



**DELHI UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY**

DELHI UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Cl. No. 211.1.3.11

455

Date of release for loan

Ac. No. 221.1.3

This book should be returned on or before the date last stamped below.
An overdue charge of one anna will be charged for each day the book is
kept overtime.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

BY
BENJAMIN JONSON

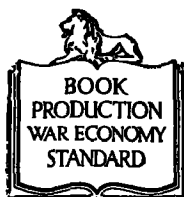
WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY
ARTHUR SALE, M.A.

EDITOR OF DRYDEN : "ALL FOR LOVE"; SWIFT : "TALE OF A TUB"



LONDON
UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL PRESS LTD.
CLIFTON HOUSE, EUSTON ROAD, N.W. 1



*This book is produced in
complete conformity with the
authorised economy standards.*

Published 1941

Reprinted 1944

SV-90

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL PRESS LTD., FOXTON
NEAR CAMBRIDGE

PREFATORY NOTE

THIS edition of *Every Man In His Humour* has been prepared in the hope that it may prove useful to all types of readers, both those who are reading it without any purpose except to understand and enjoy it, and those who are required to make a more detailed study of the play.

The Introduction has been kept as short as possible, and consists chiefly of generalisations ; particular instances will be found in the notes to relevant passages in the text, and can thus be studied in relation to their context. For instance, detailed discussion of the characters, if they may be so called in a play of this type, will be found in the notes and not, as is more usual, in the Introduction.

The notes are intended not only to explain difficulties and allusions, but also to provide a critical evaluation of the dramatic texture at representative points. In the Introduction an effort has been made to point out what the editor considers to be misconceptions of Jonson's art in much of the accepted criticism of it. His aim here is to re-establish the dramatist as a writer of living drama and not of mere "museum pieces."

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION	PAGE
Life of Jonson	v
Date and Text	x
Position in the Jonson Canon	xii
Constituents	xiv
Pattern	xvii
Jonson and the Ancient Comedy	xix
Jonson's Influence	xx
The Humours	xx
Decorum	xxii
Topicalities	xxii
Theory of Comedy	xxiii
TEXT	I
NOTES	85
GLOSSARY	126

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

TO THE MOST LEARNED, AND MY HONOURED FRIEND

MASTER CAMDEN

CLARENCIEUX

SIR,—There are, no doubt, a supercilious race in the world, who will esteem all office, done you in this kind, an injury; so solemn a vice it is with them to use the authority of their ignorance, to the crying down of Poetry, or the professors: but my gratitude must not leave to correct their error; since I am none of those that can suffer the benefits conferred upon my youth to perish with my age. It is a frail memory that remembers but present things: and, had the favour of the times so conspired with my disposition, as it could have brought forth other, or better, you had had the same proportion, and number of the fruits, the first. Now I pray you to accept this; such wherein either the confession of my manners shall make you blush; nor of my studies, repent you to have been the instructor: and for the profession of my thankfulness, I am sure it will, with good men, find either praise or excuse. Your true lover,

BEN JONSON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KNOWELL, *an old Gentleman.*
EDWARD KNOWELL, *his Son.*
BRAINWORM, *the Father's Man.*
GEORGE DOWNRIGHT, *a plain Squire.*
WELLBRED, *his Half-Brother.*
KITELY, *a Merchant.*
CAPTAIN BOBADILL, *a Paul's Man.*
MASTER STEPHEN, *a Country Gull.*
MASTER MATHEW, *the Town Gull.*
THOMAS CASH, *KITELY's Cashier.*

OLIVER COB, *a Water-bearer.*
JUSTICE CLEMENT, *an old merry Magistrate.*
ROGER FORMAL, *his Clerk.*
Wellbred's Servant.
DAME KITELY, *KITELY's Wife.*
MRS. BRIDGET, *his Sister.*
TIB, *Cob's Wife.*
Servants, etc.

SCENE—LONDON

PROLOGUE

Though need make many poets, and some such
 As art and nature have not better'd much;
 Whom for want hath not so loved the stage,
 As he dare serve the ill customs of the age,
 Or purchase your delight at such a rate,
 For it, he himself must justly hate:
 To make a child now swaddled, to proceed
 On, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
 At threescore years; or, with three rusty swords,
 At help of some few foot and half-foot words,
 Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
 And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scars.
 He rather prays you will be pleas'd to see
 The such to-day, as other plays should be;
 Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,
 Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please;
 Nor nimble squid is seen to make afraid
 The gentlewomen; nor roll'd bullet heard
 To say, it thunders; nor tempestuous drum
 Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come;
 But deeds, and language, such as men do use,
 And persons, such as comedy would choose,
 When she would shew an image of the times,
 And sport with human follies, not with crimes.
 Except we make them such, by loving still
 Our popular errors, when we know they're ill.
 We mean such errors as you'll all confess,
 By laughing at them, they deserve no less:
 Which when you heartily do, there's hope left then,
 You, that have so grac'd monsters, may like men.

ACT I

SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter KNOWELL, *at the door of his house.*

Know. A goodly day toward, and a fresh morning.—
Brainworm !

Enter BRAINWORM.

Call up your young master: bid him rise, sir.
Tell him, I have some business to employ him.

Brai. I will, sir, presently.

Know. But hear you, sirrah, 5
If he be at his book, disturb him not.

Brai. Well, sir. [*Exit.*

Know. How happy yet should I esteem myself,
Could I, by any practice, wean the boy
From one vain course of study he affects. 10

He is a scholar, if a man may trust
The liberal voice of fame in her report,
Of good account in both our Universities,
Either of which hath favoured him with graces:
But their indulgence must not spring in me 15

A fond opinion that he cannot err.
Myself was once a student, and indeed,
Fed with the self-same humour he is now,
Dreaming on nought but idle poetry,
That fruitless and unprofitable art, 20

Good unto none, but least to the professors;
Which then I thought the mistress of all knowledge:
But since, time and the truth have waked my judgment,
And reason taught me better to distinguish
The vain from the useful learnings.

Enter Master STEPHEN.

Cousin Stephen, 25
What news with you, that you are here so early?

Step. Nothing, but e'en come to see how you do, uncle.

Know. That's kindly done; you are welcome, coz.

Step. Ay, I know that, sir; I would not have come else.
How does my cousin Edward, uncle? 30

Know. O, well, coz; go in and see; I doubt he be scarce stirring yet.

Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me, an he have e'er a book of the science of hawking and hunting; I would fain borrow it. 35

Know. Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?

Step. No, wusse; but I'll practise against next year, uncle. I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing but a book to keep it by.

Know. Oh, most ridiculous! 40

Step. Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle:—Why, you know an a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him: they are more studied than the Greek, or the Latin. He is for no gallant's company without them; and by gadslid I scorn it, I, so I do, to be a consort for every humdrum: hang them, scroyles! there's nothing in them i' the world. What do you talk on it? Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keep company with none but the archers of Finsbury, or the citizens that come a ducking to Islington ponds? A fine jest, i' faith! 'Slid, a gentleman mun shew himself like a gentleman. Uncle, I pray you be not angry; I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no novice.

Know. You are a prodigal, absurd coxcomb, go to!
Nay, never look at me, 'tis I that speak; 55
Take't as you will, sir, I'll not flatter you.
Have you not yet found means enow to waste
That which your friends have left you, but you must
Go cast away your money on a kite,
And know not how to keep it, when you have done? 60
O, it is comely! this will make you a gentleman!
Well, cousin, well, I see you are e'en past hope
Of all reclaim:—ay, so; now you are told on't,
You look another way.

Step. What would you ha' me do?

Know. What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman;
Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive; 66
That would I have you do: and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humours you.

ACT I. SCENE I

I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections, or your own desert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He that is so disrespectful in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
Nor would I, you should melt away yourself
In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of scorn extinguish it;
And you be left like an unsavoury snuff,
Whose property is only to offend.
I'd have you sober, and contain yourself,
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
But moderate your expenses now, at first,
As you may keep the same proportion still:
Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy and mere borrow'd thing,
From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it.

Enter a Servant.

Who comes here?

Serv. Save you, gentlemen!

Step. Nay, we do not stand much on our gentility, for yet you are welcome: and I assure you mine uncle here is a man of a thousand a year, Middlesex land. He has but one son in all the world, I am his next heir, at the common law, master Stephen, as simple as I stand here, if my cousin will: as there's hope he will: I have a pretty living o' mine too, beside, hard by here.

Serv. In good time, sir.

Step. In good time, sir! why, and in very good time. You do not flout, friend, do you?

Serv. Not I, sir.

Step. Not you, sir! you were best not, sir; an you should here be them can perceive it, and that quickly too; and they can give it again soundly too, an need be.

Serv. Why, sir, let this satisfy you; good faith, I have such intent.

~~Serv.~~ Sir, an I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that presently.

Serv. Good master Stephen, so you may, sir, at your pleasure. 110

Step. And so I would, sir, good my saucy companion ! an you were out o' mine uncle's ground, I can tell you, though I do not stand upon my gentility neither, in't.

Know. Cousin, cousin, will this ne'er be left ?

Step. Whoreson, base fellow ! a mechanical serving-man ! By this cudgel, an 'twere not for shame, I would— 116

Know. What would you do, you peremptory gull ? If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.

You see the honest man demeans himself Modestly tow'rds you, giving no reply 120

To your unseason'd, quarrelling, rude fashion ;

And still you huff it, with a kind of carriage

As void of wit, as of humanity.

Go, get you in ; 'fore heaven, I am ashamed Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me. 125

[Exit Master Stephen.]

Serv. I pray, sir, is this master Knowell's house ?

Know. Yes, marry is it, sir.

Serv. I should inquire for a gentleman here, one master Edward Knowell ; do you know any such, sir, I pray you ?

Know. I should forget myself else, sir. 130

Serv. Are you the gentleman ? cry you mercy, sir : I was required by a gentleman in the city, as I rode out at this end o' the town, to deliver you this letter, sir.

Know. To me, sir ! What do you mean ? pray you remember your court'sy. [Reads.] To his most selected friend, master Edward Knowell. What might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it ? Nay, pray you be covered.

Serv. One master Wellbred, sir.

Know. Master Wellbred ! a young gentleman, is he not ?

Serv. The same, sir ; master Kitely married his sister ; the rich merchant in the Old Jewry. 141

Know. You say very true.—Brainworm !

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brai. Sir.

Know. Make this honest friend drink here : pray you, go in.

[Exit Brainworm and Servant.]

This letter is directed to my son;
Yet I am Edward Knowell too, and may,
With the safe conscience of good manners, use
The fellow's error to my satisfaction.
Well, I will break it ope (old men are curious),
Be it but for the style's sake and the phrase;
To see if both do answer my son's praises,
Who is almost grown the idolater
Of this young Wellbred. What have we here? What's this?

[*Reads*] Why, Ned, I beseech thee, hast thou forsworn all thy friends in the Old Jewry? or dost thou think us all Jews that inhabit there? yet, if thou dost, come over, and but see our frippery; change an old shirt for a whole smock with us: do not conceive that antipathy between us and Hogsden, as was between Jews and hogs-flesh. Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green apricots, evening and morning, on the north-west wall: an I had been his son, I had saved him the labour long since, if taking in all the young wenches that pass by at the back-door, and codling every kernel of the fruit for them, would have served. But, prithee, come over to me quickly this morning; I have such a present for thee!—our Turkey company never sent the like to the Grand Signior. One is a rhymer, sir, of your own batch, your own leaven; but doth think himself poet-major of the town, willing to be shewn, and worthy to be seen. The other—I will not venture his description with you, till you come, because I would have you make hither with an appetite. If the worst of 'em be not worth your journey, draw your bill of charges, as unconscionable as any Guildhall verdict will give it you, and you shall be allowed your *viaticum*.

From the Windmill. 175

From the Bordello it might come as well,
The Spittle, or Pict-hatch. Is this the man
My son hath sung so, for the happiest wit,
The choicest brain, the times have sent us forth!
I know not what he may be in the arts,
Nor what in schools; but, surely, for his manners,
I judge him a profane and dissolute wretch;
Worse by possession of such great good gifts,
Being the master of so loose a spirit.

Why, what unhallowed ruffian would have writ 185
 In such a scurrilous manner to a friend !
 Why should he think I tell my apricots,
 Or play the Hesperian dragon with my fruit,
 To watch it ? Well, my son, I had thought you
 Had had more judgment to have made election 190
 Of your companions, than t' have ta'en on trust
 Such petulant, jeering gamesters, that can spare
 No argument or subject from their jest.
 But I perceive affection makes a fool
 Of any man too much the father.—Brainworm ! 195

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brai. Sir.

Know. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter ?

Brai. Yes, sir, a pretty while since.

Know. And where is your young master ?

Brai. In his chamber, sir. 200

Know. He spake not with the fellow, did he ?

Brai. No, sir, he saw him not.

Know. Take you this letter, and deliver it my son; but
 with no notice that I have opened it, on your life. 204

Brai. O Lord, sir ! that were a jest indeed. [*Exit.*]

Know. I am resolved I will not stop his journey,
 Nor practise any violent means to stay
 The unbridled course of youth in him; for that
 Restrain'd, grows more impatient; and in kind
 Like to the eager, but the generous greyhound, 210
 Who ne'er so little from his game withheld,
 Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat.
 There is a way of winning more by love,
 And urging of the modesty, than fear:
 Force works on servile natures, not the free. 215
 He that's compell'd to goodness, may be good,
 But 'tis but for that fit; where others, drawn
 By softness and example, get a habit.
 Then, if they stray, but warn them, and the same 219
 They should for virtue have done, they'll do for shame.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Knowell's House.*

Enter E. KNOWELL, with a letter in his hand, followed by
BRAINWORM.

E. Know. Did he open it, say'st thou?

Brai. Yes, o' my word, sir, and read the contents.

E. Know. That scarce contents me. What countenance, prithee, made he in the reading of it? was he angry, or pleased? 5

Brai. Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

E. Know. No! how know'st thou then that he did either?

Brai. Marry, sir, because he charged me, on my life, to tell nobody that he open'd it; which, unless he had done, he would never fear to have it revealed. 11

E. Know. That's true: well, I thank thee, Brainworm.

Enter STEPHEN.

Step. O, Brainworm, didst thou not see a fellow here in a what-sha-call-him doublet?—he brought mine uncle a letter e'en now. 15

Brai. Yes, master Stephen; what of him?

Step. O, I have such a mind to beat him—where is he, canst thou tell?

Brai. Faith, he is not of that mind: he is gone, master Stephen. 20

Step. Gone! which way? when went he? how long since?

Brai. He is rid hence; he took horse at the street-door.

Step. And I staid in the fields! Whoreson scanderbag rogue! O that I had but a horse to fetch him back again!

Brai. Why, you may have my master's gelding, to save your longing, sir. 26

Step. But I have no boots, that's the spite on't.

Brai. Why, a fine wisp of hay, roll'd hard, master Stephen.—

Step. No, faith, it's no boot to follow him now: let him e'en go and hang. Prithee, help to truss me a little: he does so vex me— 31

Brai. You'll be worse vexed when you are trussed, master Stephen. Best keep unbraced, and walk yourself till you be cold; your choler may founder you else.

Step. By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'st me on't: how dost thou like my leg, Brainworm? 36

Brai. A very good leg, master Stephen; but the woollen stocking does not commend it so well.

Step. Foh! the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on, for the dust: I'll have a pair of silk against winter, that I go to dwell in the town. I think my leg would shew in a silk hose— 42

Brai. Believe me, master Stephen, rarely well.

Step. In sadness, I think it would: I have a reasonable good leg. 45

Brai. You have an excellent good leg, master Stephen; but I cannot stay to praise it longer now, and I am very sorry for it. [Exit.

Step. Another time will serve, Brainworm. Gramercy for this. 50

E. Know. Ha, ha, ha!

Step. 'Slid, I hope he laughs not at me; an he do—

E. Know. Here was a letter indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father, and do him good with him! He cannot but think most virtuously, both of me, and the sender, sure, that make the careful costardmonger of him in our familiar epistles. Well, if he read this with patience I'll be gelt, and troll ballads for master John Trundle yonder, the rest of my mortality. It is true, and likely, my father may have much patience as another man, for he takes much physic; and oft taking physic makes a man very patient. But would your packet, master Wellbred, had arrived at him in such a minute of his patience! then we had known the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens—[Sees Master Stephen.] What, my wise cousin! nay, then I'll furnish our feast with one gull more toward the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three; oh, for a fourth, Fortune, if ever thou'lt use thine eyes, I entreat thee— 68

Step. Oh, now I see who he laughed at: he laughed at somebody in that letter. By this good light, an he had laughed at me— 71

E. Know. How now, cousin Stephen, melancholy?

Step. Yes, a little: I thought you had laughed at me, cousin.

E. Know. Why, what an I had, coz? what would you have done? 76

Step. By this light, I would have told mine uncle.

E. Know. Nay, if you would have told your uncle, I did laugh at you, coz.

Step. Did you, indeed?

80

E. Know. Yes, indeed.

Step. Why then—

E. Know. What then?

Step. I am satisfied; it is sufficient.

84

E. Know. Why, be so, gentle coz: and, I pray you, let me entreat a courtesy of you. I am sent for this morning by a friend in the Old Jewry, to come to him; it is but crossing over the fields to Moorgate. Will you bear me company? I protest it is not to draw you into bond or any plot against the state, coz.

90

Step. Sir, that's all one an it were; you shall command me twice so far as Moorgate, to do you good in such a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I protest—

E. Know. No, no, you shall not protest, coz.

94

Step. By my fackings, but I will, by your leave:—I'll protest more to my friend, than I'll speak of at this time.

E. Know. You speak very well, coz.

Step. Nay, not so neither, you shall pardon me: but I speak to serve my turn.

99

E. Know. Your turn, coz! do you know what you say? A gentleman of your sorts, parts, carriage, and estimation, to talk of your turn in this company, and to me alone, like a tankard-bearer at a conduit! fie! A wight that, hitherto, his every step hath left the stamp of a great foot behind him, as every word the savour of a strong spirit, and he! this man! so graced, gilded, or, to use a more fit metaphor, so tinfoiled by nature, as not ten housewives' pewter, again a good time, shews more bright to the world than he! and he! (as I said last, so I say again, and still shall say it) this man! to conceal such real ornaments as these, and shadow their glory, as a milliner's wife does her wrought stomacher, with a smoky lawn, or a black cyprus! O, coz! it cannot be answered; go not about it: Drake's old ship at Deptford may sooner circle the world again. Come, wrong not the quality of your desert, with looking downward, coz; but hold up your head, so: and let the idea of what you are be portrayed in your face, that men may read in your physnomy, *here within this place is to be seen the true, rare, and accomplished*

monster, or miracle of nature, which is all one. What think you of this, coz? 120

Step. Why, I do think of it: and I will be more proud, and melancholy, and gentlemanlike, than I have been, I'll insure you.

E. Know. Why, that's resolute, master Stephen!—Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will do well for a suburb humour: we may hap have a match with the city, and play him for forty pound.—Come, coz.

Step. I'll follow you.

E. Know. Follow me! you must go before. 130

Step. Nay, an I must, I will. Pray you shew me, good cousin. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The Lane before Cob's House.*

Enter Master MATHEW.

Mat. I think this be the house: what ho!

Enter COB.

Cob. Who's there? O, master Mathew! give your worship good morrow.

Mat. What, Cob! how dost thou, good Cob? dost thou inhabit here, Cob? 5

Cob. Ay, sir, I and my lineage have kept a poor house here, in our days.

Mat. Thy lineage, monsieur Cob! what lineage, what lineage? 9

Cob. Why, sir, an ancient lineage, and a princely. Mine ancestry came from a king's belly, no worse man; and yet no man either, by your worship's leave, I did lie in that, but herring, the king of fish (from his belly I proceed), one of the monarchs of the world, I assure you. The first red herring that was broiled in Adam and Eve's kitchen, do I fetch my pedigree from, by the harrot's book. His cob was my great, great, mighty great grandfather.

Mat. Why mighty, why mighty, I pray thee?

Cob. O, it was a mighty while ago, sir, and a mighty great cob. 20

Mat. How know'st thou that?

Cob. How know I ! why, I smell his ghost ever and anon.

Mat. Smell a ghost ! O unsavoury jest ! and the ghost of a herring cob ? 24

Cob. Ay, sir : With favour of your worship's nose, master Mathew, why not the ghost of a herring cob, as well as the ghost of Rasher Bacon ?

Mat. Roger Bacon, thou would'st say.

Cob. I say Rasher Bacon. They were both broiled on the coals ; and a man may smell broiled meat, I hope ! you are a scholar, upsolve me that now. 31

Mat. O raw ignorance !—*Cob.* canst thou shew me of a gentleman, one captain Bobadill, where his lodging is ?

Cob. O, my guest, sir, you mean.

Mat. Thy guest ! alas, ha, ha, ha ! 35

Cob. Why do you laugh, sir ? do you not mean captain Bobadill ?

Mat. Cob, pray thee advise thyself well ; do not wrong the gentleman, and thyself too. I dare be sworn, he scorns thy house ; he ! he lodge in such a base obscure place as thy house ! Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lie in thy bed if thou'dst give it him. 42

Cob. I will not give it him though, sir. Mass, I thought somewhat was in it, we could not get him to bed all night : Well, sir, though he lie not on my bed, he lies on my bench : an't please you to go up, sir, you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloak wrapped about him, as though he had neither won nor lost, and yet, I warrant, he ne'er cast better in his life, than he has done to-night.

Mat. Why, was he drunk ? 50

Cob. Drunk, sir ! you hear not me say so : perhaps he swallowed a tavern-token, or some such device, sir, I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water and not with wine—Give me my tankard there, ho !—God be wi' you, sir. It's six o'clock : I should have carried two turns by this. What ho ! my stopple ! come. 56

Enter TIB with a water-tankard.

Mat. Lie in a water-bearer's house ! a gentleman of his havings ! Well, I'll tell him my mind.

Cob. What, Tib ; shew this gentleman up to the captain. [*Exit Tib with Master Mathew.*] Oh, an my house were the

Brazen-head now ! faith it would e'en speak *Moe fools yet*. You should have some now would take this master Mathew to be a gentleman, at the least. His father's an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth; and now does he creep and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, such as my guest is (O, my guest is a fine man !), and they flout him invincibly. He useth every day to a merchant's house where I serve water, one master Kitley's, in the Old Jewry; and here's the jest, he is in love with my master's sister, Mrs. Bridget, and calls her mistress; and there he will sit you a whole afternoon sometimes, reading of these same abominable, vile (a pox on 'em ! I cannot abide them), rascally verses, poetrie, poetrie, and speaking of interludes; 'twill make a man burst to hear him. And the wenches, they do so jeer, and ti-he at him—Well, should they do so much to me, I'd forswear them all, by the foot of Pharaoh ! There's an oath ! How many water-bearers shall you hear swear such an oath ? O, I have a guest—he teaches me—he does swear the legiblest of any man christened: *By St. George ! the foot of Pharaoh ! the body of me ! as I am a gentleman and a soldier !* such dainty oaths ! and withal he does take this same filthy roguish tobacco, the finest and cleanliest ! it would do a man good to see the fumes come forth at's tonnels.—Well, owes me he forty shillings, my wife lent him out of her purse, by sixpence at a time, besides his lodging: I would I had it ! I shall have it, he says, the next action. Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat, up-tails all, and a louse for the hangman.

[Exit. 89]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Cob's House. Bobadill discovered lying on a bench.*

Bob. Hostess, hostess !

Enter Tib.

Tib. What say you, sir ?

Bob. A cup of thy small beer, sweet hostess.

Tib. Sir, there's a gentleman below would speak with you.

Bob. A gentleman ! 'odso, I am not within.

5

Tib. My husband told him you were, sir.

Bob. What a plague—what meant he ?

Mat. [Below] Captain Bobadill !

Bob. Who's there !—Take away the basin, good hostess;
—Come up, sir. 10

Tib. He would desire you to come up, sir. You come into
a cleanly house, here !

Enter MATHEW.

Mat. Save you, sir; save you, captain !

Bob. Gentle master Mathew ! Is it you, sir ? please you
to sit down. 15

Mat. Thank you, good captain; you may see I am some-
what audacious.

Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper last night by
a sort of gallants, where you were wished for, and drunk to,
I assure you. 20

Mat. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain ?

Bob. Marry, by young Wellbred, and others.—Why,
hostess, a stool here for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, sir, 'tis very well. 24

Bob. Body o' me ! it was so late ere we parted last night,
I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen, as you
came; how passes the day abroad, sir ? you can tell.

Mat. Faith, some half hour to seven; Now, trust me, you
have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat, and private.

Bob. Ay, sir: sit down, I pray you. Master Mathew, in
any case possess no gentlemen of our acquaintance with
notice of my lodging. 32

Mat. Who ? I, sir; no.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin
is convenient; but in regard I would not be too popular,
and generally visited, as some are. 36

Mat. True, captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me,
except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I
am extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so, I could not
extend thus far. 41

Mat. O Lord, sir ! I resolve so.

Bob. I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all
the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book have you
there ? What ! *Go by, Hieronymo ?* 45

Mat. Ay: did you ever see it acted ? Is't not well penned ?

Bob. Well penned ! I would fain see all the poets of these times pen such another play as that was: they'll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when, as I am a gentleman, read 'em, they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows, that live upon the face of the earth again. 51

[While Master Mathew reads, Bobadill makes himself ready.]

Mat. Indeed here are a number of fine speeches in this book. *O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears !* there's a conceit ! *fountains fraught with tears ! O life, no life, but lively form of death !* another. *O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs !* a third. *Confused and fill'd with murder and misdeeds !* a fourth. *O, the Muses !* Is't not excellent ? Is't not simply the best that ever you heard, captain ? Ha ! how do you like it ?

Bob. 'Tis good. 60

Mat. *To thee, the purest object to my sense,*

The most refined essence heaven covers,

Send I these lines, wherein I do commence

The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.

If they prove rough, unpolish'd, harsh, and rude, 65

Haste made the waste: thus mildly I conclude.

Bob. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where's this ?

Mat. This, sir ! a toy of mine own, in my non-age; the infancy of my muses. But when will you come and see my study ? good faith, I can shew you some very good things I have done of late.—That boot becomes your leg passing well, captain, methinks.

Bob. So, so; it's the fashion gentlemen now use. 73

Mat. Troth, captain, and now you speak of the fashion, master Wellbred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly: This other day, I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which, I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory beautiful and gentlemanlike: yet he condemned, and cried it down for the most pried and ridiculous that ever he saw. 80

Bob. Squire Downright, the half-brother, was't not ?

Mat. Ay, sir, he.

Bob. Hang him, rook ! he ! why he has no more judgment than a malt-horse: By St. George, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal; the most peremptory absurd clown in Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er

changed words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay; he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle. He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron and rusty proverbs: a good commodity for some smith to make hob-nails of.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, where he comes: he brags he will give me the bastinado, as I hear. 95

Bob. How! he the bastinado! how came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I termed it so, for my more grace.

Bob. That may be: for I was sure it was none of his word; but when, when said he so? 101

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say; a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

Bob. By the foot of Pharaoh, an 'twere my case now, I should send him a chartel presently. The bastinado! a most proper and sufficient dependence, warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither, you shall chartel him; I'll shew you a trick or two you shall kill him with at pleasure; the first stoccata, if you will, by this air. 109

Mat. Indeed, you have absolute knowledge in the mystery, I have heard, sir.

Bob. Of whom, of whom, have you heard it, I beseech you?

Mat. Troth, I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utterable skill, sir. 114

Bob. By heaven, no, not I; no skill in the earth; some small rudiments in the science, as to know my time, distance, or so. I have professed it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use, than mine own practice, I assure you.—Hostess, accommodate us with another bed-staff here quickly. Lend us another bed-staff—the woman does not understand the words of action.—Look you, sir: exalt not your point above this state, at any hand, and let your poniard maintain your defence, thus:—give it the gentleman, and leave us. [*Exit Tib.*] So, sir. Come on: O, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentlemanlike guard; so! indifferent: hollow your body more, sir, thus: now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time—oh, you disorder your point most irregularly.

Mat. How is the bearing of it now, sir? 130

Bob. O, out of measure ill: a well-experienced hand would pass upon you at pleasure.

Mat. How mean you, sir, pass upon me? 133

Bob. Why, thus, sir,—make a thrust at me—[*Master Mathew pushes at Bobadill*] come in upon the answer, control your point, and make a full career at the body: The best-practised gallants of the time name it the passado; a most desperate thrust, believe it.

Mat. Well, come, sir. 139

Bob. Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility or grace to invite me. I have no spirit to play with you; your dearth of judgment renders you tedious.

Mat. But one venue, sir. 143

Bob. Venue! fie; the most gross denomination as ever I heard: O, the stoccata, while you live, sir; note that.—Come, put on your cloke, and we'll go to some private place where you are acquainted; some tavern, or so—and have a bit. I'll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathe you, by my direction; and then I will teach you your trick: you shall kill him with it at the first, if you please. Why, I will learn you, by the true judgment of the eye, hand, and foot, to control any enemy's point in the world. Should your adversary confront you with a pistol, 'twere nothing, by this hand! you should, by the same rule, control his bullet, in a line, except it were hail shot, and spread. What money have you about you, master Mathew? 156

Mat. Faith, I have not past a two shilling or so.

Bob. 'Tis somewhat with the least; but come; we will have a bunch of radish and salt to taste our wine, and a pipe of tobacco to close the orifice of the stomach: and then we'll call upon young Wellbred: perhaps we shall meet the Corydon his brother there, and put him to the question. 162

ACT II

SCENE I. *The Old Jewry. A Hall in Kitley's House.*

Enter KITELY, CASH, and DOWNRIGHT.

Kit. Thomas, come hither.
There lies a note within upon my desk;
Here take my key: it is no matter neither.—
Where is the boy?

Cash. Within, sir, in the warehouse.

Kit. Let him tell over straight that Spanish gold, 5
And weigh it, with the pieces of eight. Do you
See the delivery of those silver stuffs
To Master Lucar: tell him, if he will,
He shall have the grograns, at the rate I told him,
And I will meet him on the Exchange anon. 10

Cash. Good, sir.

[Exit.

Kit. Do you see that fellow, brother Downright?

Dow. Ay, what of him?

Kit. He is a jewel, brother.

I took him of a child up at my door,
And christen'd him, gave him mine own name, Thomas: 15
Since bred him at the Hospital; where proving
A toward imp, I call'd him home, and taught him
So much, as I have made him my cashier,
And giv'n him, who had none, a surname, Cash:
And find him in his place so full of faith, 20
That I durst trust my life into his hands.

Dow. So would not I in any bastard's, brother,
As it is like he is, although I knew
Myself his father. But you said you had somewhat
To tell me, gentle brother: what is't, what is't? 25

Kit. Faith, I am very loath to utter it,
As fearing it may hurt your patience:
But that I know your judgment is of strength,
Against the nearness of affection—

Dow. What need this circumstance? pray you, be direct. 30

Kit. I will not say how much I do ascribe
Unto your friendship, nor in what regard

I hold your love; but let my past behaviour,
 And usage of your sister, [both] confirm
 How well I have been affected to your— 35

Dow. You are too tedious; come to the matter, the matter.

Kit. Then, without further ceremony, thus.

My brother Wellbred, sir, I know not how,
 Of late is much declined in what he was,
 And greatly alter'd in his disposition. 40

When he came first to lodge here in my house,
 Ne'er trust me if I were not proud of him:

Methought he bare himself in such a fashion,
 So full of man, and sweetness in his carriage,
 And what was chief, it shew'd not borrow'd in him, 45

But all he did became him as his own,
 And seem'd as perfect, proper, and posset,
 As breath with life, or colour with the blood.

But now, his course is so irregular,
 So loose, affected, and deprived of grace, 50
 And he himself withal so far fallen off

From that first place, as scarce no note remains,
 To tell men's judgments where he lately stood.
 He's grown a stranger to all due respect,

Forgetful of his friends; and not content 55
 To stale himself in all societies,

He makes my house here common as a mart,
 A theatre, a public receptacle
 For giddy humour, and deceased riot;

And here, as in a tavern, or a stew, 60
 He and his wild associates spend their hours,
 In repetition of lascivious jests,

Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night,
 Control my servants; and, indeed, what not? 64

Dow. 'Sdeins, I know not what I should say to him, in the whole world! He values me at a crack'd three-farthings, for aught I see. It will never out of the flesh that's bred in the bone. I have told him enough, one would think, if that would serve; but counsel to him is as good as a shoulder of mutton to a sick horse. Well! he knows what to trust to, for George: let him spend, and spend, and domineer, till his heart ache; an he thinks to be relieved by me, when he is got into one o' your city pounds, the counters, he has the wrong sow by the ear, i'faith; and claps his dish at the

wrong man's door: I'll lay my hand on my halfpenny, ere I part with it to fetch him out, I'll assure him. 76

Kit. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you thus.

Dow. 'Sdeath! he mads me; I could eat my very spur-leathers for anger! But, why are you so tame? why do you not speak to him, and tell him how he disquiets your house? 81

Kit. O, there are divers reasons to dissuade me.

But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it
(Though but with plain and easy circumstance),
It would both come much better to his sense, 85
And savour less of stomach, or of passion.

You are his elder brother, and that title
Both gives and warrants your authority,
Which, by your presence seconded, must breed
A kind of duty in him, and regard: 90

Whereas, if I should intimate the least,
It would but add contempt to his neglect,
Heap worse on ill, make up a pile of hatred,
That in the rearing would come tottering down,
And in the ruin bury all our love. 95

Nay, more than this, brother; if I should speak,
He would be ready, from his heat of humour,
And overflowing of the vapour in him,
To blow the ears of his familiars

With the false breath of telling what disgraces, 100
And low disparagements, I had put upon him.

Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable,
Make their loose comments upon every word,
Gesture, or look, I use; mock me all over,
From my flat cap unto my shining shoes; 105

And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'sies,
Beget some slander that shall dwell with me.
And what would that be, think you? marry, this:

They would give out, because my wife is fair,
Myself but lately married, and my sister 110
Here sojourning a virgin in my house,
That I were jealous!—nay, as sure as death,

That they would say: and, how that I had quarrell'd
My brother purposely, thereby to find
An apt pretext to banish them my house. 115

Dow. Mass, perhaps so; they're like enough to do it.

Kit. Brother, they would, believe it; so should I,
 Like one of these penurious quack-salvers,
 But set the bills up to mine own disgrace,
 And try experiments upon myself; 120
 Lend scorn and envy opportunity
 To stab my reputation and good name—

Enter Master MATHEW struggling with BOBADILL.

Mat. I will speak to him. 123

Bob. Speak to him! away! By the foot of Pharaoh,
 you shall not! you shall not do him that grace.—The time
 of day to you, gentleman o' the house. Is master Wellbred
 stirring?

Dow. How then? what should he do?

Bob. Gentleman of the house, it is to you: is he within,
 sir? 130

Kit. He came not to his lodging to-night, sir, I assure you.

Dow. Why, do you hear? you!

Bob. The gentleman citizen hath satisfied me;
 I'll talk to no scavenger. [*Exeunt Bob. and Mat.*]

Dow. How! scavenger! stay, sir, stay! 135

Kit. Nay, brother Downright.

Dow. 'Heart! stand you away, an you love me.

Kit. You shall not follow him now, I pray you, brother,
 good faith you shall not; I will overrule you. 139

Dow. Ha! scavenger! well, go to, I say little: but, by
 this good day (God forgive me I should swear), if I put it up
 so, say I am the rankest cow that ever pist. 'Sdeins, an I
 swallow this, I'll ne'er draw my sword in the sight of Fleet-
 street again while I live; I'll sit in a barn with madge-howlet,
 and catch mice first. Scavenger! heart!—and I'll go near
 to fill that huge tumbrel-slop of yours with somewhat, an I
 have good luck: your Garagantua breech cannot carry it
 away so. 148

Kit. Oh, do not fret yourself thus: never think on't.

Dow. These are my brother's consorts, these! these are
 his camerades, his walking mates! he's a gallant, a cavaliero
 too, right hangman cut! Let me not live, an I could not
 find in my heart to swinge the whole ging of 'em, one after
 another, and begin with him first. I am grieved it should
 be said he is my brother, and take these courses: Well, as

he brews, so shall he drink, for George, again. Yet he shall hear on't, and that tightly too, an I live, i'faith.

Kit. But, brother, let your reprehension, then,
Run in an easy current, not o'er high
Carried with rashness, or devouring choler; 160
But rather use the soft persuading way,
Whose powers will work more gently, and compose
The imperfect thoughts you labour to reclaim;
More winning, than enforcing the consent.

Dow. Ay, ay, let me alone for that, I warrant you. 165

Kit. How now! [*Bell rings.*] Oh, the bell rings to breakfast. Brother, I pray you go in, and bear my wife company till I come; I'll but give order for some despatch of business to my servants. [*Exit Downright.*]

Enter COB, with his tankard.

Kit. What, Cob! our maids will have you by the back, i'faith, for coming so late this morning. 171

Cob. Perhaps so, sir; take heed somebody have not them by the belly, for walking so late in the evening. [*Exit.*]

Kit. Well; yet my troubled spirit's somewhat eased,
Though not reposed in that security 175

As I could wish: but I must be content,
Howe'er I set a face on't to the world.
Would I had lost this finger at a venture,
So Wellbred had ne'er lodged within my house.
Why't cannot be, where there is such resort 180

Of wanton gallants, and young revellers,
That any woman should be honest long.
Is't like, that factious beauty will preserve
The public weal of chastity unshaken,
When such strong motives muster, and make head 185
Against her single peace? No, no: beware.

When mutual appetite doth meet to treat,
And spirits of one kind and quality
Come once to parley in the pride of blood,
It is no slow conspiracy that follows. 190

Well, to be plain, if I but thought the time
Had answer'd their affections, all the world
Should not persuade me but I were a cuckold.
Marry, I hope they have not got that start;

For opportunity hath balk'd them yet, 195
 And shall do still, while I have eyes and ears
 To attend the impositions of my heart.
 My presence shall be as an iron bar,
 'Twixt the conspiring motions of desire:
 Yea, every look or glance mine eye ejects 200
 Shall check occasion, as one doth his slave,
 When he forgets the limits of prescription.

Enter Dame KITELY and BRIDGET.

Dame K. Sister Bridget, pray you fetch down the rose-water, above the closet. *[Exit Bridget.*

—Sweet-heart, will you come in to breakfast? 205

Kit. An she have overheard me now!—

Dame K. I pray thee, good muss, we stay for you.

Kit. By heaven, I would not for a thousand angels.

Dame K. What ail you, sweet-heart? are you not well? speak, good muss. 210

Kit. Troth my head aches extremely on a sudden.

Dame K. *[Putting her hand to his forehead]* O, the Lord!

Kit. How now! What?

Dame K. Alas, how it burns! Muss, keep you warm; good truth it is this new disease, there's a number are troubled withal. For love's sake, sweet-heart, come in, out of the air. 217

Kit. How simple, and how subtle are her answers!

A new disease, and many troubled with it?

Why true; she heard me, all the world to nothing.

Dame K. I pray thee, good sweet-heart, come in; the air will do you harm, in troth. 222

Kit. The air! she has me in the wind.—Sweet-heart, I'll come to you presently; 'twill away, I hope.

Dame K. Pray Heaven it do. *[Exit.*

Kit. A new disease! I know not, new or old, 226
 But it may well be call'd poor mortals' plague;

For, like a pestilence, it doth infect
 The houses of the brain. First it begins
 Solely to work upon the phantasy, 230
 Filling her seat with such pestiferous air,
 As soon corrupts the judgment; and from thence,
 Sends like contagion to the memory:

Still each to other giving the infection.
Which as a subtle vapour spreads itself 235
Confuscdly through every sensive part,
Till not a thought or motion in the mind
Be free from the black poison of suspect.
Ah ! but what misery is it to know this ?
Or, knowing it, to want the mind's erection 240
In such extremes ? Well, I will once more strive,
In spite of this black cloud, myself to be,
And shake the fever off that thus shakes me. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Moorfields.*

Enter BRAINWORM disguised like a maimed Soldier.

Brai. 'Slid, I cannot choose but laugh to see myself translated thus, from a poor creature to a creator; for now must I create an intolerable sort of lies, or my present profession loses the grace: and yet the lie, to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit as the fico. O, sir, it holds for good polity ever, to have that outwardly in vilest estimation, that inwardly is most dear to us: so much for my borrowed shape. Well, the troth is, my old master intends to follow my young master, dry-foot, over Moorfields to London, this morning; now, I knowing of this hunting-match, or rather conspiracy, and to insinuate with my young master (for so must we that are blue waiters, and men of hope and service do, or perhaps we may wear motley at the year's end, and who wears motley, you know), have got me afore in this disguise, determining here to lie in ambuscado, and intercept him in the mid-way. If I can but get his cloke, his purse, and his hat, nay, any thing to cut him off, that is, to stay his journey, *Veni, vidi, vici*, I may say with captain Caesar, I am made for ever, i'faith. Well, now I must practise to get the true garb of one of these lance-knights, my arm here, and my—
Odso ! my young master, and his cousin, master Stephen, as I am true counterfeit man of war, and no soldier ! 22

Enter E. KNOWELL and STEPHEN.

E. Know. So, sir ! and how then, coz ?

Step. 'Sfoot ! I have lost my purse, I think.

E. Know. How ! lost your purse ? where ? when had you it ? 26

Step. I cannot tell ; stay.

Brai. 'Slid, I am afraid they will know me : would I could get by them !

E. Know. What, have you it ? 30

Step. No ; I think I was bewitched, I— [Cries.

E. Know. Nay, do not weep the loss : hang it, let it go.

Step. Oh, it's here : No, an it had been lost, I had not cared, but for a jet ring mistress Mary sent me.

E. Know. A jet ring ! O the poesie, the poesie ? 35

Step. Fine, i'faith.—

Though Fancy sleep,
My love is deep.

Meaning, that though I did not fancy her, yet she loved me dearly. 40

E. Know. Most excellent !

Step. And then I sent her another, and my poesie was,
The deeper the sweeter,
I'll be judg'd by St. Peter.

E. Know. How, by St. Peter ? I do not conceive that. 45

Step. Marry, St. Peter, to make up the metre.

E. Know. Well, there the saint was your good patron, he help'd you at your need ; thank him, thank him.

Brai. I cannot take leave on 'em so ; I will venture, come what will. [Comes forward.] Gentlemen, please you change a few crowns for a very excellent blade here ? I am a poor gentleman, a soldier, one that, in the better state of my fortunes, scorned so mean a refuge ; but now it is the humour of necessity to have it so. You seem to be gentlemen well affected to martial men, else I should rather die with silence, than live with shame : however, vouchsafe to remember it is my want speaks, not myself ; this condition agrees not with my spirit— 58

E. Know. Where hast thou served ?

Brai. May it please you, sir, in all the late wars of Bohemia, Hungary, Dalmatia, Poland, where not, sir ? I have been a poor servitor by sea and land any time this fourteen years, and followed the fortunes of the best commanders in Christendom. I was twice shot at the taking of Aleppo, once at the relief of Vienna ; I have been at Marseilles, Naples, and the Adriatic gulf, a gentleman-slave

in the galleys, thrice;—where I was most dangerously shot in the head, through both the thighs; and yet, being thus maimed, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my scars, the noted marks of my resolution. 70

Step. How will you sell this rapier, friend?

Brai. Generous sir, I refer it to your own judgment; you are a gentleman, give me what you please.

Step. True, I am a gentleman, I know that, friend; but what though! I pray you say, what would you ask? 75

Brai. I assure you, the blade may become the side or thigh of the best prince in Europe.

E. Know. Ay, with a velvet scabbard, I think.

Step. Nay, an't be mine, it shall have a velvet scabbard, coz, that's flat; I'd not wear it, as it is, an you would give me an angel. 81

Brai. At your worship's pleasure, sir; nay, 'tis a most pure Toledo.

Step. I had rather it were a Spaniard. But tell me, what shall I give you for it? An it had a silver hilt— 85

E. Know. Come, come, you shall not buy it: hold, there's a shilling, fellow; take thy rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so; and there's another shilling, fellow; I scorn to be out-bidden. What, shall I walk with a cudgel, like Higginbottom, and may have a rapier for money! 91

E. Know. You may buy one in the city.

Step. Tut! I'll buy this i' the field, so I will: I have a mind to't, because 'tis a field rapier. Tell me your lowest price. 95

E. Know. You shall not buy it, I say.

Step. By this money, but I will, though I give more than 'tis worth.

E. Know. Come away, you are a fool.

Step. Friend, I am a fool, that's granted; but I'll have it, for that word's sake. Follow me for your money. 101

Brai. At your service, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another Part of Moorfields.*

Enter KNOWELL.

Know. I cannot lose the thought yet of this letter,
Sent to my son; nor leave t' admire the change

Of manners, and the breeding of our youth
 Within the kingdom, since myself was one.—
 When I was young, he lived not in the stews 5
 Durst have conceived a scorn, and utter'd it,
 On a gray head; age was authority
 Against a buffoon, and a man had then
 A certain reverence paid unto his years,
 That had none due unto his life: so much 10
 The sanctity of some prevail'd for others.
 But now we all are fallen; youth, from their fear,
 And age, from that which bred it, good example.
 Nay, would ourselves were not the first, even parents,
 That did destroy the hopes in our own children; 15
 Or they not learn'd our vices in their cradles,
 And suck'd in our ill customs with their milk;
 Ere all their teeth be born, or they can speak,
 We make their palates cunning; the first words
 We form their tongues with, are licentious jests: 20
 Can it call whore? cry bastard? O, then, kiss it!
 A witty child! can't swear? the father's darling!
 Give it two plums. Nay, rather than't shall learn
 No bawdy song, the mother herself will teach it!—
 But this is in the infancy, the days 25
 Of the long coat; when it puts on the breeches,
 It will put off all this: Ay, it is like,
 When it is gone into the bone already!
 No, no; this dye goes deeper than the coat,
 Or shirt, or skin; it stains into the liver, 30
 And heart, in some: and, rather than it should not,
 Note what we fathers do! look how we live!
 What mistresses we keep! at what expense,
 In our sons' eyes! where they may handle our gifts,
 Hear our lascivious courtships, see our dalliance, 35
 Taste of the same provoking meats with us,
 To ruin of our states! Nay, when our own
 Portion is fled, to prey on the remainder,
 We call them into fellowship of vice;
 Bait 'em with the young chamber-maid, to seal, 40
 And teach 'em all bad ways to buy affliction.
 This is one path: but there are millions more,
 In which we spoil our own, with leading them.
 Well, I thank heaven, I never yet was he

That travell'd with my son, before sixteen, 45
 To shew him the Venetian courtezans;
 Nor read the grammar of cheating I had made,
 To my sharp boy, at twelve; repeating still
 The rule, *Get money; still, get money, boy;*
No matter by what means; money will do 50
More, boy, than my lord's letter. Neither have I
 Drest snails or mushrooms curiously before him,
 Perfumed my sauces, and taught him how to make them;
 Preceding still, with my gray gluttony,
 At all the ord'naries, and only fear'd 55
 His palate should degenerate, not his manners.
 These are the trade of fathers now; however,
 My son, I hope, hath met within my threshold
 None of these household precedents, which are strong,
 And swift, to rape youth to their precipice. 60
 But let the house at home be ne'er so clean
 Swept, or kept sweet from filth, nay dust and cobwebs,
 If he will live abroad with his companions,
 In dung and leystals, it is worth a fear;
 Nor is the danger of conversing less 65
 Than all that I have mention'd of example.

Enter BRAINWORM, disguised as before.

Brai. My master! nay, faith, have at you; I am flesh'd
 now, I have sped so well. [*Aside.*] Worshipful sir, I
 beseech you, respect the estate of a poor soldier; I am
 ashamed of this base course of life,—God's my comfort—
 but extremity provokes me to't: what remedy? 71

Know. I have not for you, now.

Brai. By the faith I bear unto truth, gentleman, it is no
 ordinary custom in me, but only to preserve manhood. I
 protest to you, a man I have been: a man I may be, by
 your sweet bounty. 76

Know. Pray thee, good friend, be satisfied.

Brai. Good sir, by that hand, you may do the part of a
 kind gentleman, in lending a poor soldier the price of two
 cans of beer, a matter of small value: the king of heaven
 shall pay you, and I shall rest thankful: Sweet worship— 81

Know. Nay, an you be so importunate—

Brai. Oh, tender sir! need will have its course: I was not
 made to this vile use. Well, the edge of the enemy could not

have abated me so much: it's hard when a man hath served in his prince's cause, and be thus. [*Weeps.*] Honourable worship, let me derive a small piece of silver from you, it shall not be given in the course of time. By this good ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier last night for a poor supper; I had suck'd the hilts long before, I am a pagan else: Sweet honour—

Know. Believe me, I am taken with some wonder,
To think a fellow of thy outward presence,
Should, in the frame and fashion of his mind,
Be so degenerate, and sordid-base. 95
Art thou a man? and sham'st thou not to beg,
To practise such a servile kind of life?
Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,
Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
Offer themselves to thy election. 100
Either the wars might still supply thy wants,
Or service of some virtuous gentleman,
Or honest labour; nay, what can I name,
But would become thee better than to beg:
But men of thy condition feed on sloth, 105
As doth the beetle on the dung she breeds in;
Nor caring how the metal of your minds
Is eaten with the rust of idleness.
Now, afore me, whate'er he be, that should
Relieve a person of thy quality, 110
While thou insist'st in this loose desperate course,
I would esteem the sin not thine, but his.

Brai. Faith, sir, I would gladly find some other course,
if so—

Know. Ay,
You'd gladly find it, but you will not seek it. 116

Brai. Alas, sir, where should a man seek? in the wars, there's no ascent by desert in these days; but—and for service, would it were as soon purchased, as wished for! the air's my comfort.—[*Sighs.*]—I know what I would say.

Know. What's thy name?

Brai. Please you, Fitz-Sword, sir.

Know. Fitz-Sword!

Say that a man should entertain thee now, 122
Wouldst thou be honest, humble, just, and true?

Brai. Sir, by the place and honour of a soldier—

Know. Nay, nay, I like not these affected oaths; speak plainly, man, what think'st thou of my words? 126

Brai. Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes were as happy as my service should be honest.

Know. Well, follow me; I'll prove thee, if thy deeds Will carry a proportion to thy words. [*Exit.*

Brai. Yes, sir, straight; I'll but garter my hose. Oh that my belly were hoop'd now, for I am ready to burst with laughing! never was bottle or bagpipe fuller. 'Slid, was there ever seen a fox in years to betray himself thus! now shall I be possess'd of all his counsels; and, by that conduit, my young master. Well, he is resolved to prove my honesty; faith, and I'm resolved to prove his patience: Oh, I shall abuse him intolerably. This small piece of service will bring him clean out of love with the soldier for ever. He will never come within the sign of it, the sight of a cassock, or a musket-rest again. He will hate the musters at Mile-end for it, to his dying day. It's no matter, let the world think me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the slip at an instant: why, this is better than to have staid his journey: well, I'll follow him. Oh, how I long to be employed! 145
[*Exit.*

ACT III

SCENE I. *The Old Jewry. A Room in the Windmill Tavern.*

Enter Master MATHEW, WELLBRED, and BOBADILL.

Mat. Yes, faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seek you too.

Wel. Oh, I came not there to-night.

Bob. Your brother delivered us as much.

Wel. Who, my brother Downright?

Bob. He. Mr. Wellbred, I know not in what kind you hold me; but let me say to you this: as sure as honour, I esteem it so much out of the sunshine of reputation, to throw the least beam of regard upon such a—

Wel. Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother.

Bob. I protest to you, as I have a thing to be saved about me, I never saw any gentlemanlike part—

Wel. Good captain, faces about to some other discourse.

Bob. With your leave, sir, an there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I should not fancy him, by St. George!

Mat. Troth, nor I; he is of a rustical cut, I know not how: he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion.

Wel. Oh, master Mathew, that's a grace peculiar but to a few, *quos æquus amavit Jupiter.*

Mat. I understand you, sir.

Wel. No question, you do,—or you do not, sir.

Enter E. KNOWELL and Master STEPHEN.

Ned Knowell! by my soul, welcome: how dost thou, sweet spirit, my genius? 'Slid, I shall love Apollo and the mad Thespian girls the better, while I live, for this, my dear Fury; now, I see there's some love in thee. Sirrah, these be the two I writ to thee of: nay, what a drowsy humour is this now! why dost thou not speak?

E. Know. Oh, you are a fine gallant; you sent me a rare letter.

Wel. Why, was't not rare?

E. Know. Yes, I'll be sworn, I was ne'er guilty of reading the like; match it in all Pliny, or Symmachus's epistles, and I'll have my judgment burn'd in the ear for a rogue: make much of thy vein, for it is inimitable. But I marle what camel it was, that had the carriage of it; for, doubtless, he was no ordinary beast that brought it.

Wel. Why?

38

E. Know. Why, say'st thou! why, dost thou think that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning, the sober time of the day too, could have mistaken my father for me?

Wel. 'Slid, you jest, I hope.

42

E. Know. Indeed, the best use we can turn it to, is to make a jest on't, now: but I'll assure you, my father had the full view of your flourishing style some hour before I saw it.

45

Wel. What a dull slave was this! but, sirrah, what said he to it, i'faith?

E. Know. Nay, I know not what he said; but I have a shrewd guess what he thought.

Wel. What, what?

50

E. Know. Marry, that thou art some strange, dissolute young fellow, and I—a grain or two better, for keeping thee company.

Wel. Tut, that thought is like the moon in her last quarter, 'twill change shortly: but, sirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang-by's here: thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in them if thou hear'st 'em once go; my wind-instruments; I'll wind them up—But what strange piece of silence is this,—the sign of the Dumb Man?

59

E. Know. Oh, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your music the fuller, an he please; he has his humour, sir.

Wel. Oh, what is't, what is't?

E. Know. Nay, I'll neither do your judgment nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension: I'll leave him to the mercy of your search; if you can take him, so!

65

Wel. Well, captain Bobadill, master Mathew, pray you know this gentleman here; he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection. I know not your name, sir, [*To Stephen.*] but I shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you.

70

Step. My name is master Stephen, sir; I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir; his father is mine uncle, sir: I am

somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman. 74

Bob. Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general man; but for master Wellbred's sake, (you may embrace it at what height of favour you please,) I do communicate with you, and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts; I love few words.

E. Know. And I fewer, sir; I have scarce enough to thank you. 81

Mat. But are you, indeed, sir, so given to it?

Step. Ay, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir: your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir. I am melancholy myself, diver times, sir, and then do I no more but take pen and paper, presently, and overflow you half a score, or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

E. Know. Sure, he utters them by the gross. [*Aside.*

Step. Truly, sir, and I love such things out of measure. 90

E. Know. I'faith, better than in measure, I'll undertake.

Mat. Why, I pray you, sir, make use of my study, it's at your service.

Step. I thank you, sir, I shall be bold I warrant you; have you a stool there to be melancholy upon? 95

Mat. That I have, sir, and some papers there of mine own doing, at idle hours, that you'll say there's some sparks of wit in 'em, when you see them.

Wel. Would the sparks would kindle once, and become a fire amongst them! I might see self-love burnt for her heresy. [*Aside.* 101

Step. Cousin, is it well? am I melancholy enough?

E. Know. Oh ay, excellent.

Wel. Captain Bobadill, why muse you so?

E. Know. He is melancholy too. 105

Bob. Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honourable piece of service, was performed to-morrow, being St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years now.

E. Know. In what place, captain? 109

Bob. Why, at the beleaguering of Strigonium, where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in Europe, lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leaguer that ever I beheld with these eyes, except the taking in of—what

do you call it? last year, by the Genoways; but that, of all other, was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and a soldier!

Step. So! I had as lief as an angel I could swear as well as that gentleman. 120

E. Know. Then, you were a servitor at both, it seems; at Strigionium, and what do you call't?

Bob. O lord, sir! By St. George, I was the first man that entered the breach; and had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain if I had had a million of lives. 125

E. Know. 'Twas pity you had not ten; a cat's and your own, i'faith. But, was it possible?

Mat. Pray you, mark this discourse, sir.

Step. So I do.

Bob. I assure you, upon my reputation, 'tis true, and yourself shall confess. 131

E. Know. You must bring me to the rack, first. [*Aside.*]

Bob. Observe me judicially, sweet sir; they had planted me three demi-culverins just in the mouth of the breach; now, sir, as we were to give on, their master-gunner (a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think,) confronts me with his linstock, ready to give fire; I, spying his intendment, discharged my petronel in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, and put them pell-mell to the sword.

Wel. To the sword? To the rapier, captain. 141

E. Know. Oh, it was a good figure observed, sir: but did you all this, captain, without hurting your blade?

Bob. Without any impeach o' the earth: you shall perceive, sir. [*Shews his rapier.*] It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh. Shall I tell you, sir? You talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindana, or so; tut! I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'em: I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the boldlier maintain it. 150

Step. I marle whether it be a Toledo or no.

Bob. A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, sir.

Step. I have a countryman of his here.

Mat. Pray you, let's see, sir; yes, faith, it is.

Bob. This a Toledo! Pish!

Step. Why do you pish, captain? 155

Bob. A Fleming, by heaven ! I'll buy them for a guilder a-piece, an I would have a thousand of them.

E. Know. How say you, cousin ? I told you thus much.

Wel. Where bought you it, master Stephen ? 160

Step. Of a scurvy rogue soldier: a hundred of lice go with him ! He swore it was a Toledo.

Bob. A poor provant rapier, no better.

Mat. Mass, I think it be indeed, now I look on't better.

E. Know. Nay, the longer you look on't, the worse. Put it up, put it up. 166

Step. Well, I will put it up; but by—I have forgot the captain's oath, I thought to have sworn by it—an e'er I meet him—

Wel. O, it is past help now, sir; you must have patience.

Step. Whoreson, coney-hatching rascal ! I could eat the very hilt for anger.

E. Know. A sign of good digestion; you have an ostrich stomach, cousin. 174

Step. A stomach ! would I had him here, you should see an I had a stomach.

Wel. It's better as it is.—Come, gentlemen, shall we go ?

Enter BRAINWORM, disguised as before.

E. Know. A miracle, cousin; look here, look here !

Step. Oh—'Od's lid. By your leave, do you know me, sir ?

Brai. Ay, sir, I know you by sight. 180

Step. You sold me a rapier, did you not ?

Brai. Yes, marry did I, sir.

Step. You said it was a Toledo, ha ?

Brai. True, I did so.

Step. But it is none. 185

Brai. No, sir, I confess it; it is none.

Step. Do you confess it ? Gentlemen, bear witness, he has confest it:—'Od's will, an you had not confest it—

E. Know. Oh, cousin, forbear, forbear !

Step. Nay, I have done, cousin. 190

Wel. Why, you have done like a gentleman; he has confest it, what would you more ?

Step. Yet, by his leave, he is a rascal, under his favour, do you see. 194

E. Know. Ay, by his leave, he is, and under favour: a pretty piece of civility ! Sirrah, how dost thou like him ?

Wel. Oh, it's a most precious fool, make much on him: I can compare him to nothing more happily than a drum; for every one may play upon him.

E. Know. No, no, a child's whistle were far the fitter. 200

Brai. Shall I intreat a word with you?

E. Know. With me, sir? you have not another Toledo to sell, have you?

Brai. You are conceited, sir: Your name is Master Knowell, as I take it? 205

E. Know. You are in the right; you mean not to proceed in the catechism, do you?

Brai. No, sir; I am none of that coat.

E. Know. Of as bare a coat, though: well, say, sir. 209

Brai. [*Taking E. Know. aside.*] Faith, sir, I am but servant to the drum extraordinary, and indeed, this smoky varnish being washed off, and three or four patches removed, I appear your worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good father, Brainworm. 214

E. Know. Brainworm! 'Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in this shape?

Brai. The breath of your letter, sir, this morning; the same that blew you to the Windmill, and your father after you.

E. Know. My father! 219

Brai. Nay, never start, 'tis true; he has followed you over the fields by the foot, as you would do a hare in the snow.

E. Know. Sirrah Wellbred, what shall we do, sirrah? my father is come over after me.

Wel. Thy father? Where is he?

Brai. At justice Clement's house, in Coleman-street, where he but stays my return; and then— 226

Wel. Who's this? Brainworm!

Brai. The same, sir.

Wel. Why how, in the name of wit, com'st thou transmuted thus? 230

Brai. Faith, a device, a device; nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here; withdraw, and I'll tell you all.

Wel. But art thou sure he will stay thy return?

Brai. Do I live, sir? what a question is that! 235

Wel. We'll prorogue his expectation, then, a little: Brainworm, thou shalt go with us.—Come on, gentlemen.—Nay, I pray thee, sweet Ned, droop not; 'heart, an our wits

be so wretchedly dull, that one old plodding brain can outstrip us all, would we were e'en prest to make porters of, and serve out the remnant of our days in Thames-street, or at Custom-house key, in a civil war against the carmen ! 242

Brai. Amen, amen, amen, say I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Old Jewry. Kitely's Warehouse.*

Enter KITELY and CASH.

Kit. What says he, Thomas ? did you speak with him ?

Cash. He will expect you, sir, within this half hour.

Kit. Has he the money ready, can you tell ?

Cash. Yes, sir, the money was brought in last night.

Kit. O, that is well ; fetch me my cloak, my cloak !— 5

[*Exit Cash.*]

Stay, let me see, an hour to go and come ;

Ay, that will be the least ; and then 'twill be

An hour before I can dispatch with him,

Or very near ; well, I will say two hours.

Two hours ! ha ! things never dreamt of yet, 10

May be contrived, ay, and effected too,

In two hours' absence ; well, I will not go.

Two hours ! No, fleeing Opportunity,

I will not give your subtlety that scope.

Who will not judge him worthy to be robb'd, 15

That sets his doors wide open to a thief,

And shews the felon where his treasure lies ?

Again, what earthly spirit but will attempt

To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree,

When leaden sleep seals up the dragon's eyes ? 20

I will not go. Business, *go by* for once.

No, beauty, no ; you are of too good caract,

To be left so, without a guard, or open.

Your lustre, too, 'll inflame at any distance,

Draw courtship to you, as a jet doth straws ; 25

Put motion in a stone, strike fire from ice,

Nay, make a porter leap you with his burden.

You must be then kept up, close, and well watch'd,

For, give you opportunity, no-quick-sand

Devours or swallows swifter ! He that lends 30
 His wife, if she be fair, or time or place,
 Compels her to be false. I will not go !
 The dangers are too many;—and then the dressing
 Is a most main attractive ! Our great heads
 Within this city never were in safety 35
 Since our wives wore these little caps: I'll change 'em;
 I'll change 'em straight in mine: mine shall no more
 Wear three-piled acorns, to make my horns ache.
 Nor will I go; I am resolved for that.

Re-enter CASH with a cloak.

Carry in my cloak again. Yet stay. Yet do, too: 40
 I will defer going, on all occasions.

Cash. Sir, Snare, your scrivener, will be there with the
 bonds.

Kit. That's true: fool on me ! I had clean forgot it;
 I must go. What's a clock ?

Cash. Exchange-time, sir.

Kit. 'Heart, then will Wellbred presently be here too, 45
 With one or other of his loose consorts.

I am a knave, if I know what to say,
 What course to take, or which way to resolve.
 My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,
 Wherein my imaginations run like sands, 50
 Filling up time; but then are turn'd and turn'd:
 So that I know not what to stay upon,
 And less, to put in act.—It shall be so.

Nay, I dare build upon his secrecy,
 He knows not to deceive me.—Thomas !

Cash. Sir. 55

Kit. Yet now I have bethought me too, I will not.—
 Thomas, is Cob within ?

Cash. I think he be, sir.

Kit. But he'll prate too, there is no speech of him.
 No, there were no man on the earth to Thomas,
 If I durst trust him; there is all the doubt. 60
 But should he have a clink in him, I were gone.
 Lost in my fame for ever, talk for th' Exchange !
 The manner he hath stood with, till this present,
 Doth promise no such change: what should I fear then ?

Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune once. 65
 Thomas—you may deceive me, but, I hope—
 Your love to me is more—

Cash. Sir, if a servant's
 Duty, with faith, may be call'd love, you are
 More than in hope, you are possess'd of it.

Kit. I thank you heartily, Thomas: give me your 70
 hand:

With all my heart, good Thomas. I have, Thomas,
 A secret to impart unto you—but,
 When once you have it, I must seal your lips up;
 So far I tell you, Thomas.

Cash. Sir, for that—

Kit. Nay, hear me out. Think I esteem you, Thomas, 75
 When I will let you in thus to my private.
 It is a thing sits nearer to my crest,
 Than thou art 'ware of, Thomas; if thou should'st
 Reveal it, but—

Cash. How, I reveal it?

Kit. Nay, .
 I do not think thou would'st; but if thou should'st, 80
 'Twere a great weakness.

Cash. A great treachery:
 Give it no other name.

Kit. Thou wilt not do't, then?

Cash. Sir, if I do, mankind disclaim me ever!

Kit. He will not swear, he has some reservation, 85
 Some conceal'd purpose, and close meaning sure;
 Else, being urg'd so much, how should he choose
 But lend an oath to all this protestation?

He's no precisian, that I'm certain of,
 Nor rigid Roman Catholic: he'll play
 At fayles, and tick-tack; I have heard him swear. 90
 What should I think of it? urge him again,
 And by some other way! I will do so.

Well, Thomas, thou hast sworn not to disclose:—
 Yes, you did swear?

Cash. Not yet, sir, but I will,
 Please you—

Kit. No, Thomas, I dare take thy word, 95
 But, if thou wilt swear, do as thou think'st good;
 I am resolv'd without it; at thy pleasure.

Cash. By my soul's safety then, sir, I protest,
My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word
Deliver'd me in nature of your trust. 100

Kit. It is too much; these ceremonies need not:
I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.
Thomas, come hither, near; we cannot be
Too private in this business. So it is,— 104
Now he has sworn, I dare the safelier venture. [*Aside.*

I have of late, by divers observations—
But whether his oath can bind him, yea, or no,
Being not taken lawfully? ha! say you?
I will ask council ere I do proceed:— [*Aside.* 110
Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,
I'll spy some fitter time soon, or to-morrow.

Cash. Sir, at your pleasure.

Kit. I will think: And, Thomas,
I pray you search the books 'gainst my return,
For the receipts 'twixt me and Traps.

Cash. I will, sir. 114

Kit. And hear you, if your mistress's brother, Wellbred,
Chance to bring hither any gentleman,
Ere I come back, let one straight bring me word.

Cash. Very well, sir.

Kit. To the Exchange, do you hear?
Or here in Coleman-street, to justice Clement's.
Forget it not, nor be not out of the way. 120

Cash. I will not, sir.

Kit. I pray you have a care on't.
Or, whether he come or no, if any other,
Stranger, or else; fail not to send me word.

Cash. I shall not, sir.

Kit. Be it your special business
Now to remember it.

Cash. Sir, I warrant you. 125

Kit. But, Thomas, this is not the secret, Thomas,
I told you of.

Cash. No, sir; I do suppose it.

Kit. Believe me, it is not.

Cash. Sir, I do believe you.

Kit. By heaven it is not, that's enough: but, Thomas,
I would not you should utter it, do you see, 130
To any creature living; yet I care not.

Well, I must hence. Thomas, conceive thus much;
 It was a trial of you, when I meant
 So deep a secret to you, I mean not this,
 But that I have to tell you; this is nothing, this. 135
 But, Thomas, keep this from my wife, I charge you,
 Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here.—
 No greater hell than to be slave to fear. [Exit.

Cash. *Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here!*
 Whence should this flood of passion, trow, take head? ha!
 Best dream no longer of this running humour, 141
 For fear I sink; the violence of the stream
 Already hath transported me so far,
 That I can feel no ground at all: but soft—
 Oh, 'tis our water-bearer: somewhat has crost him now. 145

Enter COB, hastily.

Cob. Fasting-days! what tell you me of fasting-days?
 'Slid, would they were all on a light fire for me! they say
 the whole world shall be consumed with fire one day, but
 would I had these Ember-weeks and villanous Fridays burnt
 in the mean time, and then— 150

Cash. Why, how now, Cob? what moves thee to this
 choler, ha?

Cob. Collar, master Thomas! I scorn your collar, I, sir;
 I am none o' your cart-horse, though I carry and draw water.
 An you offer to ride me with your collar or halter either, I
 may hap shew you a jade's trick, sir. 156

Cash. O, you'll slip your head out of the collar? why,
 Goodman Cob, you mistake me.

Cob. Nay, I have my rheum, and I can be angry as well as
 another, sir. 160

Cash. Thy rheum, Cob! thy humour, thy humour!—thou
 mistak'st.

Cob. Humour! mack, I think it be so indeed; what is
 that humour? some rare thing, I warrant. 164

Cash. Marry I'll tell thee, Cob: it is a gentlemanlike
 monster, bred in the special gallantry of our time, by affecta-
 tion; and fed by folly.

Cob. How! must it be fed? 168

Cash. Oh ay, humour is nothing if it be not fed: didst
 thou never hear that? it's a common phrase, *feed my humour*.

Cob. I'll none on it: humour, avaunt ! I know you not, be gone ! let who will make hungry meals for your monster-ship, it shall not be I. Feed you, quoth he ! 'slid, I have much ado to feed myself; especially on these lean rascally days too; an't had been any other day but a fasting-day—a plague on them all for me ! By this light, one might have done the commonwealth good service, and have drown'd them all in the flood, two or three hundred thousand years ago. O, I do stomach them hugely. I have a maw now, and 'twere for Sir Bevis his horse, against them. 180

Cash. I pray thee, good Cob, what makes thee so out of love with fasting days ?

Cob. Marry, that which will make any man out of love with 'em, I think; their bad conditions, an you will needs know. First, they are of a Flemish breed, I am sure on't, for they raven up more butter than all the days of the week beside; next, they stink of fish and leek-porridge miserably; thirdly, they'll keep a man devoutly hungry all day, and at night send him supperless to bed.

Cash. Indeed, these are faults, Cob. 190

Cob. Nay, an this were all, 'twere something; but they are the only known enemies to my generation. A fasting-day no sooner comes, but my lineage goes to wrack; poor cobs ! they smoke for it, they are made martyrs o' the gridiron, they melt in passion: and your maids too know this, and yet would have me turn Hannibal, and eat my own flesh and blood. My princely coz, [*Pulls out a red herring.*] fear nothing; I have not the heart to devour you, an I might be made as rich as king Cophetua. O that I had room for my tears, I could weep salt-water enough now to preserve the lives of ten thousand thousand of my kin ! But I may curse none but these filthy almanacks; for an't were not for them, these days of persecution would never be known. I'll be hang'd an some fishmonger's son do not make of 'em, and puts in more fasting-days than he should do, because he would utter his father's dried stock-fish and stinking conger.

Cash. 'Slight peace ! thou'lt be beaten like a stock-fish else: here's master Mathew.

Enter WELLBRED, E. KNOWELL, BRAINWORM, MATHEW, BOBADILL, and STEPHEN.

Now must I look out for a messenger to my master. 210

[Exit with Cob.]

Wel. Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest, and exceedingly well carried!

E. Know. Ay, and our ignorance maintain'd it as well, did it not? 214

Wel. Yes, faith; but was it possible thou shouldst not know him? I forgive master Stephen, for he is stupidity itself.

E. Know. 'Fore God, not I, an I might have been join'd patten with one of the seven wise masters for knowing him. He had so writhen himself into the habit of one of your poor infantry, your decayed, ruinous, worm-eaten gentlemen of the round; such as have vowed to sit on the skirts of the city, let your provost and his half-dozen of halberdiers do what they can; and have translated begging out of the old hackney-pace to a fine easy amble, and made it run as smooth off the tongue as a shove-groat shilling. Into the likeness of one of these reformados had he moulded himself so perfectly, observing every trick of their action, as, varying the accent, swearing with an emphasis, indeed, all with so special and exquisite a grace, that, hadst thou seen him, thou wouldst have sworn he might have been sergeant-major, if not lieutenant-colonel to the regiment.

Wel. Why, Brainworm, who would have thought thou hadst been such an artificer? 234

E. Know. An artificer! an architect. Except a man had studied begging all his life time, and been a weaver of language from his infancy, for the clothing of it, I never saw his rival.

Wel. Where got'st thou this coat, I marle?

Brai. Of a Houndsditch man, sir, one of the devil's near kinsmen, a broker. 241

Wel. That cannot be, if the proverb hold; for *A crafty knave needs no broker.*

Brai. True, sir; but I did *need a broker, ergo—*

Wel. Well put off:—*no crafty knave*, you'll say. 245

E. Know. Tut, he has more of these shifts.

Brai. And yet, where I have one the broker has ten, sir.

Re-enter CASH.

Cash. Francis ! Martin ! ne'er a one to be found now ?
what a spite's this ! 249

Wel. How now, Thomas ? Is my brother Kitely within ?

Cash. No, sir, my master went forth e'en now ; but master
Downright is within.—Cob ! what, Cob ! Is he gone too ?

Wel. Whither went your master, Thomas, canst thou tell ?

Cash. I know not : to justice Clement's, I think, sir,—Cob !

[Exit

E. Know. Justice Clement ! what's he ? 255

Wel. Why, dost thou not know him ? He is a city-
magistrate, a justice here, an excellent good lawyer, and a
great scholar ; but the only mad, merry old fellow in Europe.
I shewed him you the other day. 259

E. Know. Oh, is that he ? I remember him now. Good
faith, and he is a very strange presence methinks ; it shews
as if he stood out of the rank from other men : I have heard
many of his jests in the University. They say he will
commit a man for taking the wall of his horse. 264

Wel. Ay, or wearing his cloak on one shoulder, or serving
of God ; any thing, indeed, if it come in the way of his
humour.

Re-enter CASH.

Cash. Gasper ! Martin ! Cob ! 'Heart, where should they
be, trow ?

Bob. Master Kitely's man, pray thee vouchsafe us the
lighting of this match. 271

Cash. Fire on your match ! no time but now to vouchsafe ?
—Francis ! Cob ! *[Exit.*

Bob. Body o' me ! here's the remainder of seven pound
since yesterday was seven-night. 'Tis your right Trinidado :
did you never take any, master Stephen ? 276

Step. No, truly, sir ; but I'll learn to take it now, since you
commend it so.

Bob. Sir, believe me, upon my relation, for what I tell you,
the world shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies,
where this herb grows, where neither myself, nor a dozen
gentlemen more of my knowledge, have received the taste
of any other nutriment in the world, for the space of one
and twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only : there-
fore, it cannot be, but 'tis most divine. Further, take it in

the nature, in the true kind; so, it makes an antidote, that, had you taken the most deadly poisonous plant in all Italy, it should expel it, and clarify you, with as much ease as I speak. And for your green wound,—your Balsamum and your St. John's wort, are all mere gulleries and trash to it, especially your Trinidado: your Nicotian is good too. I could say what I know of the virtue of it, for the expulsion of rheums, raw humours, crudities, obstructions, with a thousand of this kind; but I profess myself no quack-salver. Only thus much; by Hercules, I do hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man.

E. Know. This speech would have done decently in a tobacco-trader's mouth.

Re-enter CASH, with COB.

Cash. At justice Clement's he is, in the middle of Coleman-street. 301

Cob. Oh, oh !

Bob. Where's the match I gave thee, master Kately's man ?

Cash. Would his match and he, and pipe and all, were at Sancto Domingo ! I had forgot it. [*Exit.* 305

Cob. 'Od's me, I marle what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco. It's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers: there were four died out of one house last week with taking of it, and two more the bell went for yesternight; one of them, they say, will never scape it; he voided a bushel of soot yesterday, upward and downward. By the stocks, an there were no wiser men than I, I'd have it present whipping, man or woman, that should but deal with a tobacco pipe: why, it will stifle them all in the end, as many as use it; it's little better than ratsbane or rosaker. [*Bobadill beats him.*

All. Oh, good captain, hold, hold !

Bob. You base cullion, you !

Re-enter CASH.

Cash. Sir, here's your match. Come, thou must needs be talking, too, thou'rt well enough served. 320

Cob. Nay, he will not meddle with his match, I warrant you: well, it shall be a dear beating, an I live.

Bob. Do you prate, do you murmur?

E. Know. Nay, good captain, will you regard the humour of a fool? Away, knave. 325

Wel. Thomas, get him away. [*Exit Cash with Cob.*]

Bob. A whoreson filthy slave, a dung-worm, an excrement! Body o' Caesar, but that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit, I'd have stabb'd him to the earth.

Wel. Marry, the law forbid, sir! 330

Bob. By Pharaoh's foot, I would have done it.

Step. Oh, he swears most admirably! By Pharaoh's foot! Body o' Caesar!—I shall never do it, sure. Upon mine honour, and by St. George!—No, I have not the right grace.

Mat. Master Stephen, will you any? By this air, the most divine tobacco that ever I drunk. 336

Step. None, I thank you, sir. O, this gentleman does it rarely too: but nothing like the other. By this air! [*Practises at the post.*] As I am a gentleman! By—

[*Exeunt Bob. and Mat.*]

Brai. [*Pointing to Master Stephen.*] Master, glance, glance! master Wellbred! 341

Step. As I have somewhat to be saved, I protest—

Wel. You are a fool; it needs no affidavit.

E. Know. Cousin, will you any tobacco?

Step. I, sir! Upon my reputation— 345

E. Know. How now, cousin!

Step. I protest, as I am a gentleman, but no soldier, indeed—

Wel. No, master Stephen? As I remember, your name is entered in the artillery-garden? 350

Step. Ay, sir, that's true. Cousin, may I swear, as I am a soldier, by that?

E. Know. O yes, that you may; it is all you have for your money. 354

Step. Then, as I am a gentleman, and a soldier, it is divine tobacco!

Wel. But soft, where's master Mathew? Gone?

Brai. No, sir; they went in here.

Wel. O let's follow them: master Mathew is gone to salute his mistress in verse; we shall have the happiness to hear some of his poetry now; he never comes unfurnished.—Brainworm! 362

Step. Brainworm? Where? Is this Brainworm?

E. Know. Ay, cousin; no words of it, upon your gentility.

Step. Not I, body of me! By this air! St. George! and the foot of Pharaoh! 366

Wel. Rare! Your cousin's discourse is simply drawn out with oaths.

E. Know. 'Tis larded with them; a kind of French dressing, if you love it. [Exeunt. 370

SCENE III. *Coleman-Street. A Room in Justice Clement's House.*

Enter KITELY and COB.

Kit. Ha! how many are there, say'st thou?

Cob. Marry, sir, your brother, master Wellbred—

Kit. Tut, beside him: what strangers are there, man?

Cob. Strangers? let me see, one, two; mass, I know not well, there are so many. 5

Kit. How! so many?

Cob. Ay, there's some five or six of them at the most.

Kit. A swarm, a swarm!

Spite of the devil, how they sting my head

With forked stings, thus wide and large! But, Cob, 10

How long hast thou been coming hither, Cob?

Cob. A little while, sir.

Kit. Didst thou come running?

Cob. No, sir.

Kit. Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste.

Bane to my fortunes! what meant I to marry? 15

I, that before was rank'd into such content,

My mind at rest too, in so soft a peace,

Being free master of mine own free thoughts,

And now become a slave? What! never sigh;

Be of good cheer, man; for thou art a cuckold: 20

'Tis done, 'tis done! Nay, when such flowing-store,

Plenty itself, falls into my wife's lap,

The cornucopiae will be mine, I know.—

But, Cob,

What entertainment had they? I am sure 25.

My sister and my wife would bid them welcome: ha?

Cob. Like enough, sir; yet I heard not a word of it.

Kit. No;

Their lips were seal'd with kisses, and the voice,
Drown'd in a flood of joy at their arrival, 30
Had lost her motion, state and faculty.—
Cob,

Which of them was it that first kiss'd my wife,
My sister, I should say?—My wife, alas!
I fear not her: ha! who was it, say'st thou? 35

Cob. By my troth, sir, will you have the truth of it?

Kit. Oh, ay, good Cob, I pray thee heartily.

Cob. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for Bridewell than
your worship's company, if I saw any body to be kiss'd,
unless they would have kiss'd the post in the middle of the
warehouse; for there I left them all at their tobacco, with
a pox! 42

Kit. How! were they not gone in, then, ere thou cam'st?

Cob. O no, sir.

Kit. Spite of the devil! what do I stay here, then? Cob,
follow me. [Exit. 46

Cob. Nay, soft and fair; I have eggs on the spit; I cannot
go yet, sir. Now am I, for some five and fifty reasons,
hammering, hammering revenge: oh for three or four gallons
of vinegar, to sharpen my wits! Revenge, vinegar revenge,
vinegar and mustard revenge! Nay, an he had not lien in
my house, 'twould never have grieved me; but being my
guest, one that, I'll be sworn, my wife has lent him her
smock off her back, while his one shirt has been at washing;
pawned her neck-kerchers for clean bands for him; sold
almost all my platters, to buy him tobacco; and he to turn
monster of ingratitude, and strike his lawful host! Well, I
hope to raise up an host of fury for't: here comes justice
Clement.

Enter Justice CLEMENT, KNOWELL, and FORMAL.

Clem. What's master Kitley gone, Roger? 60

Form. Ay, sir.

Clem. 'Heart o' me! what made him leave us so abruptly?
—How now, sirrah! what make you here? what would you
have, ha?

Cob. An't please your worship, I am a poor neighbour of
your worship's— 66

Clem. A poor neighbour of mine? Why, speak, poor neighbour.

Cob. I dwell, sir, at the sign of the Water-tankard, hard by the Green Lattice: I have paid scot and lot there any time this eighteen years. 71

Clem. To the Green Lattice?

Cob. No, sir, to the parish: Marry, I have seldom scaped scot-free at the Lattice.

Clem. O, well; what business has my poor neighbour with me? 76

Cob. An't like your worship, I am come to crave the peace of your worship.

Clem. Of me, knave! Peace of me, knave! Did I ever hurt thee, or threaten thee, or wrong thee, ha? 80

Cob. No, sir; but your worship's warrant, for one that has wrong'd me, sir: his arms are at too much liberty, I would fain have them bound to a treaty of peace, an my credit could compass it, with your worship.

Clem. Thou goest far enough about for't, I am sure. 85

Kno. Why, dost thou go in danger of thy life for him, friend?

Cob. No, sir; but I go in danger of my death every hour, by his means; an I die within a twelve-month and a day, I may swear by the law of the land that he killed me. 90

Clem. How, how, knave, swear he killed thee, and by the law? What pretence, what colour hast thou for that?

Cob. Marry, an't please your worship, both black and blue; colour enough, I warrant you. I have it here to shew your worship. 95

Clem. What is he that gave you this, sirrah?

Cob. A gentleman and a soldier, he says he is, of the city here.

Clem. A soldier of the city! What call you him?

Clem. Captain Bobadill. 100

Clem. Bobadill! and why did he bob and beat you, sirrah? How began the quarrel betwixt you, ha? speak truly, knave, I advise you.

Cob. Marry, indeed, an't please your worship, only because I spake against their vagrant tobacco, as I came by them when they were taking on't; for nothing else. 106

Clem. Ha! you speak against tobacco? Formal, his name.

Form. What's your name, sirrah?

Cob. Oliver, sir, Oliver Cob, sir.

Clem. Tell Oliver Cobb he shall go to the jail, Formal. 110

Form. Oliver Cob, my master, justice Clement, says you shall go to the jail.

Cob. O, I beseech your worship, for God's sake, dear master justice ! 114

Clem. Nay, 'sprecious ! an such drunkards and tankards as you are, come to dispute of tobacco once, I have done : away with him !

Cob. O, good master justice ! Sweet old gentleman !

[*To Knowell.*

Know. " Sweet Oliver," would I could do thee any good !—justice Clement, let me intreat you, sir. 120

Clem. What ! a thread-bare rascal, a beggar, a slave that never drunk out of better than piss-pot metal in his life ! and he to deprave and abuse the virtue of an herb so generally received in the courts of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of sweet ladies, the cabins of soldiers !—Roger, away with him ! 'Od's precious—I say, go to. 126

Cob. Dear master justice, let me be beaten again, I have deserved it : but not the prison, I beseech you.

Know. Alas, poor Oliver !

Clem. Roger, make him a warrant :—he shall not go, I but fear the knave. 131

Form. Do not stink, sweet Oliver, you shall not go ; my master will give you a warrant.

Cob. O, the Lord maintain his worship, his worthy worship !

Clem. Away, dispatch him. [*Exeunt Formal and Cob.*]
How now, master Knowell ! In dumps ? In dumps ? Come, this becomes not.

Know. Sir, would I could not feel my cares— 138

Clem. Your cares are nothing ! they are like my cap, soon put on, and as soon put off. What ! your son is old enough to govern himself : let him run his course, it's the only way to make him a staid man. If he were an unthrift, a ruffian, a drunkard, or a licentious liver, then you had reason ; you had reason to take care : but, being none of these, mirth's my witness, an I had twice so many cares as you have, I'd drown them all in a cup of sack. Come, come, let's try it : I muse your parcel of a soldier returns not all this while.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I. *A Room in Kiteley's House.*

Enter DOWNRIGHT and Dame KITELEY.

Dow. Well, sister, I tell you true; and you'll find it so, in the end.

Dame K. Alas, brother, what would you have me to do? I cannot help it; you see my brother brings them in here; they are his friends. 5

Dow. His friends! his fiends. 'Slud! they do nothing but haunt him up and down like a sort of unlucky spirits, and tempt him to all manner of villainy that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devil with some of them: an 'twere not more for your husband's sake than any thing else, I'd make the house too hot for the best on 'em; they should say, and swear, hell were broken loose, ere they went hence. But, by God's will, 'tis nobody's fault but yours; for an you had done as you might have done, they should have been parboiled, and baked too, every mother's son, ere they should have come in, e'er a one of them. 17

Dame K. God's my life! did you ever hear the like? what a strange man is this! Could I keep out all them, think you? I should put myself against half a dozen men, should I? Good faith, you'd mad the patient'st body in the world, to hear you talk so, without any sense or reason! 22

Enter Mistress BRIDGET, Master MATHEW, and BOBADILL;
followed, at a distance, by WELLBRED, E. KNOWELL,
STEPHEN, and BRAINWORM.

Brid. Servant, in troth you are too prodigal
Of your wit's treasure, thus to pour it forth
Upon so mean a subject as my worth. 25

Mat. You say well, mistress, and I mean as well.

Dow. Hoy-day, here is stuff!

Wel. O, now stand close; pray Heaven, she can get him to read! he should do it of his own natural impudency.

Brid. Servant, what is this same, I pray you? 30

Mat. Marry, an elegy, an elegy, an odd toy—

Dow. To mock an ape withal! O, I could sew up his mouth, now.

Dame K. Sister, I pray you let's hear it.

Dow. Are you rhyme-given, too? 35

Mat. Mistress, I'll read it if you please.

Brid. Pray you do, servant.

Dow. O, here's no foppery! Death! I can endure the stocks better. [Exit.]

E. Know. What ails thy brother? can he not hold his water at reading of a ballad? 41

Wel. O, no; a rhyme to him is worse than cheese, or a bag-pipe; but mark; you lose the protestation.

Mat. Faith, I did it in an humour; I know not how it is; but please you come near, sir. This gentleman has judgment, he knows how to censure of a—pray you, sir, you can judge.

Step. Not I, sir; upon my reputation, and by the foot of Pharaoh!

Wel. O, chide your cousin for swearing. 50

E. Know. Not I, so long as he does not forswear himself.

Bob. Master Mathew, you abuse the expectation of your dear mistress, and her fair sister: fie! while you live, avoid this prolixity.

Mat. I shall, sir; well;—*incipere dulce.* 55

E. Know. How, *insipere dulce*! a sweet thing to be a fool, indeed!

Wel. What, do you take *incipere* in that sense?

E. Know. You do not? you? This was your villainy, to gull him with a motte. 60

Wel. O, the Benchers' phrase: *pauca verba, pauca verba*!

Mat. Rare creature, let me speak without offence,

Would God my rude words had the influence

To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine,

Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine. 65

E. Know. This is Hero and Leander.

Wel. O, ay: peace, we shall have more of this.

Mat. Be not unkind and fair: *misshapen stuff*

Is of behaviour boisterous and rough.

Wel. How like you that, sir? 70

[Master Stephen shakes his head.]

E. Know. 'Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feel an there be any brain in it.

Mat. But observe the catastrophe, now:

And I in duty will exceed all other,

As you in beauty do excel Love's mother. 75

E. Know. Well, I'll have him free of the wit-brokers, for he utters nothing but stolen remnants.

Wel. O, forgive it him.

E. Know. A filching rogue? hang him!—and from the dead? it's worse than sacrilege. 80

WELLBRED, E. KNOWELL, and Master STEPHEN, come forward.

Wel. Sister, what have you here? verses? pray you let's see: who made these verses? they are excellent good.

Mat. O, Master Wellbred, 'tis your disposition to say so, sir. They were good in the morning: I made them *ex tempore* this morning. 85

Wel. How! *ex tempore*?

Mat. Ay, would I might be hanged else; ask Captain Bobadill: he saw me write them, at the—pox on it!—the Star, yonder.

Brai. Can he find in his heart to curse the stars so? 90

E. Know. Faith, his are even with him; they have curst him enough already.

Step. Cousin, how do you like this gentleman's verses?

E. Know. O, admirable! the best that ever I heard, coz!

Step. Body o' Caesar, they are admirable! the best that I ever heard, as I am a soldier! 96

Re-enter DOWNRIGHT.

Dow. I am vext, I can hold ne'er a bone of me still: 'Heart, I think they mean to build, and breed here.

Wel. Sister, you have a simple servant here, that crowns your beauty with such encomiums and devices; you may see what it is to be the mistress of a wit, that can make your perfections so transparent, that every blear eye may look through them, and see him drowned over head and ears in the deep well of desire: Sister Kitely, I marvel you get you not a servant that can rhyme, and do tricks too. 105

Dow. O monster! impudence itself! tricks?

Dame K. Tricks, brother? what tricks?

Brid. Nay, speak, I pray you, what tricks?

Dame K. Ay, never spare any body here; but say, what tricks? 110

Brid. Passion of my heart! do tricks?

Wel. 'Slight, here's a trick vied and revied! Why, you monkeys, you, what a cater-wauling do you keep! has he not given you rhymes and verses and tricks?

Dow. O, the fiend! 115

Wel. Nay, you lamp of virginity, that take it in snuff so, come, and cherish this tame poetical fury in your servant; you'll be begg'd else, shortly, for a concealment: go to, reward his muse. You cannot give him less than a shilling, in conscience, for the book he had it out of, cost him a teston at least. How now, gallants! Master Mathew! Captain! what? all sons of silence? no spirit? 122

Dow. Come, you might practise your ruffian tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wuss; this is no tavern or drinking-school, to vent your exploits in. 125

Wel. How now! whose cow has calved?

Dow. Marry, that has mine, sir. Nay, boy, never look askance at me, for the matter; I'll tell you of it, I, sir; you and your companions mend yourselves when I have done.

Wel. My companions? 130

Dow. Yes, sir, your companions, so I say; I am not afraid of you, nor them neither; your hang-byes here. You must have your poets and your potlings, your soldados and foolados to follow you up and down the city; and here they must come to domineer and swagger. Sirrah, you ballad-singer, and slops, your fellow there, get you out, get you home; or by this steel, I'll cut off your ears, and that presently. 138

Wel. 'Slight, stay, let's see what he dare do; cut off his ears? cut a whetstone. You are an ass, do you see? touch any man here, and by this hand I'll run my rapier to the hilts in you.

Dow. Yea, that would I fain see, boy. [*They all draw.*]

Dame K. O Jesu! murder! Thomas! Gasper!

Brid. Help, help, Thomas! 145

Enter CASH and some of the house to part them.

E. Know. Gentlemen, forbear, I pray you.

Bob. Well, sirrah, you Holofernes; by my hand, I will pink your flesh full of holes with my rapier for this; I will,

by this good heaven ! nay, let him come, let him come, gentlemen ; by the body of St. George, I'll not kill him. 150

[Offer to fight again, and are parted.]

Cash. Hold, hold, good gentlemen.

Dow. You whoreson, bragging coystril !

Enter KITELY.

Kit. Why, how now ? what's the matter, what's the stir here ?

Whence springs the quarrel ? Thomas ! where is he ?

Put up your weapons, and put off this rage : 155

My wife and sister, they are the cause of this.

What, Thomas ! where is this knave ?

Cash. Here, sir.

Wel. Come, let's go : this is one of my brother's ancient humours, this. 160

Step. I am glad nobody was hurt by his ancient humour.

[*Exeunt Wellbred, Stephen, E. Knowell, Bobadill, and Brainworm.*]

Kit. Why, how now, brother, who enforced this brawl ?

Dow. A sort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for God nor the devil. And they must come here to read ballads, and roguery, and trash ! I'll mar the knot of 'em ere I sleep, perhaps ; especially Bob there, he that's all manner of shapes : and songs and sonnets, his fellow. 167

Brid. Brother, indeed, you are too violent, Too sudden in your humour : and you know My brother Wellbred's temper will not bear 170 Any reproof, chiefly in such a presence, Where every slight disgrace he should receive Might wound him in opinion and respect. 173

Dow. Respect ! what talk you of respect among such, as have no spark of manhood, nor good manners ? 'Sdeins, I am ashamed to hear you ! respect ? [Exit.]

Brid. Yes, there was one a civil gentleman, And very worthily demeaned himself.

Kit. O, that was some love of yours, sister. 179

Brid. A love of mine ? I would it were no worse, brother ; You'd pay my portion sooner than you think for.

Dame K. Indeed he seem'd to be a gentleman of a very exceeding fair disposition, and of very excellent good parts. [Exit *Dame Kately and Bridget.*]

Kit. Her love, by heaven ! my wife's minion !
Fair disposition ? excellent good parts ? 185
 Death ! these phrases are intolerable.
 Good parts ? how should she know his parts ?
 His parts ? Well, well, well, well, well, well !
 It is too plain, too clear : Thomas, come hither.
 What, are they gone ?

Cash. Ay, sir, they went in. 190
 My mistress and your sister—

Kit. Are any of the gallants within ?

Cash. No, sir, they are all gone.

Kit. Art thou sure of it ?

Cash. I can assure you, sir. 194

Kit. What gentleman was that they praised so, Thomas ?

Cash. One, they call him Master Knowell, a handsome young gentleman, sir.

Kit. Ay, I thought so ; my mind gave me as much :
 I'll die, but they have hid him in the house,
 Somewhere ; I'll go and search ; go with me, Thomas : 200
 Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Lane before Cob's House.*

Enter COB.

Cob. [*Knocks at the door*] What, Tib ! Tib, I say !

Tib. [*Within*] How now, what cuckold is that knocks so hard ?

Enter TIB.

O, husband ! is't you ? What's the news ? 4

Cob. Nay, you have stunn'd me, i'faith ; you have given me a knock o' the forehead will stick by me ! Cuckold ? 'Slid, cuckold !

Tib. Away, you fool ! did I know it was you that knocked ?
 Come, come, you may call me as bad, when you list.

Cob. May I ? Tib, you are a whore. 10

Tib. You lie in your throat, husband.

Cob. How, the lie ? and in my throat too ? do you long to be stabb'd, ha ?

Tib. Why, you are no soldier, I hope ? 14

Cob. O, must you be stabbed by a soldier? Mass, that's true! when was Bobadill here, your captain? that rogue, that foist, that fencing Burgullian? I'll tickle him, i'faith.

Tib. Why, what's the matter? trow! 18

Cob. O, he has basted me rarely, sumptuously! but I have it here in black and white; [*pulls out the warrant*] for his black and blue shall pay him! O, the justice! the honestest old brave Trojan in London! I do honour the very flea of his dog. A plague on him, though, he put me once in a villanous filthy fear; marry, it vanished away like the smoke of tobacco; but I was smoked soundly first. I thank the devil, and his good angel, my guest. Well, wife, or Tib, which you will, get you in, and lock the door; I charge you let nobody in to you, wife; nobody in to you; those are my words. Not Captain Bob himself, nor the fiend, in his likeness. You are a woman, you have flesh and blood enough in you to be tempted; therefore, keep the door shut upon all comers.

Tib. I warrant you, there shall nobody enter here, without my consent. 33

Cob. Nor with your consent, sweet Tib; and so I leave you.

Tib. It's more than you know, whether you leave me so.

Cob. How?

Tib. Why, *sweet*.

Cob. Tut, sweet or sour, thou art a flower. 38
Keep close thy door, I ask no more. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in the Windmill Tavern.*

Enter E. KNOWELL, WELLBRED, STEPHEN, and BRAINWORM, disguised as before.

E. Know. Well, Brainworm, perform this business happily, and thou makest a purchase of my love for ever.

Wel. I'faith, now let thy spirits use their best faculties: but, at any hand, remember the message to my brother; for there's no other means to start him. 5

Brai. I warrant you, sir; fear nothing; I have a nimble soul has waked all forces of my phant'sie by this time, and put them in true motion. What you have possest me withal, I'll discharge it amply, sir; make it no question. [*Exit.*]

Wel. Forth, and prosper, Brainworm. Faith, Ned, how dost thou approve of my abilities in this device? 11

E. Know. Troth, well, howsoever; but it will come excellent, if it take.

Wel. Take, man? why it cannot choose but take, if the circumstances miscarry not: but, tell me ingenuously, dost thou affect my sister Bridget as thou pretend'st? 16

E. Know. Friend, am I worth belief?

Wel. Come, do not protest. In faith, she is a maid of good ornament, and much modesty; and, except I conceived very worthily of her, thou should'st not have her. 20

E. Know. Nay, that I am afraid, will be a question yet, whether I shall have her, or no.

Wel. 'Slid, thou shalt have her; by this light thou shalt.

E. Know. Nay, do not swear. 24

Wel. By this hand thou shalt have her; I'll go fetch her presently. 'Point but where to meet, and as I am an honest man, I'll bring her.

E. Know. Hold, hold, be temperate.

Wel. Well, by—what shall I swear by? thou shalt have her, as I am— 30

E. Know. Pray thee, be at peace, I am satisfied; and do believe thou wilt omit no offered occasion to make my desires complete.

Wel. Thou shalt see, and know, I will not. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Old Jewry.*

Enter FORMAL and KNOWELL.

Form. Was your man a soldier, sir?

Know. Ay, a knave
I took him begging o' the way, this morning,
As I came over Moorfields.

Enter BRAINWORM, disguised as before.

O, here he is!—you've made fair speed, believe me,
Where, in the name of sloth, could you be thus— 5

Brai. Marry, peace be my comfort, where I thought I should have had little comfort of your worship's service.

Know. How so?

Brai. O, sir, your coming to the city, your entertainment of me, and your sending me to watch—indeed all the

circumstances either of your charge, or my employment, are as open to your son, as to yourself.

Know. How should that be, unless that villain, Brainworm, Have told him of the letter, and discover'd All that I strictly charg'd him to conceal ? 15
'Tis so.

Brai. I am partly o' the faith, 'tis so, indeed.

Know. But, how should he know thee to be my man ?

Brai. Nay, sir, I cannot tell; unless it be by the black art ! Is not your son a scholar, sir ? 20

Know. Yes, but I hope his soul is not allied

Unto such hellish practice: if it were,

I had just cause to weep my part in him,

And curse the time of his creation.

But, where didst thou find them, Fitz-Sword ? 25

Brai. You should rather ask where they found me, sir; for I'll be sworn, I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when, of a sudden, a voice calls, *Mr. Knowell's man!* another cries, *Soldier!* and thus half a dozen of them, till they had call'd me within a house, where I no sooner came, but they seem'd men, and out flew all their rapiers at my bosom, with some three or four score oaths to accompany them; and all to tell me, I was but a dead man, if I did not confess where you were, and how I was employed, and about what; which when they could not get out of me (as, I protest, they must have dissected, and made an anatomy of me first, and so I told them), they lock'd me up into a room in the top of a high house, whence by great miracle (having a light heart) I slid down by a bottom of packthread into the street, and so 'scaped. But, sir, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it while I was lock'd up, there were a great many rich merchants and brave citizens' wives with them at a feast; and your son, master Edward, withdrew with one of them, and has 'pointed to meet her anon at one Cob's house, a water-bearer that dwells by the Wall. Now, there your worship shall be sure to take him, for there he preys, and fail he will not.

Know. Nor will I fail to break his match, I doubt not.

Go thou along with justice Clement's man, 50
And stay there for me. At one Cob's house, say'st thou ?

Brai. Ay, sir, there you shall have him. [*Exit Knowell.*] Yes—invisible! Much wench, or much son! 'Slight, when he has staid there three or four hours, travailing with the expectation of wonders, and at length be deliver'd of air! O the sport that I should then take to look on him, if I durst! But now, I mean to appear no more afore him in this shape: I have another trick to act yet. O that I were so happy as to light on a nupson now of this justice's novice!—Sir, I make you stay somewhat long. 60

Form. Not a whit, sir. Pray you what do you mean, sir?

Brai. I was putting up some papers—

Form. You have been lately in the wars, sir, it seems.

Brai. Marry have I, sir, to my loss, and expense of all, almost— 65

Form. Troth, sir, I would be glad to bestow a pottle of wine on you, if it please you to accept it—

Brai. O, sir—

Form. But to hear the manner of your services, and your devices in the wars; they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reads in the Roman histories, or sees at Mile-end. 72

Brai. No, I assure you, sir; why at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to discourse to you all I know;—and more too, somewhat. [*Aside.*]

Form. No better time than now, sir; we'll go to the Windmill: there we shall have a cup of neat grist, we call it. I pray you, sir, let me request you to the Windmill. 78

Brai. I'll follow you, sir;—and make grist of you, if I have good luck. [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Moorfields.*

Enter MATHEW, E. KNOWELL, BOBADILL, *and* STEPHEN.

Mat. Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him where we were to-day, Mr. Wellbred's half-brother? I think the whole earth cannot shew his parallel, by this daylight.

E. Know. We were now speaking of him: captain Bobadill tells me he is fallen foul of you, too. 8

Mat. O, ay, sir, he threatened me with the bastinado.

Bob. Ay, but I think, I taught you prevention this morning, for that: You shall kill him beyond question; if you be so generously minded. 10

Mat. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick. [*Fences.*]

Bob. O, you do not give spirit enough to your motion, you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it must be done like lightning, hay! [*Practises at a post with his cudgel.*]

Mat. Rare, captain! 15

Bob. Tut! 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a—punto.

E. Know. Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defence here?

Mat. O good sir! yes, I hope he has. 19

Bob. I will tell you, sir. Upon my first coming to the city, after my long travel for knowledge, in that mystery only, there came three or four of them at me, at a gentleman's house, where it was my chance to be resident at that time, to intreat my presence at their schools: and withal so much importuned me, that I protest to you, as I am a gentleman, I was ashamed of their rude demeanour, out of all measure: Well, I told them that to come to a public school, they should pardon me, it was opposite, in diameter, to my humour; but if so be they would give their attendance at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or favour I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth. 31

E. Know. So, sir! then you tried their skill?

Bob. Alas, soon tried! you shall hear, sir. Within two or three days after, they came; and, by honesty, fair sir, believe me, I graced them exceedingly, shewed them some two or three tricks of prevention have purchased them, since, a credit to admiration: they cannot deny this; and yet now they hate me, and why? because I am excellent, and for no other vile reason on the earth.

E. Know. This is strange and barbarous, as ever I heard. 40

Bob. Nay, for a more instance of their preposterous natures, but note, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked alone in divers skirts i' the town, as Turnbull, Whitechapel, Shore-ditch, which were then my quarters; and since, upon the Exchange, at my lodging, and at my ordinary: where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not overcome their

spleen; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot, at pleasure. By myself, I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to bear any other than this bastinado for them: yet I hold it good polity not to go disarmed, for though I be skilful, I may be oppressed with multitudes. 55

E. Know. Ay, believe me, may you, sir: and, in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

Bob. Alas, no? what's a peculiar man to a nation? not seen.

E. Know. O, but your skill, sir. 60

Bob. Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal; I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to her majesty and the lords,—observe me,—I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general; but to save the one half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Know. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive. 70

Bob. Why thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroccato, your passada, your montanto; till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honour refuse us: Well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand: forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcase to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword. 91

E. Know. Why, are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times?

Bob. Tut ! never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you. 95

E. Know. I would not stand in Downright's state then, an you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

Bob. Why, sir, you mistake me: if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him. Let this gentleman do his mind: but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him. 101

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him, at my distance.

E. Know. 'Od's, so, look where he is ! yonder he goes.

[*Downright crosses the stage.*]

Dow. What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals? 105

Bob. It is not he, is it ?

E. Know. Yes, faith, it is he.

Mat. I'll be hang'd, then, if that were he.

E. Know. Sir, keep your hanging good for some greater matter, for I assure you that was he. 110

Step. Upon my reputation, it was he.

Bob. Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so: but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he, yet.

E. Know. That I think, sir.

Re-enter DOWNRIGHT.

But see, he is come again. 115

Dow. O, Pharaoh's foot, have I found you? Come, draw, to your tools; draw, gipsy, or I'll thrash you.

Bob. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee; hear me—

Dow. Draw your weapon then. 119

Bob. Tall man, I never thought on it till now—Body of me !—I had a warrant of the peace served on me, even now as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman saw it, Master Mathew.

Dow. 'Sdeath ! you will not draw then ?

[*Disarms and beats him. Mathew runs away.*]

Bob. Hold, hold ! under thy favour, forbear ! 125

Dow. Prate again, as you like this, you whoreson foist, you ! You'll control the point, you ? Your consort is gone; had he staid he had shared with you, sir. [*Exit.*]

Bob. Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day. 130

E. Know. No, faith, it's an ill day, captain, never reckon it other; but, say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself: that will prove but a poor excuse. 134

Bob. I cannot tell, sir; I desire good construction, in fair sort. I never sustain'd the like disgrace, by heaven! sure I was strook with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon. 138

E. Know. Ay, like enough; I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet: go, get you to a surgeon. 'Slid! an these be your tricks, your passadoes, and your montantos, I'll none of them. [*Exit Bobadill.*] O, manners! that this age should bring forth such creatures! that nature should be at leisure to make them! Come, coz. 144

Step. Mass, I'll have this cloak.

E. Know. 'Od's will, 'tis Downright's.

Step. Nay, it's mine now, another might have ta'en it up, as well as I: I'll wear it, so I will.

E. Know. How an he see it? he'll challenge it, assure yourself. 150

Step. Ay, but he shall not have it: I'll say I bought it.

E. Know. Take heed you buy it not too dear, coz.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *A Room in Kitely's House.*

Enter KITELY, WELLBRED, Dame KITELY, and BRIDGET.

Kit. Now, trust me, brother, you were much to blame,
T' incense his anger, and disturb the peace
Of my poor house, where there are sentinels
That every minute watch to give alarms
Of civil war, without adjection 5
Of your assistance or occasion.

Wel. No harm done, brother, I warrant you: since there is no harm done, anger costs a man nothing; and a tall man is never his own man till he be angry. To keep his valour in obscurity, is to keep himself, as it were, in a cloak-bag. What's a musician, unless he play? What's a tall man, unless he fight? For, indeed, all this my wise brother

stands upon absolutely; and that made me fall in with him so resolutely. 14

Dame K. Ay, but what harm might have come of it, brother?

Wel. Might, sister? so might the good warm clothes your husband wears be poisoned, for any thing he knows: or the wholesome wine he drank, even now, at the table.—

Kit. Now, God forbid! O me! now I remember 20
My wife drank to me last, and changed the cup,
And bade me wear this cursed suit to-day.
See, if Heaven suffer murder undiscover'd!

I feel me ill; give me some mithridate,
Some mithridate and oil, good sister, fetch me: 25
O, I am sick at heart, I burn, I burn!
If you will save my life, go fetch it me.

Wel. O strange humour! my very breath has poison'd him.

Brid. Good brother, be content, what do you mean?

The strength of these extreme conceits will kill you. 30

Dame K. Beshrew your heart-blood, brother Wellbred, now,
For putting such a toy into his head!

Wel. Is a fit simile a toy? will he be poison'd with a
simile? Brother Kitely, what a strange and idle imagination
is this! For shame, be wiser. O' my soul there's no such
matter. 36

Kit. Am I not sick? how am I, then, not poison'd? Am I
not poison'd? how am I, then, so sick?

Dame K. If you be sick, your own thoughts make you sick.

Wel. His jealousy is the poison he has taken. 40

Enter BRAINWORM, disguised in FORMAL'S clothes.

Brai. Master Kitely, my master, justice Clement, salutes
you; and desires to speak with you with all possible speed.

Kit. No time but now, when I think I am sick? very sick!
well, I will wait upon his worship. Thomas! Cob! I must
seek them out, and set them sentinels till I return. Thomas!
Cob! Thomas! *[Exit.]*

Wel. This is perfectly rare, Brainworm; *[Takes him aside.]*
but how got'st thou this apparel of the justice's man? 48

Brai. Marry, sir, my proper fine pen-man would needs
bestow the grist on me, at the Windmill, to hear some
martial discourse; where I so marshall'd him, that I made

him drunk with admiration: and, because too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stript him stark naked as he lay along asleep, and borrowed his suit to deliver this counterfeit message in, leaving a rusty armour, and an old brown bill to watch him till my return; which shall be, when I have pawn'd his apparel, and spent the better part o' the money, perhaps. 58

Wel. Well, thou art a successful merry knave, Brainworm: his absence will be a good subject for more mirth. I pray thee return to thy young master, and will him to meet me and my sister Bridget at the Tower instantly; for, here, tell him, the house is so stored with jealousy, there is no room for love to stand upright in. We must get our fortunes committed to some larger prison, say; and than the Tower, I know no better air, nor where the liberty of the house may do us more present service. Away. *[Exit Brai.*

Re-enter KITELY, talking aside to CASH.

Kit. Come hither, Thomas. Now my secret's ripe,
And thou shalt have it: lay to both thine ears.
Hark what I say to thee. I must go forth, Thomas; 70
Be careful of thy promise, keep good watch,
Note every gallant, and observe him well,
That enters in my absence to thy mistress:
If she should shew him rooms, the jest is stale,
Follow 'em, Thomas, or else hang on him, 75
And let him not go after; mark their looks;
Note if she offer but to see his band,
Or any other amorous toy about him;
But praise his leg, or foot: or if she say
The day is hot, and bid him feel her hand, 80
How hot it is; O, that's a monstrous thing!
Note me all this, good Thomas, mark their sighs,
And if they do but whisper, break 'em off:
I'll bear thee out in it. Wilt thou do this?
Wilt thou be true, my Thomas?

Cash. As truth's self, sir. 85

Kit. Why, I believe thee: Where is Cob, now? Cob!
[Exit.

Dame K. He's ever calling for Cob: I wonder how he employs Cob so.

Wel. Indeed, sister, to ask how he employs Cob, is a necessary question for you that are his wife, and a thing not very easy for you to be satisfied in; but this I'll assure you, Cob's wife is an excellent bawd, sister, and oftentimes your husband haunts her house; marry, to what end? I cannot altogether accuse him; imagine you what you think convenient: but I have known fair hides have foul hearts, ere now, sister. 96

Dame K. Never said you truer than that, brother, so much I can tell you for your learning. Thomas, fetch your cloak and go with me. [*Exit Cash.*] I'll after him presently: I would to fortune I could take him there, i'faith, I'd return him his own, I warrant him! [*Exit.*]

Wel. So, let 'em go; this may make sport anon. Now, my fair sister-in-law, that you knew but how happy a thing it were to be fair and beautiful.

Brid. That touches not me, brother. 105

Wel. That's true; that's even the fault of it; for indeed, beauty stands a woman in no stead, unless it procure her touching.—But, sister, whether it touch you or no, it touches your beauties; and I am sure they will abide the touch; an they do not, a plague of all ceruse, say I! and it touches me too in part, though not in the—Well, there's a dear and respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly and worthily affected toward you, and hath vowed to inflame whole bonfires of zeal at his heart, in honour of your perfections. I have already engaged my promise to bring you where you shall hear him confirm much more. Ned Knowell is the man, sister: there's no exception against the party. You are ripe for a husband; and a minute's loss to such an occasion, is a great trespass in a wise beauty. What say you, sister? On my soul he loves you; will you give him the meeting? 121

Brid. Faith, I had very little confidence in mine own constancy, brother, if I durst not meet a man: but this motion of yours savours of an old knight adventurer's servant, a little too much, methinks. 125

Wel. What's that, sister?

Brid. Marry, of the squire.

Wel. No matter if it did, I would be such an one for my friend. But see, who is return'd to hinder us!

Re-enter KITELY.

Kit. What villainy is this? call'd out on a false message!
This was some plot! I was not sent for.—Bridget, 131
Where is your sister?

Brid. I think she be gone forth, sir.

Kit. How! is my wife gone forth? whither, for God's sake?

Brid. She's gone abroad with Thomas. 135

Kit. Abroad with Thomas! oh, that villain dours me:
Beast that I was, to trust him! whither, I pray you,
Went she?

Brid. I know not, sir.

Wel. I'll tell you, brother,
Whither I suspect she's gone.

Kit. Whither, good brother?

Wel. To Cob's house, I believe: but, keep my counsel. 140

Kit. I will, I will: to Cob's house? doth she haunt Cob's?
She's gone a purpose now to cuckold me,
With that lewd rascal, who, to win her favour,
Hath told her all. [Exit.

Wel. Come, he is once more gone, 144
Sister, let's lose no time; the affair is worth it. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *A Street.**Enter MATHEW and BOBADILL.*

Mat. I wonder, captain, what they will say of my going away, ha?

Bob. Why, what should they say, but as of a discreet gentleman; quick, wary, respectful of nature's fair lineaments? and that's all. 5

Mat. Why so! but what can they say of your beating?

Bob. A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind of gross battery used, laid on strongly, borne most patiently; and that's all.

Mat. Ay, but would any man have offered it in Venice, as you say? 11

Bob. Tut! I assure you, no: you shall have there your nobilis, your gentilezza, come in bravely upon your reverse,

stand you close, stand you firm, stand you fair, save your retricato with his left leg, come to the assalto with the right, thrust with brave steel, defy your base wood ! But wherefore do I awake this remembrance ? I was fascinated, by Jupiter ; fascinated, but I will be unwitch'd, and revenged by law.

Mat. Do you hear ? is't not best to get a warrant, and have him arrested, and brought before justice Clement ? 21

Bob. It were not amiss ; would we had it !

Enter BRAINWORM disguised as FORMAL.

Mat. Why, here comes his man ; let's speak to him.

Bob. Agreed, do you speak.

Mat. Save you, sir.

25

Brai. With all my heart, sir ?

Mat. Sir, there is one Downright hath abused this gentleman and myself, and we determine to make our amends by law : now, if you would do us the favour to procure a warrant to bring him afore your master, you shall be well considered, I assure you, sir.

31

Brai. Sir, you know my service is my living ; such favours as these, gotten of my master, is his only preferment, and therefore you must consider me as I may make benefit of my place.

35

Mat. How is that, sir ?

Brai. Faith, sir, the thing is extraordinary, and the gentleman may be of great account ; yet, be he what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of angels in my hand, you shall have it, otherwise not.

40

Mat. How shall we do, captain ? he asks a brace of angels, you have no money ?

Bob. Not a cross, by fortune.

Mat. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but twopence left of my two shillings in the morning for wine and radish : let's find him some pawn.

46

Bob. Pawn ? we have none to the value of his demand.

Mat. O, yes ; I'll pawn this jewel in my ear, and you may pawn your silk stockings, and pull up your boots, they will ne'er be mist : it must be done now.

50

Bob. Well, an there be no remedy, I'll step aside and pull them off.

[*Withdraws.*]

Mat. Do you hear, sir? we have no store of money at this time, but you shall have good pawns; look you, sir, this jewel, and that gentleman's silk stockings; because we would have it dispatch'd ere we went to our chambers. 56

Brai. I am content, sir; I will get you the warrant presently. What's his name, say you? Downright?

Mat. Ay, ay, George Downright.

Brai. What manner of man is he? 60

Mat. A tall big man, sir; he goes in a cloak most commonly of silk-russet, laid about with russet lace.

Brai. 'Tis very good, sir.

Mat. Here, sir, here's my jewel.

Bob. [*Returning*] And here are stockings. 65

Brai. Well, gentlemen, I'll procure you this warrant presently; but who will you have to serve it?

Mat. That's true, captain: that must be considered.

Bob. Body o' me, I know not! 'tis service of danger.

Brai. Why, you were best get one o' the varlets of the city, a serjeant: I'll appoint you one, if you please. 71

Mat. Will you, sir? why, we can wish no better.

Bob. We'll leave it to you, sir. [*Exeunt Bob. and Mat.*]

Brai. This is rare! Now will I go and pawn this cloak of the justice's man's at the broker's, for a varlet's suit, and be the varlet myself; and get either more pawns, or more money of Downright, for the arrest. [*Exit.* 76

SCENE VIII. *The Lane before Cob's House.*

Enter KNOWELL.

Know. Oh, here it is: I am glad I have found it now; Ho! who is within here?

Tib. [*Within*] I am within, sir; what's your pleasure?

Know. To know who is within beside yourself.

Tib. Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope? 5

Know. O, fear you the constable? then I doubt not, You have some guests within deserve that fear; I'll fetch him straight.

Enter TIB.

Tib. O' God's name, sir!

Know. Go to: come, tell me, is not young Knowell here?

Tib. Young Knowell? I know none such, sir, o' mine honesty. 10

Know. Your honesty? dame, it flies too lightly from you. There is no way but fetch the constable.

Tib. The constable? the man is mad, I think.

[Exit, and claps to the door.]

Enter Dame KITELY and CASH.

Cash. Ho ! who keeps house here ?

Know. O, this is the female copesmate of my son : 15
Now shall I meet him straight.

Dame K. Knock, Thomas, hard.

Cash. Ho, goodwife !

Re-enter TIB.

Tib. Why, what's the matter with you ?

Dame K. Why, woman, grieves it you to ope your door ?
Belike you get something, to keep it shut.

Tib. What mean these questions, pray ye ? 20

Dame K. So strange you make it ? is not my husband here ?

Know. Her husband !

Dame K. My tried husband, master Kately ?

Tib. I hope he needs not to be tried here.

Dame K. No, dame, he does it not for need, but pleasure.

Tib. Neither for need nor pleasure is he here. 25

Know. This is but a device to balk me withal :

Enter KITELY, muffled in his cloak.

Soft, who is this ? 'tis not my son, disguised ?

Dame K. *[Spies her husband, and runs to him]*

O, sir, have I forestall'd your honest market ?

Found your close walks ? You stand amazed now, do you ?
I'faith, I am glad I have smok'd you yet at last. 30

What is your jewel, trow ? In, come, let's see her ;

Fetch forth your housewife, dame ; if she be fairer,

In any honest judgment, than myself,

I'll be content with it : but she is change,

She feeds you fat, she soothes your appetite, 35

And you are well ? your wife, an honest woman,

Is meat twice sod to you, sir ? O, you treachour !

Know. She cannot counterfeit thus palpably.

Kit. Out on thy more than strumpet's impudence !
Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts ? and have I taken 40
Thy bawd and thee, and thy companion,
This hoary-headed lecher, this old goat,

[*Pointing to old Knowell*

Close at your villainy, and would'st thou 'scuse it
With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me ?
O, old incontinent, [*To Knowell*] dost thou not shame, 45
When all thy powers in chastity are spent,
To have a mind so hot ? and to entice,
And feed the enticements of a lustful woman ?

Dame K. Out, I defy thee, I, dissembling wretch !

Kit. Defy me, strumpet ? Ask thy pander here, 50
Can he deny it ? or that wicked elder ?

Know. Why, hear you, sir.

Kit. Tut, tut, tut ; never speak :
Thy guilty conscience will discover thee.

Know. What lunacy is this, that haunts this man ?

Kit. Well, good wife BA'D, Cob's wife ; and you, 55
That make your husband such a hoddy-doddy ;
And you, young apple-squire ; and old cuckold-maker ;
I'll have you every one before a justice :

Nay, you shall answer it, I charge you go.

Know. Marry, with all my heart, sir, I go willingly ; 60
Though I do taste this as a trick put on me,
To punish my impertinent search ; and justly ;
And half forgive my son for the device.

Kit. Come, will you go ?

Dame K. Go ? to thy shame, believe it.

Enter COB.

Cob. Why, what's the matter here ? what's here to do ? 65

Kit. O, Cob, art thou come ? I have been abused,
And in thy house ; never was man so wrong'd !

Cob. 'Slid, in my house, my master Kitley ? who wrongs
you in my house ?

Kit. Marry, young lust in old, and old in young, here : 70
Thy wife's their bawd, here have I taken 'em.

Cob. How ? bawd ? is my house come to that ? Am I
preferr'd thither ? Did I not charge you to keep your doors
shut, Isabel ? and—you let 'em lie open for all comers ?

[*Beats his wife.*

Know. Friend, know some cause, before thou beat'st thy wife. 75
This is madness, in thee.

Cob. Why, is there no cause?

Kit. Yes, I'll shew cause before the justice, Cob:
Come, let her go with me.

Cob. Nay, she shall go. 78

Tib. Nay, I will go. I'll see an you may be allowed to make a bundle of hemp of your right and lawful wife thus, at every cuckoldy knave's pleasure. Why do you not go?

Kit. A bitter quean! Come, we'll have you tamed.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. A Street.

Enter BRAINWORM, disguised as a City Serjeant.

Brai. Well, of all my disguises yet, now am I most like myself, being in this serjeant's gown. A man of my present profession never counterfeits, till he lays hold upon a debtor, and says, he 'rests him; for then he brings him to all manner of unrest. A kind of little kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace, made like a young artichoke, that always carries pepper and salt in itself. Well, I know not what danger I undergo by this exploit; pray Heaven I come well off!

Enter MATHEW and BOBADILL.

Mat. See, I think, yonder is the varlet, by his gown. 10

Bob. Let's go in quest of him.

Mat. 'Save you, friend? are not you here by appointment of justice Clement's man?

Brai. Yes, an't please you, sir; he told me, two gentlemen had will'd him to procure a warrant from his master (which I have about me) to be served on one Downright. 16

Mat. It is honestly done of you both; and see where the party comes you must arrest; serve it upon him quickly, afore he be aware—

Bob. Bear back, master Mathew. 20

Enter STEPHEN in DOWNRIGHT'S cloak.

Brai. Master Downright, I arrest you in the queen's name, and must carry you afore a justice by virtue of this warrant.

Step. Me, friend? I am no Downright, I; I am master Stephen: You do not well to arrest me, I tell you, truly; I am in nobody's bonds nor books, I would you should know it. A plague on you heartily, for making me thus afraid afore my time!

Brai. Why, now you are deceived, gentlemen?

Bob. He wears such a cloak, and that deceived us: but see, here a' comes indeed! this is he, officer. 30

Enter DOWNRIGHT.

Dow. Why how now, signior gull! are you turn'd filcher of late! Come, deliver my cloak.

Step. Your cloak, sir? I bought it, even now, in open market.

Brai. Master Downright, I have a warrant I must serve upon you, procured by these two gentlemen. 36

Dow. These gentlemen? these rascals!

[Offers to beat them.]

Brai. Keep the peace, I charge you, in her majesty's name.

Dow. I obey thee. What must I do, officer?

Brai. Go before master justice Clement, to answer what they can object against you, sir: I will use you kindly, sir. 41

Mat. Come, let's before, and make the justice, captain—

Bob. The varlet's a tall man, afore heaven!

[Exeunt Bob. and Mat.]

Dow. Gull, you'll give me my cloak?

Step. Sir, I bought it, and I'll keep it. 45

Dow. You will?

Step. Ay, that I will.

Dow. Officer, there's thy fee, arrest him.

Brai. Master Stephen, I must arrest you.

Step. Arrest me! I scorn it. There, take your cloak, I'll none on't. 51

Dow. Nay, that shall not serve your turn now, sir. Officer, I'll go with thee to the justice's; bring him along.

Step. Why, is not here your cloak? what would you have?

Dow. I'll have you answer it, sir. 55

Brai. Sir, I'll take your word, and this gentleman's too, for his appearance.

Dow. I'll have no words taken: bring him along.

Brai. Sir, I may choose to do that; I may take bail.

Dow. 'Tis true, you may take bail, and choose; at another time; but you shall not, now, varlet: bring him along, or I'll swinge you. 62

Brai. Sir, I pity the gentleman's case: here's your money again.

Dow. 'Sdeins, tell not me of my money; bring him away, I say. 66

Brai. I warrant you he will go with you of himself, sir.

Dow. Yet more ado?

Brai. I have made a fair mash on't. [Aside. 70

Step. Must I go?

Brai. I know no remedy, master Stephen.

Dow. Come along, afore me, here; I do not love your hanging look behind.

Step. Why, sir, I hope you cannot hang me for it: can he fellow? 75

Brai. I think not, sir; it is but a whipping matter, sure!

Step. Why then, let him do his worst, I am resolute.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V

SCENE I. *Coleman Street. A Hall in Justice Clement's House.*

Enter CLEMENT, KNOWELL, KITELY, Dame K., TIB, CASH, COB, and Servants.

Clem. Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave: my chair, sirrah. You, master Knowell, say you went thither to meet your son?

Know. Ay, sir.

Clem. But who directed you thither? 5

Know. That did mine own man, sir.

Clem. Where is he?

Know. Nay, I know not, now; I left him with your clerk, and appointed him to stay here for me.

Clem. My clerk? about what time was this? 10

Know. Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

Clem. And what time came my man with the false message to you, master Kitley?

Kit. After two, sir.

Clem. Very good: but, mistress Kitley, how chance that you were at Cob's, ha? 16

Dame K. An't please you, sir, I'll tell you: my brother Wellbred told me, that Cob's house was a suspected place—

Clem. So it appears, methinks: but on.

Dame K. And that my husband used thither, daily. 20

Clem. No matter, so he used himself well, mistress.

Dame K. True, sir: but you know what grows by such haunts oftentimes.

Clem. I see rank fruits of a jealous brain, mistress Kitley: but did you find your husband there, in that case, as you suspected? 26

Kit. I found her there, sir.

Clem. Did you, so? that alters the case. Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there?

Kit. Marry, that did my brother Wellbred. 30

Clem. How? Wellbred first tell her? then tell you after? Where is Wellbred?

Kit. Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

Clem. Why this is a mere trick, a device; you are gull'd in this most grossly, all! Alas, poor wench! wert thou beaten for this? 36

Tib. Yes, most pitifully, an't please you.

Cob. And worthily, I hope, if it shall prove so.

Clem. Ay, that's like, and a piece of a sentence.—

Enter a Servant.

How now, sir! what's the matter? 40

Serv. Sir, there's a gentleman in the court, without, desires to speak with your worship.

Clem. A gentleman? what is he?

Serv. A soldier, sir, he says. 44

Clem. A soldier? take down my armour, my sword, quickly. A soldier speak with me! Why, when, knaves? Come on, come on; [*Arms himself.*] hold my cap there, so; give me my gorget, my sword: stand by, I will end your matters anon.—Let the soldier enter. [*Exit Servant.*]

Enter BOBADILL, followed by MATHEW.

Now, sir, what have you to say to me? 50

Bob. By your worship's favour—

Clem. Nay, keep out, sir; I know not your pretence. You send me word, sir, you are a soldier: why, sir, you shall be answer'd here: here be them that have been amongst soldiers. Sir, your pleasure. 55

Bob. Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman and myself have been most uncivilly wrong'd and beaten by one Downright, a coarse fellow, about the town here; and for mine own part, I protest, being a man in no sort given to this filthy humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted me in the way of my peace, despoiled me of mine honour, disarmed me of my weapons, and rudely laid me along in the open streets, when I not so much as once offered to resist him.

Clem. O, God's precious! is this the soldier? Here, take my armour off quickly, 'twill make him swoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on't, that will put up a blow. 66

Mat. An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

Clem. Why, an he were, sir, his hands were not bound, were they?

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. There's one of the varlets of the city, sir, has brought two gentlemen here; one, upon your worship's warrant. 71

Clem. My warrant?

Serv. Yes, sir; the officer says, procured by these two.

Clem. Bid him come in. [*Exit Servant.*] Set by this picture.

Enter DOWNRIGHT, STEPHEN, and BRAINWORM, disguised as before.

What, Master Downright! are you brought in at Mr. Fresh-water's suit here? 77

Dow. I'faith, sir, and here's another brought at my suit.

Clem. What are you, sir?

Step. A gentleman, sir. O, uncle! -80

Clem. Uncle? who? Master Knowell?

Know. Ay, sir; this is a wise kinsman of mine.

Step. God's my witness, uncle, I am wrong'd here monstrously, he charges me with stealing of his cloak, and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the street by chance.

Dow. O, did you find it, now? You said you bought it, ere-while. 87

Step. And you said, I stole it: nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

Clem. Well, let this breathe awhile. You that have cause to complain there, stand forth: Had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension? 92

Bob. Ay, an't please your worship.

Clem. Nay, do not speak in passion so: where had you it?

Bob. Of your clerk, sir. 95

Clem. That's well! an my clerk can make warrants, and my hand not at 'em! Where is the warrant?—officer, have you it?

Brai. No, sir; your worship's man, Master Formal, bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

Clem. Why, Master Downright, are you such a novice, to be served and never see the warrant? 102

Dow. Sir, he did not serve it on me.

Clem. No? how then?

Dow. Marry, sir, he came to me, and said he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so— 106

Clem. O, God's pity, was it so, sir? *He must serve it!* Give me my long sword there, and help me off; so—come on, sir varlet, I *must* cut off your legs, sirrah; [*Brainworm kneels.*] nay, stand up, *I'll use you kindly*; I *must* cut off your legs, I say. [*Flourishes over him with his long sword.*]

Brai. O, good sir, I beseech you; nay, good master justice!

Clem. I must do it, there is no remedy; I *must* cut off your legs, sirrah, I *must* cut off your ears, you rascal, I must do it: I *must* cut off your nose, I *must* cut off your head. 115

Brai. O, good your worship!

Clem. Well, rise; how dost thou do now? dost thou feel thyself well? hast thou no harm?

Brai. No, I thank your good worship, sir. 119

Clem. Why, so! I said I must cut off thy legs, and I must cut off thy arms, and I must cut off thy head; but I did not do it: so you said you must serve this gentleman with my warrant, but you did not serve him. You knave, you slave, you rogue, do you say you *must*? sirrah, away with him to the jail; I'll teach you a trick for your *must*, sir. 125

Brai. Good sir, I beseech you, be good to me.

Clem. Tell him he shall to the jail; away with him, I say.

Brai. Nay, sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for committing more than this: I will not lose, by my travail, any grain of my fame, certain. [*Throws off his serjeant's gown.*]

Clem. How is this? 131

Know. My man Brainworm!

Step. O, yes, uncle; Brainworm has been with my cousin Edward and I, all this day.

Clem. I told you all there was some device. 135

Brai. Nay, excellent justice, since I have laid myself thus open to you, now stand strong for me; both with your sword and your balance.

Clem. Body o' me, a merry knave! give me a bowl of sack: if he belong to you, Master Knowell, I bespeak your patience.

Brai. That is it I have most need of; Sir, if you'll pardon me, only, I'll glory in all the rest of my exploits. 142

Know. Sir, you know I love not to have my favours come hard from me. You have your pardon, though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsel with my son, against me.

Brai. Yes, faith, I have, sir; though you retain'd me doubly this morning for yourself: first as Brainworm; after,

as Fitz-Sword. I was your reform'd soldier, sir. 'Twas I sent you to Cob's upon the errand without end. 149

Know. Is it possible? or that thou should'st disguise thy language so as I should not know thee?

Brai. O, sir, this has been the day of my metamorphosis. It is not that shape alone that I have run through to-day. I brought this gentleman, master Kately, a message too, in the form of master Justice's man here, to draw him out o' the way, as well as your worship, while master Wellbred might make a conveyance of mistress Bridget to my young master.

Kit. How! my sister stolen away?

Know. My son is not married, I hope! 160

Brai. Faith, sir, they are both as sure as love, a priest, and three thousand pound, which is her portion, can make 'em; and by this time are ready to bespeak their wedding-supper at the Windmill, except some friend here prevent 'em, and invite 'em home. 165

Clem. Marry, that will I; I thank thee for putting me in mind on't. Sirrah, go you and fetch 'em hither, upon my warrant. [*Exit Servant.*] Neither's friends have cause to be sorry, if I know the young couple aright. Here, I drink to thee for thy good news. But I pray thee, what hast thou done with my man, Formal? 171

Brai. Faith, sir, after some ceremony past, as making him drunk, first with story, and then with wine, (but all in kindness,) and stripping him to his shirt, I left him in that cool vein; departed, sold your worship's warrant to these two, pawn'd his livery for that varlet's gown, to serve it in; and thus have brought myself by my activity to your worship's consideration. 178

Clem. And I will consider thee in another cup of sack. Here's to thee, which having drunk off, this my sentence: Pledge me. Thou hast done, or assisted to nothing, in my judgment, but deserves to be pardon'd for the wit o' the offence. If thy master, or any man here, be angry with thee, I shall suspect his ingine, while I know him, for't. How now, what noise is that? 185

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, it is Roger is come home.

Clem. Bring him in, bring him in.

Enter FORMAL in a suit of armour.

What! drunk? in arms against me? your reason, your reason for this?

Form. I beseech your worship to pardon me; I happened into ill company by chance, that cast me into a sleep, and stript me of all my clothes.— 192

Clem. Well, tell him I am Justice Clement, and do pardon him: but what is this to your armour? what may that signify? 195

Form. An't please you, sir, it hung up in the room where I was stript; and I borrow'd it of one of the drawers to come home in, because I was loath to do penance through the street i' my shirt.

Clem. Well, stand by a while. 200

Enter E. KNOWELL, WELLBRED, and BRIDGET.

Who be these? O, the young company; welcome, welcome! Gi' you joy. Nay, mistress Bridget, blush not; you are not so fresh a bride, but the news of it is come hither afore you. Master bridegroom, I have made your peace, give me your hand: so will I for all the rest, ere you forsake my roof.

E. Know. We are the more bound to your humanity, sir.

Clem. Only these two have so little of man in 'em, they are no part of my care. 208

Wel. Yes, sir, let me pray you for this gentleman, he belongs to my sister, the bride.

Clem. In what place, sir?

Wel. Of her delight, sir, below the stairs, and in public—her poet, sir.

Clem. A poet? I will challenge him myself, presently, at extempore;— 215

Mount up thy Phlegon, Muse, and testify;

How Saturn, sitting in an ebon cloud,

Disrobed his podex, white as ivory,

And through the welkin thunder'd all aloud. 219

Wel. He is not for extempore, sir: he is all for the pocket muse; please you command a sight of it.

Clem. Yes, yes, search him for a taste of his vein.

[They search Mathew's pockets.]

Wel. You must not deny the queen's justice, sir, under a writ o' rebellion. 224

Clem. What ! all this verse ? body o' me, he carries a whole realm, a commonwealth of paper, in's hose : let us see some of his subjects. [Reads.]

Unto the boundless ocean of thy face,

Runs this poor river, charg'd with streams of eyes.

How ? this is stolen ! 230

E. Know. A parody ! a parody ! with a kind of miraculous gift, to make it absurder than it was.

Clem. Is all the rest of this batch ? bring me a torch ; lay it together, and give fire. Cleanse the air. [Sets the papers on fire.] Here was enough to have infected the whole city, if it had not been taken in time. See, see, how our poet's glory shines ! brighter and brighter ! still it increases ! O, now it is at the highest ; and now it declines as fast. You may see, *sic transit gloria mundi* ! 239

Know. There's an emblem for you, son, and your studies.

Clem. Nay, no speech or act of mine be drawn against such as profess it worthily. They are not born every year, as an alderman. There goes more to the making of a good poet, than a sheriff. Master Kitely, you look upon me !—though I live in the city here, amongst you, I will do more reverence to him, when I meet him, than I will to the mayor out of his year. But these paper-pedlars ! these ink-dabblers ! they cannot expect reprehension or reproach ; they have it with the fact. 249

E. Know. Sir, you have saved me the labour of a defence.

Clem. It shall be discourse for supper between your father and me, if he dare undertake me. But to dispatch away these ; you, sign o' the soldier, and picture of the poet, (but both so false, I will not have you hanged out at my door till midnight), while we are at supper, you two shall penitently fast it out in my court without ; and, if you will, you may pray there that we may be so merry within as to forgive or forget you when we come out. Here's a third, because we tender your safety, shall watch you, he is provided for the purpose. Look to your charge, sir. 260

Step. And what shall I do ?

Clem. O ! I had lost a sheep an he had not bleated ! why, sir, you shall give master Downright his cloak ; and I will intreat him to take it. A trencher and a napkin you shall have in the buttery, and keep Cob and his wife company

here; whom I will intreat first to be reconciled; and you to endeavour with your wit to keep 'em so. 267

Step. I'll do my best.

Cob. Why, now I see thou art honest, Tib, I receive thee as my dear and mortal wife again. 270

Tib. And I you, as my loving and obedient husband.

Clem. Good compliment! It will be their bridal night too. They are married anew. Come, I conjure the rest to put off all discontent. You, master Downright, your anger; you, master Knowell, your cares; Master Kitley and his wife, their jealousy. 276

For, I must tell you both, while that is fed,
Horns i' the mind are worse than o' the head.

Kit. Sir, thus they go from me; kiss me, sweetheart.

See what a drove of horns fly in the air, 280

Wing'd with my cleansed and my credulous breath!

Watch 'em, suspicious eyes, watch where they fall.

See, see! on heads that think they have none at all!

O, what a plenteous world of this will come!

When air rains horns, all may be sure of some. 285

I have learn'd so much verse out of a jealous man's part in a play.

Clem. 'Tis well, 'tis well! This night we'll dedicate to friendship, love, and laughter. Master bridegroom, take your bride and lead; every one, a fellow. Here is my mistress, Brainworm! to whom all my addresses of courtship shall have their reference: whose adventures this day, when our grandchildren shall hear to be made a fable, I doubt not but it shall find both spectators and applause. [Exeunt.

NOTES

P. 1. Master Camden: Jonson showed his gratitude to his old master more than once: in his *Epigrams* (No. 14), he says: *Camden! most reverend head, to whom I owe, All that I am in arts, all that I know.* Jonson was probably the first to "dedicate" in plays; if so, it speaks all the more for his admiration of Camden.

Clarencieux: "One of the three kings of arms, and the second highest officer of the Herald's College." Camden was appointed to this office in 1597.

crying down of Poetry: Jonson's preoccupation with the claims of poetry is observable elsewhere in the play, in particular in the long speech defending it made by young Knowell in the *Quarto* but omitted from the revised version. This omission is significant; the usual reason given is that the passage was too "romantic" for Jonson's maturer taste; that this is not so is seen in another product of his "maturer taste"—his prose *Discoveries*, where he speaks in a similar strain. Indeed, he was always ready to defend his chosen profession and felt no reason to apologise for being a poet and a dramatist, as was customary. A possible reason is that the speech is dramatically irrelevant; a likely suggestion is that he noticed, on coming to revise his early work, that there was a tiro's tendency to "protest too much," and that this could be obviated by omitting that passage where the warmth appeared most noticeably. The reader does notice a certain *personal* feeling in these allusions to poetry (in general—not so much in the "Matthew" business) that is unusual in the prevailing "objectivity" of his drama.

It is a frail . . . the first: he had, it appears, written plays before, but they had been unsuccessful. There is a legend that this play, too, would not have been accepted for production had not Shakespeare championed it. He complains here of lack of previous favour.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Knowell: Jonson spelt it Kno'well to indicate its components—Know Well. Jonson's names usually indicate the particular trait of character, or attitude of mind, which he stresses for the purposes of his drama. In the case of old Knowell, a more apposite name would perhaps be "Know-Too-Well." Compare Justice Over-do in *Bartholomew Fair*, who has a somewhat similar rôle. The father who tries to interfere with his son's habits, and is made to look ludicrous by the son and his companion(s), is a feature of Roman comedy; Jonson, however, makes the "guying" more merciful, and treats the father-son relationship more genially.

Brainworm: the intriguing servant who is the mainspring of the plot was another feature of the *New Comedy* of the ancients: Brainworm is perhaps the closest related to Latin comedy of all the characters in the play. The type rôle involved frequent disguises and a sudden

unravelling of the plot at the end: this is obviously Brainworm's rôle. The fact that Burbage almost certainly took this part indicates that Brainworm's ingenious twistings and turnings were meant to have an importance and an appeal to contemporaries that we can no longer accept. There is little in him on which we can lay hold; he exists only as a motivator; his slippery rôle is his sole characteristic: Justice Clement is greatly taken by him, and so, we must take it, is the author, who in later and greater plays, nearly always let his rogues off leniently, provided he has allowed them enough cunning. However, the name *Brainworm* indicates a critical attitude on its creator's part; it suggests a person who has a worm in the brain that will not rest from wriggling, and so keeps its owner perpetually in a similar state, and it must not be forgotten that even this clever pet serpent finally swallows more than he can digest; *i.e.* he shares in the fate common to most of the characters—he over-reaches himself. Gifford, that great champion of Jonson against all detractors, notes rather dryly that "Brainworm is evidently a favourite of his author," and goes on to give duly qualified praise: "He is sufficiently amusing, and his transformations contribute very naturally to the perplexity of the scene." For "contribute to" it would be more accurate to substitute "create." He is, however meant to be roguish, rather than a rogue: he is genial enough.

Downright: Jonson's attitude is, on the whole, critical. Downright is annoyed by cant to a bluntness that is meant to appear rough and uncivilised by comparison with the genteel amusement aroused by it in Wellbred and to Knowell. But the mark of the barbarian (in Jonson's eyes) is set on him because he does not like poetry, good or bad. He speaks in proverbs—this is an additional "humour" thrown in, but it suits him. Although he hates all word-spinning, he is himself the victim of Brainworm's, as the merry Justice points out scornfully.

Kitely: If the name is associated with *kite*, it ought to indicate avarice. But Kitely is not primarily a figure of greed. There is a dialect word *hittle* (*hittly*), meaning "ticklish," and so, metaphorically, "touchy," "hard to deal with." These words describe Kitely, but without revealing the *cause* of his irritability—*viz.* his jealousy.

Bobadill: Bobadilla was a common Spanish name. After Jonson's use of it, it was soon adopted by others, to signify a braggart. Bobadill, however, is something more than the *Boasting Soldier* of Latin comedy, as Gifford pointed out: "Bobadill has never been well understood, and therefore is too lightly estimated: because he is a boaster and a coward, he is cursorily dismissed as a mere copy of the ancient bully, or what is infinitely more ridiculous, of Pistol, but Bobadill is a creature *sui generis*, and perfectly original. The soldier of Greek comedy—had not many traits in common with Bobadill. Pyrgapolonices, and other captains with hard names, are usually wealthy—but Bobadill is poor. . . . They are profligate and luxurious, but Bobadill is stained with no inordinate vice, and is besides so frugal that "a bunch of radishes and a pipe to close the orifice of his stomach," satisfy all his wants. Add to this, that the vanity of the ancient soldier is accompanied with such deplorable stupidity, that all temptation to mirth is taken away; whereas Bobadill is really amusing. His gravity, which is of the most inflexible nature, contrasts admirably with the

situations into which he is thrown; and though beaten, baffled, and disgraced, he never so far forgets himself as to aid in his own discomfiture. He has no soliloquies like . . . Parolles, to betray his real character, and expose himself to unnecessary contempt; nor does he break through the decorum of the scene in a single instance. He is also an admirer of poetry, and seems to have a pretty taste for criticism, though his reading does not appear very extensive, and his decisions are usually made with somewhat too much promptitude. In a word, Bobadill has many distinguishing traits . . . These "many distinguishing traits" which Gifford so admirably points out at least reveal the folly of assuming that any one "humour" sums up all we feel about Bobadill. He is a genuine creation (*sui generis*), and some critics have suggested that he is more akin to the *three-dimensional* drawing of Shakespeare's method, than to the deliberately "flat" *two-dimensional* Jonsonian method. But if so, he is more related to Sir Andrew Aguecheek than to Parolles (of *All's Well that Ends Well*), who, as Gifford points out, recognises his own "faults" and determines to make them useful to himself. But Bobadill, like Sir Andrew, has an impenetrably stupid self-conceit even in humiliation. He is not like Bottom, although they share the inability to see themselves as others see them, not only because Bottom is a cruder drawing but, because he is in a *major*, whereas Bobadill is in a *minor*, key. This is a convenient way of pointing out an important difference, a difference implicit in Gifford's comparison of Bobadill with the braggart soldier of the ancient comedy. The distinction is usefully pointed out in the *diminutive* ending (*-illa*) to his name. In any case, he is not a swaggerer like the bullying soldier of Plautus. While we are on this topic we can conveniently say here that Stephen and Matthew are also in a minor key. Another kinship they have with Bobadill is that, despite their affectations (theirs are, really, only "assumed" Humours), they are "incurables." The other "major-humoured" persons are *out* of their Humour by the time the play is over. This trio is not, and therefore does not share in the "merry old magistrate's" feast.

a Paul's Man: the central isle of St. Paul's was then a fashionable resort, and a place for business. Earle names the chief "inhabitants and possessions," *viz.* "stale knights, and captains out of service, men of long rapiers and breeches, which after all turn merchants here, and traffic for news. Some make it a preface to their dinner and travel for a stomach, but thriftier men make it their ordinary (restaurant) and board here very cheap." There are several of Bobadill's traits in this description.

a Country Gull: a gull was a dupe of any kind, but Jonson's day recognised several stock varieties, among which were the country gull and the town gull, the difference being, apparently, that the country gull aped the town gull. Hoxton was rural then.

Cob, a Water Bearer: in those days water was not "laid on," but was fetched from the conduits (= cisterns) and sold in "tankards" by poor labourers, usually called "Cobs."

Clement: the name signifies his Humour, but he has unpredictable oddities that make his clemency rather frightening to its "victims." In the *Quarto*, he was even more extravagantly irresponsible; Bobadill

and Matthew were to be caged and then pilloried; Brainworm, on the other hand, was to preside at the supper table in the Judge's own robes of office.

Scene—London: cf. Prologue to *The Alchemist*:

*Our Scene is London, 'cause we would make known
No country's mirth is better than our own. . . .*

In revising the play, Jonson transferred the action from Italy to London, thus enriching the play by more pointed allusions, and added countless local allusions to give more illusion of actuality.

PROLOGUE

The prologue does not appear in the *Quarto*; it is not so much an introduction to his first important play as a resumé of his practice over a number of years—a manifesto, but made after mature deliberations. It is based primarily on Sidney, then on the Renaissance critic Heinsius (whom Jonson draws on a good deal in his *Discoveries*), and, ultimately, on Aristotle. It is both an attack on the native growth of Romantic comedy, and a positive formulation of his own theory and practice of comedy. There is no explicit mention of Humours in it, such as one would expect if it had been contemporary with the first production of the play, and such as is found in the introduction to the next Humours play—*Every Man Out of His Humour*. The omission is significant; Jonson's great plays are not really Humorous plays at all; as is suggested elsewhere, he "exploited" the Humours for self-advertisement, and, when they had served his turn by calling public attention to his work, he quickly allowed them to drop out of his theory and practice, until, in some of the "plays of his dotage" (Dryden), he revived them in a bid, this time unsuccessful, to capture his lost market by the obsolete advertisement methods of his youth. It is true that in the Induction to *The Magnetic Lady* (the last of such plays), he says "The author beginning his studies of this kind with *Every Man In His Humour*, and after, *Every Man Out of His Humour*; and since, continuing in all his plays, especially those of the comic thread, whereof the *New Inn* was the last . . . finding himself now near the close, and shutting up his circle . . .," but it will be noted that he mentions specifically only those plays which we would agree to call Humours plays. In the great plays the strict Humours conception is soon outgrown, and yet the general run of criticism fails to distinguish this:—"He had yielded himself to the tyranny of an idea and professed to be happy, chiefly because the bondage was of his own making" (Gregory Smith). Jonson is, of course, largely responsible for this; he was as assiduous a self-advertiser as could be, but the weightiness of his propaganda seems to have taken in most of his critics, who have taken him unsuspectingly at his own word and praised or condemned accordingly, instead of allowing for motives behind the propaganda. For instance—to return to the matter in hand—although this *Prologue* does not mention Humours, editors will discover them somewhere: e.g. "it contains Jonson's explicit program for 'humor-comedy'." It does not: one is not forced to "sport with human follies" via the Humours,

This preliminary warning is a necessary corrective to the general attitude, which is unjust to his greater works if only by throwing into undue prominence his Humours plays, none of which is of first importance. Moreover, as we have seen, it finds Humours everywhere, like Sir Thomas Browne pursuing the quincunx. Gifford (who, by the way, makes little fuss about the Humours) had to defend Jonson from his previous critics; the duty now is to defend him from his misunderstanders and misreaders.

7. To make a child . . . doth come: cf. Sidney's *Apology for Poetry*: "For where the stage should always represent but one place, and the uttermost time presupposed in it should be, both by Aristotle's precept and common reason, but one day, there is both many days and many places, inartificially imagined. But if it be so in *Gorboduc*, how much more in all the rest, where you shall have Asia of one side, and Africa of the other, and so many other under-kingdoms, that the player, when he cometh in, must even begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived? Now ye shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by we hear news of shipwreck in the same place, and then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster, with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave. While in the meantime two armies fly in, represented with four swords and hecklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field? Now, of time they are much more liberal, for ordinary it is that two young princes fall in love. After many traverses, she is got with child, delivered of a fair boy; he is lost, groweth a man, falls in love, and is ready to get another child; and all this in two hours' space." Others besides Sidney had objected to this romantic license, and had had no effect on stage practice. But Jonson's often-repeated denunciation had, both in his own age and the next.

10. foot . . . words: Horace's *sesquipedalia verba*; Jonson presumably means *foot-and-a-half* words: i.e. bombast. There is a good deal of rhetoric in Shakespeare's earlier histories, but nothing that corresponds exactly to Jonson's phrases.

11. Fight over York . . . jars: probably refers to Shakespeare's plays on the Wars of the Roses, beginning with *Henry VI*. It will be noted that Jonson and Sidney are attacking the whole corpus of contemporary drama, not merely the comedy. It is only when Jonson is defining his own theory that he confines himself to comedy.

12. bring wounds to scars: after the play is over, in the dressing room the players clean off their painted wounds as well as they can. Jonson may mean real scars, which the actors had turned to advantage by enlarging them by make-up into wounds, or he may mean that the wiped-off "wounds" left smears that could, by contrast, be called scars.

14. One such . . . be: Jonson is never reticent about claiming perfection for himself. In his next Humours play he has a "spectator" to reveal its merits, scene by scene.

15. chorus . . . seas: the play we at once think of is *Henry V*, where, however, Shakespeare is apologetic about having to use the

device. Gifford would indignantly deny that Shakespeare is meant; "Of this (device) a hundred examples lie before me"; he was always concerned to protect Jonson from the still-common accusation of envy against Shakespeare. It is, of course, true that the common ignorance of the rest of Elizabethan drama makes the references *appear* to narrow themselves down to the instances we are likely to know—i.e. those in Shakespeare, whereas there may be "a hundred examples" not lying before us. The chorus was sometimes used with dumb show—apparently to make the "wafting" more actual.

16. *creaking throne*: Gifford quotes the epilogue to the *Scholar*: *First for the gallery—in which the throne To their amazement shall descend alone.*

17. *nimble squib*: Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* had enough of these: they were probably on a larger scale than the modern firework. One would imagine these would "please the boys" even more than the descending throne.

17-18. *to make . . . gentlewomen*: cf. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III, Sc. i: *First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide . . . Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?* etc.

18. *roll'd bullet*: here a cannon ball, rolled along the floor, off-stage.

21-18. *But deeds . . . no less*: cf. Sidney's *Apology*: "that the Comedy is an imitation of the common errors of our life, which he (the poet) representeth in the most ridiculous and scornful sort that may be, so as it is impossible that any beholder can be content to be such a one. Now, as in Geometry the oblique must be known as well as the right, and in Arithmetic the odd as well as the even, so in the actions of our life who seeth not the filthiness of evil wanteth a great foil to perceive the beauty of virtue. This doth the Comedy handle so our private and domestical matters, as with hearing it we get as it were an experience, what is to be looked for of a niggardly Demea (a 'heavy father'), of a crafty Davus (a slave), of a flattering Gnatho (a parasite and flatterer), of a vainglorious Thraso (a braggart captain: all these references are to Terence); and not only to know what effects are to be expected, but to know who be such, by a signifying badge given them by the comedian. And little reason hath any man to say that men learn evil by seeing it so set out; since, as I said before, there is no man living but, by the force truth hath in nature, no sooner seeth these men play their parts, but wisheth them in *pistrinum* (mill, used as a place of punishment for criminal slaves): although perchance the sack of his own faults lie so behind his back that he seeth not himself dance the same measure; whereto yet nothing can more open his eyes than to find his own actions contemptibly set forth." Sidney was claiming a novel function for comedy (not for its *abuse* as he is careful to point out) against the puritanical attack of Gosson. It is significant of the growing power of the Puritan attitude that Jonson should still need to restate this position in 1610, or whenever the *Prologue* was written. He, too, defends only *his* type of comedy, and not the "monsters." It is queer that the Romantic comedians, whom both Sidney and Jonson disclaim, should have felt no need to defend their "position," whereas Jonson, who claimed a moral aim, did.

23. image of the times: In *Every Man Out of His Humour*, Jonson's apologist, Cordatus, quotes "Cicero's definition . . . who would have a comedy to be *imitatio vitae* (an imitation of life), *speculum consuetudinis* (mirror of the times), *imago veritas* (and an image of truth)."

24. Sport with . . . crimes: "This distinction is made expressly from the precept of Aristotle; who assigns . . . the ridiculous, as the immediate subject of comedy (*Poetics*. Sect. 5); but makes the crimes of men, as being of a more serious nature, the particular object of the tragic poet" (Whalley). But in the *Discoveries* (CLIX), he says: "The parts of a comedy are the same with a tragedy, and the end is partly the same; for they both delight and teach." Socrates also maintained that the genius of comedy was indistinguishable from that of tragedy. The "overlapping" is interesting, in view of the close connection between Jonson's tragic and comic practice: *Sejanus*, e.g. is a sort of "heightened" comedy, and in *Volpone*, e.g., "crimes" are involved as well as "follies."

After a certain point, a writer's theory about his own work may be misleading; for a correct perspective, it must be offset, by the reader's own impressions of that work. Let us, then, see what this *Prologue* amounts to. One could say that it advocated realism ("deeds and language such as men do use"), topicality ("image of the times"), and making fun of ("sporting") affectations and follies. Now let us consider our impressions of the play itself. All three of Jonson's requirements are obviously "included" in the play, but is the final impression one of realism? It depends on what one means by the word. The critics talk of Jonson's "realism," partly because he is full of topical references, and his method satirical (satire being usually based on real life). But a Jonson play is no more like "real life" than, in a different way, a poetic vision of life such as *Lear* is. It uses the materials of real life, but the world of the play is not that of the "real" world. This is obviously so, if only because Jonson's character drawing is deliberately "flat": he may hold the mirror up to the age, but we see only the flat image, not the age. One would have thought this was sufficiently clear, yet it has been left to Mr. T. S. Eliot (*Selected Essays*) to point out that the world of Jonson's plays is an unreal world which creates itself as it goes along: it has a life of its own, certainly, but the life is a condition of the nature of the play, and not of Nature. This is true even of an early experiment like the present play; far more so of the great plays of his maturity. "The play's the thing," and, less than, probably, from any other writer's, can one detach various aspects (plot, character, satire, etc.) from Jonson's plays, and examine them in isolation; every aspect, except such "extraneous" matters as topical references, etc., exists solely for the ends of the play and has no separate existence. This is the second warning note that the present editor considers necessary; as in the first, misunderstanding is likely to be due in the first place to Jonson's own stress on his dramatic theory. But what an author tells us about his work is not always important; the "residual" impression the work leaves on the reader or spectator is, in the ultimate analysis, the only basis for a critical evaluation.

30. *monsters*: possibly—"you have applauded plays which are monstrosities of art." But since the contrast is with "men" ("you... may like men"), the meaning ought to be, "characters who are monsters, not real men." If the "tempestuous drum" of this *Prologue* can refer to Shakespeare's *Tempest*, then we may have to take "monster" literally, and interpret an allusion to Caliban. Mr. Simpson thinks the *Prologue* (which first appeared in the *Folio* of 1616) was written as a sort of introduction to all his "English" plays; thus it must have been written during the years 1612-16, when, he thinks, Jonson was revising and editing his plays for the *Folio* collection. Gifford, however, will have none of such arguments and dates the *Prologue* as "probably" 1596. The *Tempest* was acted in November, 1611. Steevens, who, along with Malone, incurs Gifford's special wrath, says of the *Prologue*, "The whole... is a malicious sneer at Shakespeare." If so, so is Sidney's *Apology*, written in Shakespeare's youth (1580 or '81): he too (*see above*) has references to *monsters* and *shipwrecks*, etc. Jonson's monsters may be merely foals of Sidney's.

It remains to be said that the verse of the *Prologue* is masterly; each important word stands out hard and separate, in contrast to Shakespeare's, where the words fuse into a rich ambiguity. The rhythms are those of speech, and the verse flows according to the sense. Note, for example, how the stress is arranged to come down heavily on *should* in "as other plays *should* be." There is, on occasion, a felicitous incongruity arising from the antithetical phrasing (*e.g.* "that have so *graced monsters*"). As there is very little verse in this play (a fact which, to some extent, limits its intrinsic achievement), this is a convenient place to remark with Mr. Eliot that his verse "is of the surface without being superficial." We have reason to expect, therefore, a precision of statement, and we are not disappointed: indeed, brought up as most of us are on a century or so of Romantic poetry, in which the associations tend to be of feeling rather than of thought, we tend not to look for the precision of statement Jonson often provides: *e.g.* when he says that his play is "such... as other plays *should* be," he means, "in respect to the Unities," the lack of which in "others" he attacks below and above. But when he leaves the *structure* of comedy and discusses its *nature*; when he says: "deeds and language... And persons such as comedy *would* choose *when* she *would* shew... crimes," the "subjunctives" and the limiting "when" indicate precisely that he does not claim that *his* is the *only* type of comedy, but that his treatment is the correct one *if* one wishes to use that type of comedy. Thus his apparently-absolute "*should* be" is intelligently modified. Again, there is sometimes a word *e.g.* "jars" (which suggests the oblique impact of swords and armour, whereas "wars" is colourless), which strikes us vaguely as "poetically" effective; yet this one owes a good deal of its effect to its precise *shade* of meaning. We expect "wars," and are not entirely balked, for only the initial consonants differ: but, while thus suggesting wars (in the particular context, *i.e.*) "jars" also is more exact: the conflicts were "long" but they were sporadic, not continuous: "wars" would not suggest this, but "jars" does. This is a minor example, but should help to reveal the tough sinews of *sense* in his firm-fleshed, clear-outlined verse.

ACT I. SCENE I.

1. toward: "on the way." morning: Jonson is careful to confine his action to one day. "The clock ticks audibly in every act" (Simpson).

12. liberal . . . report: "if one can believe the kind things one hears in his praise."

13. both our Universities: this seems a typical little self-advertisement. Jonson was an honorary M.A. of both Oxford and Cambridge, as he told Drummond. The allusion is not in the *Quarto*, at the date of which he was not likely so to have been honoured: one's suspicions that it refers to himself are thereby heightened.

16. fond . . . err: this is old Knowell's Humour: he is suspicious of his son, in spite of his good fame. Also, he is too cock-sure that he himself "cannot err," and this later leads him into the trap which Jonson contrives so as to undeceive him.

17-22. Myself . . . knowledge: these lines are adapted from a passage in Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy*: *When I was young I gave my mind And plied myself to fruitless poetry: Which though it profit the professor nought Yet is it passing pleasing to the world.*

18. humour: Jonson here uses the word in the loose sense he elsewhere decries; viz. "whim," or "affectation."

19-25. idle poetry . . . learnings: this indictment of poetry is considerably more emphatic than in the *Quarto*. This does not mean that "time and truth" had made Jonson more convinced, but that he felt that the "case" against old Knowell needed strengthening, in order to make his later "punishment" more justifiable and, so, conforming to dramatic *decorum*. To make the "heavy father" decry what was, to Jonson, the highest of all "professions" (cf. the "professors" of l. 21), was, in his eyes, the most effective way of blackening him.

22. mistress of all knowledge: cf. Sidney's *Apology*: "Now therein of all Sciences . . . is our poet the monarch."

39. I lack nothing . . . by: "Master Stephen certainly began at the wrong end." Gifford goes on to say that "treatises on the 'noble science' of hawking were to be found on every stall." It is typical of Stephen's foolish attempts to be "knowing" that he should be suspected of going hawking out of season, in his ignorance of the sport.

44. they are more studied . . . Latin: the point of Jonson's satire is now apparent. Such unnecessary studies as these were more popular than the real studies Jonson had so much at heart. It is quite typical of Jonson's method that he could use a dupe as the vehicle of his satire. What Stephen says reveals his own silliness, but it is at the same time unconsciously satirical.

46. humdrum: usually an adjective; here is opposed to "gallant," above, and so can be rendered "country yokel"; Stephen is, in fact, characterising himself.

49. archers of Finsbury: "In 1498, all gardens which had continued time out of mind without Moorgate, to wit, about and beyond the lordship of Finsbury, were destroyed, and of them was made a plain field to shoot

in . . . (Stow). In Jonson's time, this was the usual resort of the plainer citizens . . . hence we may account for the indignation of Master Stephen at being suspected of such vulgarity" (Gifford).

50. a ducking . . . ponds: to "hunt" ducks with dogs on these ponds was a popular sport.

51. 'Slid: "God's lid," one of the "humdrum" oaths which are all that Stephen can achieve, until he meets Bobadill.

51-3. a gentleman . . . novice: Stephen's "character" appears in every line of his first speeches, and in particular here; his "gentility" was his (false) Humour, and his lack of it is revealed nowhere more effectively than in his desire not to be thought a "novice" in the ways of gallants. Once more he unconsciously hits on the very word that fits him. mun: "must"; still used in dialect.

54-61. You are . . . gentleman!: old Knowell here speaks in the manner of Downright. The difference between this angry denunciation and the humorous encouragement of the gulls by his son and his friend Wellbred, is noticeable: we are probably meant to feel that theirs is the "correct" procedure, and old Knowell's a "Humoured" one, typical of a testy, "heavy" father.

63. reclaim: "recalling a hawk." The metaphor is appropriate, since Stephen is about to waste his possessions on a hawk.

63-4. now you are . . . way: Stephen is, thus early, put out of his Humour, but he soon recovers, as we see from his treatment of the servant, below.

66-89. Learn to be wise . . . hold it: this "smacks" of Polonius' advice to Laertes: it was, in fact, an Elizabethan "set piece," dating probably, from *Euphues* (1579).

69. every foolish . . . humours you: the advice is general, but he may be thinking of his son's humouring of Stephen for his private amusement.

80. unsavoury snuff: Jonson uses this "unsavoury" but effective metaphor elsewhere. The snuff is the business end of the wick: it is, of course, really the liquid fat which is "unsavoury"—i.e. yields an offensive smell (see next line), when the blown flame heels over into it.

86-9. Nor stand . . . hold it: these four lines seem to have been suggested, as so often with Jonson, by a classical source, here Juvenal (*Eighth Satire*); but, just as often, it is given a particular "tang" by the concrete metaphors ("dead men's dust, and bones") and the "stripped-for-action" phrasing ("Except . . . hold it"), of its Englishing.

91. we do not . . . friend: Stephen, as Gifford and sequent editors point out, is reminded by the servant's "gentlemen," of his uncle's last piece of advice ("nor stand so much on your gentility"), which he meekly echoes, and then goes on, in all innocence, to boast, in naïve detail, of this same gentility! He is, as his uncle has said, "past hope of all reclaim."

96. as there's hope he will: Stephen has little regard for a father's feelings! Or it may be he is referring to his uncle himself ("cousin" was used to cover almost all relationships), since he was *Edward's* heir, if old Knowell should die. In which case the wish is even more insulting.

It is not in the *Quarto*; Jonson's additions show how a mature dramatist can wring every possible drop of humour out of a given situation, where the immature one will be content with a few hard squeezes. His revisions, too, usually are in the direction of greater force and concreteness. Stephen's boasting, apart from the "unkind" remark above, is rather like Slender's, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, or Silence's in *2 Henry IV*.

98. In good time: the servant says "I believe you," but Stephen suspects he is being ironical. The "choler" of his answer is well brought out by Jonson's prose: the short phrases leave space for the breathing pauses required by that defiance whose real name is timidity. The effect is exquisitely comical.

109-10. so you may sir . . . pleasure: the servant is politely ("at your pleasure") defiant.

111-12. an . . . ground: Stephen immediately finds an excuse, like Bobadill later on.

112-13. though I . . . in't: he certainly does not, since "gentility" would hardly condescend to challenge a mere servant.

114. will this . . . left: old Knowell has reason to repent having mentioned the unfortunate word. Stephen cannot leave it alone.

115. Whoreson . . . serving-man: recollecting his uncle's presence, he receives a sense of assurance in spite of the old man's disparagement, and flares out quite vigorously. He receives a similar impetus from the same queer source in V, i, where he is answering for his "found" cloak ("hey, now my uncle is here. I'll do well enough with you").

116. an 'twere not for shame: but he soon adds a "saving clause" —the "shame" referring to their difference in "gentility."

121. unseason'd: "out of season": i.e. "uncalled for": but no doubt Knowell also meant that Stephen was "green" (i.e. a gull, a "green-horn"). Knowell's outburst is too testy: he should have noticed how cautious Stephen's defiance really was: Knowell is too ready to make surface judgments, even when he realises he ought to know better. Thus Jonson preserves the propriety of his characters' Humours.

125. thou hast a kinsman's . . . me: "I am ashamed I am related to you." The line may also refer back comically to Stephen's unpleasant interest in his kinsman ("if my cousin die," etc.).

134-5. pray you courtesy . . . Ney pray you be covered: "now you have shown ('remembered') your good manners by removing your hat, please put it on again." Jonson is here, with one of his often-unnoticed touches that reveal his intense realisation of any situation, indicating the difference between Stephen's clownish lack of gentility, in spite of his good family, and this "mechanical servant's" *natural* good breeding. Knowell's phraseology was that of current etiquette: the first phrase is not, as appears, a rebuke. = "Remember your manners."

141. Old Jewry: the name was kept, although Jews no longer lived there.

157. frippery: second-hand clothes shop: probably Wellbred means: "even if you do think Jews still live here, come all the same, if only

to see the trash we have to sell; you cannot expect any better from a Jewish quarter."

157. change . . . smock: *i.e.* "we will do our best for you"—Wellbred continues the metaphor of the clothes shop:—*new lamps for old*.

164-5. codling . . . fruit for them: seems to mean nothing more than "hoarding up every single one of them to give the girls"—unless the kernels were thought as much of as the fruit. Apricots were then a highly-esteemed luxury: *cf.* Webster: *The Duchess of Malfi* (Act II, Sc. i). Thus the enormity of Wellbred's suggested disposal of the treasures becomes apparent.

166-7. Turkey company . . . Signior: the Company was founded in 1579 and received its charter in 1581. Costly presents were sent to the Grand Turk (Sultan), probably to gain English favour at his court, at the expense of other trading countries.

173-4. unconscionable . . . verdict: "as unreasonable as . . ." Complaints of the unfair verdicts were frequent.

176-7. The meaning is: "It might as well have come from the Bordello, etc., as from the Windmill." Knowell's language is strong—the witticism at his expense has stung him.

181. schools: of philosophy—as opposed to the *arts* of the previous line.

188. Hesperian dragon: "Ladon was the name of the dragon who, with the help of the sweet singing nymphs called the Hesperides, guarded the golden apples given by Ge to Hera on her marriage with Zeus" (Wheatley). That such a comparison suggests itself to old Knowell, even satirically, suggests he sets a high value on his fruit!

205. that were a jest indeed: Brainworm, as we see later, improves on this jest, on his own account. This remark is, as it were, Brainworm's *leit motif*, or "theme song"; he cannot resist an intrigue. The touch is slight but it shows Jonson's concern to paint his picture in thoroughly.

210. generous greyhound: "strong, courageous." but seems inappropriate, unless "generous" can mean "violent," "uncontrollable" ("full of race").

ACT I. SCENE II.

23. scanderbag: "Scanderbeg is the name which the Turks (in allusion to Alexander the Great), gave to the brave Castriot, chief of Albania, with whom they had continued wars. His life had just been translated from the French, by I. Gentleman (1596), and was sufficiently romantic to attract the notice of the public" (Gifford).

29. it's no boot: "The rage of punning has seized all the actors in this scene. It may tend, perhaps, to humble the pride of those who plume themselves on their dexterity in the noble art, to observe that Master Stephen is by far the most successful of the party in his attempts" (Gifford).

30. help to truss me: tagged laces used to connect breeches to doublets—a laborious procedure.

34. chosen . . . else: "or your anger may be your own ruin."

46. excellent good leg: Jonson has a queer genius for selecting particular objects and using them to reveal absurdities: here it is Stephen's leg on which exclusive attention is concentrated for a moment; later examples are stools, and posts, and doors.

49. Another time . . . serve: Stephen's condescending self-complacency is finely brought out here. He is quite unconscious of Brainworm's sly irony. This little interlude, which serves to allow Edward to read his letter, is beautifully "realised": Jonson is a master of absurdity. It links up smoothly with the recall to the chief business through Stephen's characteristic attempt to believe himself insulted by Knowell's laughter. It is not making too much of a trifle to draw attention to these tiny points of stagecraft: they reveal how close-knit Jonson's dramatic technique is; the whole is so splendidly "all of a piece"; industry was never better marshalled and concentrated on detail.

58. John Trundle: "... he was a printer who lived at the sign of the *Nobody* . . . in Barbican." He published weightier stuff than ballads, but apparently the latter were his speciality. Ballad singers were despised at that time.

72. Melancholy: "a penny for your thoughts" would not give the right *tone*; melancholia was the fashion, but, like most affectations, was an imitation of some genuine characteristic of the age. (cf. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*). Jonson satirises the affectation and not the real thing. The affectation was considered matter only for gallants, and we know that Stephen aspires to be a gallant. He is thus as proud as Punch at Edward's flattering question.

89-90. not to draw you . . . state: Jonson has a character, Sir Politic Would-Be, in *The Alchemist*, who sees "policy" in the most innocent and everyday incidents; there is no evidence, however, that Stephen is so "politically conscious" (he was too dull for that!), so Knowell's baiting here seems beside the point. He is, however, clearly trying to talk in Stephen's lingo, as his use of "I protest," an affectation, faithfully taken up by Stephen, indicates.

91-3. that's all one . . . leave you: Stephen misses the mockery in Edward's flattering solicitude and continues in the same strain of exaggerated assurance of esteem. An example of Jonson's making something solid out of silly nothings.

101. sorts: "set"; here = "rank." Stephen prides himself on his gentility; all this flattering reproof is nectar to him. The editors, who have all noted that *protest* was an affectation, omit to note that *turn* must have been considered low.

107-8. again . . . true: "in readiness for a festival." These vivid and homely metaphors are what make Jonson's prose so "weighted" and close-to-earth.

112. cyprus: "crape," in contrast to *lawn*. Probably from *Cyprus*, where fabrics were bought during the Crusades and after.

113. Drake's old ship: the *Golden Hind* became quite a holiday resort.

116. *idea*: used in its proper (Platonic) sense of *perfect example*.

119. *monster or miracle of Nature*: Stephen quite misses the sting in the tail of this encomium:—he is compared to one of those “quack” exhibitions of monsters which so enthralled the Elizabethans (cf. *Antolycus* in the *Winter's Tale*: *Here's another ballad of a fish*, etc.) and which still survive for less expectant audiences in the sideshows of fairs.

121-2. *proud . . . melancholy . . . gentlemanlike*: the three sheet-anchors of Stephen's existence. Stephen's tone is that of a man taking a vow.

126. *suburb humour*: as against the city Humours of which Wellbred's letter has informed him.

131. *Nay, an I must . . .*: Jonson makes even an *exceunt* yield humour that is in perfect *decorum*.

ACT I. SCENE III.

13. *the king of fish*: the story appears in Nashe's *Lenten Stufte*. “Briefly, a quarrel having arisen between the ‘landfowls and the fishes,’ the latter assembled ‘to select a king that might lead them into battle . . . none won the day but the herring whom all . . . saluted with *Vive le roi!* . . . and from that time to this he hath gone abroad with an army, and never stirs without it.’ . . . It is not improbable that this title was fondly conferred on the northern nations, in consequence of the immense advantage which they derived from the fishery; and in which our rivals the Dutch were at this time known to be very largely participating” (Gifford).

28. *Roger Bacon*: more famous as a necromancer (cf. Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*) than as the philosopher and scientist he really was.

29-30. *broiled . . . coals*: Bacon (c. 1214-c. 1294) died peacefully enough. Was Cob confusing the *Brazen Head* with *brazier*, as he had confused *Roger* with *Rasher*? the jokes would be equal in crudity.

32. *raw ignorance*: may refer either to Cob's inaccurate knowledge of the great Bacon, or to the possible attempt to talk “like a scholar” of “upsolve” (= “solve”).

44. *somewhat . . . it*: Mathew scorns Cob's bed as being unworthy of such a great man as Bobadill; Cob says that must account for the latter's refusal to go to bed on the preceding night.

45. *bed . . . bench*: the aliteration brings out Cob's sarcasm: the great man is resting on something even more unworthy than Cob's bed!

49. *cast better*: carrying on the allusion to dicing of the previous remark, and punning on “vomit.”

52. *swallowed . . . token*: slang for “getting drunk.” There was a shortage of small change at the time and tradesmen (and some innkeepers) were allowed to issue their own.

55. *six o'clock*: Jonson's Unity of Time-piece strikes in every act. *two turns*: i.e. twice emptied his water tankard, on his round.

61. **Brazen-head . . . yet:** the story is too long to tell here: see Greene's play, *above*, or the prose *Famous History of Friar Bacon*, quoted in the *Everyman* edition of the play.

64. **worshipful fishmonger:** *i.e.* a member of the Guild or Company. Mathew's fishy origin is alluded to later.

79. **legiblest:** reading and speaking are confused; we laugh at such misuse of language, and misuse similar words ourselves—*e.g.* "verbal," "literal." It may be Cob's ignorance that is responsible for "speaking of interludes" *above*: it is unlikely that Mathew conducted classes in amateur drama.

82-3. **filthy roguish tobacco:** Cob's dislike of the weed earns him a beating later on. This anticipatory mention is another indication of Jonson's careful dramatic planning. Cob's humour, too, is more equivocal than his stock rôle, made up of stage gags, would suggest: *e.g.* "swear . . . as any man christened" (Christian men should not swear, and, as we know, dramatists were not supposed to, either!); or the contradiction in "filthy roguish . . . finest and cleanliest."

86. **I would I had it:** "Rude and illiterate as the author has drawn Cob, yet he has made him enter into the characters of Bobadill and Master Mathew with a shrewdness which is frequently found in people of his condition, and which evinces Jonson's strict observance of nature" (Gifford).

87. **the next action:** in spite of what Gifford says *above*, it is not clear that Cob has "seen through" Bobadill's military pretensions, unless we take the following string of proverbial expressions and tags from popular songs as meaning a derisive "Some hopes!" action: a military engagement.

ACT I. SCENE IV.

9. **the basin:** presumably the basin into which Bobadill had "cast" (*see above*),—another example of Jonson's adroit use of stage "props." This line explains Tib's assurance to Matthew: "You come into a cleanly house here!"—the offending basin being presumably by this time concealed under her apron.

23. **a stool . . . :** Jonson neatly draws attention to the poverty of Bobadill's apartment, and so makes the complaisant Mathew's remark, below ("you have an exceeding . . . private"), all the more comically incongruous.

25. **Body o' me:** Cob has prepared us for Bobadill's wonderful oaths (fantastical swearing was popular with gallants of that time); here is an example. That his first two oaths ("od so," "What a plague!") are commonplace enough is a tribute to Jonson's art; Bobadill is too startled at being discovered in such unlikely lodgings to remember his affectations.

34. **cabin:** it is the mark of a gentleman humorously to deprecate his possessions.

37. **I conceive you:** "I understand." But he does not. What has happened to Mathew's resolve to upbraid Bobadill for his poor lodgings?

40. as yourself . . . or so: "such as you and a few others such": it will be noticed that all three gulls so far mentioned are profusely affectionate.

43. I love . . . fortune: it is exquisite to hear Bobadill talking like a statesman out of office, who similarly makes a philosophic virtue out of necessity.

45. Go by, Hieronymo: from the *Spanish Tragedy*: King. *Who is he that interrupts our study?* Hier. *Not I., Hieronimo, beware! go by, go by!*

The phrase was frequently quoted in Elizabethan drama, and is here used to stand for the play itself.

47-51. I would fain . . . again: Jonson here seems to put his own opinions in the mouth of a gull—a risky business. The last part of the speech, directed against the poetasters (incidentally, Mathew himself has been doubtfully equated by some with Samuel Daniel, who was one of his enemies in the *War of the Theatre*), is certainly Jonson himself speaking. But does he really mean the previous praise of the most notorious and popularly beloved play of the age? That he had been commissioned to make some additions to the play is irrelevant, for this was not till 1601-2, and the passage appears in the *Quarto* (1601: acted 1598); probably Mathew settles the question of Ben's seriousness by quoting the most absurd hyperboles in the play. Nevertheless, it is hard to determine the precise attitude of dramatists to such favourites as *The Spanish Tragedy*; they quote with relish, but not necessarily in ridicule.

61-6. To thee, etc.: Mathew decides to take advantage of their joint admiration of the Muse while it is thus at white heat, and recites a "toy" (trifle) of his own, hoping some of the ecstasy will transfer itself to this, by association of ideas! Probably he intends Bobadill to think he is still reading from the play, and hence his simpering reply to the Captain's query, "Where does this come?"

91. old iron . . . proverbs: Jonson often tells us what to look out for; he trusts little to the dramatic sapience of his audience.

93. manhood: his reputation of being a "he-man."

98-9. for my more grace: "to make it sound less unpleasant," and also "to show my knowledge of fine language." Bobadill rightly detects the incongruity of Downright's using such a word instead of his usual "rusty proverbs."

105. proper . . . dependence: "right and sufficient grounds for a quarrel"; "dependence" was a technical term in the jargon of duelling.

107. Caranza: Carranza wrote a philosophical book on duelling, the first of a series popular in Spain at the time.

119. accommodate: one of the "perfumed terms" of the age, like "resolve," etc. There is a discussion of its merits as a "word of action" in 2 *Henry IV*, III, ii.

bed-staff: used for various purposes, including beating the bed (and not always *only* the bed!) and smoothing it. Still another instance Jonson's use of objects in ludicrous contexts.

121-2. **exalt . . . state:** Bobadill has a flair for fine language! state: "level."

122. **at any hand:** "for anything in the world."

122-3. **poniard . . . defence:** Elizabethan duelling was done with sword and dagger.

124-5. **twine . . . sweet . . . comely:** Bobadill has an eye for the beauty of the human form. There is scope for exquisite farce, here—Bobadill's honeyed words are those of a real enthusiast, and Mathew's actions would be in ludicrously wooden contrast.

128-9. **disorder . . . irregularly:** "your sword point droops, against all the rules."

141-2. **I have no spirit, etc.:** Jonson has shown us Bobadill's zeal for the theory of his art; he now shows his dislike for its practice, even against such a booby as Mathew. This little passage—Bobadill "hedging" the more, the more resolute Mathew becomes—is another example of Jonsonian foreshadowing.

143. **Venus:** Bobadill neatly eludes Mathew's persistence by exclaiming at his barbarity in using the *French* name for the thrust, instead of the *Italian* "stoccata."

146-7. **where you are acquainted:** an exquisite touch. Bobadill has not the entry to many restaurants; his frugality is revealed also in the last speech of this act ("a bunch of radish," etc.).

149. **by my direction:** although he will not venture to take on Mathew himself, his innocent vanity will not allow him to think of letting any one else teach him, unless under *his* supervision. Note the masterly casual tone of "I'll send for . . ."

153-4. **'twere nothing . . . you should . . .:** "it would be the simplest thing in the world for you to . . ." **control his bullet:** "intercept it": this characteristically Jonsonian flight of fantasy is brought to its perfection of absurdity in the "safeguard" which follows (l. 155).

155. **except it be hail-shot and spread:** Jonson's formidably logical concentration on the work in hand is beautifully illustrated in such *minutiae*. He got the most out of any situation, keeping strictly to his beloved *decorum*.

155-6. **What money, etc.:** the change in key is pathetically apparent!

158. **'Tis somewhat . . . least:** "That's not very much."

159. **radish:** eaten as an aperitive.

162. **Corydon:** "The name of this unfortunate shepherd of Virgil seems to have suggested to our old writers a certain mixture of rusticity and folly" (Gifford). Downright is thus aptly described.

ACT II. SCENE I.

3. **it is no matter neither:** Kiteley's "theme song," or *leit motif*, is introduced in almost his first words, *before* we hear anything of his jealousy. Suspicion corrodes his every impulse—as here, over the matter of the key, which is in significant contrast to what he says of Thomas below ("He is a jewel," etc.). Jonson's dramatic economy

is remarkable: in two apparently casual and disconnected touches he isolates Kately's Humour for our attention. His sense of *decorum* leads him to take special care over Kately's introduction; he is the first "genuine" and "full blooded" Humour we meet; the difference in conception appears in the intensity of utterance; the change to blank verse gives the clue.

21. *dare trust my life, etc.*: but not his *key*! The speech above is meant to show the basic kindness of Kately, rather than to introduce Cash. Yet even his best impulses only provide material for his infinite capacity for self-torture.

22. *So would not I . . .*: the surly remarks typical of the speaker's *downrightness*, which is so all-inclusive as to include himself in his condemnation ("although I knew father")! His habit of emphatic . . . and impatient repetition is also introduced in the same speech ("what is't, what is't?"). It is, therefore, surprising to find him calling his brother-in-law "gentle." Perhaps the innate "decency" of Kately is again being stressed, to offset, to some extent, the later impressions of infatuated absurdity we form of him. Jonson's sure swift strokes clearly indicate that his study of jealousy is not meant to be entirely "unsympathetic"; Kately is to be considered a victim rather than an aggressor.

48. *As breath . . . blood*: "as natural (*proper*) to him as breath is to life and colour is to blood."

66. *crack'd three-farthings*: "The three-farthing pieces current in the reign of Queen Elizabeth were made of silver; consequently very thin, and much crack'd by public use" (Gifford).

74-5. *claps his dish, etc.*: this was the beggar's method of attracting attention, going back, probably, to the days when beggars had infectious diseases and used their wooden "weapons" both to warn and to attract alms. In this speech we have a whole string of "rusty proverbs."

83. *travail*: "try your hand." (Though . . . circumstance): Kately politely hints that Downright should try to restrain himself and "take it easy."

85. *his sense*: "his sense of what's fitting."

93-5. *make up a pile . . . love*: Kately's flair for cumulative exaggeration is characteristic of his Humour, which feeds itself on mental concepts, one suggesting another, and each more and more remote from reality. This exaggeration, and unhealthy fertility of brain, are common also to Leontes and Othello. Jealousy seems to have been recognised by the Elizabethans as the most violent and mentally stimulating of the passions.

105. *flat cap*: when the court fashion of wearing flat caps had filtered down to the bourgeois and their apprentices, it was time to change the fashion and then to laugh at it.

107. *dwelt with me*: "stick to me":—i.e. "for which I shall become a laughing stock."

108-15. *And what would . . . house*: here Kately comes to the theme nearest his heart. This is clearly the real reason for his desire to "reform" Wellbred. Jonson makes him pretend to laugh at the

absurdity of his own jealousy, and call it a fantasy—and so it is, though he does not really believe it. There is fine dramatic irony here. Apparently, from this unconscious confession, his capacious jealousy includes his sister also; thus her "elopement" with young Knowell is another retribution.

119. Sellers of patent medicines infested the streets of London, but their activities and advertisements were less universally respected than are those of their modern descendants. Jonson parodies them in *Volpone* and satirises them in *The Alchemist*.

122. *stab*: Kately speaks with the unnecessarily violent imagery of the jealous subject—cf. Leontes' more obscure exclamation:—*Affection, thou stab'st the centre!* Compare also "*blow the ears*" above.

123. *I will speak to him*: Mathew, apparently, relying on Bobadill's doughty professions of help, wishes to "put" Downright "to the question," as they had arranged at the end of Act I. Bobadill, however, when it comes to it, is not anxious for an encounter, and has to restrain the sanguine Mathew, which he does by pretending that ignoring the sought-for *Corydon* is more insulting than challenging him. The reference back to the end of Act I is necessary to get the full savour of this little *contretemps*. When Bobadill, after pointedly effusive hailings of Kately, delivers his verbal death-stroke ("*scavenger*") we are to imagine him as already safely out of range.

141. (*God forgive . . . swear*): he remembers, rather late in the day, that it was not considered respectable to swear; yet the oath he has just used is mild enough in all consequence, especially as he has already used '*sdeins*' (= "by God's dignity"), and proceeds immediately to use it again. Possibly Jonson is calling humorous attention to his unaccustomed mildness. It is like Downright's wrong-headedness to be whole-heartedly squeamish for a second and subsequently not to recognise his far worse errors of the same kind.

143-4. *Fleet street*: then famous for its brawls.

146. *tumbrel-slop*: wide breeches were then the fashion: Bobadill's were *Gargantuan* (147); *Gargantua* was the giant hero of Rabelais' *Gargantua* (1535).

158-64. *But brother . . . consent*: good advice, but the "soft persuading way" is foreign not only to Downright, but to the speaker himself: the imperfect thoughts (= "faulty notions") are Wellbred's.

165. *let me . . . warrant you*: "you can depend on me for that"—very unlikely, as the speaker's peremptory "*Ay, ay,*" indicates.

166. *How now, etc.*: Jonson is calling attention to his time scheme, but unfortunately the evidence as to when Elizabethan merchants breakfasted is conflicting.

176-7 *I must be . . . world*: apparently elliptical—"I must be resigned—yet I cannot be, although I put a good face on it."

183. *factions*: "with the disposition of a faction or party": the metaphor is explained by its extension in the following lines: chastity is best beset by the "faction" of beauty.

191-2. *the time . . . affections*: "if I thought the opportunity they are longing for had presented itself . . ."

195. **opportunity**; or, rather, the *lack* of it. Kiteley may, however, mean "my own insistence (= watchfulness) . . ."

197. **attend the impositions**: "to obey my heart's commands." ejects: either "every (reproving) look I throw on them will be another opportunity lost to them"; or, "every glance of theirs which my eye intercepts . . ."

202. **When he . . . prescription**: "when he forgets his place." The above speech, infatuated as it is, has a Shakespearian ring: the phrasing is strong and the emotion powerful and sustained: the method is in some ways unlike Jonson; as the speech is in the *Quarto*, one might take it as an experiment in technique appropriate to a young dramatist. Instead of the hard brilliance of his mature work it comes near to the rich ambiguity of passionate phrasing one associates primarily with Shakespeare ("conspiring motions of desire," "public weal of chastity unshaken," "parley in the pride of blood," etc.).

203-4. **rosewater**: fruit was eaten with rosewater. **muss**: "mouse." Dame Kiteley's affectionate greetings put Kiteley's "vapourings" in their proper light. Jonson is fond of these juxtapositions of contrast.

215. **the new disease**: apparently a sort of generic name for fevers for which doctors could find no satisfactory name.

216-7. **out of the air**: fresh air was considered bad for invalids.

220. **all the . . . nothing**: "I'll bet anything in the world . . ."

223. **in the wind**: a hunting metaphor; the game became aware of the hunter if the latter approached from the windward: hence—"she knows all about my secret fears": *i.e.* she is "playing up to him" by describing the symptoms of the cuckold (horns on the head), about which the Elizabethan dramatists never tired of making jokes.

229. **houses of the brain**: the brain was divided into "houses" for the purposes of astrology.

240-1. **to want . . . extremes**: the astrological analogy is still kept up:—the "erection" was the "exaltation" or rising of a planet. Here, then, it means "What misery it is for my mind not to be able to throw off these extreme delusions, even when it recognises them as delusions." Kiteley's struggle to master his jealousy is another indication that we are meant to pity him, to some extent.

ACT II. SCENE II.

5. **fico**: an expression of contempt: *cf.* "not to care a fig for . . ."

9. **dry-foot**: "by the scent"; as Moorfields was marshy, a pun maybe intended.

12. **blue**: servants' livery was blue.

13-14. **wear motely . . . know**: "Servants . . . were, by way of punishment for notorious faults, stripped of their liveries, and compelled to appear in a parti-coloured coat, the common habiliment of domestic fools" (Gifford).

18. **Veni . . . vici**: "I came, I saw, I conquered," said Caesar, of his swift victory over Pharnaces at Zela, 47 B.C.

20. lance-knights: "privates.". Apparently Moorfields was the haunt of begging soldiers.

35. the poesie: engagement rings, etc., often had a rhyming motto engraved on them. Jonson seems to have introduced this interlude for no better reason than to mock at their pointlessness; he might have saved his labour.

54-8. You seem . . . spirit: this is in the antithetical Euphuistic style, presumably to suggest the affectedly genteel sententiousness of the professional beggar. Knowell soon cuts him short.

60. late wars: "During the quarter of a century preceding the production of this play there had been continuous fighting in these countries. At the beginning of the reign of Amurath III (Sultan from 1574 to 1595) the Turks exerted great power in Europe, and in their long contest with Austria they at first obtained many brilliant successes; but afterwards they were forced to evacuate Hungary and Transylvania, and were only saved from destruction by the action of the Poles" (Wheatley).

65. Aleppo: Brainworm now switches back to 1516, when the Turks took Aleppo. Vienna: was relieved in 1529.

66. Marseilles . . . gulph: encounters have been discovered which might possibly fit these places (e.g. the Battle of Lepanto, in 1571, for the last-named), but Brainworm's allusions are not to be taken too seriously, as his chronology indicates: either such "servitors" were addicted to the like impossibilities (but Bobadill isn't), or Brainworm was meant to appear as a novice in the art.

70. noted . . . resolution: "the notable signs of my courage."

78. velvet scabbard: one of the extravagances of the time; hence Stephen's eagerness.

84. Spaniard: "Master Stephen had heard of the excellence of the Spanish blades, though his proficiency in geography did not enable him to discover in what country Toledo was situated. It is well known that the swords manufactured in Castile were anciently much in request; they were said to owe their excellence to some peculiar quality of the water in which the metal was plunged, while glowing from the forge" (Gifford).

90. Higginbottom: unknown. From other references it appears that beggars carried cudgels as part of their technique of cajoling, though what this has to do with Stephen is not clear. What we do know is that Stephen loathed to be thought "rustic," and Higginbottom has a decidedly rustic ring; probably, then, the lure of the sword and Brainworm's congenial flattery ("you are a gentleman") made him feel he is a yokel so long as he does not possess the sword.

97-8. though . . . worth: Stephen is, thus complacently, made to pass judgment on himself, under the delusion that he is behaving quite as a quarrelsome gallant should. We have noted his heroic aggressiveness before: he seizes any word that comes along as another pretext for the obstinacy which he thinks is so becoming. He is "counter-suggestive," to use modern jargon, here and elsewhere.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Of the long opening speech Gifford says, "... Jonson has made somewhat free with the ancients, it must be confessed; yet the spirit, pathos, and moral dignity of the speech are very impressive." The Roman satirists are drawn upon in one passage ("When I was young," etc.) from Juvenal's thirteenth satire, which is considerably improved from its great original, according to Gifford; it is at least true that he makes all his borrowings his own by the racy English into which he turns them.

5-7. he lived . . . head: "even the lowest of the low (*i.e.* a man who lived in a brothel) dare not even have *thought* any ridicule, let alone *spoke* it, of . . ."

7-8. age was . . . buffoon: "even the most flippant and foolish revered an old man."

14. Nay, would ourselves, etc.: *cf.* Quintilian: *Institutes of Eloquence*: Book I, Chapter II.

36. provoking meats: aphrodisiacs.

38. to prey . . . remainder: "to induce them to give up their right, and thus enable their profligate parents to dispose of the family estates" (Gifford).

40. to seal: "to seal the bargain" (*i.e.* to sign away "their remainder" ?), or, in an obsolete sense, "to make love."

46. Venetian . . . : Venice was notorious for its prostitutes.

47. grammar of cheating: *cf.* Horace: *Epistles* I, I, 53-4, 65-6.

51. Neither have I, etc.: *cf.* Juvenal: *Sat.* XIV: *Nor does the infant fairer hope inspire | Who, trained by the grey epicure, his sire, | Has learned to pickle mushrooms . . .* (Gifford's translation.)

64. worth a fear: "something important enough to worry about."

66. of example: (taking it with "less")—"loose talk is as dangerous an example (of depravity) as . . ." Otherwise "of example" = "in practice," as opposed to "conversing" (= "in theory").

67-8. I am flesh'd now: Brainworm means he has no such fear of being discovered as he had in his encounter with young Knowell and Stephen; he carried it off so well with them that he feels quite confident. The metaphor is from hunting; and refers to the young dogs' first "kill"—their initiation, as it were.

85. abated: "I have never been cowed by an enemy's sword (edge); but I am by my poverty." He is perhaps alluding also to Knowell's angry threat ("Nay, an you be so importunate . . .").

87-8. it shall not . . . time: "one day you will get your reward"—a reminiscence of "Give, and it shall be given unto you," and similar Biblical maxims. That such an allusion is intended is indicated by the following:—"The disbanded soldiers and beggars . . . were in the habit of expressing the opinion that they had a right to live on public charity by using the form *God pays*" (Wheatley).

106. the beetle . . . breeds in: an account of the dung beetle is given in Fabre's *Social Life in the Insect World*: the beetles both eat

dung and roll balls of it into the hole in which they lay their eggs, to provide sustenance for their progeny.

120. the air's my comfort: possibly means "I wish I were in service, but that's as near as it gets" (*i.e.* his schemes stay "up in the air").

134. in years: "an old fox" (who should be all the more cunning for his age).

141. musket rest: the muskets were so clumsy and large that they needed a support before the soldiers could aim and discharge them.

143. the slip: a pun on its other meaning of "counterfeit." Brainworm's delight in his own cunning is apparently meant to neutralise any objection we may feel to his knavery. Actually it is Knowell himself who has provided him with his new plan, by offering, unsolicited, to take him on as his servant; Brainworm realises this, but despises him all the more for being such a simpleton. Brainworm judges people according to their cunning! By conveniently labelling Knowell senior an old fox, he is able to claim a virtue in tricking him, but it is a virtue easy to come by—a merely verbal sleight of hand.

ACT III. SCENE I.

13. faces about: Wellbred uses a military metaphor (= "right about turn") to suit his interlocutor.

20. quos . . . Jupiter: literally "whom equal Jove has loved" (Virgil, *Aeneid* VI). In this context it means that only a few specially favoured ones accomplish the task. Wellbred's praise is, of course, ironical, as Jonson goes on to point out rather heavily ("... or you do not, sir").

24-5. Apollo . . . girls: Apollo was the god of song, and the *Thespiades* are the Muses: mad: "divinely inspired" (*cf.* Shakespeare: *the poet's eye, in fine frenzy rolling*), but the common sense of the word is also meant, consonant with Wellbred's irreverent "girls." Fury: Wellbred keeps the classical ball rolling: Knowell is likened to one of the awful spirits sent from Hell to punish crime; here the "criminals" are Bobadill and Mathew.

26. some love in thee: *i.e.* because Knowell has come to see him.

33. Pliny: the younger, a famous letter writer of the Latin Silver Age. Symmachus (4th century A.D.) modelled his epistolary style on Pliny. Each had ten books of letters to his credit.

36. camel: proverbially stupid.

57-8. wind-instruments: "empty vessels make most sound"; "wind" was pronounced like the "wind" of "I'll wind them up"—hence the pun.

59. the sign of the Dumb Man: Wellbred likens Stephen to a tavern sign. Stephen is "showing off" his melancholy.

64. prepare . . . apprehension: "enlighten you beforehand."

65. if you . . . so!: "if you can decipher his humour—all's well!"

71-4. My name . . . gentleman: this is Stephen's beautifully bathetic attempt to imitate the grave courtesy of Wellbred's introduction of Knowell to the others.

75. **general:** "I do not like to make myself common to every Tom, Dick, or Harry."

84-5. **your true . . . wit:** "A sneer upon the fantastic behaviour of the gallants in that age, who affected to appear melancholy, and abstracted from common objects. The reason assigned, it being the physical cause of wit, which is as old as Aristotle himself, was likewise generally received by those who had no other pretensions to genius" (Whalley). Jonson is elsewhere satirical about the *false* humour of melancholy, but it seems clear there was also a *genuine* humour prevalent. Hamlet's confession ("I have of late, I know not why," etc.) describes the symptoms: life loses its purpose without apparent reason. Antonio's first words in *The Merchant of Venice* are:—"In sooth, I know not why I am so sad: It wearies me . . ."

89. **utters:** (1) "speaks," (2) "puts into circulation"—this "commercial" use being substantiated by "by the gross," which, in turn, has also the punning meaning of "coarse," "worthless."

90. **out of measure:** "immeasurably." Knowell puns on the prosodic sense ("you like them better than you would if they were in good metre").

95. **a stool . . . upon:** Jonson's genius for "incorporating" inanimate objects into his dramatic texture has been commented on before: this is a little masterpiece: affectation is perfectly symbolised by this ludicrous image.

99. **Would the sparks, etc.:** this is what actually happens to them in the last scene of the play.

101. **heresy:** referring to the burning of heretics.

108. **shall be:** = "must be . . . I should think."

110. **Strigonium:** Grean in Hungary, which had been retaken, after 50 years of Turkish rule, in 1595. It was fashionable for gentlemen to volunteer for service against the Turks; Bobadill had followed the fashion, it appears.

126-7. **'Twas pity . . . faith:** it is noteworthy that in many Elizabethan plays, the comments of the would-be witty gallants on their victims' ludicrous speeches often do little but expose the gallants' own shallowness (e.g. the courtiers' comments on the workmen's play in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*): this can hardly have been intentional on the dramatists' part. One has to assume a public ready to applaud such poor witticisms merely because gulls were meant to be laughed at.

134. **demi-culverins:** cannon of about 4" bore. Note that the "me" is an ethic dative, calling attention, in this case very characteristically, to the speaker himself: the usual explanation of the ethic dative as indicating that the speaker is "interested" in the action described fits in very pat here: an image of Bobadill heroically confronting three cannon is at once evoked.

135. **give on:** "enter the breach."

137. **linstock:** a stick with a match at one end with which to fire the gun. Notice how Bobadill sweetly praises the gunner (*a man . . . mark*) in order to magnify his own exploit.

142. **a good figure observed:** Knowell, pretending to excuse Bobadill, says that "to put to the sword" is a good phrase and appropriate to this occasion, so that Wellbred is beside the point in demanding literal accuracy. But Knowell is also using "figure" as meaning "invention," so that his praise is double-edged.

144. **Without . . . earth:** "without the slightest suspicion of a doubt."

146. **poor gentleman's:** Bobadill's affected modesty is constant and rather touching; it somehow suggests that he is half aware of the difference between what he is and what he says he is; it is obviously an attempt to disarm criticism.

147. etc. Chaucer had giggled at the romances nearly two centuries before:—

*This storie is al so as trewe, I undertake,
As is the book of Launcelot de Lake
That wommen holde in ful greet reverence.*

148. **fabled:** Jonson comically makes Bobadill sophisticatedly sceptical of the truth of the romances, while romancing himself.

164. **Mass . . . better:** Mathew's interventions are exquisite character revelations; he oscillates imperturbably, as in the matter of Bobadill's surprising lodgings. Gregory Smith (in the *English Men of Letters* Jonson) points out that in a Humorous play action is hardly needed to bring out character; the facets of character adequately expose themselves in conversation. Here is a good instance: no one takes any notice of Mathew, yet he cannot help adding his little bit, although so unsolicited.

171-2. **eat . . . anger:** the hilt of an Elizabethan sword seems to have been peculiarly edible; Brainworm professed to suck his, out of hunger, and Stephen offers to eat his, out of anger! Downright, however (II, i, 78-9), prefers his spur-leathers.

173-4. **ostrich stomach:** ostriches are proverbially tough in digestion, and have a partiality for metal—which makes the allusion particularly appropriate here. Stephen puns on the figurative meaning of "stomach" = "courage," or "inclination," cf. "he has no stomach for the fight."

191. **you have done . . . gentleman:** Jonson gets humour even out of the traditional friend's rôle to soothe or excuse. Here and elsewhere Knowell's and Wellbred's pacifyings are of course ironical; Bobadill's consolation of Mathew after their joint discomfiture (IV, vii: "Why, what should they say," etc.) may be a recollection of the present instance.

195. **by his leave . . . under favour:** according to the "rules" of challenging, an insult did not "count" as an allowable incitement if it were modified by some such formulae as the above.

200. **a child's whistle:** cf. 2 *Henry IV*, *Induction*: ll. 15-20.

*Rumour is a pipe . . . And of so easy and so plain a stop That . . .
The . . . multitude Can play upon it.*

cf. also *Hamlet* III, ii: . . . *do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe?* etc.

204. **conceited**: "You are quite a wit." Brainworm thus indicates that he has "registered" Knowell's remark.

208. **of that coat**: *i.e.* "the clerical cut."

211. **drum extraordinary**: it appears the know-all Brainworm has been listening to the preceding exchange of witticisms: if Stephen is a drum, he implies, then old Knowell is an even bigger one—*i.e.* still more gullible: hardly a complimentary allusion, especially as he is speaking to the big drum's son!

213-4. **I appear . . . Brainworm**: Brainworm seems to be parodying the ceremonious flourish at the end of a letter.

221. **by the foot**: "by tracking your footsteps." Brainworm loves to mystify: it makes him seem still cleverer.

232. **avoiding the danger**: "in order to avoid . . .": supply "for the love of" (= "out of regard").

242. **carmen**: carters. Apparently Thames Street was the scene of "rough house" rivalries between the porters and the carters—*civil* war because both carried goods, though by different means.

243. **Amen . . . I**: Wellbred's speech is after Brainworm's heart: talk of trickery is "meat and drink" to him.

ACT III. SCENE II.

19-20. **fruit of . . . dragon's eyes**: referring to the Hesperian apples already invoked by old Knowell in his comments on Wellbred's letter: leaden is in contrast with golden.

21. **go by**: *cf. Hieronymo go by* I above. (I.iv.45)

22. **carat**: (carat) the metaphor is, of course, from gold, as lustre 24) is from jewels.

25. **jet**: has electrical properties, like amber.

27. **make . . . burden**: the coarseness of this line, after the preceding images, is typical of Kiteley's disease; Leontes' is a parallel case.

36. **little caps**: three-cornered hats of velvet (*three piled*, below) were popular with Elizabethan citizens' wives: little is a contrast to "great heads" (34), which apparently refers to the cuckold's horns mentioned below.

37. **in mine**: = my wife's: notice Kiteley's possessiveness—another little touch that brings out his jealousy.

38. **acorns . . . horns ache**: Gifford is very scornful of this pun. **acorns**: referring to the shape. Jonson gives Kiteley several long monologues; this is not necessarily a crude dramatic device; jealousy, being so largely fantasy, needs no action or character conflict to exhibit it—it feeds itself, in privacy. This speech is finally conceived in character. The state of nervous indecision is indicated by the many repetitions, dogmatic assertions, questions, apostrophes, etc.

44. **Exchange-time**: the clock strikes once more, but as with breakfast (II, i, 166-7) the hour is uncertain:—ten, eleven, twelve, have all been suggested.

52-3. I know not . . . act: "I do not know what not to do, and still less what to do."

59. to Thomas: "to be compared to . . ."

61. a clink: a crack, through which the contents can leak from the container.

77. nearer to my crest: a pun, (1) honour, (2) the cuckold's horns—the eternal joke.

98-100. My tongue . . . trust: "I will never utter anything you may tell me in confidence."

107-9. whether his oath . . . proceed: the intricate dichotomy of self-torture is searchingly revealed in this encounter between Kitley and Cash; it is done in the comic spirit, but there is no mistaking the reality of the experience for Kitley: as often, in Jonson, we are remote from laughter. Cash too is serious (here, at any rate), and the language throughout is, as has been noted, akin to Shakespeare's exalted rhetoric. For the meaning, cf 3 *Henry VI*: I, ii:—

*An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate.*

123. or else: "stranger or acquaintance." These piled-up "either . . . or" conditions again illustrate Kitley's unhappy fertility in imagining all the possible unpleasant contingencies: notice how he repeats his charge, trying to keep it, incongruously, on the same confidential and solemn level as the preceding "secret." Kitley apparently finds assurance in verbal repetition, here, below, and elsewhere.

131. I care not: this is a queer attempt at casualness; it sounds more like despair (= "murder will out!").

134-5. All these mysterious vague allusions to "this" and "that" are to Cash the gestures of a madman, actually meaningless, but conveying a nightmare impression of unutterable significance. The nightmare impression is heightened by Kitley's closing couplet, with its creepy associations ("silence," "midnight," "buried," "hell"). Gifford compares this queerly affecting scene with "a more masterly one, between Hubert and King John."

146. Fasting days: very unpopular: Cob is naturally incensed, for his fishy kinsmen were then eaten instead of meat. In fact, the observance of such days was no longer, in Protestant England, religious, but had a frankly economic motive—to help the fishing industry;—a sort of Tudor equivalent of "flag days"!

147. on a light fire: "set alight."

149. Ember-weeks: the weeks in which "ember-days" occur at regular intervals in each of the four seasons; they were periods preparing priests for ordination and involved, according to the etymology ("a going about"), processions. One attractive theory, however, connects the origin with real embers; apparently it was originally customary at these periods to sprinkle the head with the ash of humiliation and eat only bread baked on the embers. Cob, of course, has no doubt of their origin ("fire . . . burnt").

154. **cart-horse**: the *Quarto* has "collier's horse," which keeps the pun going.

161. **rheum** . . . **humour**: Cob was out of fashion: "humour" had superseded "rheum."

179. **stomach**: "I am up in arms against them."

179-80. I have a **maw** . . . **them**: "This horse . . . and little less celebrated than Sir Bevis himself, was named Arundel. He appears to have been of a most pugnacious disposition . . . It is this particular trait in his character, I suppose, that Cob alludes, by way of illustrating the fierceness of his hostility to fasting days" (Gifford). It remains to be noted that Cob cleverly expresses his hungry wrath in terms of images of devouring: in fact, one interpretation of his words makes him ready to devour poor Arundel!

184. **conditions**: "the circumstances under which they occur."

185. **Flemish breed**, etc.: the Dutch fondness for butter was a stock joke.

196. **Hannibal**: a malapropism for Cannibal; the latter was a new word, and when Cob *does* try to be in the fashion, he gets confused. Pistol, in 2 *Henry IV*, II, iv, makes the opposite mistake, apparently carried away by the alliteration:—

*Compare with Caesars and with Cannibals
And Trojan Greeks.*

199. **king Cophetua**: " . . . better known for his marriage with a beggar maid than for his riches: but kings, in the opinion of the Cobs of every age, are always rich" (Gifford). Cob was probably thinking of Croesus, but he had no doubt heard the ballad about Cophetua, and got confused.

204-7. **some fishmonger's** . . . **conger**: whether or no the fishmongers made the almanacs they certainly helped the "police" to discover butchers who sold meat on fast days.

208-9. **thou'lt** . . . **Mathew**: Cob has told us (II, iii, 64), that Mathew is a fishmonger's son: hence Cash's warning.

208. **beaten** . . . **stockfish**: dried cod was beaten, to make it tender, before being boiled.

218-19. **join'd patten** . . . **masters**: "shared the office of . . ." (*i.e.* been as wise as . . .). The names of the seven wise men of antiquity hardly matter here.

221-2. **gentlemen of the round**: inferior officers (N.C.O.s?). "The duty of these gentlemen was to visit the sentinels, watches, and advanced guards; and from their office of going their rounds, they derive their name" (Whalley).

222-3. **sit** . . . **city**: press hard on, as in a siege.

231. **sergeant-major**: then a commissioned officer, roughly equivalent to the modern major. The determined eulogies of Brainworm at this juncture corroborate what has been said before of his rôle. It is a pity that Jonson's conception of Brainworm should be greater than his rôle warrants: hence the desperate devices to create magnificence for him. We are not convinced; it is a dangerous dramatic

device, too, to make characters praise extravagantly a piece of work the audience has had an opportunity of seeing for itself: the two sets of impressions may not tally!

240. **Hounsditch:** famous for its old-clothes dealers.

246. **shifts:** (1) tricks, (2) shirts: hence the pun.

264. **taking . . . horse:** it was drier underfoot near the street wall and so better for walking: naturally there was competition for this convenience. Clement, it is suggested, expected wayfarers to make way for his horse "on the dry."

275. **Trinidad:** the best tobacco was supposed to come from Trinidad. Note that Bobadill kindly tries to include his dumb companions in the conversation; he is very considerate!

285. **divine:** stock epithet for tobacco. Bobadill has earlier on recommended tobacco as a substitute for food.

286. **in the nature . . . kind:** "in its original state."

291. **Nicotian:** so called after Nicot, a French ambassador at Lisbon, who introduced tobacco into France. The word was used for tobacco in general.

305. **Sancto Domingo:** famous for its tobacco.

311. **voided . . . soot:** cf. King James: *Counterblast to Tobacco*: ". . . soiling and infecting them with an unctious and oily kind of soot, as hath been found in some great tobacco-takers that after their death were opened."

316. **rosaker:** like ratsbane, a preparation of arsenic. It is hard luck on Cob that he should be beaten by Bobadill, after he had praised that worthy's "cleanliness" of smoking in Act I, Sc. iii. Bobadill's alacrity in beating is prophetic irony, in view of what he undergoes at Downright's equally ready hands.

321. **not meddle . . . match:** a pun on the proverb; the proverbial meaning has also prophetic irony, for when Bobadill *does* meet his match (Downright), he certainly does not "meddle" with him; thus Cob's beating is dearly repaid, as Cob prophesies.

336. **drunk:** then the regular word for smoking, possibly through the association with "pipe."

300. **entered . . . artillery garden:** apparently Stephen was in the Elizabethan equivalent to our Territorials.

369-70. **French dressing:** punning on the fame of the French in dressing meat and also in swearing.

ACT III. SCENE III.

1. **Ha! say'st thou:** Kiteley's tortured impatience is indicated in these unnecessary exclamations, repetitions, reinforcement etc.; cf. **Tut, man, How, Cob . . . Cob,** below. His frenzied capacity for making a little go a long way is seen again in his enlargement of Cob's "five or six" into a "swarm."

10. **forked . . . large:** referring again to the stock joke of the cuckold's horns.

24. **familiar haste:** "I know how slow you usually are"; Cob, it appears, is the proverbial errand boy, although on our first meeting with him he is brisk enough about his business. But, of course, nothing could be swift enough for Kitley's taste.

24. **cornucopiae:** "the *horn* of plenty"—another pun.

29-31. More Shakespearian lines, especially the last. There is no doubt about the "immediacy" of Kitley's imaginings; it is embodied in the images and the rhythm.

34-5. Pitiful attempt to keep up appearances before Cob, as, earlier, before Cash.

36. **will you . . . on it?** : this sounds ominous, to Kitley.

38. **Bridewell:** a workhouse.

40. **post:** another instance of effective use of stage "props." We left Stephen wooing the post with enchanting oaths.

41-2. **with a pox:** tobacco is now a "sore point" with Cob.

45. **Spite . . . devil:** Kitley *ought* to have said "I am spiting myself," for here he was, wasting time trying to discover the worst by his catechism of the comically unaccommodating Cob, only to find the worst has not yet happened. This is a shrewd touch of character.

47. **eggs . . . spit:** "I've something else to do."

50. **Revenge, etc.:** Cob is made to parody the rant of the popular Revenge play (*cf. The Spanish Tragedy*).

62. **what made . . . abruptly:** Jonson is here pointing out that Kitley's "lunes" make him impervious to the claims of etiquette.

70. **Green Lattice:** public houses had lattices (often red) across the window. **scot and lot:** a tax.

82 etc. **at too much liberty, bound, compass, far enough about:** word play.

85. **far enough . . . it:** = "come down to facts."

89. **twelve . . . day:** "the period of time required in the construction of the common law, to determine on the cause of the death of a man bruised or wounded by another" (Gifford).

92. **colour:** "appearance." Cob puns on its usual sense, and shows the bruises of his beating. He appears more than a match for Clement in this exchange of deliberate misunderstandings.

102-3. **speak . . . you:** this is typical of Clement's whimsies; he treats the plaintiff as if *he's* the criminal, possibly because of his respect for soldiers (*cf. V. i.*).

115. **drunkards . . . tankards:** Clement is partial to these jingling phrases—*cf. bob and beat* (l. 100) above. He forms them by the most casual process of thought association; *tankard* from Cob's profession, which is applicable, but *drunkard* merely because a tavern has been mentioned, is not a judicial deduction.

119. "Sweet Oliver": even the severe Knowell takes to word-capping! "... this epithet almost always accompanies the mention of this gentle rival of the mad Orlando" (Gifford). The references are to Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*.

127. beaten again . . . it: referring, of course, to his previous beating for the *same* offence.

130-1: but . . . knave: "I'm only frightening the blockhead."

141. let him . . . course, etc.: though Clement, the exorcist of the *Humours* of the play, old Knowell's divergence from reason is exposed.

147. parcel: "piece"—here used contemptuously = "your apology for a soldier." It is left to Clement to notice Brainworm's "prologuing of their expectation" (III, i).

ACT IV. SCENE I.

15. parboiled: "thoroughly boiled"; the modern sense is through confusion with "part boiled."

23. servant: the word used for an accepted admirer. Is there irony in Bridget's complimentary speech? Or possibly there is some attempt to differentiate between the more spirited and "touchy" Dame Kately and Bridget's uncritical complaisance.

31-2. toy . . . ape: a proverbial phrase for a gull.

32-3. sew . . . mouth: this appears to be an original contribution by Downright, and not one of his pieces of rusty iron; it is, however, expressive and racy enough to be gnomic.

58. *incipere*: the "c" was pronounced as "s," so that "*incipere*" (= "to begin") would sound the same as "*insipere*" (= "to be a fool").

60. *motte*: "a tag." Whether Wellbred provided Mathew with this nonce quotation or not, it was certainly a piece of pedantic "villainy" on Jonson's part.

61. Benchers' . . . *verba*: benchers were idlers on the tavern benches, and "few words" was apparently their watchword.

66. Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* (licensed 1593, published 1598) became a favourite lovers' hunting ground for quotations. Mathew's version is not very accurate.

73. catastrophe: probably "climax" is meant; Jonson's humour could be mechanical and pedantic.

76. free of: "admitted to."

79-80. from the dead: Marlowe died in 1593. There seems more feeling in this outburst than the dramatic decorum demands: possibly this feeling is Jonson's rather than his character's, for he despised borrowing from *English* literature, if not from *Latin* and *Greek*.

88-9. at the . . . pox on it!—the Star: these affectations of momentary loss of memory were fashionable then.

91. even: "quits."

105. do tricks: "perform." Wellbred's touchy sister takes the words in the less innocent sense of "be familiar with," and rails shrewishly at him.

112. vied and revied: "To *vie*, was to hazard, to put down, a certain sum upon the hand of cards; to *revie*, was to cover it with a larger sum, by which the challenged became the challenger . . . This vying and

revying . . . continued until one of the party lost courage and gave up the whole . . . " (Gifford).

116. **take it in snuff**: "go off in a sudden temper at," alluding, originally, to the offensive smell of an unsnuffed wick: hence the play on "lamp" in the same line.

118. **begged . . . concealment**: "When monasteries were dissolved, and the lands thereof . . . were all given to the crown, some demesns here and there . . . were still privily retained and possessed, by certain private persons, or corporations, or churches. This caused the Queen . . . to grant commissions to some persons to search after these *concealments*, and to retrieve them to the crown." (Strype, *Annals of Elizabeth*); Gifford adds "or, rather, . . . to the hungry courtiers who *begged* them."

120. **teston**: or tester, = 6d.

124. **I wuss**: really from the old English *gewiss* = certainly: the prefix *ge-* became *y* which was confused with *I*, and so *wiss* was taken as a verb (= I know).

126. **cow . . . calved**: Wellbred answers his step-brother in one of the latter's own proverbial turns of speech (= "what's the matter with you?").

127-8. **never . . . matter**: "it's no use your looking sulky about what I'm saying."

130. **companions**: Wellbred resents the term; it was then used contemptuously.

133-4. **soldados . . . foolados**: alluding, presumably, to Bobadill's passion for foreign terms. *foolados* is, of course, a nonce word.

136. **slops**: this is Bobadill, or at least his "Gargantua breech." These large loose breeches were very fashionable, and very much satirised. Downright characteristically has the common people's method of abuse—*i.e.* to pick on an outstanding trait of dress or speech etc., and to label the owner with it.

140. **cut a whetstone**: (= "not likely!"). "Besides the obvious reference to the absurdity of cutting a stone with a sword, Wellbred probably hints at the connection between the whetstone and liars. It was the reward given to the person who told the biggest lie" (Wheatley).

147. **Holofernes**: Bobadill's revenge for "slops" is not so clear to the modern reader as Downright's insult. Holofernes was the general slain by Judith, according to the story in the Apocrypha. There was a contemporary play about him, something in which may have provided Bobadill with his allusion. Bobadill, it will be noted, is valiant only when he and his adversary are safely restrained by the servants.

152. **coystril**: "rogue"; originally meant a groom, or a knight's attendant.

156. Jonson has a genius for making even the slightest situation reveal the different humour of each character concerned in it. Thus Kately, whom we left rushing away from Cob to save his supposedly-threatened honour, bursting in on this warlike scene is made with great dramatic propriety to interpret it in the light of his "ancient humour."

As critics have pointed out, Jonson needs only the minimum of plot to get the most out of his characters.

166. *perhaps*: it is unlike Downright to qualify his statements: possibly he used the word with a sarcastic irony, = "make no mistake." *he . . . shapes*: presumably another reference to Bobadill's sagging breeches. Similarly Mathew's lyrical vein is once more alluded to. Downright is repetitively emphatic rather than inventive!

187. *parts*: "a good general impression" Mrs. Kately meant, in her innocence: Kately, however, characteristically discovers a *double entendre*, taking "parts" as meaning the intimacies of his physical make-up.

201. *a master*: the *Quarto* has "bountiful." The change reveals Jonson's advance in *minutiae* of characterisation. Kately, as usual, draws back suddenly when it comes to committing himself to anything definite; in this hint of meanness we are perhaps meant to see a trace of the Humour implied in his name.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

6. *knock . . . me*: another of the interminable jokes on the cuckold's horns. Cob's suspicions are, of course, a parallel to Kately's, in a rougher way. A reflection of the main, in the sub, plot was common in English drama of that age.

15-16. *that's true*: "that reminds me . . ."

21. *shall pay him*: "*which* shall pay him for my beating." Jonson often omits the relative pronoun.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

17. The love intrigue is not intended as the usual romance of the Elizabethan stage; it exists largely as one of the devices in the duping of old Knowell. Hence the formal way in which the affair is treated here: Wellbred seems the more passionate of the two!

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

19-20. *black art . . . scholar*: practitioners of necromancy were called "scholars." Brainworm hints that Edward is a scholar in this sense as well as in the ordinary sense: old Knowell takes the suggestion seriously, for Jonson makes him credulous of any evil reported of his son. This incident is slight, but once more indicates Jonson's care for dramatic decorum in details.

31. *seem'd men*: no satisfactory explanation has been given, and it is not as easy as in the case of a play of Shakespeare's, to fall back on the favourite resource of "corrupt text." for Jonson carefully checked his texts. The most obvious meaning is that "seem'd" = "appeared," which is used in the absolute sense of "put in appearance": i.e. he had heard voices, and then later the men appeared who owned the voices.

39-40. a bottom of packthread is a ball of string; as this sounds rather a "tall story," he claims that it was a miracle the string held, but that, having a *light* heart, he was light in weight. Knowell, being gullible where his son is concerned, does not notice this impudent verbal juggling.

53. Yes . . . son! : "You'll be lucky to see him, for he won't be there! Small sight of a girl or your son *you'll* see!"

54-5. *travailing*; *deliver'd*: the imagery is from childbirth and not very successful.

59. *light* . . . *nupson*: "if only this justice's man turns out to be a fool!—it will just suit me."

72. *Mile-end*: the city militia's manoeuvres were a matter of jest. Formal's acquaintance with the "Roman histories" was probably derived from North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives* (1579); or possibly Jonson was laughing at the popularity of such compilations of tales as Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* (1566-9) or Pettie's *Pettie Pallace of Pettie his Pleasure* (1576), which, among others, contained odds and ends of Roman history.

77. *grist*: the ground malt is here used for the liquor itself, possibly, since Formal adds, "as we call it," a local jest on the name of the tavern. Brainworm below uses the normal meaning metaphorically—"I'll make you serve my turn . . ."

ACT IV. SCENE V.

20-31. Note the elegantly-mannered style!

33. soon tried: Knowell has used the word in the sense of "measured," "weighed up." Bobadill replies they were "weighed in the balance and found wanting": he uses "try" somewhat as in the modern "a *trying* time"; *i.e.* he wore them out.

36. *credit* . . . *admiration*: "gained them a little admiration."

42, etc. *they have assaulted me*: "Nothing can be more exquisitely imagined than the conduct of this scene, in which Bobadill boasts so loudly of his skill and intrepidity, just as disgrace is about to burst on his head. In the elevation of his fancy, Jonson, with genuine humour, makes him forget his usual caution, and betray his haunts, which, in his first conversation with Master Mathew, he appears so solicitous to conceal. All the places which he enumerates were the abodes of poverty and vice; and his acquaintance with them completely disproves his claims to gentility and fashion" (Gifford).

85. *twenty* . . . *hundred*: Bobadill was bad at arithmetic, and so underrated the efficiency of his own scheme!

91. *civility*: "in a gentlemanly fashion, keeping to the rules."

102. *at my distance*: Mathew, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, likes to add his discreet quota. We gather from this "fling" that Mathew's "distance" would be considerably greater than that of swordsmen.

117. *gipsy*: Downright's contempt stimulates his wit: Bobadill swears by Pharaoh's foot, and gypsies were supposed to come from Egypt; hence by a simple train of association, Bobadill is a gipsy.

120-1. The oath is interjected, either as an exclamation of relief, or to stress the truth of what he says. He suddenly remembers that Cob has served him with the warrant to keep the peace.

125. *under thy favour*: Bobadill does not forget his politeness in his meek request for pity. This distinguishes him from the rough bully who bellows when he is thrashed.

127. *you'll control . . . you*: Downright retorts Bobadill's own glib "prating." (cf. I, iii.)

135. I cannot tell: "I don't know *what* to make of it." I desire . . . sort: "I would like you to put the best construction possible on it."

137. *strook . . . planet*: any illness which the physician could not explain was conveniently attributed to the effect of a malign planet. In the Middle Ages, as we learn from Chaucer's Physician (*Prologue to the Canterbury Tales*), astrology and medicine went hand-in-hand. We still talk of a "stroke." *thence*: "all of a sudden"?

142-4. Knowell's laborious "rubbing in" of the moral is priggish and spoils the dramatic effect. If our moral sense is meant to be trained on Bobadill, then our pleasure in him is ruined. In certain kinds of satire, where crimes, not follies, are concerned, the object is always being shown up against a moral code, and from the comparison the satire is generated. But the gulls of this play are too flimsy and inoffensive to be so treated.

145. *I'll . . . cloak*: one might feel inclined to accuse Jonson of a breach of dramatic decorum in this concluding incident, on the grounds that Stephen is hardly likely to brave Downright, after what has happened. But, we are to take it, he is too impervious to common sense to profit by what he has seen. Also he is liable to these *freakish fits* of cheekiness at inauspicious moments.

ACT IV. SCENE VI.

3-5. *where there . . . civil war*: Kately means that the peace of his household is precarious enough, without Wellbred's rocking its balance still more. Presumably the "sentinels" are Kately's own jealous, fears, and servants such as Cash, and casual onlookers like Cob, who are momentarily pressed into this unsavoury "military" service.

8-9. *a tall . . . angry*: "a man of mettle is never really himself until . . ." This speech is a parody of Downright's gnomonic manner; Wellbred is taking the "tense situation" easily, and here amusingly suggests, under a string of metaphors, that he was only keeping Downright's surliness in practice.

18. *poisoned*: the Renaissance was prolifically ingenious in methods of poisoning: the Borgias were the greatest masters of the art, but the Elizabethan dramatists were equal to them in fantasy, if not in practice.

20-7. This is pure farce, unlike the diseased intensity of his previous speeches, which have an almost tragic flavour.

28. *breath . . . poisoned him*: cf. Webster: *The White Devil* (II) — *He will poison a kiss*. Wellbred, of course, is satirical both of Kately and of the fantasies of the poisoner's art.

51. **martial; marshall'd:** Brainworm cannot resist a pun. His incessant ostentation of wit palls after a time. He is too "bright," and after a while invites derision rather than admiration. Jonson is, as always, so determined to make the part "go over" well that he gilds the lily.

56. **brown bill:** a pike with a hooked point, then used by watchmen, a fact to which Brainworm next refers.

62. **Tower:** "the Tower was extra-parochial and so afforded some facility to private marriage" (Gifford). Wellbred exploits the witty possibilities of the Tower as resolutely as Brainworm has exploited those of poor Formall.

74. **jest is stale:** "that's an old story"; *i.e.* a hackneyed excuse.

81. **monstrous thing:** Kiteley is as affected by his own imaginings as if they were true.

93-4. **I cannot . . . him:** "I cannot be certain of what goes off there, and so cannot in all fairness accuse him outright." Wellbred is careful to cover himself from actually saying Kiteley is unfaithful. He merely hints, knowing that hints are often more provocative than facts. He does not mean that he can't *blame* Kiteley entirely (*i.e.* that it is partly his wife's fault).

99. **I'll . . . presently:** Mrs. Kiteley's jealousy is more prosaic than her husband's: she spares herself the torment of his diseased fertility of invention by brisk comment and prompt action (contrast *his* indecisions). But we feel this gulling of the poor lady is perfunctory "stage business," necessary in order to leave Bridget free for the love project. We have not been well prepared for Mrs. Kiteley's defection into a Humour: she certainly is not a "study" in jealousy like her husband, but is used rather arbitrarily to get the maximum complication out of the approaching climax.

109-10. "If your beauties are not genuine, then curse the cosmetic (of whitelead, in this case) that makes them seem so!"

111. **though . . . the—:** Wellbred stops short of an indecency.

136, etc. Once more Kiteley plausibly misinterprets the situation. The mere innocent mention of Cash's name in association with his wife's is enough to make him convinced of the worst.

ACT IV. SCENE VII.

10. **Venice:** These two are not the first who have "escaped" in fancy into a better world, when the real world is too oppressive. Their conversation here is exquisite; Bobadill's first two speeches breathe a sort of tender resignation that is irresistably comical. Jonson could do this muted elegiac writing when he chose, although in general his writing is hard and brilliant and rather brutal. Then Mathew gives Bobadill his cue, and he is immediately in his usual imaginary world of fascinatingly foreign terms ("nobilis," "gentilezza"), in which he is supreme. After this "awakened remembrance," his decision to be "revenged by law" is a pathetic anticlimax. Although Jonson deliberately does not draw "rounded" characters, his insight into his characters' psychology can show more subtlety than is usually allowed him.

16. **base wood**: "Apparently a pun upon the word *baston*, the stick with which a *bastinado* was given" (Wheatley).

43. **cross . . . fortune**: a silver penny was shaped with a cross so that it could easily be halved or quartered. Thus "not a cross" = "no money at all," which was "unfortunate"—hence Bobadill's "by *misfortune*." Notice how Bobadill discreetly retires into the background when anything practical is to be done. Compare the end of I, iii, to which Mathew happens to refer below (44-5). If anything, he passively discourages Mathew from getting the warrant.

56. **dispatch'd . . . chambers**: an unconvincing attempt to cover up their poverty. Mathew as a fine gentleman is pathetic.

62. **russet** was a coarse cloth used chiefly by country folk. Hence its appropriateness to Downright.

ACT IV. SCENE VIII.

5. Poor Tib is always in the wars for her innocently provocative greetings, which are misconstrued according to the various Humours of her callers (*cf.* iv, ii).

11. **it flies . . . you**: (1) "you speak of it too glibly"; (2) "you lose it through your wicked profession" (*cf.* a *light* woman).

16. **Now . . . straight**: (1) "he won't be far off"; (2) "I shall catch him red-handed."

19. Referring to Tib's supposed profession of bawd. The "business" of the beating and banging of the door is still another example of Jonson's increasing his dramatic effects by the use of inanimate objects.

21. **so . . . it**: "don't pretend to be innocent."

22. **tried**: "trusty": Mrs. Kitley is being sarcastic.

29. **close walks**: "private walks": she means here that he is ashamed to be seen in them.

34. **change**: "a change." Possibly also a pun on "Change" (*cf.* *honest market*, above); *i.e.* he has made a profitable "deal" and so is "fat."

42. **goat**: the goat's amorousness was a matter of interest in the days when men were less urbanised than now.

46. Gifford takes "chastity" = "lawful pleasures": **spent**: "wasted."

50. **pander**: poor Thomas Cash! He is also the **apple-squire** of l. 57, and the old (lust) in young (man) of l. 70.

55. **BA'D**: an awful pun on "bawd" and "bad."

61-3. Old Knowell is now *out* of his Humour: he has been cured.

61. **taste**: we might say "it *smacks* of a trick." The sensuous image is far richer than a colourless word like "seems," or "guess": also, it includes the unpleasant "taste" of the humiliation he is enduring.

64. **Go . . . it**: "Of course I'll go, but it will going to *your* shame, not *mine*."

73. **preferr'd thither:** (1) "Have I been promoted in this (disreputable) way?" (*i.e.* Have I become master of a bawdy house?). (2) "Have I been supplanted in your affections?"

74. **Isbel:** Jezebel? (the wicked woman of the Bible). Cob has been erratic about his proper names before: *cf.* *Rasher* Bacon (I, iii). Other editors assume it to be an alternative for Tib, though she is not so called elsewhere: nor is it very likely, humanly speaking, he would fondly call her by her Christian name at the height of his righteous anger.

80. **bundle of hemp:** (1) hemp was beaten with a mallet as one of the processes in rope making. (2) Harlots were made to do this work when confined in Bridewell (see Hogarth's painting, *The Harlots' Progress*, No. 4). Thus Tib includes both her beating and her being called a bawd.

82. Kitley surely means this to apply to Mrs. Kitley as well.

ACT IV SCENE IX.

1-3. "A bailiff," says Brainworm, "is very open with the debtors he has to arrest, for he always carries his little mace and wears his gown, and so cannot be mistaken for anyone else. And thus, he never disguises himself, and as I am now a bailiff, I can say *I* am not disguised (*i.e.* most like my (real) self)." Brainworm's wit suits his name; to follow it is like straightening out a wriggling snake. Thus he goes on to say that the bailiff, however, *does* deceive the debtor once he arrests him . . .

7. **pepper and salt:** the mace is shaped like an artichoke, but it is more self-contained than that vegetable because it carries its own seasoning. A pun on "mace" = "spice."

19. **afore . . . aware . . .** Mathew fears lest Downright should be given time enough to discover who has "procured" the warrant, and so to give them another beating before being bound to keep the peace. His fear is not unfounded, for Downright *does* nearly get in a few "swinges" before Brainworm can get his warrant served. See below.

27. **afore my time:** his time to be afraid will be when the owner of the cloak claims it. Stephen fears he will be charged for *having* the coat, but resents being charged on the wrong count (*i.e.* for having it on).

43. "There is some natural humour in making Bobadill, who had suffered from Downright's courage, celebrate the *prowess* of the *serjeant* (a legal officer) in venturing to arrest him." (Gifford). Bobadill has said before "'tis service of danger" (IV, vii, 69). Brainworm evidently thinks so too:—"I will use you kindly, sir" (41): see also his fears of "the danger of this exploit" at the beginning of the Scene. Considering all this, Downright's acquiescence in l. 39 is surprisingly tame, and is meant to be so, to provide some point to Clement's quizzing of him in V, i, 102-on. Downright's Humour is to take things too literally; that is here his "downfall." It must be admitted that this putting him out of his Humour is not immediately striking, or, when completed in the "judgment" scene (V, i), very convincing: his Humour is too strong a light to be put out by such a timid blow.

60-62. In the face of this arbitrary and menacing suspension of the due course of the law, Downton's meek acceptance of the warrant in l. 39 appears even more amazing.

69. Brainworm has made a "mess" of it because he is now forced by Downton to appear at the Justice's; there, he knows, unless he can appear as several people at once, his "brainworming" must be discovered. We can now see more motive in Jonson's making Stephen steal the cloak in the rather unlikely fashion we commented on at the time. It is a rather perfunctory bit of dramatic "business" necessary to bring Brainworm, as well as Stephen, to book. It is fitting that Brainworm, who has taken so many chances and been lucky, should be overthrown by another (unlucky) *chance* rather than by a *mistake* in his intriguing.

ACT V. SCENE I.

24. **fruits:** the image is suggested by Mrs. Kiteley's "grows".

33. How did Kiteley know this? This question is partly answered in the *Quarto*, where the merchant learns that his sister has left his house; but he does not know that his brother-in-law accompanied her. It seems clear that Clement also has been told a few things "off stage," or how did he know that Kiteley had been *told* of his wife's having gone to Cob's? Again the *Quarto* partly explains; Clement is present when Wellbred informs Kiteley; but if so, why does he pretend ignorance now? Or is it part of his cross-examination technique to take nothing for granted? It seems curious, in any case, that so careful a plotter as Jonson should leave any loose threads. The latter, of course, would not be noticed on the stage; the speed of Clement's quick-fired questions would prevent it.

39. **a piece of a sentence:** apparently a pun on "sentence" is intended: (1) juridical sentence, (2) sententiousness. Clement says, referring to Cob's heart-felt speech (38), "Very eloquently put, and very judiciously put, too, for what you say is the attitude the *law* takes towards a punishment of beating (*i.e.* it is deserved, if the offence is proven)." This interpretation is not very satisfactory; possibly Clement might have made himself clearer if he had not been interrupted!

52. **Nay . . . pretence:** "Come, don't pretend; you can't deceive me!" Bobadill's meek greeting is, apparently, not what Clement expected of a soldier. So far Clement has been a sane and shrewd justice, sizing up the jealousy of the Kiteleys, and compassionate to Tib. Now he starts off on one of the freaks for which he is famous, but in terms of the drama it is not the irresponsible whim that it is in terms of character, for its purpose is to humiliate Bobadill's military pretensions even further.

60. **in the way . . . peace:** "as I went my peaceful way," or possibly, "although I was bound over to keep the peace."

74-5. **Set . . . picture:** Bobadill was only the picture of a soldier. Clement has him "carted" aside as if he were a piece of canvas.

76-7. **Freshwater's:** *i.e.* a raw recruit.

89. **I'll . . . you:** "I'll stand up to you."

94. in **passion**: "in so melancholy a tone, so pathetically. Poor Bobadill has now been sufficiently humbled" (Gifford). There is other evidence for this use of the word, but cannot one take it that Clement is sarcastic, and compare his reaction to Bobadill's *first* greeting ("by your worship's favour . . .").

105. **must**: "would have to."

137-8. **sword . . . balance**: the emblems of justice. Brainworm is made a subject for praise rather than censure. This is not uncommon with Jonson's knaves; if they are clever enough, they get off lightly. It is the dupe, or the rogue who is not quite clever enough (e.g. Subtle in *The Alchemist*), who comes off worst in the Jonsonian scale of morality: the supreme example is *Bartholomew Fair*, where the pick-pockets and twisters actually prosper, and almost the only man with common human decency (Overdo) is the butt of them all.

216-19. Presumably this is a parody.

220-1. **pocket muse**: i.e. "he has his poems ready written out, in his pocket."

223-4. Wellbred warns Mathew not to offer resistance to their search, since it has been ordered by a judge.

228-9. Poorly parodied from Daniel's first sonnet in his *Idea* sequence:—

*Unto the boundless oceans of thy beauty
Runs this poor river, charged with streams of zeal.*

Some have supposed that Daniel is pilloried in the figure of Mathew.

239. **sic . . . mundi**: "so worldly splendour passes away."

240. Knowell is pleased to think that Clement shares his opinion of poetry. He is soon undeceived. An emblem was a picture with a short poem explaining it.

241-3. **They are . . . sheriff**: improved, and with modern references, from Florus:—

*Consules fiunt quotannis, et novi proconsules,
Solut aul rex aut poeta non quotannis nascitur*

("Consuls and proconsuls are renewed every year; only a king or a poet is not born every year"). Kitley does not agree!

248-9. **with the fact**: "they are damned by the very existence of their poetry."

250. **Sir . . . defence**: "In the *Quarto*, however, it is made. It would be unjust to Jonson, as well as the reader, to suppress the passage, which is full of noble feeling, at once rational, fervid, and sublime. It breathes the very spirit of high antiquity . . . After giving master Mathew's scraps, the *Quarto* proceeds thus":

Lor. ju. Poetry? nay, then call blasphemy, religion;
Call devils, angels; and sin, piety:

Let all things be preposterously transchanged.

Lor. se. Why, how now, son! what, are you startled now?
Hath the brize prick'd you, ha? go to; you see
How abjectly your poetry is rank'd in general opinion.

Lor. ju. Opinion, O God, let gross opinion sink and be damn'd
 As deep as *Barathrum*,
 If it may stand with your most wish'd content,
 I can refell opinion and approve
 The state of poesy, such as it is,
 Blessed, eternal, and most true divine:
 Indeed, if you will look on Poesy
 As she appears in many, poor and lame,
 Patch'd up in remnants and old worn rags,
 Half starved for want of her peculiar food:
 Sacred invention, then I must confirm
 Both your conceit and censure of her merit,
 But view her in her glorious ornaments,
 Attired in the majesty of art,
 Set high in spirit, with the precious taste
 Of sweet philosophy, and which is most.
 Crown'd with the rich traditions of a soul
 That hates to have her dignity profaned
 With any relish of an earthly thought:
 Oh, then how proud a presence doth she bear.
 Then is she like herself, fit to be seen
 Of none but grave and consecrated eyes:
 Nor is it any blemish to her fame,
 That such lean, ignorant, and blasted wits,
 Such brainless gulls, should utter their stol'n wares
 With such applauses in our vulgar ears:
 Or that their slubber'd lines have current pass
 From the fat judgments of the multitude,
 But that this barren and infected age
 Should set no difference 'twixt these empty spirits
 And a true poet: than which reverend name
 Nothing can more adorn humanity.

Clem. Ay, *Lorenzo*, but election is now governed altogether by the influence of humour, which, instead of those holy flames that should direct and light the soul to eternity, hurls forth nothing but smoke and congested vapours, that stifle her up, and bereave her of all sight and motion" (Gifford).

254-5. *I will . . . midnight*: (1) he will not use them for signboards; (2) he will not have them put in the cage hung outside the prison wall.

259. *tender*: "offer to provide for . . ." Formal was the third, and as he was in armour, he was "provided for the purpose." No one spares any pity for poor Formal, the most wronged man in the play!

270. *mortal*: Cob has an ear for a fine "sentence" (as Clement has observed before) but is satisfied with an approximation to the right word: "mortal" would suggest "frail," but as Tib has just been proved honest, this can hardly be; Cob probably intends "moral."

274-6. *You . . . jealousy*: thus the characters are now safely conducted out of their *Humours*.

286-7. The play is not known. What he learned is not much;—viz. to bequeath his suspicions to others who are jealous, as he has been.

GLOSSARY

A

adjection: addition, IV. vi. 5.
affect: love, IV. iii. 16.
an: if, I. i. 3, etc.: so, V. i. 96.
anatomy: a body (for medical dissection), IV. iv. 37.
angel: a silver coin, III. i. 119.
appetite: desire (sexual), II. i. 187.
as: which, V. i. 25.

B

band: probably a linen collar, IV. vi. 77.
bastinado: beating (baston = stick), I. iv. 93.
bells: helped to reveal a hawk's position, I. i. 38.
bills: advertisement placards, II. i. 99.
blood: passion, II. i. 189.
Bordello: brothel, I. i. 176.
bravery: extravagance in dress, I. i. 77.
breathe: put through one's paces, I. iv. 148; wait, V. i. 90.
Burgullian: bully, IV. ii. 17.

C

case: situation, V. i. 25.
cassock: soldier's overcoat, II. iii. 140.
chartel: challenge, I. iv. 105.
Cob: head (used for whole fish, also), I. iii. 16.
coney-catching: cheating, III. i. 171.
consort: companion (contemptuous), I. i. 46, etc.
control: "boss about," II. i. 64.
copesmate: companion, paramour, IV. viii. 15.
counters: the two city prisons (pounds), II. i. 73.
curiously: artfully, II. iii. 52.

D

delivered: told (affectation), III. i. 4.
demeans: behaves, I. i. 119.
discharge: authority, V. i. 100.
diseased: unruly, II. i. 59.
dors: deceives, tricks, IV. vi. 136.
drawers: waiters, V. i. 197.
Durindana: Orlando's sword (*Orlando Furioso*), III. i. 147.

E

Excalibur: King Arthur's sword, III. i. 147.
entertainment: engagement (as servant), IV. iv. 9.

F

familiars: associates (derogatory), II. i. 99.
fascinated: bewitched, IV. vii. 17.
fayles and tick-tack: varieties of backgammon (games of chance), III. ii. 90.
foist: cutpurse, IV. ii. 17.

G

gave: misgave, IV. i. 198.
gelt: castrated, I. ii. 57.
generally: indiscriminately, I. iv. 36.
genius: spirit, III. i. 24.
ging: company (derogatory?), II. i. 153.
gorget: throat armour, V. i. 48.
grogans: coarse fabric, II. i. 9.
guilder: Dutch florin, III. i. 157.

H

hang-bys: "hangers on," III. 56.

hanger: band fastening sword to belt, I. iv. 77.
harrot's: Herald's, I. iii. 16.
havings: property, I. iii. 58.
hay: a hit (fencing), from It. *hai* (= you have it).
hobby-doddy: fool, cuckold, IV. viii. 56.
Hogsden: Hoxton (county district), I. i. 48.
hood: used to tame a hawk, I. i. 38.
Hospitall: Christ's (= Bluecoat School), where foundlings and aldermen's sons were educated, II. i. 16.

I

imbrocata: downward stroke (fencing), IV. iv. 76.
ingine: understanding (Lat. *ingenium*), V. i. 184.
invincibly: invisibly (= "without his knowing it"), I. iii. 67.

K

kind: esteem, III. i. 6.

L

laid along: beaten to the ground, V. i. 62.
leaguer: siege, III. i. 113.
leystalls: receptacles of filth, II. iii. 64.

M

madge: owl (proper name), II. i. 143.
make: acquaint with, prepare, IV. ix. 42.
malt-horse: brewer's dray-horse (term of abuse), I. iv. 84.
man: manliness, II. i. 44.
marle: marvel, III. i. 35.
mechanical: working class, labouring, I. i. 115.

mess: diners were arranged in groups of four ("mess room"), I. ii. 58.
Mill End: training ground for the City Companies, II. iii. 141, etc.
minion: lover, iv. i. 184.
Mithridate: antidote (from the legend of King Mithridates), IV. vi. 24.
montanto: thrust (fencing), IV. v. 77.
Morglay: Sir Bevis' sword (romance), III. i. 147.
mortality: life, I. ii. 58.
mystery: science or art, I. iv. 110.

O

ord'naries: eating houses, II. iii. 55.

P

passada: pass (fencing), IV. v. 76.
peremptory: "out-and-out" (fashionable), I. i. 117, etc.
petrionel: large pistol, III. i. 138.
phant'sie: invention, IV. iii. 7.
pieces of eight: Spanish silver pieces (= 8 reales), II. i. 9.
Pict-hatch: haunt of prostitutes and thieves, I. i. 177.
possess: inform (affectation), I. iv. 36; IV. iii. 8.
pottle: 2 quarts, IV. iv. 66.
precision: Puritan, III. ii. 88.
presently: immediately, I. i. 108, etc.
pretend'st: claimest (not modern sense of deceiving), IV. iii. 16.
prevention: parrying, IV. v. 36.
proceed: become, *Prologue*, 7.
prorogue: prolong, III. i. 236.
provant rapier: an army issue (hence poor quality), III. i. 163.
punto: thrust with point (fencing); a moment, IV. v. 16.
put up: stand without resistance, V. i. 66.

Q

quean: hussy, IV. viii. 82.

R

rakehells: rakes (Fr. *recaille*; Chaucer—*rackle*), IV. i. 163.

realm: (1) 20 quires of paper (= 480 sheets); (2) "commonwealth," V. i. 226.

reformados: disbanded soldiers III. ii. 227, etc.

resolve: be sure (affectation), I. iv. 42.

retricato: ? apparently invented IV. vii. 15.

reverso: back stroke (fencing), IV. v. 76.

rude: uncouth, I. i. 121.

S

sadness: seriousness, I. ii. 44.

scroyles: scoundrels, I. i. 48.

servitor: serving soldier, III. i. 121.

shove-groat shilling: = modern "shove ha'penny," III. ii. 226.

smoked: tricked, IV. ii. 25.

sod: boiled, twice sod = stale, IV. viii. 37.

sort: company, I. iv. 19, etc.

Spittle: hospital for horrible diseases, I. i. 177.

squire: pimp, IV. vi. 127; (apple-squire, IV. viii. 57).

stale: make cheap, II. i. 56.

St. Mark's Day: April 25, III. i. 107.

stoccata: thrust (fencing), I. iv. 109, etc.

stomach: pride, presumption, II. i. 86.

stopple: bung, I. iii. 56.

swinge: beat, II. i. 153.

T

take: understand, IV. iii. 1.

tall: bold, IV. v. 120, etc.

taste: experience, IV. v. 1.

tell: count, I. i. 187.

tightly: quickly, II. i. 187.

tonnels: nostrils, I. iii. 84.

toward: likely, promising, I. II. i. 17.

travel: labour, travel, or IV. v. 21, etc.

treachour: traitor, IV. viii.

trencher: plate (kitchen), 264.

Trojan: trusty man, IV. ii.

U

use: treat, IV. ix. 41.

used: (1) frequented, V. i. 2 behaved, V. i. 21.

utter: trade, III. ii. 206.

V

varlets: bailiffs of the city p (carried mace and wore g IV. vii. 70, etc.

viaticum: provisions for journey I. i. 174.

vein: humour, V. i. 175.

venture (ata): by some misel II. i. 178.

W

when: exclamation of impatience V. i. 46.

wusse: certainly, I. i. 37.

