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CHAPMAN'S COMEDIES

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THE PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
GEORGE CHAPMAN

Edited with Introduction, various
Readings and Notes by
THOMAS MARC PARROTT, Ph.D.

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the Quartos in the British Museum and
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THE PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
GEORGE CHAPMAN

THE COMEDIES

*EDITED WITH INTRODUCTIONS
AND NOTES*

By

THOMAS MARC PARROTT, Ph.D

*PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AT
PRINCETON UNIVERSITY*



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To
HENRY BRADLEY, HON. M.A., OXON.
IN TOKEN OF RESPECT AND
GRATITUDE

PREFACE

THE present is the second volume of the new edition of the plays and poems of George Chapman, of which the first, the *Tragedies*, appeared in 1910. It includes *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, *An Humourous Day's Mirth*, *All Fools*, *May-Day*, *The Gentleman Usher*, *Monsieur D'Olive*, *The Widow's Tears*, *The Masque of the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn*, *Eastward Ho*, *The Ball* and *Sir Giles Goosecap*. Of these the last three are not included in the *Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman*, 1873, and the last has never before been printed under his name. I believe, however, that I have made the probability of Chapman's authorship of this anonymous play so strong that there is the best of reasons for including it in an edition of his comedies, the more so as there has never yet appeared a carefully edited and annotated text of this play. On the other hand it is with some reluctance that I include *The Ball*. It is my strong belief that Chapman had neither act nor part in this comedy. I felt, however, that it would be unwise to exclude from a complete edition of Chapman's comedies a play which bore his name upon the title-page of the first edition, and have therefore retained it, and, indeed, devoted both time and trouble to securing a better text than has yet been printed. In the case of *Eastward Ho*, where Chapman is known to have collaborated with Jonson and Marston, I believe that I have to offer, if not an absolutely exact definition of the respective contributions of the authors, at least a closer approximation to it than has yet been attained and in particular a determination of Chapman's share in the work which seems to me as certain as things of this sort can be.

There is no need for me to re-state here the principles upon

which I have constructed the text of these plays. I have in this volume followed the principles which I laid down in the Preface to the *Tragedies*. It is my hope that the time and pains spent upon it has resulted in a text comparatively free from those vexing errors which seem fated to appear in even the most careful prints.

I think I need make no apology for the length and nature of the notes. Chapman's comedies, to be sure, are easier reading than his tragedies, but they are full of idiomatic phrases, local allusions and the like, which call for comment in any edition which pretends to offer notes. I have also included in the notes frequent cross-references to other plays and poems by Chapman. His habit of repetition was so strong that it serves as the best possible guide for the ascription to him of an anonymous play, such as *Sir Giles*, or the determination of his share in a work of collaboration, such as *Eastward Ho*; and of this habit it seemed to me necessary to give frequent and striking proof.

In conclusion I wish once more to express my thanks to those who have assisted me in the production of this book. First of all to Doctor Henry Bradley, to whom I owe a heavy debt for unwearied kindness and prompt and generous aid in difficulty. It is with permission that I dedicate to him this volume as an acknowledgment rather than as a payment of my debt. I must repeat my thanks to Mr. P. A. Daniel, to Mr. Le Gay Brereton, to Mr. Charles Crawford, and to my colleague, Dr. Kennedy. As in the first volume I have made frequent use of Professor Koepfel's *Quellen-studien zu den Dramen Chapman's*. It is with special pleasure that I extend my thanks to Monsieur F. L. Schoell, now of the University of Chicago, whose thesis—*Chapman as a Comic Writer*—submitted to the University of Paris in 1911, I read in manuscript, obtaining from it extremely valuable information and suggestions that opened the way to further discoveries. Monsieur Schoell's thesis remains at present unprinted, but the frequent references to it in the following notes will show my appreciation of his work. I must again thank Mr. T. J. Wise and Mr. George A. Armour for their

kindness in putting at my disposal copies of the original editions in Chapman. To Mr. Wise in particular I owe a further debt for his aid in connexion with the discovery of the forgery connected with Chapman's *All Fools*.

It only remains to say that I hope before long to offer to the public the third volume of this edition which will include the original poems, some of the minor translations, and probably another play rescued from anonymity and satisfactorily reclaimed for Chapman. This last volume will also include a general introduction and the usual apparatus of glossary, bibliography and so forth.

T. M. P.

LONDON, *September*, 1913.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE	vii
THE BLIND BEGGAR OF ALEXANDRIA	1
AN HUMOUROUS DAY'S MIRTH	45
ALL FOOLS	99
MAY-DAY	163
THE GENTLEMAN USHER	233
MONSIEUR D'OLIVE	307
THE WIDOW'S TEARS	363
THE MASQUE OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE AND LINCOLN'S INN	435
EASTWARD HO	461
THE BALL	537
SIR GILES GOOSECAP	607
INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES :—	
THE BLIND BEGGAR OF ALEXANDRIA	673
AN HUMOUROUS DAY'S MIRTH	685
ALL FOOLS	701
MAY-DAY	731
THE GENTLEMAN USHER.	753
MONSIEUR D'OLIVE	773
THE WIDOW'S TEARS	797
THE MASQUE OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE AND LINCOLN'S INN	823
EASTWARD HO	835
THE BALL	869
SIR GILES GOOSECAP	889

THE BLIND BEGGAR OF
ALEXANDRIA

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

<p>Ptolemy, <i>King of Egypt</i> Porus, <i>King of Ethiopia</i> Rhesus, <i>King of Arabia</i> Bion, <i>King of Phasiaca</i> Bebritius, <i>King of Bebritia</i> Doricles, <i>Prince of Arcadia</i> Irus, <i>the blind beggar, appearing also as Count Hermes, Leon the usurer, and Duke Cleanthes</i> Pego, <i>his man, appearing also as the Burgomaster of Alexandria</i> Euribates } <i>Courtiers</i> Clearchus } Antisthenes, <i>a Lord</i> Bragadino, <i>a Spaniard</i></p>	<p>Menippus } Pollidor } <i>Servingmen</i> Druso } A Herald Two Councillors Three Lords</p> <p>Ægiale, <i>Queen of Egypt</i> Aspasia, <i>her daughter</i> Ianthe, <i>her maid</i> Elimine } Samathis } <i>Three sisters</i> Martia } Jaquine, <i>maid to Samathis</i> Euphrosyne, <i>a court lady</i></p> <p>Guards, Soldiers, Messengers</p>
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The Blind Beggar of Alexandria

[SCENE I]

Enter Queen Ægiale, Ianthe her maid, two councillors

Æg. Leave me awhile, my lords, and wait for me |
At the black fountain by Osiris' grove ;
I'll walk alone to holy Irus' cave,
Talking a little while with him, and then return.
Ianthe, begone. *Exeunt omnes. Manet Ægiale*
Now, Irus, let thy mind's eternal eye
Extend the virtue of it past the sun.
Ah my Cleanthes, where art thou become ?
But since I saved thy guiltless life from death,
And turn'd it only into banishment, 10
Forgive me, love me, pity, comfort me.

Enter Irus, the Beggar, with Pego

Peg. Master !
Irus. Pego !
Peg. Wipe your eyes, and you had them.
Irus. Why, Pego ? 15
Peg. The Queen is here to see your blindness.
Irus. Her Majesty is welcome. Heavens preserve,
And send her Highness an immortal reign !
Æg. Thanks, reverent Irus, for thy gentle prayer ;
Dismiss thy man awhile and I will lead thee, 20
For I have weighty secrets to impart.
Peg. Would I were blind that she might lead me ! *Exit*
Æg. Irus, thy skill to tell the drifts of fate,
Our fortunes, and things hid from sensual eyes,
Hath sent me to thee for advertisement 25
Where Duke Cleanthes lives, that was exil'd
This kingdom for attempting me with love,
And offering stain to Egypt's royal bed.

Irus. I hope your Majesty will pardon me,
If conscience make me utter what I think 30
Of that high love-affairs 'twixt him and you.

Æg. I will, sweet *Irus*, being well assur'd
That whatsoever thy sharp wisdom sees
In my sad frailty, thou wilt have regard
To my estate and name, and keep it close. 35

Irus. Of that your Highness may be well assur'd.
Then I am bound, madam, to tell you this,
That you yourself did seek *Cleanthes'* love,
And to aspire it, made away his Duchess ;
Which he well knowing, and affecting her 40
Dear as his life, denied to satisfy
That kindness offered 'twixt yourself and him ;
Therefore did you in rage inform the Duke
He sought your love, and so he banish'd him.

Æg. Too true it is, grave *Irus*, thou hast told ; 45
But for my love's sake, which not gods can rule,
Strike me no more of that wound yet too green,
But only tell me where *Cleanthes* is,
That I may follow him in some disguise
And make him recompence for all his wrong. 50

Irus. *Cleanthes* is about this city of[t],
With whom your Majesty shall meet ere long,
And speak with him, if you will use such means
As you may use for his discovery.

Æg. What shall I use then what is in my power 55
I will not use for his discovery ?

I'll bind the wings of love unto mine arms,
And, like an eagle prying for her prey,
Will overlook the earth's round face for him,
Were this sufficient. 60

Or I will, Moor-like, learn to swim and dive
Into the bottom of the sea for him,
(Lest being the sun of Egypt, and now set,
Thetis, in rage with love, would ravish him)
Were this sufficient. 65

Irus. But, madam, this must be the likeliest mean
To seek him out and have him at your will :
Let his true picture through your land be sent,
Opposing great rewards to him that finds him,
And threaten death to them that succour him ;
So I'll assure your Grace shall meet with him ere long. 70

Æg. Happy and blest be Irus for his skill
 He sweetly plants in my contentious mind ;
 For which, most reverent and religious man,
 I give this jewel to thee, richly worth 75
 A kentall, or an hundred weight of gold.
 Bestow it as thou list on some good work ;
 For well I know thou nothing dost reserve
 Of all thy riches men bestow on thee.
 But wouldst thou leave this place and poor man's life, 80
 The Cou[r]t of Egypt should embrace thy feet,
 And topless honours be bestowed on thee.

Irus. I thank your Highness for thus raising me ;
 But in this barrenness I am most renown'd.
 For wisdom and the sight of heavenly things 85
 Shines not so clear as earthly vanities.

Æg. Most rich is Irus in his poverty ;
 Oh that to find his skill my crown were lost !
 None but poor Irus can of riches boast.

Now, my Cleanthes, I will straight advance 90
 Thy lovely pictures on each monument
 About the city and within the land,

Proposing twice five thousand crowns to him
 That finds him, to be tendered by my hands,
 And a kind kiss at my imperial lips. 95

To him that succours him I'll threaten death ;
 (But he that doth not [succour] him shall die,

For who is worthy life will see him want ?)
 To all his pictures when they be dispers'd
 Will I continual pilgrimages make, 100

As to the saints and idols I adore,
 Where I will offer sighs, and vows, and tears,
 And sacrifice a hecatomb of beast

On several altars built where they are plac'd ;
 By them shall Isis' statue gently stand, 105
 And I'll pretend my jealous rites to her ;

But my Cleanthes shall the object be,
 And I will kneel and pray to none but he. *Exit*

Irus. See, Earth and Heaven, where her Cleanthes is.
 I am Cleanthes and blind Irus too, 110

And more than these, as you shall soon perceive,

Yet but a shepherd's son at Memphis born ;

And I will tell you how I got that name :

My father was a fortune-teller and from him I learnt his art,

And, knowing to grow great was to grow rich, 115
 Such money as I got by palmistry
 I put to use, and by that means became
 To take the shape of Leon, by which name
 I am well known a wealthy usurer ;
 And more than this I am two noblemen : 120
 Count Hermes is another of my names,
 And Duke Cleanthes whom the Queen so loves ;
 For, till the time that I may claim the crown,
 I mean to spend my time in sports of love,
 Which in the sequel you shall plainly see, 125
 And joy, I hope, in this my policy.

Enter Pego, Elimine, Samathis, and Martia, with their men
 Menippus, Pollidor, and Druso

Peg. Oh, master, here comes the three wenches ! Now
 strike it dead, for a fortune.

Irus. These are the nymphs of Alexandria,
 So called because their beauties are so rare. 130
 With two of them at once am I in love
 Deeply and equally ; the third of them
 My silly brother here as much affects,
 Whom I have made the Burgomaster of this rich town,
 With the great wealth I have bestowed on him. 135
 All three are maids kept passing warily ;
 Yet lately being at their father's house,
 As I was Leon, the rich usurer,
 I fell in love with them, and there my brother too.
 This fitly chanceth that they have liberty 140
 To visit me alone ; now will I tell their fortunes so
 As may make way to both their loves at once,
 (The one as I am Leon, the rich usurer,
 The other as I am the mad-brain Count)
 And do the best, too, for my brother's love. 145

Peg. Thanks, good master brother, but what are they
 That talk with them so long ? Are they wooers, trow ?
 I do not like it ; would they would come near !

Irus. Oh, those are three servants that attend on
 them ;

Let them alone, let them talk awhile. 150

Eli. Tell us, Menippus, Druso, and Pollidor,
 Why all our parents gave you three such charge

To wait on us and oversee us still ;
 What do they fear, think you, that we would do ?

Men. Their fear is lest you should accompany 155
 Such as love wanton talk and dalliance.

Eli. Why, what is wanton talk ?

Men. To tell you that were to offend ourselves
 And those that have forbidden you should hear it.

Sam. Why, what is dalliance, says my servant then ? 160

Dru. You must not know, because you must not dally.

Sam. How say you by that ? Well, do you keep it from us
 as much as you can, we'll desire it nevertheless, I can tell ye.

Mar. Lord, what strait keepers of poor maids are you !
 You are so chaste you are the worse again. 165

Eli. Pray you, good servants, will you do us the service
 To leave us alone awhile ?

Men. We are commanded not to be from you,
 And therefore to lea[v]e you alone
 Were to wrong the trust your parents put in us. 170

Mar. I cry you mercy, sir ; yet do not stand
 All on the trust our parents put in you,
 But put us in a little too, I pray.

Sam. Trust us, good servants, by ourselves awhile.

Dru. Let's, my masters, and you say the word ; 175
 They'll but to Irus for to know their fortunes,
 And he's a holy man, all Egypt knows.

Men. Stay not too long, then, mistress, and content.

Eli. That's my good servant ! We will straight return.

Pol. And you, mistress ? 180

Mar. And I, trusty servant !

Pol. Faith, then, I'll venture my charge among the rest.

Exeunt [the Servingmen]

Mar. A mighty venture ! You shall be chronicled in Abra-
 ham's asses' catalogue of coxcombs for your resolution.

Eli. Now the great fool take them all ! 185
 Who could have pick'd out three such lifeless puppies,
 Never to venture on their mistresses ?

Sam. One may see by them it is not meet choice men
 should have offices.

Mar. A pretty moral ! Work it in the sampler of your 190
 heart.

Eli. But are we by ourselves ?

Mar. I think so, unless you have a [b]one in your belly.

Eli. Not I, God knows! I never came where they grew
yet.

Since we are alone, let's talk a little merrily ; 195
Methinks I long to know what wanton talk and dalliance
is.

Sam. I'll lay my life 'tis that my mother uses
When she and others do begin to talk,
And that she says to me, 'Maid, get ye hence,
Fall to your needle! What, a maid and idle.' 200

Mar. A maid and idle! Why, maids must be idle,
But not another thing.

Sam. Then do not name it, for I fear 'tis naught.
For yesterday I heard Menippus,
As he was talking with my mother's maid, 205
And I stood hearkening at the chamber door,
Said that with that word a maid was got with child.

Eli. How, with the very word?

Sam. I mean with that the word seems to express.

Mar. Nay, if you be so fine you will not name it 210
Now we are all alone, you are much too nice.

Eli. Why, let her choose; let us two name it.

Mar. Do then, Elimine.

Eli. Nay do you, Martia.

Mar. Why, woman, I dare. 215

Eli. Do then, I warrant thee.

Mar. I'll warrant myself, if I list; but come, let it alone.
Let us to Irus for our fortunes.

Eli. God save grave Irus!

Irus. Welcome, beauteous nymphs!

Sam. How know you, Irus, we are beautiful, 220
And cannot see?

Irus. Homer was blind, yet could he best discern
The shapes of everything, and so may I.

Eli. Indeed, we hear your skill can beautify
Beauty itself, and teach dames how to deck 225
Their heads and bodies fittest to their forms,
To their complexions, and their countenances.

Irus. So can I, beauteous nymphs, and make all eyes
Sparkle with love-fire from your excellence.

Eli. How think you we are tired to tempt men's looks; 230
Being thus nymphlike, is it not too strange?

Irus. It is the better, so it doth become.
But that I may disclose to you your fortunes,

Tell me first, Pego, their true faces' forms ?

Peg. Marry, sir, this that speaks to you has a face thin 235
like unto water gruel ; but yet it would do your heart
good, if you could see it.

Irus. I know and see it better than thyself,
The blaze whereof doth turn me to a fire,
Burning mine entrails with a strong desire. 240

Eli. Why turn'st thou from us, Irus ? Tell my fortune.

Irus. I wonder at the glory it presents
To my soul's health, that sees upon your head
A coronet, and at your gracious feet
Nobles and princes in their highest state, 245
Which state shall crown your fortune ere you die ;
And ere the heart of heaven, the glorious sun,
Shall quench his roseate fires within the west,
You shall a husband have, noble and rich.

Sam. Happy Elimine ! Oh that I might too ! 250

Eli. Thanks for this news, good Irus, but disclose
The means to this, if it be possible.

Irus. When you come home ascend your father's tower,
If you see a man come walking by,
And looking up to you, 255
Descend and issue, for you shall have leave ;
And if he woo you, choose him from the world.
Though he seem humorous and want an eye,
Wearing a velvet patch upon the same,
Choose him your husband, and be blest in him. 260

Eli. I'll do as thou advisest, gentle Irus,
And, proving this, I'll love thee whilst I live.

Sam. My fortune now, sweet Irus !

Irus. What face hath this nymph, Pego ?

Peg. Marry, sir, a face made in form like the ace of 265
hearts

Irus. And well compar'd, for she commands all hearts,
Equal in beauty with that other nymph ;
And equally she burns my heart with love.

Sam. Say, say, sweet Irus, what my fortune is ! 270
Thou turn'st from me, as when thou didest admire
The happy fortune of Elimine.

Irus. So might I well, admiring yours no less.
Then when the light-crown'd monarch of the heavens
Shall quench his fire within the ocean's breast, 275
Rise you and to your father's garden hie ;

There in an arbour do a banquet set,
 And if there come a man that of himself
 Sits down and bids you welcome to your feast,
 Accept him, for he is the richest man 280
 That Alexandria or Egypt hath ;
 And soon possessing him with all his wealth,
 In little time you shall be rid of him,
 Making your second choice 'mongst mighty kings.

Sam. Blest be thy lips, sweet Irus, and that light 285
 That guides thy bosom with such deep foresight !
 Sleep shall not make a closet for these eyes
 All this succeeding night for haste to rise.

Mar. My fortune now, sweet Irus ; but, i'faith,
 I have some wrong to be the last of all, 290
 For I am old as they, and big enough
 To bear as great a fortune as the best of them.

Irus. What face hath this nymph, Pego ?

Peg. Oh, master, what face hath she not ? If I should
 beg a face, I would have her face. 295

Irus. But is it round, and hath it ne'er a blemish,
 A mouth too wide, a look too impudent ?

Peg. Oh, master, 'tis without all these, and without all cry.

Irus. Round faces and thin-skinn'd are happiest still.
 And unto you, fair nymph, 300
 Shall Fortune be exceeding gracious too.

When the next morning, therefore, you shall rise,
 Put in your bosom rosemary, thyme, and rue,
 And presently stand at your father's door.
 He that shall come offering kindness there, 305
 And crave for favour those same wholesome herbs,
 Bestow them on him ; and if, meeting him,
 He keep the nuptial rosemary and thyme,
 And tread the bitter rue beneath his feet,
 Choose him your husband, and be blest in him. 310

Mar. I will, sweet Irus ; nothing grieves me now
 But that Elimine this night shall have
 Her happy husband, and I stay till morning.

Eli. Nought grieves me, Irus, but that we are maids
 Kept short of all things, and have nought to give thee ; 315
 But take our loves, and, in the wished proof
 Of these high fortunes thou foretellest us,
 Nothing we have shall be too dear for thee.

Sam. We that are sisters, Irus, by our vow,

Will be of one self blood and thankful mind 320
 To adore so clear a sight in one so blind. *Exeunt [the maids]*
Irus. Farewell, most beautiful nymphs, your loves to me
 Shall more than gold or any treasure be.
 Now to my wardrobe for my velvet gown ;
 Now doth the sport begin. 325
 Come, gird this pistol closely to my side,
 By which I make men fear my humour still,
 And have slain two or three, as 'twere my mood,
 When I have done it most advisedly,
 To rid them, as they were my heavy foes. 330
 Now am I known to be the mad-brain Count,
 Whose humours twice five summers I have held,
 And said at first I came from stately Rome,
 Calling myself Count Hermes, and assuming
 The humour of a wild and frantic man, 335
 Careless of what I say or what I do ;
 And so such faults as I of purpose do
 Is buried in my humour ; and this gown I wear
 In rain, or snow, or in the hottest summer,
 And never go nor ride without a gown ; 340
 Which humour does not fit my frenzy well,
 But hides my person's form from being known,
 When I Cleanthes am to be descried.
[He disguises himself as Count Hermes]

Enter Pego, like a Burgomaster

Peg. How now, master brother ?
Irus. Oh, sir, you are very well suited ! 345
 Now, Master Burgomaster, I pray you remember
 To seize on all Antisthenes his goods,
 His lands and cattels, to my proper use,
 As I am Leon, the rich usurer ;
 The sun is down, and all is forfeited. 350
Peg. It shall be done, my noble Count.
Irus. And withal, sir, I pray you, forget not your love
 To-morrow morning at her father's door.
Peg. Ah, my good Count, I cannot that forget,
 For still to keep my memory in order, 355
 As I am Burgomaster, so Love is my Recorder. *Exeunt*

[SCENE II]

Enter Elimine, above on the walls

[Eli.] Now see a morning in an evening rise,

The morning of my love and of my joy ;

I will not say of beauty, that were pride.

Within this tower I would I had a torch

To light, like Hero, my Leander hither. 5

Who shall be my Leander ? Let me see ;

Rehearse my fortune.

When you see one clad in a velvet gown,

And a black patch upon his eye—a patch !

Patch that I am, why, that may be a patch 10

Of cloth, of buckram, or a fustian cloth.

Say, with a velvet patch upon his eye,

And so my thoughts may patch up love the better.

See where he comes, the Count ! What, girl, a countess ?

Enter Count [Hermes]

See, see, he looks as Irus said he should. 15

Go not away, my love, I'll meet thee straight. [Exit]

Count. Oh, I thank you, I am much beholding to you.

I saw her in the tower, and now she is come down ;

Luck to this patch and to this velvet gown !

*Enter Elimine and Bragadino, a Spaniard, following her**Count.* How now, shall I be troubled with this rude 20
Spaniard now ?*Brag.* One word, sweet nymph !*Count.* How now, sirrah, what are you ?*Brag.* I am Signor Bragadino, the martial Spaniardo, the 25
aid of Egypt in her present wars ; but, Jesu, what art thou
that hast the guts of thy brains grip'd with such famine of
knowledge not to know me ?*Count.* How now, sir ! I'll try the proof of your guts
with my pistol, if you be so saucy, sir.*Brag.* [aside] Oh, I know him well : it is the rude Count, 30
the uncivil Count, the unstaidd Count, the bloody Count, the
Count of all Counts ; better I were to hazard the dissolution of
my brave soul against an host of giants than with this loose
Count, otherwise I could tickle the Count.—I' faith, my noble
Count, I do descend to the craving of pardon. Love blinded 35
me ; I knew thee not.

Count. Oh, sir, you are but bonaventure, not right Spanish, I perceive ; but do you hear, sir, are you in love ?

Brag. Surely the sudden glance of this lady nymph hath suppld my Spanish disposition with love, that never before dreamt of a woman's concavity. 40

Count. A woman's concavity. 'Sblood, what's that ?

Brag. Her hollow disposition which you see sweet Nature will supply, or otherwise stop up in her, with solid or firm, faith ! 45

Count. Give me thy hand, we are lovers both ; shall we have her both ?

Brag. No, good sweet Count, pardon me !

Count. Why, then, thus it shall be : we'll strike up a drum, set up a tent, call people together, put crowns apiece. Let's rifle for her. 50

Brag. Nor that, my honest Count !

Count. Why, then, thus it shall be : we'll woo her both, and him she likes best shall lead her home thorough streets, holding her by both her hands with his face towards her ; the other shall follow with his back towards her, biting of his thumbs. How sayest thou by this ? 55

Brag. It is ridiculous, but I am pleased.—[*aside*] For upon my life I do know this, the shame will light on the neck of the Count. 60

Count. Well, to it ; let's hear thee !

Brag. Sweet nymph, a Spaniard is compared to the great elixir, or golden medicine.

Count. What, dost thou come upon her with medicines ? Dost thou think she is sore ? 65

Brag. Nay, by thy sweet favour, do not interrupt me.

Count. Well sir, go forward !

Brag. I say a Spaniard is like the philosopher's stone.

Count. And I say another man's stone may be as good as a philosopher's at all times. 70

Brag. By thy sweet favour !

Count. Well, sir, go on !

Brag. Sweet nymph, I love few words ; you know my intent, my humour is insophistical and plain. I am a Spaniard born, my birth speaks for my nature, my nature for your grace ; and should you see a whole battle ranged by my skill, you would commit your whole self to my affection ; and so, sweet nymph, I kiss your hand. 75

Count. To see a whole battle, ha, ha, ha ! What a jest is

that ; thou shalt see a whole battle come forth presently of me. 80
 Sa, sa, sa ! [*Draws his pistol*]

Brag. Put up thy pistol ; 'tis a most dangerous humour in thee.

Count. Oh, is that all ? Why, see, 'tis up again : now thou shalt see I'll come to her in thy humour. Sweet lady, I love 85
 sweet words ; but sweet deeds are the noble sounds of a noble Spaniard, noble by country, noble by valour, noble by birth ; my very foot is nobler than the head of another man ; upon my life I love, and upon my love I live, and so, sweet nymph, I kiss your hand. Why, lo, here we are both ; I am in this 90
 hand, and he is in that : handy dandy, prickly prandy, which hand will you have ?

Eli. This hand, my lord, if I may have my choice.

Count. Come, Spaniard, to your penance ; bite your thumbs.

Brag. Oh base woman !

Count. 'Sblood, no base woman ! But bite your thumbs quickly.

Brag. Honour commands I must do it.

Count. Come on, sweet lady, give me your hands ; if you are mine, I am yours ; if you take me now at the worst, I am the 100
 more beholding to you ; if I be not good enough, I'll mend ; what would you more ?

Eli. It is enough, my lord, and I am yours, Since I well know my fortune is to have you. Now must I leave the pleasant maiden chase, 105
 In hunting savage beasts with Isis' nymphs, And take me to a life which I, God knows, Do know no more than how to scale the heavens.

Count. Well, I'll teach you, fear not you. What, signor, not bite your thumbs ? 110

Brag. Pardon me, sir, pardon me !

Count. By God's blood, I will not pardon you ; therefore bite your thumbs.

Brag. By thy sweet, let me speak one word with thee : I do not like this humour in thee in pistoling men in this sort ; 115
 it is a most dangerous and stigmatical humour ; for, by thy favour, 'tis the most finest thing of the world for a man to have a most gentlemanlike carriage of himself, for otherwise I do hold thee for the most tall, resolute, and accomplished gentleman on the face of the earth. Hark ye, we'll meet at Corrucus 120
 and we'll have a pipe of tobacco. Adieu, adieu !

Count. Do you hear, sir? Put your thumbs in your mouth without any more ado; by the heavens, I'll shoot thee through the mouth!

Brag. It is base and ridiculous. 125

Count. Well, thou shalt not do it; lend me thy thumbs, I'll bite them for thee.

Brag. Pardon me!

Count. 'Swounds, and you had, I would have made such a woeful parting betwixt your fingers and your thumb, that 130 your Spanish fists should never meet again in this world. Will you do it, sir?

Brag. I will, I will presto, and I will follow thee.

Count. Why, so! Oh that we had a noise of musicians to play to this antic as we go. Come on, sweet lady, give me your 135 hands, we'll to church and be married straight; bear with my haste now, I'll be slow enough another time, I warrant you! Come, spagnolo, [pr]esto, [pr]esto, spagnolo, [pr]esto! *Exeunt*

[SCENE III]

Enter Ægiale, Herald, Euribates, Clearchus with a picture

Æg. Advance that picture on this fatal spring;
And, herald, speak, uttering the King's edict.

Her. Ptolemy, the most sacred King of Egypt, First of that name, desiring peace and amity with his neighbour princes, hath caused this picture of Cleanthes to be set up in all places, 5 proposing great rewards to him that finds him, and threatening death to him that succours him.

Æg. [*aside*] Which gods forbid, and put it in his mind
Not so to stomach his unjust exile
That he convert the fury of his arm 10
Against fo[r]saken Egypt, taking part
With those four neighbour kings that threaten him,
And have besieged his most imperial town.

Clearch. Now may it please your Highness
To leave your discontented passions, 15
And take this morning's pride to hunt the boar.

Ian. We have attended on [y]our Grace thus far
Out of the city, being glad to hear
Your Highness had abandoned discontent,
And now will bend yourself to merriment. 20

Æg. So will I, lovely Ianthe; come then,
Let us go call forth sacred Isis' nymyhs

To help us keep the game in ceaseless view,
 That to the busy brightness of his eyes
 We may so intervent his shifts to scape 25
 That giddy with his turning he may fall,
 Slain with our beauties more than swords or darts.

Exit [Ægiale with attendants] with a sound of horns

Enter Leon with his sword

Leon. Now am I Leon, the rich usurer,
 And here, according to the King's command,
 And mine own promise, I have brought my sword, 30
 And fix it by the statue she set up.
 By this am I known to be Cleanthes,
 Whose sudden sight I now will take upon me,
 And cause the nobles to pursue my shadow ;
 As for my substance they shall never find, 35
 Till I myself do bring myself to light.
 Cleanthes, Cleanthes ! Stop Cleanthes, see Cleanthes,
 Pursue Cleanthes, follow Cleanthes !

Enter three Lords with swords drawn

1st Lord. Where is Cleanthes ? Leon, sawest thou him ?

Leon. Ay, why should I else have thus cried out on him ? 40
 I saw him even now ; here did he fix his sword,
 And not for dastard fear or cowardice,
 For know all Egypt rings of his renown,
 But, fearing for his noble service done
 To be rewarded with ingratitude, 45
 He fled from hence fearing to be pursued.

2nd Lord. Come on, my lords, then, let's follow him,
 And pursue him to the death. *Exeunt [the Lords]*

Leon. O, do not hurt him, gentle citizens !
 See how they fly from him whom they pursue. 50
 I am Cleanthes, and whilst I am here,
 In vain they follow for to find him out.
 But here comes my love, bright Samathis,
 Whom I love equally with fair Elimine ;
 See, here she comes, as I appointed her. 55

Enter Samathis and her maids with a banquet

Jaq. But, i' faith, mistress, is this for a wooer ?

Sam. Not for a wooer only, my Jaquine,
 But a quick speeder, girl ; for this is he
 That all my fortune runs upon, I tell thee.

Jaq. Oh, dainty mistress, send for some more banquet. 60

Sam. No, my fine wench, this and myself is well.

And let him not sit down like the ox and the ass,

But give God thanks, for we are worthy of it,

Though we say't.

Jaq. Mistress, 'tis true! And that he may be good, 65

I conjure him by these three things across;

Now let him come, he shall be good, I warrant ye!

Leon. [*advancing*] Nay, do not fly me, gentle Samathis!

Sam. Pardon me, sir, for if I see a man,
I shall so blush still that, I warrant you, 70

I could make white wine claret with my looks.

Leon. But do not blush and fly an old man's sight.

Sam. From whom, if not from old men, should I fly?

Leon. From young men rather than can swift pursue,
And then it is some credit to outgo them. 75

Yet though my years would have me old, I am not.

But have the gentle jerk of youth in me,

As fresh as he that hath a maiden's chin.

Thus can I bend the stiffness of my limbs,

Thus can I turn and leap and hoise my gait, 80

Thus can I lift my love as light as air.

Now say, my Samathis, am I old or young?

Sam. I would have my love neither old nor young,
But in the middle, just between them both.

Leon. Fit am I then for matchless Samathis; 85

And will be bold to sit. For bachelors

Must not be shamefast when they meet with maids;

Sweet love, now let me entreat you sit,

And welcome you to your own banquet here.

Sam. [*aside*] Even thus did Irus say that he should say— 90
Then, by your leave, sir, I will sit with you.

Leon. Welcome as gold into my treasury!

And now will I drink unto my love,

With the same mind that drinking first began

To one another. 95

Sam. And what was that, I pray, sir?

Leon. I'll tell my love the first kind cause of it,

And why 'tis us'd as kindness still amongst us;

If it be us'd aright, 'tis to this end:

When I do say, 'I drink this, love, to you,'

I mean I drink this to your proper good, 100

As if I said 'What health this wine doth work in me;

Shall be employed for you at your command
And to your proper use ';

And this was first th'intent of drinking to you.

Sam. 'Tis very pretty; is it not, Jaquine? 105

Jaq. Oh excellent, mistress! He's a dainty man.

Leon. Now to your use, sweet love, I drink this wine,
And with a merry heart that makes long life
Over the cup I'll sing for my love's sake.

SONG

Health, fortune, mirth, and wine, 110

To thee, my love divine.

I drink to my darling,

Give me thy hand, sweeting.

With cup full ever plied,

And hearts full never dried. 115

Mine own, mine own dearest sweeting,

Oh, oh, mine own dearest sweeting.

What, frolic, love! Mirth makes the banquet sweet.

Sam. I love it, sir, as well as you love me.

Leon. That is as well as I do love myself; 120

I will not joy my treasure but in thee,

And in thy looks I'll count it every hour,

And thy white arms shall be as bonds to me,

Wherein are mighty lordships forfeited;

And all the dames of Alexandria 125

For their attire shall take their light from thee.

Sam. Well, sir, I drink to you and pray you think
You are as welcome to me as this wine.

Leon. Thanks, gentle Samathis, but delicious love,

Hath been the fig I eat before this wine, 130

Which kills the taste of these delicious cates:

Will you bestow that banquet, love, on me?

Sam. Nay, gentle Leon, talk no more of love,

If you love God or a good countenance,

For I shall quite be out of countenance then. 135

Leon. Love decks the countenance, spiriteth the eye,

And tunes the soul in sweetest harmony;

Love then, sweet Samathis.

Sam. What shall I do, Jaquine?

Jaq. Faith, mistress, take him!

Sam. Oh, but he hath a great nose. 140

Jaq. 'Tis no matter for his nose, for he is rich.

Sam. Leon, I love, and since 'tis forth, farewell!

Leon. Then triumph, Leon, richer in thy love
Than all the heaps of treasure I possess; 145
Never was happy Leon rich before,
Nor ever was I covetous till now
That I see gold so fined in thy hair.

Sam. Impart it to my parents, gentle Leon,
And till we meet again at home, farewell! 150

Exeunt [Samathis and maids]

Leon. Soon will I talk with them and follow thee!
So now is my desire accomplished.
Now was there ever man so fortunate
To have his love so sorted to his wish?
The joys of many I in one enjoy. 155
Now do I mean to woo them crossly both,
The one as I am Leon, the rich usurer,
The other as I am the mad-brain Count.
Which if it take effect and rightly prove,
'Twill be a sport for any emperor's love. 160

Exit

[SCENE IV]

Enter Ptolemy, Ægiale, Doricles, Aspasia, Ianthe, Euphrosyne,
Clearchus, Euribates, *with sound*

Ptol. Prince of Arcadia, lovely Doricles,
Be not discouraged that my daughter here,
Like a well-fortified and lofty tower,
Is so repulsive and unapt to yield.
The royal siege of your heroic parts 5
In her achievement will be more renown'd,
And with the greater merit is employ'd.
The beauteous queen, my wife, her mother here,
Was so well mann'd, and yet had never man
So main a rock of chaste and cold disdain. 10

Æg. My lord, what mean ye? Go, Aspasia,
Send for some ladies to go play with you
At chess, at billiards, and at other game;
Ianthe, attend her!
You take a course, my lord, to make her coy, 15
To urge so much the love of Doricles,

And frame a virtue of her wanton hate ;
 We must persuade her that he loves her not,
 But that his services and vows of love
 Are but the gentle compliments of court ; 20
 So would she think that if she would have lov'd,
 She might have won him. And with that conceit
 Of hardness to be won, his merit's grace
 Will shine more clearly in her turning eyes :
 Things hard to win with ease makes love incited, 25
 And favours won with ease are hardly quited ;
 Then make as if you lov'd her not, my lord.

Dor. Love that has built his temple on my brows
 * * * * *

Out of his battlements into my heart,
 And seeing me to burn in my desire, 30
 Will be, I hope, appeased at the last.

Æg. Be rul'd by me yet, and, I warrant you,
 She quickly shall believe you love her not.

Dor. What shall I do, madam ?

Æg. Look not on her so much.

Dor. I cannot choose ; my neck stands never right 35
 Till it be turn'd aside, and I behold her.

Æg. Now trust me such a wry-neck'd love was never
 seen ;

But come with me, my lord, and I'll instruct you better.

Ptol. So, madam, I leave you ; now from our love-sports
 To Antisthenes, and his great suit with Leon. 40

Enter Antisthenes, Leon, and [*Pego as the*] Burgomaster

See the Burgomaster, Antisthenes, and Leon come together.
 Stay, Master Burgomaster ! What reason made you use your
 office on the Lord Antisthenes, seizing on all his moveables
 and goods at the suit of Leon ?

Peg. I will tell your Grace the reason of it or anything else ; 45
 for I know you are a wise prince, and apt to learn.

Ptol. I thank you for your good opinion, sir ; but the reason
 of your office done upon this nobleman and his lands ?

Peg. The reason why I have put in office or execution my
 authority upon this nobleman consisteth in three principal
 points, or members, which, indeed, are three goodly matters.

Ptol. I pray you let's hear them.

Peg. The first is the credit of this honest man, because
 he is rich.

Ptol. Why is he honest because he is rich ? 55

Peg. Oh, I learn that in any case. The next is the forfeit of his assurance ; and the last I will not trouble your Grace withal.

Ant. But this it is whereof I most complain unto your Grace,
That having occasion in your Grace's service 60
To borrow money of this Leon here,
For which I mortgag'd all my lands and goods,
He only did agree that paying him four thousand
Pound at the day I should receive my statute safely in ;
Which now not only falsely he denies, 65
But that he hath received one penny due ;
Which this my friend can witness I repaid
Upon the stone of Irus, the blind man,
Four thousand pound in jewels and in gold,
And therefore crave I justice in this case. 70

Leon. Vouchsafe, dread Sovereign, an impartial ear
To that I have to say for my reply.
He pleads the payment of four thousand pound
Upon the stone before blind Irus' cave.
To which I answer and do swear by heaven, 75
He spake with me at the foresaid place,
And promis'd payment of four thousand pound,
If I would let him have his statutes in,
And take other assurance for another thousand,
Some three months to come or thereabouts. 80
Which I refusing, he repaid me none ;
But parted in a rage and car'd not for me.

[*Eur.*] Oh monstrous ! Who ever heard the like ?
My lord, I will be sworn he paid him
On poor Irus' stone four thousand pound, 85
Which I did help to tender ; and hast thou
A hellish conscience
And such a brazen forehead to deny it
Against my witness and his noble word ?

Leon. Sir, against your witness and his noble word 90
I plead mine own and one as good as his,
That then was present at our whole conference.

Ant. My lord, there was not any but ourselves.
But who was it that thou affirm'st was there ?

Leon. Count Hermes, good my lord, a man well known, 95
Though he be humourous, to be honourable.

Ptol. And will he say it ?

Leon. He will, my gracious lord, I am well assur'd ;
 And him will I send hither presently,
 Intreating your gracious favour if the impediment 100
 Of a late sickness cause me not return,
 For I am passing ill.

Ptol. Well, send him hither and it shall suffice.

Leon. I will, my gracious lord, and stand
 To any censure, passing willingly, 105
 Your Highness shall set down, or command
 Worshipful Master Burgomaster, your officer,
 To see perform'd betwixt us. *Exit*

Peg. We thank you heartily ; alas, poor soul,
 How sick he is ! 110
 Truly I cannot choose but pity him,
 In that he loves your gracious officers.

Enter Count [Hermes]

Ptol. Oh, I thank you, sir !

Count. King, by your leave—and yet I need not ask
 leave, because I am sent for ; if not, I'll begone again, with- 115
 out leave. Say, am I sent for, yea or no ?

Ptol. You are to witness 'twixt Antisthenes and wealthy
 Leon.

Count. I know the matter, and I come from that old
 miser, Leon, who is suddenly fallen sick of a knave's evil 120
 Which of you are troubled with that disease, masters ?

Ptol. Well, say what you know of the matter betwixt
 them.

Count. Then thus I say : my Lord Antisthenes came to
 the stone of the blind fool Irus that day when four thousand 125
 pounds were to be paid, where he made proffer of so much
 money, if Leon would return the mortgage of his lands and
 take assurance for another thousand to be paid, I trow, some
 three months to come or thereabout ; which Leon, like an old
 churl as he was, most uncourteously refused ; my Lord 130
 Antisthenes, as he might very well, departed in a rage ; but
 if it had been to me, I would have pistoled him, i'faith !

Ant. But you are wondrously deceived, my lord,
 And was not by when he and we did talk.

Count. 'Swounds, then I say you are deceived, my lord. 135
 For I was by. Now, by my honour and by all the gods—

Eur. Then you stood close, my lord, unseen to any.

Count. Why, I stood close to you and seen of all,
 And if you think I am too mad a fellow

To witness such a weighty piece of work, 140
 The holy beggar shall perform as much,
 For he was by at our whole conference.

Ptol. But say, Count Hermes, was the beggar by ?

Count. I say he was and he shall say he was.

Eur. But he is now, they say, lock'd in his cave, 145
 Fasting and praying, talking with the gods,
 And hath an iron door 'twixt him and you.
 How will you then come at him ?

Count. I'll fetch him from his cave in spite of all his gods
 and iron doors, or beat him blind when as I do catch him 150
 next. Farewell, my lords, you have done with me. I'll
 send the beggar presently, for I am now riding to Corrucus.

Exit

Ptol. I know not what to think in these affairs :
 I cannot well condemn you, my lord,
 And your sufficient witness, being a gentleman, 155
 Nor yet the other two, both men of credit,
 Though in his kind this Count be humourous ;
 But stay, we shall hear straight what Irus will depose.

Enter Irus

Irus. Oh, who disturbs me in my holy prayers ?
 Oh that the King were by, that he might hear 160
 What thundering there is at my farther door !
 Oh how the good of Egypt is disturb'd
 In my devotion !

Ptol. I am here, Irus, and it was Count Hermes
 That was so rude to interrupt thy prayers ; 165
 But I suppose the end of thy repair,
 Being so weighty could not have displeas'd ;
 For on thy witness doth depend the living
 Of Lord Antisthenes, who doth affirm
 That three days past he tendered at thy stone 170
 Four thousand pounds to Leon, and desired
 His mortgage quitted, which he promising
 On such assurance more as he proposed,
 Received at that time his four thousand pounds.

Irus. I then was in the hearing of them both, 175
 But heard no penny tender'd, only proposed
 By Lord Antisthenes, if he would bring him in
 His mortgage, and take assurance for another thousand
 Some three months to come, or thereabouts,

Which Leon most uncourteously refused ; 180
 My lord was angry, and I heard no more,
 And thus must I crave pardon of your Grace. *Exit*

Ptol. Farewell, grave Irus !

Ant. Gods are become oppressors of the right.

Eu[r]. Never had right so violent a wrong. 185
 For let the thunder strike me into hell,
 If what I have reported be not true.

Ptol. This holy man, no doubt, speaks what he heard,
 And I am sorry for Antisthenes.

But I'll relieve your low estate, my lord, 190
 And for your service done me, guerdon you.
 Master Burgomaster, let the lord have liberty,
 And I will answer Leon what is due.

Exeunt

[SCENE V]

Enter Elimine, Martia, Samathis

Eli. Soft, Mistress Burgomaster, pray you stay ;
 Your heart is greater than your person far,
 Or your state either ; do we not know ye, trow ?
 What, woman, you are but a Burgomaster's wife,
 And he no wiser than his neighbours neither ! 5
 Give me the place according to my calling.

Mar. What skill for places, do we not all call sisters ?

Eli. No, by my faith ! I am a countess now,
 I should have one to go before me bare,
 And say 'stand by there' to the best of them, 10
 And one to come behind and bear my train,
 Because my hands must not be put unto it.
 My husband is a lord, and past a lord.

Sam. And past a lord ! What is that 'past,' I pray ?

Eli. Why, he's a what-you-call't. 15

Mar. A what-you-call it. Can you not name it ?

Eli. I think I must not name it.

Sam. And why so, I pray ?

Eli. Because it comes so near a thing that I know.

Mar. Oh, he is a Count, that is, an Earl. 20

Sam. And yet he is not known to have much land.

Eli. Why, therefore, he is an unknown man.

Mar. Ay, but my husband is the king's officer.

Sam. Ay, but my husband is able to buy both yours.

Eli. You say 'husband'; I may say 'my lord.' 25

Mar. And, methinks, husband' is worth ten of lord.

Eli. Indeed, I love my lord to call me wife
Better than madam, yet do I not mean
To lose my lady's titles at your hands;
I may, for courtesy, and to be term'd 30

A gentle lady, call you sisters still;

But you must say, 'and please your ladyship,
'Tis thus and so,' and, 'as your honour please.'

Yet shall my husband call me wife, like yours;
For why made God the husband and the wife 35

But that those terms should please us more than others?
New-fashion terms I like not, for a man

To call his wife cony, forsooth, and lamb:
And pork and mutton, he as well may say.

Mar. Well, madam, then, and please your ladyship, 40
What gowns and head-tires will your honour wear?

Eli. Twenty are making for me, head-tires and gowns,
Head tires enchas'd, in order like the stars,

[With] perfit, great, and fine-cut precious stones;
One hath bright Ariadne's crown in it, 45

Even in the figure it presents in heaven;
Another hath the [figure] of Diana,

And Berenice's ever-burning hair;
Another hath the bright Andromeda

With both her silver wrists bound to a rock, 50
And Perseus that did loose her and save her life;

All set in number and in perfect form,
Even like the asterisms fix'd in heaven;

And even as you may see in moonshine nights
The moon and stars reflecting on their streams, 55

So from my head shall you see stars take beams.

Mar. Oh, brave! God willing, I will have the like.

Sam. And so will I, by God's grace, if I live.

Eli. Come up to supper, it will become the house wonder-
ful well. 60

Mar. Well, if my husband will not, let him not look for
one good look of me.

Sam. Nor mine, I swear!

Mar. I'll ask my husband when I am with child,
And then I know I shall be sped, i'faith. 65

Eli. But every pleasure hath a pain, they say;
My husband lies each other night abroad.

Sam. And so doth mine, which I like but little.

Mar. Well, time, I hope, and change of company
Will teach us somewhat to bear out the absence. 70

Exit [Martia with Samathis]

Eli. I know not what to say : my husband makes
As if each other night he had occasion
To ride from home ; at home serves not his turn.
To my good turn it, Cupid, I beseech you !

Enter Leon, and Druso following him

Leon. [*aside*] Now will I try to make myself, the Count, 75
An arrant cuckold, and a wittol too.

Dru. [*aside*] Now may I chance to prove a cunning man,
And tell my mistress where my master haunts.

Leon. Bright nymph, I come in name of all the world
That now sustains dead winter in the spring, 80
To have a [summer] from thy [graces] darted.
Thy love, sweet soul, is all that I desire,
To make a general summer in this heart,
Where winter's double wrath hath tyranniz'd.

Eli. How dare you, Leon, thus solicit me, 85
Where, if the Count, my husband, should come now
And see you courting, you were sure to die ?

Leon. Oh but he is safe, for at my house,
Booted and spurr'd and in his velvet gown,
He took his horse and rode unto Corrucus ; 90
And therefore, beauteous lady, make not strange
To take a friend and add unto thy joys
Of happy wedlock ; the end of every act
Is to increase contentment and renown,
Both which my love shall amply joy in you, 95

Eli. How can renown ensue an act of shame ?

Leon. No act hath any shame within itself,
But in the knowledge and ascription
Of the base world, from whom shall this be kept,
As in a labyrinth or a brazen tower. 100

Eli. But virtue's sole regard must hold me back.

Leon. The virtue of each thing is in the praise,
And I will rear thy praises to the skies.
Out of my treasury choose th[y] choice of gold,
Till thou find some matching thy hair in brightness ; 105
But that will never be, so choose thou ever.
Out of my jewelry choose thy choice of diamonds,
Till thou find some as brightsome as thine eyes ;

But that will never be, so choose thou ever.
 Choose rubies out until thou match thy lips, 110
 Pearl till thy teeth, and ivory till thy skin
 Be match'd in whiteness, but that will never be ;
 Nor never shall my treasury have end,
 Till on their beauties ladies loathe to spend ;
 But that will never be, so choose thou ever. 115

Eli. Now what, o' God's name, would this vain man have ?
 Do you not shame to tempt a woman thus ?
 [*aside*] I know not what to say, nor what to do ;
 He would have me do that I fear I should not,
 Something it is he seeks that he thinks good, 120
 And, methinks, he should be more wise than I ;
 I am a foolish girl, though I be married,
 And know not what to do, the gods do know.

Leon. Are you content, sweet love, to grant me love ?

Eli. And what then, sir ? 125

Leon. To grant me lodging in your house this night ?

Eli. I think the man be weary of his life ;
 Know you the Count my husband ?

Leon. Marvellous well, and am assur'd of him.

Eli. Faith, that you are, as sure as I myself : 130
 So you did talk of gold and diamonds.

Leon. Ay, and gold and diamonds shall my sweet love have.

Eli. Well, I'll not bid you, sir ; but if you come,
 At your own peril, for I'll wash my hands.

Offer to go out

Leon. A plague of all sanguine simplicity ! 135

Eli. But do you hear, sir, pray you do not think that I
 granted you in any case. [*Exit*]

Leon. No, I warrant you I'll have no such thought.
 Oh, this is old excellent !
 Now who can desire better sport ? 140

This night my other wife must lie alone,
 And next night this wife must do the like.
 Now will I woo the other as the Count,
 Which if she grant, and they do break their troth,
 I'll make myself a cuckold 'twixt them both. *Exit* 145

Dru. I'll follow him until he take the earth,
 And then I'll leave him. *Exit*

Enter Samathis alone

Sam. Now if my husband be not all alone,

He is from home and hath left me alone ;
 So I must learn to lie, as children go, 150
 All alone, all alone, which lesson, now
 I am able to bear a child, is worse to me
 Than when I was a child ; the moral this,
 Strength without health a disadvantage is.

Enter Druso

Dru. Mistress, what will you say if I can tell you 155
 where my master is ?

Sam. Where, Druso, I pray thee ?

Dru. Even close with the young countess, i'faith !

Sam. Out on her, strumpet ! Doth she brag so much
 Of her great Count, and glad to take my husband ? 160

Hence comes her head-tires and her fair gowns,
 Her train borne up, and a man bare before her.

Was this my fortune that should be so good ?
 I'faith, you beggar, you, you old false knave,

You holy villain, you prophetic ass, 165
 Know you no better what shall come to pass ?

I'll be revenged i'faith, i'faith, I'll be revenged !

Exit [with Druso]

[SCENE VI]

Enter Ægiale with the Guard

Æg. Oh, Irus, shall thy long approved skill
 Fail in my fortunes only ? When shall I meet
 With my Cleanthes ? What a world of time
 Is it for me to lie as in a sound
 Without my life, Cleanthes ! Can it be, 5
 That I shall ever entertain again,
 Having the habit of cold death in me,
 My life, Cleanthes ?

Count knock within

[*Count.*] Let me come in, you knaves ! I say let me come in.

1st Guard. Sir, we are set to guard this place as our lives, 10
 and none without a warrant from the King or the Queen must
 enter here.

Count. 'Swounds, tell not me of your warrants ! Let me
 come in, I say.

1st Guard. My lord, we are commanded to keep out all 15
 comers, because of the branch wherein the King's life remains.

Count. Let me come in, you knaves ! [*Enter Count Hermes*]
How dare you keep me out ? 'Twas my gown to a mantle
of rug, I had not put you all to the pistol.

Æg. Shall we be troubled now with this rude Count ? 20

Count. How now, Queen, what art thou doing ? Pas-
sioning over the picture of Cleanthes, I am sure ; for I know
thou lovest him.

Æg. What's that, you traitor ?

Count. No traitor, neither, but a true friend to you, for had 25
I been otherwise I should have disclosed the secret talk thou
hadst with Cleanthes in the arbour the night before he was
banished, whilst I stood close and heard all.

Æg. The man is mad ; chains and a whip for him !

Count. Be patient, my wench, and I'll tell thee the very 30
words : ' Oh ! my Cleanthes, love me, pity me, hate me not ;
for love it is, and not lust, hath made me thus importunate,
for then, there are men enough besides Cleanthes.' Go to,
tell me, were not these your words, and I like no traitor to
you, but a trusty friend ? Now, by this pistol, which is 35
God's angel, I never uttered them till now.

Æg. I spake them not ; but had you been so bad
As some men are, you might have said as much
By fictions only, therefore I must needs
Think much the better of you to conceal it. 40

Count. Oh, you're a cunning wench, and am not I a mad
slave to have such virtue as secrecy in me, and none never
looked for any such thing at my hands ? And here's a branch,
forsooth, of your little son turned to a mandrake tree, by
Hella, the sorceress. 45

Æg. 'Tis true, and kills me to remember it.

Count. Tut, tut, remember it and be wise ! Thou wouldst
have Cleanthes come again, wouldst thou not ?

Æg. The King is so advis'd to give him death.

Count. The King ! Come, come, 'tis you rule the King. 50
Now would any wise woman in the world be so hunger-
starved for a man, and not use the means to have him ?
Think'st thou Cleanthes will come again to have his head
chopped off so soon as he comes ? But had you plucked
up this branch wherein the King thy husband's life con- 55
sists and burnt it in the fire, his old beard would have stunk
for't in the grave ere this, and then thou shouldst have seen
whether Cleanthes would have come unto thee or no.

Æg. Oh, execrable counsel !

Count. Go to, 'tis good counsel; take the grace of God before your eyes, and follow it. To it, wench, coraggio! I know I have gotten thee with child of a desire, and thou long'st but for a knife to let it out. Hold, there 'tis! [*giving her a knife*] Serve God and be thankful. Now, you knaves, will you let me come out, trow? 60 65

1st Guard. Please your lordship to bestow something on us, for we are poor knaves.

Count. Hark you, be even knaves still, and if you be poor long, you're foolish knaves, and so I'll leave you.

2nd Guard. Nay, 'swounds, my lord, no knaves neither! 70

Count. Then he was a knave that told me so; what dost thou tell me that? *Exit*

Æg. This serpent's counsel stings me to the heart,
Mounts to my brain, and binds my prince of sense,
My voluntary motion and my life, 75
Sitting itself triumphing in their thrones;
And that doth force my hand to take this knife,
That bows my knees and sets me by thy branch,
Oh, my Diones, oh, my only son;
Canst thou now feel the rigour of a knife? 80
No, thou art senseless, and I'll cut thee up,
I'll shroud thee in my bosom safe from storms,
And trust no more my trustless guard with thee.
Come then, return unto thy mother's arms,
And when I pull thee forth to serve the fire, 85
Turn thyself wholly into a burning tongue,
Invoking furies and infernal death
To cool thy torments with thy father's breath.

[*Exit Ægiale with the Guard*]

[SCENE VII]

Enter Elimine and Samathis

Sam. Now, Madam Countess, do you make account
To take up husbands by your countess-ship?
Have you the broad seal for it; are you so high,
And stoop to one so low as is my husband?
Hence come your head-tires and your costly gowns, 5
Your train borne up, and a man bare before you.
Now fie on pride when wom[e]n go thus naked!
I ever thought that pride would have a fall,
But little thought it would have such a fall.

Eli. What fall, I pray you ? 10

Sam. There you lay last, forsooth, there you lay last.

Eli. Be not so angry, woman ; you are deceived.

Sam. I know I am deceived, for thou deceivedst me ;
Thou mightest as well have pick'd my purse, I tell thee ;
'Oh,' would my mother say, 'when you have a husband,
Keep to him only ;' but now one may see 15
How horrible a thing it is to change,
Because it angers one so horribly.

You must have ushers to make way before you !

Eli. The dame is mad ; I'll stay no longer with her. 20

Exit Elimine

Sam. Well, Madam Short-heels, I'll be even with you.
See, where the mad-brain Count, her husband, comes.
I will begone.

Enter Count [Hermes]

Count. Hear you, usurer's wife, stay ! A plague on you,
stay ; whither go you so fast ? Why, did I ever hurt any of 25
your sex yet ?

Sam. Why, no, my lord.

Count. Why, no, my lord ! Why the devil do you turn
tail when you should not ? When you should, you will not
be half so hasty. A man must love you, woo you, spend 30
upon you, and the devil of one of you is worthy to kiss the
hem of my riding-gown here.

Sam. Is this your riding-gown, my lord ?

Count. 'Tis no matter what it is, talk not to me ; what
the devil did I mean to call thee back again ? 35

Sam. Why, my lord, I mean not to trouble you. [*going*]

Count. Go to, stay, I say ! 'Tis against my will that I use
you so kindly, I can tell you.

Sam. Why, you may choose, my lord.

Count. Ay, but I cannot choose ; there you lie now ! 'Tis 40
love, forsooth, that entails me to you, for if it had not been
for love, I had not been here now ; for the gods do know
I hold thee dearer than the pomegranate of mine eye, and
that's better by threepence than the apple of mine eye.

Sam. My lord, I am sorry for your heaviness. 45

Count. Nay, 'tis no matter. I am not the first ass that
hath borne Cupid's treasury.

Sam. My lord, 'tis enough to make an ass wise to bear
treasure,

Count. Why, then, be you that wise ass and bear me, for I have some treasure about me. Will you love me ? 50

Sam. Love you, my lord ? It is strange you will ask it.

Count. I am not the first hath desired you.

Sam. Nor you shall not be the last I will refuse.

Count. Nor are you the fairest I have seen. 55

Sam. Nor the foulest you have loved.

Count. Nor the fittest to be beloved.

Sam. Nor the unfittest to hate.

Count. Do and you dare ! But, sirrah, and thou wilt not love, I pray thee be proud. 60

Sam. Why so, my lord ?

Count. Because I would have thee fall, for pride must have a fall.

Sam. Do you delight in my fall so much ?

Count. As much as in mine own rising, i'faith ! But do not you think it strange that I do love you ; for before I did love you, Cupid pinked me a Spanish leather jerkin with shooting at me, and made it so full of holes that I was fain to leave it off, and this loss have I had for your sake. 65

Sam. My lord, I'll bestow an old jerkin on you. 70

Count. Nay, that shall not serve your turn, for I have had a greater loss than that : I lost my left eye for your sake.

Sam. I do not think so.

Count. Ay, but I'll tell you how : as I was hunting in the park, I saw Cupid shooting a cockhye into your face, and gazing after his arrow, it fell into mine eye. 75

Sam. A pretty fiction !

Count. Ay, but I find this no fiction, and you shall make me amends with love, or by this patch of mine eye, and the patch thou wottest where, I will swear to all the city I have lain with thee. 80

Sam. I hope your lordship will not do me that wrong.

Count. Then do you me right, and let me lie with you ; I have made the bottle-nosed knave your husband so drunk that he is not able to stand ; go, get you home, I'll follow you. 85

Sam. Why, my lord, what will you do there ?

Count. Go to, make no more questions, but say I shall be welcome ; or, by mine honour, I'll do as I say ; otherwise, be as secret as death.

Sam. [*aside*] Twenty to one he will.—Well, my lord, if you come, you come. 90

Count. Oh, I thank you heartily, oh, excellent, or never trust me !

[*Exeunt*]

Enter Menippus and Elimine

Men. Madam, your honour is come somewhat too soon.

Eli. Why so, Menippus ?

Men. Had you stayed never so little longer, you should have met my lord coming out of Leon's house, and out of his moveables.

Eli. How, out of his moveables ?

Men. Even in plain troth, I see him woo her, win her, 100
and went in with her.

Eli. Now, of mine honour, I will be revenged. Fetch me the Burgomaster, Menippus ; I'll have them both whipped about the town.

Men. Nay, madam, you must not dishonour him so. 105

Eli. What shall mine honour do, then ?

Men. Do but tongue-whip him, madam, and care not, And so I leave him to the mercy of your tongue.

Eli. My tongue shall have hell and no mercy in it.

Enter the Count

[*Count.*] Excellent music, excellent music ! 110

Eli. And the devil take the instrument !

Count. What, art thou so nigh ?

Eli. Ay, and it were a good deed to be a little nigher too ; you make a Count ass of me, indeed, as if I were too little for you ; but bigness is my fault, unless I were a little better 115
used at your hands.

Count. Why, thou wilt be too perfit if I should use thee much, for use makes perfitness.

Eli. Ay, but I cannot be too perfit, and therefore I'll spoil her perfections that helps to spoil mine, I warrant her ! 120

Count. Why may not I lie with her, as well as thou layest with her husband ?

Eli. I defy you and all the world that can say black is mine eye.

Count. I think so indeed, for thine eye is grey ; but thou 125
didst lie with him by that same token he gave thee a carcanet, and thou told'st me that thy mother sent it thee ; thou didst promise to banquet him when I was next abroad ; thou didst say he could not be so old as he made himself to be ; thou didst say 'twas pity of his nose, for he would have been a fine 130
man else, and that God did well to make him a rich man, for a was a good man too : and these tokens I think are sufficient, for these a told me with his own mouth.

Eli. He lied like an old knave as he was, and that he shall know the next time these lips open, in faith! [*aside*] Oh, 135
wicked perjured man would a disclose my secrets? I'faith,
what woman would trust any man alive with her honesty?

Exit

Count. Ha, ha, ha, I have sent her in a pelting chase, but
I'll follow her and make her mad with anger. [*Exit*]

[SCENE VIII]

Enter Porus *king of Ethiopia*, Rhesus *king of Arabia*, Bion
king of Phasiaca, Bebritius *king of Bebritia*, *with soldiers*
and drum and ensign.

Por. Thus have we trod the sandy vales of Egypt,
Adjoining to the plains of Alexandria,
Where proud King Ptolemy keeps his residence,
Securely trusting to his prophecies,
Which hath foretold him many years ago 5
That, if the young Arcadian Doricles
Should link in marriage with his lovely daughter,
He then should conquer all our bordering lands,
And make us subject to his tyranny.

Rhe. Trusting to his fond fantastic dreams, 10
He hath exil'd the warlike Duke Cleanthes,
Whose name was terror to our valiant troops.

Bion. Cleanthes exil'd gives us easy way
To our attempts where, had he stayed,
And been a friend to him, yet should he not 15
Escape subjection.

Beb. We will divide his kingdom 'twixt us four,
And reave from him his four chief ornaments,
And, for to grieve his aged mind the more,
He shall be kept in lasting servitude, 20
So to fulfil what Fates to him assign'd.

Por. Come, let us march and brave him at the walls.
If Porus live to wield his martial sword,
His city walls shall not preserve him safe,
But he shall die by Porus and his friends. 25

Exeunt

[SCENE IX]

Enter Doricles *and* Aspasia

Dor. Sweet madam, grant me once a cheerful look
To glad my dying heart with sorrow kill'd ;

Your father hath resign'd his free consent,
You bound by duty to obey his will.

Asp. Nay, rather let him hale me to my death,
Than gainst my will constrain me match myself. 5

Enter Count [Hermes]

Count. Die, thou vile wretch, and live, Aspasia !
Even now I heard thy father Ptolemy,
With words that still do tingle in mine ears,
Pronounce him heir to Alexandria. 10
'Tis time for me to stir when such young boys
Shall have their weak necks over-pois'd with crowns,
Which must become resolved champions
That for a crown's exchange will sell their souls.

He kills him

Asp. Wicked Count Hermes, for this monstrous deed, 15
Egypt will hate thee and thou sure must die ;
Then hie thee to the hills beyond the Alps,
Fly to unknown and unfrequented climes,
Some desert place that never saw the sun ;
For if the King or any of his friends 20
Shall find Count Hermes, thou art surely dead.

Count. I'll fly no more than doth a settled rock,
No more than mountains or the steadfast poles ;
But come, sweet love, if thou wilt come with me,
We two will live amongst the shadowy groves, 25
And we will sit like shepherds on a hill,
And with our heavenly voices tice the trees
To echo sweetly to our celestial tunes.
Else will I angle in the running brooks,
Seasoning our toils with kisses on the banks ; 30
Sometime I'll dive into the murmuring springs,
And fetch thee stones to hang about thy neck,
Which by thy splendour will be turn'd to pearl.
Say, fair Aspasia, wilt thou walk with me ?

Asp. No, bloody Count, but I will clear myself, 35
And tell thy murders to the amazed Court.

Count. Nay, if thou wilt not, choose, you peevish girl,
Thou canst not say but thou wert offered fair.
[*aside*] But here must end Count Hermes' strange disguise.
My velvet gown, my pistol, and this patch, 40
No more must hide me in the Count's attire.
Now will I turn my gown to usurer's coats,

And thus appear unto the world no more.—

Farewell, Aspasia! *Exit Count*

Asp. Go, wretched villain, hide thy hated head 45
Where never heaven's light may shine on thee.
Who's there? Come forth, for here is murder done,
Murder, murder of good Prince Doricles!

Enter Euribates

[*Eur.*] Who calls out murther? Lady, was it you?

Asp. As I was walking in the pleasant [m]eads 50
With Doricles, the young Arcadian prince,
Rush'd in Count Hermes and in desperate words
Hath slain this prince.

Eur. A baleful deed! Pursue the murderer,
And tell the King of this foul accident. 55

Enter Ptolemy [and Lords]

Ptol. Oh, tell no more; instead of tears,
My beating heart dissolves in drops of blood,
And from mine eyes that stares upon this corse
Leaps out my soul, and on it I will die.
Oh Doricles, oh dear Arcadian prince, 60
The bulwark and supporter of my life,
That by decree of fates was promised
To add four neighbour kingdoms to my crown,
And shield me from a most abhorred death!
Now shall my kingdom leave me with my life, 65
And suddenly look for some monstrous fate,
Shall fall like thunder on my wretched state.

Enter a Messenger

[*Mes.*] Arm, arm, my lord! My lords, to instant arms!
Four mighty kings are landed in thy coast,
And threaten death and ruin to thy land. 70
Black Porus, the Ethiopian king,
Comes marching first with twenty thousand men,
Next Rhesus, king of sweet Arabia,
In warlike manner marcheth after him,
In equal number and in battle 'ray. 75
Next Bion, king of rich Phasiaca,
And stern Bebritius of Bebritia,
With each of them full twenty thousand strong,
All which hath vow'd the death of Ptolemy,

And thus they hither bend their speedy feet. 80

Ptol. How suddenly is weather overcast,
How is the face of peaceful Egypt chang'd,
Like as the smiling flowers above the ground
By keenest edge of Eurus' breath is cut.

Clear. To arms, my lord, and gather up your strength ! 85
Your bands in Memphis and in Caspia,
Join'd with your power of Alexandria,
Will double all the forces of these kings.

Ptol. All shall be done we may. Meanwhile
Bury the body of this slaughtered prince, 90
Lest with the view my senses follow his.
Curs'd be his hand that wrought the damned deed,
Cold and uncovered may his body lie,
Let stormy hail and thunder beat on him,
And every bird and beast run over him, 95
That robb'd poor Ptolemy of such a hope.
Pursue the desperate Count that murdered him,
A thousand kingdoms shall not save his life.

Enter Leon

[*Leon.*] A miracle, a miracle, a dreadful miracle !

Ptol. What miracle ! Oh, what will heavens do more 100
To punish Egypt and her hapless kirk ?

Leon. As I was walking through the Serian groves,
I saw the desperate Count, the murderer
Of good Prince Doricles, as I hear say,
Fly through the deserts to the Memphic shades, 105
Where hell to interrupt his passage thither,
Raving beneath the groundwork of the earth,
As if ten thousand vapours burst in her,
Severed her womb and swallowed quick
The miserable Count. 110

Ptol. Just are the heavens in his most dreadful end.
But come, my lords, let us to instant arms,
To drive away more mischiefs from our land. *Exeunt*

Leon. So get you gone and perish all with him,
Now shall you know what want you have of me ; 115
Now will I gather up my sums of money,
And of my creditors borrow what I can,
Because as Leon I'll be seen no more,
This day they promis'd for to meet me here,
And here comes some of them. 120

Enter First Messenger

[1st. Mess.] My master, sir, your friend Calatius,
Hath sent you, sir, your five hundred crowns
For the rich jewel that he bought of you.

[Leon] I thank him heartily.
This jewel of so many thousand crowns 125
The Queen of Egypt did bestow on me,
When that I told her in poor Irus' shape
Where her Cleanthes was. But soft, who have we here ?

Enter Second Messenger

[2nd. Mess.] Druso, the Italian merchant, here by me,
Hath sent you, sir, in diamonds and in pearls 130
So much as mounteth to five thousand crowns,
And craves no more assurance but your word.

Leon. There's my bill, and thank thy master ; he shall
have more than word. *Exeunt* [Messengers]. *Manet* Leon
Never shall he nor they see this again, 135
Nor me neither, as I am this present man ;
This, with the rest I have, will make a pretty sum ;
With this will I employ me in these wars.
Now will I take on me the form and shape
Of Duke Cleanthes ; but what intends this alarum ? 140

*Alarum**Enter Clearchus*

[Clear.] Where may I seek to find Cleanthes out,
That martial prince, whom Ptolemy, unkind,
Hath banished from out the Egyptian land ?
Our warlike troops are scattered and overthrown,
And his dear friends, Acates and Acanthes, 145
Lie in the field besmired in their bloods.
I'll run through all these groves to find him out. *Exit*

Leon. My sweet Acates and Acanthes slain !
Grief to my heart and sorrow to my soul !
Then rouse thyself, Cleanthes, and revenge 150
Their guiltless blood on these base miscreants.
Oh, let the canker'd trumpet of the deep
Be rattled out and ring into their ears
The dire revenge Cleanthes will inflict
On these four kings and all their complices. [Exit.] 155

Alarum. Excursions

[SCENE X]

Enter Cleanthes, leading Porus, Rhesus, Bion, Bebritius ; Pego, Clearchus, Euribates

Clean. Thus have you strove in vain against those gods
That rescues Egypt in Cleanthes' arms.
Come, yield your crowns and homages to me.
Though Ptolemy is dead, yet I survive,
Elect and chosen by the peers to scourge 5
The vile presumption of your hated lives ;
Then yield as vanquish'd unto Egypt's king.

Por. First, by thy valour and the strength of arms,
Porus, the wealthy Ethiopian king,
Doth yield his crown and homage unto thee, 10
Swearing by all my gods whom I adore
To honour Duke Cleanthes whilst he live,
And in his aid with twenty thousand men,
Will always march gainst whom thou mean'st to fight.

Bion. Bion, whose neck was never forc'd to bow, 15
Doth yield him captive to thy warlike sword.
Command whatso thou list, we will perform,
And all my power shall march at thy command.

Rhe. Rhesus doth yield his crown and dignity
To great Cleanthes, Egypt's only strength ; 20
For if Cleanthes lives, who ever lived
More likelier to be monarch of the world ?
Then here accept my vow'd allegiance,
Which as the rest I render unto thee.

Beb. So saith Bebritius of Bebritia, 25
And lays his crown and homage at thy feet.

Clean. Hold, take your crowns again,
And keep your oaths and fealties to me.
So shall you live as free as heretofore,
And ne'er hereafter stoop to conquest more. 30

Enter Elimine and Samathis with child

Peg. [*aside*] Here comes the two widows of the beggar
and the King ; little know they that both their husbands are
turned into one king ; there would be old striving who
should be queen, i'faith !

Eli. Pity, dread Sovereign ! 35

Sam. Pity, gracious lord !

Clean. What are your suits ?

Eli. I, the poor Countess and the widow left
 Of late Count Hermes, having all my goods
 Seiz'd to our late King's use, for murder done
 Of young Prince Doricles, humbly pray your Grace 40
 I may have somewhat to maintain my state
 And this poor burthen which I go withal,
 The hapless infant of a hapless father.

Sam. And I, my lord, humbly entreat your Grace,
 That, where my husband Leon is deceas'd, 45
 And left me much in debt, his creditors
 Having seized all I have into their hands,
 And turn'd me with this hapless burthen here,
 Into the streets, your Highness will descend
 To my relief by some convenient order. 50

Clean. Poor souls, I most extremely pity them.
 But say, is Leon dead ?

Cleor. Men say, my lord, he cast his desperate body
 From th' Alexandrian Tower into the sea.

Clean. Who saw the sight, or gave out this report ? 55
 You, Master Burgomaster ?

Peg. I did, my gracious lord.

Clean. [*aside*] So I devis'd, indeed, that he should
 say,

That none should never look for Leon more.
 But these my widows here must not be left 60
 Unto the mercy of the needy world,
 Nor mine own issue that they go withal
 Have such base fortunes, and their sire so great.—
 Widows, in pity of your widowhood,
 And untimely ends of both your husbands, 65
 The slaughter of the Count, your husband, madam,
 Shall be remitted, and yourself enjoy
 The utmost of the living he possess'd ;
 So will I pay your husband Leon's debt,
 And both shall live fitting their wonted states ; 70
 Kings in their mercy come most near the gods,
 And can no better show it than in ruth
 Of widows and of children fatherless.
 Myself will, therefore, be to both your births
 A careful father in their bringing up. 75

Ambo. The gods for ever bless your Majesty !

Clean. But tell me, were your husbands such bad men.
 That every way they did deserve such ends ?

Eli. Mine was a husband to my heart's content,
But that he us'd the privilege of men. 80

Clean. What privilege of men ?

Eli. To take some other love besides his wife,
Which men think by their custom they may do,
Although their wives be strictly bound to them.

Clean. With whom suspect you he was great withal ? 85

Eli. With this poor widow here, the world supposeth.

Sam. So thinks the world my husband was with you.

Peg. Fair dames, what will you say to me,
If I can tell you where your husbands be ?

Clean. What ! Can you, sir ? 90

Peg. Nay nothing, sir, I did but jest with you.—[*aside*] I
feared him, i'faith ; but I'll be secret, that's flat.

Clean. Well, Master Burgomaster, see that you restore
The goods and lands you seiz'd
Both of the Countess and rich Leon's wife. 95
Not pity of their widowhoods alone,
But their rare beauties move me to this good.
Oh, Master Burgomaster, see here's your wife
Come to welcome you home from wars.

Enter Martia with child

Mar. Oh husband, husband, will you go to war, and leave 100
me in this taking ?

Peg. This taking ! Why, this is a very good taking ; how
say you, is it not, and like your Majesty ?

Clean. 'Tis very well, Master Burgomaster.

Peg. But shall I entreat one boon of your Majesty ? 105

Clean. What's that, Master Burgomaster ?

Peg. Marry, even to be godfather to my young Burgo-
master here.

Clean. With all my heart, sir !

Mar. Come on, sweet husband, for my time draws near. 110

Peg. Fear not, thou shalt be a joyful mother, I warrant
thee !

Clean. How say you, my lords ; is not our Burgomaster
A tall man every way ? Did you not mark
How manfully he behaved himself in our late battle ? 115

Por. We did, my lord, and wonder at his courage.

Rhe. His merit doth deserve a better place
Than to be Burgomaster of Alexandria.

Clean. Then say, my lords, how shall we deal with him ?

Bion. Had he been widower he might have wedded 120
With this Countess here.

Peg. Oh! I have one of mine own, I thank you, sir;
here's one has the sweet of them, i'faith!

Por. My lord, the offer had been too high a grace—for him—
For ne'er did eye behold a fairer face. 125

Beb. So saith mine eye that hath my heart incens'd.

Bion. And, Rhesus, methinks this exceeds her far.

Rhe. No question of it, as the sun a star.

Por. As suddenly as lightning beauty wounds.

Beb. None ever lov'd, but at first sight they lov'd. 130

Por. Love's darts are swift as is the lightning fire.

Rhe. See, he shoots arrows burning from her eyes.

Por. Why, which loves Rhesus?

Rhe. This celestial dame.

Por. And which loves Bion?

Bion. Even the very same.

Por. Then may I freely joy the Countess here. 135

Beb. No, Porus, for Bebritius loves her too.

Clean. [*aside*] Are they in love? Oh, gods, would that
were true!

My [loves enjoy] the fresh desire of kings.—

How now, my lords, doth beauty startle you?

Por. More than dead stocks would startle at such beauty. 140

Beb. In vain do I resist my passions.

Mighty Cleanthes, to annex my heart

In love to thee, as well as victory,

Grant this fair Countess here may be my queen.

Por. No, great Cleanthes, give her to my hand, 145
Whose heart was first the subject of her graces.

Rhe. Then let the Arabian king make this his queen.

Bion. Nay, this, Cleanthes, let my love enjoy.

Clean. [*aside*] How fatal are these loves; now I perceive
Their fortunes, that I told as I was Irus, 150
Will now in force, I see, be come to pass.

Sam. Oh, holy Irus, blessed be thy tongue,
That like an orator hath told our fortunes!

Eli. He told us we should soon lose our first loves,
Making our second choice 'mongst greatest kings. 155

Clean. [*aside*] I did indeed, but God knows knew not how.

Peg. [*aside*] How say you, master brother, am not I secret
now?

Clean. [*aside*] Thou art, and be so still, for not the world

Shall ever know the mad pranks I have played.—

Now stand fair, my lords, and let these ladies view you. 160

Eli. In my eye, now, the blackest is the fairest,
For every woman chooseth white and red.

Come, martial Porus, thou shalt have my love.

Beb. Out on thee, foolish woman, thou hast chose a devil.

Peg. Not yet, sir, till he have horns. 165

Sam. 'Tis not the face and colour I regard,
But fresh and lovely youth allures my choice,
And thee, most beauteous Bion, I affect.

Rhe. Hapless is Rhesus!

Beb. Accurs'd Bebritius! 170

Clean. Have patience, gentle lords; I will provide
Other Egyptian ladies for your turn;

So will we link in perfit league of love.

So shall the victory you lost to me

Set double glory on your conquered heads.

So let us go to frolic in our Court, 175

Carousing free whole bowls of Greekish wine

In honour of the conquest we have made,

That at our banquet all the gods may tend,

Plauding our victory and this happy end.

Exeunt

AN HUMOUROUS DAY'S MIRTH

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

<i>The King of France</i>	Rowley
Count Labervele	Berger
Dowsecer, <i>Son of Count La-</i>	Verone
<i>bervele</i>	<i>His Son</i>
Count Moren	Jaques, <i>his man</i>
Lemot	<i>A Torchbearer</i>
Foyes	<i>The Queen of France</i>
Colinet	Florilla, <i>the Puritan wife of</i>
Catalian	<i>Labervele</i>
Blanuel	Countess Moren
Labesha	Martia, <i>daughter of Foyes</i>
Lavel	Jaquina, <i>Verone's Maid</i>

An Humourous Day's Mirth

[SCENE I]

Enter the Count Labervele, in his shirt and nightgown, with two jewels in his hand

Lab. Yet hath the morning sprinkled thr'out the clouds
But half her tincture, and the soil of night
Sticks still upon the bosom of the air :
Yet sleep doth rest my love for nature's debt,
And through her window and this dim twilight 5
Her maid, nor any waking I can see.
This is the holy green, my wife's close walk,
To which not any but herself alone
Hath any key—only that I have clapp'd
Her key in wax, and made this counterfeit— 10
To the which I steal access to work this rare
And politic device.
Fair is my wife, and young and delicate,
Although too religious in the purest sort ;
But pure religion being but mental stuff, 15
And sense indeed all [careful] for itself,
['T]is to be doubted that when an object comes
Fit to her humour, she will intercept
Religious letters sent unto her mind,
And yield unto the motion of her blood. 20
Here have I brought, then, two rich agates for her,
Graven with two posies of mine own devising,
For poets I'll not trust, nor friends, nor any.
She longs to have a child, which yet, alas !
I cannot get, yet long as much as she ; 25
And not to make her desperate, thus I write
In this fair jewel, though it simple be,
Yet 'tis mine own, that meaneth well [enough] :

[*Despair*] *not of children,
Love with the longest ;* 30
*When man is at the weakest,
God is at strongest.*

I hope 'tis plain and knowing. In this other that I write :

*God will reward her a thousandfold,
That takes what age can, and not what age would.* 35

I hope 'tis pretty and pathological.

Well, even here

Lie both together till my love arise,
And let her think you fall out of the skies.

I will to bed again.

Exit 40

[SCENE II]

Enter Lemot and Colinet

Lem. How like you this morning, Colinet ? What, shall we have a fair day ?

Col. The sky hangs full of humour, and I think we shall have rain.

Lem. Why, rain is fair weather when the ground is dry and barren, especially when it rains humour, for then do men, like hot sparrows and pigeons, open all their wings ready to receive them. 5

Col. Why, then, we may chance to have a fair day, for we shall spend it with so humourous acquaintance as rains nothing but humour all their lifetime. 10

Lem. True, Colinet, over which will I sit like an old king in an old-fashion play, having his wife, his council, his children, and his fool about him, to whom he will sit, and point very learnedly, as followeth :— 15

'My council grave, and you, my noble peers,
My tender wife, and you, my children dear,
And thou, my fool—'

Col. Not meaning me, sir, I hope !

Lem. No, sir : but thus will I sit, as it were, and point out all my humourous companions. 20

Col. You shall do marvellous well, sir.

Lem. I thank you for your good encouragement ; but, Colinet, thou shalt see Catalian bring me hither an odd

gentleman presently, to be acquainted withal, who in his manner of taking acquaintance will make us excellent sport. 25

Col. Why, Lemot, I think thou send'st about of purpose for young gallants to be acquainted withal, to make thyself merry in the manner of taking acquaintance.

Lem. By heaven I do, Colinet; for there is no better sport than to observe the compliment, for that's their word, compliment—do you mark, sir? 30

Col. Yea, sir, but what humour hath this gallant in his manner of taking acquaintance?

Lem. Marry thus, sir: he will speak the very selfsame word to a syllable after him of whom he takes acquaintance, as, if I should say, 'I am marvellous glad of your acquaintance,' he will reply 'I am marvellous glad of your acquaintance'; 'I have heard much good of your rare parts and fine carriage,' 'I have heard much good of your rare parts and fine carriage.' So long as the compliments of a gentleman last, he is your complete ape. 35 40

Col. Why, this is excellent!

Lem. Nay, sirrah, here's the jest of it: when he is past this gratulation, he will retire himself to a chimney or a wall, standing folding his arms thus; and go you and speak to him, so far as the room you are in will afford you, you shall never get him from that most gentlemanlike set, or behaviour. 45

Col. This makes his humour perfit; I would he would come once. 50

Enter Catalian and Blanuel

Lem. See where he comes. Now must I say, *Lupus est in fabula*, for these Latin ends are part of a gentleman and a good scholar.

Cat. O, good morrow, Monsieur Lemot! Here is the gentleman you desired so much to be acquainted withal. 55

Lem. He is marvellous welcome. [*To Blanuel*] I shall be exceeding proud of your acquaintance.

Blan. I shall be exceeding proud of your acquaintance.

Lem. I have heard much good of your rare parts and fine carriages. 60

Blan. I have heard much good of your rare parts and fine carriages.

Lem. I shall be glad to be commanded by you.

Blan. I shall be glad to be commanded by you.

Lem. I pray do not you say so! 65

Blan. I pray do not you say so!

Lem. Well, gentlemen, this day let's consecrate to mirth ; and, Colinet, you know, no man better, that you are mightily in love with love[ly] Martia, daughter to old Foyes.

Col. I confess it ; here are none but friends.

Lem. Well, then, go to her this morning in Countess Mor[en's], name, and so perhaps you may get her company, though the old churl be so jealous that he will suffer no man to come at her, but the vain gull Labesha, for his living sake, and he, as yet, she will not be acquainted withal.

Col. Well, this I'll do, whatsoever come on it.

Lem. Why, nothing but good will come of it ; ne'er doubt it, man !

Cat. [*aside to Lemot*] He hath taken up his stand, talk a little further, and see and you can remove him.

Lem. [*aside*] I will, Cat[alian]—Now, Monsieur Blanuel, mark, I pray !

Blan. I do, sir, very well, I warrant you !

Lem. You know the old Count Labervele hath a passing fair young lady, that is a passing foul Puritan.

Blan. I know her very well, sir ; she goes more like a milkmaid than a countess, for all her youth and beauty.

Lem. True, sir ; yet of her is the old Count so jealous that he will suffer no man to come at her ; yet I will find a means that two of us will have access to her, though before his face, which shall so heat his jealous humour till he be start mad ; but, Colinet, go you first to lovely Martia, for 'tis too soon for the old lord and his fair young lady to rise.

Col. Adieu, Monsieur Blanuel !

Blan. Adieu, good Monsieur Colinet ! *Exit Colinet*

Lem. Monsieur Blanuel, your kindness in this will bind me much to you.

Blan. Monsieur Lemot, your kindness in this will bind me much to you.

Lem. I pray you do not say so, sir !

Blan. I pray you do not say so, sir !

Lem. Will't please you to go in ?

Blan. Will't please you to go in ?

Lem. I will follow you.

Blan. I will follow you.

Lem. It shall be yours.

Blan. It shall be yours.

Lem. Kind Monsieur Blanuel !

Blan. Kind Monsieur Lemot ! *Exit [Lemot with Blanuel]*

[SCENE III]

Enter Foyes and Martia and Labesha

Foy. Come on, fair daughter, fall to your work of mind, and make your body fit to embrace the body of this gentleman's; 'tis art: happy are they, say I.

Labes. I protest, sir, you speak the best that ever I heard.

Foy. I pray, sir, take acquaintance of my daughter. 5

Labes. I do desire you of more acquaintance.

Foy. Why dost not thou say 'Yea, and I the same of you'?

Mar. That everybody says.

Foy. Oh, you would be singular. 10

Mar. Single, indeed!

Foy. Single, indeed—that's a pretty toy!

Your betters, dame, bear double, and so shall you. 4

Labes. Exceeding pretty, did you mark it, forsooth?

Mar. What should I mark, forsooth? 15

Labes. Your bearing double, which equivocate is, and hath a fit allusion to a horse that bears double, for your good father means you shall endure your single life no longer—not in worse sense than bearing double, forsooth.

Mar. I cry you mercy; you know both, belike. 20

Labes. Knowledge, forsooth, is like a horse and you, that can bear double; it nourisheth both bee and spider—the bee honeysuckle, the spider poison. I am that bee.

Mar. I thought so, by your stinging wit.

Labes. Lady, I am a bee without a sting, no way hurting any, but good to all, and before all to your sweet self. 25

Foy. Afore God, daughter, thou art not worthy to hear him speak! But who comes here?

Enter Colinet

Col. God save you, sir!

Foy. You are welcome, sir, for ought that I know yet. 30

Col. I hope I shall be so still, sir.

Foy. What is your business, sir, and then I'll tell you?

Col. Marry thus, sir: the Countess Moren entreats your fair daughter to bear her company this forenoon.

Foy. This forenoon, sir? Doth my lord, or lady, send for her, I pray? 35

Col. My lady, I assure you.

Foy. My lady, you assure me; very well, sir! Yet

that house is full of gallant gentlemen, dangerous thorns to prick young maids, I can tell you. 40

Col. There are none but honest and honourable gentlemen.

Foy. All is one, sir, for that ; I'll trust my daughter with any man, but no man with my daughter ; only yourself, Monsieur Besha, whom I will entreat to be her guardian, 45 and to bring her home again.

Col. I will wait upon her, and it please you.

Foy. No, sir, your weight upon her will not be so good. Here, Monsieur Besha, I deliver my daughter unto you a perfect maid, and so, I pray you, look well unto her. 50

Col. Farewell, Monsieur Foyes !

Labes. I warrant I'll look unto her well enough. Mistress, will it please you to preambulate ?

Mar. With all my heart! *Exeunt*

[SCENE IV]

Enter [Florilla] the Puritan

Flo. What have I done ? Put on too many clothes ; The day is hot, and I am hotter clad Than might suffice health.

My conscience tells me that I have offended, And I'll put them off. 5

That will ask time that might be better spent ; One sin will draw another quickly so ; See how the Devil tempts. But what's here, jewels ? How should these come here ?

Enter Labervele

Lab. Good morrow, lovely wife ! What hast thou there ? 10

Flo. Jewels, my lord, which here I strangely found.

Lab. That's strange indeed ; what, where none comes But when yourself is here ? Surely the heavens Have rained thee jewels for thy holy life, And using thy old husband lovingly ; 15 Or else do fairies haunt this holy green, As evermore mine ancestors have thought.

Flo. Fairies were but in times of ignorance, Not since the true pure light hath been revealed ; And that they come from heaven I scarce believe, 20 For jewels are vain things ; much gold is given

For such fantastical and fruitless jewels,
 And therefore heaven, I know, will not maintain
 The use of vanity. Surely I fear
 I have much sinned to stoop and take them up, 25
 Bowing my body to an idle work ;
 The strength that I have had to this very deed
 Might have been used to take a poor soul up
 In the highway.

Lab. You are too curious, wife ; behold your jewels. 30
 What, methinks there's posies written on them !

Then he reads :

*Despair not of children,
 Love with the longest ;
 When man is at the weakest,
 God is at the strongest.* 35

Wonderful rare and witty, nay divine !
 Why, this is heavenly comfort for thee, wife.
 What is this other ?

*God will reward her a thousandfold,
 That takes what age can, and not what age would.* 40

The best that ever I heard ! No mortal brain
 I think did ever utter such conceit
 For good plain matter, and for honest rhyme.

Flo. Vain poetry, I pray you burn them, sir.

Lab. You are to blame, wife ; heaven hath sent you 45
 them

To deck yourself withal like to yourself,
 Not to go thus like a milk-maid.

Why, there is difference in all estates

By all religion.

Flo. There is no difference !

Lab. I prithee, wife, be of another mind, 50
 And wear these jewels and a velvet hood.

Flo. A velvet hood, O vain devilish device !
 A toy made with a superfluous flap,
 Which being cut off, my head were still as warm.
 Diogenes did cast away his dish, 55
 Because his hand would serve to help him drink ;
 Surely these heathens shall rise up against us.

Lab. Sure, wife, I think thy keeping always close,
 Making thee melancholy, is the cause

We have no children, and, therefore, if thou wilt, 60
Be merry, and keep company, a' God's name.

Flo. Sure, my lord, if I thought I should be rid
Of this same [punishment] of barrenness,
And use our marriage to the end it was made,
Which was for procreation, I should sin, 65
If by my keeping house I should neglect
The lawful means to be a fruitful mother ;
And, therefore, if it please you, I'll use resort.

Lab. [*aside*] God's my passion, what have I done ?
Who would have thought her pureness would yield so soon 70
to courses of temptations ?—Nay, hark you, wife, I am not
sure that going abroad will cause fruitfulness in you ; that,
you know, none knows but God himself.

Flo. I know, my lord, 'tis true ; but the lawful means
must still be used. 75

Lab. Yea, the lawful means, indeed, must still ; but now
I remember that lawful means is not abroad.

Flo. Well, well, I'll keep the house still.

Lab. Nay, heark you, lady, I would not have you think—
marry, I must tell you this, if you should change the manner 80
of your life, the world would think you changed religion too.

Flo. 'Tis true, I will not go.

Lab. Nay, if you have a fancy !

Flo. Yea, a fancy, but that's no matter.

Lab. Indeed, fancies are not for judicial and religious 85
women.

Enter Catalian like a scholar

Cat. God save your lordship, and you, most religious
lady !

Lab. Sir, you may say God save us well indeed,
That thus are thrust upon in private walks. 90

Cat. A slender thrust, sir, where I touch'd you not.

Lab. Well, sir, what is your business ?

Cat. Why, sir, I have a message to my lady from Monsieur
Du Bart [as].

Lab. To your lady ! Well, sir, speak your mind to 95
your lady.

Flo. You are very welcome, sir, and I pray how doth he ?

Cat. In health, madam, thanks be to God, commending
his duty to your ladyship, and hath sent you a message
which I would desire your honour to hear in private. 100

Flo. ' My ladyship ' and ' my honour ' ! They be words

which I must have you leave ; they be idle words, and you shall answer for them truly ; ' my duty to you,' or ' I desire you,' were a great deal better than ' my ladyship,' or ' my honour.'

Cat. I thank you for your Christian admonition.

Flo. Nay, thank God for me ! Come, I will hear your message with all my heart, and you are very welcome, sir.

Lady [*Lady*] 'With all my heart, and you are very welcome, sir,' and go and talk with a young lusty fellow able to make a man's hair stand upright on his head ! What purity is there in this, trow you ? Ha, what wench of the faculty could have been more forward ? Well, sir, I will know your message.—You, sir, you, sir, what says the holy man, sir ? Come, tell true, for by heaven or hell I will have it out.

Cat. Why, you shall, sir, if you be so desirous.

Lab. Nay, sir, I am more than so desirous ; come, sir, study not for a new device now.

Cat. Not I, my lord, this is both new and old. I am a scholar, and being spiritually inclined by your lady's most godly life, I am to profess the ministry, and to become her chaplain, to which end Monsieur Du Bart[as] hath commended me.

Lab. Her chaplain in the devil's name, fit to be vicar of hell !

Flo. My good head, what are you afraid of ? He comes with a godly and neighbourly suit ; what, think you his words or his looks can tempt me ? Have you so little faith ? If every word he spake were a serpent as subtle as that which tempted Eve, he cannot tempt me, I warrant you !

Lab. Well answered for him, lady, by my faith ! Well, hark you, I'll keep your chaplain's place yonder for a while, and at length put in one myself. *Enter Lemot.* What, more yet ? God's my passion, whom do I see ? The very imp of desolation, the minion of our King, whom no man sees to enter his house but he lo[c]ks up his wife, his children, and his maids, for where he goes he carries his house upon his head, like a snail.—Now, sir, I hope your business is to me.

Lem. No, sir, I must crave a word with my lady.

Lab. These words are intolerable, and she shall hear no more.

Lem. She must hear me speak. 145

Lab. Must she, sir? Have you brought the King's warrant for it?

Lem. I have brought that which is above kings.

Lab. Why, every man for her sake is a Puritan. The devil, I think, will shortly turn Puritan, or the Puritan will 150 turn devil.

Flo. What have you brought, sir?

Lem. Marry this, madam; you know we ought to be one another's constancy, and I am come in all chastity and honourable sort to prove your constancy. 155

Flo. You are very welcome, sir, and I will abide your proof. It is my duty to abide your proof.

Lab. You'll bide his proof; it is your duty to bide his proof! How the devil will you bide his proof?

Flo. My good head, no otherwise than before your face 160 in all honourable and religious sort; I tell you I am constant to you, and he comes to try whether I be so or no, which I must endure. Begin your proof, sir.

Lem. Nay, madam, not in your husband's hearing, though in his sight; for there is no woman will show she is tempted 165 from her constancy, though she be a little. Withdraw yourself, sweet lady. [*They withdraw.*]

Lab. Well, I will see, though I do not hear; women may be courted without offence, so they resist the courtier.

Lem. Dear and most beautiful lady, of all the sweet, 170 honest, and honorable means to prove the purity of a lady's constancy kisses are the strongest. I will, therefore, be bold to begin my proof with a kiss.

Flo. No, sir, no kissing!

Lem. No kissing, madam? How shall I prove you then 175 sufficiently, not using the most sufficient proof? To flatter yourself by affection of spirit, when it is not perfectly tried, is sin.

Flo. You say well, sir; that which is truth is truth.

Lem. Then do you well, lady, and yield to the truth. 180

Flo. By your leave, sir, my husband sees; peradventure it may breed an offence to him.

Lem. How can it breed an offence to your husband to see your constancy perfectly tried?

Flo. You are an odd man, I see; but first, I pray, tell me 185 how kissing is the best proof of chaste ladies.

Lem. To give you a reason for that you must give me leave to be obscure and philosophical.

Flo. I pray yo[u] be ; I love philosophy well.

Lem. Then thus, madam : every kiss is made, as the voice is, by imagination and appetite, and as both those are presented to the ear in the voice, so are they to the silent spirits in our kisses. 190

Flo. To what spirit mean you ?

Lem. The spirits of our blood. 195

Flo. What if it do ?

Lem. Why, then, my imagination and mine appetite working upon your ears in my voice, and upon your spirits in my kisses, piercing therein the more deeply, they give the stronger assault against your constancy. 200

Flo. Why, then, to say, ' prove my constancy,' is as much as to say, ' kiss me.'

Lem. Most true, rare lady !

Flo. Then prove my constancy.

Lem. Believe me, madam, you gather exceeding wittily upon it. [Kisses her] 205

Lab. Oh, my forehead, my very heart aches at a blow ! What dost thou mean, wife ? Thou wilt lose thy fame, discredit thy religion, and dishonour me for ever.

Flo. Away, sir ! I will abide no more of your proof, nor endure any more of your trial. 210

Lem. Oh, she dares not, she dares not ; I am as glad I have tried your purity as may be. You the most constant lady in France ? I know an hundred ladies in this town that will dance, revel all night amongst gallants, and in the morning go to bed to her husband as clear a woman as if she were new christened, kiss him, embrace him, and say, ' no, no, husband, thou art the man ' ; and he takes her for the woman. 215

Flo. And all this can I do. 220

Lab. Take heed of it, wife !

Flo. Fear not, my good head ; I warrant you for him !

Lem. Nay, madam, triumph not before the victory ; how can you conquer that against which you never strive, or strive against that which never encounters you ? To live idle in this walk, to enjoy this company, to wear this habit, and have no more delights than those will afford you, is to make virtue an idle huswife, and to hide herself [in] slothful cobwebs, that still should be adorned with actions of victory : no, madam, if you will worthily prove your constancy to your husband, you must put on rich apparel, 225 230

fare daintily, hear music, read sonnets, be continually courted, kiss, dance, feast, revel all night amongst gallants ; then if you come to bed to your husband with a clear mind and a clear body, then are your virtues *ipsissima* ; then 235 have you passed the full test of experiment, and you shall have an hundred gallants fight thus far in blood for the defence of your reputation.

Lab. Oh, vanity of vanities !

Flo. Oh, husband, this is perfect trial indeed ! 240

Lab. And you will try all this now, will you not ?

Flo. Yea, my good head ; for it is written, we must pass to perfection through all temptation, Habakkuk the fourth.

Lab. Habakkuk !—cuck me no cucks ! In a doors, I say ! Thieves, Puritans, murderers ! In a doors, I say. 245

Exit [with Florilla]

Lem. So now is he start mad, i'faith ; but, sirrah, as this is an old lord jealous of his young wife, so is ancient Countess Moren jealous of her young husband ; we'll thither to have some sport, i'faith ! *Exit [with Catalian]*

[SCENE V]

Enter Labesha hanging upon Martia's sleeve, and the Lord Moren comes to them

M[o]r. I prithee, Besha, keep a little off ; Hang not upon her shoulders thus for shame.

Labes. My lord, *pardonez-moi*, I must not let her talk alone with any one, for her father gave me charge.

M[o]r. Oh, you are a goodly charger for a goose. 5

Labes. A goose ! You are a gander to call me goose ; I am a Christian gentleman as well as you.

M[o]. Well, sirrah, get you hence, or by my troth I'll have thee taken out in a blanket, tossed from forth our hearing. 10

Labes. In a blanket ? What, do you make a puppy of me ? By skies and stones, I will go and tell your lady. *Exit*

Mor. Nay, but, Besha !

Mar. Nay, he will tell, my lord.

Enter the Countess Moren and Labesha

Count. Why, how now, my lord ! What, thought you 15 I was dead, that you are wooing of another thus, or are you laying plots to work my death ?

Mor. Why, neither, sweet bird ; what need you move these questions unto me, whom you know loves you above all the women in the world ?

20

Count. How he can flatter now he hath made a fault.

Labes. He can do little, and he cannot cog.

Mor. Out, you ass !

Count. Well, come tell me what you did entreat.

Mor. Nothing, by heaven, sweet bird, I swear, but to entreat her love—

25

Count. But to entreat her love !

Mor. Nay, hear me out !

Count. Nay, here you are out, you are out too much, methinks, and put me in—

30

Mor. And put you in ?

Count. In a fair taking, sir, I mean.

Mor. Oh, you may see what hasty taking is ; you women evermore scramble for our words, and never take them mannerly from our mouths.

35

Count. Come, tell me what you did entreat.

Mor. I did entreat her love to Colinet.

Count. To Colinet ? Oh, he is your dear cousin, and your kind heart, i'faith, is never well but when you are doing good for every man ; speak, do you love me ?

40

Mor. I'faith, sweet bird !

Count. Best of all others ?

Mor. Best of all others !

Count. That's my good bird, i'faith !

Labes. Oh, mistress, will you love me so ?

45

Mar. No, by my troth, will I not !

Labes. 'No, by my troth, will I not !' Why, that's well said ; I could never get her to flatter me yet.

Enter Lemot, Blanuel, and Catalian, and Colinet

Lem. Good morrow, my good lord, and these passing lovely ladies !

50

[*Count.*] So now we shall have all manner of flattering with Monsieur Lemot.

Lem. You are all manner of ways deceived, madam, for I am so far from flattering you, that I do not a whit praise you.

55

Count. Why, do you call us passing lovely, then ?

Lem. Because you are passing from your loveliness.

Mar. Madam, we shall not have one *mot* of Monsieur

Lemot, but it shall be as it were a moat to drown all our conceit in admiration. 60

Lem. See what a mote her quick eye can spy in mine, before she looks in it.

Mar. So mote I thee, thine answer is as good as mought be.

Lem. Here's a poor name run out of breath 65

Count. Why, Monsieur Lemot, your name is run
breath at every word you speak.

Lem. That's because my name signifies word.

Mar. Well hit, Monsieur *Verbum*!

Lem. What, are you good at Latin, lady? 70

Mar. No, sir, but I know what *verbum* is.

Lem. Why, 'tis green bum: *ver* is green, and you know what bum is, I am sure of that.

Mar. No, sir, 'tis a verb, and I can decline you.

Lem. That you can, I'll be sworn! 75

Mar. What can I do?

Lem. Decline me, or take me a hole lower, as the proverb is.

Mar. Nay, sir, I mean plain grammatical declination.

Lem. Well, let's hear your scholarship, and decline me. 80

Mar. I will, sir: *moto, motas*.

Labes. O excellent! She hath called him ass in Latin.

Lem. Well, sir, forward!

Mar. Nay, there's enough to try both our scholarships.

Lem. *Moto, motas*; nay, faith, forward to *motavi*, or 85
motandi.

Mar. Nay, sir, I'll leave when I am well.

Count. Why, Monsieur Lemot, your name being in word general, is in ninny, or in hammer, or in cock, or in buzzard.

Lem. Or in wagtail, or in woodcock, or in dotteril, or in 90
dizzard.

Mar. Or in clot, or in head, or in cow, or in baby.

Lem. Or in mawkin, or in trash, or in pap, or in lady.

Count. Or, indeed, in everything.

Lem. Why then 'tis in thing. 95

Mar. Then, good Monsieur Thing, there let it rest.

Lem. Then, above all things, I must have a word with you.

Labes. Hands off, sir, she is not for your mowing!

Lem. She is for your mocking. 100

Labes. And she mock me, I'll tell her father.

Lem. That's a good child ; thou smellest of the mother, and she was a fool, I warrant you.

Labes. Meddle with me, but do not meddle with my mother.

Lem. That's a good child. Come, I must needs have a word with you.

Lem. You shall do none of your needs with her, sir.

Col. Why, what will you do ?

Labes. What will I do ? You shall see what I'll do. 110

Then he offereth to draw

Blan. Go to, you ass ! Offer to draw here, and we'll draw thee out of the house by the heels.

Labes. What, three against one ? Now was ever proper hard-favoured gentleman so abused ? Go to, Mistress Martia, I see you well enough ; are you not ashamed to stand talking alone with such a one as he ? 115

Lem. How, sir ? With such a one as I, sir ?

Labes. Yea, sir, with such a one as you, sir !

Lem. Why, what am I ?

Labes. What are you, sir ? Why, I know you well enough. 120

Lem. Sirrah, tell me what you know me for, or else, by heaven, I'll make thee better thou hadst never known how to speak.

Labes. Why, sir, if you will needs know, I know you for an honourable gentleman and the King's minion, and were it not to you, there's ne'er a gentleman in Paris should have had her out of my hands. 125

Mar. Nay, he's as tall a gentleman of his hands as a[n]y is in Paris. 130

Col. There's a favour for you, sir.

Lem. But I can get no favour for you, sir.

Blan. I pray, my lord, entreat for your cousin Colinet.

Mor. Alas, man, I dare not for my wife !

Cat. Why, my lord, she thinks it is for nothing, but to speak for your cousin. 135

Mor. I pray you, bird, give me leave to speak for my cousin.

Count. I am content for him.

Mor. Then one word with you more, courteous Lady Martia. 140


Labes. Not and you were my father !

Mor. Gentlemen, for God sake, thrust this ass out of the doors.

Lem. Nay, by'r lady, he'll run home and tell her father. 145

Cat. Well, go to her; I warrant he shall not trouble you. [To Labesha] Kind gentleman, how we dote on thee. Embrace him, gentlemen.

Blan. Oh, sweet Besha, how we honour thee!

Cat. Nay, gentlemen, look what a piercing eye  150

Labes. An eye? I have an eye and it were a pebble.

Cat. Nay, look what a nose he hath.

Labes. My nose is neat crimson.

Cat. Nay, look what a handsome man he is. Oh, Nature, Nature,

Thou never madest man of so pure a feature! 155

Labes. Truly, truly, gentlemen, I do not deserve this kindness.

Cat. O Lord, sir, you are too modest! Come, shall we walk?

Labes. Whither? To the alehouse? 160

Lem. Hark you, madam, have you no more care of the right of your husband, than to let him talk thus affectionately with another?

Count. Why, he speaks not for himself, but for his cousin Colinet. 165

Lem. God's my life, he tells you so! Nay, and these excuses may serve, I have done.

Count. By the mass, now I observe him, he looks very suspiciously indeed; ne'er trust me if his looks and his gesture do not plainly show himself to swear, 'by this light I do love thee!'

Lem. By'r lady, madam, you guess shrewdly indeed; but hearken you, madam, I pray let not me be the author of discord between my good lord and you.

Count. No, no, Monsieur Lemot, I were blind if I could not see this. I'll slit her nose, by Jesus! [Running at Moren] 175

[*Mor.*] How now, what's the matter?

Count. What's the matter? If I could come at your mistress, she should know what's the matter.

Mor. My mistress? 180

Count. Yea, your mistress! Oh, here's fair dissimulation! [To Martia] Oh, ye impudent gossip, do I send for you to my house to make you my companion, and do you use me thus? Little dost thou know what 'tis to love a man truly, for if thou didst, thou wouldst be ashamed to wrong me so. 185

Mar. You wrong me, madam, to say I wrong you.

Count. Go to, get you out of my house!

Mar. I am gone, madam.

Mov. Well, come in, sweet bird, and I'll persuade thee 190
there's no harm done.

Count. Well, we shall hear your persuasions,

[*Exeunt Countess and Moren*]

Labesha. Well, God knows, and I can partly guess, what
he means to persuade her. Well, take your fair charge,
fair and manly [lord], Monsieur Labesha. 195

Col. One word with you more, fair lady.

Lem. Not a word; no man on pain of death, not a
word; he comes upon my rapier's point, that comes within
forty foot on her.

Labes. Thanks, good Lemot, and thanks, gentlemen 200
all, and her father shall thank you!

[*Exeunt Labesha and Martia*]

Col. Much good do it you, sir! Come, gentlemen, let's
go wait upon the King, and see the humour of the young
lord Dowsecer.

Lem. Excuse me to the King, and tell him I will meet him 205
there. [*Exeunt Colinet, Catalian and Blanuel*] So, this
is but the beginning of sport between this fine lord and his
old lady. But this wench Martia hath happy stars reigned
at the disposition of her beauty, for the King himself doth
mightily dote on her. Now to my Puritan, and see if I can 210
make up my full proof of her. [*Exit*]

[SCENE VI]

Enter [Florilla] the Puritan in her best attire

Flo. Now am I up and ready. Ready, why?

Because my clothes once on, that call we ready.

But readiness I hope hath reference

To some fit action for our several state;

For when I am attired thus, countess-like, 5

'Tis not to work, for that befits me not;

'Tis on some pleasure, whose chief object is

One man's content, and he my husband is;

But what need I thus be attired,

For that he would be pleased with meaner weed? 10

Besides, I take no pleasure thus to please him;

I am content, because it is my duty,
 To keep to him, and not to seek no further ;
 But if that pleasure be a thing that makes
 The time seem short, if it do laughter cause, 15
 If it procure the tongue but heartily
 To say, ' I thank you,' I have no such thing ;
 Nor can the godliest woman in the world
 Against her nature please her sense or soul ;
 She may say, ' this I will,' or ' this I will not.'
 But what shall she reap hereby ? Comfort in 20
 Another world, if she will stay till then.

Enter her husband behind her

Lab. Yea, marry, sir ; now I must look about.
 Now if her desolate prover come again,
 Shall I admit him to make farther trial ?
 I'll have a dialogue between myself 25
 And manly reason to that special end.

Reason, shall I endure a desolate man to come
 And court my wife, and prove her constancy ?
Reason : ' To court and prove her you may bear, my lord,
 For perfit things are not the worse for trial ; 30
 Gold will not turn to dross for deepest trial.'
 Before God a comfortable saying.

Thanks, gentle Reason, I'll trouble you no more.
 God save, sweet wife, look up, thy tempter comes.

Flo. Let him, my lord ; I hope I am more blest 35
 Than to relent in thought of lewd suggestion.

Lab. But if by frailty you should yield in thought,
 What will you do ?

Flo. Then shall you keep me close,
 And never let me see man but yourself ;
 If not, then boldly may I go abroad. 40

Lab. But how shall I know whether you yield or no ?

Flo. Hear us yourself, my lord.

Lab. Tut, that were gross,
 For no woman will yield in her husband's hearing.

[*Flo.* Then to assure you if I yield or no,
 Mark but these signs : as he is proving me, 45
 If I do yield, you shall perceive my face
 Blush and look pale, and put on heavy looks.
 If I resist, I will triumph, and smile,
 And when I hold but up my finger,

Stop his vain lips, or thrust him on the breast ; 50
 Then is he overthrown both horse and foot.

Lab. Why, this doth satisfy me mightily.

See, he is come. [Enter Lemot]

Lem. Honour to my good lord, and his fair young lady !

Lab. Now, Monsieur Sathan, you are come to tempt 55
 And put at full the spirit of my wife.

Lem. Madam, my lord ; but vainly, I suppose.

Lab. You see she dares put on this brave attire
 Fit with the fashion, which you think serves much
 To lead a woman into light desires. 60

Lem. My lord, I see it : and the sight thereof
 Doth half dismay me to make further proof.

Lab. Nay, prove her, prove her, sir, and spare not :
 What, doth the witty minion of our King
 Think any dame in France will say him nay ? 65
 But prove her, prove her, [sir], and spare not.

Lem. Well, sir, though half discouraged in my coming,
 Yet I'll go forward. Lady, by your leave !

[He withdraws with Florilla]

Flo. Now, sir, your cunning in a lady's proof.

Lem. Madam, in proving you I find no proof 70
 Against your piercing glancings,
 But swear I am shot thorough with your love.

Flo. I do believe you : who will swear he loves,
 To get the thing he loves not ? If he love,
 What needs more perfit trial ? 75

Lem. Most true, rare lady.

Flo. Then we are fitly met ; I love you too.

Lem. Exceeding excellent !

Flo. Nay, I know you will applaud me in this course ;
 But to let common circumstances pass,
 Let us be familiar. 80

Lem. Dear life, you ravish my conceit with joy.

Lab. [aside] I long to see the signs that she will make.

Flo. I told my husband I would make these signs :
 If I resisted, first, hold up my finger,
 As if I said ' i' faith, sir, you are gone,' 85
 But it shall say, ' i' faith, sir, we are one.'

Lab. [aside] Now she triumphs, and points to heaven, I
 warrant you !

Flo. Then must I seem as if I would hear no more,

And stop your vain lips. Go, cruel lips,
You have bewitch'd me, go!

90

Lab. [*aside*] Now she stops in
His scorned words, and rates him for his pains.

Flo. And when I thrust you thus against the breast,
Then are you overthrown both horse and foot.

Lab. [*aside*] Now is he overthrown both horse and foot.

Flo. Away, vain man, have I not answered you? 95

Lem. Madam, I yield and swear I never saw
So constant, nor so virtuous a lady.

Lab. [*To Lemot*] Now, speak, I pray, and speak but truly,
Have you not got a wrong sow by the ear?

Lem. My lord, my labour is not altogether lost, 100
For now I find that which I never thought.

Lab. Ah, sirrah, is the edge of your steel wit
Rebated then against her adamant?

Lem. It is, my lord; yet one word more, fair lady.

Lab. Fain would he have it do, and it will not be: 105
Hark you, wife, what sign will you make me
Now, if you relent not?

Flo. Lend him my handkercher to wipe his lips
Of their last disgrace.

Lab. Excellent good! Go forward, [sir], I pray. 110

Flo. [*To Lemot*] Another sign, i'faith, love, is required.

Lem. Let him have signs enow, my heavenly love.
Then know there is a private meeting

This day at Verone's ordinary,
Where if you will do me the grace to come, 115

And bring the beauteous Martia with you,
I will provide a fair and private room,

Where you shall be unseen of any man,
Only of me, and of the King himself,

Whom I will cause to honour your repair 120
With his high presence;

And there with music and quick revellings
You may revive your spirits so long time dulled.

Flo. I'll send for Martia then, and meet you there,
And tell my husband I will lock myself 125

In my [close] walk till supper-time.
We pray, sir, wipe your lips of the disgrace

They took in their last labour. 120

Lem. Marry, the devil was never so despited.

Lab. Nay, stay, [sir]! 130

Lem. No, no, my l[ord], you have the constant'st wife
That ever—well, I'll say no more. *Exit*

Lab. Never was minion so disminion'd.
Come, constancy, come, my girl, I'll leave thee loose
To twenty of them, i'faith! *Then he sighs* ✓ 135

Flo. Come, my good head, come.
Exit [with Labervele]

[SCENE VII]

Enter the King and all the Lords with the trumpets ✓

King. Why sound these trumpets in the devil's name ?

Col. To show the King comes.

King. To show the King comes ?

Go hang the trumpeters ; they mock me boldly,
And every other thing that makes me known, 5
Not telling what I am, but what I seem—
A king of clouts, a scarecrow, full of cobwebs,
Spiders and earwigs, that sets jackdaw's long tongue
In my bosom, and upon my head ;
And such are all the affections of love 10
Swarming in me, without command or reason.

Lem. How now, my Liege ! What, quagmired in philo-
sophy,
Bound with love's whipcord, and quite robbed of reason ?
And I'll give you a receipt for this presently.

King. Peace, Lemot ; they say the young Lord Dowsecer 15
Is rarely learned, and nothing lu[n]atic
As men suppose,
But hateth company and worldly trash ;
The judgment and the just contempt of them
Have in reason arguments that break affection 20
(As the most sacred poets write) and still the roughest wind.
And his rare humour come we now to hear.

Lem. Yea, but heark you, my Liege, I'll tell you a better
humour than that ! Here presently will be your fair love,
Martia, to see his humour ; and from thence fair Countess 25
Florilla and she will go unto Verone's ordinary, where none
but you and I and Count Moren will be most merry.

King. Why, Count Moren, I hope, dares not adventure
into any woman's company but his wife's.

Lem. Yes, as I will work, my Liege, and then let me 30
alone to keep him there till his wife comes.

King. That will be royal sport ; see where all comes.
Welcome, fair lords and ladies !

[Enter Labervele, Labesha, and all the rest

Lab. My Liege, you are welcome to my poor house.

Lem. I pray, my Liege, know this gentleman especially ; 35
[introducing Labesha] he is a gentleman born, I can tell you.

King. With all my heart ! What might I call your

Labes. Monsieur Labesha, Seigneur de Foulasa.

King. De Foulasa, an ill-sounding [barony] of my word !
But to the purpose ; Lord Labervele, we are come to see the 40
humour of your rare son, which by some means, I pray, let
us partake.

Lab. Your Highness shall too unworthily partake the
sight which I with grief and tears daily behold, seeing in him
the end of my poor house. 45

King. You know not that, my lord ; your wife is young ;
and he perhaps hereafter may be moved to more society.

Lab. Would to God he would, that we might do to your
crown of France more worthy and more acceptable service.

King. Thanks, good my lord ! See where he appears. 50

*Enter Lavel with a picture, a pair of large hose, a codpiece,
and a sword*

King. Say, Lavel, where is your young friend, the young
Lord Dowsecer ?

Lav. I look, my Liege, he will be here anon, but then
I must entreat your Majesty and all the rest, to stand unseen
for he as yet will brook no company. 55

King. We will stand close, Lavel ; but wherefore bring
you this apparel, that picture, and that sword ?

Lav. To put him by the sight of them in mind of their
brave states that use them, or, at the least, of the true use
they should be put unto. 60

King. Indeed the sense doth still stir up the soul, and
though these objects do not work, yet it is very probable in
time she may—at least, we shall discern his humour of them.

Lem. See where he comes contemplating ; stand close !

Enter Dowsecer

[Dow.] *Quid ei potest videri magnum in rebus humanis* 65
cui æternitas omnis totiusque nota sit mundi magnitudo.

'What can seem strange to him on earthly things,
To whom the whole course of eternity,

And the round compass of the world is known ?'

A speech divine, but yet I marvel much 70

How it should spring from thee, Mark Cicero,

That sold for glory the sweet peace of life,

And ma[d]e a torment of rich nature's work,

Wearing thyself by watchful candle-light,

When all the smiths and weavers were at rest, 75

And [redacted] as gallant, ere the day-bird sung,

To have a troop of clients at thy gates,

Armed with religious supplications,

Such as would make stern Minos laugh to read.

Look on our lawyers' bills, not one contains 80

Virtue or honest drifts ; but [snares, snares, snares] ;

For acorns now [no more] are in request,

But [when] the oak's poor fruit did nourish men,

Men were like oaks of body, tough, and strong ;

Men were like giants then, but pigmies now ; 85

Yet full of villanies as their skin can hold.

Lem. How like you this humour, my Liege ?

King. This is no humour, this is but perfit judgment.

Count. Is this a frenzy ?

Mar. Oh, were all men such,

Men were no men, but gods ; this earth a heaven. 90

Dow. [*seeing the sword*] See, see, the shameless world,

That dares present her mortal enemy

With these gross ensigns of her le[v]jity,

Iron and steel, uncharitable stuff,

Good spital-founders, enemies to whole skins, 95

As if there were not ways enough to die

By natural and casual accidents,

Diseases, surfeits, brave carouses, old aqua-vitæ, and too

base wives,

And thousands more. Hence with this art of murder !

[*Seeing the hose and codpiece*] But here is goodly gear, 100

the soul of man,

For 'tis his better part ; take away this,

And take away their merits, and their spirits.

Scarce dare they come in any public view,

Without this countenance-giver,

And some dares not come, because they have it too ; 105

For they may sing, in written books they find it.

What is it then the fashion, or the cost ?

The cost doth [much] but yet the fashion more ;

For let it be but mean, so in the fashion,
 And 'tis most gentleman-like. Is it so? 110
 Make a hand in the margent, and burn the book,
 A large [hose] and a codpiece makes a man;
 A codpiece, nay, indeed but [hose] must down.
 Well for you gentle forgers of men,
 And for you come to rest me into fashion, 115
 I'll wear you thus, and sit upon the matter.

Lab. And [so] he doth despise our purposes.

Cat. Bear with him yet, my lord, he is not resolved.

La[v]. I would not have my friend mock worthy men,
 For the vain pride of some that are not so. 120

Dow. I do not here deride difference of states,
 No, not in show, but wish that such as want show
 Might not be scorned with ignorant Turkish pride,
 Being pompous in apparel, and in mind;
 Nor would I have with imitated shapes, 125
 Men make their native land the land of apes,
 Living like strangers when they be at home,
 And so perhaps bear strange hearts to their home;
 Nor look a-snuff like a piannet's tail,
 For nothing but their [curls] and formal locks, 130
 When like to cream-bowls, all their virtues swim
 In their set faces, all their in-parts, then,
 Fit to serve peasants, or make curds for daws.

[*Seeing the picture*] But what a stock am I thus to neglect
 This figure of man's comfort, this rare piece? 135

Lab. Heavens grant that make him more humane and
 sociable.

King. Nay, he's more humane than all we are.

Lab. I fear he will be too sharp to that sweet sex.

Dow. She is very fair; I think that she be painted.
 And if she be, sir, she might ask of me, 140

How many is there of our sex that are not?
 'Tis a sharp question: marry and I think
 They have small skill; if they were all of painting,
 'Twere safer dealing with them; and indeed
 Were their minds strong enough to guide their bodies, 145
 Their beauteous deeds should match with their heavenly
 looks,

'Twere necessary they should wear them,
 And would they vouchsafe it, even I
 Would joy in their society.

Mar. And who would not die with such a man? 150

Dow. But to admire them as our gallants do,
 'Oh, what an eye she hath! Oh, dainty hand!
 Rare foot and leg!' and leave the mind respectless,
 This is a plague that in both men and women
 Make such pollution of our earthly being. 155
 Well, I will practise yet to court this piece.

Lab. A, happy man, now have I hope in her!

King. Methinks I could endure him days and nights.

Dow. Well, sir, now thus must I do, sir, ere it come to
 women; now, sir, a plague upon it, 'tis so ridiculous I can 160
 no further; what poor ass was it that set this in my way?
 Now if my father should be the man! God's precious coals,
 'tis he!

Lab. Good son, go forward in this gentle humour.
 Observe this picture; it presents a maid 165
 Of noble birth and excellent of parts,
 Whom for our house and honour sake, I wish
 Thou wouldst consent to marry.

Dow. To marry, father? Why, we shall have children.

Lab. Why, that's the end of marriage, and the joy of 170
 men.

Dow. Oh, how you are deceived! You have but me,
 And what a trouble am I to your joy!
 But, father, if you long to have some fruit of me,
 See, father, I will creep into this stubborn earth
 And mix my flesh with it, and they shall breed grass 175
 To fat oxen, asses, and such-like,
 And when they in the grass the spring converts
 Into beasts' nourishment,

Then comes the fruit of this my body forth;
 Then may you well say, 180
 Seeing my race is so profitably increased,
 That good fat ox and that same large-eared ass
 Are my son[s] sons, that calf with a white face
 Is his fair daughter; with which, when your fields
 Are richly filled, then will my race content you; 185
 But for the joys of children—tush, tis gone!
 Children will not deserve, nor parents take it;
 Wealth is the only father and the child,
 And but in wealth no man hath any joy.

Lab. Some course, dear son, take for thy honour sake. 190

Dow. Then, father, here's a most excellent course.

Lab. This is some comfort yet.

Dow. If you will straight be gone and leave me here,
I'll stand as quietly as any lamb,
And trouble none of you. 195

Lab. A[h] hapless man.

Lem. How like you this humour yet, my Liege ?

King. As of a holy fury, not a frenzy.

Mor. See, see, my Liege, he hath seen us, sure.

King. Nay, look how he views Martia, and makes him
fine. 200

Lem. Yea, my Liege ; and she, as I hope, well observed
hath uttered many kind conceits of her.

King. Well, I'll be gone, and when she comes to Verone's
ordinary, I'll have her taken to my custody.

Lem. I'll stay, my Liege, and see the event of this. 205

King. Do so, Lemot. *Exit the King*

Dow. What have I seen ? How am I burnt to dust
With a new sun, and made a novel phoenix.
Is she a woman that objects this sight,
Able to work the chaos of the world 210
Into [di]gestion ? Oh, divine aspect !
The excellent disposer of the mind

Shines in thy beauty, and thou hast not changed
My soul to sense, but sense unto my soul ;
And I desire thy pure society, 215
But even as angels do to angels fly. *Exit*

Mor. Fly, soul, and follow him !

Lab. I marvel much at my son's sudden strange be-
haviour.

Lem. Bear with him yet, my lord, 'tis but his humour. 220
Come, what, shall we go to Verone's ordinary ?

Labs. Yea, for God's sake, for I am passing hungry !

Mor. Yea, come, Monsieur Lemot ; will you walk ?

Count. What, will you go ?

Mor. Yea, sweet bird, I have promised so. 225

Count. Go to, you shall not go and leave me alone.

Mor. For one meal, gentle bird ! Verone invites us to
buy some jewels he hath brought of late from Italy : I'll
buy the best and bring it thee, so thou wilt let me go.

Count. Well said, flattering Fabian ! But tell me, then, 230
what ladies will be there ?

Mor. Ladies ? Why, none !

Lem. No ladies use to come to ordinaries, madam.

Count. Go to, bird, tell me now the very truth.

Mor. None, of mine honour, bird ; you never heard that ladies came to ordinaries.

235

Count. Oh, that's because I should not go with you.

M[o]r. Why, 'tis not fit you should.

Count. Well, heark you, bird, of my word you shall not go, unless you will swear to me you will neither court nor kiss a ^{man} ~~daughter~~ in any sort, till you come home again.

240

M[o]r. Why, I swear I will not.

Count. Go to, by this kiss !

M[o]r. Yea, by this kiss !

Foy. Martia, learn by this when you are a wife.

Labes. I like the kissing well.

245

Flo. My lord, I'll leave you ; your son Dowsecer hath made me melancholy with his humour, and I'll go lock myself in my close walk till supper-time.

Lab. What, and not dine to-day ?

Flo. No, my good head. Come, Martia, you and I will fast together.

250

Mar. With all my heart, madam. *Exit* [Florilla with Martia]

Lab. Well, gentlemen, I'll go see my son. *Exit*

Foy. By'r lady, gentlemen, I'll go home to dinner !

Labes. Home to dinner ? By'r lord, but you shall not ; you shall go with us to the ordinary ; where you shall meet gentlemen of so good carriage and passing compliments it will do your heart good to see them ; why, you never saw the best sort of gentlemen if not at ordinaries.

255

Foy. I promise you that's rare, my lord ; and, Monsieur Lemot, I'll meet you there presently.

260

Lem. We'll expect your coming. *Exeunt all*

[SCENE VIII]

Enter Verone with his napkin upon his shoulder, and his man Jaques with another, and his Son bringing in cloth and napkins

Ver. Come on, my masters : shadow these tables with their white veils, accomplish the court cupboard, wait diligently to-day for my credit and your own, that if the meat should chance to be raw, yet your behaviours, being neither rude nor raw, may excuse it ; or if the meat should chance to be tough, be you tender over them in your attendance, that the one may bear with the other.

5

Jaq. Faith, some of them be so hard to please, finding fault with your cheer, and discommending your wine, saying they fare better at [Valere's] for half the money. 10

Boy. Besides, if there be any chebules in your napkins, they say your nose or ours have dropped on them, and then they throw them about the house.

Ver. But these be small faults, you may bear with them ; young gentlemen and wild heads will be doing. 15

Enter the Maid

Maid. Come, whose wit was it to cover in this room, in the name of God, I trow ?

Boy. Why, I hope this room is as fair as the other.

Maid. In your foolish opinion ! You might have told a wise body so, and kept yourself a fool still. 20

Boy. I cry you mercy ; how bitter you are in your proverbs.

Maid. So bitter I am, sir.

Ver. [*aside*] Oh, sweet [Jaquena], I dare not say I love thee.

Jaq. Must you control us, you proud baggage, you ? 25

Maid. Baggage ? You are a knave to call me baggage.

Jaq. A knave ? My master shall know that.

Ver. [*aside*] I will not see them.

Jaq. Master, here is your maid uses herself so saucily, that one house shall not hold us two long, God willing. 30

Ver. Come hither, huswife. [*aside to Maid*] Pardon me, sweet [Jaquena], I must make an angry face outwardly, though I smile inwardly.

Maid. Say what you will to me, sir.

Ver. Oh, you are a fine gossip ; can I not keep honest servants in my house, but you must control them, you must be their mistress ? 35

Maid. Why, I did but take up the cloth, because my mistress would have the dinner in another room ; and he called me baggage. 40

Jaq. You called me knave and fool, I thank you, small bones.

Maid. Go to, go to, she were wise enough would talk with you.

Boy. Go thy ways for the proudest harlotry that ever came in our house. 45

Ver. Let her alone, boy ; I have schooled her, I warrant thee ; she shall not be my maid long, if I can help it.

Boy. No, I think so, sir ; but what, shall I take up the cloth ?

50

Ver. No, let the cloth lie ; hither they'll come first, I am sure of it. Then if they will dine in the other room, they shall.

Enter Rowley

Row. Good morrow, my host ! Is nobody come yet ?

Ver. Your worship is the first, sir.

55

Row. I was invited by my cousin Colinet to see your jewels.

Ver. I thank his worship and yours.

Row. Here's a pretty place for an ordinary. I am very sorry I have not used to come to ordinaries.

60

Ver. I hope we shall have your company hereafter.

Row. You are very like so.

Enter Berger

Ber. Good morrow, my host, good morrow, good Monsieur Rowley !

Row. Good morrow to you, sir !

65

Ber. What, are we two the first ? Give's the cards here, come ! This gentleman and I will go to cards while dinner be ready.

Row. No, truly, I cannot play at cards.

Ber. How ! Not play ? Oh, for shame, say not so ; how can a young gentleman spend his time but in play, and in courting his mistress ? Come, use this, lest youth take too much of the other.

70

Row. Faith, I cannot play, and yet I care not so much to venture two or three crowns with you.

75

Ber. Oh, I thought what I should find of you ; I pray God I have not met with my match.

Row. No, trust me, sir, I cannot play.

Ber. Hark you, my host, have you a pipe of good tobacco ?

Ver. The best in the town. Boy, dry a leaf.

80

Boy. [*aside*] There's none in the house, sir.

Ver. [*aside*] Dry a dock leaf. [*Exit Boy*]

Ber. My host, do you know Monsieur Blanuel ?

Ver. Yea, passing well, sir !

Ber. Why, he was taken learning tricks at old Lucilla's house, the muster-mistress of all the smock-tearers in Paris, and both the bawd and the pander were carried to the dungeon.

85

Ver. There was dungeon upon dungeon ; but call you her the muster-mistress of all the smock-tearers in Paris ? 90

Ber. Yea, for she hath them all trained up afore her.

Enter Blaniel

Blan. Good morrow, my host, good morrow, gentlemen all !

Ver. Good morrow, Monsieur Blaniel ! I am glad of your quick delivery. 95

Blan. Delivery ! What, didst thou think I was with child ?

Ver. Yea, of a dungeon !

Blan. Why, how knew you that ?

Row. Why, Berger told us. 100

Blan. Berger, who told you of it ?

Ber. One that I heard, by the Lord !

Blan. Oh, excellent ! You are still playing the wag.

Enter Lemot and Moren

Lem. Good morrow, gentlemen all, good morrow, good Monsieur Rowley ! 105

Row. At your service !

Lem. I pray, my lord, look what a pretty falling band he hath ; 'tis pretty fantastical, as I have seen, made with good judgment, great show, and but [l]ittle cost. 110

Mor. And so it is, I promise you ; who made it, I pray ?

Row. I know not, i'faith ! I bought it by chance.

Lem. It is a very pretty one, make much of it.

Enter Catalian, sweating

Cat. Boy, I prithee call for a coarse napkin. Good morrow, gentlemen ! I would you had been at the tennis court, you should have seen me abeat Monsieur Besan, and I gave him fifteen and all his faults. 115

Lem. Thou didst more for him than ever God will do for thee.

Cat. Jaques, I prithee fill me a cup of canary, three parts water. 120

Lem. You shall have all water, and if it please you.

Enter Maid

Maid. Who called for a coarse napkin ?

Cat. Marry I, sweetheart ; do you take the pains to bring it yourself ? Have at you, by my host's leave ! 125

[*Kissing her*]

Maid. Away, sir, fie, for shame !

Cat. Hark you, my host, you must marry this young wench ; you do her mighty wrong else.

Ver. Oh, sir, you are a merry man.

Enter Foyes and Labesha

Foy. Good morrow, gentlemen, you see I am as good 130 as my word.

Mor. You are, sir, and I am very glad of it.

Lem. You are welcome, Monsieur Foyes ; but you are not, no, not you !

Labes. No ? Welcome that gentleman ; 'tis no matter 135 for me.

Lem. How, sir ? No matter to you ! By this rush I am angry with you ! As if all our loves protested unto you were dissembled ; no matter for you ?

Labes. Nay, sweet Lemot, be not angry ; I did but jest, 140 as I am a gentleman.

Lem. Yea, but there's a difference of jesting ; you wrong all our affections in so doing.

Labes. Faith and troth, I did not ; and I hope, sirs, you take it not so.

All. 'No matter for me' ! 'Twas very unkindly said ; I must needs say so. 145

Labes. You see how they love me.

Foy. I do, sir, and I am very glad of it.

Labes. And I hope. Lemot, you are not angry with me 150 still.

Lem. No, faith, I am not so very a fool to be angry with one that cares not for me.

Labes. Do not I care for you ? Nay then— [*crying*]

Cat. What, dost thou cry ?

Labes. Nay, I do not cry, but my stomach waters to think that you should take it so heavily. If I do not wish that I were cut into three pieces, and that these pieces were turned into three black puddings, and that these three black puddings were turned into three of the fairest ladies in the 160 land for your sake, I would I were hanged ! What a devil can you have more than my poor heart ?

Cat. Well, heark you, Lemot, in good faith you are to blame to put him to this unkindness ; I prithee be friends with him.

Lem. Well, I am content to put up this unkindness for 165
this once ; but while you live take heed of ' no matter for me.'

Labes. Why, is it such a heinous word ?

Lem. O, the heinouset word in the world !

Labes. Well, I'll never speak it more, as I am a gentleman.

Lem. No, I pray do not. 170

Foy. My lord, will your lordship go to cards ?

[*M*]or. Yea, with you, Monsieur Foyes.

Row. Lemot, will you play ?

Lem. Pardon, good Monsieur Rowley ; if I had any dis-
position to gaming, your company should draw me before 175
any man's here.

Foy. Labesha, what, will you play ?

Lab. Play, yea, with all my heart ; I pray lend me three-
pence.

Row. I'll play no more. 180

Cat. Why, have you won or lost ?

Row. Faith, I have lost two or three crowns.

Cat. Well, to him again, I'll be your half.

Lem. [*aside*] Sirrah Catalian, while they are playing at
cards, thou and I will have some excellent sport ; sirrah, 185
dost thou know that same gentleman there ?

Cat. No, i'faith, what is he ?

Lem. A very fine gull, and a neat reveller, one that's heir
to a great living, yet his father keeps him so short, that his
shirts will scant cover the bottom of his belly, for all his gay 190
outside, but the linings be very foul and sweaty, yea, and
perhaps lousy, with despising the vain shifts of the world.

Cat. But he hath gotten good store of money now, me-
thinks.

Lem. Yea, and I wonder of it ; some ancient serving-man 195
of his father's, that hath gotten forty shillings in fifty years
upon his great good husbandry, he swearing monstrous
oaths to pay him again, and besides to do him a good turn
(when God shall hear his prayer for his father), hath lent it
him, I warrant you ; but, howsoever, we must speak him fair. 200

Cat. Oh, what else !

Lem. God save, sweet Monsieur Rowley ! What, lose or
win, lose or win ?

Row. Faith, sir, save myself and lose my money.

Lem. There's a proverb hit dead in the neck like a cony. 205
Why, heark thee, Catalian, I could have told thee before
what he would have said.

Cat. I do not think so.

Lem. No? Thou seest here's a fine plump of gallants, such as think their wits singular, and themselves rarely accom- 210
plished; yet to show thee how brittle their wits be, I will speak to them severally, and I will tell thee before what they shall answer me.

Cat. That's excellent, let's see that, i'faith!

Lem. Whatsoever I say to Monsieur Rowley, he shall say, 215
'Oh, sir, you may see an ill weed grows apace.'

Cat. Come, let's see.

Lem. Now, Monsieur Rowley, methinks you are exceed-
ingly grown since your coming to Paris.

Row. Oh, sir, you may see an ill weed grows apace. 220

Cat. [*aside*] This is excellent; forward, sir, I pray!

Lem. [*aside*] Whatsoe'er I say to Labesha, he shall answer me, 'Black will bear no other hue,' and that same old Justice, as greedy of a stale proverb, he shall come in the neck of that and say, 'Black is a pearl in a woman's eye.' 225

Cat. [*aside*] Yea, much, i'faith!

Lem. [*aside*] Look thee, here [he] comes hither.—Labesha, Catalian and I have been talking of thy complexion, and I say that all the fair ladies in France would have been in love with thee, but that thou art so black. 230

Labes. Oh, sir, black will bear no other hue.

Foy. Oh, sir, black is a pearl in a woman's eye.

Lem. You say true, sir, you say true, sir!—[*aside*] Sirrah Catalian, whatsoe'er I say to Berger that is so busy at cards, he shall answer me, 'Sblood, I do not mean to die as long as 235
I can see one alive.'

Cat. [*aside*] Come, let us see you.

Lem. Why, Berger, I thought thou hadst been dead; I have not heard thee chide all this while.

Ber. 'Sblood, I do not mean to die as long as I can see 240
one alive.

Cat. [*aside*] Why, but heark you, Lemot, I hope you cannot make this lord answer so roundly.

Lem. [*aside*] Oh, as right as any of them all, and he shall answer me with an old Latin proverb, that is, '*Usus prompt[us] 245
facit.*'

Cat. [*aside*] Once more, let's see!

Lem. My lord, your lordship could not play at this game very lately, and now methinks you are grown exceeding perfit. 250

Mor. Oh, sir, you may see, *Usus prompt[o]s facit.*

Enter Jaques

Jaq. Monsieur Lemot, here is a gentleman and two gentlewomen do desire to speak with you.

Lem. What, are they come? Jaques, convey them into the inward parlour by the inward room, and there is a brace 255 of crowns for thy labour; but let nobody know of their being here.

Jaq. I warrant you, sir! *[Exit Jaques]*

Lem. See, where they come! Welcome, my good lord and ladies, I'll come to you presently. So, now the sport 260 begins, I shall start the disguised King plaguily; nay, I shall put the lady that loves me in a monstrous fright, when her husband comes and finds her here. *[Enter Boy]*

Boy. The gentleman and the two gentlewomen desire your company. 265

Lem. I'll come to them presently.

Foy. Gentlemen, I'll go speak with one, and come to you presently. *The Boy speaks in Foyes his ear*

Lem. My lord, I would speak a word with your lordship, if it were not for interrupting your game. 270

[Mor.] No, I have done, Lemot.

Lem. My lord, there must a couple of ladies dine with us to-day.

[Mor.] Ladies? God's my life, I must be gone!

Lem. Why, heark you, my lord, I knew not of their 275 coming, I protest to your lordship, and would you have me turn such fair ladies as these are away?

[Mor.] Yea, but heark you, Lemot, did not you hear me swear to my wife that I would not tarry if there were any women? I wonder you would suffer any to come there. 280

Lem. Why, you swore but by a kiss, and kisses are no holy things, you know that.

[Mor.] Why, but heark you, Lemot, indeed I would be very loath to do anything, that, if my wife should know it, should displease her. 285

Lem. Nay, then, you are too obsequious; heark you, let me entreat you, and I'll tell you in secret, you shall have no worse company than the King's.

[Mor.] Why, will the King be there?

Lem. Yea, though disguised.

[Mor.] Who are the ladies? 290

Lem. The flowers of Paris, I can tell you, fair Countess Florilla, and the lady Martia.

Enter Jaques

Jaq. Monsieur Lemot, the gentleman and the two gentlewomen desire your company. 295

Lem. I'll come to them straight: but, Jaques, come hither, I prithee; go to Labesha, and tell him that the Countess Florilla and the lady Martia be here at thy master's house; and if it come in question hereafter, deny that thou told him any such thing. 300

Jaq. What, is this all? 'Sblood, I'll deny it, and forswear it too!

Lem. My lord, I'll go and see the room be neat and fine, and come to you presently.

[*Mor.*] Yea; but, heark you, Lemot, I prithee take such order that they be not known of any women in the house. 305

Lem. Oh, how should they? [*aside*] Now to his wife go I, 'faith! *Exit*

Jaq. Heark you, Monsieur Labesha, I pray let me speak a word with you. 310

Labes. With all my heart! I pray look to my stake, there's threepence under the candlestick.

Jaq. I pray, [sir,] do you know the Countess Florilla, and the lady Martia?

Labes. Do I know the lady Martia? I knew her before she was born; why do you ask me? 315

Jaq. Why, they are both here at my master's house.

Labes. What, is mistress Martia at an ordinary?

Jaq. Yea, that she is.

Labes. By skies and stones, I'll go and tell her father! 320
Exit

[SCENE IX]

Enter Lemot and the Countess

Count. What, you are out of breath, methinks, Monsieur Lemot?

Lem. It is no matter, madam, it is spent in your service, that bear your age with your honesty, better than an hundred of these nice gallants; and, indeed, it is a shame for your husband, that, contrary to his oath made to you before dinner, he should be now at the ordinary with that light huswife Martia, which I could not choose but come and tell 5

you ; for indeed it is a shame that your motherly care should be so slightly regarded. 10

Count. Out on thee, strumpet, and accursed and miserable dame !

Lem. Well, there they are, nothing else.—[*aside*] Now to her husband go I. *Exit*

Count. Nothing else, quoth you, can there be more ? 15
Oh ! wicked man, would he play false
That would so simply vow, and swear his faith,
And would not let me be displeas'd a minute,
But he would sigh and weep till I were pleas'd.
I have a knife within that's razor-sharp, 20
And I will lay an iron in the fire,
Making it burning hot, to mark the strumpet ;
But 'twill be cold too, ere I can come thither.
Do something, wretched woman ; stays thou here ?

Exit

[SCENE X]

Enter Lemot

Lem. [to Moren] My lord, the room is neat and fine ; will't please you go in ?

[*Enter Verone*]

Ver. Gentlemen, your dinner is ready.

[*Labes.*] And we are ready for it.

Lem. Jaques, shut the doors ; let nobody come in. 5
Exeunt omnes

[SCENE XI]

Enter Labervele, Foyes, Labesha, and the Countess

Lab. Where be these Puritans, these murderers ? Let me come in here.

Foy. Where is the strumpet ?

Count. Where is this harlot ? Let us come in here.

Lab. What shall we do ? The streets do wonder at us, 5
And we do make our shame known to the world.
Let us go and complain us to the King.

Foy. Come, Labesha, will you go ?

Labes. No, no, I scorn to go ; no king shall hear my
plaint :
I will in silen[ce] live a man forlorn, 10

Mad, and melancholy as a cat,
And never more wear hatband on my hat. [Exeunt]

Enter Moren and Martia

Mor. What dost thou mean? Thou must not hang on me.

Mar. Oh, good lord Moren, have me home with you; You may excuse all to my father for me. 15

Enter Lemot

Lem. Oh, my lord, be not so rude to leave her now.

[*Mor.*] Alas, man, and if my wife should see it, I were undone. [Exeunt Moren and Martia]

Enter the King and another

King. Pursue them, sirs, and taking Martia from him, Convey her presently to Valere's house.

[Exeunt King and another]

Enter [Florilla] the Puritan to Lemot

[*Flo.*] What villain was it that hath uttered this? 20

Lem. Why, 'twas even I; I thank you for your gentle terms; you give me villain at the first. I wonder where's this old doter? What, doth he think we fear him?

Flo. Oh, monstrous man! What, wouldst thou have him take us?

Lem. Would I, quoth you? Yea, by my troth, would I! I know he is but gone to call the constable, or to raise the streets. 25

Flo. What means the man, trow? Is he mad?

Lem. No, no, I know what I do—I do it of purpose; I long to see him come and rail at you, to call you harlot, and to spurn you too. Oh, you'll love me a great deal the better; and yet let him come, and if he touch but one thread of you, I'll make that thread his poison. 30

Flo. I know not what to say.

Lem. Speak, do you love me? 35

Flo. Yea, surely do I.

Lem. Why, then have not I reason, that love you so dearly as I do, to make you hateful in his sight that I might more freely enjoy you?

Flo. Why, let us be gone, my kind Lemot, and not be wondered at in the open streets. 40

Lem. I'll go with you through fire, through death,
through hell.

Come, give me your own hand, my own dear heart,
This hand that I adore and reverence,
And loathe to have it touch an old man's bosom. 45
Oh, let me sweetly kiss it. *He bites*

Flo. Out on thee, wretch! He hath bit me to the bone.
Oh, barbarous cannibal! Now I perceive
Thou wilt make me a mocking stock to all the world.

Lem. Come, come, leave your passions! They cannot 50
move me; my father and my mother died both in a day,
and I rung me a peal for them, and they were no sooner
brought to the church and laid in their graves, but I fetched
me two or three fine capers aloft, and took my leave of
them, as men do of their mistresses at the ending of a galliard; 55
Beso las manos.

Flo. Oh, brutish nature, how accurs'd was I
Ever to endure the sound of this damned voice!

Lem. Well, and you do not like my humour, I can be
but sorry for it. I bit you for good will, and if you accept 60
it, so; if no, go!

Flo. Villain, thou didst it in contempt of me.

Lem. Well, and you take it so, so be it! Hark you,
madam, your wisest course is even to become Puritan again,
put off this vain attire, and say, 'I have despised all, thanks, 65
my God; good husband, I do love thee in the Lord'; and
he (good man) will think all this you have done was but to
show thou couldest govern the world, and hide thee as a
rainbow doth a storm. My dainty wench, go, go! What,
shall the flattering words of a vain man make you forget 70
your duty to your husband? Away, repent, amend your
life; you have discredited your religion for ever!

Flo. Well, [wretch,] for this foul shame thou putttest on
me,

The curse of all affection light on thee! *Exit*

Lem. Go, Habbakuk, go! Why, this is excellent; I 75
shall shortly become a schoolmaster, to whom men will put
their wives to practise. Well, now will I go set the Queen
upon the King, and tell her where he is close with his wench;
and he that mends my humour, take the spurs: sit fast,
for by heaven I'll jerk the horse you ride on! [Exit] 80

[SCENE XII]

Enter my Host, Catalian, Blanuel, Berger, Jaques, Maid, and Boy

[*Ver.*] Well, gentlemen, I am utterly undone without your good helps ; it is reported that I received certain ladies or gentlewomen into my house. No[w,] here's my man, my maid, and my boy ; now, if you saw any, speak boldly before these gentlemen. 5

Jaq. I saw none, sir.

Maid. Nor I, by my maidenhead !

Boy. Nor I, as I am a man !

Cat. Well, my host, we'll go answer for your house at this time, but if at other times you have had wenches, and would not let us know it, we are the less beholding to you. 10

Exeunt all but my Host and the Gentlem[e]n

Ber. Peradventure the more beholding to him ! But I lay my life Lemot hath devised some jest ; he gave us the slip before dinner.

Cat. Well, gentlemen, since we are so fitly met, I'll tell you an excellent subject for a fit of mirth, and if it be well handled. 15

Ber. Why, what is it ?

Cat. Why, man, Labesha is grown marvellous malcontent upon some amorous disposition of his mistress, and you know he loves a mess of cream and a spice-cake with his heart, and I am sure he hath not dined to day, and he hath taken on him the humour of the young Lord Dowsecer, and we will set a mess of cream, a spice-cake, and a spoon, as the armour, picture, and apparel was set in the way of Dowsecer, which I doubt not but will work a rare cure upon his melancholy. 20 25

[*Ver.*] Why, this is excellent ; I'll go fetch the cream.

Cat. And I the cake !

Ber. And I the spoon ! *Exeunt, and come in again* 30

Cat. See where he comes, as like the Lord Dowsecer as may be ; now you shall hear him begin with some Latin sentence that he hath remembered ever since he read his accidence.

Enter Labesha

Labes. *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cartum.* Oh, silly state of things, for things they be that cause this silly 35

state. And what is a thing ? A bauble, a toy, that stands men in small stead. *He spies the cream.* But what have we here ? What vanities have we here ?

[*Ver.*] [*aside*] He is strongly tempted ; the Lord strengthen him ! See what a vein he hath. 40

Labes. Oh, cruel Fortune, and dost thou spit thy spite at my poor life ? But oh, sour cream, what thinkest thou that I love thee still ? No, no, fair and sweet is my mistress ! If thou haddest strawberries and sugar in thee—but it may be thou art set with stale cake to choke me. Well, taste it, and try it, spoonful by spoonful—bitterer and bitterer still ! But oh, sour cream, wert thou an onion, since Fortune set thee for me, I will eat thee, and I will devour thee in spite of Fortune's spite. 45

Choke I, or burst I, mistress, for thy sake,
To end my life eat I this cream and cake. 50

Cat. [*aside*] So he hath done ; his melancholy is well eased, I warrant you.

[*Ver.*] [*advancing*] God's my life, gentlemen, who hath been at this cream ? 55

Labes. Cream ! Had you cream ? Where is your cream ? I'll spend my penny at your cream.

Cat. Why, did not you eat this cream ?

Labes. Talk not to me of cream, for such vain meat I do despise as food ; my stomach dies,
Drowned in the cream-bowls of my mistress' eyes. 60

Cat. Nay stay, Labesha !

Labes. No, not I, not I ! [*Exit*]

[*Ver.*] Oh, he is ashamed, i'faith ; but I will tell thee how thou shalt make him mad indeed. Say his mistress for love of him hath drowned herself. 65

Cat. 'Sblood, that will make him hang himself !

Exeunt omnes

[SCENE XIII]

Enter the Queen, Lemot, and all the rest of the Lords, and the Countess ; Lemot's arm in a scarf

Lem. [*aside*] Have at them, i'faith, with a lame counterfeit humour !—

Ache on, rude arm, I care not for thy pain ;
I got it nobly in the King's defence,
And in the guardianship of my fair Queen's right.

Queen. Oh, tell me, sweet Lemot, how fares the King,
Or what [my] right was that thou didst defend? 5

Lem. That you shall know when other things are told.

Lab. Keep not the Queen too long without her longing.

Foy. No; for I tell you, it is a dangerous thing.

Count. Little care cruel men how women long. 10

Lem. What, would you have me then put poison in my
breath,

And burn the ears of my attentive Queen?

Queen. Tell me whate'er it be, I'll bear it all.

Lem. Bear with my rudeness, then, in telling it,
For, alas, you see, I can but act it with the left hand! 15
This is my gesture now.

Queen. 'Tis well enough.

Lem. Yea, well enough, you say;
This recompence have I for all my wounds.
Then thus:

The King, enamoured of another lady, 20
Compares your face to hers, and says that yours
Is fat and flat, and that your nether lip
Was passing big.

Queen. Oh, wicked man!
Doth he so suddenly condemn my beauty,
That, when he married me, he thought divine? 25
For ever blasted be that strumpet's face,
As all my hopes are blasted, that did change them!

Lem. Nay, madam, though he said your face was fat,
And flat, and so forth, yet he liked it best,
And said a perfect beauty should be so. 30

Lab. Oh, did he so? Why, that was right even as it
should be.

Foy. You see now, madam, how much too hasty you
were in your griefs.

Queen. If he did so esteem of me indeed, 35
Happy am I.

Count. So may your Highness be that hath so good a hus-
band; but hell hath no plague to such an one as I.

Lem. Indeed, madam, you have a bad husband. Truly,
then did the King grow mightily in love with the other lady, 40
And swore no king could more enriched be,
Than to enjoy so fair a dame as she.

[*Count.*] Oh, monstrous man, and accursed, most miser-
able dame!

- Lem.* But, says the King, 'I do enjoy as fair, 45
 And though I love [her] in all honour'd sort,
 Yet I'll not wrong my wife for all the world.'
- Foy.* This proves his constancy as firm as brass.
- Queen.* It doth, it doth; oh, pardon me, my lord,
 That I mistake thy royal meaning so. 50
- [*Count.*] In heaven your Highness lives, but I in hell.
- Lem.* But when he view'd her radiant eyes again,
 Blind was he strooken with her fervent beams;
 And now, good King, he gropes about in corners,
 Void of the cheerful light should guide us all. 55
- Queen.* Oh dismal news! What, is my sovereign blind?
- Lem.* Blind as a beetle, madam, that awhile
 Hovering aloft, at last in cowsheds fall[s.]
- Lab.* Could her eyes blind him?
- Lem.* Eyes, or what it was, I know not, 60
 But blind I am sure he is, as any stone.
- Queen.* Come, bring me to my prince, my lord, that I
 may lead him; none alive but I may have the honour to
 direct his feet.
- Lem.* How lead him, madam? Why, he can go as right 65
 as you, or any here, and is not blind-of eyesight.
- Queen.* Of what, then?
- Lem.* Of reason!
- Queen.* Why, thou saidst he wanted his cheerful light.
- Lem.* Of reason still I meant, whose light, you know, 70
 Should cheerfully guide a worthy king;
 For he doth love her, and hath forced her
 Into a private room, where now they are.
- Queen.* What mocking changes is there in thy words!
 Fond man, thou murtherest me with these exclaims. 75
- Lem.* Why, madam, 'tis your fault, you cut me off before
 my words be half done.
- Queen.* Forth, and unlade the poison of thy tongue!
- Lem.* Another lord did love this curious lady,
 Who, hearing that the King had forced her 80
 As she was walking with another earl,
 Ran straightways mad for her, and with a friend
 Of his and two or three black ruffians more,
 Brake desperately upon the person of the King,
 Swearing to take from him, in traitorous fashion, 85
 The instrument of procreation.
- With them I fought awhile, and got this wound;

But, being unable to resist so many,
Came straight to you to fetch you to his aid.

Lab. Why raised you not the streets ?

90

Lem.

That I forbore,

Because I would not have the world to see
What a disgrace my Liege was subject to,
Being with a woman in so mean a house.

Foy. Whose daughter was it that he forc'd, I pray ?

Lem. Your daughter, sir !

95

Lab. Whose son was [it] that ran so mad for her ?

Lem. Your son, my lord !

Lab. O gods and fiends forbid !

Count. I pray, sir, from whom did he take the lady ?

Lem. From your good lord.

Count. O Lord ! I beseech thee, no !

Lem. 'Tis all too true. Come, follow the queen and I, 100
Where I shall lead you.

Queen. Oh, wretched queen ! What would they take from
him ?

Lem. The instrument of procreation. [*Exeunt omnes*]

[SCENE XIV]

Enter Moren

Mor. Now was there ever man so much accurs'd,
That when his mind misgave him such a man
Was hapless, to keep him company ?
Yet who would keep him company but I ?
O vilde Lemot, my wife and I are bound 5
To curse thee while we live, but chiefly I.
Well, seek her, or seek her not,
Find her, or find her not, I were as good
See how hell opens as look upon her.

Enter Catalian and Berger behind him

Cat. [*aside*] We have [him] i'faith ! Stop thou him there, 10
I will meet him here.

Mor. Well, I will venture once to seek her.

Ber. God's lord, my lord, come you this way ? Why,
your wife runs raging like as if she were mad, swearing to
slit your nose, if she can catch you. *Exit* 15

Mor. What shall I do at the sight of her and hern ?

Cat. God's precious, my lord, come you this way ?
Your wife comes raging with a troop of dames, like Bacchus'

drunken f[r]oes, just as you go. Shift for yourself, my lord.

Mor. Stay, good Catalian!

20

Cat. No, not I, my lord!

Exit

Enter Jaques

Mor. How now, Jaques, what's the news?

Jaq. None but good, my lord!

Mor. Why, hast not seen my wife run round about the streets?

Jaq. Not I, my lord; I come to you from my master, who would pray you to speak to Lemot, that Lemot might speak to the King, that my master's lottery for his jewels may go forward. He hath made the rarest device that ever you heard. We have Fortune in it, and she our maid plays, and I and my fellow carry two torches, and our boy goes before and speaks a speech. 'Tis very fine, i'faith, sir!

25

30

Mor. Sirrah, in this thou mayest highly pleasure me. Let me have thy place to bear a torch, that I may look on my wife and she not see me; for if I come into her sight abruptly, I were better be hanged.

35

Jaq. Oh, sir, you shall, or anything that I can do: I'll send for your wife too.

Mor. I prithee do.

Exeunt both

Enter the Queen, and all that were in before

Lem. This is the house

Where the mad lord did vow to do the deed.

40

Draw all your swords, courageous gentlemen.

I'll bring you there where you shall honour win;

But I can tell you, you must break your shin.

[*Count.*] Who will not break his neck to save his king? Set forward, Lemot!

45

Lem. Yea, much good can I do with a wounded arm. I'll go and call more help.

Queen. Others shall go. Nay, we will raise the streets; Better dishonour than destroy the King.

Lem. [*aside*] 'Sblood, I know not how to excuse my villany; I would fain be gone.

50

Enter Dowsecer and his friend [Lavel]

Dow. I'll geld the adulterous goat, and take from him The instrument that plays him such sweet music.

[*Lem.*] [*aside*] Oh, rare! This makes my fiction true; now I'll stay.

55

Queen. Arrest these faithless traitrous gentlemen!

Dow. What is the reason that you call us traitors?

[*Lem.*] Nay, why do you attempt such violence

Against the person of the King?

Dow. Against the King? Why, this is strange to me! 60

Enter the King and Martia

King. How now, my masters? What, weapons drawn!
Come you to murder me?

Queen. How fares my lord?

King. How fare I? Well. [*To Lemot*] But you, i'faith,
shall get me speak for you another time. He got me here
to woo a curious lady, and she tempts him; say what I can, 65
[offer] what state I will in your behalf, Lemot, she will not
yield.

Lem. I'faith, my Liege, what a hard heart hath she!
[*aside to the King*] Well, heark you, I am content your wit
shall save your honesty for this once. 70

King. [*aside.*] Peace, a plague on you, peace!—But
wherefore asked you how I did?

Queen. Because I feared that you were hurt, my lord.

King. Hurt, how, I pray?

Lem. Why hurt, madam? [*aside*] I am well again. 75

Queen. Do you ask? Why, he told me Dowsecer and this
his friend threatened to take away—

King. To take away? What should they take away?

Lem. Name it, madam.

Queen. Nay, I pray, name it you. 80

Lem. Why then, thus it was, my Liege. I told her
Dowsecer, and this his friend, threatened to take away, and if
they could, the instrument of procreation; and what was
that now but Martia? Being a fair woman, is not she the
instrument of procreation, as all women are? 85

Queen. O wicked man!

Lem. Go to, go to, you are one of those fiddles too, i'faith!

King. Well, pardon my minion that hath fray'd you thus;
'Twas but to make you merry in the end.

Queen. I joy it ends so well, my gracious lord. 90

Foy. But say, my gracious lord, is no harm done
Between my loving daughter and your Grace?

King. No, of my honour and my soul, Foyes.

Dow. The fire of love which she hath kindled in me
Being greater than my heat of vanity, 95
Hath quite expelled—

King. Come, Dowsecer, receive with your lost wits your love, though lost ; I know you'll yield, my lord, and you, her father.

Both. Most joyfully, my lord ! 100

King. And for her part I know her disposition well enough.

Lem. What, will you have her ?

Dow. Yea, marry will I !

Lem. I'll go and tell Labesha presently. 105

Enter Jaques and my Host

Jaq. Monsieur Lemot, I pray let me speak with you ; I come to you from the Lord Moren, who would desire you to speak to the King for my master's lottery, and he hath my place to bear a torch, for, barefaced, he dares not look upon his wife for his life. 110

Lem. Oh, excellent ! I'll further thy master's lottery, and it be but for this jest only. Hark you, my Liege, here's the poor man hath been at great charges for the preparation of a lottery, and he hath made the rarest device, that I know you will take great pleasure in it. I pray let him present it before you at [Verone's] house. 115

King. With all my heart ! Can you be ready so soon ?

[*Ver.*] Presently, and if it like your Grace.

King. But heark you, Lemot, how shall we do for every man's posy ? 120

Lem. Will you all trust me with the making of them ?

All. With all our hearts !

Lem. Why, then, I'll go to make the posies, and bring Labesha to the lottery presently. [*Exit*]

Enter Florilla like a Puritan

Flo. Surely the world is full of vanity ; 125

A woman must take heed she do not hear

A lewd man speak ; for every woman cannot,

When she is tempted, when the wicked fiend

Gets her into his snares, escape like me ;

For grace's measure is not so filled up, 130

Nor so press'd down, in every one as me ;

But yet I promise you a little more—

Well, I'll go seek my head, who shall take me in

The gates of his kind arms, untouch'd of any.

King. What, madam, are you so pure now ? 135

Flo. Yea, would not you be pure ?

King. No, Puritan!

Flo. You must be then a devil, I can tell you.

Lab. Oh, wife, where hast thou been?

Flo. Where did I tell you I would be, I pray?

Lab. In thy close walk, thou said'st. 140

Flo. And was I not?

Lab. Truly, I know not; I neither looked nor knocked, for Labesha told me that you and fair Martia were at Verone's ordinary.

King. Labesha? My lord, you are a wise man to believe a fool. 145

Flo. Well, my good head; for my part I forgive you. But surely you do much offend to be

Suspicious; where there is no trust, there is no love;

And where there is no love 'twixt man and wife,

There's no good dealing, surely; for as men 150

Should ever love their wives, so should they ever trust them;

For what love is there where there is no trust?

King. She tells you true, my lord.

Lab. She doth, my Liege; and, dear wife, pardon this, And I will never be suspicious more. 155

Flo. Why, I say I do.

Enter Lemot, leading Labesha in a halter ✓

Lem. Look you, my Liege, I have done simple service amongst you. Here is one had hanged himself for love, thinking his mistress had done so for him. Well, see, your mistress lives. 160

Labes. And doth my mistress live?

King. She doth, O noble knight; but not your mistress now.

Labes. 'Sblood, but she shall for me, or for nobody else! [drawing]

Lem. How now! What, a traitor! Draw upon the King! 165

Labes. Yea, or upon any woman here in a good cause.

King. Well, sweet Besha, let her marry Dowsecer; I'll get thee a wife worth fifteen of her. Wilt thou have one that cares not for thee?

Labes. Not I; by the Lord, I scorn her! I'll have her 170 better, if I can get her.

King. Why, that's well said!

Lem. What, madam, are you turned Puritan again?

Flo. When was I other, pray ?

Lem. Marry, I'll tell you when ; when you went to the 175
ordinary, and when you made false signs to your husband,
which I could tell him all.

Flo. Cursed be he that maketh debate 'twixt man and
wife !

Lem. Oh, rare scripturian, you have sealed up my 180
lips. A hall, a hall ! The pageant of the buttery.

*Enter two with torches, the one of them Moren, then my Host
and his Son, then his Maid dressed like Queen Fortune,
with two pots in her hands*

King. What is he ?

Lem. This is Verone's son, my Liege.

King. What shall he do ?

Cat. Speak some speech that his father hath made for him. 185

Queen. Why, is he good at speeches ?

Cat. Oh, he is rare at speeches.

Boy. Fair ladies most tender,

And nobles most slender,

And gentles whose wits be scarce. 190

King. My host, why do you call us 'nobles most slender' ?

[*Ver.*] And it shall please your Grace, to be slender is to be
proper, and therefore where my boy says 'nobles most
slender,' it is as much to say, fine and proper nobles.

Lem. Yea, but why do you call us 'gentles whose wits 195
are scarce' ?

[*Ver.*] To be scarce is to be rare : and therefore, whereas
he says 'gentles whose wits be scarce,' is as much as to say,
gentles whose wits be rare.

Lem. Well, forwards, trunchman ! 200

Boy. Fair ladies most tender,

And nobles most slender,

And gentles whose wits be scarce ;

Queen Fortune doth come

With her trump and her drum, 205

As it may appear by my [verse].

Labes. Come hither ; are you a schoolmaster, where
was Fortune queen, of what country or kingdom ?

[*Ver.*] Why, sir, Fortune was queen over all the world.

Labes. That's a lie ; there's none that ever conquered 210
all the world but Master Alisander, I am sure of that.

Lem. O rare Monsieur Labesha! Who would have thought he could have found so rare a fault in the speech?

[*Ver.*] I'll alter it, if it please your Grace

King. No, 'tis very well.

215

Boy. Father, I must begin again, they interrupt me so.

[*Ver.*] I beseech your Grace give the boy leave to begin again.

King. With all my heart, 'tis so good we cannot hear it too oft.

220

Boy. Fair ladies most tender,

And nobles most slender,

And gentles whose wits are scarce,

Queen Fortune doth come

With her fife and her drum,

225

As it doth appear by my [verse].

Here is Fortune good,

[Not] ill by the rood,

And this naught but good shall do you, [sir];

Dealing the lots

230

Out of our pots,

And so good fortune to you, sir!

Lem. Look you, my Liege, how he that carries the torch trembles extremely.

King. I warrant 'tis with care to carry his torch well. 235

Lem. Nay, there is something else in the wind. Why, my host, what means thy man Jaques to tremble so?

[*Ver.*] Hold still, thou knave! What, art thou afraid to look upon the goodly presence of a king? Hold up, for shame!

240

Lem. [*aside*] Alas, poor man, he thinks 'tis Jaques his man. Poor lord, how much is he bound to suffer for his wife!

King. Hark you, mine host, what goodly person is that? Is it Fortune herself?

245

[*Ver.*] I'll tell your Majesty in secret who it is; it is my maid Jaquena.

King. I promise you she becomes her state rarely.

Lem. Well, my Liege, you were all content that I should make your posies; well, here they be. Every one give Master Verone his five crowns. 250

King. There's mine and the Queen's.

Lab. There's ours.

Dow. And there is mine and Martia's.

Lem. Come, Labesha, thy money. 255

Labes. You must lend me some, for my boy is run away with my purse.

Lem. Thy boy? I never knew any that thou hadst.

Labes. Had not I a boy three or four years ago, and he ran away? 260

Lem. And never since he went thou hadst not a penny; but stand by, I'll excuse you. But, sirrah Catalian, thou shalt stand on one side and read the prizes, and I will stand on the other and read the posies.

Cat. Content, Lemot! 265

Lem. Come on, Queen Fortune, tell every man his posy. [drawing] This is orderly, the King and Queen are first.

King. Come, let us see what goodly posies you have given us.

Lem. This is your Majesty's: 'At the fairest, so it be not Martia.' 270

King. A plague upon you! You are still playing the villains with me.

Lem. This is the Queen's: 'Obey the Queen'; and she speaks it to her husband, or to Fortune, which she will. 275

Cat. A prize! Your Majesty's is the sum of four shillings in gold.

King. Why, how can that be? There is no such coin.

[*Ver.*] Here is the worth of it, if it please your Grace.

Queen. Well, what's for me? 280

Cat. A heart of gold.

Queen. A goodly jewel!

Lem. Count Labervele and Florilla!

Lab. What's my posy, sir, I pray?

Lem. Marry, this, my lord: 285

'Of all Fortune's friends, that hath joy in this life,
He is most happy that puts a sure trust in his wife.'

Lab. A very good one, sir; I thank you for it.

Flo. What's mine, I pray?

Lem. Marry, this, madam: 290

'Good Fortune, be thou my good fortune bringer,
And make me amends for my poor bitten finger.'

Lab. Who bit your finger, wife?

Flo. Nobody; 'tis [a] vain posy.

Cat. Blank for my Lord Labervele, for his wife a posy, a pair of holy beads with a crucifix. 295

Flo. Oh, 'bomination idol! I'll none of them.

King. Keep them thyself, Verone; she will not have them.

Lem. Dowsecer and Martia! I have fitted your lord-ship for a posy. 300

Dow. Why, what is it?

Lem. *Ante omnia una.*

Mar. And what is mine, sir?

Lem. A serious one, I warrant you. 'Change: for 305 the better.'

Mar. That's not amiss!

Cat. A prize: Dowsecer hath a [caduceus], or Mercury's rod, of gold set with jacinths and emeralds. ✓

Dow. What is for Martia?

310

Cat. Martia hath the two serpents' heads set with diamonds. ✓

Lem. What my host Verone?

King. What, is he in for his own jewels?

Lem. Oh, what else, my Liege; 'tis our bounty, and his posy is: 315

'To tell you the truth, in words plain and mild, Verone loves his maid, and she is great with child.'

King. What, Queen Fortune with child! Shall we have young Fortunes, my host? 320

[*Ver.*] I am abused, and if it please your Majesty.

Maid. I'll play no more.

Lem. No, faith, you need not now, you have played your bellyful already.

[*Ver.*] Stand still, good Jaquena, they do but jest. 325

Maid. Yea, but I like no such jesting.

Lem. Come, great Queen Fortune, let see your posies. What, madam, alas, your ladyship is one of the last!

Count. What is my posy, sir, I pray?

Lem. Marry, madam, your posy is made in maner and form of an echo; as, if you were seeking your husband, and Fortune should be the echo, and this you say: 'Where is my husband hid so long unmasked?' 'Masked,' says the echo. 'But in what place, sweet Fortune? Let me hear.' 'Here,' says the echo. 335

King. There you lie, Echo, for if he were here, we must needs see him.

Lem. Indeed, sweet King, there methinks the echo must needs lie; if he were here, we must needs see him. 'Tis one

of them that carries the torches. No, that cannot be neither, 340
and yet, by the mass, here's Jaques ! Why, my host, did not
you tell me that Jaques should be a torch-bearer ? Who is
this ? [*unmasking* Moren] God's my life, my lord !

Mor. And you be gentlemen, let me go.

Count. Nay, come your way, you may be well enough 345
ashamed to show your face, that is a perjured wretch ; did
not you swear, if there were any wenches at the ordinary,
you would straight come home ?

King. Why, who told you, madam, there were any
there ? 350

Count. He that will stand to it ; Lemot, my Liege.

Lem. Who ? I stand to it ? Alas, I told you in kind-
ness and good will, because I would not have you company
long from your husband !

Mor. Why, lo you, bird, how much you are deceived ! 355

Count. Why, wherefore were you afraid to be seen ?

Mor. Who ? I afraid ? Alas, I bore a torch to grace
this honourable presence ; for nothing else, sweet bird.

King. Thanks, good Moren ! See, lady, with what
wrong 360

You have pursued your most enamoured lord.
But come, now all are friends, now is this day
Spent with unhurtful motives of delight,
And overjoys more my senses at the night.
And now for Dowsecer : if all will follow my device, 365
His beauteous love and he shall married be ;
And here I solemnly invite you all
Home to my court, where with feasts we will crown
This mirthful day, and vow it to renown.

FINIS

LONDON :

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1599.

ALL FOOLS

ACTORS

Gostanzo
Marc. Antonio } *Knights*
Valerio, son to Gostanzo
Fortunio, elder son to Marc.
Antonio
Rinaldo, the younger
Dariotto } *Courtiers*
Claudio }
Cornelio, a start-up Gentleman

Curio, a *Page*
Kyte, a *Scrivener*
Francis Pock, a *Surgeon*
[*A Drawer*]

Gazetta, wife to Cornelio
Bellanora, daughter to Gostanzo
Gratiana, stolen wife to Valerio

PROLOGUS

THE fortune of a stage (like Fortune's self)
Amazeth greatest judgments ; and none knows
The hidden causes of those strange effects,
That rise from this hell, or fall from this heaven.
Who can show cause why your wits, that, in aim 5
At higher objects, scorn to compose plays,
(Though we are sure they could, would they vouchsafe it !)
Should (without means to make) judge better far,
Than those that make ; and yet ye see they can ;
For, without your applause, wretched is he 10
That undertakes the stage ; and he's more blest
That with your glorious favours can contest.
Who can show cause why th' ancient comic vein
Of Eupolis and Cratinus (now reviv'd
Subject to personal application) 15
Should be exploded by some bitter spleens,
Yet merely comical and harmless jests
(Though ne'er so witty) be esteem'd but toys,
If void of th' other satirism's sauce ?
Who can show cause why quick Venerian jests 20
Should sometimes ravish, sometimes fall far short
Of the just length and pleasure of your ears,
When our pure dames think them much less obscene
Than those that win your panegyric spleen ?
But our poor dooms, alas ! you know are nothing ; 25
To your inspired censure ever we
Must needs submit ; and there's the mystery.
Great are the gifts given to united heads,
To gifts, attire, to fair attire, the stage
Helps much ; for if our other audience see 30
You on the stage depart before we end,
Our wits go with you all, and we are fools.
So Fortune governs in these stage events ;

That merit bears least sway in most contents.

Auriculas asini quis non habet?

How we shall then appear, we must refer

To magic of your dooms, that never err.

All Fools

ACTUS PRIMI SCENA PRIMA

[*A Street in Florence*]

Enter Rinaldo, Fortunio, Valerio

Rin. Can one self cause, in subjects so alike
As you two are, produce effect so unlike ?
One like the turtle, all in mournful strains
Wailing his fortunes, th' other like the lark,
Mounting the sky, in shrill and cheerful notes 5
Chanting his joys aspir'd, and both for love.
In one, love raiseth by his violent heat
Moist vapours from the heart into the eyes,
From whence they drown his breast in daily showers ;
In th' other, his divided power infuseth 10
Only a temperate and most kindly warmth,
That gives life to those fruits of wit and virtue,
Which the unkind hand of an uncivil father
Had almost nipp'd in the delightsome blossom.

For. O, brother, love rewards our services 15
With a most partial and injurious hand,
If you consider well our different fortunes.
Valerio loves, and joys the dame he loves ;
I love, and never can enjoy the sight
Of her I love, so far from conquering | 20
In my desires' assault, that I can come /
To lay no batt'ry to the fort I seek, ,
All passages to it so strongly kept
By strait guard of her father,

Rin. I dare swear,
If just desert in love measur'd reward, 25
Your fortune should exceed Valerio's far ;
For I am witness (being your bedfellow)
Both to the daily and the nightly service

You do unto the Deity of love,
 In vows, sighs, tears, and solitary watches ; 30
 He never serves him with such sacrifice,
 Yet hath his bow and shafts at his command.
 Love's service is much like our humourous lords',
 Where minions carry more than servitors :
 The bold and careless servant still obtains ; 35
 The modest and respective nothing gains ;
 You never see your love unless in dreams,
 He, Hymen puts in whole possession.
 What different stars reign'd when your loves were born,
 He forc'd to wear the willow, you the horn ? 40
 But, brother, are you not asham'd to make
 Yourself a slave to the base Lord of love
 Begot of Fancy, and of Beauty born ?
 And what is Beauty ? A mere quintessence,
 Whose life is not in being, but in seeming ; 45
 And therefore is not to all eyes the same,
 But like a cozening picture, which one way
 Shows like a crow, another like a swan.
 And upon what ground is this beauty drawn ?
 Upon a woman, a most brittle creature, 50
 And would to God (for my part) that were all.
For. But tell me, brother, did you never love ?
Rin. You know I did, and was belov'd again,
 And that of such a dame as all men deem'd
 Honour'd, and made me happy in her favours. 55
 Exceeding fair she was not ; and yet fair
 In that she never studied to be fairer
 Than Nature made her ; beauty cost her nothing.
 Her virtues were so rare, they would have made
 An Ethiop beautiful, at least so thought 60
 By such as stood aloof, and did observe her
 With credulous eyes ; but what they were indeed
 I'll spare to blaze, because I lov'd her once ;
 Only I found her such, as for her sake
 I vow eternal wars against their whole sex, 65
 Inconstant shuttlecocks, loving fools and jesters,
 Men rich in dirt and titles, sooner won
 With the most vile than the most virtuous,
 Found true to none ; if one amongst whole hundreds
 Chance to be chaste, she is so proud withal, 70
 Wayward and rude, that one of unchaste life

Is oftentimes approv'd a worthier wife :
 Undressed, sluttish, nasty to their husbands ;
 Spung'd up, adorn'd, and painted to their lovers ;
 All day in ceaseless uproar with their households, 75
 If all the night their husbands have not pleas'd them ;
 Like hounds, most kind, being beaten and abus'd ;
 Like wolves, most cruel, being kindest us'd.

For. Fie, thou profan'st the deity of their sex !

Rin. Brother, I read that Egypt heretofore 80
 Had temples of the riches[t] frame on earth,
 Much like this goodly edifice of women ;
 With alabaster pillars were those temples
 Upheld and beautified, and so are women ;
 Most curiously glaz'd, and so are women ; 85
 Cunningly painted too, and so are women ;
 In outside wondrous heavenly, so are women ;
 But when a stranger view'd those fanes within,
 Instead of gods and goddesses he should find
 A painted fowl, a fury, or a serpent ; 90
 And such celestial inner parts have women.

Val. Rinaldo, the poor fox that lost his tail,
 Persuaded others also to lose theirs ;
 Thyself, for one, perhaps, that for desert,
 Or some defect in thy attempts, refus'd thee, 95
 Revil'st the whole sex, beauty, love, and all :
 I tell thee Love is Nature's second sun,
 Causing a spring of virtues where he shines ;
 And as without the sun, the world's great eye,
 All colours, beauties, both of Art and Nature, 100
 Are given in vain to men ; so without Love
 All beauties bred in women are in vain,
 All virtues born in men lie buried ;
 For Love informs them as the sun doth colours ;
 And as the sun, reflecting his warm beams 105
 Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers ;
 So Love, fair shining in the inward man,
 Brings forth in him the honourable fruits
 Of valour, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts,
 Brave resolution, and divine discourse : 110
 Oh, 'tis the Paradise, the Heaven of earth ;
 And didst thou know the comfort of two hearts
 In one delicious harmony united,
 As to joy one joy, and think both one thought,

Live both one life, and therein double life, 115
 To see their souls met at an interview
 In their bright eyes, at parley in their lips,
 Their language kisses, and t' observe the rest,
 Touches, embraces, and each circumstance
 Of all Love's most unmatched ceremonies, 120
 Thou wouldst abhor thy tongue for blasphemy.
 Oh, who can comprehend how sweet Love tastes
 But he that hath been present at his feasts ?

Rin. Are you in that vein too, Valerio ?
 'Twere fitter you should be about your charge, 125
 How plough and cart goes forward ; I have known
 Your joys were all employ'd in husbandry,
 Your study was how many loads of hay
 A meadow of so many acres yielded,
 How many oxen such a close would fat. 130
 And is your rural service now converted
 From Pan to Cupid, and from beasts to women ?
 Oh, if your father knew this, what a lecture
 Of bitter castigation he would read you !

Val. My father ? Why, my father ? Does he think 135
 To rob me of myself ? I hope I know
 I am a gentleman ; though his covetous humour
 And education hath transform'd me bailie,
 And made me overseer of his pastures,
 I'll be myself, in spite of husbandry. 140

Enter Gratiana

And see, bright heaven, here comes my husbandry,
Amplectitur eam
 Here shall my cattle graze, here nectar drink,
 Here will I hedge and ditch, here hide my treasure.
 O poor Fortunio, how wouldst thou triumph,
 If thou enjoy'dst this happiness with my sister ! 145

For. I were in heaven if once 'twere come to that.

Rin. And methinks 'tis my heaven that I am past it.
 And should the wretched Machiavellian,
 The covetous knight, your father, see this sight,
 Lusty Valerio ? 150

Val. 'Sfoot, sir, if he should,
 He shall perceive ere long my skill extends
 To something more than sweaty husbandry.

Rin. I'll bear thee witness, thou canst skill of dice,

Cards, tennis, wenching, dancing, and what not,
 And this is something more than husbandry ! 155
 Th'art known in ordinaries, and tobacco-shops,
 Trusted in taverns and in vaulting-houses,
 And this is something more than husbandry !
 Yet all this while, thy father apprehends thee
 For the most tame and thrifty groom in Europe. 160

For. Well, he hath ventur'd on a marriage
 Would quite undo him, did his father know it.

Rin. Know it ? Alas, sir, where can he bestow
 This poor gentlewoman he hath made his wife,
 But his inquisitive father will hear of it, 165
 Who, like the dragon to th'Hesperian fruit,
 Is to his haunts ? 'Slight hence, the old knight comes !

Intrat Gostanzo. Omnes aufugiunt

Gos. Rinaldo !

Rin. Who's that calls ? What, Sir Gostanzo ?
 How fares your knighthood, sir ?

Gos. Say, who was that
 Shrunk at my entry here ? Was't not your brother ? 170

Rin. He shrunk not, sir ; his business call'd him hence.

Gos. And was it not my son that went out with him ?

Rin. I saw not him ; I was in serious speech
 About a secret business with my brother.
Gos. Sure 'twas my son ; what made he here ? I sent him 175
 About affairs to be dispatch'd in haste.

Rin. Well, sir, lest silence breed unjust suspect,
 I'll tell a secret I am sworn to keep,
 And crave your honoured assistance in it ;

Gos. What is't, Rinaldo ? 180

Rin. This, sir ; 'twas your son.

Gos. And what young gentlewoman grac'd their company ?

Rin. Thereon depends the secret I must utter ;
 That gentlewoman hath my brother married.

Gos. Married ? What is she ?

Rin. 'Faith, sir, a gentlewoman :
 But her unnourishing dowry must be told 185
 Out of her beauty.

Gos. Is it true, Rinaldo ?
 And does your father understand so much ?

Rin. That was the motion, sir, I was entreating
 Your son to make to him, because I know
 He is well spoken, and may much prevail 190

In satisfying my father, who much loves him
Both for his wisdom and his husbandry.

Gos. Indeed he's one can tell his tale, I tell you,
And for his husbandry—

Rin. Oh, sir, had you heard
What thrifty discipline he gave my brother 195
For making choice without my father's knowledge
And without riches, you would have admir'd him.

Gos. Nay, nay, I know him well; but what was it?

Rin. That in the choice of wives men must respect
The chief wife, riches; that in every course 200
A man's chief load-star should shine out of riches;
Love nothing heartily in this world but riches;
Cast off all friends, all studies, all delights,
All honesty, and religion for riches;
And many such, which wisdom sure he learn'd 205
Of his experient father; yet my brother
So soothes his rash affection, and presumes
So highly on my father's gentle nature,
That he's resolv'd to bring her home to him,
And like enough he will.

Gos. And like enough 210
Your silly father, too, will put it up;
An honest knight, but much too much indulgent
To his presuming children.

Rin. What a difference
Doth interpose itself 'twixt him and you!
Had your son us'd you thus!

Gos. My son? Alas! 215
I hope to bring him up in other fashion;
Follows my husbandry, sets early foot
Into the world; he comes not at the city,
Nor knows the city arts—

Rin. But dice and wenching. *Aversus*

Gos. Acquaints himself with no delight but getting, 220
A perfect pattern of sobriety,
Temperance, and husbandry to all my household;
And what's his company, I pray? Not wenchers.

Rin. Wenchers? I durst be sworn he never smelt
A wench's breath yet; but methinks 'twere fit 225
You sought him out a wife.

Gos. A wife, Rinaldo?
He dares not look a woman in the face.

Rin. 'Sfoot, hold him to one ; your son such a sheep ?

Gos. 'Tis strange, in earnest.

Rin. Well, sir, though for my thriftless brother's sake, 230
I little care how my wrong'd father takes it,
Yet for my father's quiet, if yourself
Would join hands with your wi[s]e and toward son,
I should deserve it some way.

Gos. Good Rinaldo,
I love you and your father, but this matter 235
Is not for me to deal in, and 'tis needless ;
You say your brother is resolv'd, presuming
Your father will allow it.

Enter Marc. Antonio

Rin. See, my father !
Since you are resolute not to move him, sir,
In any case conceal the secret by way *Abcondit se* 240
Of an atonement ; let me pray you will.

Gos. Upon mine honour !

Rin. Thanks, sir !

Marc. God save thee, honourable Knight Gostanzo.

Gos. Friend Marc. Antonio, welcome ! And I think
I have good news to welcome you withal. 245

Rin. [*aside*] He cannot hold.

Marc. What news, I pray you, sir ?

Gos. You have a forward, valiant, eldest son ;
But wherein is his forwardness and valour ?

Marc. I know not wherein you intend him so.

Gos. Forward before, valiant behind, his duty, 250
That he hath dar'd before your due consent
To take a wife.

Marc. A wife, sir ? What is she ?

Gos. One that is rich enough : her hair pure amber,
Her forehead mother of pearl, her fair eyes
Two wealthy diamants, her lips mines of rubies ; 255
Her teeth are orient pearl, her neck pure ivory.

Marc. Jest not, good sir, in an affair so serious ;
I love my son, and if his youth reward me
With his contempt of my consent in marriage,
'Tis to be fear'd that his presumption builds not 260
Of his good choice, that will bear out itself ;
And being bad, the news is worse than bad.

Gos. What call you bad ? Is it bad to be poor ?

Marc. The world accounts it so ; but if my son
Have in her birth and virtues held his choice 265
Without disparagement, the fault is less.

Gos. Sits the wind there ? Blows there so calm a gale
From a contemned and deserved anger ?
Are you so easy to be disobey'd ?

Marc. What should I do ? If my enamour'd son 270
Have been so forward, I assure myself
He did it more to satisfy his love
Than to incense my hate, or to neglect me.

Gos. A passing kind construction ! Suffer this,
You ope him doors to any villany ; 275
He'll dare to sell, to pawn, run ever riot,
Despise your love in all, and laugh at you.

And that knight's competency you have gotten
With care and labour, he with lust and idleness
Will bring into the stipend of a beggar, 280
All to maintain a wanton whirligig,

Worth nothing more than she brings on her back,
Yet all your wealth too little for that back.
By heaven, I pity your declining state !
For, be assur'd, your son hath set his foot 285
In the right pathway to consumption :

Up to the heart in love, and for that love
Nothing can be too dear his love desires :
And how insatiate and unlimited
Is the ambition and the beggarly pride 290

Of a dame hoised from a beggar's state
To a state competent and plentiful,
You cannot be so simple not to know.

Marc. I must confess the mischief ; but, alas,
Where is in me the power of remedy ? 295

Gos. Where ? In your just displeasure ! Cast him off,
Receive him not ; let him endure the use
Of their enforced kindness that must trust him
For meat and money, for apparel, house,

And everything belongs to that estate, 300
Which he must learn with want of misery,
Since pleasure and a full estate hath blinded
His dissolute desires.

Marc. What should I do ?
If I should banish him my house and sight,
What desperate resolution might it breed 305

To run into the wars, and there to live
 In want of competency, and perhaps
 Taste th' unrecoverable loss of his chief limbs,
 Which while he hath in peace, at home with me,
 May, with his spirit, ransom his estate
 From any loss his marriage can procure. 310

Gos. Is't true? Nay, let him run into the war,
 And lose what limbs he can; better one branch
 Be lopp'd away, than all the whole tree should perish;
 And for his wants, better young want than old. 315
 You have a younger son at Padua,
 I like his learning well, make him your heir,
 And let your other walk; let him buy wit
 At's own charge, not at's father's; if you lose him,
 You lose no more than that was lost before; 320
 If you recover him, you find a son.

Marc. I cannot part with him.

Gos. If it be so,
 And that your love to him be so extreme,
 In needful dangers ever choose the least;
 If he should be in mind to pass the seas, 325
 Your son Rinaldo (who told me all this)
 Will tell me that, and so we shall prevent it;
 If by no stern course you will venture that,
 Let him come home to me with his fair wife;
 And if you chance to see him, shake him up, 330
 As if your wrath were hard to be reflected,
 That he may fear hereafter to offend
 In other dissolute courses. At my house,
 With my advice, and my son's good example,
 Who shall serve as a glass for him to see 335
 His faults, and mend them to his precedent,
 I make no doubt but of a dissolute son
 And disobedient, to send him home
 Both dutiful and thrifty.

Marc. Oh, Gostanzo!

Could you do this, you should preserve yourself
 A perfect friend of me, and me a son. 340

Gos. Remember you your part, and fear not mine;
 Rate him, revile him, and renounce him too;
 Speak, can you do't, man?

Marc.

I'll do all I can.

Exit Marc. Antonio

Gos. Alas, good man, how nature overweighs him ! 345

Rinaldo comes forth

Rin. God save you, sir !

Gos. Rinaldo, all the news
You told me as a secret, I perceive
Is passing common, for your father knows it ;
The first thing he related was the marriage.

Rin. And was extremely mov'd ?

Gos. Beyond all measure ; 350
But I did all I could to quench his fury,
Told him how easy 'twas for a young man
To run that amorous course, and though his choice
Were nothing rich, yet she was gently born,
Well qualified, and beautiful. But he still 355
Was quite relentless, and would needs renounce him.

Rin. My brother knows it well, and is resolv'd
To trail a pike in field, rather than bide
The more fear'd push of my vex'd father's fury.

Gos. Indeed, that's one way : but are no more means 360
Left to his fine wits, than t'incense his father
With a more violent rage, and to redeem
A great offence with greater ?

Rin. So I told him ;
But to a desperate mind all breath is lost.

Gos. Go to, let him be wise, and use his friends, 365
Amongst whom I'll be foremost, to his father.
Without this desperate error he intends
Join'd to the other, I'll not doubt to make him
Easy return into his father's favour,
So he submit himself, as duty binds him ; 370
For fathers will be known to be themselves,
And often when their angers are not deep
Will paint an outward rage upon their looks.

Rin. All this I told him, sir ; but what says he ?
' I know my father will not be reclaim'd, 375
He'll think that if he wink at this offence,
'Twill open doors to any villany.
I'll dare to sell, to pawn, and run all riot,
To laugh at all his patience, and consume
All he hath purchas'd to an honour'd purpose 380
In maintenance of a wanton whirligig
Worth nothing more than she wears on her back.'

Gos. [*aside*] The very words I us'd t'incense his father—
But, good Rinaldo, let him be advis'd :
How would his father grieve, should he be maim'd, 385
Or quite miscarry in the ruthless war ?

Rin. I told him so ; but, ' Better far,' said he,
' One branch should utterly be lopp'd away,
Than the whole tree of all his race should perish ;
And for his wants, better young want than eld.' 390

Gos. [*aside*] By heaven, the same words still I us'd
t' his father !
Why comes this about ?—Well, good Rinaldo,
If he dare not endure his father's looks,
Let him and his fair wife come home to me,
Till I have qualified his father's passion ; 395
He shall be kindly welcome, and be sure
Of all the intercession I can use.

Rin. I thank you, sir ; I'll try what I can do,
Although I fear me I shall strive in vain.

Gos. Well, try him, try him. *Exit*

Rin. Thanks, sir, so I will. 400
See, this old, politic, dissembling knight,
Now he perceives my father so affectionate,
And that my brother may hereafter live
By him and his with equal use of either,
He will put on a face of hollow friendship. 405
But this will prove an excellent ground to sow
The seed of mirth amongst us ; I'll go seek
Valerio and my brother, and tell them
Such news of their affairs as they'll admire. *Exit*

[SCENA SECUNDA

*Before the house of Cornelio]**Enter* Gazetta, Bellanora, Gratiana

Gaz. How happy are your fortunes above mine !
Both still being woo'd and courted ; still so feeding
On the delights of love that still you find
An appetite to more ; where I am cloy'd,
And being bound to love-sports, care not for them. 5

Bel. That is your fault, Gazetta ; we have loves,
And wish continual company with them
In honour'd marriage-rites, which you enjoy.

But sold or never can we get a look
 Of those we love. Fortunio, my dear choice, 10
 Dare not be known to love me, nor come near
 My father's house, where I as in a prison
 Consume my lost days and the tedious nights,
 My father guarding me for one I hate.
 And Gratiana here, my brother's love, 15
 Joys him by so much stealth that vehement fear
 Drinks up the sweetness of their stol'n delights :
 Where you enjoy a husband, and may freely
 Perform all obsequies you desire to love.

Gaz. Indeed I have a husband, and his love 20
 Is more than I desire, being vainly jealous.
 Extremes, though contrary, have the like effects ;
 Extreme heat mortifies like extreme cold ;
 Extreme love breeds sa[t]iety as well
 As extreme hatred ; and too violent rigour 25
 Tempts chastity as much as too much licence.
 There's no man's eye fix'd on me, but doth pierce
 My husband's soul. If any ask my welfare,
 He straight doubts treason practis'd to his bed,
 Fancies but to himself all likelihoods 30
 Of my wrong to him, and lays all on me
 For certain truths ; yet seeks he with his best
 To put disguise on all his jealousy,
 Fearing, perhaps, lest it may teach me that
 Which otherwise I should not dream upon. 35
 Yet lives he still abroad at great expense,
 Turns merely gallant from his farmer's state,
 Uses all games and recreations,
 Runs races with the gallants of the Court,
 Feasts them at home, and entertains them costly, 40
 And then upbraids me with their company.

Enter Cornelio

See, see, we shall be troubled with him now.

Corn. Now, ladies, what plots have we now in hand ?
 They say when only one dame is alone
 She plots some mischief ; but if three together, 45
 They plot three hundred. Wife, the air is sharp,
 Y'ad best to take the house lest you take cold.

Gaz. Alas, this time of year yields no such danger !

Corn. Go in, I say ; a friend of yours attends you.

Gaz. He is of your bringing, and may stay. 50

Corn. Nay, stand not chopping logic ; in, I pray.

Gaz. Ye see, gentlewomen, what my happiness is,
These humours reign in marriage ; humours, humours !

Exit, he followeth

Grat. Now by my sooth, I am no fortune-teller,
And would be loath to prove so ; yet pronounce 55
This at adventure, that 'twere indecorum
This heifer should want horns.

Bel. Fie on this love !

I rather wish to want than purchase so.

Grat. Indeed, such love is like a smoky fire
In a cold morning ; though the fire be cheerful, 60
Yet is the smoke so sour and cumbersome,
'Twere better lose the fire than find the smoke :
Such an attendant then as smoke to fire,
Is jealousy to love ; better want both
Than have both.

Enter Valerio and Fortunio

Val. Come, Fortunio, now take hold 65
On this occasion, as myself on this :
One couple more would make a barley-break.

[*Grat.*] I fear, Valerio, we shall break too soon ;
Your father's [jealous espial] will displease us.

Val. Well, wench, the day will come his Argus eyes 70
Will shut, and thou shalt open. 'Sfoot, I think
Dame Nature's memory begins to fail her !

If I write but my name in mercer's books,
I am as sure to have at six months' end
A rascal at my elbow with his mace, 75

As I am sure my father's not far hence ;
My father yet hath ought Dame Nature debt,
These threescore years and ten, yet calls not on him ;

But if she turn her debt-book over once,
And finding him her debtor, do but send 80

Her sergeant, John Death, to arrest his body,
Our souls shall rest, wench, then, and the free light
Shall triumph in our faces, where now night,

In imitation of my father's frowns,
Lowers at our meeting.

Enter Rinaldo

See where the scholar comes. 85

Rin. Down on your knees, poor lovers, reverence learning!

For. I pray thee, why, Rinaldo?

Rin. Mark what cause

Flows from my depth of knowledge to your loves,
To make you kneel and bless me while you live.

Val. I pray thee, good scholar, give us cause. 90

Rin. Mark then, erect your ears: you know what horror
Would fly on your love from your father's frowns,
If he should know it. And your sister here
(My brother's sweetheart) knows as well what rage
Would seize his powers for her, if he should know 95
My brother woo'd her, or that she lov'd him.
Is not this true? Speak all.

Omnes. All this is true.

Rin. It is as true that now you meet by stealth
In depth of midnight, kissing out at grates,
Climb over walls. And all this I'll reform. 100

Val. By logic?

Rin. Well, sir, you shall have all means
To live in one house, eat and drink together,
Meet and kiss your fills.

Val. All this by learning?

Rin. Ay, and your frowning father know all this.

Val. Ay, marry, small learning may prove that. 105

Rin. Nay, he shall know it, and desire it too,
Welcome my brother to him, and your wife,
Entreating both to come and dwell with him.
Is not this strange?

For. Ay, too strange to be true.

Rin. 'Tis in this head shall work it; therefore, hear: 110
Brother, this lady you must call your wife,
For I have told her sweetheart's father here
That she is your wife; and because my father
(Who now believes it) must be quieted
Before you see him, you must live awhile 115
As husband to her in his father's house.

Valerio, here's a simple mean for you
To lie at rack and manger with your wedlock;
And, brother, for yourself to meet as freely
With this your long-desir'd and barred love. 120

For. You make us wonder.

Rin. Peace, be rul'd by me,
And you shall see to what a perfect shape
I'll bring this rude plot, which blind Chance (the ape
Of counsel and advice) hath brought forth blind.
Valerio, can your heat of love forbear 125
Before your father, and allow my brother
To use some kindness to your wife before him?

Val. Ay, before him I do not greatly care,
Nor anywhere indeed; my sister here
Shall be my spy: if she will wrong herself, 130
And give her right to my wife, I am pleas'd.

For. My dearest life, I know, will never fear
Any such will or thought in all my powers.
When I court her then, think I think 'tis thee,
When I embrace her, hold thee in mine arms. 135
Come, let us practise gainst we see your father.

Val. Soft, sir, I hope you need not do it yet;
Let me take this time.

Rin. Come, you must not touch her.

Val. No, not before my father!

Rin. No, nor now,
Because you are so soon to practise it, 140
For I must bring them to him presently.
Take her, Fortunio; go hence man and wife,
We will attend you rarely with fix'd faces.
Valerio, keep your countenance, and con[firm]
Your father in your forged sheepishness, 145
Who thinks thou dar'st not look upon a wench,
Nor knowest at which end to begin to kiss her. *Exeunt*

FINIS ACTUS PRIMI

ACTUS SECUNDI SCENA PRIMA

[*Before the house of Gostanzo*]

Gostanzo, Marc. Antonio

Gos. It is your own too simple lenity,
And doting indulgence shown to him still,
That thus hath taught your son to be no son;
As you have us'd him, therefore, so you have him.
Durst my son thus turn rebel to his duty, 5
Steal up a match unsuited his estate,

Without all knowledge of or friend or father,
 And, to make that good with a worse offence,
 Resolve to run beyond sea to the wars?
 Durst my son serve me thus? Well, I have stay'd him, 10
 Though much against my disposition,
 And this hour I have set for his repair
 With his young mistress and concealed wife;
 And in my house here they shall sojourn both,
 Till your black anger's storm be overblown. 15

Marc. My anger's storm? Ah, poor Fortunio,
 One gentle word from thee would soon resolve
 The storm of my rage to a shower of tears.

Gos. In that vein still? Well, Marc. Antonio,
 Our old acquaintance and long neighbourhood 20
 Ties my affection to you and the good
 Of your whole house; in kind regard whereof
 I have advis'd you, for your credit sake,
 And for the tender welfare of your son,
 To frown on him a little; if you do not, 25
 But at first parley take him to your favour,
 I protest utterly to renounce all care
 Of you and yours and all your amities.
 They say he's wretched that out of himself
 Cannot draw counsel to his proper weal; 30
 But he's thrice wretched that has neither counsel
 Within himself, nor apprehension
 Of counsel for his own good from another.

Marc. Well, I will arm myself against this weakness
 The best I can. I long to see this Helen 35
 That hath enchanted my young Paris thus,
 And's like to set all our poor Tro[y] on fire.

Enter Valerio with a Page

Gos. Here comes my son. Withdraw, take up your
 stand;
 You shall hear odds betwixt your son and mine.

Marc. Antonio retires himself

Val. Tell him I cannot do't; shall I be made 40
 A foolish novice, my purse set a-broach
 By every cheating come-you-seven, to lend
 My money and be laugh'd at? Tell him plain
 I profess husbandry, and will not play
 The prodigal, like him, gainst my profession. 45

Gos. [*aside*] Here's a son.

Marc. [*aside*] An admirable spark!

Page. Well, sir, I'll tell him so. *Exit Page*

Val. 'Sfoot, let him lead

A better husband's life, and live not idly,
Spending his time, his coin, and self on wenches!

Gos. Why, what's the matter, son? 50

Val. Cry mercy, sir! Why, there come messengers
From this and that brave gallant, and such gallants
As I protest I saw but through a grate.

Gos. And what's this message?

Val. Faith, sir, he's disappointed
Of payments, and disfurnish'd of means present; 55

If I would do him the kind office therefore
To trust him but some seven-night with the keeping
Of forty crowns for me, he deeply swears,
As he's a gentleman, to discharge his trust;
And that I shall eternally endear him 60
To my wish'd service he protests and contests.

Gos. Good words, Valerio; but thou art too wise
To be deceiv'd by breath; I'll turn thee loose
To the most cunning cheater of them all.

Val. 'Sfoot, he's not asham'd besides to charge me 65
With a late promise; I must yield, indeed,
I did (to shift him with some contentment)
Make such a frivol promise.

Gos. Ay, well done!
Promises are no fetters; with that tongue
Thy promise pass'd, unpromise it again. 70

Wherefore has man a tongue of power to speak,
But to speak still to his own private purpose?
Beasts utter but one sound; but men have change
Of speech and reason, even by Nature given them,
Now to say one thing and another now, 75
As best may serve their profitable ends.

Mar. [*aside*] By'r-lady, sound instructions to a son!

Val. Nay, sir, he makes his claim by debt of friendship.

Gos. Tush, friendship's but a term, boy! The fond
world

Like to a doting mother glazes over 80
Her children's imperfections with fine terms;
What she calls friendship and true human kindness,
Is only want of true experience:

Honesty is but a defect of wit ;
 Respect but mere rusticity and clownery. 85
Mar. [*aside*] Better and better ! Soft, here comes my
 son.

Enter Fortunio, Rinaldo, and Gratiana

Rin. [*aside*] Fortunio, keep your countenance—See, sir,
 here
 The poor young married couple, which you pleas'd
 To send for to your house.

Gos. Fortunio, welcome. 90
 And in that welcome I imply your wife's,
 Who I am sure you count your second self. *He kisses her*

For. Sir, your right noble favours do exceed
 All power of worthy gratitude by words,
 That in your care supply my father's place.

Gos. Fortunio, I cannot choose but love you, 95
 Being son to him who long time I have lov'd :
 From whose just anger my house shall protect you,
 Till I have made a calm way to your meetings.

For. I little thought, sir, that my father's love
 Would take so ill so slight a fault as this. 100

Gos. Call you it slight ? Nay, though his spirit take it
 In higher manner than for your lov'd sake
 I would have wish'd him, yet I make a doubt,
 Had my son done the like, if my affection
 Would not have turn'd to more spleen than your father's ; 105
 And yet I qualify him all I can,
 And doubt not but that time and my persuasion
 Will work out your excuse, since youth and love
 Were th' unresisted organs to seduce you :
 But you must give him leave, for fathers must 110
 Be won by penitence and submission,
 And not by force or opposition.

For. Alas, sir, what advise you me to do ?
 I know my father to be highly mov'd,
 And am not able to endure the breath 115
 Of his express'd displeasure, whose hot flames
 I think my absence soonest would have quench'd.

Gos. True, sir, as fire with oil, or else like them
 That quench the fire with pulling down the house.
 You shall remain here in my house conceal'd 120
 Till I have won your father to conceive

Kinder opinion of your oversight.

Valerio, entertain Fortunio

And his fair wife, and give them conduct in.

Val. Y'are welcome, sir.

Gos. What, sirrah, is that all? 125

No entertainment to the gentlewoman?

Val. Forsooth, y'are welcome by my father's leave.

Gos. What, no more compliment? Kiss her, you
sheep's head!

Why, when? Go, go, sir, call your sister hither.

Exit Valerio

Lady, you'll pardon our gross bringing up?

130

We dwell far off from court, you may perceive:

The sight of such a blazing star as you

Dazzles my rude son's wits.

Grat.

Not so, good sir.

The better husband the more courtly ever.

Rin. Indeed a courtier makes his lips go far,

135

As he doth all things else.

Enter Valerio, Bellanora

Gos.

Daughter, receive

This gentlewoman home, and use her kindly.

She kisses her

Bel. My father bids you kindly welcome, lady,

And therefore you must needs come well to me.

Grat. Thank you, forsooth!

Gos. Go, dame, conduct 'em in. 140

Exeunt Rinaldo, Fortunio, Bellanora, Gratiana

Ah, errant sheepshead, hast thou liv'd thus long,

And dar'st not look a woman in the face?

Though I desire especially to see

My son a husband, shall I therefore have him

Turn absolute cullion? Let's see, kiss thy hand! 145

Thou kiss thy hand? Thou wip'st thy mouth, by th'mass!

Fie on thee, clown! They say the world's grown finer;

But I for my part never saw young men

Worse fashion'd and brought up than now-a-days.

'Sfoot, when myself was young, was not I kept 150

As far from Court as you? I think I was;

And yet my father on a time invited

The Duchess of his house; I, being then

About some five-and-twenty years of age,
 Was thought the only man to entertain her ; 155
 I had my congé—plant myself of one leg,
 Draw back the tother with a deep-fetch'd honour,
 Then with a bel-regard advant mine eye
 With boldness on her very visnomy—
 Your dancers all were counterfeits to me ; 160
 And for discourse in my fair mistress' prescnce
 I did not, as you barren gallants do,
 Fill my discourses up drinking tobacco ;
 But on thè present furnish'd evermore
 With tales and practis'd speeches ; as sometimes, 165
 ' What is't a clock ? ' ' What stuff's this petticoat ? '
 ' What cost the making ? What the fringe and all ? '
 And ' What she had under her petticoat ? '
 And such-like witty compliments ; and for need,
 I could have written as good prose and verse 170
 As the most beggarly poet of 'em all,
 Either acrostic, Exordium,
 Epithalamio[n]s, Satires, Epigrams,
 Sonnets in dozens, or your Quatorzains
 In any rhyme, masculine, feminine, 175
 Or Sdr[u]ciolla, or couplets, blank verse ;
 Y'are but bench-whistlers nowadays to them
 That were in our times. Well, about your husbandry !
 Go, for, i'faith, th'art fit for nothing else.

Exit Valerio, prodit Marc. Antonio

Marc. By'r-lady, you have play'd the courtier rarely ! 180

Gos. But did you ever see so blank a fool,
 When he should kiss a wench, as my son is ?

Marc. Alas, 'tis but a little bashfulness.
 You let him keep no company, nor allow him
 Money to spend at fence and dancing-schools ; 185
 Y'are too severe, i'faith.

Gos. And you too supple.
 Well, sir, for your sake I have stay'd your son
 From flying to the wars ; now see you rate him,
 To stay him yet from more expenseful courses,
 Wherein your lenity will encourage him. 190

Marc. Let me alone ; I thank you for this kindness.

Exeunt

Enter Valerio and Rinaldo

Rin. So, are they gone? Now tell me, brave Valerio,
 Have I not won the wreath from all your wits,
 Brought thee t'enjoy the most desired presence
 Of thy dear love at home, and with one labour 195
 My brother t' enjoy thy sister, where
 It had been her undoing t'have him seen,
 And ma[d]e thy father crave what he abhors,
 T'entreat my brother home t'enjoy his daughter,
 Command thee kiss thy wench, chide for not kissing, 200
 And work[']d all this out of a Machiavel,
 A miserable politician?
 I think the like was never play'd before!

Val. Indeed, I must commend thy wit, of force;
 And yet I know not whose deserves most praise, 205
 Of thine or my wit: thine for plotting well,
 Mine that durst undertake and carry it
 With such true form.

Rin. Well, th' evening crowns the day;
 Persever to the end, my wit hath put
 Blind Fortune in a string into your hand; 210
 Use it discreetly, keep it from your father,
 Or you may bid all your good days good-night.

Val. Let me alone, boy!

Rin. Well, sir, now to vary
 The pleasures of our wits; thou know'st, Valerio,
 Here is the new-turn'd gentleman's fair wife, 215
 That keeps thy wife and sister company;
 With whom the amorous courtier Dariotto
 Is far in love, and of whom her sour husband
 Is passing jealous, puts on eagle's eyes
 To pry into her carriage. Shall we see 220
 If he be now from home, and visit her?

Enter Gazetta sewing, Cornelio following

See, see, the prisoner comes.

Val. But soft, sir, see
 Her jealous jailor follows at her heels.
 Come, we will watch some fitter time to board her,
 And in the meantime seek out our mad crew. 225
 My spirit longs to swagger.

Rin. Go to, youth!

Walk not too boldly ; if the sergeants meet you,
You may have swaggering work your bellyfull.

Val. No better copesmates !

Gazetta sits and sings sewing

I'll go seek 'em out with this light in my hand ; 230
The slaves grow proud with seeking out of us.

Exeunt [Valerio and Rinaldo]

Corn. A pretty work ; I pray what flowers are these ?

Gaz. The pansy this.

Corn. Oh, that's for lover's thoughts.

What's that, a columbine ?

Gaz. No, that thankless flower

Fits not my garden.

Corn. H[e]m ! Yet it may mine. 235

This were a pretty present for some friend,

Some gallant courtier, as for Dariotto,

One that adores you in his soul, I know.

Gaz. Me ? Why me more than yourself, I pray ?

Corn. Oh yes, he adores you, and adorns me. 240

I'faith, deal plainly, do not his kisses relish

Much better than such peasant's as I am ?

Gaz. Whose kisses ?

Corn. Dariotto's ; does he not

The thing you wot on ?

Gaz. What thing, good Lord ?

Corn. Why, lady, lie with you.

Gaz. Lie with me ? 245

Corn. Ay, with you.

Gaz. You with me, indeed !

Corn. Nay, I am told that he lies with you too,

And that he is the only whoremaster

About the city.

Gaz. If he be so only,

'Tis a good hearing that there are no more. 250

Corn. Well, mistress, well, I will not be abus'd ;

Think not you dance in nets ; for though you do not

Make broad profession of your love to him,

Yet do I understand your darkest language,

Your treads o'th'toe, your secret jogs and wrings, 255

Your intercourse of glances ; every tittle

Of your close amorous rites I understand ;

They speak as loud to me, as if you said,

'My dearest Dariotto, I am thine.'

Gaz. Jesus, what moods are these ? Did ever husband 260
 Follow his wife with jealousy so unjust ?
 That once I lov'd you, you yourself will swear.
 And if I did, where did you lose my love ?
 Indeed, this strange and undeserved usage
 Hath power to shake a heart were ne'er so settled ; 265
 But I protest all your unkindness never
 Had strength to make me wrong you but in thought.

Corn. No, not with Dariotto ?

Gaz. No, by heaven !

Corn. No letters pass'd, nor no designs for meeting ?

Gaz. No, by my hope of heaven !

Corn. Well, no time past ; 270

Go, go ; go in and sew.

Gaz. Well, be it so. *Exit Gazetta*

Corn. Suspicion is (they say) the first degree
 Of deepest wisdom ; and however others
 Inveigh against this mood of jealousy,
 For my part I suppose it the best curb 275
 To check the ranging appetites that reign
 In this weak sex. My neighbours point at me
 For this my jealousy ; but should I do
 As most of them do, let my wife fly out
 To feasts and revels, and invite home gallants, 280
 Play Menelaus, give them time and place,
 While I sit like a well-taught waiting-woman,
 Turning her eyes upon some work or picture,
 Read in a book, or take a feigned nap,
 While her kind lady takes one to her lap ? 285
 No, let me still be pointed at, and thought
 A jealous ass, and not a wittolly knave.
 I have a [crew] of courtiers haunt my house,
 In show my friends, and for my profit too ;
 But I perceive 'em, and will mock their aims 290
 With looking to their mark, I warrant 'em !
 I am content to ride abroad with them,
 To revel, dice, and fit their other sports ;
 But by their leaves I'll have a vigilant eye
 To the main **chance** still. See, my brave comrades. 295

*Enter Dariotto [and Page], Claudio, and Valerio ; Valerio putting
 up his Sword*

Dar. Well, wag, well ; wilt thou still deceive thy father,

And being so simple a poor soul before him,
Turn swaggerer in all companies besides ?

Clau. Hadst thou been rested, all would have come
forth.

Val. Soft, sir, there lies the point ; I do not doubt 300
But t'have my pennyworths of these rascals one day ;
I'll smoke the buzzing hornets from their nests,
Or else I'll make their leather jerkins stay.
The whoreson hungry horse-flies ! Foot, a man
Cannot so soon, for want of almanacks, 305
Forget his day but three or four bare months,
But straight he sees a sort of corporals
To lie in ambuscado to surprise him.

Dar. Well, thou hadst happy fortune to escape 'em.

Val. But they thought theirs was happier to scape me. 310
I walking in the place, where men's lawsuits
Are heard and pleaded, not so much as dreaming
Of any such encounter, steps me forth
Their valiant foreman, with the word, ' I rest you.'
I made no more ado, but laid these paws 315
Close on his shoulders, tumbling him to earth ;
And there sate he on his posteriors,
Like a baboon ; and turning me about,
I straight espied the whole troop issuing on me.
I stepp'd me back, and drawing my old friend here, 320
Made to the midst of them, and all unable
T'endure the shock, all rudely fell in rout,
And down the stairs they ran with such a fury,
As meeting with a troop of lawyers there,
Mann'd by their clients, some with ten, some with twenty, 325
Some five, some three—he that had least, had one—
Upon the stairs they bore them down afore them ;
But such a rattling then was there amongst them
Of ravish'd declarations, replications,
Rejoinders and petitions, all their books 330
And writings torn and trod on, and some lost,
That the poor lawyers coming to the bar,
Could say nought to the matter, but instead,
Were fain to rail and talk besides their books
Without all order. 335

Clau. Faith, that same vein of railing
Became now most applausive ; your best poet is
He that rails grossest.

Dar. True, and your best fool
Is your broad railing fool.

Val. And why not, sir ?
For, by the gods, to tell the naked truth,
What objects see men in this world but such 340
As would yield matter to a railing humour ?
When he, that last year carried after one
An empty buckram bag, now fills a coach,
And crowds the senate with such troops of clients
And servile followers, as would put a mad spleen 345
Into a pigeon.

Dar. Come, pray leave these cross capers,
Let's make some better use of precious time.
See, here's Cornelio ; come, lad, shall we to dice ?

Corn. Anything I !

Clau. Well said ; how does thy wife ?

Corn. In health, God save her ! 350

Val. But where is she, man ?

Corn. Abroad about her business.

Val. Why, not at home ?

Foot, my masters, take her to the Court,
And this rare lad, her husband : and—dost hear ?—
Play me no more the miserable farmer,
But be advis'd by friends, sell all i' th' country, 355
Be a flat courtier, follow some great man,
Or bring thy wife there, and she'll make thee great.

Corn. What, to the Court ? Then take me for a gull !

Val. Nay, never shun it to be call'd a gull ;
For I see all the world is but a gull, 360
One man gull to another in all kinds :
A merchant to a courtier is a gull,
A client to a lawyer is a gull,
A married man to a bachelor, a gull,
A bachelor to a cuckold is a gull, 365
All to a poet, or a poet to himself.

Corn. [*aside*] Hark, Dariotto, shall we gull this guller ?

Dar. [*aside*] He gulls his father, man, we cannot gull
him.

Corn. [*aside*] Let me alone—Of all men's wits alive
I most admire Valerio's, that hath stol'n 370
By his mere industry, and that by spurts,
Such qualities as no wit else can match
With plodding at perfection every hour ;

Which, if his father knew each gift he has,
 Were like enough to make him give all from him : 375
 I mean, besides his dicing and his wenching,
 He has stol'n languages, th'Italian, Spanish,
 And some spice of the French, besides his dancing,
 Singing, playing on choice instruments :
 These has he got, almost against the hair. 380

Clau. But hast thou stol'n all these, Valerio ?

Val. Toys, toys, a pox ! And yet they be such toys
 As every gentleman would not be without.

Corn. Vain-glory makes ye judge [*'em*] lite i'faith !

Dar. Afore heaven, I was much deceiv'd in him ; 385
 But he's the man indeed that hides his gifts,
 And sets them not to sale in every presence.
 I would have sworn his soul were far from music,
 And that all his choice music was to hear
 His fat beasts bellow. 390

Corn. Sir, your ignorance
 Shall eftsoon be confuted. Prithee, Val,
 Take thy theorbo for my sake a little.

Val. By heaven, this month I touch'd not a theorbo !

Corn. Touch'd a theorbo ! Mark the very word.
 Sirrah, go fetch. *Exit Page* 395

Val. If you will have it, I must needs confess
 I am no husband of my qualities. *He untrusses and capers*

Corn. See what a caper there was !

Clau. See again !

Corn. The best that ever ; and how it becomes him !

Dar. Oh that his father saw these qualities ! 400

Enter a Page with an instrument

Corn. Nay, that's the very wonder of his wit
 To carry all without his father's knowledge.

Dar. Why, we might tell him now.

Corn. No, but we could not,
 Although we think we could ; his wit doth charm us.
 Come, sweet Val, touch and sing. 405

[*Val.*] Foot, will you hear
 The worst voice in Italy ?

Enter Rinaldo

Corn. Oh God, sir ! *He sings*
 Courtiers, how like you this ?

Dar. Believe it, excellent!

Corn. Is it not natural?

Val. If my father heard me,
Foot, he'd renounce me for his natural son!

Dar. By heaven, Valerio, and I were thy father, 410
And lov'd good qualities as I do my life,
I'd disinherit thee; for I never heard
Dog howl with worse grace.

Corn. Go to, Signor Courtier!
You deal not courtly now to be so plain,
Nor nobly, to discourage a young gentleman 415
In virtuous qualities, that has but stol'n 'em.

Clau. Call you this touching a theorbo?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Exeunt all but Valerio and Rinaldo

Val. How now, what's here?

Rin. Zoons, a plot laid to gull thee!
Could thy wit think th[y] voice was worth the hearing?
This was the courtier's and the cuckold's project. 420

Val. And is't e'en so? 'Tis very well, Master Courtier
And Dan Cornuto; I'll cry quit with both:
And first, I'll cast a jar betwixt them both,
With firing the poor cuckold's jealousy.
I have a tale will make him mad, 425
And turn his wife divorced loose amongst us.
But first let's home, and entertain my wife.
Oh father, pardon, I was born to gull thee. *Exeunt*

FINIS ACTUS SECUNDI

ACTUS III SCENA I

[*Before the house of Gostanzo*]

Enter Fortunio, Bellanora, Gratiana; Gostanzo following closely

For. How happy am I, that by this sweet means
I gain access to your most loved sight,
And therewithal to utter my full love,
Which but for vent would burn my entrails up.

Gos. [*aside*] By th'mass they talk too softly. 5

Bel. Little thinks
The austere mind my thrifty father bears

That I am vow'd to you, and so am bound
From him who for more riches he would force
On my disliking fancy.

For.

'Tis no fault

With just deeds to defraud an injury.

10

Gos. [*aside*] My daughter is persuading him to yield
In dutiful submission to his father.

Enter Valerio

Val. Do I not dream? Do I behold this sight
With waking eyes? Or from the ivory gate
Hath Morpheus sent a vision to delude me?
Is't possible that I, a mortal man,
Should shrine within mine arms so bright a goddess,
The fair Gratiana, beauty's little world?

15

Gos. [*aside*] What have we here?

Val. My dearest mine of gold,

20

All this that thy white arms enfold,

Account it as thine own freehold.

Gos. [*aside*] God's my dear soul, what sudden change is
here!

I smell how this gear will fall out, i'faith!

Val. Fortunio, sister, come, let's to the garden. *Exeunt* 25

Gos. Sits the wind there, i'faith? See what example
Will work upon the dullest appetite.

My son, last day so bashful that he durst not

Look on a wench, now courts her; and, by'r lady!

Will make his friend Fortunio wear his head

30

Of the right modern fashion. What, Rinaldo!

Enter Rinaldo

Rin. I fear I interrupt your privacy.

Gos. Welcome, Rinaldo, would 't had been your hap
To come a little sooner, that you might

Have seen a handsome sight: but let that pass,

35

The short is that your sister Gratiana

Shall stay no longer here.

Rin.

No longer, sir?

Repent you then so soon your favour to her,

And to my brother?

Gos.

Not so, good Rinaldo;

But to prevent a mischief that I see

Hangs over your abused brother's head.

40

In brief, my son has learn'd but too much courtship.

It was my chance even now to cast mine eye
 Into a place where to your sister enter'd
 My metamorphos'd son : I must conceal
 What I saw there ; but to be plain, I saw
 More than I would see. I had thought to make
 My house a kind receipt for your kind brother ;
 But I'd be loath his wife should find more kindness
 Than she had cause to like of. 45

Rin. What's the matter ?

Perhaps a little compliment or so.

Gos. Well, sir, such compliment perhaps may cost
 Married Fortunio the setting on.
 Nor can I keep my knowledge ; he that lately
 Before my face I could not get to look
 Upon your sister, by this light, now kiss'd her,
 Embrac'd and courted with as good a grace,
 As any courtier could : and I can tell you
 (Not to disgrace her) I perceiv'd the dame
 Was as far forward as himself, by th' mass ! 55

Rin. You should have school'd him for't.

Gos. No, I'll not see't :
 For shame once found, is lost ; I'll have him think
 That my opinion of him is the same
 That it was ever ; it will be a mean
 To bridle this fresh humour-bred in him. 65

Rin. Let me then school him ; foot, I'll rattle him up !

Gos. No, no, Rinaldo, th' only remedy
 Is to remove the cause, carry the object
 From his late tempted eyes.

Rin. Alas, sir, whither ?

You know my father is incens'd so much
 He'll not receive her. 70

Gos. Place her with some friend
 But for a time, till I reclaim your father :
 Meantime your brother shall remain with me.

Rin. (to himself) The care's the less then, he has still his
 longing
 To be with this gull's daughter. 75

Gos. What resolve you ?
 I am resolv'd she lodges here no more :
 My friend's son shall not be abus'd by mine.

Rin. Troth, sir, I'll tell you what a sudden toy

Comes in my head ; what think you if I brought her
Home to my father's house ? 80

Gos. Ay, marry, sir ;

Would he receive her ?

Rin. Nay, you hear not all :

I mean with use of some device or other.

Gos. As how, Rinaldo ?

Rin. Marry, sir, to say

She is your son's wife, married past your knowledge.

Gos. I doubt last day he saw her, and will know her 85
To be Fortunio's wife.

Rin. Nay, as for that,

I will pretend she was even then your son's wife,

But feign'd by me to be Fortunio's,

Only to try how he would take the matter.

Gos. 'Fore heaven 'twere pretty ! 90

Rin. Would it not do well ?

Gos. Exceeding well, in sadness.

Rin. Nay, good sir,

Tell me unfeignedly, do ye like't indeed ?

Gos. The best that e'er I heard !

Rin. And do you think

He'll swallow down the gudgeon ?

Gos. O' my life,

It were a gross gob would not down with him ; 95

An honest knight, but simple, not acquainted

With the fine sleights and policies of the world,

As I myself am.

Rin. I'll go fetch her straight ;

And this jest thrive, 'twill make us princely sport ;

But you must keep our counsel, second all, 100

Which to make likely, you must needs sometimes

Give your son leave (as if you knew it not)

To steal and see her at my father's house.

Gos. Ay, but see you, then, that you keep good guard 105
Over his forward, new-begun affections ;

For, by the Lord, he'll teach your brother else

To sing the cuckoo's note : spirit will break out,

Though never so suppress'd and pinioned.

Rin. Especially your son's ; what would he be, 110
If you should not restrain him by good counsel ?

Gos. I'll have an eye on him, I warrant thee !
I'll in and warn the gentlewoman to make ready.

Rin. Well, sir, and I'll not be long after you.

Exit Gostanzo

Heaven, heaven, I see these politicians
 (Out of blind Fortune's hands) are our most fools. 115
 'Tis she that gives the lustre to their wits,
 Still plodding at traditional devices ;
 But take 'em out of them to present actions,
 A man may grope and tickle 'em like a trout,
 And take 'em from their close dear holes as fat 120
 As a physician, and as giddy-headed
 As if b[y] miracle heaven had taken from them
 Even that which commonly belongs to fools.
 Well, now let's note what black ball of debate
 Valerio's wit hath cast betwixt Cornelio 125
 And the enamour'd courtier ; I believe
 His wife and he will part : his jealousy
 Hath ever watch'd occasion of divorce,
 And now Valerio's villany will present it.
 See, here comes the twin-courtier, his companion. 130

Enter Claudio

Clau. Rinaldo, well encounter'd !

Rin. Why, what news ?

Clau. Most sudden and infortunate, Rinaldo ;
 Cornelio is incens'd so gainst his wife
 That no man can procure her quiet with him.
 I have assay'd him, and made Marc. Antonio 135
 With all his gentle rhetoric second me ;
 Yet all, I fear me, will be cast away.
 See, see, they come ; join thy wit, good Rinaldo,
 And help to pacify his yellow fury.

Rin. With all my heart, I consecrate my wit 140
 To the wish'd comfort of distressed ladies.

Enter Cornelio, Marc. Antonio, Valerio, Page

Corn. Will any man assure me of her good behaviour ?

Val. Who can assure a jealous spirit ? You may be
 afraid of the shadow of your ears, and imagine them to be
 horns ; if you will assure yourself, appoint keepers to watch 145
 her.

Corn. And who shall watch the keepers ?

Marc. To be sure of that, be you her keeper.

Val. Well said ; and share the horns yourself ; for that's
 the keeper's fee. 150

Corn. But say I am gone out of town, and must trust others ; how shall I know if those I trust be trusty to me ?

Rin. Marry, sir, by a singular instinct given naturally to all you married men, that if your wives play leger-de-heel, though you be a hundred miles off, yet you shall be sure 155
instantly to find it in your foreheads.

Corn. Sound doctrine, I warrant you ; I am resolved, i'faith !

Page. Then give me leave to speak, sir, that hath all this while been silent : I have heard you with extreme patience ; 160
now, therefore, prick up your ears, and vouchsafe me audience.

Clau. Good boy, o' mine honour !

Corn. Pray, what are you, sir ?

Page. I am here, for default of better, of counsel with 165
the fair Gazetta, and though herself had been best able to defend herself, if she had been here and would have pleased to put forth the buckler which Nature hath given all women, I mean her tongue—

Val. Excellent good boy ! 170

Page. Yet, since she either vouchsafes it not, or thinks her innocence a sufficient shield against your jealous accusations, I will presume to undertake the defence of that absent and honourable lady, whose sworn knight I am, and in her of all that name (for lady is grown a common name to their whole 175
sex), which sex I have ever loved from my youth, and shall never cease to love till I want wit to admire.

Marc. An excellent spoken boy !

Val. Give ear, Cornelio, here is a young Mercurio sent to persuade thee. 180

Corn. Well, sir, let him say on.

Page. It is a heavy case to see how this light sex is tumbled and tossed from post to pillar under the unsavoury breath of every humourous peasant. Gazetta, you said, is unchaste, disloyal, and I wot not what. Alas, is it her fault ? 185
Is she not a woman ? Did she not suck it (as others of her sex do) from her mother's breast ? And will you condemn that as her fault which is her nature ? Alas ! sir, you must consider a woman is an unfinished creature, delivered hastily to the world before Nature had set to that seal which should 190
have made them perfect. Faults they have, no doubt ; but are we free ? Turn your eye into yourself, good Signor Cornelio, and weigh your own imperfections with hers. If she

be wanton abroad, are not you wanting at home ? If she be amorous, are not you jealous ? If she be high set, are not you taken down ? If she be a courtesan, are not you a cuckold ? 195

Corn. Out, you rogue !

Rin. On with thy speech, boy !

Marc. You do not well, Cornelio, to discourage the bashful youth. 200

Clau. Forth, boy, I warrant thee !

Page. But if our own imperfections will not teach us to bear with theirs, yet let their virtues persuade us : let us endure their bad qualities for their good ; allow the prickle for the rose, the brack for the velvet, the paring for the cheese, and so forth. If you say they range abroad, consider it is nothing but to avoid idleness at home : their nature is still to be doing ; keep 'em a-doing at home ; let them practise one good quality or other, either sewing, singing, playing, chiding, dancing, or so ; and these will put such idle toys out of their heads into yours ; but if you cannot find them variety of business within doors, yet, at least, imitate the ancient wise citizens of this city, who used carefully to provide their wives gardens near the town to plant, to graft in, as occasion served, only to keep 'em from idleness. 205 215

Val. Everlasting good boy !

Corn. I perceive your knavery, sir, and will yet have patience.

Rin. Forth, my brave Curio ! 220

Page. As to her unquietness (which some have rudely termed shrewishness) though the fault be in her, yet the cause is in you. What so calm as the sea of it own nature ? Art was never able to equal it ; your dicing-tables, nor your bowling-alleys, are not comparable to it ; yet, if a blast of wind do but cross it, not so turbulent and violent an element in the world. So (Nature in lieu of women's scarcity of wit, having indued them with a large portion of will) if they may (without impeach) enjoy their wills, no quieter creatures under heaven ; but if the breath of their husbands' mouths once cross their wills, nothing more tempestuous. Why, then, sir, should you husbands cross your wives' wills thus, considering the law allows them no wills at all at their deaths, because it intended they should have their wills while they lived ? 225 230 235

Val. Answer him but that, Cornelio.

Corn. All shall not serve her turn ; I am thinking of other matters.

Marc. Thou hast half won him, wag ; ply him yet a little further.

240

Page. Now, sir, for these cuckooish songs of yours, of cuckolds, horns, grafting, and such-like ; what are they but mere imaginary toys, bred out of your own heads as your own, and so by tradition delivered from man to man, like scarecrows to terrify fools from this earthly paradise of wedlock, 245
coined at first by some spent poets, superannated bachelors, or some that were scarce men of their hands ; who, like the fox, having lost his tail, would persuade others to lose theirs for company ? Again, for your cuckold, what is it but a mere fiction ? Show me any such creature in nature ; if there be, 250
I could never see it ; neither could I ever find any sensible difference betwixt a cuckold and a christen creature. To conclude, let poets coin, or fools credit, what they list ; for mine own part, I am clear of this opinion, that your cuckold is a mere chimera, and that there are no cuckolds in the 255
world—but those that have wives : and so I will leave them.

Corn. 'Tis excellent good, sir ; I do take you, sir—d'ye see ?—to be, as it were, bastard to the saucy courtier that would have me father more of your fraternity—d'ye see ?—and so 260
are instructed (as we hear) to second that villain[y] with your tongue, which he has acted with his tenure piece, d'ye see ?

Page. No such matter, o' my credit, sir !

Corn. Well, sir, be as be may, I scorn to set my head against yours—d'ye see ?—when in the meantime I will 265
firk your father, whether you see or no.

Exit drawing his rapier

Rin. God's my life, Cornelio !

Exit

Val. Have at your father, i'faith, boy, if he can find him.

Marc. See, he comes here ; he has missed him.

Enter Dariotto

Dar. How now, my hearts, what, not a wench amongst you ?

270

'Tis a sign y'are not in the grace of wenches
That they will let you be thus long alone.

Val. Well, Dariotto, glory not too much
That, for thy brisk attire and lips perfum'd,
Thou playest the stallion ever where thou com'st ; 275

And, like the husband of the flock, runn'st through
 The whole town herd, and no man's bed secure,
 No woman's honour unattempted by thee.
 Think not to be thus fortunate for ever ;
 But in thy amorous conquests at the last 280
 Some wound will slice your mazer : Mars himself
 Fell into Vulcan's snare, and so may you.

Dar. Alas, alas, faith, I have but the name !
 I love to court and win ; and the consent,
 Without the act obtain'd, is all I seek. 285
 I love the victory that draws no blood.

Clau. Oh, 'tis a high desert in any man
 To be a secret lecher ; I know some
 That (like thyself) are true in nothing else.

Marc. And, methinks, it is nothing if not told ; 290
 At least the joy is never full before.

Val. Well, Dariotto, th'hadst as good confess,
 The sun shines broad upon your practices.
 Vulcan will wake and intercept you one day.

Dar. Why, the more jealous knave and coxcomb he ! 295
 What, shall the shaking of his bed a little
 Put him in motion ? It becomes him not ;
 Let him be dull'd and stal'd, and then be quiet.
 The way to draw my custom to his house
 Is to be mad and jealous ; 'tis the sauce 300
 That whets my appetite.

Val. Or any man's :
Sine periculo friget lusus.

They that are jealous, use it still of purpose
 To draw you to their houses.

Dar. Ay, by heaven !
 I am of that opinion. Who would steal 305
 Out of a common orchard ? Let me gain
 My love with labour, and enjoy't with fear,
 Or I am gone.

Enter Rinaldo

Rin. What, Dariotto here ?
 Foot, dar'st thou come near Cornelio's house ?

Dar. Why, is the bull run mad ? What ails he, trow ? 310

Rin. I know not what he ails ; but I would wish you
 To keep out of the reach of his sharp horns,
 For, by this hand, he'll gore you.

Dav. And why me
More than thyself, or these two other whelps?
You all have basted him as well as I. 315
I wonder what's the cause,

Rin. Nay, that he knows,
And swears withal that wheresoe'er he meets you,
He'll mark you for a marker of men's wives.

Val. Pray heaven he be not jealous by some tales
That have been told him lately! Did you never 320
Attempt his wife? Hath no love's harbinger,
No looks, no letters, pass'd 'twixt you and her?

Dav. For look[s] I cannot answer; I bestow them
At large and carelessly, much like the sun:
If any be so foolish to apply them 325
To any private fancy of their own
(As many do), it's not my fault, thou knowest.

Val. Well, Dariotto, this set face of thine
(If thou be guilty of offence to him)
Comes out of very want of wit and feeling 330
What danger haunts thee; for Cornelio
Is a tall man, I tell you; and 'twere best
You shunn'd his sight awhile, till we might get
His patience, or his pardon; for past doubt
Thou diest, if he but see thee. 335

Enter Cornelio

Rin. Foot, he comes!

Dav. Is this the cockatrice that kills with sight?
How doest thou, boy? Ha?

Corn. Well.

Dav. What, lingering still
About this paltry town? Hadst thou been rul'd
By my advice, thou hadst by this time been
A gallant courtier, and at least a knight: 340
I would have got thee dubb'd by this time, certain.

Corn. And why then did you not yourself that honour?

Dav. Tush, 'tis more honour still to make a knight
Than 'tis to be a knight: to make a cuckold
Than 'tis to be a cuckold. 345

Corn. Y'are a villain!

Dav. God shield, man! Villain?

Corn. Ay, I'll prove thee one.

Dav. What, wilt thou prove a villain?
By this light thou deceiv'st me, then.

Corn. Well, sir, thus I prove it. *Draws*

Omnes. Hold, hold! Raise the streets!

Clau. Cornelio! 350

Rin. Hold, Dariotto, hold!

Val. What, art thou hurt?

Dar. A scratch, a scratch.

Val. Go, sirrah, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page]

Corn. You'll set a badge on the jealous fool's head, sir ;
Now set a coxcomb on your own.

Val. What's the cause of these wars, Dariotto? 355

Dar. Foot, I know not!

Corn. Well, sir, know and spare not ; I will presently be divorced, and then take her amongst ye.

Rin. Divorc'd? Nay, good Cornelio!

Corn. By this sword, I will ; the world shall not dissuade 360
me. *Exit*

Val. Why, this has been your fault now, Dariotto ;
You youths have fashions, when you have obtain'd
A lady's favour, straight your hat must wear it ;
Like a jackdaw that, when he lights upon
A dainty morsel, caws and makes his brags, 365
And then some kite doth scoop it from him straight ;
Where if he fed without his dawish noise,
He might fare better, and have less disturbance :
Forbear it in this case ; and when you prove
Victorious over fair Gazetta's fort, 370
Do not, for pity, sound your trump for joy,
But keep your valour close, and 'tis your honour.

Enter Page and Pock

Pock. God save you, Signor Dariotto!

Dar. I know you not, sir ; your name, I pray?

Pock. My name is Pock, sir ; a practitioner in surgery. 375

Dar. Pock, the surgeon, y'are welcome, sir ; I know a doctor of your name, Master Pock.

Pock. My name has made many doctors, sir.

Rin. Indeed, 'tis a worshipful name.

Val. Marry is it, and of an ancient descent. 380

Pock. Faith, sir, I could fetch my pedigree far, if I were so disposed.

Rin. Out of France, at least.

Pock. And if I stood on my arms, as others do—

Dar. No, do not, Pock ; let other[s] stand o' their arms, 385
and thou o' thy legs, as long as thou canst.

Pock. Though I live by my bare practice, yet I could show
good cards for my gentility.

Val. Tush, thou canst not shake off thy gentry, Pock, 'tis
bred i' th' bone. But to the main, Pock ; what thinkest thou 390
of this gentleman's wound, Pock ; canst thou cure it, Pock ?

Pock. The incision is not deep, nor the orifice exorbitant ;
the pericranion is not dislocated ; I warrant his life for forty
crowns without perishing of any joint.

Dar. Faith, Pock, 'tis a joint I would be loath to lose 395
for the best joint of mutton in Italy.

Rin. Would such a scra'ch as this hazard a man's head ?

Pock. Ay, by'r-lady, sir, I have known some have lost
their heads for a less matter, I can tell you ; therefore, sir,
you must keep good diet : if you please to come home to my 400
house till you be perfectly cured, I shall have the more care on
you.

Val. That's your only course to have it well quickly.

Pock. By what time would he have it well, sir ?

Dar. A very necessary question. Canst thou limit the 405
time ?

Pock. Oh, sir, cures are like causes in law, which may be
lengthened or shortened at the discretion of the lawyer ; he
can either keep it green with replications or rejoinders, or
sometimes skin it fair o' th' outside for fashion sake, but so he 410
may be sure 'twill break out again by a writ of error, and
then has he his suit new to begin ; but I will covenant with
you, that by such a time I'll make your head as sound as a
bell ; I will bring it to suppuration, and after I will make
it coagulate and grow to a perfect cicatrice, and all within 415
these ten day, sso you keep a good diet.

Dar. Well, come, Pock, we'll talk farther on't within ; it
draws near dinner-time ; what's o'clock, boy ?

Page. By your clock, sir, it should be almost one, for
your head rung noon some half hour ago. 420

Dar. Is't true, sir ?

Val. Away, let him aloue ; though he came in at the
window he sets the gates of your honour open, I can tell you.

Dar. Come in, Pock, come, apply ; and for this deed
I'll give the knave a wound shall never bleed. 425

[*Val.*] So, sir, I think this knock rings loud acquittance
For my ridiculous—

Exeunt all but Rinaldo and Valerio

Rin. Well, sir, to turn our heads to salve your licence,
 Since you have us'd the matter so unwisely
 That now your father has discern'd your humour 430
 In your too careless usage in his house,
 Your wife must come from his house to Antonio's,
 And he, to entertain her, must be told
 She is not wife to his son, but to you :
 Which news will make his simple wit triumph 435
 Over your father ; and your father, thinking
 He still is gull'd, will still account him simple.
 Come, sir, prepare your villainous wit to feign
 A kind submission to your father's fury,
 And we shall see what hearty policy 440
 He will discover, in his feigned anger,
 To blind Antonio's eyes, and make him think
 He thinks her heartily to be your wife.

Val. Oh, I will gull him rarely, with my wench
 Low kneeling at my heels before his fury, 445
 And injury shall be salv'd with injury.

FINIS ACTUS III

ACTUS IV SCENA I

[Before the House of Gostanzo]

Marc. Antonio, Gostanzo

Marc. You see how too much wisdom evermore
 Out-shoots the truth : you were so forwards still
 To tax my ignorance, my green experience
 In these gray hairs, for giving such advantage
 To my son's spirit that he durst undertake 5
 A secret match so far short of his worth :
 Your son so seasoned with obedience,
 Even from his youth, that all his actions relish
 Nothing but duty and your anger's fear.
 What shall I say to you, if it fall out 10
 That this most precious son of yours has play'd
 A part as bad as this, and as rebellious ;
 Nay, more, has grossly gull'd your wit withal ?
 What if my son has undergone the blame
 That appertain'd to yours, and that this wench 15
 With which my son is charg'd, may call you father ?

Shall I then say you want experience,
Y'are green, y'are credulous, easy to be blinded?

Gos. Ha, ha, ha!

Good Marc. Antonio, when't comes to that, 20
Laugh at me, call me fool, proclaim me so,
Let all the world take knowledge I am an ass.

Marc. Oh, the good God of Gods!

How blind is pride! What eagles we are still 25
In matters that belong to other men,

What beetles in our own! I tell you, Knight,
It is confess'd to be as I have told you;

And Gratiana is by young Rinaldo

And your white son brought to me as his wife.

How think you now, sir?

Gos. Even just as before, 30

And have more cause to think honest credulity

Is a true loadstone to draw on decrepity.

You have a heart too open to embrace

All that your ear receives: alas, good man,

All this is but a plot for entertainment 35

Within your house; for your poor son's young wife

My house, without huge danger, cannot hold.

Marc. Is't possible? What danger, sir, I pray?

Gos. I'll tell you, sir; 'twas time to take her thence:

My son, that last day you saw could not frame 40

His looks to entertain her, now, by'r-lady!

Is grown a courtier; for myself, unseen,

Saw when he courted her, embrac'd and kiss'd her,

And, I can tell you, left not much undone

That was the proper office of your son. 45

Marc. What world is this?

Gos. I told this to Rinaldo,

Advising him to fetch her from my house,

And his young wit not knowing where to lodge her

Unless with you, and saw that could not be

Without some wile, I presently suggested 50

This quaint device, to say she was my son's:

And all this plot, good Marc. Antonio,

Flow'd from this fount only to blind [y]our eyes.

Marc. Out of how sweet a dream have you awak'd me!

By heaven, I durst have laid my part in heaven 55

All had been true; it was so lively handled,

And drawn with such a seeming face of truth:

Your son had cast a perfect veil of grief
 Over his face, for his so rash offence
 To seal his love with act of marriage 60
 Before his father had subscrib'd his choice.
 My son (my circumstance lessening the fact)
 Entreating me to break the matter to you,
 And, joining my effectual persuasions
 With your son's penitent submission, 65
 Appease your fury ; I at first assented,
 And now expect their coming to that purpose.
Gos. 'Twas well, 'twas well : seem to believe it still,
 Let art end what credulity began ;
 When they come, suit your words and looks to theirs, 70
 Second my sad son's feign'd submission,
 And see in all points how my brain will answer
 His disguis'd grief with a set countenance
 Of rage and choler ; now observe and learn
 To school your son by me.

Intrant Rinaldo, Valerio, Gratiana

Marc. On with your mask ! 75
 Here come the other maskers, sir.

Rin. Come on, I say,
 Your father with submission will be calm'd ;
 Come on ; down o' your knees.

Gos. Villain, durst thou
 Presume to gull thy father ? Dost thou not
 Tremble to see my bent and cloudy brows 80
 Ready to thunder on thy graceless head,
 And with the bolt of my displeasure cut
 The thread of all my living from thy life,
 For taking thus a beggar to thy wife ?

Val. Father, if that part I have in your blood, 85
 If tears, which so abundantly distil
 Out of my inward eyes, and for a need
 Can drown these outward—[*aside to Rinaldo*] Lend me thy hand-
 kercher—

And, being, indeed, as many drop's of blood
 Issuing from the creator of my heart, 90
 Be able to beget so much compassion
 Not on my life, but on this lovely dame,
 Whom I hold dearer—

Gos. Out upon thee, villain !

Marc. Nay, good Gostanzo, think you are a father.

Gos. I will not hear a word ; out, out upon thee ! 95

Wed without my advice, my love, my knowledge,

Ay, and a beggar, too, a trull, a blowse !

Rin. [*aside to Gostanzo*] You thought not so last day, when
you offer'd her

A twelvemonths' board for one night's lodging with her.

Gos. [*aside*] Go to, no more of that ; peace, good Rinaldo ! 100

It is a fault that only she and you know.

Rin. [*aside*] Well, sir, go on, I pray.

Gos. Have I, fond wretch,

With utmost care and labour brought thee up,

Ever instructing thee, omitting never

The office of a kind and careful father, 105

To make thee wise and virtuous like thy father ;

And hast thou in one act everted all,

Proclaim'd thyself to all the world a fool,

To wed a beggar ?

Val. Father, say not so !

Gos. Nay, she's thy own ; here, rise, fool, take her to thee, 110

Live with her still ; I know thou count'st thyself

Happy in soul, only in winning her :

Be happy still ; here, take her hand, enjoy her ;

Would not a son hazard his father's wrath,

His reputation in the world, his birthright, 115

To have but such a mess of broth as this ?

Marc. Be not so violent, I pray you, good Gostanzo ;

Take truce with passion, license your sad son

To speak in his excuse.

Gos. What ! What excuse ?

Can any orator in this case excuse him ? 120

What can he say ? What can be said of any ?

Val. Alas, sir, hear me ; all that I can say

In my excuse is but to show love's warrant.

Gos. [*aside*] Notable wag !

Val. I know I have committed

A great impiety, not to move you first 125

Before the dame I meant to make my wife.

Consider what I am, yet young and green ;

Behold what she is ; is there not in her,

Ay, in her very eye, a power to conquer

Even age itself and wisdom ? Call to mind, 130

Sweet father, what yourself being young have been ;

Think what you may be, for I do not think
 The world so far spent with you but you may
 Look back on such a beauty, and I hope
 To see you young again, and to live long
 With young affections; wisdom makes a man
 Live young for ever: and where is this wisdom
 If not in you? Alas, I know not what
 Rests in your wisdom to subdue affections,
 But I protest it wrought with me so strongly
 That I had quite been drown'd in seas of tears,
 Had I not taken hold in happy time
 Of this sweet hand; my heart had been consum'd
 T'a heap of ashes with the flames of love,
 Had it not sweetly been assuag'd and cool'd
 With the moist kisses of these sugar'd lips.

135

140

145

Gos. [*aside*] O, puissant wag, what huge large thongs he cuts

Out of his friend Fortunio's stretching leather.

Marc. [*aside*] He knows he does it but to blind my eyes.

Gos. [*aside*] O, excellent! These men will put up anything. 150

Val. Had I not had her, I had lost my life,
 Which life indeed I would have lost before
 I had displeas'd you, had I not receiv'd it
 From such a kind, a wise, and honour'd father.

Gos. [*aside*] Notable boy!

Val. Yet do I here renounce 155
 Love, life, and all, rather than one hour longer
 Endure to have your love eclipsed from me.

Grat. Oh, I can hold no longer; if thy words
 Be us'd in earnest, my Valerio,

Thou wound'st my heart, but I know 'tis in jest. 160

Gos. [*aside*] No, I'll be sworn she has her lyripool too.

Grat. Didst thou not swear to love me spite of father
 And all the world, that nought should sever us
 But death itself?

Val. I did; but if my father
 Will have his son forsworn, upon his soul 165
 The blood of my black perjury shall lie,
 For I will seek his favour though I die.

Gos. No, no; live still, my son; thou well shalt know,
 I have a father's heart; come, join your hands;
 Still keep thy vows, and live together still, 170
 Till cruel death set foot betwixt you both.

Val. Oh, speak you this in earnest?

Gos. Ay, by heaven!

Val. And never to recall it?

Gos. Not till death!

Rin. Excellent sir, you have done like yourself;

What would you more, Valerio? 175

Val. Worshipful father!

Rin. Come, sir, come you in, and celebrate your joys.

Exeunt all save the old men

Gos. Oh, Marc. Antonio,

Had I not arm'd you with an expectation,

Would not this make you pawn your very soul,

The wench had been my son's wife? 180

Marc. Yes, by heaven!

A knavery thus effected might deceive

A wiser man than I, for I, alas!

Am no good politician; plain believing,

Simple honesty, is my policy still.

Gos. The visible marks of folly, honesty 185

And quick credulity, his younger brother.

I tell you, Marc. Antonio, there is much

In that young boy, my son.

Marc. Not much honesty,

If I may speak without offence to his father.

Gos. Oh God, you cannot please me better, sir! 190

H'as honesty enough to serve his turn,

The less honesty ever the more wit.

But go you home, and use your daughter kindly,

Meantime I'll school your son; and do you still

Dissemble what you know, keep off your son; 195

The wench at home must still be my son's wife,

Remember that, and be you blinded still.

Marc. You must remember, too, to let your son

Use his accustom'd visitations,

Only to blind my eyes. 200

Gos. He shall not fail;

But still take you heed, have a vigilant eye

On that sly child of mine, for, by this light,

He'll be too bold with your son's forehead else.

Marc. Well, sir, let me alone, I'll bear a brain.

Exeunt

Enter Valerio, Rinaldo

Val. Come, they are gone.

Rin. Gone? They were far gone here. 205

Val. Gull'd I my father, or gull'd he himself?
Thou told'st him Gratiana was my wife,
I have confess'd it, he has pardon'd it.

Rin. Nothing more true, enow can witness it.
And therefore when he comes to learn the truth, 210
(As certainly, for all these sly disguises,
Time will strip Truth into her nakedness)
Thou hast good plea against him to confess
The honour'd action, and to claim his pardon.

Val. 'Tis true, for all was done, he deeply swore, 215
Out of his heart.

Rin. He has much faith the whiles,
That swore a thing so quite against his heart.

Val. Why, this is policy.

Rin. Well, see you repair
To Gratiana daily, and enjoy her
In her true kind; and now we must expect 220
The resolute and ridiculous divorce
Cornelio hath sued against his wedlock.

Val. I think it be not so; the ass dotes on her.

Rin. It is too true, and thou shalt answer it
For setting such debate 'twixt man and wife: 225
See, we shall see the solemn manner of it.

*Enter Cornelio, Dariotto, Claudio, Notary, Page, Gazettea,
Bellanora, Gratiana.*

Bel. Good Signor Cornelio, let us poor gentlewomen en-
treat you to forbear.

Corn. Talk no more to me, I'll not be made cuckold in my
own house. Notary, read me the divorce. 230

Gaz. My dear Cornelio, examine the cause better before
you condemn me.

Corn. Sing to me no more, siren, for I will hear thee no
more; I will take no compassion on thee.

Page. Good Signor Cornelio, be not too mankind against 235
your wife; say y'are a cuckold (as the best that is may be so
at a time) will you make a trumpet of your own horns?

Corn. Go to, sir, y'are a rascal! I'll give you a fee for
pleading for her one day. Notary, do you your office.

Val. Go to, signor, look better to your wife and be better 240
advised, before you grow to this extremity.

Corn. Extremity? Go to, I deal but too mercifully with
her. If I should use extremity with her, I might hang her
and her copesmate, my drudge here. How say you, Master
Notary, might I not do it by law? 245

Not. Not hang 'em, but you may bring them both to a
white sheet.

Corn. Nay, by the mass! They have had too much of the
sheet already.

Not. And besides, you may set capital letters on their 250
foreheads.

Corn. What's that to the capital letter that's written in
[mine]? I say, for all your law, Master Notary, that I may
hang 'em. May I not hang him that robs me of mine honour,
as well as he that robs me of my horse? 255

Not. No, sir, your horse is a chattel.

Corn. So is honour: a man may buy it with his penny,
and if I may hang a man for stealing my horse, as I say, much
more for robbing me of my honour. For why? If my
horse be stolen, it may be my own fault. For why? Either 260
the stable is not strong enough, or the pasture not well fenced,
or watched, or so forth. But for your wife that keeps the
stable of your honour, let her be locked in a brazen tower,
let Argus himself keep her, yet can you never be secure of
your honour. For why? She can run through all with her 265
serpent noddle: besides, you may hang a lock upon your
horse, and so can you not upon your wife.

Rin. But I pray you, sir, what are the presumptions on
which you would build this divorce?

Corn. Presumption enough, sir, for besides their inter- 270
course, or commerce of glances, that passed betwixt this
cockerel-drone and her, at my table the last Sunday night at
supper, their winks, their becks—Dieu garde!—their treads o'
the toe (as, by heaven, I swear she trod once upon my toe
instead of his) this is chiefly to be noted, the same night she 275
would needs lie alone, and the same night her dog barked.
Did not you hear him, Valerio?

Val. And understand him too, I'll be sworn of a book.

Corn. Why, very good; if these be not manifest presump-
tions now, let the world be judge. Therefore, without more 280
ceremony, Master Notary, pluck out your instrument.

Not. I will, sir, if there be no remedy.

Corn. Have you made it strong in law, Master Notary ?
Have you put in words enough ?

Not. I hope so, sir ; it has taken me a whole skin of parch- 285
ment, you see.

Corn. Very good ; and is egress and regress in ?

Not. I'll warrant you, sir, it is *forma juris*.

Corn. Is there no hole to be found in the orthography ?

Not. None in the world, sir.

Corn. You have written *Sunt* with an S, have you not ? 290

Not. Yes, that I have.

Corn. You have done the better for quietness' sake :
and are none of the autenticall dashes over the head left out ?
If there be, Master Notary, an error will lie [on't]. 295

Not. Not for a dash over head, sir, I warrant you, if I
should oversee ; I have seen that tried in Butiro and Caseo,
in Butler and Cason's case, *decimo sexto* of Duke Anonimo.

Rin. Y'ave gotten a learned notary, Signor Cornelio.

Corn. He's a shrewd fellow indeed ; I had as lief have 300
his head in a matter of felony or treason as any notary in
Florence. Read out, Master Notary ; hearken you, mis-
tress ; gentlemen, mark, I beseech you.

Omnes. We will all mark you, sir, I warrant you !

Not. I think it would be something tedious to read all, 305
and therefore, gentlemen, the sum is this : That you, Signor
Cornelio, gentleman, for divers and sundry weighty and ma-
ture considerations you especially moving, specifying all the
particulars of your wife's enormities in a schedule hereunto
annexed, the transcript whereof is in your own tenure, 310
cu[st]ody, occupation, and keeping : That for these, the afore-
said premises, I say, you renounce, disclaim, and discharge
Gazetta from being your leeful or your lawful wife : And
that you eftsoons divide, disjoin, separate, remove, and
finally eloin, sequester, and divorce her, from your bed 315
and your board : That you forbid her all access, repair,
egress or regress, to your person or persons, mansion or man-
sions, dwellings, habitations, remanences, or abodes, or to
any shop, cellar, sollar, easement's chamber, dormer, and
so forth, now in the tenure, custody, occupation, or keep- 320
ing of the said Cornelio ; notwithstanding all former con-
tracts, covenants, bargains, conditions, agreements, com-
pacts, promises, vows, affiances, assurances, bonds, bills,
indentures, polld deeds, deeds of gift, defeasances, feoff-
ments, endowments, vouchers, double vouchers, privy entries, 325

actions, declarations, explications, rejoinders, surrejoinders, rights, interests, demands, claims, or titles whatsoever, heretofore betwixt the one and the other party, or parties, being had, made, passed, covenanted, and agreed, from the beginning of the world till the day of the date hereof. Given 330 the seventeenth of November, fifteen hundred and so forth. Here, sir, you must set to your hand.

Corn. What else, Master Notary? I am resolute, i'faith!

Gaz. Sweet husband, forbear. 335

Corn. Avoid, I charge thee in name of this divorce; thou mightst have looked to it in time; yet this I will do for thee; if thou canst spy out any other man that thou wouldest cuckold, thou shalt have my letter to him: I can do no more. More ink, Master Notary; I write my name at large. 340

Not. Here is more, sir.

Corn. Ah, ass, that thou could not know thy happiness till thou hadst lost it! How now? My nose bleed? Shall I write in blood? What! only three drops? 'Sfoot, this's ominous: I will not set my hand to't now, certain. 345 Master Notary, I like not this abodement, I will defer the setting to of my hand till the next court day; keep the divorce, I pray you, and the woman in your house together.

Omnes. Burn the divorce, burn the divorce!

Corn. Not so, sir, it shall not serve her turn. Master 350 Notary, keep it at your peril, and, gentlemen, you may be-gone; o' God's name, what have you to do to flock about me thus? I am neither howlet nor cuckoo. Gentlewomen, for God's sake, meddle with your own cases, it is not fit you should haunt these public assemblies. 355

Omnes. Well, farewell, Cornelio!

Val. Use the gentlewoman kindly, Master Notary.

[*Not.*] As mine own wife, I assure you, sir.

Exeunt [all but Claudio and Cornelio]

Clau. Signor Cornelio, I cannot but in kindness tell you that [V]alerio, by counsel of Rinaldo, hath whispered all this 360 jealousy into your ears; not that he knew any just cause in your wife, but only to be revenged on you for the gull you put upon him when you drew him with his glory to touch the theorbo.

Corn. May I believe this?

Claud. As I am a gentleman ; and if this accident of your nose had not fallen out, I would have told you this before you set to your hand.

Corn. It may well be, yet have I cause enough
To perfect my divorce ; but it shall rest 370
Till I conclude it with a counterbuff
Given to these noble rascals. Claudio, thanks !
What comes of this, watch but my brain a little,
And ye shall see, if like two parts in me,
I leave not both these gullers' wits imbrier'd ; 375
Now I perceive well where the wild wind sits,
Here's gull for gull, and wits at war with wits. *Exeunt*

ACTUS QUINTI SCENA PRIMA

[A street in Florence]

Rinaldo, *solus*

[*Rin.*] Fortune, the great commandress of the world,
Hath divers ways to advance her followers :
To some she gives honour without deserving,
To other some, deserving without honour ;
Some wit, some wealth, and some wit without wealth ; 5
Some wealth without wit, some nor wit nor wealth,
But good smock-faces, or some qualities
By nature without judgment, with the which
They live in sensual acceptation,
And make show only, without touch of substance. 10
My fortune is to win renown by gulling.
Gostanzo, Dariotto, and Cornelio,
All which suppose, in all their different kinds,
Their wits entire, and in themselves no piece,
All at one blow, my helmet yet unbruis'd, 15
I have unhors'd, laid flat on earth for gulls.
Now in what taking poor Cornelio is
Betwixt his large divorce and no divorce,
I long to see, and what he will resolve ;
I lay my life he cannot chew his meat, 20
And looks much like an ape had swallowed pills ;
And all this comes of bootless jealousy,
And see, where bootless jealousy appears.

Enter Cornelio

I'll board him straight : how now, Cornelio,

- Are you resolv'd on the divorce, or no? 25
Corn. What's that to you? Look to your own affairs,
 The time requires it: are not you engag'd
 In some bonds forfeit for Valerio?
Rin. Yes, what of that?
Corn. Why, so am I myself;
 And both our dangers great; he is arrested 30
 On a recognizance by a usuring slave.
Rin. Arrested? I am sorry with my heart;
 It is a matter may import me much;
 May not our bail suffice to free him, think you?
Corn. I think it may, but I must not be seen in't, 35
 Nor would I wish you, for we both are parties,
 And liker far to bring ourselves in trouble,
 Than bear him out: I have already made
 Means to the officers to sequester him
 In private for a time, till some in secret 40
 Might make his father understand his state,
 Who would perhaps take present order for him
 Rather than suffer him t'endure the shame
 Of his imprisonment. Now, would you but go
 And break the matter closely to his father, 45
 (As you can wisely do't) and bring him to him,
 This were the only way to save his credit,
 And to keep off a shrewd blow from ourselves.
Rin. I know his father will be mov'd past measure.
Corn. Nay, if you stand on such nice ceremonies, 50
 Farewell our substance; extreme diseases
 Ask extreme remedies; better he should storm
 Some little time than we be beat for ever
 Under the horrid shelter of a prison.
Rin. Where is the place?
Corn. 'Tis at the Half Moon Tavern. 55
 Haste, for the matter will abide no stay.
Rin. Heaven send my speed be equal with my haste.
Exit
Corn. Go, shallow scholar, you that make all gulls,
 You that can out-see clear-eyed jealousy,
 Yet make this sleight a millstone, where your brain 60
 Sticks in the midst amaz'd. This gull to him
 And to his fellow guller shall become
 More bitter than their baiting of my humour;
 Here at this tavern shall Gostanzo find

Fortunio, Dariotto, Claudio, 65
 And amongst them, the ringleader, his son,
 His husband, and his Saint Valerio,
 That knows not of what fashion dice are made,
 Nor ever yet look'd towards a red lettuce,
 (Thinks his blind sire) at drinking and at dice, 70
 With all their wenches, and at full discover
 His own gross folly and his son's distempers;
 And both shall know (although I be no scholar)
 Yet I have thus much Latin, as to say
Jam sumus ergo paves. Exit 75

[SCENA SECUNDA

A Room in the Half Moon Tavern]

Enter Valerio, Fortunio, Claudio, Page, Gratiana, Gazetta,
 Bellanora. *A Drawer or two, setting a table*

Val. Set me the table here, we will shift rooms
 To see if Fortune will shift chances with us;
 Sit ladies, sit; Fortunio, place thy wench,
 And Claudio place you Dariotto's mistress.
 I wonder where that neat spruce slave becomes: 5
 I think he was some barber's son by th' mass;
 'Tis such a picked fellow, not a hair
 About his whole bulk but it stands in print;
 Each pin hath his due place, not any point
 But hath his perfect tie, fashion, and grace; 10
 A thing whose soul is specially employ'd
 In knowing where best gloves, best stockings, waistcoats
 Curiously wrought, are sold; sacks milliners' shops
 For all new tires and fashions, and can tell ye
 What new devices of all sorts there are, 15
 And that there is not in the whole Rialto
 But one new-fashion'd waistcoat, or one night-cap,
 One pair of gloves pretty or well perfum'd;
 And from a pair of gloves of half-a-crown
 To twenty crowns, will to a very scute 20
 Smell out the price: and for these womanly parts
 He is esteem'd a witty gentleman.

Enter Dariotto*Fov.* See, where he comes.*Dar.*

God save you, lovely ladies!

Val. Ay, well said, lovely Paris ; your wall eye
Must ever first be gloating on men's wives ; 25
You think to come upon us, being half drunk,
And so to part the freshest man among us ;
But you shall overtake us, I'll be sworn.

Dar. Tush, man, where are your dice ? Let's fall to
them.

Clau. We have been at 'em. Drawer, call for more. 30

Val. First let's have wine ; dice have no perfect edge
Without the liquid whetstone of the syrup.

For. True, and to welcome Dariotto's lateness,
He shall (unpledg'd) carouse one crowned cup
To all these ladies' health.

Dar. I am well pleas'd. 35

Val. Come on, let us vary our sweet time
With sundry exercises. Boy, tobacco !
And, drawer, you must get us music too ;
Call's in a cleanly noise, the slaves grow lousy.

Drawer. You shall have such as we can get you, sir. 40

Exit

Dar. Let's have some dice, I pray thee ; they are cleanly.

Val. Page, let me see that leaf !

Page. It is not leaf, sir ;

'Tis pudding-cane tobacco.

Val. But I mean

Your linstock, sir ; what leaf is that, I pray ?

Page. I pray you see, sir, for I cannot read. 45

Val. 'Sfoot, a rank, stinking satire ; this had been
Enough to have poison'd every man of us.

Dar. And now you speak of that, my boy once lighted
A pipe of cane tobacco with a piece
Of a vild ballad, and I'll swear I had 50
A singing in my head a whole week after.

Val. Well, th' old verse is, *A potibus incipe io-c-um.*

Enter Drawer, with wine and a cup

Val. Drawer, fill out this gentleman's carouse,
And harden him for our society.

Dar. Well, ladies, here is to your honour'd healths. 55

For. What, Dariotto, without hat or knee ?

Val. Well said, Fortunio. Oh, y'are a rare courtier !
Your knee, good signor, I beseech your knee.

Dar. Nay, pray you, let's take it by degrees,

Valerio ; on our feet first, for this
Will bring's too soon upon our knees. 60

Val. Sir, there

Are no degrees of order in a tavern ;
Here you must, I charg[e] ye, run all ahead ;
'Slight, courtier, down ;
I hope you are no elephant, you have joints. 65

Dar. Well, sir, here's to the ladies, on my knees !

Val. I'll be their pledge.

Enter Gostanzo and Rinaldo [behind]

For. Not yet, Valerio ;

This he must drink unpledg'd.

Val. He shall not ; I will give him this advantage.

Gos. How now, what's here ? Are these the officers ? 70

Rin. 'Slight, I would all were well.

Enter Cornelio [behind]

Val. Here is his pledge ;

Here's to our common friend Cornelio's health.

[*Dar.*] Health to Gazetta, poison to her husband.

He kneels

Corn. Excellent guests ! These are my daily guests.

Val. Drawer, make even th' impartial scales of Justice, 75
Give it to Claudio, and from him fill round.

Come, Dariotto, set me, let [the] rest

Come in when they have done the ladies right.

Gos. Set me ! Do you know what belongs to setting ?

Rin. What a dull slave was I to be thus gull'd ! 80

Corn. Why, Rinald, what meant you to intrap your
friend,

And bring his father to this spectacle ?

You are a friend indeed !

Rin. 'Tis very good, sir ;

Perhaps my friend, or I, before we part,

May make even with you. 85

For. Come, let's set him round.

Val. Do so ; at all ! A plague upon these dice !

Another health ! 'Sfoot, I shall have no luck

Till I be drunk ; come on, here's to the comfort

The cavalier, my father, should take in me

If he now saw me, and would do me right. 90

For. I'll pledge it, and his health, Valerio.

Gos. Here's a good husband !

Rin. I pray you have patience, sir.

Val. Now have at all, an 'twere a thousand pound.

Gos. [*advancing*] Hold, sir ; I bar the dice.

Val. What, sir, are you there ?

Fill's a fresh pottle ! By this light, Sir Knight, 95
You shall do right !

Enter Marc. Antonio

Gos. Oh, thou ungracious villain !

[*Val.*] Come, come, we shall have you now thunder
forth

Some of your thrifty sentences, as gravely :

'For as much, Valerius, as everything has time, and a
pudding has two ; yet ought not satisfaction to swerve so 100
much from defalcation of well-disposed people, as that
indemnity should prejudice what security doth insinuate.'
A trial, yet once again !

Marc. Here's a good sight ! Y'are well encounter'd,
sir ;

Did not I tell you you'd o'ershoot yourself 105
With too much wisdom ?

Val. Sir, your wisest do so.

Fill the old man some wine.

Gos. Here's a good infant !

Marc. Why, sir ? Alas, I'll wager with your wisdom
His consorts drew him to it, for of himself 110
He is both virtuous, bashful, innocent ;
Comes not at city, knows no city art,
But plies your husbandry ; dares not view a wench.

Val. Father, he comes upon you.

Gos. Here's a son !

Marc. Whose wife is Gratiana now, I pray ?

Gos. Sing your old song no more ; your brain's too 115
short

To reach into these policies.

Marc. 'Tis true,

Mine eye's soon blinded ; and yourself would say so,
If you knew all. Where lodg'd your son last night ?
Do you know that with all your policy ?

Gos. You'll say he lodg'd with you ; and did not I 120
Foretell you all this must for colour sake
Be brought about, only to blind your eyes ?

Marc. By heaven, I chanc'd this morn, I know not why,
To pass by Gratiana's bed-chamber,
And whom saw I fast by her naked side
But your Valerio? 125

Gos. Had you not warning given?
Did not I bid you watch my courtier well,
Or he would set a crest o' your son's head?

Marc. That was not all, for by them on a stool
My son sat laughing to see you so gull'd. 130

Gos. 'Tis too, too plain!

Marc. Why, sir, do you suspect it
The more for that?

Gos. Suspect it? Is there any
So gross a wittoll as, if 'twere his wife,
Would sit by her so tamely?

Marc. Why not, sir,
To blind my eyes?

Gos. Well, sir, I was deceiv'd, 135
But I shall make it prove a dear deceit
To the deceiver.

Rin. Nay, sir, let's not have
A new infliction set on an old fault:
He did confess his fault upon his knees,
You pardon'd it, and swore 'twas from your heart. 140

Gos. Swore, a great piece of work! The wretch shall
know

I have a daughter here to give my land to;
I'll give my daughter all: the prodigal
Shall not have one poor house to hide his head in.

For. I humbly thank you, sir, and vow all duty
My life can yield you. 145

Gos. Why are you so thankful?

For. For giving to your daughter all your lands,
Who is my wife, and so you gave them me.

Gos. Better and better!

For. Pray, sir, be not mov'd,
You drew me kindly to your house, and gave me
Access to woo your daughter, whom I lov'd, 150
And since (by honour'd marriage) made my wife.

Gos. Now all my choler fly out in your wits:
Good tricks of youth, i'faith, no indecorum,
Knight's son, knight's daughter; *Marc.* Antonio, 155
Give me your hand, there is no remedy;

Marriage is ever made by destiny.

Rin. Silence, my masters, now here all are pleas'd,
Only but Cornelio, who lacks but persuasion
To reconcile himself to his fair wife :

160

Good sir, will you (of all men our best speaker)
Persuade him to receive her into grace ?

Gos. That I will gladly ; and he shall be rul'd.
Good Cornelio, I have heard of your wayward jealousy, and

I must tell you plain as a friend, y'are an ass—you
must pardon me, I knew your father—

165

Rin. Then you must pardon him, indeed, sir.

Gos. Understand me : put case Dariotto loved your
wife, whereby you would seem to refuse her ; would you
desire to have such a wife as no man could love but your-
self ?

170

Marc. Answer but that, Cornelio.

Gos. Understand me : say Dariotto hath kissed your
wife, or performed other offices of that nature, whereby
they did converse together at bed and at board, as friends
may seem to do.

175

Marc. Mark but the 'now understand me.'

Gos. Yet if there come no proofs but that her actions
were cleanly, or in discreet private, why, 'twas a sign of
modesty ; and will you blow the horn yourself, when you
may keep it to yourself ? Go to, you are a fool, under-
stand me !

180

Val. Do understand him, Cornelio.

Gos. Nay, Cornelio, I tell you again, I knew your father ;
he was a wise gentleman, and so was your mother : methinks
I see her yet, a lusty stout woman, bore great children—you
were the very scoundrel of 'em all ; but let that pass. As
for your mother, she was wise, a most flippant tongue she
had, and could set out her tail with as good grace as any
she in Florence, come cut and long-tail ; and she was honest
enough too. But yet, by your leave, she would tickle Dob
now and then, as well as the best on 'em ; by Jove, it's
true, Cornelio, I speak it not to flatter you : your father
knew it well enough, and would he do as you do—think
you ?—set rascals to undermine her, or look to her water,
as they say ? No, when he saw 'twas but her humour (for
his own quietness' sake) he made a back-door to his house
for convenience, got a bell to his fore-door, and had an odd
fashion in ringing, by which she and her maid knew him,

185

190

195

and would stand talking to his next neighbour to prolong 200
time, that all things might be rid cleanly out o' the way
before he came, for the credit of his wife. This was wisdom
now for a man's own quiet.

Marc. Here was a man, Cornelio !

Gos. What, I say ! Young men think old men are fools ; 205
but old men know young men are fools.

Corn. Why, hark you, you two knights ; do you think,
I will forsake Gazetta ?

Gos. And will you not ?

Corn. Why, there's your wisdom ; why did I make 210
show of divorce, think you ?

Marc. Pray you why, sir ?

Corn. Only to bridle her stout stomach ; and how did
I draw on the colour for my divorce ? I did train the wood-
cock Dariotto into the net, drew him to my house, gave him 215
opportunity with my wife (as you say my father dealt with
his wife's friends), only to train him in ; let him alone with
my wife in her bedchamber, and sometimes found him
abed with her, and went my way back again softly, only to
draw him into the pit. 220

Gos. This was well handled indeed, Cornelio.

Marc. Ay marry, sir, now I commend your wisdom.

Corn. Why, if I had been so minded as you think, I
could have flung his pantable down the stairs, or done him
some other disgrace ; but I winked at it, and drew on the 225
good fool more and more, only to bring him within my compass.

Gos. Why, this was policy in grain.

Corn. And now shall the world see I am as wise as my
father. 230

Val. Is't come to this ? Then will I make a speech in
praise of this reconcilment, including therein the praise
and honour of the most fashionable and autenticall HORN :
stand close, gentles, and be silent.

He gets into a chair

Gos. Come on, let's hear his wit in this potable humour. 235

Val. The course of the world (like the life of man) is
said to be divided into several ages : as we into infancy,
childhood, youth, and so forward, to old age ; so the world
into the golden age, the silver, the brass, the iron, the leaden,
the wooden, and now into this present age, which we term 240
the *horned age* : not that but former ages have enjoyed this

benefit as well as our times, but that in ours it is more common, and nevertheless precious. It is said that in the golden age of the world the use of gold was not then known—an argument of the simplicity of that age; lest therefore 245 succeeding ages should hereafter impute the same fault to us which we lay upon the first age, that we, living in the horned age of the world, should not understand the use, the virtue, the honour, and the very royalty of the horn, I will in brief sound the praises thereof that they who are already 250 in possession of it may bear their heads aloft as being proud of such lofty accoutrements, and they that are but in possibility may be ravished with a desire to be in possession. A trophy so honourable, and unmatchably powerful that it is able to raise any man from a beggar to an emperor's 255 fellow, a duke's fellow, a nobleman's fellow, alderman's fellow; so glorious that it deserves to be worn (by most opinions) in the most conspicuous place about a man. For what worthier crest can you bear than the horn? Which if it might be seen with our mortal eyes, what a wonderful 260 spectacle would there be, and how highly they would ravish the beholders! But their substance is incorporeal, not falling under sense, nor mixed of the gross concretion of elements, but a quintessence beyond them, a spiritual essence, invisible and everlasting. 265

And this hath been the cause that many men have called their being in question, whether there be such a thing *in rerum natura*, or not, because they are not to be seen; as though nothing were that were not to be seen. Who ever saw the wind? Yet what wonderful effects are seen of it! 270 It drives the clouds, yet no man sees it; it rocks the house, bears down trees, castles, steeples, yet who sees it? In like sort does your horn: it swells the forehead, yet none sees it; it rocks the cradle, yet none sees it; so that you plainly perceive sense is no judge of essence. The moon to 275 any man's sense seems to be horned; yet who knows not the moon to be ever perfectly round? So likewise your heads seem ever to be round, when indeed they are oftentimes horned. For their original, it is unsearchable; natural they are not; for there is [no] beast born with horns more 280 than with teeth? Created they were not, for *Ex nihilo nihil fit*. Then will you ask me, how came they into the world? I know not; but I am sure women brought them into this part of the world; howsoever, some doctors are

of opinion that they came in with the Devil : and not un- 285
like ; for as the Devil brought sin into the world, but the
woman brought it to the man ; so it may very well be that
the Devil brought horns into the world, but the woman
brought them to the man.

For their power, it is general over the world : no nation 290
so barbarous, no country so proud, but doth equal homage
to the horn. Europa, when she was carried through the
sea by the Saturnian bull, was said (for fear of falling) to
have held by the horn : and what is this but a plain showing
to us, that all Europ[e], which took name from that Europa, 295
should likewise hold by the horn. So that I say it is uni-
versal over the face of the world, general over the face of
Europe, and common over the face of this country. What
city, what town, what village, what street, nay, what house,
can quit itself of this prerogative ? I have read that the 300
lion once made a proclamation through all the forest, that
all horned beasts should depart forthwith upon pain of death.
If this proclamation should be made through our forest,
Lord, what pressing, what running, what flying would
there be, even from all the parts of it ! He that had but 305
a bunch of flesh in his head would away ; and some, foolishly
fearful, would imagine the shadow of his ears to be horns ;
alas, how desert would this forest be left !

To conclude : for their force it is irre[n]itable, for were they
not irre[n]itable, then might either properness of person secure 310
a man, or wisdom prevent 'em, or greatness exempt, or
riches redeem them ; but present experience hath taught
us that in this case all these stand in no stead ; for we see
the properest men take part of them, the best wits cannot
avoid them (for then should poets be no cuckolds), nor can 315
money redeem them, for then would rich men fine for their
horns, as they do for offices ; but this is held for a maxim,
that there are more rich cuckolds than poor. Lastly, for
continuance of the horn, it is undeterminable till death ;
neither do they determine with the wife's death (howsoever 320
ignorant writers hold opinion they do), for as when a knight
dies, his lady still retains the title of lady ; when a company
is cast, yet the captain still retains the title of captain ; so
though the wife die, by whom this title came to her hus-
band, yet, by the courtesy of the City, he shall be a cuckold 325
during life, let all ignorant asses prate what they list.

Gos. Notable wag ! Come, sir, shake hands with him

In whose high honour you have made this speech.

Marc. And you, sir, come, join hands, y'are one amongst them.

Gos. Very well done ; now take your several wives, 330
And spread like wild-geese, though you now grow tame ;
Live merrily together and agree,
Horns cannot be kept off with jealousy.

FINIS

EPILOGUE

SINCE all our labours are as you can like,
We all submit to you ; nor dare presume
To think there's any real worth in them :
Sometimes feasts please the cooks, and not the guests ;
Sometimes the guests, and curious cooks contemn them. 5
Our dishes we entirely dedicate
To our kind guests ; but since ye differ so,
Some to like only mirth without taxations,
Some to count such works trifles, and suchlike,
We can but bring you meat, and set you stools, 10
And to our best cheer say, you all are () welcome.

MAY-DAY

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Lorenzo, <i>a Venetian gentleman</i>	Gasparo, <i>an old clown</i>
Lodovico, <i>his nephew</i>	Giovanello, <i>a student at Padua</i>
Giacomo, <i>a friend of Lodovico</i>	Cutbeard, <i>a barber</i>
Honorio, <i>a Venetian gentleman</i>	<i>A Tailor</i>
Aurelio, <i>his son, in love with</i> <i>Æmia</i>	<i>His son</i>
Angelo, <i>servant of Aurelio</i>	<i>A Drawer</i>
Quintiliano, <i>a captain</i>	<i>A Messenger</i>
Fannio, <i>his page</i>	<i>Æmia, daughter of Lorenzo</i>
Innocentio, <i>a gull</i>	<i>Franceschina, wife of Quinti-</i> <i>liano</i>
Leonoro, <i>a young gentleman of</i> <i>Venice</i>	<i>Lucretia, the disguised ward</i> <i>of Honorio, in reality, the</i> <i>Sicilian Lucretio</i>
Lionello, <i>his disguised page,</i> <i>in reality Theagine, betrothed</i> <i>to Lucretio</i>	<i>Temperance, waiting woman</i> <i>to Lucretia</i>

May-Day

ACTUS PRIMI SCENA PRIMA

[A street in Venice]

*Chorus juvenum cantantes et saltantes. Exeunt saltantes.
Interim intrat Lorenzo, papers in his hand*

Lor. Well done, my lusty bloods, well done! Fit, fit observance for this May morning! Not the May month alone they take when it comes, nor the first week of that month, nor the first day, but the first minute of the first hour of the first day. Lose no time, bloods, lose no time; 5
though the sun go to bed never so much before you, yet be you up before him; call the golden sluggard from the silver arms of his lady to light you into yours. When your old father January here, in one of his last days, thrusts his forehead into the depth of May's fragrant bosom, what may 10
you Aprils perform then! O what may you do! Well, yet will I say thus much for myself, wheresoever the affections of youth are, there must needs be the instruments, and where the instruments are, there must of necessity be 15
the faculties. What am I short of them, then? A sound old man, ably constituted, wholesomely dieted, that took his May temperately at their ages, and continued his own, why should he not continue their ages in his own? By the mass, I feel nothing that stands against it, and, therefore, sweet May, I salute thee with the youngest; I have love to 20
employ thee in, as well as the proudest young princock; and so have at you, Mistress Franceschina; have at you, Mistress Frank; I'll spread my nets for you, i'faith, though they be my very purse-nets, wherein what heart will not willingly lie panting? 25

Enter Angelo

Ang. [aside] How now? God's my life! I wonder what made this May morning so cold, and now I see 'tis this

January that intrudes into it; what paper is that he holds in hand, trow?

Lor. Here have I put her face in rhyme, but I fear my old vein will not stretch to her contentment. 30

'O hair, no hair but beams stol'n from the sun.'

Ang. [*aside*] Out upon her! If it be she that I think, she has a fox-red cranion.

Lor. 'A forehead that disdains the name of fair.' 35

Ang. [*aside*] And reason, for 'tis a foul one.

Lor. 'A matchless eye.'

Ang. [*aside*] True, her eyes be not matches.

Lor. 'A cheek vermilion red.'

Ang. [*aside*] Painted, I warrant you! 40

Lor. 'A far-commanding mouth.'

Ang. [*aside*] It stretches to her ears, indeed.

Lor. 'A nose made out of wax.'

Ang. [*aside*] A red nose, in sincerity.

Lor. This could I send; but person, person does it. A good presence to bear out a good wit; a good face, a pretty Court leg, and a deft dapper personage; no superfluous dimensions, but fluent in competence; for it is not Hector, but Paris, not the full armful, but the sweet handful, that ladies delight in. 45 50

Ang. [*aside*] O notable old whinyard!

Lor. Such a size of humanity now, and brain enough in it, it is not in the strength of a woman to withstand. Well, she may hold out a parley or two, for 'tis a weak fort that obeys at the first or second summons; if she resist the third, she is discharged, though she yield in future; for then it appears it was no fault of hers, but the man that would take no denial. What rests now? Means for access. True! O an honest bawd were worth gold now. 55

Ang. [*aside*] A plague upon him, I had thought to have appeared to him; but now if I do, he will take me for the man he talks on. I will therefore post by his dull eyesight as in haste of business. 60

Lor. What, Signor Angelo? Soft, I command you.

[*Running after Angelo and catching him*]

Ang. God's precious! What mean you, sir? 65

Lor. I would be loath to be outrun, I assure you, sir. Was I able to stay you?

Ang. Your ability stood too stiff, sir; beshrew me else!

Lor. O most offenceless fault! I would thou wouldst blaze my imperfection to one thou know'st, i'faith. 70

Ang. Well, sir, another time tell me where she is, and I'll do so much for you *gratis*. Good morrow, sir!

Lor. Nay, stay, good Angelo!

Ang. My business says nay, sir; you have made me stay to my pain, sir, I thank you. 75

Lor. Not a whit, man, I warrant thee!

Ang. Go to, then; briefly, to whom shall I commend your imperfections? Will you tell me if I name her?

Lor. That I will, i'faith, boy!

Ang. Is not her hair 'no hair, but beams stol'n from the sun'? 80

Lor. Black, black as an ouzel!

Ang. 'A forehead that disdains the name of fair'?

Lor. Away, witch, away!

Ang. 'A matchless eye'? 85

Lor. Nay, fie, fie, fie! I see th'art a very devil, Angelo. And, in earnest, I jested when I said my desire of thy friendship touched myself, for it concerns a friend of mine just of my standing.

Ang. To whom, then, would he be remembered that I can solicit? 90

Lor. To sweet Mistress Franceschina, with whom I hear thou art ready to lie down, thou art so great with her.

Ang. I am as great as a near kinsman may be with her, sir, not otherwise. 95

Lor. A good consanguinity; and, good Angelo, to her wilt thou deliver from my friend, in all secrecy, these poor brace of bracelets?

Ang. Perhaps I will, sir, when I know what the gentleman and his intent is. 100

Lor. Never examine that, man; I would not trouble you with carrying too much at once to her; only tell her such a man will resolve her, naming me; and I do not greatly care, if I take the pains to come to her, so I stay not long and be let in privily; and so, without making many words, here they be. Put them up closely, I beseech thee, and deliver them as closely. 105

Ang. Well, sir, I love no contention with friends, and therefore pocket many things that otherwise I would not; but, I pray, sir, license me a question. Do not I know this gentleman that offers my cousin this kindness? 110

Lor. Never saw'st him in thy life, at least never knew'st him ; but for his bounty sake to all his well-willers, if this message be friendly discharged, I may chance put a dear friend of him into your bosom, sir, and make you profitably 115 acquainted.

Ang. But, I pray you, sir, is he not a well elderly gentleman ?

Lor. Wide, wide ! As young as day, I protest to thee.

Ang. I know he is young too, but that is in ability of 120 body ; but is he not a pretty little squat gentleman as you shall see amongst a thousand ?

Lor. Still from the cushion, still ! Tall and high, like a cedar.

Ang. I know he is tall also, but it is in his mind, sir ; and 125 ' it is not Hector, but Paris, not th[e] full armful, but the sweet handful,' thât a lady delights to dandle.

Lor. Now the good Devil take thee, if there be any such in hell—Hell, I beseech thee !

Ang. Well, well, Signor Lorenzo, i'faith, the little squire 130 is thought to be as parlous a piece of flesh, for a piece of flesh, as any hunts the whole pale of Venus, I protest t'ye !

Lor. I cannot contain myself, i'faith, boy ; if the wenches come in my walk, I give 'em that they come for ; I dally not with 'em. 135

Ang. I know you do not, sir. [*aside*] His dallying days be done.

Lor. It is my infirmity, and I cannot do withal, to die for't.

Ang. I believe you, sir. 140

Lor. There are certain envious old fellows, my neighbours, that say I am one unwieldy and stiff. Angelo, didst ever hear any wench complain of my stiffness ?

Ang. Never in my life ; your old neighbours measure you by themselves. 145

Lor. Why, there's the matter then !

Ang. But, i'faith, sir, do you ever hope to win your purpose at my losing hands, knowing her (as all the world does) a woman of that approved lowliness of life, and so generally tried ? 150

Lor. As for that, take thou no care ; she's a woman, is she not ?

Ang. Sure I do take her to have the flesh and blood of a woman.

Lor. Then good enough, or then bad enough, this token 155
shall be my gentleman usher to prepare my access, and
then let me alone with her.

Ang. Ay, marry sir, I think you would be alone with
her. Well, sir, I will do my best, but if your gentleman
usher should not get entrance for you now, it would be a 160
grief to me.

Enter Gasparo, an old clown

Lor. Fear it not, man ; gifts and gold take the strongest
hold. Away, here comes a snudge that must be my son-in-
law ; I would be loath he should suspect these tricks of
youth in me, for fear he fear my daughter will trot after me. 165

Ang. Fare you well, sir! *Exit*

Gas. God gi' you god morrow, sir ; God gi' you god
morrow !

Lor. God morrow, neighbour Gasparo ! I have talked
with my daughter, whom I do yet find a green young plant, 170
and therefore unapt to bear such ripe fruit—I think I might
have said rotten—as yourself. But she is at my disposition,
and shall be at yours in the end ; here's my hand, and with
my hand take hers.

Gas. Nay, by my faith, sir, you must give me leave to 175
shake her portion by the hand first.

Lor. It is ready told for you, sir ; come home when
you will, and receive it. (*Enter Æmilia*) And see, yonder
she comes ; away, she cannot yet abide you, because she
fears she can abide you too well. 180

Gas. Well, I will come for her po[r]tion, sir, and till
then, God take you to his mercy ! *Exit*

Lor. Adieu, my good son-in-law ! I'll not interrupt
her ; let her meditate o' my late motion. *Exit*

Æm. 'Tis strange to see the impiety of parents, 185
Both privileg'd by custom, and profess'd.
The holy institution of heaven,
Ordaining marriage for proportion'd minds,
For our chief human comforts, and t'increase
The loved images of God in men, 190
Is now perverted to th' increase of wealth ;
We must bring riches forth, and like the cuckoo
Hatch others' eggs ; join house to house ; in choices
Fit timber-logs and stones, not men and women.

Enter Aurelio

Ay me, here's one I must shun, would embrace! *Exit* 195

Aur. O stay and hear me speak, or see me die.

[*He falls prostrate*]

Enter Lodovico and Giacomo

Lod. How now! What have we here? What a loathsome creature man is, being drunk! Is it not pity to see a man of good hope, a toward scholar, writes a theme well, scans a verse very well, and likely in time to make a proper 200 man, a good leg, specially in a boot, valiant, well-spoken, and, in a word, what not? And yet all this overthrown as you see—drowned, quite drowned, in a quart pot.

Giac. O these same wicked healths breed monstrous diseases. 205

Lod. Aurelio, speak, man! Aurelio!

Giac. Pray heaven all be well!

Lod. O speak if any spark of speech remain;
It is thy dear Æmilia that calls.

Aur. Well, well, it becomes not a friend to touch the 210 deadly wounds of his friend with a smiling countenance.

Lod. Touch thee? 'Sblood, I could find in my heart to beat thee; up, in a fool's name, up! What a scene of foppery have we here!

Aur. Prithee have done! 215

Lod. Up, cuckoo, Cupid's bird, or, by this light, I'll fetch thy father to thee!

Aur. Good Lodovico, if thou lov'st me, leave me; thou com'st to counsel me from that which is joined with my soul in eternity; I must and will do what I do. 220

Lod. Do so, then, and I protest thou shalt never lick thy lips after my kinswoman while thou liv'st! I had thought to have spoken for thee, if thou hadst taken a manly course with her, but to fold up thyself like an urchin, and lie a-calving to bring forth a husband, I am ashamed to think 225 on't. 'Sblood, I have heard of wenches that have been won with singing and dancing, and some with riding, but never heard of any that was won with tumbling in my life.

Aur. If thou knew'st how vain thou seem'st.

Lod. I do it of purpose, to show how vain I hold thy 230 disease. 'Sheart, art thou the first that has shot at a wench's heart and missed it? Must that shot that missed her wound thee? Let her shake her [ears] in a shrew's name, were

she my cousin a thousand times ! And if I were as thee, I would make her shake her heels too, afore I would shake mine thus. 235

Aur. O vanity, vanity !

Lod. 'Sdeath, if any wench should offer to keep possession of my heart against my will, I'd fire her out with sack and sugar, or smoke her out with tobacco like a hornet, or purge for her, for love is but a humour ; one way or other I would vent her, that's infallible. 240

Aur. For shame hold thy tongue ! Methinks thy wit should feel how stale are these love-[scorns], and with what general privilege love pierces the worthiest. Seek to help thy friend, not mock him. 245

Lod. Marry, seek to help thyself then, in a halter's name ! Do not lie in a ditch, and say 'God help me !' Use the lawful tools he hath lent thee. Up, I say, I will bring thee to her ! 250

Aur. She'll not endure me.

Lod. She shall endure thee, do the worst thou canst to her ; ay, and endure thee till thou canst not endure her. But then thou must use thyself like a man, and a wise man ; how deep soever she is in thy thoughts, carry not the prints of it in thy looks : be bold and careless, and stand not sau[n]t'ring afar off, as I have seen you, like a dog in a furnety-pot, that licks his chops and wags his tail, and fain would lay his lips to it, but he fears 'tis too hot for him ; that's the only way to make her too hot for thee. He that holds religious and sacred thought of a woman, he that bears so reverend a respect to her that he will not touch her but with a kissed hand and a timorous heart, he that adores her like his goddess, let him be sure she will shun him like her slave. Alas, good souls, women of themselves are tractable and tactable enough, and would return *quid* for *quod* still ; but we are they that spoil 'em, and we shall answer for't another day. We are they that put a kind of wanton melancholy into 'em, that makes 'em think their noses bigger than their faces, greater than the sun in brightness ; and whereas Nature made 'em but half fools, we make 'em all fool. And this is our palpable flattery of them, where they had rather have plain dealing. Well, in conclusion, I'll to her instantly, and if I do not bring her to thee, or, at the least, some special favour from her, as a feather from her fan, or a string from her shoe, to wear in thy hat, and 260 265 270 275

so forth, then never trust my skill in poultry whilst thou liv'st again.

Exit [Lodovico with the others]

Enter Quintiliano, Innocentio, Franceschina, Angelo, and Fannio

Fran. Thou shalt not to the wars, or if thou dost, I'll bear thee company; dear Quint., do not offer to forsake me. 280

Quint. Hands off, wife, hang not upon me thus! How can I maintain thee but by using my valour? And how can I use that but in action and employment? Go in, play at cards with your cousin Angelo here, and let it suffice I love thee. 285

Ang. Come, sweet cousin, do not cloy your husband with your love so, especially to hinder his preferment. Who shall the Duke have to employ in these martial necessities if not Captain Quintiliano? He bears an honourable mind, and 'tis pity but he should have employment. Let him get a company now, and he will be able to maintain you like a duchess hereafter. 290

Inn. Well said, Signor Angelo! Gossave me, you speak like a true cousin indeed; does he not, Quint.?

Quint. He does so, and I thank him; yet see how the fool puts finger i'th'eye still. 295

Ang. I'll cheer her up, I warrant you, Captain! Come, coz, let's in to tables.

Inn. Farewell, sweet mistress!

Fran. Farewell, my good servant! 300

Ang. [*aside*] Now take away thy hand, and show thou didst laugh all this while. Good Lord, who would not marry to have so kind a wife make much on him?

Exit [Angelo with Franceschina]

Quint. After, boy! Give your attendance.

Fan. Could you not spare me money for mine hostess where you put me to board? Y'are a whole fortnight in arrearages. 305

Quint. Attend, I say! The hostess of the Lion has a leg like a giant; want for nothing, boy, so she score truly.

Fan. Faith, sir, she has chalked up twenty shillings already, and swears she will chalk no more. 310

Quint. Then let her choke, and choke thou with her. 'Sblood, hobby-horse, and she had chalked up twenty pounds, I hope the world knows I am able to pay it with a wet finger. 315

Fan. Alas, sir, I think y'are able, but the world does not know it.

Quint. Then the world's an ignorant, sir, and you are an innocent; vanish, boy, away!

Fan. [*aside*] I hope he will foist some money for my score 320
out of this gull here. *Exit*

Inn. 'Tis a plaguy good wag, Quint., is't not?

Quint. I'll make him a good one ere I ha' done with him; but this same loving fool, my wife now, will never leave weeping till I make her believe I will not have a com- 325
pany. Who would be cumbered with these soft-hearted creatures, that are ever in extremes, either too kind or too unkind?

Inn. Save me, 'tis true; 'tis a hard thing must please 'em, in sadness. 330

Quint. Damn me if I do not pity her with my heart! Plague on her kindness, she has half persuaded me to take no company.

Inn. Nay, sweet Quint., then how shall I be a lieutenant?

Quint. Well, and my promise were not passed to thee, 335
I am a villain if all the world should part Frank and me; think I love thee, therefore, and will do thee credit. It will cost me a great deal o' this same foolish money to buy me drum and ensign, and furnish me throughly, but the best is I know my credit. 340

Inn. 'Sfoot, Quint., we'll want no money, man; I'll make my row of houses fly first.

Quint. Let 'em walk, let 'em walk! Candle-rents! If the wars hold, or a plague come to the town, they'll be worth nothing. 345

Inn. True, or while I am beyond sea, some sleepy wench may set fire i' th' bedstraw.

Quint. Right, or there may come an earthquake and overturn 'em.

Inn. Just, or there may be conjuring, and the wind may 350
down with 'em.

Quint. Or some crafty pettifogger may find a hole in the title; a thousand casualties belongs to 'em.

Inn. Nay, they shall walk, that's certain! I'll turn 'em into money. 355

Quint. That's thy most husbandly course, i'faith, boy! Thou may'st have twenty i'th' hundred for thy life; I'll be thy man for two hundred.

Inn. Wilt, i'faith, Quint. ? Gossave me, 'tis done !

Quint. For your life, not otherwise !

360

Inn. Well, I desire no more, so you'll remember me for my lieutenantship.

Quint. Remember thee ? 'Tis thine own already, boy ; a hundred pounds shall not buy it from thee. Give me thy hand, I do here create thee Lieutenant Innocentio.

365

Inn. If you have a company, Captain.

Quint. If I have ? Damn me if such another word do not make me put thee out o'th' place again. If I have a company ? 'Sfoot, let the Duke deny me one ! I would 'twere come to that once, that employment should go with the undeserver, while men of service sit at home, and feed their anger with the blood of red lattices. Let the Duke deny me to-day, I'll renounce him to-morrow. I'll to the enemy point blank ; I'm a villain else.

370

Inn. And I, by heaven, I swear !

375

Quint. Well, if that day come, it will prove a hot day with somebody.

Inn. But, Captain, did you not say that you would enter me at an ordinary, that I might learn to converse ?

Quint. When thou wilt, Lieutenant ; no better time than now, for now th'art in good clothes, which is the most material point for thy entrance there.

380

Inn. Ay, but how should I behave myself ?

Quint. Marry, sir, when you come first in, you shall see a crew of gallants of all sorts.

385

Inn. Nay, Captain, if I come first in I shall see nobody.

Quint. Tush, man, you must not do so ! If you have good clothes and will be noted, let 'em all come in afore you, and then, as I said, shall you see a lusty crew of gallants, some gentlemen, some none—but that's all one ; he that bears himself like a gentleman, is worthy to have been born a gentleman—some aged have beards, and some have none ; some have money, and some have none ; yet all must have meat. Now will all these, I say, at your first entrance wonder at you, as at some strange owl, examine your person, and observe your bearing for a time. Do you, then, o' th' tother side, seem to neglect their observance as fast ; let your countenance be proof against all eyes, not yielding or confessing in it any inward defect. In a word be impudent enough, for that's your chief virtue of society.

390

395

400

Inn. Is that ? Faith, and I need not learn that ; I have that by nature, I thank God !

Quint. So much the better ; for nature is far above art or judgment. Now for your behaviour ; let it be free and negligent, not clogged with ceremony or observance ; give 405 no man honour, but upon equal terms ; for look how much thou giv'st any man above that, so much thou tak'st from thyself ; he that will once give the wall, shall quickly be thrust into the kennel ; measure not thy carriage by any man's eye, thy speech by no man's ear ; but be resolute 410 and confident in doing and saying, and this is the grace of a right gentleman, as thou art.

Inn. 'Sfoot, that I am, I hope ! I am sure my father has been twice Warden on's Company.

Quint. That's not a pear matter, man ; there's no pre- 415 scription for gentility but good clothes and impudence. For your place, take it as it falls, but so as you think no place too good for you ; fall to with[out] ceremony whatsoever the company be ; and as near as you can, when they are in their mutton, be thou in thy woodcock ; it shows resolution. 420 Talk anything, thou car'st not what, so it be without offence, and as near as thou canst without sense.

Inn. Let me alone for that, Captain, I warrant you !

Quint. If you chance to tell a lie, you must bind it with some oath, as 'by this bread !' for bread's a binder, you 425 know.

Inn. True !

Quint. And yet take heed you swear by no man's bread but your own, for that may breed a quarrel ; above all things you must carry no coals. 430

Inn. By heaven, not I ! I'll freeze to death first.

Quint. Well, sir, one point more I must remember you of. After dinner there will be play, and if you would be counted complete, you must venture amongst them ; for otherwise, they'll take you for a scholar or a poet, and so 435 fall into contempt of you ; for there is no virtue can scape the accompt of baseness if it get money, but gaming and law ; yet must you not lose much money at once, for that argues little wit at all times.

Inn. As Gossave me, and that's my fault ; for if I be in 440 once, I shall lose all I have about me.

Quint. Is true, Lieutenant ? By'r lady, sir, I'll be your moderator ; therefore let me see how much money have you about you ?

Inn. Not much ; some twenty mark, or twenty pound 445 in gold.

Quint. 'Tis too much to lose, by my faith, Lieutenant !
Give me your purse, sir ; hold ye, here's two brace of angels ;
you shall venture that for fashion sake. I'll keep the rest
for you, till you have done play. 450

Inn. That will be all one, for when that's lost I shall
never leave till I get the rest from you ; for I know thou
wilt let me have it if I ask it.

Quint. Not a penny, by this gold !

Inn. Prithee do not then ; as Gossave me and you do— 455

Quint. And I do, hang me ! Come let's to the Duke.

Exeunt

FINIS ACTUS PRIMI

ACTUS SECUNDI SCENA PRIMA

[*A street in Venice*]

Enter Lucretia and Temperance, several ways

Tem. Nay, mistress, pray e'en go in again, for I have
some inward news for you.

Luc. What are those, pray ?

Tem. 'Tis no matter, mistress, till you come in ; but
make much o' time in the meantime. Good Fortune thrusts
herself upon you in the likeness of a fine young gentleman ;
hold up your apron and receive him while you may, o' God's
name. 5

Luc. How say by that ? Y'are a very wise counsellor.

Tem. Well, mistress, when I was a maid—and that's
a good while ago, I can tell you— 10

Luc. I think very well.

Tem. You were but a little one then, I wis.

Luc. Nor you neither, I believe.

Tem. Faith, it's one of the furthest things I can re- 15
member.

Luc. But what when you were a maid ?

Tem. Marry, mistress, I took my time, I warrant you !
And there's Signor Leonoro now, the very flower of Venice,
and one that loves you dearly, I ensure you. 20

Luc. God forgive him if he do, for I'll be sworn I never
deserved his love, nor never will, while I live.

Tem. Why, then, what say to Signor Collatine ? There's
a dainty piece of venison for you, and a fervent lover indeed.

Luc. He? I dare say, he knows not what wood Love's shafts are made of; his Signiory would think it the deepest disparagement could be done to him, to say that ever he spent sigh for any dame in Italy. 25

Tem. Well, you have a whole brown dozen o' suitors at least, I am sure; take your choice amongst 'em all; if you love not all, yet you may love three or four on 'em, to be doing withal. 30

Luc. To be doing withal? Love three or four?

Tem. Why not, so you love 'em moderately? What, must that strange-made piece, Theagines, that you cry out upon so often, have all from other, and yet [you] know not where he is? 35

Luc. Oh my Theagine, not Theagines, Thy love hath turn'd me woman like thyself; Shall thy sight never turn me man again? 40

Come, let's to the minster; God hear my prayers as I intend to stop mine ears against all my suitors.

Tem. Well, mistress, yet, peradventure, they may make you open afore the priest have a penny for you. *Exeunt*

Enter Lodovico and Æmilia

Lod. Here's a coil to make wit and women friends! Come hither, wench, let me have thee single; now sit thee down, and hear good counsel next thy heart, and God give thee grace to lay it to thy heart. 45

Æm. Fie, cousin, will this wild tongue of yours never receive the bridle? 50

Lod. Yes, thou shalt now see me stroke my beard, and speak sententiously. Thou tell'st me thy little father is in hand with a great rich marriage for thee, and would have thee commit matrimony with old Gasparo; art thou willing with it? 55

Æm. I rather wish myself married to a thousand deaths.

Lod. Then I perceive thou know'st him not; did he never woo thee?

Æm. I protest, I never changed three words with him in my life; he hath once or twice wooed my father for me, but never me. 60

Lod. Why, that's the reason thou lov'st him not, because thou tak'st in none of his valiant breath to enflame thee, nor vouchsaf'st his knowledge. I'll tell thee what he

is—an old sapless trunk, fit to make touch-wood of, hollow 65
 and bald like a blasted oak, on whose top ravens sit and
 croak the portents of funerals; one that noints his nose
 with clouted cream and pomatum. His breath smells like
 the butt end of a shoemaker's horn. A lep'rous scaly hide
 like an elephant. The son of a sow-gelder, that came to 70
 town (as I have heard thy father himself say) in a tattered
 russet coat, high shoes, and yet his hose torn above 'em; a
 long pike-staff in his neck (and a turd in his teeth) and a
 wallet on his right shoulder; and now the cullion hath
 with *noverint universi* eaten up some hundred gentlemen, 75
 he must needs rise a gentleman, as 'twere out of their ashes,
 or disparage a gentlewoman to make himself a gentleman,
 at least by the wife's side.

Æm. The worse my fortune to be entangled with such
 a winding bramble! 80

Lod. Entangled? Nay, if I thought 'twould ever come
 to that, I'd hire some shag-rag or other for half a chequeen
 to cut's throat, only to save thy hands from doing it, for I
 know thou wouldst poison him within one month; love
 thee he will never, and that must be thy happiness; for if 85
 he do, look to be cooped up like a prisoner condemned to
 execution, scarce suffered to take the air so much as at a
 window, or waited on continually by an old beldame,
 not to keep thee company, but to keep thee from company;
 thy pocket searched, thy cabinets ransacked for letters; 90
 ever in opposition, unless, like the moon, once a month in
 conjunction; wealth thou mayst have indeed, but enjoy it
 as in a dream, for when thou wak'st thou shalt find nothing
 in thy hand; [*Gasparo passes over*] and, to keep my tale in
 goodness, see how all the ill that can be spoken of him is ex- 95
 pressed in his presence.

Æm. O ugly and monstrous spectacle!

Lod. Now tell me whether thou wouldst make choice
 of him or a young gallant in prime of his choiceness; one
 that for birth, person, and good parts might meritoriously 100
 marry a countess; and one to whom his soul is not so dear
 as thyself. (*Enter Aurelio.*) For all the world such an-
 other as he that comes here now; mark him well, see
 whether Gasparo and he be not a little different. (*Exit*
Æmilia) How now? Zounds, Aurelio? Stay, beast, wilt 105
 thou make such a blest opportunity curse thee? I'll fetch
 her out to thee.

Exit Lodovico

Aur. Wretch that I am, how she loathes me! If I abide her, I shall consume in the lightnings of her anger.

Exit Aurelio

Enter Lodovico with Æmilia

Lod. [*aside*] Here's a life indeed! What's he gone? Passion 110
of death, what a babe 'tis! I could find in my heart to jerk
him, but temper me, Friendship, no remedy now; now,
Wit, turn his defects to perfection.—Why, coz, he's quite
out of sight. By my life I commend him! Why, this is
done like thyself, Aurelio: were she the Queen of Love 115
and would run from thee, fly thou from her. Why, now I
love thee, for I see th'art worthy of my love; thou carriest
a respect to thine own worth, and wilt express it with spirit.
I daresay thou look'st to have had him fall on his knees and
adored thee, or beg his life at thy hands; or else turned 120
Queen Dido, and pierce his tender heart with sword full
sharp. No, faith, wench, the case is altered; love made
Hercules spin, but it made him rage after; there must go
time to the bridling of every passion. I hope my friend
will not love a wench against her will; if she would have 125
met his kindness half way, so; if she skit and recoil, he
shoots her off warily, and away he goes. Ay, marry, sir, this
was a gentlemanly part indeed. Farewell, coz, be thou free
in thy choice too, and take a better and thou canst, 'o' God's
name! *Exiturus* 130

Æm. Nay, dear coz, a word!

Lod. A word? What's the matter? I must needs
after him, and clap him o'th' back; this spirit must be
cherished.

Æm. Alas, what would you wish me to do? 135

Lod. Why, nothing!

Æm. Would you counsel me to marry him against my
father's will?

Lod. Not for the world! Leave him, leave him, leave
him! You see he's resolved, he'll take no harm on you; 140
never fear to embrue your hands with his liver, I warrant
you!

Æm. Come, you are such another!

Lod. This same riches with a husband is the only thing
in the world, I protest! Good Gasparo, I am sorry I have 145
abused thee, i'faith, for my cousin's sake; how prettily the
wretch came crawling by with his crooked knees even now.

I have seen a young gentlewoman live as merry a life with an old man as with the proudest young upstart on 'em all. Farewell, coz, I am glad th'art so wise, i'faith! 150

Æm. If you go I die. Fie on this affection, it rageth with suppression. Good coz, I am no longer able to continue it; I love Aurelio better than it is possible for him to love me.

Lod. Away, away; and could not this have been done at first without all these superfluous disgracings? O this same unhearty niceness of women is good for nothing but to keep their huswife hands still occupied in this warp of dissembling. Well, wench, redeem thy fault, and write a kind letter to him presently, before this resolution of his take too deep root in him. 160

Æm. Nay, sweet coz, make me not so immodest to write so suddenly; let me have a little time to think upon't.

Lod. Think me on nothing till you write; think as you write, and then you shall be sure to write as you think. Women do best when they least think on't. 165

Æm. But rather than write I will meet him at your pleasure.

Lod. Meet him? Dost thou think that I shall ever draw him again to meet thee, that rushed from thee even now with so just a displeasure? 170

Æm. Nay, good coz, urge not my offence so bitterly; our next meeting shall pay the forfeit of all faults.

Lod. Well, th'art my pretty coz, and I'll do my best to bring him to thee again; if I cannot, I shall be sorry, i'faith, thou wert so injuriously strange to him. But where shall this interview be now? 175

Æm. There is the mischief, and we shall hardly avoid it; my father plies my haunts so closely, and uses means by our maid to entrap us, so that this terrace at our back gate is the only place we may safely meet at, from whence I can stand and talk to you. But, sweet coz, you shall swear to keep this my kindness from Aurelio, and not intimate by any means that I am anything acquainted with his coming. 180

Lod. 'Slife, dost think I am an ass? To what end should I tell him? He and I'll come wandering that way to take the air, or so, and I'll discover thee. 185

Æm. By mere chance, as 'twere.

Lod. By chance, by chance; and you shall at no hand 190

see him at first, when I bring him, for all this kindness you bear him.

Æm. By no means, coz.

Lod. Very good ; and if you endure any conference with him, let it be very little ; and as near as you can, turn to your former strangeness in any case. 195

Æm. If [I] do not, coz, trust me not!

Lod. Or if you think good, you may flirt away again as soon as you see him, and never let your late fault be any warning t'ye. 200

Æm. I will do all this, I warrant thee, coz!

Lod. Will you so, cousin fool? Canst thou be brought to that silly humour again by any persuasions? By God's Lord, and you be strange again, more than needs must for a temperate modesty, I'll break's neck down from thee, but he shall do as he did to thee. 205

Æm. Now, fie upon you, coz, what a fool do you make me!

Lod. Well, dame, leave your superfluous nicety in earnest, and within this hour I will bring him to this terrace. 210

Æm. But, good coz, if you chance to see my chamber window open, that is upon the terrace, do not let him come in at it in any case.

Lod. 'Sblood, how can he? Can he come over the wall, think'st? 215

Æm. O sir, you men have not devices with ladders of ropes to scale such walls at your pleasure, and abuse us poor wenches.

Lod. Now a plague of your simplicity! Would you discourage him with prompting him? Well, dame, I'll provide for you. 220

Æm. As you love me, coz, no words of [any] kindness from me to him.

Lod. Go to, no more ado!

Exit Lodovico and Æmilia

Enter Leonoro, Lionello, and Temperance

Tem. God ye god morrow, sir! Truly I have not heard a sweeter breath than your page has. 225

Leo. I am glad you like him, Mistress Temperance.

Tem. And how d'ye, sir?

Leo. That I must know of you, lady; my welfare depends wholly upon your good speed. 230

Tem. How say, sir? And by my soul I was coming to you in the morning, when your young man came to me; I pray let him put on, unless it be for your pleasure.

Leo. He is young, and can endure the cold well enough bareheaded. 235

Tem. A pretty sweet child 'tis, I promise you!

Leo. But what good news, Mistress Temperance; will your mistress be won to our kind meeting?

Tem. Faith, I'll tell you, sir, I took her in a good mood this morning, and broke with her again about you, and she was very pleasant, as she will be many times. 240

Leo. Very well, and is there any hope of speed?

Tem. No, by my troth, gentleman, none in the world; an obstacle young thing it is, as ever I broke withal in my life; I have broke with a hundred in my days, though I say it, yet never met her comparison. 245

Leo. Are all my hopes come to this, Mistress Temperance?

Tem. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir; this is the first time that ever I spake to any in these matters, and it shall be the last, God willing! 250

Leo. And even now she had broke with a hundred and a hundred.

Tem. But do you love her, sir, indeed?

Leo. Dost thou make a question of that? 255

Tem. Pardon me, I pray, sir; I mean d'ye love her as a gentleman ought to do—that is, to consummate matrimony with her, as they say?

Leo. That's no matter to you, Mistress Temperance; do you procure our meeting, and let my favour be at her hands as I can enforce it. 260

Tem. You say like an honest gentleman; a woman can have no more: and, faith, sir, I wish you well, and every day [af]ter dinner my mistress uses to go to her chair, or else lie down upon her bed, to take a nap or so, to avoid idleness, as many good huswives do, you know; and then do I sit by her and sew, or so; and when I see her fast asleep, Lord, do I think to myself (as you know we waiting-women have many light thoughts in our heads) now if I were a man, and should bear my mistress an ill will, what might I do to her now? 270

Leo. Indeed, then, you have very good opportunity.

Tem. The best that may be, for she sleeps like a sucking-

pig ; you may jog her a hundred times, and she'll stir no more than one of your stones, here. 275

Leo. And could you put a friend in your place, think you ?

Tem. Nay, by'r lady, sir, back with that leg, for if anything come on't but well, all the burden will lie upon me.

Leo. Why, what can come of it ? Only that by this means I may solicit her love myself. 280

Tem. Ay, but who knows if the Devil, God bless us, should be great wi'ye, how you would use her ?

Leo. What, dost thou take me for a beast, to force her that I would make my wife ?

Tem. Beast, sir ! Nay, there's no beastliness in it 285 neither, for a man will shew like a man in those cases ; and, besides, you may mar the bed, which everybody will see that comes in ; and that I would not for the best gown I shall wear this twelvemonth.

Leo. Well, to put thee out of that fear, it shall be worth 290 such a gown to thee.

Tem. I thank you for that, sir, but that's all one ; and thus, sir, my old master Honorio at two a-clock will be at tilting, and then will his son, Signor Aurelio, and his man Angelo, be abroad ; at which hour, if you will be at the back 295 gate and muffle yourself handsomely, you may linger there till I call you.

Lem. Ay, marry, sir, so I may be there long enough.

Tem. Nay, but two o'clock, now ; now is my hour, sir.

Leo. Very well, and till then, farewell ! 300

Tem. Boy, to you heartily !

Leo. Boy to him, indeed, if he knew all. *Exeunt*

Enter Lodovico and Aurelio

Lod. I have provided thee a ladder of ropes ; therefore resolve to meet her ; go wash thy face, and prepare thyself to die. I'll go make ready the ladder. 305

Aur. But when is the happy hour of our meeting ?

Lod. Marry, sir, that's something uncertain, for it depends wholly upon her father's absence, and when that will be God knows ; but I doubt not it will happen once within this twelvemonth. 310

Aur. Zounds, a twelvemonth ?

Lod. Nay, hark you, you are all upon the spur now, but how many lovers have served seven twelvemonths' prentice-ships for the freedom of their mistress' favours ? Notwith-

standing, to shorten your torments, your man Angelo must 315
be the mean to draw the lapwing her father from his nest
by this device that I tell you.

Enter Angelo

Ang. [aside] I did ever dream that once in my life good
Fortune would warm her cold hand in my naked bosom ;
and that once is now come. I'll lay hold upon't, i'faith! 320
I have you, my little squire, I have you upon mine anvil,
upon which I will mallet you and work you ; coining crowns,
chequeens, bracelets, and what-not out of you, for procuring
you the dear gullage of my sweetheart, Mistress Frances-
china. 325

Aur. I am glad it rests in my kind servant Angelo.
Angelo, well met ! It lies in thee now ; make me no more
thy master, but thy friend, and for ever happy in thy friend-
ship.

Ang. In what part of me does that lie, sir, that I may 330
pull it out for you presently ?

Aur. My friend Lodovico, here, hath told me what
thou revealedst to him to-day, touching his uncle Lorenzo
and his love-suit to Franceschina.

Ang. 'Slight, I told it him in secret, sir ! 335

Lod. And so did I tell it him, Angelo ; I am a Jew, else.

Ang. It may well be, sir ; but what of that ?

Lod. This, Angelo ; he would have thee procure my old
uncle's absence from home this afternoon, by making him
meet, or pretending his meeting, with his mistress and thy 340
sweetheart, Franceschina.

Aur. Which if thou dost, Angelo, be sure of reward to
thy wishes.

Ang. What talk you of reward, sir ? To the loving
and dutiful servant 'tis a greater encouragement to his 345
service to hear his master say, 'God-a-mercy, Angelo, spy
out, Angelo, I'll think of thy pains one day, Angelo !' than
all your base rewards and preferments ; yet not to hinder
your hand, sir, I will extend mine to his service presently,
and get your old uncle, Signor Lorenzo, out of the way long 350
enough, I warrant you.

Lod. 'Tis honestly said, which when thou hast per-
formed, [inform] us. *Exeunt [Lodovico and Aurelio]*

Ang. I will not fail, sir. I was resolved to make him
away afore they spake to me, in procuring his access to 355

Franceschina, for what is his presence at her house but his absence at his own? And thus shall I with one trowel daub two walls. (*Enter Franceschina.*) See how fitly she meets me. I will stand close here, as if it were in my shop of good fortune, and, in respect of all ornaments I can help her to, I will out of the fulness of my joy, put her out of her study and encounter her thus: 'D'ye lack, gentlewoman, d'ye lack? Very fair new gowns, kirtles, petticoats, wrought smocks, bracelets; d'ye lack, gentlewoman, d'ye lack?'

Hold up the bracelets

Fran. What means my love by these strange salutations?

Ang. Prithee, ask me no questions; hold, take these bracelets, put up this purse of gold quickly, and if thou wilt have any of these things I have cried to thee, speak, and 'tis performed.

Fran. From whose treasury comes all this, I prithee?

Ang. Lorenzo, Lorenzo, a gentleman of much antiquity, and one that for his love hath burned hundreds of hearts to powder; yet now it falls out that his tree of life is scorched and blasted with the flames of thy beauty, ready to wither eternally, unless it be speedily comforted with the sweet drops of thy nose.

Fran. God's my life, is that old squire so amorous?

Ang. You wrong him to term him old; he can draw his bow, ride his horse, use his sword, and trail his pike under Love's colours, as well as ever he did.

Fran. I believe that easily.

Ang. Well, go thy ways in and prepare to entertain him, now thy husband is from home, only with good words and best kindnesses, making him put all into deeds till his treasury be deedless.

Fran. You speak as if I had nothing to respect but his entertainment, when you know how close and timely it must be put in execution, considering with what envious eyes my neighbours survey me.

Ang. Think'st thou I consider not all this? He shall come in disguised, wench, and do thou devise for our mirth, what ridiculous disguise he shall come in, and he shall assume it.

Fran. What, a Magnifico of the city, and one of the Senate! Thinkest thou he will not see into that inconvenience?

Ang. No more than no senator; for, in this case, my assurance is that Cupid will take the scarf from his own eyes, and hoodwink the old buzzard, while two other true turtles 400 enjoy their happiness: get thee in, I beseech thee, love, tell thy gold, and say thy prayers.

Enter Lozenzo. Exit Franceschina

[*aside*] Now for a far-fetched device to fetch over my love-squire. I see him within ear-shot.—Well, beauty may inflame others, riches may tempt others, but for me, mine 405 ears and mine eyes are proof against all the Sirens and Venuses in all the seas of the world; beauty is a whore, riches a bawd, and I'll trust none on you.

Lor. What ails poor Angelo?

Ang. Nay, Mistress Frank, if you prove disloyal once, 410 farewell all constancy in women!

Lor. How now, man? What's the matter?

Ang. O sir, are you so near? I shall trust your experience in women the better while I live.

Lor. I prithee, why so?

Ang. Say true, sir, did you never solicit your love-suit to fair Mistress Franceschina?

Lor. Never, I protest, Angelo!

Ang. Upon my life, 'tis a strange thing! I would have sworn all Italy could not so suddenly have fastened a favour 420 upon her; I looked for a siege of Troy at least, to surprise the turrets of her continence, but to yield at the first sight of her assailant's colours, and before any cannon was mounted afore her, 'tis one of the loosest parts of a modest woman that ever I heard of. 425

Lor. How say'st thou? Did not I tell thee as much? Beware of an old colt while you live; he can tell when to strike, I warrant you.

Ang. Women and feathers! Now fie on that affinity!

Lor. Alas, Angelo, a feeble generation! Soon overcome, God knows; the honester mind, the sooner overcome!

Ang. God's my life, what light huswife would yield at first to a stranger? And yet does this whirligig stand upon terms of honour, forsooth; tenders her reputation 435 as the apple of her eye! She has a jealous and a cutting husband, envious neighbours, and will die many deaths,

rather than by any friend's open access to her be whipped naked with the tongues of scandal and slander, and a whole sanctuary of such ceremonies.

Lor. O, she does worthily in that, Angelo, and like a woman of honour; thou hast painted her perfection in her faults thou find'st, and tickl'st me with her appetite.

440

Ang. And to avoid all sight of your entrance, you must needs come in some disguise, she says; so much she tenders your high credit in the city, and her own reputation, forsooth!

445

Lor. How! Come in some disguise?

Ang. A toy, a very toy, which runs in her head with such curious feet, sir, because if there be any resemblances of your person seen to enter her house, your whole substantial self will be called in question; any other man, she says, might better adventure with the least thing changed about 'em than you with all, as if you were the only noted mutton-monger in all the city.

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455

Lor. Well, Angelo, Heaven forgive us the sins of our youth!

Ang. That's true, sir; but for a paltry disguise, being a Magnifico, she shall go snick up.

Lor. Soft, good Angelo, soft, let's think on't a little! What disguise would serve the turn, says she?

460

Ang. Faith, I know not what disguise she would have for you; she would have you come like a calf with a white face, I think; she talks of tinkers, pedlars, porters, chimney-sweepers, fools, and physicians, such as have free egress and regress into men's houses without suspicion.

465

Lor. Out upon 'em, would she have me undergo the shame and hazard of one of those objects?

Ang. I' faith, I told her so; a squire of that worship, one of the Senate, a grave justicer, a man of wealth, a Magnifico!

470

Lor. And yet, by my troth, for the safeguard of her honour, I would do much; methinks a friar's weed were nothing.

Ang. Out upon't, that disguise is worn threadbare upon every stage, and so much villany committed under that habit that 'tis grown as suspicious as the vilest. If you will hearken to any, take such a transformance as you may be sure will keep you from discovery; for though it be the

475

stale refuge of miserable poets by change of a hat or a 480
 cloak to alter the whole state of a comedy, so as the father
 must not know his own child, forsooth, nor the wife her
 husband, yet you must not think they do [in] earnest
 carry it away so; for say you were stuffed into a motley
 coat, crowded in the case of a base viol, or buttoned up in 485
 a cloak-bag even to your chin, yet if I see your face, I am
 able to say, 'This is Signor Lorenzo,' and therefore unless
 your disguise be such that your face may bear as great a
 part in it as the rest, the rest is nothing.

Lor. Good reason, in faith, Angelo; and what, shall I 490
 then smirch my face like a chimney-sweeper, and wear the
 rest of his smokiness?

Ang. I'll tell you, sir, if you be so mad to condescend to
 the humour of a foolish woman, by consideration that Jove
 for his love took on him the shape of a bull, which is far 495
 worse than a chimney-sweeper, I can fit you rarely.

Lor. As how, I prithee?

Ang. There is one little Snail, you know, an old chim-
 ney-sweeper.

Lor. What, he that sings, 'Maids in your smocks, hold 500
 open your locks'? [*sings*]

Ang. The very same, sir, whose person (I borrowing
 his [weeds]) you will so lively resemble that himself in
 person cannot detect you.

Lor. But is that a fit resemblance to please a lover, 505
 Angelo?

Ang. For that, sir, she is provided; for you shall no
 sooner enter but off goes your rusty scabbard, sweet water
 is ready to scour your filthy face, milk and a bath of fern-
 brakes for your fusty body, a chamber perfumed, a wrought 510
 shirt, night-cap, and her husband's gown, a banquet of
 oyster-pies, potatoes, skirret-roots, eringoes, and divers
 other whetstones of venery—

Lor. O let me hug thee, Angelo!

Ang. A bed, as soft as her hair, sheets as delicate as her 515
 skin, and as sweet as her breath, pillows imitating her
 breasts, and her breasts to boot, hippocras in her cups, and
 nectar in her lips; ah, the gods have been beasts for less
 felicity!

Lor. No more, good Angelo, no more; how shall I re- 520
 quite the happiness thou wilt bring me to? Hast any mind
 of marriage?

Ang. Not much, sir, but an extraordinary wife might tempt me.

Lor. By my troth, and she were not promised, thou 525
shouldest have my daughter; but come let's to our disguise, in which I long to be singing. *Exit*

Ang. I'll follow you presently. Signor Lodovico!

Enter Lodovico and Giovanello

Lod. How now, Angelo?

Ang. Why, sir, I am providing means to lead your old 530
uncle out o' th' way, as you willed me, by drawing him into the way of Quintiliano's wife, my sweetheart, and [to] make room for him by Quintiliano's room, you that lead him any way, must needs seek him out and employ him to some tavern. 535

Lod. He will be with me presently, Angelo, and here's a Freshman come from Padua, whom I will powder with his acquaintance, and so make him an excellent morsel to relish his carouses.

Ang. Go to, sir, by this light you'll be complained on; 540
there cannot be a fool within twenty mile of your head but you engross him for your own mirth; noblemen's tables cannot be served for you.

Lod. 'Sfoot, I'll complain of them, man; they hunt me out and hang upon me, so that I cannot be rid on 'em; but 545
they shall get somebody else to laugh at, or I'll turn 'em over to our poets, and make all the world laugh at 'em.

Ang. Well, sir, here comes your man; make him sure from his wife, and I'll make the tother sure with her. *Exit*

Enter Quintiliano, Innocentio, Fannio, Tailor, Tailor's son;
he reads a bill

Lod. See, Signor Giovanello, here comes the famous 550
captain you would so fain be acquainted withal; be acquainted with him at your peril: I'll defend you from his swaggering humour, but take heed of his cheating.

Gio. I warrant you, sir, I have not been matriculated at the university, to be meretriculated by him; salted 555
there, to be colted here.

Lod. Very well, sir, let's hear him.

Quint. I have examined the particulars of your bill, Master Tailor, and I find them true orthography; thy payment shall be correspondent. Marry, I will set no day, 560
because I am loath to break,

Tail. Alas, sir, pray let this be the day! Consider my charge; I have many children, and this my poor child here, whom I have brought up at school, must lose all I have bestowed on him hitherto, if I pay not his master presently 565 the quarterage I owe him.

Quint. Fool, dost thou delight to hear thy son beg in Latin? Pose him, Lieutenant.

Inn. How make you this in Latin, boy, 'My father is an honest tailor'? 570

Boy. That will hardly be done in true Latin, sir.

Inn. No? Why so, sir?

Boy. Because it is false English, sir.

Quint. An excellent boy!

Inn. Why is it false English? 575

Boy. Marry, sir, as *bona mulier* is said to be false Latin, because, though *bona* be good, *mulier* is naught; so to say my father is an honest tailor, is false English; for though my father be honest, yet the tailor is a thief.

Quint. Believe it, a rare shred, not of homespun cloth, 580 upon my life! Tailor, go, send the schoolmaster to me at night and I'll pay him.

Tail. Thank you, good captain, and if you do not pay him at night, my wife will come to you herself, that's certain, and you know what a tongue she has. 585

Quint. Like the sting of a scorpion, she nails mine ears to the pillory with it in the shame and torment she does me. Go, I will void this bill and avoid her.

Tail. I thank you, sir *Exit cum filio*

Quint. Lieutenant, is not this a brave gullery? The 590 slave has a pretty wife, and she will never have me pay him, because she may ever come to my chamber, as she says, to rail at me, and then she goes home and tells her husband she has tickled me, i'faith.

Inn. By my life, a rare jest! 595

Quint. Thou mayst see this boy is no shred of a tailor; is he not right of my look and spirit?

Inn. Right as a line, i'faith!

Lod. [*aside*] And will agree in the halter.—Save you, Captain Quintiliano. 600

Quint. And dost thou live, my noble Lodovico? Boy, take my cloak. When shall's have a rouse, ha? My Lieutenant and I were drunk last night, with drinking health[s] on our knees to thee.

Gio. Why, would not your legs bear you, sir? 605

Quint. How many miles to midsummer? S'blood, whose fool are you? Are not you the tassel of a gander?

Gio. No indeed, not I, sir! I am your poor friend, sir, glad to see you in health.

Quint. Health? 'Sfoot, how mean you that? D'ye 610 think I came lately out o' th' powdering tub?

Gio. Gossave me, sir, 'twas the furthest part of my thought.

Quint. Why, y'are not angry, are you?

Lod. No, nor you shall not be. 615

Quint. 'Sblood, I hope I may, and I will!

Lod. Be, and you dare, sir!

Quint. Dare?

Lod. Ay, dare!

Quint. Plague on thee, th'art the maddest Lodovico in 620 the world! 'Sfoot, do thou stab me, and th'ast a mind to't, or bid me stab myself! Is this thy friend? Dost thou love Lodovico?

Gio. With my heart, I protest, sir!

Quint. 'Sheart, a lies in's throat that does not; and 625 whence com'st thou, wag, ha?

Gio. Even now arrived from Padua, sir, to see fashions.

Quint. Give me thy hand, th'art welcome; and for thy fashions, thou shalt first drink and wench it; to which end we will carouse a little, some six or seven miles hence, and 630 every man carry his wench.

Inn. But where shall we have them, Captain?

Quint. Have 'em, Lieutenant? If we have 'em not, my Valentine shall be one, and she shall take a neighbour or two with her to see their nursed childs or so; we'll want 635 for no wenches, I warrant thee!

Enter Cutbeard Barber

Lod. But who comes here?

Quint. O 'tis my barber.

Lod. 'Sblood, how thy tradesmen haunt thee!

Quint. Alas, they that live by men, must haunt 'em! 640

Cut. God save you, sir!

Quint. How now, Cutbeard, what news out of Barbary?

Cut. Sir, I would borrow a word with you in private.

Quint. Be brief then, Cutbeard ; thou look'st lean, me- 645
thinks ; I think th'art newly married.

Cut. I am indeed, sir.

Quint. I thought so ; keep on thy hat, man, 'twill be
the less perceived. What, is not my tailor and you friends
yet ? I will have you friends, that's certain ; I'll maintain 650
you both else.

Cut. I know no enmity betwixt us, sir ; you know,
Captain, I come about another matter.

Quint. Why, but, Cutbeard, are not you neighbours,
your trades cousin-german, the tailor and the barber ? 655
Does not the tailor sew ? Dost not thou, barber, reap ?
And do they not both band themselves against the common
enemy of mankind, the louse ? Are you not both honest
men alike ? Is not he an arrant knave, you next door to a
knave, because next door to him ? 660

Cut. Alas, sir, all this is to no purpose ! There are certain
odd crowns betwixt us, you know.

Quint. True, Cutbeard ; wilt thou lend me as many
more to make 'em even, boy ?

Cut. Faith, sir, they have hung long enough o' conscience. 665

Quint. Cut 'em down then, Cutbeard ; it belongs to thy
profession, if they hang too long.

Cut. Well, sir, if this be all, I'll come by 'em as I can ;
and you had any honesty—

Gio. 'Sblood, honesty, you knave ? Do you tax any 670
gentleman in this company for his honesty ?

Cut. Blame me not, sir ; I am undone by him, and yet
I am still of as good credit in my parish as he too.

Quint. 'Sblood, rascal, as good credit as I ?

Lod. Nay, prithee, Captain, forbear !

675

Inn. Good Captain, begone !

Quint. Let me alone ; I'll not strike him, by this hand !
Why, heark ye, rogue, put your credit in balance with
mine ? Dost thou keep this company ? Here's Signor
Lodovico, one of the *Clarissimi*, a man of worship ; here's 680
a gentleman of Padua, a man of rare parts, an excellent
scholar, a fine Ciceronian.

Cut. Well, sir !

Quint. And here's my Lieutenant—I hope thou know'st
the worshipful man his father with the blue beard—and all 685
these are my companions ; and dare you, a barbarous
slave, a squirting companion, compare with me ? But here's

the point ; now behold and see. Signor Giovanello, lend me four or five pounds—let it be five pounds, if you have so much about you.

Gio. Here's my purse, sir ; I think there be just so much in't. 690

Quint. Very good ! Now, Cutbeard, are you a slanderous cut-throat or no ? Will thy credit do this now without scrip or scroll ? But thou wilt think this is done for a colour 695 now ! Do you not lend it me simply ?

Gio. What a question's that !

Quint. For how long ?

Gio. At your pleasure, Captain !

Quint. Why, so ! Here, you polling rascal, here's two 700 crowns out of this money ; now I hope thou wilt believe 'tis mine, now the property is altered.

Cut. Why, you might 'a done this before, then.

Quint. No, Cutbeard ; I have been burned i' th' hand for that ; I'll pay ne'er a knave on ye all money but in the 705 presence of such honest gentlemen that can witness it ; of my conscience I have paid it thee half a dozen times ; go to, sir, begone !

Cut. Fare ye well, sir !

[*Exit*]

Quint. Thank you, Signor Giovanello. [*aside to him*] 710 Though y'are sure of this money again at my hands, yet take heed how this same Lodovico get it from you, he's a great sharker ; but th'ast no more money about thee, hast thou ?

Gio. Not a doit, by this candle !

715

Quint. All the better, for he'd cheat thee on't, if thou had'st ever so much ; therefore when thou com'st to Padua, ply thy book and take good courses, and 'tis not this again shall serve thy turn at my hands, I swear to thee.

Gio. Thank you, good Captain !

720

Quint. Signor Lodovico, adieu !

Lod. Not so, sir, we will not part yet ; a carouse or two, methinks, is very necessary betwixt us.

Quint. With all my heart, boy ; into the Emperor's Head here !

725

Lod. Content !

Exeunt

ACTUS SECUNDI FINIS

ACTUS TERTIUS

[SCENA PRIMA

Before the House of Lorenzo]

Lodovico, Angelo

Ang. Say, sir, have you played the man and housed the captain?

Lod. I have housed and lodged him in the Emperor's Head Tavern, and there I have left him glorified with his two gulls, so that presume of what thou wilt at his house, 5
for he is out of the way by this time, both ways.

Ang. 'Tis very well handled, sir, and presume you and your friend, my master Aurelio, of what may satisfy you at your uncle's, for he is now going out of the way, and out of himself also. I have so besmeared him with a chimney-sweeper's resemblance as never was poor Snail, whose counterfeit he triumphs in, never thinking I have daubed his face sufficient, but is at his glass, as curiously busied to beautify his face (for as of Moors so of chimney-sweepers the blackest is most beautiful) as any lady to paint her lips. 10 15

Lod. Thou art a notable villain.

Ang. I am the fitter for your employment, sir; stand close, I beseech you, and when I bring him into the streets, encounter and bait him instead of Snail, but in any case let none else know it. 20

Lod. Not for the world!

Ang. If you should tell it to one, so you charge him to say nothing, 'twere nothing, and so if one by one to it play holy water frog with twenty, you know any secret is kept sufficiently; and in this we shall have the better sport at a bear-baiting. Fare ye well, sir! *[Exit Angelo]* 25

Enter Honorio and Gasparo

Hon. Signor Lodovico, good even to you!

Lod. The like to Signor Honorio, and hark you, sir, I must be bound with my uncle Lorenzo, and tell you a pleasant secret of him, so in no sort you will utter it. 30

Hon. In no sort, as I am a gentleman!

Lod. Why, sir, he is to walk the streets presently in the likeness of Snail the chimney-sweeper, and with his cry.

Hon. What, is he, sir? To what end, I beseech you, sir, will he disfigure himself so? 35

Lod. I'faith, sir, I take it for some matter of policy that concerns town government.

Hon. Town-bull government! Do you not mean so, sir?

Lod. O no, sir; but for the general business of the city, I take it. 40

Hon. Well, sir, well, we will not examine it too far, but guess at it.

Lod. So, sir, when he comes forth, do you take one corner to encounter him, as I will do another, and, taking him for Snail, imagine he went about stealing of city venison (though he do not) and make what sport you think good with him, always provided it be cleanly, and that he may still think he goes invisible. 45

Hon. I warrant ye, Signor Lodovico, and thank you heartily for this good cause of our honest recreation. 50

Lod. Scarce honest neither, sir, but much good do it you, as it is.

Hon. Oh that my son, your friend Aurelio, were here to help to candy this jest a little. 55

Lod. Alas, sir, his sick stomach can abide no sweetmeats, he's all for 'Ay me!' We'll make the jest relish well enough, I warrant you! Lorenzo, my uncle, an old Senator, one that has read *Marcus Aurelius, Gesta Romanorum, The Mirror of Magistrates*, etc., to be led by the nose like a blind bear that has read nothing. Let [any] man read how he deserves to be baited. 60

Hon. 'Tis a pretty wonder, i'faith, Signor Lodovico!

Lod. 'Slife, 'twere a good deed to get boys to pin cards at his back, hang squibs at his tail, ring him through the town with basons, besnowball him with rotten eggs, and make him ashamed of the commission before he seal it. [*Exit*] 65

Gas. What says Signor Lodovico, I beseech you, sir? Methinks his pleasant disposition should intend some wag-gery. 70

Hon. I will tell you, Signor Gasparo, but in any case you must say nothing.

Gas. In no case will I say anything, sir.

Hon. Then this is the case: Signor Lorenzo (your probable father-in-law) in the case of Snail the chimney-sweeper, will straight tread the streets for his pleasure. 75

Gas. For his pleasure?

Hon. For his pleasure, sir! Say it be so, wonder not, but jest at it; consider what pleasure the world says he is

most given to, and help bait him hereafter, but in any case 80
cleanly, and say nothing.

Gas. O monstrous! I conceive you. My father-in-law! Will his daughter have his tricks, think you?

Hon. Faith, for that you must even take fortune *de la* 85
[*paix*] kiss the Pax, and be patient like your other neighbours. So, here stand I, choose you another place. [*Exit*]

Gas. O me, what if a man should call him to sweep a chimney in right earnest, what would he do? I'll put him to't, o' my credit, and here will I stand. [*Exit*]

Enter [at the door of his house] Lorenzo with his glass in his hand and Angelo with a pot of painting

Ang. How now, sir, are you well yet, think you? 90

Lor. A little more here, good Angelo.

Ang. Very well, sir, you shall have enough.

Lor. It will be the most perfect disguise that ever was imitated.

Ang. I'll warrant you that, i' faith, sir! Y'are fitted 100
beyond the forehead for a right counterfeit; it is well now, sir!

Lor. Yet a little more here, Angelo, and then, master painter, let Michael Angelo himself amend thee.

Ang. For a perfect natural face I care not if all the 105
world explain it.

Lor. So, now take this glass and give me my furniture, and have at your smoky chimney.

Ang. Have at your smoky chimney, Mistress Frank! Here, sir, take up your occupation, and down with Snail 110
for a chimney-sweeper.

Lor. Away, see if the coast be clear.

Ang. I will, sir.

Lor. Take good view, look about to the doors and windows. 115

Ang. Not a dog at a door, not a cat at a window. Appear in your likeness, and not with your quality.

Lor. Chimney-sweep! Work for chimney-sweep! Will't do, sirrah?

Ang. Admirably! 120

Lor. Does my suit become me?

Ang. Become you, sir? Would to heaven Mistress Frank could bring you to the wearing of it always.

Lor. I'll forth, i'faith, then.

Maids in your smocks, 125

Set open your locks ;

Down, down, down :

Let chimney-sweeper in,

And he will sweep your chimneys clean.

Hey, derry, derry, down. 130

How dost like my cry, ha ?

Ang. Out of all cry ! I forbid Snail himself to creep beyond you.

Lor. As God help, I begin to be proud on't. Chimney-sweep ! 135

Ang. God's pity, who comes yonder ?

Lor. My nephew Lodovic ; God's me, I'll start back again !

Ang. Nay, there's no starting now, he'll see you go into your house then ; fall into your note, stand to Snail's 140 person, and I warrant you. *Exit Angelo*

Enter Lodovico

Lor. Chimney-sweep !

Lod. How now, Snail, how dost thou ?

Lor. Thank your good worship !

Lod. Methinks thy song is more hearty than 'twas wont 145 to be, and thou look'st much better.

Lor. Thank God and good friends, sir, and a merry heart that prolongs life. Chimney-sweep !

Lod. Nay, good Snail, let's talk a little. You know Rose, mine uncle Lorenzo's maid, Snail ? 150

Lor. That I do well, sir.

Lod. She complains of you, Snail, and says y'are the bawdiest old knave in venery.

Lor. Alas, sir, she wrongs me ; I am not fed thereafter ; let her look for that commendation in her richer customers. 155

Lod. Who are they, Snail ? I hope you do not mean mine uncle, her master ; he's mine uncle and I love him well, and I know the old lick-spiggot will be nibbling a little when he can come to't ; but I must needs say he will do no hurt. He's as gentle as an adder that has his teeth taken 160 out.

Lor. Y'are a merry gentleman, sir, and I have hasty labour in hand. I must crave pardon. Chimney-sweep !

Enter Honorio

Hon. What, old Snail? How dost thou and thy chimneys? 165

Lod. Marry, sir, I was asking him questions about one of them.

Hon. What, Signor Lodovico? What one is that, I pray?

Lod. Mine uncle Lozenzo's maid, Rose, sir; and he will needs persuade me her old master keeps her for his own saddle. 170

Hon. Her old master? I dare swear they wrong him that say so; his very age would make him ashamed to be overtaken with those goatish licences. 175

Lod. True, sir, and his great authority in the city, that should whip such unseasonable lechers about the walls of it.

Hon. Why, y'are i' th' right, sir; and now you talk of your uncle, I heard say Captain Quintiliano cheated him yesterday of five pounds, as he did a young gentleman of Padua this morning of as much more. 180

Lod. Faith, sir, he drew such a kind of tooth from him indeed!

Hon. Is it possible he should be so wrought upon by him? Now, certain, I have ever held him a most wise gentleman. 185

Lod. An arrant rook, by this light, a capable cheating-stock! A man may carry him up and down by the ears like a pipkin.

Hon. But do you think he will let the captain pass so? 190

Lod. Why, alas, what should he do to him, sir? The pasture is so bare with him that a goose cannot graze upon't.

Hon. Marry, sir, then would I watch him a time when he were abroad, and take out my pennyworths of his wife. If he drew a tooth from me, I would draw another from her. 195

Lod[r]. Well, God be with your worships. [going] Chimney-sweeper! [aside] I thought I should never have been rid of them.—Chimney-sweep! *Enter Gasparo.*

Gas. What, old Snail, dost thou cry chimney-sweep still? Why, they say thou art turned mighty rich of late. 200

Lor. I would they said true, sir!

Gas. Yes, by the mass, by the same token that those riches make thy old name for venery increase upon thee.

Lor. Foolish tales, sir, foolish tales!

Gas. Yes, by the mass, Snail, but they be told for such 205

certain tales, that, if thou hadst a daughter to marry with ten thousand crowns, I would see her pit-hole afore I would deal with her, for fear she should trot through her father's trumperies.

Lor. Alas, sir, your worship knows I have neither daughter 210
nor riches ; idle talk, sir, idle talk. Chimney-sweep !

Gas. Nay, stay, Snail, and come into my house ; thou shalt earn some money of me ; I have a chimney to sweep for thee.

Lor. I thank your worship, I will wait upon you next 215
morning early, sir ; but now I have promised to sweep another man's chimney in truth.

Gas. But, good Snail, take mine in the way.

Lod. What, does he cry chimney-sweep, and refuse to sweep 'em ? 220

Lor. No, master, alas, you know I live by it, and now I cry as I go to work that I have promised, that I may get more against other times ; what would you have me do, trow ?

Hon. Alas, poor Snail ! Farewell, good Snail, farewell ! 225

Lor. Lord keep your good worship. [*aside*] And a very vengeance, I beseech the black father of vengeance. [*Exit*]

Lod. Poor uncle, he begins to be melancholy, has lost his song among's.

Gas. Was never such man touched with such oversight ? 230

Hon. Bear with age, Signor Gasparo, bear with age, and let us all tender his credit as we have vowed, and be silent ; he little thought to have been thus betrayed as he is ; and where secrecy is assured, it bears with many bad actions in the very best, I can tell you ; and so, good Signor 235
Lodovico, adieu, and I heartily thank you.

Lod. Adieu, good Signor Honorio !

Gas. Adieu to you likewise, sir !

Exeunt Gasparo and Honorio

Lod. Likewise to you, sir ! Alas, poor uncle, I have monstrously abused him ; and yet marvellous worthy, for 240
he disparageth the whole blood of us, and I wish all such old sheep-biters might always dip their fingers in such sauce to their mutton ; but thus will he presently be safe, for by this he is near his sweetheart's house, where he is like to be entertained with worse cheer than we made him. *Quin-* 245
tiliano is now carousing in the Emperor's Head, while his own head buds horns to carouse in ; and in the meantime

will my amorous friend and I make both their absences shoeing-horns to draw on the presence of Æmilia. *Exit*

[SCENA SECUNDA

Before the house of Quintiliano]

Enter Lorenzo and Angelo ; Franceschina above

Ang. What says your worship now? Do you not walk invisible, all your ancient acquaintance, your own nephew, to talk with you and never discover you?

Lor. But, Angelo, a villanous fear shook me the whiles, I swear, for still I was afraid my tongue would have licked away the soot of my face, and bewrayed me. But, Snail, hitherto thy rusty shell has protected me; persever till I have yonder house o' my head; hold in thy horns till they look out of Quintiliano's forehead: for an old man to make a young man cuckold is one of Hercules' labours. 5 10

Ang. That was the cleansing of other men's stables.

Lor. To make youth rampant in age, and age passant in youth; to take a man down at his own weapon; to call back time in one, and thrust him headlong upon another.

Ang. Now your worship is oracle to your own miracles; how you shine in this smoky cloud, which you make the golden net to embrace Venus! Y'ave past the pikes, i'faith, and all the [joys] of the love-god swarm in yonder house to salute your recovery. 15

Lor. Well, Angelo, I tell thee, now we are past the danger, I would not for forty crowns but have heard what I have heard. 20

Ang. True, sir, now you know what the world thinks on you; 'tis not possible for a great man, that shines always in his greatness, to know himself. But, O twice young Leander, see where your Hero stands with torch of her beauty to direct you to her tower; advance your sweet note, and upon her! 25

Lor. Chimney-sweep, work for chimney-sweep!

Fran. Come in, chimney-sweeper. 30

Lor. O Angelo!

Ang. Why now, sir, thine Angelo is your good angel; enter and prosper, and when you are in the midst of your happiness, think of him that preferred you.

Exit Lorenzo [*into the house*]

Fran. Angelo, give him not too much time with me, 35
for fear of the worst, but go presently to the back gate, and
use my husband's knock; then will I presently thrust him
into my coal-house; and there shall the old flesh-monger
fast for his iniquity. *Exit*

Ang. Well said, mine own Frank! I'faith, we shall trim 40
him betwixt us; I for the most slovenly case in the town,
she for the most sluttish place in the house. Never was old
horseman so notoriously ridden; well, I will presently
knock him into the coal-house, and then haste to Lodovico
to know when he shall be released. *Exit* 45

[SCENA TERTIA

Behind the house of Lorenzo]

*Enter Lodovico with a ladder of ropes, Aurelio; Æmilia
above*

Lod. Here's thy ladder, and there's thy gallows; thy
mistress is thy hangman, and must take thee down. This
is the terrace where thy sweetheart carries; what wouldst
thou call it in rhyme?

Aur. Celestial sphere, wherein more beauty shines— 5

Lod. Room for a passion!

Aur. Than on Dardanian Ida, where the pride
Of heaven's selected beauties striv'd for prize.

Lod. Nay, you shall know, we have watered our ho[r]ses
in Helicon. I cannot abide this talking and undoing poetry; 10
leave your mellifluous numbers, yonder's a sight will steal
all reason from your rhyme, I can tell you; down of your
knees, you slave, adore. Now let's hear you invoke. Oh,
the supple hams of a lover! Go to, do not. Stand up
close, for she must not see you yet, though she know you 15
are here. [*Aurelio retires*]

Æm. Cousin Lodovic!

Lod. Who calls Lodovic?

Æm. What tempest hath cast you on this solitary
shore? Is the party come? 20

Lod. The party? Now a plague of your modesty, are
your lips too nice to name Aurelio?

Æm. Well, is he come then?

Lo. He? Which he? 'Sfoot, name your man with a mis-
chief to you! I understand you not. 25

Æm. Was there ever such a wild-brain? Aurelio!

Lod. Aurelio? Lord, how loath you are to let any sound of him come out on you, you hold him so dear within. [*aside*] I'll present her with a sight will startle her nicety a little better.—Hold you, fasten the end of this ladder, I pray!

Æm. Now Jesus bless us! Why, cousin, are you mad?

Lod. Go to, you spirit of a feather, be not so soft-hearted, leave your nicety, or, by this hemp, I'll so hamper thy affections in the halter of thy lover's absence, making it up in a Gordian knot of forgetfulness, that no Alexander of thy allurements, with all the swords of thy sweet words, shall ever cut it in pieces.

Æm. Lord, how you roll in your rope-ripe terms!

Lod. Go to, tell me, will you fasten the ladder or no?

Æm. I know not what I should say t'ye. I will fasten it, so only yourself will come up.

Lod. Only myself will come up, then.

Æm. Nay, sweet coz, swear it!

Lod. If I should swear, thou wouldst curse me; take my word, in a halter's name, and make the ladder as fast to the terrace as thou wouldst be to Aurelio.

Æm. Nay, see if he do not make me give over again!

Lod. Was there ever such a blue kitling? Fasten it now, or by heaven, thou dost loose me for ever!

Æm. Well, sir, remember your word; I will fasten it; but, i'faith, coz, is not the gentleman and his parting choler parted yet?

Lod. I'faith, with much ado!

Æm. Nay, nay, choose him! I shall live, if they be not; and if I live till his choler kill me, I shall live till he leave loving me, and that will be a good while first.

Lod. Lord, Lord, who has informed you of such amorous fervency in him? Are you so confident in his kindness?

Æm. Nay, by my troth, 'tis but a careless confidency neither, which always last[s] longer than that which is timorous. Well, coz, here I have fastened it for your pleasure; but, alas, the fear of my father's coming does so distract me, that I scarce know what I do or say.

Lod. Your father? Dost think we would venture all this preparation, and not make him safe?

Æm. But are you sure he is safe?

Lod. Am I sure this is Aurelio? [*Aurelio advances*]

Look upon him, wench, is it not thy love, thy life? Come, sir, mount!

70

Æm. O cousin Lodovic, do you thus cozen and betray me?

Lod. Coz, coz, thou hast acted thy dissembling part long enough, in the most modest judgment, and passing naturally; give over with thy credit then, unmask thy love, let her appear in her native simplicity, strive to conceal her no longer from thy love, for I must needs tell thee he knows all.

75

Æm. What does he know?

Lod. Why, all that thou told'st me, that thou lov'st him more than he can love thee, that thou hast set up thy resolution, in despite of friends or foes, weals or woes, to let him possess thee wholly, and that thou didst woo me to bring him hither to thee; all this he knows—that it was thy device to prepare this ladder, and, in a word, all the speech that passed betwixt thee and me, he knows. I told him every word truly and faithfully, God's my judge!

85

Æm. Now, was there ever such an immodest creature?

Lod. Via with all vain modesty! Leave this colouring, and strip thy love stark naked. This time is too precious to spend vainly. Mount, I say!

90

Aur. Model of heavenly beauty!

Lod. Zounds, wilt thou melt into rhyme o' the tother side? Shall we have lines? Change thy style for a ladder; this will bring thee to Parnassus; up, I say!

95

Aur. Unworthy I t'approach the furthest step
To that felicity that shines in her.

Lod. O purblind affection! I have seen a fellow to a worse end ascend a ladder with a better will; and, yet this is in the way of marriage, and they say marriage and hanging have both one constellation. To approve the which old saying, see if a new ladder make 'em not agree.

100

[Aurelio mounts]

Æm. Peace, somebody comes!

Lod. That you heard was but a mouse. So, boy, I warrant thee!

105

Aur. O sacred goddess, whatsoever thou art,
That, in mere pity to preserve a soul
From undeserv'd destruction, hast vouchsaf'd
To take Æmilia's shape—

Lod. What a poetical sheep is this! 'Slife, will you

110

stand rhyming there upon a stage, to be an eye-mark to all that pass? Is there not a chamber by? Withdraw, I say for shame; have you no shame in you? Here will come somebody presently, I lay my life on't.

Aur. Dear mistress, to avoid that likely danger 115
Vouchsafe me only private conference,
And 'tis the fulness of my present hopes.

Exeunt [Aurelio and Æmilia into the house]

Lod. Aurelio, Occasion is bald, take her by the forelock; so, so! In Hymen's name get you together, here will I stand sentinel. This is the back gate to Honorio's 120 house, which shall be Aurelio's, if God give him grace to weep for his father's death in time. And in this garden, if I could see the chaste Lucrece, or the affable mistress Temperance, I might, thus wrapped in my cloak, steal a little courtship through the chink of a pale. But, indeed, I think 125 it safer to sit closer, and so to cloud the [sun] of my visnomy that no eye discern it. (*He sits down and muffles himself in his cloak*) So be it, that's my resolution. Now to my contemplation, this is no pandarism, is it? No, for there is neither money nor credit proposed or expected, and be- 130 sides there is no unlawful act intended; no, not this same *lasciva actio animi*, I think for his part, much less hers; go to, let me do my kinswoman and her sex right. Sit at rest with me, then, Reputation, and, Conscience, fall asleep with the world; but this same idle attendance is the spite of it. 135 Idleness is accounted with other men a sin; to me 'tis a penance. I was begot in a stirring season, for now hath my soul a thousand fancies in an instant, as: what [a] wench dreams on when she lies on her back; when one hen lays an egg and another sits it, whether that hen shall mother 140 that chicken; if my bull leap your cow, is not the calf yours? Yes, no doubt, for *Ædificium cedit solo*, says the lawyer: and then to close all comes in a sentence, *Non omnia possumus omnes*: for some are born to riches, others to verses, some to be bachelors, others to be cuckolds, some to get crowns, 145 and others to spend 'em, some to get children, and others to keep 'em: and all this is but idleness. Would to God I had some scurvy poem about me to laugh at! (*Enter Temperance*) But mark, yonder's a motion to be seen.

Tem. Yonder he sits, i'faith, well done, true love! 150
Good Signor Leonoro, he keeps promise the best; he does not see me yet.

Lod. 'Tis the staid Madam Temperance. A pretty pin-nace she has been in her days, and in her nights too, for her burthen, and reasonable good under sail, and see she hath discovered a sail; see, see, she hales him in. Ha, 'tis this way to the rewards! Slight, 'tis this way! [*Exit Temperance*] I hope the bawd knows not me, and yet I know not; she may be a witch, for a whore she was before I knew her, a bawd I have known her any time this dozen years; the next step to honour then is a witch because of nature, for where the whore ends, the bawd begins, and the corruption of a bawd is the generation of a witch. And Pythagoras holds opinion that a witch turns to a wild cat, as an old ostler turns to an ambling nag.

Enter Leonoro muffled in his cloak with Lionello

Leo. This is the back gate, where Temperance should meet me at this hour.

Lion. I wonder she fails, for I see her not.

Leo. Why sits that fellow there, trow? Come, let's hover hereabouts, 'twill not be long ere we encounter.

Exit [with Lionello]

Lod. So, now this riddle is expounded; this bawd took me for this adventurer whom, twenty to one, she attended to waft him into Lucretia's chamber. What a beast was I not to apprehend this advantage! Thus muffled as I am she could not have perceived me till I had been in, and I might safely have stayed awhile without endangering my lovers. (*Enter Temperance stealing along the stage*) 'Slight, she takes me still for her first man!

Tem. Come, come, gingerly, for God's sake, gingerly.

Exeunt

Enter Leonoro and Lionello

Leo. See, Lionel, yet she is not come, and the privy attendant is gone.

Lion. I wonder what it was.

Leo. I fear me some other client of hers, whom she prefers before me. Come, we must not linger here too long together; we'll enter on this backside, to the Emperor's Head, where we will stay a little, and then make the last trial of this bawd's honesty.

Enter Quintiliano, Giovanello, and Fannio in their doublet and hose

Quint. Come, Ancient, let's leave our company a little, and air ourselves in this backside. Who goes there ?

Leo. A friend!

190

Quint. The word'?

Leo. God save you, Captain Quintiliano.!

Quint. Shoot him, Ancient, a spy! The word's the Emperor's Head, and thither you shall go, sir.

Leo. Pardon me, good Captain!

195

Gio. Come, be not retrograde to our desires.

Leo. I attend a friend of mine.

Quint. Th'ast attended him already, I am witness to't; deny't and he dare, whatsoe'er he be; and he shall attend thee another while, and he will. Th'art as good a man as 200 he, and he be the Duke himself, for a Clarissimo. Entertain him, Ancient, bid the Clarissimo welcome. I'll call a drawer, and we'll have some wine in this harbour. *Exit*

Gio. You are very welcome, Signor Clarissimo; desire you more acquaintance, sir.

205

Leo. My name is Leonoro, sir, and, indeed, I scarce know you.

Gio. No, sir; and you know me, you must know as much as I know, for *Scientia* and *Scientificus* is all one; but that's all one. In truth, sir, you shall not spend a penny 210 here; I had money, I thank God, even now, and peradventure shall have again ere we part. I have sent to a friend of mine.

Enter Quintiliano and a Drawer with a cup of wine and a towel

Quint. Here, honourable Clarissimo, I drink to thee.

Leo. Thank you, good Captain!

215

Quint. 'Sfoot, winesucker, what have you filled us here, balderdash? Taste, Leonoro!

Leo. Methinks 'tis sack.

Gio. Let us taste, sir. 'Tis claret, but it has been fetched again with aqua-vitæ.

220

Quint. 'Slight, methinks 't has taken salt water! Who drew this wine, you rogue?

Drawer. My fellow Sam drew it, sir; the wine's a good neat wine, but you love a pleasanter grape. I'll fit your palate, sir.

He stands close 225

Quint. Is this thy boy, Leonoro ?

Leo. For fault of a better, sir.

Quint. Afore heaven, 'tis a sweet-faced child, methinks he should show well in woman's attire.

' And he took her by the lily-white hand, 230
And he laid her upon a bed.'

I'll help thee to three crowns a week for him, and she can act well. Hast ever practised, my pretty Ganymede ?

Lion. No, nor never mean, sir !

Gio. Mean, sir ? No, marry, Captain, there will never 235
be mean in his practice, I warrant him !

Quint. Oh, finely taken ! Sirrah Clarissimo, this fellow was an arrant ass this forenoon, afore he came to be an ancient.

Leo. But where's your Lieutenant, Captain ? 240

Quint. Zounds, man, he's turned swaggerer.

Leo. Is't possible ?

Quint. Swaggerer, by this light, he ! And is in the next room writing a challenge to this tall gentleman, my Ancient, here. 245

Leo. What, mutinous in your own company ?

Quint. 'Sfoot, man, who can bridle the ass's valour ?

Gio. 'Sblood, and any man think to bridle me—

Leo. But what was the quarrel ?

Quint. Why, sir, because I entertained this gentleman 250
for my Ancient (being my dear friend and an excellent scholar) he takes pepper i'th' nose and sneezes it out upon my Ancient ; now, sir, he (being of an uncoal-carrying spirit) falls foul on him, calls him gull openly ; and ever since I am fain to drink with 'em in two rooms, dare not let 255
'em come together for my life, but with pen and ink-horns ; and so my Lieutenant is in the next chamber casting cold ink upon the flame of his courage to keep him from the blot of cowardice. (*Enter Innocentio*) See where he comes with his challenge. Good Clarissimo, hold my Ancient. 260

Leo. Good Ancient, forbear in a tavern !

Quint. Revenge, noble Lieutenant ! Hast thou done it ?

Inn. 'Slight, I think I have peppered him ! But 'twas his own seeking, you know. 265

Quint. That's certain !

Gio. Zounds, my seeking, sir ?

Quint. Hold him, Leonoro ; and, if it be possible, persuade him to hear the challenge from the enemy's own mouth. 27c

Leo. I'll undertake he shall, Captain. Good Ancient, let me entreat you.

Gio. Well, sir, because y'are a stranger to me, you shall do more with me.

Leo. Thank you, good Ancient ! 275

Quint. Read, fiery Lieutenant ; read, boy, legibly.

Inn. Here it is, sir : [*reads*] *Signor Giovanello, it is not ignorant unto you, that even now you crossed me over the cockscomb—*

Gio. I did so, sir ; I will not deny it, I warrant you ! 280

Leo. Good Ancient, peace !

Inn. *And that openly, or else it would never have grieved me—*

Quint. That openly was all, indeed !

Inn. *And, moreover, very unreverently, to call me gull and ass to my face. And therefore, though I held it good discretion in me to wink at the blow, not see[m]ing to take notice of it—* 285

Leo. Good discretion indeed !

Inn. *Yet know that I will have satisfaction from you—* 290

Gio. Well, sir, and you shall.

Quint. Nay, good Ancient, hear him !

Inn. *And desire you to send me word, whether you will maintain it or no, hoping that you will not offer that discourtesy to do me wrong, and stand to it when you have done—* 295

Leo. That were foul indeed !

Inn. *And as for the words, in that you called me gull and ass to my face, resolve me by letter (for I do not think fit we should meet) first, whether you spake any such words or no ; and, secondly, by whom you meant 'em. And if by me (as I think you durst not) confess you are sorry for 'em ; and if I have offended you, I heartily ask you forgiveness. And so farewell.* 300

Quint. Afore heaven, Ancient, this would have tickled you ! But, good Leonoro, and thou be'st a right Clarissimo, let's make 'em friends, and drink to one another. 'Sfoot, we have no wine here, methinks ! Where's this aperner ?

Drawer [*coming forward*]. Here, sir !

Quint. Have you mended your hand, sir ?

Drawer. Ay, Captain, and if this please not your taste, either you or I cannot taste a cup of wine. 310

Quint. Zounds, y'are very saucy, sir! Here, Lieutenant, drink to thy Ancient, and void mutinies with your officer; martial law is dangerous.

Inn. Is he content I should drink to him?

315

Leo. He is, I warrant thee!

Inn. Why, then, Ancient, good luck t'ye!

Gio. Let come, Lieutenant, I pledge you.

Quint. Why so, now my company is cured again afore 'twas wounded. Come, honourable Clarissimo, let's retire to our strength, taste a fresh carouse or two, and then march home with music. Tapster, call us in some music. 320

Drawer. I will, sir.

FINIS ACTUS TERTII

ACTUS QUARTUS

[SCENA PRIMA

Before the House of Quintiliano]

Enter Quintiliano, Leonoro, Innocentiò, Lionello, Fannio, with music

Quint. Strike up, scrapers! Honourable Clarissimo, and thy sweet Adonis, adieu! Remember our device at the show soon.

Leo. I will not fail, Captain; farewell t'ye both! Come, Lionel, now let us try the truth of Madam Temperance, and see if she attend us. 5

[*Lion.*] I hope by this time she remembers her promise, sir.

Exeunt Leonoro and Lionello

Quint. How now, Lieutenant, where's my Ancient?

Inn. Marry, Captain, y'ave left him casting the reckoning i' th' chimney. 10

Quint. Why, then, his purse and his stomach will be empty together, and so I cashier him; let the scholar report at Padua that Venice has other manner of learning belongs to it. What does his *Continuum et Contiguum* here? Let 'em go to the ink-pot and beware of the wine-pot. 15

'Fill red-cheek'd Bacchus, let the Bourdeaux grape Skip like la voltas in their swelling veins.'

Te dan, dan tidle, te dan de dan tidle didle, etc. [Dances] 20

Inn. O God, Captain, that I could dance so!

C:D.W.—II.

P

Quint. 'He took her by' (strike up, fiddlers!) 'the lily white hand, and he laid her upon the bed.' Oh, what a spirit have I now! I long to meet a sergeant in this humour; I would but have one whiff at one of these same pewter-buttoned shoulder-clappers to try whether this chopping-knife or their pestles were the better weapons. Here's a blade, boy; it was the old Duke's first predecessor's; I'll tell thee what, Lieutenant, this sword has dubbed more knights than thy knife has opened oysters.

Inn. Is't possible, Captain? And methinks it stands a little.

Quint. No matter for that, your best mettled blades will stand soonest.

So, now we have attain'd our mansion house,
At which I'll sing a verse shall break the doors.

'O noble Hercules, let no Stygian lake—'

Te dan, dan tidle, te dan de dan tidle didle, etc.

Farewell, scrapers, your reward now shall be that I will not cut your strings nor break your fiddles. *Via*, away!

Inn. Come, Captain, let's enter. I long to see my mistress; I warrant she's a heavy gentlewoman for your absence.

Quint. 'Sfoot, she's an ass! Honour woos me, preferment calls me, and I must lie pampered in a wench's lap, because she dotes on me. Honour says no, Lieutenant. *Pugna pro patria*; we must to't, i'faith, and seek our portion amongst the scratched faces.

Lor. (within). Mistress, mistress, is he gone?

Quint. Who's that calls there?

Inn. I heard nobody.

Quint. No? There was one called mistress; I say who called mistress? 'Sblood, I hope I am not drunk!

Fan. In truth, sir, I heard nobody.

Quint. I tell thee I smelt a voice here in my entry. 'Sfoot, I'll make it smell worse, and [I hear] it again. [*Exit*]

Inn. Oh me, he'll draw upon his own shadow in this humour, if it take the wall of him. Follow him, Fannio, look he do no harm, for God's sake!

Lor. [within] Help, help, help!

Inn. Name of God, what's there to do?

Enter Quintiliano [dragging in] Lorenzo

Lor. Good Captain, do not hurt me.

Quint. Zounds, is hell broke loose? Why, Snail, though you can sing songs and do things, Snail, I must not allow ye to creep into my wife's coal-house. What, Snail, into my withdrawing chamber? 65

Lor. I beseech your worship hear me speak.

Quint. Oh, Snail, this is a hard case; no room serve your turn but my wife's coal-house, and her other house of office annexed to it, a privy place for herself, and me sometimes, and will you use it, being a stranger? 'Slight, how comes this about? Up, sirrah, and call your mistress! 70

Lor. [*aside*] A plague of all disguises! *Exit* Fannio

Inn. Alas, poor Snail, what didst thou make here?

Lor. I protest, sir, for no harm! My mistress called me in to sweep her chimney, and because I did it not to her mind, she made me do penance in her coal-house. 75

Inn. Search him, Captain, and see if he have stolen nothing.

Lor. Kill me, hang me, if I have! 80

Quint. Yes, Snail; and besides, I hear complaints of you; y'are an old luxurious hummerer about wenches, Snail; does this become your gravity, sir? Lieutenant, fetch me a coal-sack; I'll put him in it, and hang him up for a sign. 85

Lor. I beseech your worship be good to me.

Inn. Good Captain, pardon him, since he has done nothing but swept your chimney worse than my mistress would have it swept; he will do it better another time.

Quint. Well, Snail, at this gentleman's request (to whom I can deny nothing) I release you for this once; but let me take you no more thus, I advise you. 90

Lor. Not while I live, good Captain!

Quint. Hence, trudge, you drudge, go away!

Lor. A plague of all disguises! *Exit* Lorenzo 95

: Enter Fannio

Fan. I have looked about all the house for my mistress, sir, but I cannot find her.

Quint. Go, then, look all about the town for her, too. Come in, Lieutenant, let's repose a little after our liquor.

Exeunt

[SCENA SECUNDA

*Behind the House of Lorenzo]**Enter Aurelio and Æmilia, above*

Aur. Dear life, be resolute that no respect,
 Heighted above the compass of your love,
 Depress the equal comforts it retains ;
 For since it finds a firm consent in both,
 And both our births and years agree so well, 5
 If both our aged parents should refuse,
 For any common object of the world,
 To give their hands to ours, let us resolve
 To live together like our lives and souls.

Æm. I am resolv'd, my love ; and yet, alas ! 10
 So much affection to my father's will
 Consorts the true desires I bear to you,
 That I would have no spark of our love seen
 Till his consent be ask'd, and so your father's.

Aur. So runs the mutual current of my wish ; 15
 And with such staid and circumspect respects
 We may so serve and govern our desires,
 That till fit observation of our fathers
 Prefer the motion to them, we may love
 Without their knowledge and the skill of any, 20
 Save only of my true friend Lodovic.

Æm. I wonder where he is ?

Aur. Not far, I know ;
 For in some place he watcheth to prevent
 The feared danger of your father's presence. [*They retire*]

Enter Lorenzo and Angelo, running

Ang. Zounds, stay, for the love of your honour, sir ! 25

Lor. A plague of all disguises, Angelo !

Ang. What reason have you to curse them ? Has not
 one of them kept you safe from the shame of the world, as
 much as a poor disguise might do ; but when your ridiculous
 fears will cast it off, even while it is on, so running through 30
 the streets that they rise all in an uproar after you, alas,
 what is the poor disguise to blame, sir ?

Lor. Well, then, Fortune is to blame, or something.
 Come, as thou didst help to daub me, help to cleanse me, I
 prithee !

Ang. Let alone awhile, sir, for God's sake! I'll go see whether the captain be gone from home or no.

Lor. Out upon that course, Angelo! I am frightened out of it. Come, enter my house, enter!

Ang. What, will you enter your house, sir, afore you know who is in it? Keep yourself close, and let me first enter and discover. 40

Lor. I know there is nobody.

Ang. You cannot know it, sir. I heard even now that divers of the Senate were determined to come and sit in council there. 45

Lor. A tale, a very tale, Angelo! Enter, for the love of heaven, enter and unsmother me. *Exit [into the house]*

Ang. What shall I do? My poor master is bewrayed. Oh, that same faithless Lodovic, that could drown the swaggering Captain no better in his drunkenness! Alas, how should I salve this? 50
Exit [into the house]

Enter Lorenzo, and after him Angelo.

Lor. How now, whom do I see? My daughter and a younker together? Passion of death, hell and damnation! What lecherous Capricorn reigns this unhappy day? 55
Old and young in a predicament? Oh, fie of filthy sin and concupiscence! I will conceal my rage a while that it may break forth in fury. I'll shift me presently, Angelo, and go fetch the Provost.

Ang. Oh, unspeakable madness! Will you for ever dishonour your daughter, and in her yourself, sir? 60

Lor. Talk not to me! Out upon this abominable concupiscence, this pride of the flesh, this witchcraft of the devil! Talk not to me, justice cries out on't in the streets, - *Henry* 65
and I will see it punished. Come, good Angelo, to help to shift me. *[Exit into the house]*

Ang. I'll follow you, sir, instantly. Master, master!
[Enter Aurelio and Æmilia above]

Aur. Angelo! What news?

Ang. Miserable master, cast down your ladder, and come down instantly. 70

Æm. Alas, why, Angelo, is my father coming?

Ang. Let us not talk, but come down, I say.

Aur. Dear life, farewell! We'll shortly meet again; So parts the dying body from the soul,
As I depart from my Æmilia. 75

Æm. So enter frightened souls to the low world,
As my poor spirit upon this sudden doubt,
What may succeed this danger.

Ang. Come away! You'll be whipped anon for your
amorosity. Haste, for shame, haste, etc. 80

Æm. Once more and ever, fare my dear life well!

Ang. Leave your amorous congés and get you in, dame.

Exit Æmilia [Aurelio descends]

Sir, you and I will talk as 'twere betwixt the pales. Now,
get you and shift you of this suit presently.

Aur. Shift me, Angelo? Why, man? 85

Ang. Ask me no questions, but go home and shift you
presently, and when I have done a little business here within,
I'll come and tell you my device: there hath more chanced
than you are aware of, and than I can stand to tell you;
away, therefore, presently! Go home and shift you. 90

Aur. Very good, sir; I will be ruled by you, and after
learn the mysteries. *Exit Aurelio*

Ang. Now will I let the little squire shift and cleanse
himself without me, that he may be longer about fetching
the Provost, and in the meantime will I take my master's 95
suit (of which the little squire took note) and put it on my
sweetheart, Franceschina, who shall presently come and
supply my master's place with his mistress; for the little
squire, amazed with his late affrights and this sudden offence-
ful spectacle of his daughter, took no certain note who it 100
was that accosted her; for if he had, he would have blamed
me for my master; only the colour of his garment sticks
in his fancy which when he shall still see where he left
it, he will still imagine the same person wears it, and thus
shall his daughter's honour and my master's be preserved 105
with the finest sugar of invention. And when the little squire
discovers my sweetheart, she shall swear she so disguised
herself to follow him, for her love to him. Ha, ha, ha! Oh,
the wit of man when it has the wind of a woman! *Exit*

Enter Lodovico and Lucretia, with rapiers, fighting

Lod. Hold, hold, I prithee hold! I yield my rapier, 110
Let my submission my presumption salve.

Luc. Ignoble Lodovic, should I take thy life,
It were amends too little for the wrong.

Lod. Oh, the precious heavens,
How was I gull'd! Ha[n]d, hide thyself for shame, 115

And henceforth have an eye before thy fingers !

Luc. Well, do not jest it out, for I protest
 If this disguise, which my inhuman fate
 Puts on my proper sex, be by thy means
 Seen through by any other than thyself, 120
 The quarrel twixt us shall be more than mortal,
 And thy dishonour to a friendless stranger
 (Exil'd his native country, to rem[a]in
 Thrall to the mercy of such unknown mi[n]ds
 As Fortune makes the rulers of my life) 125
 Shall spread itself beyond my misery.

Lod. Nay, mix not cause of mirth with passion ;
 Do me the grace t'unfold thy name and state,
 And tell me what my whole estate may do
 To salve this wrong unwittingly I did thee, 130
 And set the plaintive thoughts of thy hard fate
 In such peace as my friendship may procure.
 And if I fail thee, let Jove fail my soul
 When most this earth makes it need help of heaven.

Luc. In [this you] more than temper my late rage 135
 And show your virtues perfectly deriv'd
 From the Venetian noblesse ; for my name,
 It is Lucretio, which to fit this habit
 I turn'd Lucretia : the rest that rests
 To be related of my true estate, 140
 I'll tell some other time, lest now your presence
 Might dumbly tell it (if it should be seen)
 To all the world, or else make it suspect
 My female life of lightness ; then with thanks
 And vow of all true friendship for th'amends 145
 Your kindness makes me, take your sword again,
 And with it, while I live, the power of mine
 In any honour'd use [you] shall command.
 Then till we meet, and may laugh at this error,
 I'll once more try the free peace of my chamber. *Exit* 150

Lod. Do so, sweet friend. A plague of Gingerly !
 Where is that stale and fulsome Gingerly ?
 She brought me to a fury, I'll be sworn,
 Rather than man or woman—a flat beating.
 I found her suppos'd mistress fast asleep, 155
 Put her to the touchstone, and she prov'd a man ;
 He wak'd, and with a more than manly spirit
 Flew in my face, and gave me such a dash,

Instead of kissing, of these liquorish lips
 That still my teeth within them bleed, I swear. *He spits* 160
 G[i]ngerly, Gingerly, a plague o' you! *He spits again*
 But, now, how does my lovers on the terrace?

Enter Aurelio with Angelo, shifting his apparel

Aur. Hold, take my doublet, too, my hat and all, and quickly hie thee to thy sweet.

Ang. Zounds, see, sir, see, your proper sentinel, that 165
 when you needed him gave you a slip.

Aur. Friend Lodovico, by my life! Well welcome to this my father's backside!

Lod. Well, sir, well! I would I had kissed almost your father's backside, so I had never known it. 170

Ang. O' my life, he faints extremely; he left you even now to purchase him the amorous interview of your fair coz Lucretia that lies here.

Aur. God's me, sweet friend, wouldst thou use such a slight to any one that lay within my walk? Who was thy 175
 mean to her?

Ang. I lay my life, tame Madam Temperance, the notorious pandar.

Aur. 'Sfoot, friend, what a notorious oversight was that, and what a violent injury unto thy friend! 180

Lod. A plague upon you both! You scurvy hind, Have you no gull but me to whet your wit upon?

Aur. My friend a privy lover? I'd have sworn Love might spend all his shafts at butterflies As well as at his bosom. 185

Ang. 'Twas your fault then; For I have noted a most faithful league Betwixt him and his barber now of late; And all the world may see he does not leave One hair on his smooth chin, as who should say His hapless love was gone against the hair. 190

Lod. [*aside*] 'Sblood, and these rogues knew how I was deceiv'd, They'd flout me into motley, by this light!

Ang. Well, sir, I ever thought y'ad the best wit Of any man in Venice, next mine own, But now I'll lay the bucklers at your feet. 195

Lod. A pox upon thee, tame your b[o]ld-hewed tongue, Or, by the Lord of heaven, I'll pull it out!

Aur. Oh, my sweet friend, come, I'll know more of this,
And tell thee all our fortune. Hence, good Angelo!

Ang. Oh, if this man had patience to his brain, 200
A man might load him till he smart again. *Exit* Angelo

[*Aur.*] Patience, worthy friend!

He knows you love him for his knavish wit. *Exeunt*

Enter Leonoro, Temperance, and Lionello

Leo. Thou shalt not stay, sweet Temperance; tell us
the manner of our war, and we'll leave thee presently. 205

Tem. Why, that [per'lous] man, Lodovic, according to
your appointment was jump at three with me, just, e'en full
at your hour; muffled as I willed you, e'en your fashion
and your very leg for all the earth, and followed me in so
gingerly, that, by my troth, I must needs say he was worthy 210
the pleasuring; but in what a taking was I when I perceived
his voice, and when I saw my mistress and he together by
the ears!

Leo. What, did thy mist[r]ess fight with him?

Tem. O King o' Heaven, she ran upon his naked weapon 215
the most finely that ever lived, and I ran away in a swoon
for fear.

Leo. Has she a good courage?

Lion. It seems she is too honest for our companies. A
little more, good Temperance. 220

Tem. And when he saw me, he called me punk and
pandar and doxy and the vilest nicknames, as if I had been
an arrant naughty-pack.

Leo. 'Tis no matter, Temperance; he's known and thou
art known. 225

Tem. I thank heaven for it, and there's all indeed; I
can stay no longer. *Exit*

Leo. Farewell, honest Temperance! How was it pos-
sible Lodovico should fit all these circumstances without
the confederacy and treachery of this beldam? Well, Lodo- 230
vico must satisfy this doubt when I see him.

Lion. That will be at the May-night show at Signor
Honorio's.

Leo. I would not meet him there, I shall offend him;
but there I must needs be, and have thee disguised like a 235
woman.

Lion. Me, sir?

Leo. No remedy; the Captain Quintiliano and I have

devised it to gull his lieutenant ; for thou shalt dance with him, we will thrust him upon thee, and then for his courting 240 and gifts, which we will tell him he must win thee withal, I hope thou wilt have wit enough to receive the tone and pay him again with the tother. Come, Lionel, let me see how naturally thou canst play the woman. *Exit*

Lion. Better than you think for.

[*Exit*] 245

[SCENA TERTIA

Before the house of Quintiliano]

Enter Quintiliano and Innocentio

Quint. Come, Lieutenant, this nap has set a nap of sobriety upon our brains ; now let's sit here and consult what course were best for us to take in this dangerous mansion of man's life.

Inn. I am for you, i'faith, Captain, and you go to consult 5 once.

Quint. I know it, Lieutenant. Say then, what think'st thou ? We talked of employment, of action, of honour, of a company, and so forth.

Inn. Did we so, Captain ?

Quint. Did we so, ass ? 'Sfoot, wert thou drunk afore thou went'st to the tavern, that thou hast now forgotten it ?

Inn. Cry you mercy, good Captain ; I remember I am your Lieutenant. 15

Quint. Well, sir, and so thou shalt be called still, and I Captain, though we never lead other company than a sort of quart pots.

Inn. Shall we, Captain ? By th' mass, then let's never have other company indeed ! 20

Quint. Why, now th'art wise, and hast a mind transformed with main right ; and to confirm thee I will compare the noble service of a feast with the honourable service of the field, and then put on thy hand to which thou wilt.

Inn. Thank you, good Captain ; but do you think that war is naught, sir ? 25

Quint. Exceeding naught !

Inn. Why, then, sir, take heed what you say, for 'tis dangerous speaking against anything that is naught, I can tell you. 30

Quint. Thou say'st wisely, Lieutenant; I will not then use the word naught, nor speak ill of either, but compare them both, and choose the better.

Inn. Take heed, then, good Captain; there be some prick-eared intelligencers conveyed into some wall or other about us. 35

Quint. If there were, I care not; for to say true, the first model of a battle was taken from a banquet. And first touching the offices of both: for the general of the field, there is the master of the feast; for the lieutenant-general, the mistress; for the sergeant-major, the steward; for the gentleman-usher, the marshal; for master o' th' ordinance, the sewer, and all other officers. 40

Inn. Yet y'are reasonable well, Captain.

Quint. Then for the preparation: as in a field is all kind of artillery, your cannon, your demi-cannon, culverins, falcons, sakers, minions, and such goodly ornaments of a field—I speak no hurt of 'em thou seest, I'll have nothing to do with 'em— 45

Inn. Hold you still there, Captain! 50

Quint. Besides other munition of powder and shot; and so for the feast, you have your court-cupboards planted with flagons, cans, cups, beakers, bowls, goblets, basins, and ewers, and [a] more glorious show, I wis, than the tother—and yet I speak no hurt of the other.— 55

Inn. No, I'll be sworn, Captain!

Quint. Besides your munition of manchet, napery, plates, spoons, glasses, and so forth; then for your kitchen artillery, there shall you see all your brass pieces mounted in order, as your beef-pots, your chaldrons, your kettles, chafing-dishes, ladles, spits, a more edifying spectacle than your cannon and culverin—and yet I speak no hurt of them neither. 60

Inn. No, Captain, thus far I go wi'ye.

Quint. Then, sir, as in the field the drum, so to the feast the dresser gives the alarm, *ran tan tara, tan tan tantara tan!* 65

Inn. Oh, how it stirs my stomach!

Quint. First then sets forward a wing of light horse, as salads, broths, sauces, stewed meats, and other kickshaws, and they give a charge; then do the battle join, Captain Capon in white-broth, Lieutenant Calf's-head— 70

Inn. That's my place.

Quint. Ancient Sirloin, a man of a goodly presence, and full of expectation, as you[r] Ancient ought to be. Then have you Sergeant Piemeat, Corporal Cony, Lance-prisado Lark, Gentleman Pan[*cake*], and all the species of a company. 75

Inn. Would we might fall to the fight once !

Quint. Why, now grows the fight hot, man ; now shall you see many a tall piece of beef, many a tough capon go down, and here's the trial of a man's stomach ; all the while the artillery plays on both hands, the cannons lay about them, the flagons go off thick and threefold, and many a tall man goes halting off, some quite overthrown both horse and foot. 80 85

Inn. Oh, my heart bleeds !

Quint. That is, thy teeth water. In conclusion, as the remnant of the feast (I mean such dishes as scaped the fury of the fight) if they be serviceable, are reserved to furnish out another day ; if they be maimed or spoiled, they are sent abroad to relieve prisons and hospitals : so the remainder of the fight, if they be serviceable, they are reserved to supply a second field ; for the fragments of the fight, viz. the maimed soldiers, they are sent likewise to furnish prisons and hospitals. How sayest thou now, Lieutenant, shall we to the feast, or to the fight ? 90 95

Inn. No fighting, good Captain ; to the feast, for God's sake !

Quint. Th'art o' my mind, right, and so will we presently march on to the sack of the Emperor's Head, then to the May-night feast and show at Signor Honorio's ; and there will be a wench there, boy, a delicate young morsel, a kinswoman of Signor Honorio's, and her father's only child, he a mighty rich Clarissimo, and her shalt thou court, win her and wear her ; thou hast wit at will. 100 105

Inn. But shall that wench be her father's son and heir, Captain ?

Quint. She shall be his heir, o' mine honesty !

Inn. But shall not my mistress, your wife, be at that show ? 110

Quint. She shall, and we could find her ; Fannio has been abroad this hour to seek her ; the ass is stepped into some corner or other, mourning for my absence.

Enter Angelo, and Franceschina in disguise

See, who comes here ?

Ang. Come, coz, march fair, methinks thou becom'st a 115
page excellent naturally; cheer up thy heart, wench!

Kiss her

Fran. Fie, for shame! Kiss in the streets?

Ang. Why not? Truth seeks no corners, and 'twas a true
love's kiss, and so is this.

Quint. Ware riot! Dost thou mark, Lieutenant? 120

Fran. God's pity, my husband!

Exeunt Franceschina, Angelo

Inn. What were these, Captain?

Quint. Upon my life, the hindermost of them is a wench
in man's attire. Didst thou not mark, besides his slabbering
about her, her big thighs and her splay feet? 125

Inn. By the meskin, methought they were so, indeed!

Quint. 'Slife, the hungry knave, her squire, could not hold
in the open streets.

Inn. What should she be?

Quint. The doxy was muffled in her cloak. I had but a 130
glimpse of her; but, 'slicht, I will know her, she passes not so!
Come, we'll follow. I'll beat the rogue, and take away's
whore from him. *Exeunt*

[SCENA QUARTA

Behind the house of Lorenzo]

Enter Angelo and Franceschina

Ang. Come, courage, coz, we have sailed the man-of-
war out of sight, and here we must put into harbour. Hist!
Ha! Æmilia! [*Enter Æmilia above*]

Æm. O, welcome, good Angelo!

Ang. Here, take in. Go, get up lightly; away! Take 5
heed you slip not, coz, remember y'are short-heeled.

Fran. Hold fast, for God's sake! [*She mounts*]

Ang. Nay, hold you fast, you'll shame us all else. So,
Jove receive thy soul! I take away the ladder. Now, till
you have deceived the Provost, farewell; remember your 10
lesson, coz. *Exit*

Fran. I warrant you! [*Exit with Æmilia*]

Enter Quintiliano and Innocentio

Quint. How unhappily did we miss 'em! They slipped
into some vaulting-house, I hold my life!

Inn. Faith, it's good we missed 'em; she was some stale 15
punk, I warrant her!

Quint. Twenty to one she is some honest man's wife of the parish, that steals abroad for a trimming, while he sits secure at home, little knowing, God knows, what hangs over his head, the poor cuckold esteeming her the most virtuous wife in the world. And should one tell him he had seen her dressed like a page, following a knave thus, I'll lay my life he would not believe it. 20

Inn. Why no, Captain, wives take all the faith from their husbands. And that makes 'em do so many good works as they do. 25

Quint. Mercy for that, i'faith, Lieutenant! Stand close. [They retire]

Enter Fannio and Giacomo

Fan. My mistress in man's apparel, say'st thou?

Gia. Thy mistress in man's apparel, I assure thee, and attended by Angelo. 30

Fan. Would to heaven I had seen her! Canst tell whither she went?

Gia. Full-butt into Lorenzo's house, and if thou knew'st him, thou know'st wherefore; an ill-favoured trimming is her errand. 35

Fan. 'Tis very well, she trims my Captain prettily; in the meantime his head pays for all, and yet, alas, poor horn-stock, he thinks her to have no fault, but her too much dotage upon him. Well, my conscience will not let me keep her counsel, he shall know on't. 40

Gia. Why, man, if both of us should tell him her fault, he will not believe us.

Fan. No, nor if he had seen it with his own eyes, I think. I shall never forget how the profound cockatrice hung on his sleeve to-day, and he should not from her sight, she'd follow him into the wars, one day should make an end of both their loves and lives. And then to see him, the wittol; my Captain began to strut, and battle the pride of his merits that so heightened her affection. 45

Gia. True, and how the foppasty, his Lieutenant, stepped in to persuade with her, to take it patiently, for friends must part, we came not all together, and we must not go all together. 50

Fan. Well, 'twill not be for any man to follow him, if this were known once. 55

Gia. Lord, how all the boys in the town would flock about

him as he walks the streets, as 'twere about a bagpipe, and hoot the poor cuckold out of his horn-case!

Fan. Well, and I were worthy to give him counsel, he should e'en fair-and-well hang himself. 60

Gia. No, no, keep it from him, and say thou found'st her at a woman's labour.

Fan. A plague of her labour! The Captain's brows sweat while she labours.

Gia. If I were in thy case, I should laugh outright when I saw him. 65

Fan. That dare not I do, but as often as he turns his back to me, I shall be here V with him [*making horns*], that's certain; or when I follow him and his cheating stock, Innocentio, in the streets, I shall imagine still I am driving an ox and an ass before me, and cry phtroh, ho, pthrough! 70

Inn. 'Slight, Captain, take this and take all!

Quint. Not a word for the world, for if we should take notice of his words, the slave would deny all; leave it to me to sift it in private. [*advancing*] Now, sir, what news with you? Where's your mistress, that you can range thus at your pleasure? 75

Fan. In health, sir, I trust.

Quint. Come forward, you rogue, you, come forward, whither creep you behind so? Where's your mistress, sir? 80

Fan. At a poor woman's labour, sir.

Quint. Very well, sir! Come, Lieutenant, go you afore, and do you follow him, sir.

Fan. What, afore my Captain, sir? You shall pardon me.

Quint. Afore, you rogue, afore! *Exeunt* 85

FINIS ACTUS QUARTI

ACTUS QUINTUS

[SCENA PRIMA

A Hall in the House of Honorio]

Enter Honorio, Lorenzo, Gasparo, and Angelo

Hon. Signor Lorenzo, and Gasparo, y'are very welcome; we shall have good company and sport to entertain you, ere long, I hope; shall we not, Angelo?

Ang. Yes, sir, I have invited all you commanded me.

Lor. This is the honest man, indeed, that took the pains to come for me. 5

Gas. And for me also.

Ang. No pains, but pleasure, sir ; I was glad I had such good means to be known to your worship.

Lor. Nay, I have known you before to be the servant of Signor Honorio here, I take it. 10

Hon. Not my servant, Signor Lorenzo, but my son's.

Lor. Oh, your son Aurelio's servant ? Believe me, you or your son (in mine opinion, though I say it before him) made good choice of him ; for he hath a good honest face, and to a man of judgment, I tell you, that's as good as a good surety for him. I will be better acquainted with you, sir ; pray you give me your hand. 15

Ang. Both my hand and heart, sir, shall be ever at your service. 20

Lor. Thanks, my good friend ; I'll make thee laugh anon, Angelo.

Ang. I thank your worship, you have done so often.

Hon. [*aside*] A notable wag, Signor Gasparo !

Gas. [*aside*] How curiously Lorenzo thinks he carries the matter. 25

Lor. How now, gentlemen, is't a merry secret that you smile so ?

Hon. No secret, Signor Lorenzo, but a merry conceit we were thinking on to furnish our show anon, if it had been thought on in time. 30

Lor. What was that, I pray ?

Hon. Marry, sir, we had good sport to-day with Snail, the chimney-sweeper

Lor. Had you so, sir ? 35

Gas. That ever was !

Lor. Lord, that I had been amongst you ! But what more of him, sir ?

Hon. Marry, sir, we were thinking how we might merrily deceive our company that is to come, if we could have gotten him some Magnifico's suit of the city, whom for his little stature and lean face he might resemble, that in that habit he might have stolen some kind favours from the ladies, to make him amends and please him for the anger we put him in. 40

Lor. It would have made excellent merriment. 45

Ang. You are his best master, sir, and if it please you to send me for him by some token, I'll go for him ; otherwise he will not come to these gentlemen.

Lor. Shall he come, gentlemen ?

Ambo. If you please, sir.

50

Lor. Why then, heark thee, Angelo—[*aside*] Not for the world!

Ang. [*aside*] Think you me such an ass, sir?

Lor. Shall he have one of my little brother's suits, and come in amongst the dames for him?

55

Hon. If you could, it would fit him exceedingly.

Lor. Much! [*aside*] Now laugh, Angelo. What gentleman was that I spied aloft with my daughter, think'st thou?

Ang. [*aside*] I know not, sir; I beseech your worship who was it?

60

Lor. [*aside*] Frank, in man's apparel, Angelo.

Ang. [*aside*] O wonderful!

Lor. We cannot invent a token. [*aside*] For my love, Angelo.

Ang. [*aside*] O excellent!

65

Lor. We will hit it anon, gentlemen!

Ambo. At your leisure, sir.

Lor. [*aside*] The swaggerer, her husband, had note of it by his page, and yet the same page hath persuaded him since that 'twas but a gullery.

70

Ang. [*aside*] 'Tis a notable crack; and his master hath such a pure belief in his wife, that he's apt to believe any good of her.

Lor. [*aside*] True, Angelo; enough for this time; thou shalt make as if thou went'st for Snail, and return without him, saying thou canst not find him.

75

Ang. [*aside*] Agreed, sir!

Lor. Now, gentlemen, we have devised a wile to bring Snail amongst us, and I have given Angelo order for a suit for him, that is my little brother's, and him he shall counterfeit. Go, Angelo, seek him out.

80

Ang. I will, sir.

Exit Angelo

Hon. Thank you for this, good Signor Lorenzo.

Gas. It will quicken the company well.

Enter Æmilia, Lionello [*in a woman's dress*], Franceschina, and another woman

Lor. For their sakes and yours I have done it, gentlemen; and see, the fair flock come upon us.

85

Hon. Welcome, fair ladies, but especially you, lady, [*to* Lionello] that are so mere a stranger. Signor Lorenzo, you know young Leonoro?

Lor. Very well, sir ; a gallant spark. 9

Gas. And I think you know his father.

Lor. Know him? I'faith, sir, there was a reveller, I shall never see man do his lofty tricks like him while I live.

Hon. This gentlewoman is his niece, sir.

Lor. His niece? She shall do herself wrong not to be acquainted with her dear uncle's companion. *Kiss her* 9.

Gas. You know not this gentlewoman, sir?

Lor. Not very well, sir, indeed, but entertainment must be given. [*aside*] Mercy, Frank, for thy man's apparel, a plague of all swaggering husbands!—Nay, I must forth, 100
i'faith, Signor Honorio; this is for your sake. Am I not a kind help to your entertainment?

Hon. An exceeding kind one, sir, and I exceedingly thank you.

Enter Messenger

Mes. The masquers are come, sir. 105

Hon. Do you and your fellows attend them in.

Mes. We will, sir. *Exit Messenger*

Hon. Sit, gentle ladies, till the masquers raise you to dance.

Enter Aurelio, Leonoro, Quintiliano, and Innocentio, in a masque dancing

Hon. Welcome, gallants! Oh, the room's too scant; a hall, gentlemen! 110

Leo. [*aside*] See how womanly my boy looks, Quintiliano.

Quint. [*aside*] 'Twill be rare sport.—Lieutenant, that sweet wench in the branched gown is the heir I told thee of.

Inn. God's me, I'll to her and kiss her!

Quint. Oh no, you must not unmask. 115

Inn. No, no, I'll kiss her with my mask and all.

Leo. No, Lieutenant, take her and court her first, and then kiss her.

Omnes. To her, slave!

Aur. There's thy wife too, Quintiliano. 120

Quint. True; little knows she I am so near her. I'll single her out, and try what entertainment a stranger may find with her.

Aur. Do so, and we'll take up the tother. *They dance.*

Enter Angelo

Ang. I can by no means find Snail, sir. 125

Hon. The worse luck, but what remedy?

Lor. Gramercy, Angelo ; but Signor [Honorio] methinks I miss one flower in this female garland.

Hon. Who's that ?

Lor. Your niece, Lucretia.

130

Hon. By my soul, 'tis true ! What's the reason, Angelo, Lucretia is not here ?

Ang. I know no reason but her own will, sir.

Gas. There's somewhat in it, certain. *They dance again*

Inn. Did you see the play to-day, I pray ?

135

Lion. No, but I see the fool in it here.

Inn. Do you so, forsooth ? Where is he, pray ?

Lion. Not far from you, sir ; but we must not point at anybody here.

Inn. That's true indeed, cry mercy forsooth ! Do you know me through my mask ? 140

Lion. Not I, sir ; she must have better skill in baked meats than I, that can discern a woodcock through the crust.

Inn. That's true, indeed, but yet I thought I'd try you. 145

They dance. Enter Lodovico

Lor. What, nephew Lodovic, I thought you had been one of the masquers.

Lod. I use no masking, sir, with my friends.

Hon. No, Signor Lodovic ; but y'are a very truant in your school of friendship, that come so late to your friends. 150

Gas. Somewhat has crossed him, sure.

Leo. Somewhat shall cross him. Lodovico, let me speak with you.

Lod. With me, sir ?

Leo. You are the man, sir, I can scarce say the gentleman, for you have done a wrong the credit of a gentleman cannot answer. 155

Lod. Would I might see his face, that durst say so much.

Leo. Observe him well, [*unmasking*] he shows his face that will prove it when thou dar'st. 160

Aur. How now, Leonoro, you forget yourself too much, to grow outrageous in this company.

Leo. Aurelio, do not wrong me and yourself ; I undertake your quarrel. This man hath dishonoured your kinswoman, Lucretia, whom (if I might) I intended to marry. 165

Aur. Some error makes you mistake, Leonoro, I assure myself.

Hon. What interruption of our sport is this, gentlemen ?

Lor. Are not my nephew and Leonoro friends ?

Lod. He charges me with dishonouring his mistress, 170
Lucretia.

Hon. By'r lady, Lodovico, the charge touches you deeply !
You must answer it.

Lod. I only desire I may, sir, and then will refer me to
your censures. 175

Lor. Well, nephew, well, will you never leave this your
haunt of fornication ? I school him, and do all I can, but
all is lost.

Lod. Good uncle, give me leave to answer my other
accuser, and then I'll descend and speak of your fornication 180
as the last branch of my division.

Lor. Very well, be brief.

Lod. I will, sir. The ground upon which this man builds
his false imagination is his sight of me at Honorio's back gate
since dinner, where, muffled in my cloak, kind Madam 185
Temperance, the attendant of Lucretia, from the terrace
wafted me to her with her hand, taking me (as now I under-
stand) for this honest gentleman. I, not knowing what use
she had to put me to, obeyed the attraction of her signal, as
gingerly as she bade me (a plague upon her gingerly !) till 190
she locked me into Lucretia's chamber, where Lucretia lying
asleep on her bed, I thought it rudeness to wake her, and
(imagining when she waked she had something to say to me)
attended her leisure at my ease, and lay down softly by her ;
when (having chaster and simpler thoughts than Leonoro 195
imagines because he measures my waist by his own) in the
very coldness and dulness of my spirit, I fell suddenly asleep.
In which my fancy presented me with the strangest dream
that ever yet possessed me.

Lor. Pray God you did but dream, nephew ! 200

Lod. You shall know that by knowing the event of it.

Hon. Go to, pray let us hear it !

Lod. Methought Lucretia and I were at maw ; a game,
uncle, that you can well skill of.

Lor. Well, sir, I can so. 205

Lod. You will the more muse at my fortune, or my
oversights ; for my game stood, methought, upon my last
two tricks, when I made sure of the set, and yet lost it, having
the varlet and the five finger to make two tricks.

Lor. How had that been possible ? 210

Hon. That had been no misfortune, sure, but plain oversight.

Gas. But what was the reason you thought you lost it, sir ?

Lod. You shall hear : she had in her hand the ace of hearts, 215
methought, and a coat-card ; she led the board with her coat,
I played the varlet and took up her coat, and meaning to lay
my five finger upon her ace of hearts, up starts a quite contrary
card ; up she rises withal, takes me a dash o' the mouth, drew
a rapier he had lay by him, and out of doors we went together 220
by the ears.

Hon. A rapier he had lay by him ?

Lor. What, a she turned to a he ? Dost thou not dream
all this while, nephew ?

Lod. No, nor that time neither, though I pretended it. 225
Let him be fetched ; I warrant you he will show as good cards
as the best on you to prove him an heir male, if he be the
eldest child of his father.

Hon. This is exceeding strange. Go, Angelo, fetch her
and her handmaid. 230

Ang. I will, sir, if her valour be not too hot for my
fingers. *Exit*

Hon. Could such a disguise be made good all this while
without my knowledge ? To say truth, she was a stranger 235
to me, her father being a Sicilian, fled thence for a disastrous
act ; and coming hither, grew kindly acquainted with me,
and called me brother, at his death committing his supposed
daughter to my care and protection till she were restored to
her estate in her native country.

Lor. Was he in hope of it ? 240

Hon. He was, and in near possibility of it himself, had he
lived but little longer.

Enter Angelo, and Lucretio [in man's dress, Temperance]

Ang. Here's the gentlewoman you talked of, sir ; nay, you
must come forward too, grave Mistress Temperance.

Lod. How now, sir ! Who wants gentility now, I be- 245
sech you ?

Leo. Who have we here ?

Luc. Stand not amazed, nor disparage him. You see, sir,
this habit truly doth suit my sex, howsoever my hard fortunes
have made me awhile reject it. 250

Hon. What hard fortunes ?

Luc. Those you know of my father, sir, who feared my following of him in my native likeness to the haven, where he by stealth embarked us, would have discovered him, his offence being the slaughter of a gentleman that would have slain him. 255

Hon. But did you not tell me you were betrothed before this misfortune happened to a young gentleman of Sicily, called Theagines ?

Luc. I told you I was betrothed to one Theagine, not Theagines, who indeed was a woman. 260

Lion. And yet whosoever had seen that Theagine since might have taken him for a man.

Luc. Do you know her, gentlewoman ?

Lion. It seems you will not know her.

[*unmasking and embracing* Lucretio]

Leo. Hark how my boy plays the knave with her. 265

Quint. A noble rogue ! 'Sfoot, Lieutenant, wilt thou suffer thy nose to be wiped of this great heir ?

Inn. 'Slight, sir, you are no handkercher, are you ?

Luc. Prithee forbear ! [Not] more happy than unlooked for is this dear accident. Adopted and noble father, this 270 is the gentlewoman to whom I told you I was betrothed ; the happy news she had to relate to me made her a traveller, the more search of her passage made her a page, and her good fortune obtained her—this honest gentleman to her master, who, I thank him, [I] being as he supposed me, loved me. 275
Accept us both for your children.

Hon. Most gladly, and with no less care than mine own protect you.

Quint. 'Sfoot, how now, Leonoro ? New fireworks ?

Lod. N[o]w, sir, who wants gentility ? This is a gentle- 280
manly part of you to keep a wench in a page's furniture.

Leo. It was more than I knew, sir ; but this shall be a warning to me while I live, how I judge of the instrument by the case again.

Luc. Nay, it is you, friend Lodovico, that are most to 285
blame, that, holding the whole feminine sex in such contempt, would yet play the pickpurse, and steal a poor maid's maidenhead out of her pocket sleeping.

Leo. 'Twas but to cozen me.

Aur. And to be before me in love. 290

Lor. And to laugh at me.

Lod. Nay, jest not at me, sweet gentles. I used plain and
mannerly dealing ; I neither used the brokage of any (as you

know who did, Leonoro) nor the help of a ladder to creep in at a wench's chamber-window (as you know who did, Aurelio) 295
nor did I case myself in buckram and cry chimney-sweep (where are you, uncle ?) but I was trained to it by this honest matron here.

Tem. Meddle not with me, sir.

Luc. I am beholding to her ; she was loath to have me 300
lead apes in hell.

Quint. [*aside to Franceschina*] Look that you keep promise with me, lady. When will thy husband be from home ?

Fran. Not so soon as I would wish him ; but whensoever you shall be welcome. 305

Quint. [*unmasking*] I very kindly thank you, lady.

Fran. God's me, I took you for Signor Placentio !

Quint. 'Sfoot, thou liest in thy throat ! Thou knew'st me as well as myself.

Hon. What, Signor Quintilian and friend Innocentio ? I 310
looked not for you here, and y'are much the better welcome.

Quint. Thanks, dad Honorio. [*to Lorenzo*] And lives my little squire ? When shall I see thee at my house, lad ?

Lor. [*aside*] A plague o' your house ! I was there too lately. 315

Lod. See, lordings, here's two will not let go till they have your consents to be made surer.

Lor. By my soul, and because old Gasparo here has been so cold in his love-suit, if she be better pleased with Aurelio, and his father with her, heaven give abundance of good 320
with him.

Hon. So you stand not too much upon goods, I say amen.

Lor. Faith, use him as your son and heir, and I desire no more.

Hon. So will I, of mine honour. Are you agreed, youths ? 325

Ambo. And most humbly gratulate your high favours.

Gas. Faith, and Jove give 'em joy together for my part !

Lod. Yet is here another nail to be driven. Here's a virtuous matron, Madam Temperance, that is able to do much good in a commonwealth ; a woman of good parts, sells complexion, helps maids to services, restores maidenheads, brings 330
women to bed, and men to their bedsides—

Tem. By my faith, but, *sauve votre grace*, sir.

Lod. Hath drinks for love, and gives the diet.

Tem. By'r lady, and that's not amiss for you, sir ! 335

Lod. For me, with a plague t'ye ?

Tem. No, nor for any man that's not sound, I mean, sir.

[*Quint.*] 'Sfoot, masters, these be good parts in the old wench! Wilt thou have her, Lieutenant? She'll be a good stay to the rest of thy living; the gallants will all honour thee at thy house, I warrant thee! 340

Inn. 'Fore God, Captain, I care not if I have!

Tem. Well, young gentleman, perhaps it should not be the worst for you.

Quint. Why, law! Thy virtues have won her at first sight; 345 she shall not come to thee empty, for I'll promise thee that I'll make her able to bid any gentleman welcome to a piece of mutton and rabbit at all times.

Lor. By'r lady, a good ordinary!

Quint. Thou't visit sometimes, dad? 350

Lor. That I will, i'faith, boy, in authority wise.

Quint. Why, then, strike hands, and if the rest be pleas'd, Let all hands strike as these have struck afore, And with round echoes make the welkin roar. *Exeunt*

FINIS ACTUS QUINTI ET ULTIMI

THE GENTLEMAN USHER

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Duke Alphonso
Prince Vincentio, *his son*
Medice, *his favourite*
Strozza, *a Lord*
Poggio, *his nephew*
Earl Lasso, *an old Lord*
Bassiolo, *gentleman usher*
to Lasso
Fungus, *a servant of Lasso*
Benevemus, *a doctor*
Sarpego, *a pedant*
Julio, *a courtier*
A servant of *Medice*

Cynanche, *wife of Strozza*
Cortezza, *sister of Lasso*
Margaret, *daughter of Lasso*
Ancilla.
Attendants, servants, hunts-
men, guards, two pages,
maids
Figures in the Masques
Enchanter, Spirits,
Sylvanus, A Nymph, Broom-
man, Rush-man, Broom-
maid, Rush-maid, a man-
bug, a woman-bug.

The Gentleman Usher

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA

[*Before the House of Strozza*]

Enter Strozza, Cynanche, and Poggio

Stro. Haste, nephew ; what, a sluggard ? Fie, for shame !
Shall he that was our morning cock, turn owl,
And lock out daylight from his drowsy eyes ?

Pog. Pray pardon me for once, lord uncle, for I'll be sworn
I had such a dream this morning : methought one came with
a commission to take a sorrel curtal that was stolen from him,
wheresoever he could find him. And because I feared he would
lay claim to my sorrel curtal in my stable, I ran to the smith
to have him set on his mane again and his tail presently, that
the commission-man might not think him a curtal. And
when the smith would not do it, I fell a-beating of him, so that
I could not wake for my life till I was revenged on him. 5 10

Cyn. This is your old valour, nephew, that will fight
sleeping as well as waking.

Pog. 'Slud, aunt, what if my dream had been true (as it
might have been for anything I knew) ! There's never a smith
in Italy shall make an ass of me in my sleep, if I can choose. 15

Stro. Well said, my furious nephew ; but I see
You quite forget that we must rouse to-day
The sharp-tusk'd boar ; and blaze our huntsmanship
Before the Duke. 20

Pog. Forget, lord uncle ? I hope not ; you think belike
my wits are as brittle as a beetle, or as skittish as your
Barbary mare ; one cannot cry wehee, but straight she cries
tehee. 25

Stro. Well guessed, cousin Hysteron Proteron !

Pog. But which way will the Duke's Grace hunt to-day ?

Stro. Toward Count Lasso's house his Grace will hunt,
Where he will visit his late honour'd mistress.

Pog. Who, Lady Margaret, that dear young dame ? 30
Will his antiquity never leave his iniquity ?

Cyn. Why, how now, nephew ? Turn'd Parnassus lately ?

Pog. 'Nassus' ? I know not ; but I would I had all the
Duke's living for her sake ; I'd make him a poor duke, i'faith !

Stro. No doubt of that, if thou hadst all his living. 35

Pog. I would not stand dreaming of the matter as I do now.

Cyn. Why, how do you dream, nephew ?

Pog. Marry, all last night methought I was tying her
shoe-string.

Stro. What, all night tying her shoe-string ? 40

Pog. Ay, that I was, and yet I tied it not neither ; for,
as I was tying it, the string broke, methought, and then,
methought, having but one point at my hose, methought, I
gave her that to tie her shoe withal.

Cyn. A point of much kindness, I assure you. 45

Pog. Whereupon, in the very nick, methought, the Count
came rushing in, and I ran rushing out, with my heels about
my hose for haste.

Stro. So, will you leave your dreaming, and dispatch ?

Pog. Mum, not a word more, I'll go before, and overtake 50
you presently. *Exit*

Cyn. My lord, I fancy not these hunting sports,
When the bold game you follow turns again
And stares you in the face. Let me behold
A cast of falcons on their merry wings 55

Daring the stooped prey, that shifting flies ;
Or let me view the fearful hare or hind,
Toss'd like a music point with harmony
Of well-mouthed hounds. This is a sport for princes,
The other rude ; boars yield fit game for boors. 60

Stro. Thy timorous spirit blinds thy judgment, wife ;
Those are most royal sports, that most approve
The huntsman's prowess and his hardy mind

Cyn. My lord, I know too well your virtuous spirit ;
Take heed, for God's love, if you rouse the boar, 65
You come not near him, but discharge aloof
Your wounding pistol, or well-aimed dart.

Stro. Ay, marry, wife, this counsel rightly flows
Out of thy bosom ; pray thee take less care ;
Let ladies at their tables judge of boars, 70
Lords in the field. And so farewell, sweet love ;
Fail not to meet me at Earl Lasso's house.

Cyn. Pray pardon me for that. You know I love not
These solemn meetings.

Stro. You must needs for once
Constrain your disposition ; and indeed
I would acquaint you more with Lady Margaret
For special reason. 75

Cyn. Very good, my lord.
Then I must needs go fit me for that presence.

Stro. I pray thee do, farewell ! *Exit Cynanche*

Enter Vincentio

Here comes my friend.
Good day, my lord ! Why does your Grace confront
So clear a morning with so cloudy looks ? 80

Vin. Ask'st thou my griefs that know'st my desp'rate
love

Curb'd by my father's stern rivalry ?
Must not I mourn that know not whether yet
I shall enjoy a stepdame or a wife ? 85

Stro. A wife, Prince, never doubt it ; your deserts
And youthful graces have engag'd so far
The beauteous Margaret that she is your own.

Vin. Oh, but the eye of watchful jealousy
Robs my desires of means t'enjoy her favour. 90

Stro. Despair not : there are means enow for you :
Suborn some servant of some good respect
That's near your choice, who, though she needs no wooing,
May yet imagine you are to begin
Your strange young love-suit, and so speak for you, 95

Bear your kind letters, and get safe access.
All which when he shall do, you need not fear
His trusty secrecy, because he dares not
Reveal escapes whereof himself is author ;
Whom you may best attempt, she must reveal ; 100
For, if she loves you, she already knows,
And in an instant can resolve you that.

Vin. And so she will, I doubt not ; would to heaven
I had fit time, even now, to know her mind !
This counsel feeds my heart with much sweet hope. 105

Stro. Pursue it then ; 'twill not be hard t'effect :
The Duke has none for him, but Medice,
That fustian lord, who in his buckram face
Bewrays, in my conceit, a map of baseness.

Vin. Ay, there's a parcel of unconstrued stuff, 110
 That unknown minion rais'd to honour's height,
 Without the help of virtue, or of art
 Or (to say true) [of any] honest part.
 Oh, how he shames my father! He goes like
 A prince's footman, in old-fashioned silks, 115
 And most times in his hose and doubtlet only ;
 So miserable, that his own few men
 Do beg by virtue of his livery ;
 For he gives none, for any service done him,
 Or any honour, any least reward. 120

Stro. 'Tis pity such should live about a prince :
 I would have such a noble counterfeit nail'd
 Upon the pillory, and, after, whipp'd
 For his adultery with nobility.

Vin. Faith, I would fain disgrace him by all means, 125
 As enemy to his base-bred ignorance,
 That, being a great lord, cannot write nor read.

Stro. For that, we'll follow the blind side of him,
 And make it sometimes subject of our mirth.

Enter Poggio post[-haste]

Vin. See, what news with your nephew Poggio ? 130

Stro. None good, I warrant you !

Pog. Where should I find my lord uncle ?

Stro. What's the huge haste with you ?

Pog. O ho, you will hunt to-day !

Stro. I hope I will. 135

Pog. But you may hap to hop without your hope, for
 the truth is, Killbuck is run mad.

Stro. What's this ?

Pog. Nay, 'tis true, sir : and Killbuck being run mad, bit
 Ringwood so by the left buttock, you might have turned your 140
 nose in it.

Vin. Out, ass !

Pog. By heaven, you might, my lord ! D'ye think I lie ?

Vin. Zounds, might I ? Let's blanket him, my lord. A
 blanket here ! 145

Pog. Nay, good my lord Vincentio, by this rush I tell
 you for good will : and Venus, your brach there, runs so
 proud that your huntsman cannot take her down for his life.

Stro. Take her up, fool, thou wouldst say.

Pog. Why, sir, he would soon take her down, and he 150
 could take her up, I warrant her !

Vin. Well said, hammer, hammer !

Pog. Nay, good now, let's alone. And there's your horse, Gray Strozza, too, has the staggers, and has strook Bay Bettrice, your Barbary mare, so that she goes halting o' this fashion, most filthily. 155

Stro. What poison blisters thy unhappy tongue, Evermore braying forth unhappy news ? Our hunting sport is at the best, my lord : How shall I satisfy the Duke your father, Defrauding him of his expected sport ? 160 See, see, he comes.

Enter Alphonso, Medice, Sarpego, *with attendants*

Alp. Is this the copy of the speech you wrote, Signor Sarpego ?

Sar. It is a blaze of wit poetical ; Read it, brave Duke, with eyes pathological. 165

Alp. We will peruse it straight : well met, Vincentio, And good Lord Strozza ; we commend you both For your attendance ; but you must conceive 'Tis no true hunting we intend to-day, But an inducement to a certain show, Wherewith we will present our beauteous love, And therein we bespeak your company. 170

Vin. We both are ready to attend your Highness.

Alp. See then, here is a poem that requires Your worthy censures, offer'd, if it like, To furnish our intended amorous show : Read it, Vincentio. 175

Vin. Pardon me, my lord, Lord Medice's reading will express it better.

Med. My patience can digest your scoffs, my lord. I care not to proclaim it to the world : I can nor write nor read ; and what of that ? I can both see and hear as well as you. 180

Alp. Still are your wits at war. [*To Vincentio*] Here, read this poem.

Vin. [*reads*] 'The red-fac'd sun hath fir'd the flundering shades, And cast bright ammel on Aurora's brow.' 185

Alp. High words and strange ! Read on, Vincentio.

Vin. 'The busky groves that gag-tooth'd boars do shroud With cringle-crangle horns do ring aloud.'

Pog. My lord, my lord, I have a speech here worth ten of 190
this, and yet I'll mend it too.

Alp. How likes Vincentio ?

Vin.

It is strangely good,

No inkhorn ever did bring forth the like.

Could these brave prancing words with action's spur,

Be ridden throughly, and managed right,

195

'Twould fright the audience, and perhaps delight.

Sar. Doubt you of action, sir ?

Vin.

Ay, for such stuff.

Sar. Then know, my lord, I can both act and teach

To any words ; when I in Padua school'd it,

I play'd in one of Plautus' comedies,

200

Namely, *Curculio*, where his part I acted,

Projecting from the poor sum of four lines

Forty fair actions.

Alp.

Let's see that, I pray.

Sar. Your Highness shall command.

But pardon me, if in my action's heat,

205

Entering in post post haste, I chance to take up

Some of your honour'd heels.

Pog.

Y'ad best leave out

That action for a thing that I know, sir.

Sar. Then shall you see what I can do without it.

[*Sarpego puts on his parasite's costume*]

Alp. See, see ! He hath his furniture and all.

210

Sar. You must imagine, lords, I bring good news,

Whereof being princely proud I scour the street,

And over-tumble every man I meet.

Exit Sarpego

Pog. Beshrew my heart if he take up my heels !

Enter Sarpego [running about the stage]

Sar. *Date viam mihi, noti atque ignoti, dum ego hic* 215
officium meum.

Facio : fugite omnes, abite, et de via secedite,

Ne quem in cursu capite aut cubito aut pectore offendam aut genu.

Alp. Thanks, good Signor Sarpego.

How like you, lords, this stirring action ?

Stro. In a cold morning it were good, my lord,

220

But something harsh upon repletion.

Sar. Sir, I have ventur'd, being enjoin'd, to eat
Three scholars' commons, and yet drew it neat.

Pog. Come, sir, you meddle in too many matters ; let us,
I pray, tend on our own show at my lord Lasso's. 225

Sar. Doing obeisance then to every lord,
I now consort you, sir, even *toto corde*.

Exit Sarpego and Poggio

Med. My lord, away with these scholastic wits,
Lay the invention of your speech on me,
And the performance too ; I'll play my part 230
That you shall say, Nature yields more than Art.

Alp. Be't so resolv'd ; unartificial truth
An unfeign'd passion can decipher best.

Vin. But 'twill be hard, my lord, for one unlearn'd.

Med. Unlearn'd ? I cry you mercy, sir ; unlearn'd ? 235

Vin. I mean untaught, my lord, to make a speech
As a pretended actor, without clothes
More gracious than your doublet and your hose.

Alp. What, think you, son, we mean t' express a speech
Of special weight without a like attire ? 240

[*Alphonso puts rich robes on Medice*]

Vin. Excuse me then, my lord ; so stands it well.

Stro. Has brought them rarely in to pageant him.

Med. What, think you, lord, we think not of attire ?
Can we not make us ready at this age ?

Stro. Alas, my lord, your wit must pardon his. 245

Vin. I hope it will ; his wit is pitiful.

Stro. [*to Medice*] I pray stand by, my lord ; y'are trouble-
some.

[*Med.*] To none but you ; am I to you, my lord ?

[*Vin.*] Not unto me.

[*Med.*] Why, then, you wrong me, Strozza.

[*Vin.*] Nay, fall not out, my lords. 250

Stro. May I not know

What your speech is, my Liege ?

Alp. None but myself, and the Lord Medice.

Med. No, pray, my lord.

Let none partake with us.

Alp. No, be assur'd,

But for another cause : [*aside to Strozza*] a word, Lord 255
Strozza ;

I tell you true I fear Lord Medice

Will scarce discharge the speech effectually ;

As we go, therefore, I'll explain to you

My whole intent, that you may second him

If need and his debility require. 260

Stro. Thanks for this grace, my Liege.

Vincentio overhears

Med. My lord, your son !

Alp. Why, how now, son ? Forbear. Yet 'tis no matter,
We talk of other business, Medice ;
And come, we will prepare us to our show. 265

Exeunt [Alphonso, Medice, and attendants]

Stro. [and] *Vin.* Which, as we can, we'll cast to overthrow.

[*Exeunt*]

[SCENA SECUNDA

A Room in the House of Lasso]

Enter Lasso, Bassiolo, Sarpego, two Pages ; Bassiolo bare before

Bas. Stand by there, make place !

Las. Say, now, Bassiolo, you on whom relies
The general disposition of my house
In this our preparation for the Duke,
Are all our officers at large instructed 5
For fit discharge of their peculiar places ?

Bas. At large, my lord, instructed.

Las. Are all our chambers hung ? Think you our house
Ample capacious to lodge all the train ?

Bas. Ample capacious, I am passing glad. 10
And now, then, to our mirth and musical show,
Which, after supper, we intend t'endure,
Welcome's chief dainties ; for choice cates at home
Ever attend on princes, mirth abroad.
Are all parts perfect ?

Sar. One I know there is. 15

Las. And that is yours.

Sar. Well guess'd, in earnest, lord !

I need not *erubescere* to take
So much upon me ; that my back will bear.

Bas. Nay, he will be perfection itself
For wording well and dextrous action, too. 20

Las. And will these waggish pages hit their songs ?

[*Both*] Pages. *Re, mi, fa, sol, la.*

Las. Oh they are practising ; good boys, well done !
But where is Poggio ? There y'are overshot,

To lay a capital part upon his brain, 25
 Whose absence tells me plainly he'll neglect him.

Bas. Oh no, my lord, he dreams of nothing else,
 And gives it out in wagers he'll excel ;
 And see (I told your lordship) he is come.

Enter Poggio

Pog. How now, my lord, have you borrowed a s[u]it for 30
 me ? Signor Bassiolo, can all say, are all things ready ? The
 Duke is hard by, and little thinks that I'll be an actor, i'faith ;
 I keep all close, my lord.

Las. Oh, 'tis well done, call all the ladies in ;
 Sister and daughter, come, for God's sake, come, 35
 Prepare your courtliest carriage for the Duke.

Enter Cortezza, Margaret, and Maids

Cor. And, niece, in any case remember this :
 Praise the old man, and when you see him first,
 Look me on none but him, smiling and lovingly ;
 And then, when he comes near, make beisance low, 40
 With both your hands thus moving, which not only
 Is, as 'twere, courtly, and most comely too,
 But speaks (as who should say 'Come hither, Duke.')

And yet says nothing, but you may deny.

Las. Well taught, sister ! 45

Mar. Ay, and to much end ;
 I am exceeding fond to humour him.

Las. Hark ! Does he come with music ? What, and
 bound ?

An amorous device ; daughter, observe !

*Enter Enchanter, with spirits singing ; after them Medice
 like Sylvanus, next the Duke bound, Vincentio, Strozza,
 with others*

Vin. [*aside to Strozza*] Now let's gull Medice ; I do not
 doubt
 But this attire put on, will put him out. 50

Stro. [*aside to Vincentio*] We'll do our best to that end,
 therefore mark.

Enchanter. Lady or Princess, both your choice commands,
 These spirits and I, all servants of your beauty,
 Present this royal captive to your mercy.

Mar. Captive to me, a subject ? 55

Vin.

Ay, fair nymph!

And how the worthy mystery befell,
Sylvanus here, this wooden god, can tell.

Alp. Now, my lord!*Vin.* Now is the time, man, speak!*Med.*

Peace!

Alp.

Peace, Vincentio!

Vin. 'Swounds, my lord,

60

Shall I stand by and suffer him to shame you?
My lord Medice!

Stro. Will you not speak, my lord?*Med.* How can I?*Vin.*

But you must speak, in earnest.

Would not your Highness have him speak, my lord?

Med. Yes, and I will speak, and perhaps speak so

65

As you shall never mend: I can, I know.

Vin. Do then, my good lord.*Alp.*

Medice, forth!

Med. Goddess, fair goddess, for no less—no less—[*Medice hesitates*]*Alp.* No less, no less? No more, no more! [*To Strozza*]

Speak you.

Med. 'Swounds, they have put me out!

70

Vin.

Laugh you, fair goddess?

This nobleman disdains to be your fool.

Alp. Vincentio, peace!*Vin.* 'Swounds, my lord, it is as good a show!

Pray speak, Lord Strozza.

Stro.

Honourable dame—

Vin. Take heed you be not out, I pray, my lord.

75

Stro. I pray forbear, my lord Vincentio.

How this distressed Prince came thus enthrall'd,
I must relate with words of height and wonder:

His Grace this morning, visiting the woods,

And straying far to find game for the chase,

80

At last out of a myrtle grove he rous'd

A vast and dreadful boar, so stern and fierce,

As if the fiend, fell Cruelty herself,

Had come to fright the woods in that strange shape.

Alp. Excellent good!

85

Vin.

Too good, a plague on him!

Stro. The princely savage being thus on foot,
Tearing the earth up with his thundering hoof,

And with th' enraged Ætna of his breath
 Firing the air, and scorching all the woods,
 Horror held all us huntsmen from pursuit ; 90
 Only the Duke, incens'd with our cold fear,
 Encourag'd like a second Hercules—

Vin. Zounds, too good, man !

Stro. Pray thee let me alone !
 And like the English sign of great Saint George—

Vin. Plague of that simile ! 95

Stro. Gave valorous example, and, like fire,
 Hunted the monster close, and charg'd so fierce
 That he enforc'd him (as our sense conceiv'd)
 To leap for soil into a crystal spring ;
 Where on the sudden strangely vanishing, 100
 Nymph-like, for him, out of the waves arose
 Your sacred figure, like Diana arm'd,

And (as in purpose of the beast's revenge)
 Discharg'd an arrow through his Highness' breast,
 Whence yet no wound or any blood appear'd ; 105
 With which the angry shadow left the light ;

And this enchanter, with his power of spirits,
 Brake from a cave, scattering enchanted sounds,
 That strook us senseless, while in these strange bands
 These cruel spirits thus chain'd his arms, 110
 And led him captive to your heavenly eyes,
 Th'intent whereof on their report relies.

Enchanter. Bright nymph, that boar figur'd your cruelty,
 Char[g]ed by love, defended by your beauty.
 This amorous huntsman here we thus enthrall'd 115
 As the attendants on your Grace's charms,
 And brought him hither, by your bounteous hands
 To be releas'd, or live in endless bands.

Las. Daughter, release the Duke ! Alas, my Liege,
 What meant your Highness to endure this wrong ? 120

Cor. Enlarge him, niece ; come, dame, it must be so.

Mar. What, madam, shall I arrogate so much ?

Las. His Highness' pleasure is to grace you so.

Alp. Perform it then, sweet love, it is a deed
 Worthy the office of your honour'd hand. 125

Mar. Too worthy, I confess, my lord, for me,
 If it were serious ; but it is in sport,
 And women are fit actors for such pageants.

[*She unbinds Alphonso*]

Alp. Thanks, gracious love ; why made you strange of this ?

I rest no less your captive than before ; 130

For me untying, you have tied me more.

Thanks, Strozza, for your speech. [*To Medice.*] No thanks to you !

Med. No, thank your son, my lord !

Las. 'Twas very well,

Exceeding well performed on every part ;

How say you, Bassiolo ? 135

Bas. Rare, I protest, my lord !

Cor. Oh, my lord Medice became it rarely ;

Methought I lik'd his manly being out ;

It becomes noblemen to do nothing well.

Las. Now then, will't please your Grace to grace our house, And still vouchsafe our service further honour ? 140

Alp. Lead us, my lord ; we will your daughter lead.

Exeunt [*all but Vincentio and Strozza*]

Vin. You do not lead, but drag her leaden steps.

Stro. How did you like my speech ?

Vin. Oh, fie upon't !

Your rhetoric was too fine.

Stro. Nothing at all ;

I hope Saint George's sign was gross enough : 145

But (to be serious) as these warnings pass,

Watch you your father, I'll watch Medice,

That in your love-suit we may shun suspect ;

To which end, with your next occasion urge

Your love to name the person she will choose, 150

By whose means you may safely write or meet.

Vin. That's our chief business ; and see, here she comes.

Enter Margaret in haste

Mar. My lord, I only come to say, y'are welcome, And so must say farewell.

Vin. One word, I pray.

Mar. What's that ? 155

Vin. You needs must presently devise

What person trusted chiefly with your guard

You think is aptest for me to corrupt

In making him a mean for our safe meeting.

Mar. My father's usher, none so fit.

If you can work him well ; and so farewell, 160
 With thanks, my good lord Strozza, for your speech.

Exit

Stro. I thank you for your patience, mocking lady.

Vin. Oh, what a fellow has she pick'd us out !
 One that I would have choos'd past all the rest
 For his close stockings only. 165

Stro. And why not
 For the most constant fashion of his hat ?

Vin. Nay, then, if nothing must be left unspoke,
 For his strict form thus still to wear his cloak.

Stro. Well, sir, he is your own, I make no doubt ;
 For to these outward figures of his mind 170
 He hath two inward swallowing properties
 Of any gudgeons, servile avarice
 And overweening thought of his own worth,
 Ready to snatch at every shade of glory :
 And, therefore, till you can directly board him, 175
 Waft him aloof with hats and other favours
 Still as you meet him.

Vin. Well, let me alone :
 He that is one man's slave is free from none. *Exeunt*

FINIS ACTUS PRIMI

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA PRIMA

[*A Room in the House of Lasso*]

Enter Medice, Cortezza, a Page with a cup of sack

Med. Come, lady, sit you here. Page, fill some sack.

[*aside*] I am to work upon this aged dame,
 To glean from her if there be any cause
 (In loving others) of her niece's coyness
 To the most gracious love-suit of the Duke.— 5
 Here, noble lady, this is healthful drink
 After our supper.

Cor. Oh, 'tis that, my lord,
 That of all drinks keeps life and soul in me.

Med. Here, fill it, page, for this my worthy love.
 Oh, how I could embrace this good old widow ! 10

Cor. Now, lord, when you do thus you make me think
 Of my sweet husband, for he was as like you ;
 E'en the same words and fashion, the same eyes,

Manly, and choleric, e'en as you are, just;
And e'en as kind as you for all the world. 15

Med. Oh, my sweet widow, thou dost make me proud!

Cor. Nay, I am too old for you.

Med. Too old! That's nothing;

Come, pledge me, wench, for I am dry again,
And straight will charge your widowhood fresh, i'faith:
[*She drinks*]

Why, that's well done!

Cor. Now fie on't, here's a draught! 20

Med. Oh, it will warm your blood; if you should sip,
'Twould make you heartburn'd.

Cor. 'Faith, and so they say;

Yet I must tell you, since I plied this gear,
I have been haunted with a whoreson pain here,
And every moon, almost, with a shrewd fever, 25
And yet I cannot leave it; for, thank God!
I never was more sound of wind and limb.

Enter Strozza [behind]

Look you, I warrant you I have a leg,
[*Cortezza shows*] a great bumbasted leg
Holds out as handsomely—

Med. Beshrew my life,
But 'tis a leg indeed, a goodly limb! 30

Stro. [*aside*] This is most excellent!

Med. Oh, that your niece
Were of as mild a spirit as yourself!

Cor. Alas, Lord Medice, would you have a girl
As well seen in behaviour as I?
Ah, she's a fond young thing, and grown so proud, 35
The wind must blow at west still or she'll be angry.

Med. Mass, so methink[s]; how coy she's to the Duke!
I lay my life she has some younger love.

Cor. 'Faith, like enough!

Med. Gods me, who should it be?

Cor. If it be any—Page, a little sack— 40
If it be any, hark now, if it be—
I know not, by this sack—but if it be,
Mark what I say, my lord—I drink t'ye first.

Med. Well said, good widow; much good do ['t] thy heart!
So, now what if it be?

Cor. Well, if it be— 45

To come to that, I said, for so I said—
 If it be any, 'tis the shrewd young Prince ;
 For eyes can speak, and eyes can understand,
 And I have mark'd her eyes ; yet by this cup,
 Which I will only kiss— [She drinks] 50

Stro. [aside] Oh, noble crone !
 Now such a huddle and kettle never was.

Cor. I never yet have seen—not yet, I say—
 But I will mark her after for your sake.

Med. And do, I pray, for it is passing like ;
 And there is Strozza, a sly counsellor 55
 To the young boy : Oh, I would give a limb
 To have their knavery limn'd and painted out.
 They stand upon their wits and paper-learning ;
 Give me a fellow with a natural wit
 That can make wit of no wit ; and wade through 60
 Great things with nothing, when their wits stick fast.
 Oh, they be scurvy lords !

Cor. Faith, so they be !
 Your lordship still is of my mind in all,
 And e'en so was my husband.

Med. [spying Strozza] Gods my life !
 Strozza hath eavesdropp'd here, and overheard us. 65

Stro. They have descried me. [advancing] What, Lord
 Medice,
 Courting the lusty widow ?

Med. Ay, and why not ?
 Perhaps one does as much for you at home.

Stro. What, choleric, man ? And toward wedlock too ?

Cor. And if he be, my lord, he may do worse. 70

Stro. If he be not, madam, he may do better.

Enter Bassiolo with Servants, with rushes and a carpet

Bas. My lords, and madam, the Duke's Grace entreats you
 T'attend his new-made Duchess for this night
 Into his presence.

Stro. We are ready, sir.

Exeunt [Cortezza, Medice, Strozza and Page]

Bas. Come, strew this room afresh ; spread here this
 carpet ; 75
 Nay, quickly, man, I pray thee ; this way, fool ;
 Lay me it smooth, and even ; look if he will !

This way a little more ; a little there.
 Hast thou no forecast ? 'Sblood, methinks a man
 Should not of mere necessity be an ass. 80
 Look, how he strows here, too : come, Sir Giles Goosecap,
 I must do all myself ; lay me 'em thus,
 In fine smooth threaves ; look you, sir, thus, in threaves.
 Perhaps some tender lady will squat here,
 And if some standing rush should chance to prick her, 85
 She'd squeak, and spoil the songs that must be sung.

Enter Vincentio and Strozza

Stro. See, where he is ; now to him, and prepare
 Your familiarity.

Vin. Save you, master Bassiolo !

I pray a word, sir ; but I fear I let you.

Bas. No, my good lord, no let.

Vin. I thank you, sir. 90

Nay, pray be cover'd ; oh, I cry you mercy,
 You must be bare.

Bas. Ever to you, my lord.

Vin. Nay, not to me, sir.

But to the fair right of your worshipful place.

[*Vincentio uncovers*]

Stro. [*aside*] A shame of both your worships. 95

Bas. What means your lordship ?

[*Exit Strozza*]

Vin. Only to do you right, sir, and myself ease.

And what, sir, will there be some show to-night ?

Bas. A slender presentation of some music,
 And something else, my lord.

Vin. 'Tis passing good, sir ; 100

I'll not be overbold t' ask the particulars.

Bas. Yes, if your lordship please.

Vin. Oh, no, good sir ;

But I did wonder much, for, as me thought,
 I saw your hands at work.

Bas. Or else, my lord,

Our business would be but badly done. 105

Vin. How virtuous is a worthy man's example !

Who is this throne for, pray ?

Bas. For my lord's daughter.

Whom the Duke makes to represent his Duchess.

Vin. 'Twill be exceeding fit ; and all this room

Is passing well prepar'd ; a man would swear
That all presentments in it would be rare. 110

Bas. Nay, see if thou canst lay 'em thus, in threaves.

Vin. In threaves, d'ye call it ?

Bas. Ay, my lord, in threaves.

Vin. A pretty term !

Well, sir, I thank you highly for this kindness,
And pray you always make as bold with me 115
For kindness more than this, if more may be.

Bas. Oh, my lord, this is nothing.

Vin. Sir, 'tis much !

And now I'll leave you, sir ; I know y'are busy.

Bas. Faith, sir, a little !

Vin. I commend me t'ye, sir. 120

Exit Vincentio

Bas. A courteous prince, believe it ; I am sorry
I was no bolder with him ; what a phrase
He used at parting, ' I commend me t'ye.'
I'll ha't, i'faith !

Enter Sarpego, half dressed

Sar. Good Master Usher, will you dictate to me 125
Which is the part precedent of this night-cap,
And which posterior ? I do *ignorare*
How I should wear it.

Bas. Why, sir, this, I take it,
Is the precedent part ; ay, so it is.

Sar. And is all well, sir, think you ?

Bas. Passing well. 130

Enter Poggio and Fungus

Pog. Why, sir, come on ; the usher shall be judge.
See, Master Usher, this same Fungus here,
Your lord's retainer, whom I hope you rule,
Would wear this better jerkin for the Rush-man,
When I do play the Broom-man, and speak first. 135

Fun. Why, sir, I borrow'd it, and I will wear it.

Pog. What, sir ; in spite of your lord's gentleman usher ?

Fun. No spite, sir, but you have chang'd twice already,
And now would ha't again.

Pog. Why, that's all one, sir,
Gentility must be fantastical. 140

Bas. I pray thee, Fungus, let Master Poggio wear it.

Fun. And what shall I wear then ?

Pog. Why, here is one
That was a rush-man's jerkin, and I pray,
Were't not absurd then, a broom-man should wear it ?

Fun. Foh, there's a reason ! I will keep it, sir. 145

Pog. Will, sir ? Then do your office, Master Usher,
Make him put off his jerkin ; you may pluck
His coat over his ears, much more his jerkin.

Bas. Fungus, y'ad best be ruled.

Fun. Best, sir ! I care not.

Pog. No, sir ? I hope you are my lord's retainer. 150
I need not care a pudding for your lord :
But spare not, keep it, for perhaps I'll play
My part as well in this as you in that.

Bas. Well said, Master Poggio ! [*To Fungus*] My lord
shall know it.

*Enter Cortezza, with the Broom-wench and Rush-wench in their
petticoats, cloaks over them, with hats over their head-tires*

Cor. Look, Master Usher, are these wags well dress'd ? 155
I have been so in labour with 'em truly.

Bas. Y'ave had a very good deliverance, lady.
[*aside*] How I did take her at her labour there ;
I use to gird these ladies so sometimes.

*Enter Lasso, with Sylvanus and a Nymph, a man Bug, and a
woman [Bug]*

1st Bug. I pray, my lord, must not I wear this hair ? 160

Las. I pray thee, ask my usher ; come, despatch,
The Duke is ready ; are you ready there ?

2nd Bug. See, Master Usher, must he wear this hair ?

1st Bug. Pray, Master Usher, where must I come in ?

2nd Bug. Am not I well for a Bug, Master Usher ? 165

Bas. What stir is with these boys here ! God forgive
me,

If 'twere not for the credit on't, I'd see
Your apish trash afire, ere I'd endure this.

1st Bug. But pray, good Master Usher—

Bas. Hence, ye brats !

You stand upon your tire ; but for your action 170
Which you must use in singing of your songs
Exceeding dextrously and full of life,
I hope you'll then stand like a sort of blocks,
Without due motion of your hands and heads,

And wresting your whole bodies to your words ; 175
 Look to't, y'are best, and in ; go, all go in !

Pog. Come in, my masters ; let's be out anon.

Exeunt [all but Lasso and Bassiolo]

Las. What, are all furnish'd well ?

Bas. All well, my lord.

Las. More lights then here, and let loud music sound.

Bas. Sound music ! *Exeunt* 180

Enter Vincentio, Strozza, *bare*, Margaret, Cortezza and
 Cynanche *bearing her train.* *After her the Duke whispering*
with Medice, Lasso with Bassiolo, etc

Alp. Advance yourself, fair Duchess, to this throne,
 As we have long since rais'd you to our heart ;
 Better decorum never was beheld,
 Than twixt this state and you : and as all eyes
 Now fix'd on your bright graces think it fit, 185
 So frame your favour to continue it.

Mar. My lord, but to obey your earnest will,
 And not make serious scruple of a toy,
 I scarce durst have presum'd this minute's height.

Las. Usher, cause other music ; begin your show. 190

Bas. Sound, consort ! Warn the Pedant to be ready.

Cor. Madam, I think you'll see a pretty show.

Cyn. I can expect no less in such a presence.

Alp. Lo ! what attention and state beauty breeds,
 Whose mo[v]ing silence no shrill herald needs. 195

Enter Sarpego

Sar. Lords of high degree,
 And ladies of low courtesy,
 I the Pedant here,
 Whom some call schoolmaster,
 Because I can speak best, 200
 Approach before the rest.

Vin. A very good reason.

Sar. But there are others coming,
 Without mask or mumming ;
 For they are not ashamed, 205
 If need be, to be named ;
 Nor will they hide their faces,
 In any place or places ;
 For though they seem to come,
 Loaded with rush and broom, 210

The Broom-man, you must know,
Is Signor Poggio,
Nephew, as shall appear,
To my Lord Strozza here—

Stro. Oh, Lord ! I thank you, sir ; you grace me much. 215

[*Sar.*] And to this noble dame,
Whom I with finger name.

[*Pointing to Cynanche*]

Vin. A plague of that fool's finger !

Sar. And women will ensue,
Which, I must tell you true, 220

No women are indeed,
But pages made, for need,
To fill up women's places,
By virtue of their faces,
And other hidden graces. 225

A hall, a hall ! Whist, still, be mum !
For now with silver song they come.

*Enter Poggio, Fungus, with the song, Broom-maid and
Rush-maid. [Sylvanus, a Nymph, and two Bugs.] After
which Poggio*

Pog. Heroes and heroines of gallant strain,
Let not these brooms motes in your eyes remain,
For in the moon there's one bears wither'd bushes ; 230

But we (dear wights) do bear green brooms, green rushes,
Whereof these verdant herbals, cleped broom,
Do pierce and enter every lady's room ;
And to prove them high-born, and no base trash,
Water, with which your physnomies you wash, 235

Is but a broom. And, more truth to deliver,
Grim Hercules swept a stable with a river.
The wind, that sweeps foul clouds out of the air,
And for you ladies makes the welkin fair,
Is but a broom : and oh, Dan Titan bright, 240

Most clerkly call'd the scavenger of night,
What art thou, but a very broom of gold
For all this world not to be cried nor sold ?
Philosophy, that passion sweeps from thought,
Is the soul's broom, and by all brave wits sought : 245

Now if philosophers but broom-men are,
Each broom-man then is a philosopher.
And so we come (gracing your gracious Graces)
To sweep Care's cobwebs from your cleanly faces,

Alp. Thanks, good Master Broom-man !

Fun. For me Rush-man, then, 250

To make rush ruffle in a verse of ten.

A rush, which now your heels do lie on here—

[*Pointing to Vincentio*]

Vin. Cry mercy, sir !

Fun. Was whilome used for a pungent spear,
In that odd battle never fought but twice 255

(As Homer sings) betwixt the frogs and mice.

Rushes make true-love knots ; rushes make rings ;

Your rush maugre the beard of Winter springs.

And when with gentle, amorous, lazy limbs,
Each lord with his fair lady sweetly swims 260

On these cool rushes, they may with these bables,

Cradles for children make, children for cradles.

And lest some Momus here might now 'cry 'Push !'

Saying our pageant is not worth a rush,

Bundles of rushes, lo, we bring along, 265

To pick his teeth that bites them with his tongue.

Stro. See, see, that's Lord Medice !

Vin. Gods me, my lord !

Has he pick'd you out, picking of your teeth ?

Med. What pick you out of that ?

Stro. Not such stale stuff

As you pick from your teeth.

Alp. Leave this war with rushes. 270

Good Master Pedant, pray forth with your show.

Sar. Lo, thus far then (brave Duke) you see

Mere entertainment. Now our glee

Shall march forth in morality :

{ And this quaint Duchess here shall see 275

{ The fault of virgin nicety,

{ First woo'd with rural courtesy.

Disburthen them, prance on this ground,

And make your *Exit* with your round.

[*Poggio and Fungus dance with the Broom-maid and Rush-maid, and*] *exeunt*

Well have they danc'd, as it is meet, 280

Both with their nimble heads and feet.

{ Now, as our country girls held off,

{ And rudely did their lovers scoff,

{ Our Nymph, likewise, shall only glance

{ By your fair eyes, and look askance 285
 Upon her [feral] friend that woos her,
 Who is in plain field forc'd to lose her.
 And after them, to conclude all
 The purlieu of our pastoral,
 A female bug, and eke her friend, 290
 Shall only come and sing, and end.

Bugs' Song.

Thus, Lady and Duchess, we conclude :
 Fair virgins must not be too rude ;
 For though the rural wild and antic
 Abus'd their loves as they were frantic, 295
 Yet take you in your ivory clutches
 This noble Duke, and be his Duchess.

Thus thanking all for their *tacete*,
 I void the room, and cry *valete*.

Exit [Sarpego *with* Nymph, Sylvanus, and the two Bugs]

Alp. Generally well and pleasingly performed. 300

Mar. Now I resign this borrowed majesty,
 Which sate unseemly on my worthless head,
 With humble service to your Highness' hands.

Alp. Well you became it, lady, and I know
 All here could wish it might be ever so. 305

Stro. [*aside*] Here's one says nay to that.

Vin. [*aside to Strozza*] Plague on you, peace!

Las. Now let it please your Highness to accept
 A homely banquet to close these rude sports.

Alp. I thank your Lordship much.

Bas. Bring lights, make place ! 310

Enter Poggio in his cloak and broom-man's attire

Pog. How d'ye, my lord ?

Alp. Oh, Master Broom-man, you did passing well.

Vin. Ah, you mad slave, you ! You are a tickling actor.

Pog. I was not out, like my Lord Medice.

How did you like me, aunt ?

Cyn. Oh, rarely, rarely ! 315

Stro. Oh, thou hast done a work of memory,
 And rais'd our house up higher by a story.

Vin. Friend, how conceit you my young mother here ?

Cyn. Fitter for you, my lord, than for your father.

Vin. No more of that, sweet friend ; those are bugs'
 words.

Exeunt 320

ACTUS TERTII SCENA PRIMA

[A Room in the House of Lasso]

Medice after the song whispers alone with his servant

Med. Thou art my trusty servant, and thou know'st
I have been ever bountiful lord to thee,
As still I will be ; be thou thankful then,
And do me now a service of import.

Serv. Any, my lord, in compass of my life.

Med. To-morrow, then, the Duke intends to hunt,
Where Strozza, my spiteful enemy,
Will give attendance busy in the chase ;
Wherein (as if by chance, when others shoot
At the wild boar) do thou discharge at him,
And with an arrow cleave his canker'd heart.

Serv. I will not fail, my lord.

Med. Be secret, then,
And thou to me shalt be the dear'st of men. *Exeunt*

[SCENA SECUNDA

*Another Room in the House of Lasso]**Enter Vincentio and Bassiolo [severally]*

Vin. [*aside*] Now Vanity and Policy enrich me
With some ridiculous fortune on this usher.—
Where's Master Usher ?

Bas. Now I come, my lord.

Vin. Besides, good sir, your show did show so well.

Bas. Did it, indeed, my lord ?

Vin. Oh, sir, believe it ! 5

'Twas the best-fashion'd and well-order'd thing
That ever eye beheld ; and, therewithal,
The fit attendance by the servants us'd,
The gentle guise in serving every guest
In other entertainments ; everything
About your house so sortfully dispos'd,
That even as in a turn-spit call'd a jack
One vice assists another, the great wheels,
Turning but softly, make the less to whirr
About their business, every different part
Concurring to one commendable end,—

So, and in such conformance, with rare grace,

Were all things order'd in your good lord's house.

Bas. The most fit simile that ever was.

Vin. But shall I tell you plainly my conceit, 20

Touching the man that I think caus'd this order ?

Bas. Ay, good my lord !

Vin. You note my simile ?

Bas. Drawn from the turn-spit.

Vin. I see you have me.

Even as in that quaint engine you have seen

A little man in shreds stand at the winder, 25

And seems to put all things in act about him,

Lifting and pulling with a mighty stir,

Yet adds no force to it, nor nothing does :

So (though your lord be a brave gentleman

And seems to do this business) he does nothing ; 30

Some man about him was the festival robe

That made him show so glorious and divine.

Bas. I cannot tell, my lord, yet I should know
If any such there were.

Vin. Should know, quoth you ;

I warrant you know ! Well, some there be 35

Shall have the fortune to have such rare men

(Like brave beasts to their arms) support their state,

When others of as high a worth and breed

Are made the wasteful food of them they feed.

What state hath your lord made you for your service ? 40

Bas. He has been my good lord, for I can spend

Some fifteen hundred crowns in lands a year,

Which I have gotten since I serv'd him first.

Vin. No more than fifteen hundred crowns a year ?

Bas. It is so much as makes me live, my lord, 45

Like a poor gentleman.

Vin. Nay, 'tis pretty well ;

But certainly my nature does esteem

Nothing enough for virtue ; and had I

The Duke my father's means, all should be spent

To keep brave men about me ; but, good sir, 50

Accept this simple jewel at my hands,

Till I can work persuasion of my friendship

With worthier arguments.

Bas. No, good my lord !

I can by no means merit the free bounties

You have bestowed besides.

- Vin.* Nay, be not strange, 55
 But do yourself right, and be all one man
 In all your actions ; do not think but some
 Have extraordinary spirits like yourself,
 And will not stand in their society
 On birth and riches, but on worth and virtue ; 60
 With whom there is no niceness, nor respect
 Of others' common friendship ; be he poor
 Or basely born, so he be rich in soul
 And noble in degrees of qualities,
 He shall be my friend sooner than a king. 65
- Bas.* 'Tis a most kingly judgment in your lordship.
Vin. Faith, sir, I know not, but 'tis my vain humour.
Bas. Oh, 'tis an honour in a nobleman.
Vin. Y'ave some lords, now, so politic and proud,
 They scorn to give good looks to worthy men. 70
Bas. Oh, fie upon 'em ! By that light, my lord,
 I am but servant to a nobleman,
 But if I would not scorn such puppet lords,
 Would I were breathless !
Vin. You, sir ? So you may ;
 For they will cog so when they wish to use men, 75
 With, ' Pray be cover'd, sir ', ' I beseech you sit ',
 ' Who's there ? Wait of Master Usher to the door '.
 Oh, these be go[o]dly gudgeons : where's the deeds ?
 The perfect nobleman ?
Bas. Oh, good my lord—
Vin. Away, away, ere I would flatter so, 80
 I would eat rushes like Lord Medice !
Bas. Well, well, my lord, would there were more such
 princes !
Vin. Alas, 'twere pity, sir ! They would be gull'd
 Out of their very skins.
Bas. Why, how are you, my lord ?
Vin. Who, I ? I care not : 85
 If I be gull'd where I profess plain love,
 'Twill be their faults, you know.
Bas. Oh, 'twere their shames.
Vin. Well, take my jewel, you shall not be strange ;
 I love not many words.
Bas. My Lord, I thank you ;
 I am of few words too.
Vin. 'Tis friendly said ; 90

You prove yourself a friend, and I would have you
 Advance your thoughts, and lay about for state
 Worthy your virtues ; be the minion
 Of some great king or duke ; there's Medice
 The minion of my father—Oh, the Father !
 What difference is there ? But I cannot flatter ;
 A word to wise men !

95

Bas. I perceive your lordship.

Vin. Your lordship ? Talk you now like a friend ?
 Is this plain kindness ?

Bas. Is it not, my lord ?

Vin. A palpable flatt'ring figure for men common :
 O' my word I should think, if 'twere another,
 He meant to gull me.

100

Bas. Why, 'tis but your due.

Vin. 'Tis but my due if you be still a stranger ;

But as I wish to choose you for my friend,

As I intend, when God shall call my father,

105

To do I can tell what—but let that pass—

Thus 'tis not fit ; let my friend be familiar,

Use not m[y] lordship, nor yet call me lord,

Nor my whole name, Vincentio, but Vince,

As they call Jack or Will ; 'tis now in use

110

Twixt men of no equality or kindness.

Bas. I shall be quickly bold enough, my lord.

Vin. Nay, see how still you use that coy term, 'lord.'
 What argues this but that you shun my friendship ?

Bas. Nay, pray, say not so.

Vin. Who should not say so ? 115

Will you afford me now no name at all ?

Bas. What should I call you ?

Vin. Nay, then 'tis no matter.

But I told you, 'Vince'

Bas. Why, then, my sweet Vince.

Vin. Why, so, then ; and yet still there is a fault

In using these kind words without kind deeds ;

120

Pray thee embrace me too.

Bas. Why then, sweet Vince.

[*He embraces Vincentio*]

Vin. Why, now I thank you ; 'sblood, shall friends be
 strange ?

Where there is plainness, there is ever truth ;

And I will still be plain since I am true.

- Come, let us lie a little ; I am weary. 125
Bas. And so am I, I swear, since yesterday.
[They lie down together]
Vin. You may, sir, by my faith ; and, sirrah, hark thee,
 What lordship wouldst thou wish to have, i'faith,
 When my old father dies ?
Bas. Who, I ? Alas !
Vin. Oh, not you ! Well, sir, you shall have none ; 130
 You are as coy a piece as your lord's daughter.
Bas. Who, my mistress ?
Vin. Indeed ! Is she your mistress ?
Bas. I'faith, sweet Vince, since she was three year old.
Vin. And are not we t[w]o friends ?
Bas. Who doubts of that ?
Vin. And are not two friends one ?
Bas. Even man and wife. 135
Vin. Then what to you she is, to me she should be.
Bas. Why, Vince, thou wouldst not have her ?
Vin. Oh, not I !
 I do not fancy anything like you.
Bas. Nay, but I pray thee tell me.
Vin. You do not mean to marry her yourself ? 140
Bas. Not I, by heaven !
Vin. Take heed now ; do not gull me.
Bas. No, by that candle !
Vin. Then will I be plain.
 Think you she dotes not too much on my father ?
Bas. Oh yes, no doubt on't !
Vin. Nay, I pray you speak !
Bas. You seely man, you ! She cannot abide him. 145
Vin. Why, sweet friend, pardon me ; alas, I knew not !
Bas. But I do note you are in some things simple,
 And wrong yourself too much.
Vin. Thank you, good friend,
 For your plain dealing, I do mean, so well.
Bas. But who saw ever summer mix'd with winter ? 150
 There must be equal years where firm love is.
 Could we two love so well so sudderly,
 Were we not something equaller in years
 Than he and she are ?
Vin. I cry ye mercy, sir,
 I know we could not ; but yet be not too bitter, 155
 Considering love is fearful. And, sweet friend,

I have a letter t' entreat her kindness,
Which, if you would convey——

Bas. Ay, if I would, sir!

Vin. Why, faith, dear friend, I would not die requite-
less.

Bas. Would you not so, sir? 160

By heaven a little thing would make me box you!

Which if you would convey? Why not, I pray,

'Which, friend, thou shalt convey'?

Vin. Which, friend, you shall then.

Bas. Well, friend, and I will then.

Vin. And use some kind persuasive words for me? 165

Bas. The best, I swear, that my poor tongue can forge.

Vin. Ay, well said, poor tongue! Oh, 'tis rich in meek-
ness;

You are not known to speak well? You have won

Direction of the Earl and all his house,

The favour of his daughter, and all dames

That ever I saw come within your sight, 170

With a poor tongue? A plague o' your sweet lips!

Bas. Well, we will do our best; and faith, my Vince,

She shall have an unwieldy and dull soul

If she be nothing mov'd with my poor tongue—

Call it no better, be it what it will. 175

Vin. Well said, i'faith! Now if I do not think

'Tis possible, besides her bare receipt

Of that my letter, with thy friendly tongue

To get an answer of it, never trust me. 180

Bas. An answer, man? 'Sblood, make no doubt of
that!

Vin. By heaven, I think so; now a plague of Nature,

That she gives all to some, and none to others!

Bas. [*rising, aside*] How I endear him to me!—Come,
Vince, rise;

Next time I see her I will give her this; 185

Which when she sees, she'll think it wondrous strange

Love should go by descent and make the son

Follow the father in his amorous steps.

Vin. She needs must think it strange, that ne'er yet
saw

I durst speak to her, or had scarce her sight. 190

Bas. Well, Vince, I swear thou shalt both see and kiss
her.

Vin. Swears my dear friend? By what?

Bas. Even by our friendship.

Vin. Oh, sacred oath! Which how long will you keep?

Bas. While there be bees in Hybla, or white swans

In bright Meander; while the banks of Po 195

Shall bear brave lilies; or Italian dames

Be called the bona-robas of the world.

Vin. 'Tis elegantly said; and when I fail,

Le[t] there be found in Hybla hives no bees;

Let no swans swim in bright Meander stream, 200

Nor lilies spring upon the banks of Po,

Nor let one fat Italian dame be found,

But lean and brawn-fall'n; ay, and scarcely sound.

Bas. It is enough, but let's embrace withal.

Vin. With all my heart.

Bas. So, now farewell, sweet Vince! *Exit* 205

Vin. Farewell, my worthy friend! I think I have him.

Enter Bassiolo

Bas. [*aside*] I had forgot the parting phrase he taught me.—

I commend me t'ye, sir.

Exit instanter

Vin. At your wish'd service, sir.

Oh fine friend, he had forgot the phrase:

How serious apish souls are in vain form! 210

Well, he is mine and he, being trusted most

With my dear [l]ove, may often work our meeting,

And being thus engag'd, dare not reveal.

Enter Poggio in haste, Strozza following

Pog. Horse, horse, horse, my lord, horse! Your father is going a hunting. 215

Vin. My lord horse? You ass, you! D'ye call my lord horse?

Stro. Nay, he speaks huddles still; let's slit his tongue.

Pog. Nay, good uncle now, 'sblood, what captious merchants you be! So the Duke took me up even now, my lord uncle here, and my old Lord Lasso. By heaven y'are all too witty for me; I am the veriest fool on you all, I'll be sworn! 220

Vin. Therein thou art worth us all, for thou know'st thyself. 225

Stro. But your wisdom was in a pretty taking last night ; was it not, I pray ?

Pog. Oh, for taking my drink a little ? I'faith, my lord, for that, you shall have the best sport presently, with Madam Cortezza, that ever was ; I have made her so drunk 230 that she does nothing but kiss my lord Medice. See, she comes riding the Duke ; she's passing well mounted, believe it.

Enter Alphonso, Cortezza [*leaning on the Duke*], Cynanche, [*Margaret*] Bassiolo *first, two women attendants, and Huntsmen, Lasso*

Alp. Good wench, forbear !

Cor. My lord, you must put forth yourself among ladies. 235 I warrant you have much in you, if you would show it ; see, a cheek o' twenty, the body of a George, a good leg still, still a good calf, and not [f]labby, nor hanging, I warrant you ; a brawn of a thumb here, and 'twere a pulled part-ridge. Niece Meg, thou shalt have the sweetest bedfellow 240 on him that ever called lady husband ; try him, you shame-faced bable you, try him.

Mar. Good madam, be ruled.

Cor. What a nice thing it is ! My lord, you must set forth this gear, and kiss her ; i'faith, you must ! Get you 245 together and be naughts awhile, get you together.

Alp. Now, what a merry, harmless dame it is !

Cor. My lord Medice, you are a right noble man, and will do a woman right in a wrong matter, and need be ; pray, do you give the Duke ensample upon me ; you come a 250 wooing to me now ; I accept it.

Las. What mean you, sister ?

Cor. Pray, my lord, away ; consider me as I am, a woman.

Pog. [*aside*] Lord, how I have whittled her ! 255

Cor. You come a wooing to me now ; pray thee, Duke, mark my lord Medice ; and do you mark me, virgin. Stand you aside, my lord[s] all, and you, give place. Now, my lord Medice, put case I be strange a little, yet you like a man put me to it. Come, kiss me, my lord ; be not 260 ashamed.

Med. Not I, madam ! I come not a wooing to you.

Cor. 'Tis no matter, my lord, make as though you did, and come kiss me ; I won't be strange a whit.

Las. Fie, sister, y'are to blame! Pray will you go to
your chamber? 265

Cor. Why, hark you, brother.

Las. What's the matter?

Cor. D'ye think I am drunk?

Las. I think so, truly. 270

Cor. But are you sure I am drunk?

Las. Else I would not think so.

Cor. But I would be glad to be sure on't.

Las. I assure you then.

Cor. Why, then, say nothing, and I'll begone. 275
God b'w'y', Lord Duke, I'll come again anon. *Exit*

Las. I hope your Grace will pardon her, my Liege,
For 'tis most strange; she's as discreet a dame

As any in these countries, and as sober,

But for this only humour of the cup. 280

Alp. 'Tis good, my lord, sometimes.

Come, to our hunting; now 'tis time, I think.

Omnes. The very best time of the day, my lord.

Alp. Then, my lord, I will take my leave till night,
Reserving thanks for all my entertainment 285

Till I return; in meantime, lovely dame,

Remember the high state you last presented,

And think it was not a mere festival show,

But an essential type of that you are

In full consent of all my faculties, 290

And hark you, good my lord. [*He whispers to Lasso*]

*Vincentio and Strozza have all this while talked together
a pretty way*

Vin. [*aside to Strozza and Cynanche*] See now, they
whisper

Some private order (I dare lay my life)

For a forc'd marriage 'twixt my love and father;

I therefore must make sure; and, noble friends,

I'll leave you all when I have brought you forth 295

And seen you in the chase; meanwhile observe

In all the time this solemn hunting lasts

My father and his minion, Medice,

And note if you can gather any sign

That they have miss'd me, and suspect my being; 300

If which fall out, send home my page before.

Stro. I will not fail, my lord.

Medice whispers with 1st Huntsman all this while

Med. Now take thy time.

[*1st*] *Hunts.* I warrant you, my lord, he shall not scape me.

Alp. Now, my dear mistress, till our sports intended
End with my absence, I will take my leave. 305

Las. Bassiolo, attend you on my daughter.

Exeunt [Alphonso, Lasso, Medice, Strozza, Poggio, Huntsmen,
and attendants]

Bas. I will, my lord.

Vin. [*aside*] Now will the sport begin ; I think my love
Will handle him as well as I have done. *Exit*

Cyn. Madam, I take my leave, and humbly thank you. 310

Mar. Welcome, good madam ; maids, wait on my
lady. *Exit* [Cynanche]

Bas. So, mistress, this is fit.

Mar. Fit, sir ; why so ?

Bas. Why so ? I have most fortunate news for you.

Mar. For me, sir ? I beseech you, what are they ?

Bas. Merit and fortune, for you both agree ; 315
Merit what you have, and have what you merit.

Mar. Lord, with what rhetoric you prepare your news !

Bas. I need not ; for the plain contents they bear,
Utter'd in any words, deserve their welcome ;
And yet I hope the words will serve the turn. 320

Mar. What, in a letter ? [*Offers her a letter*]

Bas. Why not ?

Mar. Whence is it ?

Bas. From one that will not shame it with his name,
And that is Lord Vincentio.

Mar. King of Heaven !
Is the man mad ?

Bas. Mad, madam, why ?

Mar. Oh, heaven ! I muse a man of your importance 325
Will offer to bring me a letter thus.

Bas. Why, why, good mistress, are you hurt in that ?
Your answer may be what you will yourself.

Mar. Ay, but you should not do it ; God's my life !
You shall answer it. 330

Bas. Nay, you must answer it.

Mar. I answer it ! Are you the man I trusted,
And will betray me to a stranger thus ?

Bas. That's nothing, dame ; all friends were strangers
first.

Mar. Now, was there ever woman over-seen so
In a wise man's discretion? 335

Bas. Your brain is shallow; come, receive this letter.

Mar. How dare you say so, when you know so well
How much I am engaged to the Duke?

Bas. The Duke? A proper match! A grave old 340
gentleman,

Has beard at will, and would, in my conceit,
Make a most excellent pattern for a potter,
To have his picture stamp'd on a jug,
To keep ale-knights in memory of sobriety.
Here, gentle madam, take it.

Mar. Take it, sir? 345
Am I [a] common taker of love-letters?

Bas. Common? Why, when receiv'd you one before?

Mar. Come 'tis no matter; I had thought your care
Of my bestowing would not tempt me thus
To one I know not; but it is because 350
You know I dote so much on your direction.

Bas. On my direction?

Mar. No, sir, not on yours!

Bas. Well, mistress, if you will take my advice
At any time, then take this letter now.

Mar. 'Tis strange; I wonder the coy gentleman, 355
That seeing me so oft would never speak,
Is on the sudden so far rapt to write.

Bas. It show'd his judgment that he would not speak,
Knowing with what a strict and jealous eye
He should be noted; hold, if you love yourself. 360
Now will you take this letter? Pray be rul'd.

[Gives her the letter]

Mar. Come, you have such another plaguy tongue!
And yet, i'faith, I will not. [Drops the letter]

Bas. Lord of Heaven!
What, did it burn your hands? Hold, hold, I pray,
And let the words within it fire your heart. 365

[Gives her the letter again]

Mar. I wonder how the devil he found you out
To be his spokesman.—Oh, the Duke would thank you
If he knew how you urg'd me for his son. [Reads the letter]

Bas. [aside] The Duke! I have fretted her,
Even to the liver, and had much ado 370
To make her take it; but I knew 'twas sure,

For he that cannot turn and wind a woman
Like silk about his finger is no man.
I'll make her answer 't too.

Mar. Oh, here's good stuff !
Hold, pray take it for your pains to bring it. 375
[*Returning the letter*]

Bas. Lady, you err in my reward a little,
Which must be a kind answer to this letter.

Mar. Nay then, i'faith, 'twere best you brought a priest,
And then your client, and then keep the door.
Gods me, I never knew so rude a man ! 380

Bas. Well, you shall answer ; I'll fetch pen and paper.
Exit

Mar. Poor usher, how wert thou wrought to this brake ?
Men work on one another for we women,
Nay, each man on himself ; and all in one
Say, ' No man is content that lies alone.' 385
Here comes our gulled squire.

Bas. Here, mistress, write.

Mar. What should I write ?

Bas. An answer to this letter.

Mar. Why, sir, I see no cause of answer in it ;
But if you needs will show how much you rule me,
Sit down and answer it as you please yourself ; 390
Here is your paper, lay it fair afore you.

Bas. Lady, content ; I'll be your secretary.

[*He sits down to write*]

Mar. [*aside*] I fit him in this task ; he thinks his pen
The shaft of Cupid in an amorous letter.

Bas. Is here no great worth of your answer, say you ? 395
Believe it, 'tis exceedingly well writ.

Mar. So much the more unfit for me to answer,
And therefore let your style and it contend.

Bas. Well, you shall see I will not be far short,
Although, indeed, I cannot write so well 400
When one is by as when I am alone.

Mar. Oh, a good scribe must write though twenty talk,
And he talk to them too.

Bas. Well, you shall see. [*He writes*]

Mar. [*aside*] A proper piece of scribeship, there's no
doubt ;
Some words pick'd out of proclamations, 405

Or great men's speeches, or well-selling pamphlets :
 See how he rubs his temples ; I believe
 His muse lies in the back part of his brain,
 Which, thick and gross, is hard to be brought forward.—
 What, is it loath to come ?

Bas.

No, not a whit : 410

Pray hold your peace a little.

Mar. [*aside*] He sweats with bringing on his heavy
 style ;

I'll ply him still till he sweat all his wit out.—

What man, not yet ?

Bas. 'Swoons, you'll not extort it from a man !

How do you like the word *endear* ?

415

Mar. O fie upon't !

Bas. Nay, then, I see your judgment. What say you
 to *condole* ?

Mar. Worse and worse !

Bas. Oh brave ! I should make a sweet answer, if I 420
 should use no words but of your admittance.

Mar. Well, sir, write what you please.

Bas. Is *model* a good word with you ?

Mar. Put them together, I pray.

Bas. So I will, I warrant you !

[*He writes*] 425

Mar. [*aside*] See, see, see, now it comes pouring down.

Bas. I hope you'll take no exceptions to *believe it*.

Mar. Out upon't ! That phrase is so run out of breath
 in trifles, that we shall have no belief at all in earnest shortly.
 'Believe it, 'tis a pretty feather.' 'Believe it, a dainty 430
 rush.' 'Believe it, an excellent cockscomb.'

Bas. So, so, so ; your exceptions sort very collaterally.

Mar. Collaterally ! There's a fine word now ; wrest
 in that if you can by any means.

Bas. I thought she would like the very worst of them 435
 all ! How think you ? Do not I write, and hear, and talk
 too now ?

Mar. By my soul, if you can tell what you write now,
 you write very readily.

Bas. That you shall see straight.

440

Mar. But do you not write that you speak now ?

Bas. Oh yes ; do you not see how I write it ? I cannot
 write when anybody is by me, I !

Mar. God's my life ! Stay, man ; you'll make it too
 long.

445

Bas. Nay, if I cannot tell what belongs to the length of a lady's device, i'faith!

Mar. But I will not have it so long.

Bas. If I cannot fit you!

Mar. Oh me, how it comes upon him! Prithee be 450 short.

Bas. Well, now I have done, and now I will read it :

Your lordship's motive accommodating my thoughts with the very model of my heart's mature consideration, it shall not be out of my element to negotiate with you in this amorous duello ; wherein I will condole with you that our project cannot be so collaterally made as our endeared hearts may very well seem to insinuate. 455

Mar. No more, no more ; fie upon this!

Bas. Fie upon this? He's accursed that has to do 460 with these unsound women of judgment: if this be not good, i'faith!

Mar. But 'tis so good, 'twill not be thought to come from a woman's brain.

Bas. That's another matter. 465

Mar. Come, I will write myself.

[*She sits down to write*]

Bas. O' God's name lady! And yet I will not lose this I warrant you; I know for what lady this will serve as fit. [*Folding up his letter*] Now we shall have a sweet piece of inditement. 470

Mar. How spell you foolish?

Bas. F-oo-l-i-sh. [*aside*] She will presume t'indite that cannot spell.

Mar. How spell you usher?

Bas. 'Sblood, you put not in those words together, do 475 you?

Mar. No, not together.

Bas. What is betwixt, I pray?

Mar. As the.

Bas. Ass the? Betwixt foolish and usher? God's my 480 life, foolish ass the usher!

Mar. Nay, then, you are so jealous of your wit! Now read all I have written, I pray.

Bas. [*reads*] 'I am not so foolish as the usher would make me'—Oh, so foolish as the usher would make me? Wherein 485 would I make you foolish?

Mar. Why, sir, in willing me to believe he loved me so well, being so mere a stranger.

Bas. Oh, is't so? You may say so, indeed.

Mar. Cry mercy, sir, and I will write so too. [*She begins to write, but stops*] And yet my hand is so vile. Pray thee sit thee down, and write as I bid thee.

Bas. With all my heart, lady! What shall I write now?

Mar. You shall write this, sir: *I am not so foolish to think you love me, being so mere a stranger—* 495

Bas. [*writing*] 'So mere a stranger'—

Mar. And yet I know love works strangely—

Bas. 'Love works strangely'—

Mar. And therefore take heed by whom you speak for love— 500

Bas. 'Speak for love'—

Mar. For he may speak for himself—

Bas. 'May speak for himself'—

Mar. Not that I desire it—

505

Bas. 'Desire it'—

Mar. But, if he do, you may speed, I confess.

Bas. 'Speed, I confess.'

Mar. But let that pass, I do not love to discourage anybody— 510

Bas. 'Discourage anybody—'

Mar. Do you, or he, pick out what you can; and so, farewell!

Bas. 'And so, farewell.' Is this all?

Mar. Ay, and he may thank your siren's tongue that it is so much. 515

Bas. [*Looking over the letter*]. A proper letter, if you mark it.

Mar. Well, sir, though it be not so proper as the writer, yet 'tis as proper as the inditer. Every woman cannot be a gentleman usher; they that cannot go before must come behind. 520

Bas. Well, lady, this I will carry instantly: I commend me t'ye, lady. *Exit*

Mar. Pitiful usher, what a pretty sleight Goes to the working up of everything! 525

What sweet variety serves a woman's wit!

We make men sue to us for that we wish.

Poor men, hold out awhile, and do not sue,

And, spite of custom, we will sue to you. *Exit*

ACTUS QUARTI SCENA PRIMA

[Before the House of Strozza]

Enter Poggio, running in, and knocking at Cynanche's door

Pog. Oh, God, how weary I am! Aunt, Madam Cynanche, aunt!

[Enter Cynanche]

Cyn. How now?

Pog. O God, aunt! O God, aunt! O God!

Cyn. What bad news brings this man? Where is my lord?

Pog. Oh, aunt, my uncle! He's shot!

Cyn. Shot? Ay me!

How is he shot?

Pog. Why, with a forked shaft,
As he was hunting, full in his left side.

Cyn. Oh me accurs'd! Where is he? Bring me;
where?

Pog. Coming with Doctor Benevemus; 10
I'll leave you, and go tell my Lord Vincentio. *Exit*

*Enter Benevemus, with others, bringing in Strozza with an arrow
in his side*

Cyn. See the sad sight; I dare not yield to grief,
But force feign'd patience to recomfort him.

My lord, what chance is this? How fares your lordship?

Stro. Wounded, and faint with anguish; let me rest. 15

Ben. A chair!

Cyn. Oh, Doctor, is't a deadly hurt?

Ben. I hope not, madam, though not free from danger.

Cyn. Why pluck you not the arrow from his side?

Ben. We cannot, lady; the fork'd head so fast
Sticks in the bottom of his solid rib. 20

Stro. No mean then, Doctor, rests there to educe it?

Ben. This only, my good lord, to give your wound
A greater orifice, and in sunder break
The pierced rib, which being so near the midriff,
And opening to the region of the heart, 25
Will be exceeding dangerous to your life.

Stro. I will not see my bosom mangled so,
Nor sternly be anatomiz'd alive;
I'll rather perish with it sticking still.

Cyn. Oh no! Sweet Doctor, think upon some help. 30

Ben. I told you all that can be thought in art,
Which since your lordship will not yield to use,
Our last hope rests in Nature's secret aid,
Whose power at length may happily expel it.

Stro. Must we attend at Death's abhorred door 35
The torturing delays of slavish Nature?

My life is in mine own powers to dissolve:
And why not then the pains that plague my life?
Rise, Furies, and this fury of my bane
Assail and conquer: what men madness call 40

(That hath no eye to sense, but frees the soul,
Exempt of hope and fear, with instant fate)-

Is manliest reason; manliest reason, then,
Resolve and rid me of this brutish life,
Hasten the cowardly protracted cure 45

Of all diseases. King of physicians, Death,
I'll dig thee from this mine of misery.

Cyn. Oh, hold, my lord! This is no Christian part,
Nor yet scarce manly, when your mankind foe,
Imperious Death, shall make your groans his trumpets 50

To summon resignation of Life's fort,
To fly without resistance; you must force

A countermine of fortitude, more deep
Than this poor mine of pains, to blow him up,
And spite of him live victor, though subdu'd; 55

Patience in torment is a valour more
Than ever crown'd th' Alcmenean conqueror.

Stro. Rage is the vent of torment; let me rise.

Cyn. Men do but cry that rage in miseries,
And scarcely beaten children become cries; 60

Pains are like women's clamours, which the less
They find men's patience stirred, the more they cease.

Of this 'tis said afflictions bring to God,
Because they make us like him, drinking up
Joys that deform us with the lusts of sense, 65

And turn our general being into soul,
Whose actions, simply formed and applied,
Draw all our body's frailties from respect.

Stro. Away with this unmed'cinable balm
Of worded breath! Forbear, friends, let me rest; 70
I swear I will be bands unto myself.

Ben. That will become your lordship best indeed.

Stro. I'll break away, and leap into the sea,
Or from some turret cast me headlong down
To shiver this frail carcass into dust. 75

Cyn. Oh, my dear lord, what unlike words are these
To the late fruits of your religious noblesse?

Stro. Leave me, fond woman!

Cyn. I'll be hewn from hence
Before I leave you; help, me, gentle Doctor.

Ben. Have patience, good my lord.

Stro. Then lead me in; 80
Cut off the timber of this cursed shaft,
And let the fork'd pile canker to my heart.

Cyn. Dear lord, resolve on humble sufferance.

Stro. I will not hear thee, woman; be content.

Cyn. Oh, never shall my counsels cease to knock 85
At thy impatient ears, till they fly in
And salve with Christian patience pagan sin. *Exeunt*

[SCENA SECUNDA

*A Room in the House of Lasso]**Enter Vincentio with a letter in his hand, Bassiolo*

Bas. This is her letter, sir; you now shall see
How silly a thing 'tis in respect of mine,
And what a simple woman she has prov'd
To refuse mine for hers; I pray look here.

Vin. Soft, sir, I know not, I being her sworn servant, 5
If I may put up these disgraceful words,
Given of my mistress, without touch of honour.

Bas. Disgraceful words! I protest I speak not
To disgrace her, but to grace myself.

Vin. Nay then, sir, if it be to grace yourself, 10
I am content; but otherwise, you know,
I was to take exceptions to a king.

Bas. Nay, y'are i'th'right for that; but read, I pray;
If there be not more choice words in that letter
Than in any three of Guevara's *Golden Epistles*, 15
I am a very ass. How think you, Vince?

Vin. By heaven, no less, sir; it is the best thing—
He rends it

Gods, what a beast am I!

Bas. It is no matter,
I can set it together again.

Vin. Pardon me, sir, I protest I was ravish'd; 20

But was it possible she should prefer
Hers before this ?

Bas. Oh, sir, she cried 'Fie upon this !'

Vin. Well, I must say nothing ; love is blind, you know,
and can find no fault in his beloved. 25

Bas. Nay, that's most certain.

Vin. Gi'e 't me ; I'll have this letter.

Bas. No, good Vince ; 'tis not worth it.

Vin. I'll ha't, i'faith. [*Taking Bassiolo's letter*] Here's
enough in it to serve for my letters as long as I live ; I'll 30
keep it to breed on as 'twere.

But I much wonder you could make her write.

Bas. Indeed there were some words belong'd to that.

Vin. How strong an influence works in well-plac'd words !
And yet there must be a prepared love 35
To give those words so mighty a command,
Or 'twere impossible they should move so much :
And will you tell me true ?

Bas. In anything.

Vin. Does not this lady love you ?

Bas. Love me ? Why, yes ; I think she does not hate 40
me.

Vin. Nay, but, i'faith, does she not love you dearly ?

Bas. No, I protest !

Vin. Nor have you never kiss'd her ?

Bas. Kiss'd her ? That's nothing.

Vin. But you know my meaning ;
Have you not been, as one would say, afore me ?

Bas. Not I, I swear ! 45

Vin. Oh, y'are too true to tell.

Bas. Nay, b[y] my troth, she has, I must confess,
Us'd me with good respect, and nobly still ;
But for such matters—

Vin. [*aside*] Very little more
Would make him take her maidenhead upon him.—
Well, friend, I rest yet in a little doubt, 50
This was not hers.

Bas. 'Twas, by that light that shines !
And I'll go fetch her to you to confirm it.

Vin. O passing friend !

Bas. But when she comes, in any case be bold,
And come upon her with some pleasing thing, 55
To show y'are pleas'd, however she behaves her :

As, for example, if she turn her back,
Use you that action you would do before,
And court her thus :

'Lady, your back part is as fair to me
As is your fore-part.'

60

Vin. 'Twill be most pleasing.

Bas.

Ay, for if you love

One part above another, 'tis a sign
You like not all alike ; and the worst part
About your mistress you must think as fair,
As sweet and dainty, as the very best,
So much for so much, and considering, too,
Each several limb and member in his kind.

65

Vin. As a man should.

Bas.

True ! Will you think of this ?

Vin. I hope I shall.

70

Bas.

But if she chance to laugh,

You must not lose your countenance, but devise
Some speech to show you pleas'd, even being laugh'd at.

Vin. Ay, but what speech ?

Bas.

God's precious, man, do something of yourself !

But I'll devise a speech.

He studies

75

Vin. [*aside*]

Inspire him, Folly.

Bas.

Or 'tis no matter ; be but bold enough,

And laugh when she laughs, and it is enough ;
I'll fetch her to you.

Exit

Vin. Now was there ever such a demi-lance,

To bear a man so clear through thick and thin ?

80

Enter Bassiolo

Bas. Or hark you, sir, if she should steal a laughter
Under her fan, thus you may say : ' Sweet lady,
If you will laugh and lie down, I am pleas'd.'

Vin. And so I were, by heaven ! How know you that ?

Bas.

'Slid, man, I'll hit your very thoughts in these
things !

85

Vin. Fetch her, sweet friend ; I'll hit your words, I
warrant !

Bas.

Be bold then, Vince, and press her to it hard ;

A shame-fac'd man is of all women barr'd.

Exit

Vin. How eas'ly worthless men take worth upon them,

And being over-credulous of their own worths,

90

Do underprize as much the worth of others.

The fool is rich, and absurd riches thinks
All merit is rung out where his purse chinks.

Enter Bassiolo and Margaret

Bas. My lord, with much entreaty here's my lady.
Nay, madam, look not back ; why, Vince, I say ! 95

Mar. [*aside*] Vince ? Oh monstrous jest !

Bas. To her, for shame !

Vin. Lady, your back part is as sweet to me
As all your fore-part.

Bas. [*aside*] He missed a little : he said her back part
was sweet, when he should have said fair ; but see, she 100
laughs most fitly to bring in the tother.—

Vince, to her again ; she laughs.

Vin. Laugh you, fair dame ?
If you will laugh and lie down, I am pleas'd.

Mar. What villanous stuff is here ?

Bas. Sweet mistress, of mere grace embolden now 105
The kind young prince here ; it is only love

Upon my protestation that thus daunts

His most heroic spirit : so awhile

I'll leave you close together ; Vince, I say— *Exit*

Mar. Oh horrible hearing ! Does he call you Vince ? 110

Vin. Oh, ay, what else ? And I made him embrace me,
Knitting a most familiar league of friendship.

Mar. But wherefore did you court me so absurdly ?

Vin. God's me, he taught me ! I spake out of him.

Mar. Oh fie upon't ! Could you for pity make him 115
Such a poor creature ? 'Twas abuse enough

To make him take on him such saucy friendship ;

[And yet his place is great, for he's not only

My father's usher, but the world's beside,

Because he goes before it all in folly. 120

Vin. Well, in these homely wiles must our loves mask,
Since power denies him his apparent right.

Mar. But is there no mean to dissolve that power,
And to prevent all further wrong to us
Which it may work by forcing marriage rites 125
Betwixt me and the Duke ?

Vin. No mean but one,
And that is closely to be married first,
Which I perceive not how we can perform ;
For at my father's coming back from hunting,

I fear your father and himself resolve
To bar my interest with his present nuptials. 130

Mar. That shall they never do ; may not we now
Our contract make, and marry before heaven ?
Are not the laws of God and Nature more
Than formal laws of men ? Are outward rites 135
More virtuous than the very substance is
Of holy nuptials solemniz'd within ?

Or shall laws made to curb the common world,
That would not be contain'd in form without them, } of Emily
D'A...
Hurt them that are a law unto themselves ? 140

My princely love, 'tis not a priest shall let us ;
But since th' eternal acts of our pure souls
Knit us with God, the soul of all the world,
He shall be priest to us ; and with such rites
As we can here devise we will express 145
And strongly ratify our hearts' true vows,
Which no external violence shall dissolve.

Vin. This is our only mean t'enjoy each other :
And, my dear life, I will devise a form
To execute the substance of our minds 150

In honour'd nuptials. First, then, hide your face
With this your spotless white and virgin veil ;
Now this my scarf I'll knit about your arm,
As you shall knit this other end on mine ;
And as I knit it, here I vow by heaven, 155

By the most sweet imaginary joys
Of untried nuptials, by Love's ushering fire
Fore-melting beauty, and Love's flame itself,
As this is soft and pliant to your arm
In a circumferent flexure, so will I 160

Be tender of your welfare and your will
As of mine own, as of my life and soul,
In all things, and for ever ; only you
Shall have this care in fulness, only you
Of all dames shall be mine, and only you 165
I'll court, commend and joy in, till I die.

Mar. With like conceit on your arm this I tie,
And here in sight of Heaven, by it I swear
By my love to you, which commands my life,
By the dear price of such a constant husband 170
As you have vowed to be, and by the joy
I shall embrace by all means to requite you,

I'll be as apt to govern as this silk,
 As private as my face is to this veil,
 And as far from offence as this from blackness. 175
 I will be courted of no man but you ;
 In and for you shall be my joys and woes :
 If you be sick, I will be sick, though well ;
 If you be well, I will be well, though sick :
 Yourself alone my complete world shall be 180
 Even from this hour to all eternity.

Vin. It is enough, and binds as much as marriage.

Enter Bassiolo

Bas. I'll see in what plight my poor lover stands,
 God's me, a beckons me to have me gone !
 It seems he's enter'd into some good vein ; 185
 I'll hence ; Love cureth when he vents his pain. *Exit*

Vin. Now, my sweet life, we both remember well
 What we have vow'd shall all be kept entire
 Maugre our fathers' wraths, danger, and death ;
 And to confirm this shall we spend our breath ? 190
 Be well advis'd, for yet your choice shall be
 In all things as before, as large and free.

Mar. What I have vow'd I'll keep, even past my death.

Vin. And I : and now in token I dissolve
 Your virgin state, I take this snowy veil 195
 From your much fairer face, and claim the dues
 Of sacred nuptials ; and now, fairest Heaven,
 As thou art infinitely rais'd from earth,
 Different and opposite, so bless this match,
 As far remov'd from custom's popular sects, 200
 And as unstain'd with her abhorr'd respects.

Enter Bassiolo

Bas. Mistress, away ! Poggio runs up and down,
 Calling for Lord Vincentio ; come away,
 For hitherward he bends his clamorous haste.

Mar. Remember, love ! *Exit Margaret and Bassiolo* 205

Vin. Or else forget me Heaven !
 Why am I sought for by this Poggio ?
 The ass is great with child of some ill news ,
 His mouth is never fill'd with other sound.

Enter Poggio

Pog. Where is my lord Vincentio ? Where is my lord ?

Vin. Here he is, ass ; what an exclaiming keep'st thou ! 210

Pog. 'Slud, my lord, I have followed you up and down like a Tantalus pig till I have worn out my hose hereabouts, I'll be sworn, and yet you call me ass still ; but I can tell you passing ill news, my lord.

Vin. I know that well, sir ; thou never bring'st other ; 215
What's your news now, I pray ?

Pog. Oh, Lord, my lord uncle is shot in the side with an arrow.

Vin. Plagues take thy tongue ! Is he in any danger ?

Pog. Oh, danger, ay ; he has lien speechless this two 220
hours, and talks so idly.

Vin. Accursed news ! Where is he ? Bring me to him.

Pog. Yes, do you lead, and I'll guide you to him. *Exeunt*

[SCENA TERTIA

A Room in the House of Strozza]

Enter Strozza brought in a chair, Cynanche, with others

Cyn. How fares it now with my dear lord and husband ?

Stro. Come near me, wife ; I fare the better far
For the sweet food of thy divine advice.

Let no man value at a little price

A virtuous woman's counsel ; her wing'd spirit 5

Is feather'd oftentimes with heavenly words,

And (like her beauty) ravishing, and pure ;

The weaker body, still the stronger soul :

When good endeavours do her powers apply,

Her love draws nearest man's felicity. 10

Oh, what a treasure is a virtuous wife,

Discreet and loving ! Not one gift on earth

Makes a man's life so highly bound to heaven ;

She gives him double forces, to endure

And to enjoy, by being one with him, 15

Feeling his joys and griefs with equal sense ;

And like the twins Hippocrates reports,

If he fetch sighs, she draws her breath as short,

If he lament, she melts herself in tears ;

If he be glad, she triumphs ; if he stir, 20

She moves his way ; in all things his sweet ape :

And is in alteratio[n]s passing strange,

Himself divinely varied without change.

Gold is right precious, but his price infects
 With pride and avarice ; authority lifts 25
 Hats from men's heads, and bows the strongest knees,
 Yet cannot bend in rule the weakest hearts ;
 Music delights but one sense, nor choice meats ;
 One quickly fades, the other stirs to sin ;
 But a true wife both sense and soul delights, 30
 And mixeth not her good with any ill ;
 Her virtues (ruling hearts) all powers command ;
 All store without her leaves a man but poor,
 And with her poverty is exceeding store ;
 No time is tedious with her ; her true worth 35
 Makes a true husband think his arms enfold,
 With her alone, a complete world of gold.

Cyn. I wish, dear love, I could deserve as much
 As your most kind conceit hath well express'd ;
 But when my best is done, I see you wounded, 40
 And neither can recure nor ease your pains.

Stro. Cynanche, thy advice hath made me well ;
 My free submission to the hand of Heaven
 Makes it redeem me from the rage of pain.
 For though I know the malice of my wound 45
 Shoots still the same distemper through my veins,
 Yet the judicial patience I embrace
 (In which my mind spreads her impassive powers
 Through all my suff'ring parts) expels their frailty ;
 And rendering up their whole life to my soul, 50
 Leaves me nought else but soul ; and so like her,
 Free from the passions of my fuming blood.

Cyn. Would God you were so ; and that too much pain
 Were not the reason you felt sense of none.

Stro. Think'st thou me mad, Cynache, for mad men, 55
 By pains ungovern'd, have no sense of pain ?
 But I, I tell you, am quite contrary,
 Eas'd with well governing my submitted pain ;
 Be cheer'd then, wife, and look not for, in me,
 The manners of a common wounded man. 60
 Humility hath rais'd me to the stars ;
 In which (as in a sort of crystal globes)
 I sit and see things hid from human sight.
 Ay, even the very accidents to come
 Are present with my knowledge ; the seventh day 65
 The arrow-head will fall out of my side.
 The seventh day, wife, the forked head will out.

Cyn. Would God it would, my lord, and leave you well !

Stro. Yes, the seventh day, I am assur'd it will ;
 And I shall live, I know it ; I thank heaven, 70
 I know it well ; and I'll teach my physician
 To build his c[u]res hereafter upon Heaven
 More than on earthly med'cines ; for I know
 Many things shown me from the open'd skies
 That pass all arts. Now my physician 75
 Is coming to me ; he makes friendly haste ;
 And I will well requite his care of me.

Cyn. How know you he is coming ?

Stro. Passing well ;
 And that my dear friend, Lord Vincentio,
 Will presently come see me too ; I'll stay 80
 My good physician till my true friend come.

Cyn. [*aside*] Ay me, his talk is idle ; and, I fear,
 Foretells his reasonable soul now leaves him.

Stro. Bring my physician in ; he's at the door.

Cyn. Alas, there's no physician !

Stro. But I know it ; 85
 See, he is come.

Enter Benevemus

Ben. How fares my worthy lord ?

Stro. Good Doctor, I endure no pain at all,
 And the seventh day the arrow's head will out.

Ben. Why should it fall out the seventh day, my lord ?

Stro. I know it ; the seventh day it will not fail. 90

Ben. I wish it may, my lord.

Stro. Yes, 'twill be so.
 You come with purpose to take present leave,
 But you shall stay awhile ; my lord Vincentio
 Would see you fain, and now is coming hither.

Ben. How knows your lordship ? Have you sent for
 him ? 95

Stro. No, but 'tis very true ; he's now hard by,
 And will not hinder your affairs a whit.

Ben. [*aside*] How want of rest distempers his light
 brain !—
 Brings my lord any train ?

Stro. None but himself.
 My nephew Poggio now hath left his Grace. 100
 Good Doctor, go, and bring him by his hand,
 (Which he will give you) to my longing eyes.

Ben. 'Tis strange, if this be true. *Exit*

Cyn. The Prince, I think,
Yet knows not of your hurt.

Enter Vincentio holding the Doctor's hand

Stro. Yes, wife, too well.

See, he is come ; welcome, my princely friend ! 105
I have been shot, my lord ; but the seventh day
The arrow's head will fall out of my side,
And I shall live.

Vin. I do not fear your life ;
But, Doctor, is it your opinion
That the seventh day the arrow-head will out ? 110

Stro. No, 'tis not his opinion, 'tis my knowledge ;
For I do know it well ; and I do wish,
Even for your only sake, my noble lord,
This were the seventh day, and I now were well,
That I might be some strength to your hard state, 115
For you have many perils to endure :

Great is your danger, great ; your unjust ill
Is passing foul and mortal ; would to God
My wound were something well, I might be with you !
Nay, do not whisper ; I know what I say 120
Too well for you, my lord ; I wonder Heaven
Will let such violence threat an innocent life.

Vin. Whate'er it be, dear friend, so you be well,
I will endure it all ; your wounded state
Is all the danger I fear towards me. 125

Stro. Nay, mine is nothing ; for the seventh day
This arrow-head will out, and I shall live ;
And so shall you, I think ; but very hardly ;
It will be hardly you will scape indeed.

Vin. Be as will be, pray heaven your prophecy 130
Be happily accomplished in yourself,
And nothing then can come amiss to me.

Stro. What says my doctor ? Thinks he I say true ?

Ben. If your good lordship could but rest awhile,
I would hope well.

Stro. Yes, I shall rest, I know, 135
If that will help your judgment.

Ben. Yes, it will ;
And, good my lord, let's help you in to try.

Stro. You please me much ; I shall sleep instantly.

Exeunt

[SCENA QUARTA

*A Room in the House of Lasso]**Enter Alphonso and Medice*

Alp. Why should the humorous boy forsake the chase,
As if he took advantage of my absence
To some act that my presence would offend ?

Med. I warrant you, my lord, 'tis to that end ;
And I believe he wrongs you in your love. 5

Children, presuming on their parents' kindness,
Care not what unkind actions they commit
Against their quiet : and were I as you,
I would affright my son from these bold parts,
And father him as I found his deserts. 10

Alp. I swear I will : and can I prove he aims
At any interruption in my love,
I'll interrupt his life.

Med. We soon shall see,
For I have made Madame Cortezza search
With pick-locks all the ladies' cabinets 15
About Earl Lasso's house ; and if there be
Traffic of love twixt any one of them
And your suspected son 'twill soon appear
In some sign of their amorous merchandize ;
See where she comes, loaded with gems and papers. 20

Enter Cortezza

Cov. See here, my lord, I have robb'd all their caskets.
Know you this ring, this carcanet, this chain ?
Will any of these letters serve your turn ?

Alp. I know not these things ; but come, let me read
Some of these letters.

[*Med.*] Madam, in this deed 25
You deserve highly of my lord the Duke.

Cov. Nay, my lord Medice, I think I told you
I could do pretty well in these affairs.

Oh, these young girls engross up all the love
From us, poor beldams ; but, I hold my hand, 30
I'll ferret all the cony-holes of their kindness
Ere I have done with them.

Alp. Passion of death !
See, see, Lord Medice, my trait'rous son
Hath long joy'd in the favours of my love ;

Woe to the womb that bore him, and my care
To bring him up to this accursed hour,
In which all cares possess my wretched life !

Med. What father would believe he had a son
So full of treachery to his innocent state ?
And yet, my lord, this letter shows no meeting,
But a desire to meet.

Cor. Yes, yes, my lord,
I do suspect they meet ; and I believe
I know well where too ; I believe I do ;
And therefore tell me, does no creature know
That you have left the chase thus suddenly,
And are come hither ? Have you not been seen
By any of these lovers ?

Alp. Not by any.

Cor. Come then, come follow me ; I am persuaded
I shall go near to show you their kind hands.
Their confidence that you are still a-hunting
Will make your amorous son, that stole from thence,
Bold in his love-sports, come, come, a fresh chase !
I hold this pick-lock, you shall hunt at view.
What, do they think to scape ? An old wife's eye
Is a blue crystal full of sorcery.

Alp. If this be true the trait'rous boy shall die. *Exeunt*

Enter Lasso, Margaret, Bassiolo going before

Las. Tell me, I pray you, what strange hopes they are
That feed your coy conceits against the Duke,
And are prefer'd before th' assured greatness
His Highness graciously would make your fortunes ?

Mar. I have small hopes, my lord, but a desire
To make my nuptial choice of one I love ;
And as I would be loath t'impair my state,
So I affect not honours that exceed it.

Las. Oh, you are very temp'rate in your choice,
Pleading a judgment past your sex and years.
But I believe some fancy will be found
The forge of these gay glosses : if it be,
I shall decipher what close traitor 'tis
That is your agent in your secret plots—

Bas. [*aside*] 'Swoons !

Las. And him for whom you plot ; and on you all
I will revenge thy disobedience
With such severe correction as shall fright

All such deluders from the like attempts : 75
 But chiefly he shall smart that is your factor.

Bas. [*aside*] Oh me accurs'd!

Las. Meantime I'll cut

Your poor craft short, i'faith!

Mar. Poor craft, indeed,

That I or any others use for me!

Las. Well, dame, if it be nothing but the jar 80

Of your unfitted fancy that procures

Your wilful coyness to my lord the Duke,

No doubt but time and judgment will conform it

To such obedience as so great desert

Propos'd to your acceptance doth require. 85

To which end do you counsel her, Bassiolo.

And let me see, maid, gainst the Duke's return,

Another tincture set upon your looks

Than heretofore; for, be assur'd, at last

Thou shalt consent, or else incur my curse. 90

Advise her you, Bassiolo.

Exit

Bas. Ay, my good lord:

[*Aside*] God's pity, what an errant ass was I

To entertain the Prince's crafty friendship!

'Sblood, I half suspect the villain gull'd me!

Mar. Our squire, I think, is startled.

Bas. Nay, lady, it is true; 95

And you must frame your fancy to the Duke;

For I protest I will not be corrupted,

For all the friends and fortunes in the world,

To gull my lord that trusts me.

Mar. Oh, sir, now

Y'are true too late.

Bas. No, lady, not a whit;

100

'Slud, and you think to make an ass of me,

May chance to rise betimes; I know't, I know.

Mar. Out, servile coward! Shall a light suspect,

That hath no slend'rest proof of what we do,

Infringe the weighty faith that thou hast sworn 105

To thy dear friend, the Prince, that dotes on thee,

And will in pieces cut thee for thy falsehood?

Bas. I care not. I'll not hazard my estate

For any prince on earth; and I'll disclose

The complot to your father, if you yield not 110

To his obedience.

Mar. Do, if thou dar'st,
 Even for thy scrap'd-up living, and thy life ;
 I'll tell my father, then, how thou didst woo me
 To love the young Prince ; and didst force me, too,
 To take his letters : I was well inclin'd, 115
 I will be sworn, before, to love the Duke ;
 But thy vile railing at him made me hate him.

Bas. I rail at him ?

Mar. Ay, marry, did you sir ;
 And said he was a pattern for a potter,
 Fit t' have his picture stamp'd on a stone jug, 120
 To keep ale-knights in memory of sobriety.

Bas. [*aside*] Sh'as a plaguy memory !

Mar. I could have lov'd him else ; nay, I did love him,
 Though I dissembled it to bring him on,
 And I by this time might have been a duchess ; 125
 And, now I think on't better, for revenge
 I'll have the Duke, and he shall have thy head
 For thy false wit within it to his love.
 Now go and tell my father ; pray begone !

Bas. Why, and I will go. 130

Mar. Go, for God's sake, go ! Are you here yet ?

Bas. Well, now I am resolv'd. [*Going*]

Mar. 'Tis bravely done ; farewell ! But do you hear,
 sir ?

Take this with you, besides : the young Prince keeps
 A certain letter you had writ for me 135
 (*Endearing, and condoling, and mature*)
 And if you should deny things, that, I hope,
 Will stop your impudent mouth : but go your ways,
 If you can answer all this, why, 'tis well.

Bas. Well, lady, if you will assure me here 140
 You will refrain to meet with the young Prince,
 I will say nothing.

Mar. Good sir, say your worst,
 For I will meet him, and that presently.

Bas. Then be content, I pray, and leave me out,
 And meet hereafter as you can yourselves. 145

Mar. No, no, sir, no ; 'tis you must fetch him to me,
 And you shall fetch him, or I'll do your errand.

Bas. [*aside*] 'Swounds, what a spite is this ! I will re-
 solve
 T'endure the worst ; 'tis but my foolish fear

The plot will be discover'd—O the gods ! 150
 'Tis the best sport to play with these young dames ;
 I have dissembled, mistress, all this while ;
 Have I not made you in a pretty taking ?

Mar. Oh, 'tis most good ! Thus you may play on me ;
 You cannot be content to make me love 155
 A man I hated till you spake for him
 With such enchanting speeches as no friend
 Could possibly resist ; but you must use
 Your villanous wit to drive me from my wits :
 A plague of that bewitching tongue of yours, 160
 Would I had never heard your scurvy words !

Bas. Pardon, dear dame, I'll make amends, i'faith !
 Think you that I'll play false with my dear Vince ?
 I swore that sooner Hybla should want bees,
 And Italy bona-robas, than I faith ; 165
 And so they shall.

Come, you shall meet, and double meet, in spite
 Of all your foes, and dukes that dare maintain them.
 A plague of all old doters ! I disdain them.

Mar. Said like a friend ; oh, let me comb th[y] cox- 170
 comb. *Exeunt*

FINIS ACTUS QUARTI

ACTUS QUINTI SCENA PRIMA

[*A Room in the House of Lasso*]

Enter Alphonso, Medice, Lasso, Cortezza *above*

Cor. Here is the place will do the deed, i'faith !
 This, Duke, will show thee how youth puts down age,
 Ay, and perhaps how youth does put down youth.

Alp. If I shall see my love in any sort
 Prevented or abus'd, th' abuser dies. 5

Las. I hope there is no such intent, my Liege,
 For sad as death should I be to behold it.

Med. You must not be too confident, my lord,
 Or in your daughter or in them that guard her.
 The Prince is politic, and envies his father ; 10
 And though not for himself, nor any good
 Intended to your daughter, yet because
 He knows 'twould kill his father, he would seek her.

Cor. Whist, whist, they come !

Enter Bassiolo, Vincentio, and Margaret

Bas. Come, meet me boldly, come.

And let them come from hunting when they dare. 15

Vin. Has the best spirit.

Bas. Spirit ? What, a plague !

Shall a man fear caprices ? You forsooth

Must have your love come t'ye, and when he comes

Then you grow shamefac'd, and he must not touch you :

But 'Fie, my father comes !' and 'Foh, my aunt !' 20

Oh, 'tis a witty hearing, is't not, think you ?

Vin. Nay, pray thee, do not mock her, gentle friend.

Bas. Nay, you are even as wise a wooer too ;

If she turn from you, you even let her turn,

And say you do not love to force a lady, 25

'Tis too much rudeness. Gosh hat ! What's a lady ?

Must she not be touch'd ? What, is she copper, think you,

And will not bide the touchstone ? Kiss her, Vince,

And thou dost love me, kiss her.

Vin. Lady, now

I were too simple if I should not offer. [*He kisses her*] 30

Mar. O God, sir, pray away ! This man talks idly.

Bas. How shay by that ? Now by that candle there,

Were I as Vince is, I would handle you

In ruffy-tuffy wise, in your right kind.

Mar. [*aside*] Oh, you have made him a sweet beagle, ha'

y'not ? 35

Vin. [*aside*] 'Tis the most true believer in himself

Of all that sect of folly ; faith's his fault.

Bas. So, to her, Vince ! I give thee leave, my lad.

'Sweet were the words my mistress spake,

When tears fell from her eyes.' *He lies down by them* 40

Thus, as the lion lies before his den,

Guarding his whelps, and streaks his careless limbs,

And when the panther, fox, or wolf comes near,

He never deigns to rise to fright them hence,

But only puts forth one of his stern paws, 45

And keeps his dear whelps safe, as in a hutch,

So I present his person, and keep mine.

Foxes, go by, I put my terror forth.

Cantat

Let all the world say what they can,

Her bargain best she makes, 50

That hath the wit to choose a man
To pay for that he takes.

Belle piu, etc.

Iterum cantat

Dispatch, sweet whelps ; the bug, the Duke, comes straight :
Oh, 'tis a grave old lover, that same Duke,
And chooses minions rarely, if you mark him, 55
The noble Medice, that man, that Bobadilla,
That foolish knave, that hose and doublet stinkard.

Med. 'Swounds, my lord, rise, let's endure no more !

Alp. A little, pray, my lord, for I believe
We shall discover very notable knavery. 60

Las. Alas, how I am griev'd and sham'd in this !

Cor. Never care you, lord brother, there's no harm
done !

Bas. But that sweet creature, my good lord's sister,
Madam Cortezza, she, the noblest dame
That ever any vein of honour bled ; 65
There were a wife now, for my lord the Duke,
Had he the grace to choose her ; but indeed,
To speak her true praise, I must use some study.

Cor. Now truly, brother, I did ever think
This man the honestest man that e'er you kept. 70

Las. So, sister, so ; because he praises you.

Cor. Nay, sir, but you shall hear him further yet.

Bas. Were not her head sometimes a little light,
And so unapt for matter of much weight,
She were the fittest and the worthiest dame 75
To leap a window and to break her neck
That ever was.

Cor. God's pity, arrant knave !
I ever thought him a dissembling varlet.

Bas. Well now, my hearts, be wary, for by this
I fear the Duke is coming ; I'll go watch 80
And give you warning. I commend me t'ye. *Exit*

Vin. Oh, fine phrase !

Mar. And very timely us'd.

Vin. What now, sweet life, shall we resolve upon ?
We never shall enjoy each other here.

Mar. Direct you, then, my lord, what we shall do, 85
For I am at your will, and will endure
With you the cruell'st absence from the state
We both were born to that can be suppos'd.

Vin. That would extremely grieve me; could myself
Only endure the ill our hardest fates 100
May lay on both of us, I would not care;
But to behold thy sufferance I should die.

Mar. How can your lordship wrong my love so much,
To think the more woe I sustain for you
Breeds not the more my comfort? I, alas, 95
Have no mean else to make my merit even
In any measure with your eminent worth.

Enter Bassiolo

Bas. [*aside*] Now must I exercise my timorous lovers,
Like fresh-arm'd soldiers, with some false alarms,
To make them yare and wary of their foe, 100
The boist'rous, bearded Duke: I'll rush upon them
With a most hideous cry.—The Duke! the Duke! the
Duke! [*Vincentio and Margaret run out*]
Ha, ha, ha! Wo ho, come again, I say!
The Duke's not come, i'faith!

[*Enter Vincentio and Margaret*]

Vin. God's precious, man!
What did you mean to put us in this fear? 105

Bas. Oh, sir, to make you look about the more:
Nay, we must teach you more of this, I tell you;
What, can you be too safe, sir? What, I say,
Must you be pamper'd in your vanities?
[*Aside*] Ah, I do domineer, and rule the roast. *Exit* 110

Mar. Was ever such an angle? Would to God
(If 'twere not for ourselves) my father saw him.

Las. Minion, you have your prayer, and my curse,
For your good huswifery.

Med. What says your Highness?
Can you endure these injuries any more? 115

Alp. No more, no more! Advise me what is best
To be the penance of my graceless son.

Med. My lord, no mean but death or banishment
Can be fit penance for him, if you mean
T' enjoy the pleasure of your love yourself. 120

Cor. Give him plain death, my lord, and then y'are sure.

Alp. Death, or his banishment, he shall endure,
For wreak of that joy's exile I sustain.

Come, call our guard, and apprehend him straight.

Exeunt [*Alphonso, Lasso, Medice, and Cortezza*]

Vin. I have some jewels then, my dearest life, 125
Which, with whatever we can get beside,
Shall be our means, and we will make escape.

Enter Bassiolo running

Bas. 'Sblood, the Duke and all come now in earnest.
The Duke, by heaven, the Duke!

Vin. Nay, then, i'faith,
Your jest is too too stale.

Bas. God's precious! 130
By these ten bones, and by this hat and heart,
The Duke and all comes! See, we are cast away.

Exeunt [Bassiolo and Vincentio]

Enter Alphonso, Medice, Lasso, Cortezza, and Julio

Alp. Lay hands upon them all; pursue, pursue!

Las. Stay, thou ungracious girl!

Alp. Lord Medice,
Lead you our guard, and see you apprehend 135
The treacherous boy, nor let him scape with life,
Unless he yield to his [eternal] exile.

Med. 'Tis princely said, my lord. *Exit*

Las. And take my usher.

Mar. Let me go into exile with my lord;
I will not live, if I be left behind. 140

Las. Impudent damsel, wouldst thou follow him?

Mar. He is my husband, whom else should I follow?

Las. Wretch, thou speakest treason to my lord the Duke.

Alp. Yet love me, lady, and I pardon all.

Mar. I have a husband, and must love none else. 145

Alp. Despiteful dame, I'll disinherit him,
And thy good father here shall cast off thee,
And both shall feed on air, or starve, and die.

Mar. If this be justice, let it be our dooms:
If free and spotless love in equal years, 150
With honours unimpaired deserve such ends,
Let us approve what justice is in friends.

Las. You shall, I swear. Sister, take you her close
Into your chamber; lock her fast alone,
And let her stir, nor speak with any one. 155

Cor. She shall not, brother. Come, niece, come with
me.

Mar. Heaven save my love, and I will suffer gladly.

Exeunt Cortezza [and] Margaret

Alp. Haste, Julio, follow thou my son's pursuit,
 And will Lord Medice not to hurt nor touch him,
 But either banish him or bring him back ; 160
 Charge him to use no violence to his life.

Jul. I will, my lord. *Exit Julio*

Alp. Oh, Nature, how, alas,
 Art thou and Reason, thy true guide, oppos'd !
 More bane thou tak'st to guide sense, led amiss,
 Than, being guided, Reason gives thee bliss. 165
Exeunt

[SCENA SECUNDA

A Room in the House of Strozza]

*Enter Cynanche, Benevemus, Ancilla, Strozza having the
 arrow head [in his hand]*

Stro. Now, see, good Doctor, 'twas no frantic fancy
 That made my tongue presage this head should fall
 Out of my wounded side the seventh day ;
 But an inspired rapture of my mind,
 Submitted and conjoin'd in patience 5
 To my Creator, in whom I foresaw
 (Like to an angel) this divine event.

Ben. So is it plain, and happily approv'd
 In a right Christian precedent, confirming
 What a most sacred med'cine patience is, 10
 That with the high thirst of our souls' clear fire
 Exhausts corporeal humour and all pain,
 Casting our flesh off, while we it retain.

Cyn. Make some religious vow then, my dear lord,
 And keep it in the proper memory 15
 Of so celestial and free a grace.

Stro. Sweet wife, thou retest my good angel still,
 Suggesting by all means these ghostly counsels.
 Thou weariest not thy husband's patient ears
 With motions for new fashions in attire, 20
 For change of jewels, pastimes, and nice cates,
 Nor studiest eminence and the higher place
 Amongst thy consorts, like all other dames ;
 But knowing more worthy objects appertain
 To every woman that desires t' enjoy 25
 A blessed life in marriage, thou contemn'st
 Those common pleasures, and pursu'st the rare,

Using thy husband in those virtuous gifts
 For which thou first didst choose him, and thereby
 Cloy'st not with him, but lov'st him endlessly. 30

In reverence of thy motion, then, and zeal
 To that most sovereign power that was my cure,
 I make a vow to go on foot to Rome,
 And offer humbly in Saint Peter's Temple
 This fatal arrow-head : which work let none judge 35

A superstitious rite, but a right use,
 Proper to this peculiar instrument,
 Which, visibly resign'd to memory,
 Through every eye that sees will stir the soul
 To gratitude and progress, in the use 40
 Of my tried patience, which, in my powers ending,
 Would shut th' example out of future lives.

No act is superstitious that applies
 All power to God, devoting hearts through eyes.

Ben. Spoke with the true tongue of a nobleman : 45
 But now are all these excitations toys,
 And Honour fats his brain with other joys.
 I know your true friend, Prince Vincentio,
 Will triumph in this excellent effect
 Of your late prophecy.

Stro. Oh, my dear friend's name 50
 Presents my thoughts with a most mortal danger
 To his right innocent life : a monstrous fact
 Is now effected on him.

Cyn. Where, or how ?
Stro. I do not well those circumstances know,
 But am assur'd the substance is too true. 55

Come, reverend Doctor, let us harken out
 Where the young Prince remains, and bear with you
 Med'cines, t' allay his danger : if by wounds,
 Bear precious balsam, or some sovereign juice ;
 If by fell poison, some choice antidote ; 60
 If by black witchcraft, our good spirits and prayers
 Shall exorcise the devilish wrath of hell
 Out of his princely bosom.

Enter Poggio running

Pog. Where, where, where ?
 Where's my lord uncle, my lord my uncle ?

Stro. Here's the ill-tidings bringer ; what news now
With thy unhappy presence ? 65

Pog. Oh, my lord, my lord Vincentio,
Is almost kill'd by my lord Medice.

Stro. See, Doctor, see, if my presage be true !
And well I know if he have hurt the Prince,
'Tis treacherously done, or with much help. 70

Pog. Nay, sure he had no help, but all the Duke's guard ;
and they set upon him indeed ; and after he had defended
himself—d'ye see ?—he drew, and having as good as wounded
the lord Medice almost, he strake at him, and missed him
—d'ye mark ? 75

Stro. What tale is here ? Where is this mischief done ?

Pog. At Monkswell, my lord ; I'll guide you to him
presently.

Stro. I doubt it not ; fools are best guides to ill,
And mischief's ready way lies open still. 80
Lead, sir, I pray. *Exeunt*

[SCENA TERTIA

Cortezza's Chamber]

Enter Cortezza and Margaret above

Cov. Quiet yourself, niece ; though your love be slain,
You have another that's worth two of him.

Mar. It is not possible ; it cannot be
That Heaven should suffer such impiety.

Cov. 'Tis true, I swear, niece.

Mar. Oh, most unjust truth ! 5
I'll cast myself down headlong from this tower,
And force an instant passage for my soul
To seek the wand'ring spirit of my lord.

Cov. Will you do so, niece ? That I hope you will not ;
And yet there was a maid in Saint Mark's street 10
For such a matter did so, and her clothes
Flew up about her so as she had no harm ;
And, grace of God, your clothes may fly up too,
And save you harmless, for your cause and hers
Are e'en as like as can be.

Mar. I would not scape ; 15
And certainly I think the death is easy.

Cov. Oh, 'tis the easiest death that ever was ;
Look, niece, it is so far hence to the ground

You should be quite dead long before you felt it.
Yet do not leap, niece.

Mar. I will kill myself 20

With running on some sword, or drink strong poison ;
Which death is easiest I would fain endure.

Cor. Sure Cleopatra was of the same mind,
And did so ; she was honour'd ever since :
Yet do not you so, niece. 25

Mar. Wretch that I am, my heart is soft and faint,
And trembles at the very thought of death,
Though thoughts tenfold more grievous do torment it :
I'll feel death by degrees, and first deform
This my accursed face with ugly wounds ; 30
That was the first cause of my dear love's death.

Cor. That were a cruel deed ; yet Adelasia,
In Pettie's *Palace of Petit Pleasure*,
For all the world, with such a knife as this
Cut off her cheeks and nose, and was commended 35
More than all dames that kept their faces whole.

[Margaret seizes the knife and offers to cut her face]
Oh, do not cut it.

Mar. Fie on my faint heart !
It will not give my hand the wished strength ;
Behold the just plague of a sensual life,
That to preserve itself in Reason's spite, 40
And shun Death's horror, feels it ten times more.
Unworthy women ! Why do men adore
Our fading beauties, when, their worthiest lives
Being lost for us, we dare not die for them ?
Hence, hapless ornaments that adorn'd this head, 45
Disorder ever these [enticing curls],
And leave my beauty like a wilderness
That never man's eye more may dare t'invade.

Cor. I'll tell you, niece—and yet I will not tell you
A thing that I desire to have you do— 50
But I will tell you only what you might do,
Cause I would pleasure you in all I could.
I have an ointment here, which we dames use
To take off hair when it does grow too low
Upon our foreheads, and that, for a need, 55
If you should rub it hard upon your face
Would blister it, and make it look most vildly ?

Mar. Oh, give me that, aunt !

Cor. Give it you, virgin? That were well indeed;
Shall I be thought to tempt you to such matters? 60

Mar. None (of my faith) shall know it; gentle aunt,
Bestow it on me, and I'll ever love you.

Cor. God's pity, but you shall not spoil your face!

Mar. I will not, then, indeed.

Cor. Why, then, niece, take it;
But you shall swear you will not.

Mar. No, I swear! 65

[*She seizes the box and rubs her face with the ointment*]

Cor. What, do you force it from me? God's my dear!
Will you misuse your face so? What, all over?

Nay, if you be so desp'rate, I'll be gone. *Exit*

Mar. Fade, hapless beauty; turn the ugliest face
Th[at] ever Æthiop or affrightful fiend 70

Show'd in th' amaz'd eye of profan'd light;
See, precious love, if thou be [yet] in air,

And canst break darknes and the strongest towers
With thy dissolved intellectual powers,

See a worse torment suffered for thy death 75
Than if it had extended his black force
In sevenfold horror to my hated life.

Smart, precious ointment, smart, and to my brain
Sweat thy envenom'd fury; make my eyes

Burn with thy sulphur like the lakes of hell, 80
That fear of me may shiver him to dust
That eat his own child with the jaws of lust.

Exit

[SCENA QUARTA

A Room in Lasso's House]

Enter Alphonso, Lasso, and others

Alp. I wonder how far they pursu'd my son
That no return of him or them appears;
I fear some hapless accident is chanc'd
That makes the news so loath to pierce mine ears.

Las. High Heaven vouchsafe no such effect succeed 5
Those wretched causes that from my house flow,
But that in harmless love all acts may end.

Enter Cortezza

Cor. What shall I do? Alas, I cannot rule
My desperate niece; all her sweet face is spoil'd,

And I dare keep her prisoner no more : 10
 See, see, she comes frantick and all undress'd.

Enter Margaret

Mar. Tyrant, behold how thou hast us'd thy love !
 See, thief to nature, thou hast kill'd and robb'd,
 Kill'd what myself kill'd, robb'd what makes thee poor.
 Beauty (a lover's treasure) thou hast lost, 15
 Where none can find it ; all a poor maid's dower
 Thou hast forc'd from me ; all my joy and hope.
 No man will love me more ; all dames excel me.
 This ugly thing is now no more a face,
 Nor any vile form in all earth resembled, 20
 But thy foul tyranny ; for which all the pains
 Two faithful lovers feel, that thus are parted,
 All joys they might have felt, turn all to pains ;
 All a young virgin thinks she does endure
 To lose her love and beauty, on thy heart 25
 Be heap'd and press'd down till thy soul depart.

Enter Julio

Jul. Haste, Liege, your son is dangerously hurt !
 Lord Medice, contemning your command,
 By me deliver'd as your Highness will'd,
 Set on him with your guard, who strook him down ; 30
 And then the coward lord with mortal wounds
 And slavish insolency plow'd up his soft breast ;
 Which barbarous fact, in part, is laid on you,
 For first enjoining it, and foul exclaims
 In pity of your son your subjects breathe 35
 Gainst your unnatural fury ; amongst whom
 The good lord Strozza desp'rately raves,
 And vengeance for his friend's injustice craves.
 See where he comes, burning in zeal of friendship.

*Enter Strozza, Vincentio brought in a chair, Benevenus, Poggio,
 Cynanche, with a guard, and Medice*

Stro. Where is the tyrant ? Let me strike his eyes 40
 Into his brain with horror of an object.
 See, pagan Nero, see how thou hast ripp'd
 Thy better bosom, rooted up that flower
 From whence thy now spent life should spring anew,
 And in him kill'd (that would have bred thee fresh) 45
 Thy mother and thy father.

Vin.

Good friend, cease !

Stro. What hag with child of monster would have nurs'd
Such a prodigious longing? But a father
Would rather eat the brawn out of his arms
Than glut the mad worm of his wild desires 50
With his dear issue's entrails.

Vin. Honour'd friend,
He is my father, and he is my prince,
In both whose rights he may command my life.

Stro. What is a father? Turn his entrails gulfs
To swallow children when they have begot them? 55
And what's a prince? Had all been virtuous men,
There never had been prince upon the earth,
And so no subject; all men had been princes:
A virtuous man is subject to no prince,
But to his soul and honour; which are laws 60
That carry fire and sword within themselves,
Never corrupted, never out of rule;
What is there in a prince that his least lusts
Are valued at the lives of other men,
When common faults in him should prodigies be, 65
And his gross dotage rather loath'd than sooth'd?

Alp. How thick and heavily my plagues descend,
Not giving my maz'd powers a time to speak!
Pour more rebuke upon me, worthy lord,
For I have guilt and patience for them all: 70
Yet know, dear son, I did forbid thy harm;
This gentleman can witness, whom I sent
With all command of haste to interdict
This forward man in mischief not to touch thee:
Did I not, Julio? Utter nought but truth. 75

Jul. All your guard heard, my lord, I gave your charge
With loud and violent iterations.
After all which Lord Medice cowardly hurt him.

The Guard. He did, my princely lord.

Alp. Believe then, son,
And know me pierc'd as deeply with thy wounds: 80
And pardon, virtuous lady, that have lost
The dearest treasure proper to your sex,
Ay me, it seems by my unhappy means!
Oh, would to God, I could with present cure
Of these unnatural wounds, and moaning right 85
Of this abused beauty, join you both
(As last I left you) in eternal nuptials.

Vin. My lord, I know the malice of this man,
 Not your unkind consent, hath us'd us thus.
 And since I make no doubt I shall survive 90
 These fatal dangers, and your Grace is pleas'd
 To give free course to my unwounded love,
 'Tis not this outward beauty's ruthless loss
 Can any thought discourage my desires :
 And therefore, dear life, do not wrong me so 95
 To think my love the shadow of your beauty ;
 I woo your virtues, which as I am sure
 No accident can alter or impair,
 So, be you certain, nought can change my love.

Mar. I know your honourable mind, my lord, 100
 And will not do it that unworthy wrong,
 To let it spend her forces in contending
 (Spite of your sense) to love me thus deformed ;
 Love must have outward objects to delight him,
 Else his content will be too grave and sour. 105
 It is enough for me, my lord, you love,
 And that my beauty's sacrifice redeem'd
 My sad fear of your slaughter. You first lov'd me
 Closely for beauty ; which being wither'd thus,
 Your love must fade : when the most needful rights 110
 Of Fate and Nature have dissolv'd your life,
 And that your love must needs be all in soul,
 Then will we meet again ; and then, dear love,
 Love me again ; for then will beauty be
 Of no respect with love's eternity. 115

Vin. Nor is it now ; I wooed your beauty first
 But as a lover ; now as a dear husband,
 That title and your virtues bind me ever.

Mar. Alas, that title is of little force
 To stir up men's affectio[n]s ! When wives want 120
 Outward excitements, husbands' loves grow scant.

Ben. Assist me, Heaven and Art ! Give me your mask ;
 Open, thou little store-house of great Nature,
 Use an elixir drawn through seven years' fire,
 That like Medea's cauldron can repair 125
 The ugliest loss of living temp'ature ;
 And for this princely pair of virtuous turtles
 Be lavish of thy precious influence.
 Lady, t' atone your honourable strife,
 And take all let from your love's tender eyes, 130

Let me for ever hide this stain of beauty
With this recureful mask.

[*Putting a mask on Margaret's face*]

Here be it fix'd

With painless operation ; of itself,
(Your beauty having brook'd three days' eclipse)
Like a dissolved cloud it shall fall off,

135

And your fair looks regain their freshest rays ;
So shall your princely friend (if Heaven consent)
In twice your suffer'd date renew recure ;
Let me then have the honour to conjoin
Your hands, conformed to your constant hearts.

140

Alp. Grave Benevemus, honourable Doctor,
On whose most sovereign Æsculapian hand
Fame with her richest miracles attends,
Be fortunate, as ever heretofore,
That we may quite thee both with gold and honour,
And by thy happy means have power to make
My son and his much injur'd love amends ;
Whose well-proportion'd choice we now applaud,
And bless all those that ever further'd it.

145

Where is your discreet usher, my good lord,
The special furtherer of this equal match ?

150

Jul. Brought after by a couple of your guard.

Alp. Let him be fetch'd, that we may do him grace.

Pog. I'll fetch him, my lord ; away, you must not go.
Oh, here he comes. [*Enter Bassiolo guarded*] Oh, Master
Usher, I am sorry for you ; you must presently be chopped
in pieces.

155

Bas. Woe to that wicked Prince that e'er I saw him !

Pog. Come, come, I gull you, Master Usher ; you are
like to be the Duke's minion, man ; d'ye think I would have
been seen in your company and you had been out of favour ?
Here's my friend Master Usher, my lord.

160

Alp. Give me your hand, friend ; pardon us, I pray.
We much have wrong'd your worth, as one that knew
The fitness of this match above ourselves.

165

Bas. Sir, I did all things for the best, I swear,
And you must think I would not have been gull'd ;
I know what's fit, sir, as I hope you know now.
Sweet Vince, how far'st thou ? Be of honour'd cheer.

Las. Vince, does he call him ? Oh, fool, dost thou
call

170

The Prince Vince, like his equal ?

Bas.

Oh, my lord, alas !

You know not what has pass'd twixt us two.

Here in thy bosom I will lie, sweet Vince,

And die if thou die, I protest by heaven.

Las. I know not what this means.

175

Alp.

Nor I, my lord ;

But sure he saw the fitness of the match

With freer and more noble eyes than we.

Pog. Why, I saw that as well as he, my lord. I knew 'twas a foolish match betwixt you two ; did not you think so, my lord Vincentio ? Lord uncle, did not I say at first of the Duke : ' Will his antiquity never leave his iniquity ? ' 180

Stro. Go to, too much of this ; but ask this lord If he did like it.

Pog. Who, my lord Medice ?

Stro. Lord Stinkard, man, his name is. Ask him : ' Lord Stinkard, did you like the match ? ' Say.

185

Pog. My lord Stinkard, did you like the match betwixt the Duke and my lady Margaret ?

Med. Presumptuous sycophant, I will have thy life !

[*Draws*]

Alp. Unworthy lord, put up : thirst'st thou more blood ?

Thy life is fitt'st to be call'd in question

190

For thy most murth'rous cowardice on my son ;

Thy forwardness to every cruelty

Calls thy pretended noblesse in suspect.

Stro. Noblesse, my lord ? Set by your princely favour,

That gave the lustre to his painted state,

195

Who ever view'd him but with deep contempt,

As reading vileness in his very looks ?

And if he prove not son of some base drudge,

Trimm'd up by Fortune, being dispos'd to jest

And dally with your state, then that good angel

200

That by divine relation spake in me,

Foretelling these foul dangers to your son,

And without notice brought this reverend man

To rescue him from death, now fails my tongue,

And I'll confess I do him open wrong.

205

Med. And so thou dost ; and I return all note Of infamy or baseness on thy throat :

Damn me, my lord, if I be not a lord.

Stro. My Liege, with all desert even now you said

His life was duly forfeit for the death 210
 Which in these barbarous wounds he sought your son ;
 Vouchsafe me then his life, in my friend's right,
 For many ways I know he merits death ;
 Which (if you grant) will instantly appear,
 And that, I feel, with some rare miracle. 215

Alp. His life is thine, Lord Strozza ; give him death.

Med. What, my lord,

Will your Grace cast away an innocent life ?

Stro. Villain, thou liest ; thou guilty art of death
 A hundred ways, which now I'll execute. 220

Med. Recall your word, my lord.

Alp. Not for the world !

Stro. Oh, my dear Liege, but that my spirit prophetic
 Hath inward feeling of such sins in him
 As ask the forfeit of his life and soul,
 I would, before I took his life, give leave 225
 To his confession and his penitence :
 Oh, he would tell you most notorious wonders
 Of his most impious state ; but life and soul
 Must suffer for it in him, and my hand
 Forbidden is from heaven to let him live 230
 Till by confession he may have forgiveness.
 Die therefore, monster !

Vin. Oh, be not so uncharitable, sweet friend,
 Let him confess his sins, and ask heaven pardon.

Stro. He must not, princely friend ; it is heaven's justice 235
 To plague his life and soul, and here's heaven's justice.

[*Draws*]

Med. Oh, save my life, my lord !

Las. Hold, good Lord Strozza !

Let him confess the sins that heaven hath told you,
 And ask forgiveness.

Med. Let me, good my lord,
 And I'll confess what you accuse me of : 240
 Wonders indeed, and full of damn'd deserts.

Stro. I know it, and I must not let thee live
 To ask forgiveness.

Alp. But you shall, my lord,
 Or I will take his life out of your hand.

Stro. A little then I am content, my Liege : 245
 Is thy name Medice ?

Med. No, my noble lord,

My true name is Mendice.

Stro. Mendice ? See,
At first a mighty scandal done to honour.
Of what country art thou ?

Med. Of no country I,
But born upon the seas, my mother passing 250
'Twi'xt Zant and Venice.

Stro. Where wert thou christen'd ?

Med. I was never christen'd,
But, being brought up with beggars, call'd Mendice,

Alp. Strange and unspeakable !

Stro. How cam'st thou then
To bear that port thou didst, ent'ring this Court ? 255

Med. My lord, when I was young, being able-limb'd,
A captain of the gipsies entertain'd me,
And many years I liv'd a loose life with them ;
At last I was so favour'd that they made me
The King of Gipsies ; and being told my fortune 260
By an old sorceress that I should be great
In some great prince's love, I took the treasure
Which all our company of gipsies had

In many years by several stealths collected ;
And leaving them in wars, I liv'd abroad 265
With no less show than now ; and my last wrong
I did to noblesse was in this high Court.

Alp. Never was heard so strange a counterfeit.

Stro. Didst thou not cause me to be shot in hunting ?

Med. I did, my lord ; for which, for heaven's love, par- 270
don.

Stro. Now let him live, my lord ; his blood's least drop
Would stain your Court more than the sea could cleanse ;
His soul's too foul to expiate with death.

Alp. Hence then ; be ever banish'd from my rule,
And live a monster, loath'd of all the world. 275

Pog. I'll get boys and bait him out o' th' Court, my lord

Alp. Do so, I pray thee ; rid me of his sight.

Pog. Come on, my lord Stinkard, I'll play ' Fox, Fox,
come out of thy hole ' with you, i'faith.

Med. I'll run and hide me from the sight of heaven. 280

Pog. Fox, fox, go out of thy hole ! A two-legged fox,
a two-legged fox ! *Exit with Pages beating Medice.*

Ben. Never was such an accident disclos'd.

Alp. Let us forget it, honourable friends,

And satisfy all wrongs with my son's right, 285
 In solemn marriage of his love and him.

Vin. I humbly thank your Highness : honour'd Doctor,
 The balsam you infus'd into my wounds
 Hath eas'd me much, and given me sudden strength
 Enough t' assure all danger is exempt 290
 That any way may let the general joy
 My princely father speaks of in our nuptials.

Alp. Which, my dear son, shall with thy full recure
 Be celebrate in greater majesty
 Than ever grac'd our greatest ancestry. 295
 Then take thy love, which heaven with all joys bless,
 And make ye both mirrors of happiness.

FINIS

MONSIEUR D'OLIVE

ACTORS

Monsieur D'Olive
Philip, *the Duke*
St. Anne, *count*
Vaumont, *count*
Vandome
Roderigue
Mugeron
Pacque } *two pages*
Dicque }

[Cornelius, a *Surgeon*,
Fripper, a *petty Broker*]
[Jacqueline], *the Duchess*
Hieronime, *lady* [*in waiting*,
cousin of Vandome]
Marcellina, *countess*
Eurione, *her sister*
[Licette, *maid to Marcellina*,
Servants, pages, sailors]

Monsieur D'Olive

ACTUS PRIMI SCENA PRIMA

[*Before the House of Vaumont*]

Vandome, *with servants and sailors laden.* Vaumont, *another way walking*

Van. Convey your carriage to my brother-in-law's,
Th' Earl of Saint Anne, to whom and to my sister
Commend my humble service ; tell them both
Of my arrival, and intent t'attend them,
When in my way I have perform'd fit duties 5
To Count Vaumont, and his most honoured Countess.

Ser. We will, sir. This way, follow, honest sailors.

Exeunt Servants [with sailors]

Van. Our first observance after any absence
Must be presented ever to our mistress,
As at our parting she should still be last. 10
Hinc Amor ut circulus, from hence 'tis said
That love is like a circle, being th'efficient
And end of all our actions ; which excited
By no worse [o]bject than my matchless mistress
Were worthy to employ us to that likeness, 15
And be the only ring our powers should beat.
Noble she is by birth, made good by virtue.
Exceeding fair, and her behaviour to it
Is like a singular musician
To a sweet instrument, or else as doctrine 20
Is to the soul that puts it into act,
And prints it full of admirable forms,
Without which 'twere an empty idle flame.
Her eminent judgment to dispose these parts
Sits on her brow and holds a silver sceptre, 25
With which she keeps time to the several musics
Plac'd in the sacred consort of her beauties :

Love's complete armoury is manag'd in her
 To stir affection, and the discipline
 To check and to affright it from attempting 30
 Any attaint might disproportion her,
 Or make her graces less than circular.

Yet her even carriage is as far from coyness
 As from immodesty, in play, in dancing,
 In suffering courtship, in requiting kindness ; 35
 In use of places, hours, and companies,
 Free as the sun, and nothing more corrupted ;
 As circumspect as Cynthia in her vows,
 And constant as the centre to observe them ;
 Ruthful and bounteous, never fierce nor dull, 40
 In all her courses ever at the full.

These three years I have travell'd, and so long
 Have been in travail with her dearest sight,
 Which now shall beautify the enamour'd light.

This is her house. What ! The gates shut and clear 45
 Of all attendants ? Why, the house was wont
 To hold the usual concourse of a Court,
 And see, methinks, through the encurtain'd windows
 (In this high time of day) I see light tapers.

This is exceeding strange ! Behold the Earl, 50
 Walking in as strange sort before the door.

I'll know this wonder, sure. My honour'd lord !

Vaum. Keep off, sir, and beware whom you embrace !

Van. Why flies your lordship back ?

Vaum. You should be surc
 To know a man your friend ere you embrac'd him. 55

Van. I hope my knowledge cannot be more sure
 Than of your lordship's friendship.

Vaum. No man's knowledge
 Can make him sure of anything without him,
 Or not within his power to keep or order. 60

Van. I comprehend not this ; and wonder much
 To see my most lov'd lord so much estrang'd.

Vaum. The truth is, I have done your known deserts
 More wrong than with your right should let you greet me,
 And in your absence, **which** makes worse the wrong,
 And in your honour, **which** still makes it worse. 65

Van. If this be all, my lord, the discontent
 You seem to entertain is merely causeless ;
 Your free confession, and the manner of it,

Doth liberally excuse what wrong soever
 Your misconceit could make you lay on me. 70
 And therefore, good my lord, discover it,
 That we may take the spleen and corsie from it.
Vaum. Then hear a strange report and reason why
 I did you this repented injury.
 You know my wife is by the rights of courtship 75
 Your chosen mistress, and she not dispos'd
 (As other ladies are) to entertain
 Peculiar terms with common acts of kindness ;
 But (knowing in her more than women's judgment
 That she should nothing wrong her husband's right, 80
 To use a friend, only for virtue chosen,
 With all the rights of friendship) took such care
 After the solemn parting to your travel,
 And spake of you with such exceeding passion,
 That I grew jealous, and with rage excepted 85
 Against her kindness, utterly forgetting
 I should have weigh'd so rare a woman's words
 As duties of a free and friendly justice,
 Not as the headstrong and incontinent vapours
 Of other ladies' bloods, enflamed with lust ; 90
 Wherein I injured both your innocencies,
 Which I approve, not out of flexible dotage
 By any cunning flatteries of my wife,
 But in impartial equity, made apparent
 Both by mine own well-weigh'd comparison 95
 Of all her other manifest perfections
 With this one only doubtful levity,
 And likewise by her violent apprehension
 Of her deep wrong and yours, for she hath vow'd
 Never to let the common pandress light 100
 (Or any doom as vulgar) censure her
 In any action she leaves subject to them,
 Never to fit the day with her attire,
 Nor grace it with her presence, nourish in it
 (Unless with sleep) nor stir out of her chamber ; 105
 And so hath muffled and mew'd up her beauties
 In never-ceasing darkness, never sleeping
 But in the day, transform'd by her to night,
 With all sun banish'd from her smother'd graces ;
 And thus my dear and most unmatched wife 110
 That was a comfort and a grace to me,

In every judgment, every company,
I, by false jealousy, have no less than lost,
Murther'd her living, and entomb'd her quick.

Van. Conceit it not so deeply, good my lord ; 115
Your wrong to me or her was no fit ground
To bear so weighty and resolv'd a vow
From her incensed and abused virtues.

Vaum. There could not be a more important cause 120
To fill her with a ceaseless hate of light,
To see it grace gross lightness with full beams,
And frown on continence with her oblique glances :
As nothing equals right to virtue done,
So is her wrong past all comparison.

Van. Virtue is not malicious ; wrong done her 125
Is righted ever when men grant they err.
But doth my princely mistress so contemn
The glory of her beauties and the applause
Given to the worth of her society,
To let a voluntary vow obscure them ? 130

Vaum. See all her windows and her doors made fast,
And in her chamber lights for night enflam'd ;
Now others rise, she takes her to her bed

Van. This news is strange ; heaven grant I be encounter'd 135
With better tidings of my other friends !
Let me be bold, my lord, t'inquire the state
Of my dear sister, in whose self and me
Together the whole hope of our family,
Survives with her dear and princely husband,
Th' Earl of Saint Anne. 140

Vaum. Unhappy that I am,
I would to heaven your most welcome steps
Had brought you first upon some other friend,
To be the sad relator of the changes
Chanc'd [in] your three years' most lamented absence.
Your worthy sister, worthier far of heaven 145
Than this unworthy hell of passionate earth,
Is taken up amongst her fellow stars.

Van. Unhappy man that ever I return'd,
And perish'd not ere these news pierc'd mine ears !

Vaum. Nay, be not you, that teach men comfort, grieved ; 150
I know your judgment will set willing shoulders
To the known burthens of necessity,
And teach your wilful brother patience,

Who strives with Death, and from his caves of rest
 Retains his wife's dead corse amongst the living ; 155
 For with the rich sweets of restoring balms
 He keeps her looks as fresh as if she liv'd,
 And in his chamber (as in life attir'd)
 She in a chair sits leaning on her arm,
 As if she only slept ; and at her feet 160
 He, like a mortified hermit clad,
 Sits weeping out his life, as having lost
 All his life's comfort ; and that, she being dead
 (Who was his greatest part) he must consume
 As in an apoplexy strook with death. 165

Nor can the Duke nor Duchess comfort him,
 Nor messengers with consolatory letters
 From the kind King of France, who is allied
 To her and you. But to lift all his thoughts
 Up to another world where she expects him, 170
 He feeds his ears with soul-exciting music,
 Solemn and tragical, and so resolves
 In those sad accents to exhale his soul.

Van. Oh, what a second ruthless sea of woes
 Wracks me within my haven and on the shore ! 175
 What shall I do ? Mourn, mourn, with them that mourn.
 And make my greater woes their less expel ;
 This day I'll consecrate to sighs and tears,
 And this next even, which is my mistress' morning,
 I'll greet her, wond'ring at her wilful humours, 180
 And with rebukes, breaking out of my love
 And duty to her honour, make her see
 How much her too much curious virtue wrongs her. <

Vaum. Said like the man the world hath ever held you !
 Welcome as new lives to us ; our good now. 185
 Shall wholly be ascrib'd and trust to you.

Exeunt. Enter Roderigue and Mugeron

Mug. See, see, the virtuous Countess hath bidden our day
 good night ; her stars are now visible. When was any lady
 seen to be so constant in her vow, and able to forbear the
 society of men so sincerely ? 190

Rod. Never in this world, at least exceeding seldom.
 What shame it is for men to see women so far surpass them ;
 for when was any man known (out of judgment) to perform
 so staid an abstinence from the society of women ? *Handwritten mark*

Mug. Never in this world ! 195

Rod. What an excellent creature an honest woman is !
I warrant you the Countess and her virgin sister spend all
their times in contemplation, watching to see the sacred spec-
tacles of the night, when other ladies lie drowned in sleep
or sensuality. Is't not so, think'st ? 200

Mug. No question !

Rod. Come, come, let's forget we are courtiers, and talk
like honest men, tell truth, and shame all travellers and
tradesmen. Thou believ'st all's natural beauty that shows
fair, though the painter enforce it, and suffer'st in soul, I know, 205
for the honourable lady.

Mug. Can any heart of adamant not yield in compassion
to see spotless innocence suffer such bitter penance ?

Rod. A very fit stock to graff on ! Tush, man, think
what she is, think where she lives, think on the villanous 210
cunning of these times ! Indeed, did we live now in old Saturn's
time, when women had no other art than what Nature taught
'em (and yet there needs little art, I wis, to teach a woman
to dissemble) ; when luxury was unborn, at least untaught the
art to steal from a forbidden tree ; when coaches, when peri- 215
wigs and painting, when masks and masking, in a word,
when court and courting was unknown, an easy mist might then,
perhaps, have wrought upon my sense, as it does now on the
poor Countess and thine.

Mug. O World ! 220

Rod. O Flesh !

Mug. O Devil !

Rod. I tell thee, Mugeron, the Flesh is grown so great
with the Devil, as there's but a little honesty left i'th' World.
That that is, is in lawyers, they engross all. 'Sfoot, what 225
gave the first fire to the Count's jealousy ?

Mug. What but his misconstruction of her honourable
affection to Vandome ?

Rod. Honourable affection ? First she's an ill huswife
of her honour, that puts it upon construction. But the 230
presumption was violent against her : no speech but of Van-
dome, no thought but of his memory, no mirth but in his
company, besides the free intercourse of letters, favours, and
other entertainments, too too manifest signs that her heart
went hand in hand with her tongue. 235

Mug. Why, was she not his mistress ?

Rod. Ay, ay, a Court term for I wot what ! 'Slight,

Vandome, the stallion of the Court, her devoted servant and, forsooth, loves her honourably ! Tush, he's a fool that believes it ! For my part I love to offend in the better part still, and that is, to judge charitably. But now, forsooth, to redeem her honour she must by a laborious and violent kind of purgation rub off the skin to wash out the spot ; turn her chamber to a cell, the sun into a taper, and (as if she lived in another world among the Antipodes) make our night her day, and our day her night, that under this curtain she may lay his jealousy asleep, while she turns poor Argus to Actæon, and makes his sheets common to her servant Vandome. 240 245

Mug. Vandome ? Why, he was met i'th' street but even now, newly arrived after three years' travel. 250

Rod. Newly arrived ? He has been arrived this twelvemonth, and has ever since lien close in his mistress' cunning darkness at her service.

Mug. Fie o' the Devil ! Who will not Envy slander ? Oh, the miserable condition of her sex, born to live under all construction. If she be courteous, she's thought to be wanton ; if she be kind, she's too willing ; if coy, too wilful ; if she be modest, she's a clown ; if she be honest, she's a fool ; (*Enter D'Olive*) and so he is. [*pointing to D'Olive*] 255

Rod. What, Monsieur D'Olive, the only admirer of wit and good words ! 260

D'Ol. . Morrow, wits, morrow, good wits ! My little parcel of wit, I have rods in piss for you. How dost, Jack ? May I call thee Sir Jack yet ?

Mug. You may, sir ; Sir's as commendable an addition as Jack, for ought I know. 265

D'Ol. I know it, Jack, and as common too.

Rod. Go to, you may cover ; we have taken notice of your embroidered beaver.

D'Ol. Look you, by heaven, th'art one of the maddest bitter slaves in E rope ; I do but wonder how I made shift to love thee all this while. 270

Rod. Go to, what might such a parcel-gilt cover be worth ?

Mug. Perhaps more than the whole piece besides.

D'Ol. Good, i'faith, bnt bitter ! Oh, you mad slaves, I think you had Satyrs to your sires, yet I must love you, I must take pleasure in you ; and, i'faith, tell me, how is't ? Live, I see, you do, but how, but how, wits ? 275

Rod. 'Faith, as you see, like poor younger brothers.

D'Ol. By your wits ? 280

Mug. Nay, not turned poets neither.

D'Ol. Good, sooth! But, indeed, to say truth, time was when the sons of the Muses had the privilege to live only by their wits; but times are altered, monopolies are now called in, and wit's become a free trade for all sorts to 285 live by: lawyers live by wit, and they live worshipfully; soldiers live by wit, and they live honourably; panders live by wit, and they live honestly. In a word, there are few trades but live by wit; only bawds and midwives live by women's labours, as fools and fiddlers do by making mirth, 290 pages and parasites by making legs, painters and players by making mouths and faces. Ha, doesn't well, wits?

Rod. Faith, thou followest a figure in thy jests as count[r]y gentlemen follow fashions, when they be worn thread-bare. 295

D'Ol. Well, well, let's leave these wit skirmishes, and say when shall we meet?

Mug. How think you, are we not met now?

D'Ol. Tush, man! I mean at my chamber, where we may take free use of ourselves, that is, drink sack, and talk 300 satire, and let our wits run the wild-goose chase over Court and country. I will have my chamber the rendezvous of all good wits, the shop of good words, the mint of good jests, an ordinary of fine discourse; critics, essayists, linguists, 305 poets, and other professors of that faculty of wit, shall at certain hours i'th' day resort thither; it shall be a second Sorbonne, where all doubts or differences of learning, honour, duellism, criticism, and poetry shall be disputed. And how, wits, do ye follow the Court still?

Rod. Close at heels, sir; and, I can tell you, you have 310 much to answer for your stars that you do not so too.

D'Ol. As why, wits, as why?

Rod. Why, sir, the Court's as 'twere the stage; and they that have a good suit of parts and qualities, ought to press thither to grace them, and receive their due merit. 315

D'Ol. Tush! Let the Court follow me; he that soars too near the sun, melts his wings many times. As I am, I possess myself, I enjoy my liberty, my learning, my wit; as for wealth and honour let 'em go, I'll not lose my learning to be a lord, nor my wit to be an alderman. 320

Mug. Admirable D'Olive!

D'Ol. And what! You stand gazing at this comet here, and admire it, I dare say.

Rod. And do not you ?

D'Ol. Not I ! I admire nothing but wit.

325

Rod. But I wonder how she entertains time in that solitary cell ; does she not take tobacco, think you ?

D'Ol. She does, she does ; others make it their physic, she makes it her food : her sister and she take it [b]y turn, first one, then the other, and Vandome ministers to them both.

Mug. How sayest thou by that Helen of Greece, the Countess's sister ? There were a paragon, Monsieur D'Olive, to admire and marry too.

D'Ol. Not for me !

335

Rod. No ? What exceptions lies against the choice ?

D'Ol. Tush ! Tell me not of choice ; if I stood affected that way, I would choose my wife as men do Valentines, blindfold, or draw cuts for them, for so I shall be sure not to be deceived in choosing : for, take this of me, there's ten times more deceit in women than in horseflesh ; and I say still that a pretty well-paced chambermaid is the only fashion ; if she grow full or fulsome, give her but sixpence to buy her a handbasket, and send her the way of all flesh ; there's no more but so.

345

Mug. Indeed, that's the saving'st way.

D'Ol. Oh me ! What a hell 'tis for a man to be tied to the continual charge of a coach with the appurtenances, horse, men, and so forth ; and then to have a man's house pestered with a whole country of guests, grooms, panders, waiting-maids, etc ! I careful to please my wife, she careless to displease me, shrewish if she be honest, intolerable if she be wise, imperious as an empress, all she does must be law, all she says gospel. Oh, what a penance 'tis to endure her ! I glad to forbear still, all to keep her loyal, and yet perhaps when all's done, my heir shall be like my horsekeeper ! Fie on't ! The very thought of marriage were able to cool the hottest liver in France.

350

355

Rod. Well, I durst venture twice the price of your gilt cony's-wool we shall have you change your copy ere a twelvemonth's day.

360

Mug. We must have you dubbed o'th' order, there's no remedy ! You that have unmarried done such honourable service in the commonwealth, must needs receive the honour due to't in marriage.

365

Rod. That he may do, and never marry.

D'Ol. As how, wits, i'faith, as how ?

Rod. For if he can prove his father was free o'th' order, and that he was his father's son, then by the laudable custom of the city, he may be a cuckold by his father's copy, 370 and never serve for't.

D'Ol. Ever good, i'faith !

Mug. Nay, how can he plead that, when tis as well known his father died a bachelor ?

D'Ol. Bitter, in verity, bitter ! But good still in its kind. 375

Rod. Go to, we must have you follow the lanthorn of your forefathers.

Mug. His forefathers ? 'Sbody, had he more fathers than one ?

D'Ol. Why, this is right ; here's wit canvassed out on's 380 coat into's jacket ; the string sounds ever well that rubs not too much o'th' frets ; I must love your wits, I must take pleasure in you. Farewell, good wits ; you know my lodging ; make an errand thither now and then, and save your ordinary ; do, wits, do ! 385

Mug. We shall be troublesome t'ye.

D'Ol. O God, sir, you wrong me to think I can be troubled with wit ; I love a good wit as I love myself ; if you need a brace or two of crowns at any time, address but your sonnet, it shall be as sufficient as your bond at all times. I 390 carry half a score birds in a cage, shall ever remain at your call. Farewell, wits ; farewell, good wits ! *Exit*

Rod. Farewell, the true map of a gull ! By heaven, he shall to th' Court ! 'Tis the perfect model of an impudent upstart, the compound of a poet and a lawyer ; he shall 395 sure to th' Court.

Mug. Nay, for God's sake, let's have no fools at Court.

Rod. He shall to't, that's certain ; the Duke had a purpose to despatch some one or other to the French King, to entreat him to send for the body of his niece, which the 400 melancholy Earl of Saint Anne, her husband, hath kept so long unburied, as meaning one grave should entomb himself and her together.

Mug. A very worthy subject for an ambassage, as D'Olive is for an ambassador agent, and 'tis as suitable to 405 his brain as his parcel-gift beaver to his fools' head.

Rod. Well, it shall go hard, but he shall be employed. Oh, 'tis a most accomplished ass, the mo[n]grel of a gull and a villain, the very essence of his soul is pure villany ; the

substance of his brain, foolery ; one that believes nothing
 from the stars upward. A pagan in belief, an epicure beyond
 belief ; prodigious in lust, prodigal in wasteful expense, in
 necessary most penurious ; his wit is to admire and imitate,
 his grace is to censure and detract. He shall to th' Court,
 i'faith, he shall thither ! I will shape such employment
 for him as that he himself shall have no less contentment
 in making mirth to the whole Court than the Duke and the
 whole Court shall have pleasure in enjoying his presence.
 A knave, if he be rich, is fit to make an officer ; as a fool, if
 he be a knave, is fit to make an intelligencer.

Exeunt

ACTUS SECUNDI SCENA PRIMA

[*A Room in the House of Vaumont*]

Enter Dicque, Licette, with tapers

Dic. What an order is this ! Eleven o'clock at night
 is our lady's morning and her hour to rise at, as in the morn-
 ing it is other ladies' hour. These tapers are our suns, with
 which we call her from her bed. But I pray thee, Licette,
 what makes the virgin lady, my lady's sister, break wind
 so continually, and sigh so tempestuously ? I believe she's
 in love.

Lic. With whom, can you tell ?

Dic. Not very well, but, certes, that's her disease ; a
 man may cast her water in her face. The truth is, 'tis no
 matter what she is, for there is little goodness in her ; I
 could never yet finger one cardecu of her bounty. And,
 indeed, all bounty nowadays is dead amongst ladies. This
 same Bonitas is quite put down amongst 'em. But see,
 now we shall discover the heaviness of this virgin lady ;
 I'll eavesdrop, and, if it be possible, hear who is her lover ;
 for when this same amorous spirit possesses these young
 people, they have no other subject to talk of. [*They retire*]

Enter Marcellina and Eurione

Eur. Oh, sister, would that matchless Earl ever have
 wronged his wife with jealousy ?

Mar. Never !

Eur. Good Lord, what difference is in men ! But such
 a man as this was [n]ever seen, to love his wife even after
 death so dearly, to live with her in death ! To leave the

world and all his pleasures, all his friends and honours, as 25
all were nothing, now his wife is gone! Is't not strange?

Mar. Exceeding strange!

Eur. But, sister, should not the noble man be chronicled if he had right; I pray you, sister, should he not?

Mar. Yes, yes, he should!

Eur. But did you ever hear of such a noble gentleman? 30
Did you, sister?

Mar. I tell you no.

Eur. And do not you delight to hear him spoken of, and praised, and honoured? Do you not, madam? 35

Mar. What should I say? I do.

Eur. Why, very well; and should not every woman that loves the sovereign honour of her sex, delight to hear him praised as well as we? Good madam, answer heartily.

Mar. Yet again? Who ever heard one talk so? 40

Eur. Talk so? Why should not every lady talk so? You think, belike, I love the noble man, Heaven is my judge if I—indeed, his love And honour to his wife so after death Would make a fairy love him, yet not love, 45
But think the better of him, and sometimes Talk of his love or so; but you know, madam, I call'd her sister, and if I love him, It is but as my brother, I protest.

Van. [*within*] Let me come in. 50

Another (*within*) Sir, you must not enter.

Mar. What rude disorder'd noise is that within?

Lic. I know not, madam.

Dic. How now?

[*Enter a Servant.*]

[*Ser.*] Where's my lady?

Mar. What haste with you?

[*Ser.*] Madam, there's one at door

That asks to speak with you, admits no answer,

But will enforce his passage to your honour. 55

Mar. What insolent guest is that?

Eur.

Who should he be

That is so ignorant of your worth and custom?

Enter another Servant

[*2nd Ser.*] Madam, here's one hath drawn his rapier on us, And will come in, he says.

Mar. This is strange rudeness.
What is his name? Do you not know the man? 60
[*2nd Ser.*] No, madam, 'tis too dark.

Mar. Then take a light.
See if you know him; if not, raise the streets.

Exit Licette, walks with a candle

Eur. And keep the door safe. What night-walker'[s]
this,
That hath not light enough to see his rudeness?

Enter Licette, in haste

Lic. Oh, madam, 'tis the noble gentleman,
Monsieur Vandome, your servant. 65

Eur. Is it he?
Is he return'd?

Mar. Haste, commend me to him;
Tell him I may not nor will not see him,
For I have vow'd the contrary to all.

Lic. Madam, we told him so a hundred times,
Yet he will enter. 70

[*Voices*] *within.* Hold, hold! Keep him back, there!

Mar. What rudeness, what strange insolence is this?

Enter Vandome

Van. What hour is this? What fashion? What sad
life?

What superstition of unholy vow?
What place is this? Oh, shall it e'er be said 75 <
Such perfect judgment should be drown'd in humour?
Such beauty consecrate to bats and owls?
Here lies the weapon that enforc'd my passage,

[*Throwing down his sword*]

Sought in my love, sought in regard of you,
For whom I will endure a thousand deaths 80
Rather than suffer you to perish thus
And be the fable of the scornful world;
If I offend you, lady, kill me now.

Mar. What shall I say? Alas, my worthy servant!
I would to God I had not liv'd to be 85
A fable to the world, a shame to thee.

Van. Dear mistress, hear me, and forbear these humours.

Mar. Forbear your vain dissuasions.

Van. Shall your judgment—

Mar. I will not hear a word.

Van. Strange will in women !

Exit Marcellina [with Licette, Dicque, and Servants]

What says my honourable virgin sister ? 90
 How is it you can brook this bat-like life,
 And sit as one without life ?

Eur. Would I were !
 If any man would kill me, I'd forgive him.

Van. Oh true fit of a maiden melancholy !
 Whence comes it, lovely sister ? 95

Eur. In my mind
 Yourself hath small occasion to be merry,
 That are arriv'd on such a hapless shore,
 As bears the dead weight of so dear a sister ;
 For whose decease, being my dear sister vow'd,
 I shall for ever lead this desolate life. 100

Van. Now heaven forbid ; women in love with women !
 Love's fire shines with too mutual a refraction,
 And both ways weakens his cold beams too much
 To pierce so deeply ; 'tis not for her, I know,
 That you are thus impassion'd. 105

Eur. For her, I would be sworn, and for her husband.

Van. Ay, marry, sir, a quick man may do much
 In these kind of impressions.

Eur. See how idly
 You understand me ! These same travellers,
 That can live anywhere, make jests of anything, 110
 And cast so far from home for nothing else
 But to learn how they may cast off their friends !
 She had a husband does not cast her off so ;
 Oh, tis a rare, a noble gentleman !

[*Van.*] Well, well, there is some other humour stirring 115
 In your young blood than a dead woman's love.

Eur. No, I'll be sworn !

Van. Why, is it possible
 That you, whose frolic breast was ever fill'd
 With all the spirits of a mirthful lady,
 Should be with such a sorrow so transform'd ? 120
 Your most sweet hand in touch of instruments
 Turn'd to pick straws, and fumble upon rushes ?
 Your heavenly voice turn'd into heavy sighs,
 And your rare wit, too, in a manner tainted ?
 This cannot be ; I know some other cause 125
 Fashions this strange effect, and that myself

Am born to find it out and be your cure
 In any wound it forceth whatsoever ;
 But if you will not tell me, at your peril !

[*He offers to go*]

Eur. Brother !

130

Van.

Did you call ?

Eur. No, 'tis no matter.

Van.

So then ! [*Going*]

Eur.

Do you hear ?

Assur'd you are my kind and honour'd brother,
 I'll tell you all.

Van.

Oh, will you do so then ?

Eur. You will be secret ?

Van.

Secret ? Is't a secret ?

Eur. No, 'tis a trifle that torments one thus !

135

Did ever man ask such a question

When he had brought a woman to this pass ?

Van. What 'tis no treason, is it ?

Eur.

Treason, quoth he ?

Van. Well, if it be, I will engage my quarters

With a fair lady's ever : tell the secret.

140

Eur. Attending oftentimes the Duke and Duchess,

To visit the most passionate Earl your brother,

That noble gentleman——

Van.

Well said, put in that !

Eur. Put it in ? Why ? I'faith, y'are such a man,

I'll tell no further ; you are changed indeed.

145

A travel[er], quoth you ?

Van.

Why, what means this ?

Come, lady, forth ! I would not lose the thanks,

The credit, and the honour I shall have

For that most happy good I know in fate

I am to furnish thy desires withal,

150

For all this house in gold.

Eur.

Thank you, good brother !

Attending (as I say) the Duke and Duchess

To the sad Earl——

Van.

That noble gentleman ?

Eur. Why, ay ! Is he not ?

Van.

Beshrew my heart, else !

'The Earl,' quoth you, 'he cast not off his wife !'

155

Eur. Nay, look you now !

Van.

Why, does he, pray ?

Eur. Why, no !

Van. Forth, then, I pray ; you lovers are so captious.

Eur. When I observ'd his constancy in love,
His honour of his dear wife's memory,
His woe for her, his life with her in death, 160
I grew in love, even with his very mind.

Van. Oh, with his mind ?

Eur. Ay, by my soul, no more !

Van. A good mind certainly is a good thing ;
And a good thing you know——

Eur. That is the chief ;
The body without that, alas, is nothing ; 165
And this his mind cast such a fire into me,
That it hath half consum'd me, since it lov'd
His wife so dearly, that was dear to me.

And ever I am saying to myself,
'How more than happy should that woman be, 170
That had her honour'd place in his true love !'
But as for me, I know I have no reason
To hope for such an honour at his hands.

Van. What, at the Earl's hands ? I think so, indeed.
Heaven, I beseech thee, was your love so simple 175
T'inflame itself with him ? Why, he's a husband
For any princess, any queen or empress ;
The ladies of this land would tear him piecemeal
(As did the drunken froes the Thracian harper)
To marry but a limb, a look of him. 180
Heaven's my sweet comfort, set your thoughts on him ?

Eur. Oh, cruel man, dissembling traveller !
Even now you took upon you to be sure
It was in you to satisfy my longings,
And whatsoever 'twere, you would procure it. 185
Oh, you were born to do me good, you know ;
You would not lose the credit and the honour
You should have by my satisfaction
For all this house in gold ; the very Fates
And you were all one in your power to help me. 190
And now to come and wonder at my folly,
Mock me, and make my love impossible !
Wretch that I was, I did not keep it in !

Van. Alas, poor sister ! When a grief is grown
Full home and to the deepest, then it breaks, 195
And joy, sun-like, out of a black cloud shineth.

But couldst thou think, i'faith, I was in earnest
 To esteem any man without the reach
 Of thy far-shooting beauties? Any name
 Too good to subscribe to Eurione? 200

Here is my hand; if ever I were thought
 A gentleman, or would be still esteem'd so,
 I will so virtuously solicit for thee,
 And with such cunning wind into his heart,
 That I sustain no doubt I shall dissolve 205

His settled melancholy, be it ne'er so grounded
 On rational love and grave philosophy;
 I know my sight will cheer him at the heart,
 In whom a quick form of my dear dead sister
 Will fire his heavy spirits. And all this 210

May work that change in him that nothing else
 Hath hope to joy in; and so farewell, sister,
 Some few days hence I'll tell thee how I speed.

Eur. Thanks, honour'd brother; but you shall not go
 Before you dine with your best loved mistress. 215
 Come in, sweet brother.

Van. In to dinner now?
 Midnight would blush at that; farewell, farewell!

Eur. Dear brother, do but drink or taste a banquet;
 I'faith, I have most excellent conserves;
 You shall come in, in earnest; stay a little; 220
 Or will you drink some cordial still'd waters
 After your travel? Pray thee, worthy brother,
 Upon my love you shall stay! Sweet, now, enter.

Van. Not for the world! Commend my humble service,
 And use all means to bring abroad my mistress. 225

Eur. I will, in sadness; farewell, happy brother!

Exeunt

[SCENA SECUNDA

A Room at the Court]

Enter [Duke] Philip, Jacqueline, Hieronime, and Mugeron.
Jacqueline and Hieronime sit down to work

Duke. Come, Mugeron, where is this worthy statesman,
 That you and Roderigue would persuade
 To be our worthy agent into France.
 The colour we shall lay on it t'inter
 The body of the long deceased Countess, 5

The French King's niece, whom her kind husband keeps
 With such great cost and care from burial,
 Will show as probable as can be thought.
 Think you he can be gotten to perform it ?

Mug. Fear not, my lord ; the wizard is as forward 10
 To usurp greatness, as all greatness is
 To abuse virtue, or as riches honour.
 You cannot load the ass with too much honour.
 He shall be yours, my lord ; Roderigue and I
 Will give him to your Highness for your foot-cloth. 15

Duke. How happens it he liv'd conceal'd so long ?

Mug. It is his humour, sir ; for he says still,
 His jocund mind loves pleasure above honour,
 His swinge of liberty, above his life.
 It is not safe (says he) to build his nest 20
 So near the eagle ; his mind is his kingdom,
 His chamber is a court of all good wits ;
 And many such rare sparks of resolution
 He blesseth his most loved self withal,
 As presently your Excellence shall hear. 25
 But this is one thing I had half forgotten,
 With which your Highness needs must be prepar'd :
 I have discours'd with him about the office
 Of an ambassador, and he stands on this,
 That when he once hath kiss'd your Highness' hand 30
 And taken his dispatch, he then presents
 Your Highness' person, hath your place and power,
 Must put his hat on, use you as you him ;
 That you may see before he goes how well
 He can assume your presence and your greatness. 35

Duke. And will he practise his new state before us ?

Mug. Ay, and upon you too, and kiss your Duchess,
 As you use at your parting.

Duke. Out upon him !
 She will not let him kiss her.

Mug. He will kiss her
 To do your person right. 40

Duke. It will be excellent ;
 She shall not know this till he offer it.

Mug. See, see, he comes !

Enter Roderigue, Monsieur D'Olive, and Pacque

Rod. Here is the gentleman
 Your Highness doth desire to do you honour

In the presenting of your princely person,
And going Lord Ambassador to th' French King. 45

Duke. Is this the gentleman whose worth so highly
You recommend to our election ?

Ambo. This is the man, my lord.

Duke. We understand, sir,
We have been wrong'd by being kept so long
From notice of your honourable parts, 50
Wherein your country claims a deeper int'rest
Than your mere private self ; what makes wise Nature
Fashion in men these excellent perfections

Of haughty courage, great wit, wisdom incredible——

D'Ol. It pleaseth your good Excellence to say so. 55

Duke. But that she aims therein at public good ;
And you in duty thereto, of yourself,
Ought to have made us tender of your parts, et. N
And not entomb them, tyrant-like, alive.

Rod. We for our parts, my lord, are not in fault, 60
For we have sp[ur]n'd him forward evermore,
Letting him know how fit an instrument
He was to play upon in stately music.

Mug. And if he had been ought else but an ass,
Your Grace ere this time long had made him great : 65
Did not we tell you this ?

D'Ol. Oftentimes :

But, sure, my honour'd lord, the times before
Were not as now they be, thanks to our fortune
That we enjoy so sweet and wise a prince

As is your gracious self ; for then 'twas policy 70
To keep all wits of hope still under hatches,
Far from the Court, lest their exceeding parts

Should overshine those that were then in place ;
And 'twas our happiness that we might live so ;
For in that freely choos'd obscurity 75

We found our safety, which men most of note
Many times lost ; and I, alas, for my part,
Shrunk my despised head in my poor shell ;
For your learn'd Excellence, I know, knows well
Qui bene latuit, bene vixit, still. 80

Duke. 'Twas much you could contain yourself, that had
So great means to have liv'd in greater place.

D'Ol. Faith, sir, I had a poor roof or a pent-house
To shade me from the sun, and three or four tiles

- To shroud me from the rain, and thought myself 85
 As private as I had King G[yges'] ring
 And could have gone invisible, yet saw all
 That pass'd our State's rough sea, both near and far ;
 There saw I our great galliasses toss'd
 Upon the wallowing waves, up with one billow, 90
 And then down with another ; our great men
 Like to a mass of clouds that now seem like
 An elephant, and straightways like an ox,
 And then a mouse, or like those changeable creatures
 That live in the burdello, now in satin, 95
 To-morrow next in stammel ;
 When I sate all this while in my poor cell,
 Secure of lightning or the sudden thunder,
 Convers'd with the poor Muses, gave a scholar
 Forty o[r] fifty crowns a year to teach me, 100
 And prate to me about the predicables,
 When, indeed, my thoughts flew a higher pitch
 Than genus and species ; as by this taste
 I hope your Highness happily perceives,
 And shall hereafter more at large approve 105
 If any worthy opportunity
 Make but her foretop subject to my hold ;
 And so I leave your Grace to the tuition
 Of Him that made you. [Going]
- Rod.* Soft, good sir, I pray !
 What says your Excellence to this gentleman ? 110
 Have I not made my word good to your Highness ?
- Duke.* Well, sir, however envious policy
 Hath robb'd my predecessors of your service,
 You must not scape my hands, that have design'd
 Present employment for you ; and 'tis this : 115
 'Tis not unknown unto you with what grief
 We take the sorrow of the Earl Saint Anne
 For his deceased wife, with whose dead sight
 He feeds his passion, keeping her from right
 Of Christian burial, to make his eyes 120
 Do penance by their everlasting tears
 For losing the dear sight of her quick beauties.
- D'Ol.* Well spoke, i'faith ! Your Grace must give me
 leave
 To praise your wit, for, faith, 'tis rarely spoken !
- Duke.* The better for your good commendation. 125

But, sir, your embassy to the French King
Shall be to this effect : thus you shall say—

D'Ol. Not so ! Your Excellence shall pardon me ;
I will not have my tale put in my mouth.

If you'll deliver me your mind in gross, 130
Why, so ; I shall express it as I can.

I warrant you 'twill be sufficient.

Duke. 'Tis very good ; then, sir, my will in gross
Is that in pity of the sad Countess' case

The King would ask the body of his niece 135
To give it funeral fitting her high blood,

Which (as yourself requires and reason wills)

I leave to be enforc'd and amplified

With all the ornaments of art and nature,

Which flows, I see, in your sharp intellect. 140

D'Ol. Alas, you cannot see't in this short time,
But there be some not far hence, that have seen,

And heard me too, ere now : I could have wish'd

Your Highness' presence in a private conventicle

At what time the high point of state was handled. 145

Duke. What was the point ?

D'Ol. It was my hap to make a number there
Myself (as every other gentleman)

Being interested in that grave affair,

Where I deliver'd my opinion : how well—

150

[*Duke.*] What was the matter, pray ?

D'Ol.

The matter, sir,

Was of an ancient subject, and yet newly

Call'd into question ; and 'twas this in brief :

We sate, as I remember, all in rout,

All sorts of men together :

155

A squire and a carpenter, a lawyer and a sawyer,

A merchant and a broker, a justice and a peasant,

And so forth, without all difference.

Duke. But what was the matter ?

D'Ol. 'Faith, a stale argument, though newly handled ; 160
And I am fearful I shall shame myself,

The subject is so threadbare.

Duke.

'Tis no matter,

Be as it will ; go to the point, I pray.

D'Ol. Then thus it is : the question of estate

(Or the state of the question) was in brief

165

Whether in an aristocracy,

Or in a democratical estate,
Tobacco might be brought to lawful use.
But had you heard the excellent speeches there
Touching this part——

170

Mug. }
Rod. }

Pray thee to the point!

D'Ol. First to the point then,
Upstart a weaver, blown up b' inspiration,
That had borne office in the congregation,
A little fellow, and yet great in spirit ;
I never shall forget him, for he was
A most hot-liver'd enemy to tobacco,
His face was like the ten of diamonds
Pointed each where with pushes, and his nose
Was like the ace of clubs (which I must tell you
Was it that set him and tobacco first
At such hot enmity) ; for that nose of his
(According to the Puritanic cut,)

175

Having a narrow bridge, and this tobacco,
Being in drink, durst not pass by, and finding stopp'd
His narrow passage, fled back as it came
And went away in pet.

185

Mug. Just cause of quarrel!

Duke. But, pray thee, bri[e]fly say what said the weaver?

D'Ol. The weaver, sir, much like a virginal jack
Start nimble up ; the colour of his beard
I scarce remember ; but purblind he was
With the Geneva print, and wore one ear
Shorter than tother for a difference.

190

Duke. A man of very open note, it seems.

D'Ol. He was so, sir, and hotly he inveigh'd
Against tobacco (with a most strong breath,
For he had eaten garlic the same morning,
As 'twas his use, partly against ill airs,
Partly to make his speeches savoury),
Said 'twas a pagan plant, a profane weed,
And a most sinful smoke, that had no warrant
Out of the Word ; invented, sure, by Sathan
In these our latter days to cast a mist
Before men's eyes that they might not behold
The grossness of old superstition,
Which is, as 'twere, deriv'd into the Church
From the foul sink of Romish popery.

195

200

205

And that it was a judgment on our land
 That the substantial commodities
 And mighty blessings of this realm of France,
 Bells, rattles, hobby-horses, and such like, 210
 Which had brought so much wealth into the land,
 Should now be chang'd into the smoke of vanity,
 The smoke of superstition : for his own part
 He held a garlic clove, being sanctified,
 Did edify more the body of a man 215
 Than a whole ton of this profane tobacco,
 Being ta'en without thanksgiving ; in a word
 He said it was a rag of popery,
 And none that were truly regenerate would
 Profane his nostrils with the smoke thereof ; 220
 And speaking of your Grace behind your back,
 He charg'd and conjur'd you to see the use
 Of vain tobacco banish'd from the land,
 For fear lest, for the great abuse thereof,
 O[u]r candle were put out : and therewithal 225
 Taking his handkerchief to wipe his mouth
 As he had told a lie, he tun'd his noise
 To the old strain, as if he were preparing
 For a new exercise ; but I myself
 (Angry to hear this generous tobacco, 230
 The gentleman's saint and the soldier's idol,
 So ignorantly polluted) stood me up,
 Took some tobacco for a compliment,
 Brake phlegm some twice or thrice, then shook mine ears,
 And lick'd my lips, as if I begg'd attention, 235
 And so, directing me to your sweet Grace,
 Thus I replied :—

Rod. }
Mug. } Room for a speech there ! Silence !

D'Ol. I am amused ; or, I am in a quandary, gentlemen,
 (for in good faith I remember not well whether of them
 was my words)— 240

Duke. 'Tis no matter ; either of them will serve the
 turn.

D'Ol. Whether I should (as the poet says) *eloquar an
 siliam* ; whether by answering a fool I should myself seem
 no less ; or by giving way to his wind (for words are but 245
 wind) might betray the cause ; to the maintenance whereof
 all true Trojans (from whose race we claim our descent) owe

all their patrimonies, and, if need be, their dearest blood and their sweetest breath.—I would not be tedious to your Highness.

250

Duke. You are not, sir ; proceed !

D'Ol. Tobacco, that excellent plant, the use whereof (as of fift element) the world cannot want, is that little shop of Nature, wherein her whole workmanship is abridged, where you may see earth kindled into fire, the fire breathe 255 out an exhalation which, ent'ring in at the mouth, walks through the regions of a man's brain, drives out all ill vapours but itself, draws down all bad humours by the mouth, which in time might breed a scab over the whole body, if already they have not : a plant of singular use ; for, on the one side, 260 Nature being an enemy to vacuity and emptiness, and, on the other, there being so many empty brains in the world as there are, how shall Nature's course be continued ? How shall these empty brains be filled but with air, Nature's immediate instrument to that purpose ? If with air, what 265 so proper as your fume ? What fume so healthful as your perfume ? What perfume so sovereign as tobacco ? Besides the excellent edge it gives a man's wit (as they can best judge that have been present at a feast of tobacco, where commonly all good wits are consorted) what variety 270 of discourse it begets, what sparks of wit it yields, it is a world to hear ! As likewise to the courage of a man ; for if it be true that Johannes [Savonarola] writes, that he that drinks verjuice pisseth vinegar, then it must needs follow to be as true, that he that eats smoke farts fire. For garlic 275 I will not say, because it is a plant of our own country, but it may cure the diseases of the country ; but for the diseases of the Court, they are out of the element of garlic to medicine. To conclude, as there is no enemy to tobacco but garlic, so there is no friend to garlic but a sheep's head ; 280 and so I conclude.

Duke. Well, sir, if this be but your natural vein, I must confess I knew you not indeed, When I made offer to instruct your brain For the ambassage, and will trust you now, 285 If 'twere to send you forth to the Great Turk With an ambassage.

D'Ol. But, sir, in conclusion, 'Twas order'd for my speech, that since tobacco Had so long been in use, it should thenceforth

Be brought to lawful use ; but limited thus : 290
 That none should dare to take it but a gentleman,
 Or he that had some gentlemanly humour,
 The murr, the headache, the catarrh, the bone-ache,
 Or other branches of the sharp salt rheum
 Fitting a gentleman. 295

Rod. Your Grace has made choice
 Of a most simple Lord Ambassador !

Duke. Well, sir, you need not look for a commission,
 My hand shall well dispatch you for this business ;
 Take now the place and state of an a[m]bassador,
 Present our person and perform our charge ; 300
 And so farewell, good Lord Ambassador !

D'Ol. Farewell, good Duke, and Jacqueline to thee !

[*Kisses her*]

Duch. How now, you fool ? Out, you presumptuous
 gull !

D'Ol. How now, you baggage ? 'Sfoot, are you so coy
 To the Duke's person, to his second self ? 305
 Are you too good, dame, to enlarge yourself

Unto your proper object ? 'Slight, 'twere a good deed—

Duch. What means your Grace to suffer me abus'd
 thus ?

Duke. Sweet love, be pleas'd ; you do not know this
 lord.

Give me thy hand, my lord. 310

D'Ol. And give me thine.

Duke. Farewell again !

D'Ol. Farewell again to thee !

Duke. Now go thy ways for an ambassador.

Exeunt Philip, Jacqueline, Hieronime

D'Ol. Now go thy ways for a duke.

Mug. } Most excellent lord !
Rod. }

Rod. Why, this was well perform'd and like a duke,
 Whose person you most naturally present. 315

D'Ol. I told you I would do't ; now I'll begin
 To make the world take notice I am noble :
 The first thing I will do, I'll swear to pay
 No debts, upon my honour.

Mug. A good cheap proof of your nobility. 320

D'Ol. But if I knew where I might pawn mine honour
 For some odd thousand crowns, it shall be laid ;

I'll pay't again when I have done withal.
 Then 'twill be expected I shall be of some religion,
 I must think of some for fashion, or for faction sake, 325
 As it becomes great personages to do ;
 I'll think upon't betwixt this and the day.

Rod. Well said, my lord ! This lordship of yours will
 work a mighty alteration in you ; do you not feel it begins
 to work already ? 330

D'Ol. 'Faith, only in this : it makes me think how they
 that were my companions before, shall now be my favourites ;
 they that were my friends before, shall now be my followers ;
 they that were my servants before, shall now be my knaves ;
 but they that were my creditors before, shall remain my 335
 creditors still.

Mug. Excellent lord ! Come, will you show your lord-
 ship in the presence now ?

D'Ol. Faith, I do not care if I go and make a face or
 two there, or a few graceful legs, speak a little Italian, and 340
 away ; there's all a presence doth require. [*Exeunt*]

FINIS ACTUS SECUNDI

ACTUS TERTII SCENA PRIMA

[*A Room in the House of St. Anne*]*Enter Vandome, and St. Anne*

St. A. You have inclin'd me more to leave this life
 Than I suppos'd it possible for an angel ;
 Nor is your judgment to suppress your passion
 For so dear lov'd a sister (being as well
 Your blood and flesh, as mine) the least enforcement 5
 Of your dissuasive arguments. And besides,
 Your true resemblance of her much supplies
 Her want in my affections ; with all which
 I feel in these deep griefs, to which I yield
 (A kind of false, sluggish, and rotting sweetness 10
 Mix'd with an humour where all things in life
 Lie drown'd in sour, wretched, and horrid thoughts)
 The way to cowardly desperation opened ;
 And whatsoever urgeth souls accurs'd
 To their destruction, and sometimes their plague, 15
 So violently gripes me, that I lie
 Whole days and nights bound at his tyrannous feet ;

So that my days are not like life or light,
But bitterest death, and a continual night.

Van. The ground of all is unsufficed love, 20
Which would be best eas'd with some other object ;

The general rule of Naso being autentic,
Quod successore novo vincitur omnis amor :
For the affections of the mind, drawn forth
In many currents, are not so impulsive 25

In any one ; and so the Persian king
Made the great river Ganges run distinctly
In an innumerable sort of channels ;
By which means, of a fierce and dangerous flood,
He turn'd it into many pleasing rivers. 30

So likewise is an army disarray'd
Made penetrable for the assaulting foe ;
So huge fires, being diffused, grow assuag'd,
Lastly, as all force, being unite, increaseth ;
So being dispers'd, it grows less sharp and ceaseth. 35

St. A. Alas, I know I cannot love another ;
My heart accusom'd to love only her,
My eyes accusom'd to view only her,
Will tell me whatsoever is not her,
Is foul and hateful. 40

Van. Yet forbear to keep her
Still in your sight ; force not her breathless body
Thus against nature to survive, being dead ;
Let it consume, that it may reassume
A form incorruptible ; and refrain

The places where you used to joy in her ; 45

Heu fuge dilectas terras, fuge litus amatum !
For how can you be ever sound or safe
Wherein so many red steps of your wounds
Gasp in your eyes ? With change of place be sure,
Like sick men mending, you shall find recure. [*They retire*] 50

*Enter the Duke, D'Olive, Jacqueline, Hieronime, Mugeron,
Roderigue, to see the dead Countess that is kept in her
attire unburied*

D'Ol. Faith, madam, my company may well be spared
at so mournful a visitation. For, by my soul, to see Pygma-
lion dote upon a marble picture, a senseless statue, I should
laugh and spoil the tragedy.

[*Duch.*] Oh, 'tis an object full of pity, my lord. 55

D'Ol. 'Tis pity, indeed, that any man should love a woman so constantly.

Duke. Bitterly turned, my lord! We must still admire you.

D'Ol. Tush, my lord, true manhood can neither mourn nor admire. It's fit for women—they can weep at pleasure, even to admiration. 60

Duch. But men use to admire rare things, my lord.

D'Ol. But this is nothing rare; 'tis a virtue common for men to love their wives after death. The value of a good wife (as all good things else) are better known by their want than by their fruition; for no man loves his wife so well while she lives, but he loves her ten times better when she's dead. 65

Rod. This is sound philosophy, my lord. 70

D'Ol. Faith, my lord, I speak my thoughts; and for mine own part, I should so ill endure the loss of a wife (always provided I loved her), that if I lost her this week, I'd have another by the beginning o' th' next. And thus resolved, I leave your Highness to deal with Atropos for cutting my lady's thread: I am for France; all my care is for followers to imp out my train. I fear I must come to your Grace for a press; for I will be followed as becomes an honourable lord; and that is like an honest squire; for, with our great lords, followers abroad and hospitality at home are out of date. The world's now grown thrifty; he that fills a whole page in folio with his style, thinks it veriest noble to be manned with one bare page and a pandar; and yet Pandar, in ancient time, was the name of an honest courtier; what 'tis now, *Viderit utilitas*. Come, wits, let's to my chamber. *Exeunt. Manent* Vandome, St. Anne 75

Van. Well now, my lord, remember all the reasons And arguments I us'd at first to you, To draw you from your hurtful passions; And therewithal admit one further cause, Drawn from my love, and all the powers I have; Eurione, vow'd sister to my sister, Whose virtues, beauties, and perfections Adorn our country, and do nearest match With her rich graces that your love adores, Hath wounded my affections; and to her I would intreat your lordship's graceful word. 90

St. A. But is it true? Loves my dear brother now? 95

It much delights me, for your choice is noble.
 Yet need you not urge me to come abroad, 100
 Your own worth will suffice for your wish'd speed.

Van. I know, my lord, no man alive can win
 Her resolv'd judgment from virginity,
 Unless you speak for him, whose word of all dames
 Is held most sweet, and worthy to persuade them. 105

St. A. The world will think me too fantastical,
 To ope so suddenly my vow'd obscureness.

Van. My lord, my love is sudden, and requires
 A sudden remedy ; if I be delay'd,
 Consider love's delay breeds desperation, 110
 By weighing how strongly love works in yourself.

St. A. Dear brother, nothing underneath the stars
 Makes me so willing to partake the air
 And undergo the burden of the world,
 As your most worthy self and your wish'd good ; 115
 And glad I am that by this means I may
 See your descent continued, and therein
 Behold some new-born image of my wife.

Dear life, take knowledge that thy brother's love
 Makes me despair with my true zeal to thee ; 120
 And if for his sake I admit the earth
 To hide this treasure of thy precious beauties,
 And that thy part surviving be not pleas'd,
 Let it appear to me, ye just assisters
 Of all intentions bent to sovereign justice, 125
 And I will follow it into the grave ;
 Or dying with it, or preserve it thus,
 As long as any life is left betwixt us. *Exeunt*

[SCENA SECUNDA

D'Olive's Chamber]

Enter Monsieur D'Olive, Roderigue

D'Ol. But didst note what a presence I came off withal ?

Rod. 'Sfoot, you drew the eyes of the whole presence
 upon you ! There was one lady, a man might see her
 heart ready to start out of her eyes to follow you.

D'Ol. But Monsieur Mustapha there kept state, when 5

I accosted him ; 'sight, the brazen head looked to be worshipped, I think ! No, I'll commit no idolatry for the proudest image of 'em all, I !

Rod. Your lordship has the right garb of an excellent courtier : Respect's a clown, supple-jointed Courtesy's a very peagoose ; 'tis stiff-hammed Audacity that carries it ; get once within their distance, and you are in their bosoms instantly. 10

D'Ol. 'Sheart, do they look I should stand aloof, like a scholar, and make legs at their greatness ? No, I'll none of that ; come up close to him, give him a clap o' th' shoulder shall make him cry ' oh ! ' again—it's a tender place to deal withal—and say, ' Well encountered, noble Brutus ! ' 15

Rod. That's the only way, indeed, to be familiar.

D'Ol. 'Sfoot, I'll make legs to none, unless it be to a Justice of Peace when he speaks in's chair, or to a constable when he leans on's staff, that's flat ! Softness and modesty savours of the cart ; 'tis boldness, boldness, does the deed in the Court : and as your chameleon varies all colours o' th' rainbow, both white and red, so must your true courtier be able to vary his countenance through all humours—state, strangeness, scorn, mirth, melancholy, flattery, and so forth : some colours likewise his face may change upon occasion, black or blue it may, tawny it may, but red and white at no hand—avoid that like a sergeant ; keep your colour stiff, unguilty of passion or disgrace, not changing white at sight of your mercer, nor red at sight of your surgeon ; above all sins, heaven shield me from the sin of blushing ! It does ill in a young waiting-woman ; but monstrous, monstrous, in an old courtier. 20 25 30 35

Rod. Well, all this while your lordship forgets your ambassage ; you have given out you will be gone within this month, and yet nothing is ready.

D'Ol. It's no matter, let the moon keep her course ; and yet, to say truth, 'twere more than time I were gone, for, by heaven, I am so haunted with followers, every day new offers of followers ; but heaven shield me from any more followers ! How now, what's the news ? 40

Enter Mugeron and two others

Mug. My lord, here's two of my special friends, whom I would gladly commend to follow you in the honourable action. 45

D'Ol. 'Sfoot, my ears are double locked against followers ; you know my number's full, all places under me are bestowed. I'll out of town this night, that's infallible : I'll no more followers, o' mine honour.

50

Mug. 'Slight, lord, you must entertain them ! They have paid me their income, and I have undertaken your lordship shall grace them.

D'Ol. Well, my masters, you might have come at a time when your entertainment would have proved better than now it is like ; but such as it is, upon the commendation of my steward here—

55

Mug. A pox o' your lordship ! Steward ?

D'Ol. Y'are welcome, in a word ; discern and spy out.

Ambo. We humbly thank your lordship.

60

D'Ol. Mugeron, let 'em be entered.

Mug. In what rank, my lord ; gentlemen or yeomen ?

D'Ol. Gentlemen : their bearing bewrays no less ; it goes not always by apparel. I do allow you to suit yourselves anew in my colours at your own charges.

65

Ambo. Thank your good lordship.

D'Ol. Thy name first, I pray thee ?

Cor. Cornelius, my lord.

D'Ol. What profession ?

Cor. A surgeon, an't please your lordship.

70

D'Ol. I had rather th' hadst been a barber, for I think there will be little bloodshed amongst my followers, unless it be of thy letting ; I'll see their nails pared before they go. And yet now I bethink myself, our ambassage is into France, there may be employment for thee ; hast thou a tub ?

75

Cor. I would be loth, my lord, to be dislocated or unfurnished of any of my properties.

D'Ol. Thou speak'st like thyself, Cornelius ; book him down gentleman.

Mug. Very well, sir.

80

D'Ol. Now your profession, I pray ?

Frip. Frippery, my lord, or, as some term it, petty brokery.

D'Ol. An honest man, I'll warrant thee ; I never knew other of thy trade.

85

Frip. Truly a richer your lordship might have, an honest, I hope not.

D'Ol. I believe thee, petty broker ; canst burn gold lace ?

Frip. I can do anything, my lord, belonging to my trade. 90

D'Ol. Book him down gentleman; he'll do good upon the voyage, I warrant him! Provide thee a nag, petty broker, thou'lt find employment for him, doubt not; keep thyself an honest man, and by our return I do not doubt but to see thee a rich knave; farewell, petty broker! 95
Prepare yourselves against the day; this gentleman shall acquaint you with my colours. Farewell, fripper; farewell, petty broker: 'Discern and spy out,' is my motto.

Ambo. God continue your lordship! *Exeunt* 100

Rod. [*aside*] A very reasonable prayer, for, unknown to him, it lies now upon his death bed.

D'Ol. And how like you my chamber, good wits?

Rod. Excellent well, sir!

D'Ol. Nay, believe it, it shall do well (as you will say) when you see't set forth suitable to my project. Here shall stand my court cupboard, with its furniture of plate; here shall run a wind instrument; here shall hang my bass-viol; here my theorbo; and here will I hang myself. 105

Ambo. 'Twill do admirable well. 110

D'Ol. But how will I hang myself, good wits? Not in person, but in picture; I will be drawn—

Rod. What hanged and drawn too?

D'Ol. Good again! I say I will be drawn all in complete satin of some courtly colour, like a knight of Cupid's band; on this side shall be ranked chairs and stools and other such complements of a chamber; this corner will be a convenient room for my close-stool; I acquaint you with all my privities, you see. 115

Mug. Ay, sir, we smell your meaning. 120

D'Ol. Here shall be a perch for my parrot, while I remain unmarried—I shall have the less miss of my wife; here a hoop for my monkey when I am married—my wife will have the less miss of me; here will I have the statue of some excellent poet, and I will have his nose go with a vice (as I have seen the experience), and that, as if't had taken cold i'th' head,— 125

Rod. For want of a gilt nightcap.

D'Ol. Bitter, still!—shall like a spout run pure wit all day long; and it shall be fed with a pipe brought at my charge from Helicon over the Alps and under the sea by the brain of some great engineer, and I think 'twill do excellent. 130

Mug. No question of that, my lord.

D'Ol. Well, now, wits, about your several charges touching my ambassage: Roderigue, is my speech put out to making?

Rod. It's almost done.

D'Ol. 'Tis well, tell him he shall have forty crowns; promise, promise; want for no promising! And well remembered, have I e'er a gentleman usher yet? A strange thing, amongst all my followers not one has wit enough to be a gentleman usher; I must have one, there's no remedy; farewell, have a care of my followers, all but my petty broker, he'll shift for himself.

Rod. Well, let us alone for your followers.

D'Ol. Well said, discern and spy out!

Ambo. [W]e thank your lordship.

Exeunt. Manet D'Olive

D'Ol. Heaven, I beseech thee, what an abominable sort of followers have I put upon me! These courtiers feed on 'em with my countenance; I cannot look into the city, but one or other makes tender of his good parts to me, either his language, his travel, his intelligence, or something. Gentlemen send me their younger sons, furnished in complete, to learn fashions, forsooth; as if the riding of five hundred miles and spending a thousand crowns would make 'em wiser than God meant to make 'em. Others with child with the travelling humour; as if an ass for going to Paris could come home a courser of Naples. Others are possessed with the humour of gallantry, fancy it to be the only happiness in this world to be enabled by such a colour to carry a feather in his crest, wear gold lace, gilt spurs, and so sets his fortunes on't, turns two or three tenements into trunks, and creeps home again with less than a snail, not a house to hide his head in. Three hundred of these goldfinches I have entertained for my followers; I can go in no corner, but I meet with some of my whiffers in their accoutrements; you may hear 'em half a mile ere they come at you, and smell 'em half an hour after they are past you; six or seven make a perfect morrice-dance; they need no bells, their spurs serve their turn. I am ashamed to train 'em abroad; they'll say I carry a whole forest of feathers with me, and I should plod afore 'em in plain stuff, like a writing schoolmaster before his boys when they go a feasting. I am afraid of nothing but I shall be ballated, I and

all my whiffers ; but it's no matter, I'll fashion 'em, I'll show 'em fashions ; by heaven I'll give three parts of 'em the slip, let 'em look for't ! And yet, to say truth, I shall not need, for if I can but linger my journey another month, I am sure I shall mute half my feathers ; I feel 'em begin 180 to wear thin already ; there's not ten crowns in twenty o' their purses ; and, by this light, I was told at Court that my greasy host of the Porcupine last holiday was got up to the ears in one of my follower's satin suits ; and Vandome went so far that he swore he saw two of them hanged. My- 185 self, indeed, passing yesterday by the frippery, spied two of them hang out at a stall with a gambrel thrust from shoulder to shoulder, like a sheep that were new flayed. 'Tis not for nothing that this petty broker follows me ; the vulture smells a prey ; not the carcasses, but the cases of 190 some of my deceased followers ; 'sight, I think it were my wisest course to put ten pounds in stock with him, and turn petty broker ; certainly there's good to be done upon't. If we be but a day or two out of town he'll be able to load every day a fresh horse with satin suits, and send them back 195 hither ; indeed 'tis like to be hot travel, and therefore 'twill be an ease to my followers to have their clothes at home afore 'em. They'll on, get off how they can ; little know they what pikes their feathers must pass ; before they go, the sergeants ; when they come home, the surgeons ; but 200 choose them, I'll wash my hands on 'em. *Exit*

FINIS ACTUS TERTII

ACTUS QUARTI SCENA PRIMA

[*A Room in the House of Vaumont*]

Vandome *solus*

Van. My sister's exequies are now performed
 With such pomp as express'd the excellence
 Of her lord's love to her ; and fir'd the envy
 Of our great Duke, who would have no man equal
 The honour he does t' his adored wife : 5
 And now the Earl (as he hath promis'd me)
 Is in this sad cell of my honour'd mistress,
 Urging my love to fair Eurione ;
 Which I fram'd only to bring him abroad,
 And (if it might succeed) make his affects, 10
 With change of objects, change his helpless sorrow

To helpful love. I stood where I observ'd
 Their words and looks, and all that pass'd betwixt them ;
 And she hath with such cunning borne herself
 In fitting his affection, with pretending 15
 Her mortified desires, her only love
 To virtue and her lovers ; and, in brief,
 Hath figur'd with such life my dear dead sister,
 Enchasing all this with her heighten'd beauty,
 That I believe she hath entangled him, 20
 And won success to our industrious plot.
 If he be touch'd, I know it grieves his soul,
 That, having underta'en to speak for me,
 (Imagining my love was as I feign'd)
 His own love to her should enforce his tongue 25
 To court her for himself, and deceive me.
 By this time we have tried his passionate blood ;
 If he be caught (as heaven vouchsafe he be)
 I'll play a little with his fantasy. [Retires]

Enter St. Anne

St. A. Am I alone ? Is there no eye nor ear 30
 That doth observe me ? Heaven, how have I grasp'd)
 My spirits in my heart, that would have burst
 To give wish'd issue to [my] violent love !
 Dead wife, excuse me, since I love thee still,
 That liv'st in her whom I must love for thee ; 35
 For he that is not mov'd with strongest passion
 In viewing her, that man did ne'er know thee ;
 She's thy surviving image ; but woe's me,
 Why am I thus transported past myself ?
Van. [aside] Oh, are your dull uxorious spirits rais'd ? 40
 One madness doth beget another still.

St. A. But stay, advise me, soul ; why didst thou light
 me
 Over this threshold ? Was't to wrong my brother ?
 To wrong my wife, in wronging of my brother ?
 I'll die a miserable man, no villain : 45
 Yet in this case of love, who is my brother ?
 Who is my father ? Who is any kin ?
 I care not ; I am nearest to myself ;
 I will pursue my passion, I will have her.
Van. [advancing] Traitor, I here arrest thee in the names 50

Of Heaven, and Earth, and deepest Acheron ;
Love's traitor, brother's, traitor to thy wife !

St. A. O brother, stood you so near my dishonour ?
Had you forborne awhile, all had been chang'd ;
You know the variable thoughts of love, 55
You know the use of honour, that will ever
Retire into itself ; and my just blood
Shall rather flow with honour than with love ;
Be you a happy lover, I a friend,
For I will die for love of her and thee. 60

Van. My lord and brother, I'll not challenge more
In love and kindness than my love deser[v]es :
That you have found one whom your heart can like,
And that one whom we all sought to prefer,
To make you happy in a life renew'd, 65
It is a heaven to me, by how much more
My heart embrac'd you for my sister's love.
'Tis true I did dissemble love t'Eurione,
To make you happy in her dear affection,
Who more dotes on you than you can on her ; 70
Enjoy Eurione, she is your own,
The same that ever my dear sister was ;
And Heaven bless both your loves as I release
All my feign'd love and interest to you.

St. A. How nobly hath your love deluded me, 75
How justly have you been unjust to me !
Let me embrace the oracle of my good,
The author and the patron of my life.

Van. Tush, betwixt us, my lord, what need these terms,
As if we knew not one another yet ? 80
Make speed, my lord, and make your nuptials short,
As they are sudden blest in your desires.

St. A. Oh, I wish nothing more than lightning haste.

Van. Stay, one word first, my lord ; you are a sweet
brother
To put in trust, and woo love for another 85

St. A. Pray thee no more of that.

Van. Well then, be gone.
My lord ; her brother comes. *Exit St. Anne*

Enter Vaumont

Vaum. Most happy friend,
How hath our plot succeeded ?

- Van.* He's our own.
 His blood was fram'd for every shade of virtue
 To ravish into true inamorate fire ; 90
 The funeral of my sister must be held
 With all solemnity, and then his nuptials
 With no less speed and pomp be celebrate.
Vaum. What wonders hath your fortunate spirit and
 virtues
 Wrought to our comforts ! Could you crown th' enchant- 95
 ments
 Of your divine wit with another spell,
 Of power to bring my wife out of her cell,
 You should be our quick Hermes, our Alcides.
Van. That's my next l[a.]bour ; come, my lord, yourself
 Shall stand unseen, and see by next morn's light 100
 (Which is her bedtime) how my brain's bold valour
 Will rouse her from her vow's severity ;
 No will, nor power, can withstand policy.
Exit [with Vaumont]

[SCENA SECUNDA

D'Olive's Chamber]

Enter D'Olive, Pacque, Dicque

D'Ol. Welcome little wits ! Are you he my page Pacque
 here makes choice of to be his fellow coach-horse ?

Dic. I am, my lord.

D'Ol. What countryman ?

Dic. Born i'th' City. 5

Pac. But begot i'th' Court ; I can tell your lordship,
 he hath had as good court breeding as any imp in a country.
 If your lordship please to examine him in any part of the
 Court accidence, from a noun to an interjection, I'll under-
 take you shall find him sufficient. 10

D'Ol. Say'st thou so, little wit ? Why, then, sir, how
 many pronouns be there ?

Dic. Faith, my lord, there are more, but I have learned
 but three sorts ; the gourd, the fulham, and the stop-cater-
 trey ; which are all demonstratives, for here they be. 15
 [Showing a set of dice] There are relatives too, but they
 are nothing without their antecedents.

D'Ol. Well said, little wit, i'faith ! How many ante-
 cedents are there ?

Dic. Faith, y lord, their number is uncertain ; but they that are, are either squires or gentlemen ushers. 20

D'Ol. Very well said ! When all is done, the Court is the only school of good education, especially for pages and waiting-women ; Paris, or Padua, or the famous school of England called Winchester (famous, I mean, for the goose) where scholars wear petticoats so long, till their pen and ink-horns knock against their knees ; all these, I say, are but belfries to the body or school of the Court. He that would have his son proceed doctor in three days, let him send him thither ; there's the forge to fashion all the parts of them ; there they shall learn the true use of their good parts indeed. 25 30

Pac. Well, my lord, you have said well for the Court, what says your lordship now to us courtiers ? Shall we go the voyage ?

D'Ol. My little hermaphrodites, I entertain you here into my chamber, and if need be, nearer ; your service you know. I will not promise mountains, nor assure you annuities of forty or fifty crowns ; in a word, I will promise nothing, but I will be your good lord, do you not doubt. 35

Dic. We do not, my lord ; but are sure you will show yourself noble ; and as you promise us nothing, so you will honourably keep promise with us, and give us nothing. 40

D'Ol. Pretty little wit, i'faith ! Can he verse ?

Pac. Ay, and set, too, my lord ; he's both a setter and a verser. 45

D'Ol. Pretty, i'faith ! But, I mean, has he a vein natural ?

Pac. Oh, my lord, it comes from him as easily——

Dic. As suits from a courtier without money, or money from a citizen without security, my lord.

D'Ol. Well, I perceive Nature has suited your wits, and I'll suit you in guarded coats, answerable to your wits ; for wit's as suitable to guarded coats as wisdom is to weltd gowns. My other followers horse themselves, myself will horse you. And now tell me (for I will take you into my bosom) what's the opinion of the many-headed beast touching my new addition of honour ? 50 55

Dic. Some think, my lord, it hath given you addition of pride and outrecuidance.

D'Ol. They are deceived that think so ; I must confess it would make a fool proud, but for me, I am *semper idem*. 60

Pac. We believe your lordship.

D'Ol. I find no alteration in myself in the world, for I am sure I am no wiser than I was, when I was no lord, nor no more bountiful, nor no more honest; only in respect of my state, I assume a kind of state; to receive suitors now with the nod of nobility, not (as before) with the cap of courtesy, the knee of knighthood—and why knee of knighthood, little wit? There's another question for your Court accidence. 65

Dic. Because gentlemen, or yeomen, or peasants, or so, receive knighthood on their knees. 70

Pac. The signification of the knee of knighthood in heraldry, an't please your lordship, is, that knights are tied in honour to fight up to the knees in blood for the defence of fair ladies. 75

D'Ol. Very good; but if it be so, what honour do they deserve that purchase their knighthood?

Dic. Purchase their knighthood, my lord? Marry, I think they come truly by't, for they pay well for't.

D'Ol. You cut me off by the knees, little wit; but I say (if you will hear me), that if they deserve to be knighted that purchase their knighthood with fighting up to the knee, what do they deserve that purchase their knighthood with fighting above the knee? 80

Pac. Marry, my lord, I say the purchase is good, if the conveyance will hold water. 85

D'Ol. Why, this is excellent; by heaven, twenty pounds annuity shall not purchase you from my heels! But forth, now; what is the opinion of the world touching this new honour of mine? Do not fools envy it? 90

Dic. No, my lord, but wise men wonder at it; you having so buried your wisdom heretofore in taverns and vaulting-houses, that the world could never discover you to be capable of honour. 95

D'Ol. As though Achilles could hide himself under a woman's clothes; was he not discovered at first? This honour is like a woman, or a crocodile (choose you whether) it flies them that follow it and follows them that fly it; for myself, however my worth for the time kept his bed, yet did I ever prophesy to myself that it would rise before the sunset of my days; I did ever dream that this head was born to bear a breadth, this shoulder to support a state, this face to look big, this body to bear a presence; these feet were born to be revellers, and these calves were born to be 100 105

courtiers ; in a word, I was born noble, and I will die nobly ; neither shall my nobility perish with death ; after ages shall resound the memory thereof, while the sun sets in the east, or the moon in the west.

Pac. Or the Seven Stars in the north. 110

D'Ol. The siege of Boulogne shall be no more a landmark for times ; Agincourt battle, St. James his field, the loss of Calais and the winning of Cales, shall grow out of use ; men shall reckon their years, women their marriages, from the day of our ambassage ; as ' I was born, or married, two, 115 three, or four years before the great ambassage.' Farmers shall count their leases from this day, gentlemen their mortgages from this day ; St. Denis shall be raced out of the calendar, and the day of our instalment entered in red letters ; and as St. Valentine's day is fortunate to choose 120 lovers, St. Luke's to choose husbands, so shall this day be to the choosing of lords. It shall be a critical day, a day of note ; in that day it shall be good to quarrel, but not to fight ; they that marry on that day shall not repent—marry, the morrow after perhaps they may—it shall be 125 wholesome to beat a serjeant on that day ; he that eats garlic on that morning shall be a rank knave till night.

Dic. What a day will this be, if it hold !

D'Ol. Hold ? 'Sfoot, it shall hold, and shall be held sacred to immortality ; let all the chroniclers, ballet-makers, 130 and almanac-mongers, do what they dare.

Enter Roderique

Rod. 'Sfoot, my lord, all's dashed ! Your voyage is overthrown.

D'Ol. What ails the frantic, trow ?

Rod. The lady is entombed that was the subject of your 135 ambassage ; and your ambassage is berayed.

Pac. 'Dido is dead, and wrapt in lead.'

Dic. 'Oh heavy hearse !'

Pac. Your lordship's honour must wait upon her.

Dic. Oh, scurvy verse ! 140

Your lordship's welcome home ! Pray let's walk your horse, my lord.

D'Ol. A pretty gullery ! Why, my little wits, do you believe this to be true ?

Pac. For my part, my lord, I am of opinion you are gulled. 145

Dic. And I am of opinion that I am partly guilty of the same.

Enter Mugeron [with a Page]

Mug. Where's this lord fool here? 'Slight, you have made a pretty piece of service on't, raised up all the country in gold lace and feathers; and now with your long stay 150 there's no employment for them.

D'Ol. Good, still!

Mug. 'Slight, I ever took thee to be a hammer of the right feather; but I durst have laid my life, no man could ever have crammed such a gudgeon as this down the throat 155 of thee. To create thee a Christmas Lord, and make thee laughter for the whole Court! I am ashamed of myself that ever I choosed such a gross block to whet my wits on.

D'Ol. Good wit, i'faith! I know all this is but a gullery now; but since you have presumed to go thus far with me, 160 come what can come to the State, sink or swim, I'll be no more a father to it nor the Duke; nor for the world wade one half step further in the action.

Pac. But now your lordship is gone, what shall become of your followers? 165

D'Ol. Followers? Let them follow the Court, as I have done: there let them raise their fortunes; if not, they know the way to the petty broker's, there let them shift and hang.

Exit cum suis

Rod. Here we may strike the *Plaudite* to our play; my 170 lord Fool's gone; all our audience will forsake us.

Mug. Page, after, and call him again.

Rod. Let him go; I'll take up some other fool for the Duke to employ: every ordinary affords fools enow; and didst not see a pair of gallants sit not far hence like a couple 175 of bough-pots to make the room smell?

Mug. Yes, they are gone; but what of them?

Rod. I'll press them to the Court; or if need be, our muse is not so barren, but she is able to devise one trick or other to retire D'Olive to Court again. 180

Mug. Indeed thou toldst me how gloriously he apprehended the favour of a great lady i'th' presence, whose heart (he said) stood a tiptoe in her eye to look at him.

Rod. 'Tis well remembered.

Mug. Oh, a love-letter from that lady would retrieve 185 him as sure as death.

Rod. It would, of mine honour; we'll feign one from her instantly. Page, fetch pen and ink here. *Exit Page*

Mug. Now do you and your muse engender ; my barren sponce shall prompt something. 190

Rod. Soft, then ! The Lady Hieronime, who, I said, viewed him so in the presence, is the Venus that must enamour him : we'll go no further for that. But in what likeness must he come to the Court to her now ? As a lord he may not ; in any other shape, he will not. 195

Mug. Then let him come in his own shape like a gull.

[*Re-enter Page with pen and ink*]

Rod. Well, disguised he shall be. That shall be his mistress's direction ; this shall be my Helicon, and from this quiver will I draw the shaft that shall wound him.

Mug. Come on ; how wilt thou begin ? 200

Rod. Faith thus : *Dearly beloved.*

Mug. Ware ho, that's profane !

Rod. Go to, then ! *Divine D'Olive*—I am sure that's not profane.

Mug. Well, forward ! 205

Rod. *I see in the power of thy beauties—*

Mug. Break off your period, and say, '*Twas with a sigh.*

Rod. Content ; here's a full prick stands for a tear too.

Mug. So, now take my brain. 210

Rod. Pour it on.

Mug. *I talk like a fool, but, alas, thou art wise and silent!—*

Rod. Excellent ! *And the more wise, the more silent.*

Mug. That's something common. 215

Rod. So should his mistress be.

Mug. That's true indeed ! Who breaks way next ?

Rod. That will I, sir : *But alas ! why art thou not noble, that thou mightst match me in blood ?*

Mug. I'll answer that for her. 220

Rod. Come on !

Mug. *But thou art noble, though not by birth, yet by creation.*

Rod. That's not amiss ; forth now : *Thy wit proves thee to be a lord, thy presence shows it—O that word presence has cost me dear—* 225

Mug. Well said, because she saw him i'th' presence.

Rod. *O do but say thou lov'st me—*

Mug. Soft, there's too many O's.

Rod. Not a whit; O's but the next door to P, and his mistress may use her O with—with modesty; or if thou wilt, I'll stop it with another brackish tear. 230

Mug. No, no, let it run on.

Rod. O do but say thou lov'st me, and yet do not neither, and yet do!

Mug. Well said, let that last stand; let him do in any case: now say thus, *Do not appear at Court—* 235

Rod. So!

Mug. At least in my company—

Rod. Well!

Mug. At least before folks— 240

Rod. Why so?

Mug. For the flame will break forth—

Rod. Go on, thou dost well.

Mug. Where there is fire i'th' hearth— 245

Rod. What then?

Mug. There will be smoke i' th' chimney.

Rod. Forth!

Mug. Warm, but burn me not; there's reason in all things. 250

Rod. Well said; now do I vie it: *Come to my chamber betwixt two and three—*

Mug. A very good number.

Rod. But walk not under my window. If thou dost, come disguised: in any case wear not thy tuft taffeta cloak; if thou dost, thou killest me. 255

Mug. Well said, now to the L'envoy.

Rod. Thine, if I were worth ought; and yet such, as it skills not whose I am, if I be thine, Hieronime. Now for a fit pandar to transport it, and have at him! *Exeunt* 260

FINIS ACTUS QUARTI

ACTUS QUINTI SCENA PRIMA

[Before the House of Vaumont]

Enter Vaumont and Vandome

Van. Come, my good lord, now will I try my brain, If it can forge another golden chain, To draw the poor recluse, my honour'd mistress, From her dark cell and superstitious vow. I oft have heard there is a kind of cure 5

To fright a ling'ring fever from a man
 By an imaginous fear ; which may be true,
 For one heat, all know, doth drive out another,
 One passion doth expel another still ;
 And therefore I will use a feign'd device 10
 To kindle fury in her frozen breast,
 That rage may fire out grief, and so restore her
 To her most sociable self again.

Vaum. Juno Lucina fer opem,

And ease my labouring house of such a care ! 15

Van. Mark but my midwifery ; the day is now
 Some three hours old, and now her night begins :
 Stand close, my lord ; if she and her sad meinie
 Be toward sleep, or sleeping, I will wake them
 With orderly alarms. Page ! Boy ! Sister ! 20
 All tongue-tied, all asleep ? Page ! Sister !

Vaum. Alas, Vandome, do not disturb their rest
 For pity's sake, 'tis young night yet with them.

Van. My lord, your only way to deal with women
 And parrots, is to keep them waking still. 25
 Page ? Who's above ? Are you all dead here ?

Dic. 'Slight, is hell broke loose ? Who's there ?

He looks out with a light

Van. A friend !

Dic. Then know this castle is the house of woe ;
 Here harbour none but two distressed ladies, 30
 Condemn'd to darkness, and this is their jail,
 And I the giant set to guard the same ;
 My name is Dildo. *Retrahit se*

Van. Sirrah, leave your roguery, and hearken to me ;
 what, page, I say ! 35

Redit cum lumine

Dic. Tempt not disasters ; take thy life, begone !

Vaum. An excellent villany !

Van. Sirrah, I have business of weight to impart to your
 lady.

Dic. If your business be of weight, let it wait till the 40
 afternoon, for by that time my lady will be delivered of her
 first sleep. Begone, for fear of watery meteors.

Van. Go to, sir, leave your villany, and dispatch this
 news to your lady.

Dic. Is your business from yourself, or from somebody 45
 besides ?

Van. From nobody besides myself.

Dic. Very good ; then I'll tell her here's one besides himself has business to her from nobody. *Retrahit se*

Vaum. A perfect young hempstring !

Van. Peace, lest he overhear you ! *Redit Dicque*

Dic. You are not the constable, sir, are you ?

Van. Will you dispatch, sir ? You know me well enough ; I am Vandome.

[*Enter Eurione above*]

Eur. What's the matter, who's there ? Brother Vandome ! 55

Van. Sister !

Eur. What tempest drives you hither at such an hour ?

Van. Why, I hope you are not going to bed ; I see you are not yet unready. If ever you will deserve my love, let it be now by calling forth my mistress ; I have news for her that touch her nearly. 60

Eur. What is't, good brother ?

Van. The worst of ills ; would any tongue but mine had been the messenger.

[*Enter Marcellina above*]

Mar. What's that, servant ? 65

Van. O mistress, come down with all speed possible, and leave that mournful cell of yours ; I'll show you another place worthy of your mourning.

Mar. Speak, man, my heart is armed with a mourning-habit of such proof, that there is none greater without it to pierce it. 70

Van. If you please to come down, I'll impart what I know ; if not, I'll leave you.

Eur. Why stand you so at gaze, sister ? Go down to him. 75

Stay, brother, she comes to you.

[*Exeunt Marcellina and Eurione*]

Van. 'Twill take, I doubt not ; though herself be ice, There's one with her all fire, and to her spirit I must apply my counterfeit device : Stand close, my lord. 80

Vaum. I warrant you ; proceed.

[*He retires. Enter Marcellina and Eurione below*]

Van. Come silly mistress, where's your worthy lord ? I know you know not ; but too well I know.

Mar. Now heaven grant all be well!

Van.

How can it be? 85

While you, poor turtle, sit and mourn at home,

Mew'd in your cage, your mate, he flies abroad:

O heavens, who would have thought him such a man?

Eur. Why, what man, brother? I believe my speeches
will prove true of him. 90

Van. To wrong such a beauty, to profane such virtue,
and to prove disloyal!

Eur. Disloyal? Nay, ne'er gild him o'er with fine
terms, brother; he is a filthy lord, and ever was, I did ever
say so; I never knew any good o' th' hair. I do but wonder 95
how you made shift to love him, or what you saw in him
to entertain but so much as a piece of a good thought on
him.

Mar. Good sister, forbear!

Eur. Tush, sister, bid me not forbear! A woman may 100
bear and bear, and be never the better thought on, neither;
I would you had never seen the eyes of him, for I know he
never loved you in's life.

Mar. You wrong him, sister; I am sure he lov'd me,
As I lov'd him; and happy I had been, 105
Had I then died, and shunn'd this hapless life.

Eur. Nay, let him die, and all such as he is; he lay a-
caterwauling not long since. Oh, if it had been the will of
heaven, what a dear blessing had the world had in his rid-
dance! 110

Van. But had the lecher none to single out
For object of his light lascivious blood
But my poor cousin that attends the Duchess,
Lady Hieronime?

Eur. What, that blabberlipp'd blouse? 115

Van. Nay, no blouse, sister, though I must confess
She comes far short of your perfection.

Eur. Yes, by my troth, if she were your cousin a thou-
sand times, she's but a sallow, freckled-face piece when
she is at the best. 120

Van. Yet spare my cousin, sister, for my sake;
She merits milder censure at your hands,
And ever held your worth in noblest terms.

Eur. Faith, the gentlewoman is a sweet gentlewoman
of herself; I must needs give her her due. 125

Van. But for my lord your husband, honour'd mistress,

He made your beauties and your virtues too
 But foils to grace my cousin's; had you seen
 His amorous letters—but my cousin presently
 Will tell you all, for she rejects his suit; 130
 Yet I advis'd her to make a show she did not,
 But point to meet him when you might surprise him,
 And this is just the hour.

Eur. God's my life, sister, lose not this advantage! It
 will be a good trump to lay in his way upon any quarrel. 135
 Come, you shall go. 'Sbody, will you suffer him to disgrace
 you in this sort? Dispraise your beauty? And I do not
 think, too, but he has been as bold with your honour, which
 above all earthly things should be dearest to a woman.

Van. Next to her beauty! 140

Eur. True, next to her beauty; and I do not think,
 sister, but he deviseth slanders against you, even in that
 high kind—

Van. Infinite, infinite!

Eur. And I believe I take part with her too; would I 145
 knew that, i'faith!

Van. Make your account, your share's as deep as hers;
 when you see my cousin she'll tell you all; we'll to her pre-
 sently.

Eur. Has she told you she would tell us? 150

Van. Assured me, on her oath.

Eur. 'Slight, I would but know what he can say! I
 pray you, brother, tell me!

Van. To what end? 'Twill but stir your patience.

Eur. No, I protest! When I know my carriage to be 155
 such as no stain can obscure, his slanders shall never move
 me; yet would I fain know what he feigns.

Van. It fits not me to play the gossip's part; we'll to
 my cousin, she'll relate all.

Eur. 'Slight, what can he say? Pray let's have a 160
 taste on't; onward!

Van. What can he not say, who being drunk with lust,
 and surfeiting with desire of change, regards not what he
 says? And briefly I will tell you thus much now: 'Let
 my melancholy lady,' says he, 'hold on this course till she 165
 waste herself, and consume my revenue in tapers, yet this
 is certain, that as long as she has that sister of hers at her
 elbow—'

Eur. Me? Why me? I bid defiance to his foul throat!

Vaum. [*aside*] Hold there, Vandome ; now it begins to 170
take.

Eur. What can his yellow jealousy surmise against me ?
If you love me, let me hear it. I protest it shall not move
me.

Van. Marry, forsooth, you are the shoeing-horn, he 175
says, to draw on, to draw on, sister.

Eur. The shoeing-horn with a vengeance ! What's
his meaning in that ?

Van. Nay, I have done, my cousin shall tell the rest.
Come, shall we go ? 180

Eur. Go ? By heaven you bid me to a banquet !
Sister, resolve yourself, for you shall go ; lose no more time,
for you shall abroad on my life ; his liquorish chaps are
walking by this time. But for heaven's sweet hope, what
means he by that shoeing-horn ? As I live, it shall not 185
move me.

Van. Tell me but this, did you ever break betwixt my
mistress and your sister here, and a certain lord i'th' Court ?

Eur. How ? Break ?

Van. Go to, you understand me ! Have not you a 190
Petrarch in Italian ?

Eur. Petrarch ? Yes, what of that ?

Van. Well, he says, you can your good, you may be
waiting woman to any dame in Europe ; that Petrarch
does good offices. 195

Eur. Marry, hang him ! Good offices ? 'Sfoot, how
understands he that ?

Van. As when any lady is in private courtship with
this or that gallant, your Petrarch helps to entertain time.
You understand his meaning ? 200

Eur. Sister, if you resolve to go, so it is. For by heaven
your stay shall be no bar to me ; I'll go, that's infallible ;
it had been as good he had slandered the devil. Shoeing-
horn ! Oh, that I were a man, for's sake !

Van. But to abuse your person and your beauty too, a 205
grace wherein this part of the world is happy—but I shall
offend too much.

Eur. Not me, it shall never move me !

Van. But to say ye had a dull eye, a sharp nose (the
visible marks of a shrew), a dry hand (which is a sign of 210
a bad liver, as he said you were) being toward a husband,
too ; this was intolerable.

Vaum. [*aside*] This strikes it up to the head.

Van. Indeed, he said you dressed your head in a pretty strange fashion ; but you would dress your husband's 215 head in a far stranger ; meaning the Count of Saint Anne, I think.

Eur. God's precious ! Did he touch mine honour with him ?

Van. Faith, nothing but that he wears black, and says 220 'tis his mistress' colours. And yet he protests that in his eye your face shows well enough by candlelight, for the Count never saw it otherwise, unless 'twere under a mask, which, indeed, he says, becomes you above all things.

Eur. Come, page, go along with me ; I'll stay for no- 225 body. 'Tis at your cousin's chamber, is it not ?

Van. Marry, is it ; there you shall find him at it.

Eur. That's enough ; let my sister go waste his revenue in tapers ; 'twill be her own another day.

Mar. Good sister, servant, if ever there were any love 230 or respect to me in you both—

Eur. Sister, there is no love, nor respect, nor any con- juration, shall stay me ; and yet, by my part in heaven, I'll not be moved a whit with him. You may retire your- self to your old cell, and there waste your eyes in tears, your 235 heart in sighs ; I'll away, certain.

Van. But, soft, let's agree first what course we shall take when we take him.

Eur. Marry, even raise the streets on him, and bring him forth with a flock of boys about him to hoot at him. 240

Van. No, that were too great a dishonour ; I'll put him out on's pain, presently. *Stringit ensem*

[*Dic.*] Nay, good sir, spare his life ; cut off the offending part, and save the Count.

Mar. Is there no remedy ? Must I break my vow ? 245 Stay, I'll abroad, though with another aim, Not to procure, but to prevent his shame.

Van. Go, page, march on ; you know my cousin's chamber,

My company may wrong you ; I will cross
The nearer way, and set the house afore you ; 250
But, sister, see you be not mov'd, for God's sake !

Eur. Not I, by heaven ! Come, sister, be not mov'd,
But if you spare him, may heaven ne'er spare you !

Exeunt [*Marcellina, Eurione, and Dicque*]. *Manent* Vandome
and Vaumont

Van. So now the solemn votary is reviv'd.

Vaum. Pray heaven, you have not gone a step too far, 255
And rais'd more sprites than you can conjure down!

Van. No, my lord, no; th' Herculean labour's past,
The vow is broke, which was the end we sweat for,
The reconciliation will meet of itself:
Come let's to Court, and watch the lady's chamber, 260
Where they are gone with hopeful spleen to see you.

[SCENA SECUNDA

A Street before the Court]

*Enter Roderigue, Mugeron; D'Olive in disguise towards the
lady's chamber*

Rod. See, Mugeron, our counterfeit letter hath taken;
who's yonder, think'st?

Mug. 'Tis not D'Olive?

Rod. If't be not he, I'm sure he's not far off;
Those be his tressels that support the motion. 5

Mug. 'Tis he, by heaven, wrapt in his careless cloak!
See the Duke enters; let him enjoy the benefit of the en-
chanted ring, and stand awhile invisible; at our best oppor-
tunity we'll discover him to the Duke.

*Enter Duke, Duchess, Saint Anne, Vaumont, Vandome; to
them Dicque, whispering Vandome in the ear, and speaks
as on the other side*

Dic. [aside] Monsieur Vandome, yonder's no lord to be 10
found; my lady stays at hand and craves your speech.

Van. [aside] Tell her she mistook the place, and conduct
her hither. *Exit Dicque.* How will she look when she finds
her expectation mocked now?

Vaum. What's that, Vandome? 15

Van. Your wife and sister are coming hither, hoping to
take you and my cousin together.

Vaum. Alas, how shall we appease them, when they see
themselves so deluded?

Van. Let me alone, and stand you off, my lord. 20

Enter Marcellina and Eurione

Madam, y'are welcome to the Court; do you see your lord
yonder? I have made him happy by training you forth;
in a word, all I said was but a train to draw you from your
vow; nay, there's no going back, come forward and keep

your temper. Sister, cloud not your forehead ; yonder's
 a sun will clear your beauties, I am sure. Now you see
 the shoeing-horn is expounded ; all was but a shoeing-
 horn to draw you hither ; now show yourselves women,
 and say nothing. 25

Duke [to Roderigue and Mugeron]. Let him alone awhile. 30
 Vandome, who's there ?

What whisper you ?

Van. Y've done ? Come forward.

See here, my lord, my honourable mistress
 And her fair sister, whom your Highness knows
 Could never be importun'd from their vows
 By prayer, or th' earnest suits of any friends, 35
 Now hearing false report that your fair Duchesss
 Was dangerously sick, to visit her
 Did that which no friend else could win her to,
 And brake her long-kept vow with her repair.

Duke. Madam, you do me an exceeding honour 40
 In showing this true kindness to my Duchess,
 Which she with all her kindness will requite.

Van. (To St. Anne) Now, my good lord, the motion you
 have made,
 With such kind importunity by yourself,
 And seconded with all persuasions 45
 On my poor part, for marriage of this lady,
 Herself now comes to tell you she embraces,
 And (with that promise made me) I present her.

Eur. Sister, we must forgive him.

St. A. Matchless lady,
 Your beauties and your virtues have achiev'd 50
 An action that I thought impossible ;
 For, all the sweet attractions of your sex
 In your conditions so to life resembling
 The grace and fashion of my other wife,
 You have reviv'd her to my loving thoughts, 55
 And all the honours I have done to her
 Shall be continu'd, with increase, to you.

Mug. Now let's discover our ambassador, my lord.

Duke. Do so. *Exiturus* D'Olive

Mug. My lord ! my lord Ambassador ! 60

D'Ol. My lord Fool, am I not ?

Mug. Go to, you are he ; you cannot cloak your lord-
 ship from our knowledge.

Rod. Come, come: 'Could Achilles hide himself under a woman's clothes?' Greatness will shine through clouds of any disguise. 65

Duke. Who's that, Roderigue?

Rod. Monsieur D'Olive, my lord; stolen hither disguised, with what mind we know not.

Mug. Never strive to be gone, sir! My lord, his habit expounds his heart; 'twere good he were searched. 70

D'Ol. Well, rooks, well, I'll be no longer a block to whet your dull wits on. My lord, my lord, you wrong not yourself only, but your whole state, to suffer such ulcers as these to gather head in your Court; never look to have any action sort to your honour when you suffer such earwigs to creep into your ears thus. 75

Duke. What's the matter, Roderigue?

Rod. Alas, my lord, only the lightness of his brain, because his hopes are lost. 80

Mug. For our parts, we have been trusty and secret to him in the whole manage of his ambassage.

D'Ol. Trusty? A plague on you both! There's as much trust in a common whore as in one of you: and as for secrecy, there's no more in you than in a professed scrivener. 85

Van. Why a scrivener, Monsieur D'Olive?

D'Ol. Marry, sir, a man cannot trust him with borrowing so much as poor forty shillings, but he will have it 'known to all men by these presents.'

Van. That's true indeed, but you employed those gentlemen very safely. 90

D'Ol. Employed? Ay, marry, sir, they were the men that first kindled this humour of employment in me: a pox of employment, I say! It has cost me—but what it has cost me, it skills not—they have thrust upon me a crew of threadbare, unbuttoned fellows to be my followers—tailors, frippers, brokers, cashiered clerks, pettifoggers, and I know not who, I! 'Slight, I think, they have swept all the bowling-alleys i'th' city for them; and a crew of these, raked like old rags out of dunghills by candlelight, have they presented to me in very good fashion to be gentlemen of my train, and sold them hope of raising their fortunes by me. A plague on that phrase, raising of fortunes; it has undone more men than ten dicing-houses; raise their fortunes with a vengeance! And a man will play the fool and be a lord, or be a fool and play the lord, he shall be 100 105

sure to want no followers, so there be hope to raise their fortunes. A burning fever light on you, and all such followers! 'Sfoot, they say followers are but shadows, that follow their lords no longer than the sun shines on them; 110 but I find it not so: the sun is set upon my employment, and yet I cannot shake off my shadows, my followers grow to my heels like kibes, I cannot stir out of doors for 'em. And your Grace have any employment for followers, pray entertain my company; they'll spend their blood in your 115 service, for they have little else to spend; you may soon raise their fortunes.

Duke. Well, Monsieur D'Olive, your forwardness
 In this intended service shall well know
 What acceptation it hath won itself 120
 In our kind thoughts: nor let this sudden change
 Discourage the designments you have laid
 For our State's good; reserve yourself, I pray,
 Till fitter times. Meantime will I secure you
 From all your followers; follow us to Court. 125
 And good my lords, and you, my honour'd ladies,
 Be all made happy in the worthy knowledge
 Of this our worthy friend, Monsieur D'Olive.

Omnes. Good Monsieur D'Olive!

Exeunt

FINIS ACTUS QUINTI ET ULTIMI

THE WIDOW'S TEARS

TO
THE RIGHT VIRTUOUS AND TRULY NOBLE
GENTLEMAN,
MR. JO. REED,
OF MITTON, IN THE COUNTY OF GLOUCESTER,
ESQUIRE.

SIR, If any work of this nature be worth the presenting to friends worthy and noble, I presume this will not want much of that value. Other countrymen have thought the like worthy of Dukes' and Princes' acceptations; [*Gli*] *Ingiusti Sdegni*, *Il Pentamento Amorofo*, *Calisto*, *Pastor Fido*, etc. (all being but plays) were all dedicate to Princes of Italy. And, therefore, [I] only discourse to shew my love to your right virtuous and noble disposition. This poor comedy (of many desired to see printed) I thought not utterly unworthy that affectionate design in me; well knowing that your free judgment weighs nothing by the name, or form, or any vain estimation of the vulgar; but will accept acceptable matter as well in plays as in many less materials, masking in more serious titles. And so, till some work more worthy I can select and perfect out of my other studies, that may better express me, and more fit the gravity of your ripe inclination, I rest,

Yours at all parts most truly affected,
GEO. CHAPMAN.

THE ACTORS

<p>Tharsalio, <i>the wooer</i> Lysander, <i>his brother</i> [The] <i>Governor of Cyprus</i> Lycas, <i>servant to the widow</i> <i>Countess</i> Argus, <i>Gentleman Usher</i> [Clinias, <i>a servant of Eudora</i>] Rebus, <i>a suitor to Eudora</i> [Hiarbas } <i>his friends</i>] [Psorabeus } Hylus, <i>nephew to Tharsalio,</i> <i>and son to Lysander</i></p>	<p>Captain of the Watch Two Soldiers Eudora, <i>the widow Countess</i> Cynthia, <i>wife to Lysander</i> Sthenia, } <i>gentlewomen attending</i> Ianthe, } <i>on Eudora</i> Ero, <i>waiting - woman to Cynthia</i> [Laodice, <i>daughter to Eudora</i> Arsace, <i>a panderess</i> Thomasin, <i>a courtesan</i>]</p>
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The Widow's Tears

ACTUS PRIMI SCENA PRIMA

[A Room in the House of Lysander]

Tharsalio *solus*, with a glass in his hand, making ready

Thar. Thou blind imperfect goddess, that delights
(Like a deep-reaching statesman) to converse
Only with fools, jealous of knowing spirits,
For fear their piercing judgments might discover
Thy inward weakness and despise thy power, 5
Contemn thee for a goddess ; thou that lad'st
Th'unworthy ass with gold, while worth and merit
Serve thee for nought, weak Fortune, I renounce
Thy vain dependance, and convert my duty
And sacrifices of my sweetest thoughts 10
To a more noble deity, sole friend to worth,
And patroness of all good spirits, Confidence ;
She be my guide, and hers the praise of these
My worthy undertakings.

*Enter Lysander with a glass in his hand, Cynthia, Hylus,
Ero*

Lys. Morrow, brother ! Not ready yet ? 15

Thar. No ; I have somewhat of the brother in me. I
dare say your wife is many times ready, and you not up.
Save you, sister ; how are you enamoured of my presence ?
How like you my aspect ?

Cyn. Faith, no worse than I did last week ; the weather 20
has nothing changed the grain of your complexion.

Thar. A firm proof 'tis in grain, and so are not all com-
plexions. A good soldier's face, sister !

Cyn. Made to be worn under a beaver.

Thar. Ay, and 'twould show well enough under a mask, 25
too.

Lys. So much for the face !

Thar. But is there no object in this suit to whet your tongue upon ?

Lys. None, but Fortune send you well to wear it ; for she best knows how you got it. 30

Thar. Faith, 'tis the portion she bestows upon younger brothers, valour and good clothes. Marry, if you ask how we come by this new suit, I must take time to answer it ; for as the ballad says, *In written books I find it.* Brother, these are the blossoms of spirit ; and I will have it said for my father's honour, that some of his children were truly begotten. 35

Lys. Not all ?

Thar. Shall I tell you, brother, that I know will rejoice you ? My former suits have been all spenders ; this shall be a speeder. 40

Lys. A thing to be heartily wished ; but, brother, take heed you be not gulled ; be not too forward.

Thar. 'T had been well for me if you had followed that counsel. You were too forward when you stepped into the world before me and gulled me of the land that my spirits and parts were indeed born to. 45

Cyn. May we not have the blessing to know the aim of your fortunes ? What coast, for heaven's love ? 50

Thar. Nay, 'tis a project of state : you may see the preparation, but the design lies hidden in the breasts of the wise.

Lys. May we not know't ?

Thar. Not unless you'll promise me to laugh at it, for without your applause I'll none. 55

Lys. The quality of it may be such as a laugh will not be ill bestowed upon't ; pray heaven I call not Arsace sister.

Cyn. What, the pandress ?

Thar. Know you (as who knows not ?) the exquisite lady of the palace, the late governor's admired widow, the rich and haughty Countess Eudora ? Were not she a jewel worth the wearing, if a man knew how to win her ? 60

Lys. How's that, how's that ?

Thar. Brother, there is a certain goddess called Confidence, that carries a main stroke in honourable preferments. Fortune waits upon her, Cupid is at her beck ; she sends them both of errands. This deity doth promise me much assistance in this business. 65

Lys. But if this deity should draw you up in a basket 70

to your countess's window, and there let you hang for all the wits in the town to shoot at; how then?

Thar. If she do, let them shoot their bolts and spare not; I have a little bird in a cage here that sings me better comfort. What should be the bar? You'll say, I was page to the Count her husband. What of that? I have thereby one foot in her favour already. She has taken note of my spirit and surveyed my good parts, and the picture of them lives in her eye; which sleep, I know, cannot close till she have embraced the substance.

Lys. All this savours of the blind goddess you speak of.

Thar. Why should I despair but that Cupid hath one dart in store for her great ladyship, as well as for any other huge lady whom she hath made stoop gallant to kiss their worthy followers? In a word, I am assured of my speed. Such fair attempts led by a brave resolve are evermore seconded by Fortune.

Cyn. But, brother, have I not heard you say your own ears have been witness to her vows, made solemnly to your late lord, in memory of him to preserve till death the unstained honour of a widow's bed? If nothing else, yet that might cool your confidence.

Thar. Tush, sister! Suppose you should protest with solemn oath (as perhaps you have done) if ever heaven hears your prayers that you may live to see my brother nobly interred, to feed only upon fish and not endure the touch of flesh during the wretched Lent of your miserable life; would you believe it, brother?

Lys. I am therein most confident.

Thar. Indeed you had better believe it than try it. But pray, sister, tell me—you are a woman—do not you wives nod your heads and smile one upon another when ye meet abroad?

Cyn. Smile? Why so?

Thar. As who should say, 'Are not we mad wenches that can lead our blind husbands thus by the noses?' Do you not brag among yourselves how grossly you abuse their honest credulities? How they adore you for saints, and you believe it, while you adorn their temples, and they believe it not? How you vow widowhood in their lifetime and they believe you, when even in the sight of their breathless corse, ere they be fully cold, you join embraces with his groom, or his physician, and perhaps his poisoner; or

at least, by the next moon (if you can expect so long) solemnly plight new hymeneal bonds, with a wild, confident, untamed ruffian— 115

Lys. As for example ?

Thar. And make him the top of his house and sovereign lord of the palace ? As for example, look you, brother, this glass is mine— 120

Lys. What of that ?

Thar. While I am with it, it takes impression from my face ; but can I make it so mine, that it shall be of no use to any other ? Will it not do his office to you or you ; and as well to my groom as to myself ? Brother, monopolies are cried down. Is it not madness for me to believe, when I have conquered that fort of chastity the great Countess, that if another man of my making and mettle shall assault her, her eyes and ears should lose their function, her other parts their use, as if Nature had made her all in vain, unless I only had stumbled into her quarters ? 125 130

Cyn. Brother, I fear me in your travels, you have drunk too much of that Italian air, that hath infected the whole mass of your ingenuous nature, dried up in you all sap of generous disposition, poisoned the very essence of your soul, and so polluted your senses that whatsoever enters there takes from them contagion and is to your fancy represented as foul and tainted, which in itself, perhaps, is spotless. 135

Thar. No, sister, it hath refined my senses, and made me see with clear eyes, and to judge of objects as they truly are, not as they seem, and through their mask to discern the true face of things. It tells me how short-lived widows' tears are, that their weeping is in truth but laughing under a mask, that they mourn in their gowns and laugh in their sleeves ; all which I believe as a Delphian oracle, and am resolved to burn in that faith. And in that resolution do I march to the great lady. 140 145

Lys. You lose time, brother, in discourse ; by this had you bore up with the lady, and clapped her aboard, for I know your confidence will not dwell long in the service. 150

Thar. No, I will perform it in the conqueror's style. Your way is not to win Penelope by suit, but by surprise. The castle's carried by a sudden assault, that would perhaps sit out a twelvemonth's siege. It would be a good breeding to my young nephew here, if he could procure a 155

stand at the palace to see with what alacrity I'll acoast her countess-ship, in what garb I will woo her, with what facility I will win her.

Lys. It shall go hard but we'll hear your entertainment 160
for your confidence sake.

Thar. And having won her, nephew, this sweet face,
Which all the city says is so like me,
Like me shall be preferr'd, for I will wed thee
To my great widow's daughter and sole heir, 165
The lovely spark, the bright Laodice.

Lys. A good pleasant dream !

Thar. In this eye I see
That fire that shall in me inflame the mother,
And that in this shall set on fire the daughter.
It goes, sir, in a blood ; believe me, brother, 170
These destinies go ever in a blood.

Lys. These diseases do, brother, take heed of them ; fare
you well ; take heed you be not baffled.

Exeunt Lysander, Cynthia, Hylus, Ero ; *manet* Tharsalio

Thar. Now, thou that art the third blind deity
That governs earth in all her happiness, 175
The life of all endowments, Confidence,
Direct and prosper my intention.
Command thy servant deities, Love and Fortune,
To second my attempts for this great lady,
Whose page I lately was ; that she, whose board 180
I might not sit at, I may board abed,
And under bring, who bore so high her head. *Exit*

[SCENA SECUNDA

A Room in the House of Endora]

Lysander, Lycus

Lyc. 'Tis miraculous that you tell me, sir ; he come to
woo our lady mistress for his wife ?

Lys. 'Tis a frenzy he is possessed with, and will not be
cured but by some violent remedy. And you shall favour
me so much to make me a spectator of the scene. But is 5
she, say you, already accessible for suitors ? I thought
she would have stood so stiffly on her widow vow, that she
would not endure the sight of a suitor.

Lyc. Faith, sir, Penelope could not bar her gates against

her wooers ; but she will still be mistress of herself. It is, 10
 you know, a certain itch in female blood : they love to be
 sued to ; but she'll hearken to no suitors.

Lys. But by your leave, Lycus, Penelope is not so wise
 as her husband Ulysses, for he, fearing the jaws of the Syren,
 stopped his ears with wax against her voice. They that 15
 fear the adder's sting, will not come near her hissing. Is
 any suitor with her now ?

Lyc. A Spartan lord, dating himself our great Viceroy's
 kinsman, and two or three other of his country lords as
 spots in his train. He comes armed with his Altitude's 20
 letters in grace of his person, with promise to make her a
 duchess if she embrace the match. This is no mean attrac-
 tion to her high thoughts ; but yet she disdains him.

Lys. And how then shall my brother presume of accept-
 ance ? Yet I hold it much more under her contentment 25
 to marry such a nasty braggart, than under her honour to
 wed my brother—a gentleman, (though I say't) more honour-
 ably descended than that lord, who, perhaps, for all his
 ancestry, would be much troubled to name you the place
 where his father was born. 30

Lyc. Nay, I hold no comparison betwixt your brother
 and him. And the venerean disease, to which they say he
 has been long wedded, shall, I hope, first rot him, ere she
 endure the savour of his sulphurous breath. Well, her lady-
 ship is at hand ; y'are best take you to your stand. 35

Lys. Thanks, good friend Lycus ! *Exit*

*Enter Argus, barehead, with whom another usher, Lycus, joins,
 going over the stage. Hiarbas and Psorabeus next, Rebus
 single before Eudora, Laodice ; Sthenia bearing her train,
 Ianthe following.*

Reb. I admire, madam, you cannot love whom the Vice-
 roy loves.

Hiar. And one whose veins swell so with his blood,
 madam, as they do in his lordship. 40

Psor. A near and dear kinsman his lordship is to his
 Altitude the Viceroy ; in care of whose good speed here
 I know his Altitude hath not slept a sound sleep since his
 departure.

Eud. I thank Venus I have, ever since he came. 45

Reb. You sleep away your honour, madam, if you neglect
 me.

Hiar. Neglect your lordship? That were a negligence no less than disloyalty.

Eud. I much doubt that, sir; it were rather a presumption to take him, being of the blood viceroyal. 50

Reb. Not at all, being offered, madam.

Eud. But offered ware is not so sweet, you know. They are the graces of the Viceroy that woo me, not your lordship's, and I conceive it should be neither honour nor pleasure to you to be taken in for another man's favours. 55

Reb. Taken in, madam? You speak as I had no house to hide my head in.

Eud. I have heard so indeed, my lord, unless it be another man's. 60

Reb. You have heard untruth then; these lords can well witness I can want no houses.

Hiar. Nor palaces, neither, my lord!

Psor. Nor courts neither!

Eud. Nor temples, I think, neither; I believe we shall have a god of him. 65

Enter Tharsalio

Arg. See the bold fellow! Whither will you, sir?

Thar. Away! All honour to you, madam!

Eud. How now, base companion?

Thar. Base, madam? He's not base that fights as high as your lips. 70

Eud. And does that beseem my servant?

Thar. Your court-servant, madam.

Eud. One that waited on my board?

Thar. That was only a preparation to my weight on your bed, madam. 75

Eud. How dar'st thou come to me with such a thought?

Thar. Come to you, madam? I dare come to you at midnight, and bid defiance to the proudest spirit that haunts these your loved shadows, and would any way make terrible the access of my love to you. 80

Eud. Love me? Love my dog!

Thar. I am bound to that by the proverb, madam.

Eud. Kennel without with him; intrude not here. What is it thou presum'st on? 85

Thar. On your judgment, madam, to choose a man, and not a giant; as these are that come with titles and authority, as they would conquer or ravish you. But I come to you with

the liberal and ingenuous graces, love, youth, and gentry ; which (in no more deformed a person than myself) deserve any princess. 90

Eud. In your saucy opinion, sir, and sirrah too ! Get gone, and let this malapert humour return thee no more, for, afore heaven, I'll have thee tossed in blankets.

Thar. In blankets, madam ? You must add your sheets, and you must be the tosser. 95

Reb. Nay, then, sir, y'are as gross as you are saucy.

Thar. And all one, sir, for I am neither.

Reb. [*drawing*] Thou art both.

Thar. Thou liest ; keep up your smiter, Lord Rebus. 100

Hiar. Usest thou thus his Altitude's cousin ?

Reb. The place, thou know'st, protects thee.

Thar. Tie up your valour then till another place turn me loose to you. You are the lord, I take it, that wooed my great mistress here with letters from his Altitude ; which while she was reading, your lordship (to entertain time) straddled and scaled your fingers, as you would show what an itching desire you had to get betwixt her sheets. 105

Hiar. 'Slight, why does your lordship endure him ?

Reb. The place, the place, my lord ! 110

Thar. Be you his attorney, sir.

Hiar. What would you do, sir ?

Thar. Make thee leap out at window at which thou cam'st in. Whoreson bagpipe lords !

Eud. What rudeness is this ? 115

Thar. What tameness is it in you, madam, to stick at the discarding of such a suitor ? A lean lord, dubbed with the lard of others ! A diseased lord, too, that opening certain magic characters in an unlawful book, up start as many aches in's bones, as there are ouches in's skin. Send him, mistress, to the widow your tenant, the virtuous pandress Arsace. I perceive he has crowns in's purse, that make him proud of a string ; let her pluck the goose therefore, and her maids dress him. 120

Psor. Still, my lord, suffer him ? 125

Reb. The place, sir, believe it, the place !

Thar. O, good Lord Rebus, the place is never like to be yours that you need respect it so much.

Eud. Thou wrong'st the noble gentleman.

Thar. Noble gentleman ? A tumour, an imposthume, he is, madam : a very hautboy, a bag-pipe, in whom there is **nothing** but wind, and that none of the sweetest neither. 130

Eud. Quit the house of him by th' head and shoulders!

Thar. Thanks to your honour, madam, and my lord 135
cousin, the Viceroy, shall thank you.

Reb. So shall he indeed, sir.

Lyc. } Will you begone, sir?
Arg. }

Thar. Away, poor fellows!

Eud. What is he made of, or what devil sees 140
Your childish and effeminate spirits in him,
That thus ye shun him? Free us of thy sight.
Begone, or I protest thy life shall go!

Thar. Yet shall my ghost stay still, and haunt those
beauties

And glories that have render'd it immortal. 145

But since I see your blood runs, for the time,

High in that contradiction that fore-runs

Truest agreements (like the elements,

Fighting before they generate) and that time

Must be attended most in things most worth, 150

I leave your honour freely, and commend

That life you threaten, when you please, to be

Adventur'd in your service, so your honour

Require it likewise.

Eud. Do not come again.

Thar. I'll come again, believe it, and again. *Exit* 155

Eud. If he shall dare to come again, I charge you
Shut doors upon him.

Arg. You must shut them, madam,
To all men else then, if it please your honour;
For if that any enter, he'll be one.

Eud. I hope, wise sir, a guard will keep him out. 160

Arg. Afore heaven, not a guard, an't please your honour!

Eud. Thou liest, base ass; one man enforce a guard?
I'll turn ye all away, by our isle's goddess,
If he but set a foot within my gates.

[*Psor.*] Your honour shall do well to have him poisoned. 165

Hiar. Or begged of your cousin the Viceroy.

Exit [*Eudora with the others*]

[SCENA TERTIA

Before the House of Eudora]

Lysander, from his stand

Lys. This braving wooer hath the success expected;

the favour I obtained made me witness to the sport, and let his confidence be sure, I'll give it him home. The news by this is blown through the four quarters of the city. Alas, good confidence! But the happiness is, he has a forehead of proof; the stain shall never stick there, whatsoever his reproach be. 5

Enter Tharsalio

[*aside*] What, in discourse?

Thar. Hell and the Furies take this vile encounter! Who would imagine this Saturnian peacock Could be so barbarous to use a spirit Of my erection with such low respect? 'Fore heaven, it cuts my gall; but I'll dissemble it. 10

Lys. What, my noble lord?

Thar. Well, sir, that may be yet, and means to be. 15

Lys. What means your lordship, then, to hang that head that hath been so erected; it knocks, sir, at your bosom to come in and hide itself.

Thar. Not a jot!

Lys. I hope by this time it needs fear no horns. 20

Thar. Well, sir, but yet that blessing runs not always in a blood.

Lys. What, blanketed? O the gods! Spurned out by grooms, like a base bisogno! Thrust out by th'head and shoulders! 25

Thar. You do well, sir, to take your pleasure of me. [*aside*] I may turn tables with you ere long.

Lys. What, has thy wit's fine engine taken cold? Art stuffed in th' head? Canst answer nothing?

Thar. Truth is, I like my entertainment the better that 'twas no better. 30

Lys. Now the gods forbid that this opinion should run in a blood!

Thar. Have not you heard this principle, 'All things by strife engender'? 35

Lys. Dogs and cats do.

Thar. And men and women too.

Lys. Well, brother, in earnest, you have now set your confidence to school, from whence I hope't has brought home such a lesson as will instruct his master never after to begin such attempts as end in laughter. 40

Thar. Well, sir, you lesson my confidence still; I pray

heavens your confidence have not more shallow ground (for that I know) than mine you reprehend so.

Lys. My confidence? In what?

45 *Jago*

Thar. May be you trust too much.

Lys. Wherein?

Thar. In human frailty.

Lys. Why, brother, know you ought that may impeach my confidence, as this success may yours? Hath your observation discovered any such frailty in my wife (for that is your aim I know) then let me know it.

50

Thar. Good, good! Nay, brother, I write no books of observations; let your confidence bear out itself, as mine shall me.

55

Lys. That's scarce a brother's speech. If there be ought wherein your brother's good might any way be questioned, can you conceal it from his bosom?

Thar. So, so! Nay, my saying was but general. I glanced at no particular.

60

Lys. Then must I press you further. You spake (as to yourself, but yet I overheard) as if you knew some disposition of weakness where I most had fixed my trust. I challenge you to let me know what 'twas.

Thar. Brother, are you wise?

65

Lys. Why?

Thar. Be ignorant. Did you never hear of Actæon?

Lys. What then?

Thar. Curiosity was his death. He could not be content to adore Diana in her temple, but he must needs dog her to her retired pleasures, and see her in her nakedness. Do you enjoy the sole privilege of your wife's bed? Have you no pretty Paris for your page? No young Adonis to front you there?

70

Lys. I think none; I know not.

75

Thar. Know not still, brother. Ignorance and credulity are your sole means to obtain that blessing. You see your greatest clerks, your wisest politicians are not that way fortunate; your learned lawyers would lose a dozen poor men's causes to gain a lease on't, but for a term. Your physician is jealous of his. Your sages in general, by seeing too much, oversee that happiness. Only your blockheaded tradesman, your honest-meaning citizen, your not-headed country gentleman, your unapprehending stinkard, is blessed with the sole prerogative of his wife's chamber, for

80

85

which he is yet beholding, not to his stars, but to his ignorance. For, if he be wise, brother, I must tell you the case alters. How do you relish these things, brother?

Lys. Passing ill!

Thar. So do sick men solid meats. Hark you, brother, 90
are you not jealous?

Lys. No; do you know cause to make me?

Thar. Hold you there! Did your wife never spice your
broth with a dram of sublimate? Hath she not yielded 95
up the fort of her honour to a staring soldado, and (taking
courage from her guilt) played open bankrout of all shame,
and run the country with him? Then bless your stars,
bow your knees to Juno. Look where she appears.

Enter Cynthia, Hylus [and Ero]

Cyn. We have sought you long, sir; there's a messenger
within hath brought you letters from the Court, and desires 100
your speech.

Lys. [*aside*] I can discover nothing in her looks.—Go,
I'll not be long.

Cyn. Sir, it is of weight, the bearer says; and, besides,
much hastens his departure. Honourable brother, cry 105
mercy! What, in a conqueror's style? But come and
overcome?

Thar. A fresh course!

Cyn. Alas, you see of how slight metal widows' vows are
made! 110

Thar. [*aside*] And that shall you prove too ere long.

Cyn. Yet, for the honour of our sex, boast not abroad
this your easy conquest; another might perhaps have
stayed longer below stairs, it but was your confidence that
surprised her love. 115

Hyl. My uncle hath instructed me how to acoast an
honourable lady; to win her, not by suit, but by surprise.

Thar. The whelp and all!

Hyl. Good uncle, let not your near honours change
your manners; be not forgetful of your promise to me, 120
touching your lady's daughter, Laodice. My fancy runs
so upon't that I dream every night of her.

Thar. A good chicken! Go thy ways, thou hast done
well; eat bread with thy meat.

Cyn. Come, sir, will you in?

Lys. I'll follow you. 125

Cyn. I'll not stir a foot without you. I cannot satisfy the messenger's impatience.

Lys. Will you not resolve me, brother? 130

He takes Tharsalio aside

Thar. Of what?

Lysander stamps and goes out vexed, with Cynthia, Hylus, Ero

So, there's veney for veney, I have given't him i'th' speeding place for all his confidence. Well, out of this perhaps there may be moulded matter of more mirth than my baffling. It shall go hard but I'll make my constant sister act as famous a scene as Virgil did his mistress, who caused all the fire in Rome to fail, so that none could light a torch but at her nose. Now forth! At this house dwells a virtuous dame—sometimes of worthy fame, now like a decayed merchant turned broker—and retails refuse commodities for unthrifty gallants. Her wit I must employ upon this business to prepare my next encounter, but in such a fashion as shall make all split. Ho, Madam Arsace! Pray heaven the oyster-wives have not brought the news of my wooing hither amongst their stale pilchards. 145

Enter Arsace, Thomasin

Ars. What, my lord of the palace?

Thar. Look you!

Ars. Why, this was done like a beaten soldier.

Thar. Hark, I must speak with you. I have a share for you in this rich adventure. You must be the ass charged with crowns to make way to the fort, and I the conqueror to follow, and seize it. Seest thou this jewel? 150

Ars. Is't come to that? Why, Thomasin!

Thom. Madam!

Ars. Did not one of the Countess's serving-men tell us that this gentleman was sped? 155

Thom. That he did; and how her honour graced and entertained him in very familiar manner.

Ars. And brought him downstairs herself.

Thom. Ay, forsooth, and commanded her men to bear him out of doors. 160

Thar. 'Slight, pelted with rotten eggs?

Ars. Nay, more; that he had already possessed her sheets.

Thom. No, indeed, mistress, 'twas her blankets. 165

Thar. Out, you young hedge-sparrow; learn to tread
afore you be fledged! *He kicks her out*

Well, have you done now, lady?

Ars. O, my sweet killbuck!

Thar. You now, in your shallow pate, think this a dis- 170
grace to me; such a disgrace as is a battered helmet on a
soldier's head; it doubles his resolution. Say, shall I use
thee?

Ars. Use me?

Thar. O holy reformation, how art thou fallen down 175
from the upper bodies of the church to the skirts of the city!
Honesty is stripped out of his true substance into verbal
nicety. Common sinners startle at common terms, and
they that by whole mountains swallow down the deeds of
darkness, a poor mote of a familiar word makes them turn 180
up the white o' th' eye. Thou art the lady's tenant.

Ars. For term, sir.

Thar. A good induction: be successful for me, make
me lord of the palace, and thou shalt hold thy tenement to
thee and thine heirs for ever, in free smockage, as of the 185
manner of panderage, provided always—

Ars. Nay, if you take me unprovided!

Thar. Provided, I say, that thou mak'st thy repair to
her presently with a plot I will instruct thee in; and for
thy surer access to her greatness thou shalt present her, 190
as from thyself, with this jewel.

Ars. So her old grudge stand not betwixt her and me.

Thar. Fear not that.

Presents are present cures for female grudges,
Make bad seem good, alter the case with judges. 195

Exit [with Arsace]

FINIS ACTUS PRIMI

ACTUS SECUNDI SCENA PRIMA

[A Room in the House of Lysander]

Lysander, Tharsalio

Lys. So now we are ourselves. Brother, that ill-
relished speech you let slip from your tongue hath taken
so deep hold of my thoughts, that they will never give me
rest till I be resolved what 'twas you said, you know, touch-
ing my wife.

Thar. Tush, I am weary of this subject ! I said not so.

Lys. By truth itself, you did ! I overheard you. Come, it shall nothing move me, whatsoever it be ; pray thee unfold briefly what you know.

Thar. Why, briefly, brother, I know my sister to be the wonder of the earth and the envy of the heavens, virtuous, loyal, and what not. Briefly, I know she hath vowed that till death and after death she'll hold inviolate her bonds to you, and that her black shall take no other hue, all which I firmly believe. In brief, brother, I know her to be a woman. But you know, brother, I have other irons on th' anvil. *Exiturus*

Lys. You shall not leave me so unsatisfied ; tell me what 'tis you know.

Thar. Why, brother, if you be sure of your wife's loyalty for term of life, why should you be curious to search the almanacs for after-times, whether some wandering Æneas should enjoy your reversion, or whether your true turtle would sit mourning on a withered branch, till Atropos cut her throat ? Beware of curiosity, for who can resolve you ? You'll say, perhaps, her vow.

Lys. Perhaps I shall.

Thar. Tush, herself knows not what she shall do, when she is transformed into a widow ! You are now a sober and staid gentleman. But if Diana for your curiosity should translate you into a monkey, do you know what gambols you should play ? Your only way to be resolved is to die and make trial of her.

Lys. A dear experiment ; then I must rise again to be resolved.

Thar. You shall not need. I can send you speedier advertisement of her constancy by the next ripier that rides that way with mackerel. And so I leave you.

Exit Tharsalio

Lys. All the Furies in hell attend thee ! Has given me A bone to tire on, with a pestilence. 'Slight, know ! What can he know ? What can his eye observe More than mine own, or the most piercing sight That ever view'd her ? By this light I think Her privat'st thought may dare the eye of heaven, And challenge th' envious world to witness it. I know him for a wild, corrupted youth, Whom profane ruffians, squires to bawds and strumpets,

Drunkards spew'd out of taverns into th' sinks
 Of tap-houses and stews, revolts from manhood,
 Debauch'd perdus, have by their companies 50
 Turn'd devil like themselves, and stuff'd his soul
 With damn'd opinions and unhallowed thoughts
 Of womanhood, of all humanity,
 Nay, deity itself.

Enter Lycus

Welcome, friend Lycus.

Lyc. Have you met with your capricious brother? 55

Lys. He parted hence but now.

Lyc. And has he yet resolved you of that point you
 brake with me about?

Lys. Yes, he bids me die for further trial of her con-
 stancy. 60

Lyc. That were a strange physic for a jealous patient ;
 to cure his thirst with a draught of poison. Faith, sir, dis-
 charge your thoughts on't ; think 'twas but a buzz devised
 by him to set your brains a-work, and divert your eye from
 his disgrace. The world hath written your wife in highest 65
 lines of honoured fame ; her virtues so admired in this isle
 as the report thereof sounds in foreign ears ; and strangers
 oft arriving here, as some rare sight, desire to view her
 presence, thereby to compare the picture with the original.
 Nor think he can turn so far rebel to his blood, 70
 Or to the truth itself, to misconceive
 Her spotless love and loyalty ; perhaps
 Oft having heard you hold her faith so sacred,
 As, you being dead, no man might stir a spark
 Of virtuous love in way of second bonds, 75
 As if you at your death should carry with you
 Both branch and root of all affection,
 'T may be, in that point he's an infidel,
 And thinks your confidence may overween.

Lys. So think not I. 80

Lyc. Nor I, if ever any made it good.

I am resolv'd, of all she'll prove no changeling.

Lys. Well, I must yet be further satisfied,
 And vent this humour by some strain of wit ;
 Somewhat I'll do, but what I know not yet.

Exeunt 85

[SCENA SECUNDA

*A Room in the House of Eudora]**Enter Sthenia, Ianthe*

Sthen. Passion of virginity, Ianthe, how shall we quit ourselves of this pandress that is so importunate to speak with us? Is she known to be a pandress?

Ian. Ay, as well as we are known to be waiting-women.

Sthen. A shrew take your comparison!

Ian. Let's call out Argus, that bold ass, that never weighs what he does or says, but walks and talks like one in a sleep, to relate her attendance to my lady, and present her.

Sthen. Who, an't please your honour? None so fit to set on any dangerous exploit. Ho, Argus!

Enter Argus, bare

Arg. What's the matter, wenches?

Sthen. You must tell my lady here's a gentlewoman called Arsace, her honour's tenant, attends her to impart important business to her.

Arg. I will presently.

Exit Argus

Ian. Well, she has a welcome present to bear out her unwelcome presence; and I never knew but a good gift would welcome a bad person to the purest. Arsace!

Enter Arsace

Ars. Ay, mistress!

Sthen. Give me your present; I'll do all I can to make way both for it and yourself.

Ars. You shall bind me to your service, lady.

Sthen. Stand unseen!

Enter Lycus, Eudora, Laodice; Rebus, Hiarbas, Psorabeus, coming after; Argus coming to Eudora

Arg. Here's a gentlewoman (an't please your honour) one of your tenants, desires access to you.

Eud. What tenant? What's her name?

Arg. Arsace, she says, madam.

Eud. Arsace? What, the bawd? *She strikes [him]*

Arg. The bawd, madam? That's without my privacy.

Eud. Out, ass! Know'st not thou the pandress Arsace?

Sthen. She presents your honour with this jewel.

Eud. This jewel? How came she by such a jewel?
She has had great customers.

Arg. She had need, madam; she sits at a great rent. 35

Eud. Alas, for your great rent! I'll keep her jewel, and
keep you her out, ye were best: speak to me for a pandress?

Arg. [*aside*] What shall we do?

Sthen. [*aside*] Go to, let us alone! Arsace!

Ars. Ay, lady! 40

Sthen. You must pardon us, we cannot obtain your
access.

Ars. Mistress Sthenia, tell her honour, if I get not access
to her, and that instantly, she's undone.

Sthen. This is something of importance—Madam, she 45
swears your honour is undone, if she speak not with you
instantly.

Eud. Undone?

Ars. Pray her, for her honour's sake, to give me instant
access to her. 50

Sthen. She makes her business your honour, madam;
and entreats, for the good of that, her instant speech with
you.

Eud. How comes my honour in question? Bring her
to me. 55

Arsace [*advances*]

Ars. Our Cyprian goddess save your good honour!

Eud. Stand you off, I pray. How dare you, mistress,
importune access to me thus, considering the last warning
I gave for your absence?

Ars. Because, madam, I have been moved by your 60
honour's last most chaste admonition to leave the offensive
life I led before.

Eud. Ay? Have you left it then?

Ars. Ay, I assure your honour, unless it be for the plea-
sure of two or three poor ladies, that have prodigal knights 65
to their husbands.

Eud. Out on thee, impudent!

Ars. Alas, madam, we would all be glad to live in our
callings.

Eud. Is this the reformed life thou talk'st on? 70

Ars. I beseech your good honour mistake me not, I
boast of nothing but my charity, that's the worst.

Eud. You get these jewels with charity, no doubt. But what's the point in which my honour stands endangered, I pray ?

75

Ars. In care of that, madam, I have presumed to offend your chaste eyes with my presence. Hearing it reported for truth and generally that your honour will take to husband a young gentleman of this city called Tharsalio—

Eud. I take him to husband ?

80

Ars. If your honour does, you are utterly undone, for he's the most incontinent and insatiate man of women that ever Venus blessed with ability to please them.

Eud. Let him be the devil ! I abhor his thought, and could I be informed particularly of any of these slanderers of mine honour, he should as dearly dare it as anything wherein his life were endangered.

85

Ars. Madam, the report of it is so strongly confident, that I fear the strong destiny of marriage is at work in it. But if it be, madam, let your honour's known virtues resist and defy it for him, for not a hundred will serve his one turn. I protest to your honour, when (Venus pardon me) I winked at my unmaidenly exercise, I have known nine in a night made mad with his love.

90

Eud. What tell'st thou me of his love ? I tell thee I abhor him, and destiny must have another mould for my thoughts than Nature or mine honour, and a witchcraft above both to transform me to another shape as soon as to another conceit of him.

95

Ars. Then is your good honour just as I pray for you ; and, good madam, even for your virtue's sake, and comfort of all your dignities and possessions, fix your whole womanhood against him. He will so enchant you, as never man did woman : nay, a goddess (say his light huswives) is not worthy of his sweetness.

105

Eud. Go to, begone !

Ars. Dear madam, your honour's most perfect admonitions have brought me to such a hate of these imperfections, that I could not but attend you with my duty, and urge his unreasonable manhood to the fill.

110

Eud. Manhood, quoth you ?

Ars. Nay, beastlihood, I might say, indeed, madam, but for saving your honour. Nine in a night, said I ?

Eud. Go to, no more !

Ars. No more, madam ? That's enough, one would think.

115

Eud. Well, begone, I bid thee !

Ars. Alas, madam, your honour is the chief of our city, and to whom shall I complain of these in chastities (being your ladyship's reformed tenant) but to you that are chastest? 120

Eud. I pray thee go thy ways, and let me see this reformation you pretend continued.

Ars. I humbly thank your good honour that was first cause of it.

Eud. Here's a complaint as strange as my suitor. 125

Ars. I beseech your good honour think upon him, make him an example.

Eud. Yet again ?

Ars. All my duty to your Excellence ! *Exit* Arsace

Eud. These sorts of licentious persons, when they are 130
once reclaimed, are most vehement against licence. But it is the course of the world to dispraise faults and use them, that so we may use them the safer. What might a wise widow resolve upon this point, now ? Contentment is the end of all worldly beings. Beshrew her, would she had 135
spared her news ! *Exit*

Reb. See if she take not a contrary way to free herself of us.

Hiar. You must complain to his Altitude.

Psor. All this for trial is ; you must endure 140
That will have wives, nought else with them is sure.

Exit [Rebus with the others]

[SCENA TERTIA

Before the House of Eudora]

Tharsalio, Arsace

Thar. Hast thou been admitted, then ?

Ars. Admitted ? Ay, into her heart, I'll able it ; never was man so praised with a dispraise ; nor so spoken for in being railed on. I'll give you my word, I have set her heart upon as tickle a pin as the needle of a dial, that 5
will never let it rest till it be in the right position.

Thar. Why dost thou imagine this ?

Ars. Because I saw Cupid shoot in my words, and open his wounds in her looks. Her blood went and came of errands betwixt her face and her heart, and these changes 10
I can tell you are shrewd tell-tales.

Thar. Thou speak'st like a doctress in thy faculty ; but,

howsoever, for all this foil I'll retrieve the game once again ; he's a shallow gamester that for one displeasing cast gives up so fair a game for lost.

15

Ars. Well, 'twas a villanous invention of thine, and had a swift operation ; it took like sulphur. And yet this virtuous Countess hath to my ear spun out many a tedious lecture of pure sister's thread against concupiscence ; but ever with such an affected zeal as my mind gave me she had a kind of secret titillation to grace my poor house sometimes, but that she feared a spice of the sciatica, which, as you know, ever runs in the blood.

20

Thar. And, as you know, soaks into the bones. But to say truth, these angry heats that break out at the lips of these strait-laced ladies, are but as symptoms of a lustful fever that boils within them. For wherefore rage wives at their husbands so when they fly out ? For zeal against the sin ?

25

Ars. No, but because they did not purge that sin.

30

Thar. Th'art a notable siren, and I swear to thee, if I prosper, not only to give thee thy manor-house gratis, but to marry thee to some one knight or other, and bury thy trade in thy ladyship. Go, begone !

*Exit Arsace**Enter Lycus*

Thar. What news, Lycus ? Where's the lady ?

35

Lyc. Retired into her orchard.

Thar. A pregnant badge of love, she's melancholy.

Lyc. 'Tis with the sight of her Spartan wooer. But howsoever 'tis with her, you have practised strangely upon your brother.

40

Thar. Why so ?

Lyc. You had almost lifted his wit off the hinges. That spark jealousy, falling into his dry, melancholy brain, had well near set the whole house on fire.

Thar. No matter, let it work ; I did but pay him in's own coin. 'Sfoot, he plied me with such a volley of unseasoned scoffs, as would have made Patience itself turn ruffian, attiring itself in wounds and blood. But is his humour better qualified, then ?

45

Lyc. Yes, but with a medicine ten parts more dangerous than the sickness : you know how strange his dotage ever was on his wife, taking special glory to have her love and loyalty to him so renowned abroad ; to whom she often-

50

times hath vowed constancy after life, till her own death had brought, forsooth, her widow-troth to bed This he joyed in strangely, and was therein of infallible belief, till your surmise began to shake it ; which hath loosed it so, as now there's nought can settle it but a trial, which he's resolved upon. 55

Thar. As how, man, as how ?

Lyc. He is resolved to follow your advice, to die and make trial of her stableness ; and you must lend your hand to it. 60

Thar. What, to cut's throat ?

Lyc. To forge a rumour of his death, to uphold it by circumstance, maintain a public face of mourning, and all things appertaining. 65

Thar. Ay, but the means, man ? What time ? What probability ?

Lyc. Nay, I think he has not licked his whelp into full shape yet, but you shall shortly hear on't. 70

Thar. And when shall this strange conception see light ?

Lyc. Forthwith ; there's nothing stays him but some odd business of import, which he must wind up ; lest, perhaps, his absence by occasion of his intended trial be prolonged above his aims. 75

Thar. Thanks for this news, i'faith ! This may perhaps prove happy to my nephew. Truth is, I love my sister well and must acknowledge her more than ordinary virtues. But she hath so possessed my brother's heart with vows and disavowings, sealed with oaths, of second nuptials, as, in that confidence, he hath invested her in all his state, the ancient inheritance of our family ; and left my nephew and the rest to hang upon her pure devotion ; so as he dead, and she matching (as I am resolved she will) with some young prodigal, what must ensue, but her post-issue beggared, and our house, already sinking, buried quick in ruin. But this trial may remove it ; and since 'tis come to this, mark but the issue, Lycus ; for all these solemn vows, if I do not make her prove in the handling as weak as a wafer, say I lost my time in travel. This resolution, then, has set his wits in joint again ; he's quiet ? 80 85 90

Lyc. Yes, and talks of you again in the fairest manner ; listens after your speed—

Thar. Nay, he's passing kind ; but I am glad of this trial, for all that. 95

Lyc. Which he thinks to be a flight beyond your wing.

Thar. But he will change that thought ere long. My bird you saw even now sings me good news, and makes hopeful signs to me.

Lyc. Somewhat can I say too. Since your messenger's departure her ladyship hath been something altered—more pensive than before—and took occasion to question of you, what your addictions were, of what taste your humour was, of what cut you wore your wit? And all this in a kind of disdainful scorn.

Thar. Good calendars, Lycus! Well, I'll pawn this jewel with thee, my next encounter shall quite alter my brother's judgment. Come, let's in; he shall commend it for a discreet and honourable attempt.

Men's judgments sway on that side Fortune leans,
Thy wishes shall assist me.

Lyc. And my means. *Exeunt*

[SCENA QUARTA

Argus, Clinias, Sthenia, Ianthe

Arg. I must confess I was ignorant what 'twas to court a lady till now.

Sthen. And I pray you, what is it now?

Arg. To court her, I perceive, is to woo her with letters from Court; for so this Spartan lord's Court discipline teacheth.

Sthen. His lordship hath procured a new packet from his Altitude.

Clin. If he bring no better ware than letters in's packet, I shall greatly doubt of his good speed.

Ian. If his lordship did but know how gracious his aspect is to my lady in this solitary humour.

Clin. Well, these retired walks of hers are not usual, and bode some alteration in her thoughts. What may be the cause, Sthenia?

Sthen. Nay, 'twould trouble Argus with his hundred eyes to descry the cause.

Ian. Venus keep her upright, that she fall not from the state of her honour; my fear is that some of these serpentine suitors will tempt her from her constant vow of widowhood. If they do, good night to our good days!

Sthen. 'Twere a sin to suspect her: I have been witness

to so many of her fearful protestations to our late lord against that course ; to her infinite oaths imprinted on his lips, and sealed in his heart with such imprecations to her bed, if ever it should receive a second impression ; to her open and often detestations of that incestuous life (as she termed it) of widows' marriages, as being but a kind of lawful adultery, like usury permitted by the law, not approved ; that to wed a second, was no better than to cuckold the first ; that women should entertain wedlock as one body, as one life, beyond which there were no desire, no thought, no repentance from it, no restitution to it : so as if the conscience of her vows should not restrain her, yet the world's shame to break such a constant resolution, should repress any such motion in her.

Arg. Well, for vows, they are gone to heaven with her husband, they bind not upon earth ; and as for women's resolutions, I must tell you, the planets, and (as Ptolemy says) the winds have a great stroke in them. Trust not my learning if her late strangeness and exorbitant solitude be not hatching some new monster.

Ian. Well applied, Argus ; make you husbands monsters ?

Arg. I spoke of no husbands : but you wenches have the pregnant wits to turn monsters into husbands, as you turn husbands into monsters.

Sthen. Well, Ianthe, 'twere high time we made in to part our lady and her Spartan wooer.

Ian. We shall appear to her like the two fortunate stars in a tempest to save the shipwreck of her patience.

Sthen. Ay, and to him too, I believe ; for by this time he hath spent the last dram of his news.

Arg. That is, of his wit.

Sthen. Just, good wittols !

Ian. If not, and that my lady be not too deep in her new dumps, we shall hear from his lordship what such a lord said of his wife the first night he embraced her ; to what gentleman such a count was beholding for his fine children ; what young lady such an old count should marry ; what revels, what presentments, are towards ; and who penned the pegmas, and so forth : and yet, for all this, I know her harsh suitor hath tired her to the uttermost scruple of her forbearance, and will do more, unless we two, like a pair of shears, cut asunder the thread of his discourse.

Sthen. Well then, let's in ; but, my masters, wait you on your charge at your perils, see that you guard her approach from any more intruders.

Ian. Excepting young Tharsalio.

Sthen. True, excepting him indeed, for a guard of men is not able to keep him out, an't please your honour. 70

Arg. Oh, wenches, that's the property of true valour, to promise like a pigmy and perform like a giant. If he come, I'll be sworn I'll do my lady's commandment upon him.

75

Ian. What, beat him out ?

Sthen. If he should, Tharsalio would not take it ill at his hands, for he does but his lady's commandment.

Enter Tharsalio

Arg. Well, by Hercules, he comes not here !

Sthen. By Venus, but he does : or else she hath heard my lady's prayers, and sent some gracious spirit in his likeness to fright away that Spartan wooer that haunts her. 80

Thar. There stand her sentinels.

Arg. 'Slight, the ghost appears again !

Thar. Save ye, my quondam fellows in arms ! Save ye, my women ! 85

Sthen. Your women, sir ?

Thar. 'Twill be so. What, no courtesies ? No preparation of grace ? Observe me, I advise you for your own sakes.

Ian. For your own sake, I advise you to pack hence, lest your impudent valour cost you dearer than you think. 90

Clin. What senseless boldness is this, Tharsalio ?

Arg. Well said, Clinias, talk to him.

Clin. I wonder that notwithstanding the shame of your last entertainment, and threatenings of worse, you would yet presume to trouble this place again. 95

Thar. Come, y'are a widgeon ; off with your hat, sir, acknowledge ! Forecast is better than labour. Are you squint-eyed ? Can you not see afore you ? A little foresight, I can tell you, might stead you much, as the stars shine now. 100

Clin. 'Tis well, sir, 'tis not for nothing your brother is ashamed on you. But, sir, you must know, we are charged to bar your entrance.

Thar. But, whiffler, know you, that whoso shall dare to execute that charge, I'll be his executioner. 105

Arg. By Jove, Clinias, methinks the gentleman speaks very honourably.

Thar. Well, I see this house needs reformation ; here's a fellow stands behind now of a forwarder insight than ye all. What place hast thou ? 110

Arg. What place you please, sir.

Thar. Law you, sir ! Here's a fellow to make a gentleman usher, sir ! I discharge you of the place, and do here invest thee into his room. Make much of thy hair, thy wit will suit it rarely. And for the full possession of thine office, come, usher me to thy lady ; and to keep thy hand supple, take this from me. 115

Arg. No bribes, sir, an't please your worship !

Thar. Go to, thou dost well, but pocket it for all that ; it's no impair to thee, the greatest do't. 120

Arg. Sir, 'tis your love only that I respect, but since out of your love you please to bestow it upon me, it were want of courtship in me to refuse it ; I'll acquaint my lady with your coming. *Exit Argus*

Thar. How say by this ? Have not I made a fit choice, that hath so soon attained the deepest mystery of his profession ? Good sooth, wenches, a few courtesies had not been cast away upon your new lord. 125

Sthen. We'll believe that, when our lady has a new son of your getting. 130

Enter Argus, Eudora, Rebus, Hiarbas, Psorabeus

Eud. What's the matter ? Who's that you say is come ?

Arg. The bold gentleman, an't please your honour.

Eud. Why, thou fleering ass, thou—

Arg. An't please your honour.

Eud. Did not I forbid his approach by all the charge and duty of thy service ? 135

Thar. Madam, this fellow only is intelligent ; for he truly understood his command according to the style of the Court of Venus, that is, by contraries : when you forbid, you bid. 140

Eud. By heaven, I'll discharge my house of ye all !

Thar. You shall not need, madam, for I have already cashiered your officious usher here, and choosed this for his successor.

Eud. O incredible boldness ! 145

Thar. Madam, I come not to command your love with enforced letters, nor to woo you with tedious stories of my pedigree, as he who draws the thread of his descent from

Leda's distaff, when 'tis well known his grandsire cried
cony skins in Sparta.

150

Reb. Whom mean you, sir ?

Thar. Sir, I name none but him who first shall name
himself.

Reb. The place, sir, I tell you still, and this goddess's
fair presence, or else my reply should take a far other form
upon't.

155

Thar. If it should, sir, I would make your lordship an
answer.

Arg. *Anser's* Latin for a goose, an't please your honour.

Eud. Well noted, gander ; and what of that ?

160

Arg. Nothing, an't please your honour, but that he
said he would make his lordship an answer.

Eud. Thus every fool mocks my poor suitor. Tell me,
thou most frontless of all men, didst thou (when thou hadst
means to note me best) ever observe so base a temper in
me as to give any glance at stooping to my vassal ?

165

Thar. Your drudge, madam, to do your drudgery.

Eud. Or am I now so scant of worthy suitors that may
advance mine honour, advance my estate, strengthen my
alliance (if I list to wed) that I must stoop to make my foot
my head ?

170

Thar. No, but your side, to keep you warm a-bed. But,
madam, vouchsafe me your patience to that point's serious
answer. Though I confess, to get higher place in your
graces, I could wish my fortunes more honourable, my person
more gracious, my mind more adorned with noble and hero-
ical virtues, yet, madam (that you think not your blood
disparaged by mixture with mine) deign to know this :
howsoever, I once, only for your love, disguised myself in
the service of your late lord and mine, yet my descent is as
honourable as the proudest of your Spartan attempters,
who, by unknown quills or conduits underground, draws
his pedigree from Lycurgus his great toe to the Viceroy's
little finger, and from thence to his own elbow, where it
will never leave itching.

175

180

185

Reb. 'Tis well, sir ; presume still of the place.

Thar. 'Sfoot, madam, am I the first great personage
that hath stooped to disguises for love ? What think you
of our countryman Hercules, that for love put on Omphale's
apron and sate spinning amongst her wenches, while his
mistress wore his lion's skin, and lamb-skinned him if he did
not his business ?

190

Eud. Most fitly thou resemblest thyself to that violent outlaw that claimed all other men's possessions as his own by his mere valour. For what less hast thou done? Come 195 into my house, beat away these honourable persons—

Thar. That I will, madam. Hence, ye Sparta-velvets!
[Beating them]

Psor. Hold, she did not mean so.

Thar. Away, I say, or leave your lives, I protest, here.

Hiar. Well, sir, his Altitude shall know you. 200

Reb. I'll do your errand, sir. *Exeunt*

Thar. Do, good cousin Altitude, and beg the reversion of the next lady, for Dido has betrothed her love to me. By this fair hand, madam, a fair riddance of this Calydonian boar. 205

Eud. O most prodigious audaciousness!

Thar. True, madam! O fie upon 'em, they are intolerable! And I cannot but admire your singular virtue of patience, not common in your sex, and must therefore carry with it some rare endowment of other masculine and 210 heroic virtues. To hear a rude Spartan court so ingenuous a lady, with dull news from Athens or the Viceroy's Court; how many dogs were spoiled at the last bull-baiting, what ladies dubbed their husbands knights, and so forth!

Eud. But hast thou no shame? No sense of what disdain I showed thee in my last entertainment, chasing thee from my presence, and charging thy duty not to attempt the like intrusion for thy life; and dar'st thou yet approach me in this unmannerly manner. No question this desperate boldness cannot choose but go accompanied with other 220 infinite rudenesses.

Thar. Good madam, give not the child an unfit name, term it not boldness which the sages call true confidence, founded on the most infallible rock of a woman's constancy.

Eud. If shame cannot restrain thee, tell me yet if any 225 brainless fool would have tempted the danger attending thy approach.

Thar. No, madam, that proves I am no fool. Then had I been here a fool and a base, low-spirited Spartan, if for a lady's frown, or a lord's threats, or for a guard of grooms, I 230 should have shrunk in the wetting, and suffered such a delicious flower to perish in the stalk, or to be savagely plucked by a profane finger. No, madam, first let me be made a subject for disgrace; let your remorseless guard seize on

my despised body, bind me hand and foot, and hurl me into
your ladyship's bed. 235

Eud. O gods! I protest thou dost more and more make
me admire thee.

Thar. Madam, ignorance is the mother of admiration :
know me better, and you'll admire me less. 240

Eud. What would'st thou have me know? What
seeks thy coming? Why dost thou haunt me thus?

Thar. Only, madam, that the Ætna of my sighs and
Nilus of my tears, poured forth in your presence, might
witness to your honour the hot and moist affection of my
heart, and work me some measure of favour from your sweet
tongue, or your sweeter lips, or what else your good lady-
ship shall esteem more conducive to your divine content-
ment. 245

Eud. Pen and ink-horn, I thank thee! This you
learned when you were a serving-man. 250

Thar. Madam, I am still the same creature; and I will
so tie my whole fortunes to that style, as, were it my happi-
ness (as I know it will be) to mount into my lord's succession,
yet vow I never to assume other title, or state, than your
servant's: not approaching your board, but bidden; not
pressing to your bed, but your pleasure shall be first known,
if you will command me any service. 255

Eud. Thy vows are as vain as a ruffian's oaths, as common
as the air, and as cheap as the dust. How many of the
light huswives, thy muses, hath thy love promised this
service besides, I pray thee? 260

Thar. Compare shadows to bodies, madam, pictures
to the life; and such are they to you, in my valuation.

Eud. I see words will never free me of thy boldness, and
will therefore now use blows; and those of the mortallest
enforcement. Let it suffice, sir, that all this time, and to
this place, you enjoy your safety; keep back; no one foot
follow me further; for I protest to thee, the next threshold
past, lets pass a prepared ambush to thy latest breath. 270

Exit Eudora

Thar. This for your ambush! *He draws.* Dare my love
with death? [Exit]

Clin. 'Slight! Follow, an't please your honour!

Arg. Not I, by this light!

Clin. I hope, gentlewomen, you will.

Sthen. Not we, sir, we are no parters of frays. 275

Clin. Faith, nor I'll be any breaker of customs. *Exeunt*

FINIS ACTUS SECUNDI

ACTUS TERTII SCENA PRIMA

[*Before the House of Lysander*]

Enter Lysander and Lycus, booted

Lyc. Would any heart of adamant, for satisfaction of an ungrounded humour, rack a poor lady's innocency as you intend to do? It was a strange curiosity in that Emperor that ripped his mother's womb to see the place he lay in.

Lys. Come, do not load me with volumes of persuasion; 5
I am resolved, if she be gold she may abide the test; let's away. I wonder where this wild brother is.

Enter Cynthia, Hylus, and Ero

Cyn. Sir!

Lys. I pray thee, wife, show but thyself a woman, and be silent; question no more the reason of my journey, 10
which our great Viceroy's charge, urged in this letter, doth enforce me to.

Cyn. Let me but see that letter. There is something
In this presaging blood of mine, tells me
This sudden journey can portend no good; 15
Resolve me, sweet; have not I given you cause
Of discontent by some misprision,
Or want of fit observance? Let me know,
That I may wreak myself upon myself.

Lys. Come, wife, our love is now grown old and staid, 20
And must not wanton it in tricks of court,
Nor interchang'd delights of melting lovers,
Hanging on sleeves, sighing, loath to depart;
These toys are past with us; our true love's substance
Hath worn out all the show; let it suffice, 25
I hold thee dear; and think some cause of weight,
With no excuse to be dispens'd withal,
Compels me from thy most desir'd embraces.
I stay but for my brother; came he not in last night?

Hyl. For certain no, sir, which gave us cause of wonder 30
what accident kept him abroad.

Cyn. Pray heaven it prove not some wild resolution,
bred in him by his second repulse from the Countess.

Lys. Trust me, I something fear it, this insatiate spirit
of aspiring being so dangerous and fatal; desire, mounted
on the wings of it, descends not but headlong. 35

Enter Tharsalio [cloaked]

Hyl. Sir, sir, here's my uncle.

Lys. What, wrapp'd in careless cloak, face hid in hat
unbanded! These are the ditches, brother, in which out-
raging colts plunge both themselves and their riders. 40

Thar. Well, we must get out as well as we may; if not,
there's the making of a grave saved.

Cyn. That's desperately spoken, brother; had it not
been happier the colt had been better broken, and his rider
not fallen in. 45

Thar. True, sister, but we must ride colts before we can
break them, you know.

Lys. This is your blind goddess Confidence.

Thar. Alas, brother, our house is decayed, and my
honest ambition to restore it I hope be pardonable. My
comfort is: the poet that pens the story will write o'er my
head *Magnis tamen excidit ausis!* 50

Which, in our native idiom, lets you know,
His mind was high, though Fortune was his foe.

Lys. A good resolve, brother, to out-jest disgrace. Come,
I had been on my journey but for some private speech with
you; let's in. 55

Thar. Good brother, stay a little, help out this ragged
colt out of the ditch.

[Uncloaks and reveals a splendid suit]

Lys. How now? 60

Thar. Now I confess my oversight, this have I purchased
by my confidence.

Lys. I like you, brother, 'tis the true garb, you know,
What wants in real worth supply in show.

Thar. In show? Alas, 'twas even the thing itself; 65
I op'd my counting house, and took away
These simple fragments of my treasury.

'Husband,' my Countess cried, 'take more, more yet';
Yet I, in haste to pay in part my debt,
And prove myself a husband of her store, 70
Kiss'd and came off, and this time took no more.

Cyn. But good brother—

Thar. Then were our honour'd spousal rites perform'd,
We made all short, and sweet, and close, and sure.

Lys. He's rapt. 75

Thar. Then did my ushers and chief servants stoop,
Then made my women curtsies and envied
Their lady's fortune : I was magnified.

Lys. Let him alone, this spirit will soon vanish.

Thar. Brother and sister, as I love you, and am true 80
servant to Venus, all the premises are serious and true, and
the conclusion is : the great Countess is mine, the palace is
at your service, to which I invite you all to solemnize my
honoured nuptials.

Lys. Can this be credited ? 85

Thar. Good brother, do not you envy my fortunate
achievement.

Lys. Nay, I ever said the attempt was commendable—

Thar. Good!

Lys. If the issue were successful. 90

Thar. A good state conclusion ; happy events make
good the worst attempts. Here are your widow-vows,
sister ; thus are ye all in your pure naturals ; certain moral
disguises of coyness, which the ignorant call modesty, ye
borrow of art to cover your busk points ; which a blunt and 95
resolute encounter, taken under a fortunate aspect, easily
disarms you of ; and then, alas, what are you ? Poor naked
sinners, God wot ! Weak paper walls thrust down with a
finger. This is the way on't, boil their appetites to a full
height of lust ; and then take them down in the nick. 100

Cyn. Is there probability in this, that a lady so great,
so virtuous, standing on so high terms of honour, should so
soon stoop ?

Thar. You would not wonder, sister, if you knew the
lure she stooped at. Greatness ? Think you that can 105
curb affection ? No, it whets it more ; they have the full
stream of blood to bear them, the sweet gale of their sub-
limed spirits to drive them, the calm of ease to prepare them,
the sunshine of fortune to allure them, greatness to waft
them safe through all rocks of infamy. When youth, wit,
and person come aboard once, tell me, sister, can you choose 110
but hoise sail, and put forward to the main ?

Lys. But let me wonder at this frailty yet ;
Would she in so short time wear out his memory,
So soon wipe from her eyes, nay, from her heart,
Whom I myself, and this whole isle besides, 115
Still remember with grief, the impression of his loss

Taking worthily such root in us ;
How think you, wife ?

Cyn. I am ashamed on't, and abhor to think
So great and vow'd a pattern of our sex 120
Should take into her thoughts, nay, to her bed
(O stain to womanhood !) a second love.

Lyc. In so short time !

Cyn. In any time !

Lys. No, wife ?

Cyn. By Juno, no ; sooner a loathsome toad !

Thar. High words, believe me, and I think she'll keep 125
them. Next turn is yours, nephew ; you shall now marry
my noblest lady-daughter ; the first marriage in Paphos
next my nuptials shall be yours. These are strange occur-
rents, brother, but pretty and pathological ; if you see me in
my chair of honour, and my Countess in mine arms, you 130
will then believe, I hope, I am lord of the palace ; then shall
you try my great lady's entertainment, see your hands
freed of me, and mine taking you to advancement.

Lys. Well, all this rids not my business. Wife, you shall
be there to partake the unexpected honour of our house. 135
Lycus and I will make it our recreation by the way to think
of your revels and nuptial sports. Brother, my stay hath
been for you. Wife, pray thee be gone, and soon prepare
for the solemnity ; a month returns me.

Cyn. Heavens guide your journey ! 140

Lys. Farewell !

Thar. Farewell, nephew ; prosper in virility ; but—
do you hear?—keep your hand from your voice ; I have a part
for you in our hymeneal show.

Hyl. You speak too late for my voice ; but I'll dis- 145
charge the part. *Exit Cynthia, Hylus and Ero]*

Lys. Occurrents call ye them ? Foul shame con-
found them all ! That impregnable fort of chastity and
loyalty, that amazement of the world—O ye deities, could
nothing restrain her ? I took her spirit to be too haughty 150
for such a depression.

Thar. But who commonly more short-heeled than they
that are high i'th' instep.

Lys. Methinks yet shame should have controlled so
sudden an appetite. 155

Thar. Tush, shame doth extinguish lust as oil doth fire !
The blood once het, shame doth inflame the more,

What they before by art dissembled most,
 They act more freely ; shame once found is lost ;
 And to say truth, brother, what shame is due to't ? Or 160
 what congruence doth it carry, that a young lady, gallant,
 vigorous, full of spirit and complexion, her appetite new-
 whetted with nuptial delights, to be confined to the specula-
 tion of a death's-head ; or, for the loss of a husband, the
 world affording flesh enough, make the noontide of her years 165
 the sunset of her pleasures ?

Lyc. And yet there have been such women.

Thar. Of the first stamp, perhaps, when the metal
 was purer than in these degenerate days. Of later years
 much of that coin hath been counterfeit, and besides, so 170
 cracked and worn with use, that they are grown light, and
 indeed fit for nothing but to be turned over in play.

Lys. Not all, brother !

Thar. My matchless sister only excepted ; for she, you
 know, is made of another metal than that she borrowed of 175
 her mother. But do you, brother, sadly intend the pursuit
 of this trial ?

Lys. Irrevocably.

Thar. It's a high project ; if it be once raised, the
 earth is too weak to bear so weighty an accident ; it cannot 180
 be conjured down again without an earthquake : therefore
 believe she will be constant.

Lyc. No, I will not.

Thar. Then believe she will not be constant.

Lys. Neither ! I will believe nothing but what trial 185
 enforces. Will you hold your promise for the governing
 of this project with skill and secrecy ?

Thar. If it must needs be so. But heark you, brother ;
 have you no other capricious in your head to entrap my
 sister in her frailty, but to prove the firmness of her widow- 190
 vows after your supposed death ?

Lys. None in the world.

Thar. Then here's my hand ; I'll be as close as my
 lady's shoe to her foot, that pinches and pleases her, and
 will bear on with the plot till the vessel split again. 195

Lys. Forge any death, so you can force belief.
 Say I was poison'd, drown'd.

Thar.

Hang'd !

Lys.

Anything,

So you assist it with likely circumstance ; I need not in-
 struct you ; that must be your employment, Lycus.

Lyc. Well, sir!

200

Thar. But, brother, you must set in, too, to countenance truth out; a hearse there must be too. It's strange to think how much the eye prevails in such impressions; I have marked a widow, that just before was seen pleasant enough, follow an empty hearse and weep devoutly.

205

Lyc. All those things leave to me.

Lys. But, brother, for the bestowing of this hearse in the monument of our family, and the marshalling of a funeral—

Thar. Leave that to my care, and if I do not do the mourner as lively as your heir, and weep as lustily as your widow, say there's no virtue in onions: that being done, I'll come to visit the distressed widow, apply old ends of comfort to her grief, but the burden of my song shall be to tell her words are but dead comforts; and therefore counsel

215

her to take a living comfort, that might ferret out the thought of her dead husband; and will come prepared with choice of suitors, either my Spartan lord for grace at the Viceroy's Court, or some great lawyer that may solder up her cracked estate, and so forth. But what would you say, brother, if you should find her married at your arrival?

220

Lys. By this hand, split her weasand!

Thar. Well, forget not your wager, a stately chariot with four brave horses of the Thracian breed, with all appurtenances. I'll prepare the like for you, if you prove victor. But, well remembered, where will you lurk the whiles?

225

Lys. Mew'd up close, some short day's journey hence; Lycus shall know the place. Write still how all things pass. Brother, adieu; all joy attend you!

Thar. Will you not stay our nuptial now so near?

230

Lys. I should be like a man that hears a tale And heeds it not, one absent from himself. My wife shall attend the countess, and my son.

Thar. Whom you shall hear at your return call me Father. Adieu; Jove be your speed.

235

My nuptials done, your funerals succeed.

Exeunt

[SCENA SECUNDA

*A Room in the House of Eudora]**Enter Argus barehead*

Arg. A hall, a hall! Who's without there? *Enter two or three with cushions* Come on, y'are proper grooms,

are ye not? 'Slight, I think y'are all bridegrooms, ye take your pleasures so. A company of dormice! Their honours are upon coming, and the room not ready. Rushes and seats instantly! 5

[Enter Tharsalio]

Thar. Now, alas, fellow Argus, how thou art cumbered with an office!

Arg. Perfume, sirrah, the room's dampish.

Thar. Nay, you may leave that office to the ladies, they'll perfume it sufficiently. 10

Arg. [perceiving Tharsalio] Cry mercy, sir! Here's a whole chorus of Sylvans at hand, cornetting and tripping o'th' toe, as the ground they trod on were too hot for their feet. The device is rare; and there's your young nephew too, he hangs in the clouds deified with Hymen's shape. 15

Thar. Is he perfect in's part? Has not his tongue learned of the Sylvans to trip o'th' toe?

Arg. Sir, believe it, he does it precious for accent and action, as if he felt the part he played; he ravishes all the young wenches in the palace; pray Venus my young lady Laodice have not some little prick of Cupid in her, she's so diligent at's rehearsals. 20

Thar. No force, so my next vows be heard, that if Cupid have pricked her, Hymen m[a]y cure her. 25

Arg. You mean your nephew, sir, that presents Hymen.

Thar. Why, so! I can speak nothing but thou art within me; fie of this wit of thine, 'twill be thy destruction! But howsoever you please to understand, Hymen send the boy no worse fortune; and where's my lady's honour? 30

Arg. At hand, sir, with your unparagoned sister; please you take your chair of honour, sir?

Thar. Most serviceable Argus, the gods reward thy service; for I will not.

Enter Eudora leading Cynthia, Laodice, Sthenia, Ianthe, Ero, with others following

Eud. Come, sister, now we must exchange that name For stranger titles, let's dispose ourselves To entertain these Sylvan revellers, That come to grace our loved nuptials. I fear me we must all turn nymphs to-night, To side those sprightly wood-gods in their dances; 40

Can you do't nimbly, sister ? 'Slight, what ails you,
Are you not well ?

Cyn. Yes, madam.

Eud. But your looks,
Methinks, are cloudy ; suiting [i]ll the sunshine
Of this clear honour to your husband's house.
Is there aught here that sorts not with your liking ?

45

Thar. Blame her not, mistress, if her looks show care.
Excuse the merchant's sadness that hath made
A doubtful venture of his whole estate,
His livelihood, his hopes, in one poor bottom,
To all encounters of the sea and storms.
Had you a husband that you lov'd as well,
Would you not take his absent plight as ill ?
Cavil at every fancy ? Not an object
That could present itself, but it would forge
Some vain objection that did doubt his safety ;
True love is ever full of jealousy.

50

55

Eud. Jealous ? Of what ? Of every little journey ?
Mere fancy, then, is wanton ; and doth cast
At those slight dangers there too doting glances ;
Misgiving minds ever provoke mischances.
Shines not the sun in his way bright as here ?
Is not the air as good ? What hazard doubt you ?

60

Arg. His horse may stumble, if it please your honour ;
The rain may wet, the wind may blow on him ;
Many shrewd hazards watch poor travellers.

65

Eud. True, and the shrewdest thou hast reckon'd us.
Good sister, these cares fit young married wives.

Cyn. Wives should be still young in their husbands'
loves.

Time bears no scythe should bear down them before him ;
Our lives he may cut short, but not our loves.

70

Thar. Sister, be wise, and ship not in one bark
All your ability ; if he miscarry,
Your well-tryed wisdom should look out for new.

Cyn. I wish them happy winds that run that course ;
From me 'tis far ; one temple seal'd our troth ;
One tomb, one hour shall end and shroud us both.

75

Thar. Well, y'are a phoenix ; there, be that your cheer :
Love with your husband be your wisdom here.
Heark, our sports challenge it ! Sit, dearest mistress.

80

80

Eud. Take your place, worthiest servant.

Thar. Serve me, heaven, *Music*
As I my heavenly mistress ! Sit, rare sister.

Music : Hymen descends, and six Sylvans enter beneath,
with torches

Arg. A hall, a hall ! Let no more citizens in there !

Laod. O not my cousin, see, but Hymen's self.

Sthen. He does become it most enflamingly.

Hym. Hail, honour'd bridegroom, and his princely bride, 85
With the most fam'd for virtue, Cynthia ;
And this young lady, bright Laodice,
One rich hope of this noblest family—

Sthen. Hark how he courts. He is enamour'd too.

Laod. Oh, grant it, Venus, and be ever honour'd ! 90

Hym. In grace and love of you, I, Hymen, search'd
The groves and thickets that embrace this palace
With this clear-flam'd and good-aboding torch
For summons of these fresh and flowery Sylvans
To this fair presence, with their winding hays, 95
Active and antic dances, to delight
Your frolic eyes, and help to celebrate
These noblest nuptials ; which great Destiny
Ordain'd past custom and all vulgar object,
To be the readvancement of a house 100
Noble and princely, and restore this palace
To that name that six hundred summers since
Was in possession of this bridegroom's ancestors,
The ancient and most virtue-fam'd Lysandri.
Sylvans, the courtships you make to your Dryads, 105
Use to this great bride and these other dames,
And heighten with your sports my nuptial flames.

Laod. O, would himself descend, and me command !

Sthen. Dance, and his heart catch in another's hand.

*Sylvans take out the Bride and the rest ; they dance ;
after which, and all set in their places, Hymen [speaks]*

Hym. Now, what [e'er] power my torch's influence 110
Hath in the blessings of your nuptial joys,
Great bride and bridegroom, you shall amply part
Betwixt your free loves, and forego it never.

Omnes. Thanks to great Hymen and fair Sylvans ever.

Exeunt

ACTUS QUARTI SCENA PRIMA

[A Room in the House of Eudora]

Tharsalio, Lycus, *with his arm in a scarf, a night-cap on's head**Lyc.* I hope, sir, by this time—*Thar.* Put on, man, by ourselves !*Lyc.* The edge of your confidence is well taken off ; would you not be content to withdraw your wager ?*Thar.* Faith, fellow Lycus, if my wager were weakly built, this unexpected accident might stagger it. For the truth is, this strain is extraordinary, to follow her husband's body into the tomb, and there, for his company, to bury herself quick ; it's new and stirring ; but, for all this, I'll not despair of my wager. 5*Lyc.* Why, sir, can you think such a passion dissembled ?*Thar.* All's one for that ; what I think I think. In the meantime, forget not to write to my brother how the plot hath succeeded, that the news of his death hath taken, a funeral solemnity performed, his supposed corse bestowed in the monument of our family, thou and I horrible mourners. But above all, that his intolerable virtuous widow, for his love, and (for her love) Ero, her handmaid, are descended with his corse into the vault ; there wipe their eyes time out of mind, drink nothing but their own tears, and by this time are almost dead with famine. There's a point will sting it (for you say 'tis true) ; where left you him ? 15*Lyc.* At Dipolis, sir, some twenty miles hence.*Thar.* He keeps close ?*Lyc.* Ay, sir, by all means ; skulks unknown under the name of a strange knight. 25*Thar.* That may carry him without descrying, for there's a number of strange knights abroad. You left him well ?*Lyc.* Well, sir, but for this jealous humour that haunts him. 30*Thar.* Well, this news will absolutely purge that humour. Write all ; forget not to describe her passion at thy discovery of his slaughter. Did she perform it well for her husband's wager ? 35*Lyc.* Perform it, call you it ? You may jest ; men hunt hares to death for their sports, but the poor beasts die in earnest : you wager of her passions for your pleasure,

but she takes little pleasure in those earnest passions. I never saw such an ecstasy of sorrow, since I knew the name of sorrow. Her hands flew up to her head like Furies, hid all her beauties in her dishevelled hair, and wept as she would turn fountain. I would you and her husband had been behind the arras but to have heard her. I assure you, sir, I was so transported with the spectacle, that, in despite of my discretion, I was forced to turn woman and bear a part with her. Humanity broke loose from my heart and streamed through mine eyes.

Thar. In prose, thou wept'st. So have I seen many a moist auditor do at a play; when the story was but a mere fiction. And didst act the Nuntius well? Would I had heard it! Could'st thou dress thy looks in a mournful habit?

Lyc. Not without preparation, sir, no more than my speech; 'twas a plain acting of an interlude to me to pronounce the part.

Thar. As how, for heaven's sake?

Lyc. 'Phœbus address'd his chariot towards the west To change his wearied coursers', and so forth.

Thar. Nay on, and thou lov'st me.

Lyc. 'Lysander and myself beguil'd the way With interchang'd discourse; but our chief theme Was of your dearest self, his honour'd wife, Your love, your virtue, wondrous constancy.'

Thar. Then was her cue to whimper; on!

Lyc. 'When suddenly appear'd, as far as sight, A troop of horse, arm'd, as we might discern, With javelins, spears, and such accoutrements. He doubted nought (as innocency ever Is free from doubting ill.)'

Thar. There dropt a tear.

Lyc. 'My mind misgave me. They might be mountaineers. At their approach They us'd no other language but their weapons, To tell us what they were; Lysander drew, And bore himself Achilles-like in fight; And as a mower sweeps off th' heads of bents, So did Lysander's sword shave off the points Of their assaulting lances.

His horse at last, sore hurt, fell under him; I, seeing I could not rescue, us'd my spurs To fly away'

Thar. What, from thy friend ?

Lyc. Ay, in a good quarrel, why not ?

Thar. Good ; I am answered.

Lyc. ' A lance pursued me, brought me back again ;
And with these wounds left me t'accompany 85
Dying Lysander. Then they rifled us,
And left us.

They gone, my breath not yet gone, gan to strive
And revive sense ; I with my feeble joints
Crawl'd to Lysander, stirr'd him, and withal 90
He gasp'd, cried " Cynthia ! " and breath'd no more.'

Thar. O then she howled outright.

Lyc. ' Passengers came, and in a chariot brought us
Straight to a neighbour-town ; where I forthwith
Coffin'd my friend in lead, and so convey'd him 95
To this sad place.'

Thar. 'Twas well ; and could not show but strangely.

Lyc. Well, sir, this tale pronounced with terror, suited
with action, clothed with such likely circumstance, my
wounds in show, her husband's hearse in sight—think what 100
effect it wrought ; and if you doubt, let the sad consequence
of her retreat to his tomb be your woful instructor.

Thar. For all this, I'll not despair of my wager ;
These griefs that sound so loud, prove always light,
True sorrow evermore keeps out of sight. 105

This strain of mourning wi'th' sepulchre, like an overdoing
actor, affects grossly, and is indeed so far forced from the
life, that it bewrays itself to be altogether artificial. To set
open a shop of mourning ! 'Tis palpable. Truth, the sub-
stance, hunts not after the shadow of popular fame. Her 110
officious ostentation of sorrow condemns her sincerity. 111
When did ever woman mourn so unmeasurably, but she did
dissemble ?

Lyc. O gods, a passion thus borne, thus apparelled
with tears, sighs, swoonings, and all the badges of true 115
sorrow, to be dissembled ! By Venus, I am sorry I ever
set foot in't. Could she, if she dissembled, thus dally with
hunger, be deaf to the barking of her appetite, not having
these four days relieved nature with one dram of sustenance ?

Thar. For this does she look to be deified, to have hymns 120
made of her, nay to her ; the tomb where she is to be no more
reputed the ancient monument of our family, the Lysandri,
but the new-erected altar of Cynthia, to which all the

Paphian widows shall after their husbands' funerals offer their wet muckinders for monuments of the danger they have passed, as seamen do their wet garments at Neptune's temple after a shipwrack. 125

Lyc. Well, I'll apprehend you, at your pleasure; I, for my part, will say that if her faith be as constant as her love is hearty and unaffected, her virtues may justly challenge a deity to enshrine them. 130

Thav. Ay, there's another point, too. But one of those virtues is enough at once. All natures are not capable of all gifts. If the brain of the [wise] were in the heads of the learned, then might parish clerks be common-councilmen, and poets aldermen's deputies. My sister may turn Niobe for love; but till Niobe be turned to a marble, I'll not despair but she may prove a woman. Let the trial run on; if she do not outrun it, I'll say poets are no prophets, prognosticators are but mountebanks, and none tell true but wood-mongers. 135 140

Exit

Lyc. A sweet gentleman you are! I marvel what man, what woman, what name, what action, doth his tongue glide over, but it leaves a slime upon't? Well, I'll presently to Dipolis, where Lysander stays, and will not say but she may prove frail: 145

But this I'll say, if she should chance to break,
Her tears are true, though women's truths are weak. *Exit*

[SCENA SECUNDA

The Graveyard]

Enter Lysander, like a Soldier disguised at all parts; a half-pike, gorget, etc. He discovers the tomb, looks in, and wonders, etc

[*Lys.*] O miracle of Nature, women's glory,
Men's shame, and envy of the deities!
Yet must these matchless creatures be suspected,
Accus'd, condemn'd! Now by the immortal gods,
They rather merit altars, sacrifice,
Than love and courtship. 5

Yet see, the queen of these lies here interr'd,
Tearing her hair, and drowned in her tears,
Which Jove should turn to crystal, and a mirror
Make of them, wherein men may see and wonder
At women's virtues. Shall she famish, then? 10

Will men, without dissuasions, suffer thus
 So bright an ornament to earth, tomb'd quick
 In earth's dark bosom? Ho! Who's in the tomb there?

Ero. [*within*] Who calls? Whence are you? 15

Lys. I am a soldier of the watch and must enter.

Ero. Amongst the dead?

Lys. Do the dead speak? Ope, or I'll force it open.

Ero. [*opening the door of the tomb*] What violence is this?

What seek you here,

Where nought but Death and her attendants dwell? 20

Lys. What wretched souls are you, that thus by night
 Lurk here amongst the dead?

Ero. Good soldier, do not stir her.

She's weak, and quickly seiz'd with swooning and passions,
 And with much trouble shall we both recall
 Her fainting spirits. 25

Five days thus hath she wasted, and not once
 Season'd her palate with the taste of meat;
 Her powers of life are spent; and what remains
 Of her famish'd spirit serves not to breathe but sigh.

She hath exil'd her eyes from sleep or sight, 30 *M d'*
 And given them wholly up to ceaseless tears
 Over that ruthless hearse of her dear spouse,
 Slain by bandittos, nobly-born Lysander.

Lys. And hopes she with these heavy notes and cries
 To call him from the dead? In these five days 35
 Hath she but made him stir a finger or fetch
 One gasp of that forsaken life she mourns?

Come, honour'd mistress, I admire your virtues,
 But must reprove this vain excess of moan;
 Rouse yourself, lady, and look up from death. 40
 Well said, 'tis well; stay by my hand and rise.
 This face hath been maintain'd with better huswifery.

Cyn. [*at the door of the tomb*] What are you?

Lys. Lady, I am sentinel,

Set in this hallowed place, to watch and guard,
 On forfeit of my life, these monuments 45
 From rape and spoil of sacrilegious hands;
 And save the bodies, that without you see,
 Of crucified offenders, that no friends
 May bear them hence to honour'd burial.

Cyn. Thou seem'st an honest soldier; pray thee then, 50
 Be as thou seem'st; betake thee to thy charge,

And leave this place ; add not affliction
To the afflicted.

Lys. You misname the children.

For what you term affliction now, in you
Is but self-humour ; voluntary penance 55
Impos'd upon yourself, and you lament,
As did the Satyr once, that ran affrighted
From that horn's sound that he himself had winded.
Which humour to abate, my counsel tending your term'd
affliction,

What I for physic give, you take for poison. 60
I tell you, honour'd mistress, these ingredients
Are wholesome, though perhaps they seem untoothsome.

Ero. [*aside*] This soldier, sure, is some decayed pothecary.

Lys. Dear ghost, be wise, and pity your fair self,
Thus by yourself unnaturally afflicted ; 65
Chide back heart-breaking groans, clear up those lamps,
Restore them to their first creation,
Windows for light, not sluices made for tears ;
Beat not the senseless air with needless cries,
Baneful to life and bootless to the dead. 70

This is the inn where all Deucalion's race,
Sooner or later, must take up their lodging ;
No privilege can free us from this prison ;
No tears, no prayers, can redeem from hence
A captiv'd soul ; make use of what you see : 75

Let this affrighting spectacle of death
Teach you to nourish life.

Ero. Good [*mistress*] hear him ; this is a rare soldier.

Lys. Say that with abstinence you should unloose
The knot of life ; suppose that in this tomb 80
For your dear spouse you should entomb yourself
A living corse ; say that before your hour,
Without due summons from the Fates, you send
Your hasty soul to hell ; can your dear spouse
Take notice of your faith and constancy ? 85

Shall your dear spouse revive to give you thanks ?

Cyn. Idle discourser !

Lys. No, your moans are idle.

Go to, I say, be counsell'd ! Raise yourself ;
Enjoy the fruits of life, there's viands for you.
Now, live for a better husband. No ? Will you none ? 90

Ero. For love of courtesy, good mistress, eat,

Do not reject so kind and sweet an offer ;
 Who knows but this may be some Mercury
 Disguis'd, and sent from Juno to relieve us ?
 Did ever any lend unwilling ears 95
 To those that came with messages of life ?

Cyn. I pray thee leave thy rhetoric.

Ero. By my soul, to speak plain truth, I could rather
 wish t'employ my teeth than my tongue, so your example
 would be my warrant. 100

Cyn. Thou hast my warrant.

Lys. Well then, eat, my wench ;
 Let obstinacy starve, fall to !

Ero. Persuade
 My mistress first.

Lys. 'Slight, tell me, lady,
 Are you resolv'd to die ? If that be so,
 Choose not, for shame, a base and beggar's death ; 105
 Die not for hunger, like a Spartan lady ;
 Fall valiantly upon a sword, or drink
 [A] noble death, expel your grief with poison.
 There 'tis, seize it. [*offering his sword*] Tush, you dare not
 die !

Come, wench, 110
 Thou hast not lost a husband ; thou shalt eat ;
 Th'art now within the place where I command.

Ero. I protest, sir !

Lys. Well said ; eat, and protest ; or I'll protest,
 And do thou eat ; thou eat'st against thy will, 115
 That's it thou would'st say ?

Ero. It is.

Lys. And under such a protestation
 Thou lost thy maidenhead.
 For your own sake, good lady, forget this husband ;
 Come, you are now become a happy widow, 120
 A blessedness that many would be glad of.
 That and your husband's inventory together,
 Will raise you up husbands enow. What think you of
 me ?

Cyn. Trifler, pursue this wanton theme no further ;
 Lest (which I would be loath) your speech provoke 125
 Uncivil language from me ; I must tell you,
 One joint of him I lost was much more worth
 Than the rack'd value of thy entire body.

Ero. O know what joint she means!

Lys. Well, I have done;

And well done, frailty; proface! How lik'st thou it? 130

Ero. Very toothsome ingredients surely, sir;

Want but some liquor to incorporate them.

Lys. There 'tis, carouse!

Ero. I humbly thank you, sir.

Lys. Hold, pledge me now!

Ero. 'Tis the poison, sir,

That preserves life, I take it. *Bibit Ancilla* 135

Lys. Do so, take it!

Ero. Sighing has made me something short-winded.

I'll pledge y'at twice.

Lys. 'Tis well done; do me right!

Ero. I pray, sir, have you been a pothecary?

Lys. Marry have I, wench! A woman's pothecary.

Ero. Have you good ingredients? 140

I like your bottle well. Good mistress, taste it.

Try but the operation, 'twill fetch up

The roses in your cheeks again.

Doctor Verolles' bottles are not like it;

There's no guaiacum here, I can assure you. 145

Lys. This will do well anon.

Ero. Now fie upon't!

Oh, I have lost my tongue in this same limbo;

The spring on't's spoil'd, methinks; it goes not off

With the old twang.

Lys. Well said, wench, oil it well; 'twill make it slide 150
well.

Ero. Aristotle says, sir, in his Posterionds—

Lys. This wench is learned—and what says he?

Ero. That when a man dies, the last thing that moves
is his heart; in a woman her tongue.

Lys. Right; and adds further, that you women are 155

A kind of spinners; if their legs be pluck'd off,

Yet they'll still wag them; so will you your tongues.

[*aside*] With what an easy change does this same weakness

Of women slip from one extreme t' another?

All these attractions take no hold of her; 160

No, not, to take refection; 't must not be thus.—

Well said, wench; tickle that Helicon!

But shall we quit the field with this disgrace

Given to our oratory? Both not gain

So much ground of her as to make her eat? 165

Ero. Faith, the truth is, sir, you are no fit organ
For this business ;

'Tis quite out of your element.

Let us alone, she'll eat, I have no fear :

A woman's tongue best fits a woman's ear. 170

Jove never did employ Mercury,

But Iris, for his messenger to Juno.

Lys. Come, let me kiss thee, wench ; wilt undertake
To make thy mistress eat ?

Ero. It shall go hard, sir,
But I will make her turn flesh and blood, 175
And learn to live as other mortals do.

Lys. Well said ; the morning hastes ; next night expect
me.

Ero. With more provision, good sir.

Lys. Very good ! *Exiturus*

Ero. And bring more wine. *She shuts up the tomb*

Lys. What else ? Shalt have enough.

O Cynthia, heir of her bright purity 180

Whose name thou dost inherit, thou disdain'st

(Sever'd from all concretion) to feed

Upon the base food of gross elements.

Thou all art soul, all immortality,

Thou fast for nectar and ambrosia ; 185

Which till thou find'st and eat'st above the stars,

To all food here thou bidd'st celestial wars. *Exit*

[SCENA TERTIA

The same]

Cynthia, *Ero, the tomb opening*

Ero. So ; let's air our dampish spirits, almost stifled in
this gross muddy element.

Cyn. How sweet a breath the calmness of the night
Inspires the air withal !

Ero. Well said, now y'are yourself ; did not I tell you 5
how sweet an operation the soldier's bottle had ? And if
there be such virtue in the bottle, what is there in the soldier ?
Know and acknowledge his worth when he comes, in any
case, mistress.

Cyn. So, maid ! 10

Ero. God's my patience ! Did you look, forsooth, that
Juno should have sent you meat from her own trencher in

reward of your widow's tears? You might sit and sigh first till your heart-strings broke, I'll able't.

Cyn. I fear me thy lips have gone so oft to the bottle, 15
that thy tongue-strings are come broken home.

Ero. Faith, the truth is my tongue hath been so long tied up, that 'tis covered with rust, and I rub it against my palate, as we do suspected coins, to try whether it be current or no. But now, mistress, for an upshot of this bottle; let's 20
have one carouse to the good speed of my old master, and the good speed of my new.

Cyn. So, damsel!

Ero. You must pledge it, here's to it. Do me right, I pray! 25

Cyn. You say I must. [*She drinks*]

Ero. Must! What else?

Cyn. How excellent ill this humour suits our habit.

Ero. Go to, mistress, do not think but you and I shall have good sport with this jest, when we are in private at 30
home. I would to Venus we had some honest shift or other to get off withal, for I'll no more on't; I'll not turn salt-petre in this vault for never a man's company living, much less for a woman's. Sure I am the wonder's over, and 'twas only for that, that I endured this; and so, o' my conscience, 35
did you. Never deny it.

Cyn. Nay, pray thee take it to thee.

Heark, I hear some footing near us. *Enter Lysander*

Ero. God's me, 'tis the soldier, mistress! By Venus, if you fall to your late black Sanctus again, I'll discover you. 40

Lys. [*aside*] What's here? The maid hath certainly prevailed with her; methinks those clouds that last night covered her looks are now dispersed. I'll try this further.— Save you, lady!

Ero. Honourable soldier, y'are welcome! Please you 45
step in, sir?

Lys. With all my heart, sweetheart; by your patience, lady. Why, this bears some shape of life yet! Damsel, th'ast performed a service of high reckoning, which cannot perish unrewarded. 50

Ero. Faith sir, you are in the way to do it once, if you have the heart to hold on.

Cyn. Your bottle has poisoned this wench, sir.

Lys. A wholesome poison it is, lady, if I may be judge; of which sort here is one better bottle more. 55

Wine is ordain'd to raise such hearts as sink ;
Whom woful stars distemper, let him drink.

I am most glad I have been some mean to this part of
your recovery, and will drink to the rest of it.

Ero. Go to, mistress, pray simper no more ; pledge 60
the man of of war here !

Cyn. Come, y'are too rude.

Ero. Good !

Lys. Good sooth, lady, y'are honoured in her service.
I would have you live, and she would have you live freely, 65
without which life is but death. To live freely is to feast
our appetites freely, without which humans are stones ; to
the satisfaction whereof I drink, lady.

Cyn. I'll pledge you, sir. [*She drinks*]

Ero. Said like a mistress, and the mistress of yourself ! 70
Pledge him in love too ; I see he loves you. She's silent,
she consents, sir.

Lys. O happy stars ! And now pardon, lady. [*kisses*
her] Methinks these are all of a piece.

Ero. Nay, if you kiss all of a piece, we shall ne'er have 75
done. Well, 'twas well offered, and as well taken.

Cyn. If the world should see this !

Lys. The world ! Should one so rare as yourself
respect the vulgar world ?

Cyn. The praise I have had, I would continue. 80

Lys. What, of the vulgar ? Who hates not the vulgar,
deserves not love of the virtuous. And to affect praise of
that we despise, how ridiculous it is !

Ero. Comfortable doctrine, mistress ; edify, edify ! Me-
thinks even thus it was when Dido and Æneas met in the 85
cave ; and heark, methinks I hear some of the hunters.

She shuts the tomb

FINIS ACTUS QUARTI

ACTUS QUINTI SCENA PRIMA

[*The Graveyard*]

Enter Tharsalio, Lycus

Lyc. 'Tis such an obstinacy in you, sir,
As never was conceited, to run on
With an opinion against all the world

And what your eyes may witness ; to adventure
 The famishment for grief of such a woman 5
 As all men's merits, met in any one,
 Could not deserve.

Thar. I must confess it, Lycus ;
 We'll therefore now prevent it if we may,
 And that our curious trial hath not dwelt
 Too long on this unnecessary haunt, 10
 Grief and all want of food not having wrought
 Too mortally on her divine disposure,

Lyc. I fear they have, and she is past our cure.

Thar. I must confess with fear and shame as much.

Lyc. And that she will not trust in anything 15
 What you persuade her to.

Thar. Then thou shalt haste
 And call my brother from his secret shroud,
 Where he appointed thee to come and tell him
 How all things have succeeded.

Lyc. This is well ;
 If, as I say, the ill be not so grown, 20
 That all help is denied her. But I fear
 The matchless dame is famish'd.

Tharsalio looks into the tomb

Thar. 'Slight, who's here ?
 A soldier with my sister ! Wipe, wipe, see,
 Kissing, by Jove ! She, as I lay, 'tis she !

Lyc. What, is she well, sir ? 25

Thar. O no, she is famish'd ;
 She's past our comfort, she lies drawing on.

Lyc. The gods forbid !

Thar. Look thou, she's drawing on.
 How say'st thou ?

Lyc. Drawing on ? Illustrious witchcrafts !

Thar. Lies she not drawing on ?

Lyc. She draws on fairly.
 [Y]our sister, sir ? This she, can this be she ? 30

Thar. She, she, she, and none but she !

He dances and sings

She only queen of love and chastity.

O chastity ! This women be !

Lyc. 'Slight, 'tis prodigious !

Thar. Horse, horse, horse !
 Four chariot-horses of the Thracian breed 35

Come, bring me, brother. O the happiest evening,
That ever drew her veil before the sun!
Who is't, canst tell?

Lyc. The soldier, sir, that watches
The bodies crucified in this hallow'd place,
Of which to lose one it is death to him; 40
And yet the lustful knave is at his venery,
While one might steal one.

Thar. What a slave was I,
That held not out my [m]ind's strength constantly
That she would prove thus! O, incredible!
A poor eightpenny soldier! She that lately 45
Was at such height of interjection,
Stoop now to such a base conjunction!
By heaven, I wonder, now I see't in act,
My brain could ever dream of such a thought.
And yet 'tis true. Rare, peerless, is't not, Lycus? 50

Lyc. I know not what it is, nor what to say.

Thar. O had I held out (villain that I was)
My blessed confidence but one minute longer,
I should have been eterniz'd. God's my fortune,
What an unspeakable sweet sight it is! 55
O eyes, I'll sacrifice to your dear sense,
And consecrate a fane to Confidence.

Lyc. But this you must at no hand tell your brother;
'Twill make him mad; for he that was before
So scourg'd but only with bare jealousy, 60
What would he be if he should come to know it?

Thar. He would be less mad; for your only way
To clear his jealousy is to let him know it.
When knowledge comes, suspicion vanishes. 65
The sunbeams breaking forth swallow the mists.
But as for you, sir gallant, howsoever
Your banquet seems sweet in your liquorous palate,
It shall be sure to turn gall in your maw.
Thy hand a little, Lycus, here without!

Lyc. To what? 70

Thar. No booty serve you, sir soldado,
But my poor sister? Come, lend me thy shoulder,
I'll climb the cross; it will be such a cooler
To my venerean gentleman's hot liver,
When he shall find one of his crucified
Bodies stol'n down, and he to be forthwith 75

Made fast in place thereof, for the sign

Of the lost sentinel. Come, glorify

Firm confidence in great inconstancy.

And this believe (for all prov'd knowledge swears)

He that believes in error, never errs.

Exeunt 80

The tomb opens, [disclosing] Lysander, Cynthia, Ero

Lys. 'Tis late; I must away.

Cyn.

Not yet, sweet love!

Lys. Tempt not my stay, 'tis dangerous. The law is strict, and not to be dispensed with. If any sentinel be too late in's watch, or that by his neglect one of the crucified bodies should be stolen from the cross, his life buys it.

85

Cyn. A little stay will not endanger them.

The day's proclaimer has not yet given warning,

The cock yet has not beat his third alarm.

Lys. What, shall we ever dwell here amongst th' Antipodes? Shall I not enjoy the honour of my fortune in public, sit in Lysander's chair, reign in his wealth?

90

Cyn. Thou shalt, thou shalt; though my love to thee Hath prov'd thus sudden, and for haste leapt over The complement of wooing,

Yet only for the world's opinion—

95

Lys. Mark that again!

Cyn. I must maintain a form in parting hence.

Lys. Out upon't! Opinion, the blind goddess of fools, foe to the virtuous, and only friend to undeserving persons—contemn it. Thou know'st thou hast done virtuously; thou hast strangely sorrowed for thy husband, followed him to death, further thou could'st not; thou hast buried thyself quick—*[aside]* O that 'twere true!—spent more tears over his carcase than would serve a whole city of saddest widows in a plague-time, besides sighings and swoonings not to be credited.

100

105

Cyn. True; but those compliments might have their time, for fashion sake.

Lys. Right, opinion, and fashion! 'Sfoot, what call you time? Th'ast wept these four whole days.

110

Ero. Nay, by'r lady, almost five!

Lys. Look you there; near upon five whole days!

Cyn. Well, go and see; return, we'll go home.

[Exeunt Cynthia and Ero: into the tomb]

Lys. Hell be thy home! Huge monsters damn ye, and your whole creation, O ye gods! In the height of her mourn-

115

ing, in a tomb, within sight of so many deaths, her husband's believed body in her eye, he dead a few days before ! This mirror of nuptial chastity, this votress of widow-constancy, to change her faith, exchange kisses, embraces, with a stranger, and, but my shame withstood, to give the utmost earnest 120 of her love to an eightpenny sentinel ; in effect, to prostitute herself on her husband's coffin ! Lust, impiety, hell, womanhood itself, add, if you can, one step to this !

Enter Captain, with two or three Soldiers

Cap. One of the crucified bodies taken down—

Lys. [*aside*] Enough. *Slinks away* 125

Cap. And the sentinel not to be heard of ?

1st Sold. No, sir.

Cap. Make out ! Haste, search about for him ! Does none of you know him, nor his name ?

2nd Sold. He's but a stranger here, of some four days' 130 standing ; and we never set eye on him but at setting the watch.

Cap. For whom serves he ? You look well to your watch, masters !

1st Sold. For Seigneur Stratio ; and whence he is, 'tis 135 ignorant to us ; we are not correspondent for any but our own places.

Cap. Y'are eloquent. Abroad, I say, let me have him !

Exeunt [Soldiers]

This negligence will, by the Governor, be wholly cast on me ; he hereby will suggest to the Viceroy that the city- 140 guards are very care[l]essly attended.

He loves me not, I know, because of late

I knew him but of mean condition ;

But now, by Fortune's injudicious hand

Guided by bribing courtiers, he is rais'd 145

To this high seat of honour.

Nor blushes he to see himself advanc'd

Over the heads of ten times higher worths,

But takes it all, forsooth, to his merits, 150

And looks (as all upstarts do) for most huge observance.

Well, my mind must stoop to his high place,

And learn within itself to sever him from that,

And to adore the authority, the goddess,

However borne by an unworthy beast ;

And let the beast's dull apprehension take 155

The honour done to Isis, done to himself.
 I must sit fast, and be sure to give no hold
 To these fault-hunting enemies.

Exit

[SCENA SECUNDA]

Tomb opens, and Lysander within lies along, Cynthia and Ero

Lys. Pray thee disturb me not ; put out the lights.

Ero. Faith I'll take a nap again.

Cyn. Thou shalt not rest before I be resolv'd
 What happy wind hath driven thee back to harbour ?
 Was it my love ?

Lys. No.

Cyn. Yet say so, sweet, that with the thought thereof
 I may enjoy all that I wish in earth.

Lys. I am sought for. A crucified body is stolen while
 I loitered here ; and I must die for't.

Cyn. Die ? All the gods forbid ! O this affright
 Torments me ten parts more than the sad loss
 Of my dear husband.

Lys. [*aside*] Damnation ! I believe thee.

Cyn. Yet hear a woman's wit ;
 Take counsel of necessity and it.

I have a body here which once I lov'd
 And honour'd above all—but that time's past—

Lys. [*aside*] It is ; revenge it, heaven !

Cyn. That shall supply at so extreme a need
 The vacant gibbet.

Lys. Cancro ! What, thy husband's body ?

Cyn. What hurt is't, being dead, it save the living ?

Lys. O heart, hold in, check thy rebellious motion !

Cyn. Vex not thyself, dear love, nor use delay ;
 Tempt not this danger, set thy hands to work.

Lys. I cannot do't ; my heart will not permit
 My hands to execute a second murder.

The truth is I am he that slew thy husband.

Cyn. The gods forbid !

Lys. It was this hand that bath'd my reeking sword
 In his life blood, while he cried out for mercy ;
 But I, remorseless, paunch'd him, cut his throat,
 He with his last breath crying, ' Cynthia !'

Cyn. O thou hast told me news that cleaves my heart.
 Would I had never seen thee, or heard sooner

This bloody story ; yet see, note my truth,
Yet I must love thee. 35

Lys. Out upon thee, monster !
Go, tell the Governor ; let me be brought
To die for that most famous villany,
Not for this miching, base transgression
Of [truant] negligence. 40

Cyn. I cannot do't.
Love must salve any murther ; I'll be judge
Of thee, dear love, and these shall be thy pains,
Instead of iron, to suffer these soft chains. [*Embracing him*]

Lys. O, I am infinitely oblig'd.

Cyn. Arise, I say, thou saver of my life, 45
Do not with vain-affrighting conscience
Betray a life, that is not thine, but mine ;
Rise and preserve it.

Lys. Ha, thy husband's body !
Hang't up, you say, instead of that that's stolen,
Yet I his murtherer, is that your meaning ? 50

Cyn. It is, my love.

Lys. Thy love amazes me.
The point is yet how we shall get it thither.
Ha ! Tie a halter about's neck, and drag him to the gallows ;
Shall I, my love ?

Cyn. So you may do indeed,
Or if your own strength will not serve, we'll aid 55
Our hands to yours, and bear him to the place.
For heaven's love, come, the night goes off apace,

Lys. [*aside*] All the infernal plagues dwell in thy soul !—
I'll fetch a crow of iron to break the coffin.

Cyn. Do, love ; be speedy. 60

Lys. [*aside*] As I wish thy damnation.

Shut the tomb [*Lysander comes forward*]

O I could tear myself into atoms ; off with this antic, the 7
shirt that Hercules wore for his wife was not more baneful.
[*throwing off his armour*] Is't possible there should be such
a latitude in the sphere of this sex, to entertain such an ex-
tension of mischief and not turn devil ? What is a woman ? 65
What are the worst when the best are so past naming ? As
men like this, let them try their wives again. Put women to the
test, discover them ? Paint them, paint them ten parts more
than they do themselves, rather than look on them as they
are ; their wits are but painted that dislike their painting. 70

Thou foolish thirster after idle secrets
 And ills abroad, look home, and store, and choke thee ;
 There sticks an Achelo[ü]s' horn of [i]ll,
 Copie enough ;
 As much as Alizon of streams receives, 75
 Or lofty I[d]a shows of shady leaves.

Enter Tharsalio

Who's that ?

Thar. I wonder Lycus fails me. Nor can I hear what's
 become of him. He would not, certain, ride to Dipolis to call
 my brother back without my knowledge. 80

Lys. [aside] My brother's voice ; what makes he here-
 abouts so untimely ? I'll slip him. *Exiturus*

Thar. Who goes there ?

Lys. A friend !

Thar. Dear friend, let's know you. [*recognising* Lysander] 85
 A friend least looked for, but most welcome, and with many
 a long look expected here. What, sir, unbooted ! Have
 you been long arrived ?

Lys. Not long, some two hours before night.

Thar. Well, brother, y'have the most rare, admirable, 90
 unmatchable wife, that ever suffered for the sin of a husband.
 I cannot blame your confidence indeed now ; 'tis built on such
 infallible ground. Lycus I think be gone to call you to
 the rescue of her life. Why she—O incomprehensible !

Lys. I have heard all related since my arrival. We'll 95
 meet to-morrow. [*going*]

Thar. What haste, brother ! But was it related with
 what intolerable pains I and my mistress, her other friends,
 matrons and magistrates, laboured her diversion from that
 course ? 100

Lys. Yes, yes !

Thar. What streams of tears she poured out, what
 tresses of her hair she tore, and offered on your supposed
 hearse !

Lys. I have heard all.

Thar. But above all, how since that time her eyes never 105
 harboured wink of slumber these six days ; no, nor tasted
 the least dram of any sustenance.

Lys. How is that assured ?

Thar. Not a scruple !

Lys. Arc you sure there came no soldier to her, nor 110
 brought her victuals ?

Thar. Soldier? What soldier?

Lys. Why, some soldier of the watch, that attends the executed bodies. Well, brother, I am in haste; to-morrow shall supply this night's defect of conference. Adieu! 115

Exit Lysander

Thar. A soldier? Of the watch? Bring her victuals? Go to, brother, I have you in the wind: he's unharnessed of all his travelling accoutrements; I came directly from his house, no word of him there; he knows the whole relation; he's passionate. All collections speak he was the soldier. What should be the riddle of this that he is stolen hither into a soldier's disguise? He should have stayed at Dipolis to receive news from us. Whether he suspected our relation, or had not patience to expect it, or whether that furious, frantic, capricious devil, Jealousy, hath tossed him hither on his horns, I cannot conjecture. But the case is clear, he's the soldier. Sister, look to your fame, your chastity's uncovered. Are they here still? Here, believe it, both, most wofully weeping over the bottle. 120

He knocks

Ero. Who's there? 130

Thar. Tharsalio; open!

Ero. Alas, sir, 'tis no boot to vex your sister and yourself; she is desperate, and will not hear persuasion; she's very weak.

Thar. Here's a true-bred chamber-maid! Alas, I am sorry for't; I have brought her meat and Candian wine to strengthen her. 135

Ero. O the very naming on't will drive her into a swoun; good sir, forbear.

Thar. Yet open, sweet, that I may bless mine eyes With sight of her fair shrine; And of thy sweetest self (her famous pandress); Open, I say! Sister, you hear me well, Paint not your tomb without; we know too well What rotten carcasses are lodg'd within: Open I say. (*Ero opens, and he sees her head laid on the coffin, etc*) Sister, I have brought you tidings to wake you out of this sleeping mummery. 140 145

Ero. Alas, she's faint, and speech is painful to her!

Thar. Well said, frubber! Was there no soldier here lately? 150

Ero. A soldier? When?

Thar. This night, last night, tother night ; and I know not how many nights and days.

Cyn. Who's there ?

155

Ero. Your brother, mistress, that asks if there were not a soldier here.

Cyn. Here was no soldier.

Ero. Yes, mistress ; I think here was such a one, though you took no heed of him.

160

Thar. Go to, sister ! Did not you join kisses, embraces, and plight indeed the utmost pledge of nuptial love with him ? Deny't, deny't ; but first hear me a short story. The soldier was your disguised husband ; dispute it not. That you see yonder is but a shadow ; an empty chest, containing nothing but air. Stand not to gaze at it, 'tis true. This was a project of his own contriving, to put your loyalty and constant vows to the test ; y'are warned, be armed.

165

Exit

Ero. O fie o' these perils !

Cyn. O Ero, we are undone !

170

Ero. Nay, you'd ne'er be warned ; I ever wished you to withstand the push of that soldier's pike, and not enter him too deep into your bosom, but to keep sacred your widow's vows made to Lysander.

Cyn. Thou didst, thou didst !

175

Ero. Now you may see th'event. Well, our safety lies in our speed ; he'll do us mischief if we prevent not his coming. Let's to your mother's, and there call out your mightiest friends to guard you from his fury. Let them begin the quarrel with him for practising this villany on your sex to entrap your frailties.

180

Cyn. Nay, I resolve to sit out one brunt more, To try to what aim he'll enforce his project ;

Were he some other man, unknown to me,

His violence might awe me ;

185

But knowing him as I do, I fear him not.

Do thou but second me, thy strength and mine

Shall master his best force,

If he should prove outrageous.

Despair, they say, makes cowards turn courageous.

190

Shut up the tomb.

Shut the tomb

[SCENA TERTIA

The Grave yard]

Enter one of the Soldiers sent out before to seek the Sentinel

1st Sold. All pains are lost in hunting out this soldier ; his fear (adding wings to his heels) out-goes us as far as the fresh hare the tired hounds. Who goes there ?

Enter 2nd Soldier, another way

2nd Sold. A friend !

1st Sold. O your success and mine, touching this sentinel, tells, I suppose, one tale ; he's far enough, I undertake, by this time. 5

2nd Sold. I blame him not ; the law's severe (though just) and cannot be dispensed.

1st Sold. Why should the laws of Paphos, with more rigour than other city laws, pursue offenders, that, not appeased with their lives' forfeit, exact a justice of them after death ? And if a soldier in his watch, forsooth, lose one of the dead bodies, he must die for't ! It seems the state needed no soldiers when that was made a law. 10

2nd Sold. So we may chide the fire for burning us, or say the bee's not good because she stings. 'Tis not the body the law respects, but the soldier's neglect, when the watch (the guard and safety of the city) is left abandoned to all hazards. But let him go ; and tell me if your news sort with mine for Lycus, apprehended, they say, about Lysander's murder. 15 20

1st Sold. 'Tis true ; he's at the Captain's lodge under guard, and 'tis my charge, in the morning, to unclose the leaden coffin and discover the body. The Captain will assay an old conclusion, often approved, that at the murderer's sight the blood revives again, and boils afresh ; and every wound has a condemning voice to cry out guilty gainst the murderer. 25

2nd Sold. O world, if this be true ; his dearest friend, his bed-companion, whom of all his friends he culled out for his bosom ! 30

1st Sold. Tush, man, in this topsy-turvy world friendship and bosom-kindness are but made covers for mischief, means to compass ill. Near-allied trust is but a bridge for treason. The presumptions cry loud against him, his answers sound disjointed, cross-legged, tripping up one another. He names a town whither he brought Lysander murdered 35

by mountaineers ; that's false ; some of the dwellers have been here, and all disclaim it. Besides, the wounds he bears in show are such as shrews closely give their husbands, that never bleed, and f[ou]nd to be counterfeit. 40

2nd Sold. O that jade falsehood is never sound of all, But halts of one leg still.

Truth's pace is all upright, sound everywhere, 45
And, like a die, sets ever on a square.

And how is Lycus his bearing in this condition ?

1st Sold. Faith (as the manner of such desperate offenders is till it come to the point), careless and confident, laughing at all that seem to pity him. But leave it to th'event. 50
Night, fellow-soldier ! You'll not meet me in the morning at the tomb, and lend me your hand to the unrigging of Lysander's hearse ?

2nd Sold. I care not if I do, to view heaven's power in this unbottomed cellar. 55

Blood, though it sleep a time, yet never dies.

The gods on murtherers fix revengeful eyes. *Exeunt*

Lysander solus with a crow of iron and a halter, which he lays down, and puts on his disguise again

[*Lys.*] Come, my borrow'd disguise, let me once more Be reconcil'd to thee, my trustiest friend ;
Thou that in truest shape hast let me see 60
That which my truer self hath hid from me,
Help me to take revenge on a disguise
Ten times more false and counterfeit than thou.

Thou, false in show, hast been most true to me ;
The seeming true hath prov'd more false than [thee]. 65

Assist me to behold this act of lust ;
Note, with a scene of strange impiety,
Her husband's murther'd corse ! O more than horror !
I'll not believe 't untried ; if she but lift
A hand to act it, by the fates, her brains fly out ! 70
Since she has madd'd me, let her beware my horns.

For though by going her no hope be shown
To cure myself, yet I'll not bleed alone. *He knocks*

Evo. Who knocks ?

Lys. The soldier ; open ! *She opens, and he enters*
See, sweet, here are the engines that must do't, 75
Which, with much fear of my discovery,
I have at last procur'd.

Shall we about this work? I fear the morn
 Will overtake's; my stay hath been prolong'd
 With hunting obscure nooks for these employments! 80
 The night prepares a way. Come, art resolv'd?

Cyn. Ay, you shall find me constant.

Lys. Ay, so I have, most prodigiously constant:
 Here's a rare halter to hug him with.

Ero. Better you and I join our hands and bear him thither, 85
 you take his head.

Cyn. Ay, for that was always heavier than's whole body
 besides.

Lys. [*aside*] You can tell best that loaded it.

Ero. I'll be at the feet, I am able to bear against you, I 90
 warrant you!

Lys. Hast thou prepar'd weak nature to digest
 A sight so much distasteful; hast sear'd thy heart,
 I[t] bleed not at the bloody spectacle?
 Hast arm'd thy fearful eyes against th'affront 95
 Of such a direful object?

Thy murther'd husband ghastly staring on thee,
 His wounds gaping to affright thee, his body soil'd with gore!
 Fore heaven my heart shrugs at it.

Cyn. So does not mine:

Love's resolute, and stands not to consult 100
 With petty terror; but in full career
 Runs blindfold through an army of misdoubts
 And interposing fears; perhaps I'll weep
 Or so, make a forc'd face and laugh again.

Lys. O most valiant love! 105

I was thinking with myself as I came,
 How if this brake to light; his body known;
 (As many notes might make it) would it not fix
 Upon thy fame an unremoved brand
 Of shame and hate; they that in former times 110
 Ador'd thy virtue, would they not abhor
 Thy loathest memory?

Cyn. All this I know, but yet my love to thee
 Swallows all this, or whatsoever doubts 115
 Can come against it.
 Shame's but a feather balanc'd with thy love.

Lys. Neither fear nor shame? You are steel to th' proof.
 [*aside*] But I shall iron you.—Come then, let's to work.
 Alas, poor corpse, how many martyrdoms

Must thou endure, mangled by me a villain, 120
 And now expos'd to foul shame of the gibbet!
 Fore piety, there is somewhat in me strives
 Against the deed, my very arm relents
 To strike a stroke so inhuman,
 To wound a hallow'd hearse? Suppose 'twere mine, 125
 Would not my ghost start up and fly upon thee?
Cyn. No, I'd mall it down again with this.

She snatches up the crow

Lys. How now?

He catches at her throat

Cyn. Nay, then, I'll assay my strength; a soldier, and
 afraid of a dead man! A soft-roed milk-sop! Come, I'll 130
 do't myself.

Lys. And I look on? Give me the iron.

Cyn. No, I'll not lose the glory on't. This hand, *etc.*

Lys. Pray thee, sweet, let it not be said the savage act
 was thine; deliver me the engine. 135

Cyn. Content yourself, 'tis in a fitter hand.

Lys. Wilt thou first? Art not thou the most—

Cyn. Ill-destin'd wife of a transformed monster,
 Who to assure himself of what he knew,
 Hath lost the shape of man. 140

Lys. Ha! Cross-capers?

Cyn. Poor soldier's case! Do not we know you, sir?
 But I have given thee what thou cam'st to seek.
 Go, satyr, run affrighted with the noise
 Of that harsh-sounding horn thyself hast blown.
 Farewell; I leave thee there my husband's corpse, 145
 Make much of that. *Exit cum Ero*

Lys. What have I done?

Oh, let me lie and grieve and speak no more.

[Tomb closes]

[Enter] Captain, Lycus with a guard of three or four soldiers

Cap. Bring him away! You must have patience, sir; if
 you can say aught to quit you of those presumptions that lie
 heavy on you, you shall be heard. If not, 'tis not your braves, 150
 nor your affecting looks, can carry it. We must acquit our
 duties.

Lyc. Y'are Captain o'th' watch, sir?

Cap. You take me right.

Lyc. So were you best do me; see your presumptions 155
 be strong; or be assured that shall prove a dear presumption

to brand me with the murder of my friend. But you have been suborned by some close villain to defame me.

Cap. 'Twill not be so put off, friend Lycus ; I could wish your soul as free from taint of this foul act as mine from any such unworthy practice. 160

Lyc. Conduct me to the Governor himself to confront before him your shallow accusations.

Cap. First, sir, I'll bear you to Lysander's tomb to confront the murdered body, and see what evidence the wounds will yield against you. 165

Lyc. You're wise, Captain. But if the body should chance not to speak—if the wounds should be tongue-tied, Captain—where's then your evidence, Captain ? Will you not be laughed at for an officious captain ? 170

Cap. Y'are gallant, sir.

Lyc. Your Captainship commands my service no further.

Cap. Well, sir, perhaps I may, if this conclusion take not ; we'll try what operation lies in torture to pull confession from you. 175

Lyc. Say you so, Captain ? But heark you, Captain, might it not concur with the quality of your office, ere this matter grow to the height of a more threatening danger, to wink a little at a by-slip or so ?

Cap. How's that ? 180

Lyc. To send a man abroad under guard of one of your silliest shack-rags, that he may beat the knave, and run's way ? I mean this on good terms, Captain ; I'll be thankful.

Cap. I'll think on't hereafter. Meantime I have other employment for you. 185

Lyc. Your place is worthily replenished, Captain. My duty, sir ! Heark, Captain, there's a mutiny in your army ; I'll go raise the Governor. *Exiturus*

Cap. No haste, sir ; he'll soon be here without your summons. 190

Soldiers thrust up Lysander from the tomb

1st Sold. Bring forth the Knight o'th' Tomb ; have we met with you, sir ?

Lys. Pray thee, soldier, use thine office with better temper.

2nd Sold. Come, convey him to the Lord Governor. 195

[*Lys.*] First afore the Captain, sir. [*aside*] Have the

heavens nought else to do but to stand still, and turn all their malignant aspects upon one man ?

2nd Sold. Captain, here's the sentinel we sought for ; he's some new-pressed soldier, for none of us know him. 200

Cap. Where found you him ?

1st Sold. My truant was miched, sir, into a blind corner of the tomb.

Cap. Well said, guard him safe. Bu[t] for the corpse ?

1st Sold. For the corpse, sir ? Bare misprision : there's 205 no body, nothing. A mere blandation, a *deceptio visus*. Unless this soldier for hunger have eat up Lysander's body.

Lyc. Why, I could have told you this before, Captain ; the body was borne away piecemeal by devout ladies of Venus' order, for the man died one of Venus' martyrs. And yet I 210 heard since 'twas seen whole o' th' other side the downs upon a colestaff betwixt two huntsmen, to feed their dogs withal. Which was a miracle, Captain !

Cap. Mischief in this act hath a deep bottom, and requires more time to sound it. But you, sir, it seems, are a soldier of 215 the newest stamp. Know you what 'tis to forsake your stand ? There's one of the bodies in your charge stolen away ; how answer you that ? See, here comes the Governor.

Enter a Guard, bare after the Governor ; Tharsalio, Argus, Clinias before Eudora, Cynthia, Laodice, Sthenia, Ianthe, Ero, etc

Guard. Stand aside there !

Cap. [*aside*] Room for a strange Governor ! The perfect draught of a most brainless, imperious upstart. O 220 desert, where wert thou when this wooden dagger was gilded over with the title of Governor ?

Guard. Peace, masters, hear my lord !

Thar. All wisdom be silent ; now speaks authority. 225

Gov. I am come in person to discharge justice.

Thar. Of his office.

Gov. The cause you shall know hereafter ; and it is this. A villain, whose very sight I abhor—Where is he ? Let me see him. 230

Cap. Is't Lycus you mean, my lord ?

Gov. Go too, sirrah ; y'are too malapert ; I have heard of your sentinel's escape, look to't.

Cap. My lord, this is the sentinel you speak of.

Gov. How now, sir ? What time o' day is't ? 235

Arg. I cannot show you precisely, an't please your honour.

Gov. What? Shall we have replications, rejoinders?

Thar. [*aside*] Such a creature [a] fool is, when he bestrides the back of authority.

Gov. Sirrah, stand you forth! It is supposed thou hast 240 committed a most inconvenient murder upon the body of Lysander.

Lyc. My good lord, I have not.

Gov. Peace, varlet, dost chop with me? I say it is imagined thou hast murdered Lysander. How it will be proved, I 245 know not. Thou shalt therefore presently be had to execution; as justice, in such cases, requireth. Soldiers, take him away. Bring forth the sentinel.

Lyc. Your lordship will first let my defence be heard.

Gov. Sirrah, I'll no fending nor proving! For my 250 part, I am satisfied it is so; that's enough for thee. I had ever a sympathy in my mind against him. Let him be had away.

Thar. [*aside*] A most excellent apprehension! He's able, ye see, to judge of a cause at first sight, and hear but 255 two parties. Here's a second Solon.

Eud. Hear him, my lord; presumptions oftentimes (Though likely grounded) reach not to the truth, And truth is oft abus'd by likelihood. Let him be heard, my lord. 260

Gov. Madam, content yourself. I will do justice; I will not hear him. Your late lord was my honourable predecessor, but your ladyship must pardon me; in matters of justice I am blind.

Thar. [*aside*] That's true. 265

Gov. I know no persons. If a Court favourite write to me in a case of justice, I will pocket his letter, and proceed. If a suitor in a case of justice thrusts a bribe into my hand, I will pocket his bribe, and proceed. Therefore, madam, set your heart at rest; I am seated in the throne of justice, and 270 I will do justice; I will not hear him.

Eud. Not hear him, my lord?

Gov. No, my lady: and moreover, put you in mind in whose presence you stand, if you parrot to me long—go to!

Thar. [*aside*] Nay, the Vice must snap his authority at 275 all he meets; how shall't else be known what part he plays?

Gov. Your husband was a noble gentleman, but, alas, he came short, he was no statesman! He has left a foul city behind him.

Thar. [*aside*] Ay, and I can tell you 'twill trouble his lordship and all his honourable assistants of scavengers to sweep it clean. 280

Gov. It's full of vices, and great ones, too.

Thar. [*aside*] And thou none of the meanest.

Gov. But I'll turn all topsy-turvy, and set up a new discipline amongst you. I'll cut off all perished members. 285

Thar. [*aside*] That's the surgeon's office.

Gov. Cast out these rotten, stinking carcasses, for infecting the whole city.

Arg. Rotten they may be, but their wenches use to pepper them, and their surgeons to parboil them; and that preserves them from stinking, an't please your honour. 290

Gov. Peace, sirrah, peace! And yet 'tis well said, too. A good pregnant fellow, i'faith! But to proceed. I will spew drunkenness out o'th' city— 295

Thar. [*aside*] Into th' country.

Gov. Shifters shall cheat and starve, and no man shall do good but where there is no need. Braggarts shall live at the head, and the tumult that haunt taverns. Asses shall bear good qualities, and wise men shall use them. I will whip lechery out o'th' city; there shall be no more cuckolds. They that heretofore were errant cornutos, shall now be honest shopkeepers, and justice shall take place. I will hunt jealousy out of my dominion. 300

Thar. [*aside*] Do [ye] hear, brother? 305

Gov. It shall be the only note of love to the husband to love the wife; and none shall be more kindly welcome to him than he that cuckolds him.

Thar. [*aside*] Believe it, a wholesome reformation!

Gov. I'll have no more beggars. Fools shall have wealth, and the learned shall live by their wits. I'll have no more bankrouths. They that owe money shall pay it at their best leisure, and the rest shall make a virtue of imprisonment, and their wives shall help to pay their debts. I'll have all young widows spaded for marrying again. For the old and withered, they shall be confiscate to unthrifty gallants and decayed knights; if they be poor they shall be burnt to make soap-ashes, or given to Surgeon's Hall to be stamped to salve for the French measles. To conclude, I will cart pride out o'th' town. 315

Arg. An't please your honour, pride, an't be ne'er so beggarly, will look for a coach,

Gov. Well said, o' mine honour ! A good significant fellow, i'faith ! What is he ? He talks much ; does he follow your ladyship ? 325

Arg. No, an't please your honour, I go before her.

Gov. A good undertaking presence ; a well-promising forehead ! Your gentleman usher, madam ?

Eud. Yours, if you please, my lord !

Gov. Born i'th' city ? 330

Arg. Ay, an't please your honour, but begot i'th' Court.

Gov. Tressel-legged ?

Arg. Ay, an't please your honour.

Gov. The better ; it bears a breadth, makes room o' both sides. Might I not see his pace ? 335

Arg. Yes, an't please your honour. *Argus stalks*

Gov. 'Tis well, 'tis very well ! Give me thy hand. Madam, I will accept this property at your hand, and will wear it threadbare for your sake. Fall in there, sirrah ! And for the matter of Lycus, madam, I must tell you you are shallow. There's a state point in't. Heark you ! The Viceroy has given him, and we must uphold correspondence. He must walk. Say one man goes wrongfully out o'th' world, there are hundreds to one come wrongfully into th' world. 340

Eud. Your lordship will give me but a word in private. 345

[*Whispers to the Governor*]

Thar. Come, brother, we know you well. What means this habit ? Why stayed you not at Diopolis, as you resolved, to take advertisement for us of your wife's bearing ?

Lys. O brother, this jealous frenzy has borne me headlong to ruin. 350

Thar. Go to, be comforted ! Uncase yourself and discharge your friend.

Gov. Is that Lysander, say you And is all his story true ? By'r lady, madam, this jealousy will cost him dear. He undertook the person of a soldier ; and, as a soldier, must have justice. Madam, his Altitude in this case cannot dispense. Lycus, this soldier hath acquitted you. 355

Thar. And that acquital I'll for him requite ; the body lost is by this time restored to his place. 360

Sold. It is, my lord.

Thar. These are State points, in which your lordship's time)

Has not yet train'd your lordship; please your lordship
To grace a nuptial we have now in hand

Hylus and Laodice stand together

Twixt this young lady and this gentleman. 365

Your lordship there shall hear the ample story;

And how the ass wrapp'd in a lion's skin

Fearfully roar'd; but his large ears appear'd

And made him laugh'd at, that before was fear'd.

Gov. I'll go with you. For my part, I am at a non-plus. 370

Eudora whispers with Cynthia

Thar. Come, brother, thank the Countess; she hath sweat

To make your peace. Sister, give me your hand.

So; brother, let your lips compound the strife,

And think you have the only constant wife. *Exeunt*

FINIS

THE MASQUE OF THE MIDDLE
TEMPLE AND LINCOLN'S INN

TO
THE MOST NOBLE AND CONSTANT COMBINER OF
HONOUR AND VIRTUE,
SIR EDWARD PHILIPS, KNIGHT,
MASTER OF THE ROLLS

THIS noble and magnificent performance, renewing the ancient spirit and honour of the Inns of Court, being especially furthered and followed by your most laborious and honoured endeavours (for his Majesty's service, and honour of the all-grace-deserving nuptials of the thrice gracious Princess Elizabeth, his Highness' daughter) deserves especially to be in this sort consecrate to your worthy memory and honour. Honour having never her fair hand more freely and nobly given to Riches (being a fit particle of this invention) than by yours at this nuptial solemnity. To which assisted and memorable ceremony the joined hand and industry of the worthily honoured Knight, Sir H. Hobart, his Majesty's Attorney General, deserving in good part a joint memory with yours, I have submitted it freely to his noble acceptance. The poor pains I added to this royal service being wholly chosen and commanded by your most constant and free favour, I hope will now appear nothing neglective of their expected duties. Hearty will and care enough, I am assured, was employed in me, and the only ingenuous will being first and principal step to virtue, I beseech you let it stand for the performing virtue itself. In which addition of your ever-honoured favours you shall ever bind all my future service to your most wished commandment.

God send you long health, and your virtues will indue you with honour enough,

By your free merits' ever-vowed honourer,

and most unfeignedly affectionate observant,

GEO. CHAPMAN.

The Masque of the Gentlemen of the two combined houses, or Inns of Court, the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn.

AT the house of the most worthily honoured preferrer and gracer of all honourable actions and virtues, Sir Edward Philips, Knight, Master of the Rolls, all the performers and their assistants made their rendezvous, prepared to their performance, and thus set forth.

Fifty gentlemen, richly attired, and as gallantly mounted, with footmen particularly attending, made the noble vanguard of these nuptial forces. Next (a fit distance observed between them) marched a mock-masque of baboons, attired like fantastical travellers in Neapolitan suits and great ruffs, all horsed with asses and dwarf palfreys, with yellow foot-cloths, and casting cockle-demois about, in courtesy, by way of largess; torches borne on either hand of them, lighting their state as ridiculously as the rest nobly. After them were sorted two cars triumphal, adorned with great mask-heads, festoons, scrolls, and antic leaves, every part enriched with silver and gold. These were through-varied with different invention, and in them advanced the choice musicians of our kingdom, six in each, attired like Virginian priests, by whom the sun is there adored, and therefore called the Phœbades. Their robes were tucked up before; strange hoods of feathers and scallops about their necks, and on their heads turbans, stuck with several coloured feathers, spotted with wings of flies of extraordinary bigness, like those of their country; and about them marched two ranks of torches. Then rode the chief masquers in Indian habits all of a resemblance: the ground-cloth of silver richly embroidered with golden suns, and about every sun ran a trail of gold imitating Indian work; their bases of the same stuff and work, but betwixt every pane of embroidery went a row of white estridge feathers, mingled with sprigs of gold plate; under their breasts they wore bawdricks of gold, embroidered high

with purl, and about their necks ruffs of feathers spangled with pearl and silver. On their heads high sprigged feathers, compassed in coronets, like the Virginian princes they presented. Betwixt every set of feathers, and about their brows, in the under-part of their coronets shined suns of gold plate, sprinkled with pearl; from whence sprung rays of the like plate, that mixing with the motion of the feathers, showed exceedingly delightful and gracious. Their legs were adorned with close long white silk stockings, curiously embroidered with gold to the mid-leg.

And over these (being on horseback) they drew greaves, or buskins, embroidered with gold and interlaced with rows of feathers, altogether estrangeful and Indian-like.

In their hands (set in several postures as they rode) they brandished cane darts of the finest gold. Their vizards of olive colour, but pleasingly visaged; their hair black and large, waving down to their shoulders.

Their horse, for rich show, equalled the masquers themselves, all their caparisons being enchased with suns of gold and ornamental jewels; to every one of which was tacked a scarfing of silver, that ran sinuously in works over the whole caparison, even to the dazzling of the admiring spectators: their heads, no less gracefully and properly decked with the like light scarfing that hung about their ears, wantonly dangling.

Every one of these horse had two Moors, attired like Indian slaves, that for state sided them, with swelling wreaths of gold and watchet on their heads, which arose in all to the number of a hundred.

The torch-bearers' habits were likewise of the Indian garb, but more stragant than those of the masquers, all showfully garnished with several-hued feathers. The humble variety whereof stuck off the more amply the masquers' high beauties, shining in the habits of themselves; and reflected in their kind a new and delightfully-varied radiance on the beholders.

All these sustained torches of virgin wax, whose staves were great canes all over gilded; and these, as the rest, had every man his Moor attending his horse.

The masquers, riding single, had every masquer his torch-bearer mounted before him.

The last chariot, which was most of all adorned, had his whole frame filled with moulded work, mixed all with paintings and glittering scarfings of silver, over which was cast a canopy of gold borne up with antic figures, and all composed *à la grotes[c]a*.

Before this, in the seat of it as the charioteer, was advanced a strange person, and as strangely habited, half French, half Swiss, his name Capriccio ; wearing on his head a pair of golden bellows, a gilt spur in one hand, and with the other managing the reins of the four horses that drew it.

On a seat of the same chariot, a little more elevate, sate Euno-mia, the virgin priest of the goddess Honour, together with Phemis, her herald. The habit of her priest was a robe of white silk gathered about the neck ; a pentacle of silvered stuff about her shoulders, hanging foldedly down, both before and behind ; a vestal veil on her head, of tiffany striped with silver, hanging with a train to the earth.

The Herald was attired in an antique cuirass of silver stuff, with labels at the wings and bases ; a short gown of gold stuff, with wide sleeves, cut in panes ; a wreath of gold on his head, and a rod of gold in his hand.

Highest of all, in the most eminent seat of the triumphal [car], sat, side to side, the celestial goddess Honour, and the earthy deity, Plutus, or Riches. His attire, a short robe of gold, fringed ; his wide sleeves turned up, and out-showed his naked arms ; his head and beard sprinkled with showers of gold ; his buskins clinquant as his other attire. The ornaments of Honour were these : a rich full robe of blue silk girt about her, a mantle of silver worn overthwart, full-gathered, and descending in folds behind, a veil of net lawn embroidered with O's and spangled, her tresses in tucks, braided with silver, the hinder part shadowing in waves her shoulders.

These, thus particularly and with propriety adorned, were strongly attended with a full guard of two hundred halberdiers ; two Marshals (being choice gentlemen of either House) commander-like attired, to and fro coursing to keep all in their orders.

A show at all parts so novel, conceitful, and glorious as hath not in this land (to the proper use and object it had proposed) been ever before beheld. Nor did those honourable Inns of Court at any time in that kind such acceptable service to the sacred Majesty of this kingdom, nor were returned by many degrees with so thrice gracious and royal entertainment and honour. But (as above said) all these so marching to the Court at Whitehall, the King, bride, and bridegroom, with all the Lords of the most honoured Privy Council, and our chief nobility, stood in the gallery before the Tilt-yard to behold their arrival ; who, for the more full satisfaction of his Majesty's view, made one turn about the yard, and dismounted ; being then honourably

attended through the gallery to a chamber appointed, where they were to make ready for their performance in the hall, etc.

The King being come forth, the masquers ascended, unseen, to their scene. Then for the works.

First, there appeared at the lower end of the hall an artificial rock, whose top was near as high as the hall itself. This rock was in the undermost part craggy and full of hollow places, in whose concaves were contrived two winding pair of stairs, by whose greces the persons above might make their descents, and all the way be seen. All this rock grew by degrees up into a gold-colour, and was run quite through with veins of gold. On the one side whereof, eminently raised on a fair hill, was erected a silver temple of an octangle figure, whose pillars were of a composed order, and bore up an architrave, frieze, and cornish, over which stood a continued plinth, whereon were advanced statues of silver; above this was placed a bastard order of architecture, wherein were carved compartments, in one of which was written in great gold capitals, *HONORIS FANUM*. Above all was a *Coupolo* or type, which seemed to be scaled with silver plates.

For finishing of all upon a pedestal was fixed a round stone of silver, from which grew a pair of golden wings, both feigned to be Fortune's. The round stone (when her feet trod it) ever affirmed to be rolling, figuring her inconstancy; the golden wings denoting those nimble powers that pompously bear her about the world; on that temple (erected to her daughter, Honour, and figuring this kingdom) put off by her and fixed, for assured sign she would never forsake it.

About this temple hung festoons, wreathed with silver from one pillar's head to another. Besides, the frieze was enriched with carvings, all showing greatness and magnificence.

On the other side of the rock grew a grove, in whose utmost part appeared a vast, withered, and hollow tree, being the bare receptacle of the baboonery.

These following, should in duty have had their proper places after every fitted speech of the actors; but being prevented, by the unexpected haste of the printer, which he never let me know, and never sending me a proof till he had passed those speeches, I had no reason to imagine he could have been so forward. His fault is, therefore, to be supplied by the observation and reference of the reader, who will easily perceive where they were to be inserted.

After the speech of Plutus (who, as you may see after, first entered) the middle part of the rock began to move, and being

come some five paces up towards the King, it split in pieces with a great crack, and out brake Capriccio, as before described. The pieces of the rock vanished, and he spake, as in his place.

At the singing of the first song, full, which was sung by the Virginian priests, called the Phœbades, to six lutes (being used as an Orphean virtue for the state of the mines opening) the upper part of the rock was suddenly turned to a cloud, discovering a rich and refulgent mine of gold, in which the twelve masquers were triumphantly seated, their torch-bearers attending before them ; all the lights being so ordered, that though none were seen, yet had their lustre such virtue, that by it the least spangle or spark of the masquers' rich habits might with ease and clearness be discerned as far off as the s[t]ate.

Over this golden mine in an evening sky the ruddy sun was seen ready to set ; and behind the tops of certain white cliffs by degrees descended, casting up a bank of clouds ; in which awhile he was hidden ; but then gloriously shining, gave that usually observed good omen of succeeding fair weather.

Before he was fully set, the Phœbades (showing the custom of the Indians to adore the sun setting) began their observance with the song, to whose place we must refer you for the manner and words. All the time they were singing, the torch-bearers holding up their torches to the sun ; to whom the priests themselves and the rest did, as they sung, obeisance ; which was answered by other music and voices, at the commandment of Honour, with all observances used to the King, etc. As in the following places.

To answer certain insolent objections made against the length of my speeches and narrations, being (for the probability of all accidents, rising from the invention of this Masque, and their application to the persons and places for whom and by whom it was presented) not convenient, but necessary, I am enforced to affirm this : that as there is no poem nor oration so general, but hath his one particular proposition ; nor no river so extravagantly ample, but hath his never-so-narrow fountain, worthy to be named ; so all these courtly and honouring inventions (having poesy and oration in them, and a fountain to be expressed, from whence their rivers flow) should expressively arise out of the places and persons for and by whom they are presented ; without which limits they are luxurious and vain. But what rules soever are set down to any art or act (though without their observation no art, nor act, is true and worthy) yet they are nothing the more followed ; or those few that follow them credited. Every vulgarly-esteemed upstart dares break the dreadful dignity of ancient and autenticall Poesy ; and presume luciferously to proclaim in place thereof repugnant precepts of their own spawn. Truth and worth have no faces to enamour the licentious ; but vain-glory and humour. The same body, the same beauty, a thousand men seeing, only the man whose blood is fitted hath that which he calls his soul enamoured. And this out of infallible cause, for men understand not these of Menander :

—est morbus opportunitas

Animæ, quod ictus, vulnus accipit grave.

But the cause of [some] men's being enamoured with Truth, and of her slight respect in others, is the divine Freedom ; one touching with his apprehensive finger, the other passing. The Hill of the Muses (which all men must climb in the regular way to Truth) is said of old to be forked. And the two points of it, parting at the top, are insania and divinus furor. Insania is that which every rank-brained writer and judge of poetical writing is rapt withal, when he presumes either to write or censure the height of Poesy, and that transports him with humour, vain glory, and pride, most profane and sacrilegious ; when divinus furor makes gentle and noble the never-so-truly inspired writer :

Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

And the mild beams of the most holy inflamer easily and sweetly enter, with all understanding sharpness, the soft and sincerely humane ; but with no time, no study, no means under heaven, any arrogant all-occupation devourer (that will, chandler-like, set up with all wares, selling Poesy's nectar and ambrosia, as well as mustard and vinegar) the chaste and restrained beams of humble truth will ever enter, but only graze and glance at them, and the further fly them.

THE APPLICABLE ARGUMENT OF THE MASQUE

Honour is so much respected and adored that she hath a temple erected to her like a goddess ; a virgin priest consecrated to her (which is Eunomia, or Law, since none should dare access to Honour but by virtue, of which Law, being the rule, must needs be a chief), and a Herald (called Phemis, or Fame) to proclaim her institutions and commandments. To amplify yet more the divine graces of this goddess, Plutus (or Riches) being by Aristophanes, Lucian, etc., presented naturally blind, deformed, and dull-witted, is here, by his love of Honour, made see, made sightly, made ingenious, made liberal, And all this converted and consecrate to the most worthy celebration of these sacred nuptials ; all issuing (to conclude the necessary application) from an honourable temple, etc.

Non est certa fides, quam non injuria versat.
 — Fallit portus et ipse fidem.

THE NAMES OF THE SPEAKERS

Honour, <i>a Goddess</i>		Phemis, Honour's <i>Herald</i>
Plutus (<i>or Riches</i>), <i>a God</i>		Capriccio, <i>a man of wit, etc.</i>
Eunomia (<i>or Law</i>), <i>Priest of</i>		
Honour		

THE PRESENTMENT

Plutus *appeared, surveying the work with this speech*

Plu. Rocks ? Nothing but rocks in these masquing devices ? Is Invention so poor she must needs ever dwell amongst rocks ? But it may worthily have chanced (being so often presented) that their vain custom is now become the necessary hand of heaven, transforming into rocks some stony-hearted ladies courted in former masques, for whose loves some of their repulsed servants have perished ; or perhaps some of my flinty-hearted usurers have been here metamorphosed, betwixt whom and ladies there is resemblance enough ; ladies using to take interest, besides their principal, as much as usurers. See, it is so ; and now is the time of

restoring them to their natural shapes. It moves, opens, excellent! This metamorphosis I intend to overhear.

A rock moving and breaking with a crack about Capriccio, he enters with a pair of bellows on his head, a spur in one hand, and a piece of gold ore in the other, etc. He speaks, ut sequitur

Cap. How hard this world is to a man of wit! He must eat through main rocks for his food, or fast. A restless and tormenting stone his wit is to him; the very stone of Sisyphus in hell, nay, the Philosopher's Stone, makes not a man more wretched. A man must be a second Proteus, and turn himself into all shapes, like Ulysses, to wind through the straits of this pinching vale of misery. I have turned myself into a tailor, a man, a gentleman, a nobleman, a worthy man; but had never the wit to turn myself into an alderman. There are many shapes to perish in, but one to live in, and that's an alderman's. 'Tis not for a man of wit to take any rich figure upon him. Your bold, proud, ignorant, that's brave and clinquant, that finds crowns put into his shoes every morning by the fairies and will never tell; whose wit is humour, whose judgment is fashion, whose pride is emptiness, birth his full man, that is in all things something, in sum total nothing; he shall live in the land of Spruce, milk and honey flowing into his mouth sleeping.

Plu. [*aside*] This is no transformation, but an intrusion into my golden mines: I will hear him further.

Cap. This breach of rocks I have made in needy pursuit of the blind deity, Riches, who is miraculously arrived here. For (according to our rare men of wit) heaven standing and earth moving, her motion (being circular) hath brought one of the most remote parts of the world to touch at this all-exceeding island; which a man of wit would imagine must needs move circularly with the rest of the world, and so ever maintain an equal distance. But poets (our chief men of wit) answer that point directly, most ingeniously affirming that this isle is (for the excellency of it) divided from the world (*divisus ab orbe Britannus*) and that, though the whole world besides moves, yet this isle stands fixed on her own feet and defies the world's mutability, which this rare accident of the arrival of Riches in one of his furthest-off-situate dominions most demonstratively proves.

Plu. [*aside*] This is a man of wit indeed, and knows of all our arrivals,

Cap. With this dull deity Riches, a rich island lying in the South-sea, called Pæana (of the Pæans, or songs, sung to the Sun, whom there they adore), being for strength and riches called the navel of that South-sea, is by Earth's round motion moved near this Britain shore. In which island (being yet in command of the Virginian continent) a troop of the noblest Virginians inhabiting, attended hither the god of Riches, all triumphantly shining in a mine of gold. For hearing of the most royal solemnity of these sacred nuptials, they crossed the ocean in their honour, and are here arrived. A poor snatch at some of the golden ore, that the feet of Riches have turned up as he trod here, my poor hand hath purchased; and hope the remainder of a greater work will be shortly extant.

Plu. [*advancing*] You, sir, that are miching about my golden mines here!

Cap. What, can you see, sir? You have heretofore been presented blind, like your mother Fortune and your brother Love.

Plu. But now, sir, you see I see.

Cap. By what good means, I beseech you, sir?

Plu. That means I may vouchsafe you hereafter; mean space, what are you?

Cap. I am, sir, a kind of man, a man of wit; with whom your worship has nothing to do, I think.

Plu. No, sir, nor will have anything to do with him. A man of wit—what's that? A beggar!

Cap. And yet no devil, sir.

Plu. As I am, you mean.

Cap. Indeed, sir, your kingdom is under the earth.

Plu. That's true; for Riches is the Atlas that holds it up; it would sink else.

Cap. 'Tis rather a wonder it sinks not with you, sir; y'are so sinfully and damnably heavy.

Plu. Sinful and damnable? What, a Puritan? These bellows you wear on your head show with what matter your brain is puffed up, sir: a religion-forger I see you are, and presume of inspiration from these bellows, with which ye study to blow up the settled governments of kingdoms.

Cap. Your worship knocks at a wrong door, sir. I dwell far from the person you speak of.

Plu. What may you be, then, being a man of wit? A buffoon, a jester? Before I would take upon me the title

of a man of wit, and be baffled by every man of wisdom for a buffoon, I would turn bankrout, or set up a tobacco shop, 95
change cloaks with an alchemist, or serve an usurer, be a watering-post for every groom, stand the push of every rascal wit, enter lists of jests with trencher-fools and be fooled down by them, or (which is worse) put them down in fooling. Are these the qualities a man of wit should run 100
proud of?

Cap. Your worship, I see, has obtained wit with sight, which I hope yet my poor wit will well be able to answer; for touching my jesting, I have heard of some courtiers that have run themselves out of their states with jousting; and why 105
may not I then raise myself in the state with jesting? An honest shoemaker (in a liberal king's time) was knighted for making a clean boot, and is it impossible that I, for breaking a clean jest, should be advanced in Court or Council, or at least served out for an ambassador to a dull climate? Jest and 110
merriments are but wild weeds in a rank soil, which, being well manured, yield the wholesome crop of wisdom and discretion at time o'th' year.

Plu. Nay, nay, I commend thy judgment for cutting thy coat so just to the breadth of thy shoulders; he that can- 115
not be a courser in the field let him learn to play the jackanapes in the chamber; he that cannot personate the wise man well amongst wizards, let him learn to play the fool amongst dizzards.

Cap. 'Tis passing miraculous that your dull and blind 120
worship should so suddenly turn both sightful and witful.

Plu. The riddle of that miracle I may chance dissolve to you in sequel; meantime what name sustain'st thou, and what toys are these thou bear'st so fantastically about thee?

Cap. These toys, sir, are the ensigns that discover my 125
name and quality, my name being Capriccio; and I wear these bellows on my head to show I can puff up with glory all those that affect me; and, besides, bear this spur to show I can spur-gall even the best that contemn me.

Plu. A dangerous fellow! But what makest thou, poor 130
man of wit, at these pompous nuptials?

Cap. Sir, I come hither with a charge to do these nuptials, I hope, very acceptable service; and my charge is a company of accomplished travellers, that are excellent at anti-masques, and will tender a taste of their quality, if your wor- 135
ship please.

Plu. Excellent well pleased ! Of what virtue are they besides ?

Cap. Passing grave, sir, yet exceeding acute ; witty, yet not ridiculous ; never laugh at their own jests ; laborious, yet not base ; having cut out the skirts of the whole world in amorous quest of your gold and silver. 140

Plu. They shall have enough ; call them, I beseech thee call them ; how far hence abide they ?

Cap. Sir (being by another eminent quality the admired soldiers of the world) in contempt of softness and delicacy they lie on the naturally hard boards of that naked tree ; and will your worship assure them rewards fit for persons of their freight ? 145

Plu. Dost thou doubt my reward, being pleased ? 150

Cap. I know, sir, a man may sooner win your reward for pleasing you than deserving you. But you great wise persons have a fetch of state, to employ with countenance and encouragement, but reward with austerity and disgrace, save your purses and lose your honours. 155

Plu. To assure thee of reward I will now satisfy thee touching the miraculous cause both of my sight and wit, and which consequently moves me to humanity and bounty ; and all is only this, my late being in love with the lovely goddess Honour.

Cap. If your worship love Honour, indeed, sir, you must needs be bountiful. But where is the rare goddess you speak of to be seen ? 160

Plu. In that rich temple, where Fortune fixed those her golden wings, thou seest, and that rolling stone she used to tread upon for sign she would never forsake this kingdom. There is adored the worthy goddess Honour, the sweetness of whose voice, when I first heard her persuasions both to myself and the Virginian princes arrived here to do honour and homage to these heavenly nuptials, so most powerfully enamoured me, that the fire of my love flew up to the sight of mine eyes that have lighted within me a whole firmament of bounty, which may securely assure thee thy reward is certain : and therefore call thy accomplished company to their antimasque. 165 170

Cap. See, sir, the time set for their appearance being expired, they appear to their service of themselves. 175

Enter the Baboons, after whose dance, being antic and delightful, they returned to their tree, when Plutus spake to Capriccius

Plu. Gramercy, now Capriccio, take thy men of com-

plement, and travel with them to other marriages. My riches to thy wit, they will get something somewhere.

Cap. What's this ?

Plu. A strain of wit beyond a man of wit. I have employed you, and the grace of that is reward enough ; hence, pack, with your complemental fardel. The sight of an attendant for reward is abominable in the eyes of a turn-served politician, and I fear will strike me blind again. I cannot abide these bellows of thy head ; they and thy men of wit have melted my mines with them, and consumed me ; yet take thy life and begone. Neptune let thy predecessor, Ulysses, live after all his slain companions, but, to make him die more miserably living, gave him up to shipwrecks, enchantments ; men of wit are but enchanted, there is no such thing as wit in this world. So take a tree, inure thy soldiers to hardness, 'tis honourable, though not clinquant. 180 185 190

Cap. Can this be possible ?

Plu. Alas, poor man of wit, how want of reward daunts thy virtue ! But because I must send none away discontented from these all-pleasing nuptials, take this wedge of gold and wedge thyself into the world with it, renouncing that loose wit of thine ; 'twill spoil thy complexion. 195

Cap. Honour and all Argus' eyes to earth's all-commanding Riches ! *Pluto etiam cedit Jupiter.* *Exit Capriccio* 200

After this low induction by these succeeding degrees the chief masquers were advanced to their discovery

Plu. These humble objects can no high eyes draw.
Eunomia (or the sacred power of Law)
Daughter of Jove and goddess Honour's priest,
Appear to Plutus, and his love assist !

Eun. What would the god of Riches ? 205

Plu. Join with Honour ;
In purpos'd grace of those great nuptials ;
And since to Honour none should dare access,
But help'd by Virtue's hand (thyself, chaste [Law],
Being Virtue's rule, and her directful light)
Help me to th' honour of her speech and sight. 210

Eun. Thy will shall straight be honour'd ; all that seek
Access to Honour by clear virtue's beam,
Her grace prevents their pains, and comes to them.

*Loud music, and Honour appears, descending with her herald
Phemis, and Eunomia (her priest) before her. The music
ceasing, Plutus spake*

Plu. Crown of all merit, goddess and my love,
'Tis now high time that th'end for which we come 215
Should be endeavour'd in our utmost rite
Done to the sweetness of this nuptial night.

Hon. Plutus, the princes of the Virgin land,
Whom I made cross the Briton ocean
To this most famed isle of all the world, 220
To do due homage to the sacred nuptials
Of Love and Beauty, celebrated here,
By this hour of the holy even, I know,
Are ready to perform the rites they owe
To setting Phœbus, which (for greater state 225
To their appearance) their first act advances,
And with songs ushers their succeeding dances.
Herald, give summons to the Virgin knights
No longer to delay their purposed rites.

Her. Knights of the Virgin land, whom Beauty's lights 230
Would glorify with their inflaming sights,
Keep now obscur'd no more your fair intent
To add your beams to this night's ornament ;
The golden-winged Hour strikes now a plain,
And calls out all the pomp ye entertain ; 235
The princely bridegroom and the bride's bright eyes
Sparkle with grace to your discoveries.

*At these words the Phœbades (or Priests of the Sun) appeared
first with six lutes and six voices, and sung to the opening
of the mine and masquers' discovery this full song :*

THE FIRST SONG

Ope, Earth, thy womb of gold,
Show, Heaven, thy cope of stars.
All glad aspects unfold, 240
Shine out and clear our cares ;
Kiss, Heaven and Earth, and so combine
In all mix'd joy our nuptial twine.

*This song ended, a mount opened and spread like a sky, in
which appeared a sun setting, beneath which sat the twelve
masquers in a mine of gold, twelve torch-bearers holding
their torches before them, after which Honour, etc.*

Hon. See now the setting sun casts up his bank,

And shows his bright head at his sea's repair, 245
For sign that all days future shall be fair.

Plu. May He that rules all nights and days confirm it.

Hon. Behold the Sun's fair priests, the Phœbades,
Their evening service in an hymn address
To Phœbus setting, which we now shall hear, 250
And see the forms of their devotions there.

The Phœbades sing the first stance of the second song ut sequitur :

One alone

I.

Descend, fair Sun, and sweetly rest
In Tethys' crystal arms thy toil ;
Fall burning on her marble breast,
And make with love her billows boil. 255

Another alone

2.

Blow, blow, sweet winds, O blow away
All vapours from the fined air,
That to his golden head no ray
May languish with the least impair.

CHORUS

Dance, Tethys, and thy love's red beams 260
Embrace with joy ; he now descends,
Burns, burns with love to drink thy streams,
And on him endless youth attends.

After this stance, Honour, etc.

Hon. This superstitious hymn, sung to the Sun,
Let us encounter with fit duties done 265
To our clear Phœbus, whose true piety
Enjoys from heaven an earthly deity.

*Other music and voices, and this second stance was
sung, directing their observance to the King*

One alone

I.

Rise, rise, O Phœbus, ever rise,
Descend not to th' inconstant stream ;
But grace with endless light our skies, 270
To thee that Sun is but a beam.

Another

2.

Dance, ladies, in our Sun's bright rays,
 In which the bride and bridegroom shine ;
 Clear sable night with your eyes' days,
 And set firm lights on Hymen's shrine.

275

CHORUS

O may our Sun not set before
 He sees his endless seed arise
 And deck his triple-crowned shore
 With springs of human deities.

This ended, the Phoebades sung the third stance :

I.

Set, set, great Sun ; our rising love
 Shall ever celebrate thy grace ;
 Whom, entering the high court of Jove,
 Each god greets rising from his place.

280

2.

When thou thy silver bow dost bend
 All start aside and dread thy draughts ;
 How can we thee enough commend,
 Commanding all worlds with thy shafts ?

285

CHORUS

Blest was thy mother bearing thee
 And Phoebe, that delights in darts ;
 Thou artful songs dost set, and she
 Winds horns, loves hounds and high-palm'd harts.

290

After this Honour

Hon. Again our music and conclude this song
 To him to whom all Phœbus' beams belong.

The other voices sung to other music the [fourth] stance :

I.

Rise still, clear Sun, and never set,
 But be to earth her only light ;
 All other kings, in thy beams met,
 Are clouds and dark effects of night.

295

2.

As when the rosy morn doth rise,
 Like mists, all give thy wisdom way ;
 A learned king is, as in skies
 To poor dim stars the flaming day. 300

CHORUS

Blest was thy mother, bearing thee,
 Thee, only relic of her race,
 Made by thy virtue's beams a tree
 Whose arms shall all the earth embrace. 305

This done, Eunomia spake to the masquers set yet above

Eun. Virginian princes, you must now renounce
 Your superstitious worship of these Suns,
 Subject to cloudy dark'nings and descents ;
 And of your fit devotions turn the events
 To this our Briton Phœbus, whose bright sky
 (Enlighten'd with a Christian piety) 310
 Is never subject to black Error's night,
 And hath already offer'd heaven's true light
 To your dark region, which acknowledge now,
 Descend, and to him all your homage vow. 315

*With this the torch-bearers descended and performed
 another antimasque, dancing with torches lighted
 at both ends, which done the Masquers descended
 and fell into their dances, two of which being past,
 and others with the ladies, Honour spake*

[*Hon.*] Music ! Your voices now tune sweet and high,
 And sing the nuptial hymn of Love and Beauty.
 Twins, as of one age, so to one desire,
 May both their bloods give an unparted fire.
 And as those twins that Fame gives all her prize 320
 Combined their life's power in such sympathies,
 That one being merry, mirth the other grac'd ;
 If one felt sorrow, th' other grief embrac'd ;
 If one were healthful, health the other pleas'd ;
 If one were sick, the other was diseas'd 325
 And always join'd in such a constant troth
 That one like cause had like effect in both :
 So may these nuptial twins their whole lives' store
 Spend in such even parts, never grieving more
 Than may the more set off their joys divine, 330
 As after clouds the sun doth clearest shine.

This said, this song of Love and Beauty was sung, single :

Bright Panthæa, born to Pan
 Of the noblest race of man,
 Her white hand to Eros giving,
 With a kiss join'd heaven to earth 335
 And begot so fair a birth
 As yet never grac'd the living.

CHORUS

A twin that all worlds did adorn,
 For so were Love and Beauty born.

2.

Both so lov'd they did contend 340
 Which the other should transcend,
 Doing either grace and kindness ;
 Love from Beauty did remove
 Lightness, call'd her stain in love,
 Beauty took from Love his blindness. 345

CHORUS

Love sparks made flames in Beauty's sky,
 And Beauty blew up Love as high.

3.

Virtue then commix'd her fire,
 To which Bounty did aspire,
 Innocence a crown conferring ; 350
 Mine and thine were then unus'd,
 All things common, nought abus'd,
 Freely earth her fruitage bearing.

CHORUS

Nought then was car'd for that could fade,
 And thus the golden world was made. 355

*This sung, the masquers danced again with the ladies, after
 which Honour*

Hon. Now may the blessings of the golden age
 Swim in these nuptials, even to holy rage ;
 A hymn to Sleep prefer, and all the joys
 That in his empire are of dearest choice
 Betwixt his golden slumbers ever flow 360
 In these ; and theirs in springs as endless grow.

This said, the last song was sung, full :

THE LAST SONG

Now, Sleep, bind fast the flood of air,

Strike all things dumb and deaf,

And to disturb our nuptial pair

Let stir no aspen leaf.

365

Send flocks of golden dreams

That all true joys presage,

Bring in thy oily streams

The milk-and-honey age.

Now close the world-round sphere of bliss,

370

And fill it with a heavenly kiss.

After this Plutus to the masquers

Plu. Come, Virgin knights, the homage ye have done

To Love and Beauty and our Briton Sun,

Kind Honour will requite with holy feasts

In her fair temple ; and her loved guests

375

Gives me the grace t' invite, when she and I

(Honour and Riches) will eternally

A league in favour of this night combine,

In which Love's second hallow'd tapers shine,

Whose joys may Heaven and Earth as highly please

380

As those two nights that got great Hercules.

The speech ended, they concluded with a dance that brought them off ; Plutus, with Honour and the rest, conducting them up to the Temple of Honour

FINIS

A HYMN TO HYMEN

FOR THE MOST TIME-FITTED NUPTIALS OF OUR THRICE GRACIOUS
PRINCESS ELIZABETH, ETC.

Sing, sing a rapture to all nuptial ears,
Bright Hymen's torches drunk up Parcae's tears :
Sweet Hymen, Hymen, mightiest of gods,
Atoning of all-taming blood the odds,
Two into one contracting, one to two 5
Dilating, which no other god can do,
Mak'st sure with change, and let'st the married try
Of man and woman the variety.

Simil.

And as a flower, half scorch'd with day's long heat,
Thirsts for refreshing with night's cooling sweat, 10
The wings of Zephyr, fanning still her face,
No cheer can add to her heart-thirsty grace,
Yet wears she gainst those fires that make her fade
Her thick hair's proof, all hid in midnight's shade,
Her health is all in dews, hope all in showers, 15
Whose want bewail'd, she pines in all her powers ;
So love-scorch'd virgins nourish quenchless fires ;
The father's cares, the mother's kind desires,
Their gold, and garments of the newest guise, 20
Can nothing comfort their scorch'd phantasies ;
But taken ravish'd up in Hymen's arms,
His circle holds for all their anguish charms.

*Simil. ad
eandem
explicit.*

Then as a glad graft in the spring sun shines,
That all the helps of earth and heaven combines 25
In her sweet growth, puts in the morning on
Her cheerful airs, the sun's rich fires at noon,
At even the sweet dews, and at night with stars
In all their virtuous influences shares :
So in the Bridegroom's sweet embrace the Bride
All varied joys tastes in their naked pride, 30
To which the richest weeds are weeds to flowers.
Come, Hymen, then, come, close these nuptial hours

With all years' comforts. Come, each virgin keeps
 Her odorous kisses for thee ; golden sleeps
 Will in their humours never steep an eye, 35
 Till thou invit'st them with thy harmony.
 Why stayest thou ? See, each virgin doth prepare
 Embraces for thee, her white breasts lays bare
 To tempt thy soft hand, lets such glances fly
 As make stars shoot to imitate her eye, 40
 Puts Art's attires on, that put Nature's down,
 Sings, dances, sets on every foot a crown,
 Sighs in her songs and dances, kisseth air,
 Till, rites and words past, thou in deeds repair.
 The whole Court *Io* sings, *Io* the air, 45
Io the floods and fields, *Io*, most fair,
 Most sweet, most happy Hymen ; come, away,
 With all thy comforts come ; old matrons pray
 With young maids' languours ; birds bill, build, and breed,
 To teach thee thy kind ; every flower and weed 50
 Looks up to gratulate thy long'd-for fruits :
 Thrice given are free and timely-granted suits.
 There is a seed by thee now to be sown,
 In whose fruit Earth shall see her glories shown
 At all parts perfect, and must therefore lose 55
 No minute's time—from time's use all fruit flows.
 And as the tender hyacinth that grows
 Where Phoebus most his golden beams bestows,
 Is propp'd with care, is water'd every hour,
 The sweet winds adding their increasing power, 60
 The scattered drops of night's refreshing dew
 Hasting the full grace of his glorious hue,
 Which, once disclosing, must be gather'd straight,
 Or hue and odour both will lose their height ;
 So of a virgin, high, and richly kept, 65
 The grace and sweetness full-grown must be reap'd,
 Or forth her spirits fly in empty air,
 The sooner fading the more sweet and fair.
 Gentle, O gentle Hymen, be not then
 Cruel, that kindest art to maids and men ; 70
 These two one twin are, and their mutual bliss
 Not in thy beams, but in thy bosom is ;
 Nor can their hands fast their hearts' joys make sweet ;
 Their hearts in breasts are, and their breasts must meet.
 Let there be peace, yet murmur, and that noise 75

Beget of peace the nuptial battle's joys.

Let peace grow cruel and take wreak of all

The war's delay brought thy full festival.

Hark, hark, oh now the sweet twin murmur sounds ;

Hymen is come, and all his heat abounds ;

Shut all doors, none but Hymen's lights advance,

Nor sound stir, let dumb joy enjoy a trance.

Sing, sing a rapture to all nuptial ears,

Bright Hymen's torches drunk up Parcae's tears.

FINIS

EASTWARD HO

PROLOGUS

Not out of envy, for there's no effect
Where there's no cause ; nor out of imitation,
For we have evermore been imitated ;
Nor out of our contention to do better ·
Than that which is oppos'd to ours in title,] X 5
For that was good ; and better cannot be :
And for the title, if it seem affected,
We might as well have call'd it, 'God you good even,'
Only that Eastward Westwards still exceeds—
Honour the sun's fair rising, not his setting. 10
Nor is our title utterly enforc'd,
As by the points we touch at you shall see.
Bear with our willing pains, if dull or witty ;
We only dedicate it to the City.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

<p>Touchstone, <i>a goldsmith</i> Quicksilver } <i>apprentices to</i> Golding } <i>Touchstone</i> Sir Petronel Flash Security, <i>an old usurer</i> Bramble, <i>a lawyer</i> Sea-gull, <i>a sea-captain</i> Scapethrift } <i>adventurers</i> Spendall } <i>bound for Virginia</i> Slitgut, <i>a butcher's apprentice</i> Poldavy, <i>a tailor</i> Holdfast } <i>officers of the</i> Wolf } <i>Counter</i> Hamlet, <i>a footman</i></p>	<p>Potkin, <i>a tankard-bearer</i> A Messenger, A Scrivener A Drawer, A Coachman, A Page, A Constable, Prisoners. A Friend of the Prisoners Mistress Touchstone Gertrude } Mildred } <i>her daughters</i> Winifred, <i>wife of Security</i> Sindefy, <i>mistress to Quicksilver</i> Bettrice, <i>a waiting-woman</i> Mrs. Fond Mrs. Gazer</p>
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Eastward Ho

ACTUS PRIMI SCENA PRIMA

[*Goldsmith's Row*]

Enter Master Touchstone and Quicksilver at several doors ; Quicksilver with his hat, pumps, short sword and dagger, and a racket trussed up under his cloak. At the middle door, enter Golding, discovering a goldsmith's shop, and walking short turns before it

Touch. And whither with you now ? What loose action are you bound for ? Come, what comrades are you to meet withal ? Where's the supper ? Where's the rendezvous ?

Quick. Indeed, and in very good sober truth, sir—

Touch. ' Indeed, and in very good sober truth, sir ' ! Behind my back thou wilt swear faster than a French footboy, and talk more bawdily than a common midwife ; and now ' indeed and in very good sober truth, sir ' ! But if a privy search should be made, with what furniture are you rigged now ? Sirrah, I tell thee, I am thy master, William Touchstone, goldsmith, and thou my prentice, Francis Quicksilver ; and I will see whither you are running. Work upon that now !

Quick. Why, sir, I hope a man may use his recreation with his master's profit.

Touch. Prentices' recreations are seldom with their masters' profit. Work upon that now ! You shall give up your cloak, though you be no alderman. Heyday, Ruffians'-hall ! Sword, pumps, here's a racket indeed !

Touchstone uncloaks Quicksilver

Quick. Work upon that now !

Touch. Thou shameless varlet, dost thou jest at thy lawful master contrary to thy indentures ?

Quick. Why, 'sblood, sir, my mother's a gentlewoman, and my father a Justice of Peace and of Quorum ! And though I am a younger brother and a prentice, yet I hope I am my

father's son ; and, by God's lid, 'tis for your worship and for 25
 your commodity that I keep company. I am entertained
 among gallants, true ! They call me cousin Frank, right !
 I lend them moneys, good ! They spend it, well ! But when
 they are spent, must not they strive to get more, must not their
 land fly ? And to whom ? Shall not your worship ha' the 30
 refusal ? Well, I am a good member of the City, if I were
 well considered. How would merchants thrive, if gentlemen
 would not be unthrifts ? How could gentlemen be unthrifts, if
 their humours were not fed ? How should their humours be
 fed but by white meat and cunning secondings ? Well, the 35
 City might consider us. I am going to an ordinary now : the
 gallants fall to play ; I carry light gold with me ; the gallants
 call, ' Cousin Frank, some gold for silver ! ' ; I change, gain
 by it ; the gallants lose the gold, and then call, ' Cousin Frank,
 lend me some silver ! ' Why—— 40

Touch. Why ? I cannot tell. Seven-score pound art thou
 out in the cash ; but look to it, I will not be gallanted out of
 my monies. And as for my rising by other men's fall, God
 shield me ! Did I gain my wealth by ordinaries ? No ! By
 exchanging of gold ? No ! By keeping of gallants' company ? 45
 No ! I hired me a little shop, fought low, took small gain, kept
 no debt-book, garnished my shop, for want of plate, with good
 wholesome thrifty sentences, as, ' Touchstone, keep thy shop,
 and thy shop will keep thee.' ' Light gains makes heavy pur-
 ses.' ' 'Tis good to be merry and wise.' And when I was 50
 wived, having something to stick to, I had the horn of surety-
 ship ever before my eyes. You all know the device of the
 horn, where the young fellow slips in at the butt-end, and
 comes squeezed out at the buccal : and I grew up, and, I
 praise Providence, I bear my brows now as high as the best 55
 of my neighbours : but thou—well, look to the accounts ;
 your father's bond lies for you ; seven-score pound is yet in
 the rear.

Quick. Why, 'slid, sir, I have as good, as proper gallants'
 words for it as any are in London, gentlemen of good phrase, 60
 perfect language, passingly behaved, gallants that wear socks
 and clean linen, and call me ' kind cousin Frank,' ' good cousin
 Frank,' for they know my father : and, by God's lid, shall
 I not trust 'em ?—not trust ?

Enter a Page, as inquiring for Touchstone's shop

Gold. What do ye lack, sir ? What is't you'll buy, sir ? 65

Touch. Ay, marry, sir ; there's a youth of another piece. There's thy fellow-prentice, as good a gentleman born as thou art ; nay, and better meant. But does he pump it, or racket it ? Well, if he thrive not, if he outlast not a hundred such crackling bavins as thou art, God and men neglect industry. 70

Gold. (To the page) It is his shop, and here my master walks.

Touch. With me, boy ?

Page. My master, Sir Petronel Flash, recommends his love to you, and will instantly visit you. 75

Touch. To make up the match with my eldest daughter, my wife's dilling, whom she longs to call madam. He shall find me unwillingly ready, boy. (*Exit Page.*) There's another affliction too. As I have two prentices, the one of a boundless prodigality, the other of a most hopeful industry, so have I only two daughters : the eldest of a proud ambition and nice wantonness, the other of a modest humility and comely soberness. The one must be ladyfied, forsooth, and be attired just to the court-cut and long tail. So far is she ill natured to the place and means of my preferment and fortune, that she throws all the contempt and despite hatred itself can cast upon it. Well, a piece of land she has, 'twas her grandmother's gift, let her, and her Sir Petronel, flash out that ! But as for my substance, she that scorns me as I am a citizen and tradesman, shall never pamper her pride with my industry, shall never use me as men do foxes, keep themselves warm in the skin, and throw the body that bare it to the dunghill. I must go entertain this Sir Petronel. Golding, my utmost care's for thee, and only trust in thee ; look to the shop. As for you, Master Quicksilver, think of husks, for thy course is running directly to the Prodigal's hog's-trough ; husks, sirrah ! Work upon that now ! 80
85
90
95

Exit Touchstone

Quick. Marry faugh, goodman flat-cap ! 'Sfoot ! though I am a prentice, I can give arms ; and my father's a Justice-o'-Peace by descent, and 'sblood—— 100

Gold. Fie, how you swear !

Quick. 'Sfoot, man, I am a gentleman, and may swear by my pedigree, God's my life ! Sirrah Golding, wilt be ruled by a fool ? Turn good fellow, turn swaggering gallant, and let the welkin roar, and Erebus also. Look not westward to the fall of D[a]n Phoebus, but to the East—Eastward Ho ! 105

*Where radiant beams of lusty Sol appear,
And bright Eoüs makes the welkin clear.*

We are both gentlemen, and therefore should be no coxcombs ; let's be no longer fools to this flat-cap, Touchstone. Eastward, bully ! This satin belly and canvas-backed Touchstone—'slife, man, his father was a malt-man, and his mother sold ginger-bread in Christ-church !

Gold. What would ye ha' me do ?

Quick. Why, do nothing, be like a gentleman, be idle ; the curse of man is labour. Wipe thy bum with testons, and make ducks and drakes with shillings. What, Eastward Ho ! Wilt thou cry, ' what is't ye lack ? ', stand with a bare pate and a dropping nose under a wooden pent-house, and art a gentleman ? Wilt thou bear tankards, and may'st bear arms ? Be ruled, turn gallant, Eastward Ho ! Ta, lirra, lirra, ro ! *Who calls Jeronimo ? Speak, here I am.* God's so, how like a sheep thou lookst ! O' my conscience some cowherd begot thee, thou Golding of Golding Hall ! Ha, boy ?

Gold. Go, ye are a prodigal coxcomb ! I a cowherd's son, because I turn not a drunken whore-hunting rake-hell like thyself !

Quick. Rake-hell ! Rake-hell !

Offers to draw, and Golding trips up his heels and holds him.

Gold. Pish, in soft terms ye are a cowardly bragging boy ! I'll ha' you whipped. 130

Quick. Whipped ? That's good, i'faith ! Untruss me ?

Gold. No, thou wilt undo thyself. Alas, I behold thee with pity, not with anger, thou common shot-clog, gull of all companies ; methinks I see thee already walking in Moorfields without a cloak, with half a hat, without a band, a doublet with three buttons, without a girdle, a hose with one point and no garter, with a cudgel under thine arm, borrowing and begging three-pence. 135

Quick. Nay, 'slife, take this and take all ! As I am a gentleman born, I'll be drunk, grow valiant, and beat thee. 140

Exit

Gold. Go, thou most madly vain, whom nothing can recover but that which reclaims atheists, and makes great persons sometimes religious—calamity. As for my place and life, thus I have read :—

*Whate'er some vainer youth may term disgrace,
The gain of honest pains is never base ;* 145

*From trades, from arts, from valour, honour springs ;
These three are founts of gentry, yea, of kings. [Exit]*

[SCENA SECUNDA

A Room in Touchstone's House]

*Enter Gertrude, Mildred, Bettrice, and Poldavy a tailor ;
Poldavy with a fair gown, Scotch farthingale, and French fall
in his arms ; Gertrude in a French head-attire and citizen's
gown ; Mildred sewing, and Bettrice leading a monkey
after her.*

Ger. For the passion of patience, look if Sir Petronel approach, that sweet, that fine, that delicate, that—for love's sake, tell me if he come. O sister Mil., though my father be a low-capped tradesman, yet I must be a lady ; and, I praise God, my mother must call me madam. Does he come ? Off with this gown, for shame's sake, off with this gown ; let not my knight take me in the city-cut in any hand ; tear't, pax on't—does he come?—tear't off. *Thus whilst she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake, etc.* 5 *[sings]*

Mil. Lord, sister, with what an immodest impatency and disgraceful scorn do you put off your city tire ; I am sorry to think you imagine to right yourself in wronging that which hath made both you and us. 10

Ger. I tell you I cannot endure it, I must be a lady : do you wear your coif with a London licket, your stammel petticoat with two guards, the buffin gown with the tuff[t]-taffety cape, and the velvet lace. I must be a lady, and I will be a lady. I like some humours of the City dames well : to eat cherries only at an angel a pound, good ! To dye rich scarlet black, pretty ! To line a program gown clean thorough with velvet, tolerable ! Their pure linen, their smocks of three pounds a smock, are to be borne withal ! But your mincing niceries, taffata pipkins, durance petticoats, and silver bodkins—God's my life, as I shall be a lady, I cannot endure it ! Is he come yet ? Lord, what a long knight 'tis !—*And ever she cried, Sho[o]t home !*—and yet I knew one longer. *And ever she cried, Sho[o]t home. Fa, la, ly, re, lo, la ! [sings]* 15 20 25

Mil. Well, sister, those that scorn their nest, oft fly with a sick wing. 30

Ger. Bow-bell !

Mil. Where titles presume to thrust before fit means

to second them, wealth and respect often grow sullen, and will not follow. For sure in this I would for your sake I spake not truth : *Where ambition of place goes before fitness of birth, contempt and disgrace follow.* I heard a scholar once say that Ulysses, when he counterfeited himself mad, yoked cats and foxes and dogs together to draw his plough, whilst he followed and sowed salt ; but sure I judge them truly mad that yoke citizens and courtiers, tradesmen and soldiers, a goldsmith's daughter and a knight. Well, sister, pray God my father sow not salt too. 35 40

Ger. Alas ! poor Mil., when I am a lady, I'll pray for thee yet, i'faith ; nay, and I'll vouchsafe to call thee Sister Mil. still ; for though thou art not like to be a lady as I am, yet sure thou art a creature of God's making, and mayest peradventure to be saved as soon as I—does he come ?— *And ever and anon she doubled in her song.* Now, lady's my comfort, what a profane ape's here ! Tailor, Poldavy, prithee, fit it, fit it : is this a right Scot ? Does it clip close, and bear up round ? 45 50

Pol. Fine and stiffly, i'faith ! 'Twill keep your thighs so cool, and make your waist so small ; here was a fault in your body, but I have supplied the defect with the effect of my steel instrument, which, though it have but one eye, can see to rectify the imperfection of the proportion. 55

Ger. Most edifying tailor ! I protest you tailors are most sanctified members, and make many crooked thing go upright. How must I bear my hands ? Light, light ?

Pol. O, ay, now you are in the lady-fashion, you must do all things light. Tread light, light. Ay, and fall so : that's the Court amble. *She trips about the stage* 60

Ger. Has the Court ne'er a trot ?

Pol. No, but a false gallop, lady.

Ger. *And if she will not go to bed—* *Cantat* 65

Bet. The knight's come, forsooth.

Enter Sir Petronel, Master Touchstone, and Mistress Touchstone

Ger. Is my knight come ? O the Lord, my band ! Sister, do my cheeks look well ? Give me a little box o' the ear that I may seem to blush ; now, now ! So, there, there, there ! Here he is. O my dearest delight ! Lord, Lord, and how does my knight ? 70

Touch. Fie, with more modesty !

Ger. Modesty! Why, I am no citizen now—modesty! Am I not to be married? Y'are best to keep me modest, now I am to be a lady.

Sir Pet. Boldness is good fashion and courtlike.

Ger. Ay, in a country lady I hope it is, as I shall be. And how chance ye came no sooner, knight?

Sir Pet. 'Faith, I was so entertained in the progress with one Count Epernum, a Welsh knight; we had a match at balloon too with my Lord Whachum for four crowns.

Ger. At baboon? Jesu! You and I will play at baboon in the country, knight.

Sir Pet. O, sweet lady, 'tis a strong play with the arm.

Ger. With arm or leg or any other member, if it be a Court sport. And when shall's be married, my knight?

Sir Pet. I come now to consummate it, and your father may call a poor knight son-in-law.

Touch. Sir, ye are come. What is not mine to keep, I must not be sorry to forego. A hundred pounds land her grandmother left her, 'tis yours; herself (as her mother's gift) is yours. But if you expect aught from me, know my hand and mine eyes open together; I do not give blindly. Work upon that now!

Sir Pet. Sir, you mistrust not my means? I am a knight.

Touch. Sir, sir, what I know not, you will give me leave to say I am ignorant of.

Mist. Touch. Yes, that he is, a knight; I know where he had money to pay the gentlemen-ushers and heralds their fees. Ay, that he is, a knight; and so might you have been too, if you had been ought else than an ass, as well as some of your neighbours. And I thought you would not ha' been knighted (as I am an honest woman) I would ha' dubbed you myself. I praise God I have wherewithal. But as for your daughter—

Ger. Ay, mother, I must be a lady to-morrow; and by your leave, mother (I speak it not without my duty, but only in the right of my husband) I must take place of you, mother.

Mist. Touch. That you shall, lady-daughter, and have a coach as well as I too.

Ger. Yes, mother. But by your leave, mother (I speak it not without my duty, but only in my husband's right) my coach-horses must take the wall of your coach-horses.

Touch. Come, come, the day grows low; 'tis supper-time; use my house; the wedding solemnity is at my wife's cost; thank me for nothing but my willing blessing, for, I can-

not feign, my hopes are faint. And, sir, respect my daughter ; she has refused for you wealthy and honest matches, known good men, well-moneyed, better traded, best reputed.

Ger. Body o'truth ! Chittizens, chittizens ! Sweet knight, as soon as ever we are married, take me to thy mercy out of this miserable chitty ; presently carry me out of the scent of Newcastle coal, and the hearing of Bow-bell ; I beseech thee down with me, for God's sake ! 125

Touch. Well, daughter, I have read that old wit sings :

The greatest rivers flow from little springs. 130
Though thou art full, scorn not thy means at first ;
He that's most drunk may soonest be athirst.

Work upon that now !

All but Touchstone, Mildred, and Golding depart

No, no ! Yond' stand my hopes—Mildred, come hither, daughter ! And how approve you your sister's fashion ? How do you fancy her choice ? What dost thou think ? 135

Mil. I hope, as a sister, well.

Touch. Nay but, nay but, how dost thou like her behaviour and humour ? Speak freely.

Mil. I am loath to speak ill ; and yet I am sorry of this, I cannot speak well. 140

Touch. Well ; very good, as I would wish, a modest answer ! Golding, come hither, hither, Golding ! How dost thou like the knight, Sir Flash ? Does he not look big ? How lik'st thou the elephant ? He says he has a castle in the country. 145

Gold. Pray heaven, the elephant carry not his castle on his back.

Touch. 'Fore heaven, very well ! But, seriously, how dost repute him ? 150

Gold. The best I can say of him is, I know him not.

Touch. Ha, Golding ! I commend thee, I approve thee, and will make it appear my affection is strong to thee. My wife has her humour, and I will ha' mine. Dost thou see my daughter here ? She is not fair, well-favoured or so, indifferent, which modest measure of beauty shall not make it thy only work to watch her, nor sufficient mischance to suspect her. Thou art towardly, she is modest ; thou art provident, she is careful. She's now mine ; give me thy hand, she's now thine, Work upon that now ! 160

Gold. Sir, as your son, I honour you ; and as your servant, obey you.

Touch. Sayest thou so ? Come hither, Mildred. Do you see yond' fellow ? He is a gentleman, though my prentice, and has somewhat to take too ; a youth of good hope, well friended, well parted. Are you mine ? You are his. Work you upon that now ! 165

Mil. Sir, I am all yours ; your body gave me life ; your care and love, happiness of life ; let your virtue still direct it, for to your wisdom I wholly dispose myself. 170

Touch. Sayst thou so ? Be you two better acquainted. Lip her, lip her, knave ! So, shut up shop, in ! We must make holiday. *Exeunt* Golding and Mildred

This match shall on, for I intend to prove
Which thrives the best, the mean or lofty love. 175
Whether fit wedlock vow'd 'twixt like and like,
Or prouder hopes, which daringly o'erstrike
Their place and means. 'Tis honest time's expense,
When seeming lightness bears a moral sense.
Work upon that now ! *Exit* 180

ACTUS SECUNDI SCENA PRIMA

[*Goldsmith's Row*]

Touchstone, Golding, and Mildred, sitting on either side of the stall

Touch. Quicksilver ! Master Francis Quicksilver ! Master Quicksilver !

Enter Quicksilver

Quick. Here, sir—Ump !

Touch. So, sir ; nothing but flat Master Quicksilver (without any familiar addition) will fetch you ! Will you truss my points, sir ? 5

Quick. Ay, forsooth —Ump !

Touch. How now, sir ? The drunken hiccup so soon this morning ?

Quick. 'Tis but the coldness of my stomach, forsooth ! 10

Touch. What, have you the cause natural for it ? Y'are a very learned drunkard ; I believe I shall miss some of my silver spoons with your learning. The nuptial night will not moisten your throat sufficiently, but the morning likewise must rain her dews into your gluttonous weasand. 15

Quick. An't please you, sir, we did but drink—Ump!—to the coming off of the knightly bridegroom.

Touch. To the coming off on him?

Quick. Ay, forsooth! We drunk to his coming on—Ump!—when we went to bed; and now we are up, we must drink to his coming off; for that's the chief honour of a soldier, sir; and therefore we must drink so much the more to it, forsooth—ump!

Touch. A very capital reason! So that you go to bed late, and rise early to commit drunkenness; you fulfil the scripture very sufficient wickedly, forsooth!

Quick. The knight's men, forsooth, be still o' their knees at it—Ump—and because 'tis for your credit, sir, I would be loath to flinch.

Touch. I pray, sir, e'en to 'em again then; y' are one of the separated crew, one of my wife's faction, and my young lady's, with whom, and with their great match, I will have nothing to do.

Quick. So, sir, now I will go keep my—Ump!—credit with 'em, an't please you, sir!

Touch. In any case, sir, lay one cup of sack more o' your cold stomach, I beseech you!

Quick. Yes, forsooth! *Exit Quicksilver*

Touch. This is for my credit; servants ever maintain drunkenness in their master's house for their master's credit; a good idle serving-man's reason. I thank Time the night is past; I ne'er waked to such cost; I think we have stowed more sorts of flesh in our bellies than ever Noah's ark received; and for wine, why, my house turns giddy with it, and more noise in it than at a conduit. Ay me, even beasts condemn our gluttony! Well, 'tis our city's fault, which, because we commit seldom, we commit the more sinfully; we lose no time in our sensuality, but we make amends for it. O that we would do so in virtue and religious negligences! But see, here are all the sober parcels my house can show; I'll eavesdrop, hear what thoughts they utter this morning. *[He retires]*

Golding *[and Mildred come forward]*

Gold. But is it possible that you, seeing your sister preferred to the bed of a knight, should contain your affections in the arms of a prentice?

Mil. I had rather make up the garment of my affections

in some of the same piece, than, like a fool, wear gowns of two colours, or mix sackcloth with satin.

Gold. And do the costly garments—the title and fame of a lady, the fashion, observation, and reverence proper to such preferment—no more inflame you than such convenience as my poor means and industry can offer to your virtues? 60

Mil. I have observed that the bridle given to those violent flatteries of fortune is seldom recovered; they bear one headlong in desire from one novelty to another, and where those ranging appetites reign, there is ever more passion than reason; no stay, and so no happiness. These hasty advancements are not natural. Nature hath given us legs to go to our objects, not wings to fly to them. 65 70

Gold. How dear an object you are to my desires I cannot express; whose fruition would my master's absolute consent and yours vouchsafe me, I should be absolutely happy. And though it were a grace so far beyond my merit that I should blush with unworthiness to receive it, yet thus far both my love and my means shall assure your requital: you shall want nothing fit for your birth and education; what increase of wealth and advancement the honest and orderly industry and skill of our trade will afford in any, I doubt not will be aspired by me; I will ever make your contentment the end of my endeavours; I will love you above all; and only your grief shall be my misery, and your delight my felicity. 75 80

Touch. Work upon that now! By my hopes, he woos honestly and orderly; he shall be anchor of my hopes! Look, see the ill-yoked monster, his fellow! 85

Enter Quicksilver unlaced, a towel about his neck, in his flat-cap, drunk

Quick. Eastward Ho! *Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia!*

Touch. Drunk now downright, o' my fidelity!

Quick. Ump! Pull eo, pull eo! Showse, quoth the caliver.

Gold. Fie, fellow Quicksilver, what a pickle are you in! 90

Quick. Pickle? Pickle in thy throat; zounds, pickle! Wa, ha, ho! Good-morrow, knight Petronel; morrow, lady Goldsmith; come off, knight, with a counter-buff, for the honour of knighthood.

Gold. Why, how now, sir? Do ye know where you are? 95

Quick. Where I am? Why, 'sblood, you jolthead, where I am!

Gold. Go to, go to, for shame! Go to bed and sleep out this immodesty: thou sham'st both my master and his house.

Quick. Shame? What shame? I thought thou wouldst show thy bringing-up; and thou wert a gentleman as I am, thou wouldst think it no shame to be drunk. Lend me some money, save my credit; I must dine with the serving-men and their wives—and their wives, sirrah!

Gold. E'en who you will; I'll not lend thee threepence.

Quick. 'Sfoot, lend me some money! *Hast thou not Hiren here?*

Touch. Why, how now, sirrah? What vein's this, ha?

Quick. *Who cries on murther? Lady, was it you?* How does our master? Pray thee cry Eastward Ho!

Touch. Sirrah, sirrah, y'are past your hiccup now; I see y'are drunk—

Quick. 'Tis for your credit, master.

Touch. And hear you keep a whore in town—

Quick. 'Tis for your credit, master.

Touch. And what you are out in cash, I know.

Quick. So do I; my father's a gentleman. Work upon that now! Eastward Ho!

Touch. Sir, Eastward Ho will make you go Westward Ho. I will no longer dishonest my house, nor endanger my stock with your licence. There, sir, there's your indenture; all your apparel (that I must know) is on your back, and from this time my door is shut to you: from me be free; but for other freedom, and the moneys you have wasted, Eastward Ho shall not serve you.

Quick. Am I free o' my fetters? Rent, fly with a duck in thy mouth, and now I tell thee, Touchstone—

Touch. Good sir—

Quick. *When this eternal substance of my soul—*

Touch. Well said; change your gold-ends for your play-ends.

Quick. *Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh—*

Touch. What then, sir?

Quick. *I was a courtier in the Spanish Court, And Don Andrea was my name.*

Touch. Good Master Don Andrea, will you march?

Quick. Sweet Touchstone, will you lend me two shillings?

Touch. Not a penny!

140

Quick. Not a penny? I have friends, and I have acquaintance; I will piss at thy shop-posts, and throw rotten eggs at thy sign. Work upon that now!

Exit staggering

Touch. Now, sirrah, you, hear you? You shall serve me no more neither—not an hour longer!

145

Gold. What mean you, sir?

Touch. I mean to give thee thy freedom, and with thy freedom my daughter, and with my daughter a father's love. And with all these such a portion as shall make Knight Petronel himself envy thee! Y'are both agreed, 150 are ye not?

Ambo. With all submission, both of thanks and duty.

Touch. Well, then, the great Power of heaven bless and confirm you. And, Golding, that my love to thee may not show less than my wife's love to my eldest daughter, thy 155 marriage-feast shall equal the knight's and hers.

Gold. Let me beseech you, no, sir; the^r superfluity and cold meat left at their nuptials will with bounty furnish ours. The grossest prodigality is superfluous cost of the belly; nor would I wish any invitement of states or friends, 160 only your reverent presence and witness shall sufficiently grace and confirm us.

Touch. Son to my own bosom, take her and my blessing. The nice fondling, my lady, sir-reverence, that I must not now presume to call daughter, is so ravished with desire to 165 hansom her new coach, and see her knight's Eastward Castle, that the next morning will sweat with her busy setting forth. Away will she and her mother, and while their preparation is making, ourselves, with some two or three other friends, will consummate the humble match we have in 170 God's name concluded.

'Tis to my wish; for I have often read
Fit birth, fit age, keeps long a quiet bed.

'Tis to my wish; for tradesmen (well 'tis known)
Get with more ease than gentry keeps his own.

175

Exit [with Golding and Mildred]

[SCENA SECUNDA

A Room in the House of Security]

Security solus

[*Sec.*] My privy guest, lusty Quicksilver, has drunk too

deep of the bride-bowl ; but with a little sleep, he is much recovered ; and, I think, is making himself ready to be drunk in a gallanter likeness. My house is, as 'twere, the cave where the young outlaw hoards the stolen vails of his occupation ; and here, when he will revel it in his prodigal similitude, he retires to his trunks, and (I may say softly) his punks : he dares trust me with the keeping of both ; for I am Security itself ; my name is Security, the famous usurer. 5 10

Enter Quicksilver in his prentice's coat and cap, his gallant breeches and stockings, gartering himself, Security following

Quick. Come, old Security, thou father of destruction ! Th' indented sheepskin is burned wherein I was wrapped ; and I am now loose to get more children of perdition into thy usūrous bonds. Thou feed'st my lechery, and I thy covetousness ; thou art pander to me for my wench, and I to thee for thy cozenages. Ka me, ka thee, runs through court and country. 15

Sec. Well said, my subtle Quicksilver ! These ka's ope the doors to all this world's felicity ; the dullest forehead sees it. Let not master courtier think he carries all the knavery on his shoulders : I have known poor Hob in the country, that has worn hob-nails on's shoes, have as much villany in's head as he that wears gold buttons in's cap. 20

Quick. Why, man, 'tis the London highway to thrift ; if virtue be used, 'tis but as a scrap to the net of villany. They that use it simply, thrive simply, I warrant. Weight and fashion makes goldsmiths cuckolds. 25

Enter Sindefy, with Quicksilver's doublet, cloak, rapier, and dagger

Sin. Here, sir, put off the other half of your prenticeship.

Quick. Well said, sweet Sin. ! Bring forth my bravery. Now let my trunks shoot forth their silks conceal'd. I now am free, and now will justify My trunks and punks. Avaunt, dull flatcap, then ! *Via* the curtain that shadow'd Borgia ! There lie, thou husk of my envassall'd state, I, Sampson, now have burst the Philistines' bands, And in thy lap, my lovely ^FDali[1]a, I'll lie, and snore out my enfranchis'd state. 30 35

*When Sampson was a tall young man,
His power and strength increased than ;
He sold no more nor cup nor can ;
But did them all despise.*

40

*Old Touchstone, now write to thy friends
For one to sell thy base gold-ends ;
Quicksilver now no more attends
Thee, Touchstone.*

45

But, dad, hast thou seen my running gelding dressed to-day ?

Sec. That I have, Frank. The ostler o'th' Cock dressed him for a breakfast.

Quick. What, did he eat him ?

50

Sec. No, but he eat his breakfast for dressing him ; and so dressed him for breakfast

Quick. O witty age, where age is young in wit,
And all youth's words have gray beards full of it !

Sin. But alas, Frank, how will all this be maintained now ? Your place maintained it before.

55

Quick. Why, and I maintained my place. I'll to the Court, another manner of place for maintenance, I hope, than the silly City ! I heard my father say, I heard my mother sing an old song and a true : *Thou art a she-fool, and know'st not what belongs to our male wisdom.* I shall be a merchant, forsooth, trust my estate in a wooden trough as he does ! What are these ships but tennis-balls for the winds to play withal ? Tossed from one wave to another ; now under line, now over the house ; sometimes brick-walled against a rock, so that the guts fly out again ; sometimes strook under the wide hazard, and farewell, master merchant !

65

Sin. Well, Frank, well : the seas you say, are uncertain ; but he that sails in your Court seas shall find 'em ten times fuller of hazard ; wherein to see what is to be seen is torment more than a free spirit can endure ; but when you come to suffer, how many injuries swallow you ! What care and devotion must you use to humour an imperious lord, proportion your looks to his looks, smiles to his smiles, fit your sails to the wind of his breath !

70

75

Quick. Tush, he's no journeyman in his craft that cannot do that !

Sin. But he's worse than a prentice that does it ; not

only humouring the lord, but every trencher-bearer, every 80
 groom, that by indulgence and intelligence crept into his
 favour, and by panderism into his chamber; he rules the
 roast; and when my honourable lord says it shall be thus,
 my worshipful rascal, the groom of his close-stool, says it
 shall not be thus, claps the door after him, and who dares 85
 enter? A prentice, quoth you? 'Tis but to learn to
 live; and does that disgrace a man? He that rises hardly
 stands firmly; but he that rises with ease, alas, falls as
 easily!

Quick. A pox on you! Who taught you this morality? 90

Sec. 'Tis 'long of this witty age, Master Francis. But,
 indeed, Mistress Sindyfy, all trades complain of inconveni-
 ence, and therefore 'tis best to have none. The merchant,
 he complains and says, 'Traffic is subject to much uncer-
 tainty and loss.' Let 'em keep their goods on dry land, 95
 with a vengeance, and not expose other men's substances
 to the mercy of the winds, under protection of a wooden
 wall (as Master Francis says); and all for greedy desire to
 enrich themselves with unconscionable gain, two for one,
 or so; where I, and such other honest men as live by lending 100
 money, are content with moderate profit; thirty or forty
 i'th'hundred, so we may have it with quietness, and out of
 peril of wind and weather, rather than run those dangerous
 courses of trading, as they do.

Quick. Ay, dad, thou mayst well be called Security, for 105
 thou takest the safest course. [Exit Sindyfy]

Sec. Faith, the quieter, and the more contented, and,
 out of doubt, the more godly; for merchants, in their
 courses, are never pleased, but ever repining against heaven:
 one prays for a westerly wind to carry his ship forth; 110
 another for an easterly to bring his ship home; and at every
 shaking of a leaf he falls into an agony to think what danger
 his ship is in on such a coast, and so forth. The farmer,
 he is ever at odds with the weather: sometimes the clouds
 have been too barren; sometimes the heavens forget them- 115
 selves; their harvests answer not their hopes; sometimes
 the season falls out too fruitful, corn will bear no price, and
 so forth. The artificer, he's all for a stirring world; if his
 trade be too full, and fall short of his expectation, then
 falls he out of joint. Where we that trade nothing but 120
 money are free from all this; we are pleased with all
 weathers, let it rain or hold up, be calm or windy; let the

season be whatsoever, let trade go how it will, we take all in good part, e'en what please the heavens to send us, so the sun stand not still, and the moon keep her usual returns, and make up days, months, and years. 125

Quick. And you have good security!

Sec. Ay, marry, Frank, that's the special point.

Quick. And yet, forsooth, we must have trades to live withal; for we cannot stand without legs, nor fly without wings, and a number of such scurvy phrases. No, I say still, he that has wit, let him live by his wit; he that has none, let him be a tradesman. 130

Sec. Witty Master Francis, 'tis pity any trade should dull that quick brain of yours! Do but bring Knight Petronel into my parchment toils once, and you shall never need to toil in any trade, o'my credit. You know his wife's land? 135

Quick. Even to a foot, sir; I have been often there; a pretty fine seat, good land, all entire within itself. 140

Sec. Well wooded?

Quick. Two hundred pounds' worth of wood ready to fell, and a fine sweet house, that stands just in the midst on't, like a prick in the midst of a circle; would I were your farmer, for a hundred pound a year! 145

Sec. Excellent Master Francis, how I do long to do thee good! How I do hunger and thirst to have the honour to enrich thee! Ay, even to die that thou mightest inherit my living; even hunger and thirst! For o' my religion, Master Francis—and so tell Knight Petronel—I do it to do him a pleasure. 150

Quick. Marry, dad, his horses are now coming up to bear down his lady; wilt thou lend him thy stable to set 'em in?

Sec. Faith, Master Francis, I would be loath to lend my stable out of doors; in a greater matter I will pleasure him, but not in this. 155

Quick. A pox of your hunger and thirst! Well, dad, let him have money; all he could any way get is bestowed on a ship now bound for Virginia; the frame of which voyage is so closely conveyed that his new lady nor any of her friends know it. Notwithstanding, as soon as his lady's hand is gotten to the sale of her inheritance, and you have furnished him with money, he will instantly hoist sail and away. 160

Sec. Now, a frank gale of wind go with him, Master

Frank! We have too few such knight adventurers. Who would not sell away competent certainties to purchase, with any danger, excellent uncertainties? Your true knight venturer ever does it. Let his wife seal to-day; he shall have his money to-day.

Quick. To-morrow she shall, dad, before she goes into the country; to work her to which action with the more engines, I purpose presently to prefer my sweet Sin. here to the place of her gentlewoman; whom you (for the more credit) shall present as your friend's daughter, a gentlewoman of the country, new come up with a will for awhile to learn fashions, forsooth, and be toward some lady; and she shall buzz pretty devices into her lady's ear, feeding her humours so serviceable, as the manner of such as she is, you know—

Sec. True, good Master Francis!

Enter Sindefy

Quick. That she shall keep her port open to anything she commends to her.

Sec. O' my religion, a most fashionable project; as good she spoil the lady, as the lady spoil her, for 'tis three to one of one side. Sweet Mistress Sin., how are you bound to Master Francis! I do not doubt to see you shortly wed one of the head men of our city.

Sin. But, sweet Frank, when shall my father Security present me?

Quick. With all festination; I have broken the ice to it already; and will presently to the knight's house, whither, my good old dad, let me pray thee with all formality to man her.

Sec. Command me, Master Francis, I do hunger and thirst to do thee service. Come, sweet Mistress Sin., take leave of my Winifred, and we will instantly meet frank Master Francis at your lady's.

Enter Winifred above

Win. Where is my Cu. there? Cu.?

Sec. Ay, Winnie!

Win. Wilt thou come in, sweet Cu.?

Sec. Ay, Winnie, presently!

Exeunt [Winifred, Security, and Sindefie]

Quick. Ay, Winnie, quod he! That's all he can do, poor

man, he may well cut off her name at Winnie. O 'tis an
 egregious pander ! What will not an usurous knave be, so he
 may be rich ? O 'tis a notable Jew's trump ! I hope to live
 to see dogs' meat made of the old usurer's flesh, dice of his
 bones, and indentures of his skin ; and yet his skin is too thick
 to make parchment, 'twould make good boots for a peterman
 to catch salmon in. Your only smooth skin to make fine
 vellum is your Puritan's skin ; they be the smoothest and
 slickest knaves in a country. [Exit]

[SCENA TERTIA

Before Sir Petronel's Lodging]

*Enter Sir Petronel in boots, with a riding wan[d] [followed
 by Quicksilver]*

Sir Pet. I'll out of this wicked town as fast as my horse
 can trot. Here's now no good action for a man to spend
 his time in. Taverns grow dead ; ordinaries are blown up ;
 plays are at a stand ; houses of hospitality at a fall ; not a
 feather waving, nor a spur jingling anywhere. I'll away
 instantly. 5

Quick. Y'ad best take some crowns in your purse, knight,
 or else your Eastward Castle will smoke but miserably.

Sir Pet. O, Frank, my castle ! Alas, all the castles I
 have are built with air, thou know'st ! 10

Quick. I know it, knight, and therefore wonder whither
 your lady is going.

Sir Pet. Faith, to seek her fortune, I think. I said I had
 a castle and land eastward, and eastward she will, without
 contradiction ; her coach and the coach of the sun must meet
 full butt. And the sun being out-shined with her ladyship's
 glory, she fears he goes westward to hang himself. 15

Quick. And I fear, when her enchanted castle becomes
 invisible, her ladyship will return and follow his example.

Sir Pet. O that she would have the grace, for I shall
 never be able to pacify her, when she sees herself deceived so. 20

Quick. As easily as can be. Tell her she mistook your
 directions, and that shortly yourself will down with her to
 approve it ; and then clothe but her crupper in a new gown,
 and you may drive her any way you list. For these women,
 sir, are like Essex calves, you must wriggle 'em on by the tail
 still, or they will never drive orderly. 25

Sir Pet. But, alas, sweet Frank, thou know'st my hability will not furnish her blood with those costly humours.

Quick. Cast that cost on me, sir. I have spoken to my old pander, Security, for money or commodity; and commodity (if you will) I know he will procure you. 30

Sir Pet. Commodity! Alas, what commodity?

Quick. Why, sir, what say you to figs and raisins?

Sir Pet. A plague of figs and raisins, and all such frail commodities! We shall make nothing of 'em. 35

Quick. Why then, sir, what say you to forty pound in roasted beef?

Sir Pet. Out upon 't! I have less stomach to that than to the figs and raisins; I'll out of town, though I sojourn with a friend of mine; for stay here I must not; my creditors have laid to arrest me, and I have no friend under heaven but my sword to bail me. 40

Quick. God's me, knight, put 'em in sufficient sureties, rather than let your sword bail you! Let 'em take their choice, either the King's Bench or the Fleet, or which of the two Counters they like best, for, by the Lord, I like none of 'em. 45

Sir Pet. Well, Frank, there is no jesting with my earnest necessity; thou know'st if I make not present money to further my voyage begun, all's lost, and all I have laid out about it. 50

Quick. Why, then, sir, in earnest, if you can get your wise lady to set her hand to the sale of her inheritance, the bloodhound, Security, will smell out ready money for you instantly. 55

Sir Pet. There spake an angel! To bring her to which conformity, I must feign myself extremely amorous; and alleging urgent excuses for my stay behind, part with her as passionately as she would from her foisting hound. 60

Quick. You have the sow by the right ear, sir. I warrant there was never child longed more to ride a cock-horse or wear his new coat, then she longs to ride in her new coach. She would long for everything when she was a maid, and now she will run mad for 'em. I lay my life, she will have every year four children; and what charge and change of humour you must endure while she is with child, and how she will tie you to your tackling till she be with child, a dog would not endure. Nay, there is no turnspit dog bound to his wheel more servilely than you shall be to her wheel; for 65 70

as that dog can never climb the top of his wheel but when the top comes under him, so shall you never climb the top of her contentment but when she is under you.

Sir Pet. 'Slight, how thou terrifiest me!

Quick. Nay, hark you, sir; what nurses, what mid-wives, what fools, what physicians, what cunning women must be sought for (fearing sometimes she is bewitched, sometimes in a consumption) to tell her tales, to talk bawdy to her, to make her laugh, to give her glisters, to let her blood under the tongue and betwixt the toes; how she will revile and kiss you, spit in your face, and lick it off again; how she will vaunt you are her creature, she made you of nothing; how she could have had thousand mark jointures; she could have been made a lady by a Scotch knight, and never ha' married him; she could have had [panadas] in her bed every morning; how she set you up, and how she will pull you down: you'll never be able to stand of your legs to endure it. 75 80 85

Sir Pet. Out of my fortune, what a death is my life bound face to face to! The best is, a large time-fitted conscience is bound to nothing; marriage is but a form in the school of policy, to which scholars sit fastened only with painted chains. Old Security's young wife is ne'er the further off with me. 90

Quick. Thereby lies a tale, sir. The old usurer will be here instantly with my punk Sindefy, whom you know your lady has promised me to entertain for her gentlewoman; and he (with a purpose to feed on you) invites you most solemnly by me to supper. 95

Sir Pet. It falls out excellently fitly; I see desire of gain makes jealousy venturous. 100

Enter Gertrude

See, Frank, here comes my lady. Lord, how she views thee! She knows thee not, I think, in this bravery.

Ger. How now? Who be you, I pray?

Quick. One Master Francis Quicksilver, an't please your ladyship. 105

Ger. God's my dignity! As I am a lady, if he did not make me blush so that mine eyes stood a-water, would I were unmarried again! Where's my woman, I pray?

Enter Security and Sindefy

Quick. See, madam, she now comes to attend you. 110

Sec. God save my honourable knight and his worshipful lady!

Ger. Y'are very welcome; you must not put on your hat yet.

Sec. No, madam; till I know your ladyship's further 115
pleasure, I will not presume.

Ger. And is this a gentleman's daughter new come out of the country?

Sec. She is, madam; and one that her father hath a special care to bestow in some honourable lady's service, to put her 120
out of her honest humours, forsooth; for she had a great desire to be a nun, an't please you.

Ger. A nun? What nun? A nun substantive, or a nun adjective?

Sec. A nun substantive, madam, I hope, if a nun be a noun. 125
But I mean, lady, a vowed maid of that order.

Ger. I'll teach her to be a maid of the order, I warrant you! And can you do any work belongs to a lady's chamber?

Sin. What I cannot do, madam, I would be glad to learn.

Ger. Well said, hold up, then; hold up your head, I say! 130
Come hither a little.

Sin. I thank your ladyship.

Ger. And hark you—good man, you may put on your hat now; I do not look on you—I must have you of my faction now; not of my knight's, maid! 135

Sin. No, forsooth, madam, of yours.

Ger. And draw all my servants in my bow, and keep my counsel, and tell me tales, and put me riddles, and read on a book sometimes when I am busy, and laugh at country gentlewomen, and command anything in the house for my 140
retainers; and care not what you spend, for it is all mine; and in any case be still a maid, whatsoever you do, or whatsoever any man can do unto you.

Sec. I warrant your ladyship for that.

Ger. Very well; you shall ride in my coach with me into 145
the country to-morrow morning. Come, knight, I pray thee let's make a short supper, and to bed presently.

Sec. Nay, good madam, this night I have a short supper at home waits on his worship's acceptation.

Ger. By my faith, but he shall not go, sir; I shall swoun 150
and he sup from me.

Sir Pet. Pray thee, forbear; shall he lose his provision?

Ger. Ay, by[r]lady, sir, rather than I lose my longing. Come in, I say ; as I am a lady, you shall not go. 155

Quick. [*aside to Security*] I told him what a burr he had gotten.

Sec. If you will not sup from your knight, madam, let me entreat your ladyship to sup at my house with him.

Ger. No, by my faith, sir ; then we cannot be abed soon enough after supper. 160

Sir Pet. What a med'cine is this ! Well, Master Security, you are new married as well as I ; I hope you are bound as well. We must honour our young wives, you know.

Quick. [*aside to Security*] In policy, dad, till to-morrow she has sealed. 165

Sec. I hope in the morning, yet, your knighthood will breakfast with me ?

Sir Pet. As early as you will, sir.

Sec. Thank your good worship ; I do hunger and thirst to do you good, sir. 170

Ger. Come, sweet knight, come ; I do hunger and thirst to be abed with thee. *Exeunt*

ACTUS TERTII SCENA PRIMA

[*A Room in Security's House*]

Enter Sir Petronel, Quicksilver, Security, Bramble, and Winifred

Sir Pet. Thanks for our feast-like breakfast, good Master Security ; I am sorry (by reason of my instant haste to so long a voyage as Virginia) I am without means by any kind amends to show how affectionately I take your kindness, and to confirm by some worthy ceremony a perpetual league of friendship betwixt us. 5

Sec. Excellent knight, let this be a token betwixt us of inviolable friendship : I am new married to this fair gentlewoman, you know, and by my hope to make her fruitful, though I be something in years, I vow faithfully unto you to make you godfather (though in your absence) to the first child I am blest withal ; and henceforth call me gossip, I beseech you, if you please to accept it. 10

Sir Pet. In the highest degree of gratitude, my most worthy gossip ; for confirmation of which friendly title, let me entreat my fair gossip, your wife here, to accept this dia- 15

mond, and keep it as my gift to her first child, wheresoever my fortune, in event of my voyage, shall bestow me.

Sec. How now, my coy wedlock, make you strange of so noble a favour? Take it, I charge you, with all affection, and, by way of taking your leave, present boldly your lips to our honourable gossip. 20

Quick. [*aside*] How venturous he is to him, and how jealous to others!

Sir Pet. Long may this kind touch of our lips print in our hearts all the forms of affection. And now, my good gossip, if the writings be ready to which my wife should seal, let them be brought this morning before she takes coach into the country, and my kindness shall work her to dispatch it. 25

Sec. The writings are ready, sir. My learned counsel here, Master Bramble the lawyer, hath perused them; and within this hour I will bring the scrivener with them to your worshipful lady. 30

Sir Pet. Good Master Bramble, I will here take my leave of you then. God send you fortunate pleas, sir, and contentious clients! 35

Bram. And you foreright winds, sir, and a fortunate voyage! *Exit*

Enter a Messenger

Mes. Sir Petronel, here are three or four gentlemen desire to speak with you. 40

Sir Pet. What are they?

Quick. They are your followers in this voyage, knight, Captain Seagull and his associates; I met them this morning, and told them you would be here.

Sir Pet. Let them enter, I pray you; I know they long to be gone, for their stay is dangerous. 45

Enter Seagull, Scapethrift, and Spendall

Sea. God save my honourable Colonel!

Sir Pet. Welcome, good Captain Seagull and worthy gentlemen. If you will meet my friend Frank here and me, at the Blue Anchor Tavern by Billingsgate this evening, we will there drink to our happy voyage, be merry, and take boat to our ship with all expedition. 50

Spem. Defer it no longer, I beseech you, sir; but as your voyage is hitherto carried closely, and in another knight's name, so for your own safety and ours, let it be continued, 55

our meeting and speedy purpose of departing known to as few as is possible, lest your ship and goods be attached.

Quick. Well advised, Captain! Our colonel shall have money this morning to dispatch all our departures; bring those gentlemen at night to the place appointed, and with our skins full of vintage we'll take occasion by the vantage, and away. 60

Spem. We will not fail but be there, sir.

Sir Pet. Good morrow, good Captain and my worthy associates. Health and all sovereignty to my beautiful gossip; for you, sir, we shall see you presently with the writings. 65

Sec. With writings and crowns to my honourable gossip. I do hunger and thirst to do you good, sir! *Exeunt*

SCENA SECUNDA

[*An inn-yard*]

Enter a Coachman in haste, in's frock, feeding

Coach. Here's a stir when citizens ride out of town, indeed, as if all the house were afire! 'Slight, they will not give a man leave to eat's breakfast afore he rises!

Enter Hamlet, a footman, in haste

Ham. What, coachman! My lady's coach, for shame! Her ladyship's ready to come down. 5

Enter Potkin, a tankard-bearer

Pot. 'Sfoot, Hamlet, are you mad? Whither run you now? You should brush up my old mistress!

[*Exit Hamlet*]

Enter Sindefy

Sin. What, Potkin? You must put off your tankard, and put on your blue coat and wait upon Mistress Touchstone into the country. *Exit* 10

Pot. I will, forsooth, presently. *Exit*

Enter Mistress Fond and Mistress Gazer

Fond. Come, sweet Mistress Gazer, let's watch here, and see my Lady Flash take coach.

Gaz. O' my word here's a most fine place to stand in. Did you see the new ship launched last day, Mistress Fond? 15

Fond. O God, and we citizens should lose such a sight!

Gaz. I warrant here will be double as many people to see her take coach as there were to see it take water.

Fond. O she's married to a most fine castle i'th' country, they say. 20

Gaz. But there are no giants in the castle, are there?

Fond. O no; they say her knight killed 'em all, and therefore he was knighted.

Gaz. Would to God her ladyship would come away!

Enter Gertrude, Mistress Touchstone, Sindefy, Hamlet, Potkin

Fond. She comes, she comes, she comes! 25

Gaz. } Pray heaven bless your ladyship!
Fond }

Ger. Thank you, good people! My coach, for the love of heaven, my coach! In good truth I shall swoun else.

Ham. Coach, coach, my lady's coach! *Exit*

Ger. As I am a lady, I think I am with child already, I long for a coach so. May one be with child afore they are married, mother? 30

Mist. Touch. Ay, by'r lady, madam; a little thing does that; I have seen a little prick no bigger than a pin's head swell bigger and bigger till it has come to an ancome; and e'en so 'tis in these cases. 35

Enter Hamlet

Ham. Your coach is coming, madam.

Ger. That's well said. Now, heaven, methinks I am e'en up to the knees in preferment!

[sings]

*But a little higher, but a little higher, but a little higher,
There, there, there lies Cupid's fire!* 40

Mist. Touch. But must this young man, an't please you, madam, run by your coach all the way a-foot?

Ger. Ay, by my faith, I warrant him! He gives no other milk, as I have another servant does. 45

Mist. Touch. Alas, 'tis e'en pity, methinks! For God's sake, madam, buy him but a hobby-horse; let the poor youth have something betwixt his legs to ease 'em. Alas, we must do as we would be done to!

Get. Go to, hold your peace, dame; you talk like an old fool, I tell you! 50

Enter Sir Petronel and Quicksilver

Sir Pet. Wilt thou be gone, sweet honeysuckle, before I can go with thee ?

Ger. I pray thee, sweet knight, let me ; I do so long to dress up thy castle afore thou com'st. But I marle how my modest sister occupies herself this morning, that she cannot wait on me to my coach, as well as her mother. 55

Quick. Marry, madam, she's married by this time to prentice Golding. Your father, and some one more, stole to church with 'em in all the haste, that the cold meat left at your wedding might serve to furnish their nuptial table. 60

Ger. There's no base fellow, my father, now ! But he's e'en fit to father such a daughter : he must call me daughter no more now ; but ' madam,' and ' please you, madam,' and ' please your worship, madam,' indeed. Out upon him, marry his daughter to a base prentice ! 65

Mist. Touch. What should one do ? Is there no law for one that marries a woman's daughter against her will ? How shall we punish him, madam ?

Ger. As I am a lady, an't would snow, we'd so pebble 'em with snow-balls as they come from church ; but, sirrah Frank Quicksilver ! 70

Quick. Ay, madam.

Ger. Dost remember since thou and I clapped what-d'ye-call'ts in the garret ? 75

Quick. I know not what you mean, madam.

Ger. [*sings*] *His head as white as milk, all flaxen was his hair ;*

*But now he is dead, and laid in his bed,
And never will come again.*

God be at your labour ! 80

Enter Touchstone, Golding, Mildred, with rosemary

Sir Pet. [*aside*] Was there ever such a lady ?

Quick. See, madam, the bride and bridegroom !

Ger. God's my precious ! God give you joy, Mistress What-lack-you ! Now out upon thee, baggage ! My sister married in a taffeta hat ! Marry, hang you ! Westward with a wanion t'ye ! Nay, I have done wi' ye, minion, then, i'faith ; never look to have my count'nance any more, nor anything I can do for thee. Thou ride in my coach, or come down to my-castle ! Fie upon thee ! I charge thee in my ladyship's name, call me sister no more. 85
90

Touch. An't please your worship, this is not your sister ; this is my daughter, and she calls me father, and so does not your ladyship, an't please your worship, madam.

Mist. Touch. No, nor she must not call thee father by heraldry, because thou mak'st thy prentice thy son as well as she. Ah, thou misproud prentice, dar'st thou presume to marry a lady's sister ? 95

Gold. It pleased my master, forsooth, to embolden me with his favour ; and though I confess myself far unworthy so worthy a wife (being in part her servant, as I am your prentice) yet since (I may say it without boasting) I am born a gentleman, and by the trade I have learned of my master (which I trust taints not my blood) able with mine own industry and portion to maintain your daughter, my hope is heaven will so bless our humble beginning that in the end I shall be no disgrace to the grace with which my master hath bound me his double prentice. 100 105

Touch. Master me no more, son, if thou think'st me worthy to be thy father.

Ger. Son ? Now, good Lord, how he shines, and you mark him ! He's a gentleman ! 110

Gold. Ay, indeed, madam, a gentleman born.

Sir Pet. Never stand o' your gentry, Master Bridegroom ; if your legs be no better than your arms, you'll be able to stand upright on neither shortly. 115

Touch. An't please your good worship, sir, there are two sorts of gentlemen.

Sir Pet. What mean you, sir ?

Touch. Bold to put off my hat to your worship—

Sir Pet. Nay, pray forbear, sir, and then forth with your two sorts of gentlemen. 120

Touch. If your worship will have it so, I say there are two sorts of gentlemen. There is a gentleman artificial, and a gentleman natural. Now though your worship be a gentleman natural—work upon that now ! 125

Quick. Well said, old Touchstone ; I am proud to hear thee enter a set speech, i'faith ! Forth, I beseech thee !

Touch. Cry you mercy, sir, your worship's a gentleman I do not know. If you be one of my acquaintance, y'are very much disguised, sir. 130

Quick. Go to, old quipper ! Forth with thy speech, I say !

Touch. What, sir, my speeches were ever in vain to your gracious worship ; and therefore, till I speak to you—gallan-

try indeed—I will save my breath for my broth anon.
Come, my poor son and daughter, let us hide ourselves in our 135
poor humility, and live safe. Ambition consumes itself
with the very show. Work upon that now!

[*Exeunt Touchstone, Golding, and Mildred*]

Ger. Let him go, let him go, for God's sake! Let him
make his prentice his son, for God's sake! Give away his
daughter, for God's sake! And when they come a-begging to 140
us for God's sake, let's laugh at their good husbandry, for
God's sake! Farewell, sweet knight, pray thee make haste
after.

Sir Pet. What shall I say? I would not have thee go.

Quick. Now, O now, I must depart; 145

Parting though it absence move—

This ditty, knight, do I see in thy looks in capital letters.

*What a grief 'tis to depart, and leave the flower that has
my heart!*

My sweet lady, and alack for woe, why should we part so?

Tell truth, knight, and shame all dissembling lovers; does 150
not your pain lie on that side?

Sir Pet. If it do, canst thou tell me how I may cure it?

Quick. Excellent easily! Divide yourself in two halves,
just by the girdlestead; send one half with your lady, and
keep the tother yourself; or else do as all true lovers do— 155
part with your heart, and leave your body behind. I have
seen't done a hundred times: 'tis as easy a matter for a
lover to part without a heart from his sweetheart, and he
ne'er the worse, as for a mouse to get from a trap and leave 160
her tail behind him. See, here comes the writings.

Enter Security with a Scrivener

Sec. Good morrow to my worshipful lady! I present
your ladyship with this writing, to which if you please to
set your hand with your knight's, a velvet gown shall attend —
your journey, o' my credit. 165

Ger. What writing is it, knight?

Sir Pet. The sale, sweetheart, of the poor tenement I
told thee of, only to make a little money to send thee down
furniture for my castle, to which my hand shall lead thee.

Ger. Very well! Now give me your pen, I pray. 170

Quick. [*aside*] It goes down without chewing, i'faith!

Scriv. Your worships deliver this as your deed?

Ambo. We do.

Ger. So now, knight, farewell till I see thee!

Sir Pet. All farewell to my sweetheart!

175

Mist. Touch. God-b'w'y', son knight!

Sir Pet. Farewell, my good mother!

Ger. Farewell, Frank; I would fain take thee down if I could.

Quick. I thank your good ladyship; farewell, Mistress Sindefy. *Exeunt [Gertrude and her party]* 180

Sir Pet. O tedious voyage, whereof there is no end! What will they think of me?

Quick. Think what they list. They longed for a vagary into the country and now they are fitted. So a woman 185 marry to ride in a coach, she cares not if she ride to her ruin. 'Tis the great end of many of their marriages. This is not [the] first time a lady has rid a false journey in her coach, I hope.

Sir Pet. Nay, 'tis no matter, I care little what they think; 190 he that weighs men's thoughts has his hands full of nothing. A man, in the course of this world, should be like a surgeon's instrument—work in the wounds of others, and feel nothing himself. The sharper and subtler, the better.

Quick. As it falls out now, knight, you shall not need 195 to devise excuses, or endure her outcries, when she returns; we shall now be gone before, where they cannot reach us.

Sir Pet. Well, my kind compeer, you have now the assurance we both can make you; let me now entreat you, the money we agreed on may be brought to the Blue Anchor, 200 near to Billingsgate, by six o'clock; where I and my chief friends, bound for this voyage, will with feasts attend you.

Sec. The money, my most honourable compeer, shall without fail observe your appointed hour.

Sir Pet. Thanks, my dear gossip. I must now impart 205
To your approved love a loving secret,
As one on whom my life doth more rely
In friendly trust than any man alive.
Nor shall you be the chosen secretary
Of my affections for affection only: 210
For I protest (if God bless my return)
To make you partner in my actions' gain
As deeply as if you had ventur'd with me
Half my expences. Know then, honest gossip,
I have enjoy'd with such divine contentment 215
A gentlewoman's bed, whom you well know,

That I shall ne'er enjoy this tedious voyage,
 Nor live the least part of the time it asketh,
 Without her presence ; so I thirst and hunger
 To taste the dear feast of her company. 220
 And if the hunger and the thirst you vow,
 As my sworn gossip, to my wished good
 Be (as I know it is) unfeign'd and firm,
 Do me an easy favour in your power.

Ser. Be sure, brave gossip, all that I can do, 225
 To my best nerve, is wholly at your service :
 Who is the woman, first, that is your friend ?

Sir Pet. The woman is your learned counsel's wife,
 The lawyer, Master Bramble ; whom would you
 Bring out this even in honest neighbourhood, 230
 To take his leave with you of me your gossip,
 I, in the meantime, will send this my friend
 Home to his house, to bring his wife disguis'd,
 Before his face, into our company ;
 For love hath made her look for such a wile 235
 To free her from his tyrannous jealousy.
 And I would take this course before another,
 In stealing her away to make us sport
 And gull his circumspection the more grossly.
 And I am sure that no man like yourself 240
 Hath credit with him to entice his jealousy
 To so long stay abroad as may give time
 To her enlargement in such safe disguise.

Sec. A pretty, pithy, and most pleasant project !
 Who would not strain a point of neighbourhood 245
 For such a point-device, that, as the ship
 Of famous Draco went about the world,
 Will wind about the lawyer, compassing
 The world himself ; he hath it in his arms,
 And that's enough for him without his wife. 250
 A lawyer is ambitious, and his head
 Cannot be prais'd nor rais'd too high,
 With any fork of highest knavery.
 I'll go fetch her straight. *Exit Security*

Sir Pet. So, so. Now, Frank, go thou home to his house, 255
 Stead of his lawyer's, and bring his wife hither,
 Who, just like to the lawyer's wife, is prison'd
 With his stern usurous jealousy, which could never
 Be over-reach'd thus but with over-reaching.

Enter Security

Sec. And, Master Francis, watch you th' instant time 260
To enter with his exit: 'twill be rare,
Two fine horn'd beasts—a camel and a lawyer! [*Exit*]
Quick. How the old villain joys in villany!

Enter Security

Sec. And hark you, gossip, when you have her here,
Have your boat ready, ship her to your ship. 265
With utmost haste, lest Master Bramble stay you.
To o'er-reach that head that out-reacheth all heads,
'Tis a trick rampant! 'Tis a very quiblin!
I hope this harvest to pitch cart with lawyers,
Their heads will be so forked. This sly touch 270
Will get apes to invent a number such. [*Exit*]

Quick. Was ever rascal honey'd so with poison?
He that delights in slavish avarice,
Is apt to joy in every sort of vice.
Well, I'll go fetch his wife, whilst he the lawyer's. 275

Sir Pet. But stay, Frank, let's think how we may disguise her upon this sudden.

Quick. God's me, there's the mischief! But hark you,
here's an excellent device; 'fore God, a rare one! I will
carry her a sailor's gown and cap, and cover her, and a 280
player's beard.

Sir Pet. And what upon her head?

Quick. I tell you, a sailor's cap! 'Slight, God forgive me,
what kind of figent memory have you?

Sir Pet. Nay, then, what kind of figent wit hast thou? 285
A sailor's cap? How shall she put it off
When thou present'st her to our company?

Quick. Tush, man, for that, make her a saucy sailor.

Sir Pet. Tush, tush, 'tis no fit sauce for such sweet
mutton!

I know not what t' advise. 290

Enter Security, with his wife's gown

Sec. Knight, knight, a rare device!

Sir Pet. 'Swounds, yet again!

Quick. What stratagem have you now?

Sec. The best that ever! You talk'd of disguising?

Sir Pet. Ay, marry, gossip, that's our present care.

Sec. Cast care away then; here's the best device

For plain security (for I am no better) 295
 I think, that ever liv'd : here's my wife's gown,
 Which you may put upon the lawyer's wife,
 And which I brought you, sir, for two great reasons ;
 One is, that Master Bramble may take hold
 Of some suspicion that it is my wife, 300
 And gird me so, perhaps, with his law-wit ;
 The other (which is policy indeed)
 Is that my wife may now be tied at home,
 Having no more but her old gown abroad,
 And not show me a quirk, while I firk others. 305
 Is not this rare ?

Ambro. The best that ever was.

Sec. Am I not born to furnish gentlemen ?

Sir Pet. O my dear gossip !

Sec. Well, hold, Master Francis ! Watch when the lawyer's out, and put it in. And now I will go fetch him. 310

Exit[urus]

Quick. [*aside*] O my dad ! He goes, as 'twere the devil, to fetch the lawyer ; and devil shall he be, if horns will make him.

Sir Pet. Why, how now, gossip ? Why stay you there musing ? 315

Sec. A toy, a toy runs in my head, i'faith !

Quick. A pox of that head ! Is there more toys yet ?

Sir Pet. What is it, pray thee, gossip ?

Sec. Why, sir, what if you should slip away now with my wife's best gown, I having no security for it ? 320

Quick. For that, I hope, dad, you will take our words.

Sec. Ay, by th' mass, your word ! That's a proper staff

For wise Security to lean upon !

But 'tis no matter, once I'll trust my name

On your crack'd credits ; let it take no shame. 325

Fetch the wench, Frank.

Exit

Quick.

I'll wait upon you, sir,

And fetch you over, you were ne'er so fetch'd.

Go to the tavern, knight ; your followers

Dare not be drunk, I think, before their captain. *Exit*

Sir Pet. Would I might lead them to no hotter service 330

Till our Virginian gold were in our purses !

Exit

[SCENA TERTIA]

Enter Seagull, Spendall, and Scapethrift, in the Tavern,
with a Drawer

Sea. Come, drawer, pierce your neatest hogsheads, and let's have cheer, not fit for your Billingsgate tavern, but for our Virginian colonel; he will be here instantly.

Draw. You shall have all things fit, sir; please you have any more wine? 5

Spem. More wine, slave? Whether we drink it or no, spill it, and draw more.

Scape. Fill all the pots in your house with all sorts of liquor, and let 'em wait on us here like soldiers in their pewter coats; and though we do not employ them now, yet we will maintain 'em till we do. 10

Draw. Said like an honourable captain; you shall have all you can command, sir. *Exit* Drawer

Sea. Come, boys, Virginia longs till we share the rest of her maidenhead. 15

Spem. Why, is she inhabited already with any English?

Sea. A whole country of English is there, man, bred of those that were left there in '79. They have married with the Indians, and make 'em bring forth as beautiful faces as any we have in England; and therefore the Indians are so in love with 'em, that all the treasure they have they lay at their feet. 20

Scape. But is there such treasure there, captain, as I have heard?

Sea. I tell thee, gold is more plentiful there than copper is with us; and for as much red copper as I can bring, I'll have thrice the weight in gold. Why, man, all their dripping-pans and their chamber-pots are pure gold; and all the chains with which they chain up their streets are massy gold; all the prisoners they take are fettered in gold; and for rubies and diamonds, they go forth on holidays and gather 'em by the sea-shore to hang on their children's coats and stick in their caps, as commonly as our children wear saffron-gilt brooches and groats with holes in 'em. 30

Scape. And is it a pleasant country withal? 35

Sea. As ever the sun shined on; temperate and full of all sorts of excellent viands; wild boar is as common there as our tamest bacon is here; venison as mutton. And

then you shall live freely there, without sergeants, or courtiers, or lawyers, or intelligencers, only a few industrious Scots, perhaps, who, indeed, are dispersed over the face of the whole earth. But as for them, there are no greater friends to Englishmen and England, when they are out on't, in the world than they are. And for my own part, I would a hundred thousand of 'em were there, for we are all one countrymen now, ye know, and we should find ten times more comfort of them there than we do here. Then for your means to advancement there, it is simple, and not preposterously mixed. You may be an alderman there, and never be scavenger: you may be a nobleman, and never be a slave. You may come to preferment enough, and never be a pander; to riches and for[tu]ne enough, and have never the more villany nor the less wit.

Spem. God's me! And how far is it thither?

Sea. Some six weeks' sail, no more, with any indifferent good wind. And if I get to any part of the coast of Africa, I'll sail thither with any wind; or when I come to Cape Finisterre, there's a foreright wind continual wafts us till we come at Virginia. See, our colonel's come.

Enter Sir Petronel, with his followers

Sir Pet. Well met, good Captain Seagull, and my noble gentlemen! Now the sweet hour of our freedom is at hand. Come, drawer, fill us some carouses, and prepare us for the mirth that will be occasioned presently. Here will be a pretty wench, gentlemen, that will bear us company all our voyage.

Sea. Whatsoever she be, here's to her health, noble Colonel, both with cap and knee.

Sir Pet. Thanks, kind Captain Seagull! She's one I love dearly, and must not be known till we be free from all that know us. And so, gentlemen, here's to her health!

Ambo. Let it come, worthy Colonel, We do hunger and thirst for it.

Sir Pet. Afore heaven, you have hit the phrase of one that her presence will touch from the foot to the forehead, if ye knew it.

Spem. Why, then, we will join his forehead with her health, sir; and, Captain Scapethrift, here's to 'em both!

[All kneel and drink]

Enter Security and Bramble

Sec. See, see, Master Bramble, 'fore heaven, their voyage cannot but prosper! They are o' their knees for success to it. 80

Bram. And they pray to god Bacchus.

Sec. God save my brave colonel, with all his tall captains and corporals. See, sir, my worshipful learned counsel, Master Bramble, is come to take his leave of you.

Sir Pet. Worshipful Master Bramble, how far do you draw us into the sweet-brier of your kindness! Come, Captain Seagull, another health to this rare Bramble, that hath never a prick about him. 85

Sea. I pledge his most smooth disposition, sir. Come, Master Security, bend your supporters, and pledge this notorious health here. 90

Sec. Bend you yours likewise, Master Bramble; for it is you shall pledge me.

Sea. Not so, Master Security; he must not pledge his own health. 95

Sec. No, Master Captain?

Enter Quicksilver, with Winny disguised

Why, then, here's one is fitly come to do him that honour.

Quick. Here's the gentlewoman your cousin, sir, whom, with much entreaty, I have brought to take her leave of you in a tavern; ashamed whereof, you must pardon her if she put not off her mask. 100

Sir Pet. Pardon me, sweet cousin; my kind desire to see you before I went, made me so importunate to entreat your presence here.

Sec. How now, Master Francis, have you honoured this presence with a fair gentlewoman? 105

Quick. Pray, sir, take you no notice of her, for she will not be known to you.

Sec. But my learned counsel, Master Bramble here, I hope may know her. 110

Quick. No more than you, sir, at this time; his learning must pardon her.

Sec. Well, God pardon her for my part, and I do, I'll be sworn; and so, Master Francis, here's to all that are going eastward to-night towards Cuckold's Haven; and so to the health of Master Bramble. 115

Quick. I pledge it, sir. [*kneels*] Hath it gone round, Captains?

Sea. It has, sweet Frank; and the round closes with thee. 120

Quick. Well, sir, here's to all eastward and toward cuckolds, and so to famous Cuckold's Haven, so fatally remembered. *Surgit*

Sir Pet. [To Winifred] Nay, pray thee, coz, weep not. Gossip Security! 125

Sec. Ay, my brave gossip!

Sir Pet. A word, I beseech you, sir! Our friend, Mistress Bramble here, is so dissolved in tears that she drowns the whole mirth of our meeting. Sweet gossip, take her aside and comfort her. 130

Sec. [*aside to Winifred*] Pity of all true love, Mistress Bramble! What, weep you to enjoy your love? What's the cause, lady? Is't because your husband is so near, and your heart earns to have a little abused him? Alas, alas, the offence is too common to be respected! So great a grace hath seldom chanced to so unthankful a woman, to be rid of an old jealous dotard, to enjoy the arms of a loving young knight, that, when your prickless Bramble is withered with grief of your loss, will make you flourish afresh in the bed of a lady. 135

Enter Drawer

Draw. Sir Petronel, here's one of your watermen come to tell you it will be flood these three hours; and that 'twill be dangerous going against the tide, for the sky is overcast, and there was a porcpisce even now seen at London Bridge, which is always the messenger of tempests, he says. 140

Sir Pet. A porcpisce! What's that to th' purpose? Charge him, if he love his life, to attend us; can we not reach Blackwall (where my ship lies) against the tide, and in spite of tempests? Captains and gentlemen, we'll begin a new ceremony at the beginning of our voyage, which I believe will be followed of all future adventurers. 145

Sea. What's that, good Colonel?

Sir Pet. This, Captain Seagull. We'll have our provided supper brought aboard Sir Francis Drake's ship, that hath compassed the world; where, with full cups and banquets, we will do sacrifice for a prosperous voyage. My mind gives me that some good spirits of the waters should haunt the desert ribs of her, and be auspicious to all that honour her memory, and will with like orgies enter their voyages. 150

Sea. Rarely conceited ! One health more to this motion, 160
and aboard to perform it. He that will not this night be
drunk, may he never be sober.

*They compass in Winifred, dance the drunken round, and
drink carouses*

Bram. Sir Petronel and his honourable Captains, in these
young services we old servitors may be spared. We only 165
came to take our leaves, and with one health to you all, I'll
be bold to do so. Here, neighbour Security, to the health
of Sir Petronel and all his captains.

Sec. You must bend then, Master Bramble ; [*they kneel*]
so, now I am for you. I have one corner of my brain, I
hope, fit to bear one carouse more. Here, lady, to you that 170
are encompassed there, and are ashamed of our company.
Ha ha, ha ! By my troth, my learned counsel, Master
Bramble, my mind runs so of Cuckold's Haven to-night, that
my head runs over with admiration.

Bram. [*aside*] But is not that your wife, neighbour ? 175

Sec. [*aside*] No, by my troth, Master Bramble. Ha,
ha, ha ! A pox of all Cuckold's Havens, I say !

Bram. [*aside*] O' my faith, her garments are exceeding
like your wife's.

Sec. [*aside*] *Cucullus non facit monachum*, my learned 180
counsel ; all are not cuckolds that seem so, nor all seem not
that are so. Give me your hand, my learned counsel ; you
and I will sup somewhere else than at Sir Francis Drake's
ship to-night.—Adieu, my noble gossip !

Bram. Good fortune, brave Captains ; fair skies God 185
send ye !

Omnes. Farewell, my hearts, farewell !

Sir Pet. Gossip, laugh no more at Cuckold's Haven,
gossip.

Sec. I have done, I have done, sir ; will you lead, Master 190
Bramble ? Ha, ha, ha ! *Exit* [*with Bramble*]

Sir Pet. Captain Seagull, charge a boat !

Omnes. A boat, a boat, a boat ! *Exeunt*

Draw. Y'are in a proper taking, indeed, to take a boat,
especially at this time of night, and against tide and tem- 195
pest. They say yet, 'drunken men never take harm.' This
night will try the truth of that proverb. *Exit*

[SCENA QUARTA

*Outside Security's House]**Enter Security*

Sec. What, Winny! Wife, I say! Out of doors at this time! Where should I seek the gad-fly? Billingsgate, Billingsgate, Billingsgate! She's gone with the knight, she's gone with the knight! Woe be to thee, Billingsgate! A boat, a boat, a boat! A full hundred marks for a boat!

Exit

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA PRIMA

Enter Slitgut, with a pair of ox-horns, discovering Cuckhold's Haven above

Slit. All hail, fair haven of married men only, for there are none but married men cuckolds! For my part, I presume not to arrive here, but in my master's behalf (a poor butcher of East-cheap) who sends me to set up (in honour of Saint Luke) these necessary ensigns of his homage. And up I got this morning, thus early, to get up to the top of this famous tree, that is all fruit and no leaves, to advance this crest of my master's occupation. Up then; heaven and Saint Luke bless me, that I be not blown into the Thames as I climb, with this furious tempest. 'Slight, I think the devil be abroad, in likeness of a storm, to rob me of my horns! Hark how he roars! Lord, what a coil the Thames keeps! She bears some unjust burthen, I believe, that she kicks and curvets thus to cast it. Heaven bless all honest passengers that are upon her back now; for the bit is out of her mouth, I see, and she will run away with 'em! So, so, I think I have made it look the right way; it runs against London Bridge, as it were, even full butt. And now let me discover from this lofty prospect, what pranks the rude Thames plays in her desperate lunacy. O me, here's a boat has been cast away hard by! Alas, alas, see one of her passengers labouring for his life to land at this haven here! Pray heaven he may recover it! His next land is even just under me; hold out yet a little, whatsoever thou art; pray, and take a good heart to thee. 'Tis a man; take a man's heart to thee; yet a little further, get up o' thy legs, man; now 'tis shallow enough. So, so, so! Alas, he's down again! Hold thy wind, father; 'tis a man in a night-cap. So! Now he's got up again; now he's past

the worst ; yet, thanks be to heaven, he comes toward me 30
pretty and strongly.

Enter Security without his hat, in a night-cap, wet band, etc.

Sec. Heaven, I beseech thee, how have I offended thee !
Where am I cast ashore now, that I may go a righter way
home by land ? Let me see. O I am scarce able to look
about me ! Where is there any sea-mark that I am acquainted 35
withal ?

Slit. Look up, father ; are you acquainted with this
mark ?

Sec. What ! Landed at Cuckold's Haven ! Hell and
damnation ! I will run back and drown myself. 40

He falls down

Slit. Poor man, how weak he is ! The weak water has
washed away his strength.

Sec. Landed at Cuckold's Haven ! If it had not been
to die twenty times alive, I should never have scaped death !
I will never arise more ; I will grovel here and eat dirt till 45
I be choked ; I will make the gentle earth do that which
the cruel water has denied me !

Slit. Alas, good father, be not so desperate ! Rise, man ;
if you will, I'll come presently and lead you home.

Sec. Home ! Shall I make any know my home, that 50
has known me thus abroad ? How low shall I crouch away,
that no eye may see me ? I will creep on the earth while
I live, and never look heaven in the face more. *Exit creeping*

Slit. What young planet reigns now, trow, that old men
are so foolish ? What desperate young swaggerer would 55
have been abroad such a weather as this upon the water ?
Ay me, see another remnant of this unfortunate shipwrack,
or some other ! A woman, i'faith, a woman ! Though
it be almost at St. Katherine's, I discern it to be a woman,
for all her body is above the water, and her clothes swim 60
about her most handsomely. O, they bear her up most
bravely ! Has not a woman reason to love the taking up
of her clothes the better while she lives, for this ? Alas,
how busy the rude Thames is about her ! A pox o' that wave !
It will drown her, i'faith, 'twill drown her ! Cry God mercy, 65
she has scaped it, I thank heaven she has scaped it ! O
how she swims like a mermaid ! Some vigilant body look
out and save her. That's well said ; just where the priest
fell in, there's one sets down a ladder, and goes to take her

up. God's blessing o' thy heart, boy! Now take her up 70
 in thy arms and to bed with her. She's up, she's up! She's
 a beautiful woman, I warrant her; the billows durst not
 devour her.

Enter the Drawer in the Tavern before, with Winifred

Draw. How fare you now, lady?

Win. Much better, my good friend, than I wish; as 75
 one desperate of her fame, now my life is preserved.

Draw. Comfort yourself: that Power that preserved you
 from death can likewise defend you from infamy, howso-
 ever you deserve it. Were not you one that took boat
 late this night with a knight and other gentlemen at Billings- 80
 gate?

Win. Unhappy that I am, I was.

Draw. I am glad it was my good hap to come down thus
 far after you, to a house of my friend's here in St. Katherine's,
 since I am now happily made a mean to your rescue from 85
 the ruthless tempest, which (when you took boat) was so
 extreme, and the gentleman that brought you forth so
 desperate and unsober, that I feared long ere this I should
 hear of your shipwreck, and therefore (with little other
 reason) made thus far this way. And this I must tell you, 90
 since perhaps you may make use of it, there was left behind
 you at our tavern, brought by a porter (hired by the young
 gentleman that brought you) a gentlewoman's gown, hat,
 stockings, and shoes; which, if they be yours, and you
 please to shift you, taking a hard bed here in this house of 95
 my friend, I will presently go fetch you.

Win. Thanks, my good friend, for your more than good
 news. The gown with all things bound with it are mine;
 which if you please to fetch as you have promised, I will
 boldly receive the kind favour you have offered till your 100
 return; entreating you, by all the good you have done in
 preserving me hitherto, to let none take knowledge of what
 favour you do me, or where such a one as I am bestowed,
 lest you incur me much more damage in my fame than you
 have done me pleasure in preserving my life. 105

Draw. Come in, lady, and shift yourself; resolve that
 nothing but your own pleasure shall be used in your dis-
 covery.

Win. Thank you, good friend; the time may come, I
 shall requite you. *Exeunt* 110

Slit. See, see, see! I hold my life, there's some other
 a taking up at Wapping now! Look, what a sort of people
 cluster about the gallows there! In good troth it is so. O
 me, a fine young gentleman! What, and taken up at the
 gallows! Heaven grant he be not one day taken down 115
 there! O' my life, it is ominous! Well, he is delivered
 for the time. I see the people have all left him; yet will
 I keep my prospect awhile, to see if any more have been
 shipwracked.

Enter Quicksilver, bare head

Quick. Accurs'd that ever I was sav'd or born! 120
 How fatal is my sad arrival here!
 As if the stars and Providence spake to me,
 And said, 'The drift of all unlawful courses
 (Whatever end they dare propose themselves
 In frame of their licentious policies) 125
 In the firm order of just Destiny
 They are the ready highways to our ruins.'
 I know not what to do; my wicked hopes
 Are, with this tempest, torn up by the roots.
 O which way shall I bend my desperate steps, 130
 In which unsufferable shame and misery
 Will not attend them? I will walk this bank,
 And see if I can meet the other relics
 Of our poor shipwrack'd crew, or hear of them.
 The knight—alas!—was so far gone with wine, 135
 And th' other three, that I refus'd their boat,
 And took the hapless woman in another,
 Who cannot but be sunk, whatever Fortune
 Hath wrought upon the others' desperate lives. [*Exit*]

Enter Petronel, and Seagull, bareheaded

Sir Pet. Zounds, Captain, I tell thee, we are cast up 140
 o' the coast of France! 'Sfoot, I am not drunk still, I hope!
 Dost remember where we were last night?

Sea. No, by my troth, knight, not I; but methinks we
 have been a horrible while upon the water and in the water.

Sir Pet. Ay me, we are undone for ever! Hast any 145
 money about thee?

Sea. Not a penny, by heaven!

Sir Pet. Not a penny betwixt us, and cast ashore in
 France!

Sea. Faith, I cannot tell that ; my brains nor mine eyes are not mine own yet. 150

Enter two Gentlemen

Sir Pet. 'Sfoot, wilt not believe me ? I know't by th' elevation of the pole, and by the ltitude and alatitude of the climate. See, here comes a couple of French gentlemen ; I knew we were in France ; dost thou think our Englishmen are so Frenchified that a man knows not whether he be in France or in England, when he sees 'em ? What shall we do ? We must e'en to 'em, and entreat some relief of 'em. Life is sweet, and we have no other means to relieve our lives now but their charities. 155 160

Sea. Pray you, do you beg on 'em then ; you can speak French.

Sir Pet. *Monsieur, plaist-il d'avoir pitié de nostre grande infortune. Je suis un pource chevalier d'Angleterre qui a souffri l'infortune de naufrage.* 165

1st Gent. *Un pource chevalier d'Angleterre ?*

Sir Pet. *Oui, monsieur, il est trop vray ; mais vous scavés bien nous sommes toutes subject à fortune.*

2nd Gent. A poor knight of England ? A poor knight of Windsor, are you not ? Why speak you this broken French, when y'are a whole Englishman ? On what coast are you, think you ? 170

Sir Pet. On the coast of France, sir.

1st Gent. On the coast of Dogs, sir ; y'are i'th' Isle o' Dogs, I tell you. I see y'ave been washed in the Thames here, and I believe ye were drowned in a tavern before, or else you would never have took boat in such a dawning as this was. Farewell, farewell ; we will not know you for shaming of you.—I ken the man weel ; he's one of my thirty pound knights. 175 180

2nd Gent. No, no, this is he that stole his knighthood o' the grand day for four pound, giving to a page all the money in's purse, I wot well. *Exeunt [Gentlemen]*

Sea. Death, Colonel, I knew you were overshot !

Sir Pet. Sure I think now, indeed, Captain Seagull, we were something overshot. 185

Enter Quicksilver

What, my sweet Frank Quicksilver ! Dost thou survive to rejoice me ? But what ! Nobody at thy heels, Frank ? Ay me, what is become of poor Mistress Security ?

Quick. Faith, gone quite from her name, as she is from 190
her fame, I think; I left her to the mercy of the water.

Sea. Let her go, let her go! Let us go to our ship at
Blackwall, and shift us.

Sir Pet. Nay, by my troth, let our clothes rot upon us,
and let us rot in them; twenty to one our ship is attached 195
by this time! If we set her not under sail this last tide, I
never looked for any other. Woe, woe is me, what shall
become of us? The last money we could make, the greedy
Thames has devoured; and if our ship be attached, there
is no hope can relieve us. 200

Quick. 'Sfoot, knight, what an unknighly faintness
transports thee! Let our ship sink, and all the world that's
without us be taken from us, I hope I have some tricks in
this brain of mine shall not let us perish.

Sea. Well said, Frank, i'faith! O my nimble-spirited 205
Quicksilver! 'Fore God, would thou hadst been our
colonel!

Sir Pet. I like his spirit rarely; but I see no means he
has to support that spirit.

Quick. Go to, knight! I have more means than thou 210
art aware of. I have not lived amongst goldsmiths and gold-
makers all this while, but I have learned something worthy
of my time with 'em. And not to let thee stink where thou
stand'st, knight, I'll let thee know some of my skill pre-
sently. 215

Sea. Do, good Frank, I beseech thee!

Quick. I will blanch copper so cunningly that it shall
endure all proofs but the test: it shall endure malleation,
it shall have the ponderosity of Luna, and the tenacity of
Luna, by no means friable. 220

Sir Pet. 'Slight, where learn'st thou these terms, trow?

Quick. Tush, knight, the terms of this art every ignorant
quack-salver is perfect in! But I'll tell you how yourself
shall blanch copper thus cunningly. Take arsenic, other-
wise called realga (which, indeed, is plain ratsbane); sublime 225
'em three or four times, then take the sublimate of this
realga, and put 'em into a glass, into chymia, and let 'em
have a convenient decoction natural, four-and-twenty
hours, and he will become perfectly fixed; then take this
fixed powder, and project him upon well-purged copper, *et* 230
habebis magisterium.

Ambo. Excellent Frank, let us hug thee!

Quick. Nay, this I will do besides: I'll take you off
twelvepence from every angel, with a kind of aqua-fortis,
and never deface any part of the image. 235

Sir Pet. But then it will want weight?

Quick. You shall restore that thus: take your sal
achyme prepared and your distilled urine, and let your
angels lie in it but four-and-twenty hours, and they shall
have their perfect weight again. Come on, now; I hope 240
this is enough to put some spirit into the livers of you; I'll
infuse more another time. We have saluted the proud air
long enough with our bare sconces. Now will I have you
to a wench's house of mine at London, there make shift to
shift us, and after, take such fortunes as the stars shall assign 245
us.

Ambo. Notable Frank, we will ever adore thee!

Exeunt

Enter Drawer, with Winifred new-attired

Win. Now, sweet friend, you have brought me near
enough your tavern, which I desired I might with some
colour be seen near, inquiring for my husband, who, I must 250
tell you, stole thither the last night with my wet gown we
have left at your friend's,—which, to continue your former
honest kindness, let me pray you to keep close from the
knowledge of any; and so, with all vow of your requital,
let me now entreat you to leave me to my woman's wit and 255
fortune.

Draw. All shall be done you desire; and so all the for-
tune you can wish for attend you. *Exit Drawer*

Enter Security

Sec. I will once more to this unhappy tavern before I
shift one rag of me more; that I may there know what is 260
left behind, and what news of their passengers. I have
bought me a hat and band with the little money I had about
me, and made the streets a little leave staring at my night-
cap.

Win. O my dear husband! Where have you been 265
to-night? All night abroad at taverns! Rob me of my
garments, and fare as one run away from me! Alas, is this
seemly for a man of your credit, of your age, and affection
to your wife?

Sec. What should I say? How miraculously sorts 270
this! Was not I at home, and called thee last night?

Win. Yes, sir, the harmless sleep you broke ; and my answer to you would have witnessed it, if you had had the patience to have stayed and answered me : but your so sudden retreat made me imagine you were gone to Master 275
Bramble's, and so rested patient and hopeful of your coming again, till this your unbeliev'd absence brought me abroad with no less than wonder, to seek you where the false knight had carried you.

Sec. Villain and monster that I was, how have I 280
abused thee ! I was suddenly gone indeed ; for my sudden jealousy transferred me. I will say no more but this : dear wife, I suspected thee.

Win. Did you suspect me ?

Sec. Talk not of it, I beseech thee ; I am ashamed to 285
imagine it. I will home, I will home ; and every morning on my knees ask thee heartily forgiveness. *Exeunt*

[*Slit.*] Now will I descend my honourable prospect, the farthest seeing sea-mark of the world ; no marvel, then, if I could see two miles about me. I hope the red tempest's 290
anger be now over-blown, which sure, I think, Heaven sent as a punishment for profaning holy Saint Luke's memory with so ridiculous a custom. Thou dishonest satire, farewell to honest married men ; farewell to all sorts and degrees of thee ! Farewell, thou horn of hunger, that call'st th' Inns 295
o' Court to their manger ! Farewell, thou horn of abundance, that adornest the headsmen of the commonwealth ! Farewell, thou horn of direction, that is the city lanthorn ! Farewell, thou horn of pleasure, the ensign of the huntsman ! Farewell, thou horn of destiny, th' ensign of the married 300
man ! Farewell, thou horn tree, that bearest nothing but stone-fruit ! *Exit*

[SCENA SECUNDA

A Room in Touchstone's House]

Enter Touchstone

Touch. Ha, sirrah ! Thinks my knight adventurer we can no point of our compass ? Do we not know north-north-east, north-east-and-by-east, east-and-by-north, nor plain eastward ? Ha ! Have we never heard of Virginia ? Nor the Cavallaria ? Nor the Colonia ? Can we discover no discoveries ? Well, mine errant Sir Flash, and my runagate Quicksilver, you may drink drunk, crack cans, hurl away a brown dozen of Monmouth caps or so, in

sea ceremony to your *bon voyage*; but for reaching any coast, save the coast of Kent or Essex, with this tide, or with this fleet, I'll be your warrant for a Gravesend toast. There's that gone afore will stay your admiral and vice-admiral and rear-admiral, were they all (as they are) but one pinnace and under sail, as well as a remora, doubt it not, and from this sponce, without either powder or shot. Work upon that now! Nay, and you'll show tricks, we'll vie with you a little. My daughter, his lady, was sent eastward by land, to a castle of his i' the air (in what region I know not) and, as I hear, was glad to take up her lodging in her coach, she and her two waiting-women, her maid and her mother, like three snails in a shell, and the coachman a-top on 'em, I think. Since they have all found the way back again by Weeping Cross; but I'll not see 'em. And for two on 'em, madam and her malkin, they are like to bite o' the bridle for William, as the poor horses have done all this while that hurried 'em, or else go graze o' the common. So should my Dame Touchstone too; but she has been my cross these thirty years, and I'll now keep her to fright away sprites, i'faith. I wonder I hear no news of my son Golding. He was sent for to the Guildhall this morning betimes, and I marvel at the matter; if I had not laid up comfort and hope in him, I should grow desperate of all. See, he is come i' my thought! How now, son? What news at the Court of Aldermen?

Enter Golding

Gold. Troth, sir, an accident somewhat strange, else it hath little in it worth the reporting.

Touch. What? It is not borrowing of money, then?

Gold. No, sir; it hath pleased the worshipful commoners of the city to take me one i' their number at presentation of the inquest—

Touch. Ha!

Gold. And the alderman of the ward wherein I dwell to appoint me his deputy—

Touch. How?

Gold. In which place I have had an oath ministered me, since I went.

Touch. Now, my dear and happy son, let me kiss thy new worship, and a little boast mine own happiness in thee. What a fortune was it (or rather my judgment, indeed) for

me, first, to see that in his disposition which a whole city 50
 so conspires to second! Ta'en into the livery of his com-
 pany the first day of his freedom! Now (not a week married)
 chosen commoner and alderman's deputy in a day! Note
 but the reward of a thrifty course. The wonder of his
 time! Well, I will honour Master Alderman for this act 55
 (as becomes me) and shall think the better of the Common
 Council's wisdom and worship while I live, for thus meeting,
 or but coming after me, in the opinion of his desert. For-
 ward, my sufficient son, and as this is the first, so esteem
 it the least step to that high and prime honour that expects 60
 thee.

Gold. Sir, as I was not ambitious of this, so I covet no
 higher place; it hath dignity enough, if it will but save me
 from contempt; and I had rather my bearing in this or
 any other office should add worth to it, than the place give 65
 the least opinion to me.

Touch. Excellently spoken! This modest answer of
 thine blushes, as if it said, I will wear scarlet shortly. Wor-
 shipful son! I cannot contain myself, I must tell thee; I
 hope to see thee one o' the monuments of our city, and 70
 reckoned among her worthies to be remembered the same
 day with the Lady Ramsey and grave Gresham, when the
 famous fable of Whittington and his puss shall be forgotten,
 and thou and thy acts become the posies for hospitals; when
 thy name shall be written upon conduits, and thy deeds 75
 played i' thy lifetime by the best companies of actors, and
 be called their get-penny. This I divine; this I prophesy.

Gold. Sir, engage not your expectation farther than my
 abilities will answer; I, that know mine own strengths,
 fear 'em; and there is so seldom a loss in promising the 80
 least, that commonly it brings with it a welcome deceit.
 I have other news for you, sir.

Touch. None more welcome, I am sure!

Gold. They have their degree of welcome, I dare affirm.
 The Colonel and all his company, this morning putting forth 85
 drunk from Billingsgate, had like to have been cast away
 o' this side Greenwich; and (as I have intelligence by a
 false brother) are come dropping to town like so many
 masterless men, i' their doublets and hose, without hat, or
 cloak, or any other— 90

Touch. A miracle! The justice of Heaven! Where
 are they? Let's go presently and lay for 'em,

Gold. I have done that already, sir, both by constables and other officers, who shall take 'em at their old Anchor, and with less tumult or suspicion than if yourself were seen in't, under colour of a great press that is now abroad, and they shall here be brought afore me. 95

Touch. Prudent and politic son! Disgrace 'em all that ever thou canst; their ship I have already arrested. How to my wish it falls out, that thou hast the place of a justicer upon 'em! I am partly glad of the injury done to me, that thou mayst punish it. Be severe i' thy place, like a new officer o' the first quarter, unreflected. You hear how our lady is come back with her train from the invisible castle? 100

Gold. No; where is she? 105

Touch. Within; but I ha' not seen her yet, nor her mother, who now begins to wish her daughter undubbed, they say, and that she had walked a foot-pace with her sister. Here they come; stand back.

[*Enter*] Mistress Touchstone, Gertrude, Mildred, Sindefy

God save your ladyship, save your good ladyship! Your ladyship is welcome from your enchanted castle, so are your beauteous retinue. I hear your knight errant is travelled on strange adventures. Surely, in my mind, your ladyship hath fished fair and caught a frog, as the saying is. 110

Mist. Touch. Speak to your father, madam, and kneel down. 115

Ger. Kneel? I hope I am not brought so low yet; though my knight be run away, and has sold my land, I am a lady still.

Touch. Your ladyship says true, madam; and it is fitter and a greater decorum, that I should curtsey to you that are a knight's wife, and a lady, than you be brought o' your knees to me, who am a poor cullion and your father. 120

Ger. Law! My father knows his duty.

Mist. Touch. O child! 125

Touch. And therefore I do desire your ladyship, my good Lady Flash, in all humility, to depart my obscure cottage, and return in quest of your bright and most transparent castle, however presently concealed to mortal eyes. And as for one poor woman of your train here, I will take that order, she shall no longer be a charge unto you, nor help to spend your ladyship; she shall stay at home with me, and not go abroad, not put you to the pawning of an 130

odd coach-horse or three wheels, but take part with the Touchstone. If we lack, we will not complain to your ladyship. And so, good madam, with your damosel here, please you to let us see your straight backs in equipage; for truly here is no roost for such chickens as you are, or birds o' your feather, if it like your ladyship. 135

Ger. Marry, fist o' your kindness! I thought as much. 140
Come away, Sin., we shall as soon get a fart from a dead man, as a farthing of courtesy here.

Mil. O good sister!

Ger. Sister, sir reverence! Come away, I say, hunger drops out at his nose. 145

Gold. O madam, fair words never hurt the tongue.

Ger. How say you by that? You come out with your gold ends now!

Mist. Touch. Stay, lady-daughter! Good husband!

Touch. Wife, no man loves his fetters, be they made of 150 gold. I list not ha' my head fastened under my child's girdle; as she has brewed, so let her drink, o' God's name! She went witless to wedding, now she may go wisely a-begging. It's but honeymoon yet with her ladyship; she has coach-horses, apparel, jewels, yet left; she needs care for 155 no friends, nor take knowledge of father, mother, brother, sister, or anybody. When those are pawned or spent, perhaps we shall return into the list of her acquaintance.

Ger. I scorn it, i'faith! Come, Sin.

Mist. Touch. O madam, why do you provoke your 160 father thus?

Exit Gertrude [with Sindefy]

Touch. Nay, nay; e'en let pride go afore, shame will follow after, I warrant you. Come, why dost thou weep now? Thou art not the first good cow hast had an ill calf, I trust. [*Exit Mistress Touchstone*] What's the news 165 with that fellow?

Enter Constable

Gold. Sir, the knight and your man Quicksilver are without; will you ha' 'em brought in?

Touch. O by any means! [*Exit Constable*] And, son, here's a chair; appear terrible unto 'em on the first inter- 170 view. Let them behold the melancholy of a magistrate, and taste the fury of a citizen in office.

Gold. Why, sir, I can do nothing to 'em, except you charge 'em with somewhat.

Touch. I will charge 'em and recharge 'em, rather than authority should want foil to set it off. [*Offers Golding a chair*] 175

Gold. No, good sir, I will not.

Touch. Son, it is your place; by any means——

Gold. Believe it, I will not, sir.

Enter Knight Petronel, Quicksilver, Constable, Officers

Sir Pet. How misfortune pursues us still in our misery! 180

Quick. Would it had been my fortune to have been trussed up at Wapping, rather than ever ha' come here!

Sir Pet. Or mine to have famished in the island!

Quick. Must Golding sit upon us?

Con. You might carry an M. under your girdle to Master Deputy's worship. 185

Gold. What are those, Master Constable?

Con. An't please your worship, a couple of masterless men I pressed for the Low Countries, sir.

Gold. Why do you not carry 'em to Bridewell, according to your order, they may be shipped away? 190

Con. An't please your worship, one of 'em says he is a knight; and we thought good to shew him to your worship, for our discharge.

Gold. Which is he? 195

Con. This, sir!

Gold. And what's the other?

Con. A knight's fellow, sir, an't please you.

Gold. What! A knight and his fellow thus accoutred? Where are their hats and feathers, their rapiers and their cloaks? 200

Quick. O they mock us!

Con. Nay, truly, sir, they had cast both their feathers and hats too, before we see 'em. Here's all their furniture, an't please you, that we found. They say knights are now to be known without feathers, like cockerels by their spurs, sir. 205

Gold. What are their names, say they?

Touch. [*aside*] Very well this! He should not take knowledge of 'em in his place, indeed. 210

Con. This is Sir Petronel Flash.

Touch. How!

Con. And this, Francis Quicksilver.

Touch. Is't possible? I thought your worship had

been gone for Virginia, sir; you are welcome home, sir. 215
 Your worship has made a quick return, it seems, and no
 doubt a good voyage. Nay, pray you be covered, sir. How
 did your biscuit hold out, sir? Methought I had seen
 this gentleman afore. Good Master Quicksilver, how a
 degree to the southward has changed you! 220

Gold. Do you know 'em, father?—Forbear your offers
 a little, you shall be heard anon.

Touch. Yes, Master Deputy; I had a small venture
 with them in the voyage—a thing called a son-in-law, or so.
 Officers, you may let 'em stand alone, they will not run 225
 away; I'll give my word for them. A couple of very honest
 gentlemen. One of 'em was my prentice, Master Quick-
 silver here; and when he had two year to serve, kept his
 whore and his hunting nag, would play his hundred pound
 at gresco, or primero, as familiarly (and all o' my purse) as 230
 any bright piece of crimson on 'em all; had his changeable
 trunks of apparel standing at livery, with his mare, his
 chest of perfumed linen, and his bathing-tubs, which when
 I told him of, why he—he was a gentleman, and I a poor
 Cheapside groom! The remedy was, we must part. Since 235
 when, he hath had the gift of gathering up some small
 parcels of mine, to the value of five hundred pound, dis-
 persed among my customers, to furnish this his Virginian
 venture; wherein this knight was the chief, Sir Flash—one
 that married a daughter of mine, ladyfied her, turned two 240
 thousand pounds' worth of good land of hers into cash within
 the first week, bought her a new gown and a coach, sent
 her to seek her fortune by land, whilst himself prepared for
 his fortune by sea; took in fresh flesh at Billingsgate, for
 his own diet, to serve him the whole voyage—the wife of a 245
 certain usurer called Security, who hath been the broker
 for 'em in all this business. Please, Master Deputy, work
 upon that now!

Gold. If my worshipful father have ended.

Touch. I have, it shall please Master Deputy. 250

Gold. Well then, under correction—

Touch. [*aside to Golding*] Now, son, come over 'em with
 some fine gird, as thus, 'Knight, you shall be encountered,
 that is, had to the Counter,' or, 'Quicksilver, I will put
 you into a crucible,' or so. 255

Gold. Sir Petronel Flash, I am sorry to see such flashes
 as these proceed from a gentleman of your quality and rank;

for mine own part, I could wish I could say I could not see them; but such is the misery of magistrates and men in place, that they must not wink at offenders. Take him 260
aside—I will hear you anon, sir.

Touch. I like this well, yet; there's some grace i' the knight left—he cries.

Gold. Francis Quicksilver, would God thou hadst turned quacksalver, rather than run into these dissolute and lewd courses! It is great pity; thou art a proper young man, 265
of an honest and clean face, somewhat near a good one; God hath done his part in thee; but thou hast made too much and been too proud of that face, with the rest of thy body; for maintenance of which in neat and garish attire (only to be looked upon by some light housewives) thou hast 270
prodigally consumed much of thy master's estate; and being by him gently admonished at several times, hast returned thyself haughty and rebellious in thine answers, thund'ring out uncivil comparisons, requiting all his kindness with a coarse and harsh behaviour, never returning 275
thanks for any one benefit, but receiving all as if they had been debts to thee and no courtesies. I must tell thee, Francis, these are manifest signs of an ill-nature; and God doth often punish such pride and outrecuidance with scorn and infamy, which is the worst of misfortune. My worshipful 280
father, what do you please to charge them withal? From the press I will free 'em, Master Constable.

Con. Then I'll leave your worship, sir.

Gold. No, you may stay; there will be other matters against 'em. 285

Touch. Sir, I do charge this gallant, Master Quicksilver, on suspicion of felony; and the knight as being accessory in the receipt of my goods.

Quick. O God, sir!

Touch. Hold thy peace, impudent varlet, hold thy 290
peace! With what forehead or face dost thou offer to chop logic with me, having run such a race of riot as thou hast done? Does not the sight of this worshipful man's fortune and temper confound thee, that was thy younger fellow in household, and now come to have the place of a 295
judge upon thee? Dost not observe this? Which of all thy gallants and gamesters, thy swearers and thy swaggerers, will come now to moan thy misfortune, or pity thy penury? They'll look out at a window, as thou rid'st in triumph to

Tyburn, and cry, 'Yonder goes honest Frank, mad Quick- 300
silver!' 'He was a free boon companion, when he had
money,' says one; 'Hang him, fool!' says another, 'he
could not keep it when he had it!' 'A pox o'the cullion,
his master,' says a third, 'he has brought him to this';
when their pox of pleasure and their piles of perdition 305
would have been better bestowed upon thee, that hast ven-
tured for 'em with the best, and by the clue of thy knavery
brought thyself weeping to the cart of calamity.

Quick. Worshipful master!

Touch. Offer not to speak, crocodile; I will not hear a 310
sound come from thee. Thou hast learnt to whine at the
play yonder. Master Deputy, pray you commit 'em both
to safe custody, till I be able farther to charge 'em.

Quick. O me, what an unfortunate thing am I!

Sir Pet. Will you not take security, sir? 315

Touch. Yes, marry, will I, Sir Flash, if I can find him,
and charge him as deep as the best on you. He has been
the plotter of all this; he is your engineer, I hear. Master
Deputy, you'll dispose of these. In the meantime, I'll
to my Lord Mayor, and get his warrant to seize that serpent 320
Security into my hands, and seal up both house and goods
to the King's use or my satisfaction.

Gold. Officers, take 'em to the Counter.

Quick. }
Sir Pet. } O God!

Touch. Nay, on, on! You see the issue of your sloth. 325
Of sloth cometh pleasure, of pleasure cometh riot, of riot
comes whoring, of whoring comes spending, of spending
comes want, of want comes theft, of theft comes hanging;
and there is my Quicksilver fixed. *Exeunt*

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA PRIMA

[Gertrude's Lodging]

Gertrude [and] Sindefy

Ger. Ah, Sin., hast thou ever read i' the chronicle of any
lady and her waiting-woman driven to that extremity that
we are, Sin.?

Sin. Not I, truly, madam; and if I had, it were but
cold comfort should come out of books now. 5

Ger. Why, good faith, Sin., I could dine with a lament-

able story now. *O hone, hone, o no nera, etc.!* Canst thou tell ne'er a one, Sin.?

Sin. None but mine own, madam, which is lamentable enough: first to be stolen from my friends, which were worshipful and of good accompt, by a prentice in the habit and disguise of a gentleman, and here brought up to London and promised marriage, and now likely to be forsaken, for he is in possibility to be hanged!

Ger. Nay, weep not, good Sin.; my Petronel is in as good possibility as he. Thy miseries are nothing to mine, Sin.: I was more than promised marriage, Sin.; I had it, Sin., and was made a lady, and by a knight, Sin.; which is now as good as no knight, Sin. And I was born in London, which is more than brought up, Sin.; and already forsaken, which is past likelihood, Sin.; and instead of land i' the country, all my knight's living lies i' the Counter, Sin.; there's his castle now!

Sin. Which he cannot be forced out of, madam.

Ger. Yes, if he would live hungry a week or two. 'Hunger', they say, 'breaks stone walls.' But he is e'en well enough served, Sin., that so soon as ever he had got my hand to the sale of my inheritance, run away from me, and I had been his punk, God bless us! Would the Knight o' the Sun, or Palmerin of England, have used their ladies so, Sin.? Or Sir Lancelot, or Sir Tristram?

Sin. I do not know, madam.

Ger. Then thou know'st nothing, Sin. Thou art a fool, Sin. The knighthood nowadays are nothing like the knighthood of old time. They rid a-horseback; ours go a-foot. They were attended by their squires; ours by their lackeys. They went buckled in their armour; ours muffled in their cloaks. They travelled wildernesses and deserts; ours dare scarce walk the streets. They were still prest to engage their honour; ours still ready to pawn their clothes. They would gallop on at sight of a monster; ours run away at sight of a sergeant. They would help poor ladies; ours make poor ladies.

Sin. Ay, madam, they were knights of the Round Table at Winchester, that sought adventures; but these of the Square Table at ordinaries, that sit at hazard.

Ger. True, Sin., let him vanish. And tell me, what shall we pawn next?

Sin. Ay, marry, madam, a timely consideration; for

our hostess (profane woman!) has sworn by bread and salt, she will not trust us another meal. 50

Ger. Let it stink in her hand then. I'll not be beholding to her. Let me see, my jewels be gone, and my gowns, and my red velvet petticoat that I was married in, and my wedding silk stockings, and all thy best apparel, poor Sin. ! 55
Good faith, rather than thou shouldest pawn a rag more, I'd lay my ladyship in lavender—if I knew where.

Sin. Alas, madam, your ladyship?

Ger. Ay, why? You do not scorn my ladyship, though it is in a waistcoat? God's my life, you are a peat indeed! 60
Do I offer to mortgage my ladyship for you and for your avail, and do you turn the lip and the alas to my ladyship?

Sin. No, madam; but I make question who will lend anything upon it?

Ger. Who? Marry, enow, I warrant you, if you'll seek 'em out. I'm sure I remember the time when I would ha' given one thousand pounds (if I had had it) to have been a lady; and I hope I was not bred and born with that appetite alone: some other gentle-born o' the City have the same longing, I trust. And for my part, I would afford 'em a penn'orth; my ladyship is little the worse for the wearing, and yet I would bate a good deal of the sum. I would lend it (let me see) for forty pound in hand, Sin.—that would apparel us—and ten pound a year—that would keep me and you, Sin. (with our needles)—and we should never need to be beholding to our scurvy parents. Good Lord, that there are no fairies nowadays, Sin. ! 70

Sin. Why, madam?

Ger. To do miracles, and bring ladies money. Sure, if we lay in a cleanly house, they would haunt it, Sin. I'll try. I'll sweep the chamber soon at night, and set a dish of water o' the hearth. A fairy may come, and bring a pearl or a diamond. We do not know, Sin. Or, there may be a pot of gold hid o' the backside, if we had tools to dig for't? Why may not we two rise early i' the morning, Sin., afore anybody is up, and find a jewel i' the streets worth a hundred pound? May not some great court-lady, as she comes from revels at midnight, look out of her coach as 'tis running, and lose such a jewel, and we find it? Ha? 85

Sin. They are pretty waking dreams, these. 90

Ger. Or may not some old usurer be drunk overnight, with a bag of money, and leave it behind him on a stall?

For God's sake, Sin., let's rise to-morrow by break of day, and see. I protest, law, if I had as much money as an alderman, I would scatter some on't i'th' streets for poor ladies to find, when their knights were laid up. And, now I remember my song o' the Golden Shower, why may not I have such a fortune? I'll sing it, and try what luck I shall have after it. 95

Fond fables tell of old 100
How Jove in Danæ's lap
Fell in a shower of gold,
By which she caught a clap ;
O had it been my hap
(How ere the blow doth threaten) 105
So well I like the play,
That I could wish all day
And night to be so beaten.

Enter Mistress Touchstone

O here's my mother! Good luck, I hope. Ha' you brought any money, mother? Pray you, mother, your blessing. Nay, sweet mother, do not weep. 110

Mist. Touch. God bless you! I would I were in my grave!

Ger. Nay, dear mother, can you steal no more money from my father? Dry your eyes, and comfort me. Alas, it is my knight's fault, and not mine, that I am in a waistcoat, and attired thus simply. 115

Mist. Touch. Simply? 'Tis better than thou deserv'st. Never whimper for the matter. Thou shouldst have looked before thou hadst leaped. Thou wert afire to be a lady, and now your ladyship and you may both blow at the coal, for ought I know. Self do, self have. 'The hasty person never wants woe,' they say. 120

Ger. Nay, then, mother, you should ha' looked to it. A body would think you were the older; I did but my kind, I. He was a knight, and I was fit to be a lady. 'Tis not lack of liking, but lack of living, that severs us. And you talk like yourself and a cittiner in this, i'faith. You show what husband you come on, I wis. You smell the Touchstone—he that will do more for his daughter that he has married a scurvy gold-end man and his prentice, than he will for his tother daughter, that has wedded a knight 125

and his customer. By this light, I think he is not my legitimate father.

Sin. O good madam, do not take up your mother so! 135

Mist. Touch. Nay, nay, let her e'en alone! Let her ladyship grieve me still, with her bitter taunts and terms. I have not dole enough to see her in this miserable case, I, without her velvet gowns, without ribands, without jewels, without French wires, or cheat-bread, or quails, or a little dog, or a gentleman-usher, or anything, indeed, that's fit for a lady— 140

Sin. [*aside*] Except her tongue.

Mist. Touch. And I not able to relieve her, neither, being kept so short by my husband. Well, God knows my heart. 145 I did little think that ever she should have had need of her sister Golding.

Ger. Why, mother, I ha' not yet. Alas, good mother, be not intoxicate for me! I am well enough; I would not change husbands with my sister, I. The leg of a lark is 150 better than the body of a kite.

Mist. Touch. I know that, but—

Ger. What, sweet mother, what?

Mist. Touch. It's but ill food when nothing's left but the claw. 155

Ger. That's true, mother. Ay me!

Mist. Touch. Nay, sweet lady-bird, sigh not. Child, madam, why do you weep thus? Be of good cheer; I shall die, if you cry and mar your complexion thus.

Ger. Alas, mother, what should I do? 160

Mist. Touch. Go to thy sister's, child; she'll be proud thy ladyship will come under her roof. She'll win thy father to release thy knight, and redeem thy gowns and thy coach and thy horses, and set thee up again.

Ger. But will she get him to set my knight up too? 165

Mist. Touch. That she will, or anything else thou'lt ask her.

Ger. I will begin to love her if I thought she would do this.

Mist. Touch. Try her, good chuck, I warrant thee. 170

Ger. Dost thou think she'll do't?

Sin. Ay, madam, and be glad you will receive it.

Mist. Touch. That's a good maiden; she tells you true. Come, I'll take order for your debts i' the ale-house.

Ger. Go, *Sin.*, and pray for thy Frank, as I will for my 175
Pet.

[*Exeunt*]

[SCENA SECUNDA

Goldsmith's Row]*Enter* Touchstone, Golding, Wolf

Touch. I will receive no letters, Master Wolf ; you shall pardon me.

Gold. Good father, let me entreat you.

Touch. Son Golding, I will not be tempted ; I find mine own easy nature, and I know not what a well-penned subtle letter may work upon it ; there may be tricks, packing, do you see ? Return with your packet, sir. 5

Wolf. Believe it, sir, you need fear no packing here ; these are but letters of submission all.

Touch. Sir, I do look for no submission. I will bear myself in this like blind Justice. Work upon that now ! When the Sessions come, they shall hear from me. 10

Gold. From whom come your letters, Master Wolf ?

Wolf. And't please you, sir, one from Sir Petronel, another from Francis Quicksilver, and a third from old Security, who is almost mad in prison. There are two to your worship, one from Master Francis, sir, another from the knight. 15

Touch. I do wonder, Master Wolf, why you should travail thus in a business so contrary to kind or the nature o' your place, that you, being the keeper of a prison, should labour the release of your prisoners ! Whereas, methinks, it were far more natural and kindly in you to be ranging about for more, and not let these scape you have already under the tooth. But they say you wolves, when you ha' sucked the blood once, that they are dry, you ha' done. 20 25

Wolf. Sir, your worship may descant as you please o' my name ; but I protest I was never so mortified with any men's discourse or behaviour in prison ; yet I have had of all sorts of men i' the kingdom under my keys, and almost of all religions i' the land, as Papist, Protestant, Puritan, Brownist, Anabaptist, Millenary, Family-o'-Love, Jew, Turk, Infidel, Atheist, Good-Fellow, etc. 30

Gold. And which of all these, thinks Master Wolf, was the best religion ? 35

Wolf. Troth, Master Deputy, they that pay fees best ; we never examine their consciences farder.

Gold. I believe you, Master Wolf. Good faith, sir, here's a great deal of humility i' these letters.

Wolf. Humility, sir? Ay, were your worship an eye-witness of it, you would say so. The knight will i' the Knight's Ward, do what we can, sir; and Master Quicksilver would be i' the Hole, if we would let him. I never knew or saw prisoners more penitent, or more devout. They will sit you up all night singing of psalms and edifying the whole prison; only Security sings a note too high sometimes, because he lies i' the twopenny ward, far off, and cannot take his tune. The neighbours cannot rest for him, but come every morning to ask what godly prisoners we have.

Touch. Which on 'em is't is so devout—the knight or the tother?

Wolf. Both, sir; but the young man especially. I never heard his like. He has cut his hair too. He is so well given, and has such good gifts. He can tell you almost all the stories of the *Book of Martyrs*, and speak you all *The Sick Man's Salve* without book.

Touch. Ay, if he had had grace—he was brought up where it grew, I wis. On, Master Wolf!

Wolf. And he has converted one Fangs, a sergeant; a fellow could neither write nor read, he was called the Bandog o' the Counter; and he has brought him already to pare his nails and say his prayers; and 'tis hoped he will sell his place shortly, and become an intelligencer.

Touch. No more; I am coming already. If I should give any farder ear I were taken. Adieu, good Master Wolf! Son, I do feel mine own weaknesses; do not impotune me. Pity is a rheum that I am subject to; but I will resist it. Master Wolf, fish is cast away that is cast in dry pools. Tell hypocrisy it will not do; I have touched and tried too often; I am yet proof, and I will remain so; when the Sessions come they shall hear from me. In the meantime, to all suits, to all entreaties, to all letters, to all tricks, I will be deaf as an adder, and blind as a beetle, lay mine ear to the ground, and lock mine eyes i' my hand against all temptations.

Gold. You see, Master Wolf, how inexorable he is. There is no hope to recover him. Pray you commend me to my brother knight, and to my fellow Francis; present 'em with this small token of my love [*giving money*]; tell 'em, I wish I could do 'em any worthier office; but in this, 'tis desperate; yet I will not fail to try the uttermost of my power for 'em. And, sir, as far as I have any credit

with you, pray you let 'em want nothing ; though I am not ambitious they should know so much.

Wolf. Sir, both your actions and words speak you to be a true gentleman. They shall know only what is fit, and no more. 85

Exeunt

[SCENA TERTIA

The Counter]

Holdfast, Bramble ; Security [*apart*]

Hold. Who would you speak with, sir ?

Bram. I would speak with one Security, that is prisoner here.

Hold. You are welcome, sir ! Stay there, I'll call him to you. Master Security ! 5

Sec. Who calls ?

Hold. Here's a gentleman would speak with you.

Sec. What is he ? Is't one that grafts my forehead now I am in prison, and comes to see how the horns shoot up and prosper ? 10

Hold. You must pardon him, sir ; the old man is a little crazed with his imprisonment.

Sec. What say you to me, sir ? Look you here, my learned counsel, Master Bramble ! Cry you mercy, sir ! When saw you my wife ? 15

Bram. She is now at my house, sir ; and desired me that I would come to visit you, and inquire of you your case, that we might work some means to get you forth.

Sec. My case, Master Bramble, is stone walls and iron grates ; you see it, this is the weakest part on 't. And for getting me forth, no means but hang myself, and so to be carried forth, from which they have here bound me in intolerable bands. 20

Bram. Why, but what is't you are in for, sir ?

Sec. For my sins, for my sins, sir, whereof marriage is the greatest ! O had I never married, I had never known this purgatory, to which hell is a kind of cool bath in respect ; my wife's confederacy, sir, with old Touchstone, that she might keep her jubilee and the feast of her new moon. Do you understand me, sir ? 25

Enter Quicksilver

Quick. Good sir, go in and talk with him. The light does him harm, and his example will be hurtful to the weak 30

prisoners. Fie, Father Security, that you'll be still so profane! Will nothing humble you?

[*Exeunt* Security, Bramble, Holdfast, and Quicksilver]

Enter two Prisoners with a friend

Friend. What's he? 35

1st Pris. O he is a rare young man! Do you not know him?

Friend. Not I! I never saw him, I can remember.

2nd Pris. Why, it is he that was the gallant prentice of London—Master Touchstone's man. 40

Friend. Who? Quicksilver?

1st Pris. Ay, this is he.

Friend. Is this he? They say he has been a gallant indeed.

[*1st*] *Pris.* O the royallest fellow that ever was bred up i' the City! He would play you his thousand pound a-night at dice; keep knights and lords company; go with them to bawdy-houses; had his six men in a livery; kept a stable of hunting-horses, and his wench in her velvet gown and her cloth of silver. Here's one knight with him here in prison. 45 50

Friend. And how miserably he is changed!

1st Pris. O that's voluntary in him: he gave away all his rich clothes as soon as ever he came in here among the prisoners; and will eat o' the basket, for humility. 55

Friend. Why will he do so?

[*1st*] *Pris.* Alas, he has no hope of life! He mortifies himself. He does but linger on till the Sessions.

2nd Pris. O he has penned the best thing, that he calls his *Repentance* or his *Last Farewell*, that ever you heard. He is a pretty poet, and for prose—you would wonder how many prisoners he has helped out, with penning petitions for 'em, and not take a penny. Look! This is the knight, in the rug gown. Stand by! 60

Enter Sir Petronel, Bramble, Quicksilver

Bram. Sir, for Security's case, I have told him. Say he should be condemned to be carted or whipped for a bawd, or so, why, I'll lay an execution on him o' two hundred pound; let him acknowledge a judgment, he shall do it in half an hour; they shall not all fetch him out without paying the execution, o' my word. 65 70

Sir Pet. But can we not be bailed, Master Bramble?

Bram. Hardly ; there are none of the judges in town, else you should remove yourself (in spite of him) with a *habeas corpus*. But if you have a friend to deliver your tale sensibly to some justice o' the town, that he may have feeling of it (do you see) you may be bailed ; for as I understand the case, 'tis only done *in terrorem* ; and you shall have an action of false imprisonment against him when you come out, and perhaps a thousand pound costs. 75

Enter Master Wolf

Quick. How now, Master Wolf ? What news ? What return ? 80

Wolf. Faith, bad all ! Yonder will be no letters received. He says the Sessions shall determine it. Only Master Deputy Golding commends him to you, and with this token wishes he could do you other good. [*giving money*] 85

Quick. I thank him. Good Master Bramble, trouble our quiet no more ; do not molest us in prison thus with your winding devices ; pray you depart. For my part, I commit my cause to Him that can succour me ; let God work His will. Master Wolf, I pray you let this be distributed among the prisoners, and desire 'em to pray for us. [*Exit*] 90

Wolf. It shall be done, Master Francis.

1st Pris. An excellent temper !

2nd Pris. Now God send him good luck !

Exeunt [*Bramble, two Prisoners and Friend*]

Sir Pet. But what said my father-in law, Master Wolf ? 95

Enter Holdfast

Hold. Here's one would speak with you, sir.

Wolf. I'll tell you anon, Sir Petronel. Who is't ?

Hold. A gentleman, sir, that will not be seen.

Enter Golding

Wolf. Where is he ? Master Deputy ! Your worship is welcome— 100

Gold. Peace !

Wolf. Away, sirrah ! [*Exit Holdfast with Sir Petronel*]

Gold. Good faith, Master Wolf, the estate of these gentlemen, for whom you were so late and willing a suitor, doth much affect me ; and because I am desirous to do them some fair office, and find there is no means to make my father relent so likely as to bring him to be a spectator of their miseries, I have ventured on a device, which is, to 105

make myself your prisoner, entreating you will presently go report it to my father, and (feigning an action at suit of some third person) pray him by this token [*giving a ring*] that he will presently, and with all secrecy, come hither for my bail; which train, if any, I know will bring him abroad; and then, having him here, I doubt not but we shall be all fortunate in the event. 115

Wolf. Sir, I will put on my best speed to effect it. Please you come in.

Gold. Yes; and let me rest concealed, I pray you. [*Exit*]

Wolf. See here a benefit truly done, when it is done timely, freely, and to no ambition. *Exit* 120

[SCENA QUARTA

A Room in Touchstone's House]

Enter Touchstone, Wife, Daughters, Sinefy, Winifred

Touch. I will sail by you and not hear you, like the wise Ulysses.

Mil. Dear father!

Mist. Touch. Husband!

Ger. Father!

Win. and Sin. Master Touchstone!

Touch. Away, sirens, I will immure myself against your cries, and lock myself up to [y]our lamentations.

Mist. Touch. Gentle husband, hear me!

Ger. Father, it is I, father, my Lady Flash. My sister and I am friends. 5

Mil. Good father!

Win. Be not hardened, good Master Touchstone!

Sin. I pray you, sir, be merciful!

Touch. I am deaf, I do not hear you; I have stopped mine ears with shoemakers' wax, and drunk Lethe and mandragora to forget you. All you speak to me I commit to the air. 15

Enter Wolf

Mil. How now, Master Wolf?

Wolf. Where's Master Touchstone? I must speak with him presently; I have lost my breath for haste. 20

Mil. What's the matter, sir? Pray all be well!

Wolf. Master Deputy Golding is arrested upon an execution, and desires him presently to come to him, forthwith.

Mil. Ay me! Do you hear, father? 25

Touch. Tricks, tricks, confederacy, tricks! I have 'em in my nose—I scent 'em!

Wolf. Who's that? Master Touchstone?

Mist. Touch. Why, it is Master Wolf himself, husband.

Mil. Father! 30

Touch. I am deaf still, I say. I will neither yield to the song of the siren, nor the voice of the hyena, the tears of the crocodile, nor the howling o' the wolf. Avoid my habitation, monsters!

Wolf. Why, you are not mad, sir? I pray you look forth, and see the token I have brought you, sir. 35

Touch. Ha! What token is it?

Wolf. Do you know it, sir?

Touch. My son Golding's ring! Are you in earnest, Master Wolf? 40

Wolf. Ay, by my faith, sir! He is in prison, and required me to use all speed and secrecy to you.

Touch. My cloak, there—pray you be patient. I am plagued for my austerity. My cloak! At whose suit, Master Wolf? 45

Wolf. I'll tell you as we go, sir. *Exeunt*

[SCENA QUINTA

The Counter]

Enter Friend, Prisoners

Friend. Why, but is his offence such as he cannot hope of life?

1st Pris. Troth, it should seem so; and 'tis great pity, for he is exceeding penitent.

Friend. They say he is charged but on suspicion of felony yet. 5

2nd Pris. Ay, but his master is a shrewd fellow; he'll prove great matter against him.

Friend. I'd as lief as anything I could see his *Farewell*.

1st Pris. O 'tis rarely written; why, Toby may get him to sing it to you; he's not curious to anybody. 10

2nd Pris. O no! He would that all the world should take knowledge of his repentance, and thinks he merits in't, the more shame he suffers.

1st Pris. Pray thee, try what thou canst do. 15

2nd Pris. I warrant you he will not deny it, if he be not hoarse with the often repeating of it. *Exit*

1st Pris. You never saw a more courteous creature than he is, and the knight too ; the poorest prisoner of the house may command 'em. You shall hear a thing admirably 20
penned.

Friend. Is the knight any scholar too ?

1st Pris. No, but he will speak very well, and discourse admirably of running horses and White-Friars, and against bawds, and of cocks ; and talk as loud as a hunter, but is 25
none.

Enter Wolf and Touchstone

Wolf. Please you, stay here, sir ; I'll call his worship down to you. [*Exit*]

*Enter [2nd Prisoner with] Quicksilver, Petronel and [Security ;
Golding with Wolf, who stand aside]*

1st Pris. See, he has brought him, and the knight too. Salute him, I pray. Sir, this gentleman, upon our report, 30
is very desirous to hear some piece of your *Repentance*.

Quick. Sir, with all my heart ; and, as I told Master Toby, I shall be glad to have any man a witness of it. And the more openly I profess it, I hope it will appear the heartier and the more unfeigned. 35

Touch. [*aside*] Who is this ? My man Francis, and my son-in-law ?

Quick. Sir, it is all the testimony I shall leave behind me to the world and my master that I have so offended.

Friend. Good sir ! 40

Quick. I writ it when my spirits were oppressed.

Sir Pet. Ay, I'll be sworn for you, Francis !

Quick. It is in imitation of Mannington's, he that was hanged at Cambridge, that cut off the horse's head at a blow.

Friend. So, sir ! 45

Quick. To the tune of 'I wail in woe, I plunge in pain.'

Sir Pet. An excellent ditty it is, and worthy of a new tune.

Quick. *In Cheapside, famous for gold and plate,
Quicksilver, I did dwell of late ;
I had a master good and kind,
That would have wrought me to his mind.* 50

*He bade me still, Work upon that,
But, alas, I wrought I knew not what !
He was a Touchstone black, but true,* 55
*And told me still what would ensue ;
Yet woe is me ! I would not learn ;
I saw, alas, but could not discern !*

Friend. Excellent, excellent well !

Gold. [*aside to Wolf*] O let him alone ; he is taken already. 60

Quick. *I cast my coat and cap away,
I went in silks and satins gay ;
False metal of good manners I
Did daily coin unlawfully.*
I scorn'd my master, being drunk ; 65
*I kept my gelding and my punk ;
And with a knight, Sir Flash by name,
Who now is sorry for the same—*

Sir Pet. I thank you, Francis.

[*Quick.*] *I thought by sea to run away,* 70
But Thames and tempest did me stay.

Touch. [*aside*] This cannot be feigned, sure. Heaven pardon my severity ! The ragged colt may prove a good horse.

Gold. [*aside*] How he listens, and is transported ! He has 75
forgot me.

Quick. *Still Eastward Ho was all my word ;
But westward I had no regard,
Nor never thought what would come after,
As did, alas, his youngest daughter !* 80
*At last the black ox trod o' my foot,
And I saw then what long'd unto 't ;
Now cry I, ' Touchstone, touch me still,
And make me current by thy skill.'*

Touch. [*aside*] And I will do it, Francis. 85

Wolf. [*aside to Golding*] Stay him, Master Deputy ; now
is the time ; we shall lose the song else.

Friend. I protest it is the best that ever I heard.

Quick. How like you it, gentlemen ?

All. O admirable, sir ! 90

Quick. This stanza now following alludes to the story

of Mannington, from whence I took my project for my invention.

Friend. Pray you go on, sir.

Quick. O Mannington, thy stories show 95
 Thou cut'st a horse-head off at a blow!
 But I confess, I have not the force
 For to cut off the head of a horse;
 Yet I desire this grace to win,
 That I may cut off the horse-head of Sin, 100
 And leave his body in the dust
 Of sin's highway and bogs of lust,
 Whereby I may take Virtue's purse,
 And live with her for better, for worse.

Friend. Admirable, sir, and excellently conceited! 105

Quick. Alas, sir!

Touch. [coming to Golding and Wolf] Son Golding and Master Wolf, I thank you; the deceit is welcome, especially from thee, whose charitable soul in this hath shown a high point of wisdom and honesty. Listen, I am ravished with 110 his repentance, and could stand here a whole prenticeship to hear him.

Friend. Forth, good sir!

Quick. This is the last, and the Farewell.
 Farewell, Cheapside, farewell, sweet trade 115
 Of Goldsmiths all, that never shall fade;
 Farewell, dear fellow prentices all,
 And be you warned by my fall:
 Shun usurers, bawds, and dice, and drabs;
 Avoid them as you would French scabs. 120
 Seek not to go beyond your tether,
 But cut your thongs unto your leather;
 So shall you thrive by little and little,
 Scape Tyburn, Counters, and the Spital!

Touch. And scape them shalt thou, my penitent and 125 dear Francis!

Quick. Master!

Sir Pet. Father!

Touch. I can no longer forbear to do your humility right. Arise, and let me honour your repentance with the 130 hearty and joyful embraces of a father and friend's love. Quicksilver, thou hast eat into my breast, Quicksilver,

with the drops of thy sorrow, and killed the desperate opinion
I had of thy reclaim.

Quick. O sir, I am not worthy to see your worshipful 135
face!

Sir Pet. Forgive me, father!

Touch. Speak no more; all former passages are for-
gotten, and here my word shall release you. Thank this
worthy brother and kind friend, Francis.—Master Wolf, 140
I am their bail. *A shout in the prison*

Sec. Master Touchstone! Master Touchstone!

Touch. Who's that?

Wolf. Security, sir.

Sec. Pray you, sir, if you'll be won with a song, hear 145
my lamentable tune too:

SONG

*O Master Touchstone,
My heart is full of woe;
Alas, I am a cuckold!
And why should it be so? 150
Because I was a usurer
And bawd, as all you know,
For which, again I tell you,
My heart is full of woe.*

Touch. Bring him forth, Master Wolf, and release his 155
bands. This day shall be sacred to mercy and the mirth
of this encounter in the Counter. See, we are encountered
with more suitors!

Enter Mistress Touchstone, Gertrude, Mildred, Sindefy, Winifred
Save your breath, save your breath! All things have
succeeded to your wishes; and we are heartily satisfied in 160
their events.

Ger. Ah, runaway, runaway! Have I caught you?
And how has my poor knight done all this while?

Sir Pet. Dear lady wife, forgive me!

Ger. As heartily as I would be forgiven, knight. Dear 165
father, give me your blessing, and forgive me too; I ha'
been proud and lascivious, father, and a fool, father; and
being raised to the state of a wanton coy thing, called a
lady, father, have scorned you, father, and my sister, and
my sister's velvet cap too; and would make a mouth at 170
the City as I rid through it; and stop mine ears at Bow-bell.

I have said your beard was a base one, father ; and that you looked like Twierpipe the taberer ; and that my mother was but my midwife.

Mist. Touch. Now God forgi' you, child madam ! 175

Touch. No more repetitions ! What is else wanting to make our harmony full ?

Gold. Only this, sir, that my fellow Francis make amends to Mistress Sindefy with marriage.

Quick. With all my heart ! 180

Gold. And Security give her a dower, which shall be all the restitution he shall make of that huge mass he hath so unlawfully gotten.

Touch. Excellently devised ! A good motion ! What says Master Security ? 185

Sec. I say anything, sir, what you'll ha' me say. Would I were no cuckold !

Win. Cuckold, husband ? Why, I think this wearing of yellow has infected you.

Touch. Why, Master Security, that should rather be a 190 comfort to you than a corasive. If you be a cuckold, it's an argument you have a beautiful woman to your wife ; then you shall be much made of ; you shall have store of friends, never want money ; you shall be eased of much o' your wedlock pain, others will take it for you. Besides, 195 you being a usurer and likely to go to hell, the devils will never torment you, they'll take you for one o' their own race. Again, if you be a cuckold, and know it not, you are an innocent ; if you know it and endure it, a true martyr.

Sec. I am resolved, sir. Come hither, Winny ! 200

Touch. Well, then, all are pleased, or shall be anon. Master Wolf, you look hungry, methinks ; have you no apparel to lend Francis to shift him ?

Quick. No, sir, nor I desire none ; but here make it my suit, that I may go home through the streets in these, as a 205 ; spectacle, or rather an example, to the children of Cheapside.

Touch. Thou hast thy wish. Now, London, look about, And in this moral see thy glass run out : Behold the careful father, thrifty son, The solemn deeds which each of us have done ; 210 The usurer punish'd, and from fall so steep The prodigal child reclaim'd, and the lost sheep.

EPILOGUS

[*Quick.*] Stay, sir, I perceive the multitude are gathered together to view our coming out at the Counter. See, if the streets and the fronts of the houses be not stuck with people, and the windows filled with ladies, as on the solemn day of the Pageant!

O may you find in this our pageant, here,

5

The same contentment which you came to seek ;

And as that show but draws you once a year,

May this attract you hither once a week.

Exeunt

FINIS

THE BALL

THE PERSONS OF THE COMEDY

Lord Rainbow	Servants
Sir Ambrose Lamount	Lady Lucina [<i>a rich widow</i>]
Sir Marmaduke Travers	Lady Rosamond
Colonel Winfield	Lady Honoria
Mr. Bostock	Mistress Scutilla [<i>attendant on</i>
Mr. Freshwater [<i>a traveller</i>]	Lucina]
Mr. Barker	[<i>Characters in the Masque</i>]
Monsieur Le Frisk [<i>a dancer</i>]	Venus
Gudgeon [<i>servant of Freshwater</i>]	Diana
Solomon [<i>servant of Lucina</i>]	[Cupid]
Confectioner	

The Ball

ACTUS PRIMUS

[SCENE I

A Street in London]

Enter Sir Marmaduke Travers and Mr. Bostock

Bos. Whither so fast, Sir Marmaduke? A word!

Mar. My honourable blood? Would I could stay
To give thee twenty! I am now engag'd
To meet a noble gentleman.

Bos. Or rather
A gentlewoman; let her alone, and go
With me. 5

Mar. Whither?

Bos. I'll show thee a lady of fire.

Mar. A Lady of the Lake were not so dangerous.

Bos. I mean a spirit. In few words, because
I love thee, I'll be open; I am going
To see my mistress. 10

Mar. I'll dispense with my
Occasion, to see a handsome lady;
I know you'll choose a rare one.

Bos. She is a creature
Worth admiration, such a beauty, wit,
And an estate besides; thou canst not choose
But know her name, the Lady Lucina. 15

Mar. Is she your mistress?

Bos. Mine! Whose but mine?
Am I not nobly born? Does not my blood deserve her?

Mar. To tell you truth, I was now going thither,
Though I pretended an excuse, and with
A compliment from one that is your rival.

Bos. Does she love anybody else? 20

Mar. I know not;

But she has half-a-score, upon my knowledge,
Are suitors for her favour.

Bos. Name but one,
And if he cannot show as many coats—

Mar. He thinks he has good cards for her, and likes 25
His game well.

Bos. Be an understanding knight,
And take my meaning; if he cannot shew
As much in heraldry—

Mar. I do not know how rich he is in fields;
But he is a gentleman. 30

Bos. Is he a branch of the nobility?
How many lords can he call cousin? Else
He must be taught to know he has presum'd
To stand in competition with me.

Mar. You wo' not kill him? 35

Bos. You shall pardon me,
I have that within me must not be provok'd;
There be some living now that ha' been kill'd
For lesser matters.

Mar. Some living that ha' been kill'd!

Bos. I mean, some living that ha' seen examples
Not to confront nobility; and I 40
Am sensible of my honour.

Mar. His name is
Sir Ambrose—

Bos. Lamount, a knight of yesterday!
And he shall die to-morrow; name another,

Mar. Not so fast, sir, you must take some breath.

Bos. I care no more for killing half a dozen 45
Knights of the lower house, I mean that are not
Descended from nobility, than I do
To kick [my] footman; and Sir Ambrose were
Knight of the Sun, King Oberon should not save him,
Nor his Queen Mab. 50

Enter Sir Ambrose Lamount

Mar. Unluckily, he's here, sir.

Bos. Sir Ambrose! How does thy knighthood, ha?

Amb. My [imp] of honour, well! I joy to see thee.

Bos. Sir Marmaduke tells me thou art suitor to
Lady Lucina.

Amb. I have ambition
To be her servant, 55

Bos. Hast ?

Th'art a brave knight, and I commend thy judgment.

Amb. Sir Marmaduke himself leans that way too.

Bos. Why didst conceal it ? Come, the more the merrier !
But I could never see you there.

Mar. I hope,

Sir, we may live ? 60

Bos. I'll tell you, gentlemen,

Cupid has given us all one livery ;

I serve that lady too, you understand me ;

But who shall carry her, the Fates determine ;

I could be knighted too.

Amb. That would be no addition to your blood. 65

Bos. I think it would not ; so my lord told me.

Thou know'st my lord, not the earl, my tother

Cousin ? There's a spark ! His predecessors

Have match'd into the blood ; you understand.

He put me upon this lady ; I proclaim 70

No hopes ; pray let's together, gentlemen ;

If she be wise—I say no more ; she sha' not

Cost me a sigh, nor shall her love engage me

To draw a sword ; I ha' vow'd that.

Mar. You did

But jest before. 75

Amb. 'Twere pity that one drop

Of your heroic blood should fall to th' ground.

Who knows but all your cousin lords may die ?

Mar. As I believe them not immortal, sir.

Amb. Then you are gulf of honour, swallow all ;

May marry some queen yourself, and get princes 80

To furnish the barren parts of Christendom.

Enter a servant, Solomon

Sol. Sir Marmaduke, in private !

[*aside to Marmaduke*]

My lady would

Speak with you.

Amb. [*aside*] 'Tis her servant, what's the matter ?

Bos. [*aside*] I hope he is not sent for.

Sol. But come alone ;

I shall be troubled with their inquiries ; 85

But I'll answer 'em.

Amb. Solomon !

Sol. [*aside to Ambrose*] My lady would speak with you, sir.

Amb. Me ?

Sol. Not too loud ; I was troubled with Sir Marmaduke.

Mar. [*aside*] This is good news.

Bos. [*aside*] I do not like this whispering.

Sol. Forget not the time, and to come alone. 90

Amb. This is excellent.

Bos. Solomon, dost not know me ?

Sol. [*aside to Bostock*] My business is to you, sir ;

These kept me off ; my Lady Lucina

Has a great mind to speak with you ;

Little do these imagine how she honours [you] 95

Bos. If I fail, may the surgeon, when he opens

The next vein, let out all my honourable blood !

There's for thy pains—what thou shalt be hereafter

Time shall declare ; but this must be conceal'd.

Exit [Solomon]

Amb. You look pleasant. 100

Mar. No, no ; I have no cause ; you smile, Sir Ambrose.

Amb. Who, I ?—The Colonel !

Enter the Colonel [Winfield]

↖ *Mar.* But of our file, another of her suitors.

Amb. Noble Colonel !

Win. My honour'd knights, and men of lusty kindred ! 105

Bos. Good morrow !

Win. Morrow to all ! Gentlemen, I'll tell you

Who is returned.

Amb. From whence ?

Win. A friend of ours,

That went to travel.

Mar. Who, who ?

Win. I saw him within these three minutes, and know not 110
how I lost him again ; he's not far off : d'ye keep a catalogue
of your debts ?

Bos. What debts ?

Win. Such dulness in your memory ! There was,
About six months ago, a gentleman 115

That was persuaded to sell all his land,

And to put the money out most wisely,

To have [five] for one, at his return from Venice.

The shotten herring is hard by.

Amb. Jack Freshwater !

I'll not see him yet. 120

Bos. Must we pay him ?

Win. It will be for your honour ; marry, we,
Without much stain, may happily compound,
And pay him nothing.

Enter Freshwater and Monsieur Le Frisk [and Gudgeon]

Here comes the thing.

With what formality he treads, and talks,
And manageth a toothpick like a statesman ! 125

Amb. How he's transform'd !

Mar. Is not his soul Italian ?

Bos. I'll not bid him welcome home.

Amb. Nor I !

Mar. What's the tother rat that's with him ?

Win. D'ye not know him ? 'Tis the Court dancing weasel.

Mar. A dancer, and so gay ? 130

Win. A mere French footman, sir ; does he not look
Like a thing come off o' th' salt-cellar ?

Mar. A dancer !

I would allow him gay about the legs ;
But why his body should exceed decorum,
Is a sin o' th' state. 135

Fresh. [To Le Frisk] That's all
I can inform you of their dance in Italy.
Marry, that very morning I left Venice,
I had intelligence of a new device.

Le Frisk. For the dance, monsieur ?

Fresh. *Si, signor.* I know not
What countryman invented [em], but they say 140
There be chopinos made with such rare art,
That, worn by a lady when she means to dance,
Shall, with their very motion, sound forth music,
And, by a secret sympathy, with their tread
Strike any tune, that, without other instrument, 145
Their feet both dance and play.

Le Frisk. Your lodging, monsieur,
That, when I have leisure, I may dare
Present an humble servitor ?

Fresh. I do lie at the sign of *Donna Margaretta de Pia*, in the
Strand. 150

Gud. At the Maggot-a-Pie in the Strand, sir.

Le Frisk. At *de Magdepie* ; bon ! *Adieu, serviteur ! Exit*

Amb. He wo' not know us.

Gud. D'ye see those gentlemen ?

Fresh. Thou Pa[n]talone, be silent !

- Win.* I'll speak to him.
Y'are welcome home, sir. 155
- Fresh.* Signor! *Exit [with Gudgeon]*
- Win.* He wo' not know me; this is excellent;
He shall be acquainted better ere I part
With any sums.
- Amb.* Next time we'll not know him.
- Bos.* Would all my creditors had this blessed ignorance!
- Mar.* Now, Colonel, I'll take my leave. 160
Exeunt [Marmaduke and Ambrose]
- Bos.* I am engag'd too.
- Win.* Well!
- Bos.* I shall meet you anon;
I am to wait upon a cousin of mine.
- Win.* A countess?
- Enter Lord Rainbow and Barker*
- Bos.* My lord!
- Lord R.* Cousin! 165
- Bos.* Your lordship honours me in this acknowledgment.
- Lord R.* Colonel!
- Bos.* [*to Barker*] D'ye not know me, sir?
- Bar.* Y'are not a proclamation
That every man is bound to take notice on,
And I cannot tell who you are by instinct. 170
- Lord R.* A kinsman of mine, Frank!
- Win.* Good morrow to your lordship!
- Lord R.* Colonel, your humble servant! Hark you, Frank!
[Exeunt Lord Rainbow and Barker]
- Bos.* You are acquainted with my lord, then?
Is he not a complete gentleman? His family
Came in with the Conqueror. 175
- Win.* You had not else been kin to him.
- Bos.* A poor slip.
A scion from that honourable tree.
- Win.* He is the ladies' idol, they ha' not leisure
To say their prayers for him; a great advancer
Of the new Ball. 180
- Bos.* Nay, he's right, right as my leg, Colonel!
- Win.* But tother gentleman, you do not know his inside?
- Bos.* I ha' seen him; he looks philosophical.
- Win.* Who? He's the wit, whom your nobility
Are much oblig'd to for his company; 185

He has a railing genius, and they cherish it?
 Fling[s] dirt in every face when he's i' th' humour,
 And they must laugh, and thank him; he is dead else.

Bos. Will the lords suffer him?

Win. Or lose their mirth; he's known in every science, 190
 And can abuse 'em all; some ha' supposed
 He has a worm in's brain, which at some time
 O' th' moon doth ravish him into perfect madness,
 And then he prophesies, and will depose
 The Emperor, and set up Bethlem Gabor. 195

Bos. He's dead; I hope he wo' not conjure for him.

Win. His father sha' not scape him, nor his ghost,
 Nor heaven, nor hell; his jest must ha' free passage.
 He's gone, and I lose time to talk on him;
 Farewell, your Countess may expect too long. 200

[*Bos.*] Farewell, colonel. *Exeunt*

[SCENE II

A Room in Lady Honoria's House]

Enter Lady Rosamond and Lady Honoria

Ros. Why do you so commend him?

Hon. Does he not
 Deserve it? Name a gentleman in the kingdom
 So affable, so moving in his language,
 So pleasant, witty, indeed everything
 A lady can desire. 5

Ros. Sure thou dost love him;
 I'll tell his lordship, when I see him again,
 How zealous you are in his commendation.

Hon. If I be not mistaken, I have heard
 Your tongue reach higher in his praises, madam,
 Howe'er you now seem cold; but, if you tell him 10
 My opinion, as you shall do him no pleasure,
 You can do me no injury: I know
 His lordship has the constitution
 Of other courtiers; they can endure
 To be commended. 15

Ros. But, I prithee, tell me,
 Is [it] not love whence this proceeds? I have,
 I must confess, discours'd of his good parts,
 Desir'd his company—

Hon. And had it?

Yes,

Ros.

And had it.

Hon. All night ?*Ros.* You are not, I hope, jealous ?

If I should say all night, I need not blush. 20

It was but at a ball ; but what of this ?

Hon. E'en what you will.*Ros.* I hope you ha' no patent

To dance alone with him ? If he ha' privilege

To kiss another lady, she may say

He does salute her, and return a cursie 25

To show her breeding, but I'll now be plainer,

Although you love this lord, it may [be] possible

He may dispose his thoughts another way.

Hon. He may so.*Ros.* Who can help it ? He has eyes

To look on more than one, and understand[s], 30

Perhaps, to guide and place his love upon

The most deserving object.

Hon. Most deserving !

This language is not level with that friendship

You have profess'd ; this touches a comparison.

Ros. Why, do you think all excellence is throng'd 35

Within your beauty ?

Hon. You are angry, lady ;

How much does this concern you, to be thus

Officious in his cause ! If you be not

Engag'd by more than ordinary affection,

I must interpret this no kind respect 40

To me.

Ros. Angry ! Ha, ha !*Hon.* You then transgress against civility.*Ros.* Good madam, why ? Because

I think, and tell you, that another lady

May be as handsome in some man's opinion ? 45

Admit I lov'd him too, may not I hold

Proportion with you, on some entreaty.

*Enter Lord [Rainbow behind]**Lord R.* [aside] They're loud, I'll not be seen yet.*Ros.* What is it that exalts you above all

Comparison ? My father was as good 50

A gentleman, and my mother has as great

A spirit.

Hon. Then you love him too ?

Ros. 'Twill appear

No greater miracle in me, I take it ;
Yet difference will be ; perhaps I may
Affect him with a better consequence. 55

Hon. Your consequence, perhaps, may be denied too.
Why, there are no such wonders in your eye,
Which other composition[s] do not boast of ;
My lord, no doubt, hath in his travels clapp'd
As modest cheeks, and kiss'd as melting lips. 60

Ros. And yet mine are not pale.

Hon. It may be they
Blush for the teeth behind them.

Ros. I have read
No sonnets on the sweetness of your breath.

Hon. 'Tis not perfum'd.

Ros. But I have heard of your tongue exalted much,
Highly commended. 65

Hon. Not above your forehead,
When you have brush'd away the hairy pent[house],
And made it visible.

Lord R. I'll now interrupt 'em.
They'll fall by the ears else presently. [*He comes forward*]

Hon. My lord !

Lord R. What, in contention, ladies ? 70

Ros. Oh, my lord, you're welcome.

Lord R. Express it in discovery of that
Made you so earnest ; I am confident
You were not practising a dialogue
To entertain me.

Hon. Yet it did concern you.

Ros. Do not you blush ? Fie, madam ! 75

Lord R. Nay, an you come to 'blush' once, and 'fie,
madam',

I'll know the secret, by this kiss I will,
And this.

Kisses them

Hon. You were kiss'd first, discover now,
At your discretion.

Ros. My lord, we were in jest.

Hon. It might have turned to earnest, if your lordship
Had not interpos'd 80

Lord R. Come, out with it.

Ros. We had a difference—

Lord R. Well said!

Ros. About a man i' the world—you are best name him.

Hon. You have the better gift at telling secrets.

Lord R. Yet again! Come, I'll help it out: there is 85
A gentleman i' th' world, some call a lord—

Ros. Did your lordship overhear us?

Lord R. Nay, nay, you must stand to't—one whom you
love.

It will appear no greater miracle

In you, I take it; one, no doubt, that hath 90

Travell'd, and clapp'd as modest cheeks, and kiss'd

As melting lips:—thus far I'm right; but what

Name this most happy man doth answer to,

Is not within my circle.

Hon. Yet you know him.

Ros. Not to retain your lordship i' th' dark, 95
Confident you'll not accuse my modesty

For giving you a truth, you shall not travel

Beyond yourself to find his name; but do not

Triumph, my lord.

Lord R. Am I so fortunate?

Then, Love, I do forgive thee, and will cherish 100

The flame I did suspect would ruin me.

You two divide my love, only you two;

Be gentle in your empire, heavenly ladies.

No enemy abroad can threaten you;

Be careful, then, that you maintain at home 105

No civil wars.

Hon. How d'ye mean, my lord?

Lord R. [to Rosamond] You are pleased to smile upon
me, gentle lady,

And I have took it in my heart more than

Imaginary blessings. With what pleasure

Could I behold this beauty, and consume 110

My understanding to know nothing else!

My memory to preserve no other figure!

Ros. My lord, I am not worth your flattery.

Lord R. I flatter you! Venus herself be judge,
To whom you are so like in all that's fair, 115

'Twere sin but to be modest—

Ros. How, my lord?

Lord R. Do not mistake me, 'twere
A sin but to be modest in your praises;

Here's a hand! Nature, show me such another,
 A brow, a cheek, a lip, and everything; 120
 Happy am I that Cupid's blind!

Ros. Why happy?

Lord R. If he could see, he would forsake his mistress
 To be my rival, and for your embraces
 Be banish'd heaven.

Hon. My lord, I'll take my leave.

Lord R. [to Honoria] If you did know how great a part 125
 of me

Will wither in your absence, you would have
 More charity; one accent of unkind
 Language from you doth wound me more than all
 The malice of my destinies. Oh, dear madam,
 You say you'll take your leave of your poor servant; 130
 Say rather, you will dwell for ever here,
 And let me stay and gaze upon your heavenly form

Hon. I can be patient
 To hear your lordship mock me; these are but
 A coarse reward for my good thoughts. 135

Lord R. This 'tis
 To use plain dealing, and betray the inside
 Of our hearts to women! Did you think well of me
 So late, and am I forfeited already?
 Am I a Christian?

Hon. Yes, I hope, my lord!

Lord R. Make me not miserable, then, dear madam, 140
 With your suspicion I dissemble with you;
 But you know too well what command your beauty
 Has upon me.

Hon. Give me leave, my lord, to wonder you can love me,
 With such a flame you have express'd, yet she 145
 Your mistress.

Lord R. You are both my mistresses.

Ros. I like not this so well.

Lord R. There is no way but one to make me happy.

Hon. I wish, my lord, I had the art to effect
 What you desire. 150

Ros. Or I!

Lord R. It is within
 Your powers.

Hon. Speak it, my lord.

Lord R. Since it is 'so,
 That I'm not able to determine which
 My heart, so equal unto both, would choose,
 My suit is to your virtues, to agree
 Between yourselves whose creature I shall be ; 155
 You can judge better of your worths than I.
 My allegiance shall be ready if you can
 Conclude which shall ha' the supremacy ;
 Take pity on your servant, gentle ladies,
 And reconcile a heart too much divided : 160
 So with the promise of my obedience
 To her that shall be fairest, wisest, sweetest,
 Of you two, when I next present a lover,
 I take distracted leave. *Exit*

Hon. Why, this is worse than all the rest. 165
Ros. He's gone,
 And has referr'd himself to us.
Hon. This will
 Ask counsel.
Ros. And some time ; I would be loath
 To yield.
Hon. And I ; Cupid instruct us both ! *Exeunt*

ACTUS SECUNDUS

[SCENE I

A Street]

Enter Barker, Freshwater, and Gudgeon

Bar. And what made you to undertake this voyage,
 Sweet Signor Freshwater ?

Fresh. An affection
 I had to be acquainted with some countries.

Gud. [*aside to Freshwater*] Give him good words.

Bar. And you return fraught home with the rich devices, 5
 Fashions of steeples, and the situations
 Of gallowses, and wit, no doubt, a bushel.
 What price are oats in Venice ?

Fresh. Signor,
 I kept no horses there ; my man and I——

Bar. Were asses. 10

Fresh. How, signor ?

Gud. [*aside*] Give him good words ; a pox take him !

Bar. Had not you land once ?

Fresh. I had some dirty acres.

Gud. I am his witness.

Fresh. Which I reduc'd into a narrow compass,
Some call it selling.

15

Gud. He would sell bargains of a child.

Fresh. And 'twas a thriving policy.

Bar. As how?

Fresh. It was but two hundred pound per annum, sir,
A lean revenue.

Bar. And did you sell it all?

Fresh. I did not leave an acre, rod, or perch ;
That had been no discretion ; when I was selling,
I would sell to purpose ; do you see this roll ?

20

I have good security for my money, sir ;
Not an egg here but has five chickens in't.

I did most politicly disburse my sums,
To have five for one at my return from Venice ;
And now, I thank my stars, I am at home.

25

Bar. And so,

By consequence, in three months your estate
Will be five times as much, or quintupled !

30

Fresh. Yes, signor, quintupled.

I wo'not purchase yet ; I mean to use
This trick seven years together ; first,
I'll still put out, and quintuple, as you call't,
And when I can in my exchequer tell
Two or three millions, I will fall a-purchasing.

35

Bar. Kingdoms, I warrant !

Fresh. I have a mind to buy
Constantinople from the Turk, and give it
The Emperor.

Bar. What think you of Jerusalem ?

If you would purchase that, and bring it nearer,
The Christian pilgrims would be much obliged to ye.
When did you wash your socks ?

40

Fresh. I wear none, signor.

Bar. Then 'tis your breath ; to your lodging, and per-
fume it ;

You'll tell the sweeter lies to them that will
Lose so much time to ask about your travel.
You wo' not sell your debts ?

45

Fresh. Sell 'em ? No, signor.

Bar. Have you as much left, in ready cash, as will

Keep you and this old troll a fortnight longer ?
 Die, and forgive the world ; thou mayst be buried,
 And ha' the church-cloth, if you can put in 50
 Security, the parish shall be put
 To no more charge. Dost thou hope to have a penny
 Of thy own money back ? Is this an age
 Of five for one ? Die, ere the town takes notice.
 There is a hideous woman carries ballets, 55
 And has a singing in her head ; take heed
 And hang thyself, thou mayst not hear the [tune] ;
 You remember Coryate ?

Fresh. Honest Tom Odcombe.

Bar. We'll ha' more verses of thy travels, coxcomb ;
 Books shall be sold in bushels in Cheapside, 60
 And come in like the peascods, wain-loads full,
 Of thee and thy man Apple-John, that looks
 As he had been a se'nnight in the straw,
 A ripening for the market. Farewell, russeting,
 Thou art not worth my spleen ; do not forget 65
 My counsel, hang thyself, and thou go'st off
 Without a Sessions.

Fresh. Fine ! I'm glad he's gone.

Gudgeon, what dost thou think ?

Gud. I think y'are well rid of [a] railing madcap.

Fresh. Nay, nay, he'll not spare a lord ; 70
 But were not I best call in my moneys, Gudgeon ?
 My estate wo' not hold out ; I must be more
 Familiar with my gentlemen.

Enter Lord [Rainbow]

Lord R. Jack Freshwater, welcome from Venice !

Fresh. I thank your honour. 75

Lord R. Was it not Frank Barker
 That parted from you ?

Fresh. Yes, my lord.

Lord R. What's the matter ?

Fresh. There is a sum, my lord.

Lord R. Where is it, signor ?

Fresh. There was a sum, my lord, delivered
 From your poor servant, Freshwater.

Lord R. I remember,
 But I have business now ; come home to me, 80
 The money's safe ; you were to give me five
 For one, at your return.

Fresh. I five? Your lordship has forgot the cinquepace.

Lord R. Something it is; but when I am at leisure,
We will discourse of that, and of your travel.

Farewell, signor.

Exit

Fresh. Is't come to this? If lords play fast and loose,
What shall poor knights and gentleman? Hum! 'Tis he.

Enter Colonel [Winfield]

Win. A pox upon him! What makes he in my way?

Fresh. Noble colonel!

Win. *Que dites-vous, monsieur?*

Fresh. *Que dites-vous?*

Win. *Ah, oui!—je ne parle pas Anglais.*

[*Fresh.*] There were five English pieces.

Win. *Je ne parle [pas] Anglais.* Me speak no word Eng-
lish; *voire serviteur!*

Exit

Fresh. Adieu, five pieces! Gudgeon, gape; is't not he?
They wo' not use me o' this fashion. Did he not
Speak to me in the morning?

Gud. Yes, sir.

Fresh. I think so.

[*Gud.*] But then you would not know him in Italian, and
now he will not know you in French.

Fresh. Call you this selling of land, and putting out
money to multiply estate?

Gud. To quintuply five for one! Large interest!

Fresh. Five for one! 'Tis ten to one, if I get my principal.

Gud. Your roll is not at the bottom yet; try the rest.

Fresh. I ha', signor, farewell.

Exeunt

[SCENE II

A Room in Lucina's House]

Enter Scutilla and Solomon

Scut. Didst speak with the Colonel?

Sol. I met him opportunely after all the rest, and told
him how much it would concern his livelihood to make haste.

Scut. He must not be seen yet; you know where to
attend for him; give him access by the garden to my
chamber, and bring me nimbly knowledge when he is there.

Sol. I shall, forsooth.

Exit

Enter the Dancer [Le Frisk], Lady Rosamond, Lady Lucina,
and Lady Honoria

Le Frisk. Very well! A[h], dat be skirvy! You run, trot, trot, trot; pshaw, follow me! *Foutre, madame!* Can you not tell, so often learning. Madam, you foot it now, 10
plait-il? (*Another lady dances.*) Excellent! Better den excellent; pshaw!—You be laughed when you come to de ball; I teach tree hundred never forgot so much, me sweat taking pain, and fiddling, ladies.

Luc. Fiddling ladies, you molecatcher! [*Strikes him*] 15

Le Frisk. *Pourquoy?* For telling you dance not well? You commit *fat*, and beat me for my diligence; begar, you dance your pleasure!

Hon. No, Monsieur Le Frisk, put not up your pipe; my lady was but in jest, and you must take it for a favour. 20

Le Frisk. I veer no favours in dat place; should any gentleman of England give me blow, *diable*, me teach him French passage!

Ros. Nay, you sha' not be so angry; I must have a coranto. Pray, madam, be reconcil'd. 25

Luc. Come, monsieur, I am sorry.

Le Frisk. Sorry! Tat is too much, *par ma foy!* I kiss tat white hand, give me one, two, tree buffets. *Allez, allez;* look up your countenance, your English man spoil you, he no teach you look up; pshaw! Carry your body in the swim- 30
ming fashion, and—*Dieu! allez, mademoiselle*, ha, ha, ha! So, *fort bon!* Excellent, begar! *Dance*

Luc. Nay, a country dance! Scutilla, you are idle. You know we must be at the ball anon; come.

Le Frisk. Where is the ball this night? 35

Luc. At my Lord Rainbow's.

Le Frisk. Oh, he dance finely, begar! He deserve the ball of de world; fine, fine, gentleman! Your oder men dance lop, lop, with de lame leg as they want crushes, begar, and look for *argent* in the ground, pshaw! 40

They dance a new country dance.

Ha, ha, *fort bon!*

Ros. Now, madam, we take our leave.

Luc. I'll recompense this kind visit: does your coach stay?

Hon. Yes, madam;
Your ladyship will be too much troubled. 45

Luc. I owe more service.

Scut. Monsieur, you'll be gone too ?

Le Frisk. I have more lady, my scholars.

[*Hiding his kit under his coat*]

Scut. Is that the way of your instrument ?

Le Frisk. *A la mode de France. Vite, vite ! Adieu, madame, votre serviteur !*

[*Luc.*] *Adieu, demi-monsieur !*

Exeunt [all but Scutilla]

Enter Solomon and Colonel [Winfield]

Scut. Sir, you are welcome.

Win. I thank you, lady. [*Exit Solomon*]

Scut. The time's too narrow to discourse at large,

But I intend you a service ; you have deserv'd it 55

In your own nobleness to one I call a kinsman,

Whose life, without your charity, had been

Forfeit to his general's anger, 'twas not

Without his cause you after quit your regiment.

Win. He was my friend ; forget it. 60

Scut. You were sent for

By the Lady Lucina.

Win. Whose command I wait.

Scut. 'Twas my desire to prepare you for
The entertainment ; be but pleas'd to obscure
Yourself behind these hangings a few minutes ;
I hear her, you may trust me. 65

Win. Without dispute, I obey you, lady.

[*Exit Winfield*]

Enter Lady Lucina

Luc. Now, Scutilla, we are ripe, and ready
To entertain my gamesters ; my man said
They promised all to come. I was afraid
These ladies, in their kind departure, would not 70
Bequeathe me opportunity, and the mirth
Doth in the imagination so tickle me,
I would not willingly have lost it for
A jewel of some value.

Scut. Then your purchase holds.

Luc. If they hold their affections, and keep touch, 75
We'll ha' some sport.

Enter Solomon

Sol. Sir Marmaduke Travers ! [*Exit Solomon*]

Luc. Away, Scutilla,

And laugh not loud between our acts ; we'll meet
Again like music, and make ourselves merry.

Scut. I wait near you.

Exit Scutilla]

Enter Sir Marmaduke

Luc. Sir Marmaduke, I thought I should have had
Your visit without a summons. 80

Mar. Lady, you gave
One feather to the wings I had before ;
Can there be at last a service to employ
Your creature ?

Luc. Something hath pleaded for you in your absence. 85

Mar. Oh, let me dwell upon your hand ! My stars
Have then remember'd me again.

Luc. How do the fens ?
Goes the draining forward, and your iron mills ?

Mar. Draining, and iron mills ? I know not, madam.

Luc. Come, you conceal your industry and care 90
To thrive ; you need not be so close to me.

Mar. By this hand, lady, have I any iron mills ?

Luc. I am abus'd else ; nay, I do love
One that has windmills in his head—

Mar. How, madam ?

Luc. Projects and proclamations ; did not you 95
Travel to Yarmouth to learn how to cast
Brass buttons ? Nay, I like it, it is an age
For men to look about 'em ; shall I trust
My estate to one that has no thrift, a fellow
But with one face ? My husband shall be a Janus. 100
He cannot look too many ways. And is
Your patent for making vinegar confirm'd ?

What a face you put upon't ! Nay, ne'er dissemble ;
Come, I know all ; you'll thank that friend of yours,
That satisfied my inquiry of your worth 105
With such a welcome character ; but why
Do I betray myself so fast ? Beshrew
His commendations !

Mar. [*aside*] How is this ? Somebody,
That meant me well, and knew her appetite
To wealth, hath told this of me. I'll make use on't.— 110
Well, madam, I desir'd these things more private,
Till something worth o' mine, which I am now
Promoving, had been perfect to salute you ;

But I perceive you hold intelligence
 In my affairs, which I interpret love, 115
 And I'll requite it; will you be content
 Be a countess for the present?

Luc. I shall want

No honour in your love.

Mar. When shall we marry?

Luc. Something must be prepar'd.

Mar. A licence, and say no more.

How blest am I! Do not blush, 120

I wo' not kiss your lip till I ha' brought it. *Exit*

Luc. Ha, ha!—Scutilla.

[*Enter Scutilla*]

Scut. [*aside to Winfield*] Be secret still.

Luc. Canst thou not laugh?

Scut. Yes, madam.

You have kept your word; the knight's transported, gone
 To prepare things for the wedding. 125

Luc. How didst thou like the iron mills?

Scut. And the brass buttons! Rarely; have you devices
 To jeer the rest?

Luc. All the regiment on 'em, or I'll break my bow-strings.

[*Enter Solomon*]

Sol. Sir Ambrose Lamount! 130

Luc. Away, and let the swallow enter.

[*Exit Solomon*]

Enter Sir Ambrose and Solomon

Why, sirrah,

Did I command you give access to none
 But Sir Ambrose Lamount, whom you know I sent for?
 Audacious groom!

Sol. It is Sir [Ambrose], madam.

Luc. It is Sir Ambrose Coxcomb, is it not? 135

[*to Ambrose*] Cry mercy, noble sir, I took you muffled,
 For one that every day solicits me
 To bestow my little dog upon him; but you're welcome:
 I think I sent for you. [*Exit Solomon*]

Amb. It is my happiness

To wait your service, lady. 140

Luc. I hear say

You have vow'd to die a bachelor ; I hope
It is not true, sir ?

Amb. I die a bachelor ?

Luc. And that you'll turn religious knight.

Amb. I turn religious knight ? Who has abus'd me ?

Luc. I would only know the truth ; it were great pity. 145
For my own part I ever wish'd you well,
Although, in modesty, I have been silent.
Pray what's o'clock ?

Amb. How's this ?

Luc. I had a dream last night ; methought I saw you
Dance so exceedingly rarely, that I fell 150
In love.

Amb. In love with me ?

Luc. With your legs, sir.

Amb. My leg is at your service to come over.

Luc. I wonder'd at myself, but I considered,
That many have been caught with handsome faces ;
So my love grew— 155

Amb. Upwards ?

Luc. What followed in my dream

I ha' forgot.

Amb. Leave that to finish waking.

Luc. Since the morning
I find some alteration ; you know
I have told you twenty times I would not love you,
But whether 'twere your wisdom or your fate, 160
You would not be satisfied ; now I know not,
If something were procur'd, what I should answer.

Amb. A licence ! Say no more.

Luc. Would my estate were doubled !

Amb. For my sake ?

Luc. You have not purchas'd since you fell in love ? 165

Amb. Not much land.

Luc. Revels have been some charge to you ; you were
ever

A friend to ladies ! Pity but he should rise
By one, has fallen with so many ! Had you not
A head ounce ? 170

Amb. A head ? I have one still.

Luc. Of hair, I mean ;
Favours ha' glean'd too much : pray pardon me,
If it were mine, they should go lo[c]k their bracelets,

Or stay till the next crop ; but I blush, sir,
 To hold you in this discourse : you will, perhaps,
 Conster me in a wrong sense ; but you may use
 Your own discretion till you know me better, 175
 Which is my soul's ambition.

Amb. I am blest.

Win. [*within*] Cunning gipsy, she'll use me thus, too,
 When I come to't.

Amb. Lady, I know your mind ; when I see you next— 180

Exit

Luc. You will see me again. Ha, ha, ha !—Scutilla.

[*Enter Scutilla*]

Scut. Here, madam, almost dead with stifing my laughter.
 Why, he's gone for a licence ; you did enjoin him no silence.

Luc. I would have 'em all meet, and brag o' their several
 hopes, they wo' not else be sensible, and quit me of their 185
 tedious visitation.—Who's next ? I would the Colonel
 were come, I long to have a bout with him.

[*Enter Solomon*]

Sol. Mr. Bostock, madam.

Luc. Retire, and give the jay admittance.

[*Exit Solomon and Scutilla*]

Enter Bostock

Bos. Madam, I kiss your fair hand. 190

Luc. Oh, Mr. Bostock !

Bos. The humblest of your servants.

Luc. 'Two'not become your birth and blood to stoop
 To such a title.

Bos. I must confess, dear lady,
 I carry in my veins more precious honour
 Than other men, blood of a deeper crimson ; 195
 But you shall call me anything.

Luc. Not I, sir ;
 It would not become me to change your title,
 Although I must confess I could desire
 You were less honourable.

Bos. Why, I priethee,
 Is it a fault to spring from the nobility ? 200
 There be some men have sold well-favour'd lordships
 To be ill-favoured noblemen, and though

I wear no title of the state, I can
Adorn a lady.

Luc. That is my misfortune ;

I would you could not, sir.

205

Bos. Are you the worse

For that ? Consider, lady.

Luc. I have considered,

And I could wish, with all my heart, you were
Not half so noble, nay, indeed, no gentleman.

Bos. How, lady ?

Luc. Nay, if you give me leave to speak my thoughts, 210

I would you were a fellow of two degrees

Beneath a footman, one that had no kindred

But knights o' th' post ; nay, worse, pardon me, sir,

In the humour I am in, I wish, and heartily,

You were a son o' the people, rather than—

215

Bos. Good madam, give me your reason.

Luc. Because I love you.

Bos. Few women wish so ill to whom they love.

Luc. They do not love like me then.

Bos. Say you so ?

Luc. My wealth's a beggar ; nay, the title of

A lady, which my husband left, is a shadow,

220

Compar'd to what you bring to ennoble me,

And all the children you will get ; but I,

Out of my love, desire you such a one

That I might add to you, that you might be

Created by my wealth, made great by me ;

225

Then should my love appear ; but, as you are,

I must receive addition from you.

Bos. [*aside*] Nobody hears.—Why, hark you, lady, could
You love me, if I were less honourable ?

Luc. Honourable ? Why, you cannot be so base

230

As I would have you, that the world might say

My marriage gave you somewhat.

Bos.

Say you so ?

Under the rose, if that will do you a pleasure,

The lords do call me cousin, but I am—

Luc. What ?

235

Bos. Suspected.

Luc. How ?

Bos. Not to be lawful ; I came in at the wicket,
Some call it the window,

Luc. Can you prove it ?

Bos. Say no more. 240

Luc. Then I prefer you before all my suitors :
Sir Ambrose Lamount and Sir Marmaduke Travers
Are all mountebanks.

Bos. What say to the colonel ?

Luc. A lance-prisado ! How my joy transports me !
But shall I trust to this ? Do not you flatter ? 245
Will not you fly from that and be legitimate,
When we are married ? You men are too cunning.
With simple ladies.

Bos. Do but marry me,
I'll bring the midwife.

Luc. Say no more ; provide
What you think necessary, and all shall be 250
Dispatch'd.

Bos. I guess your meaning, and thus seal
My best devotion. *Exit.*

[*Enter Scutilla*]

Scut. [*aside to Winfield*] Away now, and present yourself.

Luc. Oh, Scutilla !
Hold me, I shall fall in pieces else. Ha, ha, ha !
Scut. Beshrew me, madam, but I wonder at you ; 255
You wound him rarely up !

Luc. Have not I choice of precious husbands ? Now,
And the Colonel were here, the task were over.

Scut. Then you might go play—

Enter Colonel [*Winfield*]

Madam, the Colonel !

Luc. Is he come once more ? Withdraw ; bid him 260
march hither.

Win. Now is my turn.—Madam !

Luc. Y' are welcome, sir ; I thought you would have
gone,
And not grac'd me so much as with a poor
Salute at parting.

Win. Gone whither ?

Luc. To the wars.

Win. [*aside*] She jeers me already.—No, lady, I'm 265
already

C.D.W.—II.

Engag'd to a siege at home, and till that service
Be over, I enquire no new employments.

Luc. For honour's sake, what siege ?

Win.

A citadel,

That several forces are set down before,
And all is entrench'd.

270

Luc.

What citadel ?

Win.

A woman.

Luc. She cannot hold out long.

Win. Ostend was sooner taken than her fort
Is like to be, for anything I perceive.

Luc. Is she so well provided ?

Win.

Her provision

May fail her, but she is devilish obstinate ;
She fears nor fire, nor famine.

275

Luc.

What's her name ?

Win. Lucina.

Luc. Ha, ha, ha ! Alas, poor Colonel !

If you'll take my advice, remove your siege ;
A province will be sooner won in the
Low Countries. Ha, ha, ha !

280

Win.

Lady, you sent for me.

Luc. 'Twas but

To tell you my opinion in this business.

You'll sooner circumcise the Turk's dominions,
Than take this toy you talk of, I do know it ;

Farewell, good soldier ! Ha, ha, ha ! And yet 'tis pity. 285

Is there no stratagem, no trick, no undermine ?

If she be given so desperate, your body

Had need to be well victuall'd ; there's a city

And suburbs in your belly, and you must

Lay in betimes, to prevent mutiny

290

Among the small guts, which, with wind of venge[ance] else,

Will break your guard of buttons. Ha, ha, ha !

Come, we'll laugh, and lie down in the next room, Scutilla.

Exit [with Scutilla]

Win. So, so ! I did expect no good.

Why did not I strike her ? But I'll do something,

295

And be with you to bring before you think on't.

Malice and Mercury assist me !

Exit

ACTUS TERTIUS

[SCENE I

*A Room in Lord Rainbow's House]**Enter Lord [Rainbow] and Barker**Bar.* So, so ; y'ave a precious time on't.*Lord R.* Who can help it, Frank ? If ladies will
Be wild, repentance tame 'em ! For my part
I court not them, till they provoke me to't.*Bar.* And do they both affect you ?*Lord R.*

So they say,

5

And did justify it to my face.

Bar.

And you

Did praise their modesty ?

Lord R.

I confess I prais'd 'em

Both, when I saw no remedy.

Bar.

You did ;

And they believ'd ?

Lord R.

Religiously !

Bar.

Do not,

Do not believe it, my young lord ; they'll make
Fools of a thousand such ; they do not love you.

10

Lord R. Why, and shall please your wisdom ?*Bar.*

They are women ;

That 's a reason, and may satisfy you ;

They cannot love a man.

Lord R.

What then ?

Bar.

Themselves,

And all little enough ; they have a trick
To conture with their eyes, and perhaps raise
A masculine spirit, but lay none.

15

Lord R.

Good Cato,

Be not over-wise now : what is the reason
That women are not sainted in your calendar ?
You have no frosty constitution.

20

Bar. Would you were half so honest !*Lord R.*

Why, a woman

May love thee one day.

Bar.

Yes, when I make legs

And faces, like such fellows as you are.

*Enter Monsieur Le Frisk**Lord R.* Monsieur Le Frisk !

Le Frisk. *Serviteur!*

25

Lord R. Nay, Frank, thou sha't not go.

Bar. I'll come again, when you ha' done your jig.

Le Frisk. *Ah, monsieur!*

Lord R. Come, you shall sit down; this fellow will make thee laugh.

30

Bar. I shall laugh at you both, and I stay.

Lord R. Hark you, monsieur, this gentleman has a great mind to learn to dance.

Le Frisk. He command my service; please your lordship begin, tat he may see your profit. *Allez!* Ha!

35

[*Lord Rainbow dances*]

Lord R. How like you this, Frank?

Bar. Well enough for the dog-days; but have you no other dancing for the winter? A man may freeze, and walk thus.

Le Frisk. It be all your grace, monsieur; your dance be horse-play, begar, for de stable, not de chamber; your ground passage—ha!—never hurt de back, monsieur, nor trouble de leg mush; ha! *Platt-il*, you learn, monsieur?

40

Lord R. For mirth's sake, and thou lovest me.

Le Frisk. Begar, I teach you presently dance with all de grace of de body for your good, and my profit.

45

Bar. Pardon me, my lord.

Le Frisk. Oh, not *pardonnez-moi!*

Lord R. Do but observe his method.

Bar. I shall never endure it; pox upon him!

50

Le Frisk. 'Tis but dis in de beginning, one, two, tree, four, five, the cinquepace; *allez, monsieur.* Stand upright, a[h], begar!

Lord R. Let him set you into th' posture.

Le Frisk. My broder, my lord, know well for de litle kit—he fiddle—and me for de posture of de body. Begar, de king has no two such subjects; ha! Dere be one foot, two foot—have you tree foot? Begar, you have more den I have den.

55

Bar. I shall break his fiddle.

60

Lord R. Thou art so humorous.

Le Frisk. One—*bien!*—two—ha, you go too fast! You be at Dover, begar, and me be at Greenwish; tree—toder leg; pshaw!

Bar. A pox upon your legs! I'll no more.

65

Le Frisk. *Pourquoy?*

Lord R. Ha, ha, ha! I would some ladies were here to laugh at thee now. You wo' not be so rude to meddle with the monsieur in my lodging?

Bar. I'll kick him to death, and bury him in a bass-viol, 70
Jack-a-Lent!

Le Frisk. Jack-a-Lent! Begar, you be jackanape! If I had my weapon you durst no affront me; I be as good gentleman, an for all my fiddle, as you: call me a Jack-a-de-Lent! 75

Lord R. Rail upon him, monsieur; I'll secure thee; ha, ha, ha! [*Holding Barker*]

Le Frisk. Because your leg have de pock, or something dat make 'em no vell, and frisk, you make a fool of a monsieur. My lord use me like gentleman, an I care no rush 80 for you; be desperate, kill me, and me complain to de king, and teach new dance, galliard to de gibbet; you be hanged in English fashion.

Bar. Go, y'are an impertinent lord, and I will be revenged. *Exit* 85

Lord R. Ha, ha, good Diogenes!—Come, monsieur, you and I wo' not part yet.

Le Frisk. My lord, if you had not been here, me wod have broken his head with my fiddle.

Lord R. You might sooner have broke your fiddle; but 90 strike up.

Le Frisk. *Allez, ha! Bon!* *They dance in*

[SCENE II

*A Street]**Enter Bostock*

Bos. I spy Sir Marmaduke coming after me. This way I'll take to avoid his tedious questions, He'll interrupt me, and I ha' not finish'd Things fit for my design.

Enter Sir Ambrose

Amb. [*aside*] 'Tis Master Bostock; little does he think 5 What I am going upon; I fear I sha' not Contain my joys.

Bos. Good fortune to Sir Ambrose!

Amb. Sir, you must pardon [me], I cannot wait Upon you now, I ha' business of much consequence.

Bos. I thought to have made the same excuse to you, 10
For, at this present, I am so engag'd—

Amb. We shall meet shortly.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

Bos. [*aside*] Poor gentleman, how is he beguil'd!

Amb. [*aside*] Your nose is wip'd. Hum, 'tis Sir Marmaduke; 15

Enter Sir Marmaduke

I must salute him.

Bos. The Colonel? There's no going back.

[*Enter* Colonel Winfield]

Mar. [*aside*] What misfortune's this? But 'tis no matter—

[*To* Sir Ambrose] Noble sir, how is't?

Amb. As you see, sir.

Win. As I could wish; noble Master Bostock! 20

Bos. Your humble servant, Colonel!

[*attempting to depart*]

Win. Nay, nay, a word!

Mar. [*aside*] I sha' not forbear jeering these poor things. They shall be mirth.

Win. What, all met so happily!

And how, my sparks of honour?

Amb. [*aside*] Things so tickle me,

I shall break out. 25

Win. When saw you our mistress, Lady Lucina?

Amb. My suit is cold there; Master Bostock carries The lady clean before him.

Bos. No, no, not [I]; it is Sir Marmaduke.

Mar. I glean by-smiles after Sir Ambrose. 30

Win. None of you see her to-day? I may as soon marry the moon, and get children on her; I see her not this three days; 'tis very strange, I was to present my service this morning.

Mar. You'll march away with all. 35

Win. I cannot tell, but there's small sign of victory; And yet methinks you should not be neglected, If the fens go forward, and your iron mills.

Mar. Has she betray'd me?

Win. Some are industrious, And have the excellent skill to cast brass buttons. 40

Mar. Colonel, softly!

Win. How will you sell your vinegar a pint ?
The patent[']s something saucy.

Amb. The Colonel jeers him.

Bos. Excellent, ha, ha !

Win. [to Sir Ambrose] Had not you a head once ?— 45
Of hair, I mean—favours ha' glean'd too much ;
If ladies will have bracelets, let 'em stay
Till the next crop.

Amb. Hum ! The very language
She us'd to me !

Bos. Does he jeer him too ? Nay, nay, prithee spare him ! 50
Ha, ha !

Win. [to Bostock] You may do much, and yet I could
desire
You were less honourable, for though you have
Blood of a deeper crimson, the good lady,
Out of her love, could wish you were a thing
Beneath a footman, and that you had no kindred 55
But knights o' th' post.

Bos. Good Colonel—

Win. Nay, pardon me ;
In the humour I am in, I wish, and heartily,
You were a son o' th' people.

Bos. Colonel !
How the devil came he by this ?

Win. Under the rose, there was a gentleman 60
Came in at the wicket. These are tales of which
The Greeks have store. Fair hopes, gentlemen !

Mar. How came you by this intelligence ?

Win. Nay, I'll no whispering ; what I say to one
Will concern every man ; she has made you coxcombs. 65

Amb. It does appear.

Win. And more than does appear yet ;
I had my share.

Bos. That's some comfort ; I was afraid—

Win. But you shall pardon me, I'll conceal
The particulars of her bountiful abuses
To me ; let it suffice, I know we are all 70
Jeer'd most abominably : I stood behind
The hangings, when she sign'd your several passes,
And had my own at last, worse than the constable's ;
That this is true you shall have more than oath,
I'll join wi' ye in revenge, and if you wo' not. 75
I will do't alone.

Mar. She is a devil.

Amb. Damn her then! Till we think on something else,
Let's all go back, and rail upon her.

Bos. Agreed; a pox upon her!

Mar. We cannot be too bitter; she's a hell-cat. 80

Amb. D'ye hear? Listen to me: our shames are equal,
Yet if we all discharge at once upon her,
We shall but make confusion, and perhaps
Give her more cause to laugh; let us choose one
To curse her for us all. 85

Win. 'Tis the best way;
And if you love me, gentlemen, engage me.
I deserve this favour for my discovery;
I'll swear her into hell.

Mar. Troth, I ha' no good vein, I'm content.

Bos. Gentlemen, noble Colonel, as you respect 90
A wounded branch of the nobility,
Make it my office; she abus'd me most;
And if the devil do not furnish me
With language, I'll say he has no malice.

Win. If they consent. 95

Mar. }
Amb. } With all our hearts.

Bos. I thank you, gentlemen.

Win. But let's all together, I'll not be
Barr'd, now and then, to interpose an oath,
As I shall find occasion.

Bos. You'll relieve me,
When I take breath, then you may help, or you, 100
Or any, to confound her.

Win. Let's away!

Bos. Never was witch so tortur'd. *Exeunt*

[SCENE III

A Room in Lady Lucina's House]

Enter Freshwater, Gudgeon, and Solomon

Sol. Noble Master Freshwater, welcome from travel!

Fresh. Where be the ladies?

Sol. In the next room, sir.
My Lady Rosamond is sitting for her picture;
I presume you will be welcome.

Fresh. An English painter ?

Sol. Yes, sir. 5

Fresh. Prithee let me see him.

He gives Freshwater access to the chamber, and returns

Sol. This way, honest Gudgeon :

How [are] the matters abroad ? A touch of thy travel, what news ?

Gud. First, let me understand the state of things at home.

Sol. We have little alteration since thou went'st ; the same news are in fashion, only gentlemen are fain to ramble 10 and stumble 'for their flesh since the breach o' th' Bank-side.

Gud. Is my aunt defunct ?

Sol. Yet the viragoes ha' not lost their spirit ; some on 'em have challenged the field every day, where gentlemen have met 'em ; oh, the dog-days bit shrewdly, 'twas a vil- 15 lanous dead vacation.

Gud. Is Paul's alive still ?

Sol. Yes, yes ; a little sick o' th' stone ; she voids some every day, but she is now in physic, and may in time recover.

Gud. The Exchange stands ? 20

Sol. Longer than a church ; there is no fear, while the merchants have faith. A little of thy travels, for the time is precious ; what things have you seen or done, since you left England ?

Gud. I have not leisure to discourse of particulars ; but, 25 first, my master and I have run France through and through.

Sol. Through and through ! How is that, man ?

Gud. Why, once forward, and once backward, that's through and through.

Sol. 'Twas but a cowardly part to run a kingdom through 30 backward.

Gud. Not with our horses, Solomon, not with our horses.

Enter Freshwater and Lady Rosamond

Fresh. Madam, I did not think your ladyship Had so little judgment.

[*R*]os. As how, signor ?

Fresh. As to let an Englishman draw your picture, 35 And such rare monsieurs in town.

Ros. Why not English ?

Fresh. Oh, by no means, madam ; They ha' not active pencils.

Ros. Think you so ?

Fresh. You must encourage strangers, while you live ;
It is the character of our nation, we are famous 40
For dejecting our own countrymen.

Ros. Is that a principle ?

Fresh. Who teaches you to dance ?

Ros. A Frenchman, signor.

Fresh. Why, so, 'tis necessary.

Trust, while you live, the Frenchman with your legs,
Your faces with the Dutch. If you dislike 45
Your face, I mean if it be not sufficiently
Painted, let me commend, upon my credit,
A precious workman to your ladyship.

Ros. What is he ?

Fresh. Not an Englishman, I warrant you ! 50
One that can please the ladies every way ;
You sha' not sit with him all day for shadows.
He has regalos, and can present you with
Suckets of fourteen-pence a pound, Canary,
Prunellas, Venice glasses, Parmesan, 55
Sugars, Bologna sausages, all from Antwerp ;
But he will make olla podridas most incomparably.

Ros. I have heard of him by a noble lady,
Told me the tother day, that sitting for
Her picture, she was stifled with a strange 60
Perfume of horns.

Fresh. A butcher told me of 'em ; very likely.

Ros. When I have need

Of this rare artist, I will trouble you
For my directions. Leaving this discourse, 65
How thrives your catalogue of debtors, signor ?

Fresh. All have paid me, but—

Ros. You sha' not name me in the list of any
That are behind ; beside my debt, a purse
For clearing the account. [*giving him a purse.*] 70

Fresh. You are just, madam,

And bountiful, though I came hither with
Simple intention to present my service.
It shall be cross'd.—Gudgeon, remember too
Her ladyship's name.

[*Ros.*] My cousin has the same provision for you. 75

Enter Barker and Lady Honoria

Gud. Sir, Master Barker !

Fresh. Madam, I'll take my leave. I'll find another Time to attend my lady ; there's no light.—

I cannot abide this fellow. *Exit with Gudgeon*

Hon. Madam, Master Barker hath some design, 80
Which he pretends concerns us both.

Ros. He's welcome.
What is't ?

Bar. My lord commends him to ye.

Ros. Which lord, sir ?

Bar. The lord, the fine, the wanton, dancing lord ;
The lord that plays upon the gittern, and sings, 85
Leaps upon tables, and does pretty things,
Would have himself commended.

Ros. So, sir !

Bar. He loves you both, he told me so,
And laughs behind a vizard at your frailty ;
He cannot love that way you imagine, 90
And ladies of the game are now no miracles,

Hon. [*aside to Lady Rosamond*] Although he use to rail
thus, yet we have
Some argument to suspect his lordship's tongue
Has been too liberal.

Ros. [*aside to Lady Honoria*] I find it too, and blush 95
within to think
How much we are deceived. I may be even
With this May-lord. *Exit*

Hon. But does his lordship think
We were so taken with his person ?

Bar. You would not, and you knew as much as I.

Hon. How, sir ? 100

Bar. I ha' been acquainted with his body,
Ha' known his baths and physic.

Hon. Is't possible ? I am sorry now at heart
I had a good thought on him ; he shall see't,
For I will love some other in revenge, 105
And presently, if any gentleman
Ha' but the grace to smile, and court me up to't.

Bar. Hum !

Hon. A bubble of nobility ! A giddy,
Fantastic lord ! I want none of his titles. 110
Now, in my imaginations he appears
Ill-favoured, and not any part about him
Worth half a commendation ; would he were here !

[*Bar.*] You'd make more on him.

Hon. That I might examine,
 And do my judgment right between you two now. 115
 How much he would come short ; you have an eye
 Worth forty of his, nose of another making :
 I saw your teeth e'en now, compared to which,
 His are of the complexion of his comb,
 I mean his box, and will in time be yellower, 120
 And ask more making clean ; you have a show
 Of something on your upper lip, a witch
 Has a philosopher's beard to him ; his chin
 Has just as many hounds as hairs, that ever
 My eyes distinguish'd yet ; you have a body 125
 * * * * *

And unpromising in his slashes, one
 May see through him ; and for his legs, they both
 Would but make stuffing for one handsome stocking ;
 They're a lord's, I will be sworn. I dote upon him !
 I could wish somewhat—but I'm sorry, sir, 130
 To trouble you so much ; all happy thoughts
 Possess you ! *Exit*

Bar. How is this ? If I have wit
 To apprehend, this lady does not hate me.
 I have profess'd a cynic openly ;
 This language melts, I'll visit her again. 135

Enter Honoria

Hon. Sir, I have a small request to you.

Bar. Lady, command.

Hon. If you think I have power
 Or will to deserve from you any courtesy,
 Pray learn to dance. 140

Bar. To dance ?

Hon. At my entreaty, sir, to dance.
 It was the first thing took me with his lordship ;
 You know not what may follow ; fare you well ! *Exit*

Bar. What pretends this ? To dance ! There's some-
 thing in't.
 I've reveng'd myself already upon my lord ;
 Yet deeper with my lady is the sweeter : 145
 Something must be resolv'd. *Exit*

[SCENE IV

*Another Room in Lady Lucina's House]**Enter Lady Lucina and Scutilla [laughing]*

Luc. Enough, enough, of conscience! Let's reserve
Part of the mirth to another time; I shall
Meet some [o' their] hot worships at the ball,
Unless their apprehension prompt 'em earlier
To know their folly in pursuing me. 5

Enter Solomon

Sol. Madam, the gentlemen that were here this morning
In single visits, are come all together,
And pray to speak with you.

Luc. They've met already.
Give 'em access. *[Exit Solomon]*

Scut. I wonder what they'll say.

*Enter Bostock, [Sir Ambrose] Lamount, Colonel [Winfield]
and [Sir Marmaduke] Travers*

Win. Be confident, she shall endure it. 10

[Luc.] So, so;

How d'ye, gentlemen? Y'are very welcome.

Amb. 'Tis no matter for that; we do not come to be
Welcome, neither will we be welcome. Speak, Master Bos-
tock.

Bos. We come to mortify you.

Luc. You will use no violence?

Bos. But of our tongues; and in the names of these 15
Abused gentlemen, and myself, I spit
Defiance. Stand further off, and be attentive;
Weep, or do worse; repentance wet thy linen,
And leave no vein for the doctor!

Luc. They're mad.

Scut. There is no danger, madam; let us hear 'em; 20
If they scold, we two shall be hard enough for 'em,
And they were twenty.

Bos. Thou basilisk!

Luc. At first sight?

Bos. Whose eyes sh[oo]t fire and poison!
Malicious as a witch, and much more cunning;
Thou that dost ride men— 25

Luc. I ride men ?

Bos. Worse than the nightmare ! Let thy tongue be silent,

And take our scourges patiently ; thou hast,
 In thy own self, all the ingredients
 Of wickedness in thy sex, able to furnish
 Hell, if't were insufficiently provided, 30
 With falsehood and she-fiend[s] of thy own making !
 \ Circe, that charm'd men into swine, was not
 So much a Jew as thou art ; thou hast made
 Us asses, dost thou hear ?

Amb. He speaks for us all.

Bos. But it is better we be all made such, 35
 Than any one of us be monster'd worse,
 To be an ox, thy husband.

Scut. }
Luc. } Ha, ha, ha !

Bos. Dost thou laugh, crocodile ?

Win. That was well said !

Bos. Spirit of flesh and blood, I'll conjure thee,
 And let the devil lay thee on thy back, 40
 I care not.

Mar. Admirable Bostock !

Win. That spirit of flesh and blood was well enforc'd.

Bos. You thought us animals, insensible
 Of all your jugglings, did you, Proserpine ?

Amb. Ay, come to that ! 45

Bos. And that we lov'd—lov'd, with a pox !—your phys-
 nomy.

Know we but tried thee, beldam, and thou art
 Thyself a son o' th' earth.

Amb. How ! She a son ?

Bos. 'Twas a mistake ; but she knows my meaning.
 I begin to be aweary, gentlemen, 50
 I'll breathe awhile.

Win. 'Tis time ; and that you may
 Not want encouragement, take that. [*Strikes him*]

Bos. Gentlem[a]n, Colonel, what d'ye mean ?

Win. You shall know presently ; dare but lift thy voice
 To fright this lady, or but ask thy pardon, 55
 My sword shall rip thy body for thy [heart]
 And nail it on her threshold ; or if you,
 The proudest, offer but in looks to justify

The baseness of this wretch, your souls shall answer 't.

Mar. How's this?

60

Win. Oh, impudence unheard!— Pardon, madam,
My tedious silence; the affront grew up

So fast, I durst not trust my understanding
That any gentleman could attempt so much
Dishonour to a lady of your goodness.—

65

Was this your project, to make me appear
Guilty of that I hate beyond all sacrilege?
Was it for this you pray'd my company,
You tadpoles?—'Tis your presence charms my sword,
Or they shall quickly pay their forfeit lives;

70

No altar could protect 'em.

Amb. We are betray'd.

Mar. Was it not his plot to have us rail?

Win. Say, shall I yet be active?

Luc. By no means;

This is no place for blood, nor shall [my] cause
Engage to such a danger.

Win. Live to be

75

Your own vexations, then, till you be mad,
And then remove yourself with your own garters.
You sha'not go, before I know from whose
Brain this proceeded;—you are the mirth.

80

Was ever civil lady so abus'd
In her own house by ingrateful horse-leeches?
Could your corrupted natures find no way
But this to recompense her noble favours,
Her courteous entertainments? Would any heathens
[Have] done like to you? Admit she was

85

So just to say she could see nothing in you
Worthy her dearer thoughts (as, to say truth,
How could a creature of her wit and judgment
Not see how poor and miserable things

You are at best?) must you, impudent,

90

In such a loud and peremptory manner,
Disturb the quiet of her thoughts and dwelling?

Gentlemen? Rather hinds, scarce fit to mix,
Unless you mend [your] manners, with her drudges.

Luc. This shows a nobleness, does't not, Scutilla?

95

Bos. Why, sir, did not you tell us?

Win. [threatening him]

What did I tell you?

Bos. Nothing!

Win. Begone, lest I forget myself!

Bos. I have a token to remember you.

A palsy upon your fingers, noble Colonel!

Mar. Was this his stratagem! We must be gone. 100

Exit [with Sir Ambrose and Bostock]

Luc. Sir, I must thank ye, and desire your pardon
For what has pass'd to your particular.

Win. Y'ave more than satisfied my service in
Th' acknowledgment; disdain cannot provoke me
To be so insolent. 105

Luc. Again I thank you.

Win. I can forget your last neglect, if you
Think me not too unworthy to expect
Some favour from you.

Luc. How d'ye mean?

Win. Why, as
A servant should, that is ambitious
To call you mistress, till the happier title
Of wife crown his desires. 110

Luc. I must confess,
This has won much upon me; but two words
To such a bargain; y'are a gentleman,
I'm confident, would adventure for me.

Win. As far as a poor life could speak my service. 115

Luc. That's fair, and far enough: I make not any
Exception to your person.

Win. Body enough,
I hope, to please a lady.

Luc. But—

Win. To my fortune?

Luc. To that the least; I have estate for both.

Win. Though i[t] hold no comparison with yours, 120
It keeps me like a gentleman.

Luc. I have a scruple.

Win. You honour me in this;
There's hope, if I can take away that care,
You may be mine.

Luc. Sir, can you put me in security 125
That you have been honest?

Win. Honest! How d'ye mean?

Luc. Been honest of your body; you are gentlemen,
Out of the wars live lazy and feed high,
Drink the rich grape, and in Canary may

Do strange things, when the wine has wash'd away
Discretion. 130

Win. What is your meaning, lady ?

Luc. I do not urge you for the time to come,
Pray understand ; have you been honest hitherto ?
And yet, because you sha' not trouble friends
To be compurgators, I'll be satisfied, 135
If you will take your own oath that you are.

Win. Honest of my body ?

Luc. Yes, sir ; it will become me to be careful
Of my health ; I'll take your own assurance ;
If you can clear your body by an oath, 140
I'll marry none but you, before this gentlewoman.

Win. Your reason why you use me thus ?

Luc. I wonder you will ask ; do not I hear
How desperate some ha' been, what pain, what physic !

Win. This is a tale of a tub, lady. 145

Luc. You rid no match without a shirt, to shew
The complexion of your body. I ha' done, sir ;
When you resolve to swear y' are honest, I
Vow to [b]e yours, your wife ; I am not hasty,
Think on't, and tell me, when we meet again, 150
Anon, to-night, to-morrow, when you please ;
So farewell, noble Colonel. Come, Scutilla. *Exeunt*

Win. Is't come to this ? I am jeer'd again
Is't possible to be honest at these years ?
A man of my complexion, and acquaintance ! 155
Was ever a gentleman put to this oath before
O' this fashion ?

If I ha' the grace now to forswear myself,
Something may be done, and yet 'tis doubtful,
She'll have more tricks ; if widows be thus coltish, 160
The devil will have a task that goes a-wooing. *Exit*

ACTUS QUARTUS

[SCENE I

A Room in Lord Rainbow's House]

Enter Lord [Rainbow] and Bostock

Bos. Such an affront, my lord, I was asham'd on't !
A mere conspiracy to betray our fames ;
But had you seen how poorly they behav'd
Themselves, such carven knights ; a pair of drone bees !

I' th' midst of my vexation if I could 5
 Forbear to laugh, I ha' no blood in me.
 They were so far from striking, that they stood
 Like images, things without life and motion,
 Fear could not make so much as their tongue tremble ;
 Left all to me. 10

Lord R. So, so ; what then did you ?

Bos. The lady laugh'd too, and the Colonel
 Increas'd his noise to see how she derided
 The poor knights.

Lord R. Leave their character, and proceed
 To what you did.

Bos. You shall pardon me, my lord,
 I am not willing to report myself ; 15
 They, and the lady, and the Colonel,
 Can witness I came on.

Lord R. But how came you off, cousin ? That must
 commend you.

Bos. I ha' my limbs, my lord, no sign of loss
 Of blood, you see ; but this was fortune. How 20
 The Colonel came off's uncertain.

Lord R. Do not you know ?

Bos. No, I left him ; I think ['twas] time,

Lord R. You did not kill him ?

Bos. Upon my faith, my lord, I meant it not ;
 But wounds fall out sometime when the sword's in.
 These are poor things to brag on ; I ha' sav'd 25
 Myself, you see.

Lord R. If it be so, I'll call you cousin still !
 My sati[r]ist !

Enter Barker

Hark, you shall beat this fellow.

Bos. Shall I, my lord ? Without cause ?

Lord R. He shall give you
 Cause presently.—How now, gumm'd taffeta ? 30

Bar. I pay for what I wear, my satin lord ;
 Your wardrobe does not keep me warm ; I do not
 Run o' th' ticket with the mercer's wife,
 And lecher out my debts at country-houses.

Lord R. There's something else you do not. 35

Bar. I do not use to flatter such as you are,
 Whose bodies are so rotten they'll scarce keep
 Their souls from breaking out ; I write no odes

Upon your mistress, to commend her postures,
 And tumbling in a coach towards Paddington ; 40
 Whither you hurry her to see the pheasants,
 And try what operation the eggs have
 At your return. I am not taken with
 Your mighty nonsense, glean'd from heathenish plays,
 Which leave a curse upon the author for 'em ; 45
 Though I have studied to redeem you from
 The infection of such books, which martyr sense
 Worse than an almanack.

Lord R. Excellent satire !

But lash not on ; stop here, or I shall kick
 Your learned worship. 50

Bar. But do not, I advise you, do not.

Lord R. Why do not ?

Bar. It will fall heavy o' somebody ; if your lordship
 Kick me, I shall not spare your cousin there.

Lord R. On that condition, what do you think o' that ?

[*Kicks Barker*]

Bar. What do you think ? [*Kicks Bostock*] 55

Bos. Excellently well followed, by my troth, la !

He'll pitch the bar well, I warrant, he does so
 Follow his kick.

Bar. Let it go round. [*Kicks him again*]

Bos. Good ! Right as my leg again !

Lord R. Your leg ! 'Twas he that kick'd you. 60

Bos. D'ye think I do not feel it ?

Lord R. Why d'ye not use y'our toes, then ?

Bos. What, for a merry touch,

A trick, a turn upon the toe ?—D'ye hear, sir ?—

Y'are good company but if thou lovest me— 65

Bar. Love you ? Why, d'ye hear, sir ?—

[*Bos.*]

Ay, ay !

Bar. What a pox should any man see in you,

Once to think on you ? Love a squirt !—

Shall I tell thee what thou art good for ?

Bos.

Ay !

Bar. For nothing ! 70

Bos. Good again ! My lord, observe him, 'for nothing' !

Bar. Yes, thou wo't stop a breach in a mud wall,

Or serve for a Priapus in the garden,

To fright away crows, and keep the [cornbin shutter],

Thou wo't. 75

Bos. Ha, ha ha!

Bar. Or thou wo't serve at Shrovetide to ha' thy legs
Broken with penny truncheons in the street ;
'Tis pity any cock should stand the pelting,
And such a capon unpreferr'd. 80

Bos. Ha, ha, ha !

Bar. Cry mercy, y'are a kinsman to the lord,
A gentleman of high and mighty blood.

Lord R. But cold enough ; wo' not all this provoke him ?

Bar. Dost hear ? For all this, I will undertake
To thrash a better man out of a wench 85
That travels with her buttermilk to market
Between two dorsers, any day o' th' week,
My twice-sod tail of green fish ! I will do't,
Or lose my inheritance ; tell me, and do not stammer,
When wert thou cudgell'd last ? What woman beat thee ? 90

Bos. Excellent Barker !

Bar. Thou art the town-top ;

A boy will set thee up, and make thee spin
Home with an eel-skin ; do not marry, do not ;
Thy wife will coddle thee, and serve thee up
In plates with sugar and rose-water to 95
Him that had the grace to cuckold thee :
And if Pythagoras' transmigration
Of souls were true, thy spirit should be tenant
To a horse.

Bos. Why to a horse ?

Bar. A switch and spur would do some good upon you ; 100
Why dost thou interfere ? Get the grincomes, go,
And straddle, like a gentleman that would
Not shame his kindred : but what do I
Lose time with such a puppy ?

Bos. Well, go thy ways, I'll justify thy wit 105
At my own peril.

Bar. [to Lord Rainbow] I would speak with you ;
Be not too busy with your lordship's legs,
I'll tell you somewhat.

Lord R. Speak to th' purpose, then.

Bar. I bestow'd
A visit on the ladies which you wot on ; 110
They have their wits still, and resolve to keep 'em,
They wo' not hang themselves for a young lord,
Nor grow into consumption ; other men

Have eyes, and nose, and lips, and handsome legs too ;
 So fare you well, my lord ; I left your kick
 With your cousin.—Bye, bye, otter !

115

*Exit**Lord R.*

Very well !

But hark you, cousin Bostock, you have a [mild]
 And modest constitution ; I expected
 You would have lifted up your leg.

Bos.

To kick him ?

Why, and you would ha' given a thousand pound,
 I could not do't for laughing ; beside,
 He was your friend, my lord.

120

Lord R.

Did you spare him

For that consideration ?

Bos.

Howsoever,

What honour had it been for me to quarrel,
 Or wit, indeed ? If every man should take
 All the abuses that are meant, great men
 Would be laughed at ; some fools must ha' their jests.
 Had he been any man of blood or valour,
 One that profess'd the sword, such as the Colonel,
 Less provocation would ha' made me active.

125

130

Enter Sir Ambrose and Sir Marmaduke

Lord R. The eagles takes no flies ; is that it ?—How now,
 Sir Ambrose, and my honour'd friend, Sir Marmaduke !
 You are strangers.

Mar. Your lordship's pardon.—Master Bostock !

Bos. [*aside*] Now I shall be put to't ;
 This ta[^l]king will undo me.

135

Lord R.

Prithee tell me ?

Is the Colonel alive still ?

Amb. Alive, my lord ! Yes, yes he's alive.

Bos. Did your lordship think absolutely he was dead ?

Lord R. But he is shrewdly wounded ?

Amb.

No, my lord,

He is very well ; but 'twas your kinsman's fortune—

140

Bos. Prithee, ne'er speak on't.

Lord R.

What ?

Mar.

To have a blow,

A box o' the ear.

Lord R. How ?

Mar.

With his fist, and an indifferent round one.

Bos. Yes, yes, he did strike me, I could ha' told you that ;
But wherefore did he strike ? Ask 'em that. 145

Mar. If you would know, my lord, he was our orator,
To rail upon the lady for abusing us,
Which, I confess, he did with lung and spirit ;
[For] which, in the conclusion, the Colonel
Stroke him to th' ground. 150

Bos. He did so, 'tis a truth.

Lord R. And did you take it ?

Bos. Take it ?

He gave it me, my lord, I asked not for it ;
But 'tis not yet reveng'd.

Amb. 'Tis truth, we suffer'd
A little, but the place protected him.

Bos. It was no place indeed—

Mar. Now since you had
The greatest burden in the affront— 155

Bos. The blow ?

Mar. Right ! We would know whether your resolution
Be first to question him ; for our cause appears
Subordinate, and may take breath, till you
Ha' call'd him to account. 160

Bos. I proclaim nothing,
And make no doubt the Colonel will give me
Satisfaction, like a gentleman.

Amb. We are answer'd,
And take our leave, my lord.

Lord R. We shall meet at the Ball anon, gentlemen.

Mar. Your lordship's servants !—Now to our design. 165

Exeunt

Bos. My lord, I take my leave too.

Lord R. Not yet, cousin ; you and I ha' not done.

Bos. What you please, cousin !

Lord R. You have cozen'd me too much.

Bos. I, my good lord ?

Lord R. Thou most unheard-of coward !
How dare you boast relation to me ? 170

Be so impudent as to name, or think upon me ?
Thou stain to honour ! Honour ? Th'art beneath
All the degrees of baseness : quit thy father,
Thy suppos'd one, and with sufficient testimony
Some serving-man leap'd thy mother, or some juggler 175
That conjures with old bones, some woman's tailor,

When he brought home her petticoat and took measure
Of her loose body, or I'll cullis thee
With a bottom.

Bos. Good my lord!

Lord R. Be so baffled,
In presence of your mistress! 'Tis enough 180
To make the blood of all thou knowest suspected;
And I'll ha' satisfaction—

Bos. My lord!

Lord R. For using of my name in ordinaries,
I' th' list of other whom you make your privilege 185
To domineer, and win applause sometimes
With tapsters, and threadbare tobacco merchants,
That worship your gold-lace and ignorance,
Stand bare, and bend their hams, when you belch out
'My lord,' and 'tother cousin,' in a bawdy-house,
Whom, with a noise, you curse by Jack and Tom, 190
For failing you at Fish-street, or the Steel-yard. [*draws*]

Bos. My very good lord!

Lord R. Will you not draw?

Bos. Not against your honour; but you shall see—

Lord R. And vex my eyes, to look on such a land-rat.
Were all these shames forgotten, how shall I 195
Be safe in honour with that noble lady,
To whom I sinfully commended thee,
Though 'twere not much, enough to make her think
I am as base as thou art; and the Colonel,
And all that have but heard thee call me cousin? 200
What cure for this, you malt-worm? Oh, my soul,
How it does blush to know thee, bragging puppy!
D'ye hear me—thunder and lightning!—what
Nobility my predecessors boasted,
Or any man from honour's stock descended; 205
How many marquises and earls are number'd
In their great family; what coats they quarter;
How many battles our forefathers fought—
'Tis poor, and not becoming perfect gentry
To build their glories at their fathers' cost, 210
But at their own expense of blood or virtue
To raise them living monuments: our birth
Is not our own act; honour upon trust
Our ill deeds forfeit; and the wealthy sums
Purchased by others' fame or sweat, will be 215

Our stain, for we inherit nothing truly
 But what our actions make us worthy of.
 And are you not a precious gentleman ?
 Thou art not worth my steel ; redeem this love
 Some generous way of undertaking, or 220
 Thou shalt be given up to boys and ballets,
 The scorn of footmen, a disgrace more black
 Than bastard. Go to the Colonel—

Bos. I will, my lord.

Lord R. But, now I think on't, 'twill be necessary
 That first you right my honour with the lady. 225
 You shall carry a letter ; you will do't ?

Bos. I'll carry anything.

Lord R. Expect it presently. *Exit*

Bos. Such another conjuring will make me
 Believe I am illegitimate indeed.
 This came first keeping company with the blades, 230
 From whom I learnt to roar and run away ;
 I know 'tis a base thing to be a coward,
 But every man is not born to be a Hercules ;
 Some must be beat, that others may be valiant. *Exit*

[SCENE II

A Room in Lady Honoria's House]

*Enter Rosamond and Honoria whispering ; Sir Marmaduke
 and Sir Ambrose following*

Ros. [*aside to Honoria*] Let it be so, they will else be
 troublesome.

Mar. This cannot, I hope, displease you, lady, 'tis
 No new affection, I protest, although
 This be the first occasion I took
 To express it. 5

Ros. You did ill in the impression ;
 Although your bashfulness would not permit you
 To speak in your own cause, you might have sent
 Your meaning ; I can make a shift to read
 A scurvy hand ; but I shall tell you, sir—

Mar. Prithee do. [*They whisper*] 10

Hon. Is't possible
 Your heart hath been tormented in love's flame,
 And I the cause ?

Amb. Your beauty hath the power
 To melt a Scythian's bosom ; those divine
 Beams would make soft the earth, when rugged winter 15
 Hath seal'd the crannies up with frost ; your eye
 Will make the frigid region temperate,
 Should you but smile upon't : account it then
 No wonder if it turn my breast to ashes.

Ros. [*aside to Sir Marmaduke*] I see you are in love, by 20
 your [invention],
 And cause I pity a gentleman should lose
 His passion, I'll acquaint you with a secret.

Mar. The Lady Honoria ?

Ros. What misfortune 'twas
 You did not first apply yourself to her,
 That can reward your love, and hath a heart 25
 Spacious to entertain you ! She does love you,
 Upon my knowledge, strangely, and so
 Commends you in your absence !

Mar. Say you so, lady ?
 Pardon, I beseech you, the affection
 I profess'd to your ladyship, 'twas but 30
 A compliment ; I am sorry, I protest.

Ros. Oh, 'tis excus'd, sir ; but I must tell you,
 Perhaps you wo' not find her now so tractable,
 Upon the apprehension she was slighted ;
 But to prescribe you confidence were to 35
 Suspect your art and bold discretion.

Hon. [*aside to Sir Ambrose*] 'Tis as I tell you, sir ; no
 lady in
 The world can speak more praises of your body ;
 She knows not yet your mind.

Amb. Is't possible ?

Hon. And yet, because she saw your compliments 40
 Directed so unhappily to me,
 I know not how you'll find her on the sudden ;
 But 'tis not half an hour since you possess'd
 The first place in her thoughts.

Amb. Shall I presume,
 You will excuse the love I did present 45
 Your ladyship ? It was not from my heart,
 I hope you will conceive so.

Hon. A slight error.

Amb. I am ashamed on't.

- Hon.* 'Tis sufficient
That you recant; no more neglect.
- Ros.* [to Sir Ambrose] You are pleasant.
- Amb.* Be you so too; I'll justify thou shalt 50
Have cause.
- Ros.* To wonder at you; what's your meaning, sir?
- Amb.* Sweet lady,
What thoughts make sad your brow? I have observ'd
Your eyes shoot clearer light. 55
- Ros.* You are deceiv'd,
I am not melancholy.
- Amb.* Be for ever banish'd
The imagination of what can happen
To cloud so rare a beauty; y'are in love.
- Ros.* In love? Who told you so?
- Amb.* But that's no wonder,
We all may love, but you have only power 60
To conquer where you place affection.
And triumph o'er your wishes.
- Hon.* [To Sir Marmaduke] I love you?
Y'are strangely, sir, mistaken;
Put your devices on some other lady;
I ha' been so far from [any] affection to you, 65
That I ha' labour'd, I confess, to unsettle
The opinion of my Lady Rosamond,
Who, I confess, loves you, and that extremely.
- Mar.* How! She love me? Then I ha' made fine work.
- Hon.* What cunning she is mistress of, to hide 70
Her strange affections, or what power she has,
She does [not] fly into your arms, I know not.
- Ros.* [to Sir Ambrose] Are you so dull?
Why, this was but to try your constancy;
I have heard her swear you are the prop'rest knight, 75
The very Adonis! Why, she has got your picture,
And made it the only saint within her closet;
I blush at your credulity.
- Amb.* Is't e'en so?
I have undone myself with her already.
- Pardon me, gentle madam, I must leave you. 80
- Ros.* With all my heart.
- Enter Monsieur [Le Frisk]*
- Hon.* We are reliev'd.
Monsieur Le Frisk!

Le Frisk. *Très humble serviteur, madame!* Me sweat with de hast to wait upon your ladyships; I pray give me de leave, dispatch presently, for I must figaries to be done. 85

Ros. Gentlemen, let your passions breathe awhile; A little music may correct the error, And you may find yourselves.

Le Frisk. *Allez!*

Amb. With all my heart! Sir Marmaduke, let's help 90 To exercise the ladies.

Mar. A good motion!

Le Frisk. And, begar, noting in de world more profit your body den de motion *à la mode de France.*

Mar. I am for any frisk.

Frisk. Ha, de frisk! You jump upon my name, and, 95 *begar*, you have my nature to de right, hey! And all de world is but frisk.

Hon. A country dance, then.

Le Frisk. Ha, *monsieur, madame, allez!*

They dance.

Fort bon! Très excellent! *Begar*, so! I crave your patience, 100 madam, gentlemen, you be at de Ball—*ma foi!*—you see dat was never in dis world.

Ros. What, *monsieur?*

Le Frisk. What do you think dat is? Me tell you; *begar*, you see me play de part of de Cupid. 105

Hon. A French Cupid?

Le Frisk. *Begar*, French Cupid, why? Dere is no love like de French love, dat is Cupid; love is hot, and de French is hot.

Ros. How comes it to pass that you are to play Cupid, 110 *monsieur?*

Le Frisk. My lord give me command me have device and de masque for de ladies, and me no trust little jacknape to play young Cupid, but myself.

Hon. Cupid is a child; you have a beard, *monsieur.* 115

Le Frisk. Me care not de hair for dat; *begar*, de little god may have de little beard; Venus, his moder, have de mole, and Cupid, her shild, may have the black mussel.

Hon. But, *monsieur*, we read Cupid was fair, and you are black; how will that agree? 120

Le Frisk. Cupid is fair, and *monsieur* is black; why, *monsieur* is black den, and Cupid is fair, what is dat? A fair lady love de servant of the black complexion—*de bonne*

heure! The colour is not de mush; Vulcan was de blacksmith, and Cupid may be de black gentleman, his son legi- 125
timate.

Amb. 'Tis the way to make Cupid the boy no bastard.

Le Frisk. But do you no publish this invention; me meet you at de Ball armed with quiver and de bow.

Hon. You wo' not shoot us, I hope; you'll spare our 130
hearts.

Le Frisk. Begar, me shit you, if me can, and your 'arts shall bleed one, two, tree gallon; *adieu, madame, serviteur, gentlemen, très-humble!* [Exit.]

Amb. *Adieu, monsieur!*—Now, madam, with your favour 135
I must renew my suit.

Hon. Y'ad better buy a new one;
Nay, then, we shall be troubled. [Exit]

Amb. You'll withdraw,
I'll follow you. [Exit]

Mar. Come, come, I know you love me.

Ros. You may enlarge your folly, my dear knight;
But I have pardon'd you for love already. [Exit] 140

Mar. This sha' not serve your turn; I came hither
Not to be jeered, and one of you shall love me. [Exit]

[SCENE III

A Room in Lady Lucina's House]

Enter Bostock, Lady Lucina, and Scutilla

Luc. Oh, impudence! Dares he return?

Scut. It seems so.

Bos. Most gracious madam, my cousin, your Lord [Rain-
bow,]

Commends himself in black and white. [gives her a letter]

Luc. To me?

Bos. D'ye think 'tis from myself?

Scut. You might ha' done't in black and blue. 5

Bos. Scutilla, how does thy poor soul? Thou hast no
husband nor children to commend me to.

Scut. The poor soul's well; I hope your body is
Recover'd; does not your left cheek burn still?
We ha' so talked of you. 10

Luc. [reads] *I am sorry any gentleman that has relation*

to me should be so forgetful of your honour and his own ; but though he have forfeited opinion, let me continue innocent in your thoughts. I have sent you a small jewel to expiate my offence for commending him. I expect your ladyship at the Ball, where you shall make many happy to kiss your hand ; and in their number the true admirer of your virtue, 15

[RAINBOW]

My lord is honourable.

Bos. A slight jewel, madam. [gives her the jewel]

Luc. I am his servant.

Bos. Nay, faith, my lord is right ; I ha' not met 20
The Colonel since you know when.

Scut. You ha' more reason to remember.

Bos. I would be so bold to ask you a question.

Luc. In the meantime give me leave—we are none but friends—

I know y'are valiant— 25

Bos. No, no, you do not know't, but I know myself.

Scut. That's more.

Luc. But will you answer me ? Why did not you Strike him again ?

Scut. That might ha' caus'd blood.

Bos. You're i' th' right. 30

Luc. You did not fear him ?

Bos. But blood[s] are not alike, terms were not even ; If I had kill'd him there had been an end—

Luc. Of him !

Bos. Right, madam !—but if he had wounded me, He might ha' kill'd heaven knows how many. 35

Scut. Strange !

Bos. D'ye not conceive it ? So many drops of mine, So many gentlemen ; nay more, who knows Which of these might ha' been a knight, a lord—

Luc. Perhaps a prince ? 40

Bos. Princes came from the blood.

And should I hazard such a severation

Against a single life ? 'Tis not I fear

To fight with him, by these hilts ! But what wise gamester

Will venture a hundred pound to a flaw'd sixpence ?

Scut. Madam, the Colonel ! 45

Bos. And he were ten Colonels, I'll not endure his company. [To Scutilla] Sweet lady, You and I'll retire.

Scut. And [you] were less honourable—

Bos. He should not seek me then.

Scut. He should rather hardly find you ; I'm your servant.

Exit [*Scutilla with Bostock*]

Enter Colonel [*Winfield*]

Luc. I was wishing for you, sir ;
Your judgment of these diamonds ? 50

Win. The stones are pretty.

Luc. They were a lord's, sent me for a token,
You cannot choose but know him, the Lord [*Rainbow*]

Win. So, so, so ! I am like to speed.

Luc. Is not he
A pretty gentleman ? 55

Win. And you are sure he's honest ?

Luc. As lords go now-a-days, that are in fashion ;
But cry you mercy, you ha' put me in mind ;
I did propound a business to you, sir.

Win. And I came prepar'd to answer you.

Luc. 'Tis very well, I'll call one to be a witness. 60

Win. That was not, I remember, in our covenant,
You sha' not need.

Luc. I'll fetch you a book to swear by.

Win. Let it be *Venus and Adonis*, then,
Or Ovid's wanton *Elegies*, Aristotle's
Problems, *Guy of Warwick*, or *Sir Bevis* ; 65
Or if there be a play-book you love better,
I'll take my oath upon your Epilogue.

Luc. Y'are very merry ; well, swear how you please.

Win. In good time !
You do expect now I should swear I'm honest ? 70

Luc. Yes, sir, and 'tis no hard condition,
If you reflect upon my promise.

Win. What ?

Luc. To marry you, which act must make you lord
Of me and my estate, a round possession ;
Some men have gone to hell for a less matter. 75

Win. But I wo' not be damn'd for twenty thousand
Such as you are, [had] every one a million,
And I the authority of a Parliament
To marry wi' ye all ; I would not, by
This flesh ! [*taking her hand*] Now I ha' sworn. 80

Luc. I think so, Colonel ;

Bless me ! Twenty thousand wives ? 'Twould ne'er
Come to my turn ; and you'd not live to give
The tithe benevolence.

Win. They would find pages, fools,
Or gentlemen-ushers.

Luc. Then, upon the matter,
You being not willing, sir, to take your oath, 85
I may be confident you are not honest.

Win. Why, look upon me, lady, and consider,
With some discretion, what part about me
Does look so tame you should suspect me honest ?
How old d'ye think I am ? 90

Luc. I guess at thirty.

Win. Some i' th' world doubted me not so much ;
At thirteen I was ever plump and forward ;
My dry-nurse swore at seven I kiss'd like one
Of five-and-twenty ; setting that aside,
What's my profession ? 95

Luc. A soldier

Win. So ;
Examine a whole army, and find one soldier
That hates a handsome woman ; we cannot march
Without our bag and baggages ; and is it possible
When we come home, where women's pride and all
Temptation to wantonness abounds, 100
We should lose our activity ?

Luc. You soldiers
Are brave fellows.

Win. When we have our pay.
We vow no chastity till we marry, lady ;
'Tis out of fashion, indeed, with gentlemen
To be honest and of age together ; 'tis sufficient 105
We can provide to take our pleasures, too,
Without infection ; a sound body is
A treasure, I can tell you ; yet if that
Would satisfy you, I should make no scruple
To swear ; but otherwise you must pardon us, 110
As we must pardon you.

Luc. Us, sir !

Win. Yes, you ;
As if you ladies had not your figaries,
And martial discipline, as well as we,
Your outworks and redoubts, your court of guard,

Your sentries, and perdus, sallies, retreats, 115
 [Parleys], and stratagems; women are all honest,
 Yes, yes, exceeding honest! Let me ask you
 One question—I'll not put you to your oath;
 I do allow you Hyde Park and Spring Garden—
 You have a recreation call'd THE BALL, 120
 A device transported hither by some ladies
 That affect tennis; what d'ye play a set?
 There's a foul racket kept under the line,
 Strange words are bandied, and strange revels, madam.

Luc. The world imagines so. 125

Win. Nay, y' are all talk'd of.

Luc. But if men had more wit and honesty,
 They would let fall their stings on something else;
 This is discours'd but when corantos fail,
 Or news at ordinaries; when the phlegmatic Dutch
 Ha' ta'en no fisher-boats, or our coal-ships land 130
 Safe at Newcastle; y' are fine gentlemen!
 But to conclude of that we met for, your honesty,
 Not justified by an oath, as I expected,
 Is now suspended: will you swear yet?

Win. Why, I thought you had been a Christian, widow! 135
 Have I not told you enough? You may meet one
 Will forfeit his conscience, and please you better,
 Some silkworm o' the City, or the Court;
 There be enough will swear away their soul
 For your estate, but I have no such purpose; 140
 The wars will last, I hope.

Luc. So, so.—Scutilla!

Enter Scutilla

You were present when I promis'd the Colonel
 To be his wife, upon condition
 He could secure my opinion by his oath,
 That he was honest; I am bound in honour 145
 Not to go back.—Y'ave done it, I am yours, sir.
 Be you a witness to this solemn contract.

Win. Are you in earnest, lady?

I ha' not sworn.

Luc. You have given better truth;
 He that can make this conscience of an oath, 150
 Assures his honesty.

Win. In mind!

Luc. What's past

I question not ; if, for the time to come,
Your love be virtuous to me.

Win. Most religious,
Or let me live the soldier's dishonour,
And die the scorn of gentlemen. I ha' not
Space enough in my heart to entertain thee. 155

Luc. Is not this better than swearing ?

Win. I confess it.

Luc. Now I may call you husband ?

Win. No title can more honour me.

Luc. If please you,
I'll show you then my children. 160

Win. How ! Your children ?

Luc. I ha' six that call me mother.

Win. Hast, faith ?

Luc. The elder may want softness to acknowledge you ;
But some are young enough, and may be counsell'd
To ask your blessing ; does this trouble you ?

Win. Trouble me ? No ! But it is the first news, lady, 165
Of any children.

Luc. Nay, they are not like
To be a burden to us ; they must trust
To their own portions, left 'em by their father—

Win. Where ?

Luc. But of my estate ; I can not keep
Anything from 'em, and I know you are 170
So honest, you'd not wish me wrong the orphans.
'Tis but six thousand pound in money, Colonel,
Among them all, beside some trifling plate
And jewels, worth a thousand more.

Win. No more ?

Luc. My jointure will be firm to us ; two hundred 175
Per annum.

Win. Is it so ? And that will keep
A country house, some half a dozen cows,
We shall ha' cheese and butter-milk ; one horse
Will serve me and your man to ride to markets.

Luc. Canst be content to live i' th' country, Colonel ? 180

Win. And watch the peas, look to the hay, and talk
Of oats and stubble ; I ha' been brought up to't,
And, for a need, can thrash.

Luc. That will save somewhat.

Win. I' th' year ; beside my skill in farrowing pigs :

Oh, 'tis a wholesome thing to hold the plough, 185
 And wade up to the calf i' th' dirty furrows—
 Worse than sleeping in a trench or quagmire!
 You ha' not heard me whistle yet?

Luc. No, indeed!

Win. Why, there's it! [*aside*] She does counterfeit.—

Well, lady,

Be you in jest or earnest, this is my resolution, 190
 I'll marry you, and y'ad forty children,
 And not a foot of land to your jointure. Heaven
 Will provide for's, and we do our endeavours.
 Where be the children? Come, how many boys?

Luc. As many as you can get, sir. 195

Win. How?

Luc. No more.

Since y'are so noble, know I tried your patience;
 And now I am confirm'd: my estate is yours,
 Without the weight of children or of debts;
 Love me, and I repent not.

Win. Say'st thou so? 200

I would we had a priest here!

Luc. There remains,

To take away one scruple.

Win. Another gi[m]crack?

Luc. I have none, 'tis your doubt, sir;
 And, ere we marry, you shall be convinc'd
 Some malice has corrupted your opinion
 Of that we call the Ball. 205

Win. Your dancing business?

Luc. I will entreat your company to-night,
 Where your own eyes shall lead you to accuse,
 Or vindicate our fames.

Win. With all my heart.

Scut. Madam, Master Bostock
 Expects within. 210

Luc. You shall be reconcil'd to him.

Win. With Bostock willingly; then to th' Ball,
 Which, for your sake, I dare not now suspect.
 Where union of hearts such empire brings,
 Subjects, methinks, are crown'd as well as kings. *Exeunt*

ACTUS QUINTUS

[SCENE I

The Ball Room]

Enter Monsieur [Le Frisk] and Servants with perfume

Le Frisk. Bon ! Fort bon ! Here a little, dere a little more ; my lord hire dis house of the city merchant ; begar, it smell musty, and he will have all sweet for de ladies ; perfume, perfume every corner presently, for dere is purpose to make all smoke anon, begar—

5

Enter Lady Rosamond and Honoria

Très humble serviteur, mesdames !

Hon. Where is my lord ?

Le Frisk. He wait on you presently. [*Enter Freshwater*]
Monsieur de Freshwater !

Fresh. Monsieur le Frisk, these ladies were pleased to 10
command my attendance hither.

Le Frisk. Welcome to de Ball, *par ma foi !* You pardon, monsieur, I have much trouble in my little head, I can no stay to compliment ; *à vostre service !* *Exit*

Fresh. In all my travels, I have not seen a more convenient structure. 15

Ros. Now you talk of your travels, signor, till my lord come, you shall do us a special favour to discourse what passages you ha' seen abroad.

Hon. Were you ever abroad before, signor ? 20

Fresh. I hardly ever was at home, and yet
All countries [to a] wise man are his own.
Did you never travel, ladies ?

Ros. We are no ladies errant, 'tis enough
For such as you, that look for state employment. 25

Fresh. Yet there be ladies ha' your languages,
And, married to great men, prove the better statesmen.

Ros. We have heard talk of many countries.

Fresh. And you may hear talk ; but give me the man
That has measured 'em ; talk's but talk— 30

Hon. Have you seen a fairer city than London ?

Fresh. London is nothing—

Ros. How ! Nothing ?

Fresh. To what it will be a hundred years hence.

Ros. I have heard much talk of Paris. 35

Hon. You have been there, I'm sure.

Enter Lord [Rainbow]

Fresh. I tell you, madam ; I took shipping at Gravesend, and had no sooner passed the Cantons and Grisons, making some stay in the Valtelline, but I came to Paris, a pretty hamlet, and much in the situation like Dunstable ; 'tis in the province of Alcantara, some three leagues distant from Seville, from whence we have our oranges. 40

Lord R. [*aside*] Is the fellow mad ?

Ros. I have heard Seville is in Spain.

Fresh. You may hear many things. The people are civil that live in Spain, or there may be one town like another ; but if Seville be not in France, I was never at Seville in my life. 45

Hon. Proceed, sir.

Fresh. Do not I know Paris ? It was built by the youngest son of King Priam, and was called by his name ; yet some call it Lutetia, because the gentlewomen there play so well upon the lute. 50

Lord R. [*aside*] What a rascal is this !

Fresh. Here I observed many remarkable buildings, as the University, which some call the Louvre ; where the students made very much of me, and carried me to the Bear-garden, where I saw a play on the Bank-side, a very pretty comedy, called *Marthème*, in London. 55

Ros. Is't possible ?

Fresh. But there be no such comedians as we have here ; yet the women are the best actors, they play their own parts, a thing much desired in England by some ladies, Inns-o'-Court gentlemen, and others ; but that by the way— 60

Hon. See, sir !

Fresh. I had stayed longer there, but I was offended with a villanous scent of onions, which the wind brought from St. Omer's. 65

Ros. Onions would make you sleep well.

Fresh. But the scent, 'tis not to be endured, I smelt on 'em when I came to Rome ; and hardly scaped the Inquisition for't. 70

Hon. Were you at Rome, too, signor ?

Fresh. 'Tis in my way to Venice. I'll tell you, madam, I was very loath to leave their country. 75

Ros. Which country ?

Fresh. Where was I last ?

Hon. In France.

Fresh. Right, for I had a very good inn, where mine host was a notable good fellow, and a cardinal. 80

Ros. [*aside*] How, a cardinal? Oh, impudence!

Fresh. Oh, the catches we sang! And his wife, a pretty woman, and one that warms a bed one o' th' best in Europe.

Hon. [*aside*] Did you ever hear the like?

Ros. [*aside*] I did before suspect him. 85

Fresh. But mine host—

Hon. The cardinal?

Fresh. Right!—Had a shrewd pate, and his ears were something o' th' longest; for one, upon the oath of a w— Walloon that—from Spain to the Low Countries, and the other 90 from Lapland into Germany.

Ros. Say you so?

Fresh. A parlous head, and yet loving to his guests, as mine host Banks, as red in the gills, and as merry a—; but anger him, and he sets all Christendom together by the ears. Well, 95 shortly after, I left France, and sailing along the Alps, I came to Lombardy, where I left my cloak, for it was very hot travelling, and went a pilgrim to Rome, where I saw the tombs, and a play in Pompey's theatre; here I was kindly entertained by an anchorite, in whose chamber I lay, and 100 dr[an]k cider.

Lord R. [*aside*] Nay, now he is desperate.

Hon. [*aside*] Do not interrupt him.

Fresh. What should I trouble you with many stories? From hence I went to Naples, a soft kind of people, and clothed 105 in silk; from thence I went to Florence, from whence we have the art of working custards, which we call Florentines; Milan, a rich state of haberdashers; P[ie]mont, where I had excellent venison; and Padua, famous for the pads, or easy saddles, which our physicians ride upon, and first brought 110 from thence, when they commenced doctor.

Ros. Very good!

Fresh. I see little in Mantua, beside dancing upon the ropes; only their strong beer, better than any I ever drunk at the Trumpet; but Venice—of all the champion countries— 115 do not mistake, they are the valiantest gentlemen, under the sun—

Ros. Is that it?

Fresh. O the Catazaners we turned there!

Hon. Who was wi' ye?

Fresh. Two or three Magnificos, grandees of the state ; we tickled 'em in the very [R]ialto ; by the same token, two or three English spies told us they had lain leger three months to steal away the Piazza, and ship it for Covent Garden, a pretty fabric and building upon the—; but I was compelled 125 to make short stay here, by reason [one] of the Duke's concubines fell in love wi' me, gave me a ring of his, out of a solid diamond, which afterwards I lost, washing my hands in the salt water.

Hon. You should ha' fished for't, and as good luck as 130 she that found her wedding-ring in the haddock's belly.

Fresh. No, there was no staying ; I took post-horse presently for Genoa, and from thence to Madri[d], and so to the Netherlands.

Ros. And how sped you among the Dutch ? 135

Fresh. Why, we were drunk every day together ; they get their living by it.

Hon. By drinking ?

Fresh. And making bargains in their tippling ; the Jews are innocent, nay, the devil himself is but a dunce to 'em, of 140 whose trade they are.

Hon. What's that ?

Fresh. They fish, they fish still ; who can help it ? They have nets enough, and may catch the Province in time ; then let the kingdoms look about 'em : they can't be idle, 145 and they have one advantage of all the world, they'll ha' no conscience to trouble 'em. I heard it whispered they want butter ; they have a design to [churn] the Indies, and remove their dairy ; but that, as a secret, shall go no further. I caught a surfeit of boar in Holland ; upon my recovery I 150 went to Flushing, where I met with a handsome froe, with whom I went to Middleborough, by the—, and left her drunk at Rotterdam ; there I took shipping again for France, from thence to Dover, from Dover to Gravesend, from Gravesend to Queenhi[th]e, and from thence to what I am 155 come to.

Lord R. [*advancing*] And, noble signor, you are very welcome.

Fresh. [*aside*] I hope he did not overhear me.

Lord R. I am much honour'd, ladies, in your presence.

Fresh. Absence had been a sin, my lord, where you 160 Were pleas'd to invite.

Enter Monsieur [Le Frisk]

Le Frisk. Fie, fie! My lord, give me one ear.

He whispers with my lord

Lord R. Interrupt me no more, good monsieur.

Fresh. Monsieur Le Frisk, a word, a word, I beseech you ;
no *excusez-moi*,

165

Exit Freshwater and Monsieur [Le Frisk]

Lord R. Have you thought, ladies, of your absent servant,
Within whose heart the civil war of love—

Ros. May end in a soft peace.

Lord R. Excellent, lady!

Hon. We had armies too, my lord, of wounded thoughts.

Lord R. And are you agreed to which I must devote
My loving service, and which is wisest, fairest?
Is it concluded yet?

Hon. You did propound
A hard province, and we could not determine
As you expected; but if your flame be not extinct,
We have devis'd another way.

175

Lord R. You make my ambition happy;
And, indeed, I was thinking 'twas impossible
That two such beauties should give place to either,
And I am still that humble [v]otary
To both your loves.

180

Ros. Then this: we have made lots,
That what we cannot, Fate may soon [decide,]
And we are fix'd to obey our destiny;
There is but two. [*showing the lots*] One, and your wishes
guide you!

Lord R. And will you satisfy my chance?

Hon. We should
Be else unjust.

185

Lord R. What method shall we use?

Ros. Your hat, my lord, if you vouchsafe the favour?

Hon. Dare you expose your head to the air so long?

Lord R. Most willingly; put in.

Ros. There is Fortune.

Hon. That draw which quickly tell how much I love you.

Lord R. So, so!
Now let me see; I commend your device,
Since I am incapable of both;
This is a way indeed; but, your favour—

190

Ros. Let's have fair play, my lord.

Lord R.

What fool is he,

That, having the choice of mistresses, will be

195

Confin'd to one, and rob himself? I am yet

The favourite of both; [this] is no policy.

I could make shift with both abed.

Ros.

You are merry!

Lord R. In troth, and so I am, and in the mind

I am in will give myself no cause to th' contrary.

200

D'ye see? I'll draw you both.

Hon.

How? Both!

[*Lord R.*] You cannot otherwise be reconcil'd;

I'll be content to marry one, and do

Service to th' other's petticoat; I must tell you,

I am not without precedent.

205

Hon.

There you triumph.

Lord R. Within, the name of Venus. [*drawing*]

Ha! A blank?

By this light, nothing, neither name nor mark!

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

Lord R.

This is a riddle yet.

Ros. 'Tis quickly solv'd: your lordship was too confident;

We never were at such a loss, my lord,

210

As with the hazard of our wit or honour

To court you with so desperate affection.

Hon. By our example know some ladies may

Commend, nay, love a gentleman, and yet

Be safe in their own thoughts: and see, [*tearing the lots*] as far

215

As modesty and honour will allow us,

We are still servants to your lordship.

Lord R.

Say so?

Why, look you, ladies, that you may perceive

How I can be temperate too; first, I thank you

Heartily, and to recompense your wit,

220

Present another lottery; you sha' not

Suspect I have a thought that will betray

Your innocence to scandal: let me entreat

You take your chance too. This for you, madam,

And this is left your fortune: do me honour

225

To wear these pair of jewels for my sake;

So, with a confidence of your happy pardon

For what is past, hereafter I shall pay

To your true virtues better service than
So unnecessary trials.

230

Ros. And to show

We are not coy, my lord, we'll wear your jewel[s].

Lord R. And be their ornament.

Enter [Lady Lucina], Colonel [Winfield], Bostock

Win. All happiness to your lordship.

Your [revels] are not full [yet,] noble ladies.

Lord R. Your presence will soon make us active. [*to*

Lucina] Madam,

I was bold—

235

Bos. She has your diamond, my lord.

Lord R. And can you pardon?

Bos. Nay, nay, we are friends ;

Are we not, madam ?

Luc. I were else unmerciful.

Bos. The Colonel, too, has given me satisfaction.

Win. I think you had enough,

Bos. As much as I desir'd, and here's my hand, 240

While I can draw a sword command me.

Win. What ?

Bos. To put it up again. All friends, all friends ;

A pox o' quarrelling !

Win. I kiss your hand, sir.

Bos. Kiss my hand ! kiss my— noble ladies, here.

Win. Why is the music silent all this while ? 245

Has it no voice to bid these ladies welcome ?

A golden Ball descends, enter Venus and Cupid

Ven. Come, boy, now draw thy powerful bow,

Here are ladies' hearts enough

To be transfix'd ; this meeting is

To ruffle ladies, and to kiss. 250

These are my orgies : from each eye

A thousand wanton glances fly ;

Lords and ladies of the game,

Each breast be full of my own flame !

Why shoots not Cupid ? These are all 255

Met in honour of my Ball,

Which Paris gave [on] Ida hill ;

I'll maintain these revels still.

Why stays Cupid all this while ?

[Enter Diana]

- Dian.* Venus doth herself beguile. 260
- Ven.* Diana here! Go back again.
- Dian.* These are none of Venus' train.
 No spark of this lascivious fire
 Dwells in their bosoms; no desire,
 But what doth fill Diana's breast, 265
 In their modest thoughts do rest.
 Venus, this new festival
 Shall be still Diana's Ball;
 A chaste meeting ever here;
 Seek thy votaries elsewhere. 270
- Ven.* You're chaste indeed! Do not we know,
 You to your sweetheart nightly go?
 [Endymion] is not kiss'd! No, you
 On his face but let fall dew!
 Some may wonder what doth ail 275
 Your lips, but kisses made them pale;
 Methinks the Moon should blush.
- Dian.* I do
 Sometimes, but 'tis for such as you;
 Then hide myself within a mist
 For shame to see thee clipp'd and kiss'd. 280
- Ven.* Draw, Cupid; shall thy mother be
 Bra[v]d by a huntress? Let me see
 I want one shaft. [offers to take his bow]
- Cup.* Mo[th]er, not so,
 You may quickly break my bow;
 Here Diana doth command; 285
 My bow is frozen to my hand;
 Beside, the ladies' breasts are here,
 Such proofs against my shafts, I fear,
 Each arrow would, to our disgrace,
 Break, or rebound in my own face; 290
 Mo[th]er, fly hence, or you will be,
 If you'll stay, made as chaste as she.
- Ven.* Can her magic charm them so?
 Then 'tis time that Venus go
 To seek her own more choice delight: 295
 Against my will, enjoy this night. [Exit]
- Dian.* Cupid, if you mean to stay,
 Throw your licentious shafts away;
 Then you are Love, then be embrac'd,

Love is welcome while he's chaste. 300
 Now, some other strain to show
 What pleasures to this night we owe.

A Dance

Enter [Freshwater and] Barker, like a Satyr dancing

- Fresh.* My lord, my ladies, will you see a monster?
 I have not met such another in all my travels.
- Luc.* What have we here, a satyr? 305
- Bos.* No, 'tis a dancing bear.
- Lord R.* What is the device?
- Bar.* Wonder that a satyr can
 Put off wildness and turn man.
 Love such miracles can do;
 But this owes itself to you, 310
 Bright lady. [*to Honoria*]
- [*Hon.*] Keep the goblin from me, gentlemen.
- Bar.* You'll know me. [*unmasking*]
- Omnes.* Barker!
- Bar.* No more the cynic; I protest
 You have converted me.
- [*Hon.*] Your meaning, sir?
- Bar.* I am the man you did encourage, madam, 315
 To learn to dance; I shall do better shortly;
 Your love will perfect me, and make me soft
 And smooth as any reveller.
- [*Hon.*] Ha, ha, ha!
 My love! I am not mad to love a satyr,
 For that's thy best condition. Judgment all! 320
 How scurvily this civility shows in him.
 Faith, rail, and keep your humour still; it shows excellent.
 Does he not become the beast? [*Do*] the lords
 Allow you pension?
- Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!
- Bar.* You are a witch, I'll justify it; and there is not 325
 One honest thought among the whole sex of you.
 D'ye laugh, loose-witted ladies? There are not
 In hell such furies: that's a comfort yet
 To him that shall go thither; he shall have
 Less torment after death, than he finds here. 330
- Lord R.* Why, Barker!
- Bar.* Your wit has got the squirt too; I'll traduce
 Your Ball for this, and if there be a post

That dares write mischief, look to be worse
Than executed.

Exit 335

Lord R. He will come to himself again when he hath
purg'd.
Freshwater!

Enter Sir [Marmaduke] and Sir [Ambrose]

[Mar.] Madam, your servants beg this favour from you.

Ros. What is't?

[Mar.] That since your resolutions will admit
No change of hearts, you will not publish how
We ha' been jeer'd. 340

Ros. Not jeer'd; but you came on
So desperate.

Hon. We love our own, when we preserve
Gentlemen's honour.

Win. Then let's toss the ball.

Lord R. Signor Freshwater! 345

Fresh. Mercy and silence, as you are honourable.

Lord R. [N]ay, it concern[s] these gentlemen.

Fresh. Why, if I must! Gentlemen, you imagine I ha'
been at Venice; but I stayed at Gravesend all this summer,
expecting a wind, and finding it so uncertain, will defer the
voyage till the spring. I am not the first whom the winds
and seas have crossed. 350

[Mar.] Then you have crossed no sea?

Fresh. If you please, I'll require but my principal; and
for your good company, I'll stay at home for good and all
to be merry. 355

Lord R. Nay, nay; you shall go your voyage;
We would not have you lose the benefit
Of travel; when you come home, you may summon
Your debtors by a drum, and showing your bag
Of certificates— 360

Bos. Receive your money when you can get it, and be
knighted.

Fresh. I thank you, gentlemen: I am in a way, now I
have sold my land and put out my money, to live, I see!
My heart wo' not dance to-night; I may to Gravesend in the
morning: I can be but pickled in salt-water, and I'll venture
one drowning to be revenged. 365

[Lord R.] Again again; set, set!

A Dance

Luc. What think you of all this ?

Win.

To my wishes ; 370

An innocent and generous recreation.

Lord R. Ladies and gentlemen, now a banquet waits
you ;

Be pleased to accept, 'twill give you breath, and then

Renew our revels, and to th' Ball again. *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.

SIR GILES GOOSECAP, KNIGHT

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE]

Eugenia, <i>a widow and a noble lady</i>	Sir Giles Goosecap, <i>a foolish knight</i>
Hippolyta } <i>lady virgins and companions to Eugenia</i>	Sir Cuthbert Rudesby, <i>a blunt knight</i>
Penelope } <i>genia</i>	Sir Clement Kingcob, <i>a knight</i>
Winifred, <i>gentlewoman to Eugenia</i>	Lord Tales
[Anabell, <i>attendant on Eugenia</i>]	Lord Furnifall
Momford, <i>a nobleman, uncle to Eugenia</i>	Bullaker, <i>a French page</i>
Clarence, [<i>a</i>] <i>gentleman, friend to Momford</i>	Jack } <i>pages</i>
Foulweather, <i>a French-affected traveller and a captain</i>	Will } <i>pages</i>
	[Doctor Versey]
	[Horatio, <i>a singer</i>]
	[A Messenger]
	[Musicians]

Sir Giles Goosecap, Knight

ACTUS PRIMUS

SCENA PRIMA

[*Before the House of Eugenia*]

Enter Bullaker with a torch

Bull. This is the Countess Eugenia's house, I think. I can never hit off these same English city houses, though I were born here; if I were in any city in France, I could find any house there at midnight.

Enter Jack and Will

Jack. These two strange hungry knights, Will, make the leanest trenchers that ever I waited on. 5

Will. A plague on them, Jack; they leave us no fees at all for our attendance. I think they use to set their bones in silver, they pick them so clean. See, see, see, Jack, what's that? 10

Jack. O' my word, Will, 'tis the great baboon, that was to be seen in Southwark.

Will. Is this he? Gods my life, what beasts were we, that we would not see him all this while; never trust me if he look not somewhat like a man; see how prettily he holds the torch in one of his fore-feet. Where's his keeper, trow; is he broke loose? 15

Jack. Hast ever an apple about thee, Will? We'll take him up sure; we shall get a monstrous deal of money with him. 20

Will. That we shall, i'faith, boy! And look thou here, here's a red cheeked apple to take him up with.

Jack. Excellent fit, o' my credit! Let's lay down our provant and to him.

Bull. [*aside*] I'll let them alone awhile. 25

Jack. Give me the apple to take up Jack, because my name is Jack.

Will. Hold thee, Jack, take it.

Jack. Come Jack, come Jack, come Jack!

Bull. I will come to you, sir. I'll Jack ye o' my word, 30
I'll Jack ye!

Will. Gods me, he speaks, Jack! O pray pardon us, sir!

Bull. Out, ye moped monkees! Can ye not know a man from a marmoset in these Frenchified days of ours? 35
Nay, I'll Jackefie you a little better yet.

Both. Nay good sir, good sir, pardon us!

Bull. Pardon us! Out ye home-bred peasants! Plain English, 'pardon us'? If you had parled, and not spoken, but said *Pardonne-moi*, I would have pardoned you, but 40
since you speak and not parley, I will cudgel ye better yet.

Ambo. O *pardonne-moi, monsieur*.

Bull. *Bien, je vous remercie*; there's *pardonne pour vous*, sir, now.

Will. Why, I thank ye for it, sir; you seem to be a 45
squire of our order, sir.

Jack. Whose page might you be, sir?

Bull. I am now the great French travellers page—

Will. Or rather the French travellers great page, sir; 50
on, on!

Bull. Hight Captain Foulweather, alias Commendations; whose valour's within here at supper with the Countess Eugenia, whose proper eaters I take you two to be.

Will. You mistake us not, sir.

Jack. This Captain Foulweather, alias Commendations, 55
Will, is the gallant that will needs be a suitor to our Countess.

Will. Faith, and if Foulweather be a welcome suitor to a fair lady, has good luck.

Jack. O sir, beware of one that can shower into the laps of ladies. Captain Foulweather! Why he's a Captinado, 60
or Captain of Captains, and will lie in their joints, that give him cause to work upon them, so heavily that he will make their hearts ache, I warrant him. Captain Foulweather! Why he will make the cold stones sweat for fear of him a day or two before he come at them. Captain Foulweather! 65
Why he does so domineer, and reign over women.

Will. A plague of Captain Foulweather! I remember him now, Jack, and know him to be a dull moist-brained ass.

Jack. A Southern man, I think.

Will. As fearful as a hare, and 'a will lie like a lapwing, 70

and I know how he came to be a captain, and to have his surname of Commendations.

Jack. How, I prithee, Will ?

Will. Why, sir, he served the great Lady Kingcob and was yeoman of her wardrobe, and because 'a could brush up her silks lustily, she thought he would curry the enemies' coats as soundly, and so by her commendations he was made Captain in the Low Countries. 75

Jack. Then being made captain only by his lady's commendations, without any worth also of his own, he was ever after surnamed Captain Commendations ? 80

Will. Right !

Bull. Ay, sir, right ; but if he had not said right, my Captain should have taken no wrong at his hands, nor yours neither, I can tell ye. 85

Jack. What are those two knights' names, that are thy Captain's comrades, and within at supper with our lady ?

Bull. One of their names, sir, is Sir Giles Goosecap ; the other's, Sir Cut. Rudesby.

Will. Sir Giles Goosecap ! What's he ? A gentleman ? 90

Bull. Ay, that he is, at least if he be not a nobleman ; and his chief house is in Essex.

Jack. In Essex ? Did not his ancestors come out of London ?

Bull. Yes ; that they did, sir ! The best Goosecaps in England comes out of London, I assure you. 95

Will. Ay, but, sir, these must come into it before they come out on't, I hope ; but what countryman is Sir Cut. Rudesby ?

Bull. A Northern man, or a Western man, I take him ; but my Captain is the emphatical man ; and by that pretty word 'emphatical' you shall partly know him ; for 'tis a very forcible word, in troth, and yet he forces it too much, by his favour ; marry, no more than he does all the rest of his words ; with whose multiplicity often times he travails himself out of all good company. 100 105

Jack. Like enough ; he travelled for nothing else.

Will. But what qualities haunt Sir Giles Goosecap now, sir ?

Bull. Sir Giles Goosecap has always a death's head (as it were) in his mouth, for his only one reason for everything is, 'because we are all mortal' ; and therefore he is generally called the mortal knight ; then hath he another pretty 110

phrase too, and that is, he will 'tickle the vanity on't' still in everything; and this is your *summa totalis* of both their 115 virtues.

Jack. 'Tis enough, 'tis enough, as long as they have land enough; but now muster your third person afore us, I beseech you.

Bull. The third person and second knight, blunt Sir 120 Cut. Rudesby, is indeed blunt at a sharp wit, and sharp at a blunt wit; a good bustling gallant, talks well at rovers; he is two parts soldie; as slovenly as a Switzer, and somewhat like one in face too; for he wears a bush beard will dead a cannon-shot better than a wool-pack; he will come 125 into the presence like your Frenchman in foul boots, and dares eat garlic as a prep[ar]ative to his courtship. You shall know more of him hereafter; but, good wags, let me win you now for the geographical parts of your ladies in requital. 130

Will. That you shall, sir, and the hydrographical, too, and you will; first my lady, the widow and Countess Eugenia, is, in earnest, a most worthy lady, and, indeed, can do more than a thousand other ladies can do, I can tell ye.

Bull. What's that, I pray thee? 135

Jack. Marry, sir, he means she can do more than sleep, and eat, and drink, and play at noddy, and help to make herself ready.

Bull. Can she so?

Will. She is the best scholar of any woman, but one, 140 in England; she is wise and virtuous.

Jack. Nay, she has one strange quality for a woman besides, though these be strange enough that he has reckoned.

Bull. For God's sake, what's that?

Jack. She can love reasonable constantly, for she loved 145 her husband only, almost a whole year together.

Bull. That's strange indeed; but what is your fair lady, sir?

Jack. My lady, sir, the Lady Hippolyta—

Will. That is as chaste as ever was Hippolytus. 150

Jack. True, my pretty Parenthesis!—is half a maid, half a wife, and half a widow.

Bull. Strange tale to tell! How canst thou make this good, my good *Assumpsit*?

Jack. Thus, sir: she was betrothed to a gallant young 155 gentleman that loved her with such passion and admira-

tion that he never thought he could be so blessed as to enjoy her in full marriage, till the minister was marrying them; and even then, when he was saying 'I, Charles, take thee, Hippolyta,' with extreme joy he began to look pale, then 160 going forwards saying 'to my wedded wife,' he looked paler, and then pronouncing 'for richer, for poorer, as long as we both shall live,' he looked extreme pale. Now, sir, when she comes to speak her part, and said 'I, Hippolyta, take thee, Charles,' he began to faint for joy, then saying 165 'to my wedded husband,' he began to sink, but then going forth to 'for better, for worse,' he could stand no longer, but with very conceit, it seemed, that she, whom he tendered as the best of all things, should pronounce the worst, and for his sake, too, he sunk downright, and died suddenly. And 170 thus being half married, and her half husband wholly dead, I hope I may with discretion affirm her half a maid, half a wife, and half a widow; do ye conceive me, sir?

Bull. O Lord, sir, I devour you quick! And now, sir, I beseech you open unto me your tother lady, what is she? 175

Will. I'll answer for her, because I know her ladyship to be a perfect maid indeed.

Bull. How canst thou know that?

Will. Passing perfectly, I warrant ye!

Jack. By measuring her neck twice, and trying if it 180 will come about her forehead and slip over her nose?

Will. No, sir, no; by a rule that will not slip so, I warrant you, which for her honour's sake I will let slip unto you. God's so, Jack, I think they have supped!

Jack. By'r Lady, we have waited well the while! 185

Will. Well, though they have lost their attendance, let us not lose our suppers, Jack.

Jack. I do not mean it; come, sir, you shall go in and drink with us, i'faith!

Bull. *Pardonne-moi, monsieur!* 190

Both. No pardoning, in truth, sir!

Bull. *Je vous remercie de bon cœur.* *Exeunt*

[SCENA II

A Room in Eugenia's House]

Enter Goosecap, Rudesby, Foulweather, Eugenia, Hippolyta, Penelope, Winifred

Rud. A plague on you, sweet ladies! 'Tis not so late; what needed you to have made so short a supper?

Goose. In truth, Sir Cut., we might have tickled the vanity on't an hour longer, if my watch be trustible.

Foul. Ay, but how should these beauties know that, Sir Giles? Your watch is mortal, and may err. 5

Goose. That's sooth, Captain; but do you hear, honest friend, pray take a light and see if the moon shine, I have a sun-dial will resolve presently.

Foul. Howsoever, believe it, ladies, 'tis unwholesome, uncourtly, unpleasant, to eat hastily and rise suddenly; a man can shew no discourse, no wit, no stirring, no variety, no pretty conceits, to make the meat go down emphatically. 10

Eug. Winifred!

Win. Madam! 15

Eug. I prithee go to my uncle the Lord Momford, and entreat him to come quicken our ears with some of his pleasant spirit; this same Foulweather has made me so melancholy; prithee make haste.

Win. I will, madam. *Exit* 20

Hip. We will bid our guests good night, madam; this same Foulweather makes me so sleepy.

Pen. Fie upon it, for God's sake, shut the casements, here's such a fulsome air comes into this chamber! In good faith, madam, you must keep your house in better reparations, this same Foulweather beats in so filthily. 25

Eug. I'll take order with the porter for it, lady. Good night, gentlemen.

Rud. Why, good night, and be hanged, and you'll needs be gone! 30

Goose. God give you good night, madams, thank you for my good cheer; we'll tickle the vanity on't no longer with you at this time, but I'll indite your ladyship to supper at my lodging one of these mornings; and that ere long too, because we are all mortal, you know. 35

Eug. Light the Lady Penelope and the Lady Hippolyta to their chambers! Good night, fair ladies!

Hip. Good night, madam; I wish you may sleep well after your light supper.

Eug. I warrant you, lady, I shall never be troubled with dreaming of my French suitor. *Exeunt [the ladies]* 40

Rud. Why, how now, my Frenchified Captain Foulweather? By God's lud, thy surname is never thought upon here; I perceive here's nobody gives thee any commendations. 45

Foul. Why, this is the untravelled rudeness of our gross English ladies now; would any French lady use a man thus, think ye? Be they any way so uncivil and fulsome? They say they wear foul smocks and coarse smocks; I say they lie, and I will die in't.

50

Rud. Ay, do so, pray thee, thou shalt die in a very honorable cause, thy country's general quarrel, right!

Foul. Their smocks, quoth you? O' my word you shall take them up so white, and so pure, so sweet, so emphatical, so moving.

55

Rud. Ay marry, sir, I think they be continually moving.

Foul. But if their smocks were coarse or foul—

Rud. Nay, I warrant thee, thou carest not, so thou wert at them.

Foul. 'Sdeath, they put not all their virtues in their smocks, or in their mocks, or in their stewd cocks, as our ladies do.

60

Rud. But in their stewed pox, there's all their gentility.

Goose. Nay, good Sir Cut., do not aggravate him no more.

65

Foul. Then they are so kind, so wise, so familiar, so noble, so sweet in entertainment, that when you shall have cause to discourse or sometimes to come nearer them, if your breath be ill, your teeth ill, or anything about you ill, why, they will presently break with ye in kind sort, good terms, pretty experiments, and tell you plain this: 'thus it is with your breath, sir; thus it is with your teeth, sir; this is your disease; and this is your medicine.'

70

Goose. As I am true mortal knight, it is most superlatively good, this!

75

Foul. Why this is courtly now, this is sweet, this [is] plain, this is familiar; but, by the Court of France, our peevish dames are so proud, so precise, so coy, so disdainful, and so subtle, as the Pomonian Serpent. *Mort Dieu*, the Punk of Babylon was never so subtle!

80

Rud. Nay, do not chafe so, Captain.

Foul. Your Frenchman would ever chafe, Sir Cut., being thus moved.

Rud. What, and play with his beard so?

85

Foul. Ay, and bristle; it doth express that passion of anger very full, and emphatical.

Goose. Nay, good knight, if your French would bristle,

let him alone ; in troth, our ladies are a little too coy and subtle, Captain, indeed. 90

Foul. Subtle, Sir Giles Goosecap ? I assure your soul, they are as subtle with their suitors, or loves, as the Latin dialect, where the nominative case and the verb, the substantive and the adjective, the verb and the [ad]verb, stand as far asunder, as if they were perfect strangers one to another, and you shall hardly find them out ; but then learn to construe and parse them, and you shall find them prepared and acquainted, and agree together in case, gender, and number. 95

Goose. I detest, Sir Cut., I did not think he had been half the quintessence of a scholar he is. 100

Foul. 'Slid, there's not one of them truly emphatical !

Goose. Yes, I'll ensure you, Captain, there are many of them truly emphatical : but all your French ladies are not fat, are they, sir ? 105

Foul. Fat, sir ? Why do ye think emphatical is fat, Sir Giles ?

Rud. God's my life, brother knight, didst thou think so ? Heart, I know not what it is myself, but yet I never thought it was fat, I'll be sworn to thee. 110

Foul. Why, if any true courtly dame had had but this new-fashioned suit to entertain anything indifferently stuffed, why, you should have had her more respective by far.

Rud. Nay, there's some reason for that, Captain ; methinks a true woman should perpetually doat upon a new fashion. 115

Foul. Why y'are i'th' right, Sir Cut. *In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas.* 'Tis the mind of man and woman to affect new fashions ; but to our minceatives, forsooth, if he come like to your *Bisogno*, or your boor, so he be rich, or emphatical, they care not ; would I might never excel a Dutch skipper in courtship, if I did not put distaste into my carriage of purpose ; I knew I should not please them. *Laquays, allume la torche.* 120 125

Rud. 'Slid, here's neither torch, nor lackey, methinks.

Foul. *O mon Dieu !*

Rust. O do not swear, Captain.

Foul. Your Frenchman ever swears, Sir Cut., upon the lack of his lackey, I assure you. 130

Goose. See, here he comes, and my lady's two pages ; they have been tickling the vanity on't, yfaith !

SCENA TERTIA

Enter to them, Jack, Bullaker, Will

Jack. Captain Foulweather, my lady the Countess Eugenia commends her most kindly to you, and is determined to-morrow morning early, if it be a frost, to take her coach to Barnet to be nipped; where if it please you to meet her, and accompany her homeward, joining your wit with the frost and help to nip her, she does not doubt but though you had a sad supper, you will have a joyful breakfast. 5

Foul. I shall, indeed, my dear youth.

Rud. Why, Captain, I abused thee, I see; I said the ladies respected thee not, and now I perceive the widow is in love with thee. 10

Foul. 'Sblood, knight, I knew I had struck her to the quick! I wondered she departed in that extravagant fashion; I am sure I passed one *passado* of courtship upon her that has heretofore made a lane amongst the French ladies like a culverin shot, I'll be sworn; and I think, Sir Giles, you saw how she fell under it. 15

Goose. O as clear as candlelight, by this daylight!

Rud. O good knight o' the post! He'll swear anything! 20

Will. The other two ladies commend them no less kindly to you two knights too; and desire your worships would meet them at Barnet i'th' morning with the Captain.

Foul., Goose., Rud. O good sir!

Goose. Our worships shall attend their ladyships thither. 25

Jack. No, Sir Giles, by no means; they will go privately thither; but if you will meet them there—

Rud. Meet them? We'll die for't, but we'll meet them.

Foul. Let's go thither to-night, knights, and you be true gallants. 30

Rud. Content.

Jack. [*aside*] How greedily they take it in, sirrah?

Goose. No, it is too far to go to-night, we'll be up betimes i'th' morning, and not go to bed at all.

Foul. Why it's but ten miles, and a fine clear night, Sir Giles. 35

Goose. But ten miles? What do ye talk, Captain?

Rud. Why? Dost think it's any more?

Goose. Ay, I'll lay ten pounds it's more than ten mile, or twelve either. 40

Rud. What, to Barnet?

Goose. Ay, to Barnet!

Rud. 'Slid, I'll lay a hundred pound with thee, if thou wilt.

Goose. I'll lay five hundred to a hundred. 'Slight, I will not be outborne with a wager in that I know; I am sure it was four years ago ten miles thither, and I hope 'tis more now. 'Slid do not miles grow, think you, as well as other animals? 45

Jack. O wise knight!

Goose. I never inned in the town but once, and then they lodged me in a chamber so full of these ridiculous fleas that I was fain to lie standing all night, and yet I made my man rise and put out the candle too, because they should not see to bite me. 50

Foul. A pretty project!

Bull. In truth, Captain, if I might advise you, you should tarry and take the morning afore you. 55

Foul. How? *O mon Dieu*, how the villain *poultron* dishonours his travel! You buffoonly *moucheron*, are you so mere rude and English to advise your Captain? 60

Rud. Nay, I prithee, Foulweather, be not tempestuous with thy poor lackey.

Foul. Tempestuous, Sir Cut.? Will your Frenchman, think you, suffer his lackey to advise him? 65

Goose. O God, you must take heed, lackey, how you advise your Captain; your French lackey would not have done it.

Foul. He would have been poked first. *Allume la torche!* Sweet pages, commend us to your ladies, say we kiss their white hands, and will not fail to meet them. Knights, which of you leads? 70

Goose. Not we, sir; you are a Captain, and a leader.

Rud. Besides, thou art commended for the better man, for thou art very Commendations itself, and Captain Commendations. 75

Foul. Why, what though I be Captain Commendations?

Rud. Why, and Captain Commendations is hearty commendations, for captains are hearty, I am sure, or else hang them!

Foul. Why, what if I be hearty commendations? Come, come, sweet knights, lead the way. 80

Rud. O Lord, sir, always after my hearty commendations.

Foul. Nay, then you conquer me with precedent, by the autenticall form of all justice letters. *Allons!* *Exeunt* 85

Jack. Here's a most sweet gudgeon swallowed, is there not?

Will. Ay, but how will they digest it, thinkest thou, when they shall find our ladies not there?

Jack. I have a vaunt-couriering devise shall make them digest it most healthfully. *Exeunt* 90

SCENA QUARTA

[A Room in Momford's House]

Enter Clarence, Musicians

Clar. Work on, sweet love; I am not yet resolv'd
T' exhaust this troubled spring of vanities
And nurse of perturbations, my poor life;
And therefore, since in every man that holds
This being dear, there must be some desire, 5
Whose power t'enjoy his object may so mask
The judging part, that in her radiant eyes
His estimation of the world may seem
Upright and worthy, I have chosen love
To blind my reason with his misty hands 10
And make my estimative power believe
I have a project worthy to employ
What worth so ever my whole man affords:
Then sit at rest, my soul, thou now hast found
The end of thy infusion; in the eyes 15
Of thy divine Eugenia look for Heaven.
Thanks, gentle friends! *A song to the viols*
Is your good lord and mine gone up to bed yet?

Enter Momford

Mom. I do assure ye not, sir, not yet, nor yet, my deep and studious friend; not yet, musical Clarence. 20

Clar. My lord?

Mom. Nor yet, thou sole divider of my lordship.

Clar. That were a most unfit division,
And far above the pitch of my low plumes;
I am your bold and constant guest, my lord. 25

Mom. Far, far from bold, for thou hast known me long,
Almost these twenty years, and half those years

Hast been my bed-fellow, long time before
 This unseen thing, this thing of naught indeed,
 Or atom, called my lordship, shin'd in me ; 30
 And yet thou mak'st thyself as little bold
 To take such kindness as becomes the age
 And truth of our indissoluble love,
 As our acquaintance sprung but yesterday ;
 Such is thy gentle and too tender spirit. 35

Clar. My lord, my want of courtship makes me fear
 I should be rude, and this my mean estate
 Meets with such envy and detraction,
 Such misconstructions and resolv'd misdooms
 Of my poor worth that, should I be advanc'd 40
 Beyond my unseen lowness but one hair,
 I should be torn in pieces with the spirits
 That fly in ill-lung'd tempests through the world,
 Tearing the head of Virtue from her shoulders,
 If she but look out of the ground of glory ; 45
 'Twixt whom and me, and every worldly fortune,
 There fights such sour and curst antipathy,
 So waspish and so petulant a star,
 That all things tending to my grace or good
 Are ravish'd from their object, as I were 50
 A thing created for a wilderness,
 And must not think of any place with men.

Mom. O hark you, sir, this wayward mood of yours
 Must sifted be, or rather rooted out.
 You'll no more music, sir ? 55

Clar. Not now, my lord.

Mom. Begone, my masters, then ; to bed, to bed !

Clar. I thank you, honest friends. *Exeunt Musicians*

Mom. Hence with this book ; and now, Monsieur Clarence,
 methinks plain and prose friendship would do excellent well
 betwixt us : come, thus, sir, or rather thus, come, sir [*embrac-* 60
ing him] ; 'tis time, I trow, that we both lived like one body,
 thus, and that both our sides were slit, and concorporate
 with organs fit to effect an individual passage even for our
 very thoughts ; suppose we were one body now, and I
 charge you believe it, whereof I am the heart, and you the 65
 liver.

Clar. Your lordship might well make that division, if
 you knew the plain song.

Mom. O, sir, and why so, I pray ?

Clar. First, because the heart is the more worthy entrail, 70
being the first that is born and moves, and the last that
moves and dies; and then being the fountain of heat too;
for wheresoever our heat does not flow directly from the
heart to the other organs, there their action must of necessity
cease; and so without you I neither would nor could live. 75

Mom. Well, sir, for these reasons I may be the heart;
why may you be the liver now?

Clar. I am more than ashamed to tell you that, my lord.

Mom. Nay, nay, be not too suspicious of my judgment
in you, I beseech you. Ashamed, friend? If your love 80
overcome not that shame, a shame take that love, I say.
Come, sir, why may you be the liver?

Clar. The plain and short truth is, my lord, because I
am all liver, and turned lover.

Mom. Lover? 85

Clar. Lover, i'faith, my lord!

Mom. Now, I prithee, let me leap out of my skin for
joy. Why, thou wilt not now revive the sociable mirth of
thy sweet disposition? Wilt thou shine in the world anew,
and make those that have slighted thy love with the austerity 90
of thy knowledge dote on thee again with thy commanding
shaft of their humours?

Clar. Alas, my lord, they^r are all far out of my aim; and
only to fit myself a little better to your friendship, have
I given these wilful reins to my affections. 95

Mom. And, i'faith, is my sour friend to all worldly desires
o'ertaken with the heart of the world, Love? I shall be
monstrous proud now to hear she's every way a most rare
woman, that I know thy spirit and judgment hath chosen.
Is she wise? Is she noble? Is she capable of thy virtues? 100
Will she kiss this forehead with judicial lips, where so much
judgment and virtue deserves it? Come, brother twin, be
short, I charge you, and name me the woman.

Clar. Since your lordship will shorten the length of my
follies' relation, the woman that I so passionately love is no 105
worse lady than your own niece, the too worthy Countess
Eugenia.

Mom. Why so, so, so, you are a worthy friend—are you
not?—to conceal this love-mine in your head, and would
not open it to your heart! Now beshrew my heart, if my 110
heart dance not for joy, though my heels do not; and they
do not, because I will not set that at my heels that my friend

sets at his heart. What, friend and nephew both? Nephew is a far inferior title to friend, I confess, but I will prefer thee backwards, as many friends do and leave their friends 115 worse than they found them.

Clar. But, my noble lord, it is almost a prodigy, that I, being only a poor gentleman, and far short of that state and wealth that a lady of her greatness in both will expect in her husband— 120

Mom. Hold thy doubt, friend; never fear any woman, unless thyself be made of straw or some such dry matter, and she of lightning. Audacity prospers above probability in all worldly matters. Dost not thou know that Fortune governs them without order, and therefore Reason, the 125 mother of order, is none of her counsel? Why should a man desiring to aspire an unreasonable creature, which is a woman, seek her fruition by reasonable means? Because thyself builds upon reason, wilt thou look for congruity in a woman? Why, there is not one woman amongst one thou- 130 sand, but will speak false Latin and break Priscian's head. Attempt nothing that you may with great reason doubt of, and, out of doubt, you shall obtain nothing. I tell thee, friend, the eminent confidence of strong spirits is the only witchcraft of this world; spirits wrastling with spirits, as 135 bodies with bodies; this were enough to make thee hope well, if she were one of these painted communities that are ravished with coaches, and upper hands, and brave men of dirt; but thou knowest, friend, she's a good scholar, and like enough to bite at the rightest reason; and Reason evermore *ad optima* 140 *hortatur*, to like that which is best, not that which is bravest, or richest, or greatest, and so consequently worst. But prove what she can, we will turn her, and wind her, and make her so pliant that we will draw her through a wedding-ring, i'faith! 145

Clar. Would to God we might, my lord!

Mom. I'll warrant thee, friend!

Enter Messenger

Mess. Here is Mistress Winifred from my Lady Eugenia desires to speak with your lordship.

Mom. Marry, enter, Mistress Winifred; even here I 150 pray thee.—From the Lady Eugenia, do you hear, friend?

Clar. Very easily on that side, my lord.

Mom. Let me feel. Does not thy heart pant apace?

By my heart, well laboured, Cupid! The field is yours, Sir God, and upon a very honourable composition. I am sent 155
for now, I am sure, and must even truss, and to her.

Enter Winifred

Witty Mistress Winifred, nay come near, woman! I am sure this gentleman thinks his chamber the sweeter for your sweet presence.

Win. My absence shall thank him, my lord. 160

Mom. What, rude, Mistress Winifred? Nay, faith, you shall come to him, and kiss him for his kindness.

Win. Nay, good, my lord, I'll never go to the market for that ware; I can have it brought home to my door.

Mom. O, Winifred a man may know by the market- 165
folks how the market goes.

Win. So you may, my lord, but I know few lords that think scorn to go to that market themselves.

Mom. To go to it, Winifred? Nay, to ride to it, i'faith!

Win. That's more than I know, my lord. 170

Mom. You'll not believe it, then, till you are a horse-back, will ye?

Win. Come, come, I am sent of a message to you; will you hear it?

Mom. Stop, stop, fair Winifred! Would you have 175
audience so soon? There were no state in that, i'faith!
This fair gentlewoman, sir——

Win. Now we shall have a fiction, I believe.

Mom. Had three suitors at once.

Win. You'll leave out none my lord. 180

Mom. No more did you, Winifred; you interfered with them all in truth.

Win. O monstrous, Lord, by this light!

Mom. Now, sir, to make my tale short I will do that which she did not, viz. leave out the first two. The third, 185
coming the third night for his turn——

Win. My lord, my lord, my lady does that that no body else does, desires your company; and so fare you well!

Mom. O stay a little, sweet Winifred, help me but to truss my points again, and have with you. 190

Win. Not I, by my truth, my lord! I had rather see your hose about your heels, than I would help you to truss a point.

Mom. O witty Winifred! For that jest take thy passport, and tell thy lady, thou left'st me with my hose about my heels. 195

Win. Well, well, my lord, you shall sit till the moss grow about your heels, ere I come at you again. *Exit*

Mom. She cannot abide to hear of her three suitors. But is not this very fit, my sweet Clarence? Thou seest my rare niece cannot sleep without me; but, for thy company sake, she shall to-night; and in the morning I will visit her early; when do thou but stand in that place, and thou mayst chance hear (but art sure to see) in what subtle and far-fetched manner I'll solicit her about thee. 200

Clar. Thanks, worthy lord! *Exeunt* 205

FINIS ACTUS PRIMI

ACTUS SECUNDI SCENA PRIMA

[*A Room in Eugenia's House*]

Clarence *solus*

Clar. I, that have studied with world-scorning thoughts
The way of heaven, and how true heaven is reach'd,
To know how mighty and how many are
The strange affections of enchanted number,
How to distinguish all the motions 5
Of the celestial bodies, and what power
Doth separate in such form this massie round,
What is his essence, efficacies, beams,
Footsteps, and shadows; what Eternesse is,
The world, and time, and generation; 10
What soul the world's soul is, what the black springs
And unreveal'd original of things,
What their perseverance, what is life and death,
And what our certain restauration—
Am with the staid heads of this time employ'd 15
To watch with all my nerves a female shade. [*Retires*]

Enter Winifred, Anabell, *with their sewing works, and sing.*
After their song enter Lord Momford

Mom. Witty Mistress Winifred, where is your Countess, I pray?

Win. Faith, your lordship is bold enough to seek her out, if she were at her urinal. 20

Mom. Then sh'as done, it seems, for here she comes to save me that labour. [*Enter Eugenia*] Away, wenches, get you hence, wenches! *Exeunt*

Eug. What, can you not abide my maids, uncle?

Mom. I never could abide a maid in my life, niece ; but
either I draw away the maid, or the maidenhead, with a wet
finger. 25

Eug. You love to make yourself worse than you are still.

Mom. I know few mend in this world, madam ; for
the worse the better thought on, the better the worse spoken
on, ever, amongst women. 30

Eug. I wonder where you have been all this while with
your sentences.

Mom. Faith, where I must be again presently ! I cannot
stay long with you, my dear niece. 35

Eug. By my faith, but you shall, my lord ! God's pity,
what will become of you shortly, that you drive maids
afore you, and offer to leave widows behind you, as man-
kindly as if you had taken a surfeit of our sex lately, and
our very sight turned your stomach ? 40

Mom. God's my life, she abuses her best uncle ; never
trust me, if it were not a good revenge to help her to the
loss of her widowhead !

Eug. That were a revenge and a half, indeed !

Mom. Nay, 'twere but a whole revenge, niece, but such
a revenge as would more than observe the true rule of a
revenger. 45

Eug. I know your rule before you utter it : *Ulciscere*
inimico[s], sed sine tuo incommodo.

Mom. O rare niece, you may see what 'tis to be a
scholar now ; learning in a woman is like weight in gold,
or lustre in diamonds, which in no other stone is so rich or
refulgent. 50

Eug. But say, dear uncle, how could you find in your
heart to stay so long from me ? 55

Mom. Why, alas, niece, y'are so smeared with this wilful-
widow's-three-years black weed, that I never come to you
but I dream of corses and sepulchres and epitaphs all the
night after, and, therefore, adieu, dear niece !

Eug. Beshrew my heart, my lord, if you go these three
hours ! 60

Mom. Three hours ! Nay, niece, if I dance attendance
three hours (alone in her chamber) with any lady so near
allied to me, I am very idle, i'faith !—[*aside*] Marry,
with such another I would dance one, two, three, four, and
five, though it cost me ten shillings. And now I am in, 65
have at it ! My head must devise something while my feet

are piddling thus, that may bring her to some fit consideration of my friend, who, indeed, is only a great scholar, and all his honours and riches lie in his mind. 70

Eug. Come, come, pray tell me, uncle, how does my cousin Momford?

Mom. Why, well, very well, niece; and so is my friend Clarence well, too; and then is there a worthy gentleman well, as any is in England, I can tell ye. 75

He danceth speaking

Eug. But when did you see my cousin?

Mom. And 'tis pity, but he should do well, and he shall do well, too, if all my wealth will make him well.

Eug. [*aside*] What means he by this, trow?—Your lordship is very dancitive, methinks. 80

Mom. Ay, and I could tell you a thing would make your ladyship very dancitive, or else it were very duncitive, i'faith!—[*aside*] Oh how the skipping of this Christmas block of ours moves the block-head heart of a woman, and, indeed, anything that pleaseth the foolish eye, which presently runs with a lying tale of excellence to the mind. 85

Eug. But I pray tell me, my lord, could you tell me of a thing would make me dance, say you?

Mom. Well, farewell, sweet niece, I must needs take my leave, in earnest. 90

Eug. Lord bless us, here's such a stir with your farewells!

Mom. I will see you again within these two or three days, o' my word, niece.

Eug. God's precious, two or three days! Why this lord is in a marvellous strange humour. Sit down, sweet uncle; i'faith, I have to talk to you about great matters. 95

Mom. Say then, dear niece; be short, utter your mind quickly now.

Eug. But I pray tell me first, what's that would make me dance, i'faith? 100

Mom. Dance! What dance? Hitherto your dancer's legs bow, forsooth, and caper and jerk and firk and dandle the body above them, as it were their great child; though the special jerker be above this place, I hope; here lies that should fetch a perfect woman over the coals, i'faith! 105

Eug. Nay, good uncle, say what's the thing you could tell me of?

Mom. No matter, no matter! But let me see. [*Studying her face*] A passing prosperous forehead of an exceed-

ing happy distance betwixt the eye-brows, a clear lightning 110
eye, a temperate and fresh blood in both the cheeks : excel-
lent marks, most excellent marks of good fortune !

Eug. Why, how now, uncle, did you never see me before ?

Mom. Yes, niece ; but the state of these things at this
instant must be specially observed, and these outward 115
signs, being now in this clear elevation, show your untroubled
mind is in an excellent power to prefer them to act forth
then a little, dear niece.

Eug. This is excellent !

Mom. The crises here are excellent good, the proportion 120
of the chin good, the little aptness of it to stick out good,
and the wart above it most exceeding good. Never trust
me, if all things be not answerable to the prediction of a
most divine fortune towards her ; now if she have the grace
to apprehend it in the nick, there's all. 125

Eug. Well, my lord, since you will not tell me your
secret, I'll keep another from you ; with whose discovery
you may much pleasure me, and whose concealment may
hurt my estate. And if you be no kinder than to see me
so endangered, I'll be very patient of it, I assure you. 130

Mom. Nay, then, it must instantly forth. This kind
conjunction even fires it out of me ; and, to be short,
gather all your judgment together, for here it comes.
Niece, Clarence, Clarence, rather my soul than my friend
Clarence, of too substantial a worth to have any figures cast 135
about him (notwithstanding no other woman with empires
could stir his affections) is with your virtues most extremely
in love, and without your requital dead. And, with it,
Fame shall sound this golden distich through the world of
you both : 140

*Non illo melior quisquam, nec amantior æqui
Vir fuit, aut illa reverentior ulla Deorum.*

Eug. Ay me, poor dame ! O you amaze me, uncle !
Is this the wondrous fortune you presage ?
What man may miserable women trust ? 145

Mom. O peace, good lady ! I come not to ravish you
to anything. But now I see how you accept my motion, I
perceive how, upon true trial, you esteem me. Have I rid
all this circuit to levy the powers of your judgment that I
might not prove their strength too suddenly with so violent 150
a charge, and do they fight it out in white blood, and show
me their hearts in the soft christal of tears ?

Eug. O uncle, you have wounded yourself in charging me, that I should shun judgment as a monster if it would not weep. I place the poor felicity of this world in a worthy friend, and, to see him so unworthily revolted, I shed not the tears of my brain, but the tears of my soul. And if ever Nature made tears th' effects of any worthy cause, I am sure I now shed them worthily. 155

Mom. [*aside*] Her sensual powers are up, i'faith! I have thrust her soul quite from her tribunal. This is her *sedes vacans*, when her subjects are privileged to libel against her and her friends.—But weeps my kind niece for the wounds of my friendship? And I touched in friendship for wishing my friend doubled in her singular happiness? 165

Eug. How am I doubled, when my honour and good name, two essential parts of me, would be less and lost.

Mom. In whose judgment?

Eug. In the judgment of the world.

Mom. Which is a fool's bolt? *Nihil a virtute nec a veritate remotius, quam vulgaris opinio.* But, my dear niece, it is most true that your honour and good name, tendered as they are the species of truth, are worthily two essential parts of you. But as they consist only in airy titles and corruptible blood (whose bitterness *sanitas et non nobilitas efficit*) and care not how many base and execrable acts they commit, they touch you no more than they touch eternity. And yet shall no nobility you have in either be impaired neither. 170

Eug. Not to marry a poor gentleman? 180

Mom. Respect him not so; for as he is a gentleman, he is noble; as he is wealthily furnished with true knowledge, he is rich, and therein adorned with the exactest complements belonging to everlasting nobleness.

Eug. Which, yet, will not maintain him a week. Such kind of nobleness gives no coats of honor, nor can scarce get a coat for necessity. 185

Mom. Then is it not substantial knowledge (as it is in him) but verbal and fantastical, for *Omnia in illa ille complexu tenet.* 190

Eug. Why seeks he me then?

Mom. To make you joint partners with him in all things, and there is but a little partial difference betwixt you that hinders that universal jointure. The bigness of this circle held too near our eye keeps it from the whole sphere of the 195

sun ; but could we sustain it indifferently betwixt us and it, it would then without check of one beam appear in his fulness.

Eug. Good uncle, be content, for now shall I never dream of contentment. 200

Mom. I have more than done, lady, and had rather have suffered an alteration of my being than of your judgment ; but, dear niece, for your own honour's sake repair it instantly.

Enter Hippolyta, Penelope, Jack, Will

See here comes the ladies ; make an April day on['t], dear love, and be suddenly cheerful.—God save you, more 205 than fair ladies ! I am glad you're come, for my business will have me gone presently.

Hip. Why, my Lord Momford, I say ! Will you go before dinner ?

Mom. No remedy, sweet beauties, for which rudeness I 210 lay my hands thus low for your pardons.

Pen. O courteous Lord Momford !

Mom. Niece !—*Mens est quae sola quietos,
Sola facit claros, mentemque honoribus ornat.* [Retires]

Eug. *Verus honos juvat, at mendax infamia terret.* 215

Mom. [aside to Clarence] Mine own dear nephew !

Clar. What success, my lord ?

Mom. Excellent, excellent ! Come I'll tell thee all.

Exeunt

Hip. Do you hear, madam, how our youths here have gulled our three suitors ? 220

Eug. Not I, lady ! I hope our suitors are no fit meat for our pages.

Pen. No, madam, but they are fit sauce for any man's meat, I'll warrant them !

Eug. What's the matter, Hippolyta ? 225

Hip. They have sent the knights to Barnet, madam, this frosty morning to meet us there.

Eug. Is't true, youths ? Are knights fit subjects for your knaveries.

Will. Pray pardon us, madam, we would be glad to please 230 anybody.

Jack. Ay, indeed, madam, and we were sure we pleased them highly to tell them you were desirous of their company.

Hip. O, 'twas good, Eugenia ! Their livers were too hot, you know, and for temper sake they must needs have 235 a cooling card played upon them.

Will. And, besides, madam, we would have them know that your two little pages, which are less by half than two leaves, have more learning in them than is in all their three volumes. 240

Jack. Ay, i'faith, Will, and put their great pagical index to them, too!

Hip. But how will ye excuse your abuses, wags?

Will. We doubt not, madam, but if it please your ladyship to put up their abuses— 245

Jack. Trusting they are not so dear to you, but you may.

Will. We shall make them gladly furnish their pockets with them.

Hip. Well, children and fools, agree as you will, and let the world know now, women have nothing to do with you. 250

Pen. Come, madam, I think your dinner be almost ready.

Enter [Lord] Tales, [Sir Clement] Kingcob

Hip. And see here are two honorable guests for you, the Lord Tales, and Sir [Clement] Kingcob. 255

Tales. Lack you any guests, madam?

Eug. Ay, my lord, such guests as you.

Hip. There's as common an answer, as yours was a question, my lord.

King. Why? All things should be common between lords and ladies, you know. 260

Pen. Indeed, Sir [Clement] Kingcob, I have heard you are either of the Family of Love, or of no religion at all.

Eug. He may well be said to be of the Family of Love, he does so flow in the loves of poor overthrown ladies. 265

King. You speak of that I would do, madam; but, in earnest, I am now suing for a new mistress; look in my hand, sweet lady, and tell me what fortune I shall have with her.

Eug. Do you think me a witch, Sir [Clement]?

King. Pardon me, madam, but I know you to be learned in all things. 270

Eug. Come on, let's see!

Hip. He does you a special favour, lady, to give you his open hand, for 'tis commonly shut they say.

King. What find you in it, madam?

Eug. Shut it now, and I'll tell ye. 275.

King. What now, lady?

Eug. Y'ave the worst hand that ever I saw knight have ; when 'tis open one can find nothing in it, and when 'tis shut one can get nothing out on't. 280

King. The age of letting go is past, madam ; we must not now let go, but strike up men's heels, and take 'em as they fall.

Eug. A good Cornish principle, believe it, Sir [Clement] !

Tales. But I pray tell me, Lady Penelope, how entertain you the love of my cousin, Sir Giles Goosecap ? 285

Pen. Are the Goosecaps akin to you, my lord ?

Tales. Even in the first degree, madam. And Sir Giles, I can tell ye, though he seem something simple is composed of as many good parts as any knight in England. 290

Hip. He should be put up for concealment, then, for he shows none of them.

Pen. Are you able to reckon his good parts, my lord ?

Tales. I'll do the best I can, lady. First, he dances as comely and lightly as any man, for upon my honour I have seen him dance upon eggs, and 'a has not broken them. 295

Pen. Nor cracked them, neither ?

Tales. That I know not ; indeed I would be loath to lie, though he be my kinsman, to speak more than I know by him. 300

Eug. Well, forth, my lord !

Tales. He has an excellent skill in all manner of perfumes, and if you bring him gloves from forty pence to forty shillings a pair, he will tell you the price of them to twopence.

Hip. A pretty sweet quality, believe me ! 305

Tales. Nay, lady, he will perfume you gloves himself most delicately, and give them the right Spanish titillation.

Pen. Titillation ! What's that, my lord ?

Tales. Why, lady, 'tis a pretty kind of term new come up in perfuming, which they call a titillation. 310

Hip. Very well expounded, my lord ! Forth with your kinsman's parts, I pray.

Tales. He is the best sempster of any woman in England, and will work you needle-work edgings and French purls, from an angel to four angels a yard. 315

Eug. That's precious ware, indeed !

Tales. He will work you any flower to the life, as like it as if it grew in the very place, and being a delicate perfumer, he will give it you his perfect and natural savour.

Hip. This is wonderful ; forth, sweet Lord Tales ! 320

Tales. He will make you flies and worms, of all sorts, most lively, and is now working a whole bed embroidered with nothing but glow-worms ; whose lights 'a has so perfectly done, that you may go to bed in the chamber, do anything in the chamber, without a candle.

325

Pen. Never trust me if it be not incredible ! Forth, my good lord !

Tales. He is a most excellent turner, and will turn you wassail bowls and posset cups, carved with libbards' faces and lions' heads, with spouts in their mouths to let out the posset-ale most artificially.

330

Eug. Forth, good Lord Tales !

Pen. Nay, good my lord, no more ! You have spoken for him thoroughly, I warrant you !

Hip. I lay my life Cupid has shot my sister in love with him out of your lips, my lord.

335

Eug. Well, come in, my lords, and take a bad dinner with me now, and we will all go with you at night to a better supper with the Lord and Lady Furnifall.

King. [*and*] *Tales.* We attend you, honourable ladies.

340
Exeunt

ACTUS TERTII SCENA PRIMA

[*Near Barnet*]*Enter Rudesby, Goosecap.*

Rud. Bullaker !

Bull. [*within*] Ay, sir !

Rud. Ride and catch the Captain's horse.

Bull. [*within*] So I do, sir.

Rud. I wonder, Sir Giles, you would let him go so, and not ride after him.

5

Goose. Would I might never be mortal, sir Cut., if I rid not after him till my horse sweat so that he had ne'er a dry thread on him, and hollo'd and hollo'd to him to stay him till I had thought my fingers' ends would have gone off with holloings, I'll be sworn to ye ; and yet he ran his way like a Diogenes, and would never stay for us.

10

Rud. How shall we do to get the lame captain to London, now his horse is gone ?

Goose. Why, he is but a lame jade, neither, Sir [*Cut.*] ; we shall soon o'ertake him, I warrant ye !

15

Rud. And yet thou say'st thou gallop'st after him as fast as thou couldst, and couldst not catch him ; I lay my life

some crabfish has bitten thee by the tongue, thou speakest so backward still.

20

Goose. But here's all the doubt, Sir Cut.; if nobody should catch him now, when he comes at London, some boy or other would get up on him, and ride him hot into the water to wash him. I'll be sworn I followed one that rid my horse into the Thames, till I was up to th' knees hitherto; and if it had not been for fear of going over shoes, because I am troubled with the rheum, I would have taught him to wash my horse when he was hot, i'faith!

25

Enter Foulweather

How now, sweet Captain, dost feel any ease in thy pain yet?

Rud. Ease in his pain, quoth you! Has good luck if he feel ease in pain, I think; but would any ass in the world ride down such a hill as Highgate is, in such a frost as this, and never light.

30

Foul. God's precious, Sir Cut., your Frenchman never lights, I tell ye!

35

Goose. Light, Sir Cut.! 'Slight, and I had my horse again, there's ne'er a paltry English frost on them all should make me light.

Rud. Go to, you French zanies, you! You will follow the French steps so long, till you be not able to set one sound step o' th' ground all the days of your life.

40

Goose. Why, Sir Cut., I care not if I be not sound, so I be well; but we were justly plagued by this hill for following women thus.

Foul. Ay, and English women, too, Sir Giles!

45

Rud. Thou art still prating against English women; I have seen none of the French dames, I confess, but your greatest gallants, for men, in France were here lately, I am sure; and, methinks, there should be no more difference betwixt our ladies and theirs than there is betwixt our lords and theirs; and our lords are as far beyond them, i'faith, for person and courtship, as they are beyond ours for fantasticality.

50

Foul. O Lord, Sir Cut.! I am sure our ladies hold our lords tack for courtship, and yet the French lords put them down. You noted it, Sir Giles.

55

Goose. O God, sir! I stood and heard it, as I sat i' th' presence.

Rud. How did they put them down, I pray thee?

Foul. Why, for wit and for courtship, Sir [Cut.]. 60

[*Rud.*] As how, good left-handed François?

Foul. Why, sir, when Monsieur L'Ambois came to your mistress, the Lady Hippolyta, as she sate in the presence—sit down here, good Sir Giles Goosecap—he kneeled me by her thus, sir, and with a most quaint French start in his speech of *ah bellissima*, 'I desire to die now,' says he, 'for your love that I might be buried here.' 65

Rud. A good pickt-hatch compliment, by my faith! But, I prithee, what answered she?

Foul. She! I scorn to note that, I hope. Then did he vie it again with another ha. 70

Rud. That was ha, ha. I would have put the third ha to it, if I had been as my mistress, and ha ha ha'd him out of the presence, i'faith!

Foul. 'Ha!' says he, 'these fair eyes! I would not for a million they were in France; they would renew all our civil wars again.' 75

Goose. That was not so good, methinks, Captain.

Rud. Well judged, i'faith! There was a little wit in that, I must confess; but she put him down far, and answered him with a question, and that was, whether he would seem a lover or a jester? If a lover, 'a must tell her far more likelier than those, or else she was far from believing them; if a jester, she could have much more ridiculous jests than his of twenty fools that followed the Court; and told him she had as lief be courted with a brush faggot as with a Frenchman, that spent itself all in sparks, and would sooner fire one's chimney than warm the house, and that such sparks were good enough yet to set thatched dispositions a-fire, but hers was tiled with sleight and respected them as slightly. 80 85 90

Goose. Why, so, Captain! And yet you talk of your great Frenchman; [would] to God little England had never known them, I may say!

Foul. What's the matter, Sir Giles? Are you out of love with Frenchmen now of a sudden? 95

Goose. 'Slid, Captain, would[']t not make one? I'll be sworn they took away a mastie dog of mine by commission, now I think on't, makes my tears stand in my eyes with grief; I had rather lost the dearest friend that ever I lay withal in my life, b[y] this light! Never stir if he fought not with great Sackerson four hours to one, foremost take up hindmost, and took so many loaves from him that

he starved him presently. So at last the dog could do no more than a bear could do, and the bear being heavy with hunger, you know, fell upon the dog, broke his back, and 105 the dog never stirred more.

Rud. Why, thou sayst the Frenchmen took him away!

Goose. Frenchmen! Ay, so they did too, but yet, and he had not been killed, 'twould ne'er 'a grieved me.

Foul. O excellent unity of speech! 110

Enter Will and Jack at several doors

Will. Save ye, knights!

Jack. Save you, Captain!

Foul. Pages, welcome, my fine pages!

Rud. Welcome, boys!

Goose. Welcome, sweet Will, good Jack! 115

Foul. But how chance you are so far from London now, pages? Is it not almost dinner-time?

Will. Yes, indeed, sir; but we left our fellows to wait for once, and could not choose, in pure love to your worships, but we must needs come and meet you, before you met our 120 ladies, to tell you a secret.

Omnes. A secret! What secret, I pray thee?

Jack. If ever your worships say anything, we are undone forever.

Omnes. Not for a world, believe it! 125

Will. Why, then, this it is: we overheard our ladies, as they were talking in private, say they refused to meet you at Barnet this morning of purpose, because they would try which of you were most patient.

Jack. And some said you, Sir Giles; another you, Sir 130 [Cut.]; and the third you, Captain.

Omnes. This was excellent.

Will. Then did they swear one another not to excuse themselves to you by any means, that they might try you the better. Now, if they shall see you say nothing in the 135 world to them, what may come of it, when ladies begin to try their suitors once, I hope your wisdoms can judge a little.

Foul. Oho, my little knave, let us alone now, i'faith! Would I might be cashiered if I say anything!

Rud. Faith, and I can forbear my tongue as well as 140 another, I hope.

Goose. Would I might be degraded if I speak a word; I'll tell them I care not for losing my labour.

Foul. Come, knights, shall we not reward the pages ?

Rud. Yes, I prithee, do. Sir Giles, give the boys some- 145
thing.

Goose. Never stir, Sir Cut., if I have ever a groat about me but one three-pence.

Foul. Well, knights, I'll lay out for's all. Here, my fine pages ! 150

Will. No indeed, an't it please your worship.

Foul. O pages, refuse a gentleman's bounty ?

Jack. Cry you mercy, sir ! Thank you, sweet Captain !

Foul. And what other news is stirring, my fine viliacos ?

Will. Marry, sir, they are invited to a great supper to- 155
night to your lord's house, Captain, the Lord Furnifall ; and there will be your great cousin, Sir Giles Goosecap, the Lord Tales, and your uncle, Sir Cut. Rudesby, Sir [Clement] Kingcob.

Foul. The Lord Tales ! What countryman is he ? 160

Jack. A Kentish lord, sir ; his ancestors came forth of Canterbury.

Foul. Out of Canterbury ?

Will. Ay, indeed, sir, the best Tales in England are your Canterbury Tales, I assure ye ! 165

Rud. The boy tells thee true, Captain.

Jack. He writes his name, sir, Tales, and he being the tenth son his father had, his father christened him Decem Tales, and so his whole name is the Lord Decem Tales.

Goose. O' my mortality, the boy knows more than I do 170
of our house.

Rud. But is the Lady Furnifall, Captain, still of the same drinking humour she was wont to be ?

Foul. Still of the same, knight, and is never in any sociable vein till she be tipsy, for in her sobriety she is mad, 175
and fears my good little old lord out of all proportion.

[*Rud.*] And therefore, as I hear, he will earnestly invite guests to his house of purpose to make his wife drunk, and then dotes on her humour most profanely.

Foul. 'Tis very true, knight ; we will sup with them to- 180
night, and you shall see her ; and now I think on't, I'll tell you a thing, knights, wherein, perhaps, you may exceedingly pleasure me.

Goose. What's that, good Captain ?

Foul. I am desirous to help my lord to a good merry 185
fool, and if I could help him to a good merry one, he might do me very much credit, I assure ye !

Rud. 'Sblood, thou speakest to us as if we could serve thy turn!

Foul. Oh France! Sir Cut., your Frenchman would not have taken me so for a world, but because fools come into your companies many times to make you merry. 190

Rud. As thou dost.

Goose. Nay, good Sir Cut., you know fools do come into your companies. 195

Rud. Ay, and thou know'st it too, no man better.

Foul. Bear with choler, Sir Giles.

Will. But would you help your lord to a good fool so fain, sir?

Foul. Ay, my good page, exceeding fain. 200

Jack. You mean a wench, do you not, sir, a foolish wench?

Foul. Nay, I would have a man fool for his lordship, page.

Will. Does his lordship love a fool so well, I pray?

Foul. Assure thyself, page, my lord loves a fool as he loves himself. 205

Jack. Of what degree would you have your fool, sir; for you may have of all manner of degrees?

Foul. Faith, I would have him a good emphatical fool, one that would make my lord laugh well, and I cared not. 210

Will. Laugh well, hum! Then we must know this, sir; is your lord costive of laughter, or laxative of laughter?

Foul. Nay, he is a good merry little lord, and, indeed, something laxative of laughter.

Will. Why then, sir, the less wit will serve his lordship's turn. Marry, if he had been costive of laughter, he must have had two or three drams of wit the more in his fool, for we must minister according to the quantity of his lordship's humour, you know, and if he should have as much wit in his fool, being laxative of laughter, as if he were costive of laughter, why, he might laugh himself into an epilepsy and fall down dead suddenly, as many have done with the extremity of that passion; and I know your lord cares for nothing but the health of a fool. 215

Foul. Th' art i' th' right, my notable good page. 225

Jack. Why, and for that health, sir, we will warrant his Lordship that if he should have all Bacon *de sanitate tuenda* read to him, it should not please his Lordship so well as our fool shall.

Foul. *Remercie*, my more than English pages! 230

Goose. O' my word, I have not seen pages have so much wit, that have never been in France, Captain.

Foul. 'Tis true, indeed, Sir Giles. Well, then, my almost French elixirs, will you help my lord to a fool so fit for him as you say? 235

Will. As fit, I'll warrant you, Captain, as if he were made for him; and he shall come this night to supper, and fool where his lordship sits at table.

Foul. Excellent fit! Fail not now, my sweet pages.

Jack. Not for a world, sir; we will go both and seek him 240 presently.

Foul. Do so, my good wags.

Will. Save you, knights!

Jack. Save you, Captain! *Exeunt* [Pages]

Foul. Farewell, my pretty knaves! Come, knights, 245 shall we resolve to go to this supper?

Rud. What else?

Goose. And let's provide torches for our men to sit at door withal, Captain.

Foul. That we will, I warrant you, Sir Giles! 250

Rud. Torches? Why, the moon will shine, man!

Goose. The moon, Sir Cut! I scorn the moon, i'faith! 'Slid, sometimes a man shall not get her to shine and if he would give her a couple of capons—and one of them must be white too! God forgive me, I could never abide her 255 since yesterday, she served me such a trick tother night.

Rud. What trick, Sir Giles?

Goose. Why, Sir Cut., cause the days be mortal and short now, you know, and I love daylight well, I thought it went away faster than it needed, and run after it into Finsbury 260 fields i' th' calm evening to see the windmills go, and even as I was going over a ditch, the moon, by this light, of purpose runs me behind a cloud, and lets me fall into the ditch, by heaven!

Rud. That was ill done in her, indeed, Sir Giles. 265

Goose. Ill done, Sir Cut.? 'Slid a man may bear and bear, but, and she have no more good manners but to make every black slovenly cloud a pearl in her eye, I shall ne'er love English moon again while I live, I'll be sworn to ye!

Foul. Come, knights, to London! Horse, horse, horse! 270

[*Exeunt* Foulweather and Goosecap]

Rud. In what a case he is with the poor English moon, because the French moons (their torches) will be the less in

fashion, and, I warrant you, the Captain will remember it too, though he say nothing; he seconds his resolute chase so and follows him. I'll lay my life you shall see them the next cold night shut the moonshine out of their chambers, and make it lie without doors all night. I discredit my wit with their companies, now I think on't. Plague o' God on them! I'll fall a-beating on them presently. *Exit*

[SCENA SECUNDA

*A Room in Momford's House]**Enter Lord Momford and Clarence, [and] Horatio**Clar.* Sing, good Horatio, while I sigh and write.

According to my master Plato's mind
 The soul is music, and doth therefore joy
 In accents musical, which he that hates
 With points of discord is together tied, 5
 And barks at Reason consonant in sense.
 Divine Eugenia bears the ocular form
 Of music and of Reason, and presents
 The soul exempt from flesh in flesh inflam'd;
 Who must not love her then that loves his soul? 10
 To her I write; my friend, the star of friends,
 Will needs have my strange lines greet her strange eyes,
 And for her sake I'll pour my poor soul forth
 In floods of ink; but did not his kind hand
 Bar me with violent grace I would consume 15
 In the white flames of her impassionate love,
 Ere my harsh lips should vent the odorous blaze.
 For I am desperate of all worldly joys,
 And there was never man so harsh to men.
 When I am fullest of digested life 20
 I seem a lifeless Embryon to all,
 Each day rack'd-up in night-like funeral,
 Sing, good Horatio, whilst I sigh and write.

*Canto**The Letter*

Suffer him to love that suffers not loving; my love is without passion, and therefore free from alteration.— 25
 Prose is too harsh, and verse is poetry,
 Why should I write then? Merit clad in ink
 Is but a mourner, and as good as naked.

I will not write, my friend shall speak for me.
Sing one stave more, my good Horatio.

3'

Canto

I must remember I know whom I love,
A dame of learning, and of life exempt
From all the idle fancies of her sex ;
And this, that to another dame would seem
Perplex'd and folded in a r[e]deless veil,
Will be more clear than ballads to her eye.
I'll write, if but to satisfy my friend.
Your third stance, sweet Horatio, and no more.

3.

Canto

How vainly do I offer my strange love !
I marry, and bid states, and entertain
Ladies with tales and jests, and lords with news,
And keep a house to feed Actæon's hounds
That eat their master, and let idle guests
Draw me from serious search of things divine
To bid them sit and welcome, and take care
To sooth their palates with choice kitchen stuff,
As all must do that marry and keep house !
And then look on the left side of my yoke,
Or on the right, perhaps, and see my wife
Draw in a quite repugnant course from me,
Busied to starch her French purls and her puffs,
When I am in my *anima reflexa*,
Quid sit felicitas ? Quæ origo rerum ?
And make these beings that are known to be
The only serious objects of true men
Seem shadows with substantial stir she keeps
About her shadows, which, if husbands love,
They must believe ; and thus my other self
Brings me another body to dispose,
That have already much too much of one,
And must not look for any soul of her
To help to rule two bodies.

4'

4

5

5

6

Mom.

Fie for shame !

I never heard of such an antidame.
Do women bring no help of soul to men ?
Why, friend, they either are men's souls themselves,
Or the most witty imitatrixes of them,

:

6

Or prettiest sweet apes of human souls
 That ever Nature fram'd ; as I will prove.
 For, first, they be *substantiæ lucidæ*,
 And purer than men's bodies, like their souls, 70
 Which men's harsh hairs, both of their breast and chin,
 Occasion'd by their gross and ruder heat,
 Plainly demonstrates ; then, like souls, they do
Movere corpora, for no power on earth
 Moves a man's body, as a woman does ; 75
 Then do they *dare formas corpori*,
 Or add fair forms to men, as their souls do,
 For, but for women, who would care for forms ?
 I vow I never would wash face nor hands,
 Nor care how ragg'd or slovenly I went, 80
 Were't not for women, who of all men's pomps
 Are the true final causes. Then they make
 Men in their seeds immortal, like their souls,
 That else would perish in a span of time.
 Oh, they be soul-like creatures, and my niece 85
 The soul of twenty rare souls still'd in one !

Clar. That, that it is, my lord, that makes me love.

Mom. Oh, are ye come, sir ? Welcome to my niece,
 As I may say, at midnight. Gentle friend,
 What have you wrote, I pray. 90

Clar. [*giving Momford the letter*] Strange stuff, my lord.

Mom. Indeed the way to believe is to love ;

He reads and comments

And the right way to love is to believe.
 This will I carry now with pen and ink
 For her to use in answer ; see, sweet friend,
 She shall not stay to call ; but while the steel 95
 Of her affection is made soft and hot,
 I'll strike, and take Occasion by the brow.
 Blest is the wooing that's not long a-doing. *Exit*

Clar. Had ever man so true and noble friend,
 Or would men think this sharp world's freezing air' 100
 To all true honour and judicial love
 Would suffer such a flourishing pine in both
 To overlook the box-trees of this time ?
 When the learn'd mind hath by impulsion wrought
 Her eyes' clear fire into a knowing flame, 105
 No elemental smoke can darken it,
 Nor Northern coldness nip her Daphnean flower.

O sacred Friendship, thanks to thy kind power,
 That being retir'd from all the faithless world,
 Appear'st to me in my unworldly friend ; 110
 And for thine own sake let his noble mind
 By moving precedent to all his kind
 (Like just Deucalion) of Earth's stony bones
 Repair the world with human blood and flesh,
 And dying Virtue with new life refresh. *Exit* 115

ACTUS QUARTUS

[SCENA PRIMA

A Room in Eugenia's House]

Enter Tales, Kingcob, Eugenia, Hippolyta, Penelope,
 Winifred

King. 'Tis time to leave your chests, ladies ; 'tis too
 studious an exercise after dinner.

Tales. Why is it called chests ?

Hip. Because they lean upon their chests that play at it. 5

Tales. I would have it called the strife of wits, for 'tis
 a game so witty that, with strife for mastery, we hunt it
 eagerly.

Eug. Specially where the wit of the Goosecaps are in chase,
 my lord. 10

Tales. I am a Goosecap by the mother's side, madam ;
 at least my mother was a Goosecap.

Pen. And you were her white son, I warrant, my lord !

Tales. I was the youngest, lady, and therefore must be
 her white son, ye know ; the youngest of ten I was. 15

Hip. And the wisest of fifteen.

Tales. And, sweet lady, will ye cast a kind eye now upon
 my cousin, Sir Giles Goosecap.

Pen. Pardon, my lord, I have never a spare eye to cast
 away, I assure ye ! 20

Tales. I wonder you should count it cast away, lady,
 upon him ; do you remember those few of his good parts
 I rehearsed to you ?

Pen. Very perfectly, my lord ; amongst which one of
 them was that he was the best sempster of any woman in 25
 England. Pray let's see some of his work.

Hip. Sweet lord, let's see him sew a little.

Tales. You shall, o' my honour, lady !

Eug. He's a goodly great knight, indeed; and a little needle in his hand will become him prettily.

30

King. From the Spanish pike to the Spanish needle he shall play with any knight in England, lady.

Eug. But not *e converso*, from the Spanish needle to the Spanish pike.

King. I think he be too wise for that indeed, madam, for he has twenty miles length in land lies together, and he would be loath to bring it all to the length of a pike.

35

Hip. But no man commends my blunt servant, Sir Cut. Rudesby, methinks.

King. He is a kind gentleman, lady, though he be blunt, and is of this humour, the more you presume upon him without ceremony, the more he loves you. If he know you think him kind once, and will say nothing but still use him, you may melt him into any kindness you will; he is right like a woman and had rather you should bluntly take the greatest favour you can of him than shamefastly entreat it.

40

45

Eug. He says well to you, Hippolyta.

Hip. Ay, madam, but they say he will beat one in jest, and bite in kindness, and tear one's ruffs in courtship.

King. Some that he makes sport withal, perhaps, but none that he respects, I assure ye!

50

Hip. And what's his living, Sir [Clement]?

King. Some two thousand a year, lady.

Hip. I pray do not tell him that I asked, for I stand not upon living.

55

King. O good lady, who can live without living?

Enter Momford

Mom. Still here, lordings? Good companions, i' faith! I see you come not for victuals.

Tales. Victuals, my lord? I hope we have victuals at home.

60

Mom. Ay, but, sweet lord; there is a principle in the politician's physic: 'Eat not your meat upon other men's trenchers, and beware of surfeits of your own cost.' Many good companions cannot abide to eat meat at home, ye know. And how fares my noble niece, now, and her fair lady feres?

65

Eug. What wind blows you hither, trow?

Mom. Hark you, madam, the sweet gale of one Clarence's breath, with this, his paper sail, blows me hither.

[Offering her a letter]

Eug. Ay me, still in that humour? Beshrew my heart if I take any papers from him. 7

Mom. Kind bosom, do thou take it then.

Eug. Nay then, never trust me.

Mom. Let it fall, then, or cast it away, you were best, that every body may discover your love-suits, do! There's somebody near, if you note it!—And how have you spent the time since dinner, nobles? 7

King. At chests, my lord.

Mom. [*aside to Eugenia*] Read it, niece.

Eug. [*aside to Momford*] Here, bear it back, I pray.

Mom. [*aside to Eugenia*] I bear you on my back to hear you.—And how play the ladies, Sir [*Clement*]; what men do they play best withal, with knights or rooks. 8

Tales. With knights, my lord.

Mom. 'Tis pity their board is no broader, and that some men called gulls are not added to their game. 8

King. Why, my lord? It needs not; they make the knights gulls.

Mom. That's pretty Sir [*Clement*].—[*Aside to Eugenia*] You have begun, I know, niece; forth, I command you! 9

Eug. [*aside*] O y'are a sweet uncle! 9

Mom. I have brought her a little Greek to help me out withal, and she's so coy of her learning, forsooth, she makes it strange. Lords and ladies, I invite you all to supper to-night and you shall not deny me.

All. We will attend your lordship. 9

Tales. Come, ladies, let's into the gallery a little.

Exeunt [*all but Momford and Eugenia*]

Mom. And now what says my own dear niece, i'faith? 10

Eug. What should she say to the backside of a paper?

Mom. Come, come! I know you have been o' the belly side. 10

Eug. Now was there ever lord so prodigal Of his own honour'd blood and dignity.

Mom. Away with these same horse-fair allegations! Will you answer the letter?

Eug. God's my life, you go like a cunning spokesman! Answer, uncle? What, do ye think me desperate of a husband? 10

Mom. Not so, niece; but careless of your poor uncle.

Eug. I will not write, that's certain.

Mom. What, will you have my friend and I perish? 110
Do you thirst our bloods?

Eug. O y'are in a mighty danger, no doubt on't!

Mom. If you have our bloods, beware our ghosts, I can
tell ye. Come, will ye write?

Eug. I will not write, i'faith! 115

Mom. I'faith, dame, then I must be your secretary, I
see; here's the letter, come, do you dictate, and I'll write.

Eug. If you write no otherwise than I dictate, it will
scare prove a kind answer, I believe.

Mom. But you will be advised, I trust. Secretaries are 120
of counsel with their Countesses. Thus it begins: *Suffer
him to love that suffers not loving.* What answer you to that?

Eug. He loves extremely that suffers not in love!

Mom. He answers you for that presently; his love is
without passion, and therefore free from alteration, for *patis*, 125
you know, is *in alterationem labi*; he loves you in his soul,
he tells you, wherein there is no passion. Say, dame, what
answer you?

Eug. Nay, if I answer anything—

Mom. Why, very well, I'll answer for you. 130

Eug. You answer? Shall I set my hand to your answer?

Mom. Ay, by my faith shall ye!

Eug. By my faith, but you shall answer as I would have
you then.

Mom. Always put in with advice of your secretary, 135
niece; come, what answer you?

Eug. Since you needs will have my answer, I'll answer
briefly to the first and last part of his letter.

Mom. Do so, niece, and leave the midst for himself, o'
God's name! What is your answer? 140

He writes and she dictates

Eug. *I cannot but suffer you to love, if you do love—*

Mom. Why, very good, there it is—and will requite
your love; say you so?

Eug. Beshrew my lips then, my lord!

Mom. Beshrew my fingers but you shall! What, you 145
may promise to requite his love, and yet not promise him
marriage, I hope, Well—and will requite *your love*.

Eug. Nay, good my lord, hold your hand, for I'll be
sworn I'll not set my hand to't.

Mom. Well, hold off your hand, good madam till it 150
should come on; I'll be ready for it anon, I warrant ye!

Now forth—*my love is without passion and therefore free from alteration*; what answer you to that, madam?

Eug. Even this, my lord: *your love, being mental, needs no bodily requital.* 155

Mom. I am content with that, and here it is—but in heart—

Eug. What but in heart?

Mom. Hold off your hand yet, I say—I do embrace and repay it. 160

Eug. You may write, uncle; but if you get my hand to it—

Mom. Alas, niece, this is nothing! Is't anything to a bodily marriage to say you love a man in soul, if your hearts agree and your bodies meet not? Simple marriage rites! Now let us forth; he is in the way to felicity and desires your hand. 165

Eug. *My hand shall always sign the way to felicity—*

Mom. Very good! May not any woman say this now? Conclude now, sweet niece. 170

Eug. *And so God prosper your journey!*

Mom. Charitably concluded, though far short of that love I would have shown to any friend of yours, niece, I swear to you! Your hand, now, and let this little stay his appetite. 175

Eug. Read what you have writ, my lord.

Mom. What needs that, madam? You remember it, I am sure.

Eug. Well, if it want sense in the composition, let my secretary be blamed for it. There's my hand. [*She signs*] 180

Mom. Thanks, gentle niece; now I'll read it.

Eug. Why now more than before, I pray?

Mom. That you shall see straight. [*Reads.*] *I cannot but suffer you to love, if you do love, and will requite your love.*

Eug. Remember that requital was of your own putting in, but it shall be after my fashion, I warrant ye! 185

Mom. Interrupt me no more—*Your love, being mental, needs no bodily requital, but in heart I embrace and repay it; my hand shall always sign the way to felicity, and myself, knit with you in the bands of marriage, ever walk with you in it, and so God prosper our journey* 190

Eugenia.

Eug. God's m[y] life, 'tis not thus, I hope!

Mom. By my life, but it is, niece!

Eug. By my life, but 'tis none of my deed, then! 195

Mom. Do you use to set your hand to that which is not your deed? Your hand is at it, niece, and if there be any law in England, you shall perform it, too.

Eug. Why, this is plain dishonoured deceit!
Does all your truest kindness end in law? 200

Mom. Have patience, niece, for, whatsoever I say,
Only the laws of faith and thy free love
Shall join my friend and thee, or naught at all,
By my friend's love, and by this kiss, it shall!

Eug. Why, thus did false Acontius snare Cydippe. 205

Mom. Indeed, dear love, his wife was something like,
And then 'tis no unheard of treachery,
That was enacted in a goddess' eye.
Acontius' worthy love fear'd not Diana
Before whom he contriv'd this sweet deceit, 210

Eug. Well, there you have my hand; but I'll be sworn
I never did thing so against my will.

Mom. 'Twill prove the better, madam, doubt it not.
And to allay the billows of your blood,
Rais'd with my motion bold and opposite, 215
Dear niece, sup with me and refresh your spirits.
I have invited your companions,
With the two guests that din'd with you to-day,
And will send for the old Lord Furnifall,
The Captain, and his mates, and (though at night) 220
We will be merry as the morning lark.

Eug. No, no, my lord; you will have Clarence there.

Mom. Alas, poor gentleman! I must tell you now,
He's extreme sick and was so when he writ,
Though he did charge me not to tell you so, 225
And for the world he cannot come abroad

Eug. Is this the man that without passion loves?

Mom. I do not tell you he is sick with love;
Or if he be, 'tis wilful passion;
Which he doth choose to suffer for your sake, 230
And could restrain his sufferance with a thought.
Upon my life he will not trouble you;
And therefore, worthy niece, fail not to come.

Eug. I will on that condition.

Mom. 'Tis perform'd.

For were my friend well, and could comfort me, 235
I would not now entreat your company;

But one of you I must have or I die ;
Oh such a friend is worth a monarchy.

Exeunt

[SCENA SECUNDA

A Room in Lord Furnifall's House]

Enter Lord Furnifall, Rudesby, Goosecap, Foulweather, Bullaker

Furn. Nay, my gallants, I will tell you more.

All. Forth, good my lord !

Furn. The evening came and then our waxen stars
Sparkled about the heavenly Court of France,
When I, then young and radiant as the sun, 5
Gave lustre to those lamps, and curling thus
My golden foretop, stepp'd into the presence,
Where, set with other princely dames I found
The Countess of Lancalier and her niece,
Who, as I told you, cast so fix'd an eye 10
On my behaviours, talking with the king.

All. True, my good lord !

Furn. They rose when I came in, and all the lights
Burn'd dim for shame, when I stood up and shin'd.

Foul. O most passionate description, Sir Cut. ! 15

Rud. True, of a candle's end !

Goose. The passing'st description of a candle that ever
lived, Sir Cut.

Furn. Yet aim'd I not at them, nor seem'd to note
What grace they did me, but found courtly cause 20
To talk with an accomplish'd gentleman
New come from Italy ; in quest of news
I spake Italian with him.

Rud. What, so young ?

Furn. *O rarissime volte cadono nel parlar nostro familiare.*

Foul. 'Slid, 'a could speak it, knight, at three year old ! 25

Furn. Nay, gentle Captain, do not set me forth ;
I love it not, in truth, I love it not.

Foul. 'Slight, my lord, but truth is truth, you know !

Goose. I dare ensure your lordship truth is truth, and
I have heard in France they speak French as well as their 30
mother tongue, my lord.

Furn. Why, 'tis their mother tongue, my noble knight.
But (as I tell you) I seem'd not to note
The ladies' notes of me, but held my talk
With that Italianate Frenchman, and took time 35

(Still as our conference serv'd) to show my courtship
 In the three quarter leg and settled look,
 The quick kiss of the top of the forefinger,
 And other such exploits of good accost ;
 All which the ladies took into their eyes 40
 With such attention that their favours swarm'd
 About my bosom, in my heart, mine ears,
 In scarves about my thighs, upon mine arms,
 Thick on my wrists, and thicker on my hands ;
 And still the less I sought, the more I found. 45
 All this I tell to this notorious end
 That you may use your courtship with less care
 To your coy mistresses ; as when we strike
 A goodly salmon with a little line,
 We do not tug to hale her up by force, 50
 For then our line would break, and our hook lost,
 But let her careless play amongst the stream,
 As you had left her, and she'll drown herself.

Foul. O' my life, a most rich comparison ! is a humor a

Goose. Never stir if it be not a richer caparison than my 55
 lord my cousin wore at tilt, for that was broidered with
 nothing but moonshine i' th' water, and this has salmons
 in't. By heaven, a most edible caparison !

Rud. Odious, thou wouldst say, for comparisons are 60
 odious.

Foul. So they are, indeed, Sir Cut. ; all but my lord's.

Goose. Be caparisons odious, Sir Cut. ? What, like
 flowers ?

Rud. O ass ! They be odorous.

Goose. A botts o' that stinking word, ' odorous ' ; I can 65
 never hit on't.

Furn. And how like you my Court-counsel, gallants, ha ?

Foul. Out of all proportion excellent, my lord ; and
 believe it, for emphatical courtship your lordship puts down
 all the lords of the Court. 70

Furn. No, good Captain, no !

Foul. By France, you do, my lord, for emphatical court-
 ship !

Furn. For emphatical courtship, indeed, I can do some-
 what. 75

Foul. Then does your merry entertainment become
 you so festively that you have all the bravery of a St.
 George's Day about ye, when you use it.

Furn. Nay, that's too much, in sadness, Captain !

Goose. O good my lord, let him praise you whatsoe'er 80
it costs your lordship.

Foul. I assure your lordship, your merry behaviour does
so festively show upon you that every high holiday, when
ladies would be most beautiful, every one wishes to God
she were turned into such a little lord as you, when y'are 85
merry.

Goose. By this fire, they do, my lord ; I have heard 'em.

Furn. Marry, God forbid, knight, they should be turned
into me ; I had rather be turned into them, o' mine honor !

Foul. Then for your lordship's quips and quick jests, 90
why, *Gesta Romanorum* were nothing to them, o' my virtue !

Furn. Well, well, well, I will hear thee no more, I will
hear thee no more, good Captain ! Th'ast an excellent wit,
and thou shalt have crowns, o' mine honour ! And now,
knights, and Captain, the fool you told me of, do you all know 95
him.

Goose. I know him best, my lord.

Furn. Do you, Sir Giles ? To him then, good knight,
and be here with him, and here, and here, and here again ;
I mean paint him unto us, Sir Giles, paint him lively, lively 100
now, my good knightly boy !

Goose. Why, my good lord ? He will ne'er be long from
us, because we are all mortal, you know.

Furn. Very true !

Goose. And as soon as ever we go to dinner and supper 105
together—

Rud. Dinner and supper together ! When's that,
trow ?

Goose. 'A will come you in amongst us with his cloak
buttoned, loose under his chin—— 110

Rud. Buttoned loose, my lord ?

Goose. Ay, my lord, buttoned loose still, and both the
flaps cast over before both his shoulders afore him.

Rud. Both shoulders afore him ?

Furn. From before him, he means ; forth, good Sir Giles ! 115

Goose. Like a potentate, my lord !

Rud. Much like a potentate, indeed !

Goose. For all the world like a potentate, Sir Cut., ye
know.

Rud. So, sir !

Goose. All his beard nothing but hair—— 120

[*Rud.* Or something else.

Goose. Or something else, as you say.

Foul. Excellent good!

Goose. His melons, or his apricocks, oranges, always in
an unclean handkerchief, very cleanly, I warrant you, my
lord!

Furn. A good neat fool, Sir Giles, of my honour!

Goose. Then his fine words that he sets them in, 'con-
catinal,' 'a fine annise-seed-wench fool,' 'upon ticket,' and
so forth.

Furn. Passing strange words, believe me!

Goose. Know'th every man at the table, though he never
saw him before, by sight, and then will he fool you so finely,
my lord, that he will make your heart ache till your eyes run
over.

Furn. The best that ever I heard! Gramercy, good
knight, for thy merry description. Captain, I give thee
twenty companies of commendations, never to be cashiered.

Enter Jack and Will on the other side

Ambo. Save your lordship! 140

Furn. My pretty cast of Merlins, what prophecies with
your little masterships?

Jack. Things that cannot come to pass, my lord; the
worse our fortunes.

Foul. Why, what's the matter, pages? 145

Rud. How now, my lady's foisting hounds!

Goose. Master Jack, Master Jack; how do ye, Master
William? Frolic?

Will. Not so frolic as you left us, Sir Giles.

Furn. Why, wags, what news bring you, o' God's name? 150

Jack. Heavy news, indeed, my lord; pray pardon us.

Furn. Heavy news? Not possible your little bodies
could bring 'em then. Unload those your heavy news, I
beseech ye.

Will. Why, my lord, the fool we took for your lordship
is thought too wise for you, and we dare not present him. 155

Goose. 'Slid, pages, you'll not cheat's of our fool, will ye?

Jack. Why, Sir Giles, he's too dogged and bitter for you
in truth; we shall bring you a fool to make you laugh, and
he shall make all the world laugh at us. 160

Will. Ay, indeed, Sir Giles, and he knows you so well,
too.

Goose. Know me? 'Slight, he knows me no more than the beggar knows his dish!

Jack. Faith, he begs you to be content, Sir Giles, for he will not come. 165

Goose. Beg me? 'Slight, I would I had known that! Tother day I thought I had met him in Paul's; and he had been anybody else but a pillar, I would have run him through, by heaven! Beg me? 170

Foul. He begs you to me content, Sir Giles, that is, he prays you.

Goose. O does he praise me? Then I commend him.

Furn. Let this unsuitable fool go, Sir Giles; we will make shift without him. 175

Goose. That we will, o' my word, my lord; and have him, too, for all this.

Will. Do not you say so, Sir Giles, for to tell you true that fool is dead.

Goose. Dead? 'Slight, that cannot be, man! I know he would have writ to me, an't had been so. 180

Furn. Quick or dead, let him go, Sir Giles.

Jack. Ay, my lord, for we have better news for you to harken after.

Furn. What are they, my good novations? 185

Jack. My Lord Momford entreats your lordship and these knights and captain to accompany the Countess Eugenia and the other two ladies at his house at supper to-night.

Will. All desiring your lordship to pardon them for not eating your meat to-night. 190

Furn. With all my heart, wags, and there's amends. My hearts, now set your courtship o' the last, o' the tainters, and prick up yourselves for the ladies.

Goose. O brave, Sir Cut! Come, let's prick up the ladies. 195

Furn. And will not the knights' two noble kinsmen be there?

Jack. Both will be there, my lord.

Furn. Why, there's the whole lot us then, and there shall we knock up the whole triplicity of your nuptials. 200

Goose. I'll make my lord my cousin speak for me.

Foul. And your lordship will be for me, I hope.

Furn. With tooth and nail, Captain, o' my lordship!

Rud. Hang 'em, tits! I'll pummel myself into 'em.

Jack. Your lordship your cousin, Sir Giles, has promised the ladies they shall see you sew. 205

Goose. God's me, would I might never be mortal if I do not carry my work with me!

Furn. Do so, Sir Giles, and withal use means
To taint their high bloods with the shaft of Love. 210

Sometimes a finger's motion wounds their minds,
A jest, a gesture, or a pretty laugh,
A voice, a present: ah, things done i' th' nick
Wound deep and sure; and let fly your gold,
And we shall nuptials have; hold, belly, hold! 215

Goose. O rare, Sir Cut., we shall eat nut-shells; hold,
belly, hold! *Exeunt* [Furnifall and the Knights]

Jack. O pitiful knight, that knows not nuptials from nut-shells!

Will. And now *comme portez-vous, monsieur?* 220

Bull. *Porte bien, vous remercie.*

Jack. We may see it, indeed, sir, and you shall go afore
with us.

Bull. No, good *monsieurs!*

Will. Another crash in my lady's cellar, i'faith, *mon-* 225
sieur.

Bull. *Remercie de bon cœur, monsieurs.* *Exeunt*

[SCENA TERTIA

A Room in Momford's House]

Enter Clarence, Momford

Mom. How now, my friend, does not the knowing beams,
That through thy common sense glance through thy eyes
To read that letter, through thine eyes retire
And warm thy heart with a triumphant fire?

[*Clar.*] My lord, I feel a treble happiness 5
Mix in one soul, which proves how eminent
Things endless are above things temporal
That are in bodies needfully confin'd:
I cannot suffer their dimensions pierc'd,
Where my immortal part admits expansure, 10
Even to the comprehension of two more
Commix'd substantially with her mere self.

Mom. As how, my strange and riddle-speaking friend?

Clar. As thus, my lord: I feel my own mind's joy 15
As it is separate from all other powers;
And then the mixture of another soul
Join'd in direction to one end like it;

- And thirdly the contentment I enjoy,
 As we are join'd, that I shall work that good
 In such a noble spirit as your niece, 21
 Which in myself I feel for absolute ;
 Each good mind doubles his own free content
 When in another's use they give it vent.
- Mom.* Said like my friend, and that I may not wrong
 Thy full perfections with an emptier grace 22
 Than that which show presents to thy conceits,
 In working thee a wife worse than she seems,
 I'll tell thee plain a secret which I know.
 My niece doth use to paint herself with white,
 Whose cheeks are naturally mix'd with red, 30
 Either because she thinks pale looks moves most,
 Or of an answerable nice affect
 To other of her modest qualities,
 Because she would not with the outward blaze
 Of tempting beauty tangle wanton eyes, 35
 And so be troubled with their tromperies ;
 Which construe as thou wilt, I make it known
 That thy free comment may examine it,
 As willinger to tell truth of my niece
 Than in the least degree to wrong my friend. 40
- Clar.* A jealous part of friendship you unfold,
 For was it ever seen that any dame
 Would change of choice a well-mix'd white and red
 For bloodless paleness, if she striv'd to move ?
 Her painting then is to shun motion ; 45
 But if she mended some defect with it,
 Breeds it more hate than other ornaments
 Which (to supply bare nature) ladies wear ?
 What an absurd thing is it to suppose
 (If Nature made us either lame or sick) 50
 We would not seek for sound limbs or for health
 By Art, the rector of confused Nature ?
 So in a face, if Nature be made lame[r]
 Than Art can make it, is it more offence
 To help her want there than in other limbs ? 55
 Who can give instance where dames' faces lost
 The privilege their other parts may boast ?
- Mom.* But our most court-received poet says
 That painting is pure chastity's abater.
- Clar.* That was to make up a poor rime to Nature, 60

And far from any judgment it conferr'd ;
 For lightness comes from hearts, and not from looks ;
 And if in chastity possess the heart,
 Not painting doth not race it, nor, being clear,
 Doth painting spot it :

Omne bonum naturaliter pulchrum.

For outward fairness bears the divine form,
 And moves beholders to the act of love,
 And that which moves to love is to be wish'd,
 And each thing simply to be wish'd is good.
 So I conclude mere painting of the face
 A lawful and a commendable grace.

Mom. What paradox dost thou defend in this ?

And yet through thy clear arguments I see
 Thy speech is far exempt from flattery ;
 And how illiterate Custom grossly errs
 Almost in all traditions she prefers.
 Since then the doubt I put thee of my niece
 Checks not thy doubtless love, forth, my dear friend ;
 And to a[dd] force to those impressions,
 That now have carv'd her fantasy with love,
 I have invited her to supper here,
 And told her thou art most extremely sick,
 Which thou shalt counterfeit with all thy skill.

Clar. Which is exceeding small to counterfeit.

Mom. Practise a little ; love will teach it thee ;
 And then shall Doctor Versey, the physician,
 Come to thee while herself is in my house,
 With whom as thou confer'st of thy disease,
 I'll bring my niece with all the lords and ladies
 Within your hearing under feign'd pretext
 To show the pictures that hang near thy chamber ;
 Where when thou hear'st my voice, know she is there,
 And therefore speak that which may stir her thoughts,
 And make her fly into thy opened arms.
 Ladies whom true worth cannot move to ruth
 True lovers must deceive to show their truth.

Exeunt

ACTUS QUINTI SCENA PRIMA

[A Room at Lord Momford's House]

Enter Momford, Furnifall, Tales, Kingcob, Rudesby, Goosecap, Foulweather, Eugenia, Hippolyta, Penelope, Winifred

Mom. Where is Sir Giles Goosecap here ?

Goose. Here, my lord !

Mom. Come forward, knight ; 'tis you that the ladies admire at working, o' my honour !

Goose. A little at once, my lord, for idleness' sake. 5

Furn. Sir Cut., I say ! To her, Captain !

Pen. Come, good servant, let's see what you work.

Goose. Why, look you, mistress, I am making a fine dry sea, full of fish playing in the bottom, and here I'll let in the water so lively that you shall hear it roar. 10

Eug. Not hear it, Sir Giles ?

Goose. Yes, in sooth, madam ; with your eyes.

Tales. Ay, lady ; for when a thing is done so exceedingly to the life as my knightly cousin does it, the eye oftentimes takes so strong a heed of it that it cannot contain it alone, 15 and therefore the ear seems to take part with it.

Hip. That's a very good reason, my lord.

Mom. What a jest it is to hear how seriously he strives to make his foolish kinsman's answers wise ones.

Pen. What shall this be, servant ? 20

Goose. This shall be a great whale, mistress, at all his signess, spouting huge hills of salt water afore him, like a little water squirt ; but you shall not need to fear him, mistress, for he shall be silk and gold, he shall do you no harm, and he be ne'er so lively. 25

Pen. Thank you, good servant !

Tales. Do not think, lady, but he had need tell you this aforehand, for, o' mine honour, he wrought me the monster Caucasus so lively that at the first sight I started at it.

Mom. The monster Caucasus, my lord ? Caucasus is a mountain ; Cacus, you mean. 30

Tales. Cacus, indeed, my lord, cry you mercy !

Goose. Here I'll take out your eye, and you will, mistress.

Pen. No, by my faith, servant ! 'Tis better in.

Goose. Why, lady, I'll but take it out in jest, in earnest. 35

Pen. No ; something else there, good servant.

Goose. Why, then, here shall be a camel, and he shall

have horns, and he shall look for all the world like a maid without a husband.

Hip. O bitter Sir Giles!

40

Tales. Nay, he has a dry wit, lady, I can tell ye.

Pen. He bobbed me there, indeed, my lord.

Furn. Marry him, sweet lady, to answer his bitter bob.

King. So she may answer him with horns, indeed.

Eug. See what a pretty work he wears on his boot-hose. 45

Hip. Did you work them yourself, Sir Giles, or buy them?

Goose. I bought 'em for nothing, madam, in th' Exchange.

Eug. Bought 'em for nothing?

Tales. Indeed, madam, in th' Exchange they so honour him for his work that they will take nothing for anything he buys on 'em. But where's the rich night-cap you wrought, cousin? If it had not been too little for you, it was the best piece of work that ever I saw. 50

Goose. Why, my lord, 'twas big enough when I wrought it, for I wore pantables then, you know. 55

Tales. Indeed the warmer a man keeps his feet the less he needs wear upon his head.

Eug. You speak for your kinsman the best that ever I heard, my lord.

Goose. But I believe, madam, my lord cousin has not told you all my good parts. 60

Tales. I told ['em] so, I warrant you, cousin!

Hip. What do you think he left out, Sir Giles?

Goose. Marry, madam, I can take tobacco now, and I have bought glow-worms to kindle it withal, better than all the burning-glasses i' th' world. 65

Eug. Glow-worms, Sir Giles? Will they make it burn?

Goose. O good madam, I feed 'em with nothing but fire o' purpose; I'll be sworn they eat me five faggots a week in charcoal. 70

Tales. Nay, he has the strangest devices, ladies, that ever you heard, I warrant ye!

Furn. That's a strange device, indeed, my lord.

Hip. But your sewing, Sir Giles, is a most gentlewoman-like quality, I assure you. 75

Pen. O far away, for now, servant, you need never marry; you are both husband and wife yourself.

Goose. Nay, indeed, mistress, I would fain marry for all that, and I'll tell you my reason, if you will.

Pen. Let's hear it, good servant. 80

Goose. Why, madam, we have a great match at football towards, married men against bachelors, and the married men be all my friends, so I would fain marry to take the married men's parts, in truth.

Hip. The best reason for marriage that ever I heard, 85
in Giles.

Goose. I pray will you keep my work a little, mistress ; must needs strain a little courtesy, in truth. *Exit* Sir Giles

Hip. God's my life, I thought he was a little to blame !

Rud. Come, come, you hear not me, dame. 90

Furn. Well said, Sir Cut. ; to her now ; we shall hear fresh courting.

Hip. Alas, Sir Cut., you are not worth the hearing ; everybody says you cannot love, howsoever you talk on't.

Rud. Not love, dame ? 'Slid what argument wouldst 95
have of my love, trow ? Let me look as red as scarlet afore

see thee, and when thou com'st in sight, if the sun of thy beauty do not white me like a [shepherd's] holland, I am a law to my Creator.

Hip. O excellent ! 100

Rud. Let me burst like a toad, if a frown of thy brow has not turned the very heart in my belly, and made me ready to be hanged by the heels for a fortnight to bring it to the right again.

Hip. You should have hanged longer, Sir Cut. ; 'tis not 105
ought yet.

Rud. Zouns, bid me cut off the best limb of my body for thy love, and I'll lay't in thy hand to prove it. Dost think I am no Christian ; have I not a soul to save ?

Hip. Yes, 'tis to save yet, I warrant it ; and will be 110
while 'tis a soul, if you use this.

Furn. Excellent courtship of all hands ; only my Captain's courtship is not heard yet. Good madam, give him favour to court you with his voice.

Eug. What should he court me withal else, my lord ? 115

Mom. Why, I hope, madam, there be other things to court ladies withal, besides voices.

Furn. I mean with an audible sweet song, madam.

Eug. With all my heart, my lord, if I shall be so much indebted to him. 120

Foul. Nay, I will be indebted to your ears, lady, for hearing me sound music.

Furn. Well done, Captain, prove as it will now.

Enter Messenger

Messenger. My lord, Doctor Versey, the physician, is come to see Master Clarence. 125

Mom. Light and attend him to him presently.

Furn. To Master Clarence? What, is your friend sick?

Mom. Exceeding sick.

Tales. I am exceeding sorry.

King. Never was sorrow worthier bestowed
Than for the ill state of so good a man. 130

Pen. Alas, poor gentleman! Good my lord, let's see him.

Mom. Thanks, gentle lady, but my friend is loath
To trouble ladies since he cannot quit them
With anything he hath that they respect.

Hip. Respect, my lord! I would hold such a man 135
In more respect than any emperor,
For he could make me empress of myself,
And in mine own rule comprehend the world.

Mom. How now, young dame! What, suddenly in-
spir'd?
This speech hath silver hairs, and reverence asks, 140
And sooner shall have duty done of me
Than any pomp in temporal empery.

Hip. Good madam, get my lord to let us greet him.

Eug. Alas, we shall but wrong and trouble him.
His contemplations greet him with most welcome. 145

Furn. I never knew a man of so sweet a temper,
So soft and humble, of so high a spirit.

Mom. Alas, my noble lord, he is not rich,
Nor titles hath, nor in his tender cheeks
The standing lake of impudence corrupts; 150
Hath nought in all the world, nor nought would have
To grace him in the prostituted light.

But if a man would consort with a soul
Where all man's sea of gall and bitterness
Is quite evaporate with her holy flames, 155
And in whose powers a dove-like innocence
Fosters her own deserts, and life and death
Runs hand in hand before them, all the skies
Clear and transparent to her piercing eyes,
Then would my friend be something, but till then 160
A cipher, nothing, or the worst of men.

Foul. Sweet lord, let's go visit him.

Enter, Goosecap

Goose. Pray, good my lord, what's that you talk on ?

Mom. Are you come from your necessary business, Sir Giles ? We talk of the visiting of my sick friend, Clarence. 16

Goose. O good my lord, let's visit him, cause I know his brother.

Hip. Know his brother ! Nay, then, Count, do not deny him.

Goose. Pray, my lord, whether was eldest, he or his elder brother ? 17

Mom. O the younger brother eldest, while you live, Sir Giles !

Goose. I say so still, my lord ; but I am so borne down with truth, as never any knight i'th' world was, I think. 17

Tales. A man would think he speaks simply now ; but indeed it is in the will of the parents to make which child they will youngest or eldest ; for often we see the youngest inherit, wherein he is eldest.

Eug. Your logical wit, my lord, is able to make anything good. 18

Mom. Well, come, sweet lords and ladies, let us spend The time till supper-time with some such sights As my poor house is furnished withal, Pictures and jewels, of which implements 18
It may be I have some will please you much.

Goose. Sweet lord, let's see them. *Exeunt*

[SCENA SECUNDA

Another Room in Lord Momford's House]

Enter Clarence and Doctor

Doct. I think your disease, sir, be rather of the mind than the body.

Clar. Be there diseases of the mind, Doctor ?

Doct. No question, sir ; even as there be of the body.

Clar. And cures for them, too ?

Doct. And cures for them too, but not by physic.

Clar. You will have their diseases griefs, will ye not ?

Doct. Yes, oftentimes.

Clar. And do not griefs ever rise out of passions ?

Doct. Evermore.

Clar. And do not passions proceed from corporal distempers ? 1

Doct. Not the passions of the mind, for the mind many times is sick when the body is healthful.

Clar. But is not the mind's sickness of power to make the body sick? 15

Doct. In time, certain.

Clar. And the body's ill affections able to infect the mind?

Doct. No question.

Clar. Then if there be such a natural commerce of powers betwixt them that the ill estate of the one offends the other, why should not the medicines for one cure the other? 20

Doct. Yet it will not, you see.

Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis! 25

Clar. Nay, then, Doctor, since you cannot make any reasonable connection of these two contrarieties, the mind and the body, making both subject to passion, wherein you confound the substances of both, I must tell you there is no disease of the mind but one, and that is ignorance. 30

Doct. Why, what is love? Is not that a disease of the mind?

Clar. Nothing so; for it springs naturally out of the blood, nor are we subject to any disease or sorrow whose causes or effects simply and natively concern the body, that the mind by any means partaketh; nor are there any passions in the soul, for where there are no affections there are no passions: and *Affectus* your master Galen refers *parti irascenti*, for *illic est anima sentiens ubi sunt affectus*; therefore the rational soul cannot be there also. 35 40

Doct. But you know we use to say 'my mind gives me this or that,' even in those addictions that concern the body.

Clar. We use to say so, indeed, and from that use comes the abuse of all knowledge and her practice, for when the object in question only concerns the state of the body, why should the soul be sorry or glad for it? If she willingly mix herself, then she is a fool; if of necessity and against her will, a slave; and so, far from that reason and freedom that the Empress of Reason and an eternal substance should comprehend. 45 50

Doct. Divinely spoken, sir, but very paradoxically.

Enter [above] Momford, Tales, Kingcob, Furnifall, Rudesby, Goosecap, Foulweather, Eugenia, Penelope, Hippolyta, Winifred [and a Servant]

Mom. Who's there?

[*Serv.*] I, my lord.

Mom. Bring hither the key of the gallery ; methought
I heard the Doctor and my friend. 55

Furn. I did so, sure.

Mom. Peace, then, awhile, my lord !
We will be bold to eavesdrop, for I know
My friend is as respective in his chamber,
And by himself, of anything he does,
As in a critic synod's curious eyes, 60
Following therein Pythagoras' golden rule :

Maxime omnium teipsum reverere.

Clar. Know you the Countess Eugenia, sir ?

Doct. Exceeding well, sir ; she's a good learned scholar.

Clar. Then I perceive you know her well indeed. 65

Doct. Methinks you two should use much conference.

Clar. Alas, sir, we do very seldom meet,
For her estate and mine are so unequal,
And then her knowledge passeth mine so far
That I hold much too sacred a respect 70
Of her high virtues to let mine attend them.

Doct. Pardon me, sir, this humbleness cannot flow
Out of your judgment, but from passion.

Clar. Indeed I do account that passion
The very high perfection of my mind, 75
That is excited by her excellence,
And therefore willingly and gladly feel it ;
For what was spoken of the most chaste queen
Of rich P[h]asiaca may be said of her ;

Moribus antevenit sortem, virtutibus annos, 80
Sexum animo, morum nobilitate genus.

Doct. A most excellent distich.

Mom. Come, lords, away ; let's not presume too much
Of a good nature ; not for all I have
Would I have him take knowledge of the wrong 85
I rudely offer him ; come, then, I'll show
A few rare jewels to your honour'd eyes,
And then present you with a common supper.

Goose. Jewels, my lord ? Why, is not this candle-
stick one of your jewels, pray ? 90

Mom. Yes, marry, is it, Sir Giles, if you will.

Goose. 'Tis a most fine candlestick, in truth ; it wants
nothing but the languages.

Pen. The languages, servant ! Why the languages ?

Goose. Why, mistress, there was a latten candlestick here 95
afore, and that had the languages, I am sure.

Tales. I thought he had a reason for it, lady.

Pen. Ay, and a reason of the sun too, my lord ; for his
father would have been ashamed on't.

Exeunt [Momford and the rest]

Doct. Well, Master Clarence, I perceive your mind 100

Hath so incorporate itself with flesh

And therein rarefied that flesh to spirit

That you have need of no physician's help.

But, good sir, even for holy Virtue's health

And grace of perfect knowledge, do not make 105

Those groundworks of eternity you lay

Means to your ruin and short being here ;

For the too strict and rational course you hold

Will eat your body up, and then the world,

Or that small point of it where Virtue lives, 110

Will suffer diminution ; it is now

Brought almost to a simple unity,

Which is (as you well know) *simplicior puncto* ;

And if that point fail once, why, then, alas,

The unity must only be suppos'd. 115

Let it not fail, then ; most men else have sold it ;

Though you neglect yourself, uphold it.

So with my reverend love I leave you, sir. *Exit*

Clar. Thanks, worthy Doctor, I do amply quite you.

I prop poor Virtue, that am propp'd myself, 120

And only by one friend in all the world !

For Virtue's only sake I use this wile,

Which otherwise I would despise, and scorn ;

The world should sink, and all the pomp she hugs

Close in her heart in her ambitious gripe, 125

Ere I sustain it, if this slend'rest joint,

Mov'd with the worth that worldlings love so well,

Had power to save it from the throat of hell.

He draws the curtains and sits within them

Enter Eugenia, Penelope, Hippolyta

Eug. Come on, fair ladies, I must make you both
Familiar witnesses of the most strange part 130

And full of impudence, that e'er I play'd.

Hip. What's that, good madam ?

Eug. I, that have been so more than maiden-nice

To my dear lord and uncle not to yield
 By his importunate suit to his friend's love 134
 In look or almost thought, will of myself,
 Far past his expectation or his hope,
 In action and in person greet his friend,
 And comfort the poor gentleman's sick state.

Pen. Is this a part of so much impudence ? 140

Eug. No, but I fear me it will stretch to more.

X *Hip.* Marry, madam, the more the merrier !

Eug. Marry, madam ? What, should I marry him ?

Hip. You take the word, methinks, as though you would,
 And if there be a thought of such kind heat 145
 In your cold bosom, would to God my breath
 Might blow it to the flame of your kind heart !

Eug. God's precious, lady, know ye what you say,
 Respect you what I am and what he is,
 What the whole world would say, and what great lords 150
 I have refused and might as yet embrace,
 And speak you like a friend to wish me him ?

Hip. Madam, I cast all this, and know your choice
 Can cast it quite out of the christal doors
 Of your judicial eyes ; I am but young, 155

And be it said ; without all pride I take
 To be a maid, I am one, and, indeed,
 Yet in my mother's womb to all the wiles
 Wea[v']d in the looms of greatness and of state ;
 And yet, even by that little I have learn'd 160
 Out of continual conference with you,

I have cried harvest home of thus much judgment
 In my green sowing time that I could place
 The constant sweetness of good Clarence' mind,
 Fill'd with his inward wealth and nobleness, 165
 Look, madam, here ; when others' outward trash
 Should be contented to come under here.

Pen. And so say I, upon my maidenhead !

Eug. 'Tis well said, ladies ; thus we differ then
 I to the truth-wise, you to worldly men. 170

And now, sweet dames, observe an excellent jest
 (At least in my poor jesting) ; th' Earl, my uncle,
 Will miss me straight, and I know his close drift
 Is to make me and his friend Clarence meet
 By some device or other he hath plotted. 175
 Now when he seeks us round about his house

And cannot find us, for we may be sure
 He will not seek me in his sick friend's chamber
 (I have at all times made his love so strange)
 He straight will think I went away displeas'd, 180
 Or heartily careless of his heartiest suit,
 And then I know there is no grief on earth
 Will touch his heart so much ; which I will suffer
 To quite his late good pleasure wrought on me,
 For, I'll be sworn, in motion and in progress 185
 Of his friend's suit I never in my life
 Wrastled so much with passion, or was mov'd
 To take his firm love in such jealous part.

Hip. This is most excellent, madam, and will prove
 A niece-like and a noble friend's revenge. 190

Eug. Bold in a good cause, then, let's greet his friend.

[*Drawing the curtains and disclosing Clarence*]

Where is this sickly gentleman ? At his book ?
 Now in good truth I would these books were burn'd
 That rap men from their friends before their time.
 How does my uncle's friend ? No other name 195
 I need give him to whom I give myself.

Clar. O madam, let me rise that I may kneel,
 And pay some duty to your sovereign grace.

Hip. Good Clarence, do not work yourself disease ;
 My lady comes to ease and comfort you. 200

Pen. And we are handmaids to her to that end.

Clar. Ladies, my heart will break if it be held
 Within the verge of this presumptuous chair.

Eug. Why, Clarence, is your judgment bent to show
 A common lover's passion ? Let the world, 205
 That lives without a heart and is but show,
 Stand on her empty and impoisoned form ;
 I know thy kindness and have seen thy heart
 Cle[f]t in my uncle's free and kindly lips,
 And I am only now to speak and act 210

The rites due to thy love : oh, I could weep
 A bitter shower of tears for thy sick state,
 I could give passion all her blackest rites,
 And make a thousand vows to thy deserts ;
 But these are common ; knowledge is the bond, 215
 The seal, and crown of our united minds,
 And that is rare and constant, and for that
 To my late written hand I give thee this.

See, Heaven, the soul thou gav'st is in this hand ;
 This is the knot of our eternity, 22
 Which Fortune, Death, nor Hell, shall ever loose.

[*She draws the curtains concealing Clarence, herself,
 and her attendants*]

Enter Bullaker, Jack, Will

Jack. What an unmannerly trick is this of thy Countess
 to give the noble Count her uncle the slip thus !

Will. Unmannerly, you villain ? O that I were
 worthy to wear a dagger to any purpose for thy sake ! 22

Bull. Why, young gentlemen, utter your anger with your
 fists.

Will. That cannot be, man, for all fists are shut, you
 know, and utter nothing ; and, besides, I do not think my
 quarrel just for my lady's protection in this cause, for I 23
 protest she does most abominably miscarry herself.

Jack. Protest, you saucy Jack, you ! I should do my
 country and courtship good service to beat thy colt's teeth
 out of thy head for suffering such a reverend word to pass
 their guard. Why, the oldest courtier in the world, man, 23
 can do no more than protest.

Bull. Indeed, page, if you were in France, you would
 be broken upon a wheel for it ; there is not the best duke's
 son in France dares say ' I protest,' till he be one and thirty
 year old at least, for the inheritance of that word is not to be 24
 possessed before.

Will. Well, I am sorry for my presumption then ; but
 more sorry for my lady's ; marry, most sorry for thee, good
 Lord Momford, that will make us most of all sorry for our-
 selves, if we do not find her out. 24

Jack. Why, alas, what should we do ? All the stars of
 our heaven see we seek her as fast as we can ; if she be crept
 into a rush, we will seek her out or burn her.

Enter Momford

Mom. Villains, where are your ladies ? Seek them out.
 Hence, home, you monsters, and still keep you there, 24
 Where Levity keeps in her inconstant sphere.

Exeunt Pages

Away, you precious villains ! What a plague
 Of varied tortures is a woman's heart ?
 How like a peacock's tail with different lights
 They differ from themselves ; the very air 2

Alters the aspen humours of their bloods ;
 Now excellent good, now super-excellent bad :
 Some excellent good, Some ? But one of all !
 Would any ignorant baby serve her friend
 Such an uncivil part ? 'Sblood, what is learning ? 260
 An artificial cobweb to catch flies,
 And nourish spiders ? Could she cut my throat
 With her departure, I had been her calf
 And made a dish at supper for my guests
 Of her kind charge ; I am beholding to her. 265
 Puff ! Is there not a feather in this air
 A man may challenge for her ? What, a feather,
 So easy to be seen, so apt to trace
 In the weak flight of her unconstant wings ?
 A mote, man, with the most, that with the sun 270
 Is only seen, yet with his radiant eye
 We cannot single so from other motes
 To say this mote is she. Passion of death !
 She wrongs me past a death. Come, come, my friend
 Is mine, she not her own, and there's an end. 275

*[Eugenia draws the curtains disclosing Clarence, herself
 and her attendants]*

Eug. Come, uncle, shall we go to supper now ?
Mom. Zouns, to supper ! What a dor is this ?
Eug. Alas, what ails my uncle ? Ladies, see !
Hip. Is not your lordship well ?
Pen. Good, speak, my lord !
Mom. A sweet plague on you all, ye witty rogues ! 280
 Have you no pity in your villainous jests,
 But run a man quite from his fifteen wits ?
Hip. Will not your lordship see your friend and niece ?
Mom. Would I might sink if I shame not to see her !
 Tush, 'twas a passion of pure jealousy ; 285
 I'll make her now amends with adoration.
 Goddess of Learning and of Constancy,
 Of Friendship, and every other Virtue——
Eug. Come, come, you have abus'd me now, I know,
 And now you plaster me with flatteries. 290
Pen. My lord, the contract is knit fast betwixt them.
Mom. Now all heaven's quire of angels sing amen,
 And bless these true born nuptials with their bliss ;
 And, niece, though you have cozen'd me in this,

I'll uncle you yet in another thing, 29
 And quite deceive your expectation ;
 For where you think you have contracted hearts
 With a poor gentleman, he is sole heir
 To all my earldom, which to you and yours
 I freely and forever here bequeath. 30

Call forth the lords, sweet ladies, let them see
 This sudden and most welcome novelty ;
 But cry you mercy, niece ; perhaps your modesty
 Will not have them partake this sudden match.

Eug. O uncle, think you so ? I hope I made 30
 My choice with too much judgment to take shame
 Of any form I shall perform it with.

Mom. Said like my niece, and worthy of my friend.

Enter Furnifall, Tales, Kingcob, Goosecap, Rudesby,
 Foulweather, Jack, Will, Bullaker

Mom. My lords, take witness of an absolute wonder,
 A marriage made for virtue, only virtue ; 31
 My friend and my dear niece are man and wife.

Furn. A wonder, of my honour, and withal
 A worthy precedent for all the world.
 Heaven bless you for it, lady, and your choice !

Ambo. Thanks, my good lord ! 31

Tales. An accident that will make policy blush,
 And all the complements of wealth and state,
 In the successful and unnumber'd race
 That shall flow from it, fill'd with fame and grace.

King. So may it speed, dear Countess, worthy Clarence. 32

Ambo. Thanks, good Sir [Clement].

Furn. Captain, be not dismay'd ; I'll marry thee,
 For while we live thou shalt my consort be.

Foul. By France, my lord, I am not griev'd a whit,
 Since Clarence hath her ; he hath been in France, 32
 And therefore merits her if she were better.

Mom. Then, knights, I'll knit your happy nuptial knots,
 I know the ladies' minds better than you ;
 Though my rare niece hath chose for virtue only,
 Yet some, more wise than some, they choose for both, 33
 Virtue and wealth.

Eug. Nay, uncle, then I plead
 This goes with my choice—'Some more wise than some'—
 For only virtue's choice is truest wisdom.

Mom. Take wealth and virtue both amongst you then ;
They love ye, knights, extremely, and, Sir Cut., 335
I give the chaste Hippolyta to you ;
Sir Giles, this lady—

Pen. Nay, stay there, my lord !
I have not yet prov'd all his knightly parts ;
I hear he is an excellent poet too.

Tales. That I forgot, sweet lady. Good Sir Giles, 340
Have you no sonnet of your pen about ye ?

Goose. Yes, that I have, I hope, my lord my cousin.

Furn. Why, this is passing fit.

Goose. I'd be loath to go without paper about me against
my mistress—hold my work again ; a man knows not 345
what need he shall have, perhaps.

Mom. Well remembered, o' my honour, Sir Giles.

Goose. Pray read, my lord ; I made this sonnet of my
mistress.

Rud. Nay, read thyself, man ! 350

Goose. No, in truth, Sir Cut., I cannot read mine own
hand.

Mom. Well, I will read it.

Three things there be which thou shouldst only crave,
Thou pom'roy, or thou apple of mine eye ; 355
Three things there be which thou shouldst long to have,
And for which three each modest dame would cry ;
Three things there be that should thine anger suage,
An English mastiff and a fine French page.

Rud. 'Sblood, ass, there's but two things ! Thou sham'st 360
thyself.

Goose. Why, Sir Cut., that's *poetica licentia* ; the verse
would have been too long, and I had put in the third. 'Slight,
you are no poet, I perceive !

Pen. 'Tis excellent, servant ! 365

Mom. Keep it, lady, then ;
And take the only knight of mortal men.

Goose. Thank you, good my lord, as much as though
you had given me twenty shillings, in truth ; now I may
take the married men's parts at football.

Mom. All comforts crown you all ; and you, Captain, 370
For merry form's sake let the willow crown.
A wreath of willow bring us hither straight.

Furn. Not for a world should that have been forgot.
Captain, it is the fashion, take this crown.

Foul. With all my heart, my lord, and thank you too ; 375
I will thank any man that gives me crowns.

Mom. Now will we consecrate our ready supper
To honour'd Hymen as his nuptial rite ;
In form whereof first dance, fair lords and ladies,
And after sing ; so we will sing and dance, 380
And to the skies our virtuous joys advance.

The Measure

Now to the song, and do this garland grace.

Canto

Willow, willow, willow,
Our Captain goes down :
Willow, willow, willow, 385
His valour doth crown.
The rest with rosemary we grace.
O Hymen, let thy light
With richest rays gild every face,
And feast hearts with delight. 390
Willow, willow, willow,
We chant to the skies ;
And with black and yellow
Give courtship the prize.

FINIS

NOTES

THE BLIND BEGGAR OF ALEXANDRIA

INTRODUCTION

The Blind Beggar of Alexandria, the first¹ play which we have authentic warrant for ascribing to Chapman, was produced by the Lord Admiral's men at Henslowe's theatre, the Rose. It is mentioned as a new play in Henslowe's *Diary* under the date of February 12, 1595-6: 'Rq at the blind beger of elexandrea iiiii'. It seems to have met with instant and long-continued success, for it was performed again on February 16, 19, 22, and 26, presumably in March, although Henslowe's records are lacking for that month, twice in April, thrice in May, twice in June, and once in July. After the gap in Henslowe's *Diary*, which extends from July 18 to October 27, 1596, the record of its performances begins again on November 6, and eight more are noted, the last falling on April 1, 1596-7, after which it was apparently withdrawn.² This gives us twenty-two recorded performances, a number exceeded only by three plays mentioned by Henslowe during this period, one of which was the ever popular *Dr. Faustus*.

Certain later entries in Henslowe show that this play was revived in 1601. Under the dates of May 2, 5, 8, and 22 (or June 4), he notes disbursements amounting to £9. 3s. 4d. for new costumes, including 'fourscore ounce of copper lace for the man's gown and a suit for the blind beggar'.

Some time after the play was first withdrawn from the stage the manuscript came into the hands of a publisher, and was entered in the Stationers' Registers under the date of August 15, 1598: 'To Wm. Jones upon condition that it belong to no other man'. It was published by Jones in the same year with the following title-page:

The Blinde Begger of Alexandria, most pleasantly discoursing his variable humours in disguised shapes full of conceite and pleasure. As it hath beene sundry times publickly acted in London by the right honorable the Earle of Nottingham, Lord High Admirall his servantes. By George Chapman: Gentleman. Imprinted at London for William Jones, dwelling at the signe of the Gun, neere Holburne Conduict, 1598.

The manuscript from which Jones printed was presumably a stage copy, as is shown by the careful stage-directions—see, for example, those on pp. 12, 16, 34 and 39. The original version seems to have been heavily cut in this manuscript, for the printed play contains only about 1,600 lines, and the omissions are such as to render the serious

¹ The ascription to Chapman of *Two Italian Gentlemen*, entered in the Stationers' Register, November 12, 1584, and of *The Disguises*, a lost play, mentioned by Henslowe under the date of October 2, 1595, will be discussed in the third volume of this edition. Mr. Crawford assigns the first of these to Chapman on the strength of a quotation from the play in Allot's *England's Parnassus*. See *Notes on the Malone Society's Publications*, 1910. Mr. Fleay (*Biog. Chron.*, vol. 1, p. 57) takes *The Disguises* to be an early version of Chapman's *May-Day*; Lee (*French Renaissance*, p. 420, n.) with more probability a translation of Godard's *Les Desguisez*.

² Perhaps to make room for Chapman's next comedy, *An Humourous Day's Mirth*, called by Henslowe *The Comody of Umers*, see below, p. 685.

part of the play almost unintelligible. It is plain, as we may learn from the advertisement of the title-page, that it was the farcical scenes, in which the beggar displayed 'his variable humours in disguised shapes', and not the romantic story of Aegiale and Cleanthes, which caught the fancy of the public. It is not unlikely that the former scenes have been enlarged beyond their original form; it is certain that the latter have been cut down. As a consequence the play, as it now stands, totally lacks unity, coherence, and proportion. That the author is to be charged with this lack appears to me more than doubtful.

Nothing is known of any source whence Chapman may have derived the incidents of this play. It is likely enough, as Koepfel¹ says, that the various disguises of the hero may be original with Chapman, although disguises and their consequent misunderstandings were a stock feature of Italian comedy, with which Chapman was familiar;² but it seems likely that some source must have existed for the romantic story of the play. I am inclined to think that the names of the leading characters, Cleanthes, Aegiale, Aspasia, Doricles, and some of the place names,³ Corrucus, Phasiaca, Bebritia, point to the field of late Greek romance as the original source. Certain incidents of the main plot, the adulterous passion of Aegiale⁴ for Cleanthes, her false denunciation of him to the king, the magic of Hella, the sorceress, the transformation of Diones into a tree, the mysterious connexion between a branch of this tree and the life of the king, all seem to me to point in the same direction. It is possible, I believe, to reconstruct the original story, at least in its main outline, and I shall attempt to do so here, with the hope that this may lead some day to the discovery of the source which Chapman used.

Queen Aegiale of Egypt, wedded to the old King Ptolemy, falls madly in love with Cleanthes, the most famous warrior of the kingdom (cf. sc. viii, ll. 11-12). To make the way clear to her goal she murders his wife. Cleanthes learns of this and rejects the advances of the Queen, who thereupon denounces him to Ptolemy as having made love to her. Cleanthes is banished, but returns in disguise and persuades the Queen to cut off and burn a branch of the tree into which her son had been transformed by a sorceress. This she does in the hope of bringing about her husband's death and so winning Cleanthes for a husband. Ptolemy, it appears, had been advised by an oracle that if he married his daughter, Aspasia, to Prince Doricles of Arcadia, he would conquer four neighbouring kingdoms. Cleanthes prevents the marriage by slaying Doricles, and, soon after Ptolemy's death in battle against the four kings who have invaded Egypt, weds Aspasia, defeats the invaders, and becomes king. Aegiale in despair puts an end to herself.

Most of this story, as the reader will see, is contained, or implied in the play, but the conclusion is badly marred. Both Aspasia and

¹ *Quellen-Studien zu den Dramen Chapmans*, 1897, p. 2.

² See below, pp. 732-3.

³ See the notes on these names, pp. 678, 679 below. Irus, the name assumed by Cleanthes when disguised as the beggar, is, of course, from Homer, *Odyssey*, VIII; the Spaniard, Bragadino, is the Miles Gloriosus of Latin and Italian comedy; but these names give us no clue to the source of the main plot.

⁴ Koepfel (*loc. cit.*, p. 2) points out the general likeness between Aegiale and the Phaedra of Euripides,

Aegiale disappear from the action before the close of the play, but we are entitled, I think, to assume from scene ix that Cleanthes slew Doricles in order to win Aspasia and the kingdom, and a death like Phaedra's seems the only fitting termination of Aegiale's career. The original story, if this reconstruction at all fairly represents it, contained striking dramatic possibilities, and one can only regret that Chapman marred it by the introduction of an absurd and coarse farce, the adventures of the disguised Cleanthes, which proved so successful with the audiences of the Rose that it finally crowded the romantic original wholly into the background. One can hardly believe that the present abrupt and unsatisfactory close of the play is due to Chapman, for the veriest tyro of a playwright would have recognized the necessity of disposing in some fashion of Aegiale and Aspasia. That nothing of the sort occurs in the play as it now stands is probably to be attributed to omissions by the actors rather than to Chapman's original neglect.

If this hypothesis, that the printed play rests upon a stage version which in many respects a perversion of the original, be correct, it is evident that no criticism of the play in its present form can have much value. It is fruitless to denounce it with Swinburne¹ as a 'crude and graceless piece of work' unless we could recover the source and see how far Chapman was responsible for the clumsy handling of the plot. It may, however, be of some use in determining the characteristics of Chapman as a comic writer to point out, even in this presumably mutilated version of his first remaining play, his recognition of the value of lively and continuous action. Taken simply as farce, there is undeniable value in such a scene as that of Count Hermes' encounter with the valiant Spaniard Bragadino, and in the loulie intrigue of Cleanthes, in his double rôle of Hermes and Leon, with his pair of wives. The characterization is of the slightest; whatever traits Chapman may originally have given to the tragic figure of Aegiale have been quite obliterated in the alterations. Most of the figures in the play are mere puppets; but Cleanthes has something of the energy, ingenuity, and calm disregard of moral scruples, which marks, as a rule, the intriguer in Chapman's comedies, the character who sets the action in motion and moves the others as he pulls the strings, Lemot, for example, in *An Humourous Day's Mirth*, Rinaldo in *Ill Fools*, and Tharsalio in *The Widow's Tears*. Pego is the first ketch of the buffoon which Chapman elaborated later in Sir Giles Goosecap and in Poggio, a character doubtless more effective on the stage than in the study.

The comic scenes are for the most part written in a lively, vigorous and idiomatic prose. The metrical scenes show Chapman already master of a blank verse infinitely superior as a means of dramatic expression to the rhymed couplets and stanzaic forms in which his earlier poems, *The Shadow of Night*, 1594, *Ovid's Banquet* and *The morous Zodiac*, 1595, had been written. Swinburne notes 'a faint echo' of Marlowe in the better passages, and it is clear, that Marlowe served as Chapman's model for blank verse. It is plain, I think, that the blank verse of this comedy, even at its best, as in the description of the jewels in scene v, represents an earlier and less independent treatment of this metre than we find in his first remaining tragedy,

¹ *George Chapman*, p. 44.

Bussy D'Ambois, and so furnishes a further argument against those who would carry back the date of that tragedy to 1595-6. To me, at least, it is difficult to account for the difference between the weighty, ententious, and involved verse of *Bussy*, and the light, simple, and sometimes flat, style of the *Blind Beggar* except on the hypothesis of considerable time spent by the poet in the practice of this form of versification. *Bussy* gives us the definitely formed style of Chapman, at least for his tragedies; the *Blind Beggar* presents the work of a follower of Marlowe. The two can hardly have been contemporaneous.

Chapman, however, is no blind imitator of Marlowe. There is plain in this play, I think, an effort on his part to restrain and temper the super-abundant energy and over-elaborate ornamentation of much of his master's verse, and thus to render it a fitter medium for the action and dialogue of comedy. It is one of Chapman's great merits, perfectly recognized hitherto, that he developed the blank verse of comedy along lines which made it later, in the hands of Middleton, Fletcher, and others, such a perfect medium of expression, rising to heights of lyric beauty and sinking to the level of conversational give-and-take, as the situation demanded. Chapman reaches his highest point in this development, I think, in the verse scenes of *Monsieur l'Olive* and *The Gentleman Usher*, but we may note his first attempt at this remodelling of Marlowe's blank verse in *The Blind Beggar*. And this is only one of several reasons which seem to me to demand for this play, crude, imperfect, and sadly mutilated as it is, a somewhat more respectful consideration than it has hitherto received.

Addendum.—In the thesis of M. Schoell, mentioned in the preface, which came into my hands after these pages were in type, attention is called to Edward Pudey's MS. book of Shakespearian extracts, reprinted in *Stratford-on-Avon Note-books*, No. 1. In this MS. under the heading of *Irus* there occur six quotations, five of which may be found, in a slightly altered form, in *The Blind Beggar*, viz., sc. i, ll. 337-8; sc. iii, ll. 99-104; sc. v, l. 2; sc. vii, l. 43, and ll. 97-8. The sixth does not appear in the printed play, but was probably taken from a MS. copy, other and presumably fuller than that sent to the printer. This contemporary book of extracts thus furnishes another proof that the play, as we have it, is only an imperfect copy of Chapman's work.

M. Schoell mentions as parallels to the Cleanthes-Aegiale story two Italian novelle: *Il Pecorone* XXIII, 2, and Straparola, *Notte* IV, Fav. 1. The similarity between the stories and the play is so slight, and the *motif* common to both so ancient and widespread that I do not think either tale can be regarded as a source of the play; still less can a story from the *Heptameron*, Nov. 8) for the behaviour of Cleanthes to his wives. M. Schoell further points out some interesting parallels between this play and Day and Chettle's *Blind Beggar of Bednal Green*, 1600, especially in Act IV. of the latter play, where Momford, like Irus, makes use of his double personality to appear as a witness on his own behalf. There can be little doubt that Day or Chettle borrowed his incident from Chapman's play.

¹ Schelling, *Elizabethan Drama*, vol. i, p. 414; vol. ii, p. 548, is the latest critic to support this view.

THE BLIND BEGGAR OF ALEXANDRIA

NOTES ¹

- i, 8. *Where art thou become*: what is become of thee. For similar forms compare *All Fools*, V, ii, 5, and Greene's *Alphonsus of Aragon*, Prologue, l. 54:
- Where be thy scholars now become, I trow?*
- and II, i, 434-5:
- Where is the knight become
Which made the blood besprinkle all the place?*
- i, 43. The *Duke*. Ptolemy, the ruler of Egypt, is here called *Duke*, elsewhere *King*. See iii, 29; iv, 114; vi, 11; viii, 3; ix, 20; and x, 39. Probably the title *Duke* in this line is a mere mistake due to haste on the part of the author, or to a carelessness on that of the printer; but I have preferred not to alter the original text.
- i, 85-6. These lines, with the exception of the first word in l. 85, are quoted under the head of *Wisedome* in R. Allot's compilation, *England's Parnassus*, 1600, and correctly assigned to G. Chapman.
- i, 109. With these words Irus throws off his disguise, and appears as Cleanthes.
- i, 160. May one not suspect this line to be a good-natured parody of the first line of one of the most famous passages in Marlowe, *Tamburlaine*, V, i, 160:
- What is beauty saith my sufferings then?*
- i, 176. *For to know*: this archaic form of the infinitive is found four times in this play, viz. in iii, 52, viii, 19, and ix, 119, as well as the present line. When I remarked, in my note on *Alphonsus*, II, ii, 314, that I had not noticed any instances of this form in Chapman, I had forgotten this early comedy.
- i, 183-4. *Abraham's asses' catalogue of coxcombs*. There is probably a reference here to the Abraham-men, or discharged bedlamites, with whom England was then infested. A good description of these 'mad rascals' is given by Dekker in *The Bellman of London* (p. 98, Temple Classics edition). The *asses* and *coxcombs* of our text would be those who were imposed upon by these sturdy beggars. See also Text Notes, p. 682.
- i, 193. *A [bone in your belly*: a child in your womb. I owe this emendation and explanation to Mr. Brereton. See Text Notes, p. 682.
- i, 232. *So it doth become*: this fashion is becoming to you.
- i, 238-40. This speech, as well as ll. 267-69 below, is spoken aside. Cf. ll. 241 and 271.
- i, 298. *Without all cry*: beyond all measure. The phrase *out of*, or *without*, *all cry*, is not uncommon in Elizabethan English. It may mean either beyond all dispute, or, as here, beyond measure. See Nash, *Works*, vol. i, p. 327, McKerrow's edition.
- i, 308. *Nuptial rosemary and thyme*: rosemary, the emblem of constancy, was constantly used in garlands at weddings (cf. *Sir Giles Goosecap*, V, ii, 387); thyme as a symbol of sweetness was also in request on such occasions.
- i, 356. *Recorder*. 'The Recorder was originally a person with legal knowledge appointed by the mayor and aldermen to record or keep in mind the proceedings of their courts and the customs of the city.'—*New English Dictionary*.
- ii, 10. *Patch that I am*: fool that I am. Cf. *Comedy of Errors*, III, i, 32:
- Mome, malthorse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch.*

Chapman uses this term, of course, for the sake of the play on words which is continued in l. 13.

¹ As this play is not divided into acts, the references are by scene and line.

37. *Bonaventure*: an obscure word of which the *New English Dictionary* gives but this single instance, assigning with some hesitation the meaning of 'adventurer' to it. The same dictionary gives also a single instance of *boneventor*, perhaps the same word, which occurs in *Five Years King James in Harleian Misc.*, V, 351, where it occurs in connexion with 'roaring-boys', 'bravadoes', and other such terms of reproach.
51. *Rifle for her*: put her up as a prize to gamble, or raffle for; cf. like uses of the phrase in Dekker, *Northward Ho* (*Dramatic Works*, vol. iii, p. 74), and *Lanthorn and Candle Light* (*Prose Works*, vol. iii, p. 276).
- 62-63. *Great elixir, or golden medicine*: the elixir was the essence sought for by the alchemists which had the property of turning baser metals into gold, hence *golden medicine*. It was often conceived of as taking the form of a stone, hence *Philosopher's* (i.e. alchemist's) *stone*. See below, l. 68.
91. *Handy dandy*: an old child's game, known at least in the age of Chaucer, in which an object was passed rapidly from one hand to the other of one player, and the other player was bidden to guess in which hand it remained. The words, *prickly prandy*, are a mere rhyming refrain, one of several, as *Jack-a-dandy, sugar candy*, etc., often accompanying this game.
95. *Bite your thumbs*: to bite the thumb at any one was considered an insult (see *Romeo and Juliet*, I, i, 41, *sqq.*), but the thumb was also bitten as a mark of vexation and shame. See *Dick of Devonshire*, IV, iii (Bullen, *Old Plays*, vol. ii, p. 80), where a beaten Spaniard leaves the stage, *biting his thumb*.
- 105-6. Cf. below, iii, 22-27.
120. *Corrucus*: this name is possibly a form of Corycos, a town in Cilicia, mentioned by Pliny, V, 22, i. See also Servius on Virgil, *Georgics* IV, 127.
123. *Without more ado*: a pun on the double *adieu* of the Spaniard in l. 121.
134. *Noise of musicians*: band of musicians.
138. *Spagnolo, [pr]esto*: Spaniard, quick. See Text Notes, p. 682.
12. *Four neighbour kings*: cf. scene viii.
33. 'Of whom I will feign to have had an unexpected sight'.
66. *These three things across*: with these words the maid probably lays three things, knives, or sprays of flowers, crosswise on the table for good luck.
80. *Hoise my gait*: lift up my steps, i.e. walk in an affected high-stepping manner.
130. *The fig I eat*: perhaps the sense is that the sweet taste of the fig prevents the eater from distinguishing the flavour of the wine.
- Stage-direction. *With sound*, i.e. to the sound of music.
14. After this line *Aspasia* and her attendants apparently leave the stage.
28. Evidently something has been lost after this line. See Text Notes, p. 682.
121. This line is an evident 'gag' addressed to the audience.
- Scene v. There is a distinct likeness between *Elimine's* behaviour to her sisters in the early part of this scene, and *Gertrude's* treatment of her sister and mother in *Eastward Ho*, I, ii. Cf. ll. 7 and 30-31 of this scene with *Eastward Ho*, I, ii, 43-4, and *Elimine's* insistence on taking precedence of her sister, l. 6 with *Gertrude's* words to her mother, *Eastward Ho*, I, ii, 105-7.
7. *What skill*: what matters it. *Call sisters*: call each other sisters.
- 37-9. Cf. the pet names addressed by the citizen to his wife in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*: *cony* (*Induction*, l. 47); *mouse*, I, ii, 20; *chicken*, I, ii, 26; *lamb*, I, ii, 28; etc.
- 45-51. *Ariadne's crown*: the constellation *Corona Borealis*, also known as *Ariadne's Crown*. *Diana* is one of the names given by Latin authors to the constellation *Virgo*. *Berenice's everburning hair*: the constellation, *Coma Berenices*, named after *Berenice*, wife of *Ptolemy Euergetes*. She dedicated a lock of her hair for the safe return of her husband from an expedition. It was stolen from the temple, and a flattering astronomer reported that it had been changed into this constellation.

Andromeda . . . Perseus: the reference in each case is to the constellation, or *asterism*, l. 53, so named.

- v, 54-56. The first instance in Chapman's plays of a simile which in varied forms occurs several times. Cf. *Byron's Conspiracy*, III, i, 6-17, and V, ii, 71-78.
- v, 65. *I shall be sped*: I shall obtain my desire.
- v, 78. *My mistress*: Druso is the servant of Samathis, now the wife of Leon.
- vi, 16. *The branch*. Cf. below, ll. 43-5 and 54-7.
- vi, 38. *God's angel*: i.e. God's messenger of death. This expression seems to have amused Dekker, who appears to parody it twice, in *Satiromastix* (*Dramatic Works*, vol. i, p. 193), by *this candle which is none of God's angels*, and in *Northward Ho* (*Ibid.* vol. iii, p. 26), by *this iron which is none o' God's angel*.
- vii, 1-3. 'Do you reckon to levy, or seize upon husbands because you are a countess? Have you a royal license to do so?' The *broad seal* is the Great Seal of England such as would be affixed to any special license to seize upon goods. Cf. JONSON'S coinage of a verb from this phrase in *Cynthia's Revels*, V, iii:

Thy presence broadseals our delights for pure.

- vii, 11. *There you lay*: where you lay.
- vii, 21. *Short-heels*: used like the more familiar *light-heels* as a term of reproach for a wanton; cf. *The Widow's Tears*, III, i, 152.
- vii, 43. Cf. *Sir Giles Goosecap*, V, ii, 355:

Thou pom'roy, or thou apple of mine eye.

- vii, 64, 65. The same play on words appears in *Bussy D'Ambois*, III, ii, 152-3.
- vii, 75. *Shooting a cockhye*: the *New English Dictionary* gives only this one example of the word *cockhye*, and declares that the sense is uncertain. It appears to be some sort of an arrow.
- vii, 97-8. *His moveables*: cf. *Sir Giles Goosecap*, III, ii, 73-5.
- vii, 114. *Count ass*: i.e. countess. This sort of pun found peculiar favour with the older Elizabethan dramatists. In his note on *Satiromastix*, l. 77 (*Materialien zur Kunde*, vol. xx) Dr. Scherer calls attention to similar puns by Jonson and Dekker: *Aristarchus—or stark ass* (*Every Man Out, Induction*, Mermaid edition, vol. i, p. 122) and *Crispinus, that Crispin-ass* (Dekker, *Dramatic Works*, vol. i, p. 212). I cannot agree with Dr. Scherer that *Maecenasses* (*Satiromastix*, l. 1,680) is another example of this pun.
- vii, 123-4. *Say black is mine eye*: the phrase means 'to bring a charge of misconduct against me'. The *New English Dictionary* gives examples of this phrase from an early sixteenth century satire down to *Tom Jones* (Book IX, chap. iv). There is an interesting parallel to the present instance in Fletcher's *Love's Cure*, III, i: *I can say black's your eye, though it be grey*.
- viii. Stage-direction. The name *Phasiaca* appears to be coined from Phasis, a town in ancient Colchis on the river of the same name, which was regarded in ancient times as the boundary between Asia and Europe. The name *Bebricia* seems to be a distortion, possibly due to a mere misprint, for *Bebrycia*, an ancient name for Bithynia. It is interesting to note that both these names seem to hark back to the legend-cycle of the Argonauts.
- ix, 24-33. These lines are evidently one of the many variations played on Marlowe's theme of *The Passionate Shepherd*. See Bullen's edition of Marlowe, vol. iii, pp. 283-92.
- ix, 49. This line reappears in *The Poetaster*, III, i, where it is spouted by one of Tucca's boys who are exhibiting their histrionic powers before the actor to whom Tucca wishes to hire them out. Mr. Boas in his edition of Kyd, p. 400, sees in the *Poetaster* passage a parody of a famous situation in the *Spanish Tragedy* at the beginning of II, v; but the line in question does not appear in Kyd's play, and as Belimperia is hurried off the stage before the entrance of Hieronimo no such question could have been addressed to her. The situation in *The Blind Beggar* is so different from that in the *Spanish Tragedy* that we need not suppose that Chapman is in

any way imitating Kyd. It seems plain that Jonson in the *Poetaster* was having a laugh at one of the early extravagancies of his friend Chapman. The laugh is repeated in *Eastward Ho*, II, i, 110, where the drunken Quicksilver spouts this line, slightly altered, among other tag-ends of old plays. Mr. Bullen and Professor Schelling in their editions of *Eastward Ho* both take it that Quicksilver is quoting from the *Spanish Tragedy*, though admitting that the line in question does not appear in any extant version of that play.

86. *Caspia*: the context shows that this is the name of an Egyptian city, but none such is known to classical geography.

102. *Serian groves*: possibly there may be here some reference to the Serapium in Alexandria.

31-2. *Widows of the beggar and the King*: i.e. the deserted wives of him who was Irus the beggar and is now King of Egypt, both their husbands, l. 32, Leon and Count Hermes, being metamorphosed into Cleanthes.

43. Schoell points out that this line is an echo of Kyd:

The hopeless father of a hapless son.

Spanish Tragedy, IV, iv, 83.

66. *The slaughter of the Count*: i.e. the murder of Doricles by the Count.

71. The reader will be at once reminded of Portia's famous plea for mercy, especially of the lines:

*And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.*

There is, however, a still closer parallel in a play sometimes ascribed to Shakespeare. Queen Philippa, pleading with her husband for the burghers of Calais, says:

*And kings approach the nearest unto God
By giving life and safety unto men.*

Edward III, V, i, 41-2.

Professor Sonnenschein (*The Times*, Literary Supplement, September 16, 1904, and elsewhere) has pointed out that Portia's speech is based upon Seneca's *De Clementia*. The only sentence in that treatise which bears any close resemblance to the line in Chapman occurs in I, xix, 9: *Non proximum eis [deis] locum tenet is qui se ex deorum natura gerit beneficus et largus et in melius potens?* There is a much closer verbal analogy in Cicero, *Pro Ligario*, xii, 38: *Homines enim ad deos nulla re proprius accedunt quam salutem hominibus dando.* Both Cicero and Seneca draw upon what Professor Sonnenschein has called 'the common stock of Stoic maxims', and Chapman, borrowing the general idea from them, has given it a form of his own.

76. *Ambo*: i.e. both women, Elimine and Samathis.

101. *In this taking*: in this plight, referring to her pregnancy. The phrase occurs again in *All Fools*, V, i, 17, *The Gentleman Usher*, III, ii, 226, and elsewhere.

123. *Has the sweet of them*: excels them. I do not recall any other use of this phrase, but the meaning is plain from the context.

127. *This*: i.e. Samathis with whom Bion has fallen in love.

130. Cf. *Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?*

Hero and Leander, I, 176.

161. *The blackest is the fairest*: cf. the proverb 'Black is a pearl in a woman's eye', which appears in *An Humorous Day's Mirth*, viii, 225, and *Sir Giles Goosecap*, III, i, 268.

165. *Horns*. The allusion is to the horns of a cuckold which Pego thinks Elimine will bestow upon black Porus and so complete his resemblance to the devil.

176-7. An echo from Marlowe:

*With full Natolian bowls
Of Greekish wine now let us celebrate
Our happy conquest.*

Tamburlaine, II, iii, 45-7.

TEXT NOTES

The Blind Beggar of Alexandria was first printed in 1598. There are two copies of this, the first quarto and only old edition, at the Bodleian Library, Malone 240, and Malone 163, and two at the British Museum, C. 12. g. 4 and C. 34. c. 11. The last of these four shows a few trifling differences from the others, which I have pointed out in the notes; but on the whole the copies agree very closely.

It was not reprinted until 1873, when it appeared in *The Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman*,¹ as the first play in the first volume. This, barring one or two slight errors and a couple of silent corrections of misprints in the original, is an exact reprint of the quarto. I refer to this edition as P.

It was next printed in 1874 in a modernised form with a few emendations in *The Works of Chapman* (vol. i—*Plays*), edited by R. H. Shepherd. I refer to this edition as S. No other edition of the play has appeared, so far as I am aware, until the present.

The text of *The Blind Beggar* is far from satisfactory. The quarto seems to have been printed from a stage copy which had been very considerably abbreviated. In one place at least, sc. iv, l. 28, there is an evident hiatus, and there are numerous places where the text is plainly corrupt. Verse is sometimes printed as prose, and the punctuation is perhaps more confusing than usual in the old texts. There is no division into acts or scenes, and no list of the numerous characters who appear in the play. On the whole it is, quite apart from its aesthetic and ethical deficiencies, a rather unsatisfactory play to read in the old copies, nor does Shepherd's edition do much to help it. I have made an honest effort to render it more intelligible to the reader, not only by modernising the spelling and punctuation, but by dividing it into scenes, giving a list of the *dramatis personae*, and by emending so far as possible the corruptions of the text. All departures from the original, except changes of spelling and punctuation, are recorded in the notes that follow.

Scene i, l. 51. Q. *off.* S. emends *off.*

55. S. puts a comma after *then*, thus making two questions. But the second *what* may well be equivalent to *that*, in which case no punctuation is needed. I have preferred to keep the old reading.

83-4. The parentheses are mine.

81. Q. *count.* A manuscript note in one of the British Museum copies, C. 34. c. 11, alters to *Court* which is no doubt correct, although S. retains *Count*, apparently believing that the ruler of Egypt is called *Count* here as he is called *Duke* in l. 43 above.

82. Q. *Toples*, printing in italics as if a proper name.

86. The Qq. in the Bodleian have the misprint *eathlye*; the British Museum copies have correctly *earthlye*.

96-97. Q. *To him that succours him, Ile threaten death, But he that doth not threaten him shall die,*

This is evidently corrupt. Deighton (*Old Dramatists*, p. 127) proposes to alter *succours* to *threatens* in l. 96, and *threaten* to *succour* in l. 97. The second of the changes seems necessary, and had already been made by S. The first, however, shows that Deighton misunderstood the passage. The Queen proposes to follow the advice of Irus (cf. l. 70), but says in an aside that she will punish with death those who obey her command. I have indicated this aside by placing ll. 97-8 in parenthesis.

120. Q. *noble men.* S. emends.

126. In the stage-direction after this line Q. has *Samaphis*. The spelling of this name evidently puzzled the old printer; on p. 16, l. 53 we get the form *Psamathis*, a form nearer to the Greek proper name, *Psamathe*, from which this name is probably derived. I have used throughout the usual form of the Q. *Samathis*.

¹ Published by John Pearson, London, 1873.

- 137-8. One line in Q.
147. Q. prints *that* as the last word of l. 146.
169. *lea[v]e*. Q. *leane*, a misprint which P. silently corrects.
- 171-3. Q. prints as two lines ending *on the* and *pray*.
184. Q. *asses*, *Catalog*. S. corrects.
186. Q. prints *who could have* as the last words of l. 185, putting no punctuation mark between *all* and *who*. S. corrects.
193. Q. *alone in*. Brereton, *Modern Language Review*, October, 1907, emends *a bone in*, calling attention to the phrase to *breed young bones*, i.e. to be pregnant, which occurs in the old *King Lear*, (reprint issued by the Malone Society, l. 844,) and in *The Broken Heart*, II, i, 142.
- 197-200. Q. prints as prose.
- 204-207. Q. prints as prose.
211. Q. prints *now* as last word of l. 210.
- 220-1. Q. prints as one line.
232. Q. has no punctuation in this line. I put a comma after *better*, but it might be placed after *so* with quite as good sense.
247. Q. *hart*; S. *heart*.
256. Q. prints *descend* as last word of l. 255.
257. Q. reads *woe, you choose*.
280. Q. misprints *rihcest*. P. silently corrects.
- 324-5. Q. prints as one line.
336. Q. reads *humor and this gowne*. Brereton (*loc. cit.*) suggests a period after *humor*, but I think a semi-colon is sufficient.
- 345-7. Q. prints as prose, and has *Aleantisthenes* in l. 345. S. corrects to *Antisthenes*; cf. sc. iv. l. 40.
- ene ii, ll. 9-13. Q. prints as four lines ending, *eye, cloth, velvet patch, and better*. In l. 11 Q. has *a fustian*; S. alters *a* to *of*, but this does not seem necessary.
- 15-16. Q. divides into one long and one short line, ending *love*, and *straight*. P. arranges as in the text.
- 44-5. Q. *solid or firme fayth*; but *fayth* is evidently an exclamation.
- 74-5. Q. *in sophisticated . . . span-*
- iard a borne*. Brereton (*loc. cit.*) emends the latter phrase to *a Spaniard born*.
138. Q. *spaniola questo, questo, spaniola questo*. S. follows Q., but the passage is plainly corrupt. The presence of *presto* in l. 133 points to the necessary emendation.
- Scene iii, l. 7. Q. *that*. P. misprints *thar*.
11. Q. *fosaken*; S. corrects.
- 14-16. Q. prints as two lines of prose. For *pride* in l. 16 we might perhaps read *prime*, but I prefer not to alter the text.
17. Q. *our*. S. emends *your*.
23. Q. *ceaselesse*. P. misprints *cealesse*.
26. Q. *am I*. S. alters to *I am*.
35. After *find* we might perhaps supply *it*.
46. Q. prints *he fled* as the last words of l. 45.
- 63-4. Q. prints as one line.
65. Q. prints as two lines, ending *true* and *good*.
67. P. omits *be* in this line.
- 94-5. Q. prints as one line.
- 103-4. Q. prints as one line.
114. Q. *cuppe*. Perhaps we should read *cups*.
118. Q. reads *What frolicke love mirth*. S. puts a comma after *frolic*, but I think the word is an interjection, and punctuate accordingly.
- Scene iv, l. 13. Q. *game*; possibly we should read *games*.
23. Q. *merites*, which may be either singular or plural. I follow S. in printing *merit's*.
28. There is no break in Q. after this line; but a verb of which *Love* is the subject is evidently wanting. Perhaps only a line such as
Has bent his bow and shot his fiery darts
or
Shoots darts of hot and passionate desire has dropped out. But this is mere conjecture.
- 41 44. Q. prints as five lines ending *Leon, Burgomaister, on the, moveables, and Leon*.
- 63-65. Q. ends these lines with *four, statute, and denies*. I am inclined to think that *only* in l. 63 has crept in by mistake, perhaps from l. 65. Possibly

- we should arrange as four lines ending *him, receive, in, and denies*. This would give us one short line, but these are common in this play.
79. Deighton (*loc. cit.*), p. 127, omits *other*, calling attention to the repetition of this line in this shortened form in l. 178 below. This is a plausible conjecture, but the metre is so irregular in much of this play that it seems idle to emend here and there to restore it, and the line is quite intelligible as it stands.
- 83-89. Q. assigns this speech to *Gen. i.e. Gentleman*. This can only be Euribates, the friend of Antisthenes, to whom Q. assigns ll. 137 and 145-8.
- 87-89. Q. ends these lines with *forhead, wittnesse, and woorde*. I follow Brereton's suggestion in printing *A hellish conscience* as a short line.
95. *Well known*. Q. prints as the first words of l. 96.
- 139-141. Q. prints as prose.
- 162-3. Q. prints as one line.
- 185-7. Q. assigns this speech to *Euge.*, apparently a combination of *Eu[ri]bates* and *Ge[n]tleman*.
- Scene v, ll. 1-4. Q. prints as prose. In l. 4 Q. has no punctuation. S. follows Q.; but *what* seems to be an ejaculation, and *woman* directly addressed to *Martia*.
44. *With*. Q. *Which*, a not uncommon misprint, which S. corrects.
47. Q. *fingers of Diana*; I emend to *figure*, a change which Mr. Daniel informs me he had long ago made in his copy of the play.
55. I am inclined to think we should read *the* for *their*.
71. *My husband makes*. Q. prints as the first words of l. 72.
81. Q. *To have a graces from thy summer danted*. This is unintelligible. I follow Deighton (*loc. cit.*), p. 127, in transposing *graces* and *summer*.
104. Q. *the choice*. So S.; but on the strength of l. 107, I prefer to read *thy choice*.
130. P. omits the second *as* in this line.
- 146-7. Q. prints as one line.
154. Q. reads *without a health*. S. properly omits *a*.
- Scene vi. In the stage-direction at the beginning of the scene Q. misprints *wiuh*, which P. silently corrects to *with*.
- l. 31-2. Q. *hate me not for love, and it is not lust hath*. P. inserts *that after lust* without any authority, and S. follows P. I suggest placing a semi-colon after *not*, shifting *and* to follow *is*, and placing a comma after *is*. This seems to me to make the passage intelligible with the minimum of change.
78. Perhaps we should read *this branch*; cf. l. 55 above.
- Scene vii, l. 7. Q. *woman*. S. corrects.
24. Q. *Heare you Usurers wife stay*. S. alters to *Here, you usurer's wife, stay*; but I think no change is needed except commas after *you* and *wife*.
- Scene ix, l. 50. Q. *weedes*. Brereton (*loc. cit.*) emends *meads*.
- 85-8. Q. assigns this speech to *Cl.*, i.e. *Clearchus*, one of the lords who attends Ptolemy. Cf. the stage-direction at the beginning of sc. iv. His entrance is not noted in the Q., but he must have come in with Ptolemy after l. 55. S. assigns the speech to Euribates.
105. Q. *mimphick*. S. emends *Memphic*.
- 121-8. Q. prints as prose, and does not indicate the speakers.
- 133-4. Q. prints as two short lines ending *maister* and *woord*. The passage seems to me to be prose.
- Scene x, l. 10. P. misprints *and* for Q. *and*.
99. In the stage-direction after this line Q. reads *with a child*. It is plain from ll. 105-107 that the child is yet unborn. Cf. the direction after l. 30 above.
- 113-115. Q. prints as prose.
124. The words *for him* are evidently interpolated, perhaps as a 'gag'. The rhyme shows that the line should end with *grace*.
138. Q. *my loving joy*. This is unintelligible. I suggest *my loves* (i.e. the women whom he has loved) *enjoy*.

AN HUMOUROUS DAY'S MIRTH

INTRODUCTION

ON May 11, 1597, when the Admiral's Men were playing at Henslowe's theatre, The Rose, the old entrepreneur entered in his diary the receipt of a sum,¹ the exact amount of which we are unable to determine, from the first performance of a play which he called *The Comodey of Umers*. This play was formerly² identified with Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*; but since we have Jonson's own statement³ that the latter was 'acted by the Lord Chamberlain's players in 1598', it cannot be the same as the new play presented by the Admiral's Men. Chapman is known to have been writing for the Admiral's Men at this time, and his play, *An Humourous Day's Mirth*, was in existence, and had been performed by them before March 10, 1598, when a reference is made to it in the 'inventory'⁴ of goods of My Lord Admiral's Men' taken by Henslowe on that date. There is, therefore, a high degree of probability, if not an absolute certainty, that Chapman's play and *The Umers* are one and the same.

The new comedy seems to have been a fairly successful play. It was performed a second time on May 19, and again on May 24 and 31; on June 4, 7, 11, 17, and 21, and on July 7 and 13. After the gap in Henslowe's *Diary* which extends from July 28 to October 11, two more performances are recorded, one in October, another in November, giving us thirteen in all. No further record remains, but another gap in Henslowe's *Diary* occurs here, and it is by no means impossible that the play was performed again in the winter season of 1597-8. In the spring of 1598 Chapman was at work on another play⁵ for the company.

¹ The entry reads: *ne. tt* [probably *rec'd* or *taken*] *at the comodey of umers*, 02-03-00-13-00.

² Malone, *Variorum Shakespeare*, vol. iii, p. 307; Gifford, *Jonson's Works*, vol. i, p. xxv. It is unfortunate that Mr. Courthope (*History of English Poetry*, vol. iv, p. 269) should have reproduced this now exploded error.

³ On the title-page of this play in the Folio edition of his works in 1616. That Jonson's statement cannot refer to the revised form of his play, which we know from other sources to have been acted by the Chapel Children, is shown by the title-page of the first quarto, 1601, which announces the play 'as it hath bene sundry times publickly acted by the right Honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants'.

⁴ Henslowe notes among the costumes belonging to the company 'Verones sonnes bosse [hose],' and later under March 13, 'Labesya's [La Beshas] clocke with gowld buttenes'; see Collier, *Henslowe's Diary*, p. 272. Also under 'a note of all such books as belong to the Stock' *The Umers*; see Collier, p. 276. Henslowe's latest editor, Mr. Greg (*Henslowe's Diary*, pt. ii, p. 184) accepts the identification of *The Umers* and Chapman's play as practically certain.

⁵ 'Lent unto Mr. Chapmane the 16 of May 1598 in earneste of a boocke for the companye xxxxs wittnes Wm. Birde'—Greg's *Henslowe's Diary*, p. 86. Greg believes this payment to be for a play now lost, called later the *Isle of*

There is no entry in the Stationers' Registers for this play. Fleay, *London Stage*, p. 107, includes it in a list of plays which Henslowe paid for licensing for the press independently of the Stationers' Company. The inclusion of Chapman's play in this list, however, is purely conjectural, and Greg (*Henslowe's Diary*, pt. ii, pp. 113-6) has shown that the licenses were paid for leave to perform, not to print these plays.

An Humourous Day's Mirth was first published in 1599 in quarto form with the following title-page:

A plesant Comedy entituled: *An Humerous dayes Myrth*. As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable the Earle of Nottingham Lord high Admirall his servants. By G.C. At London. Printed by Valentine Syms: 1599.

The state of the text would seem to show that this quarto was printed from a stage copy, and was not revised by the author. Possibly the company sold it to Syms shortly after Chapman left¹ them for the Chapel Children.

No source is known for the plot of this play, and it may well be doubted if any exists. Koepfel (*loc. cit.*, p. 3) has pointed out a certain similarity between the scene in which Lemot persuades Florilla to abandon her solitary life and prove her virtue amid the temptations of the court and a story² of Boccaccio's, *Decameron*, III, 5. Possibly also, as Koepfel suggests, the melancholy humour of Dowsecer may be a reflection of the mood of Hamlet in the pre-Shakespearean play of that name. But to point out such similarities is not to indicate a source or model for Chapman's play, and when we take into consideration the tenuity of plot and the superabundance of extraneous incident and humourous characterization in this comedy, it seems probable that Koepfel is justified in asserting that Chapman seems to have built it up independently of any source. A brief analysis of the main action will, I think, make this clear.

The scene is laid in France, and the actors are for the most part courtiers in attendance upon an unnamed king. Old Count Labervele is jealous of his wife, the young Countess Florilla, in spite of her assumption of a Puritanic strictness of manners. The old Countess Moren is jealous of her young husband, and flies out at him on every faint suspicion that he is thinking of another woman. Old Count Foyes is jealously watchful of his daughter, Martia, whom he wishes to marry to the rich fool La Besha, and whom, to that end, he secludes from all other company. Lemot, the King's minion, who plays the principle part in the comedy, and who like the Vice in the old Moral plays is mischief-maker in general, begins a series of intrigues which lead to a complete entanglement of these various threads. He easily persuades Florilla that she ought to prove the steadfastness of her virtue by exposing it to the temptations of the court, and induces her to give him an appointment at Verone's tavern, bringing with her Martia to meet

a Woman, or The Fount of New Fashions. See entries for June 15 and September 31, 1598, and Greg's comment thereon in his edition of Henslowe, pt. ii, pp. 194 and 198.

¹ Chapman's name does not occur in Henslowe's *Diary* after July 17, 1599, and there is reason to believe that in 1600 or soon after Chapman was writing for the Chapel Children. See below, p. 702.

² The resemblance is very slight. Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass*, I, iv-vi, presents a much closer rendering of the Italian story.

the King, who has fallen in love with the latter lady. In the meantime the King and his courtiers visit Labervele to see the humour of Dowsecer, the Count's son by a former marriage, who has put on an antic disposition of philosophic melancholy. During this visit Dowsecer and Martia fall in love with each other, and Lemot secures permission from Countess Moren for her husband to dine at Verone's on the strict understanding that no ladies are to be of their party.

At the tavern Lemot induces Moren to take his place in a private room with the King and the two ladies. He then informs La Besha of Martia's presence in the tavern, and slips out to tell Countess Moren and Count Labervele of the behaviour of their respective partners. They appear at the tavern along with Foyes and La Besha, and thunder for admittance. The party of pleasure breaks up in confusion; the King carries Martia off, Moren disguises himself to escape the wrath of his wife, and Florilla, after appealing in vain to the mocking Lemot for assistance, hurries home to don her Puritan attire, and to pretend that she has never left her private garden.

Not satisfied with the mischief he has wrought so far, Lemot now runs to the Queen and tells her that the King, after having carried Martia off, has been attacked by Dowsecer at the head of a band of ruffians threatening to mutilate him, and that he, Lemot, has been wounded in defending the King. Guided by Lemot, the Queen and her attendants hasten to the tavern to save the King. Here they are surprised first by the appearance of Dowsecer, who has come to rescue Martia from Moren, whom he supposed her ravisher, and then of the King himself with Martia on his arm. There is a general clearing-up of mistakes; Lemot is pardoned for his pranks because of his wit, Florilla appears in Puritan dress and forgives her husband for his suspicions, Dowsecer and Martia are united by the King, and the play ends with a pageant and lottery in the tavern, at which Moren is unmasked as one of the torch-bearers.

Such, in brief, is the main action of the play, complicated enough even in this simplified analysis. In the original it is almost impossible to follow, on account of the multiplicity of figures, the tangled threads of the action, the elaborate wit combats, and the scenes in which the diverse 'humours' of the play are paraded for the entertainment of the audience. So frequent are these last scenes, that it seems no unfair assumption to suppose that the play was written mainly for their sake, and that action and dialogue were invented to display a series of comic character studies.

Herein lies, I think, the significance of this play of Chapman's in the development of English comedy. Plays of this type, which subordinate everything else to the portrayal of comic character, have received the technical name of the Comedy of Humours. Of this species Jonson is the supreme master. Miss Woodbridge in her interesting *Studies in Jonson's Comedy*, p. 41, contrasts his method with Shakespeare's, and points out that, whereas in Shakespeare the serious interest determines the main plot, and the comic interest is either relegated to the episodes or embodied in the treatment of the serious scenes, in Jonson the comic interest determines the main plot. 'He starts with his group of characters whose comic aspects he wished to bring out. To this end he invents situations for them, and by combining these situations he gets a plot for the comedy'. It has usually been assumed that Jonson was essentially the creator as well as the

acknowledged master of the Comedy of Humours; but in this play of Chapman's we have a work which corresponds almost to the letter with the definition of a typical Jonsonian comedy quoted above. Ward (*English Dramatic Literature*, vol. ii, p. 433) declares that we may see in this play the influence of Jonson 'with whose *Every Man in his Humour* it was nearly contemporaneous'. As a matter of fact, *An Humourous Day's Mirth* was on the stage of the Rose more than a year before Jonson's play was brought out by Shakespeare's¹ company. It is clear, I think, that the influence worked in the opposite direction from that which Dr. Ward suggests, and that it was this faulty but suggestive play of Chapman's which opened Jonson's eyes to his own peculiar vein and so led to the composition of *Every Man in his Humour* and Jonson's other comic masterpieces. Chapman and Jonson were for some years at least intimately associated. They collaborated in at least one play for the Rose,² and later in one for the Children³ at Blackfriars, and possibly on one for the King's⁴ men. They had many tastes in common, particularly their love for the classics, and, no doubt, mutually influenced each other. I shall have occasion hereafter to point out Jonson's influence on Chapman, but in this instance it seems clear that Chapman led the way.

This, however, is by no means equivalent to saying that Chapman's early comedy deserves to rank with Jonson's masterpieces. Swinburne⁵ speaks of it as 'a crude and coarse sample of workmanship', and calls the characters 'a confused crowd of rough sketches huddled together on a ragged canvass'. To this severe judgment we may, perhaps, note some exceptions. The workmanship is crude, no doubt, but it is markedly superior to that shown in *The Blind Beggar*. The characters are certainly huddled together. One of Chapman's persistent faults, in comedy as in tragedy, was his habit of cumbering the stage with superfluous figures. There are some twenty characters in *An Humourous Day's Mirth*, and most of these fully deserve Swinburne's strictures. It is one of the permanent excellencies of Jonson's comedy that his minor figures are for the most part as sharply drawn and as individual as the leading characters. But the minor figures of this play are mere puppets. It is impossible to distinguish between Colinet, Catalian, Rowley, and Berger. Blanuel's 'humour' is elaborately displayed in one scene, and then apparently forgotten. Verone is a poor shadow of the bluff host who figures in so many Elizabethan comedies, or of his immortal prototype, Harry Bailey of *The Canterbury Tales*. Chapman, it is plain, had not that quick eye for eccentricities of character which was one of the greatest gifts of Jonson.

Yet it is easy to underrate Chapman's actual achievement in this

¹ Jonson's play was produced by the Lord Chamberlain's Men in 1598. A letter from Tobie Matthew to Dudley Carleton dated September 20, 1598, speaks of it as a new play at that date. See Castelain, *Ben Jonson*, p. 215, n.

² Henslowe paid Chapman £3 on October 23, 1598, for his 'play-book'—whatever that may mean—and 'two acts of a tragedy on Benjamin's plot'.

³ *Eastward Ho* by Chapman, Jonson and Marston, produced by this company in 1605.

⁴ *Sejanus*, 1603. Jonson's address to the reader, prefixed to the quarto of 1605, informs us that 'a second pen had good share' in the play as acted, and calls his collaborator 'so happy a genius'. Shakespeare and Chapman have both been named as possible collaborators in *Sejanus*. The latter seems to me the likelier.

⁵ *George Chapman*, p. 45.

play. The leading figures in the comedy are by no means rough sketches. The character of the chief intriguer, Lemot, for example, is clearly and fully developed. A witty and audacious courtier, fertile in devices and excuses, he represents a distinct advance in individuality upon the intriguing slave of Latin comedy, and points the way to the gentlemanly intriguers of seventeenth century drama. It is interesting to note that Chapman has carefully kept him free from all taint of self-interest or sensuality. Lemot loves mischief for its own sake, and takes a purely intellectual pleasure in his intrigues. This is particularly remarkable in his affair with Florilla. One knows only too well how a comic writer of the Restoration would have treated such a theme.

La Bessa, on the other hand, represents the nadir of intellectual life. Like Chapman's later and more careful study of the type, Sir Giles Goosecap, his 'humour' consists in the utter absence of a sense of perception, logic, or proportion. He is an overgrown child without the child's sweetness or charm, and in his action in the play he appears at every point as the blundering simpleton, the fool positive.

The figure of Dowsecer, the melancholic scholar, seems somewhat out of place in Chapman's gallery of humorous portraits. Chapman himself was too good a scholar to make a mock of scholarship or to caricature the lover of antiquity as a mere pedant. And so the courtly mob that comes to jest at Dowsecer remains to wonder at him; the King pronounces his 'humour' a 'holy fury not a frenzy', and Martia loses her heart to him at first sight. The theme of the scholar converted to a lover is perhaps more fit for romantic than for satiric comedy, and Chapman, who was later¹ to handle this theme with dignity and grace, makes but little of it here. The love affair of Dowsecer and Martia is crowded into the background by the various intrigues and misunderstandings that centre round Verone's tavern.

The portraits of the unequally matched couples, on the contrary, are sharply satiric. The old Countess is a virago who dominates her young husband by sheer force of tongue. Moren is a slight, but distinct sketch of the cowed and hen-pecked husband. Old Labervele, impotent alike in love and anger, is a full-length portrait of the uxorious elder. His whole existence centres around his young wife, of whom he is at once amorous and suspicious. He is busy, officious, and prompt to outbursts of jealousy, but so completely enslaved that he subsides into complacent satisfaction again at a mere word from his wife.

The character of Florilla is Chapman's masterpiece in this play. I cannot understand Swinburne's comment that her part comes to little or nothing. It is true that the part is not elaborately developed; the action in which she figures is only one of the various threads of the play, and almost disappears before the close in the motley web woven by Lemot. But this action, so far as it goes, is well sustained and satisfactorily concluded, and within its limits the portrait of Florilla is perfect. Fair, young, and delicate, she professes a Puritan austerity of morals, dresses more like a milkmaid than a Countess, and shows the characteristic Puritan dislike of poetry, rich dress, courtly manners and ancient beliefs. Below this surface severity, however, there lies, as her husband truly suspects, an irresistible desire for the pleasures of

¹ In the story of Clarence and Eugenia in *Sir Giles Goosecap*.

youth and the gaieties of the court. She sees in Lemot a means of obtaining these objects of her desire, and listens to him as she would have listened to any other tempter who could have made her the same offers. There is no struggle in her mind before yielding, nor any sense of shame when Lemot unmasks her hypocrisy, only an outburst of anger and a quick decision to resume her rôle of the Puritan. Her woman's wit enables her to do this, and to convict her doting husband of the ungrounded nature of his suspicions, for which in the end she forgives him with an air of virtuous superiority. There is neither repentance nor change of character on her part. The only lesson that she has learned from her adventure is to be somewhat more careful in her choice of a partner in an escapade from virtue, and one feels that such a choice will not be long in making, nor Labervele long avoid his destiny. The portrait, which, I fancy, was drawn from the life, is etched in with a pen dipped in gall, and shows more plainly than anything else in his work the detestation with which Chapman the humanist regarded the Puritan assumption of peculiar virtue.

The greater part of the play is written in prose, but there are three scenes entirely in blank verse, and three more in which prose and verse are intermingled. It seems to have been Chapman's intention to employ verse for the high places of the drama, the soliloquy with which the play opens, the rhapsodies of Dowsecer, and the decisive interview between Lemot and Florilla. Prose is employed in the more familiar passages and in the scenes of lively action. The prose scenes seem to me, in their frequent use of puns, their lively word-combats, and their straining after point and finish, to betray the influence of Lyly; but there is no trace of the artificial balance, antithesis, and simile which characterize Euphuism proper. The verse represents a further progress along the line already¹ noted away from the tragic splendours of Marlowe toward the simplicity, lightness, and ease proper for comedy.

All in all *An Humourous Day's Mirth* represents a very great advance over Chapman's first work. It is pure comedy, unmixed with tragic or romantic elements; there is a coherent, though not very well proportioned plot, and a power of humorous characterization remarkable in so early a work. Judged by an absolute standard, the play has little permanent merit; but it is of real interest to the student, not only as representing a new stage in the development of Chapman's art, but also as an early example of one of the most highly developed types of Elizabethan comedy.

¹ See above, p. 676.

AN HUMOUROUS DAY'S MIRTH

NOTES

Scene i. The scene is laid in the private garden of Florilla, *my wife's close walk*, l. 7.

i, 4. *Rest*: an abbreviated form of 'arrest'; cf. sc. vii, l. 115.

i, 36. *Pathetical*: i.e. sympathetic; cf. *The Gentleman Usher*, I, i, 166.

Scene ii. The place of this scene is undetermined; possibly a street in Paris.

ii, 51-2. The Latin *end* is from Terence, *Adephi*, IV, i, 21. A similar phrase appears in Plautus, *Stichus*, IV, i, 71. It appears to allude to 'some fable in which a wolf appears just as he is being spoken of' (Sloman's note on the passage in Terence) or to the old superstition that a wolf who saw a man before he was seen by him deprived the man of the power of speech. See Otto *Sprichwörter der Römer*, p. 199.

ii, 74. *For his living sake*: on account of his estate. Foyes wishes to marry Martia to the rich gull, Labesha; cf. sc. iii.

ii, 92. *Start mad*: a curious variant of 'stark mad', probably by analogy with the old and correct form 'start naked', i.e. 'tail naked', modern English 'stark naked'. The same form occurs in sc. iv, l. 246.

Scene iii. This scene is laid at the house of Foyes.

iii, 3. *'Tis art*: I do not understand this phrase, unless Foyes means that there is an art of preparing the body. Perhaps the text is corrupt.

iii, 23. *Honeysuckle*: The word has here the rather uncommon sense of 'honey'; cf. *Eastward Ho*, III, ii, 52.

Scene iv. Like scene i, this scene is laid in Florilla's private garden, cf. l. 16.

iv, 18-19. The idea that fairies vanished before the increasing light of religion is an old one. Compare Chaucer's satirical use of this idea in *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, 1-25, and Richard Corbett's poem, *The Fairies' Farewell*:

*But since of late Elizabeth,
And later James, came in,
They never danced on any heath
As when the time hath bin.
By which we note the fairies
Were of the old profession;
Their songs were Ave-Maries,
Their dances were procession.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.*

iv, 55-6. This well-known anecdote of Diogenes is found in Plutarch, *De Profectibus in Virtute*, viii: *Diogenes e vola quemdam bibere conspicatus, poculum pera eiecit.*

iv, 94. *Du Bartas*; Guillaume de Salluste du Bartas, 1544-1590, the famous French Huguenot poet, author of *Le Sepmaine*, and other poems. He was well known in England where he was spoken of as the 'divine Du Bartas'. His reputation as a religious poet is made use of in this passage to furnish Catalian, who feigns to be a candidate for the ministry (cf. ll 122-4), with a creditable patron.

- iv, 125-6. *Vicar of hell*: possibly with a reference to Skelton, 'whom the 8 nam'd in merriment his Vicar of hell' (*Areopagitica*—edited by Hazlitt, p. 20) probably with a pun on the name of his parish of Dis, or Diss, in Norfolk.
- iv, 137. *Imp of desolation*: cf. *desolate*, i.e. dissolute, sc. vi, ll. 23 and 27.
- iv, 139-40. Cf. the words spoken by Lorenzo in the disguise of Snail, the chimney-sweeper, in *May-Day*, III, ii, 6-9.
- iv, 243. It is perhaps worth noting that the book of Habakkuk contains but three chapters.
- Scene v. The scene is laid in the house of Count Moren, cf. l. 188.
- v, 32. *A fair taking*: a pretty pickle. Cf. note on *The Blind Beggar*, sc. x, l. 101.
- v, 83. *Mote I thee*: may I thrive. The archaic forms are used, of course, for the sake of the puns.
- v, 81-82. Compare the scene in *The Wise Woman of Hogsdon*, where the mock-pedant sets Sir Boniface to decline *Iamano* after the first conjugation.
- v, 89-91. The various bird-names in these lines were Elizabethan synonyms for a fool. For *hammer* see note on *The Gentleman Usher*, I, i, 152. A *dizzard* is a jester, a fool.
- v, 102. *Thou smellst of the mother*: you are like your mother.
- v, 109. Here Catalian and Blanuel shoulder Labesha off, and allow Lemot an opportunity to whisper to Martia.
- v, 148. Here Catalian and Blanuel embrace Labesha, and give Moren a chance to speak aside to Martia.
- Scene vi. The scene is laid at Count Labervele's house.
- vi, 23. *Desolate*: an old form for 'dissolute'. The *New English Dictionary* gives a quotation dating 1579 with this meaning.
- Scene vii. This scene like the preceding is laid at Count Labervele's house, cf. l. 34.
- vii, 7. *A king of clouts*: the phrase occurs in the first quarto of *Hamlet*, 1603 (l. 1,490, Furness's *Variorum*), but disappears in later editions. Possibly it occurred in the old *Hamlet*, in which case Chapman would be parodying it here.
- vii, 85-8. The quotation, apparently made from memory, is drawn from Cicero's *Tusculanae Disputationes*, iv, 17, 37: *Quid enim videatur ei magnum in rebus humanis cui aeternitas omnis totiusque mundi nota sit magnitudo*. The following lines, 67-9, give a sufficiently close translation.
- vii, 82. *Acorns*: according to the old poets, the chief food of mankind in the pure age of Saturn. Cf. Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, I, 103-6, and Juvenal, *Satire VI*, 1-10.
- vii, 92. *Her mortal enemy*: Dowsecer himself, as the satirist of the world's customs.
- vii, 106. *Written books*: the account books of the tailors, from whom they have got their hose on credit; cf. *The Widow's Tears*, I, i, 33-5.
- vii, 111. *A hand in the margent*: a sign sometimes used in old books to call attention to some important passage in the text.
- vii, 116. I fancy that here Dowsecer puts on the hose hind side foremost, or in some such fashion shows his contempt for the *goodly gear*. This seems to be indicated by l. 117.
- vii, 125-3. Cf. the character of the *French-affected traveller*, Foulweather, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, and of his French page, whom the boys pretend to mistake for an ape in the first scene of that play.
- vii, 129. *Piannet* is 'a local name for a magpie.'—*New English Dictionary*.
- vii, 131-3. With the sentiment cf. *The Revenge of Bussy*, II, i, 192-5:

So these painted men,
All set on out-side, look upon within,
And not a peasant's entrails shall you find
More foul and meased, nor more starv'd of mind.

- vii, 135. *This rare piece*: i.e. the picture brought in by Lavel, stage-direction after l. 50 above. It is apparently the portrait of a lady.

- vii, 159. *Thus must I do*: apparently Dowsecer here bows and pretends to court the picture.
- vii, 162. *God's precious coals*: the *New English Dictionary* gives this curious phrase as 'an obsolete interjection' and cites examples of *precious cole(s)* from Gascoigne and Heywood. I have not met it elsewhere.
- vii, 175. *They*: i.e. the earth and my flesh.
- vii, 177. For comment on this puzzling line, see Text Notes, p. 697.
- vii, 180-187. With this passage cf. one of the additions to *The Spanish Tragedy*, III, xi, 14-28 (Shick's edition), especially ll. 15-19:

*Why might not a man love a calf as well,
Or melt in passion o'er a frisking kid,
As for a son? Methinks a young bacon,
Or a fine little smooth horse colt,
Should move a man as much as doth a son.*

- vii, 210-11. *Digestion*: Chapman uses this word to denote the well-ordered universe, the *cosmos*, as opposed to the *indigesta moles* of *chaos*. For a similar coupling of these terms, see Text Notes, p. 698.
- vii, 230. *Flattering Fabian*: the *New English Dictionary* cites examples of *flaunting Fabian* from Florio, 1598, who makes it a synonym for a swaggerer, a roisterer, and from Nash, 1599, who makes it equivalent to *Palmerin*, i.e. champion. Dr. Bradley suggests it may refer to the *licens Fabius* of Propertius, IV, i, 26. In the present passage *flattering* may be a misprint for *flaunting*, or an intentional alteration of a phrase apparently current at this time. Either interpretation would make sense.
- viii, 10. Valere appears to be another innkeeper. His name occurs in xi, 19, and in xiv, 116, where it appears to be a mistake for Verone.
- viii, 11. The *Boy* is, of course, Verone's son. He is called *Boy* throughout the play except in the stage-direction at the beginning of this scene, and in that after sc. xiv, 181.
- viii, 186. *That same gentleman*: i.e. Rowley.
- viii, 192. *Shifts*: note the pun. *Shifts* means either devices or shirts.
- viii, 211. For a similar use of *brittle*, cf. *The Gentleman Usher*, I, i, 23.
- viii, 223. A proverb which occurs not infrequently in Elizabethan literature. Cf. *The Widow's Tears*, II, i, 14, and Peele's *Edward I*:

*An aged saying and a true,
Black will take no other hue.*

Sc. viii, ll. 30-31.

In Bohn's edition of Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 72, we are referred back to Pliny for its origin: *Lanarum nigrae nullum colorem bibunt*. *Nat. Hist.*, viii, 193.

- viii, 223-4. *That same old Justice*: i.e. Foyes.
- viii, 225. Another proverb. Chapman alludes to it again in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, III, i, 268, and apparently in *The Blind Beggar*, sc. x, l. 156. It appears in Ray's *Proverbs* in the form: A black man's a jewel in a fair woman's eye. See also Heywood, *Second Part of the Iron Age*:

*A black complexion
Is always precious in a woman's eye.*

Dramatic Works, vol. iii, p. 364.

- viii, 243. *This lord*: i.e. Moren.

viii, 320. Cf. sc. v, l. 12.

Scene ix. This scene is laid at the house of Count Moren. It was probably played on the balcony while the other actors remained seated on the main stage representing Verone's ordinary, to which Lemot returns in the next scene.

ix, 14. *Her husband*: i.e. Florilla's husband, Labervele.

Scene xi. This scene is laid in the street before the door of Verone's ordinary. After the exit of the actors in the preceding scene, the main stage, cleared of its tables, chairs, etc., is supposed to be the street on which Labervele and the others appear. Cf. ll. 5 and 41 below.

- xi, 12.** The hatband was a special mark of the young gallant in Elizabethan days, and was worn in many shapes and colours. Dekker bids his novice 'put off to none, unless his hatband be of a newer fashion than yours, and three degrees quainter' (*The Gull's Hornbook*, p. 35, Temple Classics).
- xi, 20.** *Uttered this*: divulged the secret of Florilla's visit to the ordinary.
- xi, 56.** *Beso las manos*: I kiss your hands.
- Scene xii.** After Lemot leaves the stage Verone and the others issue upon it, and it is once more supposed to be a room in his ordinary.
- xii, 35.** The quotation seems to have originated with Nigellus, called Wirekerus, a Canterbury monk of the late twelfth century. In his *Speculum Stultorum* one finds:

*Est igitur felix aliena pericula cautum
Quem faciunt, formant et ratione regi.*

See Wright's *Anglo-Latin Satirical Poets*, vol. i, p. 145, (Rolls Series, vol. 59). It seems to have become proverbial in the form here quoted. I owe this reference to my colleague, Dr. Root.

- Scene xiii.** The stage once more becomes the street on which the Queen and the Countess, attended by *all the rest of the Lords*, appear in search of their truant husbands.
- Scene xiv.** There is no real necessity for a new scene here. Moren appears upon the street where Martia has been taken from him (cf. above, sc. xi, l. 18), Catalian and Berger take up their positions at the two opposite sides of the stage and turn Moren back as he attempts to leave first by one door and then by the other. For the shift of scene, see below, note on l. 181.
- xiv, 18.** *Hern*: a form now obsolete, except in certain dialects, of 'hers'.
- xiv, 19.** *Drunken[r]oes*: the Bacchanals. Cf. Peele's *Arraignment of Paris*, II, i, 24, where *froes* means 'wives'. Chapman, who uses the word twice elsewhere (see Text Notes, p. 699) apparently restricts it to the female followers of Bacchus.
- xiv, 27.** M. Schoell points out that a lottery was a frequent entertainment at Elizabeth's Court. There is an interesting example of one devised by Lyly, see Bond's *Lyly*, vol. i, p. 499.
- xiv, 65.** *A curious lady*: a fastidious, or perhaps scrupulous, lady.
- xiv, 96.** Dowsecer's speech has probably been cut.
- xiv, 178-9.** With the phrase *debate 'twixt man and wife*, cf. *All Fools*, IV, i, 225.
- xiv, 180.** *Scripturian*: student of the Scriptures.
- xiv, 181.** Here the scene shifts and without further notice than that contained in the text we are to suppose it the interior of Verone's tavern. Such changes of place within a scene are not infrequent in Elizabethan drama. See my note on *Bussy D'Ambois*, III, ii, 321.
- xiv, 297.** Florilla in her character of a Puritan denounces rosary and crucifix as idolatrous.

TEXT NOTES

An Humorous Day's Mirth was first printed in 1599 by Valentine Syms. Of this edition, the first and only quarto, there are two copies in the British Museum,¹ C. 12. g. 4, and C. 34. c. 14. These agree very closely, though there are two or three small differences between them which I point out below.

The play was next reprinted in *The Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman* (Pearson, London, 1873, vol. i). This is a reprint of the original, but it is not absolutely reliable, as it silently corrects a number of misprints of the quarto and introduces a number of misprints of its own. I have recorded these in the text notes where I refer to this edition as P.

The next and up to the present the latest edition of *An Humorous Day's Mirth* is that of Shepherd in the *Works of Chapman—Plays*, 1874. This is a modernized edition, based upon P. but introducing certain changes and emendations. I refer to it as S.

¹ There are also copies in the Bodleian and in Dyce's collection at the Albert and Victoria Museum.

The text of this play is one of the most unsatisfactory of all Chapman's dramas. It is very badly printed, abounds in mistakes and corruptions, and owing to the varying abbreviations used to denote the names of the speakers is often most confusing. Nor has the only former editor done much to clear up this confusion. In fact, there are not a few instances where, owing to a misunderstanding of the situation on his part, the modern text is more perplexing than the old. I have done my utmost to remedy this by standardizing these abbreviations, by introducing in square brackets such stage-directions as seem necessary to make the situation clear, and by modernizing the spelling and punctuation, I have been forced to introduce numerous emendations, some of which may, perhaps, seem rather daring; but the corrupt condition of the text calls for boldness on the part of the editor if it is to be rendered intelligible. These emendations are all recorded in the text notes, and the reader may accept them or restore the original text at his good pleasure; but I believe I may claim to have presented for the first time a readable text of this play.

The Q. shows no division into acts or scenes. I have inserted the latter where they seemed called for, but have made no attempt to group them into acts.

The Q. is printed throughout as prose, even such stanzas as sc. i, ll. 29-32 and sc. xiv, ll. 221-232 being set as prose. Only where a single speech is equivalent to one line of blank verse do we find any correspondence between the setting of the printer and the intention of the author. For it is quite plain that a large portion of this play, especially the long soliloquies such as that with which the first scene opens, were written in blank verse. The previous editor has in part restored this, but I have been able to rearrange many passages as verse which he had either overlooked or regarded as prose.

The list of *Dramatis Personae* is here printed for the first time.

Scene i, l. 1. Q. *throwt*. S. *through*.

It is plain, I think, that Chapman intended a monosyllabic pronunciation of 'throughout', and I have attempted to indicate this by printing *thr'out*.

11-12. Brereton (*Modern Language Review*, vol. iii, No. 1) would read *by the which*, referring to *counterfeit* in l. 10. But the pronoun may be regarded as referring to the *holy green* of l. 7, in which case no change is necessary. Brereton further suggests that the words *rare and* should perhaps be rejected 'for the sake of the verse', but such a rejection would leave us with an abnormally long line, and I have preferred to follow S. in printing the last three words of the sentence as a short line.

16. Swinburne (*George Chapman*, p. 46) long ago called attention to the evident hiatus of sense and metre in this line. Following his suggestion, I have inserted *careful before for itself*.

17. Q. *is*. I emend *'Tis*, which seems to me to be demanded by the context.

28. Q. *well in nought*, which is unintelligible. I follow a sug-

gestion of Mr. Daniel in reading *well enough*.

29. *Despair*. Q. *tis spare*. S. prints *'Tis Despair*, but the old printer probably mistook *dispaire* in the MS. for *tis spare*. Cf. sc. iv, l. 32.

Scene ii, l. 6. Q. *humor*; possibly we should read *humours*, which seems to be called for by *them* in l. 8; but I have preferred not to change the old text here.

69. Q. *in love with love, by Martia*. Deighton (*Old Dramatists*, p. 128) emends *lovely Martia*. This seems a capital emendation, especially in view of the recurrence of the epithet in l. 92 below.

72. Q. *Moris*. S. emends *Moren's*. The Q. is very careless in the matter of printing the proper names of this play. Cf. the form *Morene* in Q. in sc. iii, l. 33.

81. Q. *Cat*. Possibly this should be regarded as an intentional and jocular abbreviation; but there are so many evidences of haste and carelessness in the printing of the play that I have preferred with S. to restore the full form of the name.

Scene iv, ll. 1-9. S. prints as prose, but it is evidently blank verse, and I have arranged it as such. The presence of two short lines in quick succession in ll. 3 and 5 might be avoided by printing ll. 3-5 as two lines ending *tells me and off*, but this would make l. 3 very rough.

21. One of the British Museum copies, C. 34. c. 14, reads *more* for *much* in this line.

32. Q. *Dispaire*. Cf. text note on sc. i, l. 29.

56. C. 34. c. 14 reads *will* for *would* in this line.

63. Q. *banishment*. S. emends *punishment*, which is no doubt correct.

94. Q. *du Barto*. Below in l. 123 Q. has *du Barte*. S. adopts the latter form in both places, but I have preferred the proper form of the French poet's name. See note on p. 691.

138. Q. *lookes*, an evident misprint which S. corrects.

162. The *t* has dropped out in *to*, the first word of this line, in Q. P. restores it.

164. Q. *thou*. P. prints *thogh*.

189. Q. misprints *yon*, which P. corrects.

199. C. 34. c. 14 reads *most* for *more* in this line.

228. Q. omits *in* in this line. S. supplies it.

230. Q. *unworthily*, which S. follows, but it is plainly wrong. Brereton (*loc. cit.*) emends *worthily*.

Scene v, ll. 1, 5 and 8. Q. prints *Mar* as the name of the speaker in these lines, which is the usual abbreviation for *Martia*. P. misprints *Mor* for *Mar* in the last instance which probably led S. to print *Mar*, *Mar* and *Mo* respectively. The context shows that the speaker is Lord Moren in all three cases, and I have accordingly printed *M[o]r*.

3. Q. *Pardon a moy*. I emend *pardonnez-moi*.

51. Q. prints *Cat* as the name of the speaker, which S. abbreviates to *Ca*. It is plain, however, from l. 53 that the speaker is a woman, and I therefore print *Count[ess]*, which is sup-

ported by the Q. *Con*, i.e. *Countess* in l. 56.

129. Q. *ayy*, which P. corrects to *any*.

185. After this line Q. has *Enter Lemot*; but Lemot has been on the stage since l. 48. The old direction, which should have followed l. 160, probably indicates Lemot's advance to the front of the stage to take part in the conversation from which he has been withdrawn for a time; cf. *The Widow's Tears*, II, ii, 55.

177. Q. prints *Me* as the name of the speaker, an evident misprint which S. corrects to *Mö*.

195. Q. abbreviates *Lord* to *L*. Cf. sc. vi, l. 131 and elsewhere.

196 and 202. Q. prints *Co* and *C* respectively as the name of the speaker. S. prints *Mo*, for *Moren*, in both cases; but I think the speaker is *Colinet*.

Scene vi, ll. 23 and 27. Q. *desolate*. S. alters to *dissolute*; but see note on this line, above, p. 692.

29. The word *Reason* is extra-metrical, and may originally have been in the margin to denote the speaker in the imaginary colloquy.

68. Q. *see*, which S. follows; but I think it is plainly a misprint for *sir*. The same misprint occurs in ll. 110 and 130 below.

88. Q. misprints *moret*; S. corrects.

111. Q. *love is required*; S. *requited*. The insertion of a comma after *love* makes the text intelligible.

128. Q. *choise*, which S. alters to *choice*; but it is plainly a misprint for *close*, the adjective used with *walk* in sc. i, l. 7, sc. vii, l. 248, and sc. xiv, l. 140.

Scene vii, l. 2. Q. prints *C* for the name of the speaker; S. prints *Ca*, for *Catalan*; but cf. note on sc. v, ll. 196, 202.

16. Q. *luuatike*. P. silently corrects.

38. Q. *siniora defoulasa*; S. *Signor de Foulasa*. I prefer the French form *Seigneur*.

39. Q. *barendrie*; S. *barrendry*; but no such word is known. I suggest *barony*.

59. Between *or* and *at* in this line Q. has the word *that*. It is plainly intrusive, perhaps suggested by *that* four words before, and was properly omitted by S.
63. Q. *she may*. Possibly we should read *they may*, referring to *objects*, l. 62. But if we take *she* as referring to *soul*, l. 61, and suppose the sentence to be broken off after *may*, the old text may be allowed to stand.
- 65-66. Q. *Quid Dei potes videri magnum in rebus humanis quae aeterni omnes to thy ousque notas sic omnibus magna tutor*. This extraordinarily corrupt passage was no doubt due to the printer's ignorance of the Latin which apparently was read aloud to him. Thus only can we explain such corruptions as *Quid Dei* for *Quid ei* and *magna tutor* for *magnitudo*. See note p. 692.
73. Q. *make*. S. corrects *made*.
81. Q. *virtue or honest drifts*; *but he cares, he cares, he cares*. S. follows Q.; but the passage is plainly corrupt. Although printed as prose, the speech of which this line is a part is in regular and musical blank verse. What is needed instead of *he cares* is a monosyllable which shall have a meaning opposed to *honest drifts*. The only word I can think of is *snares*, no improper contents, at least in a satiric speech, of *lawyer's bills*. I am glad to say that this emendation has been approved by Mr. Daniel.
82. Q. *for acorns now are in request*. The line, for any attempt to reconstruct Dowsecer's speech will show that this is a line, is deficient by one foot, and means, as it stands, exactly the opposite of what it should. For Dowsecer is plainly, according to the old convention of satire, praising the antique times when men lived on acorns in contrast to the present age of luxury and degeneration. I suggest the insertion of *no more* after *now*. Mr. Daniel proposes *but small* after *in*. Either will do.
83. Q. *but the okes-poorre fruit did nourish men*. I insert *when* after *but*, an emendation approved by Mr. Daniel and Mr. Brereton.
93. Q. *levity*. So S. It is barely possible that this word may be right, if we take it as used as an ironical equivalent for *tenderness*, or *mercy*. But this seems far-fetched, and the misprint for *levity*, i.e. *fickleness*, or *vanity* is so easy that I have ventured, following a suggestion of Mr. Daniel, to substitute the latter word.
98. Q. *wives*. I am strongly inclined to suspect that here we have another misprint, and that the true reading is *wines*, which would fit in well with *carouses* and *aqua-vitae*. But as the text is intelligible, I have allowed it to stand.
108. Q. *match*, which S. follows. But this makes nonsense of the passage. I suggest *much*, which corresponds well to *more* in the next phrase.
- 112-3. Q. *house*, which S. follows. But is plainly a misprint for *hose*. Cf. *a pair of large hose*, *a codpiece* in the stage-direction after l. 50 above.
114. Q. *your*, which S. follows. I emend *you*.
117. Q. *And he doth despise our purposes*. I have ventured to insert *so* after *And*, not only to complete the metre, but because the context seems to require some such word. Cf. note on p. 692.
119. Q. prints *La*. as the name of the speaker. I take it the speech belongs to *Lavel*, the friend of Dowsecer.
130. Q. *tailes*, which S. follows. Following a suggestion of Brereton (*loc. cit.*, p. 57), I read *curls* to correspond with *locks*. *Tailes* appears to have been suggested by *tail* in l. 129.
155. Q. *make*; S. *makes*. The verb is attracted into the plural by the phrase *men and women*.
168. Q. *confesse*, which S. follows. I emend *consent*, a correction which has been approved by Mr. Daniel and Mr. Brereton.
177. The line seems corrupt, unless we can take *they* as equivalent to *them*, an objective attracted into the nominative case

by its position. Or we might read *that for they*, a suggestion approved by Mr. Daniel. Or finally we may have to do here with a case of transposition and the line originally may have read something like this :

And when these in the spring the grass converts.

As the matter seems so uncertain, I have decided to let the old text stand.

183. Q. *sonne sonnes*. S. emends *son's sons*, which I accept for the sake of making the text more intelligible to the modern reader, although it is by no means unlikely that Chapman wrote *sonne sonnes* for the sake of euphony.

195. Q. *An haplesse man*, which S. follows. I think *An* is probably a mere misprint for *Ah*.

201-2. Q. *and she as I hope wel observed hath uttered many kind conceits of hers*. Following Breton's suggestion (*loc. cit.* p. 57) I place *as I hope* between commas, print *h'ath*, i.e. *he hath*, and read *her* for *hers*. These slight changes make the speech intelligible.

211. Q. *gestion*. I emend *digestion*. For a like coupling of chaos, l. 210, and *digestion*, cf. :

*The chaos of eternal night
To which the whole digestion of
the world
Is now returning.*

Revenge of Bussy, V, i, 1-3,
Cf. also *Bussy D'Ambois*, IV, i
163-4.

222. Q. gives *Lab.* as the name of the speaker, the same abbreviation which it has used in l. 218 for *Lahervele*. But it seems plain that the speaker here is the foolish *Labesha*. The same abbreviation appears in Q. in l. 245, where also I take *Labesha* to be the speaker.

237, 241, 243. In all these lines Q. prints *Mar.*, i.e. *Martia* as the name of the speaker. But this is palpably a misprint for *Mor[en]*.

Scene viii, l. 10. Q. *Verones*, but the maid is speaking to *Verone*. S. emends *Valere's*. See note, p. 693.

16-17. Q. *name in the of God I*

trowee. S. corrects the transposition and reads *trow ye*. The latter change seems uncalled for.

21. Q. prints *Boy* as the name of the speaker. P. misprints *Foy*.

24, 32. Q. *Sateena*, and *Jacenan*. S. follows Q.; but both forms appear misprints for the maid's name *Jaquena*.

78. Q. *what*. P. misprints *that*, and is followed by S.

84. Q. prints *Ve* as the name of the speaker. P. misprints *Ne*.

110. Q. *title*, which P. silently corrects to *little*.

148. Q. assigns this speech to *La*. I think the speaker is *Labesha*, although in this passage Q. uses *Be* as the abbreviation for his name in ll. 135, 140, 144, 150, 154 and 156. In l. 178, however, Q. uses *Lab.* for *Labesha*.

172. Q. prints *Lor.* as the name of the speaker. This is not a misprint, I think, but an abbreviation for *Lord Moren*. At the close of this scene in ll. 271, 274, 278, 283, 289, 291, and 305, Q. prints *Lord* before *Moren's* speeches.

195. Q. prints *Lem.* as the name of the speaker. P. misprints *Lea*.

227. Q. *here comes hither Labesha, Catalian, and I have beene*. S. emends *he comes hither. Labesha, Catalian and I have been*. The word *he* before *comes* is plainly necessary. I incline to think that it has simply dropped out of the text, not that it has been corrupted into *here*. Perhaps we should read *here he comes. Hither, Labesha! Catalian and I, etc.*

245 and 251. Q. *promptus*. I emend *promptos*. Fleay (*Biog. Chron.*, vol. i, p. 55) points out that the same error occurs in the anonymous play *Every Woman in her Humour*, III, i. See Bullen, *Old Plays*, vol. iv, p. 348.

277. Q. *such*. P. misprints *snch*.

308. Q. *go yfaith!* Possibly *I* has dropped out after *go*, but I prefer to read *go I, faith!* taking the *y* of Q. to be a corruption of the original *I*. Cf. sc. ix, l. 14.

313. Q. *see*, a misprint for *str* as in sc. vi, ll. 66, 110 and 130.

Scene x, ll. 4 and 5. Q. assigns both

these speeches to *Le*. The first is probably Labesha's, the second Lemot's.

Scene xi, l. 10. Q. *silent*. S. corrects to *silence*.

17. Q. *Lor.*, P. *Lord*, for *Mor*. as above, Sc. viii, ll. 271, ssq.

19. In Q. the stage-direction *Enter the Puritan, e'c.*, follows the speech *What villain, etc.* It is evident that it is misplaced and that the speech belongs to the entering Florilla.

46. The stage-direction *He bites* is printed in Q. as part of the text.

56. Q. *Besilos manus*; S. *Besilas manos*.

73. Q. *wench*, an impossible word for Florilla to use to Lemot. S. corrects *wretch*.

Scene xii, l. 1. Here and elsewhere in this scene Q. prints *Host* instead of *Ver*. for the name of the speaker.

3. Q. *no heres*. S. corrects *now, here's*.

11. In the stage-direction after this line Q. has *Gentleman*, which S. retains, but it is an evident misprint for *Gentlemen*.

Scene xiii, l. 6. Q. *his right*, which S. retains; but I think it plain that we should read *my right*. Cf. l. 4.

43, 51. The speeches of the Countess in these lines are in Q. assigned to *Cat.* and *Coun.*

46. The word *her*, omitted in Q., is restored by S.

58. Q. *fall*. S. corrects *falls*.

96. The word *it*, omitted in Q., is restored by S.

Scene xiv, l. 10. The word *him*, omitted in Q., is restored by S.

19. Q. *foes*, which S. retains. But the word should be *froes*, i.e. women. Cf. *Monsieur D'Olive*, II, i, 179, and *The Shadow of*

Night (Poems, p. 6) in both which cases it is applied to the Bacchanals.

44. Q. *Ca.*, which S. retains. I think the speech belongs to the Countess.

54 and 58. Q. prints *La*. as the speaker's name. It should be *Le[mot]*. In l. 58 P. misprints *Lea*.

66. Q. *over*, which S. retains; but I think it plainly a mistake for *offer*.

79-80. For Q. *Le*. and *Qu*. in these lines P. misprints *La*. and *Ru*.

116. Q. *Valeres*. But the Host would not be likely to present his device at his rival's house. S. emends *Verone's*.

117. Q. *Whith*. P. silently corrects.

130. Q. *for*. P. misprints *or*.

192. Here and throughout the scene Q. prints *Host* for *Ver*.

206. Q. *voice*. Following a suggestion of Fleay's communicated to me by Mr. Daniel, I read *verse* to rhyme with *scarce*. The same change is necessary in l. 226.

227-8. Q. *here is Fortune good, but il by the rood*. S. retains, but it seems plain that we should read *not ill*.

229. The word *sir* seems to have dropped out of Q.

253. Q. prints *Labesh*. as the name of the speaker, but it is plain that Labervele is speaking and paying for himself and Florilla.

272-3. Q. *The villaines*. Possibly we should read *thy villanies*.

294. I supply *a*, which seems to have dropped out of Q.

308. Q. *a cats eyes*. I emend *a caduceus* to correspond with *Mercury's rod*.

355. Q. *Why*. P. misprints *Who*.

ALL FOOLS

INTRODUCTION

All Fools was first published in 1605 in quarto form with the following title-page:

All Fooles A Comedy, Presented at the Black Fryers, And lately before his Maiestie. Written by George Chapman. At London, Printed for Thomas Thorpe. 1605.

It had, however, been composed some years before this date. In Henslowe's *Diary* under the date of January 22, 1598 (i.e. 1598-9) there occurs the entry: *Lent unto thomas downton . . . to Leand unto Mr. Chapman in earneste of a Boocke called the world Ronas a whelles*¹ *the some of iii^u*. Further advance payments were made by Henslowe, twenty shillings on February 13, the same sum on June 2, forty shillings on June 21, and finally there occurs an entry which identifies² this play with *All Fools*: *Lent unto thomas downton the 2 of July 1599 to pay Mr. Chapman in full payment for his Boocke called the world Ronas a whelles and now all foolles but the foolle some of xxx.*

Henslowe was at this time in close connexion with the Admiral's Men acting at his theatre, the Rose, and Downton, or Downton, to whom he advanced the earnest money for Chapman, was a prominent member of this company. Though there is no record of an actual

¹ I.e. *The World runs on Wheels*, a proverbial phrase of the day.

² This identification has always been regarded as certain. Mr. Greg (*Henslowe's Diary*, pt. ii, pp. 175, 294) has raised the question whether the entry may not refer to two different plays, and the payment of thirty shillings include 'the remainder (say 10s.) due for the *World* and a sum (say 20s.) in earnest for *All Fools*'. In this case, however, Chapman, who, as Greg notes, commanded better prices than most of Henslowe's playwrights, would have accepted less by ten shillings or a pound for the *World* than he had received for his previous comedy *The Isle of Women* (see Greg, as above, pp. 194, 198). There is nothing surprising in the change of name from the *World Runs on Wheels* to *All Fools*, especially when the first title was such an awkward one. As to the objection that there is nothing in the printed play to suggest the latter part of the second title (*but the Fool*) this, as Greg admits, may have been due to a later revision of the play. It is quite possible that the gulling of Rinaldo, which makes the title *All Fools* appropriate, was wanting in the older form which might therefore well be called *All Fooles but the Fool*, i.e. the knavish, intriguing Rinaldo, who corresponds to the Vice or Fool of earlier comedies. Further, if Chapman received twenty shillings or so in advance for *All Fools* on July 2, it seems a little strange that a fortnight later, July 17, he should have received £2 in advance for another unfinished play, a Pastoral Tragedy (see Greg, as above, p. 204). In this case Chapman would have been at work upon and receiving advances for two plays at the same time, a fact which seems inconsistent with what we know of the practice of Elizabethan playwrights. It is not well to be dogmatic in these matters, but it seems simpler to conclude that the *World* and *All Fools* were but two names for one play.

performance of *All Fools* by the Admiral's Men, we are entitled, I suppose, to assume that it was performed by them at the Rose in the late summer or autumn of 1599. Chapman's name does not appear in Henslowe's *Diary* after the entry of July 17, 1599, and there is reason to believe that soon after this date he transferred his services to the Children of the Chapel¹ at Blackfriars. It was by this company that *All Fools* was again performed, according to Professor Wallace, after the close of the plague² of 1603.

The performance at Court, 'before his Majesty', occurred, according to a list published by Cunningham (*Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court. Shakespeare Society, 1842, p. 202*), on New Year's night, 1604-5. This list is now known to be a forgery, but it was apparently compiled from authentic documents used by Malone, but now lost, and the statement regarding *All Fools* is accepted as correct. This performance was given by the Children of Her Majesty's Revels, the same company under a new name as the Children of the Chapel. There is no trace of any later performance, and I doubt whether *All Fools* appeared on the boards again until its performance at Harvard³ in 1909.

The main source of *All Fools* has long⁴ been known to be the *Heautontimoroumenos* of Terence. Koeppl redirected attention to this source (*Quellen und Forschungen, 1897*), and an elaborate study of Chapman's indebtedness to this play has been made by Dr. Stier in a dissertation, *Chapman's All Fools*, published at Halle in 1904. Recently attention⁵ has been called to the fact that Chapman drew not only upon this play of Terence, but also upon the *Adelphi*. In fact *All Fools* may properly be described as a 'contamination' of these two plays, just as Jonson's *The Case is Altered*⁶ is of the *Aulularia* and the *Captivi* of Plautus. And both *All Fools* and *The Case is*

¹ Wallace (*Children of the Chapel, p. 75*) dates *Sir Giles Goosecap*, Chapman's first play for this company, as early as the autumn of 1600. This is a year earlier than the *terminus a quo* given by Fleay (*Biographical Chronicle, vol. ii, pp. 322-3*). As Professor Wallace reserves the evidence for his assertion, discussion of his statement would be premature. I am pleased, however, to note that his researches have led him to the opinion which I expressed as early as 1906 (*The Authorship of Sir Giles Goosecap in Modern Philology, July, 1906*) that Chapman began to write at an early date for this company and was at work for them and their successors during a period 1600 to 1605, when he is commonly said to have renounced the stage and to have devoted himself to the translation of Homer, an error which is unfortunately repeated in the *Cambridge History of English Literature, vol. vi, p. 36*.

² This plague was extremely severe, about one-sixth of the population of London perishing within the year during which it raged. The theatres were closed on May 26, 1603, and not re-opened until April 9, 1604 (Murray, *English Dramatic Companies, vol. i, pp. 147-8*). Unless Blackfriars was allowed to open before the Globe, the Fortune, and the Curtain, which are mentioned by name in the proclamation cited by Murray, *All Fools* could not have been played there before the spring of 1604.

³ See below, p. 712.

⁴ Langhaine, *English Dramatic Poets, 1691*.

⁵ By Miss Woodbridge, *Journal of Germanic Philology, vol. i, p. 338*, and independently by Mr. Kennedy in a paper read at Princeton in 1904.

⁶ Jonson's play probably preceded Chapman's. Wallace (*op. cit., p. 58*) dates it on evidence as yet unpublished as early as 1597. It is referred to in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, entered in the Stationers' Registers, January 11, 1598-9.

Altered contain, in addition to plots drawn from Latin comedy, a large element derived from English¹ life, letters, and stage convention.

A brief account of the two plays on which *All Fools* depends will serve to show what use Chapman made of his sources. In the *Heautontimoroumenos* we have a pair of fathers and a pair of sons. The first father, Menedemus, whose self-torturing remorse gives its name to the play, has driven his son, Clinia, from home by his vehement reproaches for a love affair with a poor but honest girl, Antiphila. The father bitterly regrets his harshness, and devotes himself to a life of labour in order to acquire a fortune for his son in case the latter should return. His neighbour, Chremes, also has a son, Clitipho, who before the beginning of the play has become entangled in an amour with a courtesan called Bacchis. Just as the play opens Clinia returns, unknown to his father, and with the consent of his old friend, Clitipho, sends a slave to invite Antiphila to meet him at the house of Chremes. To the surprise of both young men Bacchis accompanies Antiphila. Syrus, Clitipho's slave—the typical intriguer of Latin comedy—had persuaded her to visit his master, intending to pass her off on Chremes as the mistress of Clinia, while Antiphila, introduced as an attendant of Bacchis, was to be consigned to the care of Clitipho's mother.

Next morning Chremes informs Menedemus of his son's return, warns him of the extravagance of Bacchis, whom he takes for the young man's mistress, and advises him not to pardon his son at once and receive Bacchis into his house, but rather to postpone a reconciliation till some more suitable arrangement could be made. Shortly after this Chremes discovers that his own son has been taking improper liberties with Bacchis. He rebukes him sharply and orders him off, while he consults with Syrus about a plan to get rid of Clinia and his mistress. Syrus hits on the idea of transferring Bacchis, bag and baggage, to the house of Menedemus, telling him the simple truth that she is the mistress of his neighbour's son, but giving Chremes to understand that this statement is a trick played on Menedemus to induce him to receive the lady. Just before the transfer is accomplished it transpires that Antiphila is the daughter of Chremes himself, exposed in her youth and brought up in ignorance of her parents. Clinia is overjoyed at the prospect of being able to marry the girl he loves. He visits his father, and informs him of the discovery. Menedemus comes straightway to Chremes to beg his daughter's hand for Clinia. Chremes at once informs him that Syrus and the young men have played a trick upon him, that Clinia is only feigning love for Antiphila, and that Bacchis is really his mistress. Menedemus returns to his house deeply distressed at the deceit which he thinks has been practised on him. Here, however, he receives the strongest possible proof of his son's innocence and Clitipho's connexion with Bacchis, and returns to triumph over the deluded Chremes. The latter now consents to give Antiphila to Clinia, and after reducing his own son to despair by the threat of disinheritance, pardons him on condition that he break with Bacchis, marry a neighbour's daughter, and settle down.

The close resemblance between the *Heautontimoroumenos* and *All Fools* will be apparent to every reader of Chapman's play. Setting aside the underplot and the final solution of the main intrigue—of

¹ For *The Case is Altered* see Baskerville, *English Elements in Jonson's Early Comedy*, published by the University of Texas, 1911.

which a word hereafter—the underlying structure of *All Fools* is taken directly from the Latin comedy. The initial deceit practised on Gostanzo, his advice to Marc. Antonio to defer a reconciliation with his son, the imprudent behaviour of Valerio to Gratiana while she is staying in his father's house, the transfer of this lady from the house of Gostanzo to that of Marc. Antonio, the device by which this is effected, i.e. the truth told with intent to deceive, the momentary triumph of Marc. Antonio and his humiliation when Gostanzo reveals the supposed trick, the ocular proof which convinces Marc. Antonio of the true state of affairs, the wrath of Gostanzo when he learns the truth, and his threat to disinherit his son—all have their exact counterparts in the *Heautontimoroumenos*. In the conduct of the plot Gostanzo corresponds to Chremes, Marc. Antonio to Menedemus, Valerio to Clitipho, Fortunio to Clinia, Gratiana to Bacchis, Bellanora to Antiphila, and Rinaldo to the crafty slave, Syrus.

In addition to these structural resemblances, there are numerous instances where Chapman follows Terence in details sometimes merely taking a hint, sometimes directly translating the Latin. Thus the readiness¹ of Marc. Antonio to pardon his son's supposed offence (*All Fools*, I, i, 270-274) corresponds exactly to the temper of Menedemus when informed of Clinia's amour (*Heauton*, ll. 463-6); Antonio's fear lest his son might 'run into the wars' (*All Fools*, I, i, 304 *ssq.*) is derived from the statement of Menedemus that Clinia had run away to enlist as a soldier (*Heauton*, ll. 117, *ssq.*); and the words, 'you ope him doors to any villany' (*All Fools*, I, i, 275) are a direct translation of *huic quantam fenestram ad nequitiam patefeceris* (*Heauton*, l. 481).

So far as plot goes there is little resemblance between *All Fools* and the *Adelphi*, but there is an unmistakable likeness between the main characters of the two plays and their inter-relations.

In the *Adelphi* we have also a pair of fathers, Demea and Micio, and a pair of sons, Ctesphio and Æschinus.² Demea lives in the country and has brought his son up there with the utmost strictness; Micio, the citizen, has on the contrary treated his son with every indulgence. Demea, the harsh and miserly father, is very well satisfied with his system of education, and takes every opportunity of blaming Micio's indulgence, while holding up his own son as a model of good conduct and sobriety. As a matter of fact, however, this son has completely hoodwinked his father, and when the play opens is involved in an amour with a music-girl. Demea gets

¹ These and other resemblances have been pointed out by Dr. Stier. For further parallels, cf. *A. F.*, I, i, 284 and *Heauton*, l. 463; *A. F.*, I, ii, 111, 117-8, 138-9, and *Heauton*, ll. 332, 328, 376-7. Compare also the satisfaction with which Gostanzo hears of Rinaldo's device upon Marc. Antonio (*A. F.*, III, i, 90-93) with Chremes' approval of Syrus (*Heauton*, ll. 760-70), and *A. F.*, III, i, 109-11, with *Heauton*, ll. 591-3. In *A. F.*, IV, i, 24-6, we have as Koeppl notes (*loc. cit.*, p. 7) an elaboration of the Terentian simplicity of *Heauton*, ll. 502-5 into picturesque Elizabethan metaphor. The same might perhaps be said of *A. F.*, IV, i, 54 and *Heauton*, l. 857. There are further a group of close parallels in the scenes where Gostanzo and Chremes respectively learn the truth (cf. *A. F.*, V, ii, 123-44, with *Heauton*, ll. 900-918). Finally it is something more than a coincidence that exactly the same time, one night, elapses between the second and third acts of both plays (cf. *A. F.*, III, i, 28 and *Heauton*, l. 410).

² The fact that Æschinus is really the son of Demea and only adopted by his uncle, Micio, is from the present point of view of no importance.

wind of the intrigue, but is deluded¹ by a crafty slave—called Syrus, as in the *Heautontimoroumenos*—into believing that the other son, Æschinus, is the guilty party, and that Ctesipho's sole connexion with the intrigue has been to reproach his brother for his bad conduct. At the close of the play when Demea learns the truth, he suddenly resolves to alter his system, outdoes even Micio in generosity, and brings the action to a happy ending. The likeness between the character and conduct of Demea and Gostanzo, and of Ctesipho and Valerio, is too pronounced to be accidental, and this likeness is of the first importance in Chapman's play. The self-torturing motif of the *Heautontimoroumenos* is, as we have seen, wanting in *All Fools*, and in its place we have as the mainspring of the action the character of Gostanzo, for it is his harsh and grudging disposition which drives Valerio into a secret marriage and makes him unwilling to confess his act until he has made sure beforehand of his father's forgiveness. The *dénouement* of the main action, also, seems, as we shall see later (p. 706), to have been influenced, if not directly suggested, by that of the *Adelphi*.²

In addition to these borrowings from the *Heautontimoroumenos* and the *Adelphi*, Stier has pointed out a striking resemblance between two incidents which occur in the last acts of *All Fools* and Terence's *Eunuch* respectively. Like Parmeno in the *Eunuch* (ll. 923, *ssq.*), Rinaldo is discovered boasting of the cleverness by which he tricked others (*A.F.*, V, i, 11, *ssq.*), he is approached by one of his dupes with a plausible story, and frightened into betraying the whereabouts of his friend (his master in the *Eunuch*) to that friend's father in the hope of saving the friend and himself from dire consequences. The further similarity that no harm comes of the betrayal and that in both cases the father is reconciled to his erring son, adds, I think, to the probability that Chapman borrowed this incident from the *Eunuch*. Possibly this borrowing was an afterthought introduced when Chapman revised his play (see above, p. 701, n.). There are, moreover, two passages in which a certain verbal likeness exists between *All Fools* and the *Eunuch*, although in both cases Chapman has transformed rather than translated the original Latin; cf. *All Fools*, I, ii, 101-3 and II, i, 205 with the *Eunuch*, ll. 372-3 and 1044-6 respectively.³

¹ Cf. *A.F.*, I, i, 194-222 and *Adelphi*, ll. 392-413.

² There are, moreover, a number of scattered passages in *All Fools* in which the influence of the *Adelphi* is more or less plainly perceptible. Thus when Gostanzo sneers at the poverty of Gratiana (*A.F.*, I, i, 253-6, 263, 289-93) we are reminded of Demea's objection to Pamphila as a wife for Æschinus (*Adelphi*, ll. 728-9). The drunken insolence of Valerio to his father is reminiscent of the behaviour of Syrus to Demea (cf. especially *A.F.*, V, ii, 97-8 with *Adelphi*, l. 797). Marc. Antonio's comment on Gostanzo's niggardliness toward his son (*A.F.*, II, i, 184-6) is an expansion of a like remark by Micio (*Adelphi*, l. 64). And, finally, the 'old acquaintance and long neighbourhood' of Gostanzo and Marc. Antonio (*A.F.*, II, i, 20) corresponds rather to the fraternal relation between Demea and Micio than to the acquaintance barely three months old (*Heauton*, ll. 53-4, 118, 146) of Chremes and Menedemus.

³ Stier notes further that the allusion by Rinaldo to Gostanzo's advances to Gratiana (*A.F.*, IV, i, 98-9) may be derived from Plautus in whose work we have three instances of a father enamoured of his son's mistress (*Casina*, *Asinaria*, and *Mercator*). This is possible, but as Chapman makes no further use of this motif, I am inclined to think that he invented it simply to heighten the hypocrisy of Gostanzo.

One might imagine from the numerous resemblances in plot, characterization, and dialogue between *All Fools* and these Latin comedies, that the work of Chapman was that of a mere adapter, and that *All Fools* was, at best, a clever mosaic of bits borrowed from the classics. The truth, however, is quite the contrary. Chapman has handled his materials with the greatest freedom. In the first place he has made some striking alterations in the *dramatis personae*; Bacchis, the courtesan, becomes Gratiana, the secret wife; Antiphila, the exposed daughter, becomes Bellanora who has never left her father's house; Syrus, the slave, becomes Rinaldo, a younger brother of Bellanora, and a bosom friend of the hero. With these changes¹ the whole world of the New Comedy of Menander and Terence, a world of courtesans, exposed infants, and rascally slaves, disappears from the scene, and we find ourselves at once in modern times. Following a convention of early Elizabethan comedy, as Jonson did in the first version of *Every Man in his Humour*, Chapman lays the scene in Italy, but the whole atmosphere of the play is that of Elizabethan England. This transformation is aided by Chapman's addition to the original plot of a sub-plot dealing with the 'humour' of a jealous husband, which both in theme and treatment is purely English.

Even in his handling of the main plot Chapman has shown himself quite free. He has re-arranged, altered, and invented scenes and incidents, at will. Thus at the very opening of the action Chapman diverges from his model. The incident which starts the intrigue of the *Heautontimoroumenos* is the unexpected and incredible impudence of Syrus in bringing Bacchis to the house of Chremes. For this Chapman substitutes a surprisal² of the lovers by the stern parent, a rally in their defence by the quick-witted Rinaldo, and a lie, told on the spur of the moment, from whose natural consequences springs the whole course of the intrigue.

Chapman has not, I think, been so successful in his alteration of the *dénouement*. A change of some sort was, of course, forced upon him, for the solution of the *Heautontimoroumenos* had become impossible after his transformation of the courtesan into the secret wife. Chapman, who is never very happy in his solutions, seems in this case to have adopted that of the *Adelphi*. But the change of heart in Demea which makes possible the happy ending of this play is carefully motivated by Terence, whereas the conversion of Gostanzo is both unexpected and unconvincing. Good acting and the illusion of the stage would, perhaps, carry it off in the theatre, but to the reader it remains, as Swinburne has noted, the one marked blemish of the play.

The transference of the lady, on the other hand, from one house to the other is more happily motivated in Chapman, I think, than in Terence. Nothing is more likely than that Gostanzo, when he discovers his son dangling about the supposed wife of Fortunio, should

¹ Koepfel, (*loc. cit.*, p. 6), was, I believe, the first to point out these changes and their effect upon the play.

² Possibly Chapman took a hint for this surprise from two scenes in the *Adelphi* (III, iii, and V, iii) in the first of which Demea learns of Ctesipho's connexion with the seizure of the music-girl, and in the second discovers him revelling with her at the house of Micio. But if so, Chapman has treated his source with even more than his usual freedom, and it is impossible to pronounce positively upon the question.

take immediate steps to remove the dangerously attractive lady from his house. Chremes, on the contrary, though sharply rebuking his son for his improper conduct, seems quite content to allow Bacchis to remain with him. She does indeed leave his house for that of Menedemus shortly afterwards; but it is on the suggestion of Syrus, and so far as I can see there is no good reason for her shift of quarters. Professor Koepfel, indeed, objects (*loc. cit.*, p. 6) that Chapman, in the haste of adaptation, has made a gross blunder in permitting Gostanzo to indulge in 'the incredible folly' of believing that Marc. Antonio would receive Gratiana as Valerio's wife. But Chapman's alterations, successful or not, are carefully planned, and the folly of Gostanzo is amply accounted for by his overweening contempt of his neighbour's simplicity. Such an honest fool as Marc. Antonio, he believes, will swallow anything (*All Fools*, III, i, 95-98). Gostanzo, like the other characters in the play, is gulled through his master-passion.

One of the happiest of Chapman's departures from his original is a piece of pure invention, the scene of Valerio's mock repentance and his father's feigned forgiveness (*All Fools*, IV, i). There is not even a suggestion of such a scene in the Latin, yet it springs legitimately from the situation. It is a bit of high comedy; the frantic protestations of the young scapegrace, the exaggerated anger of his father, the growing alarm of Gratiana as the jest seems to her to be passing into earnest, and the frank amazement of the honest Marc. Antonio for whose supposed benefit the performance is enacted, all combine to form a situation as delightful to the reader of to-day as it must have been on the stage of the Blackfriars. I have said elsewhere¹ that Chapman's comic force lies in incident and situation rather than in character or dialogue, and there is hardly another scene in Chapman's work where his grasp on a comic situation and his ability to develop all its latent springs of mirth appears so fully.

The chief characters of *All Fools* as well as the main plot are, as I have shown, taken over from Terence. At bottom they are the stock figures of New Comedy, the stern father, the indulgent father, the riotous son, and the crafty intriguer. But Chapman's transforming power is revealed even more clearly in his elaboration of the characters than in his adaptation of the plot. Gostanzo is something more than a reproduction of Chremes or Demea. Harsh, miserly, and hypocritical, his dominant characteristic is an overweening self-conceit, which is treated by Chapman after the fashion of one of Jonson's 'humours'. Valerio, too, is not the mere stock type of the prodigal, but a highly individualized Elizabethan gallant. He has all the courtly graces; he sings, he dances, he touches the theorbo, he knows the languages. And he has other less laudable accomplishments; he drinks, dices, wenches and swaggers. He is a distinct forerunner of the rakish hero of Restoration comedy, but it is characteristic of Chapman's work, as it is of his time, that while the Restoration rake is, almost without exception, merely repulsive to modern taste, the character of Valerio is instinct with the Elizabethan² charm of youth, high spirits, and poetry. Like his father, however, he is dominated by a master-

¹ In my introduction to the *Belles-Lettres* edition of *All Fools*, p. xxxiv.

² Compare, for example, Valerio's impassioned outburst on love (*All Fools*, I, i, 97-123) with the utterances of any hero of Restoration comedy on the relation of the sexes.

passion, that of parade. He is as vain of his accomplishments and gentlemanly vices as his father is of his worldly wisdom; and his vanity, like his father's self-conceit, is treated by Chapman as a 'humour'. Rinaldo, too, represents a complete transformation of the intriguing slave of the new comedy. Not only is his social status elevated, but he is portrayed as a scholar, 'a clerk of Padua', with a touch of the scholar's cynicism and contempt for women (*All Fools*, I, i, 44-91). He has, of course, the ready wit and genius for intrigue of Syrus, Davus, and the other familiar figures of Plautus and Terence. Chapman had already drawn such a figure in Lemot of *An Humourous Day's Mirth*. But in Rinaldo the love of intrigue has become almost a mania. He has a finger in every man's pie, and is never happy unless he is meddling. It is through this exaggeration of his dominant quality that Rinaldo, too, becomes a 'humourous' figure. The character of Marc. Antonio alone among the main figures has remained substantially unaltered. In Chapman as in Terence he is merely the stock type of the indulgent father. The women of the play, it may be said in passing, are mere puppets. Gratiana and Bellanora are simply the necessary figures in the intrigue; the fine differentiation of character between Bacchis and Antiphila which we find in Terence has been quite obliterated. This was a natural, though not, perhaps, a necessary consequence of Chapman's alteration of the plot; but in his neglect to realize the character of Gazetta Chapman seems to me to have let slip a valuable dramatic opportunity. But, in general with only a few exceptions, Chapman seems to have felt little interest in the characters of women.

It is in the sub-plot of *All Fools* that Chapman's delight in the comedy of 'humours' is most apparent. There is little action in this part of the play; it depends for its interest almost wholly upon the 'humour' of its characters, the jealous husband, the amorous courtier, the pedantic notary and doctor. Chapman's originality in this sub-plot has been disputed. Professor Koepfel (*loc. cit.*, p. 7) holds that the theme was suggested by the success of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; Dr. Stier that Cornelio is a counterpart of Kiteley in *Every Man in his Humour*. But the date of *The Merry Wives* is too uncertain to permit a positive statement that Chapman, who was at work on *All Fools* in January, 1599, was influenced by Shakespeare's play, and while Kiteley doubtless antedates Cornelio, the treatment of jealousy as a comic motif is far older than either, and Chapman had already employed it in *An Humourous Day's Mirth* at a date certainly earlier than either *The Merry Wives* or Jonson's play. The characterization of Cornelio, with one exception to be presently noted, seems to me at once original and brilliant. It would, of course, be absurd to compare Chapman with Shakespeare as a character-creator, though I confess I do not take Master Ford to be one of Shakespeare's supreme creations, but with Jonson he stands on a more even footing. The character of Kiteley is, no doubt, more profoundly studied and more intense than that of Cornelio; but Jonson's very depth and intensity detracts here, as elsewhere, from his success as a comic writer. Jealousy as a comic theme must be lightly handled, and treated as an absurdity. If it is taken seriously, the work begins to drift toward tragedy and the figures of Leontes and Othello appear ominously on the horizon. One can hardly ask, however, for a more ridiculous figure of the jealous husband than Chapman has given us in Cornelio, whose suspicions arise wholly

from his own imagination, lead him on to unreasonable action, and are finally laid as easily as they have been aroused. The one fault, and it seems to me serious, in the characterization of Cornelio appears in the conclusion, when we hear that he has never been really jealous of his wife, but has only played the part to 'bridle her stout stomach' (*All Fools*, V, ii, 213). Unless we are to take this as a mere boast of his—a subtlety of which I hardly can believe Chapman capable—it is plain that consistency of character has here been sacrificed to a desire to round out the plot and to show that those who had believed in Cornelio's jealousy, like the other characters in the play, were all fools.

The minor figures in the sub-plot, the doctor and the notary, are little more than caricatures, amusing enough on the stage, where each in turn does his turn and disappears, but having little connexion with real life. The courtier, Dariotto, on the other hand, is an admirable study of the philanderer and the fop, a forerunner of such typical figures of Restoration comedy as Sir Fopling Flutter and Sir Novelty Fashion. He is evidently drawn from the life, and one has but to compare his strongly marked individuality with the minor figures of *An Humorous Day's Mirth*, the undistinguishable Colinets, Blanuels and Rowleys, to see how far Chapman had advanced in the art of character-portrayal.

The fact that *All Fools*, though originally written for the Admiral's Men and presumably performed by them at the Rose, was later presented by the boys' company at Blackfriars, makes it natural for us to assume a revision¹ of the play. Its present form would therefore represent Chapman's fully developed power as a writer of comedy. A discovery of the hypothetical first form which would permit us to judge the extent of his development between 1599 and 1603 or 1604 would be of the greatest interest. From internal evidence, which is all we have, it is impossible, I think, to pronounce with any degree of precision how far the play was altered in revision. Certainly the outline of the main plot and its chief characters must have been the same in both versions. I fancy the improvements consisted mainly in polishing² the verse, in sharpening the dialogue, in the introduction of new incidents, in heightening the 'humours', and notably in the addition of a couple³ of long prose speeches parodying the manner of Lyly in a way which must have been especially entertaining to the cultivated audience of Blackfriars. Stier has pointed out in the first of these some of the typical characteristics of Euphuism, antithesis, the rhetorical question, alliteration, annomination, and plays on words. The ludicrous alteration of a well-known passage in Lyly (see below, p. 718) makes it evident that we are here dealing with a conscious and deliberate parody of Lyly's style. These characteristics of Euphuism are not so evident in the second passage, although a careful examina-

¹ Fleay, perhaps, goes too far in speaking of 'the absolute certainty' of Chapman's refashioning this play (*Biographical Chronicle*, vol. i, p. 57); but there is little reason to doubt that it took place. There is almost a moral certainty that a play first presented at the Rose would need alteration to adapt it to the different character of both the stage and the audience of Blackfriars. Chapman's careful revision of *Bussy* occurred, I believe, when this play was taken over from Paul's Boys by the company acting at Whitefriars. See my article in *The Modern Language Review* for January, 1908.

² Cf. the number of minute changes made in Chapman's revision of *Bussy*.

³ The Page's speech (III, i, 182 *ssq.*) and Valerio's oration (V, ii, 236 *ssq.*).

tion will easily discover some of them, but the comic theme of the oration combined with the affected gravity of the treatment shows that Chapman is ridiculing the formal and elaborate discourses with which Lyly's work abounds.

The *Prologue* to *All Fools* was certainly composed for the first performance at Blackfriars.¹ Written a year or more after the close of the so-called War of the Theatres, it betrays an uneasy consciousness of the fickle taste of the Elizabethan audience. Plays in which personal satire was predominant—such plays as *Sir Giles Goosecap* and *The Poetaster*, for example—have been hissed off (*exploded*, l. 16) by some discontented auditors, while, on the other hand, pure comedy of incident has been pronounced flat and tasteless. Nor has it been possible to assure the success of a play by lively dialogue marked by 'quick Venerian jests'. Sometimes these have ravished the audience, sometimes they have left it quite unmoved. Neither author nor actor understands the hidden causes of success or failure, and therefore the playwright puts in an humble plea for a patient hearing, particularly addressed to that part of the audience which sat upon the stage. The bad behaviour of these gallants—described in detail by Dekker²—especially their practice of leaving the theatre in the middle of a play, must have been most embarrassing to the actors and a potent cause in bringing about the failure of a play.

It is interesting to compare the tone of this prologue with that which characterizes Jonson's early addresses to his audiences. Chapman lacks Jonson's proud assurance of artistic righteousness; he avoids alike Jonson's bitter denunciation of his critics and his appeal to better natures to support his crusade against 'the ragged follies of the time'. He is something of a fatalist, and, having once done his work, entrusts it to Fortune to survive or perish as the Goddess wills. Yet there is throughout the *Prologue* a vein of sub-acid satire on the fickleness and irresponsibility of the audience which utters the judgments of Fortune. Their talents for criticism, assisted as these are by fair attire and a conspicuous position on the stage, are doubtless great, and their condemnation must make fools of the actors. But after all the question rises whether their judgments may not be merely the judgments of fools:

Auriculas asini quis non habet?

A fitting quotation to introduce a play which bears the title of *All Fools*.

From many points of view *All Fools* is a most interesting play. It is of interest in the development of Chapman's art. Compared with *All Fools*, *The Blind Beggar* and *An Humourous Day's Mirth* are crude and imperfect sketches. It is of interest in the development of Elizabethan comedy, for, with the possible exception of Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*, it represents the most successful attempt of that age to domesticate Latin comedy on the English stage. Jonson attempted the same task about the same time, or possibly a little earlier, in *The Case is Altered*; but it is no injustice to Jonson to say that in

¹ It contains among other things an interesting allusion to the practice of sitting on the stage customary at Blackfriars, if not wholly confined to that theatre. See Wallace, *Children of the Chapel*, chap. xi, and Baskerville's criticism of Wallace's views in *Modern Philology*, April, 1911.

² *The Gull's Hornbook*, chapter vi.

this one instance his work is decidedly inferior to Chapman's. *The Case is Altered*, apart from episodic English elements, adheres almost slavishly to its originals, and the two borrowed plots are placed in juxtaposition rather than blended into a harmonious whole. Jonson's play is an interesting experiment, Chapman's, on the whole, a successful achievement in the adaptation of Latin comedy. Apart from the somewhat unsatisfactory conclusion, the faulty features of *All Fools* appear in the original sub-plot rather than in the part which Chapman took over from his sources.

Chapman undoubtedly gained much from his study and imitation of Terence. One of his chief faults as a playwright was his inability to construct a coherent, well-proportioned, and interesting plot. The story of *The Blind Beggar* is a farrago of romantic and farcical incidents; the plot of *An Humourous Day's Mirth*, complicated as it seems on the first perusal, may be reduced, on analysis, to a couple of practical jokes. Even in later plays such as *Sir Giles Goosecap* and *The Widow's Tears* this weakness of plot structure is apparent. But for *All Fools* Terence gave Chapman the solid and well-constructed groundwork of the play as a basis on which the superstructure of incident, situation, and humorous character might be erected.

A comparison of *All Fools* with a play of Jonson's produced in the same year, *Every Man out of his Humour*, throws light upon an interesting difference in dramatic technic between the two playwrights. Both plays are comedies of 'humours', and in both the motif is the same, the 'humour' as a master-passion by means of which a man is tricked and, in the end, cured through ridicule. Gostanzo and Cornelio at the close of *All Fools* are striking instances of men 'out of their humour', to use Jonson's phrase. Jonson, however, the greatest theorist of Elizabethan playwrights, was so far misled by his theory of satirical drama that in *Every Man out of his Humour* he entirely neglected to provide a coherent intrigue. Scene after scene of this play contains only an exhibition of various 'humours', admirably done, of course, but essentially satire rather than drama. Chapman had already done something of this kind in *An Humourous Day's Mirth*, but in *All Fools* the exploitation of the various 'humours' springs naturally from the course of the intrigue and enlivens the action without attempting to serve as a substitute for it. As a result Jonson's play is to-day interesting merely to the student of Elizabethan manners, while *All Fools* has the universal interest that naturally attaches to a good story well presented in true dramatic form.

In *All Fools*, contrary to his method in *An Humourous Day's Mirth*, Chapman has employed verse for much the greater part of the play. In fact, only three scenes (III, i, IV, i, and V, ii) contain prose. The prose passages belong without exception to the underplot and present matter of broad farce or satirical parody, for which Chapman rightly judged prose to be the proper vehicle. Chapman had by this time obtained such a mastery of blank verse that he was able to use it fluently in scenes of lively dialogue and bustling action, as well as in more elevated passages. The verse rises and falls with its theme, at times swift, simple, and unadorned, at times soaring to outbursts of true poetic beauty. The play is in structure and background essentially realistic, a comedy of intrigue and manners; but Chapman has imparted to it something of that flavour of romance which is the characteristic charm of Elizabethan comedy. *All Fools* differs markedly in

this respect from *Every Man in his Humour*, especially in its final and more realistic form, or from *Eastward Ho*, in which the influence of Jonson is predominant. The ethical earnestness which is so constant a feature of Jonson's comedy is wholly wanting in this play. Yet Chapman does not sink here to the cynicism which mars some of his later work, notably *The Widow's Tears*. The characters in *All Fools* are non-moral, rather immoral; it would be patently absurd to judge them by the standards which we apply to real life or realistic figures. 'Over all the dialogue and action there plays', says Swinburne,¹ 'a fresh and radiant air of mirth and light swift buoyancy of life'. And nothing contributes so much to this atmosphere as the ease and charm of Chapman's verse.

After all the true test of a play is the stage, and it was with a sense of real satisfaction that I saw *All Fools* sustain this test during a performance by a company of amateur actors—students of Harvard University—in the spring of 1909. For a detailed account of this performance I would refer any reader who may be interested in the revival of Elizabethan drama to my letter in *The Nation* (New York) of April 22, 1909. It is enough to say here that the acting, amateurish and imperfect as it naturally and necessarily was, revealed a vitality of comic power in Chapman's work that I, at least, had never realized before. The various 'humours', in particular, proved immensely more effective upon the stage than in the closet. The complicated intrigue became in the action as clear as day, and the whole performance manifestly delighted a mixed and highly critical audience. Their spontaneous bursts of applause were to me a convincing testimony to the dramatic and comic genius of an author who has seldom been accorded his just place among the Elizabethan poet-playwrights.

¹ Swinburne, *George Chapman*, p. 49.

Addendum.—Since these pages were put in type, the investigation of Mr. Ernest Law has shown that the list of plays published by Cunningham (see above, p. 702) is correct, the document on which it is based being indisputably genuine, and not, as was long believed, a modern forgery; see Law, *Some Supposed Shakespeare Forgeries*, 1911. This fixes the date *ad quem* of *All Fools*.

ALL FOOLS

NOTES

Prologus.

I, 4. *Hell* . . . *heaven* : the pit and gallery of the theatre.

II, 11-12. 'He is more happy who can enter into the contest backed by your favour'.

II, 14-6. *Eupolis and Cratinus* : contemporaries of Aristophanes, and like him writes of 'Old Comedy', *the ancient comic vein*. Chapman probably got their names from Horace :

Eupolis atque Cratinus Aristophanesque poetae.

Satires, I, iv, 1.

There is doubtless a reference in II, 14-5 to the bitter satire with its *personal application* prevalent during the War of the Theatres. The word *exploded* has here its etymological sense, 'driven off'; Chapman probably borrows it from a well-known passage in Horace, *Satires*, I, x, 74-77, in which the phrase *explosa Arbuscula* occurs.

I, 24. *Panegyric spleen* : humour of applause. The spleen in the physiology of Chapman's day was supposed to be the seat of various emotions, not of ill-humour alone. Thus in *The Maid's Tragedy*, III, ii, 268, Evadne and the King are spoken as laughing as if 'their spleens would break'.

I, 27. *Mystery* has here its modern sense. Collier's reading, *misery* (see Text Notes, p. 727) destroys the meaning of the passage.

I, 28. *United heads* : the combined wits of the audience.

I, 29. *The stage* : a place on the stage, such as was specially sought after in private theatres by the gallants of the day. See the *Induction to Cynthia's Revels*, and *The Gull's Hornbook*, chapter vi.

I, 30. *Our other audience* : the rest of the audience as contrasted with those who sat on the stage itself.

I, 34. 'That the merit of a play has the least possible influence on the satisfaction which the greater part of the audience derive from it'. *Contents* is the plural of the abstract noun 'content', i.e. 'satisfaction', or 'pleasure', and refers to the various degrees of satisfaction felt by the individual members of the audience.

I, 35. From Persius, *Satire* I, 121.

I, i, 1. *One self cause* : one and the same cause.

I, i, 33-4. 'The service of love is like that of our capricious lords where favourites have more influence than true servants'.

I, i, 38. *He* : i.e. Valerio. The nominative case is used instead of the objective for the sake of emphasis.

I, i, 40. Fortunio has to wear the willow as a token of his ill success in love ; Valerio as a married man is predestined to the horn.

I, i, 45-51. These lines present a striking contrast to one of the most famous passages in Marlowe (*Tamburlaine*, V, i, 160-173), which may have been in Chapman's mind as he wrote. Chapman's point of view is that of the stoic who reckons beauty as an external phenomenon.

I, i, 47. *A cozening picture* : Collier refers to Tollet's note on *Twelfth Night*, V, i, 244, in Johnson and Steevens' edition of Shakespeare : 'It is a pretty art that in a pleated paper and table furrowed and indented men make one picture to represent several faces—that being viewed from one place or standing did show the head of a Spaniard, and from another the head of an ass'. Chapman makes repeated reference to this 'pretty art'; see *Chabot*, I, i, 68-72, and *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*, stanza 3.

- I, i, 55. *Made me happy*: esteemed me fortunate.
- I, i, 67. *Men rich in dirt*: wealthy landowners. Cf. *Hamlet*, V, ii, 90: *spacious in the possession of dirt*, and *Sir Giles Goosecap*, I, iv, 138, *brave men of dirt*.
- I, i, 69-76. There are several reminiscences of Juvenal in this outburst. See *Satire VI*, ll. 166-9, 461-6, 474-80. With ll. 69-72, cf. *Monsieur D'Olive*, I, i, 351-4.
- I, i, 80-90. Schoell notes that this simile occurs in Nash (*Anatomy of Absurditie*; *Works*, vol. i., p. 34, McKerrow's edition), and suggests that Chapman borrowed it from him. McKerrow's note on the passage shows that the simile first occurs in Lucian, *Imagines*, 11. In phrasing and application Chapman seems to me nearer to Lucian than to Nash.
- I, i, 92. *The poor fox*. The reference is to the well-known fable of Æsop (*Fabulae Æsopicae*, no. 46, Teubner edition).
- I, i, 97-104. Collier (*History of English Dramatic Poetry*, vol. iii, p. 257, n. edition of 1831) asserts that 'the whole thought and soul of the expressions are here borrowed from a madrigal by Andrea Navagero, which is inserted in Domenichi's collection, *Rime Diverse*, Venice, 1546, beginning:
- Leggiadre donne, che quella bellezza
Che natura vi diede*'
- I have examined this poem, which occurs, vol. i, p. 98 of *Rime Diverse*, but can only find a very general resemblance of thought. There is no ground, I believe, for charging Chapman with having imitated the Italian.
- I, i, 130. Cf. *The Arcadia*, Book II (p. 108, edition of 1638): 'Dametas who came whistling and counting upon his fingers how many load of hay seventeen fat oxen eat up in a year'. The rustic Dametas is throughout contrasted with the chivalric and amorous heroes of the romance, much as Rinaldo here contrasts Valerio's earlier occupations with his present condition.
- I, i, 146. *Machiavellian*. The name of the great Florentine was in Chapman's day a byword to denote an unscrupulous intriguer. Marlowe in the *Prologue to The Jew of Malta* (1598-90) was the first to bring him upon the stage, after which there are numberless references to him in the drama.
- I, i, 158. *Canstskill of*: understandest. *Skill* is the now obsolete verb meaning to be 'versed in' 'or practised in the use of'.
- I, i, 156-7. *Tobacco-shops*. 'It should be observed', says Gifford in a note on Jonson's *Alchemist*, I, i, 404-5, 'that the houses of druggists (tobacco-nists) were not merely furnished with tobacco, but with conveniences for smoking it. Every well-frequented shop was an academy of this "noble art" where professors regularly attended to initiate the country aspirant'. Barnaby Rich in his tract on the abuses of his time, called *The Honestie of this Age*,¹ 1614, introduces a shoemaker in talk with a starving poet, possibly Robert Greene, and puts into his mouth the statement that 'three companies . . . have gotten all the trade into their own hands; the first is to keep an ale house, the second a tobacco house, and the third to keep a brothel house'.
- I, i, 164. *Gentlewoman*: a trisyllable.
- I, i, 249. 'I do not know why you should have such an opinion of him'. For this now obsolete meaning of *intend*, see the *New English Dictionary*, sub *intend* IV, 15.
- I, i, 260-1. 'Tis to be feared that his over-confident conduct is not grounded upon the goodness of his choice which would warrant his action'.
- I, i, 264-6. 'If my son has made choice of a woman whose birth and virtues make her his equal'. *Disparagement* has here its original meaning, 'marriage to one of inferior rank', implying also the disgrace attaching to such a marriage.
- I, i, 301. *Want of misery*: i.e. miserable poverty.
- I, i, 316. *Padua*. Cf. 'The Citie of Padua renowned . . . for the antiquitie of the famous Universitie' (Greene's *Mamillia*, 1583). The university, founded in the thirteenth century, appears to have been the best known

¹ Reprinted by the Percy Society in 1844, vol. xi, p. 42.

of all Italian universities to Englishmen of Shakespeare's day. The references to it in Elizabethan literature are innumerable. In *May-Day* Chapman introduces a student from Padua as one of the gulls of the play, a figure not found in the Italian original. The pedant in *The Gentleman Usher* has also studied at Padua.

- I, i, 355.** *Well qualified*: dowered with good qualities.
I, ii, 14. *One I hate*: with this reference to another suitor of Bellanora, cf. III, i, 7-9. No such figure appears in the play as it stands at present.
I, ii, 32. *With his best*: by all possible means.
I, ii, 37. 'Changes from a farmer into an out-and-out gallant'.
I, ii, 46-7. So in *Mother Bombie* (III, iii 17-18), old Stello, jealous of his daughter's intercourse with Accius, says to her: 'I pray you look homeward, it is a cold air, and you want your muffler'.
I, ii, 51. *Chopping logic*: bandying arguments. There is often an implication of disrespectful action in this phrase, which is applied, as here, to a wife arguing with her husband, in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, I, iv, 31, to a son arguing with his mother, or, as in the quotation from Usher given in the *New English Dictionary*, sub *chop*, 8, to a subject arguing with his Prince.
I, ii, 57. *Heifer*. It seems somewhat curious that Gratiana should call Cornelio a heifer, but the reference is not so much to the sex of the animal as to its youth and lack of horns.
I, ii, 67. *Barley-break*: an old game originally played by three couples. There is an elaborate poetical description of it in Lamon's eclogue, *Arcadia*, Book I, and a briefer one in Suckling's little poem, beginning

*Love, Reason, Hate, did once bespeak
 Three mates to play at barley-break.*

- I, ii, 75.** A bailiff with his staff of office.
I, ii, 78. The subject of *calls* is *Nature* in l. 77.
I, ii, 81. *John Death*. The proper name *John* is sometimes used as a representative proper name for a servant or a messenger. A passage from Jonson seems to show that it was especially applied to constables or bailiffs:

*All constables are truly Johns for the king,
 Whate'er their names are, be they Tony or Roger.*

Tale of a Tub, IV, ii.

- I, ii, 87-8.** 'What good cause my profound sagacity gives for you all to love me'.
I, ii, 94-5. 'What rage against her would seize her father's mind'.
I, ii, 118. *To lie at rack and manger*: to live in plenty, to want for nothing. The *New English Dictionary* gives quotations from Wyclif to Carlyle to illustrate this use. A closely analogous use to the present appears in *Greene's Mourning Garment* (Grosart's edition, vol. ix, p. 178) in the warning speech of the serving-man to Philador: 'Live not here, master, without doing somewhat; Mars himself hateth to be ever on Venus' lap, he scorneth to lie at rack and manger'. Cf. the Scottish phrase '*heck and manger*' used by Scott in *Waverley*, chapter lxiv.
I, ii, 122-4. Cf. *The Widow's Tears*, II, iii, 69. In both cases the allusion is to the fabled practice of the she-bear's licking her unformed cubs into their natural shape.
I, ii, 141. *Them*: i.e. Fortunio and Gratiana.
II, i, 28. *All your amities*: friendship with all of you.
II, i, 39. *Hear odds*: learn the difference.
II, i, 42. *Come-you-seven*: a gambler, specifically a dice player, probably with reference to the game of hazard in which seven is the best 'main' for the caster, and would therefore be invoked by him.
II, i, 58. *Through a grate*: through the grating of a door or window, i.e. at a distance, not intimately. Mr. Brereton (*Modern Language Review*, vol. iii, p. 398) suggests that the reference is to 'the well-known grating

of the Counter', a prison in which debtors were confined. This is possible, but the use of almost the same phrase above (I, ii, 99) leads me to believe that the reference is general rather than specific. Professor Wallace (*Children of the Chapel*, p. 132, n.) takes the same phrase in a satire of Davies to allude to a grating in front of a box above the stage. It might possibly be so interpreted here.

- II, i, 67. *To shift . . . contentment*: to satisfy and get rid of him. Jonson (*English Grammar*, chap. vii) states that in 'all nouns trisyllabic' the accent falls on the first syllable. If Chapman observed this rule the metre of the line is perfectly regular.
- II, i, 109. 'Were the irresistible instruments by which you were seduced'.
- II, i, 152-3. *Invited the Duchess of his house*. Collier's reading, *the dutchesse to his house*, shows how he understood the passage. I can, however, find no authority for such a use of *of* after *invite* and incline to believe that the sense is 'invited the Duchess who was the head of his family'.
- II, i, 163. *Drinking tobacco*: a common phrase at this time for 'smoking'. The first certain instance that I find of it is in Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, III, ii, *The most divine tobacco that ever I drunk*, although Donne's use of the phrase, in *Satire I*, may antedate this. In *Every Man out of his Humour*, III, iii, Jonson represents a gallant courting his mistress between whiffs of a pipe.
- II, i, 171-6. Gostanzo mentions various kinds of verse, some of which perhaps need a word of explanation. An *Exordium* is the introduction or proem of a composition, whether in verse or prose; *Sonnets in dozens* are probably songs or sonnets of twelve lines in length, such as Sidney's *Sonnet LIV* or Shakespeare's *Sonnet CXXVI*; *Quatorzains*, the true sonnet in fourteen lines. 'When the true sonnet was reintroduced into English, it was often technically designated by the French word *quatorzain* rather than by *sonnet*. Watson is congratulated on "scaling the skies in lofty quatorzains" in verses before his *Passionate Centurie*, 1582. Cf. *crazed quatorzains* in Thomas Nash's preface to his edition of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, 1591; and *Amours in Quatorzains* on the title-page of the first edition of Drayton's *Sonnets*, 1594'.—Lee (*Elizabethan Sonnets*, p. xxxiii, n.). *Sdrucioila* are the triple or dactylic rhymes called *sdrucciolo*, i.e. slippery, in Italian. Harrington, who made frequent use of these rhymes in his translation of *Orlando Furioso*, 1591, defends himself in his preface against those who criticized this practice by quoting the example of Sir Philip Sidney (*An Apologie of Poetrie*, reprinted in Haslewood's *Ancient Critical Essays*, Pt. II, pp. 143-5).
- II, i, 208. *Th' evening crowns the day*: an old proverb. Hazlitt, *English Proverbs*, p. 380, cites several more or less close parallels from Latin and Italian.
- II, i, 210. *Fortune in a string*. Cf.:

*The Scythian Emperor
Leads Fortune tied in a chain of gold.*

Lochrine, II, i, 14-15.

and

Thou hast not Fortune tied in a chain.

Selimus (Temple edition, l. 2420).

See also somewhat similar expression in Greene's *Alphonsus*, IV, iii, 1481, and *Tamburlaine*, I, ii.

- II, i, 221. With the stage-direction *Enter Gazetta sewing*, cf. that after l. 229 below and *Sir Giles Goosecap*, II, i, stage-direction after l. 16.
- II, i, 226. *Swagger*. In his address 'To the Understander' prefixed to *Achilles Shield*, 1598, Chapman says, 'Swaggering is a new word amongst them [the young and over-captious readers of his work] and round-headed custom gives it privilege with much imitation, being created as it were by a natural Prosopopeta without etymology or derivation'. A slightly earlier use of the word than this in the text appears in *The Case is Altered*, I, i, where Juniper says to Valentine, *When shall we swagger*.
- II, i, 229-31. With this speech of Valerio's cf. a similar bit of swaggering

by Quintiliano, *May-Day*, IV, i, 23-27. The word *cofesmate* may mean either 'adversary' or 'companion'. It has the first sense here; the second in IV, i, 244 below. *This light*, l. 230, refers to his sword.

- II, i, 233-4. Fleay (*Biographical Chronicle*, vol. i, p. 58) sees here 'a palpable allusion to a speech of Ophelia's, *Hamlet*, IV, v, 176-180', and points out that 'the columbine does not occur among her flowers in the early version of *Hamlet* [1603]; it is [first] found in the 1604 quarto'. Fleay seems to imply that the presence of this 'palpable allusion' points to a revision of *All Fools* after Shakespeare's revision of *Hamlet*. Personally, I cannot feel the force of the 'palpable allusion'. It consists merely in the fact that two flowers out of the half-dozen in Ophelia's garland are mentioned here with the same meaning assigned or implied. But the language of flowers, in which the pansy refers to *lover's thoughts* and the columbine, the cuckold's flower, to ingratitude, was probably as familiar to Chapman as to Shakespeare, and there is such dramatic propriety in the jealous Cornelio's reference to these flowers that we may well believe that Chapman composed the lines without any thought of the passage in *Hamlet*.
- II, i, 240. For a similar play on *adore* and *adhorn*, cf. *The Widow's Tears*, I, i, 108-9.
- II, i, 252. The phrase *to dance in a net* seems originally to have meant 'to act with practically no disguise while expecting to escape notice'—*New English Dictionary*, sub *net*. In this sense it is plainly used in Greene's *Pandosto*, 1588 (*Works*, vol. iv, p. 293, and p. 344, where the phrase is explained on the basis of an old story). Cf. the phrases *March in a net* (*Spanish Tragedy*, IV, iv, 118) and *Hide in a net* (*King Henry V*, I, ii, 93). Later, as in Dryden, *Sir Martin Marrall*, IV, i, and *Limberham*, II, i, the phrase evidently means 'to do something undetected'. This passage in Chapman seems an early instance of the later meaning.
- II, i, 281. *Play Menelaus*: an allusion to the hospitable reception given by Menelaus to Paris who came to rob him of his wife. See Ovid, *Heroides*: *Epistola xvi*, 127.
- II, i, 282. *Well-taught waiting-woman*: cf. *Monsieur D'Olive*, V, i, 185-195.
- II, i, 290-1. 'I will disappoint their aims by taking care myself of the mark they aim at', i.e. Gazette's honour.
- II, i, 303. *Leather jerkins*: the buff-coats of the sergeants who arrested debtors.
- II, i, 306. *Forget his day*: pass the day on which payment was due.
- II, i, 307. *Sort of corporals*: company of sergeant's under-officers, or yeomen, like Snare in 2 *King Henry IV*.
- II, i, 334. *Besides their books*: apart from, without, their briefs. Cf. Harvey's phrase: *I take it M. Proctor was beside his book* (*Letter-Book of Gabriel Harvey*, Camden Society, n.s., vol. xxxiii, p. 51).
- II, i, 336-8. A reference to the 'War of the Theatres'. Possibly Jonson whose satirical comedies *Cynthia's Revels* and *The Poetaster* had been produced by the Chapel Children, is alluded to as *your best poet*.
- II, i, 345-6. *Put a mad spleen into a pigeon*: cf.:
- I am pigeon-livered and lack gall.*
Hamlet, II, ii, 605.
- II, i, 377. *Languages*: to read and speak Italian was an elegant accomplishment of the Elizabethan courtier. Chapman seems to forget here that Italian would be Valerio's mother-tongue, but in Castiglione's *Cortegiano* (*Tudor Translations*, p. 369) Italian, as well as French and Spanish, is mentioned as 'one of the conditions' of a courtier.
- II, i, 380. *Against the hair*: usually the phrase means 'against one's natural bent or inclination'. Here it seems to mean 'in spite of a seeming impossibility'.
- II, i, 384. See Text Notes, p. 729.
- II, i, 394. 'Touch' was the proper technical word for playing upon the theorbo or lute.
- II, i, 397. *No husband*: no niggard, perhaps with a pun on Valerio's position as husbandman or farmer to his father. In the stage-direction following

- this line Valerio *untrusses*, i.e. loosens the points which bound doublet and hose together, to give greater freedom for the capers he cuts. Cf. the stage-direction in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, II, i, 75, *he danceth speaking*.
- II, i, 408-9. In the first line *natural* means 'a gift of nature' probably with an implied pun on the meaning 'foolish', 'ridiculous'; in the second *natural* means 'legitimate,' not 'bastard' as we would now understand it. Valerio means that his father would renounce him as no true son if the old man knew his gifts.
- III, i, 14-15. According to the Homeric mythology accepted by Virgil, the ivory gate of sleep was that through which deluding visions came to men. 'Twain are the gates of shadowy dreams, the one is fashioned of horn and one of ivory. Such dreams as pass through the portals of sawn ivory are deceitful, and bear tidings that are unfulfilled' *Odyssey*, XIX, 562, *ssq.* (Butcher and Lang's translation). See also *Aeneid*, VI, 893-6.
- III, i, 20-22. These lines appear to be a snatch of an old song.
- III, i, 30-31. *Head of the right modern fashion*: i.e. adorned with horns. So in l. 53 below the reference is to the horns of the cuckold.
- III, i, 91. *In sadness*: seriously, truly.
- III, i, 94. A *gudgeon* is a small fish much used for bait. Hence metaphorically for bait, or a trap or device to catch any one. Cf. *Monsieur D'Olive*, IV, ii, 155. It has also, by extension, the meaning, one who will swallow any bait, hence a credulous person. Cf. the modern colloquial use of 'sucker', and see the quotation given in *The Century Dictionary* under *Sucker*, 7. This latter sense appears in *The Gentleman Usher*, I, ii, 171-2.
- III, i, 107. *To sing the cuckoo's note*: i.e. to be a cuckold. Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, V, ii, 908-12.
- III, i, 115. *Out of blind Fortune's hands*: when deprived of the aid of Fortune.
- III, i, 119. 'Halliwell': "*Grope* or *tickle*, a kind of fishing by putting one's hand into the water holes where fish lie, and tickling them about the gills, by which means they'll become so quiet that a man may take them in his hand"—*Dict. Rust.* Catching trout in this manner is an old and deadly mode of poaching'. Cited from the note on *Twelfth Night*, II, v, 23, in Furness's *Variorum Shakespeare*.
- III, i, 123. 'Even that quantity of common sense which fools usually have'.
- III, i, 130. *His*: i.e. Dariotho's.
- III, i, 134. *Procure her quiet*: make her peace.
- III, i, 139. *Yellow fury*: jealousy.
- III, i, 144-5. Cf. below, V, ii, 306-7.
- III, i, 147. Cf. Juvenal's phrase:

Quis custodiet ipsos custodes.

Satire VI, 347-8.

- III, i, 150. *The keeper's fee*; cf. the old rhyme quoted in *Woodstock*, chap. xxxi:

*The haunch to thee,
The breast to me,
The hide and the horns for the keeper's fee.*

and also:

Here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee.

3 King Henry VI, III, i, 22.

- III, i, 179. *Mercurio*: here referred to as the god of eloquence.
- III, i, 190. *Set to*: impressed.
- III, i, 205-7. Stier points out (*loc. cit.*, p. 60) that these lines contain a parody of a well-known passage in *Euphues*: 'As therefore the sweetest rose hath his prickle, the finest velvet his brack, the fairest flour his bran'. (Lyly—*Works*, edited by Bond, vol. i, p. 184. Cf. also vol. i, p. 179, where the passage re-occurs with the substitution of the leopard and his spots for the flour and bran.) The repetition of this passage almost word for word in *A Merry Knack to know a Knave*, 1594, shows that it was familiar to the stage. As Stier says, Chapman's introduction of the homely cheese and its rind into this high-flown passage shows his purpose of ridiculing Lyly's style.

- III, i, 215.** *Gardens near the town*: Collier in his note on this passage cites the following from Stubbes, *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1595: 'In the fields and suburbs of the city they [citizens' wives] have gardens either paled or walled round very high, with their arbours and bowers fit for the purpose. . . . Then to these gardens they repair, when they list with a basket and a boy, where they meeting their sweethearts, receive their wished desires'.
- III, i, 233.** *The law allows them no wills*. By the Acts of 32 Henry VII, c. 1 and 34, 35 Henry VIII, c. 5, married women were rendered incapable of devising real estate. By common law in England a married woman could not, except in a few exceptional cases, make a will without her husband's consent until the *Married Women's Property Act* of 1882.
- III, i, 247.** *Men of their hands*: men of prowess, here of course in the wars of love.
- III, i, 274.** *Lips perfum'd*: the use of perfumes on the person was one of the marks of a courtier. Corin, in *As You Like It*, III, ii, 65, speaks of the courtier's perfumed hands.
- III, i, 275.** *Playest the stallion*: cf. *Monsieur D'Olive*, I, i, 238.
- III, i, 286.** Cf. the phrase *a wound shall never bleed*, III, i, 425, below. The phrase is perhaps borrowed from Ovid:
Haec est praecipuo victoria digna triumpho,
In qua, quaecumquest, sanguine praeda caret.
Amores, II, xii, 5-6.
- III, i, 302.** I have not been able to discover the source of this phrase. Professor Rand of Harvard suggests that Chapman, with memories of certain lines of Ovid (*Amores*, II, xix, 3; *Ars Amoris*, ii, 247 and iii, 603) may have himself composed the line after a well-known phrase of Terence:
Sine Cerere et Libero friget Venus.
Eunuchus, 372.
- III, i, 297-308.** There is a general resemblance between this passage and various lines in Ovid, *Elegies*, II, 19.
- III, i, 314.** *These two*: Valerio and Claudio.
- III, i, 318.** Cf. IV, i, 304, and note below.
- III, i, 345.** With these words, I suppose, Dariozzo makes horns at Cornelio. This would account for the latter's outburst.
- III, i, 349.** *Raise the streets*: call on the passers-by for aid; cf. *An Humourous Day's Mirth*. sc. xiii, l. 90.
- III, i, 363.** *Your hat must wear it*. It was a common practice at that time to wear a lady's favour, as a glove, or knot of ribbon, in the hat. Cf. *May-Day*, I, i, 275-6.
- III, i, 383.** One of the innumerable allusions in Elizabethan literature to the *luz venerea* as of French origin. Cf. *The Widow's Tears*, V, iii, 319.
- III, i, 384.** *Stood on my arms*: insisted upon my coat-of-arms, boasted of being a gentleman. The phrase is used for the sake of the pun. The same play on words occurs in *Eastward Ho*, III, ii, 113-15.
- III, i, 388.** *Good cards*: good proofs, perhaps with special reference to genealogical charts. Card and chart meant much the same thing in Chapman's day.
- III, i, 396.** *Mutton*: a common term for a loose woman: cf. *May-Day*, V., i, 348.
- III, i, 411.** *Writ of error*: a writ brought to procure the reversal of a judgment on the ground of error.
- III, i, 422-3.** *Came in at the window*: is a bastard child. Valerio alludes, like Cornelio in ll. 258-9 above, to the report that the Page is a natural son of Dariozzo. For the phrase, cf. *The Ball*, II, ii, 238-9 and *King John*, I, i, 171, and see Steevens' note on the latter passage for similar expressions.
- III, i, 426.** *Rings loud acquittance*: makes, or proclaims, payment in full. See Text Notes, p. 729.
- III, i, 428.** *Salve your license*: make good the liberty you took of embracing Gratiana.
- III, i, 440.** *Hearty policy*: thorough-going dissimulation.

- IV, i, 29.** *White son*: innocent son, probably with a satirical allusion to the phrase *white boy*, a term of endearment which occurs in *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, sc. iv, in Ford's *'Tis Pity*, I, iv, and elsewhere.
- IV, i, 31-2.** 'Credulity hastens the coming of imbecile decrepitude as the magnet draws iron'.
- IV, i, 50.** Gostanzo calmly assumes the credit of Rinaldo's plan. Cf. above, III, i, 78-9.
- IV, i, 53.** *This fount*: Gostanzo touches his head as he speaks.
- IV, i, 62.** *My circumstance lessening the fact*: the circumstance that Marc Antonio shortly before had believed himself similarly slighted by his son and yet had not been angry, serves to lessen in his eyes *the fact*, i.e. crime, of Valerio's deceiving his father.
- IV, i, 82-3.** 'With the thunderbolt of my anger cut off the support which you derive from my living, i.e. estate'. The language is purposely exaggerated.
- IV, i, 85-93.** An obscure passage. Possibly something has been lost, but I am rather inclined to believe that Chapman intended to give Valerio a speech which should have more sound than sense. The crux of the passage appears to be the word *creator*, l. 90. Collier proposed to read *crater*, but this word in the sense of drinking-cup does not appear in English until more than a hundred years after *All Fools*, and its more familiar meaning would, I think, make nonsense of the passage. As I understand it, Valerio is pretending to appeal to his father by the tie of blood. His tears issue from his inward eyes, and are indeed drops of blood (cf. *With tears trickling down thy cheeks and drops of blood falling from thy heart*.—*Mother Bombie*, I, iii, 173-4) and this blood comes originally from *the creator* (i.e. begetter) of his heart, that is, from his father himself.
- IV, i, 115-6.** Probably an allusion to Esau's selling his birthright for a mess of pottage.
- IV, i, 121.** *Of any*: by any one.
- IV, i, 132-4.** 'I do not think you so old as to be incapable of looking again with eyes of love on such a beauty as Gratiana's'.
- IV, i, 140.** *It*: love, understood from *affections*, l. 139.
- IV, i, 147-8.** The *New English Dictionary* sub *leather* gives a quotation from Golding, 1583, which mentions 'the common proverb . . . we cut large thongs of other men's leather'. The proverb appears also in *The Paston Letters*, vol. iii, p. 372, and in Heywood's *Proverbs*, pt. ii, chap. v. Farmer in a note on this passage in his edition of Heywood, p. 402, gives a parallel from a French MS. dating ca. 1300:
- D'autrui cuir font large curioie.*
- See also Bohn, *Hand-Book of Proverbs*, p. 148.
- IV, i, 150.** 'Such simple souls as Marc Antonio will submit to anything'.
- IV, i, 153-60.** It is not apparent whether Gratiana speaks these words in earnest or merely to second Valerio. Gostanzo evidently believes the latter (see l. 161 and note); but he wholly misunderstands the situation, and I incline to believe that Gratiana is so overcome by the excellence of Valerio's acting that, for the moment, she believes he is renouncing her in earnest.
- IV, i, 161.** *She has her byripoop*: has her wits about her. The word *byripoop*, i.e. a scarf or hood (*lyripium*) worn by one who had taken a university degree, was used figuratively to denote first learning, then wit or common sense. It occurs frequently in Lyly and a passage in *Mother Bombie*, I, iii, 128, probably suggested it to Chapman: *There's a girle that knowes her lerrypoope*. See Bond's note on the word in his edition of Lyly, vol. ii, p. 556.
- IV, i, 185-6.** Cf. *The Winter's Tale*, IV, iv, 605-6: *What a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother*.
- IV, i, 204.** *Bear a brain*: hold in mind, remember. The phrase is not uncommon in Elizabethan drama. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, I, iii, 29, and the note thereon in Furness's *Variorum*.
- IV, i, 214.** *The honour'd action*: the marriage.
- IV, i, 220.** *In her true kind*: as your wife.

- IV, i, 225.** *Debate twixt man and wife*: cf. *Humourous Day's Mirth*, sc. xiv, 178-9.
- IV, i, 247-50.** *White sheet . . . capital letters*: the sheet in which adulterers did public penance, and the letters indicative of their sin which were bound upon their foreheads.
- IV, i, 262-3.** *Keeps the stable*: 'The phrase to *keep one's stables* was a familiar phrase in Shakespeare's day; and meant to keep a personal watch over one's wife's or one's mistress' chastity'—Ingleby—*Shakespeare Hermeneutics*, p. 77. Ingleby cites the present passage and one from Greene's *James IV*, I, ii, 457-8, as examples of this phrase and in explanation of a debated passage in *The Winter's Tale*, II, i, 134. See also his note on p. 78 in connexion with ll. 266-7.
- IV, i, 291.** Cf. *The Spanish Curate*, IV, v, 98.
- IV, i, 294.** *Autentical dashes over the head*. In my previous edition of *All Fools* I explained this as the dashes over words to represent a missing 'm' or 'n', whose omission, Cornelio thinks, would invalidate the document. A friend suggests that the reference is to the pen-flourishes with which a document of this kind would be ornamented at the beginning (*over the head*). The suggestion is a plausible one and, at least, worth recording.
- IV, i, 297.** *Butiro and Caseo*: butter and cheese. Augustine Vincent (*Discovery of Errors*, 1622) speaks of 'Scogan's scholar who read Butyrum et Caseum for Brutum et Cassium'. This story does not appear in *Scoggin's Jest*; but there were doubtless many stories connected with this possibly fictitious Court Fool, and Chapman put the well-known error into the mouth of the Notary to amuse his audience. The phrase, *Butler and Cason's case*, in l. 298, would then be a supposed translation of the mock Latin.
- IV, i, 301-2.** *In Florence*. This chance utterance is the only thing in the play which fixes the scene. From V, ii, 16, we might imagine it laid at Venice.
- IV, i, 304.** *We will all mark you*. There is a play on the word *mark* here. It not only means 'listen to', but also put 'a mark on'. Cf. the phrase *marker of men's wives*, III, i, 318, above.
- IV, i, 319.** *Easement's chamber*; chamber of ease, or water-closet.
- IV, i, 331.** *Fifteen hundred and so forth*. Fleay (*Biog. Chron.*, vol. i, p. 58) notes this date as one of the proofs that *All Fools* was originally acted in the sixteenth century.
- IV, i, 333.** *What else*: i.e. of course, what else should I do?
- IV, i, 340.** *At large*: in large letters.
- IV, i, 342.** *Ah, ass*: addressed, I take it, to Gazetta, although possibly it might be taken as an aside, showing the first sign of wavering on Cornelio's part.
- IV, i, 343.** *My nose bleed*: an omen of ill-luck. Nash (*Terrors of the Night*, Works, vol. i, p. 358) says of the superstitious man 'if his nose bleed, some of his kinsfolks is dead'. In *The Duchess of Malfi*, II, iii, 42, Antonio's nose bleeds just before he loses the paper, the discovery of which by Bosola brings about the catastrophe of the play.
- IV, i, 353.** *Howlet nor cuckoo*. Cf. *The Case is Altered*, V, iii: *the very owl whom other birds do stare and wonder at*. An owl discovered by other birds in the daytime is frequently attacked by them. The cuckoo deserves, if it does not receive, the same treatment.
- IV, i, 363.** *With his glory*: by means of his vanity.
- IV, i, 374.** *Like two parts in me*. Professor Baker suggests that this may mean 'as if I were two different persons, the man who may be gulled, and the man who can gull others'. This does not seem satisfactory, but the passage is obscure and very probably corrupt. A friend suggests *like two harts in May*, with an allusion to the fable of the stag caught by his horns. Mr. Brereton (*Modern Language Review*, vol. iii, p. 398) suggests *like two fast in ice*. Neither of these seem to me convincing.
- V, i, 7-10.** 'To some Fortune gives pretty faces or some natural qualities which

have nothing to do with the mind, by means of which they make a favourable impression on the senses (*live in sensual acceptation*) and make a brave show without having a trace of real worth¹.

- V, i, 14. *In themselves no piece*. I take it that this means no flaw, or broken bit, in their wits. Possibly *no piece* is a misprint for *one piece*, i.e. an unbroken whole.
- V, i, 17. See note on *The Blind Beggar*, sc. x, l. 101.
- V, i, 38. *Bear him out*: bring him off.
- V, i, 38-39. *Made means to the officers to sequester him*: sent messengers to induce the officers to keep him for a while in private instead of taking him to the debtors' prison. With this sense of *made means*, cf. *The Gentleman Usher*, I, ii, 158.
- V, i, 42. *Take present order*: take immediate measures to release him.
- V, i, 53-4. These lines seem to me a characteristic instance of Chapman's fondness for metaphorical statement. The figure, suggested, no doubt, by *storm* in l. 52, is of ships beaten by the violence of the wind into a *horrid harbour*, i.e. one bristling with rocks.
- V, i, 60-1. *To see through, or far into, a mill-stone* is a proverbial expression appearing as early as Heywood's *Proverbs* (p. 21), meaning to have extraordinary acuteness. But Cornelio boasts that his trick (*sleight*) is a mill-stone which will baffle Rinaldo.
- V, i, 69. *A red lattice*, i.e. lattice window, was formerly the common sign of a tavern. Cf. the page's quip on Bardolph: '*a calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window—2 King Henry IV*', II, ii, 85-7. See also *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, II, ii, 28, and the note thereon in the *Variorum*, and *Antonio and Mellida*, V, i, 22-4: *I am not as well known by my wit as an ale-house by a red lattice*.
- V, i, 75. This phrase occurs three times in the eighteenth epigram of the second book of *Martial*.
- V, ii, 2. *Shift chances*: change the luck. From ll. 86-7 below it would appear that Valerio has been losing, and it is a common superstition among gamblers that a change of seat brings a change of luck.
- V, ii, 5. *Where . . . becomes*. Cf. note on *The Blind Beggar*, sc. i, l. 8.
- V, ii, 8. *In print*: in exact order. The phrase is common in Elizabethan English occurring in Lyly (*Works*, vol. ii, p. 168), Greene (*Works—Grosart*, vol. ii, p. 219, vol. ix, p. 308), Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, III, i, 173, Jonson, *Staple of News*, I, i, and elsewhere.
- V, ii, 16. *Rialto*: Chapman transfers to Florence the well-known quarter of Venice whose name had become a synonym for market or exchange.
- V, ii, 20. *To a very scute*. The phrase seems to mean to a penny, or some such small sum; but a *scute* or *scudo* is a coin of varying value, usually worth several shillings.
- V, ii, 24. *Wall eye*: a staring eye. Valerio implies that Dariotto's eyes are popping out from his head because of his constant ogling of women.
- V, ii, 34. *Unpledg'd*. In order to *overtake* (l. 28) the others who have been already drinking, Dariotto is ordered to drink a *crowned cup*, i.e. a brimming glass without the customary 'pledge', or answering draught from one of the company.
- V, ii, 39. *Noise*: a band of musicians. Cf. *The Blind Beggar*, sc. ii, l. 134.
- V, ii, 42. For a similar pun, see *Sir Giles Goosecap*, II, i, 238-9.
- V, ii, 43. *Pudding-cane tobacco*: tobacco rolled into a tight stick or cane in the shape of a sausage (*pudding*), which had to be shredded by the knife before smoking. See the reproduction of an old Dutch woodcut in Fairholt's *Tobacco—its History*.
- V, ii, 44. *Your linstock*. The page ordered by Valerio to fetch tobacco (l. 37) has approached his master with a stick of *pudding-cane tobacco* in one hand and a pipe-light made of the leaf of a book in the other. He purposely misunderstands Valerio's demand to see the leaf and answers that it is not leaf but *cane tobacco*. Whereupon to make his meaning clear Valerio says: *I mean your linstock*, i.e. a forked stick which held the match by which a cannon was fired, here used for the bit of paper which was to fire Valerio's pipe.

- V, ii, 48-51.** This was apparently a current joke in Chapman's day. Ben Jonson related it to Drummond, who recorded it in an MS. volume of miscellanies (see *Archæologica Scotica*, vol. iv, p. 78) as follows: 'One who had fired a pipe of tobacco with a ballad sware he heard the singing of it in his head thereafter the space of two days'. With the pun on *singing in the head*, cf. *The Ball*, II, i, 55-6.
- V, ii, 56.** *Without hat or knee*: without taking off his hat or bending his knee. Cf. *Eastward Ho*, III, iii, 66-7, where Seagull drinks a lady's health *both with cap and knee*.
- V, ii, 63.** *Run all ahead*: run headlong.
- V, ii, 65.** It was an old belief that the elephant had no joints and so could not kneel. Sir Thomas Browne (*Vulgar Errors*, III, i) calls this 'an old and grey-headed error even in the days of Aristotle'.
- V, ii, 77.** *Set me*: set a stake, make a bet with me. Valerio proposes to Dariotho to begin dicing at once; the others may join then *when they have done the ladies right*, i.e. when they have answered the ladies' toasts. The phrase *to do one right*, i.e. to answer his pledge, is very common in Elizabethan drama. See the note in the *Variorum* on *2 King Henry IV*, V, iii, 76 for numerous examples.
- V, ii, 85.** *Let's set him round*: let all of us bet against him. Valerio accepts the challenge, and cries *At all* (l. 86), meaning that he casts at the total sum of their stakes.
- V, ii, 98.** *Thrifty sentences*: prudent maxims. Cf. a similar use of *sentences* in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, II, i, 32-3.
- V, ii, 99-100.** There is an old proverb, quoted in Bohn's *Handbook of Proverbs*, p. 89, to the effect that everything has an end and a pudding (i.e. a blood, or bag, pudding) has two. See also *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, I, i, 92-3:

*Although, as writers say, all things have end
And that we call a pudding hath his two.*

To bring the text into closer conformity with the proverb, Mr. Daniel suggests reading *fine* or *term* for *time*; but it is not unlikely that the drunken Valerio is mixing up another proverb, *there is a time for everything*, with that quoted above.

- V, ii, 100-102.** *Satisfaction . . . insinuate*. Valerio is talking deliberate nonsense in ridicule of his father's *sentences*.
- V, ii, 103.** *A trial*: I understand that Valerio encourages his father, who is inarticulate with rage, to try again. Mr. Daniel suggests that we might read *at all*, the sense being that Valerio turns to the dice again and repeats his exclamation of l. 86 above.
- V, ii, 113.** *Comes upon*: is attacking, is hitting at.
- V, ii, 115.** *Your brain's too short*: cf. *Bussy D'Ambois*, I, i, 209-10: *Has your Worship so short a head?*
- V, ii, 121.** *For colour sake*: for the sake of the pretence.
- V, ii, 141.** *A great piece of work*: Gostanzo, of course, is speaking ironically.
- V, ii, 145.** Fortunio, who has been standing apart, now comes forward and kneels before Gostanzo to thank him for his gift of all his fortune to Bellanora.
- V, ii, 153.** *Fly out in your wits*: pass away in consideration of your witty tricks.
- V, ii, 154.** *No indecorum*: there has been no behaviour improper to your characters as young men. The old technical sense of *decorum* is, I think, strongly implied.
- V, ii, 156.** *Silence, my masters*: Rinaldo addresses these words to the rest of the company who have broken into applause at the end of Gostanzo's speech.
- V, ii, 190.** *Come cut and long-tail*: a proverbial expression meaning *come one and all*. A *cut* is a curtailed horse. The phrase occurs in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, III, iv, 47, and in Jonson's *Love's Welcome to Welbeck*:

*At Quintain he,
In honour of this bridaltee,
Hath challeng'd either wide countee
Come Cul and Long-tail.*

V, ii, 195. *Look to her water* : diagnose her case. Cf. *Monsieur D'Olive*, II, i, 9-10.

V, ii, 205-6. *Young men, etc.* : quoted by Camden (*Remains*, p. 228, edition of 1605) as the well-known saying of a certain Dr. Metcalfe.

V, ii, 213. *Bridle her stout stomach* : restrain her high spirit.

V, ii, 214. *Draw on the colour* : obtain a pretext.

V, ii, 226. *Within my compass* : into my reach. Cf. :

*And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.*

Comedy of Errors, III, i, 87.

V, ii, 228. *In grain* : an abbreviated form of 'dyed in grain', 'dyed a fast colour', hence *in grain* means 'genuine', 'through and through', often used, as here, with a contemptuous sense.

V, ii, 235. *Potable humour* : flowing vein, with reference to Valerio's recent potatoes.

V, ii, 259. *What worthier crest* : cf. the song in *As You Like It*, IV, ii. In *Bussy D'Ambois*, IV, i, 124-5 Monsieur says :

*Married men's ensigns are not made with fingers;
Of divine fabric they are, not men's hands.*

V, ii, 293. *The Saturnian bull* : the bull which was really Jove, the son of Saturn.

V, ii, 296. *Hold by the horn* : a play on *horn*, perhaps also on *hold by*, in the sense of 'cling to', as Europa did, and 'retain' as Europe does.

V, ii, 300-1. *I have read that the lion* : a fable which occurs in More's *History of Richard III*, and also in Camden's *Remains*.

V, ii, 307. Cf. III, i, 143-5, above.

V, ii, 316. *Fine for* : pay a fine in order to escape. It was not uncommon in England at that time for a rich citizen to evade the duties of a troublesome office by paying a certain sum into the public chest. Cf. :

*He will be of the clothing of his company,
And next spring called to the scarlet.*

But he'll be wise, preserve his youth and fine for't.

The Alchemist, I, iii.

That is, Druggier, of whom these words are spoken, will be one of the liverymen of his company, and next spring elected sheriff; but he will pay a fine in composition and preserve his youth. Cf. also Shirley's use of the phrase :

*This is old Barnacle,
One that is to fine for alderman.*

The Gamesler, II, ii.

V, ii, 329. I suppose Marc. Antonio's words are addressed to Cornelio, urging him to take Valerio's hand.

V, ii, 331. *Spread like wild-geese* : I confess I do not quite understand the sense of this; but I fancy it means 'increase and multiply'.

Epilogue, l. 11. *Welcome* : a substitute for an obvious rhyme.

TEXT NOTES

All Fools was published for the first time in 1605 by Thomas Thorpe in quarto form. The printer's name is not given, but the devices used show him to have been G. Eld. There is but one quarto edition of *All Fools*, but the sheets seem to have been corrected as the book was going through the press, and as a result the remaining copies show numerous variations. I

have consulted copies in the Drummond of Hawthornden collection belonging to the University of Edinburgh (D), in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh (A), the two copies in the British Museum (B.M.), the Malone copy in the Bodleian (M), the Dyce copy in the Victoria and Albert Museum (Dy), one in the Boston Public Library (B.P.L.), and two copies belonging to Mr. T. J. Wise. I have recorded a number of interesting variations in these copies in the following notes, but do not profess to have made a complete collation.

The first reprint of *All Fools* appeared in Dodsley's *Select Collection of Old Plays*, 1780 (Do.). It was next reprinted in Walter Scott's *Ancient British Drama*, 1810. Collier included it in his new edition of Dodsley, *Select Collection of Old Plays*, 1825, printing the Dedication¹ for the first time, and emending the text in various places. I denote this edition by Co. A professedly exact reprint of the quarto is included in *The Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman*, published by Pearson in 1873 (P). This is unfortunately marred by several omissions and misprints. The editor of this edition, R. H. Shepherd, then presented a modernized text (S) in *The Works of George Chapman—Plays*, published by Chatto and Windus, 1874-5. It was next included in the Mermaid Edition (*George Chapman*, edited by W. L. Phelps, 1895), where the text is based upon P. but is modernized throughout. The latest edition up to the present is that included in *The Belles-Lettres Series (All Fools and The Gentleman Usher)*, edited by Thomas Marc Parrott, 1907, where the old text is preserved except for certain necessary changes (see p. xlviii of that edition) and the most important variations, and emendations are recorded in the footnotes. The present text presents in the main a modernized form of my earlier edition. In the following notes I refer to the quarto as Q. when all the copies that I have consulted agree on one reading; when variants occur I have denoted the copies in question by the symbols attached to them above. Where I have recorded a modern emendation or suggestion I have marked it in the same way, thus Do. is the first Dodsley reprint, Co. Collier's edition, P. the Pearson reprint, and S. Shepherd's edition.

In Q. the play is divided into acts, but not into scenes. These have been supplied in brackets in this edition.

On the whole the text of *All Fools* is far superior to that of the preceding plays of Chapman. It may have been corrected in proof by the author,² and the frequency of Latin stage directions seems to me to show that it was probably printed from Chapman's own manuscript. There is no entry of this play in the Stationers' Registers.

THE DEDICATION.

*To my long lov'd and Honourable
friend Sir Thomas Walsingham
Knight.*

Should I expose to euery common eye,
The least allow'd birth of my shaken braine;
And not entitle it perticulerly
To your acceptance, I were wurse then vaine.
And though I am most loth to passe your sight
with any such light marke of vanitie,
Being markt with Age for Aimes of greater weight,
and drownd in darke Death-ushering melancholy,
Yet least by others stealth it be imprest,
without my pasport, patcht with others wit,
Of two enforst ills I elect the least;
and so desire your loue will censure it;
Though my old fortune keep me still obscure,
The light shall still bewray my ould loue sure.

These lines, apparently a dedicatory sonnet to Chapman's friend and patron,

¹ For the authenticity of the Dedication, see below, p. 726.

² That Chapman sometimes at least read the proof of his published works is shown by his complaint as to the printer's neglect to send him a proof of *The Masque of The Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn*, see above, p. 442.

Sir Thomas Walsingham¹ do not appear in any copy of the original quarto that I have been able to consult, with the one exception to be presently noted. Nor did they appear in the first reprint of this play, that in the 1780 Dodsley. The second reprint, however, the 1825 Dodsley, contains them with the following note by the editor, J. P. Collier :

'This dedication by Chapman to his patron is now for the first time inserted, the copies of *All Fools* seen and used by Mr. Reed [the editor of the 1780 Dodsley] being without it. Whether it was inserted in a few impressions in 1605 and afterwards cancelled does not appear, though it seems probable that it was so, because in the dedication of his *Byron's Conspiracy and Tragedy* to the same distinguished individual, Chapman apologizes for previous neglect and seeming ingratitude to his patron "in dispensing with his right in his other impressions". It was found in a copy in the possession of Mr. Rodd² of Great Newport Street'.

Collier's discovery was apparently accepted without any question, although the inconsistency of his later statements³ might well have raised a doubt as to his accuracy. It was reprinted in all subsequent editions of the play down to that in the *Belles-Lettres Series*, and was quoted by Swinburne⁴ as an authentic poem. Fleay (*Biog. Chron.*, vol. i, p. 59) remarked that its genuineness had been suspected, but did not say by whom, and he himself seems inclined to accept it.

While preparing my edition of *All Fools* for the *Belles-Lettres Series*, I was struck with the fact that the Dedication appeared to be wanting in all extant copies of the quarto, and that Collier's own copy had disappeared. Inasmuch as Collier's unsupported statements are notoriously of doubtful authority, I began to suspect that the Dedication might be another of his 'mystifications', and published my suspicions in *Notes and Queries*, May 6, 1906. Not receiving any further light on the subject, and being unable to trace the Collier quarto at the time of the publication of my edition of *All Fools*, I removed the Dedication to an appendix in which I gave its history, stated the reasons for my suspicions, and declared that a final settlement of the problem would depend upon the rediscovery of Collier's copy.

Shortly after the publication of my edition a copy of *All Fools* was purchased by Mr. J. H. Wrenn of Chicago, which proved to be the Collier quarto and contained the disputed Dedication. This copy was inspected by Mr. T. J. Wise, who reported his conclusions to me, and I in turn communicated them to the *Athenæum*, where they appeared on July 27, 1908. To this article I refer the student for Mr. Wise's detailed statement; here I shall briefly summarize his conclusion.

¹ Sir Thomas Walsingham, a kinsman of Elizabeth's great minister, was a distinguished patron of literature in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Blunt, the publisher of Marlowe's unfinished *Hero and Leander*, dedicated this poem to him in 1598; Chapman dedicated his continuation of Marlowe's poem to Lady Walsingham in the same year. In 1608 Chapman dedicated to Walsingham and his son Thomas *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Charles Duke of Byron*. This prose dedication, printed on pp. 151-2 of my edition of Chapman's *Tragedies*, contains the phrase cited above by Collier. Taken along with the context, Chapman's words do not seem to contain an apology 'for previous neglect and seeming ingratitude', but rather to imply that, owing to Walsingham's known dislike to having works dedicated to him, Chapman has hitherto refrained from such dedications, but has decided to offer him the dedication of these plays, 'lest the world may repute it a neglect in me of so ancient and worthy a friend'.

² Rodd was a well-known bookseller of that day. He is mentioned by Collier in his *History of Dramatic Poetry* (ed. 1831), vol. iii, p. 79, n. Rodd's copy of the quarto was acquired by Collier, for a MS. note in Dyce's hand in the latter's copy, now in the Albert and Victoria Museum, states: 'The Dedication to Walsingham is found only in a single copy of this play which belongs to Mr. Collier. He reprinted twelve copies of that Dedication, and one of them is inserted here'. I have transcribed the Dedication from the printed leaf bound up in Dyce's copy, and printed it above. It differs from the reprint in P. only in the last line, where P. misprints *be way*.

³ In 1831 he said that the Dedication 'seems to have been cancelled in many copies' (*History of Dramatic Poetry*, vol. ii, p. 93). In his revised edition of this work in 1879 he speaks of it (vol. iii, p. 74) as 'a sonnet prefixed to only a few copies'; later on (p. 196) he says it 'seems to have been cancelled in all extant copies'—a curious remark, indeed, if he possessed a unique copy containing the Dedication.

⁴ *George Chapman*, pp. 47-8.

The history of the copy has been traced from its appearance in the hands of Rodd through those of J. P. Collier, Frederic Ouvry, Robson and Kerslake, and W. Stadow to its present owner, Mr. Wrenn. The Dedication Mr. Wise pronounces 'a palpable forgery'. The original blank leaf (Sig. A1) of the copy has been cancelled, and a new leaf on which the Dedication had been printed has been inserted between A2 and A3. This leaf was one 'manufactured at the correct period', apparently one taken from some Elizabethan quarto, but considerably smaller than the other leaves of the book in which it was inserted. To hide this defect its margins have been 'beautifully and skillfully' extended to the required size. The two leaves between which it is placed are 'in every way sound and perfect'. Had this leaf been originally part of the book in which it appears it is 'utterly impossible' for it to have become so reduced in size as to need such extension, while its immediate fellows presented margins 'intact and undoctored'. Taking into consideration Collier's well-known propensity for playing tricks upon the public, there can be little or no doubt but that this tampering with the copy must be charged to him, and, as a consequence, that the Dedication must be regarded as his own composition, to authenticate which as a work of Chapman the tampering with the copy in question was undertaken.

- Actors.** I reprint the list of *Dramatis Personae* as it appears in the Q., adding the Drawer who speaks one line, V, ii, 40. The name of *Kyte* does not occur in the text where he appears as Notary. See the stage-direction after IV, i, 226, IV, i, 246-7, and elsewhere. The name of the page, *Curio*, occurs only once, in III, i, 220. It is possible that it may here be only an abbreviation for *Mercurio* (see III, i, 179), in which case it has been improperly included among the names of the actors.
- Prologus.**
- I, 7. Q. has an interrogation mark, equivalent to an exclamation, after *it*.
27. All Qq. *mistery*, except B.P.L. which has *misery*, a reading adopted by Co.
- I, i, 3. B.P.L. and one of the B.M. Qq. (C. 13. c. 10) read correctly *straines*; the others have *steaines*.
33. Q. and previous editors *Lords*, but the word is evidently in the possessive plural.
- 66-7. The punctuation of Q., a semi-colon after *jesters*, a comma after *durt*, and no point after *tyiles*, obscures the sense. It has been followed by Co. and S. I have altered it to bring out the meaning.
81. Q. *riches*. Do. emends *rich-est*.
153. P. misprints *Syn.* for *Ryn.* as the speaker's name.
185. A., D. and B.P.L. read *un-~~using~~*; the other Qq. that I have seen *unnurishing*, which has been accepted by all editors.
- 224-6. Q. prints as two lines ending *breath* and *wife*, with a comma after *Yet*.
231. P. has *father father*, a misprint not found in Q.
233. Q. *wife*, an obvious misprint retained, however, by Do. and Co. P. prints *wife* and S. *wise*, which is, of course, correct.
238. P. misprints *will*.
- 238-41. Q. prints Rinaldo's speech as three lines ending *Sir*, *secret*, and *will*.
264. Q. *soone*. Co. *son*.
- 322-3. Q. prints *If . . . extreame* as one line.
- I, ii, 5. Q. *love sportes*. Do. *love-sports*. Cf. *The Gentleman Usher*, IV, iv, 52, where Q. has *love-sports*.
23. Q. *Extreames heate*. Do. emends.
24. Q. *sacietie*. Do. emends.
42. All Qq. I have seen except M. read *See see wee, wee*. S. was the first to correct.
- 68-69. The Q. and previous editors assign this speech to *For[tunio]*. But it seems plain from the following speech of Valerio that he is answering a remark by his wife. Hence the speech should belong to *Gratiana*, in whose mouth the phrase, *we shall break*, i.e. we shall be parted, is much more appropriate than in *Fortunio's*.

- There are several instances of speeches wrongly assigned in Q. Cf. III, i, 426; IV, i, 358, and V, ii, 97.
69. Q. *Jelostie Spy-all*. Co. *jealousy Spy-all*. S. *jealous spy-all*. I believe the true reading to be *jealous espial* from which the corruption in the text might easily proceed. It is possible, however, as Dr. Bradley suggests, that the original reading may have been *jealouse spiall*. Dr. Bradley further suggests that *displease* in this line may be a corruption for *disperse*.
90. Q. *Scholarads*; editors *scholar*. I retain the old form *scholar*.
139. Q., Do. and Co. have a question mark after *father*. It is, however, equivalent to an exclamation mark.
144. Q. *conseave*; editors *conceive*. This seems to me nonsense. Dr. Bradley suggests *conferme* from which *conseave* would be an easy corruption. Dr. Bradley calls attention to a passage in Shirley, *The Doubtful Heir*, V, ii (Dyce's edition, vol. iv, p. 344):
And I have satisfied these lords so well
They are confirm'd in your just claim and person
 where the meaning is the same as in the present passage. Mr. Daniel suggests reading *conserve* (i.e. preserve) for *conseave*.
147. Q. *Actus Prima*, an evident misprint.
- II, i, 7. Q. *or friend*. P. misprints *a friend*, and is followed by S.
9. All Qq. that I have seen, except M. and one of Mr. Wise's copies, read *Adsolve*. The *New English Dictionary* gives no other instance of this word, and the alternate reading of *resolve* (in M.) is, no doubt, correct. The mistake seems to have been corrected while the quarto was going through the press, and *adsolve* may hereafter be treated as a 'ghost-word'.
26. Q. *parle*. Co. *parley*. Since the word was pronounced as a disyllable, I have preferred the modern form.
30. Most Qq. read *veale*. M. *weale*.
37. Q. *Trope*, a misprint which P. silently corrects to *Troye*. Do. *Troy*.
39. In Q. the stage-direction after this line comes after l. 37.
80. Q. *glases*. Co. *glosses*. S. *glozes*. *Glazes*, is, no doubt, the true reading; see the *New English Dictionary*, sub *glaze*.
86. Q. prints as two lines ending *and better, Sonne*.
90. Q. *imploy*. Co. *employ*. S. *imply*, which seems to me preferable.
109. Q. *unresisted organies*. P. misprints *vuresisted*. Do. emends *organies*, a misprint for *orgaines*, to *organs*.
128. Q. prints as two lines ending *complement?*, *sheepes-head*.
134. Most Qq. read *courtlie*. D. *courtlier*, which I followed in my first edition.
168. P. wrongly omits *had* in this line.
- 172-8. Q. prints the words from *Exordion* to *cooplets* in italics.
173. Q. *Epithalamious*, a misprint silently corrected by P.
174. Q. *Quatorzaines* (cf. *organies* in l. 109 above). A. *Quatorzaines*.
176. Q. *Sdruciolla*. Co. *Sdrucio*. S. *Sdruciolla*.
198. Q. *make*, followed by previous editors. I have ventured to emend *made*, which is required by the syntax. I have also altered Q. *worke* in l. 201 below to *work'd*. Possibly the original reading represents Chapman's own loose construction.
- 226-8. Q. prints Rinaldo's speech as two lines ending *meete you, bellie full*.
- 234-5. Q. prints as three lines ending *Columbine? Garden, mine*.
235. Q. *Him?* Do. emends *Hem!*
- 239-271. In this passage P. assigns all the speeches of Gratiana to *Val*. There is no authority for this in any quarto that I have seen.
273. P. misprints *Gf* for Q. *Of*.
288. Q. *shew*, followed by all editors. I believe it to be a misprint for *crew*, induced by *shew* in the next line. Cf. the phrase *crew of gallants*, *May-Day*, I, i, 389. Mr. Brereton suggests *sort*.

295. I have inserted the entrance of the Page in the stage-direction after this line to prepare for his exit after l. 395.
325. The second *with* in this line is omitted by Co. probably on the ground that it may be a printer's repetition of the first *with*. The omission improves the metre, but I have preferred to let the text stand.
336. *Became*. Q. prints as the last word of l. 335. Co. suggests *has become*. S. prints *is become*. The metre is improved by shifting the word to its present place.
384. Q. on *lyte*. Co., who retains the old reading, pronounces it unintelligible, and suggests '*em light*'. S. reads *on't light*. I take *lyte* as the old adjective 'lite' meaning 'little', and *on* as a mere misprint for *um*, i.e. '*em*'.
- 405-6. Q. and previous editors give this speech to Dariotto, but it seems to me quite out of keeping with the situation for Dariotto to abuse Valerio's voice at this moment. On the other hand, the mock modesty of the speech is exactly that which he shows in ll. 382 and 393 above.
- 406-7. Q. prints Cornelio's speech as one line, including the stage-direction.
419. Q., Do. and Co., *the voice*. S. emends *thy voice*.
- 421-4. Q. prints as three lines of prose, ending *Dan, jarre, and jealousy*. In l. 421 Q. prints *Mast*, indicating, perhaps, the monosyllabic pronunciation of the word in this line.
- III, i, 79-80. Q. prints as two lines of prose ending *home and house*.
120. For *fat Do. has far*. Deighton (*Old Dramatists*) suggests *pat*. Co., who retains the old reading, remarks that it is a bit at the thriving profession.
122. Q. *be miracle*. Do. emends *by*.
246. Co. reads *superannuated*; but *superannated* occurs in Elizabethan English.
261. Q. *villayne*. Previous editors *villain*. I think the sense requires *villainy*, and the original reading may well have been *villainie*.
323. Q. *looke*. S. emends *looks*.
385. Q. *other*. Co. *others*.
397. Q. *hazards*. Co. *hazard*.
- 426-7. Q. prints these lines as part of Dariotto's speech, and is followed by all editors; but it seems to me plain that they belong to Valerio, who is rejoicing in having paid back Dariotto for ridiculing him in II, i.
444. Q. *I will*. P. misprints *will I*.
- IV, i, 19-21. Q. prints as two lines, ending *Antonio* and *so*.
38. Q. *what*. P. misprints *wht*.
53. Q. *our*. Co. emends *your*. Cf. V, ii, 122.
- 75-6. Q. prints Marc. Antonio's speech as one line.
- 77-8. Q. prints the words *Your father to knees* as one line.
90. *Creator*. So. Q. Co. suggests *crater*, which was received into the text by S. There is no need of change. See Notes, p. 720.
92. Q. *but*. P. misprints *bsit*.
- 109-16. In M. the whole passage from *Father to this* is printed as a speech of Valerio. Other Qq. correctly assign ll. 110-116 to Gostanzo.
160. Q. *tist*. Co. emends *tis*.
- 162-4. Q. prints Gratiana's speech as two lines ending *world* and *selfe*. In l. 162 P. wrongly omits *me* after *love*.
168. Q. and the earlier editors read *live still my sonne*. S. puts a comma after *still*, which seems to me the proper punctuation.
- 185-6. Q. prints as one line.
- 188-9. Q. prints Marc. Antonio's speech as one line.
227. P. wrongly omits *let*.
- 252.-3. Q. *in minde*. Co. *on mine*. There seems to be no reason for changing *in* to *on*, but I believe *mine* to be the true reading. The suggestion has been made that *minde* is equivalent to 'my [Cornelio's] mind', but this does not seem idiomatic.
295. Q. *out*. In a footnote to Co. O.G. [Octavius Gilchrist] suggests *on't*, which is clearly correct.
307. P. misprints *Gentlemen*, and S. omits the word.
311. Q. *cuffodie*, a plain misprint, silently corrected by P.
319. Q. *easements chamber*. Co.

easements, chamber; but the first word is in the possessive case.

345. Q. *thi's*. Co. *this is*.

358. Q. gives this speech to Valerio. Co. suggests that it belongs to the Notary, but does not make the change. S. emends.

360. Q. *Balerio*, which misled Do. into printing *Bellanora*. Co. emends.

V, i, 11-12. Q. has a comma after *gulling* and a colon after *Cornelio*. Earlier editors omit the comma. I think the present punctuation brings out the true sense of the text.

24. Q. *bourd*, which Co. retains; but it is only a variant of 'board', 'accost'.

60. Q. *slight a Milstone*. Co. follows Q. printing *mill-stone*, which S. corrupts to *milestone*. The true reading, of course, is *sleight a mill-stone*. I had pointed this out in my notes in the *Belles-Lettres* edition before seeing Mr. Brereton's note (*loc. cit.*, p. 58) on the passage.

V, ii, 42-44. Q. prints the Page's speech and Valerio's reply each as one line.

59-62. Q. prints as three lines of prose ending *our, knees, and Tavernes*.

63. Q. *chargd*, followed by Do. and Co. S. emends *charge*.

73. Q. and previous editors assign this speech to Claudio; but

from the context, especially l. 76, it appears evident that it belongs to Dariotto.

77. Q. and previous editors *let mee rest*; but this is plainly a printer's error; *the rest* is the subject of *come* in l. 78.

97-103. Q. assigns this speech to Gostanzo. S. emends.

111. Co. suggests *o' th' city*; but *come at may well mean come to*.

117. Q. *eyes*, followed by Co. S. emends *eye's*.

131-2. Q. prints Marc. Antonio's speech as one line.

134-5. Q. prints Marc. Antonio's speech as one line.

164. Q. prints *good Cornelio* as the last words of l. 163.

179. Q. and previous editors *in-discreete*, but it is evidently two words.

280. Q. *there is Beast*. Co. suggests *where is beast*, which S. adopts. I think *no* has simply fallen out of the text.

295. *Europ[e]*. Co.'s emendation for Q. *Europa*.

309-10. Q. *irrevitable*, which is followed by previous editors. Following the suggestion of the *New English Dictionary*, I read *irremittable*, 'not to be avoided by struggle'. Brereton suggests *inevitable*.

Epilogue. The parenthesis in the last line appears in most copies of Q.; but those in the Drummond and the Dyce collections lack it.

MAY-DAY

INTRODUCTION

May-Day was first published in 1611 with the following title-page :

May-Day. a witty Comedie, divers times acted at the Blacke Fryers.

Written by George Chapman. London. Printed for John Browne dwelling in Fleetstreete in Saint Dunstones Church-yard. 1611.

It does not appear to have been entered ¹ in the Stationers' Registers.

As in the case of many Elizabethan plays, the date of publication is considerably later than that of composition. *May-Day*, which we know to have been acted at Blackfriars, and which was evidently written for performance by a company ² of children, must have been acted, at any rate, before Blackfriars was taken over by the King's men in 1609. There is a general consensus of opinion that *May-Day* belongs to the first years of the seventeenth century. Fleay dates it in 1601 (*Biographical Chronicle*, vol. i, p. 57); Schelling about 1600 (*Elizabethan Drama*, vol. i, p. 462); Wallace ³ in 1601 or 1602.

Schoell (*Chapman as a Comic Writer*) places it as late as 1604; but this seems to me unlikely. I should incline to date it after *Sir Giles Goosecap*, late in 1601, or early 1602, probably in the spring of 1602.

This date is fixed mainly by internal evidence, the numerous imitations or parodies of other plays which we know to have been produced from 1599 to 1601. Thus we have in IV, i, 18-19 a mock quotation from *Antonio's Revenge*, registered in 1601, but probably produced a year or so earlier. There is an unmistakable likeness between Quintiliano's advice to Innocentio regarding the proper behaviour in an ordinary (I, i, 378-439) and Carlo's instructions to Sogliardo (*Every Man out of his Humour*, I, i, and III, i). Quintiliano himself is closely akin to Shift ⁴ of *Every Man Out*, 1599. There is a patent imitation ⁵ of *Twelfth Night*, 1600, in *May-Day*, III, iii; compare especially the letter of Innocentio with that of Sir Andrew Aguecheek. It is altogether likely that we have here echoes of recent plays. The misquotation from Marston, ⁶ for example, would have fallen quite flat a

¹ Browne, the publisher, may have been called to account for this omission; at any rate he was careful to enter in the following year, April 17, 1612, two plays by Chapman, *The Widow's Tears* and *The Revenge of Bussy*, which were published in 1612 and 1613 respectively.

² See the stage-direction at the very beginning of the play.

³ Wallace (*Children of the Chapel*) wavers as to the date. On p. 118 he dates it c. May, 1602; on p. 75 he says that it was written late in 1601 and performed doubtless in the Christmas season of 1601-2. The first conjecture seems to me to be more probable.

⁴ Cf. below, p. 736.

⁵ Pointed out by Koeppl (*Quellen-Studien*, 1897, p. 62).

⁶ The jest lies in putting a speech of the ranting tyrant of Marston into the mouth of the swaggering cheater of *May-Day*, and the point of this jest would be lost as soon as Marston's lines had faded from men's memories.

few years after Marston's play had disappeared from the stage. There are, on the other hand, two passages which would seem to point to a later date than 1602. One of these is the parody (III, iii, 196) of a line from *Hamlet* (I, ii, 114) which appears only in the revised form of that play, the quarto of 1604. The other (I, iii, 379, *ssq.*) contains a parallel to a passage in *The Gull's Hornbook* of Dekker, chap. v. The date of the latter work, 1607, makes it impossible that Dekker could have read ¹ *May-Day*. Perhaps the best way to account for these passages is to assume a revision of *May-Day* later than 1607. There is nothing unlikely in this hypothesis, for the comedy may well have been touched up and these passages inserted for a performance by the Revels Company at their new theatre in Whitefriars, *c.* 1610, a performance which would account for the publication of the play in 1611. We know from the title-page that *The Widow's Tears* originally written for performance in Blackfriars before 1608 was revived at Whitefriars and published, a year after *May-Day*, in 1612.

The source ² of *May-Day* has been shown by Stiefel (*Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, vol. xxxv, p. 180 *ssq.*) to be the *Alessandro* of Alessandro Piccolomini, *ca.* 1545. Piccolomini, a famous Italian scholar and man of letters (1508-1578), was the author of two or three comedies—the *Hortensio* may not be his—of the regular type of the Italian *commedia erudita*. This school was based upon the plays of Plautus and Terence. Its framework, so to speak, was classical, and it took over many of the stock figures of Latin comedy, the deluded father, sometimes severe, sometimes senilely amorous, the rakish son, the roguish servant, the swaggering soldier, the hawd, the courtesan, and so on. It adopted also some of the stock devices of Latin comedy, especially the solution of the plot by means of a recognition (*anagnorisis*). The scene, however, was regularly laid in contemporary Italy, and the chief value ³ of these plays consists in their pictures of middle-class Italian life in the sixteenth century. The *Alessandro* seems to have been a particularly successful play. Stiefel notes ten editions published before 1600. It was honoured by countless imitations in later Italian comedy, and furnished suggestions for at least two French ⁴ comedies of the sixteenth century, *Les Esbahis* by Jacques Grévin, and *Les Cōtēns* by Odet de Tournēbe. Critics of the age spoke of it in the highest terms, and Piccolomini was called the Prince ⁵ of comic writers.

The *Alessandro* is quite ⁶ forgotten to-day, but it was at the height

¹ The closeness of the parallel, see below, p. 742, proves, I think, a borrowing by either Chapman or Dekker from a work which lay before the author as he wrote, and unless Dekker had access to the stage copy of *May-Day*, which seems most unlikely, we are forced to believe that he was the original author. No common source, from which the two authors could have drawn independently, is known to me.

² Fleay's conjecture (*Biographical Chronicle*, vol. i, p. 57) that *May-Day* was founded upon an old play, *The Disguises* mentioned by Henslowe as acted at the Rose, October 2, 1595, has been put out of court by Stiefel's discovery. For *The Disguises*, see p. 673, n. 1 above.

³ See Symonds, *The Renaissance in Italy—Italian Literature*, chap. xi, for a discussion of the merits and limitations of the *commedia erudita*.

⁴ This has been pointed out by M. Schoell in the thesis above mentioned.

⁵ See Stiefel (*loc. cit.*), pp. 182, 192.

⁶ Gaspari, *Geschichte der Italienschen Litteratur*, vol. ii, p. 615, mentions this play in passing; but it is not even named in many histories of Italian literature.

of its fame in Chapman's time. Chapman's familiarity with Italian comedy is shown in his dedication of *The Widow's Tears*, and it is not surprising, therefore, that he should have pitched upon so popular a play for an experiment in adapting the *commedia erudita* to the Elizabethan stage.

Stiefel has given an elaborate analysis of the *Alessandro* and a detailed account of Chapman's borrowings, alterations, and additions. It will be sufficient here to summarize briefly his results.

The Italian play contains three quite distinct plots. There is first the serious love-story of Cornelio's passion for Lucilla, daughter of Gostanzo. Her father has betrothed her to a certain Lonardo, who does not appear in the play, and for this reason she at first repels the suit of Cornelio, while Gostanzo rejects the proposals of his father, Vincentio. Lucilla, however, finally yields, sends a loving letter to Cornelio, admits him, on promise of good behaviour, to her chamber, which he enters by means of a rope ladder, and vows to marry him. The lovers are detected by Gostanzo, who rushes off to call a policeman and punish the intruder, whom he naturally takes to be Cornelio, although he has not seen his face. Cornelio escapes, and his servant substitutes for him a certain Brigida, disguised as a man. She is arrested and avows that she has come there in disguise for the love of Gostanzo himself. The old man now renounces his anger against Cornelio, and finally consents to give him Lucilla in marriage.

There is also a comic underplot dealing with the senile passion of Gostanzo for Brigida, the wife of Captain Malagigi, a *miles gloriosus*, whose rodomontades occupy much space in the play. Gostanzo is persuaded by the roguish servant of Cornelio that the lady will entertain his suit, but as she is most scrupulous in preserving appearances, he can only approach her in disguise and during her husband's absence. Gostanzo thereupon disguises himself as a locksmith and enters her house, only to be lured into a closet where he is locked up. Here he is discovered by the husband who returns unexpectedly, and subjected to rather harsh treatment. Escaping from the Captain's clutches Gostanzo runs home, where he is at first refused admission by his own porter, who pretends not to recognize him in his disguise, and on entering the house discovers his daughter in the arms of a stranger, as told above. The plot concludes with the reconciliation of Brigida and her angry husband, whom she persuades that the locksmith was not a lover but a burglar, and that the report of her visit in male attire to the house of Gostanzo rests upon a complete misunderstanding.

Finally we have as a sort of enveloping action the complicated and romantic story of Aloisio and Lucretia. Aloisio, the son of a Sicilian exile, has been for seven years disguised as a girl, and is living in the house of Cornelio's father as the supposed daughter of the latter's dead brother, under the name of Lampridia. As Lampridia she has resisted all her uncle's proposals to establish her in marriage as well as the suggestion of the bawd Nicoletta to take as a lover a certain Fortunio, for whom, however, she confesses a weakness due to his resemblance to a former friend. This friend was, in truth, a certain Lucretia, also the child of a Sicilian exile. So much we learn from Lampridia's soliloquy and conversation with the bawd in the first act. At the beginning of the second Fortunio in a long soliloquy informs us that he is this very Lucretia disguised as a boy, and that his pretended passion for Lampridia is due to her likeness to the lost Aloisio.

Nicoletta finally brings Fortunio to the chamber of Lampridia, where, as we learn later from a speech of the bawd's, he detects the true sex of the supposed girl. He lingers there until he is caught by Cornelio, who denounces him to his father, and condign punishment is threatened, whereupon Fortunio to save himself reveals the true sex of Lampridia. The solution then occurs by means of the conventional *anagnorisis*. A visiting Sicilian recognizes Lampridia as his son Aloisio, and a friend of the family recognizes Fortunio as his daughter Lucretia. The transformed¹ lovers are straightway betrothed and invited to celebrate their nuptials along with Cornelio and Lucilla.

Alessandro, who gives his name to the play, has a very subordinate part. He is a sage youth, the confidant of Cornelio. He rebukes him for his folly in yielding to love, but condescends to accompany him on his visit to Lucilla and testifies to her of Cornelio's modesty and good faith.

It is clear from what has just been said that *May-Day* cannot be regarded as an original work. Chapman took over practically the entire plot and most of the characters of the *Alessandro*. Yet *May-Day* is not a translation. Chapman not only renamed² the characters, but recast the whole, omitting and adding without the slightest regard for the great reputation of the original, and with a single eye to rendering the play more effective upon the English stage. In the first place he substituted for the passive figure of Alessandro the lively Lodovico, whose dramatic function it is to bind the threads of the intrigue more closely together. It is he who brings about the meeting of the lovers, who mocks the disguised Lorenzo (Gostanzo), and who discovers the true sex of Lucretia (Lampridia). Lodovico is, in short, the main intriguer, corresponding to Lemot and Rinaldo in Chapman's earlier comedies. It throws an interesting light upon Chapman's technic to see that he considered a figure of this sort so important that he actually departed from his source to introduce him.

It is in dealing with the Lampridia-Fortunio story that Chapman takes the greatest liberties and, to my mind, demonstrates most clearly his superiority as a practical playwright over Piccolomini. He cuts this story down to the quick, omitting not only the long accounts of Sicilian revolutions and foreign exile which encumber the first acts of the Italian play, but the very conventional recognition at its close. He suppresses the artificial soliloquies in which Lampridia and Fortunio in turn reveal their secret to the audience, and withholds this revelation till he can introduce it effectively in action. He expunges the whole business of Fortunio's pursuit of Lampridia with its lurking suggestion of unnatural passion, and provides the supposed girl with a male suitor. The rôle of Fortunio, so prominent in the Italian, is in this way reduced to a mere shred. Lionello, the corresponding figure in *May-Day*, might drop out of that play and never be missed. One is inclined to wonder at first why Chapman retained this story at all, since he omitted what was to Piccolomini its very *raison d'être*. A careful consideration of the play, however, shows that he retained this

¹ I have given the barest outline of this plot. The original introduces, a great amount of detail as to Sicilian politics, exile in France, and family relationships which I have omitted.

² Perhaps because he had already used some of them, Gostanzo, Cornelio and Fortunio in *All Fools*.

theme for the sake of a single situation. In the *Alessandro* the hawd reports Fortunio's discovery of Lampridia's sex. Chapman with his Elizabethan instinct for action on the stage saw that this discovery was, to use the technical term, a *scène à faire*. He therefore shows us Lodovico stealing gingerly into Lucretia's room in quest of amorous adventure, only to come flying out again fighting for his life against a figure whom the audience would at once recognize by dress as Lucretia, by bearing and speech as a youth. It is a *coup de théâtre*, one of the most effective ¹ in Elizabethan comedy, and may well have furnished a hint for the much lauded exposure of Epicoene in Jonson's *Silent Woman*.

M. Schoell points out that Chapman's additions include a number of incidents which have analogues ² in other Italian comedies. These may, perhaps, be borrowings, but they are not of any particular interest. More important are Chapman's original additions. These are almost without exception designed to heighten and develop the characters. To my mind the superiority of Chapman to Piccolomini in the matter of characterization is at least as great as in that of construction. The Italian is a slave to the conventions of his age. His characters are stock figures, types, not individuals. Chapman, like a true Elizabethan, has breathed life into the puppets. By the substitution of Lodovico for Alessandro, for example, *May-Day* gains as much in vivacity and lifelikeness as it does in concentration. Alessandro is a sort of personified chorus; Lodovico is a highly individualized portrait. His part in the play is like that of Rinaldo in *All Fools*, but he is far from being a replica of that intriguer. He has not a trace, for example, of Rinaldo's contempt for the gulls on whom he plays. Lodovico is not only a fellow of infinite good humour, he is first of all a fountain of overflowing energies. 'Idleness is accounted with other men a sin', he says; 'to me 'tis a penance'. It is to satisfy his own itch for action that he aids Aurelio in his love-affairs, sets the mockers on the disguised Lorenzo, and in a moment of involuntary leisure follows with cheerful recklessness a well-known bawd to an appointment designed for another gallant. His tongue is a true index of his mind; his speech pours out like a flood. He is, except for one embarrassing moment, always master of himself, and usually master of his company. In a word, instead of the colourless young Italian gentleman of *Alessandro*, Chapman presents a vivid picture of a hare-brained Elizabethan cavalier.

It is in the figure of Quintiliano, however, that Chapman has been most successful. The corresponding figure in the *Alessandro*, Captain Malagigi, is the conventional *miles gloriosus* of Italian comedy. He is, of course, a braggart, boasting that his sword eats the hearts of captains only and disdains the flesh of lesser men. He is, equally of

¹ It must be confessed, however, that Chapman weakens the effect by the length of time he allows to elapse between Lodovico's exit and his reappearance. The retention of this story, moreover, involved him in the long and, to the modern reader, tedious explication of the last act. But the Elizabethans were rather partial to recapitulations at the close of a play, and the last act of *May-Day* would be enlivened at the Blackfriars with music and dancing.

² Such are Aemilia's sigh on first seeing her love, I, i, 195; Lodovico's comments on the supposed intoxication of Aurelio, I, i, 197-203; the putting of the *plaudite* into the captain's mouth, and so on.

course, a coward who blusters¹ before the door of Gostanzo, but runs away when the old man issues to join battle with him. His part in the play is limited to a few scenes, in all of which he is made more or less of a laughing-stock, and he is finally dismissed as the hopeless dupe of his quick-witted wife. Quintiliano, on the other hand, is a thoroughly English figure, a compound of the *miles gloriosus* and the sharking captain. The characteristics of the *miles gloriosus* are only lightly indicated, although enough remains to enable us to trace the connexion; but the other side of his character is insisted on in great detail. New characters, the gull Innocentio, the silly scholar Giovanello, are invented, and new scenes are introduced to develop this aspect, and as a result our final impression of Quintiliano is that of a guller rather than a gull. The captain and his devices occupy a space in *May-Day* quite out of proportion to his importance in the development of the plot, but one never feels that they retard the action. Quintiliano is one of the most diverting of swaggerers, a near kinsman² of Valerio in *All Fools*, so like him, indeed, as to suggest the idea that the two parts were written, or perhaps one of them was revised, for the same actor. The rôle is, indeed, a capital 'character' part for a lively actor who could hit off the swagger, the spouted 'tags', and the cheating tricks which were familiar to every tavern-haunter and theatre-goer in Chapman's day. For Quintiliano is a portrait drawn from life of a figure common enough in London at the turn of the century, the false soldier whose boast of service abroad served as a cloak for his skeldering at home. The type had already appeared on the stage in the figures of Shift (*Every Man out of his Humour*) and Tucca (*Poetaster*). To Tucca, indeed, Quintiliano bears so plain a likeness that it seems probable that Jonson's captain suggested the lines along which Chapman worked in his transformation of the original stock figure. But Quintiliano is a far more agreeable rascal than the foul-mouthed, double-faced rogue of Jonson's play. Chapman had little of Jonson's indignant spirit of satire, and it is quite in keeping with his more genial mood that he carries Quintiliano triumphantly through to the end and puts the final *plaudite* into his mouth, whereas Tucca, like Shift and Bobadil, and the *miles gloriosus* in general, is put in the end to open shame.

I would repeat, in conclusion, that *May-Day* cannot be judged as an original and independent play. To call it with Ward (*English Dramatic Literature*, vol. ii, p. 440) 'a farrago of vulgar plots and counterplots' is to show a complete misunderstanding of the task Chapman set himself. He took a much applauded comedy of the Italian school, so popular in cultivated English circles, and adapted it for the English stage. He eliminated the most offensive situations, simplified the action, bound the plot more closely together, introduced new and truly English characters, and rewrote the whole in the raciest and most idiomatic prose.³ And to have done this is to have achieved no small measure of success. *May-Day* is not a good reading play, and it gives us little or nothing of what we expect to find in a work by Chapman. On the other hand, there is an abundance of action. The scenes in which

¹ This scene is imitated from *The Eunuch*.

² See note on p. 747.

³ There is almost no verse in *May-Day*, only a few lines in III, iii, and two short passages in IV, ii. Chapman felt quite rightly that the tone of the whole play called for prose.

Lorenzo disguised as Snail is mocked by his friends or bullied by the Captain, the swagger of Quintiliano, and the lively chatter of Lodovico, must have been highly entertaining on the boards. There is no reason to think that the play was ever meant to be read. It is primarily a stage-play, and few of Chapman's comedies give us a better notion of his cleverness as a playwright than the neglected comedy of *May-Day*.

MAY-DAY

NOTES

- I, i, 2.** *Fit observance.* 'On the calends or first of May, commonly called May-day, the juvenile part of both sexes were wont to rise a little after midnight and walk to some neighbouring wood, accompanied with music and blowing of horns, where they break down branches from the trees, and adorn them with nosegays and crowns of flowers; when this is done they return with their booty homewards about the rising of the sun, and make their doors and windows to triumph with their flowery spoils; and the after part of the day is chiefly spent in dancing round a tall pole, which is called a May-pole'—Henry Bourne, *Antiquitates Vulgares*, quoted by Strutt, *Sports and Pastimes*, pp. 275-6. See also Ralph's May-morning speech in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, IV, i, 440 *ssq.*, and Dr. Murch's notes thereon in his edition of this play, *Yale Studies*, 1908. The *Chorus juvenum cantantes et saltantes* which precedes Lorenzo's speech was, of course, supposed to be engaged in the customary May-games.
- I, i, 9-10.** *Father January . . . May's fragrant bosom:* probably a reminiscence of Chaucer's *Merchant's Tale* with its account of the marriage of hoar old January and fresh young May.
- I, i, 32.** *Oh hair, no hair.* Lorenzo's poem on his mistress appears to be one of the many parodies on a passage in *The Spanish Tragedy* beginning:

Oh eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears.

Spanish Tragedy, III, ii, 1.

See Boas's note on this line, in his edition of Kyd, p. 402. Koeppl (*loc. cit.*) notes the similarity between this scene and that in *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV, iii, 82 *ssq.*, in which Biron overhears and comments upon Dumaine's rhapsody on 'divine Kate'. A couple of Shakespeare's phrases in this scene, *as upright as the cedar*, l. 89, *as fair as day*, l. 90, have been taken over by Chapman and embodied, with slight changes, in the dialogue between Angelo and Lorenzo below, see ll. 123-4 and l. 119.

- I, i, 38.** Angelo intimates that her eyes do not match each other, i.e. that the lady squints. Cf. Chapman's phrase, *let but your eyes be matches*, in the address *To the Commune Reader*, prefixed to his translation of Musaeus, *Poems*, pp. 93-4.

- I, i, 43.** *Made out of wax:* finely fashioned, as though modelled in wax.

Cf.

A sweet face, an exceeding daintie hand,

A body, were it framed of wax

By all the cunning artists in the world,

It could not be better proportioned.

Fair Em, I, iii, 50-53.

The phrase was very common in Elizabethan English. See for further examples the note on *Romeo and Juliet*, I, iii, 76, in Furness's *Variorum*.

- I, i, 47.** *A deft dapper:* *deft* has here the sense of 'trim', 'pretty'; Cotgrave renders *greslet* by 'little, pretty, deft, smallish'. Johnson's definition of *dapper* as applied to a person, 'little and active, lively without bulk', exactly suits this passage. Lorenzo, of course, uses both adjectives in a commendatory sense.

- I, i, 56.** *She is discharged*: i.e. acquitted of blame as having done her full duty. See the *New English Dictionary* sub *discharge* 2b, and 4.
- I, i, 88-9.** *Just of my standing*: of my own position, or rank in society.
- I, i, 93.** *Ready to lie down*: cf. the phrase, *laugh and lie down*, *Gentleman Usher*, IV, ii, 83, and *Mother Bombie*, V, iii, 64.
- I, i, 113-6.** Lorenzo's speech is, I think, intentionally vague, but the sense seems to be that inasmuch as the unknown party is bountiful to his friends, Lorenzo will introduce Angelo to him to the latter's profit, provided that Angelo plays the part of a friend in bearing the message to Franceschina.
- I, i, 123.** *From the cushion*: wide of the mark; cf. *New English Dictionary* sub *cushion*, where the parallel phrases 'beside, or wide of, the cushion' are given. The phrase *from the cushion* is not given in the *Dictionary*. Heywood's *Proverbs*, pt. ii, chap. ix, has the phrase: 'Ye missed the cushion . . . and I may set you beside the cushion yet'.
- I, i, 138.** *I cannot do withal to die for't*: I can't help it if I were to die for it. For *do withal* see *Merchant of Venice*, III, iv, 72, and the notes *ad loc.* in *Furness's Variorum*.
- I, i, 149.** *Approved lowliness*: well-trying, or attested, modesty.
- I, i, 151.** *She's a woman*: cf.

*She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won.*

Titus Andronicus, II, i, 82-3.

This stock formula of Elizabethan literature appears to originate with Greene, in whose prose works it is, with slight variations, constantly repeated; see Greene's *Works* (Grosart's edition), vol. iv, p. 288; vol. v, p. 567; vol. vii, p. 68; vol. viii, p. 88; vol. xi, p. 128; vol. xii, p. 78. Grosart (*Englische Studien*, vol. xxii, p. 402) asserts that the popularity of Greene's books put this saying 'into men's mouths and into proverbial speech', and that it does not occur in Elizabethan literature prior to Greene.

- I, i, 155.** *This token shall be my gentleman usher*: these bracelets, cf. l. 98 above, shall go before to announce my visit to her.
- I, i, 197-203.** There is a certain similarity between this speech and Alessandro's rebuke of his friend, Cornelio, on their first meeting (*Alessandro*, I, iv). From the Italian *quanto grande aspettazione era venuta di te per tutta questa città: che non ci era giovano piu studioso*, Chapman gets his *man of good hope, a toward scholar*. There is no reference elsewhere in *May-Day* to the studies of Aurelio, but there are repeated allusions in *Alessandro* to the fact that Cornelio in the pursuit of his amour has abandoned his studies¹.
- I, i, 208-9.** Lodovico's stilted speech is, of course, a parody of the old tragic manner. It resembles somewhat a line spoken by Gloster:

If any spark of life be yet remaining.

3 *King Henry VI*, V, vi, 66.

and still more closely one in the *The Spanish Tragedy*, II, v, 17.

- I, i, 216.** *Cuckoo*: used here simply as a term of reproach, equivalent to 'fool'. Cf. the corresponding use of *cuculus* (Asinaria, V, ii, 73), *Gowk*, and the German *Gauch*. The epithet, *Cupid's bird*, in this line is not, I think, directly connected with cuckoo, but denotes the sort of fool, i.e. a lovesick one, that Lodovico takes his friend to be.
- I, i, 224.** *An urchin*: a hedge-hog.
- I, i, 233.** *Shake her [ears]*. This phrase, common enough in Elizabethan literature, appears to have various meanings. The earliest instance that I know (Lyly, *Euphues and his England—Works*, Bond's edition, vol. ii, p. 35) evidently means 'to bestir oneself'. Bond in his note on this passage explains Chapman's use of the phrase in *Monsieur D'Olive*, II, ii, 234, in

¹ Quanto è cambiato da quel ch'egli era; egli prima non haveva i maggiori amici che i libri suoi: si stava la maggior parte del tempo in studio. . . . Adesso tutto'l contrario; non vede mai libro, non sta mai in casa, né notte, né giorno. *Alessandro* I, i.

the same sense. But it may also mean 'to show contempt or displeasure', as in the example from Golding quoted in the *New English Dictionary*, and it is quite possible to take the phrase in *Monsieur D'Olive* in this sense. Perhaps its most usual meaning, however, is 'to endure a wrong or insult with forced patience', as an ass shakes its ears when it receives a blow. This certainly is the sense in which it occurs in Shakespeare,¹ see *Julius Cæsar*, IV, i, 26, and *Twelfth Night*, II, iii, 134, and it is this sense which I attach to my emendation in the present passage.

- I, i, 285. *Shake her heels*: no example of this phrase is given in the *New English Dictionary*, which gives, however, 'kick one's heels' as equivalent to 'stand waiting idly, or impatiently'. Here I think the sense is stronger, equivalent perhaps to 'shake her heels in a halter', 'be hanged,' possibly with a double entendre'.
- I, i, 257-8. *A dog in a furmety-pot*: *furmety*, or *frumenty*, is a 'dish made of hulled wheat boiled in milk, and seasoned with cinnamon, sugar, etc.'—*New English Dictionary*. The phrase 'a dog in a furmety pot' occurs with slight variations twice in Massinger, *The Bondman*, I, iii, and *The Maid of Honour*, V, i.
- I, i, 262-3. *Touch her but with a kissed hand*: to kiss one's hand before touching one's mistress was a sign of the greatest respect. Thus when Suffolk has taken Margaret prisoner, and has fallen in love with his captive, he says:

O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands;
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.

I *King Henry VI*, V, iii, 46-9.

- I, i, 266. *Tractable and tactable*: cf. Massinger's phrase:

They [women] being created
To be both tractable and tactable.

Parliament of Love, II, i.

- I, i, 276. *Wear in thy hat*: see note on *All Fools*, III, i, 363.
- I, i, 277. *My skill in poultry*: my knowledge of women. Cf. below, II, i, 429.
- I, i, 293. *Gossave*: a mincing pronunciation of 'God save', repeatedly used by Innocentio, and no doubt meant to characterize him as a simpleton.
- I, i, 296. *Puis finger i' th' eye*: a derisive phrase meaning 'to weep'. Cf. *Comedy of Errors*, II, ii, 206, and *Taming of the Shrew*, I, i, 79.
- I, i, 298. *Tables*: the game of backgammon. Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, V, ii, 326.
- I, i, 305-6. Among the stock jests of the clown which Hamlet cites is a reproach to his master for being slack in paying his wages. The passage was omitted when Shakespeare revised the play, but see Q₁, ll. 1212-13 (*Furness's Variorum—Hamlet*, vol. ii, p. 65).
- I, i, 314-5. *With a wet finger*: with the greatest ease, as one wipes out a mark on a slate. The *New English Dictionary* cites an example from Udall's *Apophtegms*, 1542, and it is frequent in Elizabethan drama. Cf. *Sir Giles Goosecap*, II, i, 26-27, and the examples cited in Hazlitt's *English Proverbs*, p. 546.
- I, i, 343. *Candle-rents*: rents derived from house-property which is constantly depreciating, as a lighted candle decreases in size. The phrase is used elsewhere by Chapman; see *Poems*, p. 222 and p. 434.
- I, i, 350-1. Destructive storms in Chapman's day were frequently attributed to witchcraft. Cf. *Macbeth*, IV, i, 52-60.
- I, i, 357. *Twenty i' th' hundred for thy life*. As I understand the passage Quintiliano tells his dupe that he may invest the money derived from the sale of his houses in such a way as to receive 20 per cent. on the capital for the rest of his life. Quintiliano offers to take £200 himself on these terms.

¹ For other instances of this sense see the quotations given in the note in *Furness's Variorum* on *Twelfth Night*, II, iv, 134.

- I, i, 372. *Red lattices*: cf. the note on *All Fools*, V, i, 69. There is, of course, a pun on *lattice* and *lettuce*.
- I, i, 379. *Enter me at an ordinary*: introduce me at a tavern or eating-house where meals are provided at a fixed price. Such taverns were the resort of men of fashion in Chapman's day, and there are numerous directions, serious and satiric, for the instruction of the newcomer at such a resort. See, for example, *Every Man out of His Humour*, III, i, where Carlo Buffone instructs Sogliardo in the fashions at ordinaries. There are several points where Chapman seems to borrow directly from Jonson, cf. II, 394-6 and 399-400 with Carlo's words: *When any stranger comes in amongst 'em, they all stand up and stare at him, as he were some unknown beast brought out of Africa, and you must be impudent enough, sit down and use no respect*. The most elaborate set of directions is found in Dekker's *Gull's Hornbook*, chap. v—*How a young Gallant should behave himself in an Ordinary*. Ll. 418-420 below resemble a passage in Dekker very closely: *When you are set down to dinner, you must eat as impudently as can be (for that's most gentlemanlike) when your Knight is upon his stewed mutton, be presently, though you be but a captain, in the bosom of your goose: and when your Justice of the Peace is knuckle-deep in goose, you may without disparagement to your blood, though you have a Lady to your mother, fall very manfully to your woodcocks*.
- I, i, 414-15. There is a pun on *Warden* and *pear*—'a warden, or winter pear, a pear which may be kept verie long'—Cotgrave. There are frequent references in Elizabethan literature to the warden-pear, which seems to have been especially used for pies. See *Winter's Tale*, IV, iii, 48, and the note thereon in Furness's *Variorum*.
- I, i, 425. *Bread's a binder*: apparently a familiar phrase of the time. I find it in *A Looking Glass for London*, I, ii, 249, and in Brathwait's *Barnabae Itinerarium*, pt. i, l. 5.
- I, i, 430. *Carry no coals*: submit to no insults. Cf. below III, iii, 253, and *Romeo and Juliet*, I, i, 1. The guileless Innocentio, as appears from his answer, l. 431, is unacquainted with this bit of Elizabethan slang.
- I, i, 433. *After dinner there will be play*. 'The dinner [at an ordinary] was usually followed by gambling'—*New English Dictionary* sub *ordinary*, b. See also *The Gull's Hornbook*, chap. v; and the debate between Nigel and Lord Dalgarno as to whether an ordinary is a gaming-house in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, chap. xi.
- I, i, 445, 448. *A mark* is two-thirds of the pound sterling. *An angel* is a gold piece, whose value in Chapman's day was about ten shillings.
- II, i. The conversation between Lucretia and Temperance with which this scene opens is based upon a similar dialogue between Lampridia and Nicoletta in *Alessandro*, I, iii. Chapman has cut down the original and considerably softened the language of the bawd. There is little verbal similarity except in l. 41, where the phrase, *let's to the minster*, is taken direct from the Italian, *Eccoci al monastero*, i.e. the church whither Lampridia is going to pray.
- II, i, 2. *Some inward news*: some private message.
- II, i, 19. *The flower of Venice*. This phrase gives us the scene of the play; see also IV, i, 14. The Italian original is laid at Pisa.
- II, i, 26. *His Signiory*: his Lordship.
- II, i, 29. *A brown dozen*: an obsolete phrase for a 'round' or full dozen.
- II, i, 44. *The priest have a penny*: i.e. get his wedding-fee.
- II, i, 75. *Noverint universi*: the Latin words with which legal documents began—*Know all men by these presents*; cf. *Monsieur D'Olive*, V, ii, 85-9. The implication is that Gasparo has ruined many men by law-suits.
- II, i, 77. *Disparage a gentlewoman*: drag a lady into a *mésalliance*. Cf. *All Fools*, I, i, 266, and the note *ad loc*.
- II, i, 121. There is an allusion here to an old ballad, well known in Chapman's time, which appears in Percy's *Reliques* under the title of *Queen Dido*. There are further allusions to this ballad and to its tune in *Bonduca*, I, ii, and *The Captain*, III, i. See also *The Penniless Parliament of Thread-*

bare Poets, 1608, reprinted by the Percy Society, vol. vii. The copies of the ballad in the Pepys' collection, from which Percy printed, are headed *The Wandering Prince of Troy: to the tune of Queen Dido*. The first of these can hardly be dated before 1620, but both go back, no doubt, to a ballad entitled *The Wanderynge Prince*, which was entered in the Stationers' Registers as early as 1564-5. Lodovico parodies the first lines of the twelfth stanza of this ballad:

*When death had pierced the tender heart
Of Dido Carthaginian queen;
Whose bloody knife did end the smart
Which she sustain'd in mournful teen.*

- II, i, 141. *Imbrue your hands with his liver*: become guilty of his death; the *liver* is here referred to as the seat of the affections, in particular of love.
 II, i, 156. *These superfluous disgracings*: these insults you have wantonly heaped upon him.
 II, i, 157. *Unhearty niceness*: unhearty may mean 'discouraging', 'disheartening'; cf.

*Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.*
Coriolanus, V, i, 48-9.

or, as the context seems to show, 'insincere'; *niceness* is, in either case, equivalent to 'coyness', 'over-scrupulousness'.

- II, i, 211-17. So in *Alessandro*, I, v, Lucilla suggests in her letter the possibility of her lover entering her chamber by means of a ladder: *che con un poco di scala potrete accostarvi alla inferriata de ta mia camera*.
 II, i, 225-302. The interview between Temperance and Leonoro is based on that between Fortunio and Nicoletta, *Alessandro*, II, i. The verbal similarities which Stiefel tries to point out (*loc. cit.* p. 200) seem to me quite negligible. The only apparent analogy that his parallel columns of English and Italian contain is an *obstinate young thing* and *Ostinatissima*, and even here *obstinate* is Stiefel's perversion of Chapman's text l. 244 which reads *an obstacle young thing*. One might almost fancy that Chapman placed this malapropism in the mouth of Temperance to avoid a verbal borrowing from his Italian source.
 II, i, 240. *Broke with her*. 'To break with' means to disclose anything secretly to a person, but there is an undermeaning in the phrase equivalent to 'solicit', 'attempt to procure'; cf. Shakespeare's use of 'broker' as a synonym for 'bawd' or 'procurer' in *King John*, II, 582, and *Troilus and Cressida*, V, x, 33.
 II, i, 316. *Lapwing*. 'Like the partridge and some other birds it [the lapwing] has a curious habit of trying to draw intruders away from its nest or young by fluttering along the ground in an opposite direction'—Harting, *Ornithology of Shakespeare*, quoted by Furness in his note on *Much Ado About Nothing*, III, i, 25.
 II, i, 326-353. Stiefel's statement that this passage is only a free version of the latter part of *Alessandro*, I, v, seems to me too strong. Except that in both plays the servant promises his master to get his sweetheart's father out of the way, there is nothing in common between them.
 II, i, 346-7. *Spy out*: the same phrase is used in *Monsieur D'Olive*, III, ii, 99: '*Discern and spy out*' is my motto.
 II, i, 357-8. *With one trowel daub two walls*: apparently a proverb equivalent to 'kill two birds with one stone'. I have not, however, met with any analogous phrase in the old collections of proverbs.
 II, i, 362. *D'ye lack, gentlewoman*. Angelo imitates the cry of the apprentice at his master's stall; cf. *Eastward Ho*, I, i, 65, and III, ii, 84.
 II, i, 374-7. Angelo's speech sounds almost like a parody of Valerio's in *All Fools*, IV, i, 140-46. Cf. also *Antonio and Melida*, II, i, 103-4.
 II, i, 427. *An old colt*: the phrase seems, as Dilke says, a contradiction in terms, but *colt* has here the meaning of 'a wanton fellow'. Cf. the phrase, 'a colt's tooth', i.e. an inclination to wantonness, *Henry VIII*, I, iii, 48.

- II, i, 434-512.** Stiefel points out that this passage is in the main an adaptation of *Alessandro*, II, iii. It is a very free adaptation, and the parallel passages which Stiefel quotes contain no very close resemblances. Chapman, even when he is following his model closely, renders the simple and matter-of-fact Italian style in picturesque and figurative English. Thus for *Voi sapete, Gostanzo, quant' honesta e da bene è questa vostra Brigida, e quanto è vaga del suo honore*, Chapman has: *And yet does this whirligig stand upon terms of honour, forsooth; tenders her reputation as the apple of her eye.*
- II, i, 449.** *A very toy which runs in her head*: cf. *All Fools*, III, i, 78-9.
- II, i, 455.** *Mutton-monger*. See the note on *All Fools*, III, i, 396.
- II, i, 484-5.** *Tinkers, pedlars, etc.* In the Italian the servant remarks that certain sorts of people like *acorespilli, spazzacamini, villetai, magnani, e simili* (i.e. pedlars, chimney-sweeps, locksmiths, and the like) can enter ladies' houses without suspicion, and so Gostanzo ought to disguise himself like one of them to visit Brigida. Gostanzo suggests disguising himself as a *vilettai* (cf. l. 473), but the servant says he would look too much like himself in that dress.
- II, i, 475-6.** *That disguise is worn threadbare upon every stage*. There is nothing in the Italian to correspond to this. It appears to be a gibe at the frequency with which English playwrights used the monk's gown as a disguise.
- II, i, 505-10.** In the Italian Gostanzo asks how he can kiss Brigida in his dirty disguise without soiling her, and the servant answers that when he is once in her house he may wash and clean himself at his pleasure. As usual where Chapman takes a passage directly from his original, he expands it and heightens the style.
- II, i, 512.** *Potatoes*: formerly thought to be aphrodisiacs. See *Byron's Conspiracy*, III, ii, 16, and my note *ad loc.*
- II, i, 537-8.** *Padua*. See *All Fools*, I, i, 316, and the note *ad loc.*, p. 714 above. Giovanello being *fresh* needs to be *powdered*, i.e. salted by being made acquainted with the knavish captain, who will then find him an appetiser for a carouse.
- II, i, 540-543.** With this speech cf. the scene in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, III, i, 185, *ssq.*, where the conversation turns on furnishing a lord with a good merry fool.
- II, i, 555-6.** *Meretriculated . . . colted*. The first of these words, according to the *New English Dictionary*, is a nonce-word of Chapman's invention, equivalent to 'deceived as by a harlot'. For *colted*, i.e. 'cheated', cf. *King Henry IV*, II, ii, 39.
- II, i, 561.** *Loath to break*: a pun on the implied sense, 'break my word' and the common meaning of *break*, i.e. 'go bankrupt', as Quintiliano would do if he paid the bill.
- II, i, 568.** *Pose him*: question him.
- II, i, 603-4.** *Healts on our knees*: cf. *All Fools*, V, ii, 56, and the note *ad loc.*
- II, i, 606.** *How many miles to midsummer?* There seems an implied allusion here to the 'midsummer moon', 'the month in which lunacy is supposed to be prevalent'—*New English Dictionary*. The phrase 'midsummer moon' occurs at least twice in Nash (*Works*—McKerrow's edition, vol. iii, p. 38 and p. 363) in the sense of 'madness'. See also Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 56, and the notes on *Twelfth Night*, III, iv, 61, in Furness's *Variorum*. Apparently Quintiliano asks derisively how near madness Giovanello is.
- II, i, 607.** *Tassel of a gander*: a *tassell*, or more properly a *tercel*, or *tiercel*, is the male hawk, so called as being one-third smaller than the female. See the notes on *tassel-gentile, Romeo and Juliet*, II, ii, 160, in Furness's *Variorum*. Since the goose is somewhat smaller than the gander we may, I suppose, take it that Quintiliano in a somewhat roundabout and fanciful fashion calls the student a goose.

¹ I cite the Italian *literatim* from the 1561 edition of *Alessandro*. It does not agree exactly with the text as quoted by Stiefel. The word *acorespilli* I have not been able to trace; for *villetai*, we should read *velettai*. The two probably mean 'pedlars of pins and veils'.

- II, i, 611.** *The powdering-tub*: the sweating-tub used in Chapman's day in the treatment of venereal disease. It is constantly referred to in Elizabethan drama; see especially *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, III, iv, 133-144.
- II, i, 634.** *My Valentine*: a lady not elsewhere referred to in the play who is Quintiliano's *Valentine*, or sweetheart for the current year. Under the pretence of visiting their *nursed child*s, i.e. their children at nurse in the country, she and a neighbour or two are to accompany Quintiliano and his friends to the *carouse*. The form *childs*, l. 635, is a northern plural of which the *New English Dictionary* gives no example later than the *Towneley Mysteries* in the middle of the fifteenth century.
- II, i, 642.** *Barbary*: i.e. Barberland, the kingdom of the barbers. By a similar pun the barber who plays the part of the giant in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* assumes the name of Barbarossa.
- II, i, 648-9.** *'Twill be the less perceived*: the visible token of married life, the horns, will not show so plainly if Cutbeard puts on his hat.
- II, i, 650-1.** *I'll maintain you both else*: I take it that Quintiliano asserts that if his barber and his tailor prolong their supposed quarrel, he will *maintain*, i.e. lend support and countenance to, both parties.
- II, i, 680.** *The Clarissimi*: Venetian grandees.
- II, i, 687.** *A squirting companion*: a paltry fellow, with reference to the syringe of the barber-surgeon.
- II, i, 695.** *Scrip or scroll*: any form of written receipt.
For a colour: as a mere pretence.
- II, i, 696.** *Lend it me simply*: lend it unconditionally, without qualification, such as might serve *for a colour*.
- II, i, 704.** *Burn'd i' th' hand*: i.e. burnt my fingers, suffered loss.
- II, i, 718-9.** *'Tis not this . . . my hands*: you'll not get this money back from me. Quintiliano's speech is purposely ambiguous, and his gull misunderstands it so far as to thank him, l. 720, for a promise not to repay the loan.
- III, i, 5.** *Presume of what thou wilt*: count upon anything you please.
- III, i, 6.** *Both ways*: i.e. 'drunk, as well as absent'—Dilke.
- III, i, 24.** *Holy water frog*. Dilke thinks there is an allusion to the game of leap-frog. Lean (*Collectanea*, vol. ii, p. 705) suggests that 'the practice of passing on the *eau bénite* from one to another on entering or leaving church to save going to the stoup itself is in view'. Perhaps both are right. Water passed on in this fashion from hand to hand might be said to be playing leap-frog, or be spoken of as *holy-water frog*.
- III, i, 29-30.** I understand Lodovico to say: I must keep faith with my uncle, and will tell you his secret only on condition that you do not repeat it.
- III, i, 59-60.** *Marcus Aurelius*. The reference is, in all probability, not to the original *Meditations* of the Roman Emperor, but to one of the most popular books of the sixteenth century, the *Reloj de Principes, o Marco Aurelio*, of the Spaniard Guevara, 1529. It was translated into French under the title of *Livre doré de Marc Aurèle* in 1531. This version served as a basis for the English translation of Lord Berners, *The Golden Book of Marcus Aurelius*, editions of which appeared in 1534, 1539, 1542, 1553, 1557, and 1559. Another translation by North appeared in 1557 entitled *The Diall of Princes*; subsequent editions of which appeared in 1568, 1582 and 1619.
- Gesta Romanorum*, the famous Latin collection of anecdotes and tales compiled about the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century. It was one of the most popular works of the early Renaissance in England. The first English translation was printed by Wynkyn de Worde between 1510 and 1515; another translation by Robynson appeared in 1577, of which there are, according to Lowndes, six or seven impressions before 1601.
- The Mirror of Magistrates*: a famous collection of poems on the falls of princes by various authors, Ferrers, Baldwin, Phaer, Churchyard, Sackville, and others, which appeared in various forms and with constant

additions during the third quarter of the sixteenth century. From 1559 to 1587 at least seven editions were issued.

It is worth noting that all these works are of a highly moral, not to say didactic tone.

- III, i, 65-6.** *Ring him . . . basons* : an allusion to the old custom of 'carting' an infamous person. The mob which attended the cart beat basins and other utensils to increase the uproar. There are frequent allusions to this custom in Elizabethan drama; see, for example, *The Silent Woman*, III, v, 85; *The New Inn*, IV, iii, 99; and a stage-direction in *The Honest Whore*, pt. ii, V, ii.
- III, i, 68.** *Besnowball him* : cf. the phrase *pebble 'em with snowballs*, *Eastward Ho*, III, ii, 70-1.
- III, i, 67.** *Ashamed . . . seal it* : 'Ashamed of his guilty purpose before it be effected'—Dilke.
- III, i, 84-5.** *Fortune de la [paix]* : a coined phrase after the analogy of 'fortune of war'. Probably the French phrase was used for the sake of a pun with *Pax*, immediately following. Dilke mistakenly identifies the *Pax* with the Pyx, the box containing the consecrated wafer. *Pax* may mean either the kiss of peace, or as here the tablet which was kissed by the celebrating priest at Mass and passed to the other clergy and to the congregation to be kissed, see Nares, *Glossary*, sub *Pax*.
- III, i, 105.** There is a pun on *natural* in the sense of 'foolish', 'idiotic'.
- III, i, 125-30.** There is a close parallel to this song in one sung by Cokedemoy disguised as a bell-man in *The Dutch Courtesan*, IV, v, and another in *Englishmen for my Money* (Hazlitt-Dodsley, vol. x, p. 530). Both are modelled on the old street-cries, a collection of which is appended to Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*.
- III, i, 132.** Cf. the note on *The Blind Beggar*, i, 298.
- III, i, 187-8.** The word *rook*, now familiar as a term of reproach for a cheating gambler, seems formerly to have meant, like so many birds' names, a fool, specifically one easily cheated. See the quotations in the *New English Dictionary* under *rook*, c. A *cheating-stock* on the analogy of 'laughing-stock' is a butt, or fool, made to be cheated. Cf. Jonson's phrase 'court-ing-stock' in *The New Inn*, I, vi, 154.
- III, i, 249.** *Shoeing-horns* : a slang expression, occurring as early as *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, 1552-3, for an appetizer, a provocative to drink. Later it came to be applied to people, of either sex, who provoked, or facilitated, amorous interviews. Thus in *Monsieur D'Olive*, V, i, 170-199, Eurione is charged with being a *shoeing-horn*, i.e. a pandress, to her sister. See also the letter on 'shoeing-horns' in the *Spectator*, no. 536. In the present passage Lodovico uses the word in its first sense—the absence of Lorenzo and Quintiliano is a means to facilitate the meeting of the lovers.
- III, ii, 11.** *Other men's stables* : see the passage in Ingleby, *Shakespeare Hermeneutics*, p. 77, sq., already referred to in connexion with *All Fools*, IV, i, 262-3.
- III, ii, 12.** *Rampant . . . passant*. There is a pun on the heraldic meaning of the words. I take it that *passant* here has the obsolete meaning 'excelling'.
- III, ii, 17.** *Past the pikes* : a phrase equivalent to 'run the gauntlet'. Cf. *Monsieur D'Olive*, III, ii, 199. An instance of this usage occurs as late as Cowper, 1785.
- III, ii, 41.** *The most slovenly case*, referring to Lorenzo's dirty dress as a chimney-sweep.
- III, iii, 10.** *Undoing* : there is, I think, a double meaning here; the word carries with it a second sense, i.e. 'ensnaring', 'tempting to ruin'. To 'undo' a woman meant specifically in Elizabethan English 'to ruin her'. See *Titus Andronicus*, IV, ii, 75-76.
- III, iii, 18.** Probably Lodovico pronounced these words in a tragic tone that would recall to the spectator one of the famous phrases of *The Spanish Tragedy* (II, v, 4), *Who calls Hieronimo?*
- III, iii, 39.** *Rope-ripe terms* : language fit for the gallows, with special allusion

- to Lodovico's use of *hemp*, *halter*, and *knot*, in the preceding speech. Cf. the use of *ropery* in *Romeo and Juliet*, II, iv, 154.
- III, iii, 49. *A blue killing*. I take it that *blue* here means 'frightened', 'faint-hearted', and that *killing* means 'young thing'. See the *New English Dictionary* sub *killing*, 3.
- III, iii, 52. *His parting choler*: the anger in which he departed, cf. II, i, 113-130 above.
- III, iii, 55. *Choose him*: let him choose, do as he chooses.
- III, iii, 104. Mr. Crawford calls my attention to the fact that the first words of this line are borrowed from *Astrophel and Stella* (Fourth Song, stanza 5). Chapman's audience would no doubt be quick to recognize the loan.
- III, iii, 142. *Ædificium cedit solo*. This appears to be a version of a passage from the *Institutes* of Justinian (II, i, 29): *omne quod in ædificatur, solo cedit*, everything built on the soil accedes to it. By a humorous confusion of Lodovico's this doctrine is made to hear upon the ownership of a calf. This was, however, settled on another ground, see *Institutes*, II, i, 19.
- III, iii, 149. *A motion*: a puppet-show. The reference is to Madam Temperance, who has appeared on the terrace of Honorio's house, and whose gestures, as she peers about for Leonoro, remind Lodovico of a puppet's.
- III, iii, 163-5. The mock citation from Pythagoras reminds one of *Twelfth Night*, IV, ii, 54-7.
- III, iii, 196. A parody of *Hamlet*, I, ii, 114. The line parodied does not appear in the first version of *Hamlet*, the quarto of 1603. See above, p. 732.
- III, iii, 202. *Ancient*: i.e. Giovanello, whom the Captain has promoted to be his ensign, or standard bearer.
- III, iii, 209. *Scientia* is used in mediæval Latin as an honorary title for a learned man, so that Giovanello's assertion is pedantic rather than ignorant.
- III, iii, 217. *Balderdash*: a mixture of liquors, such as beer and milk (*The New Inn*, I, ii, 21-25), or, as here, wine and brandy (cf. the quotation from Bunyan under *fetch* 12, b in the *New English Dictionary*), whereas the Captain suspects the presence of salt water in the wine.
- III, iii, 231-2. Quintiliano sings a snatch of some old ballad which has not yet been identified.
- III, iii, 253. *Uncoal-carrying*: see the note on I, i, 430 above.
- III, iii, 259, *ssq.* The incident of Innocentio's foolish letter of defiance is palpably adapted from *Twelfth Night*, III, iv, 156, *ssq.*
- IV, i, 10. To *cast* is Elizabethan slang for 'to vomit'; cf. *Macbeth*, II, iii, 46. There are constant puns on this sense of the word.
- IV, i, 15. Aristotle first defined continuity and distinguished between continuity and contiguity (*Metaphysics*, k, 1069). Quintiliano here refers scornfully to academic discussions of this distinction.
- IV, i, 18-19. A garbled quotation from Marston's *Antonio's Revenge* (V, ii, 20-2):

*Fill red-cheek'd Bacchus, let Lyæus float
In burnish'd goblets! Force the plump-lipp'd god
Skip light lavoltas in your full-sapp'd veins.*

The *lavolta* was a 'lively dance for two persons, consisting chiefly of high bounds'. It was introduced from Italy (*la volta*, the turn) and appears to have been very popular in Elizabethan England. Sir John Davies gives a description of it in his *Orchestra*, stanza 70.

- IV, i, 24-27. Cf. the swaggering speech of Valerio in *All Fools*, II, i, 226-229, 300-304. The *shoulder-clappers* of l. 26 are, of course, the sergeants; the term comes from their practice of clapping a man on the shoulder to signify his arrest; the *pestiles* are their staves, or batons.
- IV, i, 31-2. *It stands a little*. Innocentio's phrase implies some depreciation of the sword, perhaps, as Dilke suggests, that it does not at once resume its position after having been bent, but *stands a little*. Quintiliano disposes of the criticism with the punning answer that the best *blades* (men of the sword) *stand* (put up a fight) *soonest*.

- IV, i, 37. I cannot identify the old ballad from which this line is evidently quoted.
- IV, i, 82. I can find no other instance of *hummerer*, but the meaning appears to be 'one who hums or buzzes about anything'. Dilke's alteration *humourer* seems to me to make the meaning less plain.
- IV, ii, 18-20. 'Till by observing our fathers' tempers we find a fit time for proposing our marriage'. *Skill*, l. 20, is identical in meaning with *knowledge*.
- IV, ii, 55. *Capricorn*. This constellation is mentioned here because of the supposed lascivious nature of the he-goat.
- IV, ii, 83. *Betwixt the pales*. The phrase means, I think, 'within limits,' i.e. briefly.
- IV, ii, 109. *Has the wind of* : catches scent of, is on the trail of.
- IV, ii, 190. *Against the hair* : in spite of his natural inclination, or, in this case, aversion to love. Cf. *All Fools*, II, i, 380, and note *ad loc*.
- IV, ii, 195. To 'lay down the bucklers' is to own defeat; cf. *Much Ado*, V, ii, 17, and the parallel passages cited by Steevens in the *Variorum* edition of this play.
- IV, ii, 207. *Jump at three* : exactly at three; cf. *Hamlet*, V, ii, 386.
- IV, ii, 232. *The May-night show*. The masque at Honorio's on May-night closes the play as the *chorus juvenum* on May-morning opens it.
- IV, ii, 242-3. *The tone . . . the tother* : forms arising from a misdivision of *thet* (that) *one*, *thet other*. *The tone* refers to gifts (l. 241), *the tother* to *courting* (l. 240).
- IV, iii, 22-4. Chapman may have got the idea of comparing a feast with a battle from Latin comedy; see *Captivi*, V, i, and *Menæchmi*, I, iii.
- IV, iii, 46-7. *Culverins . . . minions* : names of various kinds of guns. *Culverins* are small hand-cannon; the name is originally from *colubrinus*, snakelike; *falcons* and *sakers* like muskets bear the names of birds; a *minion* is literally 'a darling'. The comparison of flacons to 'Cannon, demi-cannon, saker, and basilisk' reappears in *The Honest Whore*, pt. 2, IV, iii.
- IV, iii, 66. *The dresser* ; the kitchen sideboard on which the cook knocked to indicate that dinner was ready; cf. Massinger's phrase, *the dresser, the cook's drum* (*Unnatural Combat*, III, i).
- IV, iii, 84-5. Cf. *An Humorous Day's Mirth*, sc. vi, l. 51.
- IV, iii, 91. *Prisons*. It was a common practice in Chapman's day to send the broken victuals left over from a feast to feed poor prisoners. There are repeated references in the drama to the 'basket' in which these victuals were carried. See *Eastward Ho*, V, iii, 55; *The City Madam*, I, i, etc.
- IV, iii, 128. *By the meskin* : by the mass; *meskin*, or *maskins* being a diminutive form.
- IV, iv, 5. *Take in*. Angelo throws up the rope ladder for Æmilia to make fast.
- IV, iv, 6. *Short-heel'd* : wanton; cf. *The Blind Beggar*, vii, 21, and *The Widow's Tears*, III, i, 152.
- IV, iv, 25. Since marriage takes away a man's faith, he is forced to rely on works for his salvation.
- IV, iv, 37. *Hornstock* : stock on which to plant horns; cf. *cheating-stock*, III, i, 187, above, and note *ad loc*.
- IV, iv, 48. *Battle the pride* : feed fat, flatter, the pride.
- IV, iv, 68. *Be here V with him*. It is possible that V was originally a marginal stage-direction, representing the sign of the horns which has slipped into the text.
- IV, iv, 70-1. *Phitroh, ho, pthrough* : onomato-poeic words which Fannio imagines himself calling out to the horned beast, Quintiliano, and the ass, Innocentio.
- V, i, 63. *For my love*. Lorenzo says that Franceschina has come to his house in disguise for love of him.
- V, i, 68. *Hit it* : discover a token, cf. l. 68.

- V, i, 93. *Lofty tricks* : high capers in the dance.
- V, i, 113. *Branched gown* : 'gown adorned with sprigs or flowers in needle-work'—Dilke.
- V, i, 143. *Woodcock* : here as elsewhere a synonym for a fool.
- V, i, 196. *My waist* : a pun on 'waste', dissipation ; cf. 2 *King Henry IV*, I, ii, 160-162.
- V, i, 203. *Maw* : an old game of cards, spoken of in 1580 as having 'grown out of the country from the meanest into credit at court with the greatest'—*Popular Antiquities*, vol. ii, p. 450. Two people could play it.
- V, i, 209. The *varlet* is the knave ; the *fivefinger* is the five of trumps. A *coat-card*, l. 216 below, is a court-card ; cf. Rowley's *When You See Me* : *I am a coat-card, indeed. Then thou must needs be a knave, for thou art neither king nor queen.* (Elze's edition, p. 28, where the original *coat-card* is emended to *court-card*.)
- V, i, 267. To wipe any one's nose is to cheat one of something. Cf. a similar phrase in *The City Wit* (Brome, *Works*, vol. i, p. 356.) The first instance cited of this phrase in the *New English Dictionary* is under the date 1598, and it may have been borrowed from France. A similar idiom, *se torcher le nez de quelque chose*, occurs in the comedies of Larivey (*Six Comedies*, 1579).
- V, i, 279. *New fireworks*. Quintiliano asks if this revelation of identity is part of the entertainment prepared for the feast.
- V, i, 301. *Lead apes in hell*. There was an old saying that the girl who died unmarried was doomed to lead apes in hell. It occurs first, so far as I know, in Gascoigne, 1575 (*Works*, vol. i, p. 463) ; but is no doubt older. See the notes in the *Variorum on Much Ado*, II, i, 43.
- V, i, 322. *Stand not too much upon goods* : do not insist upon too large a settlement on the young couple.
- V, i, 326. *Ambo* : i.e. Æmilia and Aurelio.
- V, i, 334. Temperance cannot only administer love potions, but treat venereal diseases.
- V, i, 348. *Mutton and rabbit* : slang terms for loose women.
- V, i, 351. *In authority wise* : as one of the officials charged with the preservation of public morals.
- V, i, 354. Possibly a parody of a line of Marlowe's :
Whose hideous echoes make the welkin howl.
Dido, IV, ii, 9.

TEXT NOTES

May-Day was first published in 1611 in a quarto printed for John Browne. It is not particularly well printed, and the text needs correction at many points. The copies of Q. (two of which in the British Museum and two in the Bodleian I have consulted) agree fairly well among themselves. I have pointed out a few variations in the following notes.

The first reprint of this play appeared in *Old English Plays*, vol. iv, 1814. The editor of this collection is known to have been Charles Wentworth Dilke, and I refer to this edition in the following notes by the letter D. So far as I know *May-Day* has not been reprinted in any other collection of plays, nor has it been given the honour of a separate edition. It appears, of course, in the *Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman* (P.), and in Shepherd's edition of Chapman's works, *Plays*, 1874 (S.).

Dramatis Personae. No such list appears in Q. The list here printed is based with a few changes and additions upon that printed by D.

The play is divided into acts, but not into scenes in Q. I have made the scene divisions and indicated the place of the action.

- I, i, 26. Q. *wonder* ; D. and S. *wondered*, an unnecessary change.
29. Q. *trow we* ; following Brereton's suggestion (*Modern Language Review*, vol. iii, p. 61) I read *trow*.¹
39. Q. *cheeke* ; P. misprints *checke*.
43. Brereton (*loc. cit.*) stigmatizes the words *made out* as 'clearly an interpolation', since they 'spoil Lorenzo's verse'. But it does not seem imperative that

- this line should be the exact complement of l. 41.
126. Q. *thy full*; D. *the full*. Cf. l. 49.
131. Q. *parlesse*; D. and S. *peerless*. I prefer to read *parlous*, the syncopated form of 'perilous'.
146. Q. has a question mark after *then*, which is followed by D. But here as often the question mark indicates an exclamation.
167. Q. *Godge you God morrow*; D. *Godge you good morrow*. But *Godge* is evidently equivalent to *God gi'*, and *God morrow* appears elsewhere in this play; cf. II, i, 225.
181. Q. *potion*; D. corrects to *portion*.
233. Q. *shake her heels*; D. corrects *heeles* to *ears*, citing *Twelfth Night*, II, iii, 134, for this phrase, which occurs also in *Monsieur D'Olive*, II, ii, 234. The Q. *heeles* was probably due to the presence of the same word in l. 235 below, which caught the printer's eye.
244. Q. *love stormes*; so D. and S. I suggest *love scorns*, an emendation approved by Mr. Daniel.
255. P. misprints *how deepe*. All the copies of Q. which I have seen have but one *how*.
257. Q. *sautring*; D. *sauntering*.
278. The stage-direction *a purse, etc.*, is printed in Q., as here, in the margin. It is evidently an instruction to the stage-manager to provide Innocentio with the purse which he pulls out in l. 445 below. This seems to show conclusively that Q. was printed from a stage copy. Cf. a similar instruction in *Bussy D'Ambois*, I, i, 153 and Text Note *ad loc.*
372. P. followed by S. has *their hunger*. But all the copies of Q. that I have seen read *anger*, which is also the reading of D.
418. Q. *with ceremony*, followed by S. D. *without ceremony*, which is evidently required by the context. The corresponding passage in Dekker (see above, p. 742) reads *as impudently as can be*.
- II, i, 9. D. inserts *you* after *say*, which does not seem necessary.
- 38-40. Q. and D. print as prose; but it is plainly verse, and was recognized as such by S.
94. Q. has the stage-direction *Enter Gasparo*; but it is clear that he merely crosses the stage, and D. made the proper correction.
109. In Q. the stage-direction *Exit Aure*, follows the entrance of Lodovico.
158. One of the copies in the British Museum (C. 12. g. 5) reads *disgracing*. This is followed by P.; but the other copies that I have seen read *disgracings*. Possibly we should read *disguisings*; but as the passage is intelligible, see note p. 743, I have allowed the text to stand.
197. Q. *If doe not*; D. inserts *I* after *If*.
214. P. misprints *Sod*. for Q. *Lod*.
222. Q. *Of my kindnesse from me*, so D. and S.; but *my* is plainly a misprint for *any*; cf. below III, i, 61, where the same misprint occurs.
264. Q. *ter dinner*. In Q. these words begin a line, and it is plain that *af* has simply dropped off. D. restores it.
353. Q. *enforce us*; so D., but this makes nonsense. I read *inform us*, an emendation approved by Mr. Daniel.
354. P. omits *sir*.
357. Q. *ownes*; D. and S. *own*.
364. Q. prints the stage-direction *Hold up, etc.*, in the margin to the right.
404. Q. *well may beauty*; D. transposes *may* and *beauty*, which is no doubt correct.
427. Q. *colt*; D. *cock*, a change which does not seem necessary; cf. the note on this line, p. 743 above.
429. Here, as in I, i, 146, the question mark of Q. after *felthers* denotes an exclamation.
- 430-1. Q. *soon overcome*; P. misprints *the sooner overcome*.
483. Q. *doe it earnest to carry it*; D. *do in earnest carry it*, an emendation which I have adopted.
501. Q. *locks, fludgs*; D. prints *fluds!* I have accepted Brereton's suggestion (*loc. cit.*) that *fludgs* is a misprint of a stage-direction, *sings*.

503. Q. *words*; D. suggests *weeds*, a correction which Mr. Daniel had made independently, and I have adopted.
- 532-3. Q. *so make room*; so D. and S. But the context seems to require *to make room*.
559. Q. *I finde*; P. misprints *if finde*.
636. Q. *Enter Cuthbert Barber*; D. *Cuthbert, a Barber*. But the name appears in the text, ll. 645, 654, *et al.* as *Cutbeard*, and I have altered the stage-direction to correspond.
657. Q. *doe they not both band themselves*; D. substitutes *ye and yourselves*, but this seems unnecessary.
710. D. supplies the stage-direction, *aside to him*, in this line.
- III, i, 14-15. There is a slight variation in the copies of Q. here. That in the Douce collection in the Bodleian places the parenthesis after *sweepers*, the Malone copy rightly after *beautifull*. The two copies in the British Museum agree with the latter. P. has followed a copy agreeing with the Douce Q.
25. I have followed Q. here, but would suggest the possibility of reading *better sport than at*. If *than* were written *thē* in the MS., the mistake might easily have occurred.
29. D. arbitrarily alters *and to but will*. See note, p. 745 above.
61. Q. *Let my man*; I accept the emendation of D. *let any man*. Cf. note on II, i, 222, above.
87. D. adds the *Exit* after this line.
78. P. misprints *Lon.* for *Hon.* in this line.
85. Q. *pace*; D. emends *paix*. See note, p. 746 above.
102. Q. and D. read *sir?*; but the interrogation mark denotes an exclamation.
122. P. omits the question mark after *sir* which is found in Q.
153. D. alters *venery* to *Venice*, but this seems a mistake, for *venery* is again laid to Snail's charge below in l. 203.
186. Q. assigns this speech to *Lod.*; D. gives it to *Lor.*, which is plainly correct.
227. D. supplies the *Exit* after this line.
- III, ii. Stage-direction. Q. reads *Francisco above*. D. corrects.
- ii, 6. P. misprints *foote* for *soote*.
18. Q. *The Iayles of the love-god*; D. suggests *joys*, which I have accepted. Brereton (*loc. cit.*) proposes *toyles*, but this does not seem to suit the context.
84. P. wrongly puts a period for the comma of Q. after *happinesse*.
- III, iii, 9. Q. *houses*; D. corrects *horses*.
61. Q. and D. *last*; I emend *lasts*.
63. P. omits *does* before *so*.
- 68 and 102. D. adds the stage-directions in these lines.
126. Q. *summe*; D. corrects *sun*.
138. D. inserts *a* before *wench*.
157. D. inserts *Exit Temperance*.
- 204-5. Q. *desire you more*; D. reads *I desire*, and states that Q. has *your*, but the copies I have seen all read *you*.
232. D. reads *he* for *she* in this line, urging that Quintiliano does not know that the page is really a woman, but I think *she* may well be used in jest of a *sweet-faced child*, l. 228.
- 253-4. Q. and D. have the first parenthesis before *he*; but this is an evident mistake as *he* is the subject of *falls*.
287. Q. *seeing*; I accept the emendation of S. *seeming*
- IV, i, 7-8. Q. gives this speech to *Innoc.*, but it plainly belongs to *Lionello*, who is answering his master's remark in ll. 4-6. D. corrects.
20. D. adds the stage-direction.
56. Q. *and' cheare it*; D. *an I hear it*; Deighton (*Old Dramatists* p. 139) *and I hear it*. I follow the latter, for it is not likely that Chapman meant Quintiliano to use, in this place only, the rustic form of the pronoun, *Ich*.
61. Q. *Enter Quintil. and Lorenzo*. D. alters *and* to *dragging in*.
73. D. inserts the *aside*.
- IV, ii, 49. Q. *berai'd*; D. *betray'd*; S. *beuwayed*, which is doubtless correct.
80. Q. *hast, &c.* D. *haste, haste*. The *&c.* of Q. may well be meant to indicate that Angelo is to improvise a series of ejaculations, while Aurelio bids farewell to Aemilia and descends. I have therefore allowed it to stand.

115. Q. *hand, hide*; D. emends *hand*, and suggests that the passage might be otherwise altered. But the correction of this misprint makes the passage quite intelligible.
- 123-124. Q. *remaine . . . miads*; D. corrects *remain . . . minds*.
135. Q. *In the more then temper*, which is unintelligible. I follow the emendation of D. Deighton (*loc. cit.*) proposes *I'll do thee more than temper*, but this involves the alteration of *your* to *you* in the next line, and seems to me inconsistent with the sense of the entire passage.
148. Q. *Use shall command*; D. inserts *you* after *use*.
161. Q. *Gengerly, Gingerly*; D. *Gingerly, Gingerly*.
196. Q. and D. *bald hewed*; Deighton (*loc. cit.*) *bald haired*—whatever that may mean—Brereton (*loc. cit.*) *gall-dewed*. I emend *bold-hewed* in the sense of 'rough-hewn'.
198. P. misprints *no more*, and is followed by S.; but all the copies of Q. that I have seen have *know more*, which makes perfectly good sense. D. follows Q.
- 202-3. Q., D. and S. assign this speech to *Lod.*, but it plainly belongs to *Aurelio*, who urges *Lodovico* to be patient.
206. Q. *perl's man*; D. *perl'sman*; S. *pearl's man*. I accept the emendation of Brereton (*loc. cit.*) *per'lous man*.
214. Q. *mistesse*; D. corrects. P. omits *with before him*.
- IV, iii, 54. Q. *And more glorious shew*; D. *a more*. I have preferred to retain *and* and insert the missing *a*.
75. Q. *as you ancient*; but Innocentio, to whom the words are addressed, is not an *ancient*, but a *lieutenant*. I therefore accept the emendation of D., *your*.
77. Q. *Panbakex*; D. *Pancakes*; S. *Pancake*.
- IV, iv, 2-3. Q. *Hist, hawe*; D. *Hist! ha!*
7. D. adds the stage-direction.
12. P. omits *Enter* in the stage-direction after this line.
68. D. omits *V* and adds the stage-direction in this line. See note, p. 748 above.
- V, i, 51-77. D. inserts the *asides* in this passage. In l. 63 he wrongly places the *aside* at the beginning of the speech. It is clear, however, that Lorenzo's first words are spoken to the company and not to Angelo. The *aside* begins with *For my love*.
84. D. inserts *dressed in Woman's Clothes* in the stage-direction after this line.
99. D. inserts the *aside*.
119. Q. *Omnes*. The speakers are, of course, only *Aurelio*, *Leonoro*, and *Quintiliano*, not the entire company.
127. Q. *Signor Lorenzo*; a manifest blunder since *Lorenzo* is speaking. I emend *Honorio*. S. assigns the speech and l. 130 to *Le. i.e. Leonoro*.
159. D. inserts the stage-direction.
174. P. omits *only*.
222. P. omits *lay*.
242. D. adds *in his Male Dress* to the stage-direction after this line. I add the name of *Temperance*, who must enter with *Lucretio* (cf. ll. 229-30 above), and who is on the stage at the close, see ll. 333, ssq.
254. Q. *embarqu't us, and would have*; D. omits *and*, which is necessary to restore the sense, for *following*, l. 252, is the subject of *would have*.
261. P. misprints *Leo*. for Q. *Lio[nello]*.
269. Q. *more happy*; D. suggests *not more happy*, which I accept.
275. Q. *being (as he supposed me)*. This seems to me quite unintelligible, and I emend *I being as he supposed me*, i.e. a woman.
280. Q. *new sir*; D. corrects *now, sir*.
- 302-314. D. inserts the stage-directions in these lines.
- 338-41. Q. and S. assign this speech to *Lod.*; D. assigns it to *Quintiliano*, which is plainly correct, since it is addressed to *Innocentio* who replies *Fore! Gnd. Captain*.

THE GENTLEMAN USHER

INTRODUCTION

The Gentleman Usher was entered, under the title of *Vincentio and Margaret*, in the Stationers' Registers, November 26, 1605, for Valentine Syms, the publisher of *An Humourous Day's Mirth*. It was published in 1606 with the following title-page :

The Gentleman Usher. By George Chapman. At London. Printed by V. S. for Thomas Thorppe, 1606.

Syms evidently had turned over his right of publication to Thorpe, the publisher of *All Fools* in 1605, on condition that he be allowed to print the play. This was the only edition published, and the play seems to have been almost forgotten¹ until its inclusion in the collected plays of Chapman in 1873.

It is impossible to fix with any certainty the precise date of *The Gentleman Usher*. Fleay (*Biographical Chronicle*, vol. i, p. 158) dates it in the Christmas season of 1601-2; Wallace (*Children of the Chapel*, p. 75) *c.* the summer of 1601. Professor Wallace has not yet published the evidence by which he determines this date, and so far as our present knowledge goes I should incline to fix it a year or so later, about the close of 1602.²

There is no reference on the title-page of the quarto to the company which produced this play, nor indeed does any record whatever exist of its performance. The stage-directions, however, are full enough to warrant the belief that the quarto was printed from a stage copy, and we may take it for granted that *The Gentleman Usher*, like Chapman's other plays of this period, was written for the Children of the Chapel and performed at Blackfriars. The frequent introduction of vocal and instrumental music, and the elaborate masques, mark it as a play composed for this company. Apparently it was never thought suitable for any other, for it does not seem to have been revived on any stage after the Children left Blackfriars.

No direct source of *The Gentleman Usher* has been discovered, and it is doubtful whether any exists. In my previous edition (*All Fools and The Gentleman Usher*, p. 144) I suggested that the source of the main plot was probably some French or Italian story; but I have since come to believe that the play as a whole may be regarded as an

¹ Langbaine, *English Dramatic Poets*, 1691, mentions it, but in such a way as to arouse the suspicion that he had merely glanced at a copy. There are several extracts and some commendatory remarks in an article on Chapman's comedies in *The Retrospective Review*, vol. v, 1822; and Lamb quotes a few lines from III, ii, without comment in *Extracts from the Garrick Plays*, 1827.

² *The Gentleman Usher* is certainly later than *Sir Giles Goosecap*, to which play there is a distinct allusion in our text, II, i, 81. The date of *Sir Giles* is also uncertain, but is supposed to fall after the visit of Biron to England in September, 1601. Wallace, however, dates it as early as 1600 (*op. cit.* p. 75).

original work of Chapman's, based upon incidents, scenes, and characters derived from various sources, and combined and adapted to suit his purposes.

The main theme, the rivalry of a father and a son for the affections of a young beauty, is a familiar subject of comedy. It occurs in the *Casina* of Plautus,¹ and in numerous later comedies. One of these, *The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll*, an anonymous play of the last decade of the sixteenth century, doubtfully ascribed to Peele,² has been suggested by Koeppl (*Quellen und Forschungen*, 1897, p. 221) as a possible source of *The Gentleman Usher*. This play presents the rivalry of Duke Alphonso and his son, Prince Alberdure, for the love of Hyanthe, daughter of Earl Cassimere. Apart from the familiar theme³ and the fact that in each case the father is a Duke Alphonso, there is little likeness between the two plays.

The most striking incident in *The Gentleman Usher* is the mutilation of the heroine's face. This incident, appearing for the first time, I believe, in the *Heptameron* (Nov. 10), has a rather curious development. The original novel tells of the love of Amador and the chaste Florinda. At one point in the story to protect her honour from her too eager lover Florinda bruises her face with a stone; but even this drastic measure does not lessen his passion. This tale appears in English in Painter,⁴ *Palace of Pleasure* (Nov. 53), and is later referred to by Pettie, *A Pettie Palace* (Nov. 11). Another version of the mutilation theme appears in Sidney, *Arcadia*, book i. Here Parthenia, the betrothed of Argalus, is attacked by a discarded suitor, Demagoras, who smears her face with a poison; 'the effect was such that never leper looked more ugly than she'. Argalus, none the less, insists upon marrying her; she refuses to allow him to bind himself to a disfigured wife, and after a struggle in which each vies with the other in generosity, Parthenia flies away and sends word to Argalus that she is dead. Later on a veiled lady comes to him bearing a ring from Parthenia, with her last request that he marry this fair unknown. Argalus refuses, whereupon the lady unveils and reveals Parthenia herself, whose beauty has been restored by a physician, 'the most excellent man in the world', and the marriage is at once solemnized.

This story is repeated in practically all its details in a crude but entertaining play, *The Trial of Chivalry*, printed 1605, of unknown authorship,

¹ See also the *Mercator* and the *Asinaria*.

² Schoell's suggestion that *Doctor Dodypoll* may be in part, at least, the work of Chapman, 'a romantic comedy of the same pattern as *The Gentleman Usher*, and Chapman's first work of this sort', is interesting, but seems to me to demand more positive proof than has yet been offered.

³ Plutarch in his life of Demetrius tells the story of the love of Antigonus for his father's young wife, Stratonicæ, and of the romantic generosity of the father, who, on discovering his son's unhappy passion, transferred the lady to him. This story, along with an incident drawn from Plutarch's *Pelopidas*, was admirably developed by Fletcher into the plot of *The Humorous Lieutenant*. Both in Plutarch and Fletcher the generosity of the father stands out in sharp contrast to the angry jealousy of Chapman's Alphonso, and I do not believe that any connexion can be traced between *The Gentleman Usher* and this story. I take this opportunity to recall the suggestion thrown out in my former edition of this play (*loc. cit.* p. 144) that a similar tale occurs in Lucian's *Toxaris*. The story of Zenothemes and Menecrates illustrates the classical ideals of friendship, and has no trace of the rivalry of father and son.

⁴ See note on V, iii, 32-3, below.

possibly identical with the play, *Burbon*, mentioned by Henslowe, November 2, 1597. In this play *Burbon*, a rejected suitor of the heroine, smears poison on her face and disfigures her. Her lover, Philip of France, persists in his desire to marry her. She flies from court in disguise, is healed by a hermit-physician, and returns disguised to test the fidelity of her lover and to reward him with her hand. It is plain that the author of *The Trial of Chivalry* drew directly from the *Arcadia*. Koepfel (*op. cit.* p. 221) has called attention to the similarity of the incident and its treatment in this play and in Chapman's, and has suggested this play as a source of *The Gentleman Usher*. He has apparently overlooked the dependence of the older play on the *Arcadia*, and my own opinion would be that the likeness is due not to Chapman's borrowing from this play, but to their common source, Sidney's romance.¹

Chapman, it is plain, was familiar² with both versions of the story, that in which the lady defaces her beauty to preserve her honour, and that in which she is mutilated by a rejected suitor. In the first instance she remains defaced, so far at least as we are told; in the second she undergoes a semi-miraculous cure. Chapman deliberately combines the two versions, allowing Margaret to smear the ointment on her face in an agony of grief and fear, and introducing the contest in generosity and the wonder-working physician from the second, the *Arcadia* version. The gain in concentration and heightened dramatic effect obtained by this combination is patent to every reader.

Chapman seems also to have drawn upon an earlier play of his own for at least two scenes in *The Gentleman Usher*. I have shown elsewhere (*Modern Philology*, vol. v) the probability amounting to a practical certainty that *Sir Giles Goosecap* is a work of Chapman's. This comedy was never acknowledged by its author, and was still unprinted when he was at work on *The Gentleman Usher*. The entry in the Stationers' Registers, January 10, 1605-6, indicates that *Sir Giles* had been censored before publication, and internal evidence shows that a scene, or scenes, dealing with 'the drunken humour' of Lady Furnifall, had been struck out. There can be little doubt that this excision was due to the personal satire contained in these scenes. But a 'drunken humour' then, as now, was a sure theatrical device for provoking laughter, and it seems more than likely that Chapman transferred it from *Sir Giles* to his later play, evading the censor by the simple device of shifting the scene to Italy and rebaptizing Lady Furnifall Cortezza.

Another scene in *Sir Giles Goosecap* seems to have been somewhat more carefully worked over for *The Gentleman Usher*, that in which Momford brings a love-letter to Eugenia, and at her dictation writes an answer to it. This I take to be the original of *The Gentleman Usher*, III, ii, where Bassiolo performs the same office for Margaret. The

¹ In *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, a play acted in 1600, in large part, if not wholly, the work of Marston, we have another instance of a borrowing from the *Arcadia*. Here Mammon, a rejected suitor, rubs 'the oil of toads' on Kathrine's face, and so destroys her beauty. The contest in generosity is wanting in this play, as Kathrine's lover goes mad at the sight of her disfigurement, and only recovers when she reappears cured by a skilful beldam.

² Chapman, like every one else in his time, had read the *Arcadia*, and he himself refers, though rather inaccurately, to the story of Florinda; see note on V, iii, 32-3, below.

two scenes are by no means exact counterparts, yet it seems to me impossible to compare them without feeling that the second is a variant of the first, greatly surpassing it, by the way, in liveliness and comic force.

The titular hero of *Sir Giles* also reappears in *The Gentleman Usher* under the name of Poggio. There is nothing strikingly original about either figure; both represent a development of the Vice or Fool of earlier comedy, both, in accordance with the later practice of Shakespeare and Jonson, receive a higher social rank than that of the old comic figure, and both take part in the essential action of the play instead of merely furnishing incidental diversion. The special bond that connects Sir Giles and Poggio is the fluency and frequency with which each puts the cart before the horse in ordinary speech. It is worth noting also that this trick is in each play remarked¹ on by other characters, and thus impressed upon the audience. I fancy Chapman must have written the part of Poggio for the same actor who had made a hit as Sir Giles.

The character of² Sarpego, the pedant, is borrowed from Italian comedy in which the foolish pedant was a stock figure. The pedant had already appeared in English comedy, notably in the *Pedante* of *Two Italian Gentlemen*, c. 1584, and *Holofernes* of *Love's Labour's Lost*, c. 1590. Chapman takes no special pains to elaborate or individualize the figure; Sarpego appears only to furnish incidental amusement in the first two acts, and drops out of the play altogether when the real action begins.

It has been suggested by Koeppel (*op. cit.* pp. 8-9) that the character of Bassiolo owes his origin to Shakespeare's Malvolio. It seems to me not unlikely that, in a certain limited sense, this may be true. *Twelfth Night* (c. 1600) was already on the stage when Chapman began work on *The Gentleman Usher*, and it is quite possible that the success of Malvolio upon the stage should have given Chapman the idea of introducing a ridiculous major-domo as the chief comic character in his play. The rivalry that existed at this time between Shakespeare's company and the Chapel Children adds further plausibility to this suggestion. But I cannot regard Bassiolo as a mere imitation or replica of Malvolio. On the contrary, it seems to me that in this figure, one of the most elaborately portrayed of all Chapman's comic characters, we have an essentially new creation.³

In addition to these incidents, scenes and characters Chapman introduced with a liberal hand the elements of music, dancing and masque-like pageantry which at this time were regarded as special features in the performances of the Chapel Children. Indeed, he made so free a use of them as seriously to impair the interest of his play regarded as a piece of literature. The first two acts are largely taken up with preparation for and performance of the 'amorous device' of the Duke, and the 'musical shew' offered in return by Count Lasso. Both of

¹ *Sir Giles Goosecap*, III, i, 17-20; *The Gentleman Usher*, I, i, 26. For a fuller discussion of the relations of *Sir Giles* and *The Gentleman Usher*, see my article in *Modern Philology*, July, 1906, already referred to.

² The name is a form of *serpigo*, a kind of skin disease, cf. *Measure for Measure*, III, i, 31. It reappears as the name of a pedant in *Brome's City Wit*.

³ For a comparison of the characters of Malvolio and Bassiolo, see my previous edition of *The Gentleman Usher*, p. xliii.

these, as is evident from the stage-directions, were performed with interludes of vocal and instrumental music. In the second of these there were at least two set dances, and a stage-direction at the beginning¹ of Act III points to a song by one or more of the Children between the acts.

Such were the sources from which Chapman drew, or rather one should say, the materials from which he composed, *The Gentleman Usher*. Taking the old theme of the rivalry of a father and son for a girl's love, familiar to him from Plautus and modern comedy, he shaped it into a romantic comedy, added the sensational incident of the heroine's self-disfigurement from the *Heptameron*, along with the contest in generosity and the miraculous cure from the *Arcadia*, and worked over some scenes of his own earlier play, *Sir Giles Goosecap*, to harmonize with their new setting. To heighten the comic side he introduced certain characters drawn from or suggested by earlier comedies, Italian or English, giving special attention to that of Bassiolo, from whom the play takes its name. And he embellished the whole with the music and dancing of the Chapel Children. If this analysis of the play be correct, it is plain that we need not look for a source of *The Gentleman Usher* in the sense in which one exists for *All Fools* or *May-Day*. It is, in the strict sense of the word, Chapman's own composition.

It is, perhaps, due to the lack of a source which might have served him as a model that we must attribute the uncertain and dragging workmanship of the first two acts. They are full to overflowing of incidental matter, the clownery of Poggio, the pedantry of Sarpego, the 'drunken humour' of Cortezza, the songs, dances and 'shews'; but the main action with which we have become acquainted in the first scene practically stands still. It is not until the third act that the plot begins to evolve. From this point on, however, the movement is swift and easy, with sparkling interchange of mirth and high romance. These acts show Chapman at his best in the true Elizabethan field of poetic comedy. I should mark the sweet and passionate scene in which Vincentio and Margaret wed each other by vows of their own devising (IV, ii) as the highest flight of pure poetry in Chapman's comedies; and no other scene in all his work seems to me to show so well his peculiar power of exploiting a comic situation as that in which Margaret's feigned reluctance yields to the importunity of the gulled usher the high favour of filling the post of go-between. Toward the close the story takes on a serious and almost tragic colour, only to have the impending cloud dispelled by the intervention of a *deus ex machina*. Such an ending is unique in Chapman's plays, and it speaks well for his judgment as an artist that he should have admitted it here, where alone in his work it would harmonize with the romantic tone of the preceding scenes. No other comedy of Chapman's has, I think, so

¹ I have pointed out in my previous edition of this play, p. 287, the fact that the short scene with which the third act opens belongs properly to the time covered by the second act, and is moreover a mere expansion of a couple of lines, III, ii, 303-4, which occur later on. I am inclined to believe that this scene was written after the play had been staged, in order to make quite clear to the audience the device by which Strozza was wounded. This supposition would not imply any revision of the play as a whole by its author, and, indeed, the scene in question may well have been the work of a theatre hack written for the purpose suggested and inserted at the most convenient place, the beginning of an act.

simple, straightforward, and well-managed a plot as these three acts, or so well-rounded and happy a conclusion. It is as if the author, after hesitating and fumbling, had at last caught fire and finished off his play in a burst of inspiration. I can only attribute the unwarranted neglect which has overtaken this delightful comedy to the impatience of the average reader with the dilatory action of the opening.

Considered from the point of view of the evolution of English comedy, *The Gentleman Usher* deserves more serious consideration than it has yet received. In many respects it is a distinct anticipation of the type which within a decade was to become dominant on the English stage and to hold its supremacy until the closing of the theatres. I refer, of course, to the tragi-comedy as it took shape in the hands of Beaumont and Fletcher, and was continued by Fletcher, Massinger, and Shirley. And when we remember the close relations existing between Beaumont and Fletcher and the Chapel Children, who brought out nearly all the early plays of these dramatists, it seems no unlikely supposition that they should, at least, have taken a hint or two from Chapman.

English tragi-comedy as defined by Fletcher¹ himself is 'not so called in respect of mirth and killing, but in respect it wants deaths which is enough to make it no tragedy, yet brings some near it, which is enough to make it no comedy . . . so that a god is as lawful in this as in a tragedy, and mean people as in a comedy'. In this definition it is plain that Fletcher attempted to differentiate *The Faithful Shepherdess*, and, doubtless, other plays already written or planned, from the traditional English type in which comic and tragic scenes, 'mirth and killing' were merely juxtaposed. Fletcher's definition, however, by no means presents the essentials of English tragi-comedy. These may be stated as, first of all, a blending of serious and comic matter, the comic element not appearing as a sub-plot, but being more or less perfectly fused into the main action of the play. Secondly, the main action is of a romantic, but serious type. Tragic passions, lust, ambition, treachery, all play their part. The virtuous characters are constantly involved in tragic entanglements; they are slandered, wounded, poisoned, condemned to death, but they invariably escape the impending tragic fate. The evil characters, on the other hand, seldom or never meet with their due reward, but are dismissed with full pardon, or, at worst, with disgrace or exile. In Fletcher's own words, 'it wants deaths'. The scene is laid in distant lands and times, sometimes in No-man's-land, often in an imaginary Italian court, and the atmosphere of the play lacks even the faintest semblance of realism. In fact, the tragi-comedy may be regarded as a revolt at once against the earlier tragedy of blood and the Jonsonian realistic comedy. The leading characters tend to become stock figures, the arbitrary sovereign, the virtuous hero, the chaste heroine, the plotting villain, and the blunt but faithful friend. The comic figures lack the sharp outlines of the Jonsonian 'humours'; the satiric note almost wholly disappears, and is replaced by a buoyant gaiety that ranges all the way from broad farce to high comedy. In general, both in serious and

¹ *Address to the Reader* prefixed to the first edition of *The Faithful Shepherdess*, 1609. Rustine, *English Tragi-comedy*, p. 107, has shown that this definition is taken bodily from the writings of Guarini, author of the *Pastor Fido*, the first true tragi-comedy of modern literature.

comic scenes stress is laid upon incident, and effective stage-situations rather than upon character. Indeed, the chief defect of tragi-comedy, regarded as a form of dramatic literature, is its reckless tendency to sacrifice consistency of character to startling stage-effect. The technic of these plays, on the other hand, represents a great advance over earlier methods. By its ingenious employment of surprise, suspense, and reverse it contrives not only to hold the interest, but to raise it to the highest point immediately before the final solution of the complicated plot. And the *dénouement* is brought about by some wholly unexpected turn of events so as to afford the double pleasure of a happy surprise and a happy ending.

In nearly all points *The Gentleman Usher* corresponds to this conception of the typical tragi-comedy. The comic matter, if we disregard the futilities of the first acts, is admirably blended with the serious—one cannot disentangle the gulling of Bassiolo from the romantic courtship of Vincentio and Margaret. The scene is laid in an Italian court, and the English atmosphere, with which Chapman surrounded even such plays drawn from foreign sources as *All Fools* and *May-Day*, is wholly wanting. Realism has vanished and we are in a land of pure romance. The story progresses, after it has once fairly started, by a series of surprises, and by suspense and reverse, until the final scene; and the *dénouement*, with its unexpected¹ turn, its happy reunion and reconciliation, and its easy dismissal of the villain might almost stand as a typical example of the tragi-comic solution of a tangled plot.

It would, of course, be idle to claim that Chapman anticipates in this play the triumphs of Fletcher in his own peculiar field. *The Gentleman Usher* lacks Fletcher's easy flow and infectious gaiety, his mastery of construction and of stage-effect. But it has merits that amply atone for these defects. It has at its best a sweet seriousness and elevation of tone that are seldom to be found in the work of the younger dramatist. One trembles to think what Fletcher's ethical looseness would have made of the scene in which Vincentio and Margaret interchange their vows; and Strozza's fierce denunciation of royal prerogative (V, iv, 56-66) strikes a stronger note than anything in all the work of Fletcher. It sounds like a voice from ancient Rome rather than the utterance of a courtly Jacobean dramatist. Chapman, in fact, even in this forerunner of Jacobean tragi-comedy, has much of the old Elizabethan simplicity and seriousness. He takes his situations seriously, and he believes in the characters he has himself created.

It is for this reason, I suppose, that the characters of *The Gentleman Usher*, although in a general way anticipating the usual *dramatis personae* of tragi-comedy—the amorous despot, the virtuous hero, the chaste maid and so on—strike one as distinctly more real and more individualized than the stock figures of Fletcher. Vincentio, although not very elaborately drawn, is a very human prince and a very satisfactory lover. His mistress, Margaret, is one of the most delightful girls in all the lovely garden of Elizabethan romance. Modest, merry, passionate and self-sacrificing, she quite eclipses the romping hoydens and sentimental ladies of Fletcher, and rises almost—one dare not risk

¹ The failure of Benevenuto to cure the wounded Strozza is, no doubt, meant to forestall the guess that his intervention is in the end to heal the Prince and restore the beauty of Margaret.

the full assertion—to the sphere in which the heroines of Shakespearian comedy move. Cynanche is the matron, as Margaret the maiden, type of the loved and loving woman. Her character is less carefully developed than Margaret's, it is a study rather than a full-length portrait; but even this study of the perfect helpmate is enough to redeem Chapman from the charge of having been consistently cynical, not to say coarse, in his treatment of women.

The character of Strozza deserves, I think, some special notice as one of the most remarkable in Chapman's comedies. He appears at first merely as the friend and confidant of the hero, a frank, outspoken nobleman who detests his sovereign's unworthy favourite as much as he loves the neglected heir. If he were nothing more, Strozza would be a character indistinguishable from a host of figures in tragi-comedy. But as he develops in the last acts under the influence of suffering, he rises to a much higher plane and reveals more individual traits. Schoell remarks that 'the ground-note of his character is a mixture of Christian mysticism and pagan stoicism'. This would be no inapt characterization of Chapman himself, and, indeed, we feel more than once in the latter part of the play that Strozza is giving voice to the poet's own ideas, notably in his panegyric of the virtuous wife (IV, iii), in his apology for pilgrimages (V, ii), and in his outburst against royalty already cited. In these scenes Strozza shows a marked resemblance to certain characters in the tragedies in whom Chapman has embodied his own ideas and ideals, to Clermont in *The Revenge of Bussy*, and Cato in *Cæsar and Pompey*. But unlike these figures, Strozza remains in the framework of the picture. In tragedy Chapman never hesitated to stop the action in order to make room for long sententious and philosophical tirades, but in comedy he did not allow himself this licence. It is only for a brief space that Strozza is permitted to usurp the interest which properly belongs to the romantic action, and he is deftly brought back into the main current of the play in the last scene where he appears to administer a courageous rebuke to his misguided master and to expose and expel the favourite who misled him.

The Gentleman Usher is written almost entirely in blank verse. Prose occurs only in a few short speeches of Poggio and Cortezza, and at the close of the long scene between Bassiolo and Margaret; a few rhymed passages appear in the second masque. Chapman had by this time developed his mastery of blank verse to a point where it had become an almost perfect instrument for the expression of his ideas. It is interesting to note that he uses it not only for elevated passages, such as the wedding of the lovers (IV, ii, 125-200) and the speeches of Strozza to his wife (IV, iii, and V, ii), but also in passages of pure comedy such as the scenes in which the Prince and Margaret in turn play upon the credulity of Bassiolo (III, ii; IV, ii; IV, iv; and V, i). The verse in these scenes is an admirable vehicle of fluent and familiar conversation. It has no trace of the gravity and sonority of Chapman's tragic style; but it serves its purpose in lifting the comic action above the level of prosaic realism, and thus in blending it more perfectly with the romantic scenes. The last acts of *The Gentleman Usher* seem to me the most harmonious in Chapman's comedies. One has only to compare them with the sharply differentiated prose and verse scenes of *Monsieur D'Olive* to see how much Chapman gained in unity of effect by his employment of a metre flexible enough to rise to heights of impassioned poetry and to sink again to gay and lively

dialogue. Here as elsewhere Chapman seems to me to anticipate the work of Fletcher. There is not, to be sure, the slightest trace of Fletcher's peculiar metrical characteristics in the verse of Chapman, but if a model for Fletcher's easy mastery of colloquial blank verse in comic scenes is to be sought, it is to Chapman rather than to Shakespeare or to Jonson that we must look.

THE GENTLEMAN USHER

NOTES

- I, i, 23.** *Brittle as a beetle.* A beetle, or paving-ram, was a type of slowness. The Latin phrase, *Celerius pariunt elephantis*, is rendered in Withals' *Dictionary*, 1634, 'quick as a beetle'. Poggio, of course, is talking nonsense.
- I, i, 24-25.** *Wehee . . . tehee.* Poggio, as usual, misuses words. *Wehee* represents the whinny of the horse, *tehee* the human laugh. Cf. Chaucer, *The Miller's Tale*, l. 554. A quotation in Nares, sub *tihy*, gives the proper use of the words:
- But when the hobby-horse did wihy,
Then all the wenches gave a tihy.*
- I, i, 26.** *Hysteron Proteron.* Strozza applies this term, which signifies the rhetorical figure of putting the last word first, to Poggio because of his habit of putting the cart before the horse, as above: cf. also ll. 47-8 below.
- I, i, 29.** *His late honour'd mistress:* the lady he has lately begun to honour as his mistress.
- I, i, 47-8.** *Heels about my hose:* cf. *Sir Giles Goosecap*, I, iv, 194-5.
- I, i, 55-6.** We have here several technical terms of falconry. A *cast* is a pair; *daring* means frightening. Cf. *Henry VIII*, III, ii, 282, and the note *ad loc.* in the *Variorum*. *The stooped prey* is the prey on which the hawk is about to stoop, i.e. to pounce.
- I, i, 57-9.** The *hare* or *hind* is pursued as a musical theme is in a fugue. The *harmony* is the baying of the *well-mouth'd hounds*. Cf. *The Shadow of Night* (*Poems*, p. 13), where the cry of a pack is called *change of music*, and the famous passage in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, IV, i, 110-130.
- I, i, 93.** *Who refers to servant,* l. 92.
- I, i, 94.** *Are to begin:* have not yet begun, are only about to begin.
- I, i, 108-109.** *Fustian . . . buckram:* cheap stuffs. Strozza uses the words to denote his contempt for Medice, who as we see below, ll. 114-6, does not dress like a true courtier. With *map of baseness*, cf. *Monsieur D'Olive*, I, i, 393.
- I, i, 110.** *Unconstrued stuff.* Vincentio carries on the figure of Strozza's speech, calling Medice a bale of goods as yet *unconstrued*, i.e. unvalued.
- I, i, 118.** Use his livery as a licence for begging. Wearing the livery of a lord, they could not be arrested as masterless men.
- I, i, 122.** *Noble counterfeit:* counterfeit of nobility.
- I, i, 152.** *Hammer, hammer.* The yellow-hammer, like the woodcock, the gull, and other birds, was used as a nickname for a fool; cf. *Monsieur D'Olive*, IV, ii, 153-4.
- I, i, 159.** *At the best:* in the best possible condition, spoken ironically.
- I, i, 171.** The induction, or introduction, to a masque.
- I, i, 181.** *Care not to proclaim:* do not mind proclaiming.
- I, i, 199.** *Padua:* see note on *All Fools*, I, i, 316.
- I, i, 201.** *His part:* the rôle of Curculio, the hungry parasite in the comedy of that name.
- I, i, 206.** *Take up:* strike up, trip.
- I, i, 215-7.** The quotation is from *Curculio*, II, iii. The lines are spoken by the parasite on his first entrance, and express his haste to reach his patron, tell of his success, and get to his dinner. Sarpego, of course, accompanies them with much absurd gesticulation.

- I, i, 221. *Upon repletion* : after a full meal.
- I, i, 222-3. Sarpego boasts that he has played the part of the hungry parasite with success (*drew it neat*) after having despatched the commons, or portions, of three scholars. This boast is an answer to Strozza's remark in ll. 220-1.
- I, i, 242. *To pageant him* : to honour him, Medice, with a pageant or triumph.
- I, i, 244. *Make us ready* : dress myself.
- I, ii, 5. *At large* : fully, in every detail.
- I, ii, 28. *Wagers*. It was common at this time to act a part for a wager. Thus Ralph, the stage-struck apprentice in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, 'should have played Jeronimo with a shoemaker for a wager'—*Induction*, ll. 94-5. See note *ad loc.* in Murch's edition of this play.
- I, ii, 52. *Both your choice commands* : you may remain a lady, or become a princess by marriage, as you choose.
- I, ii, 65-6. Medice's words contain a veiled threat against his tormentors, Strozza and the Prince.
- I, ii, 94. *The English sign of great St. George* : the figure, or device, of the English St. George, referring to the common device of St. George on horseback trampling on the dragon. Cf. *When he's mounted, he looks like the sign of the George—Every Man out of his Humour*, II, i.
- I, ii, 99. *For soil*. 'To take soil' is a technical expression in venery, used when the hunted beast, stag or boar, seeks refuge in a swamp or stream.
- I, ii, 106. *The angry shadow* : the figure of l. 102 above.
- I, ii, 112. 'The purpose of this action will be made clear in the report which the Enchanter is about to deliver'.
- I, ii, 129. *Made you strange of this* : seemed to be shocked by this request. Cf. :
*She makes it strange ; but she would best be pleased
 To be so anger'd with another letter.
 Two Gentlemen of Verona, I, ii, 102.*
- Cf. also *Sir Giles Goosecap*, IV, i, 92-3.
- I, ii, 165. *Close stockings* : stockings fitting close to the legs. There is here and in the following lines a jest at the old-fashioned and formal costume of Bassiolo.
- I, ii, 171-2. 'He has two mental characteristics (avarice and self-conceit, ll. 172-3) which will lead him to believe anything'. The *gudgeon*, a small fish often used for bait, was one of the many Elizabethan synonyms for a fool, a credulous person. The phrase *to swallow a gudgeon* meant to accept with credulity some false statement ; cf. *All Fools*, III, i, 94, and *Sir Giles Goosecap*, I, iii, 86.
- I, ii, 176. 'Wave, or heckon, to him from a distance with your hat, and show him other signs of favour'.
- II, i, 4. *In loving others* : by reason of her love for another.
- II, i, 23. *Phed this gear* : took up this business, i.e. took to drinking.
- II, i, 34. *Well seen in behaviour* : well versed in courtly manners.
- II, i, 36. *The wind must blow at west*. The west wind is the lucky wind ; see Hazlitt, *English Proverbs*, p. 464, and Lean's *Collectanea*, vol. ii, pp. 102-3.
- II, i, 51. *Huddle and kettle*. I take the phrase to refer to Cortezza's disordered speech and unfitting behaviour. Cf. *He speaks huddles*, III, ii, 218, and the phrase 'kettle of fish' or simply 'kettle', meaning a mess, a muddle.
- II, i, 73. *His new-made Duchess for this night* : the lady who has been appointed to play the part of the Duchess during this night's festival ; cf. below, l. 181.
- II, i, 81. *Sir Giles Goosecap*. The term *goosecap*, i.e. goose's head, is an Elizabethan synonym for hooby, appearing first in *Martin's Months*, Mind, 1589, and later in Nash, *Four Letters Confuted*, Dekker, *Gull's Hornbook*, and Ford, *Fancies Chaste and Noble*. In *Englishmen for my Money*, (1598) I find the phrase *Goodman Goosecap*. I am not aware, however, of any earlier case than the present in which the phrase *Sir Giles Goosecap* is used, and we may therefore consider it certain that we have here a direct

allusion to the foolish hero of the play *Sir Giles Goosecap*, a figure who like the serving man rebuked by Bassiolo is 'of mere necessity an ass'.

- II, i, 83. *In threaves*: a *threave*, or *thraive*, is a sheaf, a handful. The word reappears in Chapman's *Iliad*, p. 138.
- II, i, 94. As I understand it, Vincentio remarks that Bassiolo's position as gentleman usher requires him to be *bare*, i.e. not to wear hat or cap. In l. 97 below Vincentio, after uncovering, remarks that he does so to do Bassiolo right, i.e. to return the usher's courtesy, as well as for his own ease.
- II, i, 135. A *Broom-man* is not only a street sweeper, the one meaning given in the *New English Dictionary*, but also a seller of brooms. See *Club-Law*, l. 3, and note thereon in Moore Smith's edition. Poggio's words below, l. 231, show, I think, that he plays the part of a man bearing green brooms to sell.
- II, i, 147-8. *Pluck his coat over his ears*: strip him of his livery, discharge him from his place.
- II, i, 170. *Stand upon your tire*: make a great to-do about your costumes.
- II, i, 173. *Hope* is used here in the sense of 'expect'.
- II, i, 175. 'Accompanying your speeches with appropriate movements of your bodies'.
- II, i, 184. The *state* is the 'chair of state' or *throne* of l. 181 above.
- II, i, 186. 'Be gracious enough to remain in this throne', i.e. to occupy permanently, as the wife of Alphonso, the ducal throne which she is filling for the evening.
- II, i, 189. 'I would hardly have presumed to take the high position, i.e. the throne, or chair of state, which I now fill for a moment'.
- II, i, 191. *Sound, consort*: play up, musicians.
- II, i, 195. If we take *moving* in this line as a participle agreeing with *silence*, it must mean 'powerful', 'effectual'. Dr. Bradley suggests that it is to be taken as a gerund governing *silence*, in which case the phrase would mean 'whose appeal for silence'. In either case the sense is about the same, i.e. 'Beauty needs no herald'.
- II, i, 226. *A hall, a hall*: an exclamation used to make room in a crowded apartment for a dance or a masque. Cf. *Humourous Day's Mirth*, Sc. xiv, l. 181; *Widow's Tears*, III, ii, i; and *Romeo and Juliet*, I, v, 28, and the note *ad loc.* in Furness's *Variorum*.
- II, i, 230. The spots in the moon, according to a very old popular belief, represent a man with a bundle of sticks. Ritson in his note on an old ballad on the Man in the Moon (*Ancient Songs and Ballads*, vol. i, p. 68) suggests that the belief comes from the story in *Numbers*, XV, 32, of the Israelite who broke the Sabbath by gathering sticks and of his punishment. The connexion seems doubtful. Dante (*Paradiso*, II, 51) records the Italian superstition that the man in the moon is Cain bearing a fagot of thorns.
- II, i, 251. 'To make the rush flaunt it in decasyllabic verse'.
- II, i, 253. An ironical apology for trampling on the rushes.
- II, i, 255. *That odd battle*: the allusion is to the *Batrachomyomachia*, a mock heroic poem attributed to Homer and translated by Chapman, c. 1624. In the war between the frogs and mice narrated in this poem the frogs used sharp bulrushes for spears.
- II, i, 263. *Momus*: the god of mockery, here a scoffer. *Push*, an Elizabethan form of 'pish', 'pshaw'.
- II, i, 266. *Bites them with his tongue*: mocks them.
- II, i, 286. *Her [feral] friend*: the Sylvan, half man, half beast.
- II, i, 318. 'What do you think of the young lady destined to be my step-mother'. It has been suggested that this speech should be addressed to Bassiolo, and that l. 319 should be assigned to that character. But such an abrupt address would not harmonize with the deliberate way in which the Prince introduces this topic in III, ii, 131, *ssq.*
- II, i, 320. *Bugs' words*: words of a monster, terrifying words. Vincentio does not wish Cynanche even to hint in this public place at the possibility of a tie between him and Margaret.
- III, i. The *song* mentioned in the stage-direction is the song set to music which

filled up the interval between the acts. For the part played by music at the Blackfriars theatre, see Wallace, *Children of the Chapel*, chap. ix, especially the note on p. 114.

- III, ii, 23. *You have me*: you understand me; cf. *Hamlet*, II, i, 68-9.
 III, ii, 37. *Brave beasts*. The allusion is to the heraldic beasts, *brave*, i.e. gorgeous in colour, that support numerous coats-of-arms.
 III, ii, 61-2. 'With whom there is no foolish fastidiousness (*niceness*) nor regard for the common form of friendship'. With the sentiment in these and the following lines, cf. *Sir Giles Goosecap*, II, i, 181-4.
 III, ii, 78. *Go[old]y gudgeons*: proper baits, cf. the note on I, ii, 171-2.
 III, ii, 84. *How are you*: how are you gulled?
 III, ii, 100. 'A palpably flattering figure of speech, mode of address, fit only for common men.'
 III, ii, 110. '*Tis now in use*. Heywood in an often-quoted passage, *Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels*, book iv, mentions the Elizabethan fashion of abbreviating names:

*Mellifluous Shakespeare, whose enchanting Quill
 Commanded Mirth or Passion, was but Will.
 And famous Jonson, though his learned pen
 Be apt in Castaly, is still but Ben.*

Heywood seems to approve of this fashion, for he adds:

I hold he loves me best that calls me Tom.

Chapman, on the other hand, speaks of it (*Revenge of Bussy*, I, i, 260-61) as 'the corruption of names'.

- III, ii, 194-5. *Hybla*: a district in Sicily famous for its honey. *Meander*, or *Mæander*, is a river in Asia Minor. Chapman gets the swans of Meander from Ovid, *Heroides*, vii, 1-2.
 III, ii, 237. *A George*: St. George, see note on I, ii, 94, above.
 III, ii, 244-5. *Set forth this gear*: take this business in hand, push your courtship.
 III, ii, 246. *Be naughts*. The phrase, *be naught*, is familiar in Elizabethan English as a humorous imprecation. It had, however, at times a coarse significance as in the line quoted from *Sweetnam* by Malone (*Variorum* note on *As You Like It*, I, i, 39), and in Burton (*Anatomy of Melancholy*, vol. iii, p. 33) where *are nought* translates the Latin *cum viris consuetudinem habemus*. This, I think, is the meaning here.
 III, ii, 255. *Whittled her*: made her drunk. The phrase occurs also in Lodge *Wit's Misery*, p. 85, and in *Mother Bombie*, III, ii, 44.
 III, ii, 290. 'By the unanimous consent of all my mental powers'.
 III, ii, 297. *Solemn hunting*: formal hunting party, cf. *Titus Andronicus*, II, i, 112.
 III, ii, 300. *My being*: my whereabouts.
 III, ii, 304-5. *Till our sports . . . absence*: till the hunting party that we intend to give is ended by my withdrawal from the chase.
 III, ii, 335-6. 'Was a woman ever so much mistaken in her opinion of a wise man's discretion?' Cf. *How are poor women overseen!*—*Hyde Park*, I, ii.
 III, ii, 351. There is a double meaning in this line, either, 'I am so apt to follow your advice blindly', or 'I am so dotingly fond of you'. Bassiolo takes it in the latter sense. Margaret's next speech is, I think, an aside.
 III, ii, 370. *The liver*: in Elizabethan physiology the seat of love and other violent passions.
 III, ii, 392. Cf. *Sir Giles Goosecap*, IV, i, 116.
 III, ii, 395. 'Is this letter not worth your answering?'
 III, ii, 415. The word *endear* apparently enters the English language in Sidney's *Arcadia*, 1580. *Condole*, l. 418, appears for the first time in English literature in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592. Shakespeare seems to have been amused by it, for he puts it into the mouths of Bottom (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, I, ii, 29) and Pistol (*Henry V*, II, i, 133). *Model* l. 423, is no older than Gascoigne's *Posies*, 1575. Bassiolo is trying to use 'fire-new words' which he only partially understands.

- III, ii, 432. 'Your objections fall away from the main point'.
- III, ii, 479-80. Cf. the quibble in *Hamlet*, V, ii, 43.
- III, ii, 507. *You may speed*: you may fare ill, i.e. he may win me for himself. For this sense of *speed*, cf. *The Ball*, IV, iii, 54, and *Taming of the Shrew*, V, ii, 185.
- IV, i, 7. *A forked shaft*: a barbed arrow.
- IV, i, 39. Strozza invokes the Furies as goddesses of madness to deprive him of sense and so conquer his intolerable suffering, *fury of my bane*.
- IV, i, 41-2. 'Madness, which to human sense seems blind, sets free the soul immediately from hope and fear'.
- IV, i, 57. *Th' Alcmenean conqueror*: Hercules, son of Alcmene.
- IV, i, 60. 'Cries are hardly fitting even for beaten children'.
- IV, i, 67-8. 'The soul's actions, conceived and performed *simply*, i.e. apart from physical admixture, remove the frailties of the body from our consideration'.
- IV, i, 69-70. 'This balm of spoken words which is powerless to cure'.
- IV, i, 73-5. This outburst, coming immediately after the self-restraint shown in l. 71, is due to a fresh spasm of pain.
- IV, i, 77. *Religious noblesse*: pious nobility of mind, as shown in his promise of self-control, l. 71.
- IV, ii, 2. *In respect of*: in comparison with.
- IV, ii, 15. *Guevara's Golden Epistles*. For Guevara see note on *May-Day*, III, i, 59. His *Epistolas Familiares*, 1539-45, shared the popularity of his *Reloj de Principes* and was translated into English by Edward Hellowes in 1574. Another translation by Fenton, under the title of *Golden Epistles*, appeared in the following year. Fenton took his title from an early French translation, *Epistres Dorées*, 1556-60. Fenton's work was very popular in polite circles, and Bassiolo, as above III, ii, 475 *ssq.*, shows some acquaintance with courtly literature.
- IV, ii, 68. *In his kind*: according to its nature.
- IV, ii, 83. *Laugh and lie down*: the name of an old game of cards, often used, as here, with a double meaning; cf. *Mother Bombie*, V, iii, 64.
- IV, ii, 93. 'The chink of his gold is like a peal of bells in honour of the highest merit'.
- IV, ii, 138-40. A very characteristic thought of Chapman's. Cf. a similar expression in *Bussy*, II, i, 203-4.
- IV, ii, 151-4. Cf. the marriage ceremony in *Hero and Leander*, V, 352-8, where the priest of Juno covers the bride's face with a veil, and ties the couple together with silk ribbons.
- IV, ii, 191-2. 'Consider it well, for your decision shall be as unhampered as before your marriage'.
- IV, ii, 200. *Custom's popular sects*: the conventional beliefs of the populace.
- IV, ii, 212. *A Tantalus pig*: Poggio's mistake for a Tantony, i.e. St. Anthony pig. Stowe, *Survey of London*, gives the origin of the saying: 'I remember that the officers charged with the oversight of markets in this city, did divers times take from the market people pigs starved or otherwise unwholesome. . . . One of the proctors for St. Anthony's [the hospital of St. Anthony] tied a bell about the neck, and let it feed on the dunghills; no man would hurt or take them up, but if any gave to them bread or other feeding, such would they know, watch for, and daily follow, whining till they had somewhat given them; whereupon was raised a proverb "Such an one will follow such an one, and whine as it were an Anthony pig"'. (p. 190 edition of 1633). The expression 'to follow like a Tantony pig' was current till the middle of the eighteenth century.
- IV, iii, 17. *The twins Hippocrates reports*. The twins of Hippocrates 'who were born together, laughed together, wept together, and died together', are mentioned by Lyly (*Works*, vol. ii, p. 77). St. Augustine (*De Civitate Dei*, v, 2) says that Cicero reports Hippocrates to have pronounced a pair of brothers twins from the fact that both sickened at the same time and that the progress of the disease was similar and simultaneous in both cases. Cicero's reference is supposed to have occurred in his lost work, *De Fato*.

Chapman alludes to these twins in *The Masque of the Middle Temple* (ll. 320-327) and in his poem, *A Good Woman* (*Poems*, p. 152). This poem draws largely from Plutarch's *Conjugalia Praecepta*, but the twins of Hippocrates are not mentioned in that treatise.

- IV, iii, 21. *His sweet ape*. The same phrase occurs in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, III, ii, 65-68.
- IV, iii, 36-7. Cf. *All Fools*, III, i, 20-22.
- IV, iii, 48. 'By virtue of which patience my mind extends the sway of her powers, which are by their nature incapable of suffering'.
- IV, iii, 55-8. Cf. *Like frantic men that feel no wounds—Tears of Peace* (*Poems*, p. 120).
- IV, iii, 62. *Sort of crystal globes*: a set of globes such as were used in divination by crystal-gazing.
- IV, iii, 83. *His reasonable soul*: his soul which alone was capable of inspiring rational speech. For the notion that *idle talk* (l. 82) was a sign of approaching death, cf. *King John*, V, vii, 2-5.
- IV, iv, 49. *Kind hands*. If the text is correct we must explain the phrase as equivalent to 'hands joined in sign of love'; but see Text Notes, p. 771.
- IV, iv, 53. *At view*: by sight, rather than by scent, a phrase used when the pack sighted the chase.
- IV, iv, 55. See note on IV, iii, 62.
- IV, iv, 67-8. Lasso asserts that some passion (*fancy*) will be found to be the source (*forge*) whence these specious (*gay*) excuses proceed.
- IV, iv, 101-2. 'If you mean to make an ass of me, you must get up early'.
- V, i, 26. *Gosh hat*. probably a corruption of 'God's heart.' The pronunciation here and in l. 32, *shay*, combined with his behaviour in general in this scene, would seem to show that Bassiolo has fortified himself with Dutch courage.
- V, i, 34. *Rufty tufty*: rough and tumble.
- V, i, 48. *Goby*: slink off. The phrase was famous in Elizabethan English from its occurrence in *The Spanish Tragedy*, III, xii, 30. See Boas's note *ad loc.*
- V, i, 52. *Belle piu, etc.*: evidently part of a song. The stage-direction, *Iterum cantat*, presumably means that Bassiolo sings a second song of which *Belle piu* is the title or refrain.
- V, i, 56. *Bobadilla*: a reference to Bobadil, the braggart captain of *Every Man in his Humour*.
- V, i, 103. *Wo ho*: the cry used by falconers to recall a hawk; cf. *Hamlet*, I, v, 115.
- V, i, 110. *Rule the roast*: have full power, a common idiom in the sixteenth century, as far back as Skelton.
- V, i, 164-5. 'Thou (Nature) takest more harm in guiding the senses which are thus misled, than thou receivest bliss from submitting to the guidance of Reason'. So, at least, I understand this awkward passage. Perhaps we might construe *more bane* adverbially, and interpret *tak'st to guide sense*, as equivalent to 'tak'st the sense for thy guide'.
- V, ii, 38. *Visibly resign'd to memory*: hung up as a visible memorial in the church.
- V, ii, 40-42. 'In the practice of patience like mine, which patience, were it forgotten after my death, could not leave an example to the world'. A characteristic example of Chapman's involved style. Strozza means that by dedicating the arrowhead he will leave to posterity a profitable memorial of his patience.
- V, iii, 23. 'Cleopatra in the meantime was very careful in gathering all sorts of poisons together to destroy men. Now to make proof of those poisons which made men die with least pain she tried it upon condemned men in prison'—Plutarch, *Lives—Antony*.
- V, iii, 32-3. There are several curious mistakes in these lines. The true title of Pettie's collection of stories, 1576, is *A Pettie Palace of Pettie his Pleasure*, a title borrowed from the most famous Elizabethan collection of tales, Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1566. Pettie does not tell the story of Adelasia (Painter, Nov. 44), and it is not Adelasia, but Florinda (Painter, Nov. 53) who defaces her features, and that with a stone, not a knife. Chap-

man seems to have had only a vague memory of the story. Possibly l. 33 is a marginal comment, giving a wrong source of the allusion, which has crept into the text.

- V, iii, 72. [*Yet*] *in air* : still near the earth, cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, III, i, 131-2
- V, iv, 16. *A poor maid's dower*. Schoell points out that Chapman is here borrowing a phrase from the *Arcadia* where Parthenia is spoken of as *disinherited of that goodly portion which nature had so liberally bequeathed unto her*.
- V, iv, 20. "Nor has it been made like unto any earthly form even the vilest".
- V, iv, 42. *Pagan Nero*. Nero murdered his mother; Alphonsus, by consenting to his son's death, has slain not only his own posterity, but his parents. ll. 45-6. The point of the conceit lies in the Elizabethan commonplace that a man lived again in his children and descendants; see Shakespeare, *Sonnets*, i-xvi, for an elaborate treatment of this idea.
- V, iv, 54-5. An allusion to the myth of Saturn, who swallowed his newborn children.
- V, iv, 56-62. With the sentiment of these lines cf. *Bussy*, II, i, 198-204.
- V, iv, 85. The wounds are *unnatural* because inflicted upon a son by a father's connivance. I take *moaning right* to mean 'due lamentation', see Text Notes, p. 772.
- V, iv, 122. For the original punctuation of this line see Text Notes, p. 772. I take it that the words, *Give me your mask*, are addressed to one of the ladies present. The next phrase, *Open, etc.*, is addressed to the doctor's casket, from which he then takes the elixir.
- V, iv, 125. *Medea's cauldron*. According to Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, vii, 251, *sq.*, Medea by means of her magic cauldron restored youth to the aged father of Jason.
- V, iv, 126. 'The most serious damage to a living being's constitution'.
- V, iv, 138. *Renew recure* : he cured again.
- V, iv, 194. *Set by your princely favour* : setting aside your favour shown to Medice, and judging him on his own merits.
- V, iv, 211. *Your son* : dative of interest after *sought*.
- V, iv, 248. *Scandal done to honour* : in that Mendice had usurped the noble name of the Medici.
- V, iv, 251. *Zant* : Zante, or Zacynthus, one of the Ionian Islands.
- V, iv, 281. *Fox, fox* : a Christmas game, called by Herrick *Fox i' th' Hole* (*Works*, vol. ii, p. 37, Grosart's edition) in which boys beat each other with gloves or bits of leather tied to strings.

TEXT NOTES

The Gentleman Usher first appeared in quarto form in 1606 (Q.). It was never reprinted, nor was it included in any collection of old plays, until 1873, when it appeared in the first volume of *The Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman* (P.). In 1874 it was republished with modernized spelling and a few emendations in *The Works of Chapman—Plays* (S.). In 1907 it appeared, along with *All Fools*, in a volume of the *Belles Lettres Series* (Heath & Company), edited by T. M. Parrott (B.L.). For that edition the editor transcribed the copy of Q. in the Bodleian and collated it with copies in the British Museum, the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the Boston Public Library. The differences between these copies are very slight, merely an occasional variation in punctuation, or the restoration of a dropped letter.

In Q. the play is divided into acts but not into scenes. The divisions in the text are due to the present editor, who has also supplied the *Dramatis Personae* and added, in brackets, numerous stage-directions.

- I, i, 54. Q. *facel* : et ; P. *face* : let.
60. Q. *rude Boares*. So S. Mr. Daniel suggested the punctuation of the text which was adopted in B.L.
64. Q. *vertuous*. Daniel suggests *venturous*.
113. Q. *nay of honest* ; S. emends.
114. Q. *she shames* ; S. emends.

163-4. Q. prints *Signieur Sarpego* in a separate line.

207-8. Q. prints Poggio's speech as two lines of prose.

215-7. Q.

*Date viam mihi Noti, atq; Ignoti.
Dum ego, hic, officium meum
facio.*

*Fugite omnes atque abite, & de
via secedite, ne quem
in cursu; aut capite, aut cubito,
aut pectore offendam, aut genu.*

I have corrected the Latin by the Teubner edition of Plautus.

237. Q. *close*; S. *clothes*.

248-50. Q. assigns the speeches here given to *Medice* to *Vincenzio* and *vice versa*. I re-assigned them as in the present text in the B.L. edition, and although it has been suggested that the Q. arrangement might be defended by supposing a feigned quarrel between Strozza and Vincenzio, I adhere to my alteration. For Strozza to tell the Prince that he is troublesome, and for the Prince to appeal to *Medice* against Strozza is quite out of keeping with the behaviour of these characters to each other and to *Medice* throughout the play. I take it that there has been a transposition of the names either by the transcriber of Chapman's MS. or by the printer. There are several other places in this play where speeches seem to be, or are certainly, wrongly assigned; cf. notes on I, ii, ro, and IV, iv, 25 below.

I, ii. The stage-direction at the beginning of this scene reads in Q. *Enter Lasso, Corteza, Margaret, Bassiolo, Sarpego, two Pages, Bassiolo bare before*. S. follows this, but the proper entry of the ladies occurs after l. 36 below, where Q. reads *Enter Corte, Margarite, and Maids*. The first direction is merely a warning for the characters who took the ladies' parts to be in readiness.

I, ii, 10-15. I have followed Q. in assigning this speech to Bassiolo, but it has been suggested with much plausibility that he should only speak l. ro, after which Lasso should continue.

12. Q. *t'indure*; Dr. Bradley suggests *t'induce*, i.e. 'to produce', 'to perform'. Unless Chapman meant to make Bassiolo use a wrong word here, the suggestion would seem to deserve incorporating in the text. As there is some doubt, however, I have preferred not to alter the reading of Q.

29. Q. *your Lo*; S. emends.

30. Q. *Snite*; P. *Suite*.

43. In Q. the parenthesis includes only the words *as who should say*. This is evidently wrong, and I have extended it to take in the words governed by *say*.

59. Q. *Now cis . . . Peae*. The *c* in *Peace* has slipped into the line above in Q.; P. corrects.

68. Q. *goddeste*; P. *goddesse*.

70. Q. *Laugh your*. S. emends *you*.

114. Q. *chared*; S. *chased*. I have followed a suggestion by Dr. Bradley and read *charged*, taking for granted that a letter has dropped out, and that *charged* is repeated from l. 97 above.

141. After this line Q. has simply *Exit*, which S. reproduces; but it is plain that all but *Vincenzio* and *Strozza* here leave the stage.

143-4. Q. prints as three lines ending *speech?*, *fine*, and *all*.

154-5. Q. prints as three lines ending *farewell*, *that?*, and *de-verse*.

II, i. To the stage-direction at the beginning of this act Q. adds the words *Strozza following close*. As the direction for *Strozza's* entrance is repeated in Q. after l. 27 below, I have treated this as a note to the actor playing *Strozza* to be in readiness (cf. I, ii, stage-direction and note), but it is possible that *Strozza* enters *close* at the beginning of the scene, and that the second direction marks the beginning of his taking part in the action.

II, i, 37. Q. *me thinke*; I emend *methinks*.

44. Q. *do thy*; I emend *do't thy*.

86. Q. puts the stage-direction after *Strozza's* speech, ll. 87-8.

124. After the stage-direction Q. has a question mark, probably representing the exclamation omitted in Q. after *yfaith*.

- 142-4. Q. prints Poggio's speech as two lines of prose, ending *I* and *it*?
195. Q. *moning*; S. *moving*.
- 216-7. Q. prints these lines as part of Strozza's speech; S. assigns them to Sarpego.
265. All copies of Q. that I have seen read *bring*. P. misprints *hung* and is followed by S.
286. Q. *female*, which is palpable nonsense. Following a suggestion by Dr. Bradley received too late to be incorporated in the text of B.L., I read *feral*, i.e. savage.
292. Q. *This*; but the Malone copy and that in the Boston Public Library have *Thus*, the better reading, as the catchword on the preceding page.
- II, ii, 29-30. In Q. the parenthesis includes only the words from *though* to *gentleman*. L. 30 in Q. is printed as two lines ending *busnes* and *nothing*.
- 33-4. Q. prints Bassiolo's speech as one line.
40. Q. *for your*; P. misprints *fory our*.
76. Q. *godly*. I follow the suggestion of Deighton (*Old Dramatists*, p. 130) and read *goodly*. I cannot, however, accept his suggestion that the next words should read: *whereas the deed's the perfect nobleman*.
- 89-90. Q. prints as three lines ending *words, too, and said*.
108. Q. *me Lordship*; B.L. *my lordship*.
134. Q. *too*; S. *two*.
- 137-8. Q. prints Vincentio's speech as one line.
- 154-5. Q. prints the words from *I cry to bitter* as one line.
199. Q. *Ler*; P. *Let*.
205. Q. places the *Exit* after l. 204.
212. Q. *ioue*; P. *love*.
233. Two copies of those consulted drop the *s* in *attendants* in the stage-direction after this line. Two others print correctly *attendants*.
238. Q. *slabby*; P. *flabby*. I do not know whether P. follows a quarto with the correct reading or not, but I take *slabby* to be a mere misprint.
258. Q. *my Lord, all, and you; give*; S. *my lord, and all you give*. I suggest that an *s* has dropped off the second word, and read *lords*.
- 275-6. Q. prints as one long line, ending *Duke*, and one short, ending *anone*.
343. S. inserts *stone* before *jug* on the authority of IV, iv, 120; but there is no need that the two lines should exactly correspond.
346. Q. *I common*. S. inserts *a* after *I*.
- IV, ii, 13-16. Q. prints as prose.
- 20-22. Q. prints as prose.
46. Q. *be*; S. *by*.
- 59-61. Q. prints as two lines of prose ending *as* and *forepart*.
- 69-70. Q. prints as three lines ending *should, shall, and laugh*.
102. Q. prints the last words of Bassiolo's speech as prose continuously with the foregoing.
121. Perhaps we should read *love for loves*.
- 215-6. Q. prints as prose.
- IV, iii. In the stage-direction Q. has *Benenemus* after *Cynanche*, but the doctor does not enter till l. 86. Cf. note on I, ii, above.
- IV, iii, 22. Q. *alteratious*; P. corrects.
72. Q. *Cares*; I emend *cures*. Cf. the misprint *carles* for *curles* in V, iii, 46.
- 78-9. Q. prints *Passing to Vincentio* as one line.
- 85-86. Q. prints as four lines ending *Physition, it, come, and lord*?
- 103-4. Q. prints as four lines ending *true, thinke, hurt, and well*.
- IV, iv, 25-6. Q. gives this speech to Lasso, who does not enter till l. 57.
49. For *hands* we should perhaps read *hants*, i.e. haunts. Cf. *May-Day*, II, i, 179.
59. P. and B.L. read *the assured*. Three copies at least of Q. read *th' assured* which I have adopted in this text.
165. Q. *then I; faith*; S. *than i'faith*. Plainly the reading is *then I faith*; as I have punctuated.
170. Q. *the*; S. follows Q. I prefer to read *thy*. Cf. III, ii, 108, and IV, ii, 46.
- V, i, 39-40. Q. prints as one line.

52. Q. *that*; P. misprints *what*.
 97. P. omits *your* in this line.
 137. Q. *external*, perhaps influenced by *exile*. S. emends *eternal*.
 7, ii, 37. Q. *this*; P. misprints *thls*.
 63-4 Q. prints Poggio's speech as two lines of prose, ending *uncle, my and uncle?*
 66-7. Q. prints Poggio's speech as one line of prose.
 7, iii, 46. Q. *entring carles*; P. misprints *entering*. S. emends *enticing curls*, which is no doubt correct.
 70 Q. *The ever*; S. emends *That ever*.
 71. I am inclined to think that S.'s emendation *amazéd* for *amas'd* is right.
 72. Q. *it*, which S. follows; but it is a palpable error for *yet*.
 82. At the close of the scene Q. has *Exeunt*, but Margaret is alone on the stage, as Cortezza's exit is marked after l. 68.
 V, iv, 20. Q. *resembled*; S. *resembles*.
 39. In the stage-direction Q. has the words *Strozza before* after *guard*.
 85. Q. *moning right*. Mr. Daniel suggests *moving sight* (cf. II, i, 195); but I have preferred to read *moaning right*, i.e. with due lamentation.
 120. Q. *affectionous*; P. corrects.
 122. Q. Has commas after *Heaven, Art, and Maske*.
 165. Q. prints *The* as the last word of l. 164.
 208. Q. *Damne me my*; P. *Damne me me my*.
 223. Q. *of such*; B.L. misprints *if such*.
 255. Q. *that port*; S. *the port*.
 281. Q. *Fox, Fox*; P. *Fo, Fax*.
 295. Q. *ever*; P. misprints *even*.

MONSIEUR D'OLIVE

INTRODUCTION

MONSIEUR D'OLIVE, perhaps the most entertaining of all Chapman's comedies, was published in 1606 in quarto form with the following title page :

Monsieur D'Olive. A Comedie, as it was sundrie times acted by her Maiesties children at the Blacke-Friers. By George Chapman. London. Printed by T. C. for William Holmes, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dun-stons Church-yard in Fleete-streete, 1606.

As usual the date of publication is some time later than that of the composition of the play. Wallace, indeed (*Children of the Chapel*, p. 75, n.) places it c. October–December, 1601, and claims to have 'solid' evidence for this date. The evidence on which he relies, however, has not yet been made public, and the general opinion tends to put the composition of *Monsieur D'Olive* some years later. Fleay (*Biographical Chronicle*, v. i, p. 59) holds that it cannot be earlier than January 30, 1604, when the Children of the Chapel received the title of the Children of the Queen's Revels, a name which is practically identical with that of the company mentioned on the title-page. The allusion to the prodigal¹ creation of knights by James I (I, i, 263–7), to the fact that knighthood had practically become purchasable (IV, ii, 77–80), and to the proclamation of 1603 calling in monopolies (I, i, 284–5) all seem to show that it belongs rather to the reign of James than to that of Elizabeth.

I believe it is possible to fix the date with comparative precision. In the first place if the play belongs, as seems probable, to the reign of James I, it can hardly have been put upon the stage before the spring of 1604, on account of the closing² of the theatres from May, 1603, till April, 1604, because of the plague. In the autumn and winter of that year three great lords accepted posts as ambassadors, Lenox to France, Hertford to the Archduke in the Low Countries, and Northampton to Spain. The town was all agog over the extraordinary preparations that were being made for these embassies. Specimens of the current gossip of the day are preserved in the letters printed in Winwood's *Memorials*. Thus we read (vol. ii, p. 39) : ' My Lord Admiral [Northampton] prepareth against March to go with very great magnificence.

¹ Stoll, *Modern Language Notes*, vol. xx, p. 207, notes this allusion and adds the fact that James created 237 knights within six weeks after leaving Scotland. Stoll fixes the date of *Monsieur D'Olive* after the proclamation against monopolies and before Chapman's imprisonment in the spring of 1605 for *Eastward Ho*. Schelling (*Elizabethan Drama*, v. i, p. 398) agrees with Stoll.

² For the plague of 1603–4, see p. 702, n.

All his gentlemen shall have black velvet cloaks, and what else I know not'; later on (p. 41): 'I hear he carries with him the title of Excellence and hath £15,000 allowed him for his expense, besides the charge of two of the King's best ships to transport him'. In January, 1605, we hear (p. 45): 'Our Lords Ambassadors begin now to prepare for the journeys, my Lord Admiral with great pomp'; in February (p. 50): 'The Lord Admiral makes great preparations for his journey. He hath with him six lords . . . and fifty knights'; in March (p. 52) we learn of a misadventure that befel one of his attendants: 'Sir Adolphus Carey was robbed of £50 and three suits of clothes which were provided for the Spanish journey', and in the same letter: 'Our great Ambassadors draw near their time, and you may think all will be in the best manner when the little Lord Hartford makes a rate of expense of £10,000 besides the King's allowance. . . My Lord Admiral's number is five hundred, and he swears five hundred oaths he will not admit¹ of one man more'. The extravagant preparations and the long delay seem at last to have become a common jest; 'Stone the jester' we are told in the same letter 'was well whipped at Bridewell for a blasphemous speech that there went sixty fools into Spain besides my Lord Admiral and his two sons. But he is now at liberty again, and gives his Lordship the praise of a very pitiful Lord'. It was not until some time toward the end of the month that the much talked of embassy was actually dispatched. On March 28, we learn that 'the Lord Admiral is now on his way toward Spain'.

Now in *Monsieur D'Olive* Chapman makes great play with the theme of an embassy. A great part of the under-plot, singularly devoid of action by the way, is occupied by a satiric account of the preparations for D'Olive's famous embassy to the King of France, from which in after times 'men shall reckon their years, women their marriages' (IV, ii, 114). The satire is especially directed against the long delay in starting, the extravagant expense of the preparation, and the mad desire of gentlemen, and others, to take part in the embassy; and these were, as we have seen from the letters quoted above, the very points which set tongues wagging in London in regard to the Admiral's embassy in the autumn and winter of 1604-5. It seems to me more than a plausible supposition that Chapman looking about for matter with which to fill out the slight proportions of his under-plot hit happily enough upon the common gossip of the day. It may perhaps serve as a bit of corroborative evidence that Northampton who was most likely to be vexed by such allusions was the mortal² enemy of Jonson, and that Jonson at this time was on the best of terms with Chapman. I take it then that we may date the actual composition of *Monsieur D'Olive* some time in the autumn or early winter of 1604-5. It must have been finished at latest before the spring, for by that time Chapman, along with Jonson and Marston, was busy on the composition of *Eastward Ho*. As is known to all readers of Elizabethan drama, Jonson and Chapman were imprisoned for this play, and from prison Jonson wrote³ to the Earl of Salisbury asking for his intercession. Now the

¹ Cf. *Monsieur D'Olive*, III, ii, 47-50.

² See Jonson's *Conversations with Drummond*, published by the Shakespeare Society in 1842, p. 22. It might be noted also that Northampton like *Monsieur D'Olive* (II, ii, 67-80) had lived apart from court in the preceding reign.

³ A copy of the letter preserved among the Hatfield Papers was printed by

Earl of Salisbury was Robert Cecil, who received this title on May 4, 1605. This does not enable us to fix the date of *Eastward Ho* precisely, but it enables us to date the imprisonment, and we may therefore place the production of the play not earlier than the end of April. We may make a guess, therefore, that it was written in the early spring of the year, and in consequence that *Monsieur D'Olive* was on the stage in the winter of 1605.

Monsieur D'Olive was performed, probably for the first time, at Blackfriars. Fleay's conjecture (*loc. cit.*) that it is a revision of an older play called first *The Will of a Woman*,¹ and later *The Fountain of New Fashions*, written by Chapman for Henslowe in 1598 and presumably performed at the Rose has nothing to recommend it and has never been accepted. It is interesting to note that this play is quite lacking in the embellishments of music, dancing, and masque that are found in such abundance and variety in most of the plays produced at Blackfriars during Elizabeth's reign. Possibly after the death of the Queen the children no longer received the support they needed for such productions, and were obliged to rely wholly upon the excellence of their plays and their own acting. One would imagine that *Monsieur D'Olive* would have been a capital acting play, but we know nothing whatever of its stage history; apparently it was never performed at any other theatre than Blackfriars.

No source, in the strict sense of the word, has yet been discovered for *Monsieur D'Olive*, although various suggestions have been made as to works from which Chapman may have taken hints. The play falls into two sharply differentiated parts, a romantic comedy and the 'humourous' scenes which centre round the figure of Monsieur D'Olive himself. The first of these again falls into two parts, the story of Vandome's mistress, Marcellina, who has withdrawn from the world on account of the unjust suspicions of her husband, and the story of Vandome's brother-in-law, St. Anne, whose grief for his dead wife is such that he refuses her body burial, and devotes his life to a morbid worship of the embalmed corpse. Vandome, who serves as a link to connect these two actions, is the agent by whose means each is brought to a happy solution; Marcellina is reunited to her husband, and St. Anne persuaded to bury his wife and marry Marcellina's sister. It seems to me unlikely that Chapman should have invented the first of these actions. It has distinct affiliations with the fashion of platonic love so popular in courtly circles in the early Renaissance, and I am inclined to believe that Chapman got at least a suggestion for it from some French or Italian story.

The second theme, that of St. Anne and his dead wife, has numerous prototypes. Josephus (*Antiquities*, xv, 7) records the story of Herod's passion for his murdered wife, Mariamne, and a later legend tells of his refusal for many years to consign her body to the grave. A somewhat similar tale is told of an Arabian² Caliph, of a King of Denmark, and

Gifford in the *Memoir* prefixed to his edition of Jonson, v. 1, p. 40, and by Schelling in his edition of *Eastward Ho*, p. 162.

¹ The true title of this play apparently is *The Isle of Women*, see above, p. 701, n.

² Pauls, *Der Ring der Fastrada*, 1896, from whom I take these references has collected a large number of similar tales. He seems, however, unacquainted with the appearance of this theme in Elizabethan drama.

of Harold Fairhair of Norway (*Heimskringla*—translated in the *Saga Library*, vol. iii, p. 120). The most famous predecessor of St. Anne, however, as Koeppel (*Quellen und Forschungen*, 1897, p. 222) was the first to point out, is no other than Charlemagne.

The story of Charlemagne's love for his dead wife is a late and apparently a local development in the cycle of legends that gathered round the name of the great Emperor. It is unknown in early French literature (Gaston Paris, *Histoire Poétique de Charlemagne*, p. 355) and appears for the first time in certain German¹ chronicles of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. According to this legend Charlemagne bestowed a magic ring upon his wife (or mistress), whom as a result he loved beyond all measure. On the approach of death she concealed the ring in her mouth, and in consequence the Emperor's love remained unaltered, and he refused to allow her body out of his sight. After many years a bishop² (or courtier) discovered the ring and possessed himself of it, whereupon Charlemagne's passion was transferred to the new holder of the charm. By chance, or design, the ring was dropped in the swamps surrounding Aix-la-Chapelle, upon which the Emperor became so attached to this neighbourhood that he declined to leave it, and built both a palace and a cathedral there, in the latter of which his body was by his order entombed.

This legend of Charlemagne's magic ring seems to have originated at Aix-la-Chapelle, where it remained a living tradition until comparatively recent times. Petrarch, who visited Aix in 1333, heard the tale from a priest and recorded it in a letter dated June 21, 1333 (*Epistolae de reb. fam.*, I, 3). From Petrarch the story spread through Western Europe. It is referred to by Skelton³ (*Why Come ye not to Court*, 1522), retold by Tyndale (*Practyse of Prelates*, 1530), and Pasquier (*Recherches de la France*, 1596), and worked up into *novelle* by Doni,⁴ 1513-74 and by Sebastiano Erizzo in *Lei Sei Giornati*, 1567. This latter novel was, perhaps, a source of an anonymous Elizabethan play preserved in manuscript until printed by Bullen (*Old Plays*, vol. iii) under the title of *The Distracted Emperor*,⁵ but often referred to by the briefer title of *Charlemagne*.

¹ Enenkel's *Weltbuch*, thirteenth century, tells of Charlemagne's sinful passion for the body of his dead wife. A bishop, who learns of the sin by revelation removes the charm (*Zauberstein*) from her mouth. The body decays, and the King does penance. In *Karl Meinet*, a poem of the fourteenth century, the tale is told of a mistress of the King. A courtier who finds the charm, a ring, in the hair of the corpse wins the King's love, but later throws the ring in a brook near Aachen, whereupon the King loves this town and builds a minster there. Bränwald's *Chronicon* of the sixteenth century combines this story with that of a grateful serpent to which the King had rendered justice against a toad, and which in return bestowed on him a magic ring. Densuianu (*Romanta*, vol. xxv, p. 612) contends that Bränwald presents a late and artificial combination of two quite independent tales.

² In some versions this bishop becomes the famous Bishop Turpin, of the Charlemagne cycle. Pasquier (*Recherches*, Book V, chap. 16, edition of 1596) gives this name which does not occur in his immediate source.

³ Dyce prints Petrarch's letter in his edition of Skelton, who refers by name to Petrarch, vol. ii, pp. 364-6.

⁴ Doni's novel which I have not seen is said by Pauls to be an almost literal translation of Petrarch. It is printed in *Tutte le Novelle di A. F. Doni*, Milano 1863.

⁵ The MS. gives no title; *The Distracted Emperor* was the not very happy designation of the editor, Mr. Bullen.

Mr. Bullen was struck with the similarity of this anonymous play to the acknowledged work of Chapman, and suggested (vol. iii, p. 161) that it might be the lost *French Tragedy*, which was entered in the Stationers' Register, June 29, 1660, as a work of that author, but never printed, and a manuscript of which was in the next century destroyed by Warburton's cook. His suggestion does not seem to have attracted much attention—Schelling, for example, does not even notice it—and it was left for M. Schoell in an appendix to his thesis and later in the *Revue Germanique* (Mars-Avril, 1912) to restate Chapman's claim with arguments of such plausibility as to establish at least a high degree of probability of his authorship. If this be actually the case we need, of course, look no further for the source of the Charlemagne motif¹ in *Monsieur D'Olive*. Chapman would simply have taken it over from his own work, modifying it to suit his purpose in the composition of a romantic comedy.

It must be admitted that the Charlemagne motif in *Monsieur D'Olive* has² been reduced to its simplest form; the magic ring, the most striking feature of the old tale, does not appear in the play. If Chapman's claim to *Charlemagne* be not allowed, one might, in fact, hesitate to connect the St. Anne story with the Charlemagne legend, and find a sufficient source for it in the well-known story of Herod and Mariamne, the undoubted source of the same motif in Massinger's *Duke of Milan* and in the anonymous³ *Second Maiden's Tragedy*. Yet, on the whole, it is more than likely that the Charlemagne story gave Chapman the suggestion for his St. Anne, since he can hardly have been ignorant of the Petrarch version and since he drew upon another work of Petrarch's for a scene (III, i), which is an integral part of the St. Anne story.

The work which Chapman used for this scene is Petrarch's *Colloquium de Contemptu Mundi*,³ better known by its second title, *Secretum*. This work, an extraordinary piece of introspective psychological analysis, was written by Petrarch about 1342—possibly revised in the next decade—apparently for his own use rather than for publication. It is cast in the form of a dialogue between Petrarch and St. Augustine, introduced to the poet by Truth, who attempts to cure him of the disease, *accidia* (*acedia*), from which he is suffering. In a three days' debate St. Augustine, representing the medieval view of life, rebukes the pioneer of the Renaissance for his neglect of heavenly things and, especially in Book III, for his enthrallment in the chains of Love and Fame. Petrarch represents himself as making a strong stand against the censure of the Saint, and although in the end he makes outward and formal submission, it is plain that he is by no means disposed to renounce the world and follow Augustine's injunction to devote himself wholly to the contemplation of death.

This work enjoyed a considerable popularity in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It was printed by one of the early Germans, the

¹ M. Schoell notes, apart from this motif, two minor links between *Charlemagne* and *Monsieur D'Olive*, both of which are pointed out below in the notes on I, i, 145-8 and II, ii, 108, and calls attention to a certain similarity of situation between La Foe's offer to kiss Charlemagne and D'Olive's salute bestowed upon the Duchess. I do not think these details are of great importance, but they have some value as corroborative evidence.

² Possibly this story also lies behind Marlowe's account of Tamburlaine and Zenocrate.—2 *Tamburlaine*, II, iv.

³ I owe this reference to M. Schoell.

'R printer' of Strassburg, ca. 1475, again at Antwerp in 1489, and at Deventer in 1498. It was included in the Basel (1496) and the Venice (1501) editions of Petrarch's works, and published along with the *Seven Penitential Psalms* at Berne in 1600 and 1604. Since Chapman translated the *Seven Psalms* of Petrarch in 1612 it is possible that he became familiar with the *Secretum* in one of these Berne editions. The correspondences between Petrarch's Latin prose and the verse of Chapman pointed out below in the notes on III, i, 9-19, 20-35, and 36-40, are close enough to show that Chapman must have been working, so to speak, with the book open before him. St. Anne's description of his mental state, and Vandome's speech and St. Anne's reply, are no mere reminiscences of Petrarch, but a translation, free enough, indeed, selecting, suppressing, and enlarging in true Elizabethan fashion, but at times rendering the original almost word for word. Chapman uses his source to give to the figure of St. Anne something of the melancholy charm of Petrarch and to remove his passion, morbid as it is, from the realm of the fantastic or the barbarous.

In sharp contrast to the St. Anne story with its notes of old romance and Petrarchian melancholy stands the modern 'comedy of humours' which forms the second and larger part of the play. In these scenes, Chapman discards all poetic and romantic elements, and reverts almost entirely to the prosaic comedy which he had already attempted in *An Humourous Day's Mirth* and in *Sir Giles Goosecap*. The influence of Jonson seems to me very marked in this part of the play. The chief figure is a character far more closely observed and precisely defined than any of the characters of Chapman's earlier plays. The scenes in which he takes part are singularly devoid of action, but we hardly feel the loss, so rich in entertainment is the character which reveals itself to us in a series of lively dialogues and monologues. So far as any action exists, it is patently introduced for the sake of the character; situations are devised in which the character as the poet had preconceived it will be revealed in new lights and with fuller detail. Thus the business of the embassy is introduced, not for the sake of the plot, but in order that D'Olive may display his fluency and self-assurance before the Duke and his levity and careless cynicism in interviews with would-be followers. This, of course, is the earlier manner of Jonson, especially in that most typical 'comedy of humours', *Every Man out of his Humour*. But here, as elsewhere, Chapman differs from Jonson in his greater spontaneity, ease, and geniality. We are less sensible of a studied composition, and we do not hear the somewhat strident voice of the moral satirist. Chapman is satisfied to give us a vivid presentation of a comic figure; he has no desire to

*Strip the naked follies of the time,
... and with a whip of steel
Print wounding lashes in their iron ribs.*

Jonson leaves the fop and would-be courtier, Fastidious Brisk, in hopeless imprisonment for debt; Chapman dismisses D'Olive with the assurance of the Duke's favour and protection, and the assembled Court acclaims him, *Good Monsieur D'Olive*.

Several suggestions have been made as to the literary ancestry of D'Olive. Professor Koepfel (*loc. cit.*) sees in him an elaboration, enriched with various new traits, of the character sketch which Chapman had struck off in Bassiolo. M. Schoell notes certain resemblances to

Blurt in Middleton's comedy, *Blurt Master Constable*, to Balurdo in *Antonio and Melida*, to Bilioso in *The Malcontent*, and to Malvolio. The resemblances, such as they are, lie on the surface. There is an undoubted likeness between the forged letter which exposes D'Olive to the ridicule of the Court and that which leads Malvolio to expose himself before his mistress. In fact, it is plain that we have to do here with an amusing bit of plagiarism. Having wound up the incident of the embassy, and lacking matter with which to fill out the last act and bring the leading figure of D'Olive on the stage again at the general assembly of the characters with which an Elizabethan comedy usually concludes, Chapman calmly lifted a well-known incident from *Twelfth Night* and adapted¹ it for his conclusion. But the plagiarism of an incident does not connote identity, or even similarity, of character, and few figures in Elizabethan comedy are more distinct in character than the self-conceited, stiff, and puritanic major-domo of *Twelfth Night* and the rattle-pated, witty, idle man-about-town of Chapman's play. Nor can I see that there is any such likeness between Bassiolo and D'Olive as to justify the assertion that the second character is an elaboration of the first. Bassiolo is primarily a slow-witted serving-man; D'Olive a vivacious fop. Bassiolo falls completely into the trap and makes a most comic spectacle of himself, first in the airs he assumes in virtue of the supposed favour shown him, then in his frantic efforts to extricate himself on learning of the danger to which this favour has exposed him. On the other hand, it is hard to believe that D'Olive at heart takes the proposed embassy seriously. He presumes on it far enough, indeed, to risk a bit of foppish impertinence toward the Duchess, but his sole preparations for the charge assigned him consist apparently in making a face or two at Court, in allowing followers to attach themselves to him, at their own expense, and in gossiping with a pair of pages as to the world's opinion of his new honours.

As for the other suggested resemblances they seem to me even fainter. Blurt is a palpable imitation of Dogberry, and it can hardly be supposed that Shakespeare's sketch of a country constable gave rise to Chapman's picture of a witty man-about-town. Balurdo seems to me closer akin to the type of Sir Giles Goosecap than to that of D'Olive, and while there is an undoubted likeness between the embassy business of Bilioso in *The Malcontent* and that of Monsieur D'Olive, the two characters are totally different. Bilioso is described in the beginning as 'an old choleric marshall', and dismissed at the close as 'a perfect old knave'. He is a bitterly satiric picture of the hardened courtier, a flatterer, a backbiter, and a turncoat, alternately insolent and fawning. It is not in such a character that the prototype of the light-hearted D'Olive can be found.

If a prototype must be established for D'Olive, I would suggest that Jonson's Fastidious Brisk may have given Chapman certain hints. Brisk is described as 'a neat, spruce, affecting courtier'; he is fond of dress, partial to tobacco, fluent in speech, a hanger-on of the Court, and something of a gull. 'His brain', we are told, 'is lighter than his

¹ It may be noticed in passing that Chapman elaborates that part of the incident which Shakespeare left untouched, the actual preparation of the bait in the shape of a forged letter, and leaves untouched that part which Shakespeare had fully developed, the snaring of the victim through his vanity and gullibility.

feather'. In all these points his character approaches nearer to D'Olive's than do those of Malvolio or Bilioso, whatever external resemblances may connect these figures with Chapman's hero.

But at best it was only a hint or two that Chapman could have taken from Jonson's character, and, on the whole, I am inclined to agree with Ward (*English Dramatic Literature*, vol. ii, p. 437) that D'Olive is one of the most original figures in our comic drama. The essential features of his character are unruffled good-humour, unflinching self-assurance, a most ingenious and reckless wit, and an unquenchable flow of speech. 'A compound of a poet and a lawyer' some one calls him, and the more one studies this character the deeper grows the conviction that it owes its origin not to books or to previous stage figures, but to Chapman's observation of life, and that it is, to all intents, a portrait—perhaps as easily recognized at that time as Jonson's Carlo Buffone—of some gay young member of one of the Inns of Court, possessed of a handsome fortune, some traces of a liberal education, some claim to the attention of the Court, and an unblushing self-confidence that stood him in better stead than all his other possessions.

In the matter of dramatic technic *Monsieur D'Olive* does not seem to me to take rank with the best Elizabethan comedies. There is a marked lack of unity in the construction; the romantic and the comic plots are only artificially connected, and the scenes in which they are developed are merely juxtaposed. Throughout the play, until the last scene, where a belated effort is made to combine the two in a common *dénouement*, there is an almost mechanical method of construction. Each act contains two divisions, the first of which deals with the romantic story, the second with the comic underplot. The blending of romance and comedy, which Chapman effected so harmoniously in the last acts of *The Gentleman Usher*, is wholly wanting in *Monsieur D'Olive*. There is, moreover, as the play progresses, a marked decline in the interest of the romantic story. The opening scene, as Swinburne has pointed out (*George Chapman*, p. 63) is a most admirable bit of exposition; it states the problem, if we may so call it, of the reconciliation of the Countess with her husband by the agency of her chivalric lover with such clearness and charm of style as to awaken expectations that are never fulfilled. Our disappointment is due, I think, to the lack of that character development which the first scene had given us a right to expect. The problem, as stated there, has its rise in the characters of Marcellina, Vaumont, and Vandome, and it is only by the development and interaction of these characters that a fit solution is to be obtained. But Marcellina remains, from first to last, a shadow, Vaumont, of whom so promising a sketch had been given at first, degenerates into a nullity, while Vandome, after the first part of Act II, falls completely out of his rôle and becomes the mere intriguer. For the problem that was stated in terms of character is solved in the end along the lines of a comedy of intrigue. If we are to take the seclusion of Marcellina seriously, as in the opening scene Chapman plainly means us to do, we can hardly accept the trick by which in the last act the lady is lured out of her house as a satisfactory solution. In Swinburne's words the romantic interest is at the close¹ fairly hustled into a corner.

¹ See V, ii, 21-4, for the actual close of this action. It is worth noting that neither the Countess nor her husband has a word to say, and that Vandome,

This lack of character development in the romantic plot is due, I fancy, to a shift of interest on the part of the author himself while actually at work upon the play. I have called attention elsewhere (p. 758) to the way in which Chapman seems to catch fire about the beginning of Act III in *The Gentleman Usher*, and dismissing the 'humours' and farcical incidents with which he has been trifling, devotes himself with all his energy to the development of the romantic plot. The very opposite seems to have been the case in *Monsieur D'Olive*. Here Chapman made a prompt and promising start upon a true romantic theme. In order to afford the change and relief which the earlier comedy insisted upon, he introduced the 'humorous' figure of D'Olive, and this character straightway proved so fresh and living that he took, so to speak, the management of the drama into his own hands, pushed the figures of the romantic plot aside, and claimed the playwright's interest and attention for himself. And since the interest of the sub-plot depends wholly upon the character¹ of D'Olive and not at all upon the action, it would seem that Chapman's faculty of characterization, never, I think, very affluent, was wholly given over to this new and entertaining personage, and as a natural result, the characters of the romantic plot sank more and more to the rank of puppets in a comedy of intrigue.

Roughly speaking, Chapman's use of verse and prose in *Monsieur D'Olive* corresponds to the division between the romantic and the 'humorous' scenes. The correspondence is not exact, for an occasional bit of prose appears in the romantic scenes, and D'Olive occasionally expresses himself in graceful verse. The prose in which the greater part of his scenes are written seems to me perhaps the best that Chapman has to show. It is racy, vigorous, witty, fluent, and admirably clear. The wonder is that a master of such a perfect instrument should in his letters, prefaces, dedications, etc., have uttered his mind in such a clumsy, involved, and often almost unintelligible style. The probable explanation is that in his attempt to write like a scholar, Chapman only succeeded in expressing himself like a pedant. When, as here, he forgets the claims of scholarship and gives free course to his natural genius, he discloses a gift for prose style second, I think, only to Shakespeare's among Elizabethan dramatists.

The verse of *Monsieur D'Olive* covers a wide range from the grave beauty of the first scene, in which, to quote Swinburne (*loc. cit.*) 'every word is harmonious, appropriate and noble,' to the light fluency of the tobacco oration in the second act. In the dialogue between Vandome and Eurione in V, i, Chapman shifts at will from verse to prose and back again, and the verse is purposely pitched in so low a key that the change is hardly noticed.

All in all *Monsieur D'Olive*, while one of the most entertaining of

leaving them presumably in each others' arms, turns away to wind up the St. Anne action. It seems to me that this second action of the romantic plot escapes, on the whole, the charge that has been brought against the first. St. Anne's sudden passion for Eurione is not a mere stage device, but is motivated by his impressionable character and by her likeness, repeatedly insisted on, to his dead wife. Their marriage was, of course, a necessary convention of Elizabethan comedy.

¹ Schoell notes, for example, that the set speeches of D'Olive spring from his character and so have a living interest which is lacking in such set orations, as those of the page and Valerio in *All Fools*.

Chapman's plays, cannot be said to denote any great advance in his art as a playwright. Nor has it the same interest in the history of Elizabethan comedy that attaches to *All Fools* and *The Gentleman Usher*. Its main interest lies in the intrusive and exuberant hero of the underplot. But Monsieur D'Olive is a character of such originality, vivacity, and genuine humour that he could redeem from oblivion a play with less claims to our attention than the romantic, witty, and amusing comedy which bears his name.

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MONSIEUR D'OLIVE

NOTES

- I, i, 1.** *Your carriage*: the baggage which you are carrying; cf. the use of *carriage* in **I, i, 33**.
- I, i, 15.** *To that likeness*: in the circle to which love has been compared, the ring of **I, i, 16**.
- I, i, 16.** Dilke says *beat* is 'used in the language of sportsmen who are said to beat the ground in quest of game'. It seems better to take it in the sense of 'tread', see *New English Dictionary*, sub *tread*, 3.
- I, i, 30.** *It*: i.e. affection, see l. 29.
- I, i, 31.** *Attaint*: stain upon honour. Cf.:
- Shore's wife is grac'd, and passes for a saint;*
Her legend justifies her foul attaint.
Daniel—*Complaint of Rosamond*, ll. 25-6.
- I, i, 32.** *Circular*: perfect. Cf. *Your wisdom is not circular*. Massinger, *Emperor of the East*, III, ii. Chapman uses the word elsewhere in the same sense, see the dedication of the *Georgics of Hesiod* (*Poems*, p. 209), and *The Hymn to Hermes* (*Poems*, p. 299).
- I, i, 33.** *Her even carriage*: her evenly balanced behaviour.
- I, i, 39.** *The centre*: i.e. the earth, then considered the centre of the universe; cf. *Bussy*, IV, ii, 182.
- I, i, 72.** *The corsie*. Dilke seems not to have understood this word as he suggests that it is connected either with 'curse' or 'corse'. It has nothing to do with either, but is a not uncommon Elizabethan form of 'corrosive', i.e. corrosive, often used, as here, with the sense of 'cause of trouble', 'grievance'.
- I, i, 97.** 'With this one instance where her conduct might possibly be suspected of levity'.
- I, i, 145-7.** Schoell thinks these lines are based on a passage in Erizzo's tale, see above, p. 776: *come hai tu [Death] impoverito il mondo e questo regno di sì bella e preziosa cosa? Forse per arricchire il cielo, o per farne di quella una stella*. The resemblance does not seem to me close enough to prove that Chapman made use of Erizzo, but it is at least worth noting.
- I, i, 165.** *An apoplexy*: with reference both to the suddenness of the attack and to the complete loss of the mental faculties incident to this disease.
- I, i, 175.** *Wracks me within my haven*: cf. *Bussy*, I, i, 33, and my note *ad loc*.
- I, i, 183.** *Curious*: fastidious, minutely exact, not 'ceremonious', as Dilke interprets it. Cf. a similar use in *Taming of the Shrew*, IV, iv, 36.
- I, i, 209.** *Fit stock to graff on*. Roderigue implies that Mugeron's credulity would make him an easy husband for a wife to graft horns on.
- I, i, 211-2.** *Saturn's time*: the golden age of innocence.
- I, i, 214.** *Luxury*: used here in its original sense, 'lasciviousness', the only sense in which Shakespeare uses it, see *Hamlet*, I, v, 83; *Merry Wives*, V, v, 98; *Lear*, IV, vi, 119. In Chapman's *Iliad*, XXI, 262, it appears to have the sense of 'superabundance', but, as a rule, this meaning appears much later.
- I, i, 215.** *Steal from a forbidden tree*: cf. *All Fools*, III, i, 305-6, and my note *ad loc*.

- I, i, 230. *Puts it upon construction* : exposes it to criticism.
- I, i, 238. *The stallion* : cf. *All Fools*, III, i, 275.
- I, i, 247. *Turns Argus to Actaeon* : changes a jealous keeper to a cuckold, alluding to the hundred eyes of Argus and the horns of Actaeon.
- I, i, 254. *Who* : in the objective case with a nominative form for emphasis ; cf. *All Fools*, I, i, 38.
- I, i, 265-6. A sneer at King James's lavish creation of knights ; cf. *Bussy*, I, ii, 124, and my note *ad loc.* *Addition*, l. 265, means 'title'.
- I, i, 269. *Beaver*. D'Olive's hat, which he was probably twirling about to attract attention to it, was not only *embroidered*, but gilded. Hence in l. 272, Roderigue compares it to the *parcel-gilt cover* of a cup or dish, i.e. to a cover gilded on the inside.
- I, i, 275. *Satyrs to your sires* : because of your satirical disposition. It was an old notion that the word 'satire', Latin *satira*, was derived from the Greek, *σάτυρος*, satyr, with reference to the chorus of satyrs in the Greek 'satyric' drama. Thus Puttenham, *Art of English Poetry* (p. 6, Arber reprint) says : 'Ancient poets . . . used three kinds of poems reprehensive, to wit, the Satyre, the Comedy, and the Tragedy ; and the first and most bitter invective . . . was the Satyre ; which to th'intent their bitterness should breed none ill will . . . they made wise as if the gods of the woods, whom they called Satyres or Silvanes, should appear and recite those verses of rebuke . . . as who should say these terrene and base gods being conversant with man's affairs and spiers out of all their secret faults, had some great care over man and desired . . . to bring the bad to amendment by those kind of preachings, whereupon the poets, inventors of the device, were called Satyristes'. Hence in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Satyr was supposed to be of a censorious disposition. Greene, in his address *To the Gentlemen Readers*, prefixed to *Mamillia* (*Works*, vol. ii, p. 345) says : 'Let the savage Satyre himself, whose cynical censure is more severe than need, frown'. Cf. *The Ball*, V, i, where Barker, the cynic, appears disguised as a satyr, and especially Honoria's remarks, *The Ball*, V, i, 318-323.
- I, i, 284. *Monopolies are now called in*. In Elizabeth's last Parliament, 1601, the question of the monopolies, which had grown to be a grievous burden on the people, was discussed with great vigour. The Queen yielded to the evident desire for reform, and in a proclamation, November 25, 1601, promised to revoke all vexatious monopolies. The promised reform was not, however, carried out, and the question arose again in the first year of her successor's reign. On May 7, 1603, James issued a proclamation bidding all persons to refrain from making use of their monopolies until they could satisfy the Council that they were not prejudicial to the interests of the nation. As a result the greater part of the existing monopolies were revoked. It is to this that Chapman alludes.
- I, i, 301. *Wild-goose chase* : a race in which the leading rider chooses the course and obliges the others to follow him. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, II, iv, 75, and the note *ad loc.* in Furness's *Variorum*.
- I, i, 307. *Sorbonne*. The professors of the Sorbonne, the theological faculty of the University of Paris, were constantly appealed to for decisions in dogma and in Canon Law by the whole Catholic world. Even the Papal Curia laid doubtful cases before them for decision.
- I, i, 322-3. *This comet* : this phenomenon of the secluded Countess. *Admire* is used in the sense of 'wonder at'.
- I, i, 338-9. *Valentines*. 'It is a ceremony', says Bourne, 'never omitted among the vulgar to draw lots [cf. *draw cuts*, l. 339] which they term Valentines on the eve before Valentine's Day. The names of a select number of one sex are, by an equal number of the other, put into some vessel, and after that every one draws a name, which for the present is called their Valentine'—Brand, *Popular Antiquities*, vol. i, p. 47. Cf. also the device in *The Ball*, V, i, by which Honoria and Rosamond propose to decide which of them shall be Lord Rainbow's mistress.
- I, i, 343. Cf. *fat and fulsome*, *Twelfth Night*, V, i, 112. I take *full* here to

mean 'sated', although it might carry with it the idea of pregnancy, and *fulsome* to mean 'nauseating'.

- I, i, 344. *A handbasket*: so that she might support herself by peddling.
- I, i, 347-58. With this diatribe against marriage cf. Quicksilver's speech to Sir Petronel, *Eastward Ho*, II, iii, 6r, ssq. With *shrewish if she be honest*, cf. *All Fools*, I, i, 69-72.
- I, i, 358. *Liver*. Cf. my note on *The Gentleman Usher*, III, ii, 370.
- I, i, 362. *O' th' order*: i.e. of married men. The *honour due to't* (ll. 364-5) is, of course, the horns, as appears from Roderigue's words, ll. 368-70.
- I, i, 369-70. *Custom of the city*. Cf. in the same connexion *the courtesies of the City*, *All Fools*, V, ii, 325.
- I, i, 376. *Lanthorn*: cf. the same pun in *Eastward Ho*, IV, i, 298, and 2 *King Henry IV*, I, ii, 51-5. The fact that lanterns were originally made almost always of horn gave rise to this common jest.
- I, i, 382. *Frets*. A pun on *fret*, the ring or bar on the finger board of a lute or guitar, and *fret*, a sore spot.
- I, i, 391. *Half a score birds in a cage*: gold pieces in a purse.
- I, i, 393. *Map*: picture, embodiment.
- II, i, 10. *Cast her water in her face*: diagnose her disease by her looks; cf. *All Fools*, V, ii, 195. A common method of diagnosis in Chapman's time was by inspection of the urine, see 2 *King Henry IV*, I, ii, r-6, and *Macbeth*, V, iii, 50-51.
- II, i, 12. *Cardecu*: 'an old French silver coin worth $\frac{1}{4}$ of the gold *écu* (*quart d'écu*)'—*New English Dictionary*. It was equivalent in Chapman's time to about one shilling and sixpence.
- II, i, 48. *Called her sister*. Cf. below, II, i, 90, where Vandome calls Eurione *sister*, and II, i, 130, where she calls him *brother*.
- II, i, 111. *Cast*: used, I think, in the sense it has in *venery*. To *cast a hawk* is to throw her off at the prey; dogs *cast* when they spread out and search for a lost scent. So *travellers* may be said to *cast far*.
- II, i, 139. *My quarters*: suggested by *treason* in the preceding line. The punishment for high treason included quartering. There is, of course, a double entendre in the phrase.
- II, i, 179. *The drunken froes*: the Bacchanals. The word seems to have come into literary use in English with Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, where it appears in VII, 337, and XI, 21. See also my note on *An Humorous Day's Mirth*, sc. xiv, l. 19. *The Thracian Harper* is Orpheus who was torn to pieces by the Bacchanals, *Metamorphoses*, XI, 1-42.
- II, i, 205-7. Dilke (see Text Notes, p. 793 below) misunderstands the passage. The melancholy of St. Anne might well be spoken of as *grounded on rational love* as opposed to sensual, and upon *philosophy* as opposed to emotion. Vandome means to recall him to the life of the senses.
- II, i, 218. *Banquet*: a dessert of fruit, wine, and sweetmeats. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, I, v, 124, and the note *ad loc.* in Furness's *Variorum*. Eurione's *conserves* (l. 219) and *cordial still'd waters* (l. 221) would furnish a banquet.
- II, i, 226. *In sadness*: seriously, in earnest.
- II, ii. Stage-direction. Chapman seems fond of setting his ladies to work at sewing on the stage; cf. the stage-directions after *All Fools*, II, i, 229, and *Sir Giles Goosecap*, II, i, 16.
- II, ii, 10. *Wizard*: sorcerer, wise man, the word is used ironically; see Text Notes, p. 794.
- II, ii, 15. *Footcloth*: the large embroidered cloth thrown over the back of a horse or mule for a state procession. Here, I think, used for the ass, D'Olive.
- II, ii, 21. *His mind is his kingdom*. Cf. the well known contemporary poem by Sir Edward Dyer, *My mind to me a Kingdom is*. The sentiment is a commonplace that goes back at least as far as Seneca: *Mens regnum bona possidet*—*Thyestes*, l. 380.
- II, ii, 80. The precept 'Live unknown', supposed to come from Epicurus, (Montaigne, II, xvi) is discussed by Plutarch in the essay—*De Latenter Vivendo*.

- II, ii, 86.** *King G[yges'] ring.* The story of the ring of Gyges which made him invisible is told by Plato, *Republic*, 359. It is again referred to below, V, ii, 7-8.
- II, ii, 92-4.** Cf. *Bussy*, III, i, 23-5 and my note *ad loc.*
- II, ii, 95.** *Burdello*: a variant of 'bordello', 'brothel'. The same form occurs in *Every Man in his Humour*, I, i, 245.
- II, ii, 96.** *Stammel*: a kind of cheap red woollen cloth.
- II, ii, 101.** *Predicables*: a term in Aristotelian logic. According to the Schoolmen there were five *predicables*: genus, species (cf. l. 103), difference, property, and accident.
- II, ii, 108.** An almost exact parallel occurs in *The Distracted Emperor*, p. 233.
- II, ii, 130.** *In gross*: in a general way.
- II, ii, 152-3.** *An ancient subject, and yet newly call'd into question.* The subject of tobacco smoking had been called *into question*, i.e. made a matter of debate, with great vehemence shortly before the composition of this play. The controversy¹ began apparently with the publication of a tract entitled *Work for Chimney Sweepers*, 1602, the anonymous author of which alleges eight reasons against tobacco, the author and finder of which he declares to have been 'the Divell'. This provoked *A Defence of Tobacco*, 1602. Shortly after his accession to the English throne King James published, 1604, anonymously his well-known *Counterblast to Tobacco*, in which he took occasion to sneer at Raleigh, whose example, apparently, had done much to make smoking fashionable. In the same year James under cover of attacking an idle² luxury raised the import duty on tobacco from 2d. to six shillings and tenpence per pound. On the third day of King James's visit to Oxford in August, 1605, there was a public debate on the question: *Utrum frequens suffitus nicotianae exoticae sit sanis et salutaris.* Dr. Cheynell, of Corpus Christi, defended tobacco in a humorous speech, but the King naturally pronounced a verdict for the negative. In *The Queen's Arcadia*, a pastoral by Samuel Daniel, played before the Queen at Christ Church during the royal visit there is an amusing onslaught on tobacco, quite in the spirit of James. Alcon, a quacksalver, tells how he met a seaman who had brought from the island of Nicosia a certain weed:

*And this in powder made and fir'd, he sucks
Out of a little hollow instrument
Of calcinated clay the smoke thereof;
Which either he conveys out of his nose,
Or down into his stomach with a whiff.
And this, he said, a wondrous virtue had
To purge the head and cure the great catarrh,
And to dry up all other meaner rheums.*

The quacksalver secured 'all this commodity' and taught people how to use it, and he says,

*Now do they nothing else but sit and suck,
And spit and slaver all the time they sit.*

Then breaking into a moral vein he concludes:

*But sure the time's to come when they look back
On this, will wonder with themselves to think
That men of sense could ever be so mad
To suck so gross a vapour that consumes
Their spirits, spends nature, dries up memory,
Corrupts the blood, and is a vanity.*

The Queen's Arcadia, ll. 1119, ssq.

In opposition to the courtly Daniel, Chapman espouses the cause of tobacco.

¹ As early as 1598 Jonson introduced Bobadil and Cob praising and abusing tobacco in *Every Man in his Humour*.

² James remarked that some of the English gentry spent £200-400 a year 'upon this precious stink'.

The humour of the debate lies especially in the fact that he sets a Puritan, a sect most obnoxious to the King, arguing against smoking.

- II, ii, 178.** *Pushes*: pimples, or boils.
- II, ii, 178-9.** *His nose was like the ace of clubs.* Dilke thinks this may have suggested a similar comparison to Sterne, *Tristram Shandy*, III, 32; but it seems rather unlikely that Sterne knew this play, which in his time was only accessible in the old quartos.
- II, ii, 184-5.** *Being in drink*: probably a pun on the old phrase, 'drinking tobacco'. *His narrow passage* is the small nostrils of the weaver. It was the rule at that time to emit the smoke of a pipe through the nose; cf. *Every Man out of his Humour*, IV, iii, where Sogliardo's nostrils are opened with a poking-stick 'to give the smoke a more free delivery'.
- II, ii, 188.** *A virginal jack.* A *virginal* was a kind of harpsichord; the *jacks* were bits of wood inside the instrument which rose as the keys were pressed down.
- II, ii, 191.** *The Geneva print.* The reference is to the Genevan, or Breeches Bible of 1560, especially popular among the early Puritans.
- II, ii, 191-2.** *One ear shorter . . . for a difference.* The word *difference* is used here in the heraldic sense, a distinguishing mark upon a coat-of-arms. D'Olive insinuates that the weaver's loss of an ear at the hands of the hangman served to distinguish him from less zealous brethren.
- II, ii, 214.** *Sanctified*: by having a blessing pronounced over it.
- II, ii, 227.** *Noise*: a band of musicians. Cf. *The Blind Beggar*, sc. ii, l. 134, and *All Fools*, V, ii, 39. See also Text Notes, p. 794 below.
- II, ii, 234.** *Brake phlegm*: cleared my throat and blew my nose. *Shook mine ears*: cf. note on *May-Day*, I, i, 233.
- II, ii, 238.** *Amused*: puzzled, the etymological sense.
- II, ii, 243.** *The poet*: Virgil, see *Aeneid*, III, 39.
- II, ii, 247.** *True Trojans.* *Trojan* was a synonym for a boon companion, a good comrade. Cf. *King Henry IV*, II, i, 77. The next words of the line, however, allude to the old belief, dating back to the middle of the seventh century, that the French were sprung from the old Trojans.
- II, ii, 252.** With D'Olive's eulogy of tobacco, cf. Falstaff's praise of sack, *King Henry IV*, IV, iii, 92, *ssq.*
- II, ii, 253.** *Cannot want*: cannot be without.
- II, ii, 273.** *Johannes [Savonarola]*: Giovanni Michele Savonarola, 1384-1461, a grand-uncle of the famous monk of Florence, was himself a famous Italian doctor. His great work, *Practica Canonica de Febribus*, was no doubt known to Chapman, and an abbreviation used in one of its editions seems to have led to the mistake in the old text. See Text Notes, p. 794 below.
- II, ii, 275.** *Farts fire*: like the Devil in the old plays; cf. *The Maid of Honour*, IV, iv.
- II, ii, 280.** *A sheep's head*: a fool. Cf. *All Fools*, II, i, 141.
- II, ii, 293.** *Murr . . . bone-ache.* The *murr* is a severe form of catarrh; the *bone-ache* is a venereal disease, for which tobacco was supposed to be a remedy. King James in his *Counterblast* asserts that tobacco 'was first found out by some of the barbarous Indians to be a preservative or antidote against the pox'.
- II, ii, 297-8.** 'You need not expect a written commission. The giving my hand to you to kiss will be a sufficient warrant'.
- III, i.** As pointed out in the *Introduction* to this play, p. 777 above, the first fifty lines of this scene are in the main an adaptation of Petrarch's *Secretum*, St. Anne taking the part of Petrarch in the dialogue, and Vandome that of St. Augustine.
- III, i, 9-19.** From the *Secretum*: *Fateor: et illud accidit quod omnibus ferme quibus angor aliquid falsi licet dulcoris immixtum est. In hac autem tristitia et aspera et misera et horrenda omnia; apertaue semper ad desperationem via; et quicquid infelices animas urget in interitum. Ad hoc et reliquiarum passionum ut crebros sic breves et momentaneos experior insultus, Haec autem pestis tam tenaciter me arripit interdum ut integros dies noctesque*

illigatum torqueat, quod mihi tempus non lucis aut vitae sed tartareae noctis et acerbissimae mortis instar est.

Secretum, Basle edition, 1581, p. 347.

- III, i, 20-35.** From the *Secretum*: Saint Augustine is speaking: *Primum igitur, quod ait Cicero, nonnulli veterem amorem novo amore tanquam clavum clavo excutiendum putant; cui consilio et magister amoris Naso consentit, regulam afferens generalem:*

Quod, successore novo vincitur omnis amor.

Et procul dubio sic est: disgregatus enim et in multa distractus animus, segnior fertur ad singula. Sic Ganges (ut aiunt) a rege Persarum innumerabilibus alveis distinctus, atque ex uno alto metuendoque flumine in multos spermendosque rivulos sectus est. Sic sparsa acies penetrabilis hosti redditur: sic diffusum lentescit incendium. Denique omnis vis ut unita crescit sic dispersa minuitur.

Secretum, p. 358.

The reference to Cicero in the first lines of this passage is omitted by Chapman, who goes on at once to the quotation from Ovid, *Remedia Amoris*, l. 462.

- III, i, 38-40.** From the *Secretum*, Franciscus, i.e. Petrarch, is speaking: *Hoc igitur unum scito me aliud amare non posse. Assuevit animus illam adamare, assueverunt oculi illam intueri et quicquid non illa est inamoenum et tenebrosum dicunt.*

Secretum, p. 359.

- III, i, 40-50.** The first lines of this speech are original with Chapman and relate to the dramatic situation. With l. 44 the translation of the *Secretum* begins again. St. Augustine is talking: *Potesne igitur in animum inducere fugam exitumve et notorum locorum caruisse conspectu? Quid ergo aliud dicam nisi Virgilianum versiculum paucis immutatis?*

Heu fuge dilectas terras, fuge litus amatum.

Quomodo enim unquam his in locis tutus esse poteris, ubi tam multa vulnerum tuorum extant vestigia, ubi et presentium conspectu et preteritorum recordatione fatigaris? Ut igitur idem ait Cicero, loci mutatione tanquam aegroti jam convalescentes curandus eris.

Secretum, p. 359.

The reference to Cicero is to the¹ *Tusculanae Disputationes*, IV, 35. The original of the *versiculum* adapted from Virgil is

Heu, fuge crudelis terras, fuge litus avarum.

Aeneid, III, 44.

A good but free translation of these passages may be found in W. H. Draper's version of the *Secretum*, 1911, on pp. 84, 138, and 139 respectively.

- III, i, 72-4.** Dilke refers to the *Colloquium Senile* of Erasmus in which the much married Polygamus declares that he never lived single above ten days, and that if his eighth wife died to-day he would marry a ninth to-morrow.

III, i, 78. For a press: for permission to impress followers.

III, i, 82-3. For a similar pun on page cf. *Sir Giles Goosecap*, II, i, 238-40.

III, i, 97. *Graceful*: used here in the sense of 'favourable', cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, II, ii, 60.

III, i, 120. *Dispair*: see Text Notes, p. 795.

III, ii, 11. *Peagoose*: a fool, a ninny. The *New English Dictionary* cites this passage.

III, ii, 17. *A tender place*. Dilke points out that there is a reference here to arrests for debt, usually made by tapping a man on the shoulder.

III, ii, 52. *Their income*: literally their entrance-fee, here a bribe to Mugeron to place them in D'Olive's service.

III, ii, 75. *A tub*: for the treatment of venereal disease, see note on *May-Day*, II, i, 611, and Warburton's note on *Timon of Athens*, IV, iii, 87.

III, ii, 82. *Frippery*: the selling of second-hand clothes; cf. III, ii, 186, where it means the shop in which old clothes are sold.

¹ *Loci mutatione tanquam aegroti non convalescentes saepe curandus est.*

- III, ii, 98. *Burn gold lace* : i.e. polish up the gold lace on old suits; see the *New English Dictionary*, sub *burn* (v.) 2.
- III, ii, 107. *Court cupboard* : a side-board, for the display of gold and silver plate; cf. *Humourous Day's Mirth*, sc. viii, l. 2, and *Romeo and Juliet*, I, v, 8, with the note *ad loc.* in Furness's *Variorum*.
- III, ii, 126. *A vice* : a vise, here in the sense of a cock, or tap.
- III, ii, 131. *Helicon* : a mountain in Greece famous as the haunt of the Muses. The fountain Aganippe on Mount Helicon was believed to inspire him who drank of it. D'Olive proposes to tap this spring.
- III, ii, 159. *A courser of Naples*. In the middle of the sixteenth century the most famous riding-school in the world was to be found at Naples. Hence *a courser of Naples* is a horse of the best school.
- III, ii, 161. *By such a colour* : under the pretence of accompanying an ambassador.
- III, ii, 167. *Whifflers* : the word means first a piper, then an usher or herald who cleared the way for his master. Cf. *The Widow's Tears*, II, iv, 104, where it is used to a gentleman usher, and Chapman's poem *To Master John Fletcher—Poems*, p. 255.
- III, ii, 171. *Spurs* : the allusion is to the fashionable spurs of the day, for show rather than use, with large loose rowels which jingled as the wearer walked; see Gifford's note on *Every Man out of his Humour*, II, i.
- III, ii, 187. *A gambrel* : i.e. a cambrel, a piece of bent wood or iron used by butchers to hang carcasses on. Brome in *The City Wit (Works)*, vol. i, p. 335) uses *gambrel* as here in connexion with old clothes.
- III, ii, 190. *Cases* : i.e. suits of clothes.
- III, ii, 199. *Pikes* : cf. the note on *May-Day*, III, ii, 17. I have noted an earlier instance of the phrase in *Englishmen for my Money* (Hazlitt-Dodsley, vol. x, p. 533).
- IV, i, 21. *Industrious* : designed, purposed. Cf. *The Revenge of Bussy*, II, i, 104, and note *ad loc.*
- IV, i, 43. *I am nearest to myself* : cf. *Heus, proximus sum egomet mihi—Andria*, IV, i, 12.
- IV, i, 98. *Our quick Hermes, our Alcides* : Hermes is here referred to as the god of persuasive eloquence; *quick* is probably used in the sense of 'lively', 'vigorous' with reference to the speech of the god. *Alcides* is Hercules, and the reference, as the next line shows, is to the labours of that hero.
- IV, ii, 6. *Begot 't' th' Court* : cf. *The Widow's Tears*, V, iii, 330-31. A passage in Massinger throws light, if any is needed, upon this jest. A page remarks to an usher and a waiting-woman :

*It may be you were both begot in Court,
Though bred up in the City; for your mothers,
As I have heard, loved the lobby.*

Unnatural Combat, III, ii.

- IV, ii, 14. *The gourd, the fulham, and the stop-cater-trey* : various kinds of false dice. The *gourd* is defined by Grosart (*Greene's Works*, vol. x, p. 288) as a die 'scooped out on one side or more'. A *fulham* was a die loaded at one of the corners; a high *fulham* would turn up 4, 5, or 6; a low *fulham* 1, 2, or 3. Hence the common term *high men and low men* for these dice, cf. *Merry Wives*, I, iii, 94-5. The name is said to be derived from Fulham, a London suburb, once a noted haunt of gamblers. See Gifford's note on the word in *Every Man out of his Humour*, III, i. A *stop-cater-trey* is a die loaded so as to stop at three or four. For further information on this topic see Malone's note on *The London Prodigal*, I, i, in *Supplement to Shakespeare*, vol. ii, p. 456. Dekker in the *Bellman of London* (Temple edition, p. 114) has a long list of the names of false dice among which he mentions *gourds*, *fulhams*, and *flat cater-treys*, perhaps the same as the *stop-cater-treys* of the text.
- IV, ii, 25. *A Winchester goose* was a slang phrase for a venereal disease; cf. 1 *King Henry VI*, I, iii, 53. The name came from the fact that the houses of ill-fame on the Bankside were licensed by the Bishop of Winchester, and the women inhabiting them were known as *Winchester geese*.

- IV, ii, 26.** *Petticoats*. William of Wykeham, the founder of the famous school at Winchester, ordered the scholars to be dressed in a gown of black cloth reaching to the feet.
- IV, ii, 28.** *Belfries*: that part of the floor of a church beneath the bell-tower. It was sometimes used as a school-room.
- IV, ii, 29.** *Proceed doctor*: the regular academic phrase for taking the degree of doctor in one of the faculties.
- IV, ii, 44-5.** *A setter and a verser*: a composer of music for songs, and a poet; but Pacque puns on the cant meaning of these words. According to Greene's *Discourse of Cozening* (*Works*, vol. x, p. 15) 'the nature of the Setter is to draw any person familiarly to drink with him'. The *verser* was a second actor in the cony-catching scheme (see *ibid.*, p. 17). There is a further account of the tricks of the *setter* and *verser* in Dekker's *Bell-man of London* (Temple edition, p. 124) which is, however, based upon Greene.
- IV, ii, 52-3.** *Guarded coats . . . wetted gowns*: the first were worn by serving-men, cf. *Merchant of Venice*, II, ii, 164; the second by lawyers, cf. *The Silent Woman*, IV, ii.
- IV, ii, 54.** *Horse you*: to horse a boy is to mount him on a man's back to be flogged, here simply 'to flog'.
- IV, ii, 58.** *Outrecuidance*: overweening insolence. The phrase *pride and outrecuidance* occurs in *Eastward Ho*, IV, ii, 279.
- IV, ii, 78-80.** In connexion with the purchase of knighthood under James I, Stoll (*Modern Language Notes*, vol. xx, p. 207) calls attention to two entries in the *Calendar of Domestic State Papers*, 1603-10 (pp. 60 and 110). The first of these is a petition from a certain William Bruce that he may have the profits of making four knights; the second the signification of the King's pleasure that all persons having received knighthood should pay the accustomed fees. There was, of course, nothing new in requiring the payment of certain fees in connexion with the bestowing of knighthood; but in the first years of James's reign knighthoods were so lavishly bestowed and the fees so eagerly pocketed either by the King or some favoured courtier, that the notion arose that the title could be purchased by the payment of the customary fee. Cf. in this connexion *Eastward Ho*, IV, i, 179-83.
- IV, ii, 96.** *Achilles*. The reference is to the concealment of Achilles among the maidens at Scyros, where he was discovered by Ulysses; see Statius, *Achilleid*, I, 242, ssq.
- IV, ii, 103.** *Bear a breadth*: the phrase occurs again in *The Widow's Tears*, V, iii, 334. Apparently it means here 'carry affairs of importance'. For a proposed emendation see Text Notes, p. 795.
- IV, ii, 110.** *The Seven Stars*: the constellation of the Great Bear.
- IV, ii, 111-13.** *Boulogne* was besieged and taken by Henry VIII in 1544. *St. James his field*: I suppose the reference is to the battle of St. Jacob on the Birs, where the French defeated the Swiss in 1444. *The loss of Calais* refers to the seizure of this town by the Duke of Guise in 1558 after it had been in English hands for over two centuries. *Cales*, or Cadiz, was sacked by Essex and Howard in 1596.
- IV, ii, 121.** St. Luke's day is October 18. The symbol of St. Luke, the horned ox, no doubt led to a comic association between St. Luke and cuckolds. See *Eastward Ho*, IV, i, 5 and note *ad loc.*
- IV, ii, 137-140.** A parody of Spenser's lament:
- Dido, my dear, alas is dead,
Dead and lyeth wrapt in lead:
O heavie hearse,
Let streaming teares be poured out in store:
O carefull verse.*
- Shepherds Kalendar—November, ll. 58-62.*
- IV, ii, 153-55.** *A hammer . . . a gudgeon*: cf. notes on *The Gentleman Usher*, I, i, 152, and *All Fools*, III, i, 94, for the significance of these names.

- IV, ii, 156.** *A Christmas Lord*: a Lord of Misrule, one chosen to lead the revels at Christmas.
- IV, ii, 169.** *Shift and hang*: note the pun in the double meaning of these words as applied first to the suits of clothes, then to the wearers.
- IV, ii, 170.** *Strike the Plaudite*. The comedies of Terence all conclude with the word *plaudite*, which came therefore in connexion with the drama to have the sense of 'Conclusion'. It is unfortunate that Chapman did not act upon this idea. The further trick played upon Monsieur D'Olive quite lacks the dash and comic force of the scenes connected with his embassy.
- IV, ii, 176.** *Bough-pots*: vases for holding green branches, an old ornament of rooms; see *Pepys' Diary*, September 13, 1665.
- IV, ii, 180.** *Retire*: used here in the sense of 'recall'; cf.:

All these retired not Hector,

Chapman's *Iliad*, XXII, 68

where it translates the Greek *θυμὸν ἐπειθεν*.

- IV, ii, 251.** *Vie it*: to 'vie' is to 'heighten a wager', 'raise a bet'; see the passage in Greene's *Discovery of Cony-Catching*, quoted above, p. 790, and my note on *Byron's Tragedy*, IV, ii, 107.
- IV, ii, 258-9.** Dilke notes that Jonson ridicules these affected subscriptions of letters in *Every Man out of his Humour*, III, ii, in the comments of Sordido upon his son's epistle.
- V, i, 7.** *Imaginous*: imaginative, full of fancies, cf. *Byron's Conspiracy*, III, i, 52.
- V, i, 14.** *Juno Lucina fer opem*: the prayer of a woman in travail, *Andria*, III, i, 15.
- V, i, 24-5.** *Women and parrots, etc.*: cf. Petrucchio's method of dealing with Katharine, *Taming of the Shrew*, IV, i. See also *Othello*, III, iii, 23, and the note *ad loc.* in Furness's *Variorum*.
- V, i, 33.** *Dildo*: an old word, often with an obscene meaning, occurring in the refrain of ballads; see *Alchemist*, V, v, 42, and *Winter's Tale*, IV, iv, 195. According to the *New English Dictionary* it was sometimes used contemptuously for a boy.
- V, i, 42.** *Watery meteors*: atmospheric phenomena were formerly classed as airy, watery, luminous, or fiery meteors. Watery meteors were rain, snow, etc. Here the allusion is to a bucket of water thrown from the window.
- V, i, 50.** *Hempstring*: like 'crackhemp', 'crackhalter', one who deserves to be hanged.
- V, i, 59.** *Unready*: undressed for the night.
- V, i, 74.** *At gaze*: a term of ventry used of the deer when standing bewildered.
- V, i, 95.** *O' th' hair*: of his sort or kind; cf. for this sense of the word 1 *King Henry IV*, IV, i, 61, and *Nice Valour*, I, i.
- V, i, 161.** See Text Notes, p. 796.
- V, i, 175.** See note on *May-Day*, III, i, 249.
- V, i, 187.** *Break betwixt*: act as a go-between. There is an offensive insinuation in the phrase (cf. *May-Day*, II, i, 245, and *broker*, i.e. pandar in *Troilus*, III, ii, 211) which Eurione at once fastens upon.
- V, i, 191.** *Petrarch*: cf. *All Fools*, II, i, 282-4.
- V, i, 198.** *Can your good*: know your business, know what is profitable for you. Dilke's note shows, I think, a misunderstanding of the passage.
- V, i, 210.** *A dry hand*: the sign of a cold, prudish disposition; cf. the note on *Othello*, III, iv, 36 in Furness's *Variorum*.
- V, i, 211.** *Toward a husband*: about to marry.
- V, i, 243.** *Cut off the offending part*: cf. *Humourous Day's Mirth*, sc. xiii, ll. 85-6, and sc. xiv, ll. 52-3. The dialogue between Vandome and Eurione in the present scene seems to me like an elaboration, and a great improvement, of that between Lemot and the Queen in *Humourous Day's Mirth*, sc. xiii.
- V, i, 250.** *Set the house*: mark, point out the house, like a setter dog; cf. 1 *King Henry IV*, II, ii, 53.

- V, i, 261. *Hopeful spleen*: cf. *panegyric spleen*, *All Fools*, Prologue, l. 24, and note *ad loc.*
- V, ii, 5. *Tressels*. Roderigue compares D'Olive's legs to the props of a puppet-show (*motion*, cf. *May-Day*, III, iii, 149). The comparison of legs protruding beneath a cloak to *tressels* occurs also in *The Alchemist*, IV, iii, 25; see also *The Widow's Tears*, V, iii, 332.
- V, ii, 30-33. The situation, perhaps somewhat obscure to the reader, would be clear upon the stage. The Duke turns from Roderigue and Mugeron to Vandome, who has been whispering to Marcellina and her sister, and asks who is with him. The ladies were very likely wearing masks. Vandome does not reply at once, but turns to the ladies and calling them forward introduces them to the Duke.
- V, ii, 64. *Could Achilles*: Roderigue refers to D'Olive's words, IV, ii, 96-7. Roderigue, to be sure, was not on the stage when D'Olive uttered them, but such a fact never troubled an Elizabethan dramatist.
- V, ii, 70-1. *Habit . . . heart*: Mugeron pretends that D'Olive's disguise shows him to be a conspirator.
- V, ii, 72-3. *Block . . . wits on*: cf. IV, ii, 158. The same phrase occurs in *Blurt Master Constable*, I, ii, 45-6.
- V, ii, 76. *Earwigs*: parasites, flatterers; cf. *The Broken Heart*, II, i, 13.
- V, ii, 85-9. This jest seems to have been a current one. It occurs also in Bacon's *Apophthegms*, No. 28.
- V, ii, 113. *Kibes*: ulcerated chilblains, especially on the heel; cf. *Hamlet*, V, i, 153.

TEXT NOTES

Monsieur D'Olive was first printed, in quarto form, by T. C. [Thomas Creede] for William Holmes in 1606. Two copies of this quarto are found in the British Museum, two in the Dyce collection, and three, one of which (40, T. 39. Art.) is imperfect, at the Bodleian. It was printed as the elaborate stage-directions show from a stage copy, possibly a corrected copy of Chapman's manuscript, as indicated by such Latin directions as *Redit cum lumine* and *Stringit ensem* in V, i, 35 and 237. I have noted only one variation of any importance, III, i, 76, between the copies that I have examined. I refer therefore by Q. to a consensus of the quartos.

The play was next reprinted in *Old English Plays*, vol. iii, 1814, edited by C. W. Dilke. This edition deals somewhat arbitrarily with the text, but it often makes necessary corrections. I refer to it by the letter D.

It next appeared in *The Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman* (Pearson, London, 1873, vol. i). This professed reprint silently corrects some blunders of Q., but introduces several misprints of its own. I have attempted to record all of these in the following notes where I refer to this edition as P.

The next and up to the present the latest edition is that of Shepherd, *Works of Chapman—Plays*, 1874. Like D. this presents a modernized edition, based mainly upon P. but making use also of D. I refer to it as before by S.

Dramatis Personae. Q. prints at the close of the play an imperfect list under the heading *Actors* as follows:

Monsieur D'Olive.	Gueaquin the Dutchess.
Philip the Duke.	Hieronime Ladie.
S. Anne Count.	Marcellina Countesse.
Vaumont Count.	Eurione her sister.
Vandome.	
Rhodoricke.	
Mugeron.	
Pacque	} two pages.
Dicque	

The list in the text is founded with a few slight changes on that of D.

The quarto is divided into acts only. *Scaena Prima* is prefixed to the head of each act, but there is never a *Scaena Secunda*. I have introduced scene divisions and added notes of locality where a change of scene seemed necessary.

- I, i, 6. *Most*. D. states that this word is omitted in Q. It is found, however, in the Bodleian and British Museum copies.
14. Q. *abject*; D. corrects.
15. D. says Q. reads *in that*, but the copies I have seen all have *to that*. D. himself, probably by a slip, prints
Were worthy to employ us that likeness.
144. Q. omits *in*; D. supplies it.
175. D. omits *the*, probably to obtain a more exactly regular line. He has elsewhere altered the text for this reason, and I shall not hereafter notice such changes.
191. Q. *in*; P. misprints *iu*.
262. Q. *parcel*; D. *parcels*, probably because D'Olive is addressing two men. The change seems unnecessary.
279. Q. prints *Rho* as the name of the speaker; P. misprints *Rno*.
282. Q. *Good soothe*; D. *Good in sooth*; but the change is not needed if a comma is placed after *Good*.
292. Q. *doest*; D. *dos't*; S. *doest*; but it is plainly equivalent to *dos't*.
- 293-4. Q. misprints *countley*; D. corrects *country*.
311. Q. *for your stars*; D. alters to *your stars*; but the change is unnecessary, as *for* is equivalent to 'in respect of'.
329. Q. misprints *my turne*; D. corrects by *turn*.
375. Q. *it kind*; D. needlessly alters the old possessive to *its*.
408. Q. *mugrill*, which S. retains; but as D. noted it is a mere slip for *mungrill* (D. *mongrel*), the printer having failed to notice the dash over the *u* in *mügrill* in the MS.
- II, i, 18. D. adds the stage-direction in this line.
23. Q. *but such a man as this was ever seen*; S. follows Q. D. alters to *was such a man, etc.* I think the true reading is *never for ever*, an emendation approved by Mr. Daniel.
50. Q. has no stage-direction after *Vand.* in this line; D. prints *Vandome heard within* before the line. Q. prints *an-*
other within in the centre of the page above l. 50. D. omits it and gives *Serv.* as the speaker's name for the last half of this line.
52. Q. prints *Sic.* as the speaker's name before *Whers my Lady?*; D *Ser.* for *Servant*. So also in l. 53.
- 53-55. Q. prints the *Servant's* speech as prose; D. follows Q.; but it is plainly verse.
58. Q. prints 2 *Lec.* as the speaker's name; D. emends 2 *Serv.*
61. Q. has *Sig.* as the speaker's name; D. *r Serv.*; but it is evidently that the speaker is the Second *Servant* of l. 58.
63. Q. *night-walker*; D. emends *night-walker's*.
- 63-4. Q. prints as prose; D. follows Q.; but it is plainly verse.
- 66-7. Q. prints *Eurione's* speech as one line.
- 67-9. Q. prints as prose; D. follows Q.; but it is plainly verse.
71. Q. prints the stage-direction *Within* twice over. I insert *Voices*.
78. D. adds a stage-direction, *Lays his sword at her feet*, to this line.
89. Q. prints *Exit Marc.*; in the margin after *word*, and *Exit Marc.* in the margin after *women*. It is plain that we have here a misprint and its correction in the original proof both embodied in the text. The Q. has made a sad botch of the stage-directions and speakers' names in this passage.
- 115-16. In the original l. 115 stands at the top of page C₃ and the speaker's name does not appear, so that these lines seem to belong to the speech of *Eurione*. D. corrects by inserting *Vand.* as the speaker's name.
146. Q. *travaile*; D. emends *traveller*. Cf. l. 182, where Q. has *travailer*.
155. Q. *cast*; D. *casts*, a needless change.
- 205-7. On the ground that St. Anne's love 'was productive of most irrational effects' D. alters *On* in l. 207 to *To* and puts the phrase *be it ne'er so grounded in*

parenthesis. This quite changes the sense of the passage and seems to me an unwarrantable tampering with the text.

- II, ii. Q. Enter *Philip*. I have inserted *Duke* and print *Duke* as the speaker's name throughout the play. Q. varies between *Phil.* and *Duke*.
- II, ii, 10. Q. *wizzard*. Brereton (*Modern Language Review*, vol. iii, No. 1) suggests *buzzard*, 'a fellow blinded by his folly,' and cites in support *May-Day*, II, i, 398-400. This ingenious emendation was approved by Mr. Daniel, and may be right, but I have preferred to keep *wizard*, understanding it in a contemptuous sense.
20. Q. *sayes he*; D. *he says*, a needless change.
26. Q. *this*; D. *there*, a needless change.
- 38-40. Q. prints the speeches of the Duke and Mugeron each as one line.
61. Q. *spnrnd*; P. silently corrects *spurnd*.
65. Q. *ere this*; P. misprints *tere his*.
79. Q. *konow*; D. *know*.
86. Q. *Giris*; D. emends *Gyges*'.
100. Q. *Forty of fittie*; P. silently corrects *or fittie*.
102. P. inserts *to before a higher*, and is followed by S. No Q. that I have seen has *to* in this line.
119. Q. *right*; D. *rite*, which may be correct, but I have preferred to follow Q. The lady had a *right* to burial.
151. Q. prints as two short lines, assigning both to *Dol.* D. corrects.
- 162-3. Q. prints the Duke's speech as one line.
- 180-186. Q. prints the last lines of D'Olive's speech as prose. D. arranges as verse. In l. 184 D. transfers *stopp'd* to the following line after *passage*, and prints *as't* for Q. *as it*.
187. Q. *brictely*; P. silently corrects.
206. Q. *From*; P. misprints *Erom*.
225. Q. *Or*; D. emends *Omr*.
227. Q. *noise*; D. *nose*. This is a plausible emendation, for the reference is certainly to the nose,

but I think it not impossible that the weaver's nose may be here called a *noise*, or band of music. I prefer therefore to let the old reading stand.

243. P. *Poets sayes*; but all quartos consulted have *Poet sayes*.
273. Q. *Johannes* (2 copies at the Bodleian *Jehannes*) *de savo et savo et*. P. points out in a note (vol. i, p. 342) that the reference is to a work, *Practica canonica*, by Johannes Savonarola. The contraction *Cano. Savo.* which appears at the foot of each folio of this work probably gave rise to Chapman's curious phrase, *de savo* (Qy. *cano?*) *et savo*. The second *et* is probably a printer's error. I have ventured to place the true name in the text.
296. Q. abbreviates *Lord* to *Lo*: a contraction very common in Elizabethan printing.
299. Q. *Anbassador*; D. corrects.
300. Q. *Present*; P. misprints *Pesant*.
302. D. inserts a stage-direction, *Offers to salute her*, after this line.
- III, i, 10. Q. includes only the words *and rotting sweetness* in parenthesis. This is palpably wrong. I have followed the arrangement of D.
- 39-40. Q. prints *Will tell to hateful* as one line.
45. Q. *where*; P. misprints *were*.
- 48-9. Deighton (*Old Dramatists*, p. 129) suggests '*lips* for *steps* and perhaps *gape* for *gaspe*'. The discovery of the source of this passage in Petrarch's *Secretum* confirms the old reading, for the Latin has *multa vulnerum tuorum extant vestigia*.
50. D. adds the stage-direction, *They retire*.
55. Q. misprints *Gur* (for *Gue*) as the name of the speaker; so also in l. 63.
76. There is a discrepancy between the copies of Q. here. Of five that I have consulted in the British Museum and the Bodleian, four read *hread*, which I have therefore adopted. One (Bodleian, 40 T. 39. Art.) has *throat*, which is followed by D. although in a note he says 'It would be better to read *hread*'

In a parallel passage, *Widow's Tears*, II, i, 24-5, all the Qq. read *throat*, which might be taken as suggesting that this word is the true reading; but I have preferred to retain the reading of the majority of copies consulted.

- 119-20. D. reads *wife* for *life* and *dispense* for *dispaire* in these lines. S. retains *life*, but reads *despair* which, I think, makes nonsense of the passage. Brereton (*loc. cit.*) points out that *dispaire* means 'dissociate', a sense which fits the context perfectly and allows us to retain the old reading.
- III, ii, 2-8. Q. prints these lines as verse, ending *upon you, hart, follow you, state, be, all I*. They are evidently prose and were so printed by D.
15. Q. *Scholares*; D. *scholar*.
58. Q. *Your Lor. Steward?*; D. *your lordship's steward!* It seems to me plain that Mugeron is swearing at D'Olive, *a pox on your lordship!* and then repeating angrily the title which D'Olive had given him *Steward*, as if to say, Do you call me a *steward*?
68. Q. *berayes*; D. *betrays*. I think the true reading is *berays*, a word constantly confounded in spelling with *beray*.
83. Q. misprints *Prokery*. As the correct spelling *Broker* appears below in l. 94, I have not indicated in the text the correction, first made by D., *brokery*.
101. D. inserts the aside in this line.
- 101-2. Q. prints as two lines of verse ending *praier, bedd*; D. follows Q.; but it is evidently prose.
- 111-2. Q. prints as two lines of verse, ending *witts?, drawne*. D. follows Q.; but it is evidently prose.
115. Some copies of Q. misprint *Gourtly*; Mal. 240 at the Bodleian and C. 12 g. 4 at the British Museum have *Courtly*.
148. Q. *Me*; D. emends *We*. Q. places *Exeunt* after l. 146, and *Manet D'Olive* after l. 147.
- IV, i, 33. Q. *any*; D. emends *my*.
40. D. inserts *aside*.
62. Q. *deserns*; S. *discerns*; but I prefer the emendation of D. *deserves*.
- 86-7. Q. places *Exit S. Anne* after l. 86, and *Enter Vaumont* after comes in l. 87.
- 91-2. D. alters the reading of Q., preserved in the text, to make the lines read:
- has been held
With all solemnity; now must
his nuptials*
- on the ground that Vandome has already (IV, i, 1-3) 'informed us that the exequies of his sister *had been performed*' and therefore 'either the poet forgot himself or the text was corrupt'. The former is much the more likely; inconsistencies of this sort abound in Elizabethan drama, and it is not permissible for an editor to tamper with the text in order to obliterate them.
99. Q. *lobour*; D. emends *labour*.
101. Q. *Braines bold*; D. emends *brain's bold*.
- IV, ii, 14. Q. *goade*; D. *goad*. The *New English Dictionary* gives this as a doubtful variant of *gourd*. I have preferred to use the more familiar form.
25. Q. sets only the words *I mean* in parenthesis. I follow D.'s arrangement.
90. Q. *now*; P. misprints *how*.
103. Q. *beare a breadth*. Deighton (*loc. cit.*) proposes *bear a brain*, a common enough phrase, cf. *All Fools*, IV, i, 204, but one that hardly seems to suit the context. Mr. Daniel suggests as a possible reading *bear a wreath*, but this seems to me hardly admissible.
136. D. prints *you* and *buried* for Q. *your* and *beraid*; the first of these, *you*, is probably a mere misprint; but the change of *beraid* (*berayed*) to *buried* is quite unwarranted.
139. P. misprints *Diq.* for Q. *Pac.* as the speaker's name.
147. D. adds *and a Page* to the stage-direction to account for the presence of a page in l. 188. In l. 169 D. reads *Exit D'Olive with his two Pages* for the Q. *Exit cum suis*.

180. For Q. *retire* D. reads *re-trieve* probably grounding the change on the Q. *retrive* in l. 185; but *retire*, i.e. 'bring back', makes quite good sense.
231. Q. *with with modestie*. Very possibly the second *with* is a misprint, but I have retained it, and followed D. in introducing a dash.
- V, i, 54. There is no stage-direction in Q. D. prints *Euryone (Within)*; but it seems plain that she appears at this point upon the balcony. The same may be said of the stage-direction after l. 64 below.
76. Q. *bother*; D. emends *brother*.
80. There is no stage-direction after this line in Q. That in the text is based, with a slight alteration, on D.
- 129-33. Q. prints the passage from *but my to hour* as prose. I follow D.'s arrangement as verse.
161. Q. *An't onward*; D. *on't onward*, i.e. 'give us a specimen of it as we proceed'; but suggests as a preferable reading *on't! one word*. The proposed change does not seem advisable to me; I take *onward* as an ejaculation equivalent to 'go on'.
170. D. inserts the *aside*.
- 210-11. D. places the words from *which* to *were* in parenthesis, but suggests that a part of the speech has been transposed, and that we should set *as he said you were* after *shrew*. The proposal is ingenious, but I do not think the change is necessary.
213. D. inserts the *aside*.
243. Q. gives *Pag.*; as the name of the speaker; D. *Page*. I have preferred to print *Dic.* who may be still upon the balcony, see l. 50 above, or more likely has followed Marcellina and Eurione down to the main stage. Possibly his entrance should be indicated after l. 80.
- V, ii, 43. Q. sets the stage-direction *To S. An.* in the margin after ll. 43-4.

THE WIDOW'S TEARS

INTRODUCTION

The Widow's Tears, probably the last of Chapman's comedies, was published¹ in 1612 with the following title-page:

The Widdowes Tears A Comedie. As it was often presented in the blacke and white Friers. Written by Geor. Chap. London, Printed for John Browne, and are to be sold at his shop in Fleetstreet in St. Dunstanes Church-yard. 1612.

As the title-page shows it was acted at two theatres. This does not imply, however, that it was acted by two different companies. The Children of Her Majesties Revels, for whom Chapman wrote most of his plays, no doubt performed it at Blackfriars some time before they quitted that house toward the close of 1609, and again at Whitefriars, where they occupied 'a messuage or mansion house, being a parcel of the late dissolved monastery called White Friars'. The company at this house is sometimes spoken of as the Second Company of the Queen's Revels, but it was essentially the same as the former company. Nat. Field, whom Chapman called 'his loved son' (*Poems*, p. 176) was the leading actor. The *Revenge of Bussy* was written for this company at Whitefriars, *Bussy* was, I think, revised² for them, and they revived his comedy *The Widow's Tears*. It seems a little strange that this should be the only one of Chapman's comedies that the company, so far as we know, thought worthy of a performance in their new theatre, but the play has always had a certain popularity, as is shown by Chapman's words in the Dedication—*of many desired to see printed*—by a performance at Court³ on February 20, 1613, after the publication, and by its inclusion in the first great collection of Elizabethan plays, the Dodsley of 1744.

The exact date of the composition of *The Widow's Tears* is uncertain. Wallace (*Children of the Chapel*, p. 106) fixes it before September 18, 1602. The evidence on which he relies is an entry in the journal of Philip Julius,⁴ Duke of Stettin. This journal, kept by his attendant

¹ It had been entered in the Stationers' Registers on April 17, 1612, along with *The Revenge of Bussy*, by Browne, the publisher in 1611 of *May-Day*. Browne subsequently transferred his rights in the tragedy to John Helme, who published *The Revenge of Bussy* in 1613.

² See my edition of Chapman's *Tragedies*, p. 541.

³ See the accounts of Lord Harrington, Treasurer of the Chamber to James I; published in Shakespeare Society *Papers* (1845), vol. ii, p. 126.

⁴ Philip Julius was at this time making an extended tour in England and other countries. That part of his journal relating to England has been published in the *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society, New Series*, vol. vi. The passage in question appears on pp. 26-7.

tutor, Frederick Gerschow, later Professor of Law at Greifswald, contains under the date of September 18, 1602, an account of a visit to a performance by boy-actors—evidently at Blackfriars, since there is mention of the Queen's support of the company—where they saw a comedy, 'welche im Argument judiciret eine castam viduam, war eine historia einer königlichen Wittwe aus Engellandt'. Wallace assumes without hesitation that this comedy is to be identified with *The Widow's Tears*. I am, however, unable to see any grounds for this conclusion. It is only ironically that this play can be said to treat of a chaste widow—and the journal is notably matter of fact—and neither Eudora nor Cynthia can be described as a 'royal widow of England'. It is to me incredible that a scholar like Gerschow should not have recognized in Chapman's play, if it was this which he saw, the well-known story of the Ephesian matron, or that having recognized it he should have described¹ it in such misleading terms. Wallace's further arguments that Chapman's play, 'in the overcoming of feminine scruples is mindatory [sic] of *The Taming of the Shrew*', which he dates with some hesitation about 1602, and that the last act contains a satire on the injustice of a recent decision of the Star Chamber against Evans, the manager of the Chapel Children, seem to me to carry little or no weight. It is very doubtful whether Shakespeare's play should be dated so late as 1602, and I, personally, fail to see the slightest resemblance between the rollicking farce of Shakespeare and the satiric comedy of Chapman. As for the satire on 'one-sided justice' in the last act, it seems to me rather to embody Chapman's personal resentment² for his imprisonment in the case of *Eastward Ho* than any dissatisfaction with a Star Chamber decision.

Apart from Wallace there is a fairly general consensus³ of opinion that this play belongs to the year 1605 or thereabouts. There is no positive evidence for this date, but it fits in well with the general chronology of Chapman's plays so far as this has been fixed, and the general tone and technic of the play seem to me to indicate a late period in his career as a writer of comedies. If it follows *Eastward Ho*, as I believe, it must have been written some time after his release from prison, in May or June, 1605, and performed certainly before the closing of the theatres on account of the plague, July, 1608, presumably before the performance of the Byron plays at Blackfriars in the spring of that year. The approximate date of the autumn of 1605 or the spring of 1606 seems to me the most satisfactory.

The source of the main plot of *The Widow's Tears* is the story of the Ephesian matron as told by Petronius, *Satyricon*, 111, ssq. I append

¹ The description would apply better, I think, to *Sir Giles Goosecap*, in which the leading lady, Eugenia, is a chaste widow and of noble English birth, although strictly speaking the epithet *Königlich* could not be applied to her. It is possible that a study of the repertoire of the Chapel Children in 1602 might enable us to identify the play that Gerschow saw, but it seems plain that it has no connexion with *The Widow's Tears*.

² Cf. Jonson's words: *I am . . . unexamined and unheard committed to a most vile prison* in the letter to Salisbury, referred to above, p. 774, n.

³ Fleay (*Biographical Chronicle*, vol. i, p. 61) dates it c. 1605 after Chapman's imprisonment; Stoll (*Modern Language Notes*, vol. xxii, p. 208) about the same time as *Monsieur D'Olive*, i.e. after the accession of James in 1603 and before the imprisonment of 1605; Schelling (*Elizabethan Drama*, vol. i, p. 462, c. 1605).

a version of the tale in eighteenth century English from the *Works of Petronius*, translated by Mr. Addison, 1736.

There was a lady at Ephesus, in such high repute for her chastity, that even the women of the neighbouring countries came out of curiosity to see her. When her husband was carry'd to the grave, she was not content with the vulgar form of following the funeral with dishevell'd hair, and beating her bosom thro' a crowd of spectators, but would attend him into the sepulchre itself; where, according to the custom of the Greeks, she watch'd the corps and embalm'd it night and day with her tears. Nay, so violent was her grief, that she determin'd to destroy herself by hunger, neither could her nearest relations or friends prevail with her to desist from so fatal a resolution; the magistrates themselves were the last repuls'd in the attempt; and she was deplor'd by all as the most illustrious example of her sex, having now mourn'd five days without receiving any nourishment.

A faithful servant waited upon her sorrow, who mingled her tears with those of her mistress, and as oft as occasion requir'd, renew'd a lamp which burnt in the monument. Nothing else was talk'd off throughout the whole city, and all ranks of men confess'd there never was such a shining instance of chastity and affection.

It happen'd at this very time that the Governor of the province order'd certain robbers to be affix'd to crosses near the dismal cave where this virtuous lady bewail'd herself over her late-interr'd husband. The following night, the centinel who watch'd the crosses, lest the bodies should be stolen for burial, perceiving a light glimmering amongst the monuments, and hearing the groans of a person in distress, was led by a curiosity common to mankind, to see who, or what it might be. He descended therefore into the sepulchre, where seeing a very beautiful woman, he stood amaz'd at first, as at the sight of a spectre; but viewing the corps which lay before her, and considering her tears and torn visage, he soon concluded, as it really was, that the lady could but ill support the loss of the deceas'd. Upon this he went back, and fetch'd his small supper into the monument, and began to exhort her to desist from her superfluous sorrow; that to heave her lovely bosom with sighs would avail nothing; that death was a necessary exit; and that the grave was a home for all; omitting no argument of use to cure a distemper'd mind. But she, starting with horror at so unlook'd-for a consolation began to beat her breast with double vehemence, and tearing off her hair, strow'd it upon the dead body.

The soldier is not at all discourag'd by this, but with the same exhortations endeavours to persuade her to take some nourishment; till the maid, who was undoubtedly overcome by the grateful odour of the wine, reach'd out her hand to her obliging benefactor; and having recruited her spirits by what she eat and drank, began herself to combat the obstinacy of her mistress. And what will it avail you, said she, to starve yourself in this manner, to bury yourself alive, and resign your breath before Heaven requires it?

*Think you the happy in the Shades below,
Or see your tears, or listen to your woe?*

Will you revive your dead husband in spite of Fate? Or won't you rather dismiss this female weakness, and enjoy the world whilst you may? The very body that lies before you, might advise you to make a better use of your life.

None listen with regret when press'd to eat or live. The lady exhausted by so many days abstinence, suffer'd her obstinacy to be vanquish'd, and eat with the same greediness as her maid who had yielded before. You know what temptations usually follow a hearty meal; the very same arguments the soldier had used to combat her despair, he now employ'd against her chastity; and as the young fellow appear'd neither disagreeable, nor destitute of wit, the maid was not wanting on her part to do him all the good offices she could; saying to her mistress:

*Why thus unmindful of your past delight,
Against a pleasing passion will you fight?*

But why should I keep you in suspense? The lady observ'd the same abstinence, even as to this part of her body; and the victorious soldier triumphed over both. Thus they continu'd together, not only the first night of their enjoyment, but the next day also, and the next after that: the doors of the monument being carefully shut, that whoever, whether friend or stranger, had come there, they would undoubtedly have imagin'd, this most virtuous of wives had expir'd on the body of her husband. Our soldier was so charm'd with his mistress's beauty, and the secret of his happiness, that what little stock he had he laid out for her entertainment, and as soon as night came on, convey'd it into the monument.

In the mean time, the relations of one of the malefactors, observing the remissness of the guard, carry'd off the body in the night, and bury'd it. The poor soldier, who was wrap'd up in his private pleasures when this trick was play'd him, finding on the morrow one of the crosses without a body, immediately repaired to his mistress in the greatest apprehensions of punishment, and acquainting her with what had happen'd, added that he was fully resolv'd not to wait his condemnation, but with his own sword to execute justice on his negligence; that the only favour he begg'd of her was, to afford him a burial, and to make that fatal place at once the monument of a lover, and a husband.

At this our matron, as compassionate as chaste; the gods forbid! cry'd she, that I should at the same time, behold the funerals of two persons who are so dear to me. I had rather hang the deceas'd, than occasion the death of the living; and accordingly ordered the corpse of her husband to be taken out of its coffin and fasten'd to the cross whence the body was stolen. The soldier immediately put in execution the advice of this discreet lady; and next morning every one wonder'd, how a dead man should be able to find his way to the cross.

Certain resemblances in detail, especially in the second scene of act four are so close as to show that Chapman drew the story at first hand from Petronius. It does not follow, however, that he was unacquainted with some other version of the tale, and other versions are numerous. Langbaine (*An Account of the English Dramatic Poets*, 1691) names several of them, one in Latin verse by Romulus, one in 'French' rhyme

by Hebertus',¹ a story in the *Ludus Septem Sapientium*, and another in the *Cento Novelle Antiche* (no. 59) by Gualteruzzi. A very full account of the origin, development and variants of the tale is given by Grisebach, *Die treulose Wittwe—eine Chinesische Novelle und ihre Wanderung in der Welt-litteratur*—Stuttgart, 1877. Grisebach makes it plain, not only that the story is far older than Petronius, but that originally it possessed certain distinct features which are wanting in the Latin version, and, apparently, in all succeeding forms except Chapman's. The essential difference is that in the oldest form it is the husband himself who tries the virtue of his supposed widow.

It is curious that Chapman, who certainly used Petronius, should have reverted to this form. Two explanations seem to me possible: either Chapman used² in addition some version which differed in this point from Petronius and approached the original, or else he swung back unconsciously to the old form in his attempt to work up the anecdote of Petronius, for it is little more, into a comic drama. Clearly there is nothing of the comic spirit in the story of Petronius. One of the original auditors expresses the natural³ feeling of most succeeding readers when he declares that the widow should have been crucified beside her husband's body—hardly a comic solution. But if one should alter the story, make the husband himself the tempter in disguise, and allow the wife to discover his identity too late, a situation would arise of real comic value. The alteration seems so natural from the playwright's point of view that I think we may easily believe it to be Chapman's own.

Moreover if the incident so altered is to be cast into dramatic form, it is plain that a considerable amount of action must take place before the supposed death of the husband. The matron must be introduced protesting her abhorrence of widows' marriages, an occasion for these protestations must be given, and the husband's resolve to try her sincerity must be adequately motivated. So, at least, I conceive Chapman to have envisaged the problem that confronted him, and up to a certain point his handling of the theme shows a clear perception of its demands and a skilful treatment of its difficulties. He introduces the most natural cause imaginable for the matron's protestations, the somewhat scandalous marriage of a widow of her acquaintance; he assigns the

¹ An error. The rhymed *Dolopathos* of Herbers (Herbertus) does not contain this story, but it is found in the French prose romance, *Les Sept Sages*. A long list of the versions, ancient and modern, of the story appears in Regnier's edition of La Fontaine, vol. VI, p. 63.

² Schoell holds that this explanation is the more likely, and that the shift of the scene from Ephesus to Cyprus also points to another source. But Chapman would not have hesitated at such an alteration. He shifts the scene of *May-Day*, for example, for no apparent reason except, perhaps, that Venice was more familiar to an English audience than the original Pisa. I would suggest that Ephesus was best known to the Elizabethans as the sacred city of Diana, a most inappropriate divinity for Chapman's theme, whereas Cyprus was closely associated with Venus, *our Cyprian goddess* (II, ii, 56).

³ It is interesting to note an alteration of the Petronian version in the *novella* of Gualteruzzi which gives expression to this feeling. Here the cavalier who corresponds to the soldier of Petronius is so shocked by the widow's treatment of her husband's corpse—she knocks out a tooth to heighten its resemblance to the stolen body—that he reproves and leaves her in great disgrace. In the English version, in the *History of the Seven Wise Masters*, he cuts off her head.

most powerful motive for the husband's action, jealousy, not of an actual, but of any possible rival; and at once economizes figures and knits the main and the secondary portions of his plot together by making the suggester of this jealousy none other than the successful wooer of the first widow.

This linking figure developed in the process of composition into a character of extraordinary vigour and vitality; the whole first part of the play was built up around him, and the story of his courtship assumed an apparently independent value. We get thus the curious phenomenon in Elizabethan comedy, which as a rule consists of a major and a minor action running side by side through the play, of one action evolving from another. A careful study of the plot as a whole will show, however, that the first of these, that of Tharsalio's courtship, is strictly subordinate to the second, the Ephesian matron story, that its *raison d'être*, in fact, is at once to strike the keynote of the theme, the frailty of woman's vows, and to prepare the way for the easy and natural development of the main action. There is no need to search for a source of the first acts of *The Widow's Tears*. They are patently the creation of the playwright; and in their main outline they do great credit to his inventive and constructive abilities. The one fault to be found is that the introductory action occupies somewhat too much space in them; Tharsalio rather overshadows Lysander and Cynthia. But a nice sense of proportion is one of the rarest of dramatic gifts; certainly outside of Shakespeare and Jonson it is infrequent enough in Elizabethan drama.

If Chapman had worked out the conclusion with the same energy and skill with which he led up to the central situation, *The Widow's Tears* would have been the finest example of his skill in dramatic construction. But this is far from being the case. In the first place he introduces at the point where the widow proposes the substitution of her husband's corpse for the stolen body a stroke which at once throws the whole carefully planned composition out of key. Lysander's declaration that he murdered her husband is utterly unexpected, and no doubt startled the audience as it was meant to do; but its effect upon the character of Cynthia and the future conduct of the play is simply disastrous. Cynthia's callous persistence in her proposal transforms her from a frail woman into a monster wholly out of place in a comedy. And the turn thus given to the plot rendered the natural solution a matter of considerably greater difficulty than it was before.

The natural, one might almost say the only legitimate solution, of the entanglement devised by Chapman was that the wife, once informed of the true situation, should declare that she had recognized her husband from the first, upbraid him for his causeless jealousy, and finally condescend to accept his penitent excuses. It is clear, I think, that Chapman had this solution in mind. He prepares for it by Tharsalio's warning to Cynthia of the trap into which she has unconsciously fallen, by her refusal to run away from the danger that threatens her (V, ii, 182, *ssq.*) and by the sudden 'reversal' when she snatches the iron crow from Lysander's hand, reveals her knowledge of his identity, and flies from the tomb. This is not bad for a beginning, but unfortunately this beginning is also the end. With Cynthia's flight from the tomb the action proper practically ceases. The necessary scene in which the wife should have convinced and reconciled her husband is not so much as sketched, and the play comes to an abrupt and unsatis-

factory close with a farcical scene in which an ass in office shakes his long ears before a laughing and sneering world. The solution is simply burked.

It is somewhat difficult to account for this lame and impotent conclusion. It can hardly have been beyond Chapman's powers to have worked out in full a solution he had so clearly perceived. But it would have demanded time and a resolute grapple with a problem whose difficulty he had himself increased; and it would have extended to an impracticable length a play already longer¹ than his average comedy. There are evident signs in the last act both of hasty composition and of 'cuts' for acting purposes. It seems to me a probable explanation that Chapman, pressed for time and money and unwilling to undertake the careful revision which a proper and proportionate solution would have entailed, simply sat down to his desk, dashed off, *currente calamo*, the scene with the Governor to cover the collapse of his plot with a mantle of farce, and threw his manuscript to the impatient players. Poverty, haste, and a cynical contempt of his audience may well explain his action, though they can hardly excuse his failure.

Perhaps the most striking feature of *The Widow's Tears* is the pervading cynicism of its tone toward women. It is strange enough that a dramatist who a few years before had drawn the characters of Margaret and Cynanche should have turned, apparently with zest, to the portrayal of Eudora and Cynthia. And it is not in the characters alone, but in the whole tone of the play that this note of almost brutal cynicism makes itself heard. Apart from certain scenes in *The Blind Beggar* there is nothing in Chapman's earlier work to suggest this tone; his comedies are as a whole sweet and sound. To a certain extent the note may be due to the theme itself. It would be difficult for the most optimistic of poets to present the Ephesian matron in an idealized form or to retell her story in the terms of romantic comedy. But how came Chapman to choose this theme? The suggestion thrown out by Swinburne (*George Chapman*, p. 66) and elaborated by Dobell and Schoell in connexion with the Chapman² letters, that the play is Chapman's revenge for his refusal by a widow, seems to me a rather unsatisfactory explanation, even if the facts in the case were more definitely ascertained. A play in which widows are represented as only too ready to embrace a second husband would be a strange revenge upon a widow who was so far, at least, constant to her husband's memory that she repelled the poet's suit. Yet it seems to me certain that Chapman's own mood imparted to *The Widow's Tears* its peculiar tone, for the coarseness of this comedy is not inherent in the subject. Petronius in earlier and La Fontaine in later days have treated it with light and easy irony. But Chapman, more especially in the scenes of his own invention, displays a physical grossness almost unparalleled in Elizabethan comedy. Nothing, at least, that I can recall prior to the worst excesses of Fletcher and his imitators is comparable for sheer animalism to the

¹ At the point where Cynthia leaves the tomb *The Widow's Tears* has occupied 61 pages of this edition as compared with 52 for the whole of *Monseigneur D'Olive*, 59 for *All Fools*, and 61 for *Sir Giles Goosecap*.

² Among the Chapman documents published by Dobell (*Athenaeum*, March 23, 30, April 6 and 13, 1901) are two letters (March 23) dealing with his courtship of a widow. Whether his suit was successful or not we have no knowledge, unless the silence of his first biographer, Antony à Wood, may be taken to show that he never married.

device by which Tharsalio, through the agency of the bawd Arsace, provokes the slumbering lust of his hitherto scornful mistress.

It is in the person of Tharsalio that this note of physical grossness is incarnated. And the character of Tharsalio, although repulsive enough to finer sensibilities, is a masterpiece of realistic portraiture. His rôle in the play is that of the arch-intriguer; like Lemot and Rinaldo he holds all the threads of the action in his hands and moves the other characters about like puppets. It is he who first suggests to Lysander a suspicion of his wife's constancy, who discovers Cynthia in the embrace of the soldier, who removes the body from the cross, who realizes the identity of Lysander and the soldier and reveals his knowledge to Cynthia, and who, in the perfunctory conclusion, brings the husband and wife together again. But Tharsalio is more than the mere intriguer. His actions spring naturally from his character, a notable compound of unshameable impudence, malicious delight in others' troubles, and an unscrupulous ability in the attainment of his own desires. There is something hard and self-seeking in Tharsalio that we do not find even in the most reckless of Chapman's earlier figures, Lemot, Valerio, or Lodovico. The light-hearted buoyancy of youth, the dash of Elizabethan romance, which helped to atone for their wildest pranks is wanting in this character. We feel as we read *The Widow's Tears* the approach of a later brazen age. Tharsalio seems to me a plain anticipation of the roués and fortune-hunters of Restoration comedy. He would certainly be less out of place in a play of Wycherly's than in the work of such old-fashioned Elizabethans as Dekker and Heywood.

It is in his cynical wit, revealing as it does an utter disbelief in all womanly virtue, that Tharsalio approaches most nearly to the Restoration man-about-town. His scepticism, as Chapman makes plain, springs from his own unsavoury experiences. He is

*A wild corrupted youth,
Whom profane ruffians, squires to bawds and strumpets,*

*Debauch'd perduc, have by their companies
Turn'd devil like themselves and stuff'd his soul
With damn'd opinions and unhallowed thoughts
Of womanhood.*

The Widow's Tears, II, i, 46-52.

Far from looking back with any sense of shame upon his past, Tharsalio regards it as having been a school of truth. It has taught him, he holds, to 'see with clear eyes, and to judge of objects as they truly are, not as they seem' (I, i, 141-2). He is a thorough-going realist; all ideals are in his eyes masks to conceal the gross truth, and the greatest of shams is woman's pretension to purity and constancy. Women are to him only mirrors that reflect whatever face is held before them, 'weak paper walls thrust down with a finger'. Below 'certain moral disguises of coyness which the ignorant call modesty' there lurks in all women an appetite which once kindled boils quickly to 'the full height of lust'; and the secret of success with women is the ability to rouse this appetite. His courtship of Eudora is a marvel of cynical calculation. On his part there is only the desire to raise his fortunes; on hers he reckons on the desire of a 'young lady, gallant, vigorous, full of spirit and complexion', for a suitable husband. He offers himself to her frankly as the most sufficient male among her suitors, rouses her passions, and

carries her by storm. Except for one bit of open mockery (II, iv, 243-9) he never stoops even to the pretence of love. To compare his wooing with Petruchio's, as has been done more than once, is to misread Shakespeare and to be blind to the plain meaning of Chapman.

Compared with the vigorous and masculine portrait of Tharsalio, the other characters in *The Widow's Tears* are pale and shadowy. As is too often the case with Chapman, the stage is crowded with figures—there are twenty-one characters in this play—that have no real part in the action and no particularly distinguishing feature. Even those who are essential to the plot have something of the air of puppets going through their appointed parts. Chapman makes no attempt, for example, to reveal the character of the Ephesian matron. Cynthia says but little in the play, and does what she has to do, no more, no less. The portrait of Lysander is drawn on a somewhat larger scale, but it is neither a convincing nor a finished figure. His sudden transition from rapturous eulogy to a fresh trial of his wife's virtue in IV, ii, is quite unmotivated and inconsistent.¹ Chapman lends full, if some hysterical expression to Lysander's agony of shame and rage after his wife's fall, but gives us no inkling whatever of his feelings at the equally important point of the plot where Cynthia declares her knowledge of his disguise, nor has he troubled to trace the mental process through which Lysander must pass before he can with any propriety, ethical or dramatic, be reunited to his wife. Something might be said of the character of Eudora, a hasty but vivid sketch of the great lady—perhaps drawn from a living model at the court of James I—whose professions of virtue and haughty bearing are but a thin veil, easily penetrated by such trained observers as Arsace, over her essential grossness and sensuality. But after all it is the figure of Tharsalio that dominates the play. He towers head and shoulders above all others like one of Nietzsche's supermen amid a decadent race. Nor is his superiority merely that of physical energy and the stronger will. Tharsalio is the intellectual superior of his environment. His judgments of the world in which he moves and of the individuals who people that world are proved right, and the conventional ideals of his fellows wrong, by the inexorable logic of events. And so far as Chapman shows us in this play, the world of Tharsalio is the world at large. There is no relief, no counterpoise, no hint even at a soul of goodness in things evil. It is this predominance of Tharsalio and all that he stands for which gives *The Widow's Tears* its unique position among the comedies of Chapman. It is only by a wide extension of the term that it can be called a comedy. The form remains, but humour, the true spring of comedy that flowed so freely through *All Fools*, *The Gentleman Usher*, and *Monsieur D'Olive*, has quite dried up. It is essentially a dramatic satire, harsh and unflinching and realistic. If *The Widow's Tears* be, as I incline to think, the latest in date of Chapman's comedies, there is little cause for surprise in his turning after this play wholly to the field of tragedy. His powers as a playwright were at their height, the faults of *The Widow's Tears* are those

¹ In this scene we can lay a finger on the cause of the inconsistency. The Lysander of the soliloquies at the beginning and end of the scene is the adoring, although capriciously jealous husband of Chapman's invention, the Lysander of the dialogue with Cynthia is the soldier of Petronius whose words Chapman does little more than expand and versify. The two characters are quite distinct.

of haste and recklessness rather than of incompetence ; but his attitude toward the world had changed.

The Widow's Tears seems to me the product of a mood of pessimism that had come over Chapman as he viewed the swift decadence of his age. The mood was not permanent, but it rendered him incapable henceforth of viewing the follies and vices of the world as a mere laughing matter, and prepared the way for the grave morality and the lofty idealism of his tragedies.

THE WIDOW'S TEARS

NOTES

Dedication. I have not been able to identify *Mr. Jo. Reed*. A John Reed, surgeon, from Gloucestershire, attained some distinction in London c. 1588; but I can hardly believe that he is the man to whom Chapman dedicates this play.

The dedication is of special interest as showing Chapman's acquaintance with Italian drama of the sixteenth century. *Gli Ingiusti Sdegni* by Bernardino Pino, printed in 1553, was dedicated to Cesare Panfilio; *Il Pentimento Amoroso*, a pastoral play by Luigi Groto known as Cieco di Hadria, the blind poet of Hadria, was performed in that town in 1575 and printed at Venice in 1576. It is dedicated to Vincenzo Naldi, Governor of Peschiera for the Signoria of Venice, and to Marina Dolce Naldi, his wife. *Calisto*, another pastoral by the same author, was performed as early as 1561, revised for another performance in 1582, and printed at Venice in 1583. It is dedicated to Alfonso II of Este, Grand Duke of Ferrara. The scene of both these plays is laid in Arcadia, and the characters are gods, nymphs, shepherds, and so on. *Il Pastor Fido*, the most famous of all Italian pastoral plays, by Battista Guarini, 1585, was dedicated to Vincenzo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua. With Chapman's statement as to *Dukes and Princes*, cf. the *Dedication to The Revenge of Bussy*: 'Nor have the greatest Princes of Italy and other countries conceived it any least diminution to their greatness to have their names winged with these tragic plumes, etc.' It is plain that Chapman, like Jonson, revolted against the low esteem in which the acted drama was held by scholarly and literary circles in his day, and by these references to aristocratic and courtly patronage in Italy hoped to rouse them to a juster estimate of the contemporary drama in England.

I, i, 12. *Confidence*: used here in the sense of 'presumption', 'audacious assurance.'

I, i, 21-2. There is a pun on *grain*. In l. 21 it means 'quality', 'nature'; in l. 22 *in grain* means 'fast dyed'.

I, i, 24. *Beaver*: not 'hat' as in *Monsieur D'Olive*, I, i, 269; but the visor of a helmet, which concealed the face.

I, i, 35. *In written books, etc.* Collier's note that this phrase is in imitation of the formula of Italian Romance poets, *Come è scritto*, shows that he quite missed the point of the allusion. A parallel passage in *Humorous Day's Mirth*, sc. vii, l. 106 (see my note *ad loc.*) makes the reference to unpaid accounts in tailors' books quite clear.

I, i, 70. *Draw you up in a basket*. Fleay's idea that there is some personal allusion in this phrase is absurd. The reference is to the well-known story told of Virgil in the Middle Ages. According to this tale a lady whom the poet-magician was courting promised to draw him up to her room by night in a basket. She left him, however, suspended half-way to be mocked at in the morning by the passers by. In revenge Virgil extinguished all the fires in Rome, and prevented their being rekindled until the lady stooped to the disgrace of appearing in her smock in the Forum and allowing torches to be kindled by contact with her body. There is an allusion to this part of the story in I, iii, 136-8. The tale is told in full in Thoms, *Early Prose Romances*, vol. ii, p. 17, ssq. See also Comparetti,

Vergil in the Middle Ages, p. 326. In Haughton's comedy *Englishmen for my Money*, 1598, a similar trick is played upon Vandal, the Dutch suitor, by the three daughters of the merchant, Pisaro.

- I, i, 84.** *Stoop gallant*: dip the flag. *Gallant* was formerly used of all flags borne on the mizzen-mast. A similar phrase, *make her upstart humour stoop gallant*, occurs in Day's *Humour Out of Breath*, 1608 (Bullen's edition, p. 46). *She, I take it*, refers to *the blind goddess* (l. 81), i.e. Confidence.
- I, i, 108-9.** Cf. *All Fools*, II, i, 240.
- I, i, 113.** *His poisoner*: possibly a reference to *Hamlet*.
- I, i, 125.** *Monopolies*: see note on *Monsieur D'Olive*, I, i, 284.
- I, i, 133.** *Italian air*. It was a common charge that travel or sojourn in Italy corrupted the morals of Englishmen, see especially Ascham's *Schoolmaster* (Pt. I, p. 68, *ssq.*, Mayor's edition).
- I, i, 144-5.** *Weeping . . . mask*. Chapman applies to widows a saying of the comic writer Publius, preserved by Aulus Gellius, *Noctes*, XVII, xiv, 2:
Haereditis fletus sub persona risus est.

The saying was a current one in Chapman's time. It is found in Montaigne's *Essays*, Book I, chap. 37.

- I, i, 145.** *Mourn in their gowns, etc.*: the same phrase occurs in Chapman's *Funeral Oration* (*Poems*, p. 261).
- I, i, 157.** *Acoast*: an old form of 'accost'.
- I, ii, 14-5.** *Ulysses*. According to Homer (*Odyssey*, XII, 39, 169) Ulysses stopped not his own ears but those of his comrades with wax, bidding them bind him to the mast so that he could hear the songs of the Sirens without danger. I do not know the origin of the version that represents Ulysses as stopping his own ears, but it was current in Chapman's day, as it appears in Ascham's *Schoolmaster* (Pt. I, p. 73, Mayor's edition).
- I, ii, 20.** *Spots in his train*: the same phrase occurs in *Byron's Conspiracy*, I, ii, 7-8, and III, ii, 234-5.
- I, ii, 53.** *Offered ware is not so sweet*: a more elegant version of the proverb: *proffered service stinketh*—Heywood's *Proverbs*, Pt. II, chap. 4.
- I, ii, 70.** *Fights*: used here, I suppose, in the sense of 'strives', 'aspires'.
- I, ii, 73.** *Court-servant*: cf. *Monsieur D'Olive*, I, i, 236-9.
- I, ii, 74-75.** For a similar pun, see *Humourous Day's Mirth*, sc. iii, ll. 47-8.
- I, ii, 113.** *At window*: see note on *All Fools*, III, i, 422-3.
- I, ii, 120.** *Ouches*: sores on the skin. The play on *aches* and *ouches* was plainer in Chapman's day when the first word was a dissyllable (*aitches*). The first quotation given in the *New English Dictionary* for *ouch* = to cry out with pain is 1654, but I fancy from this passage that some such sense was current in Chapman's day.
- I, ii, 146-9.** Cf. I, iii, 34-5.
- I, ii, 166.** See Text Notes, p. 816.
- I, iii, 10.** *Saturnian peacock*; one of the peacocks that draw the chariot of Juno.
- I, iii, 24.** *Bisogno*: an early form of 'hezonian', i.e. a needy fellow, a rascal; cf. 2 *King Henry IV*, V, iii, 119.
- I, iii, 28.** *Engine*: used here in the sense of 'device,' or possibly 'artfulness', 'cunning'.
- I, iii, 83.** *Not-headed*: close cropped, in distinction from the long-haired courtier; cf. Chaucer's yeoman, *Canterbury Tales*—*Prologue*, l. 109.
- I, iii, 98.** *Juno*: referred to here as the protectress of marriage.
- I, iii, 132-3.** *Veney for veney*: thrust for thrust. *Veney*, also spelled *venew*, or *venue*, means either a fencing-bout, as in *Revenge of Bussy*, V, v, 90, or a thrust in such a bout, cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, V, i, 62. The *speeding place* is a spot at which the body is capable of receiving a mortal wound.
- I, iii, 143.** *Make all split*. Dyce in a passage cited by Furness in his note on *Midsummer Night's Dream*, I, ii, 32, quotes from Greene's *Never too Late* (*Works*, vol. viii, p. 89) a passage which shows the nautical origin of this common phrase in Elizabethan drama: 'Such a sigh that as the mariners

say a man would have thought all would have split again'; see also Grosart's note, vol. viii, p. 258, and cf. below, III, i, 195.

- I, iii, 144. *Oyster-wives*: cf. *ripiers*, i.e. fish-pedlers, as retailers of gossip in II, i, 37.
- I, iii, 148. *A beaten soldier*: an experienced soldier, cf. *Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany*, IV, i, 10.
- I, iii, 156. *Was sped*: had been successful.
- I, iii, 185. *Smockage*: according to the *New English Dictionary* a nonce-word on the analogy of 'socage', i.e. the tenure of land by the performance of a determinate service; *smockage* would then be by smock-service.
- II, i, 14. *Black shall take no other hue*; cf. note on *Humourous Day's Mirth*, sc. viii, l. 223.
- II, i, 22-3. *Aeneas*: with reference to the amour of Aeneas with the widowed Dido; *reversion* has here its obsolete sense of 'that which is left', i.e. the widow.
- II, i, 23-4. *Turtle . . . withered branch*: one of the commonplaces of Elizabethan verse. It occurs in the sonnet of Montano in Lodge's *Rosalynde* (*Works*, vol. i, p. 46); in *The Distracted Emperor* (*Old Plays*, vol. iii, p. 223), and in *The Winter's Tale*, V, iii, 132-5. Malone in a note on this last passage quotes a line from the *Orpheus* of Johannes Secundus Nicolaïus (1511-36, author of the famous *Basia*), which may have suggested the figure:
- Sic gemit arenti viduatus ab arbore turtur.*
- II, i, 24-5. *Atropos . . . throat*: cf. *Monsieur D'Olive*, III, i, 75.
- II, i, 40. *Tire on*: a term of falconry. A hawk is said to *tire* when she fastens greedily upon her prey. The word is often used figuratively; cf. *Timon*, III, vi, 5, and *Cymbeline*, III, iv, 97. Other examples are given in Collier's edition of *Dodsley*, vol. ii, p. 299.
- II, i, 50. *Perdus*: the word usually occurs only in the military sense, 'an outpost', 'exposed sentinel', see *Lear*, IV, vii, 35. The *New English Dictionary* gives only this instance of the word in the sense of 'roué'.
- II, i, 63. *A buzz*: a false rumour, cf. *Hamlet*, IV, v, 90.
- II, i, 66. *This isle*: Cyprus.
- II, ii, 17. *Bear out*: support, back up.
- II, ii, 30. *Without my privacy*: a thing of which I have no private knowledge.
- II, iii, 2. *Able it*: warrant it, cf. IV, iii, 14, and *Lear*, IV, vi, 172.
- II, iii, 13. *Retrieve the game*: put up, or flush, the game a second time, the original sense.
- II, iii, 21. *Titillation*: for this sense of the word cf. Marston, *Works*, vol. iii, p. 261.
- II, iii, 28. *When they fly out*: when husbands transgress.
- II, iii, 48. *Qualified*: moderated, cf. a similar use in *All Fools*, I, i, 395.
- II, iii, 85. *Post-issue*: children by her second marriage.
- II, iii, 93. *Listens after your speed*: inquires after your success.
- II, iii, 106. *Calendars*: outward signs, here almost in the sense of 'omens'.
- II, iv, 21. *Good-night to our good days*; cf. *All Fools*, II, i, 212.
- II, iv, 28-9. *Widows' marriages . . . like usury, permitted . . . not approved*. Bacon in his *Essay on Usury* speaks of it as '*concessum propter duritiam cordis . . . usury must be permitted*'. There is a rather curious parallel to this expression in *Northward Ho* (c. 1606), III ii: 'You were wont to say venery is like usury that it may be allowed though it be not lawful'. The *you* in this passage is Bellamont, who is by Stoll (*John Webster*, p. 65) supposed to be a satiric portrait of Chapman himself. In this case this passage might be regarded as an intentional wresting of Chapman's words.
- II, iv, 50. *The two fortunate stars*: St. Elmo's fires, the electric phenomenon sometimes seen in storms at the mast-head or on the yard-arms of ships. In ancient days this phenomenon was regarded as a manifestation of the Twin Brethren, Castor and Pollux, stellified by Zeus, who were regarded as the protectors of travellers by sea, see the last speech of Castor in the *Electra* of Euripides.

- II, iv, 62.** *Penned the pegmas.* Properly a *pegma* is a stage used in a pageant, sometimes bearing an inscription, see Jonson's *Coronation Entertainment to King James*. Hence it comes to mean an inscription bearing upon, or indicating the character of, the masque or pageant.
- II, iv, 97.** *A widgeon:* a variety of duck, used here to denote a fool.
- II, iv, 104.** *Whiffler:* see note on *Monsieur D'Olive*, III, ii, 167.
- II, iv, 149-50.** *Cried cony skins:* peddled rabbits' skins, the fur of which was used for hats (cf. *Monsieur D'Olive*, I, i, 359-60) and other purposes.
- II, iv, 170-1.** *My foot my head:* cf. *Lear*, IV, ii, 28, where the reading of Q2 is *my foot usurps my head*. Goneril is speaking of a husband she despises as Eudora affects to despise Tharsalio.
- II, iv, 191.** *Lamb-skinned:* thrashed. The *New English Dictionary* cites three examples of this word between 1589 and 1635. The noun *lambskin* in the sense of a beating occurs in Heywood, 1546.
- II, iv, 204-5.** *Calydonian boar:* the pest sent by Diana upon the kingdom of Calydon. It is curious to note that Foxe (*Ecclesiastical History*, vol. ii, p. 450, edition of 1684) speaks of Gardiner, the persecuting bishop, as *Aper Calydonius*.
- II, iv, 261.** *Light huswives:* Eudora echoes Arsace's words in II, ii, 104.
- III, i, 3-4.** This seems to be an exaggerated form of the report preserved in Suetonius (*Nero*, 34) that Nero inspected the body of the mother he had murdered, handled it, praised and blamed her figure, and so on.
- III, i, 6.** *Tast:* an old form of 'taste' in the sense of 'touch', 'test'.
- III, i, 38.** *Wrapp'd in careless cloak:* cf. *Monsieur D'Olive*, V, ii, 6. Mr. Crawford notes that a similar phrase occurs in a poem of Surrey's (*Tottell's Miscellany*, p. 26, Arber's edition): *Wrapt in my careless cloak*. Chapman in both cases uses the old and no doubt familiar phrase in a mocking way.
- III, i, 39.** *Outraging:* the *New English Dictionary* cites this passage as an instance of the sense 'furious', 'wild'.
- III, i, 52.** *Magnis tamen excidit ausis:* part of the epitaph of Phaeton—Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, II, 328.
- III, i, 54.** *Fortune . . . his foe:* a popular song of the day, cf. *Merry Wives*, III iii, 69. The air is printed in Chappell's *Popular Music*, vol. i, p. 162.
- III, i, 95.** *Busk points:* tagged laces which secured the ends of the *busk*, a strip of steel or wood used to stiffen the front of the corset. It is used here metaphorically for bosom.
- III, i, 98.** *Paper walls:* cf. Webster's phrase: *paper prisons boys use to keep flies in—Duchess of Malfi*, IV, ii, 130-1.
- III, i, 127.** *Paphos:* a city in Cyprus where the scene is laid.
- III, i, 128.** *Occurrents:* occurrences, cf. *Hamlet*, V, ii, 368.
- III, i, 129.** *Pretty and pathological;* the same phrase occurs in *Humourous Day's Mirth*, sc. i, l. 36.
- III, i, 152-3.** *Short-heeled . . . high i'th instep:* cf. note on *May-Day*, IV, iv, 6. *High in the instep* means *proud*; the *New English Dictionary* cites a number of instances of this meaning from Heywood's *Proverbs* to Fuller's *Holy War*. One of the 'lots' in the lottery by Lyly (see above, p. 694) combines both these phrases:
- You are high in the instep, short in the heel,
Your head is giddy, your lot is a reel.*
- III, i, 159.** Cf. *All Fools*, III, i, 62.
- III, ii, 1.** *A hall, a hall:* cf. note on *The Gentleman Usher*, II, i, 226.
- III, ii, 13.** See Text Notes, p. 817.
- III, ii, 27-8.** *Within me:* inside my guard, a phrase borrowed from fencing.
- III, ii, 35.** *Exchange that name:* give and take the name of sister reciprocally, cf. *change* in *Hamlet*, I, i, 163; *for stranger titles:* in the place of titles indicating a greater degree of distance and formality.
- III, ii, 40.** *To side:* to walk by the side of; cf. *Masque of the Middle Temple*, p. 440, above.
- III, ii, 77-8.** For the original punctuation of these lines see Text Notes, p. 817. I take it that Tharsalio after calling Cynthia a *phoenix*, turns to Eudora

and says: Let your wisdom show itself in your affection for your husband here present.

III, ii, 95. *Hays*: country dances, something like reels; cf. *Bussy*, I, ii, 29.

III, ii, 99. *Past custom*: above convention; *vulgar object*: popular, ordinary, objections.

III, ii, 109. 'Dance, and win his heart by showing your charms in the hands of another'.

IV, i. An interval of about a week elapses between Acts III and IV. Cynthia has been in the tomb for four days, see below, l. 119, and some time before her entrance must be allowed for the arrival of the news of Lysander's death, and the funeral obsequies.

IV, i, 2. Tharsalio tells Lycus that there is no need to stand bare before him when they are by themselves. He treats Lycus throughout as an equal, cf. l. 5, rather than as a servant.

IV, i, 23. *Dipolis*: there is no town of this name, so far as I know, in Cyprus. There is a Syrian town of this name mentioned by Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, V, 79, and it is sometimes applied to Lemnos. Fleay's attempt (*loc. cit.*) to find a contemporary allusion by rendering *Lysander of Dipolis* Freeman of Ditton, seems to me absurd.

IV, i, 28. *Strange knights*: the reference is to the *knights of the new edition* (*Bussy*, I, ii, 124) created in such numbers by James I.

IV, i, 104-5. One of the many paraphrases of the well-known line of Seneca:

Curae leves loquuntur; ingentes stupent.

Hippolytus, l. 607.

Cf. the note in Furness's *Variorum* on *Macbeth*, IV, iii, 209-10.

IV, i, 125. *Muckinders*: a form of 'muckender', a bib, or handkerchief.

IV, i. The tomb which figures so largely in this and the succeeding scenes was no doubt placed in the recess, or alcove, of the stage beneath the balcony. It must have had a practicable door, cf. stage-direction, l. 179 below, and the interior must have been visible to the audience since at times part of the action (see V, iii, 75, *ssq.*) takes place there. I have supplied stage-directions in brackets throughout these scenes to make the action as clear as possible to the reader.

IV, ii, 42. *Huswifery*: house-keeping, with special reference to the table; cf. Chapman's use of the word in his *Iliad*, xxiii, 242.

IV, ii, 57-8. Among the poems appended to the 1598 edition of the *Arcadia* there is a sonnet by Dyer on the theme of a satyr who kissed the fire he saw for the first time. This is followed by a sonnet of Sidney's beginning:

*A satyr once did run away for dread
With sound of horn which he himself did blow.*

This sonnet was reprinted in *England's Helicon*, 1600 (Bullen's edition, p. 246) and was no doubt well known. It appears to be the immediate source of Chapman's allusion. Whether the idea was original with Sidney or not I am unable to state, but nothing of the kind appears in the collections of fables. I owe this reference to Mr. Crawford.

IV, ii, 71. *Deucalion's race*; according to Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, I, 371, *ssq.*, the human race is descended from the stones which Deucalion and his wife, the sole survivors of a universal flood, threw behind their backs.

IV, ii, 95-6. Cf. *Satyricon*, cxi: *Nemo invitus audit cum cogitur aut cibum sumere aut vivere.*

IV, ii, 128. *The rack'd value*: the value strained, or raised above the normal; cf. Chapman's use of *rack'd* in his *Georgics of Hesiod*, II (*Poems*, p. 224). See also *Merchant of Venice*, I, i, 181.

IV, ii, 130. *Proface*. Collier, who restored the reading *proface* from the Q., refers to 2 *King Henry IV*, V, iii, 30, where the same word appears. It is the old French phrase *bon prou vous fasse*, contracted to *prou fasse*, may it do you good.

IV, ii, 137. *Do me right*: cf. note on *All Fools*, V, ii, 77, and see the notes in the *Variorum* on 2 *King Henry IV*, V, iii, 76.

- V, ii, 71-6.** A hopelessly corrupt passage; see Text Notes, p. 819. The *Acheloius* was the largest river in Greece, and its river-god, of the same name, was regarded as the father of rivers. In a combat with Hercules one of this god's horns was torn off by the hero, and this horn, according to Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, ix, 87-8, was the horn of plenty. Lysander, with reference to the 'horn' which his wife's infidelity has bestowed on him, speaks of it as an *Acheloius' horn*, not of good, but of *ill*. Hence also comes the following phrase *copie*, (an old form of 'copy' in the obsolete sense of 'plenty') *enough*. Something has probably been omitted by accident or design in l. 74. The name *Alizon* l. 75, is puzzling. No such river is known in classical geography; but Chapman may perhaps have meant the Halys, the largest river in Asia Minor; Homer (*Iliad*, II, 856) mentions a people *Alizones* of this region. I venture the suggestion, see Text Notes, p. 820, that we might read *Amazon*. *Ida*, the mountain near Troy, was famous for its forest; Hesiod, *Theog.*, l. 1020, uses the phrase Ἰδῆς ὑληέσσης, wooded *Ida*.
- V, ii, 120.** *Collections*: inferences.
- V, ii, 136.** Candia was the chief town in Crete in the Middle Ages; good wine was grown in the neighbourhood.
- V, ii, 150.** *Frubber*: literally 'furbisher', a term of contempt for the maid-servant.
- V, iii, 26.** *An old conclusion*. The fullest contemporary account of the old belief here referred to appears in the *Demonologie* of King James (p. 79, edition of 1603): 'As in a secret murder, if the dead carcass be at any time thereafter handled by the murtherer, it will gush out of blood, as if the blood were crying to the heaven for revenge of the murtherer, God having appointed that secret supernatural sign for trial of that secret unnatural crime'.
- V, iii, 45-6.** Cf. *Chabot*, III, i, 191, and *Caesar and Pompey*, III, i, 36.
- V, iii, 62-5.** The *disguise*, l. 62, is Cynthia's feigned devotion to her husband. For the corrupt passage that follows see Text Notes, p. 820.
- V, iii, 66-8.** These lines are far from clear, and the punctuation of the quarto (*lust, Note with . . . impiety. Her . . . corse!*) only makes them more confusing. I have adopted the punctuation suggested by Brereton (*loc. cit.*) and interpret them as addressed to his soldier's disguise which is to help him see Cynthia (*Act of lust*, I take as equivalent to the active principle of *lust*, i.e. the widow) and which is to look upon the supposed corpse taking part in an impious scene, i.e. that in which the widow assists in bearing it to the cross.
- V, iii, 80.** *Employments*: implements. The *New English Dictionary* cites this passage as the only instance where the word is used in this sense. The passage in *Twelfth Night*, II, v, 91, cited by the editor of the 1780 Dodsley does not seem a parallel case.
- V, iii, 118.** *Iron you*: catch you, put you in irons. The phrase is probably used for the sake of a word-play with *steel* in l. 117.
- V, iii, 140.** *Cross capers*: cf. *The Malcontent*, IV, ii, 11, *Cross capers! tricks!* and Brome's *City Wit* (*Works*, vol. i, p. 337), *Show you a cross caper*. The definition in the *New English Dictionary* is hardly satisfactory. The phrase means, as all these instances show, a *caper*, or unexpected start, which *crosses* another's plans.
- V, iii, 146.** On her exit here Cynthia presumably goes to put herself under the protection of Tharsalio and the Countess, with whom she reappears, l. 218 below. Lysander after his speech withdraws into the tomb and closes the doors. He is shortly after discovered there, stage-direction after l. 191.
- V, iii, 150.** *Braves*: in the sense of bravadoes, cf. Heywood, 1 *King Edward IV* (*Works*, vol. i, p. 54).
- V, iii, 151.** *Acquit*: in the obsolete sense of 'perform'.
- V, iii, 206.** *Blandation*: illusion. The *New English Dictionary* cites this passage.
- V, iii, 212.** *Colestaff*: a form of 'cowl staff', i.e. a staff used to run through

- the handles of a 'cowl', a tub, or large basket so that it could be carried on the shoulders of two men; see *Merry Wives*, III, iii, 156.
- V, iii, 244. *Chop*: bandy words. See note on *All Fools*, I, ii, 51.
- V, iii, 258. *Two parties*. One would expect *one party*; but perhaps the *two* are the accuser and the judge himself, who does most of the talking. *Solon* is referred to in this connexion as famous for his wisdom in making and administering laws.
- V, iii, 274. *Parrot*: cf. *terms, and tongues, and parroting of art—Tears of Peace* (*Poems*, p. 118).
- V, iii, 275. *The Vice*: the buffoon-like character of the Vice in the moralities. The phrase *snap his authority at all he meets* perhaps refers to the Vice's 'business' of beating his fellow actors with the wooden sword which was the badge of his part.
- V, iii, 291. *Parboil*: with reference to the surgeon's tub, cf. note on *Monsieur D'Olive*, III, ii, 75.
- V, iii, 294. *Pregnant*: ready, resourceful, cf. *Measure for Measure*, I, i, 12.
- V, iii, 297-8. *No man shall do good but where there is no need*: a favourite phrase with Chapman, cf. *Bussy*, I, i, 97; *Eugenia* (*Poems*, p. 328), *A Great Man* (*Poems*, p. 149).
- V, iii, 298-9. *Live at the head*: if a sense must be found in the Governor's foolish chatter I suggest 'live on the best'.
- V, iii, 315. *Spaded*: apparently a form of 'spayed', perhaps influenced by the Latin *spado*, a eunuch.
- V, iii, 317-8. *Burnt*: cf. *They say in China when women are past child-bearing, they are all burnt to make gunpowder—The Fawn* (Marston, *Works*, vol. II, p. 167).
- V, iii, 334. *Bears a breadth*: see note on *Monsieur D'Olive*, IV, ii, 103.
- V, iii, 342. *Given him*: apparently 'given in his name as worthy of punishment'; *uphold correspondence* means 'maintain good relations'.
- V, iii, 348. *Take advertisement for us*: receive information on our part. Perhaps we should read *from us*, see Text Notes, p. 821.
- V, iii, 367. *The ass*: a reference to the old fable of the Ass in the Lion's Skin (Avian, 4) printed by Caxton in the Appendix to his *Aesop*.
- V, iii, 370. *Am at a non-plus*: cf. *hang and be at a non-plus—Pilgrimage to Parnassus*, ll. 684-5. It was a common phrase in Elizabethan English to denote a state of perplexity.

TEXT NOTES

The *Widow's Tears* was first published in 1612 by John Browne in quarto form. This is the only old edition. Two copies (644. d. 48 and C. 12. g. 5) are found in the British Museum, one in the Albert and Victoria Museum and four in the Bodleian, three of which are in the Malone collection and one in the Douce. A number of corrections seem to have been made while the play was going through the press, and there are an unusual number of variations in these copies, the most important of which I have recorded in these notes.

The *Widow's Tears* was first reprinted in Dodsley's *Select Collection of Old Plays*, 1744, vol. iv; again in the 1780 edition of this collection, vol. vi, where the editor, Reed, asserts that he has collated the former edition with the quarto. Numerous corrections are made in this text, but a good many errors still remain in it. Collier included the play in his edition of Dodsley, 1825, vol. vi, making some further corrections. I denote these editions in the following notes by Dr, Dz, and Co. respectively.

There is a reprint, not always exact, of the quarto in *The Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman*, 1873 (P.). I have attempted to record all the variations of this reprint from the quarto. The last edition up to the present is that of Shepherd, *Works of George Chapman—Plays* (S.). I have not attempted to make a collation of all the modern editions, and only occasionally record their variations from the original text, but I have tried to give each editor credit for those of his emendations which I have adopted.

The text of *The Widow's Tears* is far from satisfactory. It seems to have

been printed from a stage copy, as is shown by the numerous and elaborate stage-directions (see I, ii, 37, that at the beginning of IV, ii, and V, ii, 145 for examples). Such directions in Latin as *Bibit Ancilla* (IV, ii, 135) and *Exit cum Ero* show that the manuscript was either Chapman's own, or a copy preserving his original directions. But the manuscript seems to have given the printers considerable trouble; there are places (V, ii, 74, and V, iii, 133) where it was probably cut. It may have been more or less illegible, for the quarto abounds in errors of all sorts from ordinary misprints to grave corruptions. Many of these have been by the labours of successive editors and commentators corrected, but a number of doubtful cases remain, and a few passages are apparently hopelessly corrupt. The distinction between prose¹ and verse was not always observed by the original printers. Occasionally, indeed, it seems as if Chapman himself indulged in a curious mixture of verse and prose; such a speech as the Captain's, V, 1, 138-158, printed as prose in Q., contains some lines of unmistakable verse, but some that are so lame as to suggest the conclusion that the passage was written in haste and never revised. I have tried in such cases to follow what I conceive to be Chapman's purpose, printing as verse passages that he meant as such, even when very far from being regular or harmonious. All emendations and stage-directions not included in the quarto are as usual printed in brackets.

Dedication. Collier, the first editor to reprint the Dedication, states that Reed, the editor of the previous edition, had printed the play from a copy lacking the dedication. I have shown below, p. 816, that Reed probably collated the text that lay before him with the Douce copy (Douce, C. 245). This copy as well as every other one that I have seen contains the Dedication. Collier's statement is therefore erroneous, and since he connects the absence of a Dedication in a copy of *The Widow's Tears* with a similar absence in the case of *All Fools*, to which he had already printed a forged Dedication (see above, p. 726), the chances are that his statement was wilfully made.

1. 4. Q. *Iniusti sdegnij.*

1. 5. Q. *Pentamento Amorose; Calisthe.*

In all three cases I have printed the original Italian names.

1. 6. I have inserted *I* to complete the sense. It was probably dropped by accident.

Dramatis Personae. Q. prints the following list under the heading *The Actors*:

Tharsalio the wooer.

Lysander his brother.

Thir. Governour of Cyprus.

Lycas ser. to the widdow Countesse.

Argus, Gent. Usher.

3. *Lords suiters to Eudora the widdow Countesse.*

Hyl. nephew to Tharsalio, and Sonne to Lysander.

Captaine of the watch.

2. *Souldiers.*

Eudora the widdow Countesse.

Cynthia, wife to Lysander.

Sihenio.

Ianthe Gent. attending on Eudora.

Ero, waiting woman to Cynthia.

D₁, D₂ and Co. reprint the list as it stands in Q., only dropping *Thir.* (for which I read *The*) before *Governour*, and expanding *ser.* and *Gent.* after *Lycas* (Q. *Lycas* in the list, but always *Lycus* in the body of the text) and *Argus* to *servant* and *gentleman*, also *Gent.* after *Ianthe* to *gentlewoman*. D₁, D₂ print *Sihenia*;

¹ Schoell notes that, in the main, prose is used in the 'Eudora', verse in the 'Cynthia plot'. The greater part of the first three acts are in prose with passages of verse here and there; the last acts contain more verse, but such a 'Cynthia scene' as IV, iii, is entirely prose except for a rhymed couplet.

Co. *Sthenio*, remarking, p. 139, that the quartos print it uniformly *Sthenio*. I have noted the occurrence of the form in *-a* in the Douce copy in the stage-direction preceding II, ii, and in II, ii, 43. I have kept this form, apparently from *σθέχεια*, an epithet of Athene in Lycophron. Collier notes that the names of *Laodice*, *Arsace*, *Thomassin* and *Clinias* are to be added, and that the names of the three suitors are *Rebus*, *Hiarbas*, and *Psorabeus* (see stage-direction after I, ii, 36). Properly speaking, only the first of these is a suitor, the other two are his attendant lords. The list of *Dramatis Personae* printed in the text is thus a full and, I think, a correct list.

Q. divides the play into acts, each of which contains but one scene. *Scena Prima* is prefixed to each act in Q. Co. follows this arrangement. I have divided the acts for the first time into scenes and added the supposed place of the action.

- I, i, 67. Co. in his note on this line implies that some Qq. have the reading *back*, which is that of D₂, for *beck*. The Bodleian and British Museum copies all have *becke*.
- 94-96. Q. includes all between *as perhaps* and *interred* in the parenthesis. Co. follows Q. I think the present arrangement brings out the construction of the passage more clearly.
- I, ii, 111. Former editors put a question mark at the close of this line. There is none in Q., and Tharsalio's speech may better be taken as a command than as a question.
117. Q. *dub'd*, which is followed by all editors. Co. suggests *daubed*. There seems no sufficient reason for altering the text. There is probably a double pun on *dubb'd* and *daubed*, *lard* and *lord*, in the passage.
- 140-2. Q. prints as prose; Co. arranges as verse.
- 156-7. Q. prints as prose; D₂ and Co. as verse, but both erroneously insert *the* (from D₁) before *doors*, and in consequence place *shut* at the close of l. 156. S. follows Q.
165. Q. prints *Lurd* (Co. *Lord*; S. *Lu*.) as the speaker's name. The speech plainly belongs to Psorabeus.
166. Q. *begg'd*, which is followed by all editors. Brereton (*Modern Language Review*, vol. 3, p. 62) suggests *beg't*, i.e. beg it, that Tharsalio may be poisoned. This seems to me needless. Psorabeus suggests that Rebus beg Tharsalio, i.e. request of the Viceroy that he be put under guardianship as a fool or madman. Cf. *Sir Giles Goosecap*, IV, iii, 167-170, where Sir Giles misunderstands the term.
- I, iii, 12. All copies of Q. that I have seen except one in the Bodleian (Douce, C. 245) read *lowe*; the Douce copy *loved*. This is the basis of the note in D₂ that the quarto reads *loved*; Co. speaks as if only one copy read *lowe*.
27. Q. sets this line in a parenthesis. I take this to indicate an aside and have so marked it.
73. One copy of Q. (Douce, C. 245), reads *mystical Adonis*, a variant which Reed, the editor of D₂, introduced into the text. Co. followed him, although stating, erroneously that *young* was the only reading of Q. I have preferred to keep the reading of all copies but one.
80. Q. *lease*; S. *leaf* which makes nonsense.
98. I have added *and Ero* to the stage-direction after this line to make it conform with the direction after l. 131, where the exit of Ero is marked in Q. She would naturally come upon the stage with Cynthia.
114. Q. *it but was*. This arrangement of words seems to have offended the editors. D₁D₂ and Co. read *but it was*: S. *it was but*. There is no need of change.
- II, i, 1. Co. follows D₂ in printing *are by ourselves*, but notes that one of the quartos omits *by*. I have not found *by* in any of the copies I have consulted.
25. Q. *throat*; editors *thread*. There seems to be no authority

- for this change. Cf., by the way, *Monsieur D'Olive*, III, i, 75-6, and the text note thereon.
- II, ii, 13.** P. misprints *Seth*. as the name of the speaker.
- 55.** In the stage-direction after this line Q. reads *Enter Arsace*, and is followed by all previous editors; but Arsace has been on the stage since l. 20, and has had several speeches, ll. 40, 43-4, 49-50. Here, as elsewhere (cf. p. 696 above, note on sc. v, l. 165) an entrance in Q. merely indicates that a character advances from a place of retirement (cf. l. 24) to take part in the main action.
- II, iv, 43.** Q. *you*; P. misprints *your*.
- 56.** Q. *my La*; D₁ *my lady*.
- 98.** Q. *acknowledge: forecast is better*. Editors print *acknowledge forecast is better*; but I believe *acknowledge* means 'recognize me as your master', and that *forecast* is the first word of a new clause. To me at least this seems to give a better sense than the former punctuation.
- 108.** Q. *reformation*; P. misprints *eformation*.
- 194.** One copy of Q. in the Bodleian (Malone, 216) reads *Atlas* for *outlaw*.
- 272.** D₂ supplies the *exit* wanting in Q.
- III, i, 6.** Q. *tast*; all former editors *test*; but *tast* is a variant of *taste* in its obsolete meaning of 'touch'.
- 13-19.** Q. and all editors as prose. I have arranged as verse.
- 53-4.** Q. prints as prose. D₂ restores to verse.
- 112-18.** Q. and all editors as prose. I have arranged as verse.
- 123.** Q. *No wife*. D₂ *No, wife?*
- 146.** Q. does not note the exit of Ero after this line, nor has the omission been supplied by previous editors.
- 151.** D₁ reads *impression*. Co. restores *depression*, remarking that this, 'the true reading, is supported by the quarto Mr. Reed did not meet with'. This is one of Collier's flourishes with his only correct copy. The reading *depression* appears in all copies of Q. that I have seen; *impression* was probably an arbitrary change by D₁.
- 157.** Q. *het*; all editors *hot*; but *het* is a form of 'heated'.
- 196-7.** Q. prints as prose. I have arranged as verse.
- 227-9.** It is not possible to determine whether Q. prints these lines as verse or prose. It divides them as in my text, but since l. 229 begins with a lower-case letter, *broiher*, it is probable that the old printer took them for prose. They are so printed by all editors, but they seem to me plainly verse.
- 233-5.** Q. prints *my wife* and *father* at the close of ll. 232 and 234 respectively. Co. transfers *my wife* to its present place; I have transferred *father*.
- III, ii, 6.** I have supplied the entrance of Tharsalio after this line. As there is no division of scenes in Q. it is probable that he originally remained on the stage after the departure of Lysander and Lycus.
- 13.** Q. *cormetting*; all previous editors *curvetting*. *Cormetting* would, it is true, be an easy misprint for *corvetting*, i.e. 'curvetting'; but I have preferred, with the *New English Dictionary*, to take this as a participle from 'cornet', i.e. to play on the horn. Elsewhere in this play a satyr is described as winding a horn, see IV, ii, 57-8 and V, iii, 143-4.
- 25.** Q. *my*, an evident misprint, which D₁ corrects to *may*.
- 39.** P. omits *me*, which appears in all the copies of Q. that I have seen, and is retained by all editors.
- 41-4.** Q. prints as prose; D₂ arranges as verse.
- 43.** Q. *suiting all*; D₁ *unsuiting all*. Co. follows Q. and explains 'suiting means *clouding* or *covering*'. S. emends *ill*, a conjecture approved by Brereton and one which seems to me very happy.
- 77-8.** The punctuation of these lines is very confusing in Q., which reads *cheere Love, with your husband be, your wisedome here*. D₁ punctuates *cheer*; *Love with your husband be, your* and is followed by all editors.

- I have punctuated to bring out the sense of the passage. See note above, p. 810.
110. Q. *Now, what the Power and my Torches influence.* The line seems to me plainly corrupt, but it has been followed by all editors. I fancy Chapman wrote *what ere Power my Torches*, that the printer set up *what the Power my Torches*, and that a proof-reader, not the poet, in the attempt to correct this error, inserted *and* before *my*. I have emended the text accordingly. Another correction would be *What my Power and Torch's*, but this does not seem to me so good.
- IV, i, 3. Q. *taken*; P. misprints *take*.
104. Q. prints *These* as the last word of l. 103. D₁ corrects.
106. Q. *with Sepulcher*; so D₁, D₂ and Co.; S. *within a sepulchre*. The true reading is plainly *wi' th' sepulchre*.
184. Q. *braine of the West*; so all editors. A note signed S.P. in D₂ suggests *wisest*. Co. explains the phrase as equivalent to 'parliamentary wisdom which is usually displayed at Westminster'. I follow the emendment of Deighton (*Old Dramatists*, p. 140), which receives some support from *breasts of the wise*, l. i, 52-3.
- 147-8. Q. prints as prose; D₁ corrects.
- IV, ii, 1. D₁ places the name *Lysander* before the first speech.
4. Q. prints as two short lines ending *condemn'd* and *Gods*. Co. corrects.
14. Q. prints as two short lines ending *Ho!* and *there?*; Co. corrects.
16. Q. *a Souldier*; P. omits *a*.
- 22-33. Q. prints as prose; Co. arranges ll. 30-3 as verse. I have printed the whole passage as verse, although the metre is often very ragged.
- 34-7. Q. prints as prose; Co. arranges as verse.
46. Q. *Rape, and spoil'd of*; D₁ corrects *spoil*. Probably *spoile* in the MS. was mis-read by the printer.
78. Q. *Good heare him*; D₂ and Co. *Good*; *hear him*; S. *Good hear him*. Gilchrist in a note printed by Co. suggests *good mistress*, which seems to me a certain emendation. Not only does it restore the metre, but it hits the trick of Ero's speech, cf. above, l. 22, *good soldier*, and below, l. 91, *good mistress*.
- 79-86. Q. prints this speech as prose; D₂ corrects.
90. Q. prints as two short lines ending *husband* and *none?* So all editors, but it seems to me plainly one line.
- 102-3. Q. prints as four lines ending *starve, to, first, and Ladie*. I have arranged as in the text.
108. Q. *Noble death*; D₂ inserts *A* before *noble*.
- 110-12. Q. prints as three lines ending *husband, within* and *command*. I arrange as in the text.
123. Q. prints as two lines ending *enow* and *me?* I arrange as in the text.
129. Q. *O know*; D₁, D₂, Co., O, *I know*; S. *I know*. I take it Ero's speech is addressed in a stage whisper to Lysander.
148. Q. *The spring ants, spoil'd me thinkes*. D₁, D₂, Co., *spring of'ts*. S. reverts to Q.; but his reading, *The spring ants spoiled*, has, as Brereton (*loc. cit.*) points out, a very comic look in a modern edition. *Ants*, of course, is equivalent to *on it is*.
- 155-7. Q. prints as prose; D₂ arranges as verse.
- 166-8. I follow the arrangement of Q. Co. prints as two lines of verse ending *organ* and *element*. In l. 166 P. misprints *truth* for Q. *truth*.
175. S. inserts *to* before *flesh*. This change is not necessary.
- IV, iii, 3-4. Q. prints as prose; Co. arranges as verse.
- 84-86. Q., D₂ and Co. print as four lines of verse, ending *edifie, Dido, hearke, hunters*. I follow S. in arranging as prose.
- V, i, 30. Q. *Our sister*. So all editors; but *Lycus* is not the brother or brother-in-law of Cynthia. I take *Our* to be a simple misprint for *Your*. Tharsalio has just spoken of Cynthia as *my sister*, l. 23 above.
43. Q. *windes*; so all editors. It is, however, an evident misprint for *mindes*. P. misprints

- constantly for Q. constantly in this line.
- 74-6. Q. ends these lines with the words *bodies, fast* and *signe* respectively. So all editors, but I think the arrangement in the text preferable.
108. Q. puts the words *O that 'twere true* in parenthesis to indicate an aside.
113. Q. has no stage-direction after this line; D₂ *Exeunt Cynthia and Ero*; I add *into the tomb*.
- 127, 130, 135. In these lines Q. has 1, 2, and 1, prefixed to the speeches; D₂ *First Soldier, Second Soldier, First Soldier*.
141. Q. *caresly*; D₁, *carelessly*.
142. Q. prints the captain's speech entirely as prose; so D₂ and Co. S. prints ll. 142-149 as verse. I believe the whole passage from l. 142 may be taken as the rough verse of which we have so much in this play.
- V, ii, 8. Q. prints *I may* at the close of l. 7. P. silently corrects this.
13. Q. puts *Damnation* in parenthesis to indicate an aside. Former editors have not noticed this. I have thought best to take the whole speech as an aside, like l. 18, where neither Q. nor former editors note an aside.
- 19-20. Q. prints Cynthia's speech as one line. D₂ corrects.
20. Q. *Canero*. P. misprints *Canero* and is followed by S. Deighton (*loc. cit.*) has a long note to show that *Canero* is the right word, being apparently unaware that this was the reading of Q., D₁, D₂ and Co.
36. Q. *the Monster*, so S. D₂ *thee, monster*, which seems to me the correct reading.
40. Q. *tenant*; so S. D₁ *truant*, an emendation received by Co. and approved by Deighton and Brereton. It seems established by a passage below V, iii, 202, where *truant* and *mich't* occur together as *miching* and *truant* do here.
55. Q. *aide*; so S. D₂ and Co. *add*, but I believe the old text may stand, see note on p. 812.
- 67-8. Q. *Put women to the test; discover them; painit them, paint them ten parts more*. D₂ and Co. follow, with slight changes, the punctuation of Q. It seems to me, however, that the two main parts of this sentence are meant to stand in sharp contrast. Lysander says in effect: 'Shall men put women to the test, discover them, as I have done? Nay, paint them more than they do themselves rather than see them as they really are'. I have punctuated to bring out this meaning. S. omits the second *paint them*, but the repetition adds emphasis.
- 71-2. Q. prints as prose; S. as verse. Deighton (*loc. cit.*) alters *store* to *stare*. Perhaps this is right, but I think *store* may be understood in the sense of 'heap up', 'gather together'.
- 73-6. Q.
*There sticks an Achelons horne
of all, Copie enough,
As much as 'Alizon of streames
receives
Or lofty Ilea showes of shadie
leaves.*
- The passage is evidently corrupt, and has probably been cut after l. 73. No editor has succeeded in restoring it satisfactorily. D₁ emends *Achelons* to *Achelous*, and *Ilea* to *Ida*, both of which are, of course, correct; but his further change, *of all copia enough*, is inadmissible. Deighton's emendation (*loc. cit.*, p. 141) *ill* for *all*, seems to me to suit the context perfectly. The words *Copie enough* have proved a stumblingblock. It has been suggested (P. note, vol. iii, p. 360) that they were originally a marginal comment which has crept into the text. Deighton takes them to be a marginal explanation of *Achelous horn*, often identified with the 'horn of plenty', or 'cornucopia'. My own belief is that they are a fragment of a line, or more, which had been struck out of the stage version, from which this play was printed, and that the printer finding them still legible in the MS., included them in the text. I am not satisfied with *Alizon* in l. 75 (see note, p.

813 above), and would like to suggest *Amazon*, famous even in Chapman's day as a Father of Waters, but I have not ventured to embody this suggestion in the text.

140-46. Q. prints as prose, and is followed by all editors. I arrange as verse. The stage-direction on ll. 146-7 appears in Q. in the body of the text and in the same type.

162-3. Q. *plight indeede with him, the utmost pledge of Nuptiall love with him.* D₂ and Co. follow Q. D₁ drops the first *with him*. This seems to me correct; the printer's eye probably caught the phrase too soon.

182-191. Q. prints as prose, and is followed by all editors. I arrange as verse.

V, iii. Throughout the scene Q. prints 1. and 2. for 1st Soldier and 2nd Soldier.

iii, 8-9. Q. includes the words from *though* to *dispenc'd* in the parenthesis. Co. corrects.

42. Q. *finde to be counterfeit*; so all editors. I emend *found*, which the context seems to demand.

58. D₁ puts the question mark after *hearse*.

58. D₁ inserts *Lysander* before the speech.

64-5. Q.

*Thou, false in show, hast been
most true to me;
The seeming true; hath prov'd
more false then her.*

The passage is evidently corrupt. D₂ and Co. follow Q. only change the semi-colon after *true*, l. 65, to a comma. S has no punctuation after *true*. Brereton (*loc. cit.*) proposes to read *she* for *The* and *thou* for *her*. This brings out the sense of the passage, which is the contrast between Lysander's disguise and his wife; but it seems needless to alter *The* to *She* for *The seeming true* is, of course, Cynthia. In a note in Co. Gilchrist suggests *thee* for *her*, which I think is preferable to Brereton's *thou*.

81. Q. *prepares away*; so S. D₂

prepares a way, which is probably right, though if we take *prepare* in the sense of 'prepare to depart', the old reading might be defended.

94. Q. *I bleede not*; D₁ emends *I* to *It*.

98. Q. prints *Gore* as the first word of l. 99.

117. Q. prints *Proofe* as the first word of l. 118, and puts *but I shall yron you* in parenthesis to denote an aside.

130. Q. *soft-r'ode*; D₁ *soft-toed*, probably a misprint, which Co. corrects to *soft-roed*.

133. The *etc.* in the Q. denotes that the speech was cut here, or perhaps that Chapman left it unfinished. This last act bears every mark of hasty composition.

137. Q. has a period after *most*; D₁ a dash.

146-7. Q. and editors print Lysander's speech as prose. I arrange as verse.

195-6. Q. 2. *Come convey him to the Lord Governour.*

*First afore the captaine Sir.
Have the heavens, etc.*

The arrangement of speeches is confusing. It is quite certain that the sentence beginning *Have the belongs* to Lysander, and S. gives him also the words *First . . . Sir*. D₂ and Co. take *First* as equivalent to *First Soldier*, and give him the entire line, beginning it *Afore the*, although C. in a note recognizes that the latter part appears to belong to Lysander. As Q. never prints *First* but always 1. as the abbreviation of the speaker's name, I prefer to follow S.

204. Q. misprints *bur*; P. silently corrects.

220. The *aside* in this line was inserted by Co. at the close of the speech.

238. Q. *creature Foole is*; so all editors, although Co. suggests *a fool is*.

249. P. misprints *Lyb.* as the speaker's name.

255-6. Q. *but two*; so all editors. Perhaps we should read *not two*.

274. Q. *Parrat*; editors *parrot*,

which is no doubt correct. Deighton's emendation (*loc. cit.*) *prate* is unnecessary.

305. Q. *Doe heare*; D₁ *Do you hear*.

348. Q. *for us*; so all editors. Perhaps the original was *frō*,

which might be easily misprinted *for*, if the dash over *o* were overlooked.

350. P. misprints *Lyc.* as the speaker's name.

362-4. Q. prints as prose; S. as verse.

THE MASQUE OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE AND LINCOLN'S INN

INTRODUCTION

Ben Jonson told Drummond¹ that 'next himself only Fletcher and Chapman could make a masque. This judgment was perhaps influenced by Jonson's personal feelings, for Chapman and Fletcher were distinguished in his talks with Drummond as poets whom he loved. Yet Jonson's critical dicta always command respect, and since, apart from the masque-like shows and devices preserved in Chapman's plays,² the *Masque of the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn* is Chapman's only surviving work of this form, it deserves some special consideration.

It was composed, as the full title declares, to form part of the festivities accompanying the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter of James I. From 1610, when she was fourteen years old, Elizabeth's hand had been sought by various sovereigns.³ Early in 1612 James concluded a treaty with the Protestant princes of Germany, and in May of that year signed a contract promising Elizabeth in marriage to Frederick V, the Elector Palatine, or Palsgrave, as he was commonly called in England, a nephew of the Protestant champion, Maurice of Orange, and the head of the league of Protestant princes in Germany. The proposed match was very popular in England as definitely committing the nation to the cause of militant Protestantism, and when the Palsgrave arrived in October, 1612, he received a royal welcome. A contemporary⁴ account describes him as 'straight and well-shaped for his growing years. His complexion is brown, with a countenance promising both wit, courage and judgment. He becomes himself well and is very well liked of all'

The young couple seem to have taken a genuine fancy for each other at their first meeting. It was reported of the Palsgrave that 'he plied his mistress hard, and took no delight in running at the ring nor tennis nor riding, but only in her conversation'. She invited him to a 'solemn supper' and entertained him with a play by her own company of actors at the Cockpit. This happy period of courtship was, however, sharply interrupted by the sudden illness and tragic death

¹ *Jonson's Conversations with Drummond—Shakespeare Society Publications*, vol. viii, p. 4.

² In *The Gentleman Usher*, I, ii and II, i and in *The Widow's Tears*, III, ii.

³ Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden and Philip III of Spain were both suggested as fit matches by the English partisans of the opposing Protestant and Catholic parties on the Continent.

⁴ Nichols, *Progresses of King James*, vol. ii, p. 464.

of Henry Prince of Wales, November 6. A deep and sincere affection existed between Henry and Elizabeth. His last intelligible words were an inquiry for his dear sister, and during his illness Elizabeth more than once attempted to visit his sick-bed in disguise only to be turned back at the door of his chamber.

The death of the beloved Heir Apparent cast a gloom over the whole kingdom, but the policy which had determined the marriage of Elizabeth remained unaltered. On December 27 she and the Palsgrave were formally betrothed at Whitehall, and the marriage day was fixed for Shrove Sunday, February 14.

The six weeks between New Year's Day and the wedding must have been a period of feverish haste in the preparation of festivities. The marriage was to be celebrated with a magnificence unknown before in England. There were to be shows on water and land, fireworks, sham battles, processions, banquets, and, as a matter of course, masques. Jonson, the official masque-maker for the Court, was at this time in France¹ acting as tutor and travelling companion to a wild son of Walter Raleigh. In his absence Campion, the musician and poet, Beaumont, since Shakespeare's retirement, the chief playwright of the King's company, and Chapman² were entrusted with the task of composing three masques to be performed on three successive nights at Court.

The festivities opened on Thursday, February 11, with a great show of fireworks on the Thames, St. George and the Dragon, a hart hunted by fiery hounds, a sea-fight of Christians against Turks, and so on. On Saturday there was another show of fireworks 'in the manner of a sea-fight', in which two Venetian ships were captured by galleys from Algiers and rescued by an English fleet. Further shows of a like nature were promised, but if a gossiping³ letter-writer of the day can be trusted 'the King and all the Court took so little delight to see no other activity but shooting and potting of guns that it is quite given over, and the Navy unrigged and the Castle pulled down, the rather for that there were divers hurt . . . as one lost both his eyes, another both his hands, another one hand, with divers others maimed and hurt'. The cost of these somewhat unsatisfactory shows was reckoned at no less than £9,000.

The wedding itself was celebrated with great splendour in the Royal Chapel at Whitehall on Shrove Sunday morning, February 14. Bridegroom and bride were both in cloth of silver richly embroidered with silver, her train carried by thirteen young ladies, 'all in the same livery as the Bride'. The King appeared in a sumptuous suit of black, wearing jewels valued at £600,000; the Queen in white satin, 'most gloriously attired', her jewels valued at £400,000. The Chapel was crowded with richly dressed courtiers; Chamberlain noted that a Catholic lord, who had recently paid a heavy fine for recusancy, was yet able to spend £15,000 in apparel for his two daughters.

After the wedding ceremony a state banquet filled the afternoon

¹ The dates of this journey are uncertain, but it seems probable that Jonson left England very shortly after the Prince's death.

² Chapman had been 'Sewer-in-Ordinary' to the deceased Prince Henry, but it is more probable that his position as chief playwright for the Children of the Revels led to his selection.

³ Chamberlain, quoted by Nichols, *Progresses of King James*, vol. ii, p. 587.

and in the evening the lords of the Court presented Campion's masque¹ in the Banqueting Hall.

Inigo Jones assisted Campion in the preparation of this masque, which is remarkable rather for the splendour of its setting and the ingenuity of its transformation scenes than for its literary merit. The theme is drawn according to the usual convention from classic mythology. Orpheus acts as the presenter, and Prometheus and Entheus (poetic fury) assist him. The first anti-masque is a dance of 'frantics, six men and six women in sundry habits and humours'; the second a dance of sixteen pages 'like fiery spirits, bearing in either hand a torch of virgin wax'. Of the chief masquers the men appeared first as stars, then as courtiers; the women first as statues, then as ladies brought to life. Campion's music, no doubt, appealed as much to the ear as the costumes and dances did to the eye, but the masque as a whole lacks any dominant idea. It is a splendid show rather than a true masque as Jonson conceived it.

On Monday there was a ceremonious running at the ring in the tilt-yard of the palace, in which the King, the Palsgrave and Prince Charles took part, while the Queen and the bride looked on from the galleries and windows of the Banqueting Hall. In the evening came the gorgeous procession, described in the Introduction to Chapman's *Masque*, from Chancery Lane along the Strand to Whitehall, and the performance of the *Masque* in the great hall of the Palace.

On Tuesday, after much 'banqueting of foreign estates as well Princes' ambassadors as the peers and nobles attending upon the Palsgrave', there was a splendid procession by water of the masquers from Gray's Inn and the Inner Temple. 'The barges were beautiful with many flags and streamers, lighted with a number of burning cressets and torches, attended on by drums and trumpets which sounded all the way most melodiously'.

The masque, however, could not be performed that evening. The great hall was so full of people that it could not be cleared for the performance; many ladies of the Court who had gone into the galleries to see the boats land could not get back into the crowded hall; and 'worst of all the King was so wearied and sleepy with sitting up almost two whole nights before that he had no edge to it'. When Bacon, who had spent much time and money in the preparation of this masque, pleaded with the King not to 'bury them quick with this disgrace', James answered peevishly that they must then bury him quick for he could last no longer. By special arrangement the performance was postponed until Saturday night, when it was given before the Court in the Banqueting Hall.

This masque, the work of Beaumont,² assisted apparently by Bacon, was performed 'with great applause and approbation both from the King and all the company'. It is an interesting example of the new development of the masque along dramatic lines. The theme is the rivalry of Mercurý and Iris as messengers of Jove and Juno sent to do honour to the marriage of the two rivers, Thames and Rhine.

¹ Published in quarto, 1613, and reprinted by Nichols, *op. cit.* and in Bullen's *Works of Campion*.

² It was published in quarto form, F. K. for George Norton, probably in 1613—the quarto has no date—and has been reprinted by Nichols, *op. cit.* vol. ii, p. 591, and in the various editions of Beaumont and Fletcher.

After a dialogue in blank verse Mercury summons the first anti-masque consisting first of Naides, to whom there are added in turn the Hyades, four hoodwinked Cupids and four statues. To match this show Iris summons the second anti-masque, a rustic medley of a Pedant, a May Lord, a May Lady, a Serving-man and a Chambermaid, a Country Clown and Country Wench, a Host and Hostess, a He-baboon and She-baboon, a He-fool and a She-fool. The comment in the old copy of the *Masque* states that the music to this device was 'extremely well-fitted, having such a spirit of country jollity as can hardly be imagined, but the perpetual laughter and applause was above the music. The Dance likewise was of the same strain; and the dancers, or rather actors, expressed every one their part naturally and aptly'. The phrase, the *dancers or rather actors*, indicates that this anti-masque was performed by professional players, doubtless members of the King's Company, and it seems likely that this part of the performance was not so much a dance as a comic pantomime. It seems to have been carried back from the Court to the Globe and a version arranged for the public stage was incorporated in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (Act III, sc. v).

The chief masquers were fifteen Olympian knights sent by Jove to renew the ancient games in honour of the nuptials of Frederick and Elizabeth. They danced among themselves, led out the ladies of the Court to dance 'galliards, durets and corantos' and then marched off to the sound of loud music, while the priests of Jove sang a hymeneal chant in honour of the bride and groom.

The crowded week of festivities closed on Sunday, February 21, with a solemn supper in the new Marriage Room of the palace, to which the King invited all the masquers and their assistants, according to each gentleman a special audience and the honour of kissing his hand.

I have given a somewhat detailed account of these festivities to show the nature of the occasion for which Chapman's *Masque* was written, and for purposes of comparison I have analysed the masques that preceded and followed his. Campion's seems to me distinctly old-fashioned; Beaumont's, on the other hand, marks the appearance of a new and more dramatic element; Chapman's, I believe, is nearer than either to the true form of the masque as it had evolved in the first decade of the sixteenth century.

Chapman's work, first of all, springs from one central and dominating *motif*, a *motif*, moreover, which had, for a masque the unusual advantage of novelty. The theme is Virginia, the first English colony beyond the seas. From the beginning of his reign James had taken an interest in the projects of colonization in the New World. Jamestown, named in his honour, was founded in 1607 by a London Company to which he had granted a charter, and there were repeated expeditions to Virginia and further settlements there in 1609, 1610 and 1611. It must be remembered that it was the lure of gold which drew the first English settlers to America. Virginia was thought to be another Mexico or Peru, and the fabulous wealth of the Indies was to flow into England from this new land. Chapman, always interested¹ in discovery and exploration, probably knew as little of the real resources of Virginia and the true nature of the aborigines as did the ordinary man in the street of his day. To him as to most Englishmen of his

¹ See his *De Gutana* (*Poems*, p. 50) and *Eastward Ho*, III, iii.

day Virginia was a land of gold and its inhabitants sun-worshippers like the Aztecs. To bring the counterfeit presentments of these sun-worshippers to Court, clad in all the splendour of the monarch of Eldorado as Raleigh had pictured him, and cause them there to renounce their pagan rites and pay homage to the Sun of Britain, the Phœbus who had succeeded Cynthia upon the throne, was the idea that lay at the back of Chapman's mind when he set to work upon this masque.

The chief masquers would, as a matter of course, appear as Indian princes. The natural presenter of the masque would be Plutus, a fit representative of the riches of the Indies. But Plutus, according to the received mythology was a blind and heavy-witted deity; some reason must be found to explain his presence at the Court and render his presentation of the masque acceptable. Chapman accordingly imagines him to have fallen in love with the Goddess Honour and to have come to seek her at her rich temple at the Court of James, where Fortune¹ had fixed her golden wings and rolling stone 'for sign she would never forsake this kingdom'. Through his love of Honour Plutus has recovered both his sight and wit, and so has become a proper presenter of this honourable masque.

According to the received convention each masque had to include an anti-masque,² a show which preceded the main masque and stood out in sharp contrast to it. This Chapman provided in a company of baboons, according to the belief of his day, inhabitants of the Indies East and West. A special presenter was needed for the anti-masque and for this purpose Chapman invented the figure of Capriccio, a needy, lively, fantastic, 'man of wit', a poor kinsman, one might imagine of the magnificent Monsieur D'Olive.

Along these lines, then, and with these figures Chapman composed his *Masque*. The main presenter, Plutus, appears first, and drops some sarcastic remarks about the conventional scenery, the 'artificial rock' described in the Introduction to the *Masque*. It splits open and Capriccio appears. After a prose dialogue between the two presenters Capriccio introduces the 'baboonerie' from their hiding-place, 'a vast, withered and hollow tree'. After their dance, 'being antic and delightful,' they disappear, and Plutus, having dismissed Capriccio with a golden reward, proceeds to the main business of the performance. All that has passed so far has been but a 'low induction'.

Plutus now invokes Eunomia, the priestess of Honour, to summon her mistress. Honour descends from her temple and informs him that the Princes of the Virgin land are about to pay their homage to the setting sun. After a song by the Phœbades, the priests of the sun, comes the moment of greatest splendour in a masque, the 'discovery' of the chief masquers. The upper part of the mount which filled the back of the scene, was now transformed into a cloud, which rose and revealed a mine of gold. Here were seated the chief masquers at-

¹ *Masque*, II, 163-5.

² 'Anti-masque, "a foil or false masque"' (Jonson's phrase) directly opposed to the principal masque. If this was lofty and serious that was light and ridiculous.—Gifford's note on Jonson's *Masque of Mercury Vindicated*. See also the anti-masque in *The Triumph of Neptune* where the Poet omits this feature in his work and it is supplied by the Cook, the figures of the anti-masque rising from the Cook's pot.

teuded by their torch-bearers, all in the gorgeous costumes described in the Introduction (pp. 439-440).

The spectacle, arranged by Inigo Jones, must indeed have been magnificent. It is followed by a lyrical interlude, songs of the Phœbades to the setting sun, songs of Honour's company in praise of the Phœbus of Britain, a song marking the conversion of the sun-worshippers to this new deity, and so on.

Then Eunomia calls on the chief masquers to do reverence to the King, but before they descend from their high seats, their attendant torch-bearers come down and present the second¹ anti-masque. After this the chief masquers descended, danced two measures alone, and then invited ladies from the audience to join with them. After this comes the speech of Honour in praise of Love and Beauty, i.e. Frederick and Elizabeth, and then, as a solo, sung to a single lute, the Hymn of Love and Beauty, each verse being followed by a chorus of voices. Then came another dance of the masquers with the ladies, then a choral hymeneal song, then the closing words of the presenter, Plutus, and the last dance of the masquers, after which Plutus and Honour led them up to the temple into which they disappeared and so ended² the performance.

I have been at some pains to give a full analysis of the *Masque*, for owing to the confused printing, the omissions, repetitions, and so on, the plan of the whole is by no means apparent at first sight. It would be absurd to affirm that this masque is easy or entertaining reading; but we must remember that the text of a masque was no more meant to be read than is the libretto of a modern opera. Jonson's masques, indeed, are still amusing, partly because of their humorous satirical interludes, partly because of their lyrical beauty. But Jonson stands alone as a writer of masques which are literature without ceasing—like *Comus*, for example—to be true masques. The masque was primarily a spectacle, 'a lyric, scenic, and dramatic framework'³ for the dance of the chief masquers, which was not only its chief feature, but its very *raison d'être*. The scenic effects were most elaborate, the music, instrumental and vocal, composed and performed by professional⁴ musicians, was the best that England could afford at a time when English music was perhaps the best in the world. The dances varied from the grotesque antics of baboons or country clowns and wenches to the elaborate and stately measures of the chief masquers. The costumes were gorgeous beyond description

¹ The introduction of a second anti-masque seems to have been an innovation in the older form which appears for the first time in the three masques presented at this marriage. We have seen the use Beaumont made of it; Chapman, like *Campion*, introduced here the torch-bearers of the chief masquers, thus preparing the way for their ceremonious measures with a lively, but not a grotesque dance, much less a burlesque pantomime. In *Campion's* masque sixteen pages appeared as fiery spirits, dancing a lively measure with a torch of wax in either hand. Chapman's torch-bearers, dressed like their masters in Indian costumes, but 'more stragavant' (*vid.* p. 440), danced with wax torches lighted at both ends.

² The *Hymn to Hymen* which is appended to the *Masque* is not, properly speaking, a part of the performance, but Chapman's *L'Envoy* or *Épilogue*.

³ Schelling, *Elizabethan Drama*, vol. ii, p. 93.

⁴ The *Phœbades* in Chapman's *Masque* were 'the choice musicians of our kingdom', see above p. 439.

and costly¹ to a degree. It was not the business of the masque-writer to compose a drama—any real action would have been overwhelmed and rendered unintelligible by the accessories of music, dancing and costumes—but to invent and elaborate a theme which would give unity and coherence to the separate parts of the masque, afford a fitting opportunity for the introduction of songs and dances, and, most important of all, have a direct bearing upon the occasion on which the masque was to be produced, and pay a flattering homage, couched in the somewhat pedantic mythological conventions of the late Renaissance, to the illustrious personages in whose honour it was performed. All these things, it seems to me, Chapman in the *Masque of the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn* has amply accomplished, and thus justified the praise of Jonson cited at the beginning of this Introduction.

¹ This masque is said to have cost the two Inns presenting it over £1,500, approximately £10,000 to-day.

THE MASQUE OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE AND LINCOLN'S INN

NOTES.

Dedication. Sir Henry Hobart, who is associated with Sir Edward Philips in this Dedication, was an old Lincoln's Inn man. He was knighted by James, July 23, 1603, appointed Attorney-General in 1607, and created a Baronet in 1611.

p. 439. *Cockle-demois.* The *New English Dictionary* gives this as the sole instance of the word and suggests the meaning 'shells representing money'.

p. 440. *Sted them :* walked beside them. The *New English Dictionary* cites this instance.

Watchet : a pale blue colour.

p. 441. *Pentacle.* Nichols takes this word to mean merely a tippet or mantle, but since it is used here as an adornment of a priest, it is probably to be taken as a garment cut in the shape of the sacred pentagram.

Clinquant : glittering, spangled. It seems to have been a common word at this time (cf. *Henry VIII*, I, i, 19). The Palsgrave, for example, said 'he would not see his mistress, but in clinquant' (Nichols, *Op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 464). In l. 192 of the *Masque* it means 'illustrious', 'distinguished.'

p. 442. *Greeses :* 'steps or stairs in a flight.'—*New English Dictionary.*

Coupolo or type : The *New English Dictionary* cites this passage, *sub* type or type. Both words mean the same thing, a dome-like lantern or skylight, *wie ein Lucern formteret in die Runde*, as it is described in a contemporary German account of this masque.—*Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, 1894.

These following : the following directions and explanations. Chapman and his printer seem to have been completely at odds. The next three paragraphs appear to have been written to supply the missing stage directions, but the printer seems to have received them in time to insert some sort of stage directions in the proper places, see for example pp. 447 and 452.

Never sending me a proof : a rather interesting phrase showing that, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, the Elizabethan dramatist did occasionally read his proofs.

p. 444. *These of Menander.* Chapman found this quotation from Menander in Plutarch's *Morals—Amatorius* 763, b. For the original Greek see *Menandri Fragmenta*, No. xiv, p. 57 in *Scriptorium Graecorum Bibliotheca*, edition Didot. Here the Latin translation appears as :

Morbus animi occasio est.

Haec si quem fertit intus, is vulnus trahit.

The next words in Chapman are an adaptation of the words of Plutarch immediately following the quotation: *Imo in causa est deus, alium tangens, alium praetertens.*

p. 445. The Latin line is the latter half of a couplet by Ovid beginning :

Adde quod ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes.

Pontic Epistles, II, ix, 48.

p. 446. *Non est certa fides :* from Propertius, IV, vii (viii), 19. The half line following is from the same poet, IV, vi (vii), 36—Teubner edition.

p. 447, l. 30. *Land of Spruce.* 'Spruce' is a variant form of 'Pruce', Prussia. The 'land of Spruce' apparently is equivalent to the land of Cockayne, where all good things abound. I know no other instance of this phrase,

l. 44. The Latin phrase is Chapman's alteration of the well-known Virgilian phrase :

Et pentitus toto diviso orbe Britannos.
Eclog. I, 67.

- p. 448, l. 65. *Miching*. See note on *Widow's Tears*, V, ii, 39.
- p. 449, l. 107. *Shoemaker*. The reference is to Simon Eyre, the hero of Dekker's *Shoemaker's Holiday*. The historical Simon Eyre who built Leadenhall, Lord Mayor in 1445, was actually a draper, but the legend used by Deloney (*The Gentle Craft*) and Dekker made him a shoemaker.
- l. 119. *Dizzards* : jesters, fools.
- p. 450, l. 153. *A fetch of state* : a trick of state-craft.
- p. 451, l. 182. *Complemental fardel* : bundle of accomplishments, referring to the dancing haboons.
- p. 452, l. 234. *Strikes a plain* : Nichols, who prints *a-plaine*, compares the word to 'a-weary', etc. I take it that *plain* here is used as a substantive from the adjective 'plain,' 'full' and that the expression means 'strikes a full stroke'.
- p. 453, l. 245. *His sea's repatr* : his repairing to the sea, his setting in the sea.
- l. 253. *Tethys*, the wife of Oceanus, used here for the sea.
- p. 455, l. 320. *Those twins* : the twins of Hippocrates. See the note on *The Gentleman Usher*, IV, iii, 17.
- p. 456. Stage-direction. *Single* : to the accompaniment of one lute only. The German account specifies *eln Laut allein*.
- The Hymn, l. 2. *Parcae's tears* : referring to the tears shed for Prince Henry.

TEXT NOTES

There are two old editions of the *Masque*, both in quarto form. One, listed by Greg (*List of English Masques*, W. W. Greg) as the earlier¹ is represented by an apparently unique copy at the British Museum (C. 34. h. 61). It is imperfect lacking signatures D₂-E inclusive. The title-page is as follows : The Memorable Masque of the two Honourable Houses or Innes of Court; the Middle Temple, and Lyncolnes Inne. As it was performed before the King, at White-hall on Shrove-Munday at night; being the 15. of Febr. 1613. At the Princely Celebration of the most royal nuptials of the Palsgrave, and his thrice gracious Princesse Elizabeth, etc. With a description of their whole show, in the manner of their march on horse-backe to the Court, from the Master of the Rolls his house : with all their right noble consorts, and most showfull attendants. Invented, and fashioned, with the ground, and speciall structure of the whole worke : By our Kingdomes most Artfull and Ingenious Architect Innigo Jones. Supplied, Applied, Digested, and written, By Geo. Chapman. At London, Printed by F. K. for George Norton, and are to be sold at his shop neere Temple-barre.

The other edition has a title-page agreeing, apart from minute differences in spelling and punctuation (*maske* for *masque*, *Inns* for *Innes*, etc.) with this, except that the printer's name is given as G. Eld.

Apart from the F. K. quarto in the British Museum all the extant copies of

¹ There is some reason to believe that this copy is the sole remaining example of a second edition. Chapman seems to have been dissatisfied with the printing of the *Masque* (see his remarks on the *unexpected haste of the printer*, p. 442) and may have induced the publisher, Norton, to issue a second edition, the printing of which was entrusted to F. K. (Felix Kyngston, engaged in printing and publishing from 1597 to 1640). Norton had entered Chapman's *Masque* along with Beaumont's *Masque of Gray's Inn* and the *Inner Temple*, in the Stationers' Registers on February 27, 1613—the date is given in the Registers as *Januarii*, but this is an evident mistake. I imagine that to get the work done as quickly as possible he gave the printing of Chapman's *Masque* to George Eld, and Beaumont's to Kyngston. The omission of the *errata* in the F. K. edition, and some peculiarities of arrangement lead me to suspect that this is a second, not a first edition, an opinion which has the support of such authorities on Elizabethan printing as T. J. Wise and R. B. McKerrow. Owing to the mutilated condition of the unique copy, however, it is impossible to decide this matter positively and in the main we are forced to rely on Eld's edition.

the *Masque* with which I am acquainted belong to this edition; there are three copies in the British Museum, three in the Bodleian, two in the Albert and Victoria Museum among Dyce's books, and one in the University Library, Cambridge. T. J. Wise also possesses a copy. There are a number of variations between these copies, of which I have tried to record the more important. One of those at the Bodleian (Malone 241) represents, I think, an earlier and less correct stage. Thus on A⁴ (p. 446 of this edition) it omits the words *all issuing to fidem inclusive*, and the list of *Errata*, probably furnished by Chapman after he had seen an early copy. Elsewhere also this copy differs from the others with which I have compared it, and always for the worse.

The *Masque* was reprinted for the first time by John Nichols—*The Progresses of King James*, vol. ii, pp. 566, *sqq.* Nichols seems to have printed from a copy of Eld's edition—he names Eld as the printer—which lacked the list of *Errata*, for he leaves unaltered several errors noted in this list. I refer to his edition as N.

The next reprint was that in the *Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman*, 1873, (P.). This also is printed from a copy of Eld's edition—possibly from 1 C. 12. g. 6. It omits the *Errata*, but uses them to correct the text. This reprint, then, does not correspond exactly to any of the original copies. The last edition up to the present is that of Shepherd, *Works of George Chapman—Plays* (S.). As usual this is a modernized edition of P.

My own text rests upon a comparison of various copies. I have found that the unique copy is right in two² instances against all the others, but its imperfect condition has prevented me from using it throughout. I have reprinted the *Errata* in a footnote³ and corrected the text by them without indication of the changes so made. My own alterations are in brackets. In the following notes I refer to the text by page and line.

p. 437, l. 11. Q. *Hubberd*. So N. and P. I correct *Hobart*, see note p. 831 above.

P. prints the signature to the letter as follows: *By your free merits ever vowed honorer, and most unfaindly affectioned, Geo. Chapman*. This reading occurs, so far as I know, only in one copy C. 12. g. 6. in the British Museum. My text follows that of the other copies.

p. 440, last line. Q. misprints *Grotesea*. N. corrects.

p. 441, l. 17. S. inserts the word *car* which does not appear in Q.

p. 442, l. 19. *Scal'd*. So Q. and P. N. reads *seal'd*, i.e. *cei'd*.

p. 443, l. 6. The Malone 241 Q. reads *in Orphean*; all others *an Orphean*.

[l. 13. *State*. All old copies that I have seen read *seate*; but in one of the Dyce copies, originally in the Heber collection, there is an

MS. correction *state*. This seems to me the true reading, for the reference is to the *state*, or royal chair, of the King, and the misprint *seate for state* is very easy.

l. 15. *To set*. One copy (British Museum C. 12. g. 6) reads *to be set*, which is followed by P.; all others that I have seen, and N., *to set*.

p. 444, l. 12. *Vain*. P. follows C. 12. g. 6. in reading *paine*; all others that I have seen, and N. have *vaine*.

l. 26. *Q. cause of all mens*: so N., P., and S. But this is repugnant to the context; *all* is an evident error for *some* which I have inserted in the text.

ll. 24, 26, 32. These lines show three instances where the Malone 241 copy stands alone in error. It has a period after *opportunitas*, reads *sleight* and *freedom* for *slight* and *Freedom*, and *writ* for *write*. I shall not hereafter note

¹ See the notes on Chapman's signature and on *Vain* p. 444, l. 12.

² See the notes on p. 449, l. 97, and l. 107.

³ *Errata*: In *Capri*. first speech for many, read *maine* [p. 447, l. 15], in c. i. for Pot. re. post [p. 449, l. 97], in c. 3. for answer, re. austerity, for purposes re. purses [p. 450, ll. 154-155], in c. 3 [an error for c. 4] for seemingly re. securely [p. 450, l. 172], in d. 2. for law, and vertue, re. love and beauty, [p. 452, l. 222], in the first stance of the second song for this re. his [p. 453, l. 258], for sweet devotions, re. fit devotions [p. 455, l. 309]. This list does not appear in the F.K. quarto.

- any of the peculiar errors of this copy.
- p. 445, l. 8. *Ever*. N. misled perhaps by the old punctuation reads *never*, but this is an erroneous alteration. The sentence is to be construed: *But with no time, no study . will the chaste . . beams of truth ever enter any arrogant, etc.*
- p. 447, l. 15. The unique copy reads *many*, all others *manie*. The true reading, *maine*, is given in the *Errata*, and followed by N. and P.
- p. 449, l. 97. *Watering-post*: *post* is the reading of the unique copy; all others *pot*, an error corrected in the *Errata* and by N. and P.
- l. 107. *In a liberal*. So the unique copy; all others *in in a liberal*, a misprint corrected in N.
- p. 450, ll. 154-5. All copies, including the unique quarto, read *answer* and *purposes*. N. follows this reading in spite of the *Errata*, but P. corrects.
- l. 158. *All is*. P. misprints *all this*.
- l. 172. *Securely*. Q. *scmingly* or *seemingly*). N. follows this reading in spite of the *Errata*, but P. corrects. In the same line P. prints *the* for *thee* a false reading which occurs in Malone 24r and three British Museum Qq; the unique quarto and two copies at the Bodleian have correctly *thee*.
- l. 178. The unique quarto has *Antimasque*; the others *Antemaske*. P. misprints *Autemaske*.
- p. 451, l. 208. All the old copies, followed by N. and P. read *Love*, but this is impossible. The words are addressed to *Eunomia* or the sacred power of Law (l. 202). That a confusion between *Lawe* and *Love* was possible is shown by the fact that in l. 222 all Qq have *Lawe* where the *Errata* corrects *Love*. I have therefore restored *Law* to the text.
- p. 452, l. 218. All Qq, followed by P. and N., read *right*; S. *rile*, which I take to be correct.
- l. 219. P. omits *the* before *Briton*. I find no authority for this in any old copy.
- l. 222. All Qq and N. read *Lawe* and *Vertue*. P. following the *Errata*, *Love* and *Beauty*.
- p. 453, l. 258. All Qq read *this golden*. N. and P. following the *Errata*, *his golden*.
- p. 454. Stage-direction after l. 293. All Qq, and N. P. and S. read *third stance*; but the third stance has already been sung, ll. 280-291. This is the fourth, and I have made the necessary correction.
- p. 455, l. 309. All Qq and N. read *sweet devotions*; P. following the *Errata*, *fit devotions*.
- l. 316. I have prefixed *Hon.* to this line; cf. l. 306.
- p. 458, l. 9. P. has a period after *heat*, but I find no authority for this punctuation in any old copy.
- l. 31. N. thinks that the first *weeds* in this line is an error, and suggests *gems*, but the reading of the text is supported by all the old copies and is quite in Chapman's manner.
- p. 459, l. 70. All Qq read *arts*, a mistake corrected by N.

EASTWARD HO

INTRODUCTION

Eastward Ho was entered in the Stationers' Registers, September 4, 1605, to William Aspley and Thomas Thorpe.¹ For some reason Thorpe, perhaps because he was about to publish *All Fools*, ceded his rights in *Eastward Ho* to Aspley, who issued this play later in the same year, 1605, with the following title-page:

Eastward Ho. As It was playd in the Black-friers. By The Children of her Majesties Revels. Made by Geo: Chapman. Ben: Jonson. Joh: Marston. At London Printed for William Aspley. 1605.

There is a general consensus of opinion that *Eastward Ho* was composed not long before its publication, at earliest in the winter of 1604-5 (Fleay, *Biographical Chronicle*, vol. i, p. 60). If the date that I have suggested for *Monsieur D'Olive* (see above, p. 775) be correct, it would seem to follow that *Eastward Ho*, or at least Chapman's share in it, was composed early in 1605, possibly in the spring of that year. The play was, no doubt, put on the stage as soon as it was finished. It gave, as is well known, grave offence at Court. According to Jonson's report to ²Drummond 'he was delated by Sir James Murray to the King for writing something against the Scots in a play, *Eastward Ho*, and voluntarily imprisoned himself with Chapman and Marston who had written it amongst them. The report was that they should then have had their ears cut and noses. After their delivery, he banqueted all his friends; there was Camden, Selden, and and others; at the midst of the feast his old mother drank to him and shew him a paper which she had (if the sentence had taken execution) to have mixed in the prison among his drink, which was full of lusty strong poison, and that she was no churl, she told, she minded first to have drunk of it herself'.

The authors seem to have escaped the threatened punishment through the intercession of powerful friends. A letter of Jonson's to Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, preserved among the papers at Hatfield, has generally been accepted as referring to this imprisonment. It has been printed by Gifford (*Jonson's Works*, vol. i, p. 40) and Schelling (*Eastward Ho*, p. 162, *Belles-Lettres* edition). I cite here only the most important sentences. 'I am here, my most honoured lord, unexamined and unheard, committed to a vile prison, and with me a gentleman (whose name may, perhaps, have come to your lord-

¹ These two publishers evidently began about this time to take an interest in Chapman's work. Thorpe published *All Fools* in 1605, and *The Gentleman Usher* in 1606; Aspley *Eastward Ho* in 1605 and *Bussy* in 1607.

² *Ben Jonson's Conversations*, p. 20 (*Shakespeare Society Publications*, vol. viii).

ship) one Mr. George Chapman, a learned and honest man. The cause (would I could name some worthier, though I wish we had none worthy our imprisonment) is . . . a play, my lord; whereof we hope there is no man can justly complain that hath the virtue to think but favourably of himself, if our judge bring an equal ear: marry, if with prejudice we be made guilty afore our time, we must embrace the asinine virtue, patience. . . . I beseech your most honourable lordship suffer not other men's errors or faults past to be made my crimes; but let me be examined both by all my works past and this present; and not trust to rumour but my books whether I have ever . . . given offence to a nation, to a public order or state, or any person of honour or authority; but have equally laboured to keep their dignity as mine own person, safe. If others have transgressed, let me not be entitled to their follies. But lest in being too diligent for my excuse, I may incur the suspicion of being guilty, I become a most humble suitor to your lordship that with the honourable lord Chamberlain . . . you will be pleased to be the grateful means of our coming to answer; or if in your wisdoms it shall be thought necessary, that your lordship will be the most honoured cause of our liberty'.

The letters communicated to the *Athenaeum*, March 30, 1901, by Mr. Dobell also refer to an imprisonment of Jonson and Chapman, presumably to the one imprisonment shared by the two poets of which we have record. These letters are addressed to the King,¹ two to the Lord Chamberlain, to the Earl of Pembroke, to an unknown lord, and to 'the excellentest of ladies' (the Countess of Rutland, or, perhaps, the Countess of Bedford). With such defenders it was an easy matter for the poets to obtain their release. The letter to Salisbury enables us to date the imprisonment after May 4, 1605, when Robert Cecil received the title of Earl of Salisbury. Since the letter, moreover, appears to have been written immediately after the author's arrest—note the opening words—we may suppose this to have taken place about the first of the month, and, in consequence, that the play had been produced in April, since it is unlikely that the play had been on the stage any length of time before the authors were 'delated' and arrested.

The scandal caused by the performance of *Eastward Ho* contributed

¹ Dobell ascribes the first three of these letters to Chapman, the others to Jonson. M. Castelain in an appendix to his *Ben Jonson*, pp. 901 ssq., holds that these letters refer, not to the imprisonment connected with *Eastward Ho*, but to another imprisonment connected with some other comedy in which the two poets had collaborated, probably, he thinks, *Sir Giles Goosecap*. M. Castelain has little difficulty in pointing out certain discrepancies between these letters and Jonson's statement to Drummond. There is, for example, no mention in them of Marston's imprisonment, nor even of his collaboration in the play in question. But to explain these discrepancies it is hardly necessary to imagine a second imprisonment of the two poets, shortly after the *Eastward Ho* affair, for a second comedy in which they were again jointly guilty of a similar offence. As a matter of fact no comedy except *Eastward Ho* is known in which they collaborated, and M. Castelain's suggestion that this second play might be *Sir Giles Goosecap* is ruled out of court, even if Jonson's collaboration in this play were demonstrable, by the fact that there is every reason to believe that *Sir Giles* antedates *Eastward Ho* by several years—see below, p. 890. It seems likely, indeed, that shortly after the appearance of *Eastward Ho*, Chapman ceased to write comedies. With the possible exception of *The Widow's Tears*—see p. 798 above—not one of his comedies can be referred to a period later than the spring of 1605.

no doubt to the withdrawal of royal favour from the children of the Queen's Revels,¹ but it does not seem to have brought about the suppression of the offending comedy. Not only did three editions of *Eastward Ho* appear in the same year, 1605, but the play remained in the hands of the company and was presumably acted from time to time. In 1613 we find Daborne suggesting to Henslowe² that *Eastward Ho* be billed for a certain day. This performance was to be by the Lady Elizabeth's Players, a company into which the Queen's Revels children had that year been absorbed. This company actually presented *Eastward Ho* at Court³ before King James on January 25, 1614, probably in a form purged of offence. This is the last recorded performance before the closing of the theatres, but it is not unlikely that the play was revived from time to time during this period. A fresh revival after the Restoration was the probable cause of Tate's adaptation, *Cuckold's Haven or An Alderman No Conjuror*, 1685. This work of Tate's is one of the most outrageous of the many transformations of Elizabethan plays that occurred under the later Stuarts. It is a clumsy amalgamation of *Eastward Ho* and *The Devil is an Ass*; the lively comedy of the original degenerates into gross farce; the part of Touchstone, recast for the buffoon, Nokes, is degraded beneath contempt; and the sturdy bourgeois morality of the old play gives place to the conventional Restoration mockery of the intelligence and virtue of London citizens.

In 1751 Garrick substituted *Eastward Ho* in its original form for the customary performance of *London Cuckolds* on Lord Mayor's Day, October 29. It was, we are told,⁴ driven from the stage and never repeated; but Garrick had been struck with the possibilities of the old play and he later induced Mrs. Lennox to prepare a new version of it. This was produced under the title of *Old City Manners*⁵, at Drury Lane, November 9, 1775, and favourably received. A comparison of *Old City Manners* with *Cuckold's Haven* would afford interesting testimony as to the change in theatrical taste between 1685 and 1775. The later work adheres on the whole fairly closely to its original, although, as a matter of course, it softens at times the Elizabethan frankness of speech. The most important change is in the character of Sir Petronel who appears as an affected coxcomb, but is in truth a runaway servant who has stolen his master's name as well as his money. The discovery of his previous marriage before his union with Gertrude sets that lady free, and the adventurer is not included in the jail delivery at the close of the play, but is dispatched to York, presumably to await the gallows for his earlier offences.

The sources of *Eastward Ho*, long unknown, have in recent years gradually become clearer. Koepfel (*Quellen-Studien zu den Dramen Jonsons—Münchener Beiträge*, vol. ii, pp. 31-2) believed that the plot was invented by the authors. Schelling (*Belles-Lettres* edition of *Eastward Ho*, p. 2) called attention to the early 'prodigal son dramas',

¹ One of their masters, Kirkham, left them at this time, and took charge of their rivals, Paul's Boys, who in the following year, 1606, took their place at Court.

² Greg, *Henslowe Papers*, p. 71.

³ Murray, *English Dramatic Companies*, vol. i, p. 263.

⁴ Genest, vol. iv, p. 341. *Eastward Ho* in its original form was acted by Harvard undergraduates in 1902.

⁵ Genest, vol. v, pp. 481-2.

Acolastus, *The Nice Wanton*, *Misogonus*, and *The Disobedient Child* as embodying 'the underlying ideal' of *Eastward Ho*, an ideal which received its most elaborate form in Gascoigne's ¹*Glass of Government*, 1575. Curtis (*Modern Philology*, vol. v, 1906) pointed out a direct source for the Petronel-Winifred plot in two tales (34 and 40) of the *Novellino* of Masuccio, in 1476. He points out eleven details which occur alike in these stories and in *Eastward Ho*. All but two of these are found in No. 40, and these two—the deluded husband's unconscious jesting at his own expense (cf. *Eastward Ho*, III, ii, 260-270) and his uproar on the discovery of the trick that has been played him (cf. *Eastward Ho*, III, iv)—are so slight and spring so naturally from the situation that I do not see the necessity of insisting upon No. 34 as a source. The true source of the whole Petronel-Winifred plot is, I think, the fortieth story of the *Novellino*.

A brief abstract of this tale will show the essential likeness and the agreement in details between the *novella* and play. Genefra, a rich Catalan, falls in love with Adriana, the young wife of Cosmo, a silver-smith of Amalfi. To obtain his end Genefra cultivates Cosmo's friendship and so far wins over the unsuspecting husband that he is invited to stand godfather to the first child of the marriage (cf. *Eastward Ho*, III, i, 8-12). Forced to leave Amalfi, Genefra plots to carry off the wife and enlists Cosmo as his accomplice by deluding him with a false tale of his purpose to elope with a boatman's wife (cf. *Eastward Ho*, III, ii, 205, *ssq.*). Cosmo gladly promises his aid (cf. *Eastward Ho*, III, ii, 244, *ssq.*) forces his own wife to give a farewell kiss to Genefra (cf. *Eastward Ho*, III, i, 20-22), and agrees to hire the boatman to carry him to Genefra's ship in order that the latter may have free access to the boatman's wife (cf. *Eastward Ho*, III, ii, 229, *ssq.*). Genefra utilizes the absence of Cosmo from home to send a servant to bring Adriana on board in disguise (cf. *Eastward Ho*, III, ii, 255, *ssq.*). She is conveyed to the ship in the same boat with her husband, Cosmo, and her supposed husband, the boatman (cf. the presence of both Security and Bramble at the tavern, *Eastward Ho*, III, iii) and when she begins to cry over her escapade, her deluded husband comforts her in much the same manner as Security cheers up Winifred (*Eastward Ho*, III, iii, 131-9). It is, perhaps, needless to say that the resemblance ends here; in the Italian tale the author's sympathies are wholly with the lovers; their trick succeeds and Cosmo returns home to discover too late that it is his own wife and not a neighbour's that he has aided to elope.

The Petronel-Winifred scenes of *Eastward Ho* constitute, as Curtis noted, a fairly independent plot cleverly interwoven with the main theme of the play, but by no means essential to it. They form an organic and harmonious whole, contain, for this play, an unusual amount of verse, and for the rest are written in a fluent prose that shows marked differences from the prose of the other scenes. It is plain, I think, that these scenes are the work, probably the unaided work, of only one of the collaborators, and the bearing of this fact upon the assignment to the three authors of their respective parts will soon be made apparent.

¹ Gascoigne's play was probably not intended for the stage. An interesting account of its relations to earlier Latin plays by the German humanists will be found in Herford, *Literary Relations*, p. 149, *ssq.*

It is probable that no source, in the strict sense of the word, exists for the main plot. The suggestion, that Quicksilver, the leading figure, had a prototype in Luke Hatton,¹ a notorious highwayman, executed at York in 1598, has nothing to recommend it beyond the fact that Luke, like Quicksilver, composed a 'Repentance' in prison. There is otherwise no recognizable likeness between the London apprentice who is led astray by his desire of aping gentility and the Northern gentleman—Hatton is said to have been a son or nephew of the Archbishop of York—who turns highwayman and ends on the gallows. If however, there is no source for the main plot, it is by no means impossible to determine the occasion which gave birth to this play. In fact this is pointed out in the *Prologue* itself of *Eastward Ho*. It was the performance, and apparently the success, of Dekker and Webster's *Westward Ho* by the rival company of Paul's Boys toward the close of 1604. Now this play, *Westward Ho*, does not stand alone. It is one of the first specimens of a new fashion in comedy which seems to have come into vogue shortly after the opening² of the theatres in the spring of 1604. This new fashion was the realistic comedy of London life. Certain fore-runners of this class had already appeared in *The Shoemakers' Holiday*, 1599, and *The Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 1602; but the new comedy is marked by a satiric note, a partiality for questionable scenes³ and characters, and a general moral laxness, happily absent in the earlier plays. It seems probable that the first deviser of this fashion was Thomas Middleton, who after some years of experimental collaboration, opened in 1604, with *Michaelmas Term*, a vein that he continued to work for nearly a decade. Middleton has been well called⁴ 'the most absolute realist' in Elizabethan drama. He paints life as it is, but without the sympathetic interest that marks such work as Dekker's best. He himself was a University and Gray's Inn man, and his attitude toward the life and manners of London citizens is characterized by a superior and somewhat cynical contempt. His bourgeois comedies are undoubtedly clever, entertaining, and valuable as pictures of contemporary life, but they are anything but edifying. He lacks Jonson's strong sense of morals as completely as he does Dekker's tenderness of heart. His influence upon his contemporaries, however, is undeniable, and it seems to have been particularly strong over Dekker.⁵ These two playwrights had worked together for Henslowe on several plays⁶ now lost. In *The Honest Whore*, 1604,

¹ *Athenaeum*, October 13, 1883; Fleay, *Biographical Chronicle*, vol. i, p. 346, accepts this suggestion.

² The plague closed the theatres on May 26, 1603, and it was not until April 9, 1604, that a royal licence permitted the opening of the Globe, the Fortune, and the Curtain. The private houses probably opened about the same time.

³ Brothel scenes are not infrequent, the courtesan, or the deluded country wench, is a common character—she is often married off at the close of the play, and the affairs of citizens' wives with courtiers, affairs that hover on the very brink of adultery, furnish a stock theme.

⁴ Schelling, *Elizabethan Drama*, vol. i, p. 516.

⁵ Dekker's regard for Middleton is shown in the note he appended to the speech of Zeal in *The King's Entertainment*, 1604 (Dekker, *Dramatic Works*, v. i. p. 321).

⁶ *Caesar's Fall* and *The Chester Tragedy*, apparently historical plays; see Greg, *Henslowe's Diary*, pt. II. p. 222.

the first of their extant collaborations, the influence¹ of Middleton upon his fellow is plainly visible, and in *Westward Ho*, where he collaborated with Webster, Dekker swung over as far as his talent and temperament permitted to the manner of his former partner. The scene is laid for the most part in the City, the theme is made up of the flirtations of a triplicity of citizens' wives with their gentlemen suitors, and the moral, so far as one can be found in the play, is that all things save the last step are permissible to merry wives in search of entertainment for their idle hours. An even wider range is apparently permitted to their husbands who amuse themselves during the absence of their wives in a house of more than doubtful reputation. To stigmatize this play with Schelling as marking the 'depth of gross and vicious realism to which the Comedy of Manners descended' seems to me rather like breaking a butterfly upon a wheel. Dekker's light touch and careless grace preserve even this play from the charge of deliberate viciousness. But it would be absurd to deny that the picture it gives of London city life must have been then, as it is now, offensive to the moralist who took the comic drama seriously.

Eastward Ho, in its main outlines at least, seems to me a conscious protest² of such moralists against the new comedy of Middleton and Dekker. It adopts their realistic treatment, excludes all trace of romance or sentiment, and presents a picture of city life completely convincing in its verisimilitude. But in strong distinction from the work of Middleton and Dekker this picture is one of honesty, industry, and sobriety victorious over roguery, idleness, and dissipation. Touchstone, the real hero of the play, a thorough-going citizen with all the citizen's limitations, is another guess figure than Quomodo or Justinian. There is no dallying with vice in his household, and if, against his will, one night is given up to wasteful prodigality, it is atoned for in the morning by the expulsion of the typical prodigal. In other words instead of the laxness and confusion of morals which we have noted in *Westward Ho*, we have here a sharp differentiation between vice and virtue—the latter, to be sure, presented in a somewhat bourgeois form—an open conflict, and the final triumph of the good.

A play of this type was a novelty on the boards of Blackfriars. A glance over the repertoire of that theatre from the beginning of the century shows us such plays as *Cynthia's Revels*, *Sir Giles Goosecap*, *The Poetaster*, *May-Day*, *All Fools*, *The Gentleman Usher*, *Monsieur D'Olive*, *The Malcontent*, and *Philotas*. We find here the comedy of courtly life, enlivened by 'humours' and personal satire, adaptations of Latin and Italian comedies, romantic comedy and tragi-comedy, and a single specimen of classical tragedy. There is not a trace before *Eastward Ho* of the realistic comedy of manners and of London life. It is not surprising, therefore, that before attempting such a departure the three chief playwrights in this theatre should have laid their heads together and determined to produce in collaboration a work that might hold the field against the late success of their rivals at Paul's.

¹ Cf. *The Honest Whore*, II, i with *Michaelmas Term*, III, i, and the forced marriage of Mattheo to Bellafront with that of Lethe and the Country Wench.

² The statement of the *Prologue* that *Eastward Ho* was composed neither out of envy, imitation, nor rivalry with its immediate predecessor does not seem to me to alter the fact of such a protest. The last thing to be expected of writers for the courtly audience of Blackfriars was a proclamation that they were taking up arms to maintain the good name of the City.

The initiative for this collaboration came, I fancy, from Marston. He had already been reconciled with Jonson¹ after the so-called War of the Theatres, and had joined the playwrights working for the children at Blackfriars. One of his first plays for this company, *The Dutch Courtesan*, 1604, shows him taking sharp issue with his former associate Dekker. *The Honest Whore* of Dekker and Middleton is mentioned in Henslowe's *Diary* at a date fixed by Greg before March 14, 1604. If so, the play was composed in anticipation of the opening of the theatres in April, and must certainly have been on the boards before *The Dutch Courtesan*. Now in *The Honest Whore* Dekker gives us a romantic, not to say a sentimental, treatment of the courtesan. His Bellafront, whether sinning or repenting, is a sympathetic and delightful figure. In *The Dutch Courtesan*² on the contrary the theme, as Marston himself tells us is 'the difference between the love of a courtesan and a wife', and the figure of Franceschina is a vigorous, realistic, and repulsive portrait of the harlot. Marston's indecency of language is so offensive to our modern ears that we are apt to consider him an immoral writer. He was nothing of the kind. Beginning as a satirist and ending as a preacher John Marston, like Swift whom he resembles in so many ways, was filled with a bitter indignation against the abuses and corruptions of his day. Not one of his works shows the blurring of moral issues or the sympathetic presentation of a vicious character which we have noted in Middleton and Dekker. It seems to me, then, no unlikely supposition that, as his unaided work, *The Dutch Courtesan*, is an intentional retort to *The Honest Whore*, so the idea of a joint reply to *Westward Ho* should have originated with him. It is quite unlikely to have been Chapman's, whose share in the play, as we shall see later on, was limited to the underplot, and Jonson's³ attitude toward *Eastward Ho* can hardly be reconciled with the supposition that it was he who at once originated and dominated the work of collaboration.

The question of the collaboration of the three authors in *Eastward Ho* has often been touched upon, but never, I think, treated with the fullness and care that so interesting a problem deserves. The first

¹ See the *Dedication* of *The Malcontent*, published 1604.

² Even if it could be shown that *The Dutch Courtesan* preceded *The Honest Whore* on the stage there would be no need of renouncing the idea that Marston's play is a protest against Dekker's treatment of the courtesan. In the intimate association of playwrights and actors at that time, Marston might well have known of Dekker's work before it was actually produced and have hurried his opposition play through in advance as Jonson did with *The Poetaster*.

³ Jonson never claimed *Eastward Ho* as his nor included it in his published works. Compare with this his treatment of *Sejanus*, also written in collaboration, which he published as his own, expunging the work of his associate, and substituting matter of his own. I have always thought that his words to Drummond that Chapman and Marston *had written it amongst them* referred to the play as a whole, and were intended to show Jonson's slight connexion with the work. Castelain (*op. cit.*, p. 905) takes the pronoun *it* to refer to the phrase *something against the Scots*. It seems to me unlikely that Jonson should have spoken of Chapman and Marston as having written *amongst them* the 'two clauses', which according to Chapman's letter to the king, printed in the *Athenaeum*, March 30, 1901, were all that gave offence, for one would hardly speak of two authors collaborating to produce two clauses. Long and careful study of the play has convinced me, at least, that Jonson's share in *Eastward Ho* was rather that of an adviser and reviser than that of an originator.

attempt at an analysis occurs, so far as I know, in an article in *Blackwood's* for 1821 (vol. x, p. 136) where it is suggested that Jonson 'first sketched the plan which might be filled up by Chapman and receive a few witty and satirical touches from the pen of Marston. . . The whole, it is likely, underwent the revival of Jonson, traces of whom are discernible in the character of Touchstone and in the concluding scenes'. Swinburne (*George Chapman*, p. 55 *ssq.*) points out certain unmistakable traces of Chapman in the third and fourth acts, suggests that Marston's hand is only visible in 'one or two momentary indecencies' in the scenes in which Mistress Touchstone and Gertrude figure (I, ii, III, ii, IV, ii, and V, i) and concludes by saying that we may probably feel safe in assigning to each of the three 'as equal a share in the labour and credit as they bore in the peril', a statement which hardly adds to our knowledge of the case. Bullen (*Marston's Works*, vol. i, p. xli) accepts Swinburne's suggestion as to Chapman's contributions, assigns the *Prologue* to Jonson, the first two acts to Jonson and Marston, a passage in the fourth act to Jonson (IV, i, 210-247) and declares that it would be of doubtful advantage to pursue the inquiry further. Fleay (*Biographical Chronicle*, vol. ii, p. 81) was the first to attempt anything like a complete analysis. He gives Marston the whole first part of the play (Acts I and II, i) Chapman the second as far as IV, ii, and Jonson the remainder. As usual with Fleay the assertion is unsupported by proof, but his acumen and wide reading in Elizabethan drama led him, I believe, to a conclusion not far from the truth. Ward (*History of English Dramatic Literature*, vol. ii, p. 441) inclines to attribute a greater part of the play to Chapman than to Marston, leaving only 'a few touches' for Jonson. Schelling, the latest editor of the play (*Eastward Ho—Belles-Lettres Series*, p. xii) practically waives all attempt at any assignment, and intimates¹ pretty clearly that any such attempt is a waste of ingenuity. For my part I cannot accept the view that the problem of assignment is insoluble, or that its solution, if effected, would be valueless. We have in *Eastward Ho* the joint work of three of the most prominent dramatists of their day, each marked by his own peculiar traits of diction, dramatic method, and tone of mind. Such a work certainly affords a fair field for study and offers the prospect of arriving, if not at a mathematical certainty, at least at a generally acceptable conclusion. And if we can obtain this we certainly gain new light on the character and ability of the authors. If, for example, it could be shown that the greater part of *Eastward Ho* was indisputably Chapman's, we would be forced at once to revise our conception of that author's talent as a comic writer, particularly in the matter of dramatic construction.

It seems to me, moreover, that such an assignment is quite possible if we use the means that lie at our hands. External evidence, to be sure, is practically non-existent; the three names appear on the title-page in alphabetical order, and Jonson's statement to Drummond is too terse and ambiguous to give us much aid. We are forced to rely on internal evidence and it may be frankly granted that the fact that

¹ He points out that Bullen finds 'a Jonsonian expression in a part of the play attributed by Fleay to Marston, and a favourite Marston word (*chuck*) in Fleay's Jonsonian part,' and goes on to say 'except where marked and distinctive qualities such as the versification of Fletcher . . . exist ascriptions of the precise limit of authorship cannot but be regarded askant'

the greater part of the play is written in prose makes the analysis more difficult than that of a Fletcher-Massinger play. But to throw doubt upon the ascription of a scene to Jonson because of the presence in it of a so-called 'Marston word', and that work *chuck*, which occurs probably in most Elizabethan dramatists, is merely to bring contempt upon the resources of scholarship. It is by the evidence of the style as a whole in scene or act taken as a whole, by the accumulation of parallel passages, by noting similarities of method in the presentation of character and in the handling of situation, and not least by detecting the perhaps indefinable but unmistakable tone and flavour peculiar to an author, that we are able to differentiate and determine the work of each contributor to a collaborated drama like *Eastward Ho*. Such an assignment need not exclude consultation among the authors before actually setting hand to pen, nor a certain amount of revision after the first draft of the play had been written; but no one familiar with the conditions under which the Elizabethan drama was produced can believe that three playwrights of that day worked together on a scene, mutually contributing, criticizing, and elaborating. So far as actual composition went we may safely believe that each author wrote for and by himself. Any scene, then, that we may find good reason for ascribing to one of our three writers may be considered as essentially his own composition.

As I have already said, I consider it likely that the conception of *Eastward Ho* originated with Marston; but it is hard not to see Jonson's hand in the careful planning and admirable adjustment of the whole. He was probably called into consultation before the work was begun, and gave his collaborators the benefit of that talent for dramatic construction which distinguished him above all his contemporaries. To Jonson, also, I would ascribe with Bullen the *Prologue*, written, no doubt, for the first performance.

The first scene¹ is unmistakably the work of Marston. We have a characteristic example of his sentence structure in ll. 36-8, expressions that can be paralleled in his unaided plays in ll. 59-64, 119 and 124, and two of his favourite words in ll. 77 and 98. The rhymed moral tag with which the scene closes is the sort of thing that Marston produced in superabundance; handfuls of them may be culled from his works. More important than all these, however, is the treatment of character. Quicksilver here, and in all the Marston scenes in which he figures, is almost a replica of that impudent and entertaining knave Cocledemoy in *The Dutch Courtesan*. He is a little less foul-mouthed, to be sure, but the presence of such reverend seniors as Chapman and Jonson may have imposed some slight check upon Marston's easy flow in this kind. Touchstone, in turn, at once suggests the figure of Sim Eyre in *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, and it is tolerably certain that Marston alone of the three collaborators would have been willing, or indeed able, to have followed so closely in the footsteps of his former ally, Dekker. Finally the whole scene has a pungency of speech and a swiftness of movement that are found in Marston at his best, and

¹ For the full evidence of the points advanced in the following analysis the student is referred to the notes on the passages in question. I wish to take this opportunity of acknowledging my debt to the work of M. Schoell, whose analysis of this play is the most careful and complete that has yet been made. I have taken over many of his arguments and illustrations.

are in sharp contrast with the more deliberate and laboured manner of Jonson and the equable flow of Chapman's best prose.

The second scene of act one may also safely be assigned to Marston. The direct evidence is not so strong as in the first scene, but the general tone and manner of both is so much alike that it is almost certain that they are by the same hand. A situation occurs in this scene that has an interesting parallel in Chapman's first comedy (see note on ll. 105-12) and toward the close Mr. Bullen notes 'a Jonsonian expression', but these isolated instances are not of sufficient importance to warrant our ascribing any essential part of this scene to either of these authors.

The first scene of act two is mainly, if not altogether, by Marston. Several close parallels are pointed out in the notes, and the drunken Quicksilver is even closer akin to Coccledemoy than in the first scene of the play. The only passage which appears doubtful is the dialogue between Golding and Mildred (ll. 53-83). At first sight the involved style of this passage seems so unlike the usual work of Marston as to suggest that we have here an interpolation by Jonson. But this passage is in designed contrast with what precedes and follows it, and that Marston was not incapable of such heavy and involved prose is shown by several passages in the more serious parts of his comedies—see especially *The Fawn*, I, i, 18-39.

The second scene of the second act presents some little difficulty. The opening soliloquy of Security is so unlike Marston that I was originally inclined to doubt his authorship of the scene. But closer study shows his hand visible throughout, in the stage-direction after l. 10, in the bit of blank verse beginning with l. 28, and in the parody of the old ballad that follows, in the rhymed moral tag (l. 53-4), and especially in the ironical apology for usury (ll. 107-126). The scene as a whole, I believe, may be assigned to Marston, although it is not impossible that it received some revision by Jonson. I should be inclined, for example, to assign to Jonson the opening soliloquy, possibly written to take the place of a less effective entrance for Security in the first draft, and, perhaps, also the closing lines of the scene.

Here, for the time at least, Marston's contribution ends and a new hand begins. The third scene of the second act shows unmistakable traces of Chapman. A great part of the prose, particularly in the longer speeches (see ll. 61-88) is closer to the style of similar passages in *Monsieur D'Olive* than to anything in Marston or Jonson, and we find Chapman words and phrases in ll. 16, 89-90, and 138. The figure of Sir Petronel seems to me to lack the precision of outline peculiar to Jonson and the strong colours in which Marston would have painted the knight-adventurer. Quicksilver, too, is rather the witty intriguer of Chapman's comedies than the 'shameless varlet' of the preceding scenes. In this scene, moreover, we find the beginning of the Petronel-Winifred intrigue. After the entrance of Gertrude the dialogue becomes quicker and more pointed, and there is a possibility that the last part of this scene was revised, if not written, by Marston.

The short scene which opens act three is undoubtedly Chapman's. No one could mistake the prose of the opening speeches for the work of either Marston or Jonson, and characteristic words and phrases of Chapman's appear in ll. 19 and 37. This scene also belongs to the Petronel-Winifred intrigue and contains a couple of incidents from the Italian tale on which this plot is founded.

The second scene of act three seems to me to fall into two parts. From l. 205 to the close Chapman's hand is too apparent to admit of doubt. The verse is wholly in his manner—compare it for a moment with the only other blank verse passage in the preceding scenes, the Marston bit in II, ii, 29–37—and the likeness between Security's malicious delight in the proposed gulling of his neighbour and Gostanzo's similar attitude in *All Fools* (III, i) is unmistakable. This part also is devoted to the further development of the Petronel-Winifred plot. The authorship of the first part of this scene (ll. 1–205) is at the first glance less certain. Much of the dialogue seems almost too vivacious and pointed for Chapman, and the parts of Gertrude and Touchstone are in such admirable accordance with the earlier scenes in which these characters appear that at first sight one is tempted to assign this part of the scene to Marston. But a careful examination shows numerous traces of Chapman's hand (see notes on ll. 7, 52, 70–1, 98–107, 113–5, 124, 127, 147) and nothing that is indisputably Marston's. We must conclude, I think, that Chapman wrote the whole scene, working at first along lines already laid down by Marston, and dropping back into his own manner when he came to deal with the Petronel-Winifred plot.

The third scene of the third act, the tavern scene, is clearly Chapman's. Its tone of lively revelry is exactly like that of the tavern scenes in *All Fools* (V, ii) and *May-Day* (III, iii). In all three cases Chapman departs from his sources to invent a tavern scene for which there is not the slightest hint in the original. I do not recall anything in the work of Marston or Jonson that resembles these scenes in frank realism and hearty good humour. One of Chapman's Latin stage-directions, *surgit*, appears in l. 123. The Petronel-Winifred plot is continued in this scene, and as before incidents from the *novella* are admirably recast in dramatic form.

There is, however, one difficulty as to this scene. In ll. 40–47 occurs the passage¹ which gave particular offence at court and which was deleted in the second edition of the play. Chapman's letter already referred to (see p. 841, *n.* above) appears to contain a direct reference to this passage. He begs the King to 'take merciful notice of two of his most humble subjects, George Chapman and Ben Jonson, whose chief offences are but two clauses, and *both of them not our own*'. If we take the last words as an exact and literal statement of the facts we are forced to believe that Marston wrote the lines in question, and however much we may dislike to think of Chapman shifting the blame from his own to his fellow's shoulders, I incline to think that this was the case. The two sentences beginning *But as* and *And for my part* occur in the midst of a paraphrase of a passage from More's *Utopia* (see note on III, iii, 27–34) which bears all the marks of Chapman's hand. They may be dropped from this passage, as they were in the second edition, with no injury to the sense. In fact they rather interrupt² the flow of the discourse and the passage as a whole reads more smoothly if we omit them. Perhaps the true solution is that Marston caught up Chapman's harmless fling at the 'industrious Scots', elaborated it, and interpolated here the two offensive 'clauses'.

The little scene of five lines that follows (III, iv) does not contain

¹ See Text Notes, p. 865.

² I have to thank my colleague, Professor Kennedy, for having called my attention to this interruption.

enough material to make a definite assignment possible. As an essential part of the Petronel-Winifred plot inserted here to account for Security's presence on the river in the next scene, it would seem to belong to Chapman, but the ejaculatory character of the style and the parody of Shakespeare (see note on III, iv, 5) suggest a Marston patch.

The first scene of the fourth act is almost entirely Chapman's. The prose of Slitgut's speeches at the beginning and end of the scene is clearly his, and the blank verse put into the mouth of Quicksilver (ll. 120-139) is an admirable example of his graver moralizing vein. The satire on the Frenchified gentlemen of the court, and the broken French of Sir Petronel find a close parallel elsewhere in Chapman (see note on IV, i, 155-6). The gulling of Security by Winifred is quite in Chapman's manner and represents his alteration of the source of this plot. The only passage which with any degree of probability may be assigned to another hand is Quicksilver's proposal to retrieve the fortunes of the shipwrecked band by various chemical operations (ll. 210-240). This passage savours strongly of the author of the *Alchemist*, although we can hardly suppose Chapman to have been ignorant of such tricks. It is, perhaps, best to take it as one of Jonson's interpolations in the process of revision.

With this scene, I believe, Chapman's contribution to the play closes. I, at least, am unable to detect any convincing signs of his hand in the remaining scenes. I cannot, however, accept unreservedly Fleay's ascription of the rest of the play to Jonson. Marston, I feel sure, had a hand in the next two scenes (IV, ii and V, i). The interview between Gertrude and her father (IV, ii, 110-161) has a strong flavour of Marston, and the last lines of this scene (IV, ii, 325-329) show one of his characteristic tricks of style. The reference to the Spanish romances of chivalry (V, i, 29-31) has a parallel in Marston, and Gertrude's song (V, i, 100-108) is very like one of Franceschina's. Yet I cannot believe that these scenes are wholly Marston's like the opening scenes of the play. Either he worked here in close collaboration with Jonson, or, as seems to me more likely, Jonson here revised and elaborated the fragmentary and half-sketched work of the younger man. Certainly the handling of the main characters and the general temper of the scenes closely resembles the work of Marston at the beginning of the play, but there are few stylistic evidences of his hand, and the actual composition is, I incline to believe, mainly Jonson's. One interesting feature of these scenes is the flood of proverbs that streams through them. Such a speech as that of Touchstone in IV, ii, 150-158, for example, is little else than a mosaic of proverbs from the collection of Heywood. It seems at least a plausible hypothesis that Jonson made use of these popular sayings to give his work an air of colloquial verisimilitude. No such use of proverbs occurs, I feel sure, in Marston's work.

About the remaining scenes (V, ii, iii, iv and v) there can be, I think, no question. They are pure and unmixed Jonson. I find in them no trace whatever of the stylistic peculiarities of either Marston or Chapman. They lack Marston's raciness and pungency and Chapman's easy humour, and they show a certain hardness and rigidity which seems to me eminently characteristic of Jonson. On the other hand, they provide in a straightforward and business-like way what neither Chapman nor Marston could have done so well, a coherent, consistent,

and well-motivated *dénouement*. Chapman's weakness in this respect has been pointed out more than once, and a comparison of the last scene of *The Dutch Courtesan* with that of any of Jonson's comedies is enough to demonstrate Marston's inferiority in this point of dramatic technic. The trick by which Touchstone is lured to the prison, the way in which his change of heart is brought about, and the general assembly of all the characters at the close, are as clear evidence of the skilled and order-loving hand of Jonson as the simple straightforward morality of these scenes is of his ethical sense.

If the above analysis of *Eastward Ho* is substantially correct, Marston wrote the entire first act and the first two scenes of the second, and probably drafted the last scene of act four and the first of act five, Chapman wrote the last scene of act two, practically all of act three, and the first scene of act four, and Jonson's work is confined to insertions in the second and fourth acts, to the completion of Marston's work in the fourth and fifth acts, and to the four last scenes of the play. Such an assignment gives Marston the credit for the general conception of the main plot and for the introduction and development of the chief comic characters, Quicksilver, Touchstone, Gertrude, and her mother; Chapman was engaged mainly in the dramatization of the Italian tale which furnished the underplot, while Jonson, in addition no doubt to valuable advice as to the construction of the whole, did little more than revise and finish the work of his collaborators.

Whatever the exact shares of the three authors may be, their collaboration brought forth one of the genuine masterpieces of Elizabethan comedy. 'In no play of the time', says Swinburne, 'do we get such a true taste of the old city life, so often turned to mere ridicule and caricature by playwrights of less good humour, or feel about us such a familiar air of ancient London as blows through every scene'. Its long success upon the boards, and the frequency with which it was adapted after the Restoration testify to its effectiveness as an acting play; and its appeal to the student of Elizabethan drama is varied and permanent. It is genuine comedy springing from real life; but it is no mere prosaic transcription of reality. On the contrary characters and incidents alike are shaped and grouped by the artists' hands in accordance with a preconceived artistic purpose. The plot is well conceived and carried out, the characters are interesting and lifelike, and the dialogue is always vivacious and entertaining. The vindication of the morals of the City against the attacks of the new comedy is triumphantly successful. And finally the co-operation of the three authors has produced a harmonious whole in which the best qualities of each are blended, Marston's swiftness and pungency, Jonson's precision of touch and mastery of structure, and Chapman's genial humour and grasp of situation.

Chapman's share of *Eastward Ho* is limited, as we have seen, to the underplot, and while it is true that this portion contains neither the most striking characters nor the most typically English city scenes, it forms, none the less, no inconsiderable part of the whole. 'These scenes', Swinburne says, 'have in them enough of wit and humorous invention to furnish forth the whole five acts of an ordinary comedy of intrigue'. Since Chapman drew most of his incidents from the Italian *novella*, it would be a mistake to insist too strongly upon his 'invention' in these scenes; but on the other hand it would be hard to praise too highly the skill with which he has turned the *novella*

into a genuine little comedy, and has fitted it into its English setting. Sir Petronel's intrigue with Winifred is used to motivate his desertion of Gertrude, and the trick played upon Security comes as a fit punishment for his usury and malicious pleasure in over-reaching others. As usual in Chapman's comedy the characters are less important than the story; Sir Petronel is but a slight sketch compared with the vigorous and life-like portraits of Quicksilver and Touchstone, and Winifred is a mere shadow beside the intensely human Gertrude. It is in the elaboration of single incidents, I think, that Chapman's comic genius, here as elsewhere, appears most clearly. The tavern scene, for example, in which the deluded Security exults over the supposed delusion of his neighbour and drinks to the health of all cuckolds, while unwittingly encouraging his own wife to bestow this title upon him, is an admirable example of Chapman's ability to expand a mere hint into a scene of vigorous comedy. Equally admirable is the scene upon the Thames in which, departing wholly from his source, Chapman depicts the fate that overtakes the runaways and introduces a sort of comic chorus in the person of Slitgut to narrate what cannot be presented. Finally I think Chapman's share in the play cannot be strictly limited to the scenes which he actually composed. His influence seems to be diffused throughout. Less bitter than Marston, less severe than Jonson, Chapman has a larger portion than either of the laughing spirit of true comedy, and the gaiety and kindliness of this rare old play, qualities that come out in high relief if we turn to compare it with Marston's *Dutch Courtesan* or Jonson's *Alchemist* are due, I think, in no small measure to the happy humour and broad humanity of Chapman.

ADDENDUM.—Since these pages were put into print another edition of *Eastward Ho* has appeared. It is included in the second volume of *Representative English Comedies*, 1913, and is the work of Professor Cunliffe of Columbia University. It is a reprint of Q₂. In the section of the introduction dealing with the 'division of authorship' the editor assigns to Marston Act I, III, iii, and V, i, giving all the rest to Chapman, and crediting Jonson only with devising the plot and supervising the execution. This analysis differs from mine mainly in assigning a larger share of the work to Chapman, the only exception being III, iii, which Cunliffe gives wholly to Marston, whereas I believe his share in it is limited to an interpolation. A careful study of this analysis has left my conclusions in the main unchanged. In particular I am quite unable to believe that Chapman wrote II, i, or IV, ii, or that any one but Jonson wrote the last three scenes of the play.

EASTWARD HO

NOTES

The Title. *Eastward Ho*, like the more familiar *Westward Ho*, was a call of the watermen plying on the Thames. The name is given to the play because the scene is laid in the City, east of Blackfriars Theatre.

Prologus. The complacent, not to say arrogant, tone of this address to the audience seems to mark it as the work of Jonson. Compare with this the prologues to Chapman's *All Fools* and Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*, both written for the same audience.

I. 3. *We*, i.e. the Queen's Revels Company playing in Blackfriars. There may be a reference in this line to the appropriation of *The Malcontent* by the King's Men at the Globe.

I. 5. *That . . . title*: a distinct reference to *Westward Ho*, entered in the Stationers' Registers, March 2, 1605; but probably staged shortly after the fall of Ostend, September 24, 1604—see the allusions to Ostend in that play (Dekker, *Dramatic Works*, vol. ii, pp. 284 and 339).

Dramatis Personae. Such significant names as *Touchstone*, *Quicksilver*, *Security*, etc. are in Jonson's manner, but the name *Sir Petronel Flash* appears in *Jack Drum*, an anonymous play, mainly, if not altogether, the work of Marston, produced c. 1600 by Paul's Boys. Compare also the significant names in *The Dutch Courtesan*, *Freevil*, *Malheureux*, *Burnish* (a goldsmith), *Mary Faugh* (a hawd).

I, i. The stage-direction at the beginning of this scene is interesting as it shows three entrances at the back of the stage. The central door before the alcove was hidden by a curtain or traverse, which Golding draws discovering the recess within fitted up as a goldsmith's shop.

I, i, 4. *Indeed, and in very good sober truth.* Marston elsewhere puts such asseverations into the mouth of a pretender to gentility; cf. Balurdo's phrases: *forsooth in very good earnest*, *Antonio and Melida*, I, i, 71; *In good sober sadness*, I, i, 81; *In sad good earnest*, I, i, 106, and *In very good truth*, *Antonio's Revenge*, IV, i, 4.

I, i, 12. *Work upon that now.* This catch phrase, so frequently put into the mouth of *Touchstone*, seems to me Marston's imitation of the catch phrases which adorn the speech of *Sim Eyre* in *The Shoemaker's Holiday*.

I, i, 17. *Ruffians'-hall*: a name given to *West Smithfield* where sword-and-buckler men met to fight out quarrels; see *Lean's Collectanea*, vol. i, p. 143.

I, i, 23. *Of Quorum*: a phrase used to designate eminent Justices of Peace whose presence was necessary to constitute a bench. It is derived from the Latin wording of the commission by which they were appointed: *quorum unum A.B. esse volumus*; cf. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, I, i, 6.

I, i, 26-8. These lines contain a characteristic example of a favourite trick of Marston's prose style; cf. *Your love is to be married, true; he does cast you off, right; he will leave you to the world, what then?*—*The Dutch Courtesan*, II, ii, 2-3; see also a passage in *The Fawn*, IV, i, 9-11, cited by Bullen, and another in the same play IV, i, 577-8, where the punctuation obscures the same trick; see also *The Malcontent*, IV, i, 30-31.

I, i, 25. *Secondings.* Marston is partial to such participial substantives; *secondings* occurs again in *Sophonisba*, II, iii, 67; *sufficings* in *The Fawn*, I, i, 30; *slidings* and *prolongings* in *The Dutch Courtesan*, II, i, 132, II, ii, 204.

I, i, 51-54. Schelling in his note on this passage refers to the description of a sixteenth century painting given in *Notes and Queries* (Series 7, vol. iv, p. 323). It represents a curved horn, the ends upwards. A man is being thrust into the butt-end, and emerging in a wretched state at the *buccal*, or mouth-piece. A previous victim stands by, wringing his hands. On the painting is the inscription:

*This horn emblem here doth show
Of suretyship what harm doth grow.*

Some such device is evidently alluded to in this passage. There seems also to have been a popular ballad on this subject, see *A Wife for a Month*, III, iii.

- I, i, 59-64. Cf. a similar speech by Mrs. Mulligrub in *The Dutch Courtesan*, III, iii, 19-26.
- I, i, 70. *Crackling bavins*. A *bavin* is a bundle of brushwood used for kindling fires, soon lighted and soon consumed. There is, perhaps, a reference here to the 'crackling of thorns under a pot' to which the Preacher compares the fool's laughter (*Ecclesiastes*, vii, 6). Cf. also the *rash bavin wits* of 1 *King Henry IV*, III, ii, 6r.
- I, i, 77. *Dilling*: a Marston word, cf. *What You Will*, II, i, 25.
- I, i, 84. *Court-cut and long-tail*: a variation of the old phrase 'come cut and long tail', see the note above on *All Fools*, V, ii, 190. The allusion here is to the flowing dresses of ladies of the court.
- I, i, 98. *Marry faugh*. Marston often uses this exclamation of disgust. It appears as the name of the bawd, *Mary Faugh* in *The Dutch Courtesan*. *Flat-cap*: a name given in derision to London citizens (cf. *The Dutch Courtesan*, II, ii, 35) from their flat headgear as contrasted with the heavers and pointed hats of the courtiers.
- I, i, 99. *Give arms*: have the right, as a gentleman born, to display a coat of arms. Pock (*All Fools*, III, i, 380, *ssq.*) makes the same boast, but as Quicksilver has already (ll. 22-3) bragged of his gentility we need not ascribe this passage to Chapman.
- I, i, 105. *Let the welkin roar*. Quicksilver is spouting scraps of Ancient Pistol's rant, see 2 *King Henry IV*, II, iv, 182. The words *Erebus* and also occur in Pistol's speech just before, see l. 171.
- I, i, 111. *Satin belly and carvas-backed*: cf. the phrasing of a passage in *The Dutch Courtesan*, III, ii, 42.
- I, i, 113. *Christ-church*: one of the parishes in the City of London.
- I, i, 116. *Testons*. A *teston* was at first the name of the Henry VII shilling. Its original value, 12d., declined until it was worth only from 2½d. to 4½d. Here, perhaps, it is equivalent to 'tester', a slang word for sixpence.
- I, i, 119. *A dropping nose*: cf. below IV, ii, 144-5. Marston uses a similar expression in *The Dutch Courtesan*, I, i, 3-4.
- Pent-house*: the projecting roof which partly covered the bench outside the shop on which the wares were displayed.
- I, i, 120. *Bear tankards*. 'It was the general use and custom of all apprentices of London, mercers only excepted, to carry the water tankard to serve their masters from the Thames and the common conduits of London', Stow, *Annals* (p. 1,040, edition of 1631) quoted in Collier's *Dodsley*, vol. vi, p. 404.
- I, i, 122. *Who calls Jeronimo?*: a quotation from a famous scene in *The Spanish Tragedy*, II, v, 4.
- I, i, 124. *Golding of Golding Hall*: cf. *Frank o' Frank Hall*, and *Frail o' Frail Hall*—*The Dutch Courtesan*, IV, iii, i, and IV, v, 17.
- I, i, 133. *Shot-clog*: a gull who pays the bill (*shot*) for the whole party at a tavern, cf. *Poetaster*, I, ii, 18, and *Every Man out of his Humour*, V, vi, 44.
- I, i, 134. *Moorfields*: the fields lying to the north of the City, a favourite haunt of beggars, cf. *Every Man in his Humour*, IV, iv, 3-4.
- I, i, 145-8. This trick of ending a scene, not with a mere rhymed tag, but with a moral 'sentence' marked as such by the rhyme, is common with Marston; cf. *The Dutch Courtesan*, I, i, 169-170; I, ii, 271-2; II, i, 148-

9; III, i, 283-4; IV, ii, 47-8; IV, v, 103-4; V, i, 113-4; and V, ii, 140-1.

I, ii, Stage-direction. A *French fall* is an article of dress, perhaps a falling band. In *Westward Ho* (Dekker, vol. ii, p. 302) a lady is described as dressed in a *French gown and Scotch falls*.

Bettrice leading a monkey: Bettrice does not appear elsewhere in the play. She is introduced here with the monkey to ridicule Gertrude's affectation of Court manners, a monkey being a favourite pet of courtiers, see *Monsieur D'Olive*, III, ii, 123, and *Hyde Park*, I, ii, where a monkey is mentioned, along with a squirrel and a pair of Iceland dogs, as a lady's pet.

I, ii, 7. *In any hand*: for any sake; cf. *All's Well*, III, vi, 45.

I, ii, 8-9. *Thus whilst she sleeps*: a line from a song in Dowland's *First Book of Songs* (1597), beginning *Sleep, wayward thoughts*.

I, ii, 15. *Licket*: this word does not appear in the *New English Dictionary*. The *Dialect Dictionary* gives *licket*, *lickut*, *ligget*, etc., with the meaning of 'rag', 'shred'. It is probably Gertrude's contemptuous phrase for a ribbon on the *coif* worn by city women.

Stammel: see the note on *Monsieur D'Olive*, II, ii, 96.

I, ii, 16. *Buffin gown*: 'a gown of coarse cloth'—Bullen. Cf. *The City Madam*, IV, iv.

I, ii, 18-22. Cf. the construction here with that in I, i, 26-8 and see the note *ad loc*.

I, ii, 19. *Cherries only at an angel a pound*. This extravagance of city dames is alluded to by Dekker in *The Bachelor's Banquet*, 1603 (*Prose Works*, vol. i, p. 173): 'She must have cherries, though for a pound he pay ten shillings.' An *angel* was a coin worth ten shillings. See also *Blurt Master Constable*, III, iii, 122.

I, ii, 24. *Taffata pipkins*: probably hats made of taffata, such as that in which Mildred was married, see below III, ii, 85. Dekker (*Dramatic Works*, vol. i, p. 157) also refers to a 'taffety hat.' The word *pipkin* does not appear in this sense in the *New English Dictionary*, but the *Dialect Dictionary* gives an example of *pipkin* in the sense of 'head.'

Durance: 'strong, buff-coloured stuff'—Bullen. Apparently a variant of 'durants', plural of 'durant' a woollen stuff 'by some called everlasting.'

I, ii, 31. *Bow-bell*. Gertrude calls Mildred a true cockney, one born within hearing of the bell of St. Mary-le-Bow in Cheapside, cf. l. 127 below.

I, ii, 37-9. I can find no such account of Ulysses. Hyginus (*Fab.* xcvi) says that when he feigned madness he yoked a horse and an ox together and ploughed the sand.

I, ii, 49. *Profane ape*. I take this to refer to the monkey which was probably playing some trick at this point. The suggestion of Collier that the sentence in which these words occur should be assigned to Mildred, who is thus made to call her sister a *profane ape*, is not warranted by the text and is out of character with Mildred's usual manner.

I, ii, 50. *A right Scot*: referring to the Scotch farthingale of the stage-direction at the beginning of the scene. In *Westward Ho* (Dekker, vol. ii, p. 282) the wit of the city dames who rule their husbands is contrasted with the folly of the Court ladies in adopting the Scotch farthingale.

I, ii, 81. *Balloon*. Gervase Markham in *Country Contentments* (Book i, p. 109) describes *balloon* as 'a strong and moving sport in the open fields with a great ball of double leather, filled with wind, and driven to and fro with the strength of a man's arm armed in a bracer of wood.' See also my note on *Byron's Conspiracy*, V, ii, 157.

ii, 105-112. Gertrude's behaviour to her mother resembles that of Elimine to her sisters in *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, sc. v, ll. 1-33.

ii, 124. *Chitizens*: Gertrude's affected pronunciation of 'citizens'; cf. l. 126. For a similar affectation see *Blurt Master Constable*, III, iii, 41, 43, 94.

ii, 147-8. *Castle on his back*. The elephant was constantly depicted with a castle on his back. Goiding expresses a fear that Sir Petronel's castle may have been sold to pay for the fine clothes he is wearing.

- I, ii, 166. *Well-parted*. Bullen notes this as a 'Jonsonian expression'; the same epithet occurs in the description of Macilente prefixed to *Every Man out of his Humour*. But compare the analogous phrase *better meened*, I, i, 68 above.
- I, ii, 178. *Honest time's expense*: an honest, or profitable, expenditure of time.
- II, i, 5. *Familiar addition*: title of familiarity, familiar mode of address.
- II, i, 6. *Truss my points*: lace up the tags which attached the doublet to the hose.
- II, i, 25-6. *Fulfil the scripture*: 'Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night till wine inflame them', *Isaiah*, v, 11.
- II, i, 27. *O' their knees*: an allusion to the custom of drinking healths kneeling; see below III, iii, 67, 79 and *All Fools*, V, ii, 56.
- II, i, 87. *Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia*: one of the many jests in later comedy at the rant of Marlowe (2 *Tamburlaine*, IV, iv, 1); cf. also 2 *King Henry IV*, II, iv, 178.
- II, i, 89. *Pull eo*. Collier suggests that Quicksilver is imitating the cry of the watermen on the river.
Showse, quoth the caliver: 'bang went the gun'—Schelling.
- II, i, 92. *Wa, ha, ho*. This cry of the falconer to recall the hawk occurs repeatedly in the mouth of Coccledemoy, see *The Dutch Courtesan*, I, ii, 24, 238, IV, v, 8, 72 and 75.
- II, i, 107-8. *Hast thou not Hiren here*: a play-end also quoted by Pistol, 2 *King Henry IV*, II, iv, 173. It is supposed to be a line from Peele's lost play, *Mahomet and the Fair Greek Hiren*.
- II, i, 110. *Who cries on murther, etc.* This is usually said to be a line from *The Spanish Tragedy*, but it does not occur in that play. It is found in Chapman's *Blind Beggar*, sc. ix, l. 49; see note *ad loc.*
- II, i, 120. *Go Westward Ho*: westward from the city to Tyburn, where the gallows stood, near the present Marble Arch. Cf. Greene's phrase (*Art of Coney Catching—Works*, vol. x, p. 155): 'The end of such . . . will be sailing Westward in a cart to Tyburn.'
- II, i, 127-8. *A duck in thy mouth*. The only other instance that I know of this phrase is a quotation from R. Capel (1656) in Spurgeon's *Treasury of David* (*Psalm ix*, 18): 'Money, which lying long in the bank, comes home at last with a duck in its mouth', i.e. with interest. I take it that Quicksilver here bids farewell to his apprentice's wage and any interest or additions belonging to it.
- II, i, 130, 133, 135-6. Lines from the long speech of Andrea which opens *The Spanish Tragedy*.
- II, i, 131-2. *Change your gold-ends for your play-ends*: exchange your business as apprentice to a goldsmith—*gold-ends* are the bits of gold with which he works—for that of an actor. The word *gold-ends* occurs again IV, ii, 148.
- II, i, 147-9. Marston is fond of such progressive enumerations; cf. *The Fawn*, III, i, 82-5.
- II, i, 157-8. Cf. *Hamlet*, I, ii, 180-1.
- II, ii, 7. The reference to the *trunks* of apparel in this line, and the stage-direction below, after l. 10, in which Quicksilver enters half-dressed, and *gartering himself* recall the stage-direction at the beginning of Act II in *What You Will*: *Laverdure draws the curtains, sitting on his bed apparelling himself; his trunk of apparel standing by him*.
- II, ii, 16. *Ka me, Ka thee*. The word *Ka* is only found in this and similar phrases implying mutual help; cf. Heywood's *Proverbs*, Pt. I, chap. xi: '*ka me, ka thee*; one good turn asketh another.' It occurs frequently in Elizabethan comedy, see the references collected by Nares *sub Ka*. *Ka*, like *Key*, was pronounced like the letter K, which is printed here in the original text. This explains the pun in l. 18 below.
- II, ii, 25. *A scrap to the net of villany*. Schelling paraphrases: 'virtue is as nothing to the powerful and successful wiles of villany'; but I rather think the meaning of *scrap* in this passage is 'bait', and that the sense of

the whole is : ' If virtue is apparently practised, it is only as a bait to lure victims into the nets of villany.'

- II, ii, 29-45.** A bit of verse wholly in Marston's manner.
- II, ii, 30.** *Trunks.* Note the pun on *trunks*, i.e. ' chests ' and *trunks*, i.e. ' pea-shooters.' Nares cites examples of this latter obsolete sense from Howell's *Epistles* and Brome's *New Academy*.
- II, ii, 33.** *Via . . . Borgia.* The exclamation *Via* is frequent in Marston ; see *What You Will*, III, i, 264, 296 ; *The Dutch Courtesan*, I, ii, 233, II, iii, 76, and *The Fawn*, I, ii, 323, II, i, 97. The reference to Borgia is said to be to a scene in Mason's *Muleasses the Turk* in which Caesar Borgia appears ; but as this play was apparently not acted¹ until 1607, this explanation is impossible. The line is evidently one of Quicksilver's play-ends, probably from a lost play.
- II, ii, 38-9.** *When Sampson . . . than :* the first two lines of an old ballad entered in the Stationers' Registers, 1563 ; a later version appears in *Roxburgh Ballads*, vol. ii, p. 459. The verses which follow these in the text are, of course, Quicksilver's parody of the old song.
- II, ii, 53-4.** A characteristic Marstonian moral tag.
- II, ii, 67.** *Under the wide hazard.* The *hazard* in tennis is the court into which the ball is struck, also one of the winning openings into which the ball may be driven. Quicksilver here likens a ship sunk at sea to a ball driven into one of these openings.
- II, ii, 69-76.** Schelling sees in this and the next speech of Sindefy ' the moralizing vein of Jonson ' and compares them to two passages in Jonson's *Discoveries* (Schelling's edition, pp. 20 and 46). Personally I see only a vague general resemblance, nothing sufficiently definite to warrant our ascribing these speeches to Jonson.
- II, ii, 82-3.** *Rules the roast.* See the note on *The Gentleman Usher*, V, i, 110.
- II, ii, 86.** *A prentice, quoth you ?* Schelling's interpretation of this passage seems to me to miss the point. I take it that Sindefy refers to the scornful tone in which Quicksilver had spoken of his former condition as a prentice. ' Do you scorn that condition ? ' she asks. ' It is only a means of learning how to live.'
- II, ii, 107-126.** With this speech compare Freevil's ironical apology for the bawd's profession, *The Dutch Courtesan*, I, i, 105, *ssq.*
- II, ii, 160-1.** ' The design of this voyage is kept so close a secret.'
- II, ii, 209.** *Peterman :* fisherman, applied especially to Thames fishermen, perhaps from ' peter-boat ', a local name for a decked fishing-boat.
- II, iii, 16.** *Full butt.* Chapman uses this phrase in *May Day*, IV, iv, 33.
- II, iii, 26.** *Essex calves.* Ray (*Proverbs*, p. 203) quotes from Fuller's *Worthies* : ' This county produces calves of the fattest, fairest and finest flesh in England.' In *Northward Ho* (Dekker, *Dramatic Works*, vol. iii, p. 18) we have : ' The Essex man [loves] a calf.'
- II, iii, 31.** *Commodity :* a reference to an old and long continued practice of usurers by which part of the sum advanced to the borrower was not in money but in goods. ' If he borrow £100 he shall have forty in silver and three score in wares, as lute-strings, hobby horses, or brown paper '—Greene, *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*. See also Dekker's *Lanthorn and Candlelight* (*Prose Works*, vol. iii, p. 231) and *The Alchemist*, III, iv, 95-7.
- II, iii, 35.** *Frail :* a pun on the *frail*, i.e. basket, in which figs and raisins were packed.
- II, iii, 46-47.** *King's Bench :* a prison at Westminster, appropriated to debtors and criminals sent there by the supreme court of common law, the King's Bench.

The Fleet : a famous London prison taking its name from the Fleet stream, or ditch, near by.

The two Counters : debtors' prisons attached to the Mayor's or Sheriff's

¹ The title-page of *Muleasses the Turk* (Quarto of 1610) declares that it was ' divers times acted by the Children of H.M. Revels'. This was the boys' company that succeeded Paul's Boys at Whitefriars in 1607 and played there till 1609, after which it dispersed ; see Fleay, *Biographical Chronicle*, vol. i, p. 183, and Murray, *English Dramatic Companies*, vol. i, p. 353.

Court. The *Counter*, or *Compter*, in Southwark was the prison of the Borough of the City of London.

- II, iii, 57. *There spake an angel*: a common phrase signifying approval of what has just been said, see *Sir Thomas More*, I, i, 176.
- II, iii, 60. *Foisting hound*: stinking pet dog; cf. *Lear*, I, iv, 125-6.
- II, iii, 61-73, 75-88. With these passages cf. the diatribes against women and marriage in *All Fools*, I, i, 65 *ssq.* and *Monsieur D'Olive*, I, i, 347 *ssq.*
- II, iii, 69. *Turnspit dog*: a breed of dog used to turn the great spits in kitchens by means of a tread-wheel.
- II, iii, 84-5. *Never ha' married him*: perhaps a reflection on the laxness of Scotch marriage laws, a simple declaration before witnesses sufficing to make the union legal.
- II, iii, 85 [*Panadas*]: a dish made by boiling bread to a pulp and flavouring it with sugar, currants, etc.; cf. Massinger, *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, I, ii, where it is mentioned as a lady's dish.
- II, iii, 89-90. *What a death is my life bound face to face to*: a characteristic Chapman phrase, cf. *Bussy*, V, i, 115-6; *Byron's Tragedy*, V, iv, 38, alluding apparently to the practice of Mezentius *Æneid*, viii., 484-7.
- II, iii, 123-4. *Nun substantive . . . adjective*. In *What You Will*, II, ii, 9-11, a boy reciting his lesson says: 'Of nouns some be substantive and some be substantive', whereupon the Pedant amends 'adjective.'
- II, iii, 137. *Draw all my servants in my bow*: bend all my servants to my side. The *New English Dictionary* does not give this phrase, but examples of it occur in Foxe, *Book of Martyrs* (III, xii, 880-2, edition of 1631): 'bend him unto their bow', and in Dekker's *Northward Ho* (vol. iii, p. 17): 'I now draw in your bow.'
- II, iii, 138-9. *Read on a book . . . busy*: a close parallel to this phrase occurs in *All Fools*, II, i, 282-4, and again in *Monsieur D'Olive*, V, i, 185-194.
- III, i, 19. *Wedlock*: wife, cf. *All Fools*, I, ii, 118. It occurs also in *The Fawn*, II, i, 197.
- Make you strange*: the same phrase occurs in *The Gentleman Usher*, I, ii, 129.
- III, i, 37. *Foreright winds*: a Chapman phrase, occurring repeatedly in his translation of Homer, see *Iliad*, ii, 479, and *Odyssey*, iii, 182. It occurs again below III, iii, 58.
- III, ii, 6. A jesting reference to Shakespeare's tragedy which had been on the stage for two or three years before the production of *Eastward Ho*.
- III, ii, 7. *Brush up my old mistress*: cf. *Sir Giles Goosecap*, I, i, 75-6, where Foulweather is spoken of as able to brush up the silks of old Lady Kingcob.
- III, ii, 9. *Blue coat*: the livery of a serving-man.
- III, ii, 35. *Ancome*: a boil, a felon.
- III, ii, 40-41. The refrain of a song in *Campion's Book of Airs* (1601) beginning: *Mistress, since you so much desire* (*Bullen's Campion*, p. 19). Another looser version in the fourth book seems more in accordance with Gertrude's character. This book was not published till 1617, but the song in question may easily have been current earlier, as *Campion* in the preface to this book speaks of reclaiming some of his verses which had been set to music by others.
- III, ii, 44-5. *Gives no other milk*: is of no other use. To 'give' or 'give down milk'—said of a person—is to yield assistance or profit, see *Marmion's Antiquary*, I, i.
- III, ii, 52. *Honeysuckle*: a term of endearment, like the more familiar 'honey'; cf. *Humourous Day's Mirth*, sc. iii, l. 23.
- III, ii, 60-61. Another reference to *Hamlet*, cf. note on II, i, 157-8 above.
- III, ii, 70-71. *Pebble 'em with snow-balls*: cf. 'besnowball him with rotten eggs', *May-Day*, III, i, 66.
- III, ii, 77-9. A variant of one of Ophelia's songs, *Hamlet*, IV, v, 190, *ssq.* The music for this song is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, vol. i, p. 237.
- III, ii, 80. Stage-direction. For *rosemary* see the note on *The Blind Beggar*, sc. i, l. 308.
- III, ii, 83-4. *Mistress What-lack-you*. Gertrude scornfully names her sister

after the common cry of London shop-keepers ; cf. *Philaster*, V, iii, 131-2, where the courtier Dion speaks of the citizens as *dear countrymen What-ye-lacks*.

- III, ii, 86. *A wanion t'ye* : a plague to you. The word *wanion* appears only in the phrase *with a wanion*. The *Century Dictionary* derives it from *waniond*, the waning of the moon, implying bad luck. Nares quotes instances from *Pericles*, II, i, 17, from Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher. An early example appears in Latimer's sermons.
- III, ii, 98-107. Schoell notes this speech as a characteristic example of Chapman's prose ; cf. the first speeches of III, i, above.
- III, ii, 113-5. A Chapman jest ; cf. *All Fools*, III, i, 384-6.
- III, ii, 124-5. *A gentleman natural* : a pun on the double meaning of *natural* ; cf. *All Fools*, II, i, 408-9 and the note *ad loc*.
- III, ii, 127. *Forth, I beseech thee*. With this phrase and its repetition slightly altered in l. 131, cf. *All Fools*, III, i, 202 : *Forth, boy, I warrant thee*, and l. 220 : *Forth, my brave Curio*.
- III, ii, 133. *Gallantry*. Schelling takes this word as a collective noun equivalent to 'gallants', and cites *Troilus and Cressida*, III, i, 149. It seems to me that the context demands the more familiar sense of 'fine appearance', 'gay show', referring to Quicksilver's dress.
- III, ii, 145-6. A misquotation from a song in Dowland's *First Book of Aires* (1597) :

*Now, O now, I needs must part,
Parting though I absent mourn.*

- III, ii, 147. *In capital letters* : cf. *All Fools*, IV, i, 250-2.
- III, ii, 200. *The Blue Anchor* : a London tavern mentioned (1607) by Rowlands, *Diogenes' Lanthorn*, p. 7.
- III, ii, 226. *To my best nerve* : to the best of my power ; cf. *Chabot*, I, i, 80.
- III, ii, 245-6. *A point of neighbourhood* : a point in one's duty as a neighbour ; cf. the sense of *neighbourhood* in l. 230 above. *Point—device* : capital trick.
- III, ii, 247. *Draco* : Francis Drake. Swinburne notes the simile in these lines as characteristic of Chapman.
- III, ii, 282. Another of Chapman's many references to camels with horns ; see note on *The Revenge of Bussy*, II, i, 176-81.
- III, ii, 288. *Quiblin*. This word occurs twice in Jonson, in *The Alchemist*, IV, vii, 110, where it means, as here, 'a trick', and in *Bartholomew Fair*, I, i, 14, where it means 'a conceit.'
- III, ii, 284. *Figent* : fidgetty. The *New English Dictionary* cites numerous instances from *Skialathea*, 1598, to *The Little French Lawyer*, 1619.
- III, ii, 289. *Mutton* : see the note on *All Fools*, III, i, 396.
- III, ii, 292. *The best that ever*. Chapman is fond of this phrase in various modifications, cf. below l. 306, *Humourous Day's Mirth*, iii, 4, vi, 131-2, *The Gentleman Usher*, III, ii, 229-30, and *All Fools*, III, i, 93.
- III, i, 316. *A toy runs in my head*. In a parallel situation in *All Fools*, III, i, 78-9, a very similar phrase occurs.
- III, ii, 327. *Fetch you over* : gull you.
- III, iii. There seems to be an allusion to this scene of Chapman's in *Northward Ho* (Dekker, *Dramatic Works*, vol. iii, p. 2) where Altamont, who is thought to be a satiric portrait of Chapman, is spoken of as 'drunk in the Ship-wrack Tavern.'
- III, iii, 18. *Left there in '79*. Seagull is not accurate in the date. The first English colony in Virginia was that planted by Sir Richard Grenville in 1585. Possibly there is an allusion here to the second, or lost, colony of 1587.
- III, iii, 27-34. Schelling notes that these lines are based upon a passage in More's *Utopia* (p. 98, edition of 1886) : 'Of gold and silver they make commonly chamber-pots and other like vessels. . . . Of the same metals they make great chains with fetters and gyves wherein they tie their bondmen. . . . They gather also pearls by the seaside and diamonds and

- carbuncles upon certain rocks . . . and therewith they deck their young infants.'
- III, iii, 40-47. This is the passage which gave particular offence and was excised in all editions after Q₁.
- III, iii, 53. At the close of this speech the later Q_q insert a passage which I have relegated to the Text Notes, see p. 865.
- III, iii, 67. *Cap and knee*: cf. the note on II, i, 27, above.
- III, iii, 115. *Cuckold's Haven*: a point on the south shore of the Thames below London. It was marked by a high pole crowned with a pair of horns; see below scene iv.
- III, iii, 134. *Earns*: yearns, in the sense of grieves; cf. *Julius Caesar*, II, ii, 129, and the impersonal use of the verb in *Bartholomew Fair*, IV, vi.
- III, iii, 143. *A porpoise even now seen at London Bridge*. The appearance of a porpoise so high up in the river was supposed to foretell a tempest. Stow (*Annals*, p. 880, edition of 1615) notes that on January 19, 1605, a great porpoise was taken alive at West Ham not far below the Bridge. In *Volpone*, I, ii, Jonson mentions as a prodigy the appearance of three porpoises above the Bridge.
- III, iii, 147. *Blackwall*: a port for shipping on the Thames below London.
- III, iii, 153. *Drake's ship*: the Golden Hind in which Drake sailed round the world. After his return it was laid up at Deptford in the Thames, some distance above Blackwall.
- III, iii, 158. *Orgies*: ceremonies. Drayton (*Heroic Epistles*, v, 60) uses this word of the ceremonies of a bridal. Here it implies also a Bacchic revel.
- III, iii, 180. *Cucullus non facit monachum*: a mediaeval proverb. The first known instance appears in the *De Contemptu Mundi* of Neckham, attributed to St. Anselm and printed among his works by Migne, *Pat. Curs.*, 158 (*Anselm*, i, col. 689):

Non tonsura facit monachum, non horrida vestis.

In the *Roman de la Rose* (l. 11,546) it appears as: *La robe ne fait pas le moine*. In the *Colloquia* of Erasmus (p. 13 edition of 1698, Amsterdam) it takes the more familiar form: *cuculla non facit monachum*. The proverb was widely current in Elizabethan times; see *Measure for Measure*, V, i, 263; *Twelfth Night*, I, v, 62; and McKerrow's note in his edition of Nash (vol. iv, p. 110).

- III, iii, 194. *A proper taking*: cf. *The Gentleman Usher*, III, ii, 226, for this phrase applied to a state of intoxication; see also the note on *The Blind Beggar*, sc. x, l. 101.
- III, iv, 5. A parody on Richard's famous cry for a horse, *Richard III*, v, iv, 7. Similar parodies occur in *What You Will*, II, i, 126 and *The Fawn*, V, i, 43-4; but the phrase had already become a common catchword.
- IV, i. Stage-direction. Slitgut probably appeared in the balcony at the back of the stage, drawing the curtains and disclosing the pole¹ decorated with horns which served as a landmark for Cuckold's Haven. From this point of vantage he is supposed to be able to see a long way up and down the Thames.
- IV, i, 5. *Saint Luke*. A fair was held every year in Charlton near Greenwich beside the church of St. Luke on St. Luke's day, October 18. Tradition connected the founding of this fair with King John, who is said to have been caught in an intrigue with a miller's wife, and to have compensated the husband by giving him a large estate on condition that he walk around it every year on St. Luke's day with a pair of horns on his head. The fair commemorating this occurrence was held as late as 1832, and was not formally abolished until 1872. All sorts of articles made of horn were sold at it, and it seems to have been the occasion of much coarse revelry, including a procession of supposed cuckolds crowned with horns, who marched from Cuckold's Point to Charlton; see Hasted, *History of Kent*, vol. i, p. 127, and Gorton, *Topographical Dictionary*, vol. i, p. 412.

¹ This pole, or tree, is mentioned by Dekker in *Northward Ho* (vol. iii, p. 41).

- IV, i, 7. *This famous tree* : the pole at Cuckold's Haven.
- IV, i, 18. *Full butt* : cf. II, iii, 16, above.
- IV, i, 59. *St. Katherine's* : a hospital founded by Queen Matilda in 1148 on the north bank of the Thames near the Tower. It was used at this time as a reformatory for fallen women.
- IV, i, 68. *The priest*. There is some local allusion here which I have not been able to trace.
- IV, i, 73. Stage-direction. *The Tavern before* : the Blue Anchor, where the Drawer has appeared before, III, iii.
- IV, i, 97. *More than good news* : a Chapman phrase.
- IV, i, 112. *Wapping* : a district on the north shore of the Thames, just below London. A gallows, alluded to in *Northward Ho* (vol. iii, p. 22), stood here by the river-side, on which pirates and other criminals were hanged.
- IV, i, 155-6. *Englishmen . . . Frenchified*. The aping of French manners by Englishmen was a common topic of Elizabethan satire. It occurs repeatedly in Chapman, see *Bussy*, I, ii, 39-45. In *Sir Giles Goosecap* Captain Foulweather, the *Frenchified* captain, is distinguished by his partiality for all things French. The word, *Frenchified*, occurs twice in *Goosecap* (I, i, 35 and I, ii, 42); it also appears in *Every Man out of his Humour*, II, i, which is the earliest instance cited in the *New English Dictionary*.
- IV, i, 169-70. *A poor knight of Windsor*. These 'knights' were retired officers, pensioners of the King, who lived in the royal castle of Windsor. They are alluded to in *The Lady of Pleasure* (V, i) as disabled veterans.
- IV, i, 174-5. *Isle of Dogs* : a low swampy peninsula projecting from the north bank of the Thames, almost opposite Greenwich.
- IV, i, 179-80. A sneer at the cheapening of knighthood under James I; cf. the note on *Monsieur D'Olive*, IV, ii, 78-80. It is not unlikely that the actor who spoke these words imitated the King's broad Scotch accent, and it seems strange that such a passage was allowed to remain in the text.
- IV, i, 218. *Malleation* : hammering. The word occurs in *The Alchemist*, II, v, 28.
- IV, i, 219. *Luna* : the alchemists' term for silver.
- IV, i, 231. *Habebis magisterium* : you will have the philosopher's stone; said, of course, ironically, for all that would be obtained by Quicksilver's method would be imitation silver.
- IV, i, 233-5. Cf. the crime of which Face accuses Subtle (*The Alchemist*, I, i, 114), *laundrying gold and barbing it*, 'To launder gold', says Gifford in his note on this passage in *The Alchemist*, 'is probably to wash it in *aqua regia*; barbing is clipping.'
- IV, i, 243. *Sconces* : heads; cf. this use of the word in IV, ii, 15 below.
- IV, i, 249. *Your tavern* : the Blue Anchor. It is interesting to note the change of place within the limits of a scene. Winifred was washed ashore at St. Katherine's. Here, without any interruption of the action, we find her in Billingsgate above London Bridge. There is a similar change in *Bussy*, III, ii.
- IV, i, 288-302. With this speech cf. the long oration by Valerio in praise of the horn, *All Fools*, V, ii, 236, sq.
- IV, i, 295-302. *Horn of hunger* : the dinner-horn. *Horn of abundance* : cf. *The Widow's Tears*, V, ii, 73, where also the cornucopia is connected with the cuckold's horn, and note the pun on *horn* and *adorn* here and in *The Widow's Tears*, I, i, 109, and *All Fools*, II, i, 240. Schelling sees another pun in *lanthorn* = land horn, sign-post. *Horn of destiny* : cf. *All Fools*, I, i, 40 and the note *ad loc.* *Horn tree* : the pole at Cuckold's Haven with its decoration of horns.
- IV, ii, 5. *Cavallaria . . . Colonia*. 'Latin law terms signifying the tenure of a knight and of an ordinary colonist'—Schelling. Ducange defines *Caballaria* as *praedium servitio militari obnoxium* and says of *ordo colonarius*, *id est ut coloni vivere solent*. Touchstone, of course, uses these terms in mockery of Sir Petronel's knighthood and of his plan of colonizing Virginia.
- IV, ii, 8. *Monmouth caps* : sailors' caps; cf. *Henry V*, IV, vii, 104.

- IV, ii, 11.** *A Gravesend toast.* Gravesend was the usual place of embarkation. I take it that a *Gravesend toast* is a parting cup, perhaps of sack with a toast in it.
- IV, ii, 12-13.** *Admiral and vice-admiral and rear-admiral:* names given to the ships bearing these officers in a fleet.
- IV, ii, 14.** *Remora:* not a barnacle, the meaning given by Bullen and Schelling, but the sucking-fish (*Echineis remora*) which was supposed to fasten upon the bottom of ships and arrest their progress; see Pliny, *Hist. Nat.* IX, 41. It is twice mentioned by Jonson, *Poetaster*, III, ii, and *Magnetic Lady*, II, i.
- IV, ii, 15.** *Sconce:* a pun on the double meaning of the word, 'head' and 'fort.'
- IV, ii, 17.** *Vie with you:* a term in card-playing, meaning to back one's hand against that of one's opponent; see *Byron's Tragedy*, IV, ii, 107.
- IV, ii, 23.** *Weeping Cross.* 'To return by Weeping Cross' was a common proverbial expression for repenting of an undertaking. Thus Florio, *Montaigne*, III, 5, has: 'Few men have wedded their sweethearts . . . but have come home by Weeping Cross and ere long repented them of their bargain.' See also Lyly (*Works*, edited by Bond, vol. ii, p. 28), and Davies of Hereford (*Works*, edited by Grosart, vol. ii, p. 42).
- IV, ii, 24.** *Madam and her malkin:* Gertrude and her maid. A *malkin* is a country wench, in which character Sindely had been introduced to Gertrude.
- IV, ii, 25.** *Bite o' the bridle for William:* 'probably a hostler's proverb'—Schelling. To 'bite on the bridle' is to chew the bit, and the sense of the proverb is plain. I have not found any other instance of it.
- IV, ii, 38.** *Commoners:* members of the Town or Common Council.
- IV, ii, 39-40.** *At presentation of the inquest:* 'on the report of the nominating committee'—Schelling. The *inquest* was the committee of the Council appointed to make legal inquiry into any matter.
- IV, ii, 51.** *Ta'en into the livery of his company:* made a freeman of the City and so entitled to wear the *livery*, distinctive dress of his company, the Goldsmiths'.
- IV, ii, 68.** *Will wear scarlet:* be an alderman, referring to the scarlet robes of these dignitaries.
- IV, ii, 72.** *Lady Ramsey:* the wife of Sir Thomas Ramsey, Lord Mayor of London, 1577. She was a benefactress of Christ's Hospital. See Stow, *Annals*, Book I, p. 278 (edition of 1722).
Gresham: Sir Thomas Gresham, builder of the Royal Exchange, one of the most eminent of London citizens in the reign of Elizabeth.
- IV, ii, 73.** *Whittington:* four times Lord Mayor of London between 1397 and 1420. He bequeathed a large fortune to charitable and public purposes, and his executors founded conduits (see I. 75 below) at Cripplegate and Billingsgate. A play, now lost, bearing his name was entered in the Stationers' Registers in 1605. This play probably dealt with the *fabie* of Whittington's cat which Stowe holds it beneath his dignity to mention.
- IV, ii, 75-6.** *Thy deeds played in thy life:* a reference to Heywood's play, *If You Know not me*, the second part of which treats at some length of the building of the Exchange by Gresham. It seems to have been produced by the Queen's Company in the very year of *Eastward Ho*, 1605.
- IV, ii, 77.** *Get-penny:* the word is used by Middleton in *Five Gallants* (*Works*, vol. iii, p. 134) of a harlot's face; by Jonson, *Bartholomew Fair*, V, i, in connexion with a puppet-show.
- IV, ii, 88.** *A false brother:* an informer.
- IV, ii, 96.** *Under colour of a great press:* under pretence of impressing men for the army or navy. Thus in April, 1603, a *great press* took place in London by order of Cecil, acting in the King's name, and some eight hundred men, described as 'vagabonds' were seized and sent to serve in the Dutch fleet, see *Pictorial History of England*, vol. iii, p. 3.
- IV, ii, 102-3.** *New officer . . . unreflected:* an official in his first term, not to be deflected from his duty; cf. a line of Chapman's in his *Iliad*, xxi, 373:

And prayed her that her son might be reflected
 where reflected, i.e. turned away, translates the Greek *παύεσθω*, let him cease.

- IV, ii, 114. *Fished fair and caught a frog*: from Heywood's *Proverbs*, pt. I, chap. 11. A passage from Bishop Latimer's *Letter to a Certain Gentleman* (Foxe's *Martyrs*, vol. iii, p. 483, edition of 1641) interprets the proverb: 'As the common saying is, Well have I fished and caught a frog, brought little to pass with much ado.'
- IV, ii, 140. *Fist*: a common word with Marston whose hand seems visible in this colloquy between Gertrude and her father.
- IV, ii, 141-2. *A fart from a dead man*: another phrase from Heywood's *Proverbs*, pt. I, chap. 11.
- IV, ii, 144-5. *Hunger drops out at his nose*: also from Heywood, pt. I, chap. 11. Also in Heywood's *Epigrams upon Proverbs*, no. 192:

*Hunger droppeth out of his nose,
 That is the worst kind of the pose.*

- IV, ii, 146. *Fair words never hurt the tongue*: cf. 'It hurteth not the tongue to give fair words', Heywood, *Proverbs*, pt. I, chap. 9.
- IV, ii, 150-1. *No man loves his fetters, be they made of gold*: from Heywood's *Proverbs*, pt. I, chap. 8.
- IV, ii, 151-2. *My head fastened under my child's girdle*: cf. 'Then have ye his head fast under your girdle', Heywood, *Proverbs*, pt. I, chap. 5.
- IV, ii, 152. *As she has brewed, so let her drink*: cf. 'As I would needs brew, so must I needs drink', Heywood, *Proverbs*, pt. I, chap. 8.
- IV, ii, 153. *Witless to wedding*: cf. 'They went witless to wedding, whereby at last they both went a-begging', Heywood, *Proverbs*, pt. I, chap. 11.
- IV, ii, 164. *Good cow . . . ill calf*: cf. 'Many a good cow hath an evil calf', Heywood, *Proverbs*, pt. I, chap. 10.
- IV, ii, 171. *Melancholy*: used here in the sense of 'anger', see *New English Dictionary* sub *melancholy*, 2.
- IV, ii, 176. *Foil to set it off*. Touchstone borrows a metaphor from his own craft; a foil is the thin leaf of metal put under a gem to heighten its lustre.
- IV, ii, 182. *Trussed up*: hanged on the gallows.
- IV, ii, 183. *In the island*: the Isle of Dogs, cf. IV, i, 174 and the note *ad loc.*
- IV, ii, 185. *Carry an M. under your girdle*: be polite enough to use the term, Master. The phrase is not infrequent in Elizabethan drama; see *The Blind Beggar of Bednal Green* (*Materialien zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas*, vol. 1, p. 13, and note *ad loc.*) and *Englishmen for my Money* (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, vol. x, p. 531). Bullen also cites an instance in Heywood's *Maidenhead Well Lost*, III, ii.
- IV, ii, 190. *Bridewell*: an ancient monastery used at this time as a house of correction for vagabonds and fallen women. Quicksilver and Sir Petronel were to have been detained there as 'masterless men' until shipped to join the navy.
- IV, ii, 230. *Gresco or primero*: games of cards. Nares gives a long account of *primero*.
- IV, ii, 279. *Pride and outrecuidance*: the same phrase occurs in *Monsieur D'Olive*, IV, ii, 58. The word *outrecuidance* occurs also in *Cynthia's Revels*, V, ii.
- IV, ii, 292. *Chop logic*: see note on *All Fools*, I, ii, 51.
- IV, ii, 315. *Take security*: accept bail. Touchstone in the next line puns on the phrase and declares he will seize the person of Security.
- IV, ii, 326-8. This seems a bit of Marston; cf. the note on II, i, 147-9.
- V, i, 7. *O hone, hone*: the refrain of an Irish lament, the Erse *ochoirn*, oh, alas!
- V, i, 15-23. With the repetition of *Sin*. in this speech, cf. that of *Win*. in *Bartholomew Fair*, I, i, in Littlewit's first speech to his wife. See also II, ii, 199-203 above.
- V, i, 25-6. *Hunger breaks stone walls*: cf. 'Hunger pierceth stone wall', Heywood, *Proverbs*, pt. I, chap. 12, and Shakespeare's use of the proverb, *Coriolanus*, I, i, 210.

- V, i, 29-30. *Knight o' the Sun*: a character in *The Mirror of Knighthood* (published in seven parts, 1583-1601) a translation of the Spanish romance, *Cavallero del Phebo*. There is an allusion to this romance in *Antonio and Mellida*, II, i, 34. *Palmerin of England* is the hero of another Spanish romance, *Palmerin de Inglaterra* by L. Hurtado, 1547, translated by Antony Munday. This translation was entered in the Stationers' Registers as early as 1581, but the book seems to have been so eagerly devoured that the oldest extant copy dates from 1602.
- V, i, 39. *Still prest*: always ready.
- V, i, 44-5. *The Round Table at Winchester*. A large round table inscribed with the names of Arthur's knights was long preserved in the Sessions-hall at Winchester, see the long note on this passage in Collier's *Dodsley*, vol. iv, p. 259.
- V, i, 46. *Hazard*, a game of dice, not unlike the American game of 'craps'.
- V, i, 50-1. *By bread and salt*: a common sixteenth century oath. Thus in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, sc. 2 Chat swears *by bread and salt*. To make the oath more binding bread and salt were sometimes eaten. Thus in Nash's *Lenient Stuff* (*Works*, vol. iii, p. 199): 'Venus and Juno . . . took bread and salt and ate it that they would be smartly revenged'. See also *Honest Whore*, pt. I, I, 12.
- V, i, 57. *Lay my ladyship in lavender*: pawn my title. To *lay in lavender* was a slang phrase meaning either to pawn or to imprison. See Shift's first bill in *Every Man out of his Humour*, III, i.
- V, i, 60. *A peat*: a term of reproach. Jonson uses it in *Every Man out of his Humour*, in the description of the *Dramatis Personae*, of Fallace, a *proud mincing peat*.
- V, i, 62. *Turn the lip and the alas*: cf. the phrases 'to fall a lip', i.e. to show contempt, and 'to make up a lip', i.e. to pout.
- V, i, 81-3. For these superstitions see Bishop Corbett's *The Fairies' Farewell* (Chalmer's *English Poets*, vol. v, p. 582) mentioned in the note on *Humorous Day's Mirth*, sc. iv, l. 18.
- V, i, 100-108. In metre, style, and tone this song seems to me closely akin to one in *The Dutch Courtesan*, I, ii, 220, ssq.
- V, i, 121. *Blow at the coal*: cf. 'Let them that be a-cold blow at the coal', Heywood, *Proverbs*, pt. I, chap. 10.
- V, i, 122-3. *The hasty person never wants woe*: from Heywood, pt. I, chap. 2.
- V, i, 125. *Did but my kind*: only acted according to my nature.
- V, i, 131. *Gold-end man*: one who buys broken bits of gold. The phrase occurs in *The Alchemist*, II, iv, 21, see Gifford's note *ad loc.*
- V, i, 140. *French wires*: wire frames for ruffs, see *Revenge of Bussy*, III, ii, 136.
- Cheat-bread*: fine wheat bread; *cheat* means 'wheat' in Chapman's *Batrachomyomachia*, *Poems*, p. 272.
- V, i, 150-1. *The leg of a lark is better than the body of a kite*: an old proverb, occurring in Heywood, pt. I, chap. 4.
- V, ii, 28. *Mortified*: used here in the almost obsolete religious sense, 'dead to sin', perhaps an intentional mistake for 'edified.'
- V, ii, 32. *Brownist*: a strict Puritan sect, taking this name from its founder, Robert Browne, 1550-1633.
- Millenary*: a sect which believed in the Second Advent and the thousand years reign of Christ on the earth.
- Family o' Love*: a sixteenth century sect of mystics, known also as Familists, founded by Hendrik Niclaes. Their doctrines were introduced into England where they spread widely, especially in the eastern counties. They were accused of teaching and practising free love, and Middleton attacks them on this score in his comedy, *The Family of Love*, 1607. Marston also mentions them in *The Dutch Courtesan*, III, iii, 56-7.
- V, ii, 42, 43, 47. *The Knight's Ward, the Hole, the two-penny ward*: names of different parts of the prison. 'The Counter had four divisions or wards, the Master's side being that in which the highest price was charged for accommodations [see *Westward Ho*, III, iii]; then come the Knight's Ward, then the two-penny ward, and finally the Hole, a dungeon for the

- poorest prisoners', Gifford's note on *Every Man out of his Humour*, V, vii. In the prison scene in *Greene's Tu Quoque* (Collier's *Dodsley*, vol. vii, p. 71) Spendall, a moneyless prisoner, is advised to remove to the two-penny ward, or into the Hole where he may feed for nothing out of the alms-basket.
- V, ii, 53. *Cut his hair*: thus adopting the proper fashion of a citizen as contrasted with the long curls of the courtiers whom Quicksilver had formerly imitated. Cf. *Bartholomew Fair*, III, i, where Knockem promises to cut his hair as a sign of reformation.
- V, ii, 55-6. *The Sick Man's Salve*: a popular book of devotion by Thomas Becon published 1561. It is repeatedly mentioned in Elizabethan drama; see *Silent Woman*, IV, ii and *Philaster*, IV, i. In *Sir John Oldcastle*, IV, iii, it is named, along with the Bible, the Testament, the Psalms in metre, and the *Treasure of Gladness*, 'all in English', as among the books found in Sir John's library and condemned to the fire as heretical by the Bishop.
- V, ii, 63. *An intelligencer*: an informer. There is a satirical implication that even this calling is respectable compared with that of a sergeant.
- V, ii, 68-9. *Fish is cast away that is cast in dry pools*: verbatim from Heywood's *Proverbs*, pt. I, chap. 11.
- V, ii, 73-4. *Lay mine ear to the ground*: cf. *Psalms* lviii, 4: 'They are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear.' Calvin in his commentary on this passage refers to the common belief, reported by Bochart—*Hierozoicon*, pt. II, book 3, chap. 6—that the adder, on hearing the voice of the snake-charmer, lays one ear to the ground and stops the other with her tail.
- V, iii, 29. *Feast of her new moon*: alluding to the horns of the crescent, emblematic, to the jealous mind of Security, of the horns of Cuckoldry.
- V, iii, 55. *The basket*: containing the broken victuals collected for poor prisoners. There are repeated allusions to this practice in Elizabethan drama, see *May-Day*, IV, iii, 91 and note *ad loc.*, also Shirley's *Bird in a Cage*, III, iv. In *Greene's Tu Quoque* (Collier's *Dodsley*, vol. vii, pp. 73-4) there is a lively scene in which Gatherscrap appears in the prison with the basket and Spendall describes its disgusting contents.
- V, iii, 60. Collier sees here a direct allusion to Robert Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit and Farewell to Folly*. This seems unlikely considering that Greene had died over a decade before the appearance of *Eastward Ho*. The allusion is to the common practice of composing popular ballads on the last words and dying repentance of celebrated criminals.
- V, iv, 17. *Mandragora*: mandrake. Collier, in his note on this passage, quotes from an Elizabethan translation of Demosthenes to the effect that mandragora is 'of virtue to cast one into so heavy a sleep that being lanced or burned he shall not feel the grief.' See also the note on *Othello*, III, iii, 330 in Furness's *Variorum*.
- V, iv, 32. *The voice of the hyena*: cf. 'the Hyena when she speaketh like a man deviseth most mischief', Lyly, *Euphues* (*Works*, vol. i, p. 250). Bond in his note on this passage of Lyly cites Pliny, *Hist. Nat.*, viii, 44, as authority for this trick of the hyena.
- V, v, 24. *White-Friars*: the district surrounding the old church of the Carmelites. It was at this time a sanctuary for debtors and minor criminals since an arrest could only be made within its limits under the writ of the Lord Chief Justice himself. See Scott's vivid picture of White-Friars, or Alsatia, in *The Fortunes of Nigel*.
- V, v, 43-44. *Mannington's*: 'A woeful Ballad made by Mr. George Mannington, an houre before he suffered at Cambridge-castell was entered on the Stationers' Register Nov. 7, 1576'—Schelling. It was included in Robinson's *Handful of Pleasant Delights*, 1584, and has been reprinted in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, January, 1781, and in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, vol. ii, p. 47.
- V, v, 46. This tune was that to which Mannington's ballad was sung, taking its name from the first line of that song.
- V, v, 73. *The ragged colt*: cf. Heywood's *Proverbs*, pt. I, chap. 11: 'Of a ragged colt there cometh a good horse.' See also *The Widow's Tears*,

III, i, 58-9, where the same term is applied to a supposedly bankrupt scapegrace.

V, v, 79-80. With this rhyme, *daughter* : *after*, cf. *Lear*, I, iv, 341-4.

V, v, 81. *The black ox* : a symbol of trouble or old age. The phrase appears in a common proverb, found in Heywood, pt. I, chap. 7 : 'The black ox hath not trod on his (or her) foot.' Cf. also Lyly, *Euphues* (*Works*, vol. i, p. 203).

V, v, 124. *The Spital* : the hospital, with special reference here to the treatment of venereal disease.

V, v, 189. *Yellow* : the colour of Security's prison dress, and also emblematic of jealousy.

V, v, 196-7. The devils will take Security's horns as a sign that he is one of their number.

V, v, 199. *An innocent* : a pun on a common Elizabethan meaning of the word, i.e. 'idiot.'

Epilogus. Quicksilver, who spoke the Epilogue, evidently advanced to the front of the stage. He first takes, so to speak, the audience into the play, pretending that they are the crowd gathered in front of the Counter to see the release of Sir Petronel and his friends, a crowd as large as that on the *solemn day of the Pageant*, i.e. the Lord Mayor's Show, again referred to in the *solemn day of the Pageant* line. The *windows* of l. 4 are the 'rooms', or boxes, of the theatre. In the two couplets which close the play he drops this pretence, and addressing the spectators directly begs their further patronage; l. 9 contains an interesting hint as to the frequency, *once a week*, with which a successful play was likely to be given at an Elizabethan theatre.

TEXT NOTES

Three editions of *Eastward Ho*, all in quarto form, were printed for William Aspley in 1605. The first of these containing the offensive passage (III, iii, 40-47) seems to have been so promptly and effectually suppressed that no copies¹ of it remain. The second quarto apparently differs from the first only by the omission of the objectionable passage (79 words) and the addition of a passage of 31 words at the end of the speech in which the former occurs. These changes affected only two pages, and as these pages have been preserved and bound up in a copy of Q₂ in the Dyce collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum, it is possible to see exactly what took place when Aspley received the order to cease printing Q₁. The censored passage begins on E₃ *verso* two and a half lines from the bottom and extends to the middle of the fifth line on E₄. Thus seven lines or so were struck out. These two pages, of course, had to be reset, but in order to avoid resetting others, and to be able to use the unsold sheets of Q₁, Aspley induced one of the authors to write a new bit (printed in the present edition in the Text Notes, p. 865) which he added to the end of the speech and by printing fewer² lines than usual on these two pages, he managed to make the required alteration without disturbing the type for any pages but these two, E₃ *verso* and E₄. Q₁ and Q₂, then, are to all intents and purposes one and the same edition except on the two pages E₃ *verso* and E₄.

Q₃, on the contrary, has been entirely reset. It contains four pages less than Q₂, owing to abbreviations, closer setting of type, and a trick of printing verse from time to time in double columns. It corrects a number of trivial misprints in Q₂, but introduces a large number of new errors. On the whole, however, the text of *Eastward Ho* is fairly good, and there are few if any

¹ Schelling (*Belles-Lettres* edition of *Eastward Ho*, p. xxxii) speaks of a copy in the South Kensington Museum. This is not strictly accurate, as no complete copy of Q₁ is to be found there, but only two pages of this edition (E₃ *verso* and E₄) inserted between E₃ and E₄ in a copy of Q₂.

² The difference in length between the cancelled passage and the new one was some 48 words, amounting to about four lines in Q₁. The new page E₃ *verso* contains only 37 lines instead of the usual 38 or 39, and the new E₄ only 35, so that the necessary space has been attained. See Schelling's remarks, *op. cit.*, pp. 145-6.

of the corrupt passages which appear so often in the earlier comedies of Chapman. Q₂ is, as a rule, to be followed; its occasional misprints can often be corrected by Q₃, and the censored passage is preserved in the two pages of Q₁ already mentioned as bound up in a Dyce copy of Q₂.

Eastward Ho has often been reprinted; first in Dodsley's *Old Plays*, 1744 and in the subsequent issues of that series, Reed's *Dodsley*, 1780, and Collier's *Dodsley*, 1825, in volume iv in all three. It was also reprinted in the Appendix of Chetwood's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Ben Jonson*, Dublin, 1756, and in *The Ancient British Drama* (vol. ii), 1810. It was included in Halliwell's edition of Marston, 1856, and in Bullen's edition of that dramatist, 1887, in each case in vol. iii. It does not appear in the Pearson reprint of the plays of Chapman, but is included in Shepherd's, *The Works of George Chapman, Plays*, 1874. Finally a careful reprint, based upon Q₂, was edited with notes and introduction by Professor Schelling for the *Belles-Lettres Series* (1904) where it appears bound up with Jonson's *Alchemist*.

The present edition, like Professor Schelling's, of which I have made constant use, is based upon Q₂. I have modernized the spelling, as well as the punctuation, except in a few cases where it seemed best to retain an old form. In preparing the text I have consulted copies in the British Museum, in the Dyce collection, and in the Bodleian where I have checked my proofs by comparison with a copy of Q₂ (Malone 765). In the following notes I have not attempted to record all the variations of all editions, especially as some of the earlier reprints are far from accurate, nor have I thought it necessary to note all the misprints of Q₃. Wherever I have departed from Q₂, except in the case of a palpable misprint, I have given my authority, and as usual all emendations, additions to the text and modern stage-directions, are enclosed in brackets. In these notes I use from time to time the following symbols: Qq to denote an agreement of Q₂ and Q₃, Co. Collier's *Dodsley*; B. Bullen's *Marston*, and B.L. for Schelling's edition.

Dramatis Personae. There is no list of the characters in Qq. It was supplied by B. whose list is reprinted, with the addition of one name, *Toby*, in B.L. This addition seems to me idle, as *Toby*, a prisoner mentioned in V, v, ro, 33, has nothing to say unless, indeed, he is to be identified with Prisoner 2 of that scene. On the other hand both B. and B.L. omit the Messenger who appears in III, i, the Scrivener who appears in III, ii, and the Friend of the Prisoners who appears in V, v. I have added these to B.'s list and have corrected the misprint *Ford* for *Fond* which appears in B. and B.L.

The Qq divide the play into acts, but not into scenes. Each act has the heading *Actus Primi* (*Secundi*, etc.) *Scena Prima*, but there is no further division into scenes except in Act III, which marks *Scena Secunda* after l. 70, but contains no further division. I have followed the B.L. division into scenes, and the indications of place given, as a rule, in B.

Actus Primi: so Qq; B.L. reads *Primus*, but the genitive form appears elsewhere in Chapman's work, see acts I, II and V of *All Fools*. I shall not note this alteration of B.L. in the other acts.

I, i, 12. *Work upon that now*. This phrase, and many of Touchstone's sayings, are printed in italics in Qq for the sake of emphasis. B.L. retains these italics, but I have not thought it necessary to do so, and shall not hereafter notice these cases.

71-74. *Master*. Qq *M*. I have filled out these contractions without marking them in the

text, and shall not refer to them hereafter.

87. Q₂ *'twas*; Q₃ *'twas*. I note this as the sort of correction that Q₃ often makes.

97. *Sirrah*. Qq *sra*.

99. Q₂ omits *and* before *my* and is followed by Co.

106. Qq *Don*; B. emends *Dan*.

110-112. There is a good deal of difference as to the punctuation of these lines. B.L. following that of the Qq points thus: *Touchstone. Eastward, bully, this satin belly! And canvas-backed Touchstone—slife, man!* This seems to me very awkward since *satin belly* must

- modify *Touchstone*. My punctuation is practically that of B.
- I, ii. Stage-direction. Qq have *Gertrud* for *Gertrude* and so throughout the play.
- I, ii, 5. Q₂ *Madam*; Q₃ *madam*.
16. Qq *Tuf-taffitie*.
- 27-28. Q₂ *Shoute*; Q₃ *Shout*. Co. emends *Shoot*, which B. accepts.
49. Qq *Poldavis*. I follow B. in making the name agree with the form in the stage-direction.
58. B.L. and the other editors insert *a* before *thing*. But *thing* represents the old plural form, and the insertion is needless.
90. Qq, *A 100 li*.
179. *Moral*. Q₂ *morrall*; Q₃ *mortall*, a mere misprint.
- II, i, 52. Stage-directions. Qq have here only: *Enter Goulding*. It is evident, however, that *Touchstone* takes no further part in the action until l. 109, and that *Enter Goulding* denotes the advance to the front of *Mildred* as well as her lover.
79. Q₂ *ttade*; Q₃ *trade*.
89. Q₂ (*Ump*) *pulldo*, *Pulldo*; *showse quoth*; Q₃ *Am pum pulleo*, *Pullo*: *showse quot*. B.L. here follows Q₃. My reading is made up from both. *Ump* best represents Quicksilver's *drunken hiccup*, as above in l. 3; *pull eo*, on the other hand, more nearly represents the cry of the watermen; while *quoth* is preferable to *quot*.
- 135-6. Qq print as one line.
142. Q₂ *pisse*; Q₃ *passé*
- II, ii. Stage-direction. For *Securitie solus* of Q₂, Q₃ has *Ent. Secu*.
- II, ii, 10. B.L. omits the words *Security following* in the stage-direction after this line. It seems to me they should be retained as they show that *Security* has retired after his speech to the back of the stage and comes forward again at the heels of Quicksilver. B. marks a new scene at this point, which does not seem necessary as there is no change of place.
14. Q₂ *thy usurous*; Q₃ *my usurous*. Co. reads *cousenage* for *covetousness*, l. 15, for which I can find no authority.
25. Q₂ *but as a scrappe*; Q₃ *but a scape*. Co. and B. follow Q₃ in reading *scape*. In *Old City Manners* (see above, p. 837) we find *scape* in this place, which may show a stage tradition, but more likely follows the reading of the commoner Q₃. B.L. rightly reverts to the first reading. Personally I do not see what sense can be made here of *scape*, i.e. 'slip', 'fault'.
36. Qq *Dalida*; B. emends *Dalila*.
42. Q₂ *wright*; Q₃ *writ*.
55. Q₂ misprints *Hyn*. for *Syn*. as the speaker's name. Q₃ assigns the speech to *Secur*. and is followed by B. This is certainly wrong as the speech is in keeping with the following speeches of *Sindefy*, ll. 69 and 79.
142. Q₂ *hundered*; Q₃ *hundred*.
202. After this line Qq have *Exeunt*, but it is plain that Quicksilver remains on the stage.
212. Quicksilver's *exit*, inserted in B.L., is not marked in Qq, and it is probable that he did not leave the stage here, but remained to greet *Sir Petronel*. B. runs these scenes together, but there is an evident change of place here.
- II, iii. Stage-direction. Qq print *wan* for *wand*.
- II, iii, 53. Q₂ *wise*; Q₃ misprints *wife*.
85. Qq *Poynados*. I follow B.'s emendation *panadas*.
154. Qq *by lady*. B. emends *by'r*.
170. I follow Q₂ in reading *Thank*. All other editors prefer the reading of Q₃ *I thanke*.
- III, i, 1. Q₂ *our*; Q₃ *your*. B.L. follows Q₃, but there seems no need of this. With Co. and B. I read *our*.
- 9-10. Q₂ puts the words from *by* to *years* in parenthesis.
- 53, 63. Q₂ prefixes *Spoyl*. to the speeches beginning with these lines; Q₃ *Spend*, which is followed by all editors. *Spoyl*. is, perhaps, a trace of a name altered in revision.
- III, ii, 24. In the stage-direction after this line Q₂ misprints *Por*.; Q₃ has *Pol*, for *Poikim*.
70. Q₂ *wee'd*; Q₃ *Weele*.
92. Q₂ *call*; Q₃ *cals*, which is evidently the better reading and is accepted by B.L.

101. Qq include the word *since* in parenthesis, but it seems to me that the construction is better, if it is placed outside and construed with *I am born*. This change is indicated in an old hand in a copy of Q₂ in the possession of Mr. Armour of Princeton.
113. Qq misprint *Bridgegrome*. Co. corrects.
122. Qq have a question mark, equivalent to an exclamation, after *so*. B.L. omits this, and the passage, perhaps, reads better without this break.
126. Q₂ *Touchstone*; Q₃ *Touch*. Co. and B.L. follow Q₃, but I take this to be one of the usual abbreviations of this edition. B. follows Q₂.
176. *God-b'w'y'*. Q₂ *God-boye*; Q₃ *God-boy*.
188. The word *the*, before *first*, wanting in Qq is supplied by Co.
258. Q₂ *his sterne*; Q₃ misprints *eyes sterne*, which Co. gives as the reading of Qq omitting to note the correct reading of Q₂.
262. All Qq that I have seen except the Armour Q₂ read *To find*. B.L. does not notice this so that the copies from which that text is constructed must have the true reading
306. Q₂ *shas*; Q₃ *was*.
810. After this line Qq have *Exit*; but from l. 314 it seems clear that Security has not left the stage. It seems to me better to read *Exiturus*, than with B.L. to read *Exit* and insert *Re-enter Security* before l. 314.
- III, iii, 2. Q₂ misprints *but*; Q₃ corrects *but*.
- 40-47. *Only a few . . . do here*. This is the censored passage. I have supplied it from the pages of Q₁ bound up in a Dyce copy of Q₂, see above, p. 862. It was re-inserted in the text by Co.
50. *A nobleman*, the reading of Q₁. The later Qq read *any other officer*, a change which shows the censor's hand.
52. B.L. notes that Q₂ reads *furune* in this line. The Armour copy has *Forune* which shows that a *t* has dropped out.
58. At the end of this speech Q₂ and Q₃ insert a new passage: 'Besides, there we shall have no more Law then Conscience, and not too much of either; serve God enough, eate and drinke inough, and *inough is as good as a Feast*'. Previous editors include these words in the text, but as they did not belong to the original play and were only written to fill up the gap left by the censor, I have preferred to relegate them to the Text Notes.
59. The phrase *with his followers* does not appear in the stage-direction Q₁. It is added in Q₂.
158. The Armour copy reads *Ogies* showing the loss of a letter as in l. 52.
- III, iv. Co. and B. do not mark a new scene here, but it is plain that Security does not return to the tavern, but is at his own house.
- IV, i, 28-9. *In a*. B.L. notes here that Qq read *in an night-cappe*. This is not the reading of any copy that I have seen, and I think the B.L. note should refer to the stage-direction after l. 3r (l. 39 in the B.L. text) where Qq have *in an*.
53. Stage-direction. Qq *Exit creep*.
164. Qq *infortunes*. Co. emends.
181. *No no this*. So Q₂. Q₃ reads *Now this*, a variant not noted in B.L.
182. Qq *pound giving to a Page*, *all*. B.L. following Co. and B. reads *given to a page*; *all*, but there is no need of altering the original. By placing the comma which in Qq follows *Page*, after *pound*, the original makes perfect sense.
251. Q₂ *stale*; Q₃ *stole*.
288. Co. supplies *Slit*, omitted in Qq, before this speech.
289. Q₂ *farthiest*; Q₃ *farthyest*.
- 293-5. I have followed here essentially the punctuation of Qq, but I am not sure that it is not misleading. Certainly Slitgut does not bid *farewell to honest married men*. It would, I think, be a great improvement to read: *Farewell, thou dishonest satire to honest married men. Farewell, etc.*, which would bring this clause into accord with the arrangement of the following lines, but I

- have not ventured to make this alteration.
- IV, ii. Co. does not mark a scene here. I follow B.L.
- IV, ii, 5. *Nor the Colonoria*. Q₂ has *not the Colonoria*; Q₃ corrects.
47. Q₂ *let we*, corrected in some copies of Q₃.
88. Qq have a question mark after this line, which B.L. follows, but it is equivalent to an exclamation mark.
109. After this line Qq read, with some variations of spelling, *Touchstone, Mistresse Touchstone, Girtrude, Goulding, Mildred, Sindefy*; but *Touchstone* and *Goulding* are already on the stage.
123. Some copies of Q₃ read *low cullion*, a variation not noted in B.L.
133. Co. B. and others read *nor put*, but there seems to be no authority for this. All copies of Qq that I have seen and B.L. read *not put*.
161. Stage-direction. Qq have only *Exit Gyrt*. B.L. adds *and Sindefy*.
- 167-8. All Qq that I have seen give this speech to *Goulding*, and are followed by Co. and B. B.L., without any comment, assigns it to the Constable who has just entered. This is a plausible alteration, but not, I think, necessary. In l. 168 two copies in the British Museum show a variety of misprints: *will hor broght* and *will them broght*.
- 227-8. Q₂ *Quicksilver*; Q₃ *Quick*. This variation throws, I think, some light on III, ii, 126, where B.L. follows Q₃. In this case B. L. follows Q₂.
267. Qq put the words *God* to *thee* in parenthesis.
303. Q₂ *keepe*; Q₃ *keepe it*.
304. *Master*. Qq *Mr*, an unusual agreement in abbreviation.
312. Q₂ misprints *yon*; Q₃ correctly *you*.
320. Here Q₂ abbreviates *Lo*; Q₃ *Lord*, an unusual case.
- V, i, 23. Q₂ *run*; Q₃ *ran*, a variation not noted in B.L.
33. Q₂ misprints *Gry* for *Gyr* before this speech; Q₃ corrects, so also in III, ii, 110.
36. Q₂ *our*; Q₃ correctly *ours*.
39. *Prest*; B. *pressed*, which spoils the sense.
47. Q₂ *True*; Q₃ *Trie*.
57. Q₂ *Il'd lay*; Q₃ *Il'e lay*.
129. *Smell the Touchstone*; so Qq. Co. *Smell o' the*, a correction which appears in an old hand in the *Armour* copy. It does not seem necessary. B. and B.L. follow Qq.
131. Before *a scurvy B.* inserts *to*, a correction made in the *Armour* copy in an old hand and accepted by B.L. It does not seem necessary. Co. follows Qq in omitting *to*.
- V, ii, 14-15. *Sir Petronel . . . Francis Quicksilver*; so Q₂; Q₃ *Sir Petro . . . Fra. Quick*, an interesting instance of this edition's trick of abbreviation.
- V, iii. B. inserts here and at scene v *The Compter*. I follow B.L. in using the old form *Counter* which occurs in the text, IV, ii, 254. I have added *apart* after *Security*. Previous editors strike out this name and insert *Enter Security* after l. 5. Qq have simply: *Holdfast, Bramble, Security*.
- V, iii, 45. Qq have simply *Pri* or *Pris*. before this line. Evidently it belongs to the First Prisoner.
- 57-59. Qq give both these speeches to *Pris. 2*. I follow B.L. in assigning the first to the First Prisoner.
64. Qq. add *Woolfe* to the stage-direction after this line, but *Wolf* does not enter till line 80.
88. Q₂ *pat*; Q₃ *part*, not *port* as B.L. says.
91. I have inserted *Exit* here as it is plain that *Quicksilver* is not on the stage at the close of the scene, and this seems a fit place for his departure. B.L. has here *Exit Bramble*; which neglects to provide an *Exit* for *Quicksilver*. I would place this *exit* after l. 94, where Qq have only *Exeunt*. B. puts it after l. 102.
102. There is no stage-direction in the Qq after this line, but it is plain that *Wolf* sends *Holdfast* away here. To avoid multiplication of stage-directions, I send *Sir Petronel* off with him, B.L. marks *Petronel's exit* in l. 97.

- V, iii, 109. Q₂ *make make*, Q₃ corrects.
- V, iv. I follow B.L. in laying the scene at Touchstone's house.
- V, iv, 8. Qq *our*; Co. emends *your*.
- V, v, 29-31. B.L. seems to me to give a wrong impression of this speech by pointing *Salute him.* and then inserting the stage-direction. Q₂ has *Salute him I pray, Sir, this*; Q₃ *Salute him, I pray. Sir, this.* Both Qq have the stage-direction *Enter Quick. Pet. etc.* after the speech. I follow the punctuation of Q₃ and expand the stage-direction to include Security, Wolf, and Golding.
53. With Co. and B. I follow the Q₃ reading *bade* instead of Q₂ *bad*. Judging from the Malone copy Q₂ uses this form to save a space.
- 70-71. The name of the speaker is wanting before these lines in Qq but they are part of Quicksilver's song.
158. To the stage-direction after this line Qq add *etc.* It is hard to know who else appears here as all the chief characters except Bramble are now on the stage.
212. The Qq place an *Exeunt* after this line and not after the Epilogue, which is not assigned to any one of the *dramatis personae*. Possibly the Epilogue was an after thought, but it is evidently spoken by Quicksilver to whom Reed (*Dodsley*, 1784) assigns it, and the phrase *stay, sir*, shows that *Touchstone* at least is still on the stage. It seems best, with B.L. to place the *Exeunt* after the Epilogue.

THE BALL

INTRODUCTION

The Ball is first mentioned in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels under Charles I. Under the date of November, 18, 1632, there occurs the following entry: *In the play of The Ball, written by Sherley, and acted by the Queens players, ther were divers. personated so naturally, both of lords and others of the court, that I took it ill, and would have forbidden the play, but that Biston¹ promiste many things which I found faulte withall, should be left out, and that he would not suffer it to be done by the poett any more, who deserves to be punisht; and the first that offends in this kind, of poets or players, shall be sure of publike punishment—Variorum Shakespeare, vol. iii, p. 231.* There is an allusion to this intervention of Herbert's in a later play by Shirley, *The Lady of Pleasure* (I, i) 1635, which represents the matter in a somewhat different light. Referring to the 'meetings called the Ball to which repair . . . all your gallants and ladies', the poet says:

*There was a play on'i,
And had the poet not been bribed to a modest
Expression of your antic gambols in't,
Some darks had been discover'd, and the deeds too:
In time he may repent and make some blush
To see the second part² danced on the stage.*

During Shirley's stay in Ireland, which appears to have lasted with one brief interval from the spring of 1636 to that of 1640, his publishers,³ Cooke and Croke secured the manuscripts of a number of his plays. *The Example, The Gamester, The Duke's Mistress*, and others, which they proceeded to put into print. Apparently this was done without giving the poet an opportunity to supervise the publication, for these plays all lack the dedications which Shirley seems to have been accustomed to prefix to the works which he himself gave to the press. *The Ball* was one of these plays, and was entered October 24, 1638, in the Stationers' Registers. The wording of the entry seems to me to have a distinct bearing upon the question of the authorship, and I give it here verbatim:

Master Croke and William Cooke. Entred for their copie under the hands of Master Wykes and Master Rothwell warden a Booke called Phillip Chalbott *Admirall of Ffrance and the Ball* by James Shirley.

¹ Christopher Beeston, manager of the Queen's Company.

² This 'second part', so far as we know, was never written.

³ William Cooke was Shirley's regular publisher from 1632 on. After 1636 he usually associated Andrew Croke with him in the publication of Shirley's plays.

In the following year these publishers issued *The Ball* in quarto form with the following title page :

The Ball. A Comedy, As it was presented by Her Majesties Servants, at the private House in Drury Lane. Written by George Chapman, and James Shirley, London. Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Andrew Croke and William Cooke. 1639.

The Ball, as the title-page shows, was produced by the Queen's Company, playing in the private theatre called the Cockpit, or the Phoenix, in Drury Lane. This was the company and the theatre with which Shirley had been connected since he began play-writing in 1625. With a single exception, *The Changes*, produced by the Revels' Company at Salisbury Court, all his plays were performed by this company at this theatre from 1625 till his departure for Ireland in 1636. Nothing further is known of the stage history of *The Ball*. There is no record of its being performed at Court, and it is not mentioned in the list of plays including many of Shirley's best, *The Traitor*, *The Example*, *Hyde Park*, etc., which in 1639 were confirmed by royal order, as the sole property of Beeston's¹ Boys. It is probable, therefore, that it was not taken over by this company. I find no mention of any revival of *The Ball* after the Restoration. It seems to me altogether likely that the play did not outlive its first season on the stage, and was dropped from the repertoire of the Queen's Company never to be revived.

The early disappearance of *The Ball* from the stage is not surprising, for the play has little real merit. Some of its scenes would, no doubt, be amusing enough if cleverly acted, but the play as a whole is a slight thing, inferior to many others of the same type which Shirley and his contemporaries turned out in superabundance. To the student of Elizabethan drama its main interest lies in the assertion of the title-page that it is the joint work of Shirley and Chapman. This statement has provoked numerous expressions of opinion, but with the single exception of Fleay, critics have confined themselves to a statement of their belief and have not attempted to analyse the play or to give any plausible account of the occasion, character, and extent of the supposed collaboration. Gifford, the first editor of Shirley, assigned the largest portion of this play to Chapman (Shirley, *Works*, vol. iii, p. 3), an opinion in which he stands alone, and which seems to me one of the most curious instances extant of editorial ineptitude. Dyce, on the other hand, who completed and published Gifford's work, declared that internal evidence showed *The Ball* to be almost entirely the work of Shirley (*Works*, vol. i, p. xix). Swinburne (*George Chapman*, p. 68) asserts that it is as difficult to discover any trace of Chapman in *The Ball* as of Shirley in *Chabot*. Taken by itself this would appear rather ambiguous, for, as I have shown elsewhere (*Chapman's Tragedies*, p. 633 ssq.) it is comparatively easy to detect in *Chabot* the revising hand of Shirley at work on Chapman's old play. But Swinburne believed *Chabot* to be wholly the work of the elder poet, and

¹ Beeston gave up the management of the Queen's Company in 1637 to organize and manage a children's company known as Beeston's Boys. He took over to this new company a number of the Queen's Company's plays. There seems to have been trouble about this and the matter was settled by an order of the King. See Murray, *English Dramatic Companies*, vol. i, p. 368. It is interesting to note that *Chabot* is in this list.

goes on to say: '*The Ball* is thoroughly in the lightest style of Shirley, and not a bad example of his airily conventional manner'. This has been, in general, the received opinion. Koepfel (*Quellenstudien*, p. 69, n.) says that nothing in the play reminds him of Chapman; Ward (*English Dramatic Literature*, vol. iii, p. 107) that if Chapman gave any assistance to Shirley, it must have been of the slightest description, and Schelling (*Elizabethan Drama*, vol. ii, p. 292) that it is difficult to discover anything of Chapman's in it.

Fleay, on the other hand, insists repeatedly that Chapman's hand is visible in *The Ball*. In his article on the Shirleys (*Anglia*, vol. viii, p. 406) he declares that it is clearly an old play of Chapman's, 'altered, or rather re-written by Shirley'. Referring to the statement in Herbert's Office-book, he goes on to declare his belief that the objectionable bits were expunged and replaced by bits taken from Chapman's play of a much earlier date, and that these insertions are still clearly perceptible in the duplication of names (Stephen, Lionel, and Loveall for Lamount, Travers, and Rainbow) in IV, iii, and V, i. 'In no other part of the play', he continues, 'can I trace Chapman's hand; but in the account of the lord's¹ travels in V, i, it is very marked'. These statements are repeated with little or no change in Fleay's *London Stage*, p. 336, and *Biographical Chronicle*, vol. ii, p. 238. It seems strange that so close a student of style and metre as Fleay should have believed it possible to detect Chapman's hand in IV, iii. It may safely be asserted that every metrical test would give the entire scene to Shirley. Fleay seems to me to have been quite misled by the duplication of names. This is an evidence of the revision which we know from Herbert took place, but not at all of collaboration. When Shirley altered the names, Stephen, Lionel, and Loveall, he simply neglected to make the necessary changes in the few cases where these occur in IV, iii, and V, i. As for Freshwater's account of his travels (V, i), where the test of metre fails, since the passage is written in prose, I can assert without fear of contradiction that nothing in Chapman's work resembles it so closely as do two scenes of Shirley's, one in *The Gamester* (III, iv) where Young Barnacle reels off his ridiculous budget of news from the New Coranto, and one in *The Witty Fair One* (II, i) where the Tutor gives Sir Nicholas a mock lesson in geography.

The external evidence which connects Chapman's name with *The Ball* is limited to the publisher's statement on the title-page. This is, of course, entitled to a certain amount of consideration, but we must set over against it the statement of Herbert, who was probably quite as well informed as the publishers, that the play was written by Shirley. Moreover the publishers themselves seem to have been of two opinions in the matter, for their entry in the Stationers' Registers (see above, p. 869) ascribes this play as well as *Chabot* to Shirley without mention of Chapman. When we take into account the further fact that in the year following the publication of *The Ball* these same publishers issued one of Shirley's plays, *The Coronation*,² with Fletcher's

¹ This is a slip of the pen on Fleay's part. It is Freshwater, not Lord Rainbow, who gives an account of his travels in this scene.

² Shirley himself reclaimed this play in a list of his pieces appended to *The Cardinal* in *Six New Plays*, 1653, and his vexation at the publishers' mis-statement appears in his declaration that it had been 'falsely ascribed to Jo. Fletcher'. Swinburne speaks of this ascription as 'only exceeded in idiotic monstrosity of speculative impudence by the publisher's attribution of *The London Prodigal* to Shakespeare'.

name on the title-page, we are, I think, entitled to conclude that they were in general either very ill-informed or altogether unscrupulous.

I am inclined, however, to believe that in the case of *The Ball* the publishers were guilty of stupidity rather than of wilful error. It is to be noted that this play was entered in the Stationers' Registers along with *Chabot* as the work of Shirley only, but both *Chabot* and *The Ball* were published as the joint work of Shirley and Chapman. It seems to me that the simplest and most probable solution of the whole matter is that between the entry and the printing of these plays Cooke and Crooke were informed that *Chabot* was, in part, at least, the work of Chapman, and that he should receive credit for it on the title-page of the forthcoming edition. This information I believe they misunderstood as applying to both plays—the entry in the Stationers' Registers seems to show that they were both contained in one MS. volume—and accordingly they did Chapman more than justice by placing his name on the title-pages of both the editions which came out in 1639. All students of Elizabethan drama know that the statement of authorship on the title-page of a play is in itself by no means decisive evidence, and I have already shown that in Chapman's case his name appeared on the title-pages of two¹ plays with which he can in the nature of things have had no connexion whatever. In the case of *The Ball*, where the external evidence in two cases out of three speaks for Shirley to the exclusion of Chapman, and where an explanation for the appearance of Chapman's name on the title-page is so simple, it seems to me that the value of this statement is practically nil.

If we examine the internal evidence, the case against Chapman's collaboration with Shirley in *The Ball* becomes still stronger. In the first place the play closely resembles in theme, treatment, and general style a group of comedies written by Shirley between 1632 and 1635. These plays, *Hyde Park*, 1632, *The Gamester*, 1633, *The Example*, 1634, and *The Lady of Pleasure*, 1635, all deal with contemporary life in England; the scene is laid in London, and the society represented is that the circle immediately below the Court, the society of the well-to-do country gentleman, the rich citizen, and the gay man about town. They all contain a strong dash of topical satire and are full of local colour. *Hyde Park*, for instance, introduces the horse and foot races in that newly opened pleasure-ground of London, and *The Ball* deals with the dancing assemblies² which had recently come into fashion. They vary in interest as regards plot, situation, and characterization, but one and all present a vivid and realistic picture of the gay social life of London in the early days of Charles I. It is

¹ *Alphonsus Emperor of Germany* and *Revenge for Honour*. See my edition of Chapman's *Tragedies*, pp. 683 and 713.

² 'It would seem that there really was about this time a party of ladies and gentlemen who met in private at stated periods for the purpose of amusing themselves with masques, dances, and so forth. Scandalous reports of improper conduct at these assemblies were in circulation [cf. the passage from *The Lady of Pleasure* quoted above, p. 869] and evidently called forth this comedy, the object of which is to repel them. The gilded or golden *Ball*, from which the piece takes its name, was probably worn as an ornament and mark of authority by the presiding beauty. We have here the first rude specimen of what are now termed Subscription Balls'.—Gifford's note, prefixed to his edition of *The Ball* (Shirley, *Works*, vol. iii).

impossible to read *The Ball* in connexion with these plays without arriving at the firm conviction that it is the work of the same hand and of the same period, although, perhaps, the hastiest, slightest, and least memorable of the series.

The characters also are typical Shirley figures. Rainbow is the conventional lord who appears again and again in this group of plays, idle, witty, amorous, but not without a real sense of honour which is kindled into life by the events of the play. He is a blood relation of Lord Bonville in *Hyde Park*, of Lord Fitzavarice in *The Example*, and of Lord A. in *The Lady of Pleasure*. Lamount and Travers represent the pair of suitors who serve as foils and butts in several of Shirley's comedies, like Rider and Venture in *Hyde Park*, and Kickshaw and Scentlove in *The Lady of Pleasure*. Winfield is another character familiar to the reader of Shirley, the frank, hearty lover who endures the caprices of his mistress with good humour and wins her in the end in spite of them; his nearest relative is, I think, Fairfield in *Hyde Park*. Lucina, among the ladies, is another characteristic Shirley figure, the merry mocking lady who teases half a dozen lovers only to succumb in the end to the one among them whom she really cares for. Like Celestina in *The Lady of Pleasure* she is a rich young widow; in temper and behaviour she is closely akin to Carol in *Hyde Park*. Two of the minor figures of this play belong to the category of 'humours', Freshwater, the supposed traveller, and Barker, the satirist. One can hardly avoid the conclusion that the author of *The Ball* had been reading *Every Man out of his Humour* just before he set to work on this play, for Freshwater is evidently suggested by Puntarvolo and Barker by Macilente. This palpable imitation speaks for Shirley rather than Chapman, especially when we note the way in which the 'humours' are portrayed. In each case we find, instead of the severity and even bitterness of Jonson's satiric presentations, the light and almost playful touch which characterizes the satire of Shirley.

Certain incidents in *The Ball* also find close parallels in Shirley's plays. Thus the situation of Rainbow loved by two ladies and incapable of choosing between them is very like that of Gerard in *The Changes*, a comedy composed in the same year as *The Ball*. Lucina's relation to her suitors is not unlike that of Celestina in *The Lady of Pleasure*—note in each case that at a given signal the suitors rail at their mistress (*Lady of Pleasure*, III, i, and *The Ball*, III, iv). The trick that Carol plays upon her lovers in *Hyde Park* (I, i) in causing each of them to think himself the lucky man reminds one at once of the scene in *The Ball* where Lucina sends three suitors in turn post-haste for a marriage licence. Even in incidents of less importance to the plot a similarity to incidents in other plays of Shirley is often evident. Thus the exposure and kicking of the boastful coward Bostock (IV, i) resembles¹ that of the would-be swaggerer Young Barnacle in *The Gamester* (V, i).

As to the other evidences for which we are accustomed to look in determining the authorship of a doubtful play, similarities of words, phrases, allusions, etc., to the known works of an author, it is not too much to say that every scene of *The Ball* shows signs of Shirley's hand. A sufficient number of these are recorded in the notes that follow, and

¹ There is even a verbal similarity between these incidents; see note on *The Ball*, IV, i, 59.

I have little doubt that they might be largely increased. In fact, it is almost impossible to read a comedy of Shirley's without finding a parallel of one sort or another to *The Ball*.

The versification also bears equally plain witness to Shirley's authorship. The frequency of light and weak endings, for example—see ll. 10, 18, 40, 47, 53 and 74 for a handful of instances in the opening scene—and the heavy enjambements which such endings involve, is a common trick of Shirley's. In general the verse has a lightness and irregularity, not to say licence, and a rhythm in passages of animated conversation which closely approaches that of ordinary speech and betrays only too plainly the approaching dissolution of Elizabethan blank verse. It is quite safe to say that there is not a passage in the whole play which for a moment recalls or suggests either the stately movement of Chapman's serious blank verse, or the easy yet comparatively regular rhythm of his best comic scenes.

There remains, then, not the shadow of a doubt of Shirley's authorship. If, however, we apply the same tests and look for any possible contributions of Chapman, we find, in my opinion, absolutely nothing. I have already shown in my study of *Chabot* that it is a comparatively easy matter to separate the Chapman and Shirley portions of a play in which their work is blended. Were it so blended here, we should have no difficulty in discovering Chapman's work. Chapman's manner is too unlike Shirley's to escape detection. He is, as we have had abundant evidence, fond of repeating himself, and it is in the main through such repetitions and parallels that the anonymous *Sir Giles Goosecap* has been determined as his work. But the scenes in *The Ball* that Fleay ascribes to Chapman (IV, iii and V, i) contain no such parallels. On the other hand, the rhythm alone proclaims them Shirley's—notice the heavy enjambements in IV, iii, 79, 107, 170 and V, i, 195, 203, 221 and 229.

Monsieur Schoell, who has submitted this play to a careful examination comes to the conclusion that situations, characters, and verse, seem to be Shirley's invention and workmanship. No single scene, on the other hand, he holds, can be entirely or even mainly Chapman's. He believes, however, that a few touches here and there betray the hand of the elder dramatist. Among these passages he notes a speech of Bostock's (I, i, 35-8) which reminds him of certain foolish utterances of Poggio and Sir Giles, the repetition of overheard words (I, ii, 89 *ssq.* and elsewhere) as a Chapman trick, the phrase *bury him in a base-viol* (III, i, 70) as a parallel to *May-Day* II, i, 485, and Rainbow's speech¹ IV, i, 169 as showing something of Chapman's spirit. I must confess that all these resemblances seem to me of the slightest, and I doubt whether they would ever have occurred to M. Schoell had he not set himself to discover something in *The Ball* that had at least a faint flavour of Chapman. Even were they more convincing, we would still have to account for the manner in which they came to be where they are. Had Shirley re-written an old Chapman play, as Fleay asserts, there would certainly be more of the original remaining than these few faint and uncertain traces. On the other hand the only possible explanation of Chapman touches in a Shirley play would

¹ The speech beginning IV, i, 194 would be an even better example, but ideas of this kind are by no means foreign to Shirley, cf. Julietta's words to Bonville, *Hyde Park*, V, i,

be that Chapman had revised the younger poet's work. And when one considers the disparity of their ages and positions in 1632 such a proceeding is most unlikely. That Chapman, shortly before his death and long years after he had renounced the practice of dramatic composition, should have been asked to revise the work of one of the most successful playwrights of the day is to me quite incredible.

The conclusion of the whole matter is, I think, plain. The external evidence speaks on the whole for Shirley alone rather than with Chapman's assistance. The internal evidence points directly and exclusively to Shirley, the weight of authority of students of Elizabethan drama is against Chapman's having any share in the play, and finally I believe that I have pointed out for the first time the way in which the original blunder of the publishers, which alone connects Chapman's name with this play, came to be made. We may then unhesitatingly dismiss *The Ball* from the Chapman canon, and consider it henceforth as the sole and unaided work of Shirley.

It may be thought that too much time has been devoted to the demonstration of a proposition which in its general outline, at least, is almost self-evident to the student of either Chapman or Shirley. But ascriptions of this sort once made are not easily shaken off. So late as the Mermaid edition of Shirley the editor, Mr. Gosse, remarks (p. xx) of *The Ball* that Shirley 'enjoyed some help in it from the aged Chapman', and the article on Shirley in the *Dictionary of National Biography* makes the same statement. In my edition of Chapman's tragedies I took some pains to disprove his alleged authorship of *Revenge for Honour*, and, in part, for the same reason that has led me to give so much space to an examination of *The Ball*. If Chapman in his old age had been able to write tragedy in the manner of Beaumont and Fletcher, and comedy so like that of Shirley as to be quite indistinguishable from that poet's work, he would have possessed a versatility of talent, not to say an imitative faculty, which is quite at variance with anything that appears in his undoubted work. It seems to me a pious work once and for all to clear him from the charge of participation either in Glapthorne's sensational melodrama or Shirley's frivolous comedy of London manners.

THE BALL

NOTES

- I, i, 10.** *My*. Weak endings of this sort are not uncommon in Shirley; cf. II, ii, 73. I do not recall a single instance in Chapman's work.
- I, i, 24.** *Coats*: used here in the heraldic sense. Marmaduke in the following lines puns on *coat* = coat-card, i.e. one of the suited figures, king, queen, and knave.
- I, i, 49.** *Knight of the Sun*: cf. the note on *Eastward Ho*, V, i, 29. Shirley refers to the Donsel del Phebo as the flower of chivalry in *The Gamester*, III, ii; cf. also *Bird in a Cage*, III, ii.
- I, i, 118.** *To have [five] for one*: cf. Puntarvolo's words: 'I do intend to travel . . . and because I will not altogether go upon expense, I am determined to put forth some five thousand pound to be paid me five for one upon the return of myself and my wife and my dog, from the Turk's court in Constantinople. If all or either of us miscarry in the journey, 'tis gone: if we be successful, why there will be five and twenty thousand pound to entertain time withal'—*Every Man out of his Humour*, II, i. On this passage Gifford has the following note: 'In this age when travelling was hazardous and insecure, it seems to have been no unusual practice to put out money at going abroad, on condition of receiving it back trebled, quadrupled, or, as here, quintupled, on the completion of the expedition. To this there are innumerable allusions in our old writers.' See *Tempest*, III, iii, 48.
- In 1617 Moryson (*Itinerary*, p. 198) says that 'this custom of giving out money upon these adventures was first used in court and among noblemen' and that some years before 1617 'bankerouts, stage-players, and men of base condition had drawn it into contempt' by undertaking journeys 'merely for gain upon their return.' The difference in social rank between Puntarvolo and Jack Freshwater marks the degradation of this practice.
- I, i, 119.** *Shotten herring*: a herring that has cast its roe, a worthless thing; cf. *King Henry IV*, II, iv, 142. Shirley applies this phrase in *The Gamester* (V, i) to the cowardly Young Barnacle.
- I, i, 125.** *Toothpick . . . statesman*: cf. Sir Politick's reference to the court-fool Stone's use of a tooth-pick, *Volpone*, II, i. See also Shirley's *Grateful Servant*, III, i, and *Constant Maid*, III, ii.
- I, i, 126.** *Is not his soul Italian?* The allusion is to the Italian dress and deportment of Freshwater; cf. below II, i, 100.
- I, i, 132.** *Salt-cellar*. 'The salt-cellars of our ancestors were both large and high. They were usually placed in the middle of the table, and the bowl which held the salt was supported by ornamented figures, whose awkward and extravagant attitudes are here ridiculed'—Dyce.
- I, i, 141.** *Chopinos*: more properly spelled 'chopines' or 'chopins' (see the *New English Dictionary*). They were shoes raised above the ground by means of a cork sole or the like. They seem to have been in special favour at Venice. Coryate (*Crudities*, p. 261) has a long account of the Venetian 'chopineys of a great height, even half a yard high.' The musical chopins of the text are, of course, an invention of Shirley's.
- I, i, 154.** *Pantalone*: the Venetian character (the name comes from St.

Pantaleone, once a favourite saint in Venice) in Italian comedy. He appears as a lean and foolish old man.

- I, i, 174. *A complete gentleman*: cf. Shirley's use of this phrase in *Love in a Maze*, I, i. It is the title of a book on manners by Peacham which appeared in 1622.
- I, i, 195. *Bethlem Gabor*: more properly Gabor (Gabriel) Bethlen, a famous Hungarian warrior, a Protestant, and the bitter enemy of the Hapsburgh Emperors. This, of course, gave him a special interest in England at this time. Shirley mentions him at least twice elsewhere, *Opportunity*, I, i, and *Bird in a Cage*, IV, i.
- I, ii, 58. *Compositions*: used here in the sense of 'the combination of personal qualities that make any one what he is'; see the quotations in the *New English Dictionary*, sub *Composition*, 16 b.
- I, ii, 67. *Hairy pent* [house]: the low fringe which concealed part of the lady's forehead.
- II, i, 50. *Church-cloth*: the parish shroud.
- II, i, 55-6. Cf. the note on *All Fools*, V, ii, 48-51.
- II, i, 58. *Coryate*: Thomas Coryate, or Coryat, of Odcombe, Somerset, perhaps the most famous of English travellers in the early part of the seventeenth century. His journal was published in 1611 under the title of *Coryat's Crudities, hastily gobled up in Five Months' Travells in France, etc.* It is an interesting and valuable record, but Coryate's eccentricities brought much ridicule upon himself and his work.
- II, i, 62. *Apple-John*: a kind of apple said to taste best when old and withered, but it was also a slang name for a pimp, see *Every Man out of his Humour*, III, i and *Bartholomew Fair*, I, ii.
- II, i, 107. See Text Notes, p. 884. The only explanation that occurs to me is that *I ha'* = I have it, implying that the speaker has a plan to secure his money.
- II, ii, 15. *Fiddling ladies*. Lucina purposely misunderstands *fiddling*, taking it as equivalent to 'trifling', 'contemptible.'
Molecatcher: used elsewhere by Shirley as a term of abuse, *The Wedding*, III, ii.
- II, ii, 23. *Passage*: a pun on *passage* = a pass, a thrust, and *passage*, a game of dice, in French *passé-dix*.
- II, ii, 87. *The fens*: an allusion to the great work of draining the fens in the Eastern Counties, begun in 1630 by a company under the leadership of the Earl of Bedford.
- II, ii, 170. *A head . . . of hair, I mean*. The same feeble jest appears in *The Gamester*, III, iii: 'He has a notable head. Of hair, thou mean'st.'
- II, ii, 172-3. *Favours . . . bracelets*. It was a common custom at this time for ladies to present their lovers with a bracelet made of a lock of their hair; see *Every Man out of his Humour*, IV, iv, where Fastidious Brisk boasts of such a gift. I know no other reference than this to a gentleman presenting his mistress with such a favour, and suspect that Lucina is hinting at the effeminacy of Sir Ambrose.
- II, ii, 213. *Knights o' the post*: 'a knight of the post . . . a fellow that will swear you anything for twelvecence'—Nash, *Pierce Peniless* (*Works*, [vol. i, p. 164] Shirley applies the phrase to informers in *Love Tricks*, I, i.
- II, ii, 227. *Addition*: used here in the sense or 'title', or perhaps 'social distinction.'
- II, ii, 238-9. *Came in at the wicket . . . window*. See note on *All Fools*, III, i, 422-3.
- II, ii, 244. *Lance-prisado*: 'the meanest officer in a foot-company'—Cotgrave. Lucina wilfully degrades Winfield from a colonel to a lance-prisado.
- II, ii, 272. *Ostend*. The famous siege of Ostend lasted over three years from 1601 to 1604. There are innumerable references to it in Elizabethan drama.
- II, ii, 278-9. *Siege . . . province*. There is a close parallel to this passage in *The Example*, II, i, where Fitzavarice says of an obdurate lady:

*Would I had ne'er laid siege to her !
The taking of her province will not be
So much advantage to me as the bare
Removing of my siege will lose me credit.*

- II, ii, 296. The line as it stands seems to me almost unintelligible, unless one takes to *bring* in the sense of 'bring to pass', referring to the *something* of l. 295. This does not seem quite satisfactory. For Dyce's emendation see Text Notes, p. 884.
- III, i, 71. *Jack-a-Lent*: the figure of a man set up to be pelted, an old sport during Lent, used figuratively as a butt. Cf.
- Thou didst stand six weeks the Jack-o'-Lent
For boys to hurl, three throws a penny, at thee.*
- Tale of a Tub, V, iii.*
- III, ii, 15. *Your nose is wip'd*. Cf. the note on *May-Day*, V, i, 267.
- III, ii, 30. *By-smiles*: stray, accidental smiles.
- III, ii, 61-2. *Tales . . . Greeks*: apparently a phrase to denote idle lying tales, like 'old wives' tales', 'tale of a tub', 'tale of Robin Hood', etc.
- III, iii, 11. *The breach o' the Bankside*: an allusion to the closing of the brothels in that district.
- III, iii, 17-19. *Paul's . . . recover*. Throughout the reign of James I the old church of St. Paul's had been falling into a more and more ruinous condition—*she voids some stone every day*. When Laud became Bishop of London in 1628 he at once began to plan the restoration of his cathedral. The work was entrusted to Inigo Jones and the first stone was laid in 1633.
- III, iii, 40-41. *We are famous for dejecting our own countrymen*. With these lines cf. the words of the Tutor to Sir Nicholas: 'It is not in fashion with gentlemen to study their own nation; you will discover a dull easiness if you admire not, and with admiration prefer not, the weeds of other regions before the most pleasant flowers of your own gardens'—*The Witty Fair One*, II, i.
- III, iii, 45. *Your faces with the Dutch*. Dutch portrait painters had long been popular in England. Mytens was appointed the King's painter in 1625, and was succeeded in 1632 by Van Dyck who came to England from Antwerp (see l. 56). Shirley refers to Van Dyck in *The Lady of Pleasure* (II, i) as 'the outlandish man of art . . . the Belgic gentleman.' The following passage in the text (ll. 50-57) refers, I think, to Van Dyck's luxurious habits and his susceptibility to ladies' charms.
- III, iii, 53. *Regalos* or 'regalios', a present, especially a treat of dainty food or drink. The word occurs in this sense in *The Lady of Pleasure*, V, i.
- III, iii, 55. *Prunellas*: the finest kind of plums or prunes.
- III, iii, 57. *Olla podridas*: a Spanish dish composed of small bits of many kinds of meat and vegetables boiled together.
- III, iii, 120. *Box*: i.e. comb of yellow box-wood.
- III, iv, 48. *Son o' th' earth*: a base person, *terrae filius*.
- III, iv, 79. *Mirth*: in the sense of 'folly, as opposed to *brain*'. The passage may well be corrupt. See Text Notes, p. 885.
- III, iv, 145. *Tale of a tub*: an old phrase for a ridiculous story, occurring at least as early as More's *Confutation of Tyndale*, 1532. Fleay's idea that there is an allusion here to Jonson's play of this name is absurd.
- IV, i, iv. *Carven knights*. I take this to mean knights carved out of wood, hence dull blocks. The word *carven* occurs as early as More's *Heresies*, 1528. Dyce prints *craven*, see Text Notes, p. 885.
- IV, i, 30. *Gumm'd taffeta*: a silken stuff stiffened with gum. Such a stuff was very apt to rub or fret; cf. 'I'll come among you . . . as gum into taffeta, to fret, to fret'—*The Malcontent*, I, i, 22-3, and 'There's no gum within your hearts; you cannot fret'—*The Lady of Pleasure*, II, ii. The term is applied to Barker because of his fretful temper.
- IV, i, 33. *Run o' the ticket*: run into debt; cf. note on *Sir Giles Goosecap*, IV, ii, 130. Shirley uses the phrase elsewhere, *Bird in a Cage*, I, i, and II, i.

- IV, i, 84. *Country-houses*: the garden houses in the suburbs so often denounced by Puritan moralists, see the note on *All Fools*, III, i, 215.
- IV, i, 40. *Paddington*: at this time, and for a century or so afterwards, a pleasant little village an hour or two by coach from London.
- IV, i, 59. *Let it go round*: the same phrase in the same connexion appears in *The Gamester*, V, i.
- IV, i, 74. *Keep the [cornbin shutter]*: guard the shutter, or window, of the cornbin against birds.
- IV, i, 77-9. *Shrovetide . . . cock*: alluding to the old Shrove Tuesday sport of setting up a cock for a mark to throw sticks at; see Strutt, *Sports and Pastimes*, p. 227.
- IV, i, 87. *Dorsers*: dossers, paniers carried on the back of a beast.
- IV, i, 94. *Coddle*: parboil; cf. 'Down with your noble blood or . . . I'll have you coddled'—*Philaster*, V, iv, 30.
- IV, i, 116. *Otter*: a term of reproach, perhaps because the otter is 'neither fish nor flesh', 1 *King Henry IV*, III, iii, 144.
- IV, i, 131. *Eagles takes no flies*: *Aquila non capit muscas*, a Latin proverb occurring in Mich. Apostolius l. 144.
- IV, i, 178-9. *Cullis thee with a bottom*: beat thee to a jelly with a skein of thread.
- IV, i, 190. *Curse by Jack and Tom*: swear at them, using their familiar names of Jack and Tom.
- IV, i, 191. *Fish-street*: famous for its taverns, the King's Head, The Boar's Head, the Swan, etc. Lobsters, oysters, and fish of all sorts were to be had here fresh from the sea. Pepys took the Pierces and Knipp to a tavern on Fish Street for a jole of salmon, *Diary*, August 6, 1666.
- The Steel-yard*, the old head-quarters of the Hansa merchants in London, had a Rhenish wine-house which seems to have been much frequented in Elizabethan times, and even later. It is mentioned by Nash in *Pierce Penniless*: 'Men when they are idle and know not what to do, saith one "Let us go to the Steel-yard and drink Rhenish wine"', *Works*, vol. i, p. 208. The Writing-master in *Westward Ho* invites his fair scholars to meet him and some young gentlemen there to 'taste of a Dutch hun, and a keg of sturgeon', Dekker, *Works*, vol. ii, p. 300. It is mentioned again by Shirley in *The Lady of Pleasure*, V, i.
- IV, i, 230. *The blades*: the bullies, the predecessors of the Mohocks of later days. Cf.:

*The list of those that are called blades, that roar
In brothels and break windows, fright the street
At midnight worse than constable, and sometimes
Set upon innocent bell-men.*

The Gamester, I, i.

- IV, ii, 85. *Must figaries*. Le Frisk's broken English renders the exact meaning uncertain. *Figary* or *fegary*, a corruption of *vagary*, appears repeatedly in Shirley, *Love Tricks*, II, v, *Bird in a Cage*, III, ii, III, iii, *The Ball*, IV, iii, 112, and has sometimes the sense of 'hurry', 'bustling about'. If it is a noun here, *must* is Le Frisk corruption of *much*. This is Dyce's understanding, see Text Notes, p. 885. I have allowed the old text to stand with the idea that Le Frisk has turned *figary* into a verb.
- IV, iii, 41. *Severation*: i.e. separation, severance. The first quotation given for this word in the *New English Dictionary* occurs in 1649, but there is no reason why it should not have been used earlier. It applies here to the hypothetical separation of Bostock's presumably noble blood from his body.
- IV, iii, 84-5. *Aristotle's Problems*: alluding to Book IV of the *Problemata* which deals with matters *quae ad rem Veneream pertinent*.
- IV, iii, 119. *Hyde Park*. In the reign of Charles I Hyde Park, which had until that time been a strictly preserved deer-park was thrown open, and at once became a resort for the pleasure-loving public. Shirley's play, *Hyde Park*, speaks of the races that took place there and the crowds that gathered to see them.

Spring Garden: a garden, dating from the reign of James I, attached to the palace of Whitehall. It took its name from a concealed jet of water which sprang up with the pressure of the foot and wetted the unwary bystanders; see *London Past and Present*, vol. iii, p. 293. In 1629 a bowling-green and a new garden-house for the King were constructed here, and it became a very fashionable resort. It is mentioned as such in *Hyde Park*, II, iv.

- IV, iii, 120. *The Ball*: see Gifford's note cited in the Introduction, p. 872 above.
- V, i, 22. *All countries, etc.*: a paraphrase of the Latin proverb: *Omne solum forti patria est.*
- V, i, 52. *Lutetia*: the old Latin name, *Lutetia Parisiorum*, for Paris.
- V, i, 59. I have recorded the suggestions of Dyce and Fleay in the Text Notes, p. 886. Neither seems satisfactory, but I have nothing better to offer.
- V, i, 62. *Women . . . actors*. No women, as is well known, appeared on the public stage as actors attached to the regular English companies until after the Restoration. The visit of a French company containing actresses to England in the autumn of 1629 provoked great excitement. This company gave performances at Blackfriars, the Red Bull, and the Fortune; see *Variorum Shakespeare*, vol. iii, p. 120 n. At the first of these theatres they were, according to a contemporary document (Collier, *English Dramatic Poetry*, vol. ii, p. 23) 'hissed, hooted, and pippin-pelted from the stage'. Prynne's abuse of these French actresses in his *Histriomastix* helped to draw upon him the wrath of the Court. It is not unlikely that the Court and its hangers-on—cf. ll. 63-4—desired to see the French practice established in England, and this wish seems to have been gratified in 1635 when a new theatre was opened in Drury Lane for a French company which, no doubt, contained actresses; see *Variorum Shakespeare*, vol. ii, p. 122 n.
- V, i, 80. *A cardinal*: possibly an allusion to Richelieu, a cardinal since 1622. Certainly the words *anger him and he sets all Christendom together by the ears* would have applied well enough to the great cardinal in 1632.
- V, i, 94. *Mine host Banks*: probably identical with Banks, the owner of the famous dancing-horse Morocco. As late as 1637 he appears to have been a vintner in Cheapside; see Halliwell-Phillips, *Memoranda on Love's Labour's Lost*, p. 52.
- V, i, 107-8. *Florentines*: properly speaking 'meat-pies', not *custards*. *Milan . . . haberdashers*: a play on 'milliners', originally used to denote traffickers in Milan wares such as gloves, shirts, bands, etc.
- V, i, 119. *Catazaners*. The *New English Dictionary* records this instance, but gives no meaning for the word. Dyce suggests 'a corruption of some term for revellers'. I suspect it is rather the corruption of some foreign name for a dance.
- V, i, 124. *Piazza . . . Covent Garden*: a reference to Covent Garden Square, laid out from the designs of Inigo Jones c. 1631. An 'arcade or piazza ran along the north and east sides'—*London Past and Present*, vol. i, p. 461.
- V, i, 144. *The Province*: i.e. the Spanish Netherlands. In September, 1632, the Prince of Orange issued a manifesto urging the Spanish province to declare itself independent and to form an alliance with the United Netherlands. This suggestion was regarded with suspicion in England as tending to an absorption of *The Province* in Holland, already a powerful rival of England in commerce and sea-power.
- V, i, 173. *Province*. Dyce reads *problem*, which gives an easier sense, but I believe the text may be defended. 'This word *province* signifies a charge or care of business which he whose business it is committeth to another man'—Hobbes, *Leviathan*, xxii. This definition seems to me to fit the present case exactly, for Rainbow has committed to the ladies a business which was naturally his own, namely the decision as to which of them was *fairest, wisest, sweetest* (see above, I, ii, 154, ssq.) and so most fit to be his mistress.

TEXT NOTES

There is but one old edition of *The Ball*, the Quarto of 1639 (Q). Copies of this are found in the British Museum, in the Bodleian, and among Dyce's books at the Albert and Victoria Museum. I have had the advantage of comparing my proof sheets with a copy in the possession of Mr. George Armour of Princeton. So far as I have noted there is no important difference between these copies.

The play was first reprinted in *The Old English Drama*, 1824, where it appears in volume i. It was included in the Gifford-Dyce¹ edition of Shirley, 1833, vol. iii, a modernized edition, marked by many changes of the text, some of them sagacious emendations, others needless alterations introduced with no mark of change. I refer to this edition in the following notes as D.

The Ball was not included in the *Tragedies and Comedies of Chapman*, but appeared in *The Works of Chapman—Plays*. This edition, by R. H. Shepherd, is based upon D, although it occasionally departs from him. I cite it as usual by the symbol S.

The text of *The Ball* is in a most unsatisfactory condition. It abounds in misprints and corruptions, is deficient in stage-directions, and particularly unhappy in its omission of exits and entrances, and in its mis-assignment of speeches. There are also omissions and confusions due to the revision which the play underwent immediately upon its appearance. Notable among these is the substitution of the names Loveall, Stephen, and Lionell for Rainbow, Marmaduke and Ambrose in the last scene of Act IV, and in Act V.

The Quarto prints the whole play as verse. At least it begins every line with a capital letter, although some passages are clearly prose, Rainbow's letter in Act IV, sc. iii., for example. In such cases, I have paid no attention to the original arrangement; elsewhere when I have altered it to show the metrical form, I have called attention to the fact in a text note.

The Quarto is divided into acts, but not into scenes. I have usually followed D in the scene division, although once or twice I have departed from him.

The text of the present edition is based upon the quarto. I have, as usual, modernized the spelling and punctuation.

All alterations and additions to the text, including stage-directions not found in the original, are included in brackets.

Dramatis Personae. The list of characters is printed under the heading *The Persons of the Comedy* on the reverse of the title-page of Q. The Confectioner mentioned in this list does not appear at all in the play as we now have it; the character was probably dropped in the revision. The character of Cupid who appears in the Masque in Act V is not named in this list, possibly because it was acted by Le Frisk, see IV, ii, 105 ssq.

I, i, 2. D. suppresses the interrogation mark in Q. after *blood*.

17. Q. prints *deserve her?* as a separate line, and is followed by D. and S. I think, making allowance for the loose versification of Shirley, that it may be scanned as part of the preceding line and have so printed it.

24. After *coats* Q. has a period. D. substitutes a dash. As the speech seems to be interrupted, I have followed D.

35. *Wo'not*. D. alters here and throughout in the play to *will*

not. I have retained the old form wherever it occurs and shall not notice D.'s change hereafter.

39. *Seen*. D. reads *been*, but the change, though plausible, does not seem necessary.

48. Q. *any*. D. emends *my*. The same misprint occurs in the Q. in III, iv, 74.

52. *Imp. Q. Nymph*. D. corrects.

55-6. Q. prints *Hast? . . . commend* as one line, and *Thy judgement* as the next.

65. Q. prints *Your blood* as one line.

¹ As Gifford prepared this play for the press, see Dyce's preface in vol. i of the series, the changes for good or bad are probably his. But as I have in my edition of Chapman's *Tragedies* listed this edition of Shirley under Dyce, who prepared the text of Chabot, and who was finally responsible for the whole I use the same symbol, D, in this volume.

- 74-5. Q. prints *You . . . before* as one line.
78. D. silently transfers this speech to Bostock. Q. gives *Ma.* i.e. Marmaduke as the name of the speaker, and there seems no necessity of a change.
- 84-6. Q. prints Solomon's speech as two lines, ending *troubled* and *'em.*
89. D. silently transfers Marmaduke's speech to Lamont. This does not seem necessary.
93. *These.* Q. prints as the last word of l. 92.
95. Q. prints *me* as the last word. D. corrects.
- 96-7. Q. ends these lines with *surgeon* and *blood.*
105. Q. prints *Co.* i.e. *Coronell* as the name of the speaker, and so throughout the play. I follow D. in using *Win* as the prefix.
- 108-9. *A friend . . . travel.* Q. prints as one line.
- 110-12. Q. prints as three lines ending, *how I, Catalogue,* and *debts.* Like D. I print as prose.
117. D. inserts *then* after *and.* It does not seem worth while to alter the text merely to regularize the metre of this play.
118. D. inserts *five* after *have*. Cf. II, i, 26.
- 119-20. *Jack . . . yet.* Q. prints as one line.
139. Q. prints *Mon.* i.e. *Mon-sieur* as the name of the speaker. I use *Le Frisk* throughout the play.
140. D. supplies *'em,* omitted in Q.
- 149-50. Q. prints as three lines ending *ly, Pia,* and *Strand.*
154. Q. *Platalone*; D. corrects.
- 168-9. Q. prints as one line. D. inserts *you* after *on,* but this is not necessary.
- 176-7. *A poor . . . tree.* Q. prints as one line.
187. Q. *Fling*; D. corrects.
197. Here and elsewhere D. alters the reading of the Q., *shanot,* to *shall not.* I keep the old form, and shall not note this change hereafter.
200. Q. prints as three lines, ending *Farewell, Countesse,* and *long.*
201. Q. prints this line as part of the preceding speech. D. assigns it to Lord Rainbow, but it evidently belongs to Bostock, to whom the Colonel has been speaking.
- I, ii, 16. D. inserts *it,* wanting in Q.
- 18-19. *Yes . . . it.* Q. prints as one line.
27. D. inserts *be,* wanting in Q.
30. Q. *understand*; D. *under-standing.* It is simpler to suppose that an *s* has dropped off.
58. Q. *composition*; D. corrects.
- 61-2. *It . . . them.* Q. prints as one line.
67. Q. *pentehrush*; D. corrects.
88. Q. prints as two lines, ending *too't* and *whom you,* and transfers *love* to the beginning of l. 89.
108. For Q. *it in,* D. reads *into* pronouncing the old reading absolutely unintelligible. But *it* refers to Rosamond's smiling upon Lord Rainbow.
132. Q. prints as two lines, ending *upon* and *forme.*
- 135-6. *This . . . inside.* Q. prints as one line.
144. Q. prints as two lines, ending *leave* and *love me.*
- II, i, 28-9. Q. prints as one line. D. divides as here; but perhaps the old lining should be kept.
57. Q. *time,* a common misprint for *tune,* to which D. alters it.
66. D. alters the Q. *and* to *an.* If this is intentional, it seems to me a mistake, as it changes the sense of a perfectly intelligible passage.
- 67-8. *Fine . . . think.* Q. prints as one line.
69. I have accepted D.'s insertion of *a* before *railing*; but I am not sure that it is necessary.
- 75-6. *Was . . . you.* Q. prints as one line.
88. Q. prints *Hum, tis he* as a separate line.
93. Q. *A wy, Je ne pas parlee Anglois.* The French in this play is very corrupt. As a rule I follow D.'s corrections; here, however, I reject his change of *pas* to *puis,* and *parlee* to *parler.*
94. D. supplies *Fresh.* as the name of the speaker, which is omitted in Q.
95. Q. *Je ne parle Anglois.* I insert *pas* after *parle.*
- 97-99. Q. prints Freshwater's speech as four lines, ending *peesce, he?, fashion,* and *morn-ing?*
- 100-101. Q. omits the name of

- Gudgeon as the speaker. D. supplies it.
107. D. omits this line which he thinks has been 'shuffled out of its place'. It certainly seems misplaced here, but I have preferred not to drop it altogether. See my note above, p. 878.
- II, ii. I have followed D. in printing the first forty-one lines of this scene as prose. In Q. each line begins with a capital as in verse, but it is impossible to arrange the passage so as to obtain even a broken metrical effect.
- D. begins a new scene after l. 7; but this seems wrong, as Scutilla remains on the stage, cf. l. 33.
8. Q. *an*; D. *ah*.
9. Q. *fout*; D. *f—*; S. *foutre*.
11. Q. *Pla it ill*; D. corrects.
31. Q. *deu allei moy moselle*; D. omits the first word and reads *allez, mademoiselle*. S. corrects *deu* to *Dieu*.
32. Q. *for boon*; D. *fort bon*.
In Q. the stage-direction *Dance* is printed as if in the speech of Le Frisk.
41. Q. *for boone*; D. *fort bon*.
49. Q. *All a murdu France, fit, fit adiew*; D. *A la mode de France. Vite! vite! adieu*.
51. D. assigns this speech to Lucina; in Q. it is printed as part of Le Frisk's speech.
55. Q. prints as two lines, ending *service* and *it*.
66. D. adds a stage-direction *Retires*; I prefer *Exit* in view of Winfield's re-entry in l. 259.
77. Q. prints *and* as the last word in l. 76.
112. Q. *a mine*, which is followed by D. and S.; but it seems clear that *a* is an abbreviation for *of*.
- 123-4. Q. ends these lines with *word* and *gone* respectively.
- 131-3. Q. prints as three lines ending *none*, *Lamount*, and *for*?
134. Q. omits *Ambrose*; D. restores it.
- 136-9. I insert the stage-directions in these lines. D. puts *Exit Sol*. after l. 135.
- 140-2. Q. prints Lucina's speech as two lines, ending *Balchellor* and *sir*.
150. Q. *exceedingly*; D. silently alters to *exceeding*.
172. Q. *looke*, which D. follows, but it is unintelligible to me. I suggest *lock*, i.e. *lock up*.
178. D. inserts *aside*; I prefer *within*, as Winfield is behind the traverse.
- 182-7. I follow D. in printing this passage as prose.
242. Q. prints *Travers* as the first word of l. 243.
243. D. inserts *you* after *say*; but it does not seem necessary.
- 253-9. Q. prints as 9 lines ending *fall, ha, wonder, up, now and, taske, over, play and Coronell*.
- 281-2. Q. prints as one line; I follow D.'s arrangement.
291. Q. *venge*; D. *vengeance*.
296. Q. *to bring*; D. *again*, suggesting that something may have dropped out after *bring*. Cf. note, p. 879.
- III, i, 6-7. *And . . . modesty*. Q. prints as one line.
- 8-9. *You . . . believ'd*. Q. prints as one line.
- 24-92. With D. I print the rest of this scene as prose.
35. Q. *alkey*; D. *allez*.
43. Q. *plait ill*; D. *plait-il*.
48. Q. *not pardonne moy*; D. *no pardonnez moi*. D.'s change of *not* to *no* is unnecessary.
53. Q. *an*; D. *ah!*
62. Q. *beene*; D. *bien!*
92. Q. *Allez hah boone*; D. *Allez hah! bon!*
- III, ii, 8. D. inserts *me* after *pardon*.
- 23-4. *What . . . my*. Q. prints as one line.
29. D. inserts *I* after *not*.
30. Q. *by smiles*; D. *bye-smiles*.
- 31-4. I take Winfield's speech as prose. Q. arranges as five lines of verse, ending *to-day, get, dayes, service, and morning*.
43. Q. *Patent*; D. corrects.
- 48-9. *Hum . . . me*. Q. prints as one line.
65. *You coxcombs*. Q. prints as a separate line.
- 85-6. *'Tis . . . gentlemen*. Q. prints as one line.
87. *Discovery*. Q. prints as first word of l. 88.
93. *And if*. Q. prints as the last words of l. 92.
94. *With language*. Q. prints as the last words of l. 93.
- III, iii, 7. Q. *and*; D. *are*. Perhaps we should read *stand*.
- 8-32. With D. I take this passage as prose.

34. Q. misprints *So*, for *Ro[salind]* as the speaker of the last half of this line; D. corrects.
35. *Your picture*. Q. prints as the first words of l. 36.
40. *We are famous*. Q. prints as the first words of l. 41.
46. Q. *faces*, an evident misprint, due to *faces* in l. 45. D. corrects.
65. Q. *my*; D. needlessly alters to *your*.
75. Q. prints *Sol*. as the name of the speaker; D. corrects.
- 77-9. D. prints this speech as prose. I follow Q.
- 81-2. *He's . . . is't*. Q. prints as one line.
90. D. inserts *you* after *love*.
114. Q. prints *Co.*, i.e. *Coronet*, as the name of the speaker. D. corrects.
125. Something has dropped out after this line.
- III, iv, 8. Q. *other*; D. corrects.
4. *Earlier*. Q. prints as the first word of l. 5.
- 8-9. *They've . . . access*. Q. prints as one line.
10. Q. prints *Bo.*, i.e. *Bostock*, as the name of the speaker of the passage beginning *So, so*. D. alters to *Luc*. Perhaps *Bostock* was meant to utter the ejaculation, and Q. omitted to print *Luc*. as the speaker of l. 11, which is plainly hers.
23. Q. *shat*; D. *shoot*. Perhaps we should read *shot*.
31. Q. *she feind*; D. corrects.
44. Q. *Prorsepnie*; D. corrects.
58. Q. *Gentlemen*, which D. accepts; but the speech is plainly addressed to Winfield.
56. Q. *part*; D. corrects.
70. Q. *shall*; D. silently alters to *should*.
71. Q. *could*; D. *should*. I follow Q.
74. Q. *any*; D. corrects.
79. D. inserts *of which* before *you*, and alters *mirth* to *mouth*. I believe the old reading may be kept; see note, p. 879.
85. D. inserts *Have e'er* before *done*. *Have* seems necessary, but *e'er* is only inserted to normalize the metre.
90. Q. *impudent*; D. *O, impudence*. Another attempt to normalize the metre.
94. Q. *her manners*; D. *your manners*. The Q. reading is a misprint due to the following *her*.
120. Q. *if*; D. corrects.
149. Q. *he*; D. corrects.
- 153-7. Q. prints as four lines, ending *possible, my, ever, and fashion*.
- IV, i, 4. Q. *carven*; D. prints *cra-ven*, although admitting that *carven*, i.e. 'wooden' may be right.
22. Q. *tis*; D. '*twas*).
26. Q. separates *myself* into two words, printing *my* as the last word of l. 25.
28. Q. *satinist*; D. corrects.
- 29-34. Q. prints as eight lines ending *cause?, now, taffata, weare, keepe, with, debts, and houses*.
57. *So*. Q. prints as the first word of l. 58.
66. *Ay, ay*. Q. prints as part of Barker's speech. D. assigns to *Bos*.
74. *To*. Q. prints as the last word of l. 73.
Q. *corne, beane shatter*; D. prints *corn, bean shatter*, but owns that he does not understand the passage. My emendation at least makes sense of the passage. Cf. the misprint *shadder* for *shudder* in *Chabot*, I, i, 220, a play printed by the same printer and in the same year as *The Ball*.
117. Q. *minde*; D. corrects.
131. Q. *Eagles*; D. silently alters to *eagle*.
135. Q. *taking*; D. *talking*. I accept this, although possibly the old reading might be defended.
149. D. inserts *For* before *which*.
- 155-6. Q. prints as three lines, ending *in, affront, and blow*. I follow D.'s arrangement.
- 162-3. *We . . . lord*. Q. prints as one line.
- IV, ii, 11-13. Q. ends these lines with the words *tormented, cause and power* respectively.
20. Q. *mention*; D. *invention*.
- 61-2. *To conquer . . . wishes*. Q. prints as one line.
- 62-3. *I love . . . mistaken*. Q. prints as one line.
65. Q. *my*; D. *any*.
72. D. inserts *not* after *does*.
85. Q. *must*; D. *mush*, for 'much.'
- 89, 99. Q. *Aller*; D. *Allez*.
98. Q. *all a more*; D. corrects.

100. Q. *For boone*; D. *Fort bon!*
101. Q. *mofoy*; D. *ma foi!*
111. Q. *Moun.* D. *mounsieur?*
- 123-4. Q. *de ban eur*; D. *de bonheur*; S. *de bonne heure.*
133. Q. *gallowne*; D. *gallon.*
- IV, iii, 2. Q. *Loveall*; D. *Rainbow.*
- 6-7. Q. prints as verse ending *thou* and *to*. I follow D. and print as prose.
24. *But friends.* Q. prints as the first words of l. 25.
- 28-9. Q. prints Lucina's speech as one line.
31. Q. *blood*; D. corrects.
36. Perhaps *strange* should be reckoned as part of l. 35.
41. Q. *severation*; D. *generation.* See note, p. 880.
- 45-6. *And he . . . company.* Q. prints as one line, transferring *Sweet lady* to the beginning of l. 47.
47. D. inserts *you.*
53. Q. *Loveall*; D. corrects.
- 54-5. Q. prints Lucina's speech as one line.
58. Q. prints *in fashion* as a separate line.
77. Q. *and*; D. *had.*
- 79-80. Q. *I wod not buy This flesh now, etc.* D.'s emendation seems to me very happy.
- 83-4. Q. prints Winfield's speech as one line.
- 95-8. Q. puts *so* at the beginning of line 96 with no punctuation mark following, Q. likewise sets *soldier*, l. 96, at the beginning of l. 97.
- 101-2. Q. prints Lucina's speech as one line.
- 111-2. Q. prints *Yes . . . jagaries* as one line.
116. Q. *Pasties*; D. *Parties.*
126. Q. *no more wit.* This does not seem to make sense, and I follow D. in deleting *no.*
135. Q. *Christian? widow.* The misplaced question mark is equivalent to an exclamation.
- 148-9. Q. prints Winfield's speech as one line.
- 159-60. Q. prints Lucina's speech as one line.
189. Q. *But*; D. silently alters to *Out*, which seems unnecessary.
187. D. inserts *Not* before *worse.* This seems unnecessary, as the speech may be an aside.
190. Q. prints *resolution* as the first word of l. 191.
193. Q. *for's*; D. *for us.* A copy in the Bodleian has *for.* In l. 214 below the same copy has *we* as for *well* as.
- 200-1. Q. prints Lucina's speech as one line.
201. Q. *gintracke*; D. corrects.
- V, i, 1. Q. *Bone forbone.* D. corrects.
6. Q. *Madam*; D. *mesdames.*
14. Q. *servire*; D. corrects.
22. Q. *lost*; D. *to a.*
41. Here and in the following lines Q. has *civill* for *Seville.* This old spelling permits the pun in l. 45.
59. *Martheme.* D. suggests this may be 'a designed blunder for a tragedy on the Massacre of St. *Bartheme* (or *Bartholomew*)'. This does not seem plausible. Fleay (*Biographical Chronicle*, vol. ii, p. 239) would read *Barleme* and identifies the play with Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair.* I find these emendations so unsatisfactory that I have preferred to let the old text stand.
- 89-90. The dashes after *w* and *that* occur in Q., and probably mark omissions due to the revision. So also after *a* in l. 94.
98. Q. *pilgrim*; D. *pilgrimage*, which is unnecessary.
101. Q. *driuk*; D. *drank.*
108. Q. *Permouni*; D. *Piemoni.*
122. Q. *Piallo*; D. corrects.
125. Q. has a dash after *the.* So also in l. 152.
126. Q. omits *one*, supplied by D., who also inserts *that* before *fell*, l. 127, which seems needless.
133. Q. *Madrill*; D. corrects.
148. Q. *charme*; D. *churn.*
155. Q. *Queene Hive*; D. corrects.
165. Q. *excuser moy*; D. corrects.
173. Possibly we should read *problem* for *province*; but I prefer to let the old text stand, as Shirley often uses *province* in a metaphorical sense. See note, p. 881.
- 173-5. Q. prints as four lines ending *not, if, devis'd* and *happy.*
179. Q. *notary*; D. corrects.
181. Q. *divide*; D. *decide.*
188. Q. prints as two lines, ending *Lord,* and *favour?*
- 190-1. Q. prints as one line.
197. Q. *both these, is*; D. *both: this is.* Perhaps we should read *both these, 'tis.*

209. Q. prints as two lines, ending *solv'd* and *confident*.
- 217-18. *Say . . . perceive*. Q. prints as one line.
231. Q. *Jewell*; D. *jewels*.
232. In the stage-direction Q. has *Enter Rainebow*, who is already on the stage, and omits the name of *Lucina* who must enter here. D. corrects.
233. Q. *cruells . . . full set*; D. *revels . . . full yet*.
237. *Are*. Q. prints at the end of l. 236.
244. The dash after *my* occurs in Q.
257. Q. *to*; D. *on*.
273. Q. *Envying one*; D. *Endymion*.
282. Q. *Brand*, which D. accepts, but it is a plain misprint for *Brav'd*.
- 283 and 291. *Moder*, which D. retains. It may have been written to denote Le Frisk's pronunciation, but there is no sign of his jargon elsewhere in Cupid's speeches. S. corrects.
307. For Q. *that* D. needlessly reads *not*.
311. Q. assigns the latter part of this line to *Ro*. i.e. *Rosamund*. But it must be to *Honorio* that Barker speaks. Cf. III, iii, 138-46. D. corrects here and in ll. 314, 318.
- 318-9. *Ha . . . satyr*, Q. prints as one line.
- 323-4. Q. prints as three lines ending *beast*, *pension*, and *ha*. Q. omits *Do*, supplied by D. in l. 323.
337. Q. has *Sir Stephen* and *Sir Lionell* in the stage-direction. Also *Ste*. before ll. 338, 340, and 353. D. corrects.
343. *So desperate*. Q. puts at the close of l. 342.
347. Q. *May it concerne*; D. corrects.
- 364-8. Q. prints Freshwater's speech as verse, the lines ending *now*, *mony*, *night*, *morning*, *Ile*, and *reveng'd*. I follow D. in taking it as prose.
369. Q. prints this line as part of Freshwater's speech. D. inserts *Lord R.* as the speaker's name.
- 370-71. Q. prints Winfield's speech as one line.

SIR GILES GOOSECAP

INTRODUCTION

The anonymous play, *Sir Giles Goosecap*, was entered in the Stationers' Registers, January 10, 1605-6, as follows:

Edward Blounte. Entred for his Copie . . . an Comedie called *Sir Gyles Goosecap* provided that yt be printed accordinge to the Copie whereunto Master Wilson's hand ys at.

It was published in quarto form in 1606 with the following title-page:

Sir Gyles Goosecappe Knight. A Comedie presented by the Chil: of the Chapell. At London: Printed by John Windet for Edward Blunt.

A second quarto¹ appeared in 1636 with the following title-page: *Sir Gyles Goosecappe Knight. a Comedy lately Acted with great applause at the private House in Salisbury Court. Printed for Hugh Perry, and are to be sold by Roger Ball, at the golden Anchor, in the Strand neere Temple barre. 1636.*

Neither quarto, it will be noticed, gives the author's name. It is not unlikely that in 1606 there was good reason² for this omission. The second publisher, Perry, states in his dedication that the author was dead. This would seem to imply that he knew the author's name, but the statement may rest upon mere hearsay. It seems unlikely that if Perry had really known the dead author's name he would have omitted it from the title-page. It must be frankly confessed that the omission of a name so well known as Chapman's from the title-page of a play published at a time when there seems to have been a considerable demand,³ for his work establishes a presumption against his authorship, but this presumption will not, I believe, hold good in face of the strong internal evidence.

The date of composition can, I believe, be fixed for *Sir Giles Goosecap* within comparatively narrow limits. As it was acted by the

¹ To this edition Perry prefixed an elaborate dedication, reprinted in the Text Notes, p. 907 below.

² The entry in the Stationers' Registers shows that objection had been raised to the publication of this play, which is only to be permitted if the printer follow a specified, no doubt a censored, copy. The printed play shows plain traces of omissions, but it is possible that the prescribed copy was not exactly followed and the publisher may have wished to preserve the author from any possible unpleasant consequences. Castelain's suggestion that the publication of *Sir Giles* led to a second imprisonment of Chapman and Jonson seems to me quite untenable, see above, p. 836 n.

³ Four of Chapman's comedies appeared in two successive years: *Eastward Ho* and *All Fools* in 1605, *Monsteur D'Ollve* and *The Gentleman Usher* in 1606.

Children of the Chapel, it must have been produced before that company took the name of the Children of Her Majesty's Revels (January 30, 1604), probably before the closing of the theatres on account of the plague in May, 1603. The patent reference to Queen Elizabeth in I, i, 140, points to a date before her death, March 24, 1603. On the other hand the reference to the late presence at Court of the 'greatest gallants in France' (III, i, 48) seems a plain allusion to the famous embassy headed by Biron, September 5-14, 1601. This would fix the *terminus a quo* in the autumn of 1601, so that the play¹ must have been written between that time and the early spring of 1603. Professor Wallace, it is true, asserts positively (*Children of the Chapel*, p. 75 n) that it was produced 'c. the autumn of 1600', but as he has not yet offered any proof of this statement, it seems best for the present to hold to the above dates.

Nothing is known of the stage history of this play beyond the facts furnished by the title-pages of the quartos that it was first produced at Blackfriars by the Children of the Chapel, and revived many years later at Salisbury Court, a theatre opened in 1629. Various companies performed at this theatre. I take it that *Sir Giles Goosecap* was probably produced there by the King's Revels' Company who occupied this house from 1629 to 1632 and again from 1633 (or 1635, the date is uncertain) to 1636. Shirley wrote *The Changes* for this company in 1632 and it is possible that the revival of a comedy so antiquated as *Sir Giles* must have seemed at that time was due to Shirley's suggestion and to his friendly interest in the older poet. It may be that he brought about a revival² of this play in, or about, 1632, as a means of assisting Chapman in the poverty of his later years. The revival, if we can trust the statement of the title-page of Q₂, was very successful, but after this date we hear nothing more of the play. It was apparently dropped from the boards and completely forgotten. There is nothing to show that it was revived after the Restoration, and I find no reference to it between Langbaine's brief mention (*English Dramatic Poets*, p. 549) 1691, and Lamb's quotation of a passage from Act I in *Extracts from the Garrick Plays*, 1827. It was not reprinted until 1884, when it was included by Mr. Bullen in the third volume of his *Old English Plays*.

The question of the authorship of *Sir Giles Goosecap* may now, I think, be regarded as definitely settled. Bullen in his Introduction to the reprint, while stating that 'there is no known dramatic writer of that date (1606) to whom it could be assigned with any great degree of probability, was none the less struck with the similarity of certain passages in the serious scenes to the work of Chapman, and attributed this likeness to the study by the unknown author of Chapman's work

¹ If the reference in Dekker's *Sattromastix*, to Lady Furnifall refers to the character in *Sir Giles*, we can fix the date of our play within a few months. *Sattromastix* was registered November 11, 1601, and it would follow that *Sir Giles* was written and staged between September 14 and November 11. But this is not a necessary conclusion since both plays may refer to the same character in real life. See below, p. 893. Dekker's distinct allusion to the chief comic character of this play in his *Wonderful Year* (*Prose Works*, vol. i, p. 116) shows that the play was in existence in the year in which his pamphlet appeared, 1603, but does not help us to fix the date more precisely.

² Fleay (*London Stage*, p. 342) dates this revival in the period 1633-36, but he gives no proof of this.

Fleay, who saw the proof-sheets of Bullen's edition, wrote to the *Athenaeum* (June 9, 1883) to suggest that Chapman was himself the author. Bullen reprinted the substance of this letter in a note appended to the play (*Old English Plays*, vol. iii, p. 93) in which he admitted the resemblance between the style of Chapman and parts of *Sir Giles*, but urged that this was more apparent in the serious than in the comic scenes. Apparently he was reluctant to admit Chapman's authorship of the play as a whole. In his *Biographical Chronicle* (vol. ii, p. 322-3) Fleay repeated his assertion of Chapman's authorship; Ward (*English Dramatic Literature*, vol. ii, p. 412 n) noted the views of Bullen and Fleay without venturing on an opinion of his own; and Kittredge in an article in *The Journal of Germanic Philology* (vol. ii, p. 10 n) accepted without discussion the ascription of the play to Chapman.

While preparing an edition of *The Gentleman Usher* for the *Belles-Lettres Series* in 1906, I was struck by several points of close resemblance between this play and *Sir Giles Goosecap*. A careful study of the anonymous comedy convinced me that Chapman was certainly the author of the comic as well as the serious parts, and I published my conclusions in *Modern Philology* (July, 1906) in an article entitled *The Authorship of Sir Giles Goosecap*. The arguments there advanced have never been controverted, and since the appearance of this article Schelling (*Elizabethan Drama*, vol. i, p. 463) and Castelain (*Ben Jonson*, p. 901) have accepted Chapman's authorship without question. M. Schoell in his thesis, *Chapman as Comic Writer*, accepted my conclusions and was able to add further bits of internal evidence. There seems no reason, then, to doubt the authorship of the play, and it will be sufficient to sum up briefly here the evidence upon which Chapman's claim rests.

The evidence which Fleay brought forward was mainly external. The only known authors writing for the Chapel Children c. 1601 and dead in 1636 were Marston, Middleton, and Chapman. This play does not in the least resemble anything in the work of either Marston or Middleton, whereas the strong Jonsonian influence which it betrays is readily explained by Chapman's close relations with that author. The internal evidence, says Fleay, is even more decisive; but this evidence he does not produce except to affirm Chapman's undoubted authorship of such a passage as the speech of Clarence at the beginning of Act II, and to point out the likeness between the scene in which Momford writes a love-letter for Eugenia and a scene in *The Gentleman Usher* (III, ii) and another in *Monsieur D'Olive* (IV, ii).

This evidence, as I have said elsewhere, seems to me suggestive rather than decisive. The real proof of Chapman's authorship lies in the large number of parallels, repetitions, similarities of expression, and analogous situations to his undoubted works which occur in this play. I pointed out enough of these to settle the case in my article in *Modern Philology*. Since then I have noted a few more and M. Schoell has pointed out others. All of these are recorded in the following notes. Here I would only call attention to such striking parallels as those to *All Fools* in the notes on I, iii, 86 and II, i, 302-4, and to *The Gentleman Usher* in I, iv, 190-5 and III, ii, 67. If we bear in mind the fact that neither *All Fools* nor *The Gentleman Usher* was in print when *Sir Giles Goosecap* was written and that they were both written before this play was in print, the hypothesis of imitation becomes impossible, and it

seems certain that we have to do with repetitions by one and the same author. And as every reader of Chapman knows, his plays and poems abound, even above what we may expect in an Elizabethan dramatist, with repetitions of words, phrases, similes, ideas, and situations. The character of Sir Giles himself seems to me the elaboration of a 'humour' that Chapman had already sketched in the figure of La Besha in *An Humourous Day's Mirth*, and was to take up again in Poggio in *The Gentleman Usher*. A common characteristic of Sir Giles and Poggio is the ingenious faculty of misplacing¹ words so as to talk pure nonsense, and it is worth noting that their fellows in each play comment upon this trait. Strozza calls Poggio *Cousin Hysteron Proteron* (*Gentleman Usher*, I, i, 26) and Rudesby remarks to Sir Giles: *I lay my life some crab-fish has bitten thee by the tongue, thou speakest so backward still* (*Sir Giles Goosecap*, III, i, 18-20). In each case the dramatist evidently desired to call attention to this 'humour'.

Probably if we possessed *Sir Giles Goosecap* in its original form we would find a still more striking parallel to *The Gentleman Usher* in the figure of Lady Furnifall. In the first scene of the third act the three knights resolve to attend a supper at Lord Furnifall's to divert themselves with 'the drinking humour' of his lady, who, we hear, 'is never in any sociable vein till she be tipsy' (III, i, 174-5). Now no Lady Furnifall appears in the list of characters prefixed to the play or in the play itself, and at the supper at Lord Furnifall's house (IV, ii) no such 'drinking humour' is displayed. The scene, on the other hand, is padded out with such an unusual amount of idle talk as to suggest revision. The inference is forced upon us that the character of Lady Furnifall gave such offence at Court that the poet was forced to strike out her part before the publication of the play was permitted. In *The Gentleman Usher*, on the contrary, this 'drinking humour' is embodied in the person of Cortezza, whose 'humour of the cup' (III, ii, 280) is portrayed in two scenes (II, i and III, ii). Like Lady Furnifall Cortezza is affable only in her cups; in sober moments she is a malignant shrew like her prototype, of whom it is said 'in her sobriety she is mad (i.e. bad-tempered) and fears (i.e. frightens) my good little old Lord out of all proportion'. Further, Lord Furnifall is said to 'make his wife drunk and then dote on her humour most profanely,' (III, i, 178-9) exactly as Poggio boasts that he has made Cortezza 'so drunk that she does nothing but kiss my lord Medice' and then calls her behaviour 'the best sport that ever was' (*The Gentleman Usher*, III, ii, 228-31). It seems to me practically certain that this character and a scene or two, which in the first performances of *Sir Giles Goosecap* had tickled the groundlings, were simply transplanted into *The Gentleman Usher*.

Another scene² in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, that in which Momford writes a love-letter at Eugenia's dictation (IV, i), seems also to have been worked over for *The Gentleman Usher*.

The line of cleavage between the two parts which compose this play is very distinct. The first, which gives the play its name, deals with the sayings and doings—especially the sayings—of Sir Giles himself, his companions, Rudesby and Foulweather, their kinsmen, Sir Clement

¹ Cf. Poggio's speech in *The Gentleman Usher*, V, ii, 71-5, with that of Sir Giles in this play, III, i, 7-12, and 96-106.

² See above, p. 755.

Kingcob and Lord Decem Tales, the ladies whom they honour with their attentions, and a trio of pages. We are here in the world of the Comedy of Humours as it had been developed by Jonson. The very names of the characters, Goosecap, Rudesby, and Foulweather, are 'humourous', a trait wanting in *An Humourous Day's Mirth*, Chapman's first effort in this line, and due, no doubt, to the influence of Jonson. Jonsonian, too, is the stress laid upon dialogue instead of action as a means of revealing character. In *An Humourous Day's Mirth*, the action, although not especially interesting, is elaborate and complicated. In the comic scenes of *Sir Giles* there is nothing that can be called a plot, and a curious absence even of incidents. What little incident appears, as, for example, the luring of the knights on a fool's errand to Barnet, is evidently invented to display character rather than to advance a plot. This is the manner of Jonson as developed to its fullest extent in *Cynthia's Revels*, a play brought out only a year earlier at the same theatre where *Sir Giles Goosecap* was produced. The preliminary description¹ of the chief characters in this part of the play which appears in the pages' dialogue in the first scene is another characteristic device of Jonson's. To Jonson's influence, also, we may attribute whatever of personal satire appears in this play. In one character, that of Lady Furnifall, this element was so noticeable as to call for the intervention of the censor, and I am inclined to agree with Fleay (*Biographical Chronicle*, vol. ii, p. 323) that in the figures of Sir Giles, Rudesby and Foulweather, Chapman is satirizing contemporary personages, well known at the time although undiscoverable² now. Little or nothing of this sort appears in Chapman's other plays. As a rule he appears to have shaken off all feeling of personal animosity when he engaged in dramatic composition. The 'ancient'³ comic vein of Eupolis and Cratinus . . . subject to personal application' was not his chosen field. But in the composition of *Sir Giles Goosecap* he seems to have been more than at any other time of his life under the influence of Jonson, and in the three 'comical satires' which Jonson produced about this time⁴ personal satire is rampant.

This temporary subjection of Chapman to Jonson's influence is, I think, easily accounted for. Chapman had left the Admiral's Company, for whom he had hitherto been writing, some time in 1599 or 1600, and if *Sir Giles* was his first play for the Chapel Children, as seems to be the case, he may well have felt the need of following Jonson's guidance in the preparation of a play for the more refined and critical audience of a private theatre. The coarse buffoonery of *The Blind Beggar* which had delighted the gross public of the Rose was not likely to suit the taste of the gentlemen and courtiers who frequented Blackfriars.

Another influence than that of Jonson's is also perceptible in the comic scenes of this play. The witty mocking pages, Will and Jack, trace their descent from the pages of Lyly's *Endimion*; and the de-

¹ Cf. the elaborate descriptions of Hedon, Anaiides, etc., in *Cynthia's Revels*, II, i.

² Fleay's notion that Drayton is attacked in the person of Sir Giles seems to me altogether unlikely.

³ *All Fools, Prologus*, ll. 13-15.

⁴ *Every Man out of his Humour*, 1599; *Cynthia's Revels*, 1600, *The Poetaster*, 1601.

light in word-play, in conceits, in wit-combats, which appears in *Sir Giles*, is also in the last resort traceable to the courtly comedy of Lyly. But little or nothing of Lyly's characteristic style is visible in *Sir Giles*, and I should rather attribute the traces of Lylilian influence to the tradition which he established for children's companies than to direct imitation on Chapman's part. The three children, for example, who appear in such entertaining fashion in the *Induction to Cynthia's Revels*, show Jonson's acceptance of this tradition, and, indeed, the whole elaborate allegory of that satire of courtly conditions is very plainly a continuation of the work of Lyly. Chapman, it seems to me, followed the first writer of courtly comedy only at a distance and, so to speak, at second hand,¹ His immediate master and guide was Jonson.

The serious scenes of *Sir Giles Goosecap*, on the other hand, show Chapman striking out for himself into a field where he was later to achieve his most striking success as a comic writer. Connected only in the slightest way with the 'humourous' scenes, they constitute a little romantic comedy which, however faintly and falteringly executed, foreshadows in its happy union of sweet seriousness and easy mirth the best scenes of *The Gentleman Usher* and of *Monsieur D'Olive*. In *An Humourous Day's Mirth* Chapman just hinted at the theme of a scholar turned lover. Here he uses it as the leading *motif* of his first attempt at romantic comedy.

As Kittredge² has shown, the story of Clarence, Eugenia, and Momford is based upon that of *Troilus and Criseide* as contained in the first three books of Chaucer's poem of that name. The chief incidents of the play correspond, up to a certain point, almost exactly with those of the old poem: the silent and hopeless love of Clarence, the confession wrung from him by his friend, Momford's offer to intercede with the lady, who here as in Chaucer is the niece of the friendly go-between, his bearing a letter to her, the device by which he forces it upon her, her first reluctance to hear of a lover, her hesitating response to his passion, even the feigned sickness which finally brings her to his arms, all these are found in their due order in *Troilus and Criseide*, and if it were possible for so close a correspondence to be accidental, this possibility disappears when we note the frequency with which Chapman borrows hints for his dialogue from the work of Chaucer. Full proof of this borrowing is contained in Kittredge's article. I need only say here that the dialogue of *Sir Giles Goosecap*, II, i, and IV, i,³ contains words, phrases, and sometimes whole lines, lifted from Chaucer and skilfully interwoven 'into the fashion of Elizabethan comedy conversation'.

¹ Since this Introduction was in type M. Schoell has pointed out to me a source for the comic scenes of *Sir Giles* in *Les Apophtegmes du Sieur Gaulard*, a series of jests added to Etienne Tabourot's *Les Bigarrures du Seigneur des Accords*,³ 1583-4; cf. *Sir Giles*, I, ii, 7 with *Gaulard*, p. 9; I, ii, 33-4 with p. 16; I, iii, 51-5 with pp. 9, 25-6, and so on. Poggio's tale of the 'curtal' (*Gentleman Usher* I, i, 5-10) also occurs here, p. 16. I cite from the Rouen edition of 1640.

² *Journal of Germanic Philology*, vol. ii, p. 10.

³ With these scenes cf. *Troilus and Criseide*, II, 78, *ssq.* and II, 1104 *ssq.* Cf. also *T. and C.* II, 1002, and 1023, *ssq.* for the original of the scene in which Clarence writes to Eugenia. See further Ballman's article *Der Einfluss Chaucers* (*Anglia*, vol. xxv) for one or two points omitted by Kittredge.

Chapman handles his source even in this early play with the same easy freedom he shows when adapting Terence or Piccolomini to the Elizabethan stage. Naturally he modifies the tragic catastrophe of Chaucer's poem and leaves the lovers united in holy wedlock. This was demanded by the convention of Elizabethan comedy. But he does more than this. He changes the whole tone and temper of the scene in which the lovers are united. His heroine is not trapped into surrender, but stoops of her own will to lift her lover to her. It is interesting, moreover, to note how Chapman catches a hint from his source and expands it into a situation. In *Troilus and Criseide* (II, 1162) Pandarus offers to write at Criseide's dictation a reply to the first love-letter of Troilus. Nothing comes of his proposal; Criseide writes the letter herself and by herself and only gives it him to carry. From this slight hint Chapman has built up a situation which approaches more nearly the realm of genuine high comedy than anything else in the play, the scene (IV, 1) in which Momford offers himself as secretary to Eugenia, coolly adds to her dictation words which give quite another sense to the letter, and then half bullies, half wheedles her into signing it. It is a scene instinct with Chaucer's own humour, skilfully transferred from an epic to a dramatic setting.

The greatest liberty, however, which Chapman has taken with his source is in the characterization. Troilus in Chaucer's poem is hardly so much an individual as a type. He is the courtly lover par excellence, young, noble, brave, modest, devoted, generous, and secret. The lover in Chapman's play departs widely from this type. So far as Clarence approaches a type at all, it is the Renaissance ideal of the gentleman that he resembles. Although poor and of mean estate, he is gently bred and 'wealthily furnished with true knowledge' (II, 1, 182). He is a scholar, in particular a Platonist (III, ii, 2), a lover of music, and a poet. He does not, like Troilus, fall an easy victim to love, but for a time struggles against it as a passion only too 'likely' to divert him from the true aim of his life, the pursuit of 'celestial' knowledge. It is only when he convinces himself that 'divine Eugenia bears the ocular form of music and of Reason' (III, ii, 7-8) and that his union with her will further rather than retard his progress, that he gives rein to his desires and permits his friend to play the go-between. Chapman's alteration is extremely characteristic of his age; but it is hardly one to provoke much sympathy in ours. We are more apt to be interested in the lover as such than in the scholar turned lover, and while Chapman has avoided the sentimentalities and lacrimose effusions which at times make Troilus an almost repulsive figure to our modern taste, he has fallen into the other extreme. His Clarence is a singularly cold-blooded and ratiocinative lover. If Troilus is at times little better than a morbid sentimentalist, Clarence is too often little short of a scholarly prig.

This alteration in the character of the hero necessarily involved a change in the characters of the heroine and the go-between, Eugenia and Momford. Since the love of Clarence was a sober and temperate passion there was no place in Chapman's scheme for the strong contrast between the high-flown sentiments of Troilus and the frank materialism of his friend and counsellor. As a result the figure of the go-between has been so toned down that, except for his part in the action, Momford would hardly be recognizable as the counterpart of Pandarus. He is a frank and friendly figure, disinterested, high-

spirited, and somewhat domineering, but he quite lacks the rich humour, the homely mother-wit, and the ingratiating wiles of his prototype.

The character of Criseide has suffered a still greater change in Chapman's hands. It is not too much to say that Chaucer's heroine is the subtlest, fullest, and most masterly piece of characterization in English literature before Shakespeare. Even Shakespeare's Cressid, that 'sluttish spoil of opportunity', seems a mere sketch struck off with a few swift, hard strokes, when compared with the full-length portrait, worked up with a thousand delicate and loving touches, of Chaucer's Criseide. In Chapman's hands the figure has undergone a complete transformation. Instead of the gentle medieval lady, living wholly in her emotions and yielding step by step with sweet reluctant amorous delay to the solicitations of her lover, we have an Elizabethan *grande dame*, 'a good learned scholar'—a bit of a blue-stocking, in fact—wholly mistress of herself and her emotions. There is no trace in Chapman of that gradual awakening of passion which makes Chaucer's heroine one of the most interesting of all psychological studies of a woman's heart. On the contrary we see Eugenia at one time scornfully disdaining the proposed match because of the loss of reputation which marriage with a poor gentleman would, in the world's censure, bring upon her, and then, with almost no visible transition, accepting this same poor gentleman as husband on the ground that 'knowledge is the bond, the seal, and crown of their united minds' (V, ii, 215-6). Eugenia is not without fine and even charming qualities, but one feels that Chapman has rather sought to construct a suitable figure for the plot he had in hand, than to create and embody an ideal of womanhood, or to reproduce to the life a very woman like Criseide.

The reclamation of *Sir Giles Goosecap* for Chapman does not, I think, add greatly to his reputation as a dramatist. Neither in plot nor in characterization does this play approach the level of his best work. The prose dialogue seems to me for the most part notably deficient in his characteristic raciness and vivacity, and the verse, although at times full and high is too often inflated and heavy. But this play has a special interest for all students of Chapman in the picture it presents of the poet himself. Fleay (*Biographical Chronicle*, vol. ii, p. 323) long ago suggested that Clarence probably stood for the poet himself, and this suggestion has been worked out in detail by M. Schoell. There seems to be evidence¹ that at some time in his life Chapman paid suit to a wealthy widow. We know so little of the events of Chapman's life or of the order of their succession that it would be a fruitless task to attempt to connect *Sir Giles Goosecap* with this suit. But quite apart from this no student of Chapman can fail to see in Clarence many characteristic traits of the poet himself. We have only to compare the speeches of Clarence with the poems in which Chapman is speaking *in propria persona* to realize the closeness of this correspondence. In the first long speech of Clarence to Momford, for example (I, iv, 36 *ssq.*) we find a complaint against envy and detraction and a dissatisfaction with the awards of Fortune, notes that constantly recur in Chapman's poems. His first speech in Act II is a little epitome of the philosophic studies of Chapman, and the opening

¹ See the Chapman letters in the *Athenaeum*, March 23, 1901.

lines of Act III scene ii show Chapman's special interest in Plato. Chapman's scorn of the world and 'all the pomp she hugs' is revealed in more than one speech by Clarence—see, for example, III, ii, 40, *ssq.* and V, ii, 124, *ssq.* Chapman's love of paradox shows itself in Clarence's defence of the feminine fashion of painting the face (IV, iii, 41 *ssq.*). Chapman's dualism, his strict separation of mind and matter, and his exaltation of the things of the soul above those of sense appear again and again in Clarence—see, for example, IV, iii, 6-7 and V, ii, 43-50. M. Schoell does not go too far, I think, in saying that the philosophy of Clarence contains in the germ, at least, almost all the tenets of Chapman's later philosophy. And there are other more general characteristics common to the poet and the hero of this play, a sincere love of learning, not untouched at times by the pedantry of the Renaissance, an eager desire to pierce through appearances to abiding reality, and a profound melancholy due in the last resort to a keen sense of the discord between the ideals of a poet-philosopher and the actualities of life. Clarence may not be a conscious portrait of the poet by himself, but no attempt to estimate the character of Chapman can be successful which does not take this figure into account. Along with Chapman's ideal portrait of the Stoic hero in Clermont (*The Revenge of Bussy*) and his personal confession of faith through the mouth of Cato (*Caesar and Pompey*), it constitutes the chief contribution of his plays to our knowledge of the personality that lies behind them.

Such, then, are the claims of *Sir Giles Goosecap* to our consideration. Taken by itself as a comedy the play is a poor thing, certainly unworthy of a place among Elizabethan masterpieces; but it has a real historical value as connecting Chapman at any earlier date than is commonly supposed with the company for which his best comedies were written, it shows us his failure as a recorder of 'humours' and the dawn of his success in the higher field of poetic and romantic comedy, and most important of all, it gives us the fullest and truest revelation of the poet himself that is to be found in all his dramatic work. For these reasons, if no others, *Sir Giles Goosecap* seems to me to deserve more careful consideration and sympathetic study than it has yet received from students of Elizabethan drama.

SIR GILES GOOSECAP

NOTES

Title : *Goosecap*, i.e. a booby, a fool. The word seems to have appeared during the Marprelate controversy, and was perhaps coined by Nash. The first quotation given in the *New English Dictionary* is from *Martin's Month's Mind*, 1589. This pamphlet is not certainly the work of Nash, but it belongs to his school, and Nash himself uses the word in *Four Letters Confuted* (*Works*, vol. i, p. 281). It promptly became domesticated in Elizabethan comedy; I find it in *Englishmen for my Money* (1598), in *Michaelmas Term* (1604), in *The Honest Whore* (1604), and as late as Ford's *Fancies Chaste and Noble*, 1638. Chapman seems to have coined the apt alliteration *Sir Giles Goosecap* which appears elsewhere in his work (*The Gentleman Usher*, II, i, 81). The only other instance of this phrase of which I am aware appears in Dekker's *Wonderful Year*, 1603 (*Prose Works*, vol. i, p. 116), and probably refers to the hero of this play.

I, i, 24. *Provant* : provender, the food which the pages are carrying.

I, i, 34. *Moped monkies*. This is the earliest quotation given in the *New English Dictionary* for *moped* in the sense of 'bewildered'.

I, i, 35. *Frenchified* : see note on *Eastward Ho*, IV, i, 155-6.

I, i, 59-60. *Shower into the laps of ladies* : cf. :

That the Augean stable

Of his foul sin would empty in my lap.

Bussy D'Ambois, IV, i, 187-8.

I, i, 60. *Captinado*. This word does not appear in the *New English Dictionary*. It is an anglicized form of the Spanish *capitainazo*, i.e. great captain.

I, i, 64. *Make the cold stones sweat* : cf. :

I'll make th' inspired thresholds of his court

Sweat with the weather of my horrid steps.

Bussy D'Ambois, IV, ii, 184-5.

I, i, 66. *Domineer, and reign* : cf. *The Gentleman Usher*, V, i, 110.

I, i, 70. *Lie like a lapwing*. The same phrase is used in *The Revenge of Bussy*, V, v, 41, and there, as here, it is applied to a coward.

I, i, 75-76. *Brush up her silks* : cf. *Eastward Ho*, III, ii, 7.

I, i, 122. *At rovers* : at random. The phrase is from archery; 'to shoot at rovers' is to shoot at any chance mark, not at the butt. Cf. *Let not your tongue run at rover*—Heywood, *Proverbs*. pt. II, chap. 5.

I, i, 123. *A Switzer* : a mercenary soldier; see note on *Revenge of Bussy*, I, i, 277.

I, i, 137. *Noddy* : a game of cards, frequently mentioned in Elizabethan drama. See *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, III, ii, *Hyde Park*, IV, iii and elsewhere.

I, i, 140. *Best scholar of any woman, but one* : the exception, of course, is Queen Elizabeth.

I, i, 154. *Assumpsit* : a legal term denoting a promise to perform some specified action, used here mockingly of Jack's implied promise to prove the lady 'half a maid, half a wife, and half a widow'.

I, i, 180-1. 'Measure the neck with a ribbon, then double the length, and bringing the two ends together, place the middle of it between the teeth. If we find that it is sufficiently long to be carried from the mouth over

- the head without difficulty, it is a sign that the person is still a virgin', an Italian superstition cited by Ellis, *Commentary on Catullus*, p. 339.
- I, ii, 38. *Indite*. The word occurs twice in Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, II, iv, 135 and 2 *King Henry IV*, II, i, 30. In both these cases, as in the present instance, it seems an intentional mistake for 'invite'.
- I, ii, 80. *Subtle, as the Pomonian Serpent*: probably with reference to the serpent which induced Eve to eat the apple; 'now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field'—*Genesis*, iii, 1.
- I, ii, 118-9. *In nova, etc.*: the first line of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.
- I, ii, 120. *Minceatives*: mincing, affected people; cf. *Poetaster*, IV, i, 40.
- I, ii, 121. *Bisogno*: cf. the note on *The Widow's Tears*, I, iii, 24.
- I, ii, 128. *Dutch skipper*. For the behaviour of a Dutch skipper in courtship, see Hans Van Belch in *Northward Ho*.
- I, iii, 3-4. *Frost . . . nipped*: cf. 'In frost, they say, 'tis good bad blood be nipped', John Taylor (*Works*, Spenser Society, p. 247). This was apparently an old medical superstition.
- I, iii, 16-17. *Made a lane . . . shot*: cf. *Bussy D'Ambois*, III, ii, 469 and Chapman's *Iliad*, V, 96.
- I, iii, 20. *Knight o' the post*: cf. *The Ball*, II, ii, 213, and note *ad loc*.
- I, iii, 60. *Moucheron*: literally a fly, a gnat, used also for a boy.
- I, iii, 82. *After my hearty commendations*: a phrase commonly used at the beginning of a letter (cf. II, 84-5); see the speech in the form of a letter in *Soliman and Perseda*, II, ii, 4-5.
- I, iii, 86. *Guégeon swallowed*: cf. a similar phrase in *All Fools*, III, i, 94, and the note *ad loc*.
- I, iii, 90. *Vaunt-couriering device*: a trick running on in advance, like a vaunt-courier.
- I, iv, 1-55. The poetry with which this scene opens is eminently characteristic of Chapman in its union of obscurity with real depth of thought.
- I, iv, 11. *Estimative power*. Chapman is fond of using a phrase of this sort to denote the human reason; cf. *apprehensive powers*, *Poems*, p. 293 and *impassive powers*, *The Gentleman Usher*, IV, iii, 48.
- I, iv, 13. *My whole man*: cf. *this whole man*, *Bussy D'Ambois*, V, ii, 41 and *his whole man*, *Poems*, p. 148.
- I, iv, 14-15. *Soul . . . infusion*: cf. *The soul's infusion, immortality*, *Poems*, p. 127.
- I, iv, 28. *My bed-fellow*. It was common at this time for intimate friends to share one bed, see below III, i, 99-100, and *All Fools*, I, i, 27. Thus in *King Henry V*, II, ii, 8, Scroop is spoken of as the King's bed-fellow, and Aubrey (*Lives*, vol. i, p. 96, edition of 1898) reports that Beaumont and Fletcher, 'both bachelors, lay together'.
- I, iv, 39. *Resolv'd misdooms*: obstinate misjudgments. This is the only instance of *misdooms* given in the *New English Dictionary*.
- I, iv, 43. *Ill-lunged*. The same epithet occurs in Chapman's translation of Hesiod's *Georgics* (*Poems*, p. 216) where he has a foot-note to say that it renders *δυσκέλαδος, male seu graviter sonans*.
- I, iv, 60-84. Marston seems to have imitated this passage in *The Fawn*, II, i, 178-9.
- I, iv, 67-8. *Division . . . plain song*. 'Division was a technical term in music for the running of a simple strain into a great variety of shorter notes to the same modulation. The *plain song* was the simple air without variations'—Bullen.
- I, iv, 70-2. Cf. *The Widow's Tears*, IV, ii, 153-4.
- I, iv, 87. *Leap out of my skin*: cf.:
- Never were men so weary of their skins,
And apt to leap out of themselves.*
- Bussy D'Ambois*, I, ii, 42-3.
- I, iv, 123. *Above probability*: above what could probably be expected. With the sentiment cf. *Monsieur D'Olive*, III, ii, 11, 23.
- I, iv, 126-8. With this sentiment cf. the Friar's words to Bussy, *Bussy D'Ambois*, II, ii, 187-9.

I, iv, 127. *Aspire*: in the sense of 'attain', the usual meaning in Chapman; cf. *All Fools*, I, i, 6; *Revenge of Bussy*, I, i, 296; *Byron's Tragedy*, I, i, 28, and elsewhere.

I, iv, 138. *Upper hands*: higher social position, such as gave 'the upper hand' or precedence.

Brave men of dirt: men who make a brave show by reason of their landed property, cf. *All Fools*, I, i, 67.

I, iv, 143. *Turn her, and wind her*: cf. *The Gentleman Usher*, III, ii, 372-3.

I, iv, 190-95. With this jesting about *points, hose, and heels* cf. *The Gentleman Usher*, I, i, 41-8.

II, i, 1-16. With this speech cf. the opening lines of Chapman's address to M. Harriotts (i.e. George Heriot) *Poems*, p. 53.

II, i, 9. *Eternesse*: a word apparently coined by Chapman. It occurs also in *Byron's Tragedy*, V, iii, 191.

II, i, 11. *The world's soul*: cf. *God, the soul of all the world—The Gentleman Usher*, IV, ii, 143.

II, i, 18. With the stage-direction after this line cf. that after *All Fools*, II, i, 221, also *Mildred sewing* at the beginning of *Eastward Ho*, I, ii.

II, i, 26-7. *With a wet finger*: see the note on *May-Day*, I, i, 314-5, and cf.

With a wet finger ye can fet

As much as may easily all this matter ease.

Heywood, *Proverbs*, pt. II, chap. 9.

II, i, 33. *Sentences*: maxims, cf. *All Fools*, V, ii, 98, and note *ad loc.*

II, i, 38. *Mankindly*: cruelly. The *New English Dictionary* cites only this one instance; but *mankind*, i.e. cruel, appears in *All Fools*, IV, i, 235 and *The Gentleman Usher*, IV, i, 49.

II, i, 51. *Learning in a woman*: cf. Chapman's praise of female scholarship in *A Good Woman*, *Poems*, p. 151.

II, i, 75. The stage-direction after this line resembles several others in Chapman. Thus in *All Fools*, II, i, 397 we have *He untrusses and capers* and in *The Widow's Tears*, V, i, 31 *He dances and sings*.

In *May-Day*, IV, i, 18-20, although a stage-direction is wanting in the quarto, it is plain that Quintiliano dances and sings. It seems to me not unlikely that the same actor took the parts of Valerio, Tharsalio, Quintiliano, and Momford, and that in each play an opportunity was given him to do a dancing 'turn'.

II, i, 80. *Dancitive*. The *New English Dictionary* gives this as a nonce-word with the meaning 'inclined to dancing'.

II, i, 82. *Duncitive*. This word does not appear in the *New English Dictionary*. It was probably coined for this occasion to furnish a play on words with *dancitive*.

II, i, 83. *Christmas block*: the Yule log.

II, i, 120. *The crises*: the tokens, the signs, used here of the facial features as appears from the following lines.

II, i, 137-8. *With your virtues . . . in love*: cf.:

Methinks my blood

Is taken up to all love with thy virtues.

Revenge of Bussy, -V, i, 189-90.

II, i, 141-2. These lines are from Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, I, 322-3, where they are said of Deucalion and Pyrrha. For the text see Text Notes, p. 909.

II, i, 160. *Sensual powers*: the senses, with special reference to their cognizance of earthly things, cf. the same phrase in *Byron's Tragedy*, V, iv, 25, and in *A Hymn to Christ* (*Poems*, p. 144).

II, i, 161. *Thrust her soul quite from her tribunal*: cf.:

*We are toss'd out of our human throne
By pied and Protean opinion.*

Hymn to Christ (*Poems*, p. 146).

II, i, 162. *Sedes vacans*: interregnum. *Sedes* is used especially of an episcopal see.

- II, i, 165. *Doubled in her singular happiness* : cf. :
If once she weds, she's two for one before ;
Single again, she never doubles more.
A Good Woman (Poems, p. 152).
- II, i, 170. *A fool's bolt* : part of an old saying going back at least as far as the *Proverbs of Hendyng*, c. 1300. It appears in Heywood : *A fool's bolt's soon shot*, *Proverbs*, pt. II, chap. 3.
- II, i, 181-4. A sentiment that appears frequently in Chapman ; cf. *The Gentleman Usher*, III, ii, 57-65 and *Bussy D'Ambois*, III, ii, 76-8.
- II, i, 188. *Coats of honour* : coats of arms, the heraldic insignia of a gentleman, an *armiger*.
- II, i, 194. *This circle*. Momford, I fancy, holds up here a piece of gold. If this, he says, is held too close to the eye it obscures the sun from our vision. Were it possible to remove the coin to a distance halfway between us and the sun (*sustain it indifferently betwixt us and it*), it would no longer hide the sun, which would then appear *without check of one beam*.
- II, i, 201. *More than done*. Chapman is extremely addicted to the phrase *more than* in connexion with an adjective to express the highest degree of comparison. Numberless instances occur in his work. I cite only *Revenge of Bussy*, IV, i, 101, V, i, 124 ; *Byron's Conspiracy*, I, i, 177, II, i, 60-1 ; and *Monsieur D'Olive*, II, i, 170.
- II, i, 211. *Thus low* : i.e. at your feet. Momford bows low as he speaks.
- II, i, 215. An adaptation of a line from Horace :
Falsus honor juvat et mendax infamia terret.
Epistles, I, xvi, 39.
- II, i, 216. Here Momford retires to the back of the stage where Clarence has been waiting since l. 16.
- II, i, 236. *A cooling card* : apparently a term from some unknown game of cards. It is applied to anything which checks or cools a person's desire. Thus Euphues 'to the intent that he might bridle the overlashing affections of Philautus, conveyed into his study a certain pamphlet which he termed a cooling card for Philautus, yet generally to be applied to all lovers', Lyly, *Works*, vol. i, p. 246.
 The phrase was very common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The *New English Dictionary* quotes examples from Holinshed, 1577, down to Dryden, 1678.
- II, i, 238-9. *Pages . . . leaves* : cf. a similar pun in *All Fools*, V, ii, 42.
- II, i, 241. *Their great pagical index* : the overgrown page, Bullaker.
- II, i, 263. *The Family of Love* : see note on *Eastward Ho*, V, ii, 32.
- II, i, 284. *Cornish* : referring to the phrase *strike up men's heels*, l. 282. Cornishmen were famous as wrestlers.
- II, i, 291. *Put up for concealment* : indicted for the suppression of facts.
- II, i, 302-4. A very close parallel to these lines appears in *All Fools*, V, ii, 14-21, where the same talent is attributed to Dariotto.
- II, i, 307. *Spanish titillation*. This seems to have been the fashionable scent. Jonson (*Alchemist*, IV, iv) declares :
Your Spanish titillation in a glove
The best perfume.
- II, i, 314. *French purls* : The pleats or folds of a ruff or band of the French fashion.
- III, i, 48. *Greatest gallants . . . in France* : probably a reference to the embassy of Biron to Queen Elizabeth, September 5-14, 1601. It might possibly refer to a later visit of French noblemen in April, 1602, for which see Nichols, *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. iii, p. 577, but the former is the more likely.
- III, i, 54-5. *Hold . . . tack* : are a match for.
- III, i, 61. *Left-handed François* : spurious Frenchman.
- III, i, 62. *Monsieur L'Ambois*. No name resembling this appears in the list of Biron's company given by Stow (*Annals*, p. 795). Perhaps there is a reference to Bussy D'Ambois dead long before this embassy.

- III, i, 68.** *Pickt-hatch*: a cant word in the time of Elizabeth for a part of London, Turnmill Street, Clerkenwell, inhabited by strumpets. See the note on *Merry Wives of Windsor*, II, ii, 19, in the *Variorum Shakespeare*. The word was derived from the *hatch*, or half-door, in the houses of ill fame being guarded with *picks*, or spikes. Here the word is used figuratively; a *pickt-hatch compliment* is one proper to such a locality. A close parallel is given in the *New English Dictionary's* quotation from Walkington's *Optic Glass*, 1607: 'These be your picke-hatch courtesan wits'.
- III, i, 71.** *Vie ii*: see notes on *Monsieur D'Olive*, IV, ii, 251 and *Eastward Ho*, IV, ii, 17.
- III, i, 88.** A somewhat similar phrase appears in *Monsieur D'Olive*, IV, ii, 249. See also *Englishmen for my Money* (Hazlitt, *Dodsley*, vol. x, p. 550).
- III, i, 90.** *Sleight*. Note the pun, involved in the old pronunciation, on *sleight* and *slate*.
- III, i, 97.** *Mastie*: a dialect form of mastiff. The *New English Dictionary* quotes instances of this form from the middle of the sixteenth century to Wycherly's *Plain Dealer*, 1676.
By commission: cf. *The Gentleman Usher*, I, i, 5-6.
- III, i, 101.** *Sackerson*: the name of a bear famous in sporting circles c. 1600. He is mentioned by Sir John Davies, *Epigrams*, no. 43, and in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, I, i, 307.
- III, i, 102.** *Loaves*. I do not understand this allusion. Probably Sir Giles is talking nonsense as usual.
- III, i, 154.** *Viliacos*: from the Italian *vigliacco*, defined by Florio as 'a rascal', 'a base varlet'. The word occurs repeatedly in Elizabethan drama; see 2 *King Henry VI*, IV, viii, 48, *Every Man out of his Humour*, V, iii, 61, and *Satiromastix*, I, i.
- III, i, 169.** *Decem Tales*: a legal term. When a full jury did not appear a writ was issued to the sheriff *opponere decem tales*, i.e. to summon ten such jurors as had already been summoned, in order to make up the deficiency.
- III, i, 227.** *Bacon*. Bullen notes that the reference is probably to a work of Roger Bacon: *Libellus de retardandis senectutis accidentibus, etc.*, published at Oxford, 1590.
- III, i, 234.** *Elixirs*: used here in the sense of 'quintessences'. This is an earlier instance of this sense than any given in the *New English Dictionary*.
- III, i, 260.** *Finsbury*: a swampy district to the north of the City of London. Stow (*Survey*, pp. 123, 159) mentions the windmills and ditches of which Sir Giles speaks.
- III, i, 268.** *A pearl in her eye*: see the note on *Humourous Day's Mirth*, sc. viii, l. 225.
- III, ii, 4-6.** Cf. Chapman's footnote in *Ovid's Banquet* (*Poems*, p. 27).
- III, ii, 7.** *Ocular*: visible. Cf. a like use in Chapman's *Homer*:
The scar
That still remained a mark too ocular.
Odyssey, XXIII, 349.
- III, ii, 9.** With this line cf. the praise of patience in *The Gentleman Usher*, V, ii, 8-13. In each case we have the conception of a soul present in the body, yet exempt from the ills of the flesh.
- III, ii, 14.** *In floods of ink*. The same phrase occurs in Chapman's continuation of *Hero and Leander*, VI, 139.
- III, ii, 15-17.** With these lines cf. the four stanzas headed *Olfactus* in *Ovid's Banquet* (*Poems*, p. 26). In both cases there is the same conception of love as an odorous flame; cf. also *All Fools*, IV, i, 143-6.
- III, ii, 20.** *Digested life*: well ordered, harmonious life. Cf. Chapman's use of 'digest' and 'digestion' elsewhere, *Humourous Day's Mirth*, sc. vii, ll. 210-11; *Bussy*, IV, i, 164; *Revenge of Bussy*, V, i, 2; and *Caesar and Pompey*, II, v, 9. The word is usually contrasted with *Chaos*, here with *Embryon*.
- III, ii, 21.** *A lifeless Embryon*: cf. *an Embryon that saw never light—Hero and Leander*, III, 302.

III, ii, 27. *Merit clad in ink* : cf. :

Ink

Of which thou mak'st weeds for thy soul to wear.

Tears of Peace (Poems, p. 115).

III, ii, 35. *A r[e]deless veil* : a very puzzling phrase. The reading of the quarto is *ruless* ; but no such word is known. Bullen's suggestion *thriddless* does not seem acceptable. No such word is known, and 'threadless', according to the *New English Dictionary*, does not appear before 1822. I prefer *redeless* in the sense of 'indecipherable', 'impossible to pierce through'. Dr. Bradley suggests that the word might be *rendelesse*, i.e. not to be rent, but this too is a word unknown elsewhere.

III, ii, 38. *Stance* : stanza. The same form occurs in Chapman's *Masque*, stage-direction after l. 251.

III, ii, 40. *Bid states* : invite people of high estate.

III, ii, 49. *On the right, perhaps* : in case his wife has the upper hand of him, and so takes the right side instead of the left.

III, ii, 63. *Anti-dame*. No other instance of this word is known. Apparently it was coined by Chapman on the analogy of 'anti-hero', 'anti-wit', etc.

III, ii, 67. *Sweet apes* : cf. *In all things his sweet ape—The Gentleman Usher*, IV, iii, 21. This is one of the most evident Chapman repetitions in the play.

III, ii, 89. *At midnight* : at the last hour, in allusion to Clarence's tardy confession of his love.

III, ii, 95-7. With these lines cf. *Troilus and Criseide*, II, 1275.

III, ii, 102-3. *Pine . . . box-trees*. A very similar figure to this appears in *Byron's Tragedy*, V, iii, 13-14 ; cf. also *Bussy D'Ambois*, IV, i, 91.

III, ii, 104-6. With the conception and diction of these lines, cf. :

Learning, the soul's actual frame,

Without which 'tis a blank, a smoke-hid flame.

Tears of Peace (Poems, p. 116).

III, ii, 106. *Elemental smoke* : the smoke, or fog, rising from the earthly element in man, cf. :

Earth's gross and elemental fire.

Tears of Peace (Poems, p. 123).

III, ii, 107. *Daphnean flower* : the laurel, cf. *the Daphnean laurel—Poems*, p. 12.

III, ii, 113. *Just Deucalion* : cf. II, i, 141-2 above and the note *ad loc.*

IV, i, 1. *Chests* : an old form of 'chess', used here for the sake of the pun in l. 5.

IV, i, 13. *White son* : cf. *All Fools*, IV, i, 29, and the note *ad loc.*

IV, i, 16. *Wiset of fifteen* : a proverbial phrase ; *fifteen* is used for a large indefinite number ; cf. *Hickscorner* (p. 6, Farmer's reprint) : 'That is the least thought that they have of fifteen'.

IV, i, 31. *Spanish needle*. Spanish needles were of peculiar excellence and are often referred to in Elizabethan literature, see Nash (*Works*, vol. i, p. 18), Lyly, *Galathea*, III, iii, 12 ; Middleton, *Blurt Master Constable*, II, i, 7, and elsewhere.

IV, i, 44-6. With this sentiment cf. *Bussy D'Ambois*, II, ii, 179-190 and *Ovid's Banquet (Poems, p. 28)*.

IV, i, 49. *Tear one's ruffs* : cf. Pistol's threat to Doll Tearsheet, 2 *King Henry IV*, II, iv, 144 and Doll's words below, II, iv, 156.

IV, i, 62. *Eat not your meat, etc.* I do not understand the bearing of this *principle*. From the context one would imagine it should read : *Eat your meat, etc.* Bullen suggests reading *hot* for *not*, but this does not seem idiomatic. Possibly the stress should be laid upon *your*, so that the sense would be : Send not your own meat to other men's tables to feed upon it there.

IV, i, 65. *Feres* : companions ; the obsolescent word is used for the sake of the pun with *fares* and *fair*. It occurs elsewhere in Chapman, *Iliad*, XVIII, 383.

- IV, i, 70-74. With this incident cf. *Troilus and Criseide* II, 1, 154-7.
- IV, i, 80. *Bear you on my back*: i.e. as an oppressive burden. The phrase is used for the sake of the pun with *bear it back*, l. 79.
- IV, i, 82. *Rooks*: a pun on *rook*, a chess-man, and *rook*, a gull, or fool.
- IV, i, 154-5. With Eugenia's answer cf. the reply of Corinna to Ovid, *Ovid's Banquet*, the stanza beginning *Pure love* (*Poems*, p. 34).
- IV, i, 205. *Cydippe*. There is another reference to Cydippe in *The Shadow of Night* (*Poems*, p. 16).
- IV, ii, 7-11. There is a fairly close parallel to these lines in *Monsieur D'Olive*, III, ii, 2-4.
- IV, ii, 24. 'O very rarely do they drop into our familiar tongue.' I take it that Furnifall is repeating the exclamation of the *accomplished gentleman* (l. 21) expressing his surprise at being addressed at the French Court in his own tongue.
- IV, ii, 26. *Set me forth*: exhibit, extol, me.
- IV, ii, 39. *Good accost*: polite salutation.
- IV, ii, 65. *A botts o' that stinking word*: cf. 'a plague on that phrase', *Monsieur D'Olive*, V, ii, 103.
- IV, ii, 77-8. *The bravery of a St. George's day*. The festival of St. George, April 23, was for many years celebrated with great splendour at Windsor and elsewhere, see 1 *King Henry VI*, I, i, 153-4.
- IV, ii, 129. *Concatical*: apparently a word of Sir Giles's invention.
- IV, ii, 130. *Upon ticket*: on credit, or in the common phrase 'on tick.' The phrase occurs in *The Gull's Hornbook* (Dekker, *Prose Works*, vol. ii, p. 252).
- IV, ii, 141. *Cast of Merlins*. A *cast* is a pair; Chapman uses it of vultures (*Iliad*, XVI, 428) and of eagles (*Odyssey*, XXII, 302). *Merlins* are falcons; the word is used here for the sake of the pun on Merlin the wizard.
- IV, ii, 164. *Beggar knows his dish*. Sir Giles perverts the old proverb: 'I know him as well as the beggar knoweth his bag'—Heywood, *Three Hundred Epigrams*, no. 295. See also *Blind Beggar of Bednal Green*, ll. 748-9.
- IV, ii, 167. *Beg me*. Sir Giles misunderstands the phrase and takes offence at the meaning he imputes to it, for which see note on *Widow's Tears*, I, ii, 166.
- IV, ii, 168. *In Paul's*. The middle aisle of old St. Paul's was at this time a common resort and meeting-place for idle gentlemen, tradesmen, servants out of place, bullies, etc. This is admirably brought out in *Every Man out of his Humour*, III, i.
- IV, ii, 185. *Novations*: apparently used here affectedly in the sense of 'novelties' or, perhaps, 'news-bearers.' Elsewhere in Chapman (*Revenge of Bussy*, III, ii, 68) it has the usual Elizabethan sense of 'revolutions.'
- IV, ii, 192. *O' the last*: on the form, cf. *Byron's Conspiracy*, III, ii, 258. *O' the tainters*: on the rack. *Tainter* is an obsolete form for 'tenter', 'tenter-hook', cf. *Byron's Tragedy*, V, iii, 57.
- IV, ii, 204. *Tits*: young things, used of girls or boys; cf. *Cynthia's Revels, Induction*, l. 116.
- IV, ii, 215. *Hold, belly, hold*. This exclamation appears in the mouth of the clown Robin in the later version of *Dr. Faustus* (Brooke's edition, p. 197).
- IV, iii, 2. *Common sense*: this term is used by Chapman to denote the inner intelligence as opposed to the five external senses; see *Revenge of Bussy*, V, i, 43 and *Ovid's Banquet* (*Poems*, p. 26).
- V, iii, 10. *Expansure*. According to the *New English Dictionary* this word is peculiar to Chapman. It occurs in *The Shadow of Night* (*Poems*, p. 5), in *Hero and Leander*, v. 470 and in the *Iliad*, XVII, 317.
- V, iii, 22-3. With the sentiment and diction cf.:
- Rich fruitful love, that doubling self-estates,
Elixir-like contracts, though separates.*
- Hero and Leander*, III, 416-7.
- V, iii, 24. *Said like my friend*: a common phrase in Chapman; cf. *Revenge of Bussy*, V, v, 109; *Byron's Conspiracy*, V, i, 46; *Gentleman Usher*,

- IV, iii, 32. *An answerable nice affect* : a scrupulous sentiment, corresponding to, etc.; *answerable* is construed with l. 33.
- IV, iii, 36. *Tromperies* : an obsolete form of 'trumpetry', used here in its original sense of 'deceit', 'fraud'; cf. *King Henry V*, v, ii, 119.
- IV, iii, 45. *To shun motion* : to avoid arousing men's passions.
- IV, iii, 58-60. The reference is to Samuel Daniel whose acquaintance included nearly all the most cultured noblemen of the day. In his *Complaint of Rosamond*, ll. 148-150, *abator* rhymes with *Nature*.
- IV, iii, 63. *Inchastity*. This uncommon form appears again in *The Shadow of Night* (*Poems*, p. 15).
- V, i, 13-16. With this conceit cf. Savoy's words, *Byron's Conspiracy*, I, i, 165-9.
- V, i, 31. *Cacus* : mentioned elsewhere by Chapman, *Revenge of Bussy*, IV, iv, 51.
- V, i, 37-8. *Camel . . . horns* : a familiar reference in Chapman; see note on *Eastward Ho*, III, ii, 262.
- V, i, 42. *Bobbed* : mocked; *bob*, l. 43 means 'flout', 'mocking jest.'
- V, i, 52-3, 58-59. Phrases like these *the best that ever I saw, heard*, etc., are very common in Chapman; cf. *All Fools*, III, i, 93, *The Gentleman Usher*, III, ii, 19, *Eastward Ho*, III, ii, 292, and elsewhere.
- V, i, 55. *Pantables* : an old form of 'pantofles', i.e. slippers. It occurs in *All Fools*, V, ii, 224.
- V, i, 88. *Strain . . . courtesy*, i.e. act with less than due courtesy, said to excuse his hasty departure; cf. a like sense in *Romeo and Juliet*, II, iv, 55.
- V, i, 98. [*Shepherd's*] *holland* : possibly a reference to the shepherd's smock of holland linen.
- V, i, 112. *Excellent courtship of all hands* : cf. 'a spirit of courtship of all hands', *Bussy D'Ambois*, III, ii, 187.
- V, i, 138. The idea that the man who is able to rule himself is master of the world is a favourite one with Chapman. It is developed in the figure of Clermont in the *Revenge of Bussy*.
- V, i, 150. *Standing lake* : a favourite phrase with Chapman; cf. *standing lakes* (*Poems*, p. 432), *standing plash* (*Poems*, p. 145), *that toad-pool that stands* (*Bussy D'Ambois*, III, ii, 452), *a dull and standing lake* (*Chabot*, I, i, 196).
- V, i, 152. *Prostituted light* : cf. 'the whoredom of this painted light' (*Poems*, p. 7) and 'the shameless light' (*Poems*, p. 123).
- V, i, 161. *A cipher* : cf. *Bussy D'Ambois*, I, i, 35. In each case the word is used to designate a man of no importance.
- V, i, 185. *Implements* : i.e. 'furnishings', the original sense.
- V, ii, 25. The line is from *Ovid*, *Metamorphoses*, i, 523; *medicabilis* is a variant reading of the usual *sanabilis*.
- V, ii, 40. *The rational soul* : cf. 'his reasonable soul'—*The Gentleman Usher*, IV, iii, 83.
- V, ii, 49. *Empress of Reason* : cf. the phrases *Prince of Sense*, *King of the King of senses*, *the senses' Emperor*, in *Ovid's Banquet* (*Poems*, pp. 33, 35, 36).
- V, ii, 51. *Divinely spoken* : cf. 'spake most divinely', *Byron's Conspiracy*, IV, i, 4.
- V, ii, 78-81. *The Queen of P[h]asiaca*; possibly Tomyris, the name seems to come from the river Phasis, once held to be the boundary between Europe and Asia. I have failed after long search to find the source of the Latin couplet.
- V, ii, 95. *A latten candlestick* : *latten* was a mixed metal resembling brass. The pun on *latten* and *Latin*, seems to have been common, see Dyce's note in his edition of Webster, p. 136.
- V, ii, 98. *A reason of the sun* : punning on a 'raisin of the sun', i.e. a sun-dried grape. For a similar pun see 1 *King Henry IV*, II, iv, 264-5.
- V, ii, 100-102. Cf. above III, ii, 9 and note. For this use of *rarefied* cf. *Poems*, pp. 34 and 146. Cf. also :

*You patrician spirits that refine
Your flesh to fire.*

De Guiana (*Poems*, p. 57).

- For the idea in general of turning flesh to spirit or sense to soul, see *Humourous Day's Mirth*, sc. vii, ll. 213-4 and *The Gentleman Usher*, IV, i, 66
- V, ii, 166-7. *Here . . . here*: pointing presumably to her heart and her feet.
- V, ii, 184. *Rap*: ravish. Chapman uses the word elsewhere; see *Revenge of Bussy*, II, i, 89; IV, v, 28.
- V, ii, 197. Cf. *Troilus and Criseide* iii, 69-70.
- V, ii, 207. *Impoisoned form*: cf. the phrase 'empoison'd spring', *Byron's Conspiracy*, Prologue, l. 20, and 'impoison their desires', *Poems*, p. 16.
- V, ii, 228. *Give . . . the slip*: evade, slip away from. A like use of the phrase occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*, II, iv, 51.
- V, ii, 234-5. *Pass their guard*: 'the teeth being that rampire or pale given us by Nature in that part for restraint and compression of our speech', Chapman's note on ἔρκος ὀδόντων, *Odyssey*, I, 64.
- V, ii, 256. *Aspen humours*: cf. 'aspen fear', *Ovid's Banquet—Poems*, p. 28; 'aspen pleasures', *Fragment of Tears of Peace—Poems*, p. 154; and 'aspen soul', *Caesar and Pompey*, I, i, 71.
- V, ii, 261. *An artificial cobweb*: cf. 'an artificial web', *Justification of Perseus—Poems*, p. 195.
- V, ii, 270-1. *A mole . . . only seen*: cf. 'gilt atoms in the sun appear', *Ovid's Banquet—Poems*, p. 25, and see also *Bussy D'Ambois*, I, i, 55-6.
- V, ii, 273. *Passion of death*. The same exclamation occurs in *The Gentleman Usher*, IV, iv, 32 and *Bussy D'Ambois*, I, ii, 150.
- V, ii, 277. *A dor*: a scoff, a mocking jest. It usually occurs in such phrases as 'to give (or endure) the dor.' See *Cynthia's Revels*, V, i, for a good illustration of its use.
- V, ii, 355. *Pom'roy*: a variety of apple.
- V, ii, 387. *Rosemary*: see my note on *The Blind Beggar*, sc. i, l. 308, and Bullen's note on *Blurt Master Constable*, I, i, 110.

TEXT NOTES

Sir Giles Goosecap was first printed, in quarto form, in 1606 by John Windet for Edward Blunt. A second quarto appeared in 1636, published by Hugh Perry who prefixed to it the following dedication:

To the worshipfull Richard Young of Wooley-farme in the County of Berks, Esquire. Worthy Sir. *The many favours, and courtesies, that I have received from you, and your much honor'd father, have put such an obligation upon me, as I have bin long cogitateing how to expresse myselfe by the requitall of some part of them; Now this Play having diverse yeeres since beene thrust into the world to seeke its owne entertainment, without so much as an epistle, or under the shelter of any generous spirit is now almost become worne out of memory: and comming to be press'd to the publique view againe, it having none to speake for it (the Author being dead) I am bold to recommend the same to your Worships protection, I know your studies are more propense to more serious subjects, yet vouchsafe, I beseech you, to recreate yourselve with this at some vacant time when your leasure will permit you to peruse it, and daigne mee to bee,*

Your Worships bounden Servant,

Hugh Perry.

There are copies of both these quartos in the British Museum, in the Bodleian, in the Boston Public Library and in the Albert and Victoria Museum.

This play is not included in *The Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman*, 1873, nor in Shepherd's edition of Chapman's works. It was not, in fact, reprinted in any form between 1636 and 1884 when Mr. Bullen included it in the third volume of *Old English Plays*. This text is based in the main upon Q₁, but was apparently corrected by Q₂ as it adopts many readings of the later quarto and often agrees with it rather than with the first in spelling. In 1909 Professor Brotanek reprinted in volume xxvi of *Materialien zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas* a copy of Q₁ which is found in the K. and K. Hof-Bibliothek at Vienna. The Introduction and Notes to this play by Professor Brotanek have not yet (June, 1913) appeared. A reprint of the British Museum Q₁ appeared in *Tudor Facsimile Texts*, 1912.

The present edition is founded upon a copy of *Q*₁ in the Bodleian (Malone 207). I have, however, collated it with a copy of *Q*₁ in the British Museum and introduced into the text the corrections of the latter. Brotanek's reprint agrees at times with the Bodleian; at times with the Museum. The variations of the quartos are recorded in the following notes; I have not, however, recorded the mere misprints of *Q*₂. I have, as usual, modernized the spelling and punctuation throughout, and have divided¹ the play into scenes. All modern emendations and stage-directions are included in brackets.

In these notes I have used *Qq* to denote an agreement of *Q*₁ and *Q*₂, B. for Bullen's edition and Bro. for that of Brotanek.

Dramatis Personae. This list appears, without heading, and with certain omissions at the beginning of the play in *Qq*. The names of the added characters are included in brackets.

¹ In *Qq* no act except the first contains more than one scene. In this act there is no second scene, but *Scaena Tertia* and *Scaena Quarta* appear in their proper places in the text.

- I, i, 13. *Q*₁ *gods*; *Q*₂ *Cods*. So also in II, i, 36, 41, and 94.
80. *Q*₁ *your sir*; *Q*₂ *you sir*.
70. *Q*₁ *a will*; *Q*₂ *will*. B. follows *Q*₂; but there seems no reason for departing from *Q*₁.
96. *Q*₁ *comes*; *Q*₂ *come*. B. follows *Q*₂.
127. *Qq* *preprative*, apparently a misprint for *preparative* which B. prints in the text.
134. *Q*₁ *ye*; *Q*₂ and B. *you*.
151. *Qq* place the words *True* to *Parenthesis* in a parenthesis.
187. *Q*₁ *suppers*; *Q*₂ and B. *supper*.
- I, ii, 33. *Qq* *La*: I shall not hereafter record this or similar (*Lo*: for *Lord* or *Lordship*) abbreviations.
- 77-8. *Qq* *this plaine*; I amend to read *this is plain*.
94. *Qq* *verb stand*; I follow B. in reading *adverb stand*.
97. *Q*₁ *construe*; *Q*₂ and B. *conster*.
125. *Qq* *Lacquay? allume le torche*. I emend as in the text.
- I, iii, 39. *Q*₁ *mile*; *Q*₂ and B. *miles*.
60. *Qq* *Buffonly Mouchroun*.
85. *Qq* *Alloun*. B. prints as if this word were a stage-direction.
90. *Q*₁ *vaunt - Currying*; *Q*₂ *vaunt-curryring*. I emend *vaunt-couriering*.
- I, iv, 2. *Qq* *spring*; B. misprints *soring*.
17. Before this line *Qq* repeat *Cl*.
97. *Q*₁ *world? Love I*; *Q*₂ and B. *world, Love? I*, which is, of course, correct.
- 112-3. *Q*₁ *friends sets*; *Q*₂ and B. *friend sets*, which is the true reading.
113. *Q*₂ omits *What*. *Qq* and *nephews*.
115. *Qq* place the words as to *doe* in parenthesis.
129. *Q*₁ *buildes*; *Q*₂ and B. *binds*. The Bodleian *Q*₁ has *bindes*.
- 136-7. *Hope well, if she*. This is the reading of *Qq* B., and Bro. and I have not ventured to change it. Perhaps we might punctuate *hope*. *Well, if she*, and take the clause *Well to dirt* (l. 138) as a conditional one, lacking an expressed conclusion.
141. *Q*₁ *hortelur*; *Q*₂ and B. *hortatur*, which is, of course, correct.
142. The Bodleian *Qq* and B. *rightest*; I follow the Museum *Q*₁ and Bro. in reading *richest*.
144. *Q*₁ *through*; *Q*₂ and B. *thorough*.
148. The Bodleian *Q*₁ *Where is*; the Museum *Q*₁ Bro., *Q*₂ and B. *here is*, which is, of course, correct.
- Both Bodleian *Qq* *for*; the Museum *Q*₁, Bro., and B. read *from*, which is correct.
159. Both Bodleian *Qq* and B. *deare*; I follow the Museum *Q*₁ and Bro. in reading *sweet*.
171. Both Bodleian *Qq* and B. print *then* after *are*. I follow the reading of the Museum *Q*₁ and Bro.
194. *Qq* *Ladies*; B. emends *Ladte*.
205. After this line *Q*₁ has *Finis*. *Actus Primis*; *Q*₂ *Primi*.
- II, i, 9. *Qq* *Eternesses*; B. emends.
13. *Q*₁ *what is*; *Q*₂ and B. *what's*.
49. *Qq* *Inimico*; I emend *inimicos*.
75. The stage-direction after this

line is wanting in the Bodleian Qq, but appears in the Museum Q₁, Bro. and B.

78. Both Bodleian Qq *be well*; I follow the Museum Q₁ and Bro. in reading *do well*. The repetition of the phrase seems to me to be called for.
79. Both Bodleian Q *tro yee*; the Museum Q₁ and Bro. read *tro*.
80. Qq *Lo*; which B. expands to *Lord*, but *lordship* is plainly the word required.

104. Q₁ *above*; Q₂ *about*.
120. Q₁ *Creses*; Q; corrects *Crises*.
142. Q₁ *Dearum*; Q₂ and B. *Deorum*. *Dearum* occurs in certain MSS. of the *Metamorphoses*, and it is possible that Chapman used a text which contained this reading, as it did the reading *reverentior* instead of the accepted *metuentior*.
148. Qq place the words *how to trial* in parenthesis.
171. Q₁ *viritate*; Q₂ and B. *veritate*.
197. Q₂ and B. omit the second *it* before *would*, reading *us, and it would* which destroys the syntax of the sentence.

200. Q₁ *of*; Q₂ *so*.
204. Q₁ *one*; Q₂ *on*. I follow B.'s emendation *on't*.
214. After this line Qq have *exit*, but, as is plain from ll. 216-8, Momford only retires to join Clarence at the back of the stage. They go out together after l. 218.
- 213-14. Bro. reads *meus* and *meuem* for *mens* and *mentem*. I have not noticed this misprint in any copy of Q₁.
255. Here and elsewhere in this scene (ll. 262, 269, 284) Qq read *Cutberd* or *Kutberd* for *Clement*, which I have restored from the *Dramatis Personae*.

297. I have substituted a question mark for the period of Qq after this line. It appears from the next speech that Penelope has asked a question.

III, i, 2-4. I have inserted *Within* before Bullaker's speeches, as he does not appear on the stage in this scene.

15. Here and in l. 60 I have altered the *Sir Moyle* (or *Moile*) of Qq to *Sir Cut*. This is one of the various confusions of names

that appear in this play, due, perhaps, to a revision.

34. Q₁ *Gods pretious*; Q₂ *Cods precious*.

61. Qq erroneously assign this speech to Foulweather. I follow B.'s emendation.

- 65-67. Q₁ repeats the words from *in to your* at the top of the page (sig. E) following that on which they first appear.

68. Q₁ *pick-thacht*; Q₂ *picket-haich*.

74. Bro. reads *ptesence*, a misprint which I have not noted in Q₁; Q₂ *presence*.

92. Qq omit *would*, which B. supplies.

96. Qq *Wood*. I emend *would't*.

- 96-7. Qq and B. repeat the words *I'll be sworn*. I omit them as a mere typographical error like that noted ll. 65-7 above.

100. Qq and B. *be*; I emend *by*.

101. Q₁ *oremost*; Q₂ *foremost*.

117. Q₂, followed by B., omits *not*.

131. Qq omit *Cut.*, which is restored by B. In both Qq the preceding word, *Sir*, comes at the end of a line, and *Cut* has evidently dropped out by mistake.

158. Qq and B. read *Cutbert* for *Clement*. See note on II, i, 255 above.

- 177-9. Qq assign this speech to *King.*, i.e. *Kingcob*, who is not present. I follow Bullen's emendation.

182. Q₁ *exceedinly*; Q₂ corrects.

186. Q₂ omits *if*.

197. Q₁ *Bear with*; Q₂ *Bear off with*. B. follows Q₂, but there seems no reason for departing from Q₁.

210. Q₁ *not*; Q₂ *no I*.

214. Q₁ *something*; Q₂ and B. *sometimes*.

230. Qq *Remercy*.

257. Q₁ *What*; Q₂ *Why*.

III, ii. In the stage-direction at the beginning of this scene Qq read *Enter Lorde Momford and Clarence* and then, in a line below, *Clarence Horatio*. Momford probably enters after the other two and remains at the back, as Clarence seems to speak of him as absent, ll. 11-15, 29, 37, etc. He does not take part in the action till l. 62.

- III, ii, 9. *Inflam'd*; so Qq. Fleay suggests *infram'd*, but see note, p. 903 above.
11. Q₁ *starre*; Q₂ *state*.
- 27-8. Q₁ *merrit* . . . *mourner*; Q₂ distorts into *merry* and *manner*.
29. After *write* Q₂ inserts *our*. This seems to be an alternate reading for *my*, which crept from the margin into the text of Q₂.
35. Qq *rudelesse*. See note, p. 904 above.
38. Q₁ *stauce*; Q₂ *stance*.
53. Q₁ *sit*; Q₂ and B. *est*.
55. Q₁ *objects*; Q₂ and B. *object*.
62. Q₁ *two rule to*; Q₂ *to rule two*.
63. Q₁ *antedame*; Q₂ *antheame*.
- IV, i, 52. Here, as in II, i, *Kingcob* is called *Cutbeard* (Q₂ *Cutberd*). See also below, ll. 81, 88, where Q₁ has *Cuthbert*.
75. B. omits *if*.
- 101-2. Qq print as prose; B. as verse.
140. Q₁ places the stage-direction after this line in the margin opposite ll. 143-4.
165. The Bodleian and Museum Q₁ *marriage*; Bro. and Q₂ *marriage*.
186. Q₁ *it, but*; Q₂ and B. *in, but*, which seems preferable.
192. Qq *me*; I emend *my*.
- 224-8. Qq print this speech as prose; B. as verse.
- IV, ii, 93. Q₁ *Tha'st*; Q₂ and B. *Tha's*.
100. The Bodleian Q₁ and Bro. *meane haint*; the Museum Q₁ and Q₂ *meane paint*.
112. Q₁ *me*; Q₂ *my*.
118. Qq S. *Cut*. B. *Sir Cut*.
122. Qq and B. misprint *Cud*. for *Rud*. as the speaker's name. I emend.
137. Qq *gray mercy*.
141. Q₁ *cast of*; Q₂ and B. *cast-of*.
157. Qq *cheates*; I emend *cheat's*, for *cheat us*.
163. Qq print *Giles* or *Gyles*, instead of the usual *Goos*. as the speaker's name.
181. Q₁ *ont*; Q₂ and B. correctly *ant*, for *an it*.
220. Qq *porte vous*.
- IV, iii. In the stage-direction at the beginning Bro. reads *Enter*. The Museum Q₁ and Q₂ have plainly *Enter*.
- IV, iii, 5. Qq and B. print *Mom*.
- before this line as the speaker's name, a palpable mistake for *Clar*. I emend.
45. Q₁ *He*; Q₂ correctly *Her*.
46. Q₁ *defect*; Q₂ and B. *defects*.
48. Qq place the words from which to *nature* in parenthesis.
53. Qq. *lame*; I emend *lamer*, as the context requires.
58. Qq *poets*; I emend *poet*, as the reference is to one man only, see note, p. 906 above.
- 73-76. Qq place the question after *errs*, l. 76. B. shifts it to the end of l. 73.
80. Qq *all*; I follow B.'s emendation *add*.
94. Bro. and the Bodleian Q₁ *speske*; the Museum Q₁ and Q₂ *speake*.
- V, i, 19. Bro. and the Bodleian Q₁ *winsmans*; the Museum Q₁ and Q₂ *kinsmans*.
62. Qq *him*; I emend *'em*.
89. Q₁ *Gods*; Q₂ *Cods*.
98. Qq *shippards*; I emend, with some hesitation *shepherd's*. See note, p. 906 above.
163. Bro. and the Bodleian Q₁ *yon*; the Museum Q₁ and Q₂ *you*.
166. Bro. and the Bodleian Q₁ *konwee*; the Museum Q₁ and Q₂ *know*.
- V, ii, 7. Q₁ *ye not*; Q₂ and B. *you not*.
25. Q₁ *nullus*; Q₂ and B. *nullis*.
53. Qq. omit the name of the speaker before this line; B. prints [*Fur. ?*] for *Furnifall*, but the speaker is evidently a servant replying to Momford's call (l. 52). I have emended accordingly, and indicated the entrance of this servant in the stage-direction above.
73. Q₁ *udgment*; Q₂ *judgment*.
79. Qq and B. *Pasiaca*. I emend *Phasiaca*, see note, p. 906 above.
80. Q₁ *Antevenit sortem moribus*; Q₂ and B. *Moribus Antevenit sortem*.
91. Q₁ *marre*; Q₂ correctly *marry*.
92. Q₁ *sine*; Q₂ correctly *fine*.
117. I follow the reading of Qq, but perhaps *yourself* should be repeated before *uphold*.
159. Qq *weend*; B. *weeud*, for *weav'd*.
209. Qq *Clest*; B. suggests *Cleht*, which I have accepted.

224. Q₁ *villayne*?; Q₂ and B. *villaynes*?

249. Qq print *out* as the first word of l. 250; B. corrects.

250. Q₁ *nad*; Q₂ correctly *and*.

277. Bro. prints *dott*. The word

is blurred in both Qq, but I think in both it is *dorr*.

280-2. Qq print as prose; B. arranges as verse, as in the text.

321. For *Clement* Q₁ has *Cuiberd*; Q₂ *Cuiberd*.

ADDENDUM.—V, ii., 78-81. Professor Cook of Yale, who has kindly furnished me with a note on this passage, holds that the reference is to Medea whom Ovid calls *Phasias* and *Phasis*. The distich itself he takes to be a Renaissance production. In this latter opinion I concur, but I cannot believe that a Renaissance writer would either describe Medea as *most chaste* or speak of her in the eulogistic terms of the distich. The source and reference of these lines seem to me still an unsolved problem.

