting pains;' also Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, Act III. Scene i., 'to fret and ban the fates.'

II. ii. 70. *Granta's muddy banks*. Cf. Bishop Hall's *Virgide-miarum*, Bk. I. Sat. I. l. 28, 'To sit and sing by Granta's naked side,' *i.e.*, the Cam at Cambridge.

II. ii. 73ff. With this entire passage compare Marston's *Cynick Satire*, Bk. II. vii.

II. ii. 79. *And pilgrims . . . meets us grief*. Cf. Richard II. II. i. 158.

II. ii. 80. *This crabbed stage*. Cf. *As You Like It*, II. vii. 139.

II. ii. 82. *Patience be our page*. Cf. parallel passages in *Winter's Tale* III. ii. 232, also in *Henry VIII.*, V. i. 106.

#### ACT II. SCENE II.

II. ii. 1. *Living* here refers, of course, not to mere sustenance but to a benefice.

II. ii. 3. *Game of simony*. In this connection (see Shakespeare, *Henry VIII.* IV. ii. 36); also Bishop Ken's definition of Simony in his fine treatise *Ichabod or Five Groans of the Church*, "Simony is an intentive desire or purpose to buy or sell a Spiritual living or any corporal thing annexed to the Church."

#### ACT II. SCENE III.

II. iii. 8. *Chaffered Church*=bargained benefice. Cf. Chaucer, *Tales of Third Day*, l. 2438, 'Syn Wommen können outen swich Chaffare.'

II. iii. 9. *Hobby*, a small horse or nag, usually strong and active, and often a native of Ireland. Such horses grew to be so popular, says tradition, that they became proverbial for anything of which people were very fond.

II. iii. 16. *Adamant*=the magnet. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida* III. ii. 177; also Green's *Tu Quoque*, 'as true to thee as steel to adamant,' and Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, Song 1—

'The adamant and beauty we discover  
To be alike: for beauty draws a lover  
As adamant his iron.'

II. iii. 20. *She's Cleopatra, &c.* The reference here cannot be to Shakespeare's play of *Antony and Cleopatra*, but possibly to Daniel's (1595), or to one of the older plays now lost.

II. iii. 29. *Io*, the mistress of Jupiter; who was driven forth by the jealousy of Juno to wander over the world in the form of a heifer and tormented by the attacks of a sleepless gadfly. See Æschylus's *Prometheus Bound*.

II. iii. 31. *Pasiphæ*, the wife of Minos, king of Crete, who, according to tradition, was inspired with an unnatural passion for a bull. The fruit of this intercourse was the fabled monster, the Minotaur.

#### ACT II. SCENE IV

II. iv. 6. *Old truepenny come to town.* Truepenny means an honest man. Collier asserts this phrase to be a mining term used to indicate signs in the strata where gold is found. To this day Australian diggers call a thin leader of gold broadening out into a reef, a 'tripany,' which is the same word. Cf. Hamlet's phrase employed towards his father's spirit, 'Art thou there, truepenny?' Cf. also my edition of *Hamlet* in Dent's 'School Shakespeare,' where the subject is discussed.

II. iv. 24. *Gratis* = gratuity, cf. *Twelfth Night*, II. iii. 27.

II. iv. 26. *Bishop's poser* = the bishop's examining chaplain, so called from *apposer*. In a will of James the First's reign the curate of the parish was expected to appose or examine the children of a charity school. Hazlitt, in his edition of the play, states that the term *poser* is still retained in the schools at St. Paul's, Winchester and Eton. Two fellows are annually deputed by the Society of New College and King's College in Cambridge, to 'appose' or try the abilities of the boys, who may be elected to the fellowships that become vacant in the ensuing year.

II. iv. 30. *This Popish tongue of Latin*. The common people were very much against the mass being celebrated in a language they did not understand. One of the first advantages which Latimer pointed out after the Reformation, was, 'You will have your services in English.'

#### ACT II. SCENE V.

II. v. 1. *Gallant i' faith*. Doubt exists whether this exclamation terminates the fourth scene or commences the fifth. I prefer to regard it as the latter, inasmuch as Amoretto is reading in Ovid, and affects to admire a passage when he sees Academico approaching him.

II. v. 6. *This sweet sir*, a satirical allusion to the unguents and perfumes wherewith Amoretto is beplastered and scented.

II. v. 21. *Queen's day* = the Queen's birthday.

II. v. 21. *A show*. Probably a masque played before his college by certain of the students. 'A show' often meant a Mystery or Miracle play, but that could scarcely be implied here.

II. v. 30. *Musing on her meaze* = meditating on her shadow. The hare was supposed to be a melancholy animal, and its flesh was supposed to engender melancholy in those that ate it. Nor was this idea confined to England. La Fontaine (*Lib. II. fab. 14*) says—

'Dans un profond ennui ce lievre se plongeoit  
Cet animal est triste et la crainte le rounge.'

Hence Falstaff is told by Prince Henry that he is as melancholy as a hare (I *Henry IV.* I. ii. 82).

II. v. 88. *Recheat*=a recall or retreat: certain notes on the horn sounded to call the dogs off. In *Much Ado about Nothing* (I. i. 234) Benedick says, 'I will have a recheat winded-in my forehead,' while in Drayton's *Polyolbion* (Bk. XIII.) we read, 'Rechating with his horn which then the hunter cheers.'

II. v. 112. *Raches*. The first edition reads *caches*. 'The rache is a dog which (says Hazlitt) hunts wild beasts, birds, and even fish by scent. The female is called *brache*.' The term *brach* alone is now in use. Cf. I *Henry IV.* III. i. 240, also *Troilus and Cressida* II. i. 126.

II. v. 157. *Viols de gambo*=or bass viol, which usually had six strings. Cf. *Twelfth Night* (I. iii. 25), where on Maria calling Sir Andrew Aguecheek 'a fool and a prodigal,' Sir Toby Belch defends him. 'Fye that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys and speaks three or four languages word for word without book.'

II. v. 160. *Actæon's fortune*, who was changed into a stag and devoured by his own dogs owing to his having seen the goddess Diana bathing. Cf. Ovid, *Metam.* (Bk. III. fab. 3).

#### ACT II. SCENE VI.

II. vi. 32. *Go to meat when the bell rings*. It was thought a mark of good breeding not to hurry to table when the dinner-bell rang. See Dekker's *Guls Hornbook* and Butler's *Luxurious Man* in his *Characters*.

II. vi. 36. *Cannot make a good leg*=cannot bow in the most approved manner. Cf. *All's Well that Ends Well* (II. ii. 10), where the clown says, 'He that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand and say nothing, has neither leg, hand, lip nor cap.' Cf. in

this connection, the whole of that scene, which manifests in places a striking resemblance to the conversation between Amoretto and his page.

II. vi. 43. *Lay in a trundlebed under my tutor*; also called a trucklebed because, running on castors, it was trundled or truckled, *i.e.*, pushed beneath the other. Such a bed was usually appropriated to a servant or an attendant. Cf. Bishop Hall's *Virgide-miarum* (Bk. II. Sat. vi. l. 5)—

‘First that he lie upon the trucklebed,  
While his young maister lieth o’er his head.’

In the statutes of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, given in 1516, the scholars are ordered to sleep under the beds of the Fellows in trucklebeds. See also the statutes of Magdalen College given in 1459, and in Trinity (1556). Cf. Dr. Grosart's note on Hall's *Sixth Satire* of the second book.

II. vi. 57. *Vanished*. In the first edition the text reads ‘ravished,’ which is sheer nonsense.

II. vi. 67. *Fury of faces*=exhibiting as many diverse types of expression of face as one sees in a jury.

II. vi. 88. *Writhes his mouth*=twists his mouth awry in token of extreme chagrin. Cf. *Ammianus Marcellinus* (1609), ‘With beautiful women with their hands writhed and pinioned behind their backs.’

II. vi. 91. *Stales with a good presence*=attracts attention by its good presence. The same use of the word is found in the *Tempest* IV. i. 187, when Prospero says—

‘The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,  
For stale to catch these thieves.’

### ACT III. SCENE I.

III. i. 1. *Caution the tithes . . . at such a rate*. If such practices as are disclosed in this scene are to be regarded as representing

ecclesiastical use and wont in the Protestant Church of England, in the days of Elizabeth, the Regent Morton's system of 'Tulchan Bishops' in Scotland is quite paralleled. A 'Tulchan' gave his patron all the revenues of his see save a miserable pittance on which he lived. Seemingly, that is what Sir Raderic compelled Immerito to do.

III. i. 10. *A sufficient man*=a man capable of performing the duties required in a fit or adequate manner. Cf. *Othello* (III. iv. 91), where Desdemona says of Cassio, 'You'll never meet a more sufficient man;' also in the *Taming of the Shrew*, where Biondello cries, 'To the church, take the priest, clerk and some sufficient witnesses.'

III. i. 17. *Mess of furmenty*, also pronounced 'furmity,' and 'frumity.' A dish greatly relished in the North of England, consisting of hulled wheat boiled in milk and seasoned. It was especially a Christmas dish. Cf. the following lines from *Poor Robin*—

'Christmas is come and now the smell  
Of roast beef does exceeding well,  
With mutton pasty and minced pie,  
Pork, plum broth, veal, and furmity.'

III. i. 87. *Crafty dunsery*=the craft often shown by the dunce to conceal his ignorance. This passage, as Professor Arber thinks, establishes the date of the writing of the play and its production, as being at the Christmastide of 1601-2, or possibly on New Year's Day, 1602, which fell on a Friday. In England and Ireland the year was reckoned from the 25th of March to the 24th of March from 1155 A.D. to 1751 A.D., when the change was made to our present system. All years had by the old reckoning above stated two and sometimes even three year-letters, as in the twelve months from 1601 the following letters would be used, 25th of March 1601 to 31st of December 1601=Dom. Lett. D. ; 1 January 1602 to 24th of March 1602=Dom. Lett. C. Cf. Ward, *Dram. Lit.* vol. ii. p. 633.

III. i. 116. *The Queen's Day*. Not Her Majesty's birthday here (as in II. v. 21), which was September 7th, but the date of her accession, which was 17th of November. Hazlitt states that as Elizabeth died on March 24, 1602-3, and as the reference is to the 'Queen's Day' and not to King James's Day, we have certain evidence that the play was written by or before the end of the year 1602-3.

III. i. 152. *Abstain from controversies*. The *Marprelate Controversy* had not been forgotten, although it was at least eleven years in the past when this play was produced. The evidence all points to the reference here being to the Marprelate tracts, which certainly girded and that furiously at people of worship.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

III. ii. 1. *I have fleshed my prodigal boy notably*=I have satisfied his demands. Cf. *Henry V.* II. iv. 50, 'The kindred of him hath been fleshed upon us.'

III. ii. 5ff. *You do well . . . say nothing*. This is precisely the Regent Morton's Tulchan system.

III. ii. 8. *Princox*=a pert, proud youth. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, I. v. 88, 'You are a princox, go!' Also in *New Custom* (I. ii.), 'Perverse Doctrine' thus assails 'New Custom'—

'Think'st thou I have no logic, indeed, think'st thou so?  
Yes, princox, that I have for forty years ago  
I could smatter in a Duns prettily—'

III. ii. 11. *An unthankful viper*. A reference to Æsop's fable of the 'Countryman and the Snake.'

III. ii. 12. *A ragged clerk*. Cf. Chaucer's description of the Clerk of Oxenford. Some of the features of the latter seem reproduced here.

III. ii. 13. *Some Stamell weaver*=some weaver of stamell, which was a kind of coarse red cloth. Cf. Ben Jonson's *Underwoods*,



'Redhood the first that doth appear in Stamell'; also in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Little French Lawyer* (I. i.)—

'But I'll not quarrell with this gentleman  
For wearing stamell breeches.'

II. ii. 13ff. *Some butcher's son, &c.* In this line and the next 25, the writer seems to be hitting at Shakespeare.

### ACT III. SCENE III.

III. iii. 1. *The poser*=the bishop's chaplain whose office it usually was to examine the presentees to livings to ensure that they were possessed of the requisite scholarship and attainments to fill the office creditably.

III. iii. 21. *Maribone*=marrow-bone. Mary was a common corruption of 'marrow.' Cf. *Homer a la Mode*—

'Some more devout clownes partly guessing,  
When he's almost come to the blessing  
Prepare their staves and rise at once  
Saying "Amen" off their marybones.'

III. iii. 27. *Point trusser*; or, as we would say in the idiom of to-day, a valet.

III. iii. 29. *Paul's Churchyard* and its neighbourhood were then as now, the place where booksellers congregated.

III. iii. 30. *Ronsard*=Pierre de Ronsard (1524-1585), called by contemporaries Prince of Poets, was the greatest name in the circle of poets called the Pleiade. His *Odes*, *Les Amours de Cassandre*, *Les Amours de Marie*, *Hymnes*, can still be read with pleasure.

III. iii. 30. *Du Bartas*=Guillaume de Saluste, Sieur du Bartas (1544-1590), one of the most popular poets in Europe in the

sixteenth century, whose *La. Premiere Semaine* (First Week of Creation) went through thirty editions in a few years.

III. iii. 31. *Aretine*=Pietro Aretino (1492-1557), dramatist and writer of sonnets and satires of an exceedingly fleshly and prurient type. His wit and humour were undoubted, and his licentiousness of speech and life was forgiven for the brilliancy of his conversation and writing.

III. iii. 57. *As glad as if he had taken Ostend*. The brilliant defence of Ostend by Prince Maurice of Orange against the Spaniards (1601-1604), was at the time when this play was written the theme of praise all over Europe. Though eventually the town had to capitulate to superior numbers, the loss inflicted on the besiegers was so great that it materially conduced to bringing about the recognition of the Republic of the Netherlands.

## ACT III. SCENE IV.

III. iv. 10. *Paltry trulls of Helicon*=the Muses. Cf. in this connection Pistol's expression in *2 Henry IV.* (v. iii. 107), 'Shall dung-hill curs confront the Helicons.'

III. iv. 17. *The firmament's eternal vagabond*. Because the chariot of Phœbus was supposed to traverse the circle of the sky within the hours of day.

III. iv. 20. *Delicies*=delicate fancies.

III. iv. 23. *Currus auriga paterni*. Ovid, *Metam.* (Bk. ii. l. 327).

III. iv. 43. *Thickthwart terms*. Cf. 'Such scurvy and provoking terms,' *Othello* I. ii. 7.

III. iv. 48. *In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas*. Ovid, *Metam.* (Bk. 1. i).

III. iv. 51. *Magnifico*=a Venetian senator. Cf. *Othello*, I. ii. 12.

III. iv. 60. *Furor arma ministrat*. Virgil, *Æneid* (Bk. 1. l. 150).

III. iv. 69. *Omne tulit punctum, &c.* Horace, *De Arta Poetica* (l. 343).

## ACT III, SCENE V.

III. v. 13ff. *Why do men . . . our misery.* This seems to be a reference to Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, where the Ghost of Andrea practically occupies the stage as a chorus from the beginning to the end of the play.

III. v. 19ff. *It's time to sleep within our hollow graves.* Cf. *Richard III.* IV. i. 94.

III. iv. 40-48. *Nay let us run . . . irked misery.* Cf. the passage in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi* (Act IV. ii. 196), beginning, 'Hark, now, everything is still.'

## ACT IV, SCENE I.

IV. i. 1. *Master Prodigio* was probably the 'unthrift' referred to in Act III. ii. 92.

IV. i. 26. *Ostend.* The siege of Ostend, where the English were assisting Maurice, Prince of Orange and the Netherlanders, against the Spanish.

IV. i. 39. *Kiss the pantofle.* Pantofle (Fr. *pantoufle*) was a slipper. One page was always told off as the 'pantofle page.' Cf. Mas-singer's *Unnatural Combat*, III. ii.—

'Ere I was

Sworn to the pantofle, I have heard my tutor

Prove it by logic that a servant's life

Was better than his master's.'

IV. i. 51. *Unlaced rabbit*=a cant term for a woman who plays the prostitute in secret. The usual term for a prostitute in Elizabethan days was 'laced mutton,' as, for example, in Ben Jonson's *Masq. of Nat Triumph*, 'a fine laced mutton or two and either has her frisking husband.' But sometimes it meant a finely dressed woman, as in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (I. i. 96), 'Ay, sir, I, a lost mutton,

gave your letter to her, a laced mutton.' *Rabbit*, according to Dyce, was the academical word.

IV. i. 61. *To moot*=to plead a hypothetical cause by way of exercise, a common practice in the Inns of Court.

IV. i. 73. *Littleton*. Sir Thomas Littleton (1402-1481), the great English jurist, whose work on *Tenures*, written in Norman French, was long a standard work. After being commented upon by Sir John Coke in the well-known treatise, *Coke upon Littleton*, it continued to maintain its reputation until comparatively recent times.

## ACT IV. SCENE II.

IV. ii. 5. *Pomander*=a ball composed of or filled with perfumes, carried in the pocket or about the neck. In the old play, *Lingua* (IV. iii. 1), the First Boy says, 'Your only way to make a good pomander is this:—Take an ounce of the purest garden mould, cleansed and steeped seven days in change of motherless rosewater, then take the best lodanum, benzoine, both storaxes, ambergris, civet and musk, incorporate them together and work them into what form you please. This, if your breath is not too valiant, will make you smell as sweet as my lady's dog.' Cf. also Markham's *English Housewife* (p. 151, edition 1631), for another receipt for making pomanders. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, IV. iv. 609. Pomanders were carried in time of plague as a preventive against infection. The name pomander was also applied to the silver box perforated with holes in which the perfume-ball was placed.

IV. ii. 7. *Olet Gorgonius hircum*. Cf. Horace, *Satires* (Bk. I. iv. 92).

IV. ii. 8. *Touchbox*=the tarbox. Cf. Taylor (*Water Poet*) works—

'Then with a tuchbox of transalpine tarre  
Twining thrice round and stirring not a jot.'

IV. ii. 26. *Mæcenas . . . tuis*. The first two lines are from Horace, *Odes* (Bk. I. i. 1).

IV. ii. 56. *Littleton*. Into this scene large extracts are introduced

from the English translation of *Littleton*, which was published about 1500.

IV. ii. 80. *Master Noverint universi per presentes*. The usual opening words of a proclamation, or statute, or deed of conveyance, 'Know all men by these presents.' Cf. as regards the epithet, '*Master Noverint*,' Nash's references to Shakespeare in the preface to Green's *Menaphon*, in which he alludes to 'a sort of shifting companions that run through every art and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *Noverint*, whereto they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavours of art, that could scarcely Latinise their neck verse if they should have need,' &c.

IV. ii. 90. *Forked hill*=Parnassus.

IV. ii. 100. *I should come off*. To come off, as Hazlitt remarks, is equivalent to 'come down,' lit. to pay dearly. In this sense Shakespeare uses it in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* (IV. iii. 8), where the Host says, 'They (the Germans) shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay; . . . I'll sauce them; . . . they must come off.'

IV. ii. 135. *The Queen's or no*=to see if there could not be read into them some suspicion of treason.

IV. ii. 136. *Semel insanivimus omnes*=we have all at some time or other been mad. A Latin proverb which appears in various forms in several of the best known classical writers.

IV. ii. 151. *Devil's fellow-commoners*. The popular term for lawyers in Elizabethan times.

IV. ii. 155. *Like a sumner*=a summoner, or, as the office is called to-day, 'an apparitor.' It was a term so common as to have become a proper name. Cf. *A Watch at Midnight*, 'Ear-lack thou art a goat, I'll set a sumner at thee.'

IV. ii. 174. *Monsieur Plowden or Ploiden*. Edward Plowden (1517-1584), Serjeant-at-Law, was a well-known lawyer in the reign of Mary and the early part of Elizabeth's, being twice a reader of the Middle Temple. He died in his sixty-seventh year and is buried in the Temple Church. He is the author of *Reports or Com-*

*mentaries*, which are a collection of important cases, extending from the reign of Edward VI. to the middle of that of Elizabeth. The first complete edition was in black letter, and in Norman French, being issued in 1684, while the second is in English and appeared in 1761.

IV. ii. 180. *Cedant arma togæ* (Cicero)=lit. let arms give place to the gown, or, in other words, let military affairs yield to civil.

IV. ii. 183. *Close Venetian hose*. Fashions changed then even more rapidly than they do now. For example, the hose or breeches changed their shape several times during the reign of Elizabeth. Early in that period the 'French hose,' very round and narrow, and gathered into a series of puffs around the thigh, were in general vogue. They were followed by the 'Flemish or Gallic hose,' very large and wide, reaching down to the knees. Finally there were the 'Venetian hose,' which reached beneath the knee to the gartering place of the leg, where they were tied finely with silk points or some such like' (Coryat). Some have considered hose should be applied only to stockings. but this was only true after the Restoration. Cf. *Merry Wives of Windsor* (III. i.), 'Youthful still in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day.'

IV. ii. 185. *The Counter*=the prison of that name. According to Halliwell there were two prisons called the 'Counter' in the city of London, one in the Poultry, the other in Wood Street. Cf. the play, *Sir Thomas More*, 'I appeal from Newgate to any of the two worshipful Counters.'

IV. ii. 199. *Flectere si . . . Acheronta movebo*. Cf. Virgil's *Æneid*, (Bk. VII. l. 312).

IV. ii. 200. *Megæra*, one of the Furies, daughter of Nox and Acheron. She was employed by the gods to punish the crimes of mankind by visiting them with dire diseases and death. Cf. Virgil, *Æneid* (Bk. XII. l. 846). Like her sisters she is represented as having snakes curling round her head in place of hair.

IV. ii. 202. *Hircan tigers*. Hyrcania was the ancient name of a

large country of Asia, north of Parthia and at the west of Media, abounding in tigers, serpents, and all kinds of savage creatures. It corresponds to the modern Mazanderan and Asterabad. Cf. *Macbeth*, III. iv. 101; also *Merchant of Venice*, II. vii. 41.

IV. ii. 206. *Some wicked hell hound*. Cf. *Richard III.*, IV. iv. 48ff.

IV. ii. 211. *Alecto*, another of the Furies, who was constantly breathing vengeance, pestilence and torture.

IV. ii. 220. *Arma, virumque cano*. *Æneid* (Bk. I. l. 1).

IV. ii. 228. *Drover of livings*. Referring to the transaction recorded in Act II. Scene iv.

IV. ii. 229. *Steeple fairs*=fairs at which servants were hired.

IV. ii. 253. *Gramercy* lit. *grand merci*=great thanks in some cases; but in others it is used as an expletive of surprise.

IV. ii. 258. *Procul hinc . . . profani*. Note the quotation with modifications from *Æneid*, VI. l. 258.

#### ACT IV. SCENE III.

IV. iii. *Burbage and Kemp*, two of the most celebrated players of the age. The former (1567-1618) was the greatest tragic actor of his epoch, perhaps of any epoch, *Richard III.* being his favourite rôle, while the latter excelled in low comedy. Kemp was chiefly notable for his extraordinary feat of dancing a morrice dance all the way from London to Norwich, a description of which is contained in a pamphlet called *Kemp's Nine Daies Wonder*.

IV. iii. 6ff. *Never speak in their walk . . . no further*=a peculiarity of most amateur players that they cannot speak their part when moving about, but must stand and declaim. Cf. *Hamlet's Advice to the Players* (III. ii. 1-40).

IV. iii. 16. *That writer Ovid and that writer Metamorphoses*=a quip upon the excessive fondness for classical allusions which characterised the coterie known as 'the University Wits.'

IV. iii. 18. *Our fellow Shakespeare*. This interesting contemporary

reference to the great dramatist shows the estimation in which he was held, and that even Jonson had to take an inferior place in comparison with him.

IV. iii. 20. *Horace, giving the poets a pill.* This 'pill' has been thought by some commentators to be a reference to the 'Poetaster.' Cf. Gifford's notes in his edition of *Ben Jonson*.

IV. iii. 22. *A purge.* Whatever this may have been, it is now no longer extant, unless it be *Troilus and Cressida*. Cf. Professor Penniman's *War of the Theatres*. He says, 'What was the "purge" given by Shakespeare to Ben Jonson?' The natural answer is 'a play.' But what play? The only play of Shakespeare's that it is at all possible to regard as the 'purge' is *Troilus and Cressida*, and there is evidence which seems to point to this play as in some way connected with the quarrel between Jonson and Marston. The subplot in *Histrionmastix* is *Troilus and Cressida*, in which occur the lines—

'Thy knight his valiant elbow weares,  
That when he shakes his furious speare  
The foe in shivering fearful sort,  
May lay him down in death to snort.'

In Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* (I. iii.) is the line—

'When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws.'

The apparent play on Shakespeare's name in Marston's line coupled with the fact that it occurs in a parody of a play called *Troilus and Cressida*, makes the line of Shakespeare seem a reply. . . . The assumption that there is a connection between the two lines has led to the conclusion that in Shakespeare's play Thersites is Marston, and since we are told that Shakespeare gave Ben Jonson a 'purge,' it has been concluded that Ajax is Jonson (*War of the Theatres*, p. 147).

Mr. Fleay, in his *Chronicle of the English Drama*, is inclined to



lend the weight of his opinion to the support of the theory that *Troilus and Cressida* was the 'purge.' But it will be objected that *Troilus and Cressida* was not acted. It was not 'staled' indeed on the London stage, but in 1601 the Chamberlain's men travelled and visited the Universities, and I have no doubt acted *Troilus and Cressida* at Cambridge, where the authors of the *Return from Parnassus* saw it. The 'purge' is from II. iii. 203, 'he'll be the physician that should be the patient.' 'When the Chamberlain's men returned to London at the close of 1601, Jonson, Marston, and Shakespeare were reconciled, and *Troilus* was not produced on the public stage.' *Chronicle of the English Drama* (I. p. 366).

IV. iii. 36. *Dancing the Morrice over the Alps*=a reference to Kemp's dance from London to Norwich. Cf. the '*Nine Days' Wonder performed in a daunce from London to Norwich, Containing the Pleasure, Pains and kind Entertainment of William Kemp between London and that City in his late Morrice.* London. Printed by E. A. for Nicholas Ling, and are to be sold at his shop at the West door of St. Paul's Church.' The tract has been reprinted by Professor Arber in his *English Garner*.

IV. iii. 47. *Sellenger's Round*=St. Leger's Round, a popular dance with the lower classes. From extant descriptions of it, the dance must not have been unlike the modern 'Haymakers.'

IV. iii. 52ff. *Your part in cue*, the quarto reads 'As you part in kne,' which is sheer nonsense. We are indebted to Mr. Carew Hazlitt, in his edition of the play in *Dodsley's Old Plays*, for bringing sense out of nonsense. As he says, a pun upon the word 'cue,' which is a hint to the actor to proceed with his part, and has the same sound with the letter 'q,' which is the mark of a farthing in college buttry books. *To size* means 'to battle,' or to be charged in the college accounts for provisions. A 'q' is so called because it is the initial letter of *quadrans*, the fourth part of a penny.

IV. iii. 54. *You must untruss*=you must dress up in order to recite your part ; in Scriptural phrase, 'you must gird up your loins.'

IV. iii. 61. *Who calls Hieronimo, &c.* This passage is taken from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, one of the most popular dramas of the period. See (II. v. 1), just prior to the time when Hieronimo (or Jeronimo) finds the body of his son Horatio hanging in the garden.

IV. iii. 66. *A foolish mayor or justice of the peace.* In this saying Kemp probably had the vision of 'Robert Shallow, Esquire, in the County of Gloster, justice of peace and *corma*, ay and custalorum, ay and ratalorum too, and a gentleman born, master parson, who writes himself *armigero* in any bill, warrant, quittance and obligation *armigero* and have done any time these 300 years, all his successors that have gone before him hath done't; and all his ancestors that come after him may.'

IV. iii. 87. *See how you can do*=see what you can do.

IV. iii. 94. *Richard III.* That this was Shakespeare's *Richard III.* is proved by the well-known lines in 96 and 97 which are taken from the opening of the play.

IV. iii. 104. *Otioso.* Kemp uses this name as a jest to designate *Studioso*.

IV. iii. 117. *'Mongst the . . . pains.* Cf. Horace, *Satires* (I. i. 4).

IV. iii. 118. *Wailing merchant*=the quarto has waiting merchant.

IV. iii. 128. *Lins*=ceases. Cf. *Jack Fuggler*. Careaway's first speech, l. 20—

'If she once begin  
To fight or chide in a week she would not lin.'

IV. iii. 152. *Proudest bard of Po*=of Italy as a whole. As the north of Italy and more particularly the towns situated near or in the valley of the Po were famous for their culture, and as seats of learning and the arts, the river itself is by synecdoche taken for the whole of the country.

IV. iii. 159. *Cockle*=a troublesome weed with a purple flower which grows amongst corn.

## ACT. V. SCENE I.

v. i. 3. *Keysar*=Kaiser from Latin *Cæsar* or Emperor.

v. i. 12. *Glorious vagabonds*=the players. A jealousy always existed between the University wits and the players, the latter considering themselves overlooked by the former, while the former envied the financial prosperity of the latter. Cf. Marston, *Satire x.* (*Humours*) l. 37—

‘Luscus, what’s played to-day? faith now I know,  
I set thy lips abroad from whence doth flow,  
Nought but pure Juliet and Romeo.  
Say, who acts best? Drusus or Roscio;  
Now I have him that ne’er of aught did speak.  
But when of plays and players he did treat  
Hath made a common-place book out of playes,  
And speaks in print, at least whate’er he says  
Is warranted by curtain plaudities.  
If ere you heard him Courting Lesbia’s eyes,  
Say, Courteous Sir, speaks he not movingly  
From out some new pathetic tragedie.’

v. i. 18. *Thy purchase land . . . made.* Some critics have discerned in this a reference to Shakespeare’s purchase of New Place and of his application for a coat of arms for his father.

v. i. 22ff. *The world and fortune . . . doth end.* Cf. Shakespeare’s *Sonnets* (No. xxxii. and lx.).

v. i. 33ff. *How can he sing . . . hollow breast.* For the song of Philomusus. Cf. *Tottel’s Miscellany.* Wyatt’s song, ‘The lover complaineth the unkindness of his love.’

## ACT V. SCENE II.

v. ii. 3. *Never a basket of capons.* This shows how venal were the judges and justices of the period when bribes were so

freely given as to be looked for before judgment would be pronounced.

v. ii. 16. *Master Dowland's making*. Dowland was a famous lutenist, who published his first book of *Madrigals and Canzonets* in 1597, a second volume in 1600, and a third in 1603.

v. ii. 46. *Go on the score for it*=run into debt for it. Cf. *Taming of the Shrew*. Induction (ii. 25), 'I am not fourteen pence on the the score.'

v. ii. 57. *Whose wits praise worth I deem*=whose wits worthy of praise I deem.

v. ii. 76. *A shepherd's poor secure contented life*. It is singular to note how whenever misfortunes chanced to overtake any of the characters in Elizabethan literature, they at once let their thoughts wander towards a pastoral life as if that contained within itself the essence of all happiness. Yet we never hear of them in actual existence adopting a shepherd's life with its hardships and trials.

v. iii. 84. *Arcady*=the mythical Arcadia where eternal summer reigned, and shepherds and shepherdesses fed their flocks on the banks of crystal rills and filled in the intervals of love-making with piping on the oaten reed. Cf. Milton's *Arcades*, 28—

'Of famous Arcady ye are and sprung  
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,  
Divine Alpheus.'

v. ii. 91. *Thacked stall*=thatched stall.

#### ACT V. SCENE III.

v. iii. 5. *Isle of Dogs*. The island in the Thames was at one time regarded as a sanctuary for debt. Thomas Nash wrote a play entitled *The Isle of Dogs*, which got him into sore trouble, hence some would argue that *Ingenioso* was intended to represent Nash.

## ACT V. SCENE IV.

v. iv. 37. *Lords of Misrule*. One of the Christmas sports practised in England. Strutt, in the *Sports and the Pastimes of the People of England*, says, 'The mock prince or lord of misrule, whose reign extended through the greater part of the holiday, is a personage rarely to be met with out of England.' Philip Stubbes, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, says, 'the wild heads of the parish flocking together choose them a grand captaine of mischief whom they ennoble with the title of Lord of Misrule. Him they crown with great solemnity and adopt for their king. The king annoyed chooseth forth twentie, fourty, threescore lusty fellows to wait on himself whom he investeth in his liveries of green, yellow or some other light wanton colour. Thus all things set in order, then have they their hobby-horses, their dragoons and other antiques, together with their pipers and drummers. Then march this heathen company to the Church, their pipers piping, their drums thundring their stumps dauncing, their belles jingling, their handkerchiefs fluttering about like mad men, their hobbie horses and other monsters skirmishing among the throng, and in this sort they go to the Church though the minister be at prayer or preaching, dancing and singing like devils incarnate with such a confused noise that no one can hear his own voyce. Then the foolish people look, laugh, stare, fleere, and mount upon the formes to see these goodly pageants solemnised. Then after this about the Church they go, again and again and so fourthe into the Church-yard, where they have commonly their sommer-halls, their bowers, arbours and banquetting. In Scotland the Lord of Misrule was called the Abbot of Unreason.' See Warton's *History of English Poetry*, vol. iv. p. 167.

v. iv. 63. *Rue*=the quarto reads 'run' which is notably absurd.

v. iv. 64. *Sluttish*. The quarto reads 'cluttish.'

v. iv. 80. *Quos ego sed motos praestat componere fluctus*. Cf. Virgil, *Aeneid* (i. 135).

v. iv. 81. *The Snarling island* = the Isle of Dogs.

v. iv. 109. *Preferments almoners* = distributors of patronage.

v. iv. 121. *Et longum vale inquit Iola*. Virgil, *Buc. Eclog.* ii. 79.

v. iv. 122. *Masty-dog* = mastiff dog.

‘They hold their breath and so still undescried,  
They pass hard by the watchful mastie’s side.’

Sylvester’s *Du Bartas* (Pt. IV., Day iii., Week iv., l. 357)

v. iv. 125. For this line the quarto reads, ‘and snarl and grin  
and lowre and lugge the world.’

v. iv. 126. *Lugs*. Note the use of a word which is now generally considered a Scots’ dialecticism. Cf. the drama *Midas*, ‘Can you think your clumsy lugs so proper to decide as the delicate ears of Justice Midas’ (l. 759).

v. iv. 140. *Seely hand* = skilful hand: the older edition read, ‘feeling hand.’

v. iv. 152. *Set* = fashion, mould, or form. Cf. *Love’s Labour Lost*,  
v. ii. 29.

v. iv. 145. *Misery* = the quarto reads ‘miseries.’

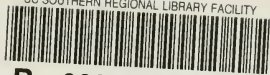






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