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BEN JONSON

Edited by C. H. Herford
Percy and Evelyn Simpson

VOLUME VI

Bartholomew Fair
The Devil is an Ass
The Staple of News
The New Inn
The Magnetic Lady

OXFORD
At the Clarendon Press
P R E F A C E

THE present volume concludes the most important section of Jonson's work, the Plays, with the exception of the fragmentary *Sad Shepherd*. This will be printed in the seventh volume at the head of the *Masques*.

Mrs. Simpson, who has given valuable help in the past, has in this volume become a collaborator. The fact is recorded on the title-page.

The Editors gratefully acknowledge the help they have received in getting access to copies of the text and permission to photograph title-pages. His Grace the Duke of Portland deposited in Bodley his copy of the second volume of the 1640 Folio with the 1669 title-page of *The Devil is an Ass*; no other copy with this title-page is recorded. For our knowledge of it we are indebted to the librarian at Welbeck, Mr. F. W. Needham, who obtained permission for us to reproduce it. Mr. H. L. Ford supplied us with another rare, if not unique, title-page of *Bartholomew Fair*. Sir Charles Oman and the Library Committee of All Souls College allowed photographs to be taken of title-pages in their copies of the Folio. One of the last services rendered to us by the late T. J. Wise was to deposit in Bodley his copy of *The New Inn* with the untrimmed leaves and to allow us to photograph it for purposes of collation. Many years ago, before
this copy passed into Mr. Wise's collection, the late Bertram Dobell allowed us to collate it and lent a second copy which he had then in his keeping. For access to special copies in order to solve a textual problem, we are indebted to the assistant librarian of Christ Church, Mr. W. G. Hiscock, to the late librarian of Jesus College, the Rev. L. B. Cross, and to the librarian of Manchester College, the Rev. R. V. Holt.

We are deeply indebted to Dr. W. W. Greg for some very valuable criticism.

We have once again to thank the staff of the Clarendon Press for their skill and vigilance.

The present volume was prepared for the press concurrently with the fifth volume. The explanation of this more rapid execution of our long and difficult task was given in the preface to that volume. In 1935 a Leverhulme Research Fellowship was awarded to the Editor for two years. A further result of the award is that we have prepared the earlier portion of the seventh volume. Some of the worst difficulties in the text of the Masques have been solved, and there is reasonable ground for hoping that the volume will be ready for the printer by the end of 1938. Lovers of Ben Jonson will share our gratitude to the Leverhulme Trustees.

P. S.

Oriel College, Oxford,
December, 1937.
CONTENTS

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS AND FACSIMILES ix

THE TEXT: Introductory Note xi

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR 1

THE DEVIL IS AN ASS 145

THE STAPLE OF NEWS 273

THE NEW INN 385

THE MAGNETIC LADY 501
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS AND FACSIMILES

WILLIAM ELDER’S PORTRAIT OF JONSON . Frontispiece

This portrait was engraved by Elder for a frontispiece to the Folio of 1692. He copied it from Robert Vaughan’s engraving in the Folio of 1640, which we have reproduced as the frontispiece to our third volume. The Vaughan engraving is reversed by Elder; the details are copied with slight modifications. The poet’s laurel wreath has a cluster of full-sized overlapping leaves; Vaughan had two sprays of laurel meeting above the head. The face is fuller than in Vaughan’s portrait, and the lines are less deep. The hair over the brow and above the right ear is sharper drawn with ampler curls, but the thin beard is reproduced. The lappet is on the right shoulder, and the collar is tied by the double loop. The braid on either side of the buttons which fasten the doublet is marked simply by lighter shading without any trace of the pattern found in Vaughan. The cloak is here thrown over the right arm, and the gloves are held in the right hand. The portrait, framed in oval with the inscription ‘Vera effigies doctissimi poetarum Anglicorum, Ben: Jonsonii’, rests on an altar, on the pedestal of which are Abraham Holland’s lines—

Johnsoni typus; ecce qui furoris,
Antistes sacer, Enthei, Camenis,
Vindex Ingenij recens Sepulti,
Antiquæ reparator unus artis,
Defunctæ Pater Eruditionis,
Et Scena veteris Novator audax,
Nec felix minus, aut minus politus,
Cui solus similis, Figura vivet.

O could there be an art found out that might
Produce his Shape so lively as to Write.

Only one detail of the Vaughan portrait is omitted—the wart close by the right nostril. As a matter of fact the fine painting in
List of Illustrations and Facsimiles

the National Portrait Gallery shows that the wart was by the left nostril. This is a feature which Vaughan need not have reversed.

Elder’s engraving was also sold separately. It has the advertisement, ‘Sold at the George near St. Dunstans Church in Fleet Street’. Elder worked from 1680 to 1700. He was popular with booksellers, who employed him for these frontispieces. His engraved portraits, says Mr. Lionel Cust in the Dictionary of National Biography, ‘show more mechanical than artistic skill and are mostly copied from older engravings’. This particular portrait of Jonson, George Vertue thought ‘the best of Elder’s plates’, and it certainly shows some degree of technical accomplishment.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR:

The trial title-page in Mr. H. L. Ford’s copy... To face p. 8

The title-page of the Folio, 1631, with Beale’s device... page 9

THE DEVIL IS AN ASS:

The title-page of the Folio, 1631, with Beale’s device... 155

The title-page of the Folio, 1641, with Harper’s device... 157

Panel-compartments used by Harper as head-pieces in the 1641 Folio on A 2 recto and A 2 verso... 159

The title-page in the Welbeck copy of the 1640 Folio... 161

THE STAPLE OF NEWS:

The title-page of the Folio, 1631... 277

THE NEW INN:

The title-page of the Octavo, 1631... 395

THE MAGNETIC LADY:

The title-page of the Folio, 1640... 505
THE TEXT: INTRODUCTORY NOTE

'I am sorry to observe', Gifford wrote in his prefatory note to Bartholomew Fair, 'that the excellent folio of 1616 deserts us here.' We share his regret, for the Folio of 1631–1640 is carelessly printed and the text has to be constantly corrected in such points as the punctuation. Four of the plays in the present volume were included in it: Bartholomew Fair, The Devil is an Ass, and The Staple of News, dated 1631, The Magnetic Lady, dated 1640. The New Inn was not included; it was published in octavo in 1631 and in the one-volume folio of 1692.

Twelve copies of the 1640 Folio have been collated for the text of the present edition: three copies in the British Museum, two copies in the Bodleian, two copies in the library of All Souls College, Oxford, the Oriel College copy, and four copies belonging to the Editor. Selden's copy of the 1631 edition of The Devil is an Ass (H 1. 9 Art. Seld. in Bodley) and the Editor's copy, bound in contemporary vellum, have also been collated. Sometimes an uncorrected state of a portion of the text has been found only in a single copy. In the hope of finding some corrections of the blundering in quires L and M of Bartholomew Fair thirty-four copies were examined, without result. That is an instructive example of the difficulties that confront an editor who tries to cope with the text of the 1640 Folio.

The seven copies of the 1631 Octavo of The New Inn which have been collated are recorded in the introduction to the text of that play; it is the best printed play in this volume.

The following symbols and abbreviations have been used in the critical apparatus:

\[ F = \text{the Folio of 1631–1640.} \]
\[ F3 = \text{the Folio of 1692.} \]
\*The Text: Introductory Note\*

\[W = \text{Whalley's edition of 1736.}\]
\[G = \text{Gifford's edition of 1816.}\]

In \textit{Bartholomew Fair}:

\[Re = \text{the reset L 2 recto and L 3 verso of the 1631 Folio.}\]

In \textit{The New Inn}:

\[O = \text{the Octavo of 1631.}\]

Corrections, whether printer's or author's, are indicated by the formula, 'corr. \textit{F}.'; the misprint by '\textit{F originally}'. Similarly, in \textit{The New Inn}, 'corr. \textit{O}', '\textit{O originally}'. The few emendations for which the Editor is responsible are marked 'Editor': for example, when the imbecile jeerers run away from the usurer Peni-boy's home on hearing that Peni-boy Canter is upon them, in Act V, scene v, lines 56–7 of \textit{The Staple of News}, the Folio reads:

\[\text{See! the whole \textit{Covy} is scatter'd,}
\text{'Ware, 'ware the Hawkes. I loue to see him flye.}\]

Whalley thought to correct the grammar by altering 'him' to 'em', Gifford by printing 'them'. We have made the obvious change of 'Hawke' for 'Hawkes'. Conical brackets enclose words inserted in the text to supply an omission of the original: for instance, '(Enter Lovel.)' in Act III, scene ii, after line 24 of \textit{The New Inn}. Square brackets enclose a word wrongly inserted in the original: for instance, '[Irondside]' in the heading of Act V, scene ix of \textit{The Magnetic Lady}; he is not present in that scene.

Gifford's scene-locations, scene-numberings, and stage directions, where these last are not anticipated in the original, are added in the critical apparatus. He wrongly marks a new scene in \textit{The Devil is an Ass} at Act II, scene vii, line 23. We ourselves have been forced—we hope with more justification—to mark a new scene in the third Act of \textit{The Magnetic Lady}, scene iii; Jonson's text appears to have been confused at that point, and the printer failed to grapple with it.
BARTHOLOMEW FAIR
THE TEXT

With the play of *Bartholomew Fair* the text of Jonson enters on a new phase. *Catiline* was the last play printed in the 1616 Folio under Jonson’s supervision; *Bartholomew Fair*, though acted in 1614, was not included. The three plays of *Bartholomew Fair, The Devil is an Ass*, and *The Staple of News* were printed in 1631 by John Beale for Robert Allot; they were afterwards included in the 1640 Folio. Jonson had evidently planned to bring out a second folio, but in 1628 he had an attack of paralysis. His own infirmity and the incompetence of Beale put an end to the project, which went no further than these three plays. In a letter to the Earl of Newcastle¹ he complained of ‘the Lewd Printer’, with whose ‘delays and vexation’ he had almost become blind and suggested that their relations would make a tragi-comedy of ‘The Absolute Knave’ with Beale in the title part.

Of the three plays printed in 1631 only *The Staple of News* was entered on the Stationers’ Register; John Waterson entered it on 14 April 1626, and transferred it to Allot on 7 September 1631.² But *Bartholomew Fair*, though not entered, was transferred by Allot’s widow, Mary, after her husband’s death, to the younger John Legatt and Allot’s old servant Andrew Crooke, along with *The Staple of News* and fifty-nine other books, on 1 July 1637.³

The collation of *Bartholomew Fair* in the folio text of 1631 is as follows: A 1 blank; A 2 recto, the title-page; A 2 verso, blank; A 3 recto, the prologue to the King for the Court performance; A 3 verso, the persons of the play; A 4–6, the induction; B to M in fours, the text of the play, concluding with the Epilogue to the King. A 1 is blank in a copy belonging to Dr. Greg; in all other copies examined it is missing or a title is printed on the recto, dated 1640, and describing the book as ‘The second Volume’ of the ‘Workes’. It gives the three plays in wrong chronological

¹ Printed in vol. i, p. 211.
² Arber’s *Transcript*, iv. 156 and 260.
³ Ibid. 387.
Bartholomew Fair.

order, viz. Bartholomew Fair, The Staple of News, The Devil is an Ass, and bears the device of Bernard Alsop\(^1\) and the imprint of Richard Meighen.

The title-page of Bartholomew Fair on A 2 is found in two states, both of which are reproduced in this edition. (1) The commoner form in which, after the reference to the dedication of the play to King James, the author's name is printed between two rules in a single line, ' By the Author, BENIAMIN JOHNSON '; (2) a trial title-page in a copy belonging to Mr. H. L. Ford, in which the rules are taken out and the name is printed in the usual abbreviated form

\[\text{BY}\]

The Author, BEN: JOHNSON.

Except for the 'BY' this is the form in which the name appears in the two other plays of 1631. The misprint 'assello' occurs in both states of the title-page. Beale's device (No. 374 in McKerrow) is on the title-page, a griffin's head erased in the centre with the arms of the Stationers' Company and Beale's arms in the upper corners. The ill-printed crest in the latter should be, Dr. McKerrow notes, a unicorn's head \textit{semée d'estoiles}.

How does Beale's printing of the text stand the test of critical scrutiny? Were Jonson's strictures justified? Beale made almost every mistake which a bad and careless printer was capable of making. Letters are frequently omitted: a representative example is the stage-direction in iv. v. 61 'Alice eners, beating he Justice's wife'. Words are dropped, as in the unintelligible 'A very lesse then Amesace, on two Dice' in i. i. 10. Words are printed twice over: for example 'then then' (iii. v. 32), 'and and' (iii. vi. 36). Misspellings, such as 'Souragine' (Ind. 69), abound; a number due to foul case may be more fully illustrated, for example, c and e in 'Licence' (i. ii. 23), 'shce' (ib. 48), 'fatnesse' (ii. ii. 118), 'sneerc' (ii. v. 123), 'baitcd' (iii. iv. 131), 'hce' (iii. v. 8); similarly with r and t we have 'wirh'

\(^1\) No. 339 in McKerrow.
(III. v. 11), 'Heatt' (ib. 304), 'rhe' (iv. vi. 43), and 'fot' (v. vi. 12). Misspacing of words and mispunctuation of sentences occur so frequently that one accepts them as the printer's normal practice: it is sufficient to quote 'persway or, aswage' in ii. vi. 39. Another point is the sparing use of the Jonsonian bracket when a speech interrupts the run of the dialogue; Beale apparently ignored it. Thus in iv. iv. 21, in the fatuous game of vapours—

K N O. Nay, I know nothing, Sir, pardon me there.
E D G. They are at it stil, Sir, this they call vapours.
W H I. He shall not pardon dee, Captaine, dou shalt not be pardon'd.—

At the second line Edgworth enters behind with Quarlous, to whom he explains what is passing. Jonson would certainly have bracketed his speech. Similarly Overdoo's numerous asides would have been helped by the use of this favourite device of Jonson's.

Finally, it may be noted that the printing—never good—deteriorates badly towards the end of the play. Everything suggests hurried composition and no subsequent examination by a press-corrector in Beale's office.

How did Jonson, now in failing health and with bad eyesight, face the problem thus presented to him? Gifford in his introductory note to the present play observed that the plays printed after *Catiline* ' do not exhibit, to my eye, the same marks of Jonson's care as those already given: nor do I think that he concerned himself with the revision of the folio now before us'—he means all the plays published in 1640, not merely the three plays printed in 1631—' or, indeed ever saw it, though many of the pieces contained in it are dated several years antecedent to his death.' The letter to the Earl of Newcastle proves that Jonson 'concerned himself' with these early plays: he sent the Earl advance copies of *Bartholomew Fair* and *The Devil is an Ass*, but could not extract from Beale a copy of *The Staple of News* after it had been printed off. Further,
Jonson seems to have made some attempt to correct these plays.

To take the evidence afforded by the text of *Bartholomew Fair*. One alteration on C 2 recto, 'your head' for 'you head' (l. v. 93), might have been made by a compositor; but those on D 1 verso and D 4 recto are probably Jonson's—on D 1 verso two misspellings, 'Who'd' for 'Wou'd' (II. ii. 40) and 'Edgeworth' for 'Egdeworth' (l. 56); and two corrections of the punctuation 'Heere,' for 'Heere.' (l. 46), and 'morning,' for 'morning.' (l. 59); on D 4 recto, a stage-direction is inserted 'This they whisper, that Ouerdo heares it not.' (II. iv. 37), 'on on 'hem' is corrected to 'one on 'hem' (ib. l. 58), and commas are inserted after 'sing' (l. 40) and 'here' (l. 65). Beale would not have troubled to supply defective stops in such passages as these, considering the number he left out elsewhere, and he certainly would not have invented a stage-direction.

But the blundering in Beale's office was quite beyond Jonson's control. During the printing—presumably as the result of an accident with the forme—L 2 recto and L 3 verso, containing Act v, scene iii, lines 92–137 and scene iv, lines 90–138, were reset. This was done line for line, but differences in spacing, changes in the type (e.g. the catchword on signature L 2 was reduced in size), mispunctuation, and one bad misprint ('Sestos height' for 'Sestos hight' in the Marlowe quotation, v. iii. 113) show clearly what happened. There are such pointless variants as 'here for 'heere' (l. 104), 'doe' for 'do' (l. 114), 'he' for 'hee' (l. 127), 'Judgement' for 'judgement' (l. 130), and 'Drum' for 'drum' (l. 136). The textual errors are rather worse on L 3 verso: 'fault himselfe' for 'fault in himselfe' (iv. 100), 'I pray' for 'I pray you' (l. 108), 'expresse' for 'to expresse' (l. 113), 'call our Abidus' for 'call it our Abidus' (l. 120), 'That's' for 'That is' (l. 129), 'you manners' for 'your manners' (l. 134). Of mistakes in punctuation it is sufficient to instance, 'Well, then' for 'Well then,' (l. 109) and 'now, I thinke on't' for 'now I thinke on't' (l. 111).
The Text.

A finishing touch is given to the blundering by omitting the catchword 'Pvp.' after line 138.

The 'tragi-comedy', as Jonson called it, does not end here. Some atrocious misprints disfigure the text of L 4 recto and verso, M 1 recto and verso, M 2 and M 3 verso; it is sufficient to mention 'thhe landed' for 'that he landed' (v. iv. 148), 'Hld' for 'Hold' (l. 268), 'Gramerc ypurp' (l. 272), 'mmmy breakfast' for 'me my breakfast' (l. 276), 'and' for 'and' (l. 313), 'B A s.' for 'B v s' (v. v. 16), 'Donisius' for 'Dionisius' (ib. 36), and 'Litwit' for 'Littlewit' in the stage-direction at Act v, scene vi, line 5. What happened here? In order to solve this problem, thirty-four copies of the Folio have been examined for the misprints in L 4 and M 1: no corrections have been found in any of them. It may be safely assumed that the lewd printer put a stop to correcting as the play went on; he may even have ceased sending Jonson proofs. What Beale's standard of correctness was and how much he cared for the difficulties that his blundering might cause a thoughtful reader is shown in the explanation he offered about the errors in William Gouge's The Whole-Armor of God, which he printed in 1616. He told the reader in a prefatory note on A 9 verso that he had done his best to print the book correctly, 'yet I cannot denie but that some faults haue escaped in some copies'; the author had been careful to correct the book and 'so oft as his leasure permitted him, he came himsef to the Presse, and as he found a fault amended it, so that there are very few faults but are amended in most of the Bookes'. The words we have italicised indicate the practice common in the seventeenth century of not destroying the uncorrected sheets but binding them up promiscuously with those which the author corrected, usually by attending at the printing-house in person.¹ The only remedy was, of course, a list of errata. What did Beale do for Gouge? He did not print an errata-

¹ See the editor's Proof-Reading in the Sixteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, pp. 16–18, 150–2.
list, but he advised the reader to collate some other copies. ‘If therefore thou meet with any slippe that may make the sense obscure, compare thy Booke with some others, and thou maiest’—not ‘thou wilt’, but ‘thou maiest’—‘finde it amended’. We have tried this lottery-system for the conclusion of *Bartholomew Fair* and drawn a blank.

Faced with the problem of a text so much below Jonson’s usual standard, we have corrected it, more especially in the matter of punctuation. All deviations from the Folio are recorded in the critical apparatus.

The Folio has been reprinted in modern times by Dr. C. S. Alden, who edited it in 1904 for the *Yale Studies in English*, no. xxv. His text is taken from the copy in the Library of Yale University.
BARTHOLMEW FAYRE:
A COMEDIE,
ACTED IN THE YEAR 1631.

By the Lady ELIZABETH SERVANTS.

And then dedicated to King JAMES, of most Blessed Memory.

By
The Author, BENJ. JOHNSON.

LONDON,
Printed by J. B. for ROBERT ALLOT, and are to be sold at the Signe of the Bear, in Paul’s Church-yard. 1631.
BARTHOLMEW FAYRE:
A COMEDIE,
ACTED IN THE YEARE, 1614

By the Lady ELIZABETHS SERVANTS.

And then dedicated to King I AMES, of most Blessed Memorie;

By the Author, BENJAMIN JOHNSON.

Si forte in terris, redareste Democritus: non
Spetibat populum ludus assignatus opus,
Va sibi prabens, memno spectacula plura.
Scriptores audent narrare postares affello
Fabellam juro. Hor.lib.2. Epist. 1.

LONDON,
Printed by I.B. for ROBERT ALLOT, and are
to be sold at the signe of the Bear, in Pauls
Church-yard. 1631.

The title-page of the Folio, 1631, with Beale's device.
THE
PROLOGUE
TO
THE KINGS
MAIESTY.

Your Majesty is welcome to a Fayre;
Such place, such men, such language & such ware,
You must expect: with these, the zealous noyse
Of your lands Faction, scandaliz'd at toyes,
As Babies, Hobby-horses, Puppet-playes,
And such like rage, whereof the petulant wayes
Your selfe haue knowne, and haue bin vext with long.
These for your sport, without particular wrong,
Or iust complaint of any priuate man,
(Who of himselfe, or shall thinke well or can)
The Maker doth present: and hopes, to night
To giue you for a Fayring, true delight.
THE PERSONS
OF THE PLAY.

(Salomon. His man.)
Win Little-wit. His wife.
Dame Pvre-craft. Her mother and a widow.
5 Zeal-of-the-land Bvsy. Her Suitor, a Banbury man.
Win-wife. His Riuell, a Gentleman.
Qvarlovs. His companion, a Gamester.
Bartholmew Cokes. An Esquire of Harrow.
Humphrey Waspe. His man.
Dame Overdoo. His wife.
Grace Welborne. His Ward.
15 Ezechiel Edgeworth. A Cutpurse.
Nightingale. A Ballad-singer.
Vrsla. A Pigge-woman.
Moon-calfe. Her Tapster.
Jordan Knock-hvm. A Horse-courser, and ranger o' Turnbull.

Captaine Whit. A Bawd.
Pvnque Alice. Mistresse o'the Game.
Trovble-all. A Madman.

Watchmen, three.

Costard-monger.
Corne-cutter.
Movsetrap-man.
Clothier.
Wrestler.

Porters.
Doore-keepers.
Puppets.

THE INDUCTION.

ON THE STAGE.

STAGE-KEEPER.

Gentlemen, have a little patience, they are e'en upon comming, instantly. He that should begin the Play, Master Littlewit, the Proctor, has a stitch new falne in his black silk stocking; 'twill be drawn vp ere you can tell twenty. He playes one o' the Arches, that dwels about the Hospitall, and hee has a very pretty part. But for the whole Play, will you ha' the truth on't? (I am looking, lest the Poet heare me, or his man, Master Broome, behind the Arras) it is like to be a very conceited scuruy one, in plaine English. When 't comes to the Fayre, once: you were e'en as good to goe to Virginia, for any thing there is of Smith-field. Hee has not hit the humors, he do's not know 'hem; hee has not conuers'd with the Bartholmew-birds, as they say; hee has ne're a Sword, and Buckler man in his Fayre, nor a little Dasuy, to take toll o' the Bawds there, as in my time, nor a Kind-heart, if any bodies teeth should chance to ake in his Play. Nor a Jugler with a wel-educated Ape to come ouer the chaine, for the King of England, and backe againe for the Prince, and sit still on his arse for the Pope, and the King of Spaine! None o' these fine sights! Nor has he the Canuas-cut i' the night, for a Hobby-horseman to creepe in to his she-neighbour, and take his leap, there! Nothing! No, and some writer (that I know) had had but the penning o' this matter, hee would ha' made you such a Jing-jagge i' the boothes, you should ha' thought an earthquake had beene 25 i' the Fayre! But these Master-Poets, they will ha' their owne absurd courses; they will be inform'd of nothing! Hee has (sirereuence) kick'd me three, or foure times about

Induction] 10 once:] once, F3  19 Pope, F3 : Pope ; (?) F 21 i' the] 'the F : in to] into F  22 leap.] The comma faint or missing in some copies of F
the Tyring-house, I thanke him, for but offering to putt in,
with my experience. I'le be iudg'd by you, Gentlemen, now,
but for one conceit of mine! would not a fine Pumpe vpon
the Stage ha' done well, for a property now? and a Pumque
set vnder vpon her head, with her Sterne vpward, and ha'
beene sous'd by my wity young masters o' the Innes o'
Court? what thinke you o' this for a shew, now? hee will
not heare o' this! I am an Asse ! I! and yet I kept the
Stage in Master Tarletons time, I thanke my starres. Ho!
and that man had liu'd to haue play'd in Bartholmew Fayre,
you should ha' seene him ha' come in, and ha' beene
coozened i' the Cloath-quarter, so finely! And Adams, the
Rogue, ha' leap'd and caper'd vpon him, and ha' dealt his
vermine about, as though they had cost him nothing. And
then a substantiall watch to ha' stolne in vpon 'hem, and
taken 'hem away, with mistaking words, as the fashion is, in
the Stage-practice,

Booke-holder : Scriuener. To him.

Booke. How now? what rare discourse are you falne
vpon? ha? ha' you found any familiars here, that you are
so free? what's the businesse?

Sta. Nothing, but the understanding Gentlemen o' the
ground here, ask'd my judgement.

Booke. Your judgement, Rascall? for what? sweeping
the Stage? or gathering vp the broken Apples for the beares
within? Away Rogue, it's come to a fine degree in these
spectacles when such a youth as you pretend to a judgement.
And yet hee may, i' the most o' this matter i'faith: For the
Author hath writ it iust to his Meridian, and the Scale of the
grounded Judgements here, his Play-fellowes in wit. Gentle-
men; not for want of a Prologue, but by way of a new one,
I am sent out to you here, with a Scriuener, and certaine
Articles drawne out in hast betweene our Author, and you;
which if you please to heare, and as they appeare reason-

Ind. 41 ha' leap'd] ha leap'd F 54 After ' judgement.' [Exit
Stage-Keeper] G 58 After ' Gentlemen ' [comes forward.] G
able, to approue of; the Play will follow presently. Read, Scribe, gi' me the Counterpaine.

Scr. ARTICLES of Agreement, indented, between the Spectators or Hearers, at the Hope on the Bankeside, in the 65 County of Surrey on the one party; And the Author of Bartholmew Fayre in the said place, and County on the other party: the one and thirtieth day of Octob. 1614. and in the twelfth yeere of the Raigne of our Soueraigne Lord, IAMES by the grace of God King of England, France, & Ireland; 70 Defender of the faith. And of Scotland the seauen and fortieth.

INPRIMIS, It is couenanted and agreed, by and betwene the parties abouesaid, and the said Spectators, and Hearers, aswell the curious and enuious, as the fauouring and iudici- 75 ous, as also the grounded Judgements and vnnderstandings, doe for themselues seuerally Couenant, and agree to remaine in the places, their money or friends haue put them in, with patience, for the space of two houres and an halfe, and somewhat more. In which time the Author promiseth to present 80 them by vs, with a new sufficient Play called BARTHOLMEW FAYRE, merry, and as full of noise, as sport: made to delight all, and to offend none. Prouided they haue either, the wit, or the honesty to thinke well of themselues.

It is further agreed that every person here, haue his or 85 their free-will of censure, to like or dislike at their owne charge, the Author hauing now departed with his right: It shall bee lawfull for any man to judge his six pen'orth, his twelue pen'orth, so to his eightene pence, 2. shillings, halfe a crowne, to the value of his place: Prouided alwaies his 90 place get not aboue his wit. And if he pay for halfe a dozen, hee may censure for all them too, so that he will vndertake that they shall bee silent. Hee shall put in for Censures here, as they doe for lots at the lottery: mary, if he drop but sixe pence at the doore, and will censure a crownes worth, it is 95 thought there is no conscience, or iustice in that.

Ind. 69 Soueraigne] Soueragine F 84 wit,] wit F 88 pen'orth,] pen'orth F 89 hiseightene] hiseightene F 94 mary,]mary F: marry, F3
It is also agreed, that every man heere, exercise his owne
Judgement, and not censure by Contagion, or vpon trust,
from another's voice, or face, that sits by him, be he neuer so
first, in the Commission of Wit: As also, that hee bee flect
and settled in his censure, that what hee approues, or not
approues to day, hee will doe the same to morrow, and if to
morrow, the next day, and so the next weeke (if neede be :) and
not to be brought about by any that sits on the Bench
with him, though they indite, and arraigne Playes daily.
Hee that will sweare, Ieronimo, or Andronicus are the best
playes, yet, shall passe vnexcepted at, heere, as a man whose
Judgement shewes it is constant, and hath stood still, these
fiue and twentie, or thirtie yeeres. Though it be an Ignor-
ance, it is a vertuous and stay'd ignorance; and next to
truth, a confirm'd error does well; such a one, the Author
knowes where to finde him.

It is further couenant, concluded and agreed, that how
great soever the expectation bee, no person here, is to expect
more then hee knowes, or better ware then a Fayre will
affoord: nether to looke backe to the sword and buckler-
age of Smithfield, but content himselfe with the present. In
stead of a little Davy, to take toll o' the Bawds, the Author
doeth promise a strutting Horse-courser, with a leere-Drunk-
ard, two or three to attend him, in as good Equipage as you
would wish. And then for Kinde-heart, the Tooth-drawer,
a fine oyly Pig-woman with her Tapster, to bid you welcome,
and a consort of Roarers for musique. A wise Justice of
Peace meditant, in stead of a Jugler, with an Ape. A cuill
Cutpurse searchant. A sweete Singer of new Ballads allur-
ant: and as fresh an Hypocrisie, as ever was broach'd,
rampant. If there bee neuer a Servant-monster i' the Fayre;
who can helpe it? he sayes; nor a nest of Antiques? Hee
is loth to make Nature afraid in his Playes, like those that
beget Tales, Tempests, and such like Drolleries, to mixe his
head with other mens heeles, let the concupisence of Iggies
and Dances, raigne as strong as it will amongst you: yet if

Ind. 111 one,) one F 126 broach'd,) broach'd F
the Puppets will please any body, they shall be entreated to come in.

In consideration of which, it is finally agreed, by the fore-135
said hearers, and spectators, that they nether in themselves
conceale, nor suffer by them to be concealed any State-
decipherer, or politique Picklocke of the Scene, so solemnly
ridiculous, as to search out, who was meant by the Ginger-
bread-woman, who by the Hobby-horse-man, who by the 140
Costard-monger, nay, who by their Wares. Or that will
pretend to affirme (on his owne inspired ignorance) what
Mirror of Magistrates is meant by the Justice, what great
Lady by the Pigge-woman, what conceal'd States-man, by the
Seller of Mouse-trappes, and so of the rest. But that such 145
person, or persons so found, be left discouered to the mercy
of the Author, as a forfeiture to the Stage, and your laughter,
aforesaid. As also, such as shall so desperately, or am-
bitiously, play the foole by his place aforesaid, to challenge
the Author of scurrilitie, because the language some where 150
sauours of Smithfield, the Booth, and the Pig-broath, or of
prophanenesse, because a Mad-man cryes, God quit you, or
blesse you. In witnesse whereof, as you haue preposterously
put to your Scales already (which is your money) you will
now adde the other part of suffrage, your hands. The Play 155
shall presently begin. And though the Fayre be not kept in
the same Region, that some here, perhaps, would haue it,
yet thinke, that therein the Author hath obseru'd a speciall
Decorum, the place being as dutry as Smithfield, and as
stinking euer y whit.

Howsoever, hee prays you to beleue, his Ware is still the
same, else you will make him iustly suspect that hee that is
so loth to looke on a Baby, or an Hobby-horse, heere, would
bee glad to take vp a Commodity of them, at any laughter,
or losse, in another place.

Ind. 155 Hands. The F3: hands, The F 165 Exeunt. add G
BARTHOLMEW FAYRE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

LITTLE-WIT. {To him} WIN.

Pretty conceit, and worth the finding! I ha' such luck to spinne out these fine things still, and like a Silke-worme, out of my selfe. Her(e)'s Master Bartholomew Cokes, of Harrow o'th' hill, i'th' County of Middlesex, Esquire, takes forth his Licence, to marry Mistresse Grace Wel-borne of the said place and County: and when do's hee take it forth? to day! the foure and twentieth of August! Bartholmew day! Bartholmew vpon Bartholmew! ther's the deuice! who would haue mark'd such a leap-frogge charce now? A very . . . lesse then Ames-ace, on two Dice well, goe thy wayes, John Little-wit, Proctor John Little-wit: One o' the pretty wits o' Pauls, the Little wit of London (so thou art call'd) and some thing beside. When a quirk, or a quiblin do's scape thee, and thou dost not watch, and apprehend it, and bring it afore the Constable of conceit: (there now, I speake quib too) let 'em carry thee out o' the Archdeacons Court, into his Kitchin, and make a jack of thee, in stead of a John. (There I am againe la!) Win, Good morrow, Win. I, marry, Win! Now you looke finely indeed, Win! this Cap do's conuince! you'd not ha' wore it, Win, nor ha'

1 i.] Act I. Scene I.] Act I. Scene I. F (so throughout the play). Act . . . Win.] Act I. Scene I. | A Room in Littlewit's House. | Enter Littlewit with a licence in his hand. G 4 o'th' . . . i'th' o'th' . . . i'th F 10 A very lesse F: A very little les G conj.: probably a clause has disappeared, e.g. A very singular chance now, no lesse 11 wayes,) wayes F 13 of static in F 18 After ' la!' Enter Mrs. Littlewit. G 19 I, marry,) I marry F 20 you'd] youl'd F
had it veluet, but a rough countrey Beaue, with a copper-band, like the Conney-skinne woman of Budge-row? Sweete Win, let me kisse it! And, her fine high shooces, like the Spanish Lady! Good Win, goe a little, I would faine see thee pace, pretty Win! By this fine Cap, I could neuer leaue kissing on't.

Win. Come, indeede la, you are such a foole, still!

Litt. No, but halfe a one, Win, you are the tother halfe: man and wife make one foole, Win. (Good!) Is there the Proctor, or Doctor indeed, i' the Diocesse, that euer had the fortune to win him such a Win! (There I am againe!) I doe feele conceits comming vpon me, more then I am able to turne tongue too. A poxe o' these pretenders to wit! your Three Cranes, Miter, and Mermaid men! Not a corne of true salt, nor a graine of right mustard amongst them all. They may stand for places or so, againe the next Wit fall, and pay two pence in a quart more for their Canary, then other men. But gi' mee the man, can start vp a Justice of Wit out of six-shillings beare, and giue the law to all the Poets, and Poet-suckers i' Towne, because they are the Players Gossips? 'Slid, other men haue wiues as fine as the Players, and as well drest. Come hither, Win.

ACT I. SCENE IJ.

WIN-WIFE. LITTLEWIT. WIN.

Why, how now Master Little-wit! measuring of lips? or molding of kisses? which is it?

Litt. Troth I am a little taken with my Wins dressing here! Dos't not fine, Master Win-wife? How doe you apprehend, Sir? Shee would not ha' worn this habit. I challenge all Cheapside, to shew such another: Morefields, Pimlico path, or the Exchange, in a sommer euening, with a Lace to boot as this has. Deare Win, let Master Win-wife

1. i. 23 And,] And. F 24 little,] little F 33 pretenders] pretenders, F 35 nor] not F3 39 beare] Beer F3 42 Kisses her. add G 1. ii. Enter Winwife. G, continuing the scene 4 Dos't] Do'сти F fine,] fine F
kisse you. Hee comes a wooing to our mother, Win, and may be our father perhaps, Win. There’s no harme in him, 10 Win.

    WIN-w. None i’ the earth, Master Little-wit.
    LITT. I enuy no man, my delicates, Sir.
    WIN-w. Alas, you ha’ the garden where they grow still!
A wife heere with a Strawberry-breath, Chery-lips, Apricot-15 cheeke, and a soft velvet head, like a Melicotton.
    LITT. Good y’faith! now dulnesse vpon mee, that I had not that before him, that I should not light on’t, as well as he! Velvet head!
    WIN-w. But my taste, Master Little-wit, tends to 20 fruit of a later kinde: the sober Matron, your wiu’es mother.
    LITT. I! wee know you are a Suitor, Sir. Win, and I both, wish you well: by this Licence here, would you had her, that your two names were as fast in it, as here are a couple. Win would faine haue a fine young father i’ law, 25 with a fether: that her mother might hood it, and chaine it, with Mistris Over-doo. But, you doe not take the right course, Master Win-wife.
    WIN-w. No? Master Little-wit, why?
    LIT. You are not madde enough.
    WIN-w. How? Is madnesse a right course?
    LIT. I say nothing, but I winke vpon Win. You haue a friend, one (Master Quarlous) comes here some times?
    WIN-w. Why? he makes no loue to her, do’s he?
    LIT. Not a tokenworth that euer I saw, I assure you, 35 But—
    WIN-w. What?
    LIT. He is the more Mad-cap o’ the two. You doe not apprehend mee.
    WIN. You haue a hot coale i’ your mouth, now, you 40 cannot hold.
    LIT. Let mee out with it, deare Win.
    WIN. I’ll tell him my selfe.

1. ii. 9 mother,] mother F 12 Kisses her. add G 23 Licence]
Licence F 29 Little-wit] Littl-wit F
L I T. Doe, and take all the thanks, and much good do thy pretty heart, Win.

W I N. Sir, my mother has had her natuinity-water cast lately by the Cunning men in Cow-lane, and they ha' told her her fortune, and doe ensure her, shee shall neuer haue happy houre; vnesse shee marry within this sen'night, and when it is, it must be a Madde-man, they say.

L I T. I, but it must be a Gentle-man Mad-man.

W I N. Yes, so the tother man of More-fields sayes.

W I N - w. But do's shee beleue 'hem ?

L I T. Yes, and ha's beene at Bedlem twice since, every day, to enquire if any Gentleman be there, or to come there, mad !

W I N - w. Why, this is a confederacy, a meere piece of practice vpon her, by these Impostors ?

L I T. I tell her so ; or else say I, that they meane some young-Madcap-Gentleman (for the diuell can equiucate, as well as a Shop-keeper) and therefore would I advise you, to be a little madder, then Master Quarlous, hereafter.

W I N. Where is shee ? stirring yet ?

L I T. Stirring ! Yes, and studying an old Elder, come from Banbury, a Suitor that puts in heere at meale-tyde, to praise the painefull brethren, or pray that the sweet singers may be restor'd ; Sayes a grace as long as his breath lasts him ! Some time the spirit is so strong with him, it gets quite out of him, and then my mother, or Win, are faine to fetch it againe with Malmesey, or Aqua coelestis.

W I N. Yes indeed, we haue such a tedious life with him for his dyet, and his clothes too, he breaks his buttons, and cracks seames at euer saying he sobs out.

I O H. He cannot abide my Vocation, he sayes.

W I N. No, he told my mother, a Proctor was a claw of the Beast, and that she had little lesse then committed abomination in marrying me so as she ha's done.

I O H. Ev ery line (he sayes) that a Proctor writes, when it

1. ii. 44 much good do W: much do good F (cf. III. iv. 45) 48 shee] shce F 58 Impostors ?] Impostors. F3
comes to be read in the Bishops Court, is a long blacke hayre, kemb'd out of the tayle of Anti-Christ. 80
WIN-w. When came this Proselyte?
IOH. Some three dayes since.

ACT I. SCENE II.

QVARLOVS, Iohn, Win, Win-wife

O Sir, ha' you tane soyle, here? it's well, a man may reach you, after 3. hours running, yet! what an vnmercifull companion art thou, to quit thy lodging, at such vngentlemanly hours? None but a scatterd couey of Fidlers, or one of these Rag-rakers in dung-hills, or some 5 Marrow-bone man at most, would haue beene vp, when thou wert gone abroad, by all description. I pray thee what aylest thou, thou canst not sleepe? hast thou Thornes i' thy eye-lids, or Thistles i' thy bed?

WIN-w. I cannot tell: It seemes you had neither i' your feet; that tooke this paine to find me.

QVAR. No, and I had, all the Lime-hounds o' the City should haue drawne after you, by the sent rather. Mr Iohn Little-wit! God saue you, Sir. 'Twas a hot night with some of vs, last night, Iohn: shal we pluck a hayre o' the same 15 Wolfe, to day, Proctor Iohn?

IOH. Doe you remember, Master Quarlous, what wee discoursed on, last night?

QVAR. Not I, Iohn: nothing that I eyther discourse or doe, at those times I forfeit all to forgetfulness.

IOH. No? not concerning Win? looke you: there shee is, and drest as I told you she should be: harke you Sir, had you forgot?

QVAR. By this head, I'le beware how I keepe you company, Iohn, when I (am) drunke, and you haue this danger- 25 ous memory! that's certaine.

1. iii. Enter Quarlous. G, continuing the scene 4 vngentlemanly
Win, F 22 After 'Sir ' [whispers him.] G 25 am drunke F3: I drunke F: I drink F. Cunningham
I o H. Why Sir?

Q v a r. Why? we were all a little stain'd last night, sprinkled with a cup or two, and I agreed with Proctor John heere, to come and doe somewhat with Win (I know not what 'twas) to day; and he puts mee in minde on't, now; hee sayes hee was comming to fetch me: before Truth, if you haue that fearefull quality, John, to remember, when you are sober, John, what you promise drunke, John; I shall take heed of you, John. For this once, I am content to winke at you, where's your wife? come hither, Win. (He kisseth her.

W i n. Why, John! doe you see this, John? looke you I helpe me, John.

I o H. O Win, fie, what do you meane, Win! Be womanly, Win; make an outcry to your mother, Win? Master Quarlous is an honest Gentleman, and our worshipfull good friend, Win: and he is Master Winwifes friend, too: And Master Win-wife comes a Suitor to your mother, Win; as I told you before, Win, and may perhaps, be our Father, Win: they'll do you no harme, Win, they are both our worshipfull good friends. Master Quarlous! you must know Mr. Quarlous, Win; you must not quarrell with Master Quarlous, Win.

Q v a r. No, we'll kisse againe and fall in.

I o H. Yes, doe, good Win.

W i n. Y'faith you are a foole, John.

I o H. A Foole-John she calls me, doe you marke that, Gentlemen? pretty littlewit of veluet! a foole-John!

Q v a r. She may call you an Apple-John, if you vse this. Win-w. Pray thee forbear, for my respect somewhat. Q v a r. Hoy-day! how respectieu you are become o' the sudden! I feare this family will turne you reformed too, pray you come about againe. Because she is in possibility to be your daughter in law, and may aske you blessing here-
after, when she courts it to Totnam to eat creame. Well, I will forbear, Sir, but i'faith, would thou wouldst leave thy exercise of widdow-hunting once! this drawing after an old reuerend Smocke by the spay-foote: There cannot be an ancient Tripe or Trillibub i' the Towne, but thou art straight 65 nosing it, and 'tis a fine occupation thou'llt confine thy selfe to, when thou ha'gt got one; scrubbing a piece of Buffe, as if thou hadst the perpetuity of Pannyeralley to stinke in; or perhaps, worse, currying a carkasse, that thou hast bound thy selfe to alieue. I'll be sworn, some of them, (that thou 70 art, or hast beene a Suitor to) are so old, as no chast or married pleasure can euer become 'hem: the honest Instrument of procreation, has (forty yeeres since) left to belong to 'hem, thou must visit 'hem, as thou wouldst doe a Tombe, with a Torch, or three hand-fulls of Lincke, flaming hot, and 75 so thou maist hap to make 'hem feele thee, and after, come to inherit according to thy inches. A sweet course for a man to waste the brand of life for, to be still raking himselfe a fortune in an old womans embers; we shall ha' thee, after thou hast beene but a moneth married to one of 'hem, looke 80 like the quartane ague, and the black Laundise met in a face, and walke as if thou had'st borrow'd legges of a Spinner, and voyce of a Cricket. I would endure to heare fifteene Sermons awake for her, and such course, and lowd ones, as some of 'hem must be; I would een desire of Fate, I might dwell in 85 a drumme, and take in my sustenance, with an old broken Tobacco-pipe and a Straw. Dost thou euer thinke to bring thine cares or stomack, to the patience of a drie grace, as long as thy Tablecloth? and droan'd out by thy sonne, here, (that might be thy father;) till all the meat o' thy board has 90 forgot, it was that day i' the Kitchin? Or to brooke the noise made, in a question of Predestination, by the good labourers and painefull eaters, assembled together, put to 'hem by the Matron, your Spouse; who moderates with a cup of wine, euer and anone, and a Sentence out of Knox 95 between? or the perpetuall spitting, before, and after a
sober drawne exhortation of six houres, whose better part was the hum-ha-hum? Or to heare prayers groan'd out, ouer thy iron-chests, as if they were charmes to breake 'hem?

And all this for the hope of two Apostle-spoones, to suffer! and a cup to eate a cawdle in! For that will be thy legacy. She'll ha' conuey'd her state, safe enough from thee, an' she be a right widdow.

WIN.(-w) Alasse, I am quite off that sent now.

QV AR. How so?

WIN - w. Put off by a Brother of Banbury, one, that, they say, is come heere, and gouernes all, already.

QV AR. What doe you call him? I knew diuers of those Banburians when I was in Oxford.

WIN - w. Master Little-wit can tell vs.

IOH. Sir! good Win, goe in, and if Master Bartholmew Cokes-his man come for the Licence: (the little old fellow) let him speake with me; what say you, Gentlemen?

WIN - w. What call you the Reuerend Elder, you told me of? your Banbury-man?

IOH. Rabbi Busy, Sir, he is more then an Elder, he is a Prophet, Sir.

QV AR. O, I know him! a Baker, is he not?

IOH. Hee was a Baker, Sir, but hee do's dreame now, and see visions, hee has giuen ouer his Trade.

QV AR. I remember that too: out of a scruple hee tooke, that (in spic'd conscience) those Cakes hee made, were seru'd to Bridales, May-poles, Morrisses, and such prophané feasts and meetings; his Christen-name is Zeale-of-the-land.

IOH. Yes, Sir, Zeale-of-the-land Busye.

WIN - w. How, what a name's there!

IOH. O, they haue all such names, Sir; he was Witnesse, for Win, here, (they will not be call'd God-fathers) and nam'd her Winne-the-fight, you thought her name had beene Winnifred, did you not?

WIN - w. I did indeed.
I O H. Hee would ha' thought himselfe a starke Reprobate, if it had.

Q V A R. I, for there was a Blew-starch-woman o' the name, at the same time. A notable hypocriticall vermine it is; I know him. One that stands vpon his face, more then his faith, at all times; Euer in seditious motion, and reproving for vaine-glory: of a most lunatique conscience, and splene, and affects the violence of Singularity in all he do's: (He has vndone a Grocer here, in Newgate-market, that broke with him, trusted him with Currans, as errant a Zeale as he, that's by the way :) by his profession, hee will euer be i' the state of Innocence, though; and child-hood; derides all Antiquity; defies any other Learning, then Inspiration; and what discretion soucer, yeeres should afford him, it 's all preuented in his Originall ignorance; ha' not to doe with him: for hee is a fellow of a most arrogant, and invincible dulnesse, I assure you; who is this?

ACT I. SCENE IIIJ.

W A S P E. I O H N. W I N - W I F E. Q V A R L O V S.

BY your leaue, Gentlemen, with all my heart to you: and god you good morrow; Mr Little-wit, my businesse is to you. Is this Licence ready?

I O H. Heere, I ha' it for you, in my hand, Master Humphrey.

W A S. That's well, nay, neuer open, or read it to me, it's labour in vaine, you know. I am no Clearke, I scorne to be sau'd by my booke, i'faith I'll hang first; fold it vp o' your word and gi' it mee; what must you ha' for't?

I O H. We'll talke of that anon, Master Humphrey.

W A S. Now, or not at all, good Mr Proctor, I am for no anon's, I assure you.

I O H. Sweet Win, bid Salomon send mee the little blacke boxe within, in my study.

W A S. I, quickly, good Mistresse, I pray you: for I haue both egges o’ the Spit, and yron i’ the fire, say, what you must haue, good Mr. Little-wit.

I O H. Why, you know the price, Mr. Numps.

W A S. I know? I know nothing, I, what tell you mee of knowing? (now I am in hast) Sir, I do not know, and I will not know, and I scorne to know, and yet, (now I think on’t) I will, and do know, as well as another; you must haue a Marke for your thing here, and eight pence for the boxe; I could ha’ sau’d two pence i’ that, an’ I had brought it my selfe, but heere’s fourtie shillings for you. Good Lord! how long your little wife staies! pray God, Salomon, your Clerke, be not looking i’ the wrong boxe, Mr. Proctor.

I O H. Good i’faith! no, I warrant you, Salomon is wiser then so, Sir.

W A S. Fie, fie, fie, by your leaue Master Little-wit, this is scuruy, idle, foolish and abominable; with all my heart, I doe not like it.

W I N - w. Doe you heare? Iacke Little-wit, what business do’s thy pretty head thinke, this fellow may haue, that he keepes so a coyle with?

Q V A R. More then buying of ginger-bread i’ the Cloyster, here, (for that wee allow him) or a guilt pouch i’ the Fayre?

I O H. Master Quarles, doe not mistake him: he is his Masters both-hands, I assure you.

Q V A R. What? to pull on his boots, a mornings, or his stockings, do’s hee?

I O H. Sir, if you haue a minde to mocke him, mocke him softly, and looke t’other way: for if hee apprehend you florit him, once, he will flie at you presently. A terrible testie old fellow, and his name is Waspe too.

Q V A R. Pretty Insect! make much on him.

W A S. A plague o’this boxe, and the poxe too, and on

1. iv. 16 After ‘fire’ [Exit Mrs. Littlewit.] G 19 nothing, I.] nothing. I F 32 abominable; ... heart,]abominable,... heart; F 33 Walks aside. add G 44 t’other] to’ther F
him that made it, and her that went for't, and all that should ha' sought it, sent it, or brought it! doe you see, Sir?

I o h. Nay, good Mr Waspe.

W a s. Good Master Hornet, turd i' your teeth, hold you your tongue; doe not I know you? your father was a Pothecary, and sold gisters, more then hee gaue, I wusse: and turd i' your little wiues teeth too (heere she comes) 'twill make her spit, as fine as she is, for all her veluet-custerd on her head, Sir.

I o h. O! be ciuill, Master Numpes.

W a s. Why, say I haue a humour not to be ciuill; how then? who shall compell me? you?

I o h. Here is the boxe, now.

W a s. Why a pox o' your boxe, once againe: let your little wife stale in it, and she will. Sir, I would haue you to vnderstand, and these Gentlemen too, if they please——

W i n - w. With all our hearts. Sir.

W a s. That I haue a charge. Gentlemen.

I o h. They doe apprehend, Sir.

W a s. Pardon me, Sir, neither they nor you, can apprehend mee, yet. (you are an Asse) I haue a young Master, hee is now vpon his making and marring; the whole care of his well doing, is now mine. His foolish scholemasters haue done nothing, but runne vp and downe the Countrey with him, to beg puddings, and cake-bread, of his tennants, and almost spoyled him, he has learn'd nothing, but to sing catches, and repeat rattle bladder rattle, and O, Madge. I dare not let him walke alone, for feare of learning of vile tunes, which hee will sing at supper, and in the sermon-times! if hee meete but a Carman i' the streete, and I finde him not talke to keepe him off on him, hee will whistle him, and all his tunes ouer, at night in his sleepe! he has a head full of Bees! I am faine now (for this little time I am absent) to leauw him.
in charge with a Gentlewoman; 'Tis true, she is a Justice of Peace his wife, and a Gentlewoman o' the hood, and his naturall sister: But what may happen, vnder a womans gouernment, there's the doubt. Gentlemen, you doe not know him: hee is another manner of peece then you think for! but nineteen yeere old, and yet hee is taller then either of you, by the head, God blesse him.

Q V A R. Well, mee thinkes, this is a fine fellow!
W I N - W. He has made his Master a finer by this description, I should thinke.
Q V A R. 'Faith, much about one, it's crosse and pile, whether for a new farthing.

W A S. I'll tell you, Gentlemen——
I O H. Will't please you drinke, Master Waspe?
W A S. Why, I ha' not talk't so long to be drie, Sir, you see no dust or cobwebs come out o' my mouth: doe you? you'ld ha' me gone, would you?

I O H. No, but you were in hast e'en now, Mr Numpes.
W A S. What an' I were? so I am still, and yet I will stay too; meddle you with your match, your Win, there, she has as little wit, as her husband, it seemes: I haue others to talke to.

I O H. She's my match indeed, and as little wit as I, good!
W A S. We ha'binn but a day and a halfe in towne, Gentlemen, 'tis true; and yester day i' the afternoone, we walk'd London, to shew the City to the Gentlewoman, he shall marry, Mistresse Grace; but, afore I will endure such another halfe day, with him, I'll be drawne with a good Gibcat, through the great pond at home, as his vnkle Hodge was! why, we could not meet that heathen thing, all day, but stayd him: he would name you all the Signes ouer, as hee went, aloud: and where hee spi'd a Parrat, or a Monkey, there hee was pitch'd, with all the littl<e> long-coats about him, male and female; no getting him away! I thought he
would ha' runne madde o'the blacke boy in Bucklers-bury, that takes the scour(y), roguy tobacco, there.

I O H. You say true, Master Numpes: there's such a one indeed.

W A S. It's no matter; whether there be, or no, what's that to you?

Q V A R. He will not allow of John's reading at any hand.

ACT I. SCENE V.

C O K E S. Mistris O V E R - D O O. W A S P E. G R A C E.
Q V A R L O V S. W I N - W I F E. I O H. W I N.

O Numpes! are you here, Numpes? looke where I am, Numpes! and Mistris Grace, too! nay, doe not looke angrily, Numpes: my Sister is heere, and all, I doe not come without her.

W A S. What, the mischiefe, doe you come with her? or shee with you?

Cok. We came all to seeke you, Numpes.

Was. To seeke mee? why, did you all thinke I was lost? or runne away with your foureteene shillings worth of small ware, here? or that I had chang'd it i' the Fayre, for hobby-horses? S'pretious—to seeke me!

O V E R. Nay, good Mr. Numpes, doe you shew discretion, though he bee exorbitant, (as Mr. Ouer-doo saies,) and't be but for conservation of the peace.

W A S. Mary gip, goody she-Justice, Mistris French-hood! turd i' your teeth; and turd i' your French-hoods teeth, too, to doe you servuce, doe you see? must you quote your Adam to me! you thinke, you are Madam Regent still, Mistris Ouer-doo; when I am in place? no such matter, I assure you, your raigne is out, when I am in, Dame.

O V E R. I am content to be in abeyance, Sir, and be gouern'd by you; so should hee too, if he did well; but 'twill be expected, you should also gouerne your passions.

1. iv. 123 hand.] hand, F
1. v.] Enter Cokes, Mistress Overdo, and
Grace. G, continuing the scene
W a s. Will't so forsooth? good Lord! how sharpe you 25 are! with being at Bet'lem yesterday? Whetston has set an edge vpon you, has hee?
O v e r. Nay, if you know not what belongs to your dignity: I doe, yet, to mine.
W a s. Very well, then.
C o k. Is this the Licence, Numpes? for Loues sake, let me see't. I neuer saw a Licence.
W a s. Did you not so? why, you shall not see't, then.
C o k. An' you loue mee, good Numpes.
W a s. Sir, I loue you, and yet I do not loue you, i' these 35 fooleries, set your heart at rest; there's nothing in't, but hard words: and what would you see't for?
C o k. I would see the length and the breadth on't, that's all; and I will see't now, so I will.
W a s. You sha' not see it, heere.
C o k. Then I'll see't at home, and I'll look vpo' the case heere.
W a s. Why, doe so, a man must giue way to him a little in trifles: Gentlemen, these are errors, diseases of youth: which he will mend, when he comes to iudgement, and 45 knowledge of matters. I pray you concuie so, and I thanke you. And I pray you pardon him, and I thanke you againe.
Q v a r. Well, this dry-nurse, I say still, is a delicate man.
W i n - w. And I, am for the Cosset, his charge! Did you euer see a fellows face more accuse him for an Asse?
Q v a r. Accuse him? it confesses him one without accusing. What pitty 'tis yonder wench should marry such a Cokes?
W i n - w. 'Tis true.
Q v a r. Shee seemes to be discreete, and as sober as shee is handsome.
W i n - w. I, and if you marke her, what a restrain'd scorne she casts vpon all his behauour, and speeches?

I. v. 25 Bet'lem] Beth'lem I'3: Bedlam G 43 Gentlemen, these] Gentlemen. These F 49 am] am, F.
BARTHOLMEW FAYRE.

C O K. Well, Numpes, I am now for another piece of businesse more, the Fayre, Numpes, and then—

W A S. Bless me! deliver me, helpe, hold mee! the Fayre!

C O K. Nay, neuer fidge vp and downe, Numpes, and vexe it selfe. I am resolute Bartholmew, in this; I'le make no suite on't to you; 'twas all the end of my journye, indeed, to shew Mistris Grace my Fayre: I call't my Fayre, because 65 of Bartholmew: you know my name is Bartholmew, and Bartholmew Fayre.

I O H. That was mine afore, Gentlemen: this morning, I had that 'faith, vpon his Licence, beleue me, there he comes, after me.

Q V A R. Come, Iohn, this ambitious wit of yours, (I am afraid) will doe you no good i' the end.

I O H. No? why Sir?

Q V A R. You grow so insolent with it, and ouerdoing, Iohn: that if you looke not to it, and tie it vp, it will bring 75 you to some obscure place in time, and there 'twill leauie you.

W I N - w. Doe not trust it too much, Iohn, be more sparing, and vse it, but now and then; a wit is a dangerous thing, in this age; doe not ouer-buy it.

I O H. Thine you so, Gentlemen? I'll take heed on't, 80 hereafter.

W I N. Yes, doe Iohn.

C O K. A pret(t)y little soule, this same Mistris Little-wit! would I might marry her.

G R A. So would I, or any body else, so I might scape you. 85

C O K. Numps, I will see it, Numps, 'tis decreed: neuer be melancholy for the matter.

W A S. Why, see it, Sir, see it, doe see it! who hinderers you? why doe you not goe see it? 'Slid see it.

C O K. The Fayre, Numps, the Fayre.

W A S. Would the Fayre and all the Drums, and Rattles in't, were i' your belly for mee: they are already i' your braine: he that had the meanes to trauell your head, now,
should meet finer sights then any are i' the Fayre; and make a finer voyage on't; to see it all hung with cockleshels, pebbles, fine wheat-strawes, and here and there a chicken's feather, and a cob-web.

Q V A R. .Goodfaith, hee lookes, me thinkes an' you marke him, like one that were made to catch flies, with his Sir Cranion-legs.

W I N - w. And his Numpes, to flap 'hem away.

W A S. God be w'you, Sir, there's your Bee in a box, and much good doo't you.

C O K. Why, your friend, and Bartholmew; an' you be so contumacious,

Q V A R. What meane you, Numpes?

W A S. I'll not be guilty, I, Gentlemen.

O V E R. You will not let him goe, Brother, and loose him?

C O K. Who can hold that will away? I had rather loose him then the Fayre, I wusse.

W A S. You doe not know the inconuenience, Gentlemen, you perswade to: nor what trouble I haue with him in these humours. If he goe to the Fayre, he will buy of euery thing, to a Baby there; and houshold-stuffe for that too. If a legge or an arme on him did not grow on, hee would lose it i' the presse. Pray heauen I bring him off with one stone! And then he is such a Rauener after fruite! you will not beleuee what a coyle I had, t'other day, to compound a businesse betweene a Katerne-peare-woman, and him, about snatching! 'tis intolerable, Gentlemen.

W I N - w. O ! but you must not leave him, now, to these hazards, Numpes.

W A S. Nay, hee knowes too well, I will not leave him, and that makes him presume: well, Sir, will you goe now?

if you haue such an itch i' your feete, to foote it to the Fayre, why doe you stop, am I your Tarriars? goe, will you goe? Sir, why doe you not goe?

add G  After 106 Takes Waspe aside, as he is going out. G  108,
C O K. O Numps! haue I brought you about? come Mistresse Grace, and Sister; I am resolute Batt, i'faith, still.

G R A. Truely, I haue no such fancy to the Fayre; nor ambition to see it; there's none goes thither of any quality or fashion.

C O K. O Lord, Sir! you shall pardon me, Mistris Grace, we are inow of our selues to make it a fashion: and for qualities, let Numps alone, he'll finde qualities.

Q V A R. What a Rogue in apprehension is this! to vnderstand her language no better.

W I N - w. I, and offer to marry to her? well, I will leaue the chase of my widdow, for to day, and directly to the Fayre. These flies cannot, this hot season, but engender vs excellent creeping sport.

Q V A R. A man that has but a spoone-full of braine, would think so. Farewell, Iohn.

I O H. Win, you see, 'tis in fashion, to goe to the Fayre, Win: we must to the Fayre too, you, and I, Win. I haue an affaire i' the Fayre, Win, a Puppet-play of mine owne making, say nothing, that I writ for the motion man, which you must see, Win.

W I N. I would I might, Iohn, but my mother will neuer consent to such a prophane motion: she will call it.

I O H. Tut, we'll haue a deuice, a dainty one; (Now, Wit, helpe at a pinch, good Wit come, come, good Wit, and't be thy will.) I haue it, Win, I haue it i'faith, and 'tis a fine one. Win, long to eate of a Pigge, sweet Win, i' the Fayre; doe you see? i'the heart o'the Fayre; not at Pye-Corner. Your mother will doe any thing, Win, to satsify your longing, you know, pray thee long, presently, and be sicke o' the sudden, good Win. I'll goe in and tell her, cut thy lace i' the meane time and play the Hypocrite, sweet Win.

W I N. No, I'll not make me vnready for it. I can be Hypocrite enough, though I were neuer so straight lac'd.

1. v. 138 marry to her] marry her 1716 142 spoone-full] spoone full F  
2. After 143 Exeunt Quarlous and Winwife. G 149 might.] might F  
3. 153 i'faith] 'ifait F
I o h. You say true, you haue bin bred i' the family, and brought vp to 't. Our mother is a most elect Hypocrite, and has maintain'd us all this seuen yeere with it, like Gentle-

W i n. I, let her alone, Iohn, she is not a wise wilfull widdow for nothing, nor a sanctified sister for a song. And let me alone too, I ha' somewhat o' the mother in me, you shall see, fetch her, fetch her, ah, ah.

A c t I. S c e n e VI.

P v r e c r a f t. W i n. I o h n. B u s y. S a l o m o n.

N ow, the blaze of the beauteous discipline, fright away this euill from our house! how now Win-the-fight, Child: how do you? Sweet child, speake to me.

W i n. Yes, forsooth.

P v r. Looke vp, sweet Win-the-fight, and suffer not the enemy to enter you at this doore, remember that your education has bin with the purest, what polluted one was it, that nam'd first the vnclean beast, Pigge, to you, Child?

W i n. (Vh, vh.)

I o h. Not I, o' my sincerity, mother: she long'd aboue three houres, ere she would let me know it; who was it, Win?

W i n. A prophane blacke thing with a beard, Iohn.

P v r. O! resist it, Win-the-fight, it is the Tempter, the wicked Tempter, you may know it by the fleshly motion of Pig, be strong against it, and it's foule temptations, in these assaults, whereby it broacheth flesh and blood, as it were, on the weaker side, and pray against it's carnall provocations, good child, sweet child, pray.

I o h. Good mother, I pray you, that she may eate some

I. v. 166 let] Let F 169 After ' fetch her ' [Exit Littlewit.] G After ' ah ' Seem to swoon. G 1. vi.] Re-enter Littlewit with Dame PvereRAFT. G, continuing the scene. BUSY] BUSY F 11 it.] it F 20 you,] you; F
Pigge, and her belly full, too; and doe not you cast away your owne child, and perhaps one of mine, with your tale of the Tempter: how doe you, Win? Are you not sicke?

Win. Yes, a great deale, Iohn, (vh, vh.)

Pvr. What shall we doe? call our zealrous brother Busy hither, for his faithfull fortification in this charge of the aduersary; child, my deare childe, you shall eate Pigge, be comforted, my sweet child.

Win. I, but i' the Fayre, mother.

Pvr. I meane i' the Fayre, if it can be any way made, or found lawfull; where is our brother Busy? Will hee not come? looke vp, child.

Ohr. Presently, mother, as soone as he has cleans'd his beard. I found him, fast by the teeth, i' the cold Turkey-pye, i' the cupbord, with a great white loafe on his left hand, and a glasse of Malmesey on his right.

Pvr. Slander not the Brethren, wicked one.

Ohr. Here hee is, now, purified, Mother.

Pvr. O brother Busy! your helpe heere to edifie, and raise vs vp in a scruple; my daughter Win-the-fight is visited with a naturall disease of women; call'd, A longing to eate Pigge.

Ohr. I Sir, a Bartholomew-pigge: and in the Fayre.

Pvr. And I would be satisfied from you, Religiously-wise, whether a widdow of the sanctified assembly, or a widdowes daughter, may commit the act, without offence to the weaker sisters.

Bvs. Verily, for the disease of longing, it is a disease, a carnall disease, or appetite, incident to women: and as it is carnall, and incident, it is naturall, very naturall: Now Pigge, it is a meat, and a meat that is nourishing, and may be long'd for, and so consequently eaten; it may be eaten; very exceeding well eaten: but in the Fayre, and as a Bartholomew-pig, it cannot be eaten, for the very calling it a Bartholomew-pigge, and to eate it so, is a spice of Idolatry, and

I. vi. 27 After ' aduersary ' [Exit Littlewit.] G 31 After ' lawfull ' Re-enter Littlewit. G After 38 Enter Zeal-of-the-land Busy. G
you make the Fayre, no better then one of the high Places. This I take it, is the state of the question. A high place.

I o h. I, but in state of necessity: Place should giue place, Mr Busy, (I haue a conceit left, yet.)

P v r. Good Brother Zeale-of-the land, thinke to make it as lawfull as you can.

I o h. Yes Sir, and as soone as you can: for it must be, Sir; you see the danger my little wife is in, Sir.

P v r. Truely, I doe loue my child dearely, and I would not haue her miscarry, or hazard her first fruities, if it might be otherwise.

B v s. Surely, it may be otherwise, but it is subiect, to construction, subiect, and hath a face of offence, with the weake, a great face, a foule face, but that face may haue a vaile put ouer it, and be shaddowed, as it were, it may be eaten, and in the Fayre, I take it, in a Booth, the tents of the wicked: the place is not much, not very much, we may be religious in midst of the prophane, so it be eaten with a reformed mouth, with sobriety, and humblenesse; not gorg'd in with glutony, or greedinesse; there's the feare: for, should she goe there, as taking pride in the place, or delight in the vnclene dressing, to feed the vanity of the eye, or the lust of the palat, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable, and not good.

I o h. Nay, I knew that afore, and told her on't, but courage, Win, we'll be humble enough; we'll seeke out the homeliest Booth i' the Fayre, that's certaine, rather then faile, wee'll eate it o' the ground.

P v r. I, and I'll goe with you my selfe, Win-the-fight, and my brother, Zeale-of-the-land, shall goe with vs too, for our better consolation.

W I N. Vh, vh.

I o h. I, and Salomon too, Win, (the more the merrier) Win, we'll leauе Rabby Busy in a Booth. Salomon, my cloake.
SAI. Here, Sir.

BVS. In the way of comfort to the weake, I will goe, and eat. I will eate exceedingly, and prophesie; there may be a good use made of it, too, now I thinke on't: by the publike eating of Swines flesh, to profess our hate, and loathing of Iudaisme, whereof the brethren stand taxed. I will therefore eate, yea, I will eate exceedingly.

IOH. Good, i'faith, I will eate heartily too, because I will be no Jew, I could neuer away with that stiffenecked generation: and truely, I hope my little one will be like me, that cries for Pigge so, in the mothers belly.

BVS. Very likely, exceeding likely, very exceeding likely.

ACT II. SCENE I.

IUSTICE OVERDOO.

WELL, in Iustice name, and the Kings; and for the common-wealth! defie all the world, Adam OverdoO, for a disguise, and all story; for thou hast fitted thy selfe, I sweare; faine would I meet the Lincheus now, that Eagles eye, that peircing Epidaurian serpent (as my Quint. Horace 5 cal's him) that could discouer a Iustice of Peace, (and lately of the Quorum) vnder this couering. They may haue seene many a foole in the habite of a Iustice; but neuer till now, a Iustice in the habit of a foole. Thus must we doe, though, that wake for the publike good: and thus hath the wise 10 Magistrate done in all ages. There is a doing of right out of wrong, if the way be found. Neuer shall I enough commend a worthy worshipfull man, sometime a capitall member of this City, for his high wisdome, in this point, who would take you, now the habit of a Porter; now of a Carman; 15 now of the Dog-killer, in this moneth of August; and in the winter, of a Seller of tinder-boxes; and what would hee doe

1. vi. 102 Exeunt. add G  II. i.] ACT II. SCENE I. | The Fair. | A number of Booths, Stalls, &c. set out, Lanthorn Leatherhead, Joan Trash, and others, sittting by their wares. | Enter Justice OverdoO, at a distance, in disguise. G  5 Quint.] Quintus G
in all these shapes? mary, goe you into euery Alehouse, and
down into euery Celler; measure the length of puddings,
take the gage of blakke pots, and cannes, I, and custards
with a sticke; and their circumference, with a thrid; weigh
the loaues of bread on his middle-finger; then would he send
for 'hem, home; giue the puddings to the poore, the bread
to the hungry, the custards to his children; breake the pots,
and burne the cannes, himselfe; hee would not trust his
corrupt officers; he would do't himselfe. Would all men in
authority would follow this worthy president! For (alas)
as we are publike persons, what doe we know? nay, what
can wee know? wee heare with other mens eares; wee see
with other mens eyes; a foolish Constable, or a sleepy
Watchman, is all our information, he slanders a Gentleman,
by the vertue of his place, (as he calls it) and wee by the vice
of ours, must beleue him. As a while agone, they made mee,
yea me, to mistake an honest zealous Pursiuant, for a Semi-
nary: and a proper yong Batcheler of Musicke, for a Bawd.
This wee are subject to, that liue in high place, all our intel-
ligence is idle, and most of our intelligencers, knaues: and
by your leaue, our selues, thought little better, if not errant
fooles, for beleuing 'hem. I Adam Overdo, am resolu'd
therefore, to spare spy-money hereafter, and make mine
owne discoueries. Many are the yeereely enormities of this
Fayre, in whose courts of Pye-pouldres I haue had the
honour during the three dayes sometimes to sit as Judge.
But this is the speciall day for detection of those foresaid
enormities. Here is my blacke booke, for the purpose; this
the cloud that hides me: vnder this couert I shall see, and
not be seene. On, Iunius Brutus. And as I began, so I'll
end: in Iustice name, and the Kings; and for the Common-
wealth.
ACT II. SCENE II.

LEATHERHEAD. TRASH. IUSTICE. VRS'LA.
MOONE-CALFE. NIGHTINGALE.
Costermonger. Passengers.

The Fayre's pestilence dead, mee thinkes; people come not abroad, to day, what euer the matter is. Doe you heare, Sister Trash, Lady o' the Basket? sit farther with your ginger-bread-progeny there, and hinder not the prospect of my shop, or I'll ha' it proclaim'd i' the Fayre, what stuffe they are made on.

TRA. Why, what stuffe are they made on, Brother Leatherhead? nothing but what's wholesome, I assure you.

LEA. Yes, stale bread, rotten egges, musty ginger, and dead honey, you know.

IVS. I! haue I met with enormity, so soone?

LEA. I shall marre your market, old Ione.

TRA. Marre my market, thou too-proud Pedler? do thy worst; I defie thee, I, and thy stable of hobby-horses. I pay for my ground, as well as thou dost, and thou wrong'st mee, for all thou art parcell-poet, and an Ingener. I'll finde a friend shall right me, and make a ballad of thee, and thy cattell all ouer. Are you puft vp with the pride of your wares? your Arsedine?

LEA. Goe to, old Ione, I'll talke with you anone; and take you downe too, afore Iustice Ouerdoo, he is the man must charme you, Ile ha' you i' the Piepouldres.

TRA. Charme me? I'll meet thee face to face, afore his worship, when thou dar' st: and though I be a little crooked o' my body, I'll be found as vpright in my dealing, as any woman in Smithfield, I, charme me?

IVS. I am glad, to heare, my name is their terror, yet, this is doing of Iustice.

LEA. What doe you lacke? what is't you buy? what do

II. ii. G continues the scene 11 Aside. add G 15, 16 dost, and ... Ingener.] dost: an ... ingener, G 16 mee,] mee F 28 Aside. | A number of people pass over the stage.
you lacke? Rattles, Drums, Halberts, Horses, Babies o'
the best? Fiddles o' th' finest? [Enter Cost.
C o s. Buy any peares, peares, fine, very fine peares!
T r a. Buy any ginger-bread, guilt ginger-bread!
N i g. Hey, now the Fayre's a filling!

O, for a Tune to startle
The Birds o' the Booths here billing
Yeerely with old Saint Barthle!
The Drunkards they are wading,
The Punques, and Chapmen trading;
Who'd see the Fayre without his lading?

Buy any ballads; new ballads?
V r s. Fye vpon't: who would weare out their youth,
and prime thus, in roasting of pigges, that had any cooler
vocation? Hell's a kind of cold cellar to't, a very fine
vault, o' my conscience! what, Moone-calfe?
M o o. Heere, Mistresse.
N i g. How now Vrsl? in a heate, in a heat?
V r s. My chayre, you false faucet you; and my morn-
ings draught, quickly, a botle of Ale, to quench mee, Rascall.
I am all fire, and fat, Nightingale, I shall e'en melt away to
the first woman, a ribbe againe, I am afraid. I doe water the
ground in knots, as I goe, like a great Garden-pot, you may
follow me by the S.S.² I make.
N i g. Alas, good Vrs'; was Zekiel heere this morning?
V r s. Zekiel? what Zekiel?
N i g. Zekiel Edgeworth, the ciuill cut-purse, you know
him well enough; hee that talkes bawdy to you still: I
call him my Secretary.
V r s. He promis'd to be heere this morning, I remember.
N i g. When he comes, bid him stay: I'll be backe
again presently.

II. ii. 31 o' th') o' th F After 31 Enter Costard-monger, followed
by Nightingale. G 32 peares l) peares. F 34 Hey] Hey F
36 billing] F has a misprinted colon 40 Who'd corr. F: Wou'd F
originally. After 41 Enter Ursula from her booth. G 45 what,]
what F -calfe l] -calfe. F 46 Moo.] Moon. [within.] G Heere,
F: Edgeworth F originally 59 morning, corr. F: morning. F originally
BARTHOLMEW FAYRE.

VRS. Best take your mornings dew in your belly, Nightingale. Come, Sir, set it heere, did not I bid you should get this chayre let out o' the sides, for me, that my hips might play? you'll never thinke of any thing, till your dame be rumpgall'd; 'tis well, Changeling: because it can take in your Grasse-hoppers thighes, you care for no more. Now, you looke as you had been i' the corner o' the Booth, fleing your breech, with a candles end, and set fire o' the Fayre. Fill, Stote: fill.

IVS. This Pig-woman doe I know, and I will put her in, for my second enormity, shee hath beeene before mee, Punke, Pinnace and Bawd, any time these two and twenty yeeres, vpon record i' the Pie-poudres.

VRS. Fill againe, you vnlucky vermine.

Moo. 'Pray you be not angry, Mistresse, I'll ha' it widen'd anone.

VRS. No, no, I shall e'en dwindle away to't, ere the Fayre be done, you thinke, now you ha' heated me? A poore vex'd thing I am, I feele my selfe dropping already, as fast as I can: two stone a sewet aday is my proportion: I can but hold life & soule together, with this (heere's to you, Nightingale) and a whiffe of tobacco, at most. Where's my pipe now? not fill'd? thou errant Incubee.

Nig. Nay, Vrsla, thou'lt gall betweene the tongue and the teeth, with fretting, now.

VRS. How can I hope, that euer hee'll discharge his place of trust, Tapster, a man of reckoning vnder me, that remembers nothing I say to him? but looke too't, sirrah, you were best, three pence a pipe full, I will ha' made, of all my whole halfe pound of tabacco, and a quarter of a pound of Coltsfoot, mixt with it too, to itch it out. I that haue dealt so long in the fire, will not be to seek in smoak, now. Then 6. and 20. shillings a barrell I will aduance o' my Beere; and fifty shillings a hundred o' my bottle-ale, I ha' 95

told you the waies how to raise it. Froth your cannes well i' the filling, at length, Rogue, and jogge your bottles o' the buttocke, Sirrah, then skinke out the first glasse, euer, and drinke with all companies, though you be sure to be drunke; you'll mis-reckon the better, and be lesse asham'd on't. But your true tricke, Rascal, must be, to be euer busie, and mistake away the bottles and cannes, in hast, before they be halfe drunke off, and neuer heare any body call, (if they should chance to marke you) till you ha' brought fresh, and be able to forswear 'hem. Giue me a drinke of Ale.

I v s. This is the very wombe, and bedde of enormitie! grosse, as her selfe! this must all downe for enormity, all, euery whit on't.

V r s. Looke, who's there, Sirrah? fiue shillings a Pigge is my price, at least; if it be a sow-pig, six pence more: if she be a great-bellied wife, and long for't, six pence more for that.

I v s. O Tempora! O mores! I would not ha' lost my discovery of this one grievance, for my place, and worship o' the Bench, how is the poore subject abus'd, here! well, I will fall in with her, and with her Moone-calfe, and winne out wonders of enormity. By thy leau, goodly woman, and the fatnesse of the Fayre: oylly as the Kings constables Lampe, and shining as his Shooing-horne! hath thy Ale vertue, or thy Beere strength? that the tongue of man may be tickled? and his palat pleas'd in the morning? let thy pretty Nephew here, goe search and see.

V r s. What new Roarer is this?

M o o. O Lord! doe you not know him, Mistris, 'tis mad Arthur of Bradley, that makes the Orations. Braue Master, old Arthur of Bradley, how doe you? welcome to the Fayre, when shall wee heare you againe, to handle your matters? with your backe againe a Booth, ha? I ha' bin one o' your little disciples, i' my dayes!

104 One | 109 buttocke | 113 your | 116课程 forward. | 117 you be sure to be drunke; | 118 comnesse
I v s. Let me drinke, boy, with my loue, thy Aunt, here; that I may be eloquent: but of thy best, lest it be bitter in my mouth, and my words fall foule on the Fayre.

V r s. Why dost thou not fetch him drinke? and offer him to sit?

M o o. Is't Ale, or Beere? Master Arthur?

I v s. Thy best, pretty stripling, thy best; the same thy Doue drinketh, and thou drawest on holy daies.

V r s. Bring him a sixe penny bottle of Ale; they say, a fooles handsell is lucky.

I v s. Bring both, child. Ale for Arthur, and Beere for Bradley. Ale for thine Aunt, boy. My disguise takes to the very wish, and reach of it. I shall by the benefit of this, discouer enough, and more: and yet get off with the reputation of what I would be. A certaine midling thing, betweene a foole and a madman.

ACT II. SCENE III.

K N O C K H V M. {to them.

W Hat! my little leane Vrsla! my shee-Beare! art thou alieue yet? with thy litter of pigges, to grunt out another Bartholmew Fayre? ha!

V r s. Yes, and to amble afoote, when the Fayre is done, to heare you groane out of a cart, vp the heauey hill.

K N o. Of Holbourne, Vrsla, meanst thou so? for what?

for what, pretty Vrs?

V r s. For cutting halfe-penny purses: or stealing little penny dogges, out o' the Fayre.

K N o. O! good words, good words Vrs.

I v s. Another speciall enormitie. A cutpurse of the sword! the boote, and the feather! those are his marks.

V r s. You are one of those horsleaches, that gaue out I
was dead, in Turne-bull streete, of a surfeit of botle ale, and
tripes?

K N o. No, 'twas better meat, Vrs: cowes vdders, cowes
vdders!

V r s. Well, I shall be meet with your mumbling mouth
one day.

K N o. What? thou'lt poyson mee with a newt in a
bottle of Ale, will't thou? or a spider in a tobacco-pipe,
Vrs? Come, there's no malice in these fat folkes, I neuer
feare thee, and I can scape thy leane Moonecalf heere. Let's
drinke it out, good Vrs, and no vapours!

I v s. Dost thou heare, boy? (there's for thy Ale, and
the remnant for thee) speake in thy faith of a faucet, now;
is this goodly person before vs here, this vapours, a knight
of the knife?

M o o. What meane you by that, Master Arthur?

I v s. I meane a child of the horne-thumb, a babe of
booty, boy; a cutpurse.

M o o. O Lord, Sir! far from it. This is Master Dan.
Knockhum: Iordane, the Ranger of Turnebull. He is a
horse-courser, Sir.

I v s. Thy dainty dame, though, call'd him cutpurse.

M o o. Like enough, Sir, she'll doe forty such things in
an houre (an you listen to her) for her recreation, if the toy
take her i' the greasie kerchiefe: it makes her fat, you see.
Shee battens with it.

I v s. Here might I ha' beene deceiu'd, now: and ha' put
a fooles blot vpon my selfe, if I had not play'd an after game
of discretion.

K N o. Alas poore Vrs, this's an ill season for thee.

V r s. Hang your selfe, Hacney-man.

vapours?

V r s. Vapours? Neuer tuske, nor twirle your dibble,
good Iordane, I know what you'll take to a very drop.
Though you be Captaine o'the Roarers, and fight well at the case of pis-pots, you shall not fright me with your Lyon-50 chap, Sir, nor your tuskes; you angry? you are hungry: come, a pigs head will stop your mouth, and stay your stomacke, at all times.

KNOW: Thou art such another mad merry Vrs still! Troth I doe make conscience of vexing thee, now i' the dogdaies, this hot weather, for feare of foundring thee i' the bodie; and melting down a Piller of the Fayre. Pray thee take thy chayre againe, and keepe state; and let's haue a fresh bottle of Ale, and a pipe of tabacco; and no vapours. I'le ha' this belly o' thine taken vp, and thy grasse scour'd, wench; looke! heere's Ezechiel Edgworth; a fine boy of his inches, as any is i' the Fayre! has still money in his purse, and will pay all, with a kind heart; and good vapours.

ACT II. SCENE III.

To them E D G W O R T H. N I G H T I N G A L E.


That I will, indeede, willingly, Master Knockhum, fetch some Ale, and Tabacco.

L E A. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen? Maid: see a fine hobby horse for your young Master: cost you but a token a weeke his prouander.

C O R. Ha' you any cornes i' your feete, and toes?

T I N. Buy a Mouse-trap, a Mouse-trap, or a Tormentor for a Flea.

T R A. Buy some Ginger-bread.

N I G. Ballads, Ballads! fine new ballads:

Heare for your loue, and buy for your money.

A delicate ballad o' the Ferret and the Coney.

A preservatiae again' the Punques euill.

Another of Goose-greene-starch, and the Deuill.
A dozen of divine points, and the Godly garters.
The Fairing of good counsell, of an ell and three quarters.
What is't you buy?
The Wind-mill blowne downe by the witches fart!
Or Saint George, that O! did breake the Dragons heart!

E D G. Master Nightingale, come hither, leaue your mart
a little.

N i G. O my Secretary! what sayes my Secretarie?
I v s. Child o' the bottles, what's he? what's he?
M o o. A ciuill young Gentleman, Master Arthur, that
keepes company with the Roarers, and disburses all, still.
He has euer money in his purse; He payes for them; and
they roare for him: one do's good offices for another. They
call him the Secretary, but he serues no body. A great friend
of the Ballad-mans, they are neuer asunder.

I v s. What pitty 'tis, so ciuill a young man should haunt
this debaucht company? here's the bane of the youth of our
time apparrant. A proper penman, I see't in his countene-
cnce, he has a good Clerks looke with him, and I warrant
him a quicke hand.

M o o. A very quicke hand, Sir.

E D G. All the purses, and purchase, I giue you to day
by conueyance, bring hither to Vrsla's presently. Heere
we will meet at night in her lodge, and share. Looke you
choose good places, for your standing i' the Fayre, when you
sing, Nightingale.

V R S. I, neere the fullest passages; and shift 'hem often.

E D G. And i' your singing, you must vse your hawks eye
nimbly, and flye the purse to a marke, still, where 'tis wore,
and o' which side; that you may gi' me the signe with your
beake, or hang your head that way i' the tune.

V R S. Enough, talke no more on't: your friendship
(Masters) is not now to beginne. Drinke your draught of

II. iv. 18 The] The F 19 Or] Or F After 19 Re-enter Mooncalf, with
ale and tobacco. G 22 They walk into the booth. add G 23 what's F3
Points to Edgworth. add G 29 -mans.] -mans F 35 Exit. add G
36 Edg.] Edg. [whispering with Nightingale and Ursula. G 37 Stage-
direction not in F originally 40 sing, corr. F: sing F originally
Bartholmew Fayre.

Indenture, your sup of Covenant, and away, the Fayre fils apace, company begins to come in, and I ha' ne'er a Pigge ready, yet.

K no. Well said! fill the cups, and light the tabacco: let's glue fire i'th' works, and noble vapours.

E d g. And shall we ha' smockes Vrsla, and good whimsies, ha?

V r s. Come, you are i' your bawdy vaine! the best the Fayre will afford, Zekiel, if Bawd Whit keepe his word; how doe the Pigges, Moone-calfe?

M o o. Very passionate, Mistresse, one on 'hem has wept out an eye. Master Arthur o' Bradley is melancholy, heere, no body talks to him. Will you any tabacco, Master 60 Arthur?

I v s. No, boy, let my meditations alone.

M o o. He's studying for an Oration, now.

I v s. If I can, with this daies trauell, and all my policy, but rescue this youth, here, out of the hands of the lewd 65 man, and the strange woman, I will sit downe at night, and say with my friend Ouid, Iama; opus exegi, quod nec Louis ira, nec ignis, &c.

K no. Here Zekiel; here's a health to Vrsla, and a kind vapour, thou hast money i' thy purse still; and store! how 70 dost thou come by it? Pray thee vapour thy friends some in a courteous vapour.

E d g. Halfe I haue, Master Dan. Knockhum, is alwaies at your seruice.

I v s. Ha, sweete nature! what Goshawke would prey 75 vpon such a Lambe?

K no. Let's see, what 'tis, Zekiel! count it, come, fill him to pledge mee.
ART II. SCENE V.

W I N - W I F E. Q V A R L O U S. { i t h e m .

W e e are heere before 'hem, me thinkes.

Q V A R. All the better, we shall see 'hem come in now.

L E A. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen, what is't you lacke? a fine Horse? a Lyon? a Bull? a Beare? a Dog, or a Cat? an excellent fine Bartholmew-bird? or an Instrument? what is't you lacke?

Q V A R. S'lid! heere's Orpheus among the beasts, with his Fiddle, and all!

T R A. Will you buy any comfortable bread, Gentlemen?

Q V A R. And Ceres selling her daughters picture, in Ginger-worke!

W I N. That these people should be so ignorant to thinke vs chapmen for 'hem! doe wee looke as if wee would buy Ginger-bread? or Hobby-horses?

Q V A R. Why, they know no better ware then they haue, nor better customers then come. And our very being here makes vs fit to be demanded, as well as others. Would Cokes would come! there were a true customer for 'hem.

K N O. How much is't? thirty shillings? who's yonder! Ned Winwise? and Tom Quarlous, I thinke! yes, (gi' me it all) (gi' me it all) Master Win-wife! Master Quarlous! will you take a pipe of tabacco with vs? do not discredit me now, Zekiel.

W I N. Doe not see him! he is the roaring horse-courser, pray thee let's auoyd him: turne downe this way.

Q V A R. S'lud, I'le see him, and roare with him, too, and hee roar'd as loud as Neptune, pray thee goe with me.

W I N. You may draw me to as likely an inconuenience, when you please, as this.

II. v.] Enter Winwife and Quarlous. G, continuing the scene 20 Kno.] Knock. [to Edgeworth.] G 24 Edgeworth gives him his purse. add G
QVAR. Goe to then, come along, we ha' nothing to doe, man, but to see sights, now.
KNO. Welcome Master Quarilous, and Master Winwise! will you take any froth, and smooke with vs?
QVAR. Yes, Sir, but you'll pardon vs, if we knew not of so much familiarity betweene vs afore.
KNO. As what, Sir?
QVAR. To be so lightly inuited to smooke, and froth.
KNO. A good vapour! will you sit downe, Sir? this is old Vrsla's mansion, how like you her bower? heere you may ha' your Punque, and your Pigge in state, Sir, both piping hot.
QVAR. I had rather ha' my Punque, cold, Sir.
IVS. There's for me, Punque! and Pigge!
VRS. What Moonecalfe? you Rogue.
MOO. By and by, the bottle is almost off, Mistresse, here Master Arthur.
VRS. I'le part you, and your play-fellow there, i' the garded coat, an' you sunder not the sooner.
KNO. Master Win-wise, you are proud (me thinkes) you doe not talke, nor drinke, are you proud?
WIN. Not of the company I am in, Sir, nor the place, I assure you.
KNO. You doe not except at the company! doe you? are you in vapours, Sir?
Moo. Nay, good Master Dan: Knockhum, respect my Mistris Bower, as you call it; for the honour of our Booth, none o' your vapours, heere.
VRS. Why, you thinne leane Polcat you, and they haue a minde to be i' their vapours, must you hinder 'hem? what such a trifle? must you be drawing the ayre of pacification did you know, Vermine, if they would ha' lost a cloake, or heere? while I am tormented, within, i' the fire, you Weasell?
MOO. Good Mistresse, 'twas in the behalfe of your Booth's credit, that I spoke.

VRS. Why? would my Booth ha' broake, if they had fal'ne out in't? Sir? or would their heate ha' fir'd it? in, you Rogue, and wipe the pigges, and mend the fire, that they fall not, or I'le both baste and roast you, till your eyes drop out, like 'hem. (Leave the bottle behind you, and be curst a while.)

QVAR. Body o' the Fayre! what's this? mother o' the Bawds?

KN0. No, she's mother o' the Pigs, Sir, mother o' the Pigs!

WIN. Mother o' the Furies, I thinke, by her firebrand.

QVAR. Nay, shee is too fat to be a Fury, sure, some walking Sow of tallow!

WIN. An inspir'd vessell of Kitchin-stuffe!

QVAR. She'll make excellent geere for the Coach-makers, here in Smithfield, to anoyn{t} wheeles and axell trees with.

VRS. I, I, Gamesters, mocke a plaine plumpe soft wench o' the Suburbs, doe, because she's juicy and wholesome:

you must ha' your thinne pinch'd ware, pent vp i' the compasse of a dogge-collar, (or 'twill not do) that looks like a long lac'd Conger, set vp{r}ight, and a greene feather, like fennell, i' the Ioll on't.

KN0. Well said Vrs, my good Vrs; to 'hem Vrs.

QVAR. Is shee your quagmire, Dan: Knockhum? is this your Bogge?

NIG. We shall haue a quarrel presently.

KN0. How? Bog? Quagmire? foule vapours! hum'h!

QVAR. Yes, hee that would venture for't, I assure him, might sinke into her, and be drown'd a weewe, ere any friend hee had, could find where he was.

WIN. And then he would be a fort'night weighing vp againe.

II. v. 67 VRS.] VRS, F 72 Exit Moon. add G 88 fennell,]
QVAR. 'Twere like falling into a whole Shire of butter: they had need be a teeme of Dutchmen, should draw him out.

KNO. Answer 'hem, Vrs, where's thy Bartholmew-wit, now? Vrs, thy Bartholmew-wit?

VRS. Hang 'hem, rotten, roguy Cheaters, I hope to see 'hem plagu'd one day (pox'd they are already, I am sure) with leane playhouse poultry, that has the boany rumpe, sticking out like the Ace of Spades, or the point of a Partizan, that euery rib of 'hem is like the tooth of a Saw: and will so grate 'hem with their hips, & shoulders, as (take 'hem altogether) they were as good lye with a hurdle.

QVAR. Out vpon her, how she drips! she's able to give a man the sweating Sicknesse, with looking on her.

VRS. Mary looke off, with a patch o' your face; and a dosen i' your breech, though they be o' scarlet, Sir. I ha' scene as fine outsides, as either o' yours, bring lowsie linings to the Brokers, ere now, twice a weeke.

QVAR. Doe you thinke there may be a fine new Cuckingstoole i' the Fayre, to be purchas'd? one large inough, I mean. I know there is a pond of capacity, for her.

VRS. For your mother, you Rascal, out you Rogue, you hedge bird, you Pimpe, you pannier-mans bastard, you.

QVAR. Ha, ha, ha.

VRS. Doe you sneere, you dogs-head, you Trendle tayle! you looke as you were begotten a'top of a Cart in haruest-time, when the whelp was hot and eager. Go, snuffe after your brothers bitch, M's Commodity, that's the Liuory you weare, 'twill be out at the elbows, shortly. It's time you went to't, for the t'other remnant.

KNO. Peace, Vrs, peace, Vrs, they'll kill the poore Whale, and make oyle of her. Pray thee goe in.

VRS. I'le see 'hem pox'd first, and pil'd, and double pil'd.

WIN. Let's away, her language growes greasier then her Pigs.
BARTHOLMEW FAYRE.

135 V R S. Dos't so, snotty nose? good Lord! are you sniueling? you were engendred on a she-begger, in a barne, when the bald Thrasher, your Sire, was scarce warme.

W I N. Pray thee, let's goe.

Q V A R. No, faith: I'lle stay the end of her, now: I know shee cannot last long; I finde by her similes, shee wanes a pace.

V R S. Do's shee so? I'lle set you gone. Gi' mee my Pig-pan hither a little. I'lle scald you hence, and you will not goe.

K N O. Gentlemen, these are very strange vapours! and very idle vapours! I assure you.

Q V A R. You are a very serious asse, wee assure you.

K N O. Humh! Asse? and serious? nay, then pardon mee my vapour. I haue a foolish vapour, Gentlemen: any man that doe's vapour me, the Asse, Master Quarlous——

150 Q V A R. What then, Master Iordan?

K N O. I doe vapour him the lye.

Q V A R. Faith, and to any man that vapours mee the lie, I doe vapour that.

K N O. Nay, then, vapours vpom vapours.

E D G. N I G. 'Ware the pan, the pan, the pan, shee comes with the pan, Gentlemen. God blesse the woman.

V R S. Oh.

T R A. What's the matter?

I V S. Goodly woman!

M O O. Mistresse!

V R S. Curse of hell, that euer I saw these Feinds, oh! I ha' scalded my leg, my leg, my leg, my leg. I ha' lost a limb in the service! run for some creame and sallad oyle, quickly. Are you vnder-peering, you Baboun? rip off my hose, an' you be men, men, men.

M O O. Runne you for some creame, good mother Ione. I'lle looke to your basket.

L E A. Best sit vp i' your chaire, Vrsla. Helpe, Gentlemen.

Vrsla comes in, with the scalding-pan. They fight. Shee falls with it.

II. V. 143 Exit. add G 153 Strikes him. add G 157 Exeunt Quarlous and Winwife. add G 158 Tra.] Era. F
K N O. Be of good cheere, Vrs, thou hast hindred me the currying of a couple of Stallions, here, that abus'd the good race-Bawd o' Smithfield; 'twas time for 'hem to goe.

N I G. I faith, when the panne came, they had made you runne else. (this had beene a fine time for purchase, if you had ventur'd.)

E D G. Not a whit, these fellowes were too fine to carry money.

K N O. Nightingale, get some helpe to carry her legge out o' the ayre; take off her shooes; body o' me, she has the Mallanders, the scratches, the crowne scabbe, and the quitter bone, i' the tother legge.

V R S. Oh! the poxe, why doe you put me in minde o' my leg, thus, to make it prick, and shoot? would you ha' me i' the Hospitall, afore my time?

K N O. Patience, Vrs, take a good heart, 'tis but a blister, as big as a Windgall; I'le take it away with the white of an egge, a little honey, and hogs grease, ha' thy pasternes well rol'd, and thou shallt passe againe by to morrow. I'le tend thy Booth, and looke to thy affaires, the while: thou shalt sit i' thy chaire, and giue directions, and shine Vrsa maior.

ACT II. SCENE VI.

IVSTICE. EDGEWORTH. NIGHTINGALE. COKES. WASPE. MISTRIS OVERRDOO. GRACE.

These are the fruietes of bottle-ale, and tabacco! the fome of the one, and the fumes of the other! Stay, young man, and despise not the wisedome of these few hayres, that are growne gray in care of thee.

E D G. Nightingale, stay a little. Indeede I'le heare some 5 o' this!
C o k. Come, Numps, come, where are you? welcome into the Fayre, Mistris Grace.
E d g. S'light, hee will call company, you shall see, and put vs into doings presently.
I v s. Thirst not after that frothy liquor, Ale: for, who knowes, when hee openeth the stopple, what may be in the bottle? hath not a Snailie, a Spider, yea, a Neuft bin found there? thirst not after it, youth: thirst not after it.
C o k. This is a braue fellow, Numps, let's hear him.
W a s. S'blood, how braue is he? in a garded coate? you were best trucke with him, e'en strip, and trucke presently, it will become you, why will you heare him? because he is an Asse, and may be a kinnne to the Cokeses?
C o k. O, good Numps!
I v s. Neither doe thou lust after that tawney weede, tabacco.
C o k. Braue words!
I v s. Whose complexion is like the Indians that vents it!
C o k. Are they not braue words, Sister?
I v s. And who can tell, if, before the gathering, and making vp thereof, the Alligarta hath not piss'd thereon?
W a s. 'Heart, let 'hem be braue words, as braue as they will! and they were all the braue words in a Countrey, how then? will you away yet? ha' you inough on him? Mistris Grace, come you away, I pray you, be not you accessory. If you doe lose your Licence, or somewhat else, Sir, with listning to his fables: say, Numps is a witch, with all my heart, doe, say so.
C o k. Avoyd i' your sattin doublet, Numps.
I v s. The creeping venome of which subtill serpent, as some late writers affirme; neither the cutting of the perrillous plant, nor the drying of it, nor the lighting, or burning, can any way perssway, or asswage.
C o k. Good, i'faith! is't not Sister?
I v s. Hence it is, that the lungs of the Tabacconist are

ii. vi. 18 him? him, F  28 'Heart,) 'Heart F  33 Numps] Numps, F  39 perssway, or] perssway or, F
rotted, the Liuer spotted, the braine smoak'd like the back-
side of the Pig-womans Booth, here, and the whole body
within, blacke, as her Pan, you saw e'en now, without.

C o k. A fine similitude, that, Sir! did you see the 45
panne?

E d g. Yes, Sir.

I v s. Nay, the hole in the nose heere, of some tabacco-
takers, or the third nostrill, (if I may so call it) which makes,
that they can vent the tabacco out, like the Ace of clubs, or 50
rather the Flower-de-lice, is caused from the tabacco, the
meere tabacco! when the poore innocent pox, hauing noth-
ing to doe there, is miserably, and most vnconscionably
slander'd.

C o k. Who would ha' mist this, Sister?

O v e r. Not any body, but Numps.

C o k. He do's not vnderstand.

E d g. Nor you feele.

C o k. What would you haue, Sister, of a fellow that
knowes nothing but a basket-hilt, and an old Fox in't? the
best musique i' the Fayre, will not moue a logge.

E d g. In, to Vrsla, Nightingale, and carry her comfort :
see it told. This fellow was sent to vs by fortune, for our
first fairing.

I v s. But what speake I of the diseases of the body, 65
children of the Fayre?

C o k. That's to vs, Sister. Braue i'faith!

I v s. Harke, O, you sonnes and daughters of Smithfield!
and heare what mallady it doth the minde: It causeth
swearing, it causeth swaggering, it causeth snuffling, and 70
snarling, and now and then a hurt.

O v e. He hath something of Master Overdoo, mee
thinkes, brother.

C o k. So mee thought, Sister, very much of my brother
Overdoo: And 'tis, when he speaks.

I v s. Looke into any Angle o' the towne, (the Streights,
or the *Bermuda's*) where the quarrelling lesson is read, and how doe they entertaine the time, but with bottle-ale, and tabacco? The Lecturer is o' one side, and his Pupils o' the other; But the seconds are still bottle-ale, and tabacco, for which the Lecturer reads, and the Nouices pay. Thirty pound a weeke in bottle-ale! forty in tabacco! and ten more in Ale againe. Then for a sute to drinke in, so much, and (that being slauer'd) so much for another sute, and then a third sute, and a fourth sute! and still the bottle-ale slauereth, and the tabacco stinketh!

Was. Heart of a mad-man! are you rooted heere? will you never away? what can any man finde out in this bawling fellow, to grow heere for? hee is a full handful higher, sin' he heard him. Will you fix heere? and set vp a Booth? Sir?

Ivs. I will conclude briefly——

Was. Hold your peace, you roaring Rascall, I'le runne my head i' your chaps else. You were best build a Booth, and entertaine him, make your Will, and you say the word, and him your heyre! heart, I never knew one taken with a mouth of a pecke, afore. By this light, I'le carry you away o' my backe, and you will not come.

Cok. Stay *Numps*, stay, set mee downe: I ha' lost my purse, *Numps*, O my purse! one o' my fine purses is gone.

Over. Is't indeed, brother?

Cok. I, as I am an honest man, would I were an errant Rogue, else! a plague of all rogue, damn'd cut-purses for me.

Was. Blesses 'hem with all my heart, with all my heart, do you see! Now, as I am no Infidell, that I know of, I am glad on't. I, I am, (here's my witnesse!) do you see, Sir? I did not tell you of his fables, I? no, no, I am a dull malt-
horse, I, I know nothing. Are you not justly seru'd i' your conscience now? speake i' your conscience. Much good doe
BARTHOLOMEW FAYRE.

you with all my heart, and his good heart that has it, with all my heart againe.

EDG. This fellow is very charitable, would he had a purse too! but, I must not be too bold, all at a time.

COK. Nay, Numps, it is not my best purse.

WAS. Not your best! death! why should it be your worst? why should it be any, indeed, at all? answer me to that, gi' mee a reason from you, why it should be any?

COK. Nor my gold, Numps; I ha' that yet, looke heere else, Sister.

WAS. Why so, there's all the feeling he has!

OVER. I pray you, haue a better care of that, brother.

COK. Nay, so I will, I warrant you; let him catch this, that catch can. I would faine see him get this, looke you heere.

WAS. So, so, so, so, so, so, so, so, so! Very good.

COK. I would ha' him come againe, now, and but offer at it. Sister, will you take notice of a good iest? I will put it just where th'other was, and if we ha' good lucke, you shall see a delicate fine trap to catch the cutpurse, nibling.

EDG. Faith, and he'll trie ere you be out o' the Fayre.

COK. Come, Mistresse Grace, pre'thee be not melancholy for my mis-chance; sorrow wi'not keepe it, Sweet-heart.

GRA. I doe not thinke on't, Sir.

C0[0]K. 'Twas but a little scuruy white money, hang it: it may hang the cutpurse, one day. I ha' gold left to gi' thee a fayring, yet, as hard as the world goes: nothing angers me, but that no body heere, look'd like a cutpurse, vnlesse 'twere Numps.

WAS. How? I? I looke like a cutpurse? death! your Sister's a cutpurse! and your mother and father, and all your kinne were cutpurses! And here is a Rogue is the baud o' the cutpurses, whom I will beat to begin with.
They speak all together: and Waspe beats the Justice.

COX. Numps, Numps. OVEr. Good Mr Humphrey. WAS. You are the Patrioc! are you? the Patriarch of the cutpurses? you share, Sir, they say, let them share this with IVS. Hold thy hand, childe of wrath, and heyre of anger, make it not Childermasse day in thy fury, or the feast of the French Bartholmew, Parent of the Massacre. you. Are you i' your hot fit of preaching again? I'le coole you.

IVS. Murther, murther, murther.

ACT III. SCENE I.

WHIT. HAGGISE. BRISTLE. LEATHERHEAD. TRASH.

Nay, tish all gone, now! dish tish, phen tou vilt not be phitin call, Mas(h)ter Offisher, phat ish a man te better to lissen out noyshes for tee, & tou art in an oder 'ord, being very shuffishient noyshes and gallantsh too, one o' 5 their brabblesh would haue fed vsh all dish fortnight, but tou art so bushy about beggersh stil, tou hast no leshure to intend shentlemen, and't be.

HAG. Why, I told you, Dauy Bristle.

BR I. Come, come, you told mee a pudding, Toby Haggise; A matter of nothing; I am sure it came to nothing! you said, let's goe to Vrsla's, indeede; but then you met the man with the monsters, and I could not get you from him. An old foole, not leaue seeing yet?

HAG. Why, who would ha' thought any body would ha' quarrell'd so earely? or that the ale o' the Fayre would ha' beene vp so soone?

WH I. Phyt? phat a clocke toest tou tinke it ish, man?

HAG. I cannot tell.

WH I. Tou art a vishe watchman, i' te meane teeme.

HAG. Why? should the watch goe by the clocke, or the clock by the watch, I pray?

B R I. One should goe by another, if they did well.

W H I. Tou art right now! phen didst tou euer know, or heare of a shuffishient vatchman, but he did tell the clocke, phat bushinesse soeuer he had?

B R I. Nay, that's most true, a sufficient watchman knowes what a clocke it is.

W H I. Shleeping, or vaking! ash well as te clocke him-shelffe, or te lack dat shtrikes him!

B R I. Let's enquire of Master Leatherhead, or Ione Trash heere. Master Leatherhead, doe you heare, Master Leatherhead?

W H I. If it be a Ledderhead, tish a very tick Ledderhead, tat sho mush noish vill not peirsh him.

L E A. I haue a little businesse now, good friends doe not trouble me.

W H I. Phat? because o' ty wrought neet cap, and ty pheluet sherkin, Man? phy? I haue sheene tee in ty Ledder sherkin, ere now, Mashter o' de hobby-Horses, as bushy and as stately as tou sheem'st to be.

T R A. Why, what an' you haue, Captaine Whit? hee has his choyce of Ierkins, you may see by that, and his caps too, I assure you, when hee pleases to be either sicke, or imploy'd.

L E A. God a mercy Ione, answer for me.

W H I. Away, be not sheen i' my company, here be shen- tlemen, and men of vorship.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Q V A R L O V S. W H I T. W I N - W I F E. B V S Y. I O H N.

W e had wonderfull ill lucke, to misse this prologue o' the purse, but the best is, we shall haue fiue Acts of him ere night: hee'le be spectacle enough! I'le answer for't.

W H I. O Creesh! Duke Quarlous, how dosht tou? tou dosht not know me, I feare? I am te vishesht man, but 5

iii. i. 46 Exeunt Haggise and Bristle. add G iii. ii.] Enter Quarlous and Winwife. G, continuing the scene
Iustish *Ouerdo\', in all *Bartholmew Fayre, now. Gi' me
tweluepence from tee, I vill help tee to a vife worth forty
marks for't, and't be.

*Q\ r. Away, Rogue, Pimpe, away.

*W h i. And shee shall shew tee as fine cut 'orke for't in
her shmock too, as tou cansht vishe i'faith; vilt tou haue
her, vorshipfull *Vin-vife? I vill helpe tee to her, heere, be
an't be, in te pig-quarter, gi' me ty twelpence from tee.

*W i n- w. Why, there's twelpence, pray thee wilt thou
15 be gone?

*W h i. Tou art a worthy man, and a vorshipfull man still.
*Q\ r. Get you gone, Rascall.

*W h i. I doe meane it, man. Prinsh *Quarrous, if tou hasht
need on me, tou shalt finde me heere, at *Vrsla's, I vill see
20 phat ale, and punique ish i' te pigshy, for tee, blesse ty good
vorship.

*Q\ r. Looke! who comes heere! *John Little-wit!

*W i n- w. And his wife, and my widdow, her mother:
the whole family.

25 *Q\ r. 'Slight, you must gi' hem all fairings, now!
*W i n- w. Not I, I'le not see 'hem.

*Q\ r. They are going a feastung. What Schole-master's
that is with 'hem?

*W i n- w. That's my Riuall, I beleeue, the Baker l

30 *B v s. So, walke on in the middle way, fore-right, turne
neyther to the right hand, not to the left: let not your eyes
be drawne aside with vanity, nor your care with noyses.

*Q\ r. O, I know him by that start!

*L e a. What do you lack? what do you buy, pretty
35 Mistris! a fine Hobby-Horse, to make your sonne a Tilter?
a Drum to make him a Souldier? a Fiddle, to make him
a Reueller? What is't you lack? Little Dogs for your
Daughters? or Babies, male, or female?

**ii. 9 Rogue] Rouge \| Pimpe,] Pimpe F 10 'orke] o'rk F
for't] fort't F 13 tee,] tee, F 15 gone?] gone, F 16 Whi:]Whi, F
18 Quarrous,] Quarrous F 21 Exit, add G 26 'hem,] 'hem, F
After 29 Enter Rabbs Busy, Dame Purecraft, John Littlewit, and
Mrs. Littlewit, G 38 Daughters?] Daughters F
BARTHOLMEW FAYRE.

BVS. Look not toward them, harken not: the place is Smithfield, or the field of Smiths, the Groue of Hobbi-horses and trinkets, the wares are the wares of diuels. And the whole Fayre is the shop of Satan! They are hooks, and baites, very baites, that are hung out on euery side, to catch you, and to hold you as it were, by the gills; and by the nostrills, as the Fisher doth: therefore, you must not looke, nor turne toward them—The Heathen man could stop his cares with wax, against the harlot o' the sea: Doe you the like, with your fingers, against the bells of the Beast.

WIN-w. What flashes comes from him!

QUAR. O, he has those of his oven! a notable hot Baker 'twas, when hee ply'd the peele: hee is leading his flocke into the Fayre, now.

WIN-w. Rather driuing 'hem to the Pens: for he will let 'hem looke vpon nothing.

KNO. Gentlewomen, the weather's hot! whither walke you? Haue a care o' your fine veluet caps, the Fayre is dusty. Take a sweet delicate Booth, with boughs, here, i' the way, and coole your selues i' the shade: you and your friends. The best pig and bottle-ale i' the Fayre, Sir. Old Ursla is Cooke, there you may read: the pigges head speakes it. Poore soule, shee has had a S(t)ringhalh, the Mary-hinchco: but shee's prettily amended.

WHI. A delicate show-pig, little Mistris, with shweet sauce, and crackling, like de bay-leafa i' de fire, la! Tou shalt ha' de cleane side o' de table-clot and di glass vash'd 65 with phatersh of Dame Annessh Cleare.

IOH. This's fine, verily, here be the best pigs: and shee doe's roast 'hem as well as euer she did; the Pigs head sayes.

KNO. Excellent, excellent, Mistris, with fire o' Iuniper 70 and Rosemary branches! The Oracle of the Pigs head, that, Sir.

III. ii. 48 fingers,] fingers F of the] o' the F3 49 comes] come 1716. After 54 Enter Knocham and Whit. from Ursula's booth. G 57 i' the] ithe F 61 Stringhalt F3
PVR. Sonne, were you not warn'd of the vanity of the eye? haue you forgot the wholesome admonition, so soone?

IOH. Good mother, how shall we finde a pigge, if we doe not looke about for't? will it run off of the spit, into our mouths, thinke you? as in Lubberland? and cry, we, we?

BVS. No, but your mother, religiously wise, conceiueth it may offer it selfe, by other meanes, to the sense, as by way of steeme, which I thinke it doth, here in this place (Huh, huh) yes, it doth. And it were a sinne of obstinacy, great obstinacy, high and horrible obstinacy, to decline, or resist the good titillation of the famelick sense, which is the smell. Therefore be bold (huh, huh, huh) follow the sent. Enter

85 the Tents of the vnkleane, for once, and satisfie your wiuues frailty. Let your fraile wife be satisfied: your zealous mother, and my suffering selfe, will also be satisfied.

IOH. Come, Win, as good winny here, as goe farther, and see nothing.

BVS. Wee scape so much of the other vanities, by our earely entring.

PVR. It is an ædifying consideration.

WIN. This is scuruy, that wee must come into the Fayre, and not looke ont.

95 IOH. Win, haue patience, Win, I'le tell you more anon.

KNO. Moone-calfe, entertaine within there, the best pig i' the Booth; a Porklike pig. These are Banbury-bloods, o' the sincere stud, come a pigge-hunting. Whit, wait Whit, looke to your charge.

BVS. A pigge prepare, presently, let a pigge be prepared to vs.

MOO. S'light, who be these?

VRS. Is this the good seruice, Jordan, you'ld doe me?

KNO. Why, Vrs? why, Vrs? thou'lt ha' vapours i' thy legge againe presently, pray thee go in, 't may turne to the scratches else.
BARTHOLMEW FAYRE.

V r s. Hang your vapours, they are stale, and stinke like you, are these the guests o' the game, you promis'd to fill my pit withall, to day?

K n o. I, what aile they Vrs?

V r s. Aile they? they are all sippers, sippers o' the City, they looke as they would not drinke off two penn'orth of bottle-ale amongst 'hem.

M o o. A body may read that i' their small printed ruffes.

K n o. Away, thou art a foole, Vrs, and thy Moone-calfe too, i' your ignorant vapours, now? hence! good guests, I say right hypocrites, good gluttons. In, and set a couple o' pigs o' the board, and halfe a dozen of the biggest bottles afore 'hem, and call Whit, I doe not loue to heare Innocents abus'd: Fine ambling hypocrites! and a stone-puritane, with a sorrell head, and beard, good-mouth'd gluttons: two to a pigge, away.

V r s. Are you sure they are such?

K n o. O' the right breed, thou shalt try 'hem by the teeth, Vrs, where's this Whit?

W h l. Behold, man, and see, what a worthy man am ee!

With the fury of my sword, and the shaking of my beard,
I will make ten thousand men afeard.

K n o. Well said, braue Whit, in, and feare the ale out o' the bottles, into the bellies of the brethren, and the sisters, drinke to the cause, and pure vapours.

Q v a r. My Roarer is turn'd Tapster, mee thinks. Now were a fine time for thee, Win-wife, to lay aboard thy widow, thou'lt neuer be Master of a better season, or place; shee that will venture her selfe into the Fayre, and a pig-boxe, will admit any assault, be assur'd of that.

W i n. I loue not enterprises of that suddennesse, though.

Q v a r. I'le warrant thee, then, no wife out o' the widowes Hundred: if I had but as much Title to her, as to haue breath'd once on that streight stomacher of hers, I

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III. ii. 116 hence J hence, F 119 After ' Whit ' [Exit Mooncalf.] G 121 good-mouth'd] good mouth'd F After 125 Re-enter Whit. G 126 man.] man F 130 and the sisters.] and the sisters F: and see that the sisters G conj. 131 Exeunt Knockhem, Whit, and Ursula. add G
would now assure my self to carry her, yet, ere she went out of Smithfield. Or she should carry me, which were the fitter sight, I confess. But you are a modest undertaker, by circumstances, and degrees; come, 'tis Disease in thee, not Judgement, I should offer at all together. Looke, here's the poore foole, againe, that was stung by the waspe, ere while.

ACT III. SCENE III.

IVSTICE. WII-WIFE. QVARLOVS.

I will make no more orations, shall draw on these tragical conclusions. And I begin now to thinke, that by a spice of collaterall Iustice, Adam Overdo deseru'd this beating; for I the said Adam, was one cause (a by-cause) why the purse was lost: and my wifes brothers purse too, which they know not of yet. But I shall make very good mirth with it, at supper, (that will be the sport) and put my little friend, Mr Humphrey Wasp's choler quite out of countenance. When, sitting at the upper end o' my Table, as I vse, & drinking to my brother Cokes, and Mrs. Alice Overdo, as I wil, my wife, for their good affection to old Bradley, I deliever to 'hem, it was I, that was cudgell'd, and shew 'hem the marks. To see what bad euents may peep out o' the tail of good purposes! the care I had of that ciuill yong man, I tooke fancy to this morning, (and haue not left it yet) drew me to that exhortation, which drew the company, indeede, which drew the cut-purse; which drew the money; which drew my brother Cokes his losse; which drew on Wasp's anger; which drew on my beating: a pretty gradation! And they shall ha' it i' their dish, i' faith, at night for fruit: I loue to be merry at my Table. I had thought once, at one speciall blow he ga' me, to haue reuealed my selfe; but then (I thank thee, fortitude) I remembred that a wise

man (and who is ever so great a part o' the Common-wealth in himselfe) for no particular disaster ought to abandon a 25 publike good designe. The husbandman ought not for one vntthankful yeer, to forsake the plough; The Shepheard ought not, for one scabb'd sheep, to throw by his tar-boxe; The Pilot ought not for one leake i' the poope, to quit the Helme; Nor the Alderman ought not for one custerd more, 30 at a meale, to give vp his cloake; The Constable ought not to breake his staffe, and forswear the watch, for one roaring night; Nor the Piper o' the Parish (Vt paruis componere magna solebam) to put vp his pipes, for one rainy Sunday. These are certaine knocking conclusions; out of which, I 35 am resolu'd, come what come can, come beating, come imprisonment, come infamous, come banishment, nay, come the rack, come the hurdle, (welcome all) I will not discouer who I am, till my due time; and yet still, all shall be, as I said euer, in Iustice name, and the King's, and for the Common- 40 wealth.

WIN. What doe's he talke to himselfe, and act so seriously? poore foole!

QVAR. No matter what. Here's fresher argument, intend that.

**ACT III. SCENE IIIJ.**

**COKES. LEATHERHEAD. WASPE. Mistresse OVERDOO. WIN-WIFE. QVARLOVS. TRASH. GRACE.**

Ome, Mistresse Grace, come Sister, heere's more fine sights, yet, i' faith. Gods'lid, where's Numps?


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III. iii. 24 part] part. F 41 Exit. add F. Cunningham.
COX. Good honest Numpes, keepe afore, I am so afraid thou'lt lose somewhat: my heart was at my mouth, when I mist thee.

WAS. You were best buy a whip i' your hand to drie me.

COX. Nay, doe not mistake, Numpes, thou art so apt to mistake: I would but watch the goods. Looke you now, the treble fiddle, was e'en almost like to be lost.

WAS. Pray you take heede you lose not your selfe: your best way, were e'en get vp, and ride for more surety. Buy a tokens worth of great pinnes, to fasten your selfe to my shoulder.

LEA. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen? fine purses, pouches, pincases, pipes? What is't you lacke? a paire o' smithes to wake you i' the morning? or a fine whistling bird?

COX. Numpes, here be finer things then any we ha' bought by oddes! and more delicate horses, a great deale! good Numpes, stay, and come hither.

WAS. Will you scourse with him? you are in Smithfield, you may fit your selfe with a fine easy-going street-nag, for your saddle again' Michaelmasse-terme, doe, has he ne'er a little odde cart for you, to make a Carroch on, i' the countrie, with foure pyed hobbyhorses? why the meazzils, should you stand heere, with your traine, cheaping of Dogges, Birds, and Babies? you ha' no children to bestow 'hem on? ha' you?

COX. No, but again' I ha' children, Numpes, that's all one.

WAS. Do, do, do, do; how many shall you haue, think you? an' I were as you, I'd buy for all my Tenants, too, they are a kind o' ciuill Sauages, that wil part with their children for rattles, pipes, and kniues. You were best buy a hatchet, or two, & truck with 'hem.

COX. Good Numpes, hold that little tongue o' thine, and saue it a labour. I am resolute Bat, thou know'ist.

WAS. A resolute foole, you are, I know, and a very
sufficient Coxcombe; with all my heart; nay, you haue it, 
Sir, and you be angry, tur'd i'your teeth, twice: (if I said 
it not once afore) and much good doe you. 45

W I N. Was there euer such a selfe-affliction? and so 
impertinent?

Q V A R. Alas! his care will goe neere to cracke him, let's 
in, and comfort him.

W A S. Would I had beene set i' the ground, all but the 50 
head on me, and had my braines bowl'd at, or thresh'd out, 
when first I vnderwent this plague of a charge!

Q V A R. How now, Numps! almost tir'd i' your Pro-
tectorship? ouerparted? ouerparted?

W A S. Why, I cannot tell, Sir, it may be I am, dos't 55 
grieue you?

Q V A R. No, I sweare dos't not, Numps: to satisfie you.

W A S. Numps? S'blood, you are fine and familiar! how 
long ha' wee bin acquainted, I pray you?

Q V A R. I thinke it may be remembred, Numps, that? 60 
'twas since morning sure.

W A S. Why, I hope I know 't well enough, Sir, I did not 
aske to be told.

Q V A R. No? why then?

W A S. It's no matter why, you see with your eyes, now, 65 
what I said to you to day? you'll beleue me another time?

Q V A R. Are you remouing the Fayre, Numps?

W A S. A pretty question! and a very ciuill one! yes 
faith, I ha' my lading, you see; or shall haue anon, you may 
know whose beast I am, by my burthen. If the pannier- 70 
mans Iacke were euer better knowne by his loynes of 
mutton, I'lle be flead, and feede dogs for him, when his time 
comes.

W I N. How melancholi' Mistresse Grace is yonder! pray 
thee let's goe enter our selues in Grace, with her.

C O K. Those sixe horses, friend, I'lle haue——

III. iv. 43 nay,] nay F 49 They come forward. add G 50 
ground] groond F 69 lading,] lading F 76 Cok.] Cox, F 
friend,] friend F
W A S. How!
C O K. And the three Iewes trumps; and halfe a dozen o' Birds, and that Drum, (I haue one Drumme already) and your Smiths; I like that deuice o' your smiths, very pretty well, and foure Halberts—and (le'me see) that fine painted great Lady, and her three women for state, I'le haue.
W A S. No, the shop; buy the whole shop, it will be best, the shop, the shop!

L E A. If his worship please.
W A S. Yes, and keepe it during the Fayre, Bobchin.
C O K. Peace, Numps. Friend, doe not meddle with him, an' you be wise, and would shew your head aboue board: hee will sting thorow your wrought night-cap, beleuee me.
A set of these Violines, I would buy too, for a delicate young noise I haue i' the countrey, that are euerie one a size lesse then another, just like your fiddles. I would faine haue a fine young Masque at my marriage, now I thinke on't: but I doe want such a number o' things. And Numps will not helpe me now, and I dare not speake to him.

T R A. Will your worship buy any ginger-bread, very good bread, comfortable bread?
C O K. Ginger-bread! yes, let's see.
W A S. There's the tother sprindge?
L E A. Is this well, goody lone? to interrupt my market? in the midst? and call away my customers? can you answer this, at the Piepouldres?
T R A. Why? if his Master-ship haue a minde to buy, I hope my ware lies as open as another's; I may shew my ware, as well as you yours.
C O K. Hold your peace; I'le content you both: I'le buy vp his shop, and thy basket.
W A S. Will you i'faith?
L E A. Why should you put him from it, friend?
W A S. Cry you mercy! you'd be sold too, would you? what's the price on you? Jerkin, and all as you stand? ha' you any qualities?

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iii. iv. 87 Numps. Friend F3: Numps, friend F
TRA. Yes, good-man angry-man, you shall finde he has qualities, if you cheapen him.

Was. Gods so, you ha' the selling of him! what are they? will they be bought for loue, or money?

TRA. No indeed, Sir.

Was. For what then? victualls?

TRA. He scornes victuals, Sir, he has bread and butter at home, thanks be to God! and yet he will do more for a good meale, if the toy take him i' the belly, mary then they must not set him at lower end; if they do, he'll goe away, though he fast. But put him a top o' the Table, where his place is, and hee'll doe you forty fine things. Hee has not been sent for, and sought out for nothing, at your great citty-suppers, to put downe Coriat, and Cokeley, and bin laught at for his labour; he'll play you all the Puppets i' the towne ouer, and the Players, every company, and his owne company too; he spares no body!

COK. I'faith?

TRA. Hee was the first, Sir, that euer baited the fellow i' the beare's skin, an't like your worship: no dog euer came neer him, since. And for fine motions!

COK. Is hee good at those too? can hee set out a Masque, trow?

TRA. O Lord, Master! sought to farre, and neere, for his inuentions: and hee engrosses all, hee makes all the Puppets i' the Fayre.

COK. Do'st thou (in troth) old veluet Ierkin? giue mee thy hand.

TRA. Nay Sir, you shall see him in his veluet Ierkin, and a scarfe, too, at night, when you heare him interpret Master Little-wit's Motion.

COK. Speake no more, but shut vp shop presently, friend. I'le buy both it, and thee too, to carry downe with me, and her hamper, beside. Thy shop shall furnish out the Masque, and hers the Banquet: I cannot goe lesse, to set

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*iii. iv. 122 end* | *ends F3* | *131 baited* | *baited F* | *135 Masque,]* Masque F
BARTHOLOMEW FAYRE.

out any thing with credit. What's the price, at a word, o' thy whole shop, case, and all as it stands?

LEA. Sir, it stands me in sixe and twenty shillings seuen pence, halfe-peny, besides three shillings for my ground.

COOK. Well, thirty shillings will doe all, then! And what comes yours too?

TRA. Foure shillings, and eleauen pence, Sir, ground, and all, an't like your worship.

COOK. Yes, it do's like my worship very well, poore woman, that's fiue shillings more, what a Masque shall I furnish out, for forty shillings? (twenty pound scotish) and a Banquet of Ginger-bread? there's a stately thing! Numps?

Sister? and my wedding gloves too? (that I neuer thought on afore.) All my wedding gloves, Ginger-bread? O me! what a deuice will there be? to make 'hem eate their fingers ends! and delicate Brooches for the Bride-men! and all! and then I'le ha' this poesie put to 'hem: For the best grace, meaning Mistresse Grace, my wedding poesie.

GRA. I am beholden to you, Sir, and to your Bartholmew-wit.

WA s. You doe not meane this, doe you? is this your first purchase?

COOK. Yes faith, and I doe not thinke, Numpes, but thou'l't say, it was the wisest Act, that eu'er I did in my wardship.

WA s. Like inough! I shall say any thing. I!

ACT III. SCENE V.

IVSTICE. EDGWORTH. NIGHTINGALE.

I Cannot beget a Project, with all my politcall braine, yet; my Project is how to fetch off this proper young man, from his debaucht company: I haue followed him all the Fayre ouer, and still I finde him with this songster: And I
begin shrewdly to suspect their familiarity; and the young 5
man of a terrible taint, Poetry! with which idle disease, if
he be infected, there's no hope of him, in a state-course.
Actum est, of him for a common-wealths-man: if hee goe
to't in Rime, once.

EDG. Yonder he is buying o' Ginger-bread: set in 10
quickly, before he part with too much on his money.

NIG. My masters and friends, and good people, draw
neere, &c.

COK. Ballads! harke, harke! pray thee, fellow, stay a little, good Numps, looke to the goods. What Ballads hast thou? let me see, let me see my selfe.

WAS. Why so! hee's flowne to another lime-bush, there he will flutter as long more; till hee ha' ne'r a feather left. Is there a vexation like this, Gentlemen? will you beleue mee now, hereafter shall I haue credit with 20 you?

QVAR. Yes faith, shalt thou, Numps, and thou art worthy on't, for thou sweatest for't. I neuer saw a young Pimpe errant, and his Squire better match'd.

WIN-W. Faith, the sister comes after 'hem, well, 25 too.

GRA. Nay, if you saw the Iustice her husband, my Guardian, you were fitted for the Messé, hee is such a wise one his way——

WIN-W. I wonder, wee see him not heere. 30

GRA. O! hee is too serious for this place, and yet better sport then the other three, I assure you, Gentlemen: where ere he is, though 't be o' the Bench.

COK. How dost thou call it! A caueat against cut-
purses! a good iest, 'faith, I would faine see that Damon, 35
your Cutpurse, you talke of, that delicate-handed Diuell; they say he walkes hereabout; I would see him walke, now.

III. v. 8 hee] hce F Aside. add G 10 Edg.] Edg. [To Night-
ingale.] G 11 with F on] of F3 12 Nig.] Night. [Advancing and singing.] G 20 hereafter G: hereafter? F 32 then] then then F 34 A... cutpurse] roman in F 36 delicate-
handed] delicate handed F
Looke you sister, here, here, let him come, sister, and welcome. Ballad-man, do's any cutpurses haunt hereabout? pray thee raise me one or two: beginne and shew me one.

N I G. Sir, this is a spell against 'hem, spicke and span new; and 'tis made as 'twere in mine owne person, and I sing it in mine owne defence. But 'twill cost a penny alone, if you buy it.

C O K. No matter for the price, thou dost not know me, I see, I am an odd Bartholmew.

O v e. Has't a fine picture, Brother?

C O K. O Sister, doe you remember the ballads ouer the Nursery-chimney at home o' my owne pasting vp, there be braue pictures. Other manner of pictures, than these, friend.

W A S. Yet these will serue to picke the pictures out o' your pockets, you shall see.

C O K. So, I heard 'hem say. Pray thee mind him not, fellow: hee'll haue an ore in every thing.

N I G. It was intended Sir, as if a purse should chance to be cut in my presence, now, I may be blamelesse, though: as by the sequell, will more plainely appeare.

C O K. We shall find that i' the matter. Pray thee begin.

N I G. To the tune of Paggingtons Pound, Sir,

C O K. Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la. Nay, I'll put thee in tune, and all! mine owne country dance! Pray thee begin.

N I G. It is a gentle admonition, you must know, Sir, both to the purse-cutter, and the purse-bearer.

C O K. Not a word more, out o' the tune, an' thou lou'st mee: Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la. Come, when?

N I G. My masters and friends, and good people draw neere, And looke to your purses, for that I doe say;

C O K. Ha, ha, this chimes! good counsell at first dash.

N I G. And though little money, in them you doe beare, It cost more to get, then to lose in a day. [C O K. Good!
You oft haue bee ne told,  
Both the young and the old;  
And bidden beware of the cutpurse so bold:

Then if you take heed not, free me from the curse,  
Who both give you warning for and the cutpurse.

Youth, youth, thou hast better bin staru’d by thy Nurse,
Then liue to be hanged for cutting a purse.

C o k. Good i’faith, how say you, Numps? Is there any  
harme i’ this?

N i g. It hath bin upbrayded to men of my trade,
That oftē times we are the cause of this crime.
Alacke and for pity, why should it be said?
As if they regarded or places, or time.

Examples have been

Of some that were seen,

In Westminster Hall, yea the pleaders between,

Then why should the Judges be free from this curse,
More then my poore selfe, for cutting the purse?
Youth, youth, thou hast better bin staru’d by thy Nurse,
Then liue to be hanged for cutting a purse.

C o k. That againe, good Ballad-man, that againe. O He sings  
rare! I would faine rubbe mine elbow now, but I dare not  
pull out my hand. On, I pray thee, hee that made this  
ballad, shall be Poet to my Masque.

N i g. At Worc’ter ‘tis knowne well, and eu en i’ the Iayle,
A Knight of good worship did there shew his face,
Against the foule sinners, in seale for to rayle,
And lost (ipso facto) his purse in the place.

Nay, once from the Seat
Of Judgement so great,

A Judge there did lose a faire pouch of veluete.  

C o k. 1’ faith?

O Lord for thy mercy, how wicked or worse,
Are those that so venture their necks for a purse! Youth,  
youth, &c.

C o k. Youth, youth, &c? pray thee stay a little, friend, yet,  
o’ thy conscience, Numps, speake, is there any harme i’ this?

iii. v. 78 warning for and] warning, F for and, F 107 yet,] yet F
W A S. To tell you true, 'tis too good for you, 'lesse you had grace to follow it.

I v s. It doth discouer enormitie, I'le marke it more: I ha' not lik'd a paltry piece of poetry, so well, a good while.

C O K. Youth, youth, &c! where's this youth, now? A man must call vpon him, for his owne good, and yet hee will not appeare: looke here, here's for him; handy-dandy, which hand will he haue? On, I pray thee, with the rest, I doe heare of him, but I cannot see him, this Master Youth, the cutpurse.

N I G. At Playes and at Sermons, and at the Sessions, 'Tis daily their practice such booty to make:
Yea, vnder the Gallowes, at Executions,
They sticke not the Stare-aboutes purses to take.

Nay one without grace, | Cok. That was a fine fel-
At a (far) better place, | low! I would haue him, now.

At Court, & in Christmas, before the Kings face.
Alacke then for pity, must I beare the curse,
That onely belongs to the cunning cutpurse?

C O K. But where's their cunning, now, when they should vse it? they are all chain'd now, I warrant you. Youth, youth, thou hast better, &c. The Rat-catchers charme, are all fooles and Asses to this! A poxe on 'hem, that they will not come! that a man should haue such a desire to a thing, and want it.

Q V A R. 'Fore God, I'd giue halfe the Fayre, and 'twere mine, for a cutpurse for him, to saue his longing.

C O K. Looke you Sister, heere, heere, where is't now? which pocket is't in? for a wager?

W A S. I beseech you leauue your wagers, and let him end his matter, an't may be.

C O K. O, are you ædified, Numps?

I v s. Indeed hee do's interrupt him, too much: There Numps spoke to purpose.
C O K. Sister, I am an Asse, I cannot keepe my purse: againe.

W I N W. Will you see sport? looke, there's a fellow gathers vp to him, and tickles him in the ear with a straw twice to draw his hand out of his pocket.

Nigh. But O, you vile nation of cutpurses all, Relent and repent, and amend and be sound, And know that you ought not, by honest mens fall, Advance your owne fortunes, to die aboue ground, And though you goe gay, In silkes as you may, It is not the high way to heauen, (as they say) Repent then, repent you, for better, for worse: And hisse not the Gallows for cutting a purse.

Youth, youth, thou hast better bin ster'd by thy Nurse, Then live to be hanged for cutting a purse.

God hee is a braue fellow; pitty hee should be detected.

A L L. An excellent ballad! an excellent ballad!

E D G. Friend, let mee ha' the first, let mee ha' the first, I pray you.

C O K. Pardon mee, Sir. First come, first seru'd; and I'le buy the whole bundle too.

W I N. That conueyance was better then all, did you see 't? he has given the purse to the ballad-singer.

Q V A R. Has hee?

E D G. Sir, I cry you mercy; I'le not hinder the poore mans profit: pray you mistake me not.

C O K. Sir, I take you for an honest Gentleman, if that be mistaking; I met you to day afore: ha! humh! O God! my purse is gone, my purse, my purse, &c. 160

W A S. Come, doe not make a stirre, and cry your selfe an Asse, thorow the Fayre afore your time.

C O K. Why, hast thou it, Numpes? good Numpes, how came you by it? I marle!

W A S. I pray you seeke some other gamster, to play the foole with: you may lose it time enough, for all your Fayrewit.

C O K. By this good hand, gloue and all, I ha' lost it already, if thou hast it not: seele else, and Mistris Grace's handkercher, too, out o' the tother pocket. 175

III. v. 149 Advance] Adnausc F 152 i'faith] 'faith F After 160 As Nightingale reaches out the ballad, Edgworth slips the purse into his hand. G 168 Gentleman,] Gentleman; F 169 mistaking] mistaking. F
W A S. Why, 'tis well; very well, exceeding pretty, and well.
E D G. Are you sure you ha' lost it, Sir?
C O K. O God! yes; as I am an honest man, I had it but
185 e'en now, at youth, youth.
N I G. I hope you suspect not me, Sir.
E D G. Thee? that were a jest indeede! Dost thou thinke the Gentleman is foolish? where hadst thou hands, I pray thee? Away Asse, away.
190 I V S. I shall be beaten againe, if I be spi'd.
E D G. Sir, I suspect an odde fellow, yonder, is stealing away.
O V E. Brother, it is the preaching fellow! you shall suspect him. He was at your tother purse, you know!
195 Nay, stay, Sir, and view the worke you ha' done, an' you be benefic'd at the Gallowes, and preach there, thanke your owne handy-worke.
C O K. Sir, you shall take no pride in your preferment: you shall be silenc'd quickly.
I V S. What doe you meane? sweet buds of gentility.
C O K. To ha' my penewrth out on you: Bud. No lesse then two purses a day, serue you? I thought you a simple fellow, when my man Numpes beate you, i' the morning, and pittied you——
200 O V E. So did I, I'll be sworne, brother; but now I see hee is a lewd, and pernicious Enormity: (as Master Ouerdoo calls him.)
I V S. Mine owne words turn'd vpon mee, like swords.
C O K. Cannot a man's purse be at quiet for you, i' the Masters pocket, but you must intice it forth, and debauch it?
W A S. Sir, Sir, keepe your debauch, and your fine Bartholmew-termes to your selfe; and make as much on 'hem as you please. But gi' me this from you, i' the meane time: I beseech you, see if I can looke to this.
COX. Why, Numps?

WAS. Why? because you are an Asse, Sir, there's a reason the shortest way, and you will needs ha' it; now you ha' got the tricke of losing, you'd lose your breech, an't twere loose. I know you, Sir, come, Delier, you'll goe and cracke the vermine, you breed now, will you? 'tis very fine, will you ha' the truth on't? they are such retchlesse flies as you are, that blow cutpurses abroad in evey corner; your foolish hauing of money, makes 'hem. An' there were no wiser then I, Sir, the trade shoud lye open for you, Sir, it should i'faith, Sir. I would teach your wit to come to your head, Sir, as well as your land to come into your hand, I assure you, Sir.

WIN. Alacke, good Numps.

WAS. Nay, Gentlemen, neuer pitty mee, I am not worth it: Lord send me at home once, to Harrow o' the Hill againe, if I trauell any more, call me Coriat; with all my heart.

QVAR. Stay, Sir, I must haue a word with you in private. Doe you heare?

EDG. With me, Sir? what's your pleasure? good Sir.

QVAR. Doe not deny it. You are a cutpurse, Sir, this Gentleman here, and I, saw you, nor doe we meane to detect you (though we can sufficiently informe our selues, toward the danger of concealing you) but you must doe vs a piece of service.

EDG. Good Gentlemen, doe not vn doe me; I am a cuill young man, and but a beginner, indeed.

QVAR. Sir, your beginning shall bring on your ending, for vs. We are no Catchpoles nor Constables. That you are to vn undertake, is this; you saw the old fellow, with the blacke boxe, here?

EDG. The little old Gounour, Sir?

QVAR. That same: I see, you haue flowne him to a
marke already. I would ha' you get away that boxe from him, and bring it vs.

EDG. Would you ha' the boxe and all, Sir? or onely that, that is in't? I'le get you that, and leaue him the boxe, to play with still: (which will be the harder o'the two) because I would gaine your worshipes good opinion of me.

WIN-W. He sayes well, 'tis the greater Mastry, and 'twill make the more sport when 'tis mist.

EDG. I, and 'twill be the longer a missing, to draw on the sport.

QVAR. But looke you doe it now, sirrah, and keepe your word: or——

EDG. Sir, if euer I breake my word, with a Gentleman, may I never read word at my need. Where shall I find you?

QVAR. Some-where i' the Fayre, heereabouts. Dispatch it quickly. I would faine see the carefull foole de-luded l of all Beasts, I loue the serious Asse. He that takes paines to be one, and playes the foole, with the greatest diligence that can be.

GRA. Then you would not chose, Sir, but loue my Guardian, Justice Ouerdoo, who is answerable to that de-scription, in euery haire of him.

QVAR. So I haue heard. But how came you, Mist(r)is Welborne, to be his Ward? or haue relation to him, at first?

GRA. Faith, through a common calamity, he bought me, Sir; and now he will marry me to his wiues brother, this wise Gentleman, that you see, or else I must pay value o' my land.

QVAR. S'lid, is there no deuice of disparagement? or so? talke with some crafty fellow, some picklocke o' the Law! Would I had studied a yeere longer i'the Innes of Court, and't had beeene but i' your case.

WIN-W. I, Master Quarlous, are you proffering?

GRA. You'ld bring but little ayde, Sir.

WIN-W. (I'le looke to you i' faith, Gamster.) An vn-

fortunate foolish Tribe you are faine into, Lady, I wonder you can endure 'hem.

GRA. Sir, they that cannot worke their fetters off; must weare 'hem.

WIN. You see what care they haue on you, to leaue you thus.

GRA. Faith, the same they haue of themselues, Sir. I cannot greatly complaine, if this were all the plea I had against 'hem.

WIN. 'Tis true! but will you please to withdraw with us, a little, and make them thinke, they haue lost you. I hope our manners ha' beene such hitherto, and our lan- guage, as will giue you no cause, to doubt your selfe, in our company.

GRA. Sir, I will giue my selfe, no cause; I am so secure of mine owne manners, as I suspect not yours.

VAR. Looke where John Little-wit comes.

WIN. Away, I'le not be seene, by him.

VAR. No, you were not best, hee'ld tell his mother, the widdow.

WIN. Heart, what doe you meane?

VAR. Cry you mercy, is the winde there? must not the widdow be nam'd?

ACT III. SCENE VI.

JOHN. WIN. TRASH. LEATHERHEAD.
KNOCKHUM. BVSY. PVRECRRAFT.

Do ye heare, Win, Win?

WIN. What say you, John?

JOH. While they are paying the reckoning, Win, I'll tell you a thing, Win, wee shall never see any sights i' the Fayre, Win, except you long still, Win, good Win, sweet Win, long to see some Hobby-horses, and some Drummes, and Rattles,

*Win*. But we sha' not eat o' the Bull, and the Hogge,  
*John*, how shall I long then?

*I o h*. O yes! *Win* : you may long to see, as well as to  
taste, *Win* : how did the Potheacre's wife, *Win*, that long'd 15 to see the Anatomy, *Win* ? or the Lady, *Win*, that desir'd to  
spit i' the great Lawyers mouth, after an eloquent pleading?  
I assure you they long'd, *Win*, good *Win*, goe in, and long.

*TRA*. I think we are rid of our new customer, brother  
*Leatherhead*, wee shall heare no more of him.

*LEA*. All the better, let's packe vp all, and be gone, before  
he finde vs.

*TRA*. Stay a little, yonder comes a company: it may  
be wee may take some more money.

*KNO*. Sir, I will take your counsell, and cut my haire,  
and leaue vapours: I see, that Tabacco, and Bottle-Ale, and  
Pig, and *Whit*, and very *Vrsla*, her selfe, is all vanity.

*BSV*. Onely Pigge was not comprehended in my admonition, the rest were. For long haire, it is an Ensigne of pride, a banner, and the world is full of those banners,  
very full of Banners. And, bottle-ale is a drinke of Sathan's,  
a diet-drinke of Sathan's, deuised to puffe vs vp, and make  
vs swell in this latter age of vanity, as the smoke of tabacco,  
to keepe vs in mist and error: But the fleshly woman,  
(which you call *Vrsla*) is aboue all to be auoyded, hauing the 35  
marks vpon her, of the three enemies of Man, the World, as  
being in the *Faire* ; the Deuill, as being in the fire; and the  
Flesh, as being her selfe.

*PVR*. Brother *Zeale-of-the-land!* what shall we doe?  
my daughter *Win-the-fight*, is falne into her fit of longing  
againe.
B v s. For more pig? there is no more, is there?
P. v r. To see some sights, 't the Faire.
B v s. Sister, let her fly the impurity of the place, swiftly,
lest shee partake of the pitch thereof. Thou art the seate of
the Beast, O Smithfield, and I will leau thee. Idolatry 45
peepeth out on euery side of thee.
K n o. An excellent right Hypocrite! now his belly is
full, he falls a railing and kicking, the Iade. A very good
vapour! I'll in, and ioy Vrsla, with telling, how her pigge
works, two and a halfe he eate to his share. And he has 50
drunke a pailefull. He eates with his eyes, as well as his teeth.
L e a. What doe you lack, Gentlemen? What is't you
buy? Rattles, Drumms, Babies.——
B v s. Peace, with thy Apocryphall wares, thou pro-
phane Publican: thy Bells, thy Dragons, and thy Tobie's 55
Dogges. Thy Hobby-horse is an Idoll, a very Idoll, a feierce
and rancke Idoll: And thou, the Nabuchadnessar, the proud
Nabuchadnessar of the Faire, that set'st it vp, for children to
fall downe to, and worship.
L e a. Cry you mercy, Sir, will you buy a fiddle to fill vp 60
your noise?
I o h. Looke Win, doe, looke a Gods name, and saue
your longing. Here be fine sights.
P. v r. I child, so you hate 'hem, as our Brother Zeale
do's, you may looke on 'hem.
L e a. Or what do you say, to a Drumme, Sir?
B v s. It is the broken belly of the Beast, and thy Bel-
lowes there are his lungs, and these Pipes are his throate,
those Feathers are of his taile, and thy Rattles, the gnash-
ing of his teeth.
T r a. And what's my ginger-bread? I pray you.
B v s. The prouander that pricks him vp. Hence with
thy basket of Popery, thy nest of Images: and whole legend
of ginger-worke.

III. vi. Goes forward. add G 66 Cry you]
Cryyou F 51 Exit. add G 60 Cry you]
noise?] noise. F 62 Win.] Win. F
add G Re-enter Littlewit and his wife.
66 Drumme,] Drumme. F
BARTHOLMEW FAYRE.

75  L E A. Sir, if you be not quiet, the quicklier, I'll ha' you clapp'd fairly by the heeles, for disturbing the Faire.
    B V S. The sinne of the Faire prouokes me, I cannot bee silent.
    P V R. Good brother Zeale!

80  L E A. Sir, I'll make you silent, beleuee it.
    I O H. I'd giue a shilling, you could i'faith, friend.
    L E A. Sir, giue me your shilling, I'll giue you my shop,
    if I do not, and I'll leaue it in pawn with you, i' the meane time.

85  I O H. A match i' faith, but do it quickly, then.
    B V S. Hinder me not, woman. I was mou'd in spirit, to
    bee here, this day, in this Faire, this wicked, and foule Faire;
    and fitter may it be called a foule, then a Faire: To
    protest against the abuses of it, the foule abuses of it, in
    regard of the afflicted Saints, that are troubled, very much
    troubled, exceedingly troubled, with the opening of the mer-
    chandize of Babylon againe, & the peeping of Popery vpon
    the stals, here, here, in the high places. See you not Goldy-
    locks, the purple strumpet, there? in her yellow gounw, and
    90  greene sleeues? the prophane pipes, the tinckling timbrells?
    A shop of reliques!

    I O H. Pray you forbeare, I am put in trust with 'hem.
    B V S. And this Idolatrous Groue of Images, this flasket
    of Idols! which I will pull downe——
    (T R A. O my ware, my ware, God blesse it.)
    B V S. In my zeale, and glory to be thus exercis'd.

75  L E A. Here he is, pray you lay hold on his zeale, wee
    cannot sell a whistle, for him, in tune. Stop his noyse, first!
    B V S. Thou canst not: 'tis a sanctified noise. I will
    105 make a loud and most strong noise, till I haue haunted the
    prophane enemy. And for this cause.—
    L E A. Sir, heer's no man afraid of you, or your cause.
    You shall sweare it, i' the stocks, Sir.
B V S. I will thrust my selfe into the stocks, vpon the pikes of the Land.

L E A. Carry him away.

P V R. What doe you meane, wicked men?

B V S. Let them alone; I feare them not.

I O H. Was not this shilling well ventur'd, Win? for our liberty? Now we may goe play, and see ouer the Fayre, where we list our selues; my mother is gone after him, and let her e'en go, and loose vs.

W I N. Yes Iohn, but I know not what to doe.

I O H. For what, Win?

W I N. For a thing, I am asham'd to tell you, i'faith, and 'tis too farre to go home.

I O H. I pray thee bee not asham'd, Win. Come, i'faith thoue shall not be asham'd, is it any thing about the Hobby-horse-man? an't be, speake freely.

W I N. Hang him, base Bobchin, I scorne him; no, I haue very great, what sha'call'um, Iohn.

I O H. ough that all, Win? wee'll goe backe to Captaine Iordan; to the pig-womens, Win, hee'll helpe vs, or she with a dripping pan, or an old kettle, or something. The poore greasie soule loues you, Win, and after we'll visit the Fayre all ouer, Win, and see my Puppet play, Win, you know it's a fine matter, Win.

L E A. Let's away, I counsell'd you to packe vp afore, Ione.

T R A. A poxe of his Bedlem purity. Hee has spoyl'd halfe my ware: but the best is, wee lose nothing, if wee misse our first Merchant.

L E A. It shall be hard for him to finde, or know vs, when we are translated, Ione.

III. vi. 110 They seize him. add G  After 113 Exeunt Officers
with Busy, followed by Dame Purecraft. G  117 e'en e'en F loose]
lose F3  126 Whispers him. add G  128 Win,] Win. F
129 dripping] drip ping F  131 and] and, F  132 Exeunt Littlewit
and Mrs. Littlewit. add G  139 Exeunt. add G
ACT III. SCENE I.


My Masters, I doe make no doubt, but you are officers. BRI. What then, Sir?

TRO. And the Kings louing, and obedient sujects.

BRI. Obedient, friend? take heede what you speake, I advise you: Olivier Bristle advises you. His louing sujects, we grant you: but not his obedient, at this time, by your leave, we know our selues, a little better then so, wee are to command, Sr. and such as you are to be obedient. Here's one of his obedient sujects, going to the stocks, and wee'll make you such another, if you talke.

TRO. You are all wise enough i' your places, I know.

BRI. If you know it, Sir, why doe you bring it in question?

TRO. I question nothing, pardon me. I do only hope you haue warrant, for what you doe, and so, quit you, and so, multiply you.

HAG. What's hee? bring him vp to the stocks there. Why bring you him not vp?

TRO. If you haue Iustice Ouerdoos warrant, 'tis well: you are safe; that is the warrant of warrants. I'le not giue this button, for any mans warrant else.

BRI. Like enough, Sir, but let me tell you, an' you play away your buttons, thus, you will want 'hem ere night, for any store I see about you: you might keepe 'hem, and saue pinnes, I wusse.

IVS. What should hee be, that doth so esteeme, and advance my warrant? he seemes a sober and discreet person! it is a comfort to a good conscience, to be follow'd with a good fame, in his sufferings. The world will haue a pretty
tast by this, how I can beare aduersity: and it will beget a 30
kind of reuerence, toward me, hereafter, euen from mine
enemies, when they shall see I carry my calamity nobly, and
that it doth neither breake me, nor bend mee.

H A G. Come, Sir, heere's a place for you to preach in. They put
Will you put in your legge?
I V S. That I will, cheerfully.
B R I. O' my conscience, a Seminary! hee kisses the
stockes.

C O K. Well my Masters, I'le leaue him with you; now
I see him bestow'd, I'le goe looke for my goods, and Numps. 40
H A G. You may, Sir, I warrant you; where's the tother
Bawler? fetch him too, you shall find 'hem both fast enough.
I V S. In the mid'st of this tumult, I will yet be the
Author of mine owne rest, and not minding their fury, sit in
the stockes, in that calme, as shall be able to trouble a 45
Triumph.

T R O. Doe you assure me vpon your words? may I comes
vndertake for you, if I be ask'd the question; that you
haue this warrant?
H A G. What's this fellow, for Gods sake?
T R O. Doe but shew me Adam Ouerdoo, and I am
satisfied.

B R I. Hee is a fellow that is distracted, they say; one
Trouble-all: hee was an officer in the Court of Pie-poulders,
here last yeere, and put out on his place by Iustice Ouerdoo. 55
I V S. Ha!
B R I. Vpon which, he tooke an idle conceipt, and 's
runne mad vpon't. So that euer since, hee will doe nothing,
but by Iustice Ouerdoo's warrant, he will not eate a crust,
nor drinke a little, nor make him in his apparell, ready. His 60
wife, Sirreuerence, cannot get him make his water, or shift
his shirt, without his warrant.

I V S. If this be true, this is my greatest disaster! how
am I bound to satisfie this poore man, that is of so good a
t nature to mee, out of his wits! where there is no roome left
for dissembling.

T r o. If you cannot shew me Adam Ouerdo, I am in
doubt of you: I am afraid you cannot answere it.

H a g. Before me, Neighbour Bristle (and now I thinke
on't better) Iustice Ouerdoo, is a very parantory person.

B r i. O! are you aduis'd of that? and a seuere Iusticer,
by your leaue.

I v s. Doe I heare ill o' that side, too?

B r i. He will sit as vpriht o' the bench, an' you marke
75 him, as a candle i' the socket, and glue light to the whole
Court in every businesse.

H a g. But he will burne blew, and swell like a bile (God
blesse vs) an' he be angry.

B r i. I, and hee will be angry too, when him list, that's
80 more: and when he is angry, be it right or wrong; hee has
the Law on's side, euer. I marke that too.

I v s. I will be more tender hereafter. I see compassion
may become a Iustice, though it be a weaknesse, I confesse;
and neerer a vice, then a vertue.

H a g. Well, take him out o' the stocks againe, wee'll
go a sure way to worke, wee'll ha' the Ace of hearts of our
side, if we can.

P o c. Come, bring him away to his fellow, there. Master
Busy, we shall rule your legges, I hope, though wee cannot
90 rule your tongue.

B v s. No, Minister of darknesse, no, thou canst not rule
my tongue, my tongue it is mine own, and with it I will both
knocke, and mocke downe your Bartholmew-abominations,
till you be made a hissing to the neighbour Parishes, round
95 about.

H a g. Let him alone, we haue deuis'd better vpon't.

P v r. And shall he not into the stocks then?

B r i. No, Mistresse, wee'll haue 'hem both to Iustice
BARThOLMEW FayRE.

OuerdoO, and let him doe ouer 'hem as is fitting. Then I, and my gossip Haggis, and my beadle Pocher are discharg'd. 100

P v r. O, I thanke you, blessed, honest men !

B r i. Nay, neuer thank vs, but thank this mad-man that comes heere, hee put it in our heads.

P v r. Is hee mad ? Now heauen increase his madnesse, Comes againe. and blesse it, and thanke it, Sir, your poore hand-maide thanks you.

T r o. Haue you a warrant? an' you haue a warrant, shew it.

P v r. Yes, I haue a warrant out of the word, to giue thankes for remouing any scorne intended to the brethren. 110

T r o. It is Justice Ouerdoos warrant, that I looke for, if you haue not that, keepe your word, I'le keepe mine. Quit yee, and multiply yee.

ACT IIII. SCENE II.

EDGWORTH. TROUBLE-ALL. NIGHTINGALE.

COKES. COSTARDMONGER.

Come away Nightingale, I pray thee.

T r o. Whither goe you? where's your warrant?

E d g. Warrant, for what, Sir?

T r o. For what you goe about, you know how fit it is, an' you haue no warrant, blesse you, I'le pray for you, that's 5 all I can doe.

E d g. What meanes hee?

N i g. A mad-man that haunts the Fayre, doe you not know him? it's maruell hee has not more followers, after his ragged heeles.

E d g. Beshrew him, he startled me: I thought he had knowne of our plot. Guilt's a terrible thing! ha' you prepar'd the Costardmonger?

N i g. Yes, and agreed for his basket of pears; hee is at the corner here, ready. And your Prise, he comes downe, 15

iv. i. 110. Exeunt all but Troubleall. add G iv. ii. Enter Edgworth and Nightingale. G, continuing the scene
sailing that way, all alone; without his Protector: hee is
rid of him, it seems.

E D G. I, I know; I should ha' follow'd his Protector-
ship for a feat I am to doe vpon him: But this offer'd it
selfe, so i' the way, I could not let it scape: heere he comes,
whistle, be this sport call'd Dorrings the Dottrell.

N I G. Wh, wh, wh, wh, &c.

C O K. By this light, I cannot finde my ginger-bread-
Wife, nor my Hobby-horse-man in all the Fayre, now; to
ha' my money againe. And I do not know the way out on't,
to go home for more, doe you heare, friend, you that whistle;
what tune is that, you whistle?

N I G. A new tune, I am practising, Sir.

C O K. Dost thou know where I dwell, I pray thee? nay,
on with thy tune, I ha' no such hast, for an answer: I'le
practise with thee.

N I G. Let me hold your sword, Sir, it troubles you.

C O K. Doe, and my cloake, an' thou wilt; and my hat, too.

E D G. A delicate great boy! me thinks, he out-scram-
bles 'hem all. I cannot perswade my selfe, but he goes to
grammer-schole yet; and plays the trewant, to day.

N I G. Would he had another purse to cut, Zekiel.

E D G. Purse? a man might cut out his kidneys, I
thinke; and he never feele 'hem, he is so earnest at the
sport.

N I G. His soule is halfe way out on's body, at the game.

E D G. Away, Nightingale: that way.

C O K. I thinke I am furnish'd for Catharine peares, for
one vnnder-meale: gi' me my cloake.

C O S. Good Gentleman, give me my ware.

C O K. Where's the fellow, I ga' my cloake to?
cloake? and my hat? ha! Gods'lid, is he gone? thieues, He runs out.
thieues, helpe me to cry, Gentlemen.

EDG. Away, Costermonger, come to vs to Vrsla's. Talke of him to haue a soule? 'heart, if hee haue any more then a thing giuen him in stead of salt, onely to keepe him 55 from stinking, I'le be hang'd afofe my time, presently: where should it be trow? in his blood? hee has not so much to'ard it in his whole body, as will maintainé a good Flea; And if hee take this course, he will not ha' so much land left, as to reare a Calfe within this twelue month. Was there 60 euer greene Plouer so pull'd! That his little Ouerseer had beeene heere now, and beeene but tall enough, to see him steale peares, in exchange, for his beauer-hat, and his cloake thus? I must goe finde him out, next, for his blakke boxe, and his Patent (it seemes) hee has of his place; which I thinke the 65 Gentleman would haue a reuersion of; that spoke to me for it so earnestly.

COK. Would I might lose my doublet, and hose, too; as I am an honest man, and never stirre, if I thinke there be any thing, but thieuing, and cooz'ning, i' this whole Fayre. 70 Bartholmew-fayre, quoth he; an' euer any Bartholmew had that lucke in't, that I haue had, I'le be martyr'd for him, and in Smithfield, too. I ha' paid for my peares, a rot on 'hem, I'le keepe 'hem no longer; you were choake-peares to mee; I had bin better ha' gone to mum chance for you, I wusse. Me thinks the Fayre should not haue vs'd me thus, and 'twere but for my names sake, I would not ha' vs'd a dog o' the name, so. O, Numps will triumph, now! Friend, doe you know who I am? or where I lye? I doe not my selfe, I'll be sworne. Doe but carry me home, and I'le please thee, I ha' money enough there, I ha' lost my selfe, and my cloake and my hat; and my fine sword, and my sister, and Numps, and Mistris Grace, (a Gentlewoman that I should ha' married) and a cut-worke handkercher, shee ga' mee,
92  B A R T H O L M E W  F A Y R E.

85 and two purses to day. And my bargaine o' Hobby-horses and Ginger-bread, which grieues me worst of all.

T R O. By whose warrant, Sir, haue you done all this?
C O K. Warrant? thou art a wise fellow, indeed, as if a man need a warrant to lose any thing, with.

T R O. Yes, Iustice Ouerdo's warrant, a man may get, and lose with, I'le stand to't.

C O K. Iustice Ouerdoo? Dost thou know him? I ly e there, hee is my brother in Law, hee married my sister: pray thee shew me the way, dost thou know the house?

T R O. Sir, shew mee your warrant, I know nothing without a warrant, pardon me.

C O K. Why, I warrant thee, come along: thou shalt see, I haue wrought pillowes there, and cambricke sheetes, and sweete bags, too. Pray thee guide me to the house.

T R O. Sir, I'le tell you; goe you thither your selfe, first, alone; tell your worshipfull brother your minde: and but bring me three lines of his hand, or his Clerkes, with Adam Ouerdoo, vnderneath; here I'le stay you, I'le obey you, and I'le guide you presently.

C O K. 'Slid, this is an Asse, I ha' found him, poxe vpon mee, what doe I talking to such a dull foole; farewell, you are a very Coxcomb, doe you heare?

T R O. I Thinke, I am, if Iustice Ouerdoo signe to it, I am, and so wee are all, hee'll quit vs all, multiply vs all.

A C T  I I I.  S C E N E  I I I.


Gentlemen, this is no way that you take: you do but breed one another trouble, and offence, and give me no contentment at all. I am no she, that affects to be quarell'd for, or haue my name or fortune made the question 5 of mens swords.

iv, ii. 103 I'le obey] Ile obey F  108 am, corr. F: am F originally 108 'Esqumil. add G  iv iii. scene ii. | Another part of the Fair. | Enter Grace, Quarlous, and Winwife, with their swords drawn. G
Q v A. S'lood, wee loue you.

G R A. If you both loue mee, as you pretend, your owne reason will tell you, but one can enjoy me; and to that point, there leads a director line, then by my infamy, which must follow, if you fight. 'Tis true, I haue profest it to you ingenuously, that rather then to be yoak'd with this Bride-groome is appointed me, I would take vp any husband, almost vpon any trust. Though Subtilty would say to me, (I know) hee is a foole, and has an estate, and I might gourner him, and enjoy a friend, beside. But these are not my aymes, I must haue a husband I must loue, or I cannot liue with him. I shall ill make one of these politque wiues!

W i n - w. Why, if you can like either of vs, Lady, say, which is he, and the other shall sweare instantly to desist.

Q v A. Content, I accordan to that willingly.

G R A. Sure you thinke me a woman of an extreme leuity, Gentlemen, or a strange fancy, that (meeting you by chance in such a place, as this, both at one instant, and not yet of two hours acquaintance, neither of you deserving afore the other, of me) I should so forsake my modesty (though I might affect one more particularly) as to say, This is he, and name him.

Q v A. Why, wherefore should you not? What should hinder you?

G R A. If you would not giue it to my modesty, allow it yet to my wit; giue me so much of woman, and cunning, as not to betray my selfe impertinently. How can I iudge of you, so farre as to a choyse, without knowing you more? you are both equall, and alike to mee, yet: and so indifferently affected by mee, as each of you might be the man, if the other were away. For you are reasonable creatures, you haue vnderstanding, and discourse. And if fate send me an vnderstanding husband, I haue no feare at all, but mine owne manners shall make him a good one.

Q v A R. Would I were put forth to making for you, then.

G R A. It may be you are, you know not what's toward you: will you consent to a motion of mine, Gentlemen?
WIN-w. What euer it be, we'll presume reasonableness, comming from you.

QVAR. And fitnesse, too.

GRA. I saw one of you buy a paire of tables, e'en now.

WIN-w. Yes, heere they be, and maiden ones too, vn-written in.

GRA. The fitter for what they may be imployed in. You shall write either of you, heere, a word, or a name, what you like best; but of two, or three syllables at most: and the next person that comes this way (because Destiny has a high hand in businesse of this nature) I'll demand, which of the two words, he, or she doth approve; and according to that sentence, fixe my resolution, and affection, without change.

QVAR. Agreed, my word is conceived already.

WIN-w. And mine shall not be long creating after.

GRA. But you shall promise, Gentlemen, not to be curious to know, which of you it is, (is) taken; but give me leave to conceale that till you haue brought me, either home, or where I may safely tender my selfe.

WIN-w. Why that's but equall.

QVAR. Wee are pleas'd.

GRA. Because I will bind both your indeauours to work together, friendly, and ioyntly, each to the others fortune, and haue my selfe fitted with some meanes, to make him that is forsaken, a part of amends.

QVAR. These conditions are very curteous. Well, my word is out of the Arcadia, then: Argalus.

WIN-w. And mine out of the play, Palemon.

TRO. Haue you any warrant for this, Gentlemen?

QVAR. WIN-w. Ha!

TRO. There must be a warrant had, beleue it.

WIN-w. For what?

TRO. For whatsoever it is, any thing indeede, no matter what.

iv. iii. 62 WIN-w.] WIN-w F 68 Well.] Well F 70 They
write. add G 75 For] Fot F
QVA. S'light, here's a fine ragged Prophet, dropt downe
i' the nicke!

TRO. Heauen quit you, Gentlemen.

QVA. Nay, stay a little, good Lady, put him to the question.

GRA. You are content, then?

WIN-W. QVA. Yes yes.

GRA. Sir, heere are two names written——

TRO. Is Justice Ouerdo, one?

GRA. How, Sir? I pray you read 'hem to your selfe, it is for a wager betweene these Gentlemen, and with a stroake or any difference, marke which you approue best.

TRO. They may be both worshipfull names for ought I know, Mistresse, but Adam Ouerdo had bee ne worth three of 'hem, I assure you, in this place, that's in plaine english.

GRA. This man amazes mee! I pray you, like one of 'hem, Sir.

TRO. I doe like him there, that has the best warrant. Mistresse, to saue your longing, (and multiply him) It may be this. But I am still for Justice Ouerdo, that's my conscience. And quit you.

WIN-W. Is't done, Lady?

GRA. I, and strangely, as euer I saw! What fellow is this, trow?

QVA. No matter what, a Fortune-teller wee ha' made him. Which is't, which is't?

GRA. Nay, did you not promise, not to enquire?

QVA. S'lid, I forgot that, pray you pardon mee. Looke, here's our Mercury come: The Licence arriues i' the finest time, too! 'tis but scraping out Cokes his name, and 'tis done.

WIN-W. How now lime-twig? hast thou touch'd?

EDG. Not yet, Sir, except you would goe with mee, and see't, it's not worth speaking on. The act is nothing, with—
out a witnesse. Yonder he is, your man with the boxe falne
into the finest company, and so transported with vapours,
they ha' got in a Northen Clothier, and one *Puppy*, a
Westerner man, that's come to wrestle before my Lord
*Maier*, anone, and Captaine *Whit*, and one *Val Cutting*, that
helpes Captaine *Iordan* to roare, a circling boy: with whom
your *Numps*, is so taken, that you may strip him of his
clothes, if you will. I'le vndertake to geld him for you; if
you had but a Surgeon, ready, to seare him. And Mistresse
*Justice*, there, is the goodest woman l shee do's so loue 'hem
all ouer, in termes of Justice, and the Stile of authority, with
her hood vpright—that I beseech you come away, Gentle-
men, and see't.

Q V A R. S'light, I would not lose it for the *Fayre*, what'll
125 you doe, *Ned*?

W I N - w. Why, stay heere about for you, Mistresse
*Welborne* must not be seene.

Q V A. Doe so, and find out a Priest i' the meane time,
I'le bring the License. Lead, which way is't?

E D G. Here, Sir, you are o' the backside o' the Booth
already, you may heare the noise.

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**ACT III. SCENE IV.**

**K N O C K H V M. N O R D E R N. P V P P Y. C V T -
T I N G. W H I T. E D G W O R T H. Q V A R L O V S.
O V E R D O O. W A S P E. B R I S T L E.**

*Whit*, bid *Val Cutting* continue the vapours for a lift,
*Whit*, for a lift.

N O R. I'le ne mare, I'le ne mare, the eale's too meeghty.

K N O. How now! my *Galloway Nag*, the staggers? ha!

5 *Whit*, gi' him a slit i' the fore-head. Cheare vp, man, a
needle, and threed to stitch his eares. I'ld cure him now

---

*iv. iii. 113 Northen] Northern F3 122 away.] away F 123
and see't* and seee't F 123 *iv. iv.] scene III. Another part of the
Fair.| *Ursula's Booth*, as before: *Knochum, Whit, Northern, Puppy,
Cutting, Waspe, and Mrs. Overdo, discovered all in a state of intoxication.*

2 *Aside to Whit. add G* 3 I'le . . . I'le] Il'e . . . Il'e F
BARTHOLMEW FAYRE.

an' I had it, with a little butter, and garlike, long-pepper, and graines. Where's my horne? I'le gi' him a mash, presently, shall take away this dizzinesse.

P V P. Why, where are you, zurs? doe you vlinch, and 10 leaue vs i' the zuds, now?

N O R. I'le ne mare, I'is e'en as vull as a Paipers bag, by my troth, I.

P V P. Doe my Northerne cloth zhrinke i' the wetting? ha?

K N O. Why, well said, old Flea-bitten, thou'lt neuer tyre, I see.

C V T. No, Sir, but he may tire, if it please him.

W H I. Who told dee sho? that he vuld neuer teer, man?

C V T. No matter who told him so, so long as he knowes.

K N O. Nay, I know nothing, Sir, pardon me there.

E D G. They are at it stil, Sir, this they call vapours.

W H I. He shall not pardon dee, Captaine, dou shalt not be pardon'd. Pre'de shweete heart, doe not pardon him.

C V T. S'light, I'le pardon him, an' I list, whosoever 25 saies nay to't.


W A S. Why, I say nay to't.

Q V A R. O there he is!

K N O. To what doe you say nay, Sir?

W A S. To any thing, whatsoeuer it is, so long as I do not like it.

W H I. Pardon me, little man, dou musht like it a little.

C V T. No, hee must not like it at all, Sir, there you are i' the wrong.

W H I. I tinke I be, he musht not like it, indeede.

C V T. Nay, then he both must, and will like it, Sir, for all you.

K N O. If he haue reason, he may like it, Sir.

W H I. By no meansh, Captaine, vpon reason, he may 40 like nothing vpon reason.

IV. iv. 10 you,) you F After 21 Enter behind Edgworth with Quar-rous, G 24 heart,) heart F 40 meansh,) meansh F

443-6
WAS. I haue no reason, nor I will heare of no reason, nor I will looke for no reason, and he is an Asse, that either knowes any, or lookes for't from me.

CVT. Yes, in some sense you may haue reason, Sir.
WAS. I, in some sense, I care not if I grant you.
WHI. Pardon mee, thou oughht to grant him nothing, in no shensh, if dou doe loue dy shelve, angry man.
WAS. Why then, I doe grant him nothing; and I haue no sense.

CVT. 'Tis true, thou hast no sense indeed.
WAS. S'lid, but I haue sense, now I thinke on't better, and I will grant him any thing, doe you see?
KNO. He is i' the right, and do's vtter a sufficient vapour.
CVT. Nay, it is no sufficient vapour, neither, I deny that.
KNO. Then it is a sweet vapour.
CVT. It may be a sweet vapour.
WAS. Nay, it is no sweet vapour, neither, Sir, it stinkes, and I'le stand to't.

WHI. Yes, I tinke it dosh shtinke, Captaine. All vapour dosh shtinke.
WAS. Nay, then it do's not stinke, Sir, and it shall not stinke.

CVT. By your leauue, it may, Sir.
WAS. I, by my leauue, it may stinke, I know that.
WHI. Pardon me, thou knowesht nothing, it cannot by thy leauue, angry man.
WAS. How can it not?
KNO. Nay, neuer question him, for he is i' the right.
WHI. Yesh, I am i' de right, I confesh it, so ish de little man too.

WAS. I'le haue nothing confess, that concernes mee: I am not i' the right, nor neuer was i' the right, nor neuer will be i' the right, while I am in my right minde.

CVT. Minde? why, heere's no man mindes you, Sir, nor any thing else.

VP. Vreind, will you mind this that wee doe?

iv. iv. 74 minde. J minde, F 77 Offering Northern the Cup. add G
Q v A. Call you this vapours? this is such beltching of quarrell, as I neuer heard. Will you minde your businesse, Sir?

EDG. You shall see, Sir.

NOR. I'le ne maire, my waimb warkes too mickle with this aready.

EDG. Will you take that, Master Waspe, that no body should minde you?

WAS. Why? what ha' you to doe? is't any matter to you?

EDG. No, but me thinks you should not be vnminde, though.

WAS. Nor, I wu'not be, now I thinke on't, doe you heare, new acquaintance, do's no man mind me, say you?

CVT. Yes, Sir, euery man heere mindes you, but how?

WAS. Nay, I care as little how, as you doe, that was not my question.

WHI. No, noting was ty question, tou art a learned man, and I am a valiant man, i'faith la, tou shalt speake for mee, and I vill fight for tee.

KNO. Fight for him, Whit? A grosse vapour, hee can fight for himselfe.

WAS. It may be I can, but it may be, I wu'not, how then?

CVT. Why, then you may chuse.

WAS. Why, and I'le chuse whether I'le chuse or no.

KNO. I thinke you may, and 'tis true; and I allow it for a resolute vapour.

WAS. Nay, then, I doe thinke you doe not thinke, and it is no resolute vapour.

CVT. Yes, in some sort he may allow you.

KNO. In no sort, Sir, pardon me, I can allow him nothing. You mistake the vapour.

WAS. He mistakes nothing, Sir, in no sort.

WHI. Yes, I pre dee now, let him mistake.
W A S. A turd i' your teeth, neuer pre dee mee, for I will haue nothing mistaken.

K N O. Turd, ha turd? a noysome vapour, strike Whit.

O V E. Why, Gentlemen, why Gentlemen, I charge you vpon my authority, conserve the peace. In the Kings name, and my Husbands, put vp your weapons. I shall be driuen to commit you my selfe, else.

Q V A. Ha, ha, ha.

W A S. Why doe you laugh, Sir?

Q V A. Sir, you'll allow mee my christian liberty. I may laugh, I hope.

C V T. In some sort you may, and in some sort you may not, Sir.

K N O. Nay, in some sort, Sir, hee may neither laugh, nor hope, in this company.

W A S. Yes, then he may both laugh, and hope in any sort, an't please him.

Q V A. Faith, and I will then, for it doth please mee exceedingly.

W A S. No exceeding neither, Sir.

K N O. No, that vapour is too lofty.

Q V A. Gentlemen, I doe not play well at your game of vapours, I am not very good at it, but——

C V T. Doe you heare, Sir? I would speake with you in circle?

Q V A. In circle, Sir? what would you with me in circle?

C V T. Can you lend me a Piece, a Iacobus? in circle?

Q V A. S'lid, your circle will proue more costly then your vapours, then. Sir, no, I lend you none.

C V T. Your beard's not well turn'd vp, Sir.

Q V A. How, Rascal? are you playing with my beard?

I'le breake circle with you.

P V P. N O R. Gentlemen, Gentlemen!

---

IV. IV. 115 Aside to Whit. add G Stage dir. They... eares] They fall together by the ears, while Edgeworth steals the licence out of the box, and exit. G 126 Nay,] Nay F 144 How,] How F
KN O. Gather vp, Whit, gather vp, Whit, good vapours.
O VE. What meane you? are you Rebells? Gentlemen? shall I send out a Serieant at Armes, or a Writ o' Rebellion, against you? I'le commit you vpon my woman-hood, for a Riot, vpon my Iustice-hood, if you persist.
W A S. Vpon your Iustice-hood? Mary shite o' your hood, you'll commit? Spoke like a true Iustice of peace's wife, indeed, and a fine female Lawyer! turd i' your teeth for a fee, now.
O VE R. Why, Numps, in Master Overdoo's name, I charge you.
W A S. Good Mistresse Vnderdoo, hold your tongue.
O VE R. Alas! poore Numps.
W A S. Alas! and why alas from you, I beseech you? or why poore Numps, goody Rich? am I come to be pittied by your tuft taffata now? why Mistresse, I knew Adam, the Clerke, your husband, when he was Adam Scrivener, and writ for two pence a sheet, as high as he beares his head now, or you your hood, Dame. What are you, Sir?
BR I. Wee be men, and no Infidells; what is the matter, here, and the noyses? can you tell?
W A S. Heart, what ha' you to doe? cannot a man quarrell in quietnesse? but hee must be put out on't by you? what are you?
BR I. Why, wee be his Maiesties Watch, Sir.
W A S. Watch? S'blood, you are a sweet watch, indeede. A body would thinke, and you watch'd well a nights, you should be contented to sleepe at this time a day. Get you to your fleas, and your flocke-beds, you Rogues, your kennells, and lye downe close.
BR I. Downe? yes, we will downe, I warrant you, downe with him in his Maiesties name, downe, downe with him, and carry him away, to the pigeon-holes.
O V E. I thanke you, honest friends, in the behalfe o' the Crowne, and the peace, and in Master Ouerdoo's name, for suppressing enormities.

W H I. Stay, Bristle, heere ish a noder brash o' drunkards, but very quiet, speciall drunkards, will pay dee, fие shllings very well. Take 'hem to dee, in de graish o' God: one of hem do's change cloth, for Ale in the Fayre, here, te todor ish a strong man, a mighty man, my Lord Mayors man, and a wrastler. Hee has wrashed so long with the bottle, heere, that the man with the beard, hash almosht streeke vp his heelsh.

B R I. S'lid, the Clerke o' the Market, has beeene to cry him all the Fayre ouer, here, for my Lords servise.

W H I. Tere he ish, pre de taik him hensh, and make ty best on him. How now woman o' shilke, vat ailsh ty shweet faish? art tou melancholy?

O V E. A little distemper'd with these enormities; shall I intreat a curtesie of you, Captaine?

W H I. Intreat a hundred, veluet woman, I vill doe it, shspeake out.

O V E. I cannot with modesty speake it out, but——

W H I. I vill doe it, and more, and more, for dee. What Vrsla, and't be bitch, and't be baud, and't be!


W H I. Heere, put vp de cloakes Vrsh; de purchase; pre dee now, shweet Vrsh, help dis good braue woman, to a Iordan, and't be.

V R S. S'lid call your Captaine Iordan to her, can you not?

W H I. Nay, pre dee leaue dy consheits, and bring the veluet woman to de——

V R S. I bring her, hang her: heart must I find a comon pot for eucry punke i' your purlewes?
WHI. O good voordsh, VRSH, it ish a guest o’ veluet, i’fait la.

VRS. Let her sell her hood, and buy a spunge, with a poxe to her, my vessell <is> employed Sir. I haue but one, and 'tis the bottome of an old bottle. An honest Proctor, and his wife, are at it, within, if shee’ll stay her time, so.

WHI. As soone ash tou cansht, shwet VRSH. Of a valiant man I tinke I am the patientsh man i’ the world, or in all Smithfield.

KNO. How now Whit? close vapours, stealing your leaps? couering in corners, ha?

WHI. No fait, Captaine, dough tou beesh a vishe man, dy vit is a mile hence, now. I was procuring a shmall courtesie, for a woman of fashion here.

OVE. Yes, Captaine, though I am Iustice of peace’s wife, I doe loue Men of warre, and the Sonnes of the sword, when they come before my husband.

KNO. Say’st thou so, Filly? thou shalt haue a leape presently, I’le horse thee my selfe, else.

VRS. Come, will you bring her in now? and let her take her turne?

WHI. Gramercy good VRSH, I tanke dee.

OVER. Master Ouerdoo shall thanke her. 235

ACT IIII. SCENE V.

JOHN. WIN. VRSLA. KNOCKHVM. WHIT. OVERDOO. ALES.

Ood Ga’mere VRS; WIN, and I, are exceedingely be-holden to you, and to Captaine JORDAN, and Captaine Whit. WIN, I’le be bold to leaue you, i’ this good company, WIN: for halfe anoure, or so, WIN, while I goe, and see
how my matter goes forward, and if the Puppets be perfect: and then I'le come & fetch you, Win.

W I N. Will you leaue me alone with two men, John?
I O H. I, they are honest Gentl(e)men, Win, Captaine Jordan, and Captaine Whit, they'll use you very ciuilly, Win,

God b'w'you, Win.

V R S. What's her husband gone?
K N O. On his false gallop, Vrs, away.
V R S. An' you be right Bartholmew-birds, now shew your selues so: we are vndone for want of fowle i' the Fayre, here. Here will be Zekiell Edgworth, and three or foure gallants, with him at night, and I ha' neither Plouer nor Quaile for 'hem: perswade this betweene you two, to become a Bird o' the game, while I worke the veluet woman, within, (as you call her.)

K N O. I conceiue thee, Vrs! goe thy waies, doest thou heare, Whit? is't not pitty, my delicate darke chestnut here, with the fine leane head, large fore-head, round eyes, euen mouth, sharpe eares, long necke, thinne crest, close withers, plaine backe, deepe sides, short fillets, and full flankes: with a round belly, a plumpe buttocke, large thighs, knit knees, streight legges, short pasternes, smooth hoofes, and short heelethes: should lead a dull honest womans life, that might liue the life of a Lady?

W H I. Yes, by my fait, and trot, it is, Captaine: de honesht womans life is a scuruy dull life, indeed, la.

W I N. How, Sir? is an honest womans life a scuruy life?
W H I. Yes fait, shweet heart, beleue him, de leefe of a Bond-woman! but if dou vilt harken to me, I will make tee a free-woman, and a Lady: dou shalt liue like a Lady, as te

Captaine saishe.

K N O. I, and be honest too sometimes: haue her wiers, and her tires, her greene gownes, and veluet petticoates.

W H I. I, and ride to Ware and Rumford i' dy Coash, shee
de Players, be in loue vit 'hem; sup vit gallantsh, be drunke,
and cost de noting.

KN O. Braue vapours!

W H I. And lye by twenty on 'hem, if dou pleashe, shweet
heart.

W I N. What, and be honest still, that were fine sport.

W H I. Tish common, shweet heart, tou may'st doe it, by my hand: it shall be justised to ty husbands faish, now: tou shalt be as honesht as the skinne betweene his hornsh, la!

KN O. Yes, and weare a dressing, top, and top-gallant,
to compare with ere a husband on 'hem all, for a fore-top: it is the vapour of spirit in the wife, to cuckold, now adaies; as it is the vapour of fashion, in the husband, not to suspect. Your prying cat-eyed-citizen, is an abominable vapour.

W I N. Lord, what a foole haue I beeene!

W H I. Mend then, and doe every ting like a Lady, heere-
after, neuer know ty husband, from another man.

KN O. Nor any one man from another, but i' the darke.

W H I. I, and then it ish no dishgrash to know any man.

V R S. Helpe, helpe here.

KN O. How now? what vapour's there?

V R S. O, you are a sweet Ranger! and looke well to your
walks. Yonder is your Punque of Turnbull, Ramping Ales, has falne vpon the poore Gentlewoman within, and pull'd her hood over her eares, and her hayre through it.

O V E. Helpe, helpe, i' the Kings name.

A L E. A mischief on you, they are such as you are, that vn
doer vs, and take our trade from vs, with your tuft-taffata hanches.

KN O. How now, Alice!

A L E. The poore common whores can ha' no traffique,
for the priuy rich ones; your caps and hoods of veluet, call aw
away our customers, and lick the fat from vs.

V R S. Peace you foule ramping Iade, you——

A L E. Od's foote, you Bawd in greace, are you talking?
K N O. Why, Alice, I say.
ALE. Thou Sow of Smithfield, thou.
V R'S. Thou tripe of Turnbull.
K N O. Cat-a-mountaine-vapours! ha!
V R'S. You know where you were taw'd lately, both
lash'd, and slash'd you were in Bridewell.
ALE. I, by the same token, you rid that weeke, and
broake out the bottome o'the Cart, Night-tub.
K N O. Why, Lyon face! ha! doe you know who I am?
shall I teare ruffle, slit wastcoat, make ragges of petticoat? ha!
goe to, vanish, for feare of vapours. Whit, a kick,
Whit, in the parting vapour. Come braue woman, take a
good heart, thou shalt be a Lady, too.

WHI. Yes fait, dey shal all both be Ladies, and write
Madame. I vill do't my selfe for dem. Doe, is the vord,
and D is the middle letter of Madame, DD, put 'hem together
and make deeds, without which, all words are alike, la.

K N O. 'Tis true, Vrsla, take 'hem in, open thy wardrobe,
and fit 'hem to their calling. Greene-gownes, Crimson-
petticoats, green women! my Lord Maiors green women!
guests o' the Game, true bred. I'le prouide you a Coach,
to take the ayre, in.

WIN. But doe you thinke you can get one?

K N O. O, they are as common as wheelebarrowes, where
there are great dunghills. Evry Pettifoggers wife has
'hem, for first he buyes a Coach, that he may marry, and
then hee marries that hee may be made Cuckold in't: For
if their wiues ride not to their Cuckolding, they doe 'hem no
credit. Hide, and be hidden; ride, and be ridden, sayes the
vapour of experience.

iv. v. 85 After 'vapour.' They kick out Alice. G 98 wife] wife, F
102 After 'credit.' [Exeunt Ursula, Mrs. Littlewit, and Mrs. Overdo.] G
ACT III. SCENE VI.

TROUBLE-ALL. KNACKHUM. WHIT.
QUARLOWS. EDGWORTH. BRISTLE.
WASPE. HAGGISE. IVSTICE.
BUSY. Pvre-craft.

BY what warrant do's it say so?
KNO. Ha! mad child o' the Pye-pouldres, art thou
there? fill vs a fresh kan, Vrs, wee may drinke together.
TRO. I may not drinke without a warrant, Captaine.
KNO. S'lood, thou'll not stale without a warrant, shortly. 5
Whit, giue mee pen, inke and paper. I'll draw him a warrant
presently.
TRO. It must be Justice Ouerdoo's.
KNO. I know, man. Fetch the drinke, Whit.
WHV. I pre dee now, be very briefe, Captaine; for de 10
new Ladies stay for dee.
KNO. O, as briefe as can be, here 'tis already. Adam
Ouerdoo.
TRO. Why, now, I'le pledge you, Captaine.
KNO. Drinke it off. I'll come to thee, anone, againe. 15
QUVA. Well, Sir. You are now discharg'd: beware of Quarrous
being spi'd, hereafter.

EDG. Sir, will it please you, enter in here, at Vrsla's;
and take part of a silken gowne, a velvet petticoate, or a
wrought smocke; I am promis'd such: and I can spare any 20
Gentleman a moity.

QUVA. Kepe it for your companions in beastlinesse, I
am none of 'hem, Sir. If I had not already forgienen you a
greater trespasse, or thought you yet worth my beating,
I would instruct your manners, to whom you made your 25

iv. vi. Enter Troubleall. G, continuing the scene 6 giue] Giue F
8 Ouerdoo's.] Ouerdoo's? F 9 man.] man, F 11 Exit, and re-
terers with a can. add G 12 After 'already.' Gives Troubleall a
paper. G 15 Exeunt. add G After 15 scene iv. | The back
of Ursula's Booth. Ouerdo in the stocks, people, &c. | Enter Quarrous with
the licence, and Edgworth. G, who makes a new scene at this point
21 moity] moiety F3
offers. But goe your wayes, talke not to me, the hangman
is onely fit to discourse with you; the hand of Beadle is too
mercifull a punishment for your Trade of life. I am sorry
I employ'd this fellow; for he thinks me such: Facinus
30 quos inquinat, aquat. But, it was for sport. And would I
make it serious, the getting of this Licence is nothing to me,
without other circumstances concurre. I do thinke how
impertinently I labour, if the word bee not mine, that the
ragged fellow mark'd: And what advantage I have gien
35 Ned Win-wife in this time now, of working her, though it be
mine. Hee'll go neare to forme to her what a debauch'd
Rascall I am, and fright her out of all good concept of me:
I should doe so by him, I am sure, if I had the opportunity.
But my hope is in her temper, yet; and it must needs bee
next to despaire, that is grounded on any part of a woman's
discretion. I would giue by my troth, now, all I could spare
(to my cloathes, and my sword) to meete my tatter'd sooth-
sayer againe, who was my iudge i' the question, to know
certainly whose word he has damn'd or sau'd. For, till then,
45 I liue but vnder a Reprieve. I must seeke him. Who be
these?

Ent. W A s. Sir, you are a welsh Cuckold, and a prating Runt,
and no Constable.

B R I. You say very well. Come put in his legge in the
50 middle roundell, and let him hole there.

W A s. You stinke of leeks, Metheglyn, and cheese. You
Rogue.

B R I. Why, what is that to you, if you sit sweetly in the
stocks in the meane time? if you have a minde to stinke
55 too, your breeches sit close enough to your bumm. Sit you
merry, Sir.

Q V A. How now, Numps?

W A s. It is no matter, how; pray you looke off.

Q V A. Nay I'll not offend you, Numps. I thought you
60 had sate there to be seen.
W A S. And to be sold, did you not? pray you mind your businesse, an' you haue any.

Q V A. Cry you mercy, Numps. Do's your leg lie high enough?

B R I. How now, neighbour Haggise, what sayses Justice 65 Overdo's worship, to the other offenders?

H A G. Why, hee sayes just nothing, what should hee say? Or where should he say? He is not to be found, Man. He ha' not been seen i' the Fayre, here, all this liue-long day, neuer since seuen a clocke i' the morning. His Clearks know 70 not what to thinke on't. There is no Court of Pie-poulders yet. Heere they be return'd.

B R I. What shall be done with 'hem, then? in your discretion?

H A G. I thinke wee were best put 'hem in the stocks, in 75 discretion (there they will be safe in discretion) for the valoure of an hour, or such a thing, till his worship come. As they open the stockes, Waspe puts his shooe on his hand, and steps it in for his legge.  

B R I. It is but a hole matter, if wee doe, Neighbour Haggise; come, Sir, heere is company for you, heaue vp the stocks.

W A S. I shall put a tricke vpon your welsh diligence, perhaps.

B R I. Put in your legge, Sir.

Q V A. What, Rabby Busy! is hee come?

B V S. I doe obey thee, the Lyon may roare, but he can-not bite. I am glad to be thus separated from the heathen of the land, and put apart in the stocks, for the holy cause.

W A S. What are you, Sir?

B V S. One that reioyceth in his affliction, and sitteth here to prophesie the destruction of Fayres and May-games, 90 Wakes, and Whitson-ales, and doth sigh and groane for the reformation, of these abuses.

W A S. And doe you sigh, and groane too, or reioyce in your affliction?
I v s. I doe not feele it, I doe not thinke of it, it is a thing without mee. *Adam*, thou art aboue these battries, these contumelies. *In te manca ruit fortuna*, as thy friend *Horace* saies; thou art one, *Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent*. And therefore as another friend of thine saies, (I thinke it be thy friend *Persius*) *Non te quæsiue-eris extra.*

Q v A. What's heere? a Stoick i' the stocks? the Foele is turn'd *Philosopher*.

B v s. Friend, I will leauue to communicate my spirit with you, if I heare any more of those superstitious reliques, those lists of Latin, the very rags of *Rome*, and patches of *Poperie*.

W a s. Nay, an' you begin to quarrel, Gentlemen, I'll leauue you. I ha' paid for quarrelling too lately: looke you, a deuice, but shifting in a hand for a foot. God b'w'you.

B v s. Wilt thou then leauue thy brethren in tribulation?

W a s. For this once, Sir.

B v s. Thou art a halting *Neutrall*: stay him there, stop him: that will not endure the heat of persecution.

B r I. How now, what's the matter?

115 B v s. Hee is fled, he is fled, and dares not sit it out.

B r I. What, has he made an escape, which way? follow, neighbour *Haggise*.

P v r. O me! in the stocks! haue the wicked preuail'd?

B v s. Peace, religious sister, it is my calling, comfort your selfe, an extraordinary calling, and done for my better standing, my surer standing, hereafter.

T r o. By whose warrant, by whose warrant, this?

Q v A. O, here's my man, dropt in, I look'd for.

I v s. Ha!

120 P v r. O good Sir, they haue set the faithfull, here to be wonder'd at; and prooued holes, for the holy of the land.

T r o. Had they warrant for it? shew'd they *Iustice Ouerdoo's* hand? if they had no warrant, they shall answer it.
B R I. Sure you did not locke the stocks sufficiently, neighbour Toby!

H A G. No! see if you can lock 'hem better.

B R I. They are very sufficiently lock'd, and truely, yet some thing is in the mat(t)er.

T R O. True, your warrant is the matter that is in question, by what warrant?

B R I. Mad man, hold your peace, I will put you in his roome else, in the very same hole, doe you see?

Q V A. How! is hee a mad-man!

T R O. Shew me Justice Ouerdoo's warrant, I obey you.

H A G. You are a mad foole, hold your tongue.

T R O. In Justice Ouerdoo's name, I drinke to you, and here's my warrant.

I V S. Alas poore wretch! how it earnes my heart for him!

Q V A. If hee be mad, it is in vaine to question him. I'lle try though. Friend, there was a Gentlewoman, shew'd you two names, some houre since, Argalus and Palemon, to marke in a booke, which of 'hem was it you mark'd?

T R O. I marke no name, but Adam Ouerdo, that is the name of names, hee onely is the sufficient Magistrate; and that name I reuereence, shew it mee.

Q V A. This fellowe's madde indeede: I am further off, now, then afore.

I V S. I shall not breath in peace, till I haue made him some amends.

Q V A. Well, I will make another use of him, is come in my head : I haue a nest of beards in my Truncke, one some thing like his.

B R I. This mad foole has made mee that I know not whether I haue lock'd the stocks or no, I thynke I lock'd 'hem.

T R O. Take Adam Ouerdo in your minde, and feare nothing.
B R I. S'lid, madnesse it selfe, hold thy peace, and take
that.
T R O. Strikest thou without a warrant? take thou that.
B V S. Wee are deliuered by miracle; fellow in fetters,
let vs not refuse the meanes, this madnesse was of the spirit:
The malice of the enemy hath mock'd it selfe.
P V R. Mad doe they call him! the world is mad in error,
but hee is mad in truth: I loue him o' the sudden, (the
cunning man sayd all true) and shall loue him more, and
more. How well it becomes a man to be mad in truth! O,
that I might be his yoake-fellow, and be mad with him,
what a many should wee draw to madnesse in truth, with vs!
B R I. How now! all scap'd? where's the woman? it is
witchcraft! Her veluet hat is a witch, o' my conscience,
or my key! t'one! The mad-man was a Diuell, and I am
an Asse; so blesse me, my place, and mine office.

Act V. Scene I.


W ell, Lucke and Saint Bartholmeow; out with the signe
of our inuention, in the name of Wit, and do you beat
the Drum, the while; All the fowle i' the Fayre, I meane, all
the dirt in Smithfield, (that's one of Master Littlewit's Car-
whickets now) will be throwne at our Banner to day, if the
matter do's not please the people. O the Motions, that I
Lanthorne Leatherhead haue giuen light to, i' my time, since
my Master Pod dyed! Jerusalem was a stately thing; and
so was Ninieue, and the city of Norwich, and Sodom and
Gomorrah; with the rising o' the prentises; and pulling
downe the bawdy houses there, vpon Shroue-Tuesday; but
the Gunpowder-plot, there was a get-penny! I haue pre-
sented that to an eighteene, or twenty pence audience, nine

IV. vi. 164 Strikes him. add G 168 Except Busy and Overdo.
add G 174 Exsit. add G 177 t'one 1'one. F 178 Except.
affrighted. add G Act V. Scene I. | The Fair, as before. [A Booth.
Lantern Leatherhead, dressed as a puppet-show man, Filcher, and Shark-
well with a flag. G
times in an afternoone. Your home-borne projects proue
euer the best, they are so easie, and familiar, they put too 

much learning i' their things now o'dayes: and that I feare 

will be the spoile o' this. Little-wit? I say, Mickle-wit! if 

not too mickle! looke to your gathering there, good man 

Filcher.

F I L. I warrant you, Sir.

L A N. And there come any Gentlefolds, take two pence 
a piece, Sharkwell.

S H A. I warrant you, Sir, three pence, an' we can.

ACT V. SCENE II.

I V S T I C E. W I N-W I F E. G R A C E. Q V A R-

L O V S. P V R-E-C R A F T.

This later disguise, I haue borrow'd of a Porter, shall 
carry me out to all my great and good ends; which 

how euer interrupted, were neuer destroyed in me: neither 
is the houre of my seruency yet come, to reuеale my selfe, 

wherein cloud-like, I will breake out in raine, and haile, 5 

lightning, and thunder, upon the head of enormity. Two 

maine works I haue to prosecute: first, one is to inuent 
some satisfaction for the poore, kinde wretch, who is out of 
his wits for my sake, and yonder I see him comming, I will 

walke aside, and proiect for it.

W I N (- W I ). I wonder where Tom Quarlous is, that hee 
returns not, it may be he is strucke in here to seeke vs.

G R A. See, heere's our mad-man againe.

Q V A. I haue made my selfe as like him, as his gowne, 

and cap will give me leaue.

P V R. Sir, I loue you, and would be glad to be mad with 
you in truth.

W I N - W. How! my widdow in loue with a mad-man?

P V R. Verily, I can be as mad in spirit, as you.
Q V A. By whose warrant? leave your canting. Gentle-
woman, haue I found you? (saeue yee, quit yee, and multi-
ply yee) where's your booke? 'twas a sufficient name I
mark'd, let me see't, be not afraid to shew't me.

G R A. What would you with it, Sir?
Q V A. Marke it againe, and againe, at your servise.
G R A. Heere it is, Sir, this was it you mark'd.
Q V A. Palemon? fare you well, fare you well.

W I N - W. How, Palemon!

G R A. Yes faith, hee has discouer'd it to you, now, and
therefore 'twere vaine to disguise it longer, I am yours, Sir,
by the benefit of your fortune.

W I N - W. And you haue him Mistresse, beleue it, that
shall never give you cause to repent her benefit, but make
you rather to thinke that in this choyce, she had both her
eyes.

G R A. I desire to put it to no danger of protestation.
Q V A. Palemon, the word, and Win-wife the man?
P V R. Good Sir, vouchsafe a yoakefellow in your mad-
nesse, shun not one of the sanctified sisters, that would draw
with you, in truth.

Q V A. Away, you are a heard of hypocritical proud
Ignorants, rather wilde, then mad. Fitter for woods, and
the society of beasts then houses, and the congregacion of
men. You are the second part of the society of Canters,
Outlawes to order and Discipline, and the onely priviledg'd
Church-robbres of Christendome. Let me alone. Palemon,
the word, and Winwife the man?

P V R. I must vncover my selfe vnto him, or I shall never
enioy him, for all the cunning mens promises. Good Sir,
heare mee, I am worth sixe thousand pound, my loue to you,
is become my racke, I'll tell you all, and the truth: since
you hate the hypo(c)risie of the party-coloured brother-
hood. These seuen yeeres, I haue beene a wilfull holy
widdow, onely to draw feasts, and gifts from my intangled

v. ii. 36 Exeunt Grace and Winwife. add G

[Aside.] G
suitors: I am also by office, an assisting sister of the Deacons, and a deuourer, in stead of a distributer of the alms. I am a special maker of marriages for our decayed Brethren, with our rich widdowes; for a third part of their wealth, when they are marryed, for the reliefe of the poore elect: as also our poore handsome yong Virgins, with our wealthy Batchelors, or Widdowers; to make them steale from their husbands, when I haue confirmed them in the faith, and got all put into their custodies. And if I ha' not my bargaine, they may sooner tune a scolding drab, into a silent Minister, then make me leaue pronouncing reprobation, and damnation vnto them. Our elder, Zeale-of-the-land, would haue had me, but I know him to be the capitall Knaue of the land, making himselfe rich, by being made Feoffee in trust to deceased Brethren, and coozning their heyres, by swearing the absolute gift of their inheritance. And thus hauing eas'd my conscience, and utter'd my heart, with the tongue of my loue: enjoie all my deceits together, I beseech you. I should not haue reveauled this to you, but that in time I thinke you are mad, and I hope you'll thinke mee so too, Sir?

Q v a. Stand aside, I'le answer you, presently. Why should not I marry this sixe thousand pound, now I think on 't? and a good trade too, that shee has beside, ha? The tother wench, Winwife is sure of; there's no expectation for me there! here I may make my selfe some sauer, yet, if shee continue mad, there the question. It is money that I so want, why should I not marry the money, when 'tis offer'd mee? I haue a License and all, it is but razing out one name, and putting in another. There's no playing with a man's fortune! I am resolu'd! I were truly mad, an' I would not! well, come your wayes, follow mee, an' you will be mad, I'll shew you a warrant!

P v r. Most zealously, it is that I zealously desire.

I v s. Sir, let mee speake with you.

Q v a. By whose warrant?
I V S. The warrant that you tender, and respect so; Justice Ouerdoo's! I am the man, friend Trouble-all, though thus disguis'd (as the carefull Magistrate ought) for the good of the Republique, in the Fayre, and the weeding out of enormity. Doe you want a house or meat, or drinke, or cloathes? speake whatsoeuer it is, it shall be supplyed you, what want you?

Q V A. Nothing but your warrant.
I V S. My warrant? for what?
Q V A. To be gone, Sir.

I V S. Nay, I pray thee stay, I am serious, and haue not many words, nor much time to exchange with thee; thinke what may doe thee good.

Q V A. Your hand and seale, will doe me a great deale of good; nothing else in the whole Fayre, that I know.

I V S. If it were to any end, thou should'st haue it willingly.

Q V A. Why, it will satisifie me, that's end enough, to looke on; an' you will not gi' it mee, let me goe.

I V S. Alas! thou shalt ha' it presently: I'll but step into the Scriueners, hereby, and bring it. Doe not go away.

Q V A. Why, this mad mans shape, will prove a very fortunate one, I thinke! can a ragged robe produce these effects? if this be the wise Iustice, and he bring mee his hand, I shall goe neere to make some vse on't. Hee is come already!

I V S. Looke thee! heere is my hand and seale, Adam Ouerdoo, if there be any thing to be written, aboue in the paper, that thou want'st now, or at any time hereafter; thinke on't; it is my deed, I deliver it so, can your friend write?

Q V A. Her hand for a witenesse, and all is well.
I V S. With all my heart.

Q V A. Why should not I ha' the conscience, to make this a bond of a thousand pound, now? or what I would else?

v. ii. 114 After 'on't.' Re-enter Ouerdo. G 124 pound, now?] pound? now, F Aside. add G
I vs. Looke you, there it is; and I deliuer it as my deede againe.

QV A. Let vs now proceed in madness.

I vs. Well, my conscience is much eas'd; I ha' done my part, though it doth him no good, yet Adam hath offer'd satisfaction! The sting is remoued from hence: poore man, he is much alter'd with his affliction, it has brought him low! Now, for my other worke, reducing the young man (I haue follow'd so long in loue) from the brinke of his bane, to the center of safety. Here, or in some such like vaine place, I shall be sure to finde him. I will waite the good time.

ACT V. SCENE IIJ.

CO kes. SHARK WEL. IVSTICE. F I L CHER. IO HN. LANT ERNE.

How now? what's here to doe? friend, art thou the Master of the Monuments?

SHA. 'Tis a Motion, an't please your worship.

I vs. My phantastical brother in Law, Master Bartholmew Cokes!

COK. A Motion, what's that? The ancient moderne history of Hero, and Leander, otherwise called The Touch-stone of true Loue, with as true a tryall of friendship, betwenee Damon, and Pittias, two faithfull friends o' the Bankside? pretty i' faith, what's the meaning on't? is't an Enterlude? or what is't?

F I L. Yes Sir, please you come neere, wee'll take your money within.

COK. Backe with these children; they doe so follow mee vp and downe.

IO H. By your leaue, friend.

F I L. You must pay, Sir, an' you goe in.

v. ii. 136 Exit, add G v. iii.] SCENE III. | Another part of the Fair. | The Puppet-show Booth, as before. Enter Sharkwell and Filcher, with bills, and Cokes in his doublet and hose, followed by the Boys of the Fair, G SHARKWEL] SHARKWEL F After 3 Enter Overdo behind.

G 15 Enter Littlewif. G
BARTHOLMEW FAYRE.

I o h. Who, I? I perceiue thou know'st not mee: call the Master o' the Motion.

S h a. What, doe you not know the Author, fellow Filcher? you must take no money of him; he must come in gratis: Mr. Littlewit is a voluntary; he is the Author.

I o h. Peace, speake not too lowd, I would not haue any notice taken, that I am the Author, till wee see how it passes.

C o k. Master Littlewit, how do'st thou?

I o h. Master Cokes! you are exceeding well met: what, in your doublet, and hose, without a cloake, or a hat?

C o k. I would I might neuer stirre, as I am an honest man, and by that fire; I haue lost all i' the Fayre, and all my acquaintance too; did'st thou meet any body that I know, Master Littlewit? my man Numps, or my sister Ouerdoo, or Mistresse Grace? pray thee Master Littlewit, lend mee some money to see the Interlude, here. I'l pay thee againe, as I am a Gentleman. If thou'lt but carry mee home, I haue money enough there.

I o h. O, Sir, you shall command it, what, will a crowne serue you?

C o k. I think it will, what do we pay for comming in, fellowes?

F i l. Two pence, Sir.

C o k. Two pence? there's twelue pence, friend; Nay, I am a Gallant, as simple as I looke now; if you see mee with my man about me, and my Artillery, againe.

I o h. Your man was i' the Stocks, ee'n now, Sir.

C o k. Who, Numps?

I o h. Yes faith.

C o k. For what i'faith? I am glad o' that; remember to tell me on't anone; I haue enough, now! What manner of matter is this, Mr. Littlewit? What kind of Actors ha'

you? Are they good Actors?

I o h. Pretty youthes, Sir, all children both old and yong, heer's the Master of 'hem——
BARTHOLOMEW FAYRE.

(L A N. Call me not Leatherhead, but Lanterne.)

I O H. Master Lanterne, that giues light to the businesse.

C O K. In good time, Sir, I would faine see 'hem, I would be glad (to) drinke with the young company; which is the Tiring-house?

L A N. Troth, Sir, our Tiring-house is somewhat little, we are but beginners, yet, pray pardon us; you cannot goe vpright in't.

C O K. No? not now my hat is off? what would you haue done with me, if you had had me, feather, and all, as I was once to day? Ha'you none of your pretty impudent boyes, now; to bring stooles, fill Tabacco, fetch Ale, and beg money, as they haue at other houses? let me see some o' your Actors.

I O H. Shew him 'hem, shew him 'hem. Master Lanterne, this is a Gentleman, that is a fauorer of the quality.

I V S. I, the fauouring of this licentious quality, is the consumption of many a young Gentleman; a pernicious enormity.

C O K. What, doe they liue in baskets?

L E A. They doe lye in a basket, Sir, they are o' the small Players.

C O K. These be Players minors, indeed. Doe you call these Players?

L A N. They are Actors, Sir, and as good as any, none disprais'd, for dumb showes: indeed, I am the mouth of 'hem all!

C O K. Thy mouth will hold 'hem all. I thinke, one 80 Taylor, would goe neere to beat all this company, with a hand bound behinde him.

I O H. I, and eate 'hem all, too, an' they were in cake-bread.

C O K. I thanke you for that, Master Littlewit, a good iest! 85 which is your Burbage now?

v.iii. 54 businesse.] business, F 56 to W 67 Ioh.] Ion. F 68 Exit Leatherhead. add G 71 Aside. add G s.d. He . . .
basket.] Re-enter Leatherhead with a basket. G
LAN. What meane you by that, Sir?
COK. Your best Actor. Your Field?
IOH. Good ifaith! you are euen with me, Sir.
LAN. This is he, that acts young Leander, Sir. He is
extremally belou'd of the womenkind, they doe so affect his
action, the green gamesters, that come here, and this is
louely Hero; this with the beard, Damon; and this pretty
Pythias: this is the ghost of King Dionysius in the habit of
a scruiener: as you shall see anone, at large.
COK. Well, they are a ciuill company, I like 'hem for
that; they offer not to fleere, nor geere, nor breake iests, as
the great Players doe: And then, there goes not so much
charge to the feasting of 'hem, or making 'hem drunke, as
to the other, by reason of their littlenesse. Doe they vse to
play perfect? Are they never fluster'd?
LAN. No, Sir. I thanke my industry, and policy for it;
they are as well gouern'd a company, though I say it——
And heere is young Leander, is as proper an Actor of his
inches; and shakes his head like an hostler.
COK. But doe you play it according to the printed
booke? I haue read that.
LAN. By no meanes, Sir.
COK. No? How then?
LAN. A better way, Sir, that is too learned, and poet-
icall for our audience; what doe they know what Helles-
pont is? Guilty of true loues blood? or what Abidos is?
or the other Sestos hight?
COK. Th'art i' the right, I do not know my selfe.
LAN. No, I haue entreated Master Littlewit, to take a
little paines to reduce it to a more familiar straine for our
people.
COK. How, I pray thee, good Mr. Littlewit?
IOH. It pleases him to make a matter of it, Sir. But
there is no such matter, I assure you: I haue onely made it
a little easie, and moderne for the times, Sir, that's all; As, for the Hellespont I imagine our Thames here; and then Leander, I make a Diers sonne, about Puddle-wharfe: and Hero a wench o' the Banke-side, who going over one morning, to old fish-street; Leander spies her land at Trigsstayers, and falls in loue with her: Now do I introduce Cupid, hauing Metamorphos'd himselfe into a Drawer, and hee strikes Hero in loue with a pint of Sherry, and other pretty passages there are, o' the friendship, that will delight you, Sir, and please you of judgement.

Cook. I'll be sworne they shall; I am in loue with the Actors already, and I'll be allied to them presently. (They respect gentlemen, these fellowes) Hero shall be my fayring: But, which of my fayrings? (Le'me see) i'th faith, my fiddle! and Leander my fiddle-sticke: Then Damon, my drum; and Pythias, my Pipe, and the ghost of Dionysius, my hobby-horse. All fitted.

ACT V. SCENE IV.


Looke yonder's your Cokes gotten in among his play-fellowes; I thought we could not misse him, at such a Spectacle.

Gra. Let him alone, he is so busie, he will neuer spie vs.

Lea. Nay, good Sir.

Cook. I warrant thee, I will not hurt her, fellow; what dost think me vnciuill? I pray thee be not Jealous: I am toward a wife.

IoH. Well, good Master Lanterne, make ready to begin,
10 that I may fetch my wife, and looke you be perfect, you
vndoe me else, i' my reputation.

LAN. I warrant you Sir, doe not you breed too great an
expectation of it, among your friends: that's the onely
hurter of these things.

I0H. No, no, no.

COK. I'll stay here, and see; pray thee let me see.

W1N-w. How diligent and troublesome he is!

GRA. The place becomes him, me thinkes.

IVS. My ward, Mistresse Grace in the company of a
stranger? I doubt I shall be compell'd to discouer my selfe,
before my time!

F1L. Two pence a piece Gentlemen, an excellent Motion.

KNO. Shall we haue fine fire-works, and good vapours?

SHA. Yes Captaine, and water-works, too.

WHI. I pree dee, take a care o' dy shmall Lady, there,

Edgeworth; I will looke to dish tall Lady my selfe.

LAN. Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen.

WHI. Predee, Mashter o' de Monshtersh, helpe a very
sicke Lady, here, to a chayre, to shit in.

LAN. Presently, Sir.

WHI. Good fait now, Vrsla's Ale, and Aqua-vitæ ish to
blame for't; shit downe, shweet heart, shit downe, and
shleep a little.

EDG. Madame, you are very welcom hither.

KNO. Yes, and you shall see very good vapours.

IVS. Here is my care come! I like to see him in so good
company; and yet I wonder that persons of such fashion,
should ressort hither!

EDG. This is a very priuate house, Madame.

LAN. Will it please your Ladiship sit, Madame?

WIN. Yes good-man. They doe so all-to-be-Madame
mee, I thynke they thynke me a very Lady!

v.iv. 15 Exit. add G 21 [Aside.] add G After 21 Enter Knockem,

Edgeworth, and Mrs. Littlewit, followed by Whit supporting Mrs. Overdo,

mashed. G 23 vapours?] vapours! F 32 downe, shweet] doune

shweet F 34 Edg.] Edg. [To Mrs. Littlewit.] G 41 all-to-be-

Madame] all to be Madame F
EDG. What else Madame?
WIN. Must I put off my masque to him?
EDG. O, by no means.
WIN. How should my husband know mee, then?
KNO. Husband? an idle vapour; he must not know you, nor you him; there's the true vapour.
VSS. Yea, I will obserue more of this: is this a Lady, friend?
WHI. I, and dat is anoder Lady, shweet heart; if dou hasht a minde to 'hem, giue me twelue pence from tee, and dou shalt haue eder-oder on 'hem!
VSS. I? This will prooue my chiefest enormity: I will follow this.
EDG. Is not this a finer life, Lady, then to be clogg'd with a husband?
WIN. Yes, a great deale. When will they beginne, tow? in the name o' the Motion?
EDG. By and by Madame, they stay but for company.
KNO. Doe you heare, Puppet-Master, these are tedious vapours; when begin you?
LAN. We stay but for Master Littlewit, the Author, who is gone for his wife; and we begin presently.
WIN. That's I, that's I.
EDG. That was you, Lady; but now you are no such poore thing.
KNO. Hang the Authors wife, a running vapour! here be Ladies, will stay for nere a Delia o' 'hem all.
WHI. But heare mee now, heere ish one o' de Ladish, a 70 shleep, stay till shee but vake, man.
WAS. How now, friends? what's heere to doe?
FIL. Two pence a piece, Sir, the best Motion, in the Fayre.
WAS. I beleue you lye; if you doc, I'll haue my money againe, and beat you.

v. iv. 49 After 'this' [Aside.] G 52 hasht] ha sht F 'hem,]
'them F 55 Aside. add G 56 Edg.] Edg. F 69 o' 'hem
o'hem F 71 vake,] vake F After 71 Enter Waspe. G 72
now,] now F

The doore-keepers againe
WIN(-w.). Numps is come!

WAS. Did you see a Master of mine, come in here, a tall yong Squire of Harrow o' the Hill; Master Bartholmew Cokes?

FIL. I thinke there be such a one, within.

WAS. Looke hee be, you were best: but it is very likely: I wonder I found him not at all the rest. I ha' beene at the Eagle, and the blacke Wolfe, and the Bull with the fiue legges, and two pizzles; (hee was a Calfe at Vxbridge Fayre, two yeeres agoe) And at the dogges that daunce the Morrice, and the Hare o' the Taber; and mist him at all these! Sure this must needs be some fine sight, that holds him so, if it haue him.

COK. Come, come, are you ready now?

LAN. Presently, Sir.

WAS. Hoyday, hee's at worke in his Dublet, and hose; doe you heare, Sir? are you impoy'd? that you are bare-headed, and so busie?

COK. Hold your peace, Numps; you ha' beene i' the Stocks, I heare.

WAS. Do's he know that? nay, then the date of my Authority is out; I must thynke no longer to raigne, my gouernment is at an end. He that will correct another, must want fault in himselfe.

WIN-w. Sententious Numps! I neuer heard so much from him, before.

LAN. Sure, Master Littlewit will not come; please you take your place, Sir, we'll beginne.

COK. I pray thee doe, mine eares long to be at it; and my eyes too. O Numps, i' the Stocks, Numps? where's your sword, Numps?

WAS. I pray you intend your game, Sir, let me alone.

COK. Well then, we are quit for all. Come, sit downe,
Numps; I'll interpret to thee: did you see Mistresse Grace? it's no matter, neither, now I thinke on't, tell mee anon.

WIN-W. A great deale of loue, and care, he expresses.

GRA. Alas! would you haue him to expresse more then hee has? that were tyranny.

COK. Peace, ho; now, now.

LAN. Gentles, that no longer your expectations may wander, Behold our chief Actor, amorous Leander, With a great deale of cloth, lap'd about him like a Scarfe, For he yet serues his father, a Dyer at Puddle wharfe, Which place wee'll make bold with, to call it our Abidus, As the Banke-side is our Sestos, and let it not be deny'd vs.

Now, as he is beating, to make the Dye take the fuller, Who chances to come by, but faire Hero, in a Sculler; And seeing Leanders naked legge, and goodly calfe, Cast at him, from the boat, a Sheepes eye, and a halfe.

Now she is landed, and the Sculler come backe;

By and by, you shall see what Leander doth lacke.


LAN. That is the Scullers name without controle.


LAN. We doe heare you.

PVP-L. Old Cole.

LAN. Old cole? Is the Dyer turn'd Collier? how do you sell?

PVP-L. A pox o' your maners, kisse my hole here, and smell.

LAN. Kisse your hole, and smell? there's maners indeed.


LAN. It's the Sculler you need!

PVP-L. I, and be hang'd.

v. iv. 111 neither, now... nee] neirher, now, ... me Re 112

WIN-W: care, he] WIN-VV: care hee Re 113 to expresse]

expreasse Re 117 chief] chief: Re Leander,] Leander F

118 cloth,] cloth F 120 Which... call isf] VVhich... call Re

122 he] hee Re 123 to come] to' come Re 125 a halfe] an

halfe F3 128 PVP-L. Cole] PVP-L. Cole Re a similar mis-

spacing in 130, 132, 135, 137) 129 That is... controle.] That's

... controle: Re 131 We] Wee Re 133 cole... do] Cole... doe

Re 134 your... here,) you... here Re 136 hole,) hole Re

137 say,) say Re 138 It's... need f] Is't... need? G
LAN. Be hang'd; looke you yonder,
Old Cole, you must go hang with Master Leander.
PVP. C. Where is he?
PVP. L. Here, Cole, what fayerest of Fayers,
Was that fare, that thou landdest but now a(†) Trigsstayres?

COK. What was that, fellow? Pray thee tell me, I scarce vnderstand 'hem.
LAN. Leander do's aske, Sir, what fayrest of Fayers,
Was the fare th(at) he landed, but now, at Trigsstayers?
PVP. C. It is lonely Hero.

PVP. L. Nero?
PVP. C. No, Hero.
LAN. It is Hero,

Of the Bankside, he saith, to tell you truth without erring,
Is come ouer into Fish-street to eat some fresh herring.

Leander sayes no more, but as fast as he can,
Gets on all his best cloathes; and will after to the Swan.

COK. Most admirable good, is't not?
LAN. Stay, Sculler.
PVP. C. What say you?

LAN. You must stay for Leander,
And carry him to the wench.
PVP. C. You Rogue, I am no Pandar.
COK. He sayes he is no Pandar. 'Tis a fine language;
I vnderstand it, now.

LAN. Are you no Pandar, Goodman Cole? heer's no man sayes you are,
You'll grow a hot Cole, it seemes, pray you stay for your fare.
PVP. C. Will hee come away?
LAN. What doe you say?

PVP. C. I'de ha'him come away.
LEA. Would you ha' Leander come away? why 'pray, Sir, stay.

v.iv. 144 Was] was F 148 that he Editor: thhe F: he G 152
is Hero.] is Hero. F 153 truth without[ truthwith out F 158 Stay]
Stay F 161 And] and F 165 man sayes] mansayes F 171
'pray,] 'pray' F
Bartholomew Fayre.

You are angry, Goodman Cole; I beleue the faire Mayd
Came ouer w<e> you a' trust: tell us Sculler, are you paid?

P V P. C. Yes Goodman Hogrubber, o' Pickt-hatch.
L A N. How, Hogrubber, o' Pickt-hatch?
P V P. C. I Hogrubber o' Pickt-hatch. Take you that.
L A N. O, my head!
P V P. C. Harme watch, harme catch.
C O K. Harme watch, harme catch, he sayes: very good
i' faith, the Sculler had like to ha' knock'd you, sIRRah.
L A N. Yes, but that his fare call'd him away.
L A N. You are knauishly loaden, Sculler, take heed where
you goe.
P V P. C. Knaue i' your face, Goodman Rogue.
C O K. Hee said knaue i' your face, friend.
L A N. I Sir, I heard him. But there's no talking to these
watermen, they will ha' the last word.

C O K. God's my life! I am not allied to the Sculler,
yet; hee shall be Dauphin my boy. But my Fiddle-sticke
do's fiddle in and out too much; I pray thee speake to him,
on't: tell him, I would haue him tarry in my sight, more.
L A N. I pray you be content; you'll haue enough on 195
him, Sir.

Now gentles, I take it, here is none of you so stupid,
but that you have heard of a little god of loue, call'd Cupid.
Who out of kindeaes to Leander, hearing he but saw her,
this present day and houre, doth turne himselfe to a Drawer. 200
And because, he would haue their first meeting to be merry,
he strikes Hero in loue to him, with a pint of Sherry.
Which he tells her, from amorous Leander is sent her,
who after him, into the roome of Hero, doth venter.
P V P. Io: A pint of sacke, score a pint of sacke, i' the
Conney.

v. iv. 174 paid?] paid. F 176 L A N.] L A V : F 188 said knave] said, Knave F3 190 word.] word F.
patF 195 pray] Pray F 205, 208 P V P. Io :] Jonas. G
 Hero's room.
COK. Sack? you said but ee'n now it should be Sherry.
PVP. Io: Why so it is; sherry, sherry, sherry.

COK. Sherry, sherry, sherry. By my troth he makes me merry. I must have a name for Cupid, too. Let me see, thou mightst help me now, an' thou would'st, Numps, at a dead lift, but thou art dreaming o' the stocks, still! Do not think on't, I have forgot it: 'tis but a nine dayes wonder, man; let it not trouble thee.

WAS. I would the stocks were about your necke, Sir; condition I hung by the heele's in them, till the wonder were off from you, with all my heart.

COK. Well said, resolute Numps: but hearke you friend, where is the friendship, all this while, betwenee my Drum, Damon; and my Pipe, Pythias?

LAN. You shall see by and by, Sir.

COK. You thinke my Hobby-horse is forgotten, too; no, I'll see 'hem all exact before I go; I shall not know which to loue best, else.

KNO. This Gallant has interrupting vapours, troublesome vapours, Whitt, puffe with him.

WHIT. No, I pre dee, Captaine, let him alone. Hee is a Child i'faith, la'.

LAN. Now gentles, to the freinds, who in number, are two, and lodg'd in that Ale-house, in which faire Hero do's doe.

Damon (for some kindnesse done him the laste weeke)
is come faire Hero, in Fish-streete, this morning to seeke:
Pythias do's smell the knauery of the meeting,
and now you shall see their true friendly greeting.

PVP. Pi. You whore-masterly Slaue, you.

COK. Whore-masterly slaeue, you? very friendly, & familiar, that.

PVP. Da. Whore-master i' thy face,
Thou hast lien with her thy selfe, I'll prove't i' this place.

COK. Damon sayes Pythias has lien with her, himselfe, hee'll prove't in this place.
LAN. They are Whore-masters both, Sir, that's a plaine case.
PVP. Pi. You lye, like a Rogue.
LAN. Do I ly, like a Rogue?
PVP. Pi. A Pimpe, and a Scabbe.
LAN. A Pimpe, and a Scabbe?
I say between you, you have both but one Drabbe.
PVP. Da. You lye againe.
LAN. Do I lye againe?
PVP. Da. Like a Rogue againe.
LAN. Like a Rogue againe?
PVP. Pi. And you are a Pimpe, againe.
COK. And you are a Pimpe againe, he sayes.
PVP. Da. And a Scabbe, againe.
COK. And a Scabbe againe, he sayes.
LAN. And I say againe, you are both whore-masters againe, They fight.
And you have both but one Drabbe againe.
PVP. Da. Pi. Do'st thou, do'st thou, do'st thou?
<L>LAN. What, both at once?
PVP. P. Downe with him, Damon.
PVP. D. Pinke his guts, Pythias.
LAN. What, so malicious?
Will ye murder me, Masters both, it mine owne house?
COK. Ho! well acted my Drum, well acted my Pipe, 265 well acted still.

Was. Well acted, with all my heart.
LAN. H<o>ld, hold your hands.
COK. I, both your hands, for my sake! for you ha' both done well.
PVP. D. Gramercy, pure Pythias.
PVP. P. Gramercy, deare Damon.
COK. Gramercy to you both, my Pipe, and my drum.
PVP. P.D. Come now, we'll together to breakfast to Hero.

275  L A N. 'Tis well, you can now go to breakfast to Hero,
     You have given me my breakfast, with a hone and honero.
     C O K. How is't friend, ha' they hurt thee?
     L A N. O no!
     But betweene you and I Sir, we doe but make show.

280  Thus Gentles you perceive, without any deniall,
     'twixt Damon and Pythias here, friendships true tryall.
     Though hourelly they quarrell thus, and roare each with other,
     they fight you no more, then do's brother with brother.
     But friendly together, at the next man they meet,
    they let fly their anger, as here you might see't.
    C O K. Well, we have seen't, and thou hast felt it, what-
      soever thou sayest, what's next? what's next?
    L A N. This while young Leander, with faire Hero is
      drinking,
    and Hero growne drunke, to any mans thinking!
    Yet was it not three pints of Sherry could flaw her,
      till Cupid distinguish'd like Ionas the Drawer,
    From under his apron, where his lechery lurkes,
      put love in her Sacke. Now marke how it workes.

295  P V P. H. O Leander, Leander, my deare, my deare
      Leander,
    I'll for euer be thy goose, so thou'll be my gander.
    C O K. Excellently well said, Fiddle, shee'll euer be his
      goose, so he'll be her gander: was't not so?

300  L A N. Yes, Sir, but marke his answer, now.
    P V P. L. And sweetest of geese, before I goe to bed,
    I'll swimme o're the Thames, my goose, thee to tread.
    C O K. Braue! he will swimme o're the Thames, and tread
      his goose, to[o] night, he sayses.

305  L A N. I, peace, Sir, the(y)'ll be angry, if they heare you
      euaes-dropping, now they are setting their match.
    P V P. L. But lest the Thames should be dark, my goose, my
      deare friend,

v. iv. 276 You] you F     me my] mmy F       285 anger,] anger F
288 L A N.] L E A. F    291 her,] her. F     295 H.] H. F (so 310, 334,
336, 339, 343) O Leander.] O Leander F    deare, my] deare my F
305    they'll F3    307 L.] L. F (so 312, 349, 351)
let thy window be provided of a candles end.

P V P. H. Feare not, my gander, I protest, I should handle my matters very ill, if I had not a whole candle.

P V P. L. Well then, looke to't, and kisse me to boote.

L A N. Now, heere come the friends againe, Pythias, and Damon, and under their clokes, they haue of Bacon, a gammon.

P V P. P. Drawer, fill some wine heere.

L A N. How, some wine there?

there's company already, Sir, pray forbear!

P V P. D. 'Tis Hero.

L A N. Yes, but shee will not be taken,

after sacke, and fresh herring, with your Dunmow-bacon.

P V P. P. You lye, it's Westfbian.

L A N. Westphalian you should say.

P V P. D. If you hold not your peace, you are a Coccombe,

I would say.


L A N. I, wherefore should they not? what harme is in this?

'tis Mistresse Hero.

P V ð. D. Mistresse Hero's a whore.

L A N. Is shee a whore? keepe you quiet, or Sir Knaue out of dore.

P V P. D. Knaue out of dore?

P V P. H. Yes, Knaue, out of dore.

P V P. D. Whore out of dore.

P V P. H. I say, Knaue, out of dore.

P V P. D. I say, whore, out of dore.

P V P. P. Yea, so say I too.

P V P. H. Kisse the whore o' the arse.

L A N. Now you ha' something to doe:

you must kisse her o' the arse, shee says.

P V P. D. P. So we will, so we will.
P V P. H. *O my hanches, O my hanches, hold, hold.*
L A N. *Stand'st thou still?*

345 Leander, *where art thou? stand'st thou still like a sot,*
and not offer'st to breake both their heads with a pot?

*See who's at thine elbow, there!* Puppet Ionas and Cupid.

P V P. I. *Upon 'hem Leander, be not so stupid.*
P V P. L. *You Goat-bearded slave!*

P V P. D. *You whore-master Knaue.*
P V P. L. *Thou art a whore-master.*
P V P. I. *Whore-masters all.*

L A N. *See, Cupid with a word has tane up the brawl.*
K N O. *These be fine vapours!*

355 C O K. *By this good day they fight brauely! doe they not, Numps?*

-W A S. *Yes, they lack'd but you to be their second, all this while.*

L A N. *This tragical encounter, falling out thus to busie us,*

360 It raises up the ghost of their friend Dionysius:

*Not like a Monarch, but the Master of a Schoole,*

*In a Scriuener's furr'd gowne, which shewes he is no foole.*

*For therein he hath wit enough to keepe himselfe warne.*

O Damon, *he cries, and Pythias; what harme,*

Hath poore Dionysius done you in his graue,

*That after his death, you should fall out thus, and rauce,*

*And call amorous Leander whore-master Knaue?*

P V P. D. *I cannot, I will not, I promise you, endure it.*

Damon,] Damon F 368 I will] I will F you,] you F
ACT V.  SCENE V.

To them BVSY.

BVS. Downe with Dagon, downe with Dagon; 'tis I, will no longer endure your prophanations.

LAN. What meane you, Sir?

BVS. I wil remoue Dagon there, I say, that Idoll, that heathenish Idoll, that remaines (as I may say) a beame, a very beame, not a beame of the Sunne, nor a beame of the Moone, nor a beame of a ballance, neither a house-beame, nor a Weauers beame, but a beame in the eye, in the eye of the brethren; a very great beame, an exceeding great beame; such as are your Stage-players, Rimmers, and Morrise-dancers, who haue walked hand in hand, in contempt of the Brethren, and the Cause; and beene borne out by instruments, of no meane countenance.

LAN. Sir, I present nothing, but what is licens'd by authority.

BVS. Thou art all license, euен licentiousnesse it selfe, Shimei!

LAN. I haue the Master of the Reuell's hand for't, Sir.

BVS. The Master of <the> Rebells hand, thou hast; Satan's! hold thy peace, thy scurrility, shut vp thy mouth, thy profession is damnable, and in pleading for it, thou dost plead for Baal. I haue long opened my mouth wide, and gaping, I haue gaped as the oyster for the tide, after thy destruction: but cannot compass it by sute, or dispute; so that I looke for a bickering, ere long, and then a battell.

KNO. Good Banbury-vapours.

COX. Friend, you'd haue an ill match on't, if you bicker with him here, though he be no man o' the fist, hee has friends that will goe to cuffes for him. Numps, will not you take our side?
EDG. Sir, it shall not need, in my minde, he offers him
a fairer course, to end it by disputation! hast thou nothing
to say for thy selfe, in defence of thy quality?
LAN. Faith, Sir, I am not well studied in these con-
trouersies, betweene the hypocrites and vs. But here's one
of my Motion, Puppet Dionisiu$ shall vndertake him, and
I'le venture the cause on't.
COK. Who? my Hobby-horse? will he dispute with
him?
LAN. Yes, Sir, and make a Hobby-Asse of him, I hope.
COK. That's excellent! indeed he lookes like the best
scholler of 'hem all. Come, Sir, you must be as good as your
word, now.
BVS. I will not feare to make my spirit, and gifts
knowne! assist me zeale, fill me, fill me, that is, make me
full.
WIN-W. What a desperate, prophane wretch is this! is
there any Ignorance, or impudence like his? to call his
zeale to fill him against a Puppet?
QVA. I know no fitter match, then a Puppet to commit
with an Hypocrile!
BVS. First, I say, vnto thec, Idol, thou hast no Calling.
PVP. D. You lie, I am call'd Dionisius.
LAN. The Motion sayes you lie, he is call'd Dionisius i'
the matter, and to that calling he answers.
BVS. I meane no vocation, Idol, no present lawfull
Calling.
PVP. D. Is yours a lawfull Calling?
LAN. The Motion asketh, if yours be a lawfull Calling?
BVS. Yes, mine is of the Spirit.
PVP. D. Then Idol is a lawfull Calling.
LAN. He saies, then Idol is a lawfull Calling! for you
call'd him Idol, and your Calling is of the spirit.
COK. Well disputed, Hobby-horse!
BVS. Take not part with the wicked, young Gallant.
He neygheth and hinneyeth, all is but hinnying Sophistry. I call him Idoll againe. Yet, I say, his Calling, his Profession is prophane, it is prophane, Idoll.

PVP. D. *It is not prophane!*

LAN. It is not prophane, he sayes.

BVS. It is prophane.

PVP. *It is not prophane.*

BVS. It is prophane,

PVP. *It is not prophane.*

LAN. Well said, confute him with not, still. You cannot 75 beare him downe with your base noyse, Sir.

BVS. Nor he me, with his treble creeking, though he creeke like the chariot wheeles of Satan; I am zealous for the Cause——

LAN. As a dog for a bone.

BVS. And I say, it is prophane, as being the Page of Pride, and the waiting woman of vanity.

PVP. D. *Yea? what say you to your Tire-women, then?*

LAN. Good.

PVP. *Or feather-makers i' the Fryers, that are o' your faction of faith?. Are not they with their perrukes, and their pusses, their fannes, and their huffes, as much Pages of Pride, and waiters upon vanity? what say you? what say you? what say you?*

BVS. I will not answer for them.

PVP. *Because you cannot, because you cannot. Is a Bugle-maker a lawfull Calling? or the Confect-makers? such you hate there: or your French Fashioner? you'd haue all the sinne within your selues, would you not? would you not?*

BVS. No, Dagon.

PVP. *What then, Dagonet? is a Puppet worse then these?*

BVS. Yes, and my maine argument against you, is, that you are an abomination: for the Male, among you, putteth on the apparell of the Female, and the Female of the Male. 100

PVP. *You lye, you lye, you lye abominably.*

V. V. 75 Lan.] Lan F 97 Pvp.] Pvs F
COK. Good, by my troth, he has given him the lye thrice.

PVP. It is your old stale argument against the Players, but it will not hold against the Puppets; for we have neither Male nor Female amongst us. And that thou may'st see, if thou wilt, like a malicious purblinde seale as thou art!

EDG. By my faith, there he has answer'd you, friend; by playne demonstration.

PVP. Nay, I'le prove, against ere a Rabbin of 'hem all, that my standing is as lawfull as his; that I speak by inspiration, as well as he; that I have as little to do with learning as he; and doe scorne her helps as much as he.

BVS. I am confuted, the Cause hath failed me.

PVP. Then be converted, be converted.

LAN. Be converted, I pray you, and let the Play goe on!

BVS. Let it goe on. For I am changed, and will become a beholder with you!

COK. That's braue i' faith, thou hast carryed it away, Hobby-horse, on with the Play!

IVS. Stay, now do I forbid, I Adam Ourdoo! sit still, I charge you.

COK. What, my Brother i'law!

GRA. My wise Guardian!

EDG. Justice Ourdoo!

IVS. It is time, to take Enormity by the fore head, and brand it; for, I haue discouer'd enough.

ACT V. SCENE VI.

To them, QVARLOVS (like the Mad-man.) PVRE-CRAFT (a while after.) IOHN. to them TROUBLE-ALL. VRSLA. NIGHTI<N>GALE.

QVAR. Nay, come Mistresse Bride. You must doe as I doe, now. You must be mad with mee, in truth. I haue heere Justice Ourdoo for it.

V. v. 113 Bvs.] Bvs, F 114 Pvp.] Pvs, F 120 I Adam]
I am Adam F3  v. vi.] Enter Quarlous in Troubleall's clothes, as before, and Dame Purereafay. G, continuing the scene QVARLOVS]
QVARLOVS. F Mad-man,] Mad-man F PVRE-CRAFT. F after.] after F
BARTHOLMEW FAYRE.

I v s. Peace good Trouble-all; come hither, and you shall trouble none. I will take the charge of you, and your friend too; you also, young man, shall be my care, stand there.

EDG. Now, mercy vpon mee.

KNB. Would we were away, Whit, these are dangerous vapours, best fall off with our birds, for feare o' the Cage.

I v s. Stay, is not my name your terror?

W H I. Yesh faith man, and it ish for tat, we would be gone, man.

IOH. O Gentlemen ! did you not see a wife of mine? I ha' lost my little wife, as I shall be trusted: my little pretty 15 Win. I left her at the great woman's house in trust yonder, the Pig-womans, with Captaine Jordan, and Captaine Whit, very good men, and I cannot heare of her. Poore foole, I feare shee's stepp'd aside. Mother, did you not see Win?

I v s. If this graue Matron be your mother, Sir, stand by her, Et digito compesce labellum, I may perhaps spring a wife for you, anone. Brother Bartholmeu, I am sadly sorry, to see you so lightly giuen, and such a Disciple of enormity: with your graue Gounour Humphrey: but stand you both there, in the middle place; I will reprehend you in your 25 course. Mistresse Grace, let me rescue you out of the hands of the stranger.

WIN - w. Pardon me, Sir, I am a kinsman of hers.

I v s. Are you so? of what name, Sir?

WIN - w. Winwife, Sir.

I v s. Master Winwife? I hope you haue won no wife of her, Sir. If you haue, I will examine the possibility of it, at fit leasure. Now, to my enormities: looke vpon mee, O London! and see mee, O Smithfield; The example of Iustice, and Mirror of Magistrates: the true top of formality, and 35 scoure of enormity. Harken vnto my labours, and but observe my discoueries; and compare Hercules with me, if thou dar'st, of old; or Columbus; Magellan; or our

v. vi. 6 too;] too, F man,] man F 12 Enter Littlewit. add G for] fot F 13 gone,] gone F
countrey man Drake of later times: stand forth, you weedes of enormity, and spread. First, Rabbi Busy, thou super-
lunaticall hypocrite, next, thou other extremity, thou pro-
phane professor of Puppetry, little better then Poetry: then thou strong Debaucher, and Seducer of youth; witnesse this ease and honest young man: now thou Esquire of Dames, Madams, and twelve-penny Ladies: now my greene Madame her selfe, of the price. Let mee vnmasque your Ladiship.

IOH. O my wife, my wife, my wife!
IVS. Is she your wife? Redde te Harpocratem!
TRO. By your leaue, stand by, my Masters, be vncover'd.
VRS. O stay him, stay him, helpe to cry, Nightingale;
my pan, my panne.
IVS. What's the matter?
NIG. Hee has stolne gammar Vrsla's panne.
TRO. Yes, and I feare no man but Justice Ouerdoo.
IVS. Vrsla? where is she? O the Sow of enormity, this! welcome, stand you there, you, Songster, there.
VRS. An' please your worship, I am in no fault: A Gentleman stripp'd him in my Booth, and borrow'd his gown, and his hat; and hee ranne away with my goods, here, for it.

IVS. Then this is the true mad-man, and you are the enormity!
QVA. You are i' the right, I am mad, but from the gowne outward.

IVS. Stand you there.
QVA. Where you please, Sir.
OVER. O lend me a bason, I am sicke, I am sicke; where's Mr. Ouerdoo? Bridget, call hither my Adam.
IVS. How?
WHI. Dy very owne wife, i' fait, worshipfull Adam.
OVER. Will not my Adam come at mee? shall I see him no more then?
v. vi. 39 forth,] forth F 46 Discovers Mrs. Lit. add G 48 stage dir. Enter Troubleall with a dripping-pan, followed by Ursula and Nightingale. G 49 by,] by F 56 you,] you F 57 An'] An't G 67 OVER.] OVER F: Mrs. Over. [waking.] G
Q v a. Sir, why doe you not goe on with the enormity? are you opprest with it? I'le helpe you: harke you Sir, i' your eare, your Innocent young man, you haue tane such 75 care of, all this day, is a Cutpurse; that hath got all your brother Cokes his things, and help'd you to your beating, and the stocks; if you haue a minde to hang him now, and shew him your Magistrates wit, you may: but I should think it were better, recovering the goods, and to saue your 80 estimation in him. I thank you Sr. for the gift of your Ward, M'ra. Grace: look you, here is your hand & seale, by the way. M' Win-wife, giue you ioy, you are Palemon, you are possess o' the Gentlewoman, but she must pay me value, here's warrant for it. And honest mad-man, there's thy 85 gowne, and cap againe; I thanke thee for my wife. Nay, I can be mad, sweet heart, when I please, still; neuer feare me: And carefull Numps, where's he? I thanke him for my licence.

Was. How!
Q v a. 'Tis true, Numps.
Was. I'll be hang'd then.

Q v a. Lo(ce)ke i' your boxe, Numps, nay, Sir, stand not you fixt here, like a stake in Finsbury to be shot at, or the whipping post i' the Fayre, but get your wife out o' the ayre, 95 it wil make her worse else; and remember you are but Adam, Flesh, and blood I you haue your frailty, forget your other name of Ouerdoo, and inuite vs all to supper. There you and I will compare our discoueries; and drowne the memory of all enormity in your bigg'st bowle at home. 100

C o k. How now, Numps, ha' you lost it? I warrant, 'twas when thou wert i' the stocks: why dost not speake?

Was. I will neuer speak while I liue, againe, for ought I know.

I v s. Nay, Humphrey, if I be patient, you must be so 105 too; this pleasant conceited Gentlemen hath wrought vpon my judgement, and preuail'd: I pray you take care of your sicke friend, Mistresse Alice, and my good friends all——

v. vi. 83 Win-wife,] Win-wife F 93 After 'Sir,' [to Ouero.] G
Q.v.a. And no enormities.

I v.s. I invite you home, with mee to my house, to supper: I will haue none feare to go along, for my intents are _Ad correctionem, non ad destructionem_; _Ad ædificandum, non ad diruendum_: so lead on.

C o k. Yes, and bring the _Actors_ along, wee'll ha' the rest 115 o' the _Play_ at home.

_The end._

v. vi. 115 _Exeunt_. add G
The Epilogue.

Your Majesty hath seen the Play, and you can best allow it from your eare, and view. You know the scope of Writers, and what store of leave is giuen them, if they take not more, And turne it into licence: you can tell if we have vs'd that leave you gaue vs, well: Or whether wee to rage, or licence breake, or be prophane, or make prophane men speake? This is your power to iudge (great Sir) and not the enuy of a few. Which if wee haue got, Wee value lesse what their dislike can bring, if it so happy be, t' haue pleas'd the King.

3 store] store, F
THE DEVIL IS AN ASS
THE TEXT

Together with Bartholomew Fair and The Staple of News the comedy of The Devil is an Ass was printed by John Beale for Robert Allot in 1631. The collation is continuous with that of Bartholomew Fair, and we know that Jonson, on sending presentation copies of these two plays to the Earl of Newcastle in that year, complained that he could not accompany them with a copy of The Staple of News. Yet The Devil is an Ass usually appears as the last of the group, and it is numbered third on the general title-page which Richard Meighen prefixed to copies of the 1640 Folio, calling these three plays ‘The Second Volume’ of Jonson’s ‘Workes’. It looks as if the printer of this title-page made a mistake and forced a wrong order on the binder.

The play was not entered by Allot on the Stationers’ Register. Nor was it mentioned in 1637 when, on 1 July, his widow Mary transferred the copyright of Bartholomew Fair, The Staple of News, and fifty-nine other books to John Leggatt and Andrew Crooke. The omission is difficult to explain, for Allot had the copyright and there is no record of an earlier transfer. Probably it was an oversight, but the failure to make a proper entry led to complications.

The first entry of the play on the Stationers’ Register was made by Thomas Walkley on 17 September 1658, when he included it in what he called ‘the third volume’ of Jonson’s Works, i.e. all writings of Jonson printed later than 1631—the masques, the latest plays, the Underwoods, the translation of the Ars Poetica, and the prose works—all which, when bound up with the three plays of 1631, make up the second volume of the 1640 Folio. As Meighen printed a title-page to the 1640 issue of the three plays, he probably had come to terms with Crooke, but Walkley omitted to register any of the rest of the volume, and John Benson and Crooke anticipated him in portions of it—the Poems, the

1 See vol. i, p. 211.
2 Arber, Transcript, iv. 387–8.

445.6
The Devil is an Ass.

Ars Poetica, the Masque of Gypsies, and the four succeeding masques—in 1639 and 1640. This led to a law-suit in the Court of Chancery in January 1641, in which Walkley probably made good his claim to the works ‘not before printed’. In 1648 he made a final appeal to the House of Lords, complaining that he still could not get a licence. The belated entry on the Register in September 1658 finally established his rights, and he promptly transferred them to Humphrey Moseley on 20 November, including The Devil is an Ass, but not the two companion plays, in the entry and the transfer. The two transactions are evidently connected; Walkley had to ensure his rights before he could transfer them.

But this is not the complete history of this tangled business. Professor S. G. Dunn found a copy of the 1640 Folio with a manuscript note in a seventeenth-century hand written in the margin below the epilogue of The Devil is an Ass: ‘June 6, 1640. Let this be entered for Andrew Crooke but not printed till I give further directions. John Hanksley.’ John Hanksley was an official licenser of books who was chaplain to the Bishop of London and rector of St. Christopher-le-Stock from 1640 to 1643. His name frequently occurs in the Stationers’ Register from 1639 to 1643. He read The Devil is an Ass twenty-four years after it had been acted and nine years after it had been printed under the impression that it was new. Evidently he had some doubt about Crooke’s right to the play.

The collation of the 1631 text of The Devil is an Ass follows on that of Bartholomew Fair, which ended on signature

1 Arber, Transcript, iv. 487, 493, 498, 503.
3 House of Lords MS., 20 December 1648. See Mr. A. G. Chester’s letter to The Times Literary Supplement, March 1935.
5 See Professor Dunn’s letter on ‘A Jonson Copyright’ in The Times Literary Supplement, 28 July 1921.
The Text.

M4 verso, page 88. Omitting two numbers in the pagination, it begins on signature N, page 91. The play is a folio in fours, signed N to Y. The collation is in detail: N 1, the title-page, with the verso blank; N 2 recto, 'the Persons of the Play'; N 2 verso, 'The Prologue'; N 3 and 4, O 1–Y 4, the text of the play, ending on Y 4 verso with the six-line Epilogue.

For some reason which cannot now be determined, the stock ran out when the three plays printed by Beale were prefixed to the Folio volume of 1640. Either there was a miscalculation in 1631, resulting in a shortage later; or there was some accident at the printer's, such as a fire. Whatever the cause, the play was reprinted in 1641. The title-page bears the laconic imprint, 'Imprinted at London, 1641', but the printer is identified as Thomas Harper by his device, a swan standing on a wreath within a border of intertwined snakes, a man's head below, and the motto 'God is my helper'.¹ The collation is—two leaves of A, B to I in fours, one leaf of K; in detail this is: A 1, title-page, with the verso blank; A 2 recto, 'The Persons of the Play'; A 2 verso, 'The Prologue'; B 1–I 4, K 1, the text of the play, with the Epilogue on K 1 verso. Harper aimed at compression, getting fifty lines on a full page, using lower-case for scene headings and the list of characters in the headings, and marking off the acts with a thin ornamental border instead of the ample headpiece which Beale had employed for that purpose: he saved three leaves on the text.

A peculiarity of this reprint is the two panel-compartments with a picture of the Creator which Harper printed horizontally as head-pieces across the top of signature A 2, 'The Persons of the Play', and A 2 verso, 'The Prologue'. They are two scenes from the story of the creation in Genesis—God creating the birds and God creating the firmament. They must originally have formed part of a set of seven illustrating the days of creation. The monogram 'I.C.' appears in the first of these. This pair are also found as

¹ McKerrow, Printers' and Publishers' Devices, no. 227.
side-pieces for the border of the title-page in Lewis Lavater's *The Booke of Ruth expounded in twenty eight Sermons*, which Robert Waldegrave printed in 1586; and in Robert Southwell's *Marie Magdalens funerall Teares*, which Thomas Snodham printed for William Leake in 1609. Snodham had used the swan-device before it passed to Harper, so probably these panels were part of his stock.

Harper printed extra copies of the 1641 text, over and above the number required to complete the Folio sets. In the first issue of *Cabala, Mysteries of State, in Letters of the Great Ministers of K. James and K. Charles*, published by Mercy Meighen, Gabriell Bedell and Thomas Collins, and 'to be sold at their Shop at the Middle-Temple Gate in Fleetstreet' in 1654, there is an advertisement on Aa2–Aa4 of books sold by the firm, including on Aa 3 recto *The Divels an Asse*, a Comedy, acted in the year 1616, by his Majesty's Servants, the Author *Ben. Johnson*: in folio'. Bedell and Collins also advertised it in T. Goffe's *Three Excellent Tragedies*, 1656, and Humphrey Moseley in an advertisement list of 1660.

The Duke of Portland has at Welbeck a copy of the 1640 second volume of the Folio with Meighen's title-page prefixed to the three first plays and the 1641 text of *The Devil is an Ass* with a cancel title-page dated 1669. It has a subtitle, 'The Cheater cheated', and is advertised as 'A Witty Comedy'. The paper is of Geneva make,¹ the water-mark a crown with the letters P G H attached in three successive rings below. No publisher's or printer's name is on the imprint. A separate issue of the play with this new title-page would have suggested that it was put on the market as a remainder, but the Welbeck copy includes it in the complete collection of the 1640 Folio. It is an exceptionally fine copy. This title-page was probably printed by Henry Herringman, to whom Moseley had transferred the copyright in 1667.

Beale's printing of the 1631 text shows the same signs of

¹ Identified by Mr. Strickland Gibson.
hasty and slovenly work as in *Bartholomew Fair*. There are mistakes which a compositor might have put straight even if Beale kept no corrector on his staff: 'foolish' (1. i. 2), 'butter' (ib. 14), 'Lad Mairesse' for 'Lady' (ib. 98), 'prettily' (iv. 42), 'meetingy' for 'meetings' (vi. 9), a duplicated 'haue haue' (ib. 11), 'dealth with' (ib. 182), 'hs' for 'his' (ii. ii. 83), 'acquaintance' (iii. iii. 37), 'Act. IIIJ. Scen. EII', 'kindesse' (iv. iv. 125), 'with a a Wanion' (v. viii. 33); foul case in 'Viccs' for 'Vices' (i. i. 101), 'sincce' (iii. iii. 68), *Feoffes* (v. 60), 'servuie' (iv. v. 9); and such examples of turned letters as 'begiunes' (i. vi. 74, stage direction) and 'pnt' (ii. ii. 48). Much confusion is caused by assigning speeches to the wrong characters—Meere-craft's to Fitton in ii. viii. 95, 103; to Everill in iii. iv. 55, when Everill is not present; a question of Tailbush's to Wittipol and Wittipol's answer in iv. iv. 75, 76. Or the name of the real speaker is omitted, making nonsense of the text, as in iii. vi. 61 and iv. iv. 17, 149, or prefixed to two successive speeches, as in iv. iv. 238, though here possibly a single-line speech has been lost. In the second scene of the third Act Fitz-dottrell is included among the characters in the scene heading, and must be present during the opening speech; Meere-craft's aside in lines 5 to 7 proves it. He makes a caustic reflection on the intelligence and honesty of London citizens just when Meere-craft is urging the goldsmith Guilt-head to finance him. Guilt-head says:

In truth, Sir,

I cannot. 'T has beene a long vacation with vs,

    F 1 t. Of what, I pray thee? of wit? or honesty?

Those are your Citizens long vacations.

Fitz-dottrell has nothing more to say or to do till Meere-craft has concluded the loan and has also squared his sharking cousin Everill in the next scene; this is the harder bargain of the two, and it takes fifty lines to bring it off. Meanwhile Fitz-dottrell marks time, if he remains on the stage. Gifford cut him out of the second scene¹ and made him

¹ He assigned the insulting remark about citizens to Meere-craft.
enter at line in the 52 third scene. But the Folio arrangement is quite satisfactory if Fitz-dottrell, disgusted at Guilt-head's hesitation over the loan, expresses his contempt for him and all his kind and quits the room instantly. Here Jonson would have helped us with a side-note, 'He goes out'.

Beale's punctuation is, for the most part, hopeless. All corrections of it are recorded in the critical apparatus. The only point which calls for notice is the usual printer's misunderstanding of the metrical apostrophe which Jonson inserted between two lightly sounded syllables to mark them as metrically equivalent to a single syllable. Beale, when he did not ignore this characteristic pointing, treated it as an elision: so he printed 'H'will' (i. ii. 28), 'ma'advance' (iv. 85), 'Or'n France' (ii. iii. 60), 'g'him' (viii. 99), 'fell s'in loue' (iii. ii. 23), 'Make loue t'vs' (iv. iv. 95). Where Beale omitted the stop we have not restored it, but we have no doubt that Jonson's manuscript had it in such lines as the following:

To keepe me'vpright, while things be reconcil'd, (i. iii. 5).
To'intrap a credulous woman, or betray her: (i. vi. 170).
A man so'aboue excuse, as he is the cause, (ii. vi. 64).
Twenty to one, they will appeare so'il-fauour'd,
(iv. iii. 44).

How did the bed-rid poet grapple with the problem such printing presented to him? Most of the sheets in the copies we have examined contain no variants, but corrections are found in P 2 recto (i. vi. 178–224), P 3 verso (ii. i. 19–65), V 1 verso (iv. iv. 23–69), Y 3 verso (v. viii. 58–104). In P 2 recto and P 3 verso there are changes of type and punctuation, and extra marginal notes are inserted. Examples of the former are the italicizing of Kings (i. vi. 185), 'Stage-garment' (ib. 186), 'Duke' (ii. i. 26), 'Commoners, and Aldermen' (ib. 42), 'Crowne's' and 'Crowne' (ib. 46, 47), and 'millions' (ib. 51); and, for

1 There are good passages occasionally, which show that Jonson's manuscript has been followed, e.g. ii. vi. 67–93.
2 See the discussion in vol. iv, pp. 338–42.
corrections of the punctuation, a comma is inserted in 'To runne and fetch you, at her longings' (i. vi. 213), and a new sentence is marked in 'For her and you to take the ayre in. Yes' which was originally 'take the ayre in: yes' (ib. 215). Some spellings are corrected: 'Throughout' to 'Thorowout' (ii. i. 50). Two changes affect the text: 'the cloake is mine owne' is altered to 'the cloake is mine' (i. vi. 224), and the ridiculous 'Proiect; foure dogs skins' to 'Proiect. 4. Dog-skinnes' (ii. i. 65). But the most startling change in these two pages is the insertion of four new marginal notes, 'Hee shifts to his owne place againe.' (at i. vi. 193), 'To a third.' (at ii. i. 20), 'He turns to Fitzdottrel' (at l. 22), and 'He turns to Ingine.' (at l. 33). These additional stage directions have an important bearing on the question of the text. Gifford wrote in his prefatory note to the play: 'In noticing the date of Bartholomew Fair, I had occasion to observe that Jonson appeared to concern himself little, if at all, with the printing of the plays in the present collection; and The Devil is an Ass, as well as The Staple of News, furnishes no slight proof of it. In the folio, 1616, which the author certainly revised, he is altogether sparing of his marginal directions, while the dramas just mentioned abound in them. They are, however, of the most trite and trifling nature; they tell nothing that is not told in action, and generally in the same words, and are upon the whole such a worthless incumbrance on the page, that the reader will thank me for discarding them altogether. They bear no trace of the poet's hand.' Gifford's pungent comment on the value of the side-notes is fully justified, but he might have asked himself the question whether any printer—and especially such a printer as Beale—would have wasted superfluous ink upon them. However, there they are, fully authenticated: they are a melancholy sign of Jonson's failing power.

One or two of them are curiosities. 'He hopes to make on o' these Scepticks o' me' (v. ii. 40) is annotated 'For Scepticks': one wonders whether this was not a marginal
direction to the printer which has crept into the text. Still stranger is the note on 'Thou art a Niaise' (i. vi. 18)—'A Niaise is a young Hawke, tane crying out of the nest.' The note is correct enough; 'a nyas' is the true form of the word often corrupted to 'an eyas'; but what is the point of it? There is, however, a curious parallel in the text of Act iii, scene iv, line 50, 'a new kinde of fucus (paint, for Ladies)', as if the playgoer of the period would not know what a fucus was.

Of the three corrections on V 1 verso, one adjusts the spelling, putting 'Carraucins' for 'Carrnuacins' (iv. iv. 45), and two adjust the punctuation—a comma instead of a full stop after 'Abessoe' (ib. 31) and the deletion of the comma in 'your galley-pot well, glicer'd' (ib. 47).

There is one correction on Y 2 recto, 'Cheaters' for 'heaters' (v. vi. 64), but the correcting of Y 3 verso is much fuller, and it is important. Two of the marginal stage-directions are retouched, those at v. viii. 69 and 81; italics are substituted for roman type in the sham ravings of Fitzdottrell (ll. 74, 87); and there are three alterations of the text. In line 58

The Justice sure will proue to be the merrier!

is revised to

The Justice sure will prove the merrier man!

In line 76—

He ratifies it, clapping of his hands.—

Jonson corrected to 'with clapping'. In lines 85 to 87 he made a significant correction: originally he wrote

I'd not breath

A syllable in request, to such a fellow,

I'd rather fall.

The final version is

I'd not breath

A syllable in request, to such a foole,

He makes himselfe.
But the most remarkable correction of the text of this play, unique in Jonson as far as our experience goes, is in Act v, scene vii, line 2, where after the explosion in Newgate the third Keeper was made to exclaim

Fough! what esteem e of brimstone

Is here?

In one British Museum copy with press-mark C.39.k.9, in one copy belonging to the Editor, and in three copies at Oxford belonging to Christ Church, Jesus College, and Manchester College, the reading ‘a steame of’ is badly printed in over an erasure. Jonson must have discovered this after the text was printed off and insisted on a correction being made in some form. The alternative was a cancel, which would be too expensive for Beale.

These interesting corrections are only occasional. It is possible, of course, that more lurk undetected in copies which we have not been able to collate. But it is unlikely that Jonson systematically corrected the whole play. Beale may have been late with the proofs, or Jonson may have been too ill to read them.

The text of Harper’s 1641 reprint is even worse than Beale’s, some of whose errors such as ‘Lad Mairesse’ and ‘dealth with’ it faithfully reproduces. It makes a few obvious corrections, which are outweighed by its own blunders, such as ‘That Robinson might have audacity’ for ‘want audacity’ (III. iv. 7), ‘I could not so instruct him’ for ‘I could now...’ (III. v. 31), ‘O, might he be?’ for ‘Who might he bee?’ (IV. vii. 23), and ‘He stags’ for ‘He flags’ in the stage-direction at v. i. 34. In addition to its own inaccuracies it used for copy a text of 1631 in which P 2 recto, P 3 verso, V 1 verso, and Y 3 verso were uncorrected.

A few corrections were made while the book was passing through the press. Mr. H. L. Ford has a copy with some uncorrected readings—‘That’s’ for ‘This’s’ (III. vi. 37),
The Devil is an Ass.

'Vnquited' for 'Vnquited' (iv. i. 20), 'Postillos' for 'Pastillos' (iv. iv. 142), and 'privety' for 'piueti' (ib. 150).\footnote{1}

The Folio of 1692 follows the arrangement of 1640 in placing this play out of its proper order after The Staple of News. It was printed from a copy of the 1631 text in which P 2 recto and P 3 verso were uncorrected, so that in this forme it agrees with the reprint of 1641.

The 1631 text of the play has been reprinted by Dr. W. S. Johnson, who edited it in 1905 for the Yale Studies in English, no. xxix, from the copy in the library of Yale University.

\footnote{1 H. L. Ford, A Collation of the Ben Jonson Folios, pp. 27–8.}
THE DIUELL
IS
AN ASSE:
A COMEDIE
ACTED IN THE
YEARE, 1616.
BY HIS MAIESSTIES
SERVANTS.
The Author Ben: Jonson.

Hor. de Art. Poet.
Folle volupas in Cauf, sine proxima veris.

LONDON,
Printed by I. B. for Robert Allot, and are
to be sold at the signe of the Beare, in Paul's
Church-yard 1631.

The title-page of the Folio, 1631, with Beale's device.
THE DIVELL
IS
AN ASSE.

A COMEDIE
ACTED IN THE
YEARE, 1616.

BY HIS MAJESTIES
SERVANTS.

The Author Ben: Johnson.

Hor. de Art. Post.
Pulsa volupsta causa, sum proxiima veris.

Imprinted at London, 1641.
The title-page of the Folio, 1641, with Harper's device.
THE PERSONS
OF THE PLAY.

The Prologue.

Panel compartments used by Harper as head-pieces in the 1641 Folio
on A 2 recto and A 2 verso.
THE
DEVIL
IS
AN ASSE.
OR, THE
Cheater cheated.

A Witty Comedy.

The Author Ben. Johnson.

Hor, de Art, Poet.

Fata voluptatis Causa, sint proxima veris.

Imprinted at London, and are to be sold in Fleet-
street, and Westminster-Hall. 1669.

The title-page in the Welbeck copy of the 1640 Folio.
THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

S A T A N.  
P V G.  
I N I Q V I T Y.  
F I T Z - D O T T R E L L.  
5 M istresse F R A N C E S.  
M E E R E - C R A F T.  
E V E R I L L.  
W I T T I P O L.  
M A N L Y.  
10 I N G I N E.  
T R A I N E S.  
G V I L T - H E A D.  
P L V T A R C H V S.  
Sir P O V L E E I T H E R - S I D E.  
15 L ady E I T H E R - S I D E.  
Lady T A I L E - B V S H.  
P I T - F A L L.  
A M B L E R.  
S L E D G E.  
20 S H A C K L E S.  
The great diuell.  
The lesse diuell.  
The Vice.  
A Squire of Norfolk.  
His wife.  
The Proietor.  
His Champion.  
A young Gallant.  
His friend.  
A Broaker.  
The Protectors man.  
A Gold-smith.  
His sono.  
A Lawyer, and Iustice.  
His wife.  
The Lady Proiectresse.  
Her woman.  
Her Gentleman usher.  
A Smith, the Constable.  
Keeper of Newgate.

S E R I E A N T S.

The Scene, London.
The Prologue.

The Divell is an Asse. That is, to day,
The name of what you are met for, a new Play.
Yet, Grandee's, would you were not come to grace
Our matter, with allowing us no place.
Though you presume Satan a substill thing,
And may have heard hee's worene in a thumbe-ring;
Doe not on these presumptions, force us act,
In compasse of a cheese-trencher. This tract
Will ne'er admit our vice, because of yours.
Anone, who, worse then you, the fault endures
That your selues make? when you will thrust and spurne,
And knocke us o' the elbowes, and bid, turne;
As if, when wee had spoke, wee must be gone,
Or, till wee speake, must all runne in, to one,
Like the young adders, at the old ones mouth?
Would wee could stand due North; or had no South,
If that offend: or were Muscouy glasse,
That you might looke our Scenes through as they passe.
We know not how to affect you. If you'll come
To see new Playes, pray you affoord us roome,
And shew this, but the same face you have done
Your deare delight, the Diuell of Edmunton.
Or, if, for want of roome, it must mis-carry,
'Twill be but Iustice, that your censure tarry,
Till you give some. And when sixe times you ha' seen't,
If this Play doe not like, the Diuell is in't.

Prologue] 23 rooms, 1641: rooms F
THE DIVELL
IS
AN ASSE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

DIVELL. PVG. INIQUITY.

Oh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, &c.

To earth? and, why to earth, thou foolish Spirit?

What wold'st thou do on earth? PVG. For that, great

Chief!

As time shal work. I do but ask my mon'th,

Which every petty pui'nee Diuell has;

Within that terme, the Court of Hell will heare

Some thing, may gaine a longer grant, perhaps.

SAT. For what? the laming a poore Cow, or two?

Entring a Sow, to make her cast her farrow?

Or crossing of a Mercat-womans Mare,

'Twixt this, and Totnam? these were wont to be

Your maine atchiueements, PVG. You haue some plot, now,

Vpon a tonning of Ale, to stale the yest,

Or keepe the churne so, that the butter come not;

Spight o' the housewiues cord, or her hot spit?

Or some good Ribibe, about Kentish Towne,

Or Hogsden, you would hang now, for a witch,

Because shee will not let you play round Robbin:

And you'll goe sowe the Citizens Creame 'gainst Sunday?

That she may be accus'd for't, and condemn'd,

Enter Satan and Pug. G 2 foolish] foolish F 3 Chiefes 1641:
Chiefes F 4 mon'th.] month. F 10 Mercat-] Market- 1641, F3
20 for't, corr. F: for't F originally
The Divell is an Asse.

By a Middlesex Iury, to the satisfaction
Of their offended friends, the Londiners wiues,
Whose teeth were set on edge with it? Foolish feind,
Stay i' your place, know your owne strengths, and put not
Beyond the sphere of your actiuity.

You are too dull a Diuell to be trusted
Forth in those parts, Pug, vpon any affayre
That may concerne our name, on earth. It is not
Every ones worke. The state of Hell must care
Whom it employes, in point of reputation,
Heere about London. You would make, I thinke,
An Agent, to be sent, for Lancashire,
Proper inough; or some parts of Northumberland,
So yo' had good instructions, Pug. P v g. O Chiefe!
You doe not know, deare Chiefe, what there is in mee.

Proue me but for a fortnight, for a wekke,
And lend mee but a Vice, to carry with mee,
To practice there, with any play-fellow,
And, you will see, there will come more vpon't,
Then you'll imagine, preitious Chiefe. S A T. What Vice? What kind wouldst th' haue it of? P v g. Why, any,
Fraud;

Or Courteousnesse; or Lady Vanity;
Or old Iniquity: I'll call him hither.

I N I. What is he, calls vpon me, and would seeme to lack a Vice?

Ere his words be halfe spoken, I am with him in a trice;
Here, there, and every where, as the Cat is with the mice:
True vetus Iniquitas. Lack'st thou Cards, friend, or Dice?
I will teach thee (to) cheate, Child, to cog, lye, and swagger,
And euer and anon, to be drawing forth thy dagger:
To sweare by Gogs-nownes, like a lusty Iuuentus,
In a cloake to thy heele, and a hat like a pent-house,
Thy breeches of three fingers, and thy doublet all belly,
With a Wench that shall feed thee, with cock-stones and gelly.

P v g. Is it not excellent, Chiefe? how nimble he is!
I N I. Child of hell, this is nothing! I will fetch thee a leape

From the top of Pauls-steeple, to the Standard in Cheepe:
And lead thee a daunce, through the streets without faile,
Like a needle of Spaine, with a thred at my tayle.
We will suruay the Suburbs, and make forth our sallyes,

Downe Petticoate-lane, and vp the Smock-allies,
To Shoreditch, Whitechappell, and so to Saint Kathernes,
To drinke with the Dutch there, and take forth their patterns:

From thence, wee will put in at Custome-house key there,
And see, how the Factors, and Prentizes play there,
False with their Masters; and gueld many a full packe,
To spend it in pies, at the Dagger, and the Wool-sacke.

P v g. Braue, braue, Iniquity! will not this doe, Chiefe?
I N I. Nay, boy, I wil bring thee to the Bawds, and the Roysters,

At Belins-gate, feasting with claret-wine, and oysters,

From thence shoot the Bridge, childe, to the Cranes i’ the Vintry,

And see, there the gimblets, how they make their entry!
Or, if thou hadst rather, to the Strand downe to fall,
’Gainst the Lawyers come dabled from Westminster-hall,
And marke how they cling, with their cylents together,

Like Iuie to Oake; so Veluet to Leather:

Ha, boy, I would shew thee. P v g. Rare, rare! D i v.

Peace, dotard,
And thou more ignorant thing, that so admir’st.
Art thou the spirit thou seem’st? so poore? to choose
This, for a Vice, t(o)’advance the cause of Hell,

Now? as Vice stands this present yeere? Remember,
What number it is. Six hundred and sixteene.
The Divell is an Asse.

Had it but beene five hundred, though some sixty
Above ; that's fifty yeeres agone, and six,
(When every great man had his Vice stand by him,
In his long coat, shaking his wooden dagger)
I could consent, that, then this your graue choice
Might haue done that, with his Lord Chiefe, the which
Most of his chamber can doe now. But Pug,
As the times are, who is it, will receiue you?
What company will you goe to? or whom mix with?
Where canst thou carry him? except to Tauernes?
To mount vp on a joynt-stoole, with a lewes-trumpe,
To put downe Cokeley, and that must be to Citizens?
He ne're will be admitted, there, where Vennor comes.
Hee may perchance, in taile of a Sheriffes dinner,
Skip with a rime o' the Table, from New-nothing,
And take his Almaine-leape into a custard,
Shall make my Lad<y> Mairesse, and her sisters,
Laugh all their hoods ouer their shoulders. But,
This is not that will doe, they are other things
That are receiu'd now vpon earth, for Vices;
 Stranger, and newer: and chang'd every houre.
They ride 'hem like their horses off their legges,
And here they come to Hell, whole legions of 'hem,
Every weeke tyr'd. Wee, still strie to breed,
And reare 'hem vp new ones; but they doe not stand,
When they come there: they turne 'hem on our hands.
And it is fear'd they haue a stud o' their owne
Will put downe ours. Both our breed, and trade
Will suddenly decay, if we preuent not.
Vnlesse it be a Vice of quality,
Or fashion, now, they take none from vs. Car-men
Are got into the yellow starch, and Chimney-sweepers
To their tabacco, and strong-waters, Hum,
Meath, and Obarne. We must therefore ayme

1. i. 92 on a[ ] ona F 98 Lady F3 Mairesse] Mairesse 1641:
Mayoress F3 101 Vices] Viccs F 103 'hem] 'em F3 (et
passim) 106 'hem om. G 106-7 stand, ... there :) stand:
... there, G 114 tabacco] tobacco 1641
At extraordinary subtill ones, now,
When we doe send, to keepe vs vp in credit,
Not old Iniquities. Get you e'ne backe, Sir,
To making of your rope of sand againe.

You are not for the manners, nor the times:
They haue their Vices, there, most like to Vertues;
You cannot know 'hem, apart, by any difference:
They weare the same clothes, eate <o'> the same meate,
Sleepe i' the selfe-same beds, ride i' those coaches,

Or very like, foure horses in a coach,
As the best men and women. Tissue gownes,
Garters and roses, fourescore pound a paire,
Embroydered stockings, cut-worke smocks, and shirts,
More certaine marks of lechery, now, and pride,

Then ere they were of true nobility!
But Pug, since you doe burne with such desire
To doe the Common-wealth of Hell some service;
I am content, assuming of a body,
You goe to earth, and visit men, a day.

But you must take a body ready made, Pug,
I can create you none: nor shall you forme
Your selfe an aery one, but become subject
To all impression of the flesh, you take,
So farre as humane frailty. So, this morning,

There is a handsome Cutpurse hang'd at Tiborne,
Whose spirit departed, you may enter his body:
For clothes imploy your credit, with the Hangman,
Or let our tribe of Brokers furnish you.
And, looke, how farre your subtilty can worke

Thorow those organs, with that body, spye
Amongst mankind, (you cannot there want vices,
And therefore the lesse need to carry 'hem wi' you)
But as you make your soone at nights relation,
And we shall find, it merits from the State,
The Divell is an Asse.

You shall haue both trust from vs, and imploymont. 150
P v g. Most gracious Chiefe! Div. Onely, thus more I bind you,
To serue the first man that you meete; and him
I'le shew you, now: Observe him. Yon' is hee,
You shall see, first, after your clothing. Follow him:
But once engag'd, there you must stay and fixe;
Not shift, vntill the midnights cocke doe crow.
P v g. Any conditions to be gone. Div. Away, then.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Fitz-dottrell.

I, they doe, now, name Bretnor, as before
9 They talk'd of Gresham, and of Doctor Fore-man,
Franchlin, and Fiske, and Saurory (he was in too)
But there's not one of these, that euer could
Yet shew a man the Diuell, in true sort.
They haue their christalls, I doe know, and rings,
And virgin parchment, and their dead-mens sculls,
Their rauens wings, their lights, and pentacles,
With characters; I ha' seene all these. But—
Would I might see the Diuell. I would giue
A hundred o' these pictures, (so) to see him
Once out of picture. May I proue a cuckold,
(And that's the one maine mortall thing I feare)
If I beginne not, now, to thinke, the Painters
Haue onely made him. 'Slight, he would be seene,
One time or other else. He would not let
An ancient gentleman, of a good house,
As most are now in England, the Fitz-dottrel's,
Runne wilde, and call vpon him thus in vaine,
As I ha' done this twelue mone'th. If he be not,

1. i. 157 Exeunt severally. add G 1. ii] SCENE II. | The Street before
Fitzdottrel's House. | Enter Fitzdottrel. G | I before] before, F
3 Franchlin] Franklin 1641 7 sculls,] sculls F 11 pictures,]
picture., 1641 so Editor
The Divell is an Asse.

At all, why, are there Coniurers? If they be not,
Why, are there lawes against 'hem? The best artists
Of Cambridge, Oxford, Middlesex, and London,
Essex, and Kent, I haue had in pay to raise him,

These fifty weakes, and yet he appeares not. 'Sdeath,
I shall suspect, they can make circles onely
Shortly, and know but his hard names. They doe say,
H('e)'will meet a man (of himselfe) that has a mind to him.
If hee would so, I haue a minde and a halfe for him:

He should not be long absent. Pray thee, come,
I long for thee. An' I were with child by him,
And my wife, too; I could not more. Come, yet,

Good Beelzebub. Were he a kinde diuell,
And had humanity in him, hee would come, but
To saue ones onely. I should vse him well,
I sweare, and with respect (would he would try mee)
Not, as the Conjurers doe, when they ha' rais'd him.
Get him in bonds, and send him post, on errands,
A thousand miles, it is preposterous, that:

And, I beleue, is the true cause he comes not.
And hee has reason. Who would be engag'd,
That might liue freely, as he may doe? I sweare,
They are wrong all. The burn't child dreads the fire.
They doe not know to entertaine the Divell.

I would so welcome him, obserue his diet,
Get him his chamber hung with arras, two of 'hem,
' I' my own house; lend him my wiuws wrought pillowes:
And as I am an honest man, I thinke,
If he had a minde to her, too; I should grant him,

To make our friend-ship perfect. So I would not
To every man. If hee but heare me, now?
And should come to mee in a braue young shape,
And take me at my word? Ha! Who is this?

1. ii. 21 why,] why F₃ 22 Why,] Why F₃ 26 they F₃: they, F circles] circle 1641 30 come,) come F 32 expresses] expresseth F₃ 38 errands,) errands F 40 And,) And F 53 After 'word?' Enter Pug, handsomely shaped and appareled. G
ACT I. SCENE II.

PVG. FITZ-DOTTRELL.

SIR, your good pardon, that I thus presume
Upon your priuacy. I am borne a Gentleman,
A younger brother; but, in some disgrace,
Now, with my friends: and want some little meanes,
To keepe me upright, while things be reconcil'd.
Please you, to let my seruice be of vse to you, Sir.

FIT. Service? 'fore hell, my heart was at my mouth,
Till I had view'd his shooes well: for, those roses
Were bigge enough to hide a clouen foote.
No, friend, my number's full. I haue one seruant,
Who is my all, indeed; and, from the broome
Vnto the brush: for, just so farre, I trust him.
He is my Ward-robe man, my Cater, Cooke,
Butler, and Steward; lookes vnto my horse:
And helps to watch my wife. H'has all the places,
That I can thinke on, from the garret downward,
E'en to the manger, and the curry-combe.

PVG. Sir, I shall put your worship to no charge,
More then my meate, and that but very little,
I'le serue you for your loue. FIT. Ha? without wages?
I'd harken o' that care, were I at leasure.
But now, I'm busie. 'Pr'y the(e), friend, forbeare mee,
And thou hadst bene a Diuell, I should say
Somewhat more to thee. Thou dost hinder, now,
My meditations. PVG. Sir, I am a Diuell.

FIT. How! PVG. A true Diuell, S'. FIT. Nay, now,
you ly:

Vnder your fauour, friend, for, I'll not quarrell.
I look'd o' your feet, afore, you cannot coozne mee,
Your shoo's not clouen, Sir, you are whole hoof'd.

1. iii. G continues the scene 9 Aside. add G 13 my Cater] m'acater W 19 but] The t faint or missing in F 21 I'd] I'd W: I'le F (repeated from l. 20) 22 friend[,] friend F 23 And] And' F: An' G

Hee lookes and suruay's his feet: over and over.
The Divell is an Asse.

30 P v g. Sir, that's a popular error, deceives many:
      But I am that, I tell you.  F I T. What's your name?
P v g. My name is Divell, Sr.  F I T. Sai'st thou true?
P v g. Indeed, Sr.
      F I T. 'Slid! there's some omen i' this! what countryman?
P v g. Of Derby-shire, Sr. about the Peake.  F I T. That Hole
35 Belong'd to your Ancestors?  P v g. Yes, Divells arse, Sr.
      F I T. I'll entertaine him for the name sake.  Ha?
      And turne away my tother man? and saue
      Foure pound a yeere by that? there's lucke, and thrift too!
The very Divell may come, hereafter, as well.
40 Friend, I receive you: but (withall) I acquaint you,
      Aforehand, if yo(u)' offend mee, I must beat you.
      It is a kinde of exercise, I vse,
      And cannot be without.  P v g. Yes, if I do not
      Offend, you can, sure.  F I T. Faith, Divell, very hardly:
45 I'll call you by your surname, 'cause I loue it.

Act I. Scene III.

In gine. Wittipol. Manly.
Fitzdottrell. Pvg.

Yonder hee walke$ Sir, I'll goe lift him for you.
      W I T. To him, good Inigne, raise him vp by degrees,
      Gently, and hold him there too, you can doe it.
      Shew your selfe, now, a Mathematicall broker.
      I N G. I'll warrant you for halfe a piece.  W I T. 'Tis done, Sr.
      M A N. Is't possible there should be such a man?
      W I T. You shall be your owne witnesse, I'll not labour
      To tempt you past your faith.  M A N. And is his wife

1. iii. 32 true?} true. F 39 Aside. add G 42 vse,] vse. F
1. iv. Enter, behind, Engine, with a cloke on his arm, Wittipol, and
Manly. G, continuing the scene 4 selfe,] selfe F 5 Engine goes
to Fitzdottrel and takes him aside. add G 7 witnesse, corr. F;
witnesso F originally
The Divell is an Asse. 173

So very handsome, say you? \text{W\,i\,t.} I ha' not seene her,
Since I came home from trauell: and they say, 10
Shee is not alter'd. Then, before I went,
I saw her once; but so, as shee hath stuck
Still i' my view, no object hath remou'd her.

\text{M\,a\,n.} 'Tis a faire guest, Friend, beauty: and once lodg'd
Deepe in the eyes, shee hardly leaues the Inne. 15
How do's he keepe her? \text{W\,i\,t.} Very braue. However
Himselfe be sordide, hee is sensuall that way.
In euerie dressing, hee do's study her.

\text{M\,a\,n.} And furnish forth himselfe so from the Brokers?
\text{W\,i\,t.} Yes, that's a hyr'd suite, hee now has on, 20
To see the Diuell is an Asse, to day, in:
(This Ingeine gets three or foure pound a weeke by him).
He dares not misse a new Play, or a Feast,
What rate soeuer clothes be at; and thinkes
Himselfe still new, in other mens old. \text{M\,a\,n.} But stay, 25
Do's he loue meat so? \text{W\,i\,t.} Faith he do's not hate it.
But that's not it. His belly and his palate
Would be compounded with for reason. Mary,
A wit he has, of that strange credit with him,
'Gainst all mankinde; as it doth make him doe 30
Just what it list: it rauishes him forth,
Whither it please, to any assembly'or place,
And would conclude him ruin'd, should hee scape
One publike meeting, out of the believe
He has of his owne great, and catholike strengths,
In arguing, and discourse. It takes, I see:
H'has got the cloak vpon him. \text{F\,i\,t.} A faire garment,
By my faith, Ingeine! \text{I\,n\,g.} It was neuer made, Sir,
For three score pound, I assure you: 'Twill yeeld thirty.
The plush, Sir, cost three pound, ten shillings a yard!
And then the lace, and veluet. \text{F\,i\,t.} I shall, Ingeine,

\text{F\,i\,t.} One \text{F.} 20 on \text{t\,6\,4\,r, F\,3: one F.}
\text{Is an} is an \text{F.} 28 Mary \text{Mary F\,3 (et passim).} 32 assembly'or
assembly or \text{t\,6\,4\,r} 35 catholike Catholike \text{F.}
The Divell is an Asse.

Be look'd at, prettily, in it! Art thou sure
The Play is play'd to day? In g. 8 here's the bill, S.t.
I had forgot to gi' t you. F I T. Ha? the Divell!
I will not lose you, Sirah! But, Ininge, thinke you,
The Gallant is so furious in his folly?
So mad upon the matter, that hee'll part
With's cloake vpo' these termes? In g. Trust not your

Ininge,

Breake me to pieces else, as you would doe
A rotten Crane, or an old rusty Iacke,
That has not one true wheele in him. Doe but talke with

him.

F I T. I shall doe that, to satisfie you, Ininge,
And my selfe too. With your leave, Gentlemen.

Which of you is it, is so meere Idolater
To my wiues beauty, and so very prodigall
Unto my patience, that, for the short parlee
Of one swift hours quarter, with my wife,
He will depart with (let mee see) this cloake here,
The price of folly? Sir, are you the man?

W I T. I am that vent' rer, Sir. F I T. Good time! your

name

Is Witty-pol? W I T. The same, S.t. F I T. And 'tis told me,
Yo' haue trauell'd lately? W I T. That I haue, S.t. F I T.

Truly,

Your trauells may haue alter'd your complexion;
But sure, your wit stood still. W I T. It may well be, Sir.

All heads ha' not like growth. F I T. The good mans

grauity,

That left you land, your father, neuer taught you
These pleasant matches? W I T. No, nor can his mirth,
With whom I make 'hem, put me off. F I T. You are

Resolu'd then? W I T. Yes, S.t. F I T. Beauty is the Saint,

You'll sacrifice your selfe, into the shirt too?

1. iv. 42 prettily 1641 : prettily F 44 I had] I', had F : I,
had 1641 gi' t gi' t F 45 lose] loose 1641 48 these]
those 1641 50 Crane] Cain F3 : Cane 1716 56 parlee]
parlee ? F 58 here,] here F 70 too] to W
The Divell is an Asse.

W I T. So I may still cloth, and keepe warme your wis-
dome?

F I T. You lade me Sr! W I T. I know what you wil
beare, Sr.

F I T. Well, to the point. 'Tis only, Sir, you say,
To speake vnto my wife? W I T. Only, to speake to her.

F I T. And in my presence? W I T. In your very pres-
ence.

F I T. And in my hearing? W I T. In your hearing: so,
You interrupt vs not. F I T. For the short space
You doe demand, the fourth part of an houre,
I thinke I shall, with some convenient study,
And this good helpe to boot, bring my selfe to't.

W I T. I aske no more. F I T. Please you, walk to'ard
my house,
Speake what you list; that time is yours: My right
I haue departed with. But, not beyond,
A minute, or a second, looke for. Length,
And drawing out, ma(y)'aduance much, to these matches. 
And I except all kissing. Kisses are
Silent petitions still with willing Louers.

W I T. Louers? How falls that o' your phantsie? F I T.

Sir,
I doe know somewhat, I forbid all lip-worke.

W I T. I am not eager at forbidden dainties.

F I T. Who couets vnfit things, denies him selfe.

F I T. You say well, Sir; 'Twas prettily said, that same,
He do's, indeed. I'll haue no touches, therefore,
Nor takings by the armes, nor tender circles
Cast 'bout the wast, but all be done at distance.

Loue is brought vp with those soft migniard handlings;
His pulse lies in his palme: and I defend
All melting ioynts, and fingers, (that's my bargaine)
I doe defend 'hem, any thing like action.

But talke, Sir, what you will. Vse all the Tropes

And Schemes, that Prince Quintilian can afford you:
And much good do your Rhetoriques heart. You are welcome, Sir.

Ingine, God b’w’you. WIT. Sir, I must condition
To have this Gentleman by, a witness. FIT. Well,
I am content, so he be silent. MAN. Yes, Sir.

FIT. Come Diuell, I’ll make you roome, streight. But
I’ll shew you
First, to your Mistresse, who’s no common one,
You must conceive, that brings this gaine to see her.
I hope thou’st brought me good lucke. P.V.G. I shall do’t,
Sir.

ACT I. SCENE V.

WITTIPOL. MANLY.

INGINE, you hope o’ your halfe piece? ’Tis there, Sir.
Be gone. Friend Manly, who’s within here? fixed?
MAN. I am directly in a fit of wonder
What’ll be the issue of this conference!

FIT. For that, ne’r vex your selfe, till the event.
How like yo(u)’ him? MAN. I would faine see more of him.

FIT. What thinke you of this? MAN. I am past degrees of thinking.

Old Africk, and the new America,
With all their fruitie of Monsters cannot shew
So just a prodigie. FIT. Could you have beleue’d,
Without your sight, a minde so sordide inward,
Should be so specious, and layd forth abroad,
To all the shew, that euer shop, or ware was?

MAN. I beleue any thing now, though I confesse

His Vices are the most extremities

1. iv. 102 Opens the door of his house. add G 108 this om. 1641
They all enter the house. add G 109 do’t.] do’t. F 1.v.
SCENE III. | A Room in Ffisdotrel’s House. | Enter Wittipol, Manly, and
The Divell is an Asse.

I euer knew in nature. But, why loues hee
The Divell so? W I T. O S'r! for hidden treasure,
Hee hopes to finde: and has propos'd himselfe
So infinite a Masse, as to recouer,
He cares not what he parts with, of the present,
To his men of Art, who are the race, may coyne him.
Promise gold-mountaines, and the couetous
Are still most prodigall. M A N. But ha' you faith,
That he will hold his bargaine? W I T. O deare Sir!
He will not off on't. Feare him not. I know him.
One basenesse still accompanies another.
See! he is heere already, and his wife too.

M A N. A wondrous handsome creature, as I liue!

act I. scene VI.

F I T Z - D O T T R E L L. Mistresse F I T Z - D O T - T R E L. W I T T I P O L. M A N L Y.

Comme wife, this is the Gentleman. Nay, blush not.

M². F I. Why, what do you meane Sir? ha' you your reason? F I T. Wife,
I do not know, that I haue lent it forth
To any one; at least, without a pawne, wife:
Or that I haue eat or drunke the thing, of late,
That should corrupt it. Wherefore gentle wife,
Obey, it is thy vertue: hold no acts
Of disputation. M². F I. Are you not enough
The talke, of feasts, and meetings, but you'll still
Make argument for fresh? F I T. Why, carefull wedlocke,
If I haue a longing to haue one tale more
Goe of mee, what is that to thee, deare heart?
Why shouldst thou enuy my delight? or crosse it?
By being solicitous, when it not concernes thee?

M². F I. Yes, I haue share in this. The scorne will fall
The Divell is an Asse.

As bitterly on me, where both are laught at.

F I T. Laught at, sweet bird? is that the scruple? Come, come,

A Niaise. Which of your great houses,
(Will not meane at home, here, but abroad)
Your families in France, wife, send not forth
Something, within the seuen yeere, may be laught at?
I doe not say seuen moneths, nor seuen weekes,
Nor seuen daies, nor houres: but seuen yeere, wife.
I giue 'hem time. Once, within seuen yeere,

25 I thinke they may doe something may be laught at.
In France, I keepe me there, still. Wherefore, wife,
Let them that list, laugh still, rather then weepe
For me; Heere is a cloake cost fifty pound, wife,
Which I can sell for thirty, when I ha' seen

All London in't, and London has seene mee.
To day, I goe to the Black-fryers Play-house,
Sit i' the view, salute all my acquaintance,
Rise vp between the Acts, let fall my cloake,
Publish a handsome man, and a rich suite

35 (As that's a speciall end, why we goe thither,
All that pretend, to stand for't o' the Stage)
The Ladies aske who's that? (For, they doe come
To see vs, Loue, as wee doe to see them)
Now, I shall lose all this, for the false feare

40 Of being laught at? Yes, wusse. Let 'hem laugh, wife,
Let me haue such another cloake to morrow.
And let 'hem laugh againe, wife, and againe,
And then grow fat with laughing, and then fatter,
All my young Gallants, let 'hem bring their friends too:

Shall I forbid 'hem? No, let heauen forbid 'hem:

Or wit, if't haue any charge on 'hem. Come, thy eare, wife,
Is all, I'll borrow of thee. Set your watch, Sir,
Thou, only art to heare, not speake a word, Doue,
To ought he sayes. That I doe gi' you in precept,

50 No lesse then counsell, on your wiue-hood, wife,

1. vi. 23 yeere,] yeere F 32 i' the 1642, F3: ithe F
Not though he flatter you, or make court, or loue,
(As you must looke for these) or say, he raile;
What ere his arts be, wife, I will haue thee
Delude 'hem with a trick, thy obstinate silence;
I know aduantages; and I loue to hit
These pragmaticke young men, at their owne weapons.
Is your watch ready? Here my saile beares, for you:
Tack toward him, sweet Pinnace, where's your watch?

W I T. I'le set it, Sir, with yours. M'\textsuperscript{r} F I. I must obey.

M A N. Her modesty seems to suffer with her beauty,
And so, as if his folly were away,
It were worth pitty. F I T. Now, th'are right, beginne, Sir.
But first, let me repeat the contract, briefly.
I am, Sir, to inioy this cloake, I stand in,
Freely, and as your gift; vpon condition
You may as freely, speake here to my spouse,
Your quarter of an houre, alwaies keeping
The measur'd distance of your yard, or more,
From my said Spouse: and in my sight and hearing.
This is your covenent? W I T. Yes, but you'll allow
For this time spent, now? F I T. Set 'hem so much backe.

W I T. I thinke, I shall not need it. F I T. Well, begin,

Sir,

There is your bound, Sir. Not beyond that rush.

W I T. If you interrupt me, Sir, I shall discoake you.

The time I haue purchast, Lady, is but short;
And, therefore, if I imploy it thriftily,
I hope I stand the neerer to my pardon.
I am not here, to tell you, you are faire,
Or louely, or how well you dresse you, Lady,
I'll saue my selfe that eloquence of your glasse,
Which can speake these things better to you then I.

And 'tis a knowledge, wherein fooles may be
As wise as a \textit{Court Parliament}. Nor come I,
The Divell is an Asse.

With any preijude, or doubt, that you
Should, to the notice of your owne worth, neede
Least reuelation. Shee's a simple woman,
Know's not her good: (who euer knowes her ill)
And at all caracts. That you are the wife,
To so much blasted flesh, as scarce hath soule,
In stead of salt, to keepe it sweete; I thinke,
Will aske no witnesses, to proue. The cold
Sheetles that you lie in, with the watching candle,
That sees, how dull to any thaw of beauty,
Pieces, and quarters, halfe, and whole nights, sometimes,
The Diuell-guen Elfene Squire, your husband,
Doth leaue you, quitting heere his proper circle,
For a much-worse i' the walks of Lincolnes Inne,
Vnder the Elmes, t'expect the feind in vaine, there,
Will confesse for you. 

WIT. And what a daughter of darknesse, he do's make you,
Lock'd vp from all society, or object;
Your eye not let to looke vpon a face,
Vnder a Conjurers (or some mould for one,
Hollow, and leane like his) but, by great meanes,
As I now make; your owne too sensible sufferings,
Without the extraordinary aydes,
Of spells, or spirits, may assure you, Lady,
For my part, I protest 'gainst all such practice,
I worke by no false arts, medicines, or charmes
To be said forward and backward.

WIT. Sir, I shall ease you. WIT. Mum. WIT. Nor
haue I ends, Lady,
Vpon you, more then this: to tell you how Loue,
Beauties good Angell, he that waits vpon her
At all occasions, and no lesse then Fortune,
Helps th' aduenturous, in mee makes that proffer,
Which never faire one was so fond, to lose;
Who could but reach a hand forth to her freedome.

1. vi. 98 there,) there F 99 geere] jeer W 111 Sir,) Sir F
112 Loue,) Loue F 117 forth] out 1641
The Divell is an Asse.

On the first sight, I lou'd you: since which time,
Though I haue trauell'd, I haue beeene in trauell
More for this second blessing of your eyes
Which now I'haue purchas'd, then for all aymes else.
Thinke of it, Lady, be your minde as actiue,
As is your beauty: view your object well.
Examine both my fashion, and my yeere.
Things, that are like, are soone familiar:
And Nature ioyes, still, in equality.
Let not the signe o' the husband fright you, Lady.
But ere your spring be gone, inioy it. Flowers,
Though faire, are oft but of one morning. Thinke,
All beauty doth not last vntill the autumnne.
You grow old, while I tell you this. And such,
As cannot use the present, are not wise.
If Loue and Fortune will take care of vs,
Why should our will be wanting? This is all.
What doe you answer, Lady? F I T. Now, the sport comes.
Let him still waite, waite, waite: while the watch goes,
And the time runs. Wife! W I T. How! not any word?
Nay, then, I taste a tricke in't. Worthy Lady,
I cannot be so false to mine owne thoughts
Of your presumed goodnesse, to conceiue
This, as your rudenesse, which I see's impos'd.
Yet, since your cautelous Iaylor, here stands by you,
And yo' are deni'd the liberty o' the house,
Let me take warrant, Lady, from your silence,
(Which euer is interpreted consent)
To make your answer for you: which shall be
To as good purpose, as I can imagine,
And what I thinke you'ld speake. F I T. No, no, no, no.

W I T. I shall resume, Sir. M A N. Sir, what doe you meane?
He sets

W I T. One interruption more, Sir, and you goe
Into your hose and doublet, nothing saues you.

1. vi. 124 yeeres.] The period faint or missing in F 126 still,
still F. 134-5 should . . . What] tshould . . . Wha F (misplacing
the ' t' of l. 135) . 143 house,] house ; 1641 149 st. dir.
friend,] friend F
And therefore harken. This is for your wife.

MAN. You must play faire, St. WIT. Stand for mee, good friend.

Troth, Sir, 'tis more then true, that you haue vttred
Of my venequall, and so sordide matche heere,
With all the circumstances of my bondage.
I haue a husband, and a two-legg'd one,
But such a moon-ling, as no wit of man
Or roses can redeeme from being an Asse.

H'sis growne, too much, the story of mens mouthes,
To scape his lading: should I make't my study,
And lay all wayes, yea, call mankind to helpe,
To take his burden off, why, this one act
Of his, to let his wife out to be courted,

And, at a price, proclaims his asinine nature
So lowd, as I am weary of my title to him.
But Sir, you seeme a Gentleman of vertue,
No lesse then blood; and one that every way
Lookes as he were of too good quality,

To intrap a credulous woman, or betray her:
Since you haue payd thus deare, Sir, for a visit,
And made such venter, on your wit, and charge,
Meerely to see mee, or at most to speake to mee,
I were too stupid; or (what's worse) ingrate,

Not to returne your venter. Thinke, but how,
I may with safety doe it; I shall trust
My loue and honour to you, and presume,
You'll euerv husband both, against this husband;
Who, if we chance to change his liberall eares,

To other ensignes, and with labour make
A new beast of him, as hee shall deserue,
Cannot complaine, hee is vnkindly dealt with.
This day hee is to goe to a new play, Sir.
From whence no feare, no, nor authority,
Scarcely the Kings command, Sir, will restraine him,
Now you haue fitted him with a Stage-garment,
For the meere names sake, were there nothing else:
And many more such iourneys, hee will make.
Which, if they now, or, any time heereafter,
Offer vs opportunity, you heare, Sir,
Who'll be as glad, and forward to imbrace,
Meete, and enioy it chearefully as you.
I humbly thank ye, Lady. F i t. Keep ye your ground Sir. Hee shifts
to his owne place againe.
W i t. Will ye be lightned? F i t. Mum. W i t. And
but I am,
By the said contract, thus to take my leave of you
At this so enuious distance, I had taught
Our lips ere this, to seale the happy mixture
Made of our soules. But we must both, now, yeeld
To the necessity. Doe not thinke yet, Lady,
But I can kisse, and touch, and laugh, and whisper,
And doe those crowning court-ships too, for which
Day, and the publike haue allow'd no name,
But, now, my bargaine binds me. 'Twere rude iniury,
T<o>'importune more, or vrge a noble nature,
To what of it's owne bounty it is prone to:
Else, I should speake—But, Lady, I loue so well,
As I will hope, you'll doe so to. I haue done, Sir.
F i t. Well, then, I ha' won? W i t. Sir. And I may
win, too.

F i t. O yes! no doubt on't. I'll take carefull order,
That shee shall hang forth ensignes at the window,
To tell you when I am absent. Or I'll keepe
Three or foure fooete-men, ready still of purpose,
To runne and fetch you, at her longings, Sir.
I'll goe bespeake me straight a guilt caroch,

1. vi. 185 Kings corr. F: Kings F originally, 1641 186 Stage-
garment corr. F: Stage-garment F originally, 1641 187 nothing
1641: nothings F originally: nothing corr. F: no things F3 else:
corr. F: else, F originally 193 Stage-direction not in F originally;
not in 1641 or F3 againe.] againe F 195 said W: sad F
202 name.] name F 207 Sir.] Sir, F 213 you, corr. F: you
F originally, 1641
For her and you to take the ayre in. Yes, 
Into Hide-parke, and thence into Black-Fryers,
Visit the painters, where you may see pictures,
And note the properest limbs, and how to make 'hem.
Or what doe you say vnto a middling Gossip?
To bring you aye together, at her lodging?
Vnder pretext of teaching o' my wife
Some rare receit of drawing almond milke? ha?
It shall be a part of my care. Good Sir, God b'w'you.
I ha' kept the contract, and the cloake is mine.

Why, much good do't you Sr'; it may fall out,
That you ha' bought it deare, though I ha' not sold it.
A pretty riddle! Fare you well, good Sir.

Wife, your face this way, looke on me: and thinke
Yo' haue had a wicked dreame, wife, and forget it.
This is the strangest motion I ere saw.
Now, wife, sits this faire cloake the worse vpon me,
For my great sufferings, or your little patience? ha?
They laugh, you thinke? Mr. F 1. Why Sr. and you might
see't.

What thought, they haue of you, may be soone collected
By the young Gentlemans speache. F 1 T. Young Gentle-
man?
Death! you are in loue with him, are you? could he not
Be nam'd the Gentleman, without the young?
Vp to your Cabbin againe. Mr. F 1. My cage, yo're best
To call it? F 1 T. Yes, sing there. You'd faine be making

Blanck Manger with him at your mothers! I know you.
Goe, get you vp. How now! what say you, Diuell?
ACT I. SCENE VII.

PVG. FITZDOTTREL. INGINE.

H ere is one Inigne, Sir, desires to speake with you.

FIT. I thought he brought some newes, of a broker!

Well,
Let him come in, good Diuell; fetch him else.
O, my fine Inigne! what's th'affaire? more cheats?

ING. No Sir, the Wit, the Braine, the great Proiector, 5
I told you of, is newly come to towne.

FIT. Where, Inigne? ING. I ha' brought him (H'is without)

Ere hee pull'd off his boots, Sir, but so follow'd,
For businesses. FIT. But what is a Proiector?
I would conceiue. ING. Why, one Sir, that project 10
Wayes to enrich men, or to make 'hem great,
By suites, by marriages, by vndertakings:
According as he sees they humour it.

FIT. Can hee not coniure at all? ING. I thinke he can,
Sir,
(To tell you true) but, you doe know, of late, 15
The State hath tane such note of 'hem, and compell'd 'hem,
To enter such great bonds, they dare not practice.

FIT. 'Tis true, and I lie fallow for't, the while!

ING. O, Sir! you'll grow the richer for the rest.

FIT. I hope I shall: but Inigne, you doe talke Somewhat too much, o' my courses. My Cloake-customer
Could tell mee strange particulars. ING. By my meanes?

FIT. How should he haue 'hem else? ING. You do not know, Sr,

What he has: and by what arts! A monei'd man, Sir,
And is as great with your Almanack-Men, as you are! 25

1. vii. G continues the scene. After 3 Exit Pug. | Re-enter Engine
By] But 1642 14 Sir.] Sir. F
The Divell is an Asse.

FIT. That Gallant? InG. You make the other wait too long, here:

And hee is extreme punctual. FIT. Is he a gallant?

ING. Sir, you shall see: He'is in his riding suit,

As hee comes now from Court. But heere him speake:
30 Minister matter to him, and then tell mee.

ACT II. SCENE I.

MEER-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTREL. INGINE.
TRAINES. PVG.

Sir, money's a whore, a bawd, a drudge;
Fit to runne out on errands: Let her goe.

Via pecunia! when she's runne and gone,

And fled and dead; then will I fetch her, againe,

With Aqua-vite, out of an old Hogs-head!

While there are lees of wine, or dregs of beere,

I'le neuer want her! Coyne her out of cobwebs,

Dust, but I'll haue her! Raise wooll vpon egge-shells,

Sir, and make grasse grow out o' marro-bones,

To make her come. (Commend mee to your Mistresse,

Say, let the thousand pound but be had ready,

And it is done) I would but see the creature

(Of flesh, and blood) the man, the prince, indeed,

That could imploy so many millions

As I would help him to. FIT. How talks he? millions?

MER. (I'll give you an account of this to morrow.)

Yes, I will talke no lesse, and doe it too;

If they were Myriades: and without the Diuell,

By direct meanes, it shall be good in law. ING. Sir.

1. vii. 27 a om. F3 10 Exeunt. add G 12 After
2. [A Room in Fitzdottrel's House. | Enter Fitzdottrel, Engine, and Meercraft
followed by Trains with a bag, and three or four Attendants. G 1 Sir,

money's] Sir, money is G: Money, sir, money's S. T. Coleridge conj.


Meer. [To 2 Attendant.] G Exit 2 Att. add G 17 talke] take

1641
The Divell is an Asse.

M E R. Tell Mr. Wood-cock, I'll not faile to meet him Vpon th' Exchange at night. Pray him to haue He turns to Fitz-dottrel.
The writings there, and wee'll dispatch it. Sir, 25
You are a Gentleman of a good presence,
A handsome man (I haue considered you)
As a fit stocke to graft honours vpon :) You doe not know Master Fitz-dottrel.
I haue a project to make you a Duke, now.
That you must be one, within so many moneths,
As I set downe, out of true reason of state, You sha' not auoyd it. But you must harken, then.
You sha' not auoyd it. But you must harken, then.

I N G. Harken? why S', do you doubt his eares? Alas !
You doe not know Master Fitz-dottrel.

F I T. He do's not know me indeed. I thank you, Ingine, He turns to Ingine.
For rectifying him. M E R. Good! Why, Ingine, then
I'l tell it you. (I see you ha' credit, here,
And, that you can keepe counsell, I'll not question.)
Hee shall but be an vndertaker with mee,
In a most feasable bus'nesse. It shall cost him
Nothing. I N G. Good, S'. M E R. Except he please, but's

count'nance;
(That I will haue) t(o)'appeare in't, to great men,
For which I'll make him one. Hee shall not draw
A string of's purse. I'll drive his pattent for him.
We'll take in Cittizens, Commoners, and Aldermen,
To beare the charge, and blow 'hem off againe,
Like so many dead flyes, when 'tis carred.
The thing is for recovery of drown'd land,
Whereof the Crowne's to haue his moiety,
If it be owner; Else, the Crowne and Owners
To share that moyety: and the recoverers

II. i. 20 Mer.] Mer. [to 3 Att 'n.] G St. dir. not in F originally, nor in 1641. 22 it. corr. F: it: F originally, 1641 After 'it.' Exit 3
Att 'n. G St. dir. not in F originally, nor in 1641: inserted in Fal l. 24
24, 25 you . . . vpon :) you . . . vpon: F 26 project . . . Duke
corr. F: Project . . . Duke F originally, 1641 28 As] And 1641
33 St. dir. not in F originally, nor in 1641, F 3 34 it om. 1641
47 Crowne corr. F: Crowne F originally, 1641
T' enioy the tother moyety, for their charge.

I N G. Thorowout England? M E R. Yes, which will arise
To eyghteen millions, seuen the first yeere:
I have computed all, and made my suruay
Vnto an acre. I'll beginne at the Pan,
Not, at the skirts: as some ha' done, and lost,
All that they wrought, their timber-worke, their trench,
Their banke all borne away, or else fill'd vp
By the next winter. Tut, they neuer went
The way: I'll haue it all. I N G. A gallant tract
Of land it is! M E R. 'Twill yeeld a pound an acre.

60 Wee must let cheape, euer, at first. But Sir,
This lookes too large for you, I see. Come hither,
We'll haue a lesse. Here's a plain fellow, you see him,
Has his black bag of papers, there, in Buckram,
Wi' not be sold for th'Earledome of Pancridge: Draw,

Gi' me out one, by chance. Proiect 4. Dog-skinnes?
Twelue thousand pound! the very worst, at first.

F I T. Pray let's see't Sir. M E R. 'Tis a toy, a trifle!
F I T. Trifle! 12. thousand pound for dogs-skins? M E R.
Yes,
But, by my way of dressing, you must know, Sir,

70 And med'cing the leather, to a height
Of improud' ware, like your Borachio
Of Spaine, Sir, I can fetch nine thousand for't—
I N G. Of the Kings glower? M E R. Yes, how heard you that?
I N G. Sir, I doe know you can. M E R. Within this houre:

75 And reserve halfe my secret. Pluck another;

II. i. 50 Thorowout corr. F: Throughout F originally, 1641 51
corr. F: acre, F originally, 1641 58 gallant corr. F: Gallant F
originally, 1641 62 After 'fellow') points to Trains. G 65 After'
'chance.'] Trains gives him a paper out of the bag. G Proiect. 4. Dog-
skinnes corr. F: Project; foure Dogs Skins F originally: Project; foure
dogs skins 1641: Project; four Dogs Skins F3 69 my om. 1641
72 Sir, F3: Sir. F, 1641
See if thou hast a happier hand: I thought so.
The very next worse to it! Bottle-ale.
Yet, this is two and twenty thousand! Pr'y thee
Pull out another, two or three. 'F r t. Good, stay, friend,
By bottle-ale, two and twenty thousand pound?

M è r. Yes, Sir, it's cast to penny-hal'penny-farth'ng,
O' the back-side, there you may see it, read,
I will not bate a Harrington o' the summe.
I'll winne it i' my water, and my malt,
My furnaces, and hanging o' my coppers,
The tonning, and the subtilty o' my yest;
And, then the earth of my bottles, which I dig,
Turne vp, and steepe, and worke, and neale, my selfe,
To a degree of Porc'lane. You will wonder,
At my proportions, what I will put vp
In seuen yeeres! for so long time, I ask
For my inuention. I will saue in cork,
In my mere stop'ling, 'boue three thousand pound,
Within that terme: by googing of 'hem out
Iust to the size of my bottles, and not slicing.
There's infinite losse i' that. What hast thou there?
O' making wine of raisins: this is in hand, now.

I ng. Is not that strange, S', to make wine of raisins?

M è r. Yes, and as true a wine, as th' wines of France,
Or Spaine, or Italy. Looke of what grape
My raisin is, that wine I'll render perfect,
As of the muscatell grape, I'll render muscatell;
Of the Canary, his; the Claret, his;
So of all kinds: and bate you of the prices,
Of wine, throughout the kingdome, halfe in halfe.

I ng. But, how, S', if you raise the other commodity,
Raysins? M è r. Why, then I'll make it out of black-
berries:

\[ \text{Hee plucks out the 2. Bottle-ale.} \]
\[ \text{Hee draws out another Raisines} \]
\[ \text{Pr'y thee} \]
The Divell is an Asse.

And it shall doe the same. 'Tis but more art,
And the charge lesse. Take out another. F 1 T. No, good Sir.

110 Saue you the trouble, I'le not looke, nor heare
Of any, but your first, there; the Drown'd-land:
If 't will doe, as you say. M E R. Sir, there's not place,
To gi' you demonstration of these things.
They are a little to subtle. But, I could shew you

115 Such a necessity in't, as you must be
But what you please: against the receiu'd heresie,
That England beares no Dukes. Keepe you the land, S't,
The greatnesse of th'estate shall throw't vpon you.
If you like better turning it to money,

120 What may not you, S't, purchase with that wealth?
Say, you should part with two o' your millions,
To be the thing you would, who would not do't?
As I protest, I will, out of my diuident,
Lay, for some pretty principality,

125 In Italy, from the Church: Now, you perhaps,
Fancy the smoake of England, rather? But—
Ha' you no priuate roome, Sir, to draw to,
To enlarge our selues more vpon. F 1 T. O yes, Diuell!

M E R. These, Sir, are bus'nesses, aske to be carried

130 With caution, and in cloud. F 1 T. I apprehend,
They doe so, S't. Diuell, which way is your Mistresse?
P V G. Aboue, S't. in her chamber. F 1 T. O that's well.
Then, this way, good Sir. M E R. I shall follow you;

Traines,
Gi' mee the bag, and goe you presently,

135 Commend my seruice to my Lady Tail-bush.
Tell her I am come from Court this morning; say,
I'haue got our bus'ness mou'd, and well: Intreat her,
That shee giue you the four-score Angels, and see 'hem
Dispos'd of to my Council, Sir Poul Eytherside.

124 pretty] petty F3
128 yes, Diuell ] yes.—Devill G
131 80 om. G After 'St' Enter Pug. G
133 good F3: good,
F, 1641
Sometime, to day, I'll waite vpon her Ladiship,
With the relation. I n g. Sir, of what dispatch,
He is ! Do you marke ? M E R. Ingine, when did you see
My cousin Euer-ill ? keepes he still your quarter ?
I' the Bermudas? I n g. Yes, Sir, he was writing
This morning, very hard. M E R. Be not you knowne to
him,

That I am come to Towne : I haue effected
A businesse for him, but I would haue it take him,
Before he thinks for't. I n g. Is it past ? M E R. Not yet.
'Tis well o' the way. I n g. O Sir ! your worship takes
Infinit paines. M E R. I loue Friends to be actiuie :
A sluggish nature puts off man, and kinde.

I n g. And such a blessing followes it. M E R. I thanke
My fate. Pray you let's be priuate, Sir? F I T. In, here.
M E R. Where none may interrupt vs. F I T. You heare,

Diuel,
Lock the streete-doores fast, and let no one in
(Except they be this Gentlemans followers)
To trouble mee. Doe you marke ? Yo' haue heard and seen

Something, to day ; and, by it, you may gather
Your Mistresse is a fruite, that's worth the stealing,
And therefore worth the watching. Be you sure, now,
Yo' haue all your eyes about you ; and let in
No lace-woman ; nor bawd, that brings French-masques,
And cut-works. See you? Nor old croanes, with wafers,
To conuey letters. Nor no youths, disguis'd
Like country-wiues, with creame, and marrow-puddings.

Much knauery may be vented in a pudding,
Much bawdy intelligence : They'are shrewd ciphers.
Nor turne the key to any neyghbours neede ;
Be't but to kindle fire, or begg a little,
Put it out, rather : all out, to an ashie,

II. i. 141 After 'relation.' Exit Trains. G 142 After 'marke ?'
Aside to Fitz. G 150 Friends] Friends, F 154 After 'vs.'
Exeunt Meas. and Engine. G 155 streete-doores] streete.dores F
159 stealing,) stealing F 168 neede] need e F
That they may see no smoake. Or water, spill it:
Knock o' the empty tubs, that by the sound,
They may be forbid entry. Say, wee are robb'd,
If any come to borrow a spoone, or so.

I wi' not haue good fortune, or gods blessing
Let in, while I am busie. P v g. I'le take care, Sir:
They sha' not trouble you, if they would. F i t. Well, doe

ACT II. SCENE II.

P v g. Mistresse F i t z D o t t r e l l.

I haue no singular servise of this, now?
Nor no superlatiue Master? I shall wish
To be in hell againe, at leisure? Bring
A Vice from thence? That had bin such a subtilty,
As to bring broad-clothes hither: or transport
Fresh oranges into Spaine. I finde it, now;
My Chiefe was i' the right. Can any seind
Boast of a better Vice, then heere by nature,
And art, th'are owners of? Hell ne'r owne mee,

But I am taken! the fine tract of it
Pulls mee along! To heare men such professors
Grown in our subtlest Sciences! My first Act, now,
Shall be, to make this Master of mine cuckold:
The primitie worke of darknesse, I will practise!

I will deserue so well of my faire Mistresse,
By my discoueries, first; my counsells after;
And keeping counsell, after that: as who,
So euer, is one, I'le be another, sure,
I'll ha' my share. Most delicate damn'd flesh!

Shee will be! O! that I could stay time, now,
Midnight will come too fast vpon mee, I feare,

To cut my pleasure— M't. F i. Looke at the back-doore,

One knocks, see who it is. P v g. Dainty she-Diuell!
The Devil is an Ass.

Mr. F. I. I cannot get this venter of the cloake, Out of my fancie; nor the Gentleman's way, He tooke, which though 'twere strange, yet 'twas handsome, And had a grace withall, beyond the newnesse. Sure he will thinke mee that dull stupid creature, Hee said, and may conclude it; if I finde not Some thought to thanke th' attemp. He did presume, By all the carriage of it, on my braine, For answer; and will sweare 'tis very barren, If it can yeeld him no returne. Who is it? P v g. Mistresse, it is, but first, let me assure The excellence, of Mistresses, I am, Although my Masters man, my Mistresse slawe, The seruant of her secrets, and sweete turnes, And know, what fitly will conduce to either.

Mr. F. I. What's this? I pray you come to your selfe and thinke
What your part is: to make an answer. Tell, Who is it at the doore? P v g. The Gentleman, Mr., Who was at the cloake-charge to speake with you, This morning, who expects onely to take Some small command'ments from you, what you please, Worthy your forme, hee saies, and gentlest manners.

Mr. F. I. O! you'll anon prove his hyr'd man, I feare, What has he giu'n you, for this message? Sir, Bid him put off his hopes of straw, and leave To spread his nets, in view, thus. Though they take Master Fits-dottrel, I am no such foule, Nor faire one, tell him, will be had with stalking. And wish him to for-beare his acting to mee, At the Gentleman's chamber-window in Lincolnes-Inne there,
That opens to my gallery: else, I sweare That (o) acquainted my husband with his folly, and leave him

II. ii. 30 attempt] attempt 1641 33 returne.] returne F After 48 put] put F
To the iust rage of his offended iealousie.
Or if your Masters sense be not so quicke
To right mee, tell him, I shall finde a friend
That will repair mee. Say, I will be quiet,

In mine owne house. Pray you, in those words giue it him.

P v g. This is some foole turn'd! M'^a. F 1. If he be the Master,
Now, of that state and wit, which I allow him;
Sure, hee will vnderstand mee: I durst not
Be more direct. For this officious fellow,

My husbands new groome, is a spie vpon me,
I finde already. Yet, if he but tell him
This in my words, hee cannot but conceiue
Himselfe both apprehended, and requited.
I would not haue him thinke hee met a statue:

Or spoke to one, not there, though I were silent.

How now? ha' you told him? P v g. Yes. M'^a. F 1. And what saies he?
P v g. Sayes he? That which my self would say to you,
if I durst.

That you are proude, sweet Mistresse! and with-all,
A little ignorant, to entertaine

The good that's proffer'd; and (by your beauties leaue)
Not all so wise, as some true politique wife
Would be: who hauing match'd with such a Nupson
(I speake it with my Masters peace) whose face
Hath left t(o) accuse him, now, for 't doth confesse him,

What you can make him; will yet (out of scruple,
And a spic'd conscience) defraud the poore Gentleman,
At least delay him in the thing he longs for,
And makes it h(i)s whole study, how to compasse,
Onely a title. Could but he write Cuckold,

He had his ends. For, looke you— M'^a. F 1. This can be None but my husbands wit. P v g. My preetious M'^a.
The Divell is an Asse.

M("m"). F 1. It creaks his Ingine: The groome neuer durst
Be, else, so saucy— P v g. If it were not clearely,
His worshipfull ambition; and the top of it;
The very forked top too: why should hee
Keepe you, thus mur'd vp in a back-roome, Mistresse,
Allow you ne'r a casement to the streete,
Feare of engendering by the eyes, with gallants,
Forbid you paper, pen and inke, like Rats-bane.
Search your halfe pint of muscatell, lest a letter
Be suncke i' the pot: and hold your new-laid egge
Against the fire, lest any charme be writ there?
Will you make benefit of truth, deare Mistresse,
If I doe tell it you: I do't not often?
I am set over you, imployd, indeed,
To watch your steps, your lookes, your very breathings,
And to report them to him. Now, if you
Will be a true, right, delicate sweete Mistresse,
Why, wee will make a Cokes of this Wise Master,
We will, my Mistresse, an absolute fine Cokes,
And mock, to ayre, all the deepe diligences
Of such a solemn, and effectuall Asse,
An Asse to so good purpose, as wee'll vse him.
I will contrive it so, that you shall goe
To Playes, to Masques, to Meetings, and to Feasts.
For, why is all this Rigging, and fine Tackle, Mistris,
If you neat handsome vessels, of good sayle,
Put not forth euer, and anon, with your nets
Abroad into the world. It is your fishing.
There, you shall choose your friends, your servants, Lady,
Your squires of honour; I'll convey your letters,
Fetch answers, doe you all the offices,
That can belong to your bloud, and beauty. And,
For the variety, at my times, although
I am not in due symmetrie, the man
Of that proportion; or in rule
Of physicke, of the iust complexion;

11. ii. 88 After 'saucy' Aside. G

112 you] your G
Or of that truth of Picardill, in clothes,
To boast a soueraignty o're Ladies: yet
I know, to do my turnes, sweet Mistresse. Come, kisse—
M'rs. F i. How now! P v g. Deare delicate Mistresse, I
am your slaeue,
Your little worme, that loues you: your fine Monkey;
Your Dogge, your Iacke, your Pug, that longs to be
Stil'd, o' your pleasures. M'rs. F i t. Heare you all this?

Sir, pray you,
Come from your standing, doe, a little, spare
Your selfe, Sir, from your watch, t(o)'applaud your Squire,
That so well follows your instructions!

ACT II. SCENE III.

FITZ-DOTTRELL. Mistresse FITZ-DOTTRELL. P V G.

H ow now, sweet heart? what's the matter? M'rs. F i.
Good!
You are a stranger to the plot! you set not
Your saucy Divell, here, to tempt your wife,
With all the insolent vnciuill language,
Or action, he could vent? F i t. Did you so, Divell?
M'rs. F i t. Not you? you were not planted i' your hole to
heare him,
Vpo' the stayres? or here, behinde the hangings?
I doe not know your qualities? he durst doe it,
And you not giue directions? F i t. You shall see, wife,
Whether he durst, or no: and what it was,
I did direct. P v g. Sweet Mistresse, are you mad?
F i t. You most mere Rogue! you open manifest Vil-
laire!
You Feind apparant you! you declar'd Hel-hound!

Her husband goes out, and enters presently with a cudgel upon him.
The Divell is an Asse.

P v g. Good Sir. F i t. Good Knaue, good Rascal, and good Traitor.

Now, I doe finde you parcel-Diuell, indeed.

Vpo' the point of trust? I' your first charge?
The very day o' your probation?
To tempt your Mistresse? You doe see, good wedlocke,
How I directed him. M's. F i t. Why, where S't, were you?

F i t. Nay, there is one blow more, for exercise: After a
I told you, I should doe it. P v g. Would you had done, Sir. pause.

F i t. O wife, the rarest man! yet there's another He strikes
To put you in mind o' the last. Such a braue man, wife! him againe.
Within, he has his projects, and do's vent 'hem, and
The gallantest! were you tentiginous? ha? and againe.
Would you be acting of the Incubus?

Did her silks rustling moue you? P v g. Gentle Sir.

F i t. Out of my sight. If thy name were not Diuell, Diuell
Thou should'st not stay a minute with me. In, goes out.
Goe, yet stay: yet goe too. I am resolu'd, 30
What I will doe: and you shall know't afore-hand.
Soone as the Gentleman is gone, doe you heare?
I'll helpe your lisping. Wife, such a man, wife!

He has such plots! He will make mee a Duke! 35
No lesse, by heav'n! six Mares, to your coach, wife!
That's your proportion! And your coach-man bald!
Because he shall be bare, inough. Doe not you laugh,
We are looking for a place, and all, i' the map
What to be of. Haue faith, be not an Infidell.

You know, I am not easie to be gull'd. 40
I sweare, when I haue my millions, else, I'll make

Another Dutchesse; if you ha' not faith.

M's. F i. You'll ha' too much, I feare, in these false spirits. F 45
Spirits? O, no such thing! wife! wit, mere wit!

This man defies the Diuell, and all his works!

He dos't by Ingine, and deuises, hee!
He has his winged ploughes, that goe with sailes,
Will plough you forty acres, at once! and mills,
Will spout you water, ten miles off! All Crowland

Is ours, wife; and the fens, from vs, in Norfolke,
To the vthmost bound of Lincoln-shire! we haue view'd it,
And measur'd it within all; by the scale!
The richest tract of land, Loue, i' the kingdome!
There will be made seuenteene, or eighteeene millions;

Or more, as 't may be handled! wherefore, thinke,
Sweet heart, if th' hast a fancy to one place,
More then another, to be Dutchesse of;
Now, name it: I will ha't, what ere it cost,
(If 't will be had for money) either here,

Or' in France, or Italy. M'r. F.I. You ha' strange phantasies!

ACT II. SCENE IV.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTRELL.

INGINE.

Where are you, Sir? F.I.T. I see thou hast no talent
This way, wife. Vp to thy gallery; doe, Chuck,
Leaue vs to talke of it, who understand it.

MER. I thinke we ha' found a place to fit you, now, Sir.

Gloc'ster. F.I.T. O, no, I'll none! MER. Why, S't? F.I.T.
'Tis fatall.

MER. That you say right in. Spenser, I thinke, the younger,
Had his last honour thence. But, he was but Earle.

F.I.T. I know not that, Sir. But Thomas of Woodstocke,
I'm sure, was Duke, and he was made away,

At Calice; as Duke Humphrey was at Bury:
And Richard the third, you know what end he came too.

MER. By m(y)'faith you are cunning i' the Chronicle, Sir.

ii. iii. 51 bound] bounds F3 60 Or' in F3 ii. iv] Enter
Meercaft and Engine. G, continuing the scene. 3 Exit Mrs. Fitz.
add G 5 'Tis] Tis F 6 thinke] thinke F3 12 my'faith]
m'faith F, 104r: my faith W
The Divell is an Asse.

F I T. No, I confesse I ha 't from the Play-bookes,
And thinke they're more authentique. I N G. That's sure,
Sir.

M E R. What say you (to this then?) F I T. No, a noble He
house
pretends to that. I will doe no man wrong.

M E R. Then take one proposition more, and heare it
As past exception. F I T. What's that? M E R. To be
Duke of those lands, you shall recouer: take
Your title, thence, Sir, Duke of the Drown'd-lands,
Or Drown'd-land. F I T. Ha? that last has a good sound!
I like it well. The Duke of Drown'd-land? I N G. Yes;
It goes like Groen-land, Sir, if you marke it. M E R. I,
And drawing thus your honour from the worke,
You make the reputation of that, greater;
And stay 't the longer i' your name. F I T. 'Tis true.
Drown'd-lands will liue in Drown'd-land! M E R. Yes, when
you
Ha' no foote left; as that must be, Sir, one day.
And, though it tarry in your heyres, some forty,
Fifty descents, the longer liuer, at last, yet,
Must thrust 'hem out on't: if no quirk in law,
Or odde Vice o' their owne not do it first.
Wee see those changes, daily: the faire lands,
That were the Clyents, are the Lawyers, now:
And those rich Mannors, there, of good man Taylors,
Had once more wood vpon 'hem, then the yard,
By which th(ey)'were measur'd out for the last purchase.
Nature hath these vicissitudes. Shee makes
No man a state of perpetuity, Sir.

F I T. Yo' are i' the right. Let's in then, and conclude. Hee spies
I' my sight, againe? I' ll talke with you, anon.

F. house] house. F, 1641, F3 32 do
it] do'it F: do'it 1641 39 perpetuity 1641: perpetuity F 40
St. dir. Hee... Divell.] Re-enter Pug. G 41 I' 1716: I F, 1641, F3
After 41 Exceunt Fitz. Meer. and Engine. G
The Divell is an Asse.

ACT II. SCENE V.

P v g.

Sve hee will gell mee, if I stay: or worse,
Pluck out my tongue, one o' the two. This Foole,
There is no trusting of him: and to quit him,
Were a contempt against my Chiefe, past pardon.

It was a shrewd disheartning this, at first!
Who would ha' thought a woman so well harness'd,
Or rather well-caparison'd, indeed,
That weares such petticoates, and lace to her smocks,
Broad seaming laces (as I see 'hem hang there)

And garters which are lost, if shee can shew 'hem,
Could ha' done this? Hell! why is shee so braue?
It cannot be to please Duke Dottrel, sure,
Nor the dull pictures, in her gallery,
Nor her owne deare reflection, in her glasse;

Yet that may be: I haue knowne many of 'hem,
Beginne their pleasure, but none end it, there:
(That I consider, as I goe along with it)
They may, for want of better company,
Or that they thinke the better, spend an houre;

Two, three, or foure, discoursing with their shaddow:
But sure they haue a farther speculation.
No woman drest with so much care, and study,
Doth dresse her selfe in vaine. I'll vexe this probleme,
A little more, before I leaue it, sure.
The Divell is an Asse.

ACT IJ. SCENE VI.

WITTIPOL. MANLY. Mistresse FITZDOTTREL. PVG.

His was a fortune, happy above thought,
That this should prove thy chamber; which I fear'd
Would be my greatest trouble! this must be
The very window, and that the roome. MAN. It is.
I now remember, I haue often seen there
A woman, but I neuer mark'd her much.

WIT. Where was your soule, friend? MAN. Faith, but
now, and then,
Awake vnto those objectes. WIT. You pretend so.
Let mee not liue, if I am not in loue
More with her wit, for this direction, now,
Then with her forme, though I ha' prais'd that prettily,
Since I saw her, and you, to day. Read those.
They'll goe vnto the ayre you loue so well.
Try 'hem vnto the note, may be the musique
Will call her sooner; (<s>light, shee's here. Sing quickly.

Mrs. FIT. Either he vnderstood him not: or else,
The fellow was not faithfull in deliuerie,
Of what I bad. And, I am iustly pay'd,
That might haue made my profit of his service,
But, by mis-taking, haue drawne on his enuy,
And done the worse defeate vpon my selfe.

How! Musique? then he may be there: and is, sure.

PVG. O! Is it so? Is there the enter-view?

Haue I drawne to you, at last, my cunning Lady?
The Divell is an Asse! fool'd off! and beaten!

Nay, made an instrument! and could not sent it!

Well, since yo' haue shouwne the malice of a woman,
No lesse then her true wit, and learning, Mistresse,
I'll try, if little Pug haue the malignity
To recompence it, and so saue his danger.
'Tis not the paine, but the discrете of it,
The Diuell should not keepe a body intire.

\textsc{W i t.} Away, fall backe, she comes. \textsc{M a n.} I'll leave you, Sir,
The Master of my chamber. I haue businesse.

\textsc{W i t. M r.} \textsc{F i.} You make me paint, \textsc{S f.} \textsc{W i t.}
The\textless{y}\textgreater{y}'are faire colours,
\textit{Lady}, and naturall! I did receive
Some commands from you, lately, gentle \textit{Lady},
But so perplex'd, and wrap'd in the deliuerie,
As I may feare t\textless{o}\textgreater{e} haue mis-interpreeted:
But must make suit still, to be neere your grace.
\textsc{M r. F i.} Who is there with you, \textsc{S f}? \textsc{W i t.} None, but my selfe.
It falls out, \textit{Lady}, to be a deare friends lodging.
Wherein there's some conspiracy of fortune
With your poore servants blast affections.

\textsc{M r. F i.} Who was it sung? \textsc{W i t.} He, \textit{Lady}, but hee's gone,
Vpon my entreaty of him, seeing you
Approach the window. Neither need you doubt him,
If he were here. He is too much a gentleman.

\textsc{M r. F i.} Sir, if you judge me by this simple action,

And by the outward habite, and complexion
Of easinesse, it hath, to your designe;
You may, with Iustice, say, I am a woman:
And a strange woman. But when you shall please,
To bring but that concurrence of my fortune,

To memory, which to day your selfe did verge:
It may beget some favoured like excuse,
Though none like reason. \textsc{W i t.} No, my tune-full Mistresse?
Then, surely, Loue hath none; nor Beauty any;  
Nor Nature violenced, in both these:
With all whose gentle tongues you speake, at once. 60
I thought I had inough remou'd, already,
That scruple from your brest, and left yo(u)'all reason;
When, through my mornings perspectiue, I shewd you
A man so aboue excuse, as he is the cause,
Why any thing is to be done vpon him:
And nothing call'd an injury, mis-plac'd.
I, rather, now had hope, to shew you how Loue,
By his accessses, growes more naturall:
And, what was done, this morning, with such force
Was but deuis'd to serue the present, then.
That since Loue hath the honour to approach
These sister-swelling brests; and touch this soft,
And rosie hand; hee hath the skill to draw
Their Nectar forth, with kissing; and could make
More wanton salts, from this braue promontory,
Downe to this valley, then the nimble Roe;
Could play the hopping Sparrow, 'bout these nets;
And sporting Squirell in these crisped groues;
Bury himselfe in euer Silke-wormes kell,
Is here vnravell'd; runne into the snare,
Which euer hayre is, cast into a curle,
To catch a Cupid flying: Bath himselfe
In milke, and roses, here, and dry him, there;
Warme his cold hands, to play with this smooth, round,
And well-torn'd chin, as with the Billyard ball;
Rowle on these lips, the banks of loue, and there
At once both plant, and gather kisses. Lady,
Shall I, with what I haue made to day here, call
All sense to wonder, and all faith to signe
The mysteries reuealed in your forme?
And will Loue pardon mee the blasphemy

II. vi. 63 perspectiue,] perspectiue F 67 I, rather] I' rather F.
Loue,] Loue F 71 st. dir. Court-ship,] Court-ship. F  playes
... &c. at l. 76 in F 75 salts] 'salts F3 81 is,] is, is 1641
85 well-torn'd] well torn'd F
The Divell is an Asse.

I vttter'd, when I said, a glasse could speake
This beauty, or that fooles had power to iudge it?

Doe but looke, on her eyes! They doe light—
All that Loue's world comprizeth!

Doe but looke on her hayre! it is bright,
As Loue's starre, when it riseth!

Doe but marke, her fore-head's smoother,
Then words that sooth her!

And from her arched browes, such a grace
Sheds it selfe through the face;
As alone, there triumphs to the life,
All the gaine, all the good, of the elements strife!

Haue you seene but a bright Lilly grow,
Before rude hands haue touch'd it?

Haue you mark'd but the fall of the Snow,
Before the soyle hath smuch'd it?

Haue you felt the wooll o' the Beuer?
Or Swans downe, euer?

Or, haue smelt o' the bud o' the Bryer?
Or the Nard i' the fire?
Or, haue tasted the bag o' the Bee?
O, so white! O, so soft! O, so sweet is shee!

ACT II. SCENE VII.

FITZ-DOTTRELL. WITTIPOLE. P.V.G.

His shee so, Sir? and, I will keepe her so.
If I know how, or can: that wit of man
Will doe't, I'll goe no farther. At this windeo'
She shall no more be bus'd at. Take your leaue on't.

If you be sweet meates, wedlock, or sweet flesh,
All's one: I doe not loue this hum about you.

II. vi. 98 fore-head's] fore-head 1641 100 a om. 1641 106 of the] of 1641 107 smuch'd] smurch'd 1641 II. vii] Fitzdottrel appears at his Wife's back. G, continuing the scene
The Divell is an Asse.

A flye-blowne wife is not so proper. In:
For you, Sir, looke to heare from mee. WIT. So, I doe, Sir. Hee speaks out of his window.

FIT. No, but in other termes. There's no man offers
This to my wife, but paies for't. WIT. That haue I, Sir.
FIT. Nay, then, I tell you, you are. WIT. What am I, Sir?
FIT. Why, that I'll thinke on, when I ha' cut your throat.
WIT. Goe, you are an Asse. FIT. I am resolu'd on't, Sir.
WIT. I thinke you are. FIT. To call you to a reckoning.

WIT. Away, you brokers blocke, you property.
FIT. 'Slight, if you strike me, I'll strike your Mistresse. Hee strikes his wife.
WIT. O! I could shoote mine eyes at him, for that, now;
Or leaue my teeth in' him, were they cuckolds bane,
Inough to kill him. What prodigious,
Blinde, and most wicked change of fortune's this?
I ha' no ayre of patience: all my vaines
Swell, and my sinewes start at iniquity of it.
I shall breake, breake. PVG. This for the malice of it,
And my revengue may passe! But, now, my conscience
Tells mee, I haue profited the cause of Hell
But little, in the breaking-off their loues.
Which, if some other act of mine repaire not,
I shall heare ill of in my accompt. FIT. O, Bird!
Could you do this? 'gainst me? and at this time, now?
When I was so imployd, wholly for you,
Drown'd i' my care (more, then the land, I sweare,
I'haue hope to win) to make you peere-lesse? studying,
For footemen for you, fine-pac'd huishers, pages,
To serue you o' the knee; with what Knights wife,
The Divell is an Asse.

5 To beare your traine, and sit with your foure women
In councell, and receiue intelligences,
From forraigne parts, to dresse you at all pieces!
Y'haue (a'most) turn'd my good affection, to you;
Sowr'd my sweet thoughts; all my pure purposes:
40 I could now finde (i' my very heart) to make
Another, Lady Dutchesse; and depose you.
Well, goe your waies in. Divell, you haue redeem'd all.
I doe forgiue you. And I'll doe you good.

ACT II. SCENE VIIJ.

Mere-craft. Fitz-dottrel. Ingine.
Traines.

W'hy ha' you these excursions? where ha' you beene, Sir?
F I T. Where I ha' beene vex'd a little, with a toy!
M E R. O Sir! no toyes must trouble your graue head,
Now it is growing to be great. You must
5 Be aboue all those things. F I T. Nay, nay, so I will.
M E R. Now you are to'ard the Lord, you must put off
The man, Sir. I N G. He saies true. M E R. You must do
nothing
As you ha' done it heretofore; not know,
Or salute any man. I N G. That was your bed-fellow,
The other moneth. M E R. The other moneth? the weeke.
Thou dost not know the priuiledges, Ingine,
Follow that Title; nor how swift: To day,
When he has put on his Lords face once, then——
F I T. Sir, for these things I shall doe well enough,
10 There is no feare of me. But then, my wife is
Such an vntoward thing! shee'll neuer learne
How to comport with it! I am out of all

II. vii. 42 After 'in.' Exit Mrs. Fitz. G 43 Exit Pug. add G
II. viii.] Act. III. Scene VIII. 1641: Enter Merecraft with Engine. G,
continuing the scene 1 Why ha' 1641: Why ha F
The Divell is an Asse.

Conceipt, on her behalfe. M E R. Best haue her taught, Sir.

F I T. Where? Are there any Schooles for Ladies? Is there

An Academy for women? I doe know,

For men, there was: I learn'd in it, my selfe,

To make my legges, and doe my postures. I N G. Sir.

Doe you remember the concept you had——

O' the Spanish gowne, at home? M E R. Ha! I doe thanke thee,

With all my heart, deare Ingine. Sir, there is

A certaine Lady, here about the Towne,

An English widdow, who hath lately trauell'd,

But shee's call'd the Spaniard; 'cause she came

Latest from thence: and keepes the Spanish habit.

Such a rare woman! all our women heere,

That are of spirit, and fashion flocke, vnto her,

As to their President; their Law; their Canon;

More then they euer did, to Oracle-Foreman.

Such rare receipts shee has, Sir, for the face;

Such oyles; such tinctures; such pomatum[n]'s;

Such perfumes; medicines; quintessences, &c.

And such a Mistresse of behaviour;

She knowes, from the Dukes daughter, to the Doxey,

What is their due iust: and no more! F I T. O Sir!

You please me i' this, more then mine owne greatnesse.

Where is shee? Let vs haue her. M E R. By your patience,

We must vse meanes; cast how to be acquainted——

F I T. Good, S', about it. M E R. We must think how, first. F I T. O!

I doe not loue to tarry for a thing,

When I haue a mind to't. You doe not know me,

If you doe offer it. M E R. Your wife must send

Some pretty token to her, with a complement,

And pray to be receiu'd in her good graces,
All the great Ladies do't, F I T. She shall, she shall,
What were it best to be? M E R. Some little toy,
I would not haue it any great matter, Sir:
A Diamant ring, of forty or fifty pound,
Would doe it handsomely: and be a gift
Fit for your wife to send, and her to take.

F I T. I'll goe, and tell my wife on't, streight. M E R.

Why this
Is well! The clothes we'haue now: But, where's this Lady?
If we could get a witty boy, now, Ingine;
That were an excellent cracke. I could instruct him,
To the true height. For any thing takes this dotrel.

M E R. No, there's no trusting them. They'll talke on't,
And tell their Poets. I N G. What if they doe? the iest
Will brooke the Stage. But, there be some of 'hem
Are very honest Lads. There's Dicke Robinson,

I N G. Why, Sir, your best will be one o' the players!

M E R. To a Gentlemans chamber, a friends of mine. We had
The merriest supper of it there, one night,
The Gentlemans Land-lady invited him

A very pretty fellow, and comes often
To a Gossips feast. Now, he, Sir, brought Dick Robinson,

To a Lawyers wife, amongst 'hem all;
(I lent him cloathes) but, to see him behaue it;
And lay the law; and carue; and drinke vnto 'hem;
And then talke baudi: and send frolicks! o!

It would haue burst your buttons, or not left you

A seame. M E R. They say hee's an ingenious youth!

I N G. O Sir! and dresses himselfe, the best! beyond

Forty o' your very Ladies! did you ne'r see him?

M E R. No, I do seldom see those toyes. But thinke you,

That we may haue him? I N G. Sir, the young Gentleman

I tell you of, can command him. Shall I attempt it?

M E R. Yes, doe it. F I T. S'light, I cannot get my wife
The Divell is an Asse.

To part with a ring, on any termes: and yet,
The sullen Monkey has two. M E R. It were 'gainst reason,
That you should vrge it; Sir, send to a Gold-smith;
Let not her lose by't. F I T. How do's she lose by't?
Is't not for her? M E R. Make it your owne bounty,
It will ha' the better successe; what is a matter
Of fifty pound to you, St'? F I T. I'haue but a hundred
Pieces, to shew here; that I would not breake—

M E R. You shall ha' credit, Sir. I'll send a ticket
Vnto my Gold-smith. Heer, my man comes too,
To carry it fitly. How now, Traines? What birds?

T R A. Your Cousin Euer-ill met me, and has beat mee,
Because I would not tell him where you were:
I think he has dog'd me to the house too. M E R. Well——
You shall goe out at the back-doore, then, Traines.
You must get Guilt-head hither, by some means:

T R A. 'Tis impossible! F I T. Tell him, we haue venison,
I'll g(i)' him a piece, and send his wife a Phesant.

T R A. A Forrest moves not, till that forty pound,
Yo' had of him, last, be pai'd. He keepes more stirre,
For that same petty summe, then for your bond
Of sixe; and Statute of eight hundred! M E R. Tell him
Wee'll hedge in that. Cry vp Fits-dottrell to him,
Double his price: Make him a man of mettall.

T R A. That will not need, his bond is currant inough.

ACT III. SCENE I.

GVILT-HEAD. PLUTARCHVS.

All this is to make you a Gentleman:
I'll haue you learne, Sonne. Wherefore haue I plac'd you
With St'. Poul Either-side, but to haue so much Law

II. viii. 83ollen] sullen F3  88 St?] St. F  95 MER. W:
Fit. F, 1641, F3  99 Exit. add G 102 summe] some 1641
103 MER. W: Fit. F, 1641, F3  106 Exeunt. add G 111. i] A
Room in Fitadottrel's House. [Enter Thomas Gilthead and Plutarchus. G
3 Poul] Pould 1641 to om. F3
To keepe your owne? Besides, he is a *Justice,*
5 Here i' the Towne; and dwelling, Sonne, with him,
You shal learne that in a yeere, shal be worth twenty
Of hauing stay'd you at *Oxford,* or at *Cambridge,*
Or sending you to the *Innes of Court,* or *France.*
I am call'd for now in haste, by Master *Meere-craft,*
10 To trust Master *Fits-dottrel,* a good man:
I haue inquir'd him, eightene hundred a yeere,
(His name is currant) for a diamant ring
Of forty, shall not be worth thirty (that's gain'd)
And this is to make you a Gentleman!

15 *PLV.* O, but good father, you trust too much! *GVII.*
Boy, boy,
We liue, by finding fooles out, to be trusted.
Our shop-bookes are our pastures, our corn-grounds,
We lay 'hem op'n, for them to come into:
And when wee haue 'hem there, wee driue 'hem vp
20 In t'one of our two Pounds, the *Compters,* streight,
And this is to make you a Gentleman!
Wee Citizens neuer trust, but wee doe coozen:
For, if our debtors pay, wee coozen them;
And if they doe not, then we coozen our selues.

25 But that's a hazard euerie one must runne,
That hopes to make his Sonne a Gentleman
*PLV.* (I doe not wish to be one, truely, Father.
In a descent, or two, wee come to be
Just i' their state, fit to be coozend, like 'hem.
30 And I had rather ha' tarryed i' your trade:
For, since the *Gentry* scorne the Citty so much,
Me thinkes we should in time, holding together,
And matching in our owne tribes, as they say,
Haue got an *Act* of *Common Counsell,* for it,
35 That we might coozen them out of *rerum natura.*

*GVII.* I, if we had an *Act* first to forbid.

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III. i. 9 *Meere-craft,*] *Meere-craft F*   11 I haue] *I'haue F*   13
that's] *thats F*   15 father,] *The comma faint or missing in F boy*
by *F3*   20 two *om. F3*   29 i' their] 'their *F*
The marrying of our wealthy heyres vnto 'hem:
    And daughters, with such lauish portions.
That confounds all. P L V. And makes a Mungril breed,
    Father.
And when they haue your money, then they laugh at you: 40
Or kick you downe the stayres. I cannot abide 'hem.
I would faine haue 'hem coozen'd, but not trusted.

ACT III. SCENE II.

MERE-CRAFT. GUILT-HEAD. FITZ-DOTTRELL. PLVTRARCHVS.

O, is he come! I knew he would not faile me.
Welcome, good Guilt-head, I must ha' you doe
A noble Gentleman, a courtesie, here:
In a mere toy (some pretty Ring, or Jewell)
Of fifty, or threescore pound (Make it a hundred,
And hedge in the last forty, that I owe you,
And your owne price for the Ring) He's a good man, Sr,
And you may hap' see him a great one! Hee,
Is likely to bestow hundreds, and thousands,
Wi' you; if you can humour him. A great prince
He will be shortly. What doe you say? G v i. In truth,
    Sir,
I cannot. 'T has beene a long vacation with vs,
    FIT. (Of what, I pray thee? of wit? or honesty?
Those are your Citizens long vacations.)
    P L V. Good Father, do not trust 'hem. M E R. Nay,
    Thom. Guilt-head.
Hee will not buy a courtesie and begge it:
Hee'll rather pay, then pray. If you doe for him,
You must doe cheerefully. His credit, Sir,
Is not yet prostitute! Who's this? thy sonne?
A pretty youth, what's his name? P L V. Plutarchus, Sir. 20

III. ii.] Enter Meercraft. G, continuing the scene
Query, Enter Meercraft, with Fitz-dottreel. 7 After 'Ring' Aside to Gillhead. G
15 Father,] Father F
M Ė R. (Plutarchus! How came that about? G v i.
That yeere S',
That I begot him, I bought Plutarch's liues,
And fell s(o)' in loue with the booke, as I call'd my sonne
By'his name; In hope he should be like him:
And write the liues of our great men! M Ė R. I' the City?
And you do breed him, there? G v i. His minde, Sir, lies
Much to that way. M Ė R. Why, then, he is i' the right way.
G v i. But, now, I had rather get him a good wife,
And plant him i' the countrey; there to vse
The blessing I shall leaue him. M Ė R. Out vpon't!
And lose the laudable meanes, thou hast at home, heere,
T(o)'advance, and make him a young Alderman?
Buy him a Captaines place, for shame; and let him
Into the world, early, and with his plume,
And Scarfes, march through Cheapside, or along Cornhill,
And by the vertue'of those, draw downe a wife
There from a windo', worth ten thousand pound!
Get him the posture booke, and's leaden men,
To set vpon a table, 'gainst his Mistresse
Chance to come by, that hee may draw her in,
And shew her Finsbury battells) G v i. I haue plac'd him
With Iustice Eytherside, to get so much law—
M Ė R. As thou hast conscience. Come, come, thou dost
wrong
Pretty Plutarchus, who had not his name,
For nothing: but was borne to traine the youth
Of London, in the military truth—
That way his Genius lies. My Cousin Euerill!

\[\text{III. ii. 30 him.} \text{ him: } F (?)}\]
\[\text{... truth italicized by } G\]
\[\text{vpon't}]} \text{vpon't} \text{1641} \text{45-6 to traine}\]
\[\text{47 After ' lies.' Enter Euerill. G}\]
ACT III. SCENE II.

EVER-ILL. PLVTARCHVS. GVILT-HEAD.
MERE-CRAFT. FITZDOTTRELL.

O, are you here, Sir? 'pray you let vs whisper.

PLV. Father, deare Father, trust him if you loue mee.

GV1. Why, I doe meane it, boy; but, what I doe,
Must not come easily from mee: Wee must deale
With Courtiers, boy, as Courtiers deale with vs.
If I haue a Businesse there, with any of them,
Why, I must wait, I am sure on't, Son: and though
My Lord dispatch me, yet his worshipfull man—
Will keepe me for his sport, a moneth, or two,
To shew mee with my fellow Cittizens.
I must make his traine long, and full, one quarter;
And helpe the spectacle of his greatnesse. There,
Nothing is done at once, but injuries, boy:
And they come head-long! all their good turnes moue not,
Or very slowly. PLV. Yet sweet father, trust him.

GV1. Well, I will thinke. Ev. Come, you must do't,
Sir.

I am vndone else, and your Lady Tayle-bush
Has sent for mee to dinner, and my cloaths
Are all at pawne. I had sent out this morning,
Before I heard you were come to towne, some twenty
Of my epistles, and no one returne—

MER. (Why, I ha' told you o' this. This comes of wear-
ing
Scarlet, gold lace, and cut-workes! your fine gartring!
With your blowne roses, Cousin! and your eating
Phesant, and Godwit, here in London! haunting
The Globes, and Mermaides! wedging in with Lords,

Mere-
craft tells
him of his
faults.

[III. iii.] G continues the Scene
1 [takes Meer. aside. add G
slowly.] slowly F 16 After 'thinke.' They walk aside. G 17
and] aud F. 26 wedging] and wedging 1641
The Divell is an Asse.

Still at the table! and affecting lechery,
In veluet! where could you ha' contented your selfe
With cheese, salt-butter, and a pickled hering,
30 I' the Low-countries; there wonne cloth, and fustian!
Beene satisfied with a leape o' your Host's daughter,
In garrison, a wench of a stoter! or,
Your Sullers wife, i' the leaguer, of two blanks!
You neuer, then, had runne vpon this flat,

To write your letters missiue, and send out
Your priu sealles, that thus haue frighted off
All your acqu(s)a)intance; that they shun you at distance,
Worse, then you do the Bailies! E v. Pox vpon you.

I come not to you for counsell, I lacke money.

40 M E R. You do not thinke, what you owe me already?
E v. I?

They owe you, that meane to pay you. I'll be sworne,
I neuer meant it. Come, you will proiect,
I shall vndoee your practice, for this moneth else:
You know mee. M E R. I, yo'ar a right sweet nature!

E v. Well, that's all one! M E R. You'll leauce this Em-
pire, one day?

You will not euer haue this tribute payd,
Your scepter o' the sword? E v. Tye vp your wit,
Doe, and prouoke me not—— M E R. Will you, Sir, helpe,
To what I shall prouoke another for you?

50 E v. I cannot tell; try me: I thinke I am not
So vetterly, of an ore vn-to-be-melted,
But I can doe my selfe good, on occasions.

M E R. Strike in then, for your part. M'. Fitis-dottrel,
If I transgresse in point of manners, afford mee

They ioyn.  55 Your best construction; I must beg my freedome
From your afferayres, this day. F i T. How, Sr'? M E R. It is
In succour of this Gentlemens occasions,

Mere-
craft
pretends
businesse.

iii. iii. 32 stoter] Storer 1716: storer W, G 33 Sullers] Sullers
1641 41 be sworne] besworne F After 52 Enter Fitisdottrel.
G 53 After 'part.' [They go up to Fitisdottrel.] G Fitis-dottrel,
Fitis-dottrel F 56 St?' St. F St. dir. 56 pretends] The p has
dropped out in some copies of F
The Divell is an Asse.

My kins-man— FIT. You'll not do me that affront, Sir.

MER. I am sorry you should so interpret it,

But, Sir, it stands upon his being invested
In a new office, he has stood for, long:
Master of the Dependances! A place
Of my projection too, Sir, and hath met
Much opposition; but the State, now, sees
That great necessity of it, as after all
Their writing, and their speaking, against Duells,
They have erected it. His booke is drawne—
For, since there will be differences, daily,
'Twixt Gentlemen; and that the roaring manner
Is growne offensieue; that those few, we call
The ciuill men o' the sword, abhorre the vapours;
They shall refer now, hither, for their processe:
And such as trespasse 'gainst the rule of Court,
Are to be fin'd— FIT. In troth, a pretty place!

MER. A kinde of arbitrary Court 'twill be, Sir.

FIT. I shall haue matter for it, I beleue,
Ere it be long: I had a distast. MER. But now, Sir,
My learned councell, they must haue a feeling,
They'll part, Sir, with no bookes, without the hand-gout
Be oyld, and I must furnish. If 't be money,
To me straignt. I am Mine, Mint and Exchequer,
To supply all. What is't? a hundred pound?

EVE. No, th'Harpey, now, stands on a hundred pieces.

MER. Why, he must haue 'hem, if he will. To morrow,

Sir,

Will equally serue your occasions,—

And therefore, let me obtaine, that you will yeeld
To timing a poore Gentlemans distresses,
In termes of hazard.—FIT. By no meanes! MER. I

must

Get him this money, and will.—FIT. Sir, I protest,
I'd rather stand engag'd for it my selfe:
Then you should leave mee. M e r. O good S, do you thinke
So coursely of our manners, that we would,
For any need of ours, be prest to take it:
Though you be pleas'd to offer it. F i t. Why, by heauen,
I meane it! M e r. I can never beleue lesse.

But wee, Sir, must preserve our dignity,
As you doe publish yours. By your faire leave, Sir.
F i t. As I am a Gentleman, if you doe offer
To leave mee now, or if you doe refuse mee,
I will not thinke you loue mee. M e r. Sir, I honour you.
And with just reason, for these noble notes,
Of the nobility, you pretend too! But, Sir—
I would know, why? a motiue (he a stranger)
You should doe this? (E v e. You'll mar all with your
fineness)

F i t. Why, that's all one, if twere, Sir, but my fancy.
But I have a Businesse, that perhaps I'd have
Brought to his office. M e r. O, Sir! I have done, then;
If hee can be made profitable, to you.
F i t. Yes, and it shall be one of my ambitions

To have it the first Businesse? May I not?
E v e. So you doe meane to make't, a perfect Businesse.
F i t. Nay, I'll doe that, assure you: shew me once.
M e r. S, it concernes, the first be a perfect Businesse,
For his owne honour! E v e. I, and th' reputation

Too, of my place. F i t. Why, why do I take this course,
else?

I am not altogether, an Asse, good Gentlemen,
Wherefore should I consult you? doe you thinke?
To make a song on't? How's your manner? tell vs.
M e r. Doe, satisfie him: give him the whole course.

E v e. First, by request, or otherwise, you offer
Your Businesse to the Court: wherein you craue
The judgement of the Master and the Assistants.
F i t. Well, that's done, now, what doe you vpon it?
The Divell is an Asse. 217

E v e. We strait th S', haue recourse to the spring-head; 125
Visit the ground; and, so disclose the nature:
If it will carry, or no. If wee doe finde,
By our proportions it is like to proove
A sullen, and blacke Bus'nesse: That it be
Incorrigeable; and out of treaty; then,
We file it, a Dependance! F I T. So, 'tis fil'd.
What followes? I doe loue the order of these things.
E v e. We then advise the party, if he be
A man of meanes, and hauings, that forth-with,
He settle his estate: if not, at least
That he pretend it. For, by that, the world 135
Takes notice, that it now is a Dependance.
And this we call, Sir, Publication.

F I T. Very sufficient! After Publication, now?
E v e. Then we grant out our Processe, which is diuers;
Eyther by Chartell, Sir, or ore-tenus,
Wherein the Challenger, and Challengee
Or (with your Spaniard) your Prouocador,
And Prouocado, haue their severall courses——
F I T. I have enough on't! for an hundred pieces?
Yes, for two hundred, vnder-write me, doe. 145
Your man will take my bond? M e r. That he will,
sure,
But, these same Citizens, they are such sharks!
There's an old debt of forty, I ga' my word
For one is runne away, to the Bermudas, 148
And he will hooke in that, or he wi' not doe.
F I T. Why, let him. That and the ring, and a hundred
pieces,
Will all but make two hundred? M e r. No, no more, Sir.
What ready Arithmetique you haue? doe you heare?
A pretty mornings worke for you, this? Do it,
You shall ha' twenty pound on't. G v I. Twenty pieces? 155

III. iii. 127 out] your 1647 138 Bus'nesse.] Bus'nesse F 129
(P L V. Good Father, do't.) M E R. You will hooke still?

well,

Shew vs your ring. You could not ha' done this, now
With gentlenesse, at first, wee might ha' thank'd you?
But groane, and ha' you(☞) courtesies come from you

160 Like a hard stoole, and stinke? A man may draw
Your teeth out easier, then your money? Come,
Were little Guilt-head heere, no better a nature,
I should ne'r loue him, that could pull his lips off, now!
Was not thy mother a Gentlewoman? P L V. Yes, Sir.

M E R. And went to the Court at Christmas, and S t.
Georges-tide?

And lent the Lords-men, chaines? P L V. Of gold, and
pearle, S t.

M E R. I knew, thou must take, after some body!
Thou could'st not be else. This was no shop-looke!
I'll ha' thee Captaine Guilt-head, and march vp,

170 And take in Pimlico, and kill the bush,
At every tauerne! Thou shalt haue a wife,

He turns to old Guilt-head.

If smocks will mount, boy. How now? you ha' there now
Some Bristo-stone, or Cornish counterfeit

You'd put upon vs. G v i. No, Sir, I assure you:

175 Looke on his luster! hee will speake himselfe!
I'le gi' you leave to put him i' the Mill,
H'is no great, large stone, but a true Paragon,
H'has all his corners, view him well. M E R. H'is yellow.

G v i. Vpo' my faith, S t, o' the right black-water,

180 And very deepe! H'is set without a foyle, too.
Here's one o' the yellow-water, I'll sell cheape.

M E R. And what do you valew this, at? thirty pound?
G v i. No, Sir, he cost me forty, ere he was set.

M E R. Turnings, you meane? I know your Equinoxes:

185 You'are grawne the better Fathers of 'hem o' late.

Well, where't must goe, 'twill be iudgd'd, and, therefore,
Looke you' be right. You shall haue fifty pound for't.

iii. iii. 159 your 1641, F3: you F. 165 Georges-] George-
170 Pimlico,] Pimlico, F 173 Bristo-] Bristol W 187 fifty] fifty 1641
The Divell is an Asse.

Not a deneer more! And, because you would
Haue things dispatch'd, Sir, I'll goe presently,
Inquire out this Lady. If you thinke good, Sir,
Haung an hundred pieces ready, you may
Part with those, now, to serue my kinsmans turnes,
That he may wait vpon you, anon, the freer;
And take 'hem when you ha' seal'd, againe, of Guilt-head.

F I T. I care not if I do! M E R. And dispatch all,
Together. F I T. There, th<ey>'are iust: a hundred pieces!
I' ha' told 'hem ouer, twice a day, these two moneths.
M E R. Well, go, and seale then, S', make your returne
As speedy as you can. E V E. Come gi' mee. M E R. Soft,
Sir,
E V E. Mary, and faire too, then. I'll no delaying, Sir.
M E R. But, you will heare? E V. Yes, when I haue my
' diuident.
M E R. There's forty pieces for you. E V E. What is this
for?
M E R. Your halfe. You know, that Guilt-head must ha'
twenty.
E V E. And what's your ring there? shall I ha' none o'
that?
M E R. O, that is to be giuen to a Lady!
E V E. Is't so? M E R. By that good light, it is. E V.
Come, gi' me
Ten pieces more, then. M E R. Why? E V. For Guilt-
head? Sir,
Do you thinke, I'll 'low him any such share? M E R.
You must.
E V E. Must I? Doe you your musts, Sir, I'll doe mine,
You wi' not part with the whole, Sir? will you? Goe too.
Gi' me ten pieces! M E R. By what law, doe you this?
E v e. E' e'n Lyon-law, Sir, I must roäre else. M E R.
Good!
E v e. Yo' haue heard, how th' Asse made his diuisions,
wisely?
M E R. And, I am he: I thanke you. E v. Much good do
you, S?.
M E R. I shall be rid o' this tyranny, one day? E v e.
Not,
While you doe eate, and lie, about the towne, here;
And coozens i' your bullions; and I stand
Your name of credit, and compound your businesse;
Adioure your beatings cuery terme; and make
New parties for your projecis. I haue, now,
A pretty tasque, of it, to hold you in
Wi' your Lady Tayle-bush: but the toy will be,
How we shall both come off) M E R. Leaue you your
doubting.
And doe your portion, what's assign'd you: I
Neuer fail'd yet. E v e. With reference to your aydes?
You'll still be vnthankfull. Where shall I mete you, anon?
You ha' some seate to doe alone, now, I see;
You wish me gone, well, I will finde you out,
And bring you after to the audit. M E R. S'light!
There's Ingines share too, I had forgot! This raigne
Is too-too-vnsup(p)ortable! I must
Quit my selfe of this vassalage! Ingine! welcome.
ACT IIJ. SCENE IV.

MERE-CRAFT. INGFNE. WITTIPOL.

H ow goes the cry? I NG. Excellent well! M ER.
Will it do?
Where's Robinson? I NG. Here is the Gentleman, Sir,
Will undertake 't himselfe. I haue acquainted him.
M ER. Why did you so? I NG. Why, Robinson would
ha' told him,
You know. And hee's a pleasant wit! will hurt
Nothing you purpose. Then, he's of opinion,
That Robinson might want audacity,
She being such a gallant. Now, hee has beene
In Spaine, and knowes the fashions there; and can
Discourse; and being but mirth (hee saies) leave much,
To his care. M ER. But he is too tall! I NG. For that,
He has the brauest deuice! (you'll loue him for't)
To say, he weares Cioppinos: and they doe so
In Spaine. And Robinson's as tall, as hee.
M ER. Is he so? I NG. Every iot. M ER. Nay, I had
rather
To trust a Gentleman with it, o' the two.
I NG. Pray you goe to him, then, Sir, and salute him.
M ER. Sir, my friend Inge has acquainted you
With a strange businesse, here. W IT. A merry one, Sir.
The Duke of Drown'd-land, and his Dutchesse? M ER. Yes,
Sir.

(Now, that the Coniurers ha' laid him by,
I ha' made bold, to borrow him a while;
W IT. With purpose, yet, to put him out, I hope,
To his best use) M ER. Yes, Sir. W IT. For that small
part,
25 That I am trusted with, put off your care:
I would not lose to doe it, for the mirth,
Will follow of it; and well, I haue a fancy.
M E R. Sir, that will make it well. W I T. You will report it so.
Where must I haue my dressing? I N G. At my house, Sir.
30 M E R. You shall haue caution, Sir, for what he yeelds,
To six pence. W I T. You shall pardon me. I will share, Sir,
I' your sports, onely: nothing i' your purchase.
But you must furnish mee with complements,
To th' manner of Spaine; my coach, my guarda duenna's.
35 M E R. Ingine's your Proue'dor. 'But, Sir, I must
(Now I'haue entred trust wi' you, thus farre)
Secure still i' your quality, acquaint you
With somewhat, beyond this. The place, design'd
To be the Scene, for this our mery matter,
Because it must haue countenance of women,
To draw discourse, and offer it, is here by,
At the Lady Taile-bushes. W I T. I know her, Sir,
And her Gentleman huisher. M E R. Mr Ambler? W I T.
Yes, Sir.
M E R. (Sir, it shall be no shame to mee, to confesse
40 To you, that wee poore Gentlemen, that want acres,
Must for our needs, turne foole vp, and plough Ladies
Sometimes, to try what glebe they are: and this
Is no vnfruiteful piece. She, and I now,
Are on a project, for the fact, and venting
50 Of a new kinde of fucus (paint, for Ladies)
To serve the kingdome: wherein shee her selfe
Hath trauell'd, specially, by way of servuice
Vnto her sexe, and hopes to get the Monopoly,
As the reward, of her invention.)
W I T. What is her end, in this? M E R. (Merely ambition,
Sir, to grow great, and court it with the secret:
Though shee pretend some other) For, she's dealing,
The Divell is an Asse.

Already, vpon caution for the shares,
And Mr. Ambler, hee is nam'd Examiner.
For the ingredients; and the Register
Of what is vented; and shall keepe the Office.
Now, if shee breake with you, of this (as I
Must make the leading thred to your acquaintance,
That, how experience gotten i' your being
Abroad, will helpe our businesse) thinke of some
Pretty additions, but to keepe her floting:
It may be, shee will offer you a part,
Any strange names of—— Wit. S', I haue my' instructions.
Is it not high time to be making ready?
MER. Yes, Sir. ING. The foole's in sight, Dottrel.
MER. Away, then.

ACT II]. SCENE V.

MER.-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTREL. PVG.

Return'd so soone? FIT. Yes, here's the ring: I ha' seal'd.
But there's not so much gold in all the row, he saies——
Till 't come fro' the Mint. 'Tis tane vp for the gamesters.
MER. There's a shop-shift! plague on 'hem. FIT. He
do's swearre it.
MER. He'll swearre, and forsweare too, it is his trade,
You should not haue left him. FIT. S'lid, I can goe backe,
And beat him, yet. MER. No, now let him alone.
FIT. I was so earnest, after the maine Businesse,
To haue this ring, gone. MER. True, and 'tis time.
I'haue learn'd, Sir, sin' you went, her Ladi-ship eats
With the Lady Tail-bush, here, hard by. FIT. I' the lane
here?
MER. Yes, if you had a servant, now of presence,
Well cloth'd, and of an æery voluble tongue,
Neither too bigge, or little for his mouth,

iii. iv. 59 hee is] is hee F 70 Sir.] Sir, F 111. v. 12 you had] you'had F
That could deliver your wives complement;
To send along with all. F i t. I have one Sir,
A very handsome, gentleman-like-fellow,
That I doe meane to make my Dutchesse Vsher——
I entertain'd him, but this morning, too:

I'll call him to you. The worst of him, is his name!

M e r. She'll take no note of that, but of his message.

F i t. D i uell! How like you him, Sir? Pace, go a little.

Let's see you moue. M e r. He'll serue, Sr', give it him:
And let him goe along with mee, I'll helpe

To present him, and it. F i t. Looke you doe, sirah,
Discharge this well, as you expect your place.
Do'you heare, goe on, come off with all your honours.

I would faine see him, do it. M e r. Trust him, with it.

F i t. Remember kissing of your hand, and answering

With the French-time, in flexure of your body.
I could now, so instruct him—and for his words——

M e r. I'll put them in his mouth. F i t. O, but I haue
'hem

O' the very Academies. M e r. Sir, you'll haue vs for 'hem,
Anon, your selfe, I warrant you: after dinner,

When you are call'd. F i t. S'light, that'll be just play-time.

It cannot be, I must not lose the play!

M e r. Sir, but you must, if she appoint to sit.

And, shee is president. F i t. S'lid, it is the D i uell!

M e r. And 'twere his Damme too, you must now apply
Your selfe, Sir, to this, wholly; or lose all.

F i t. If I could but see a piece—— M e r. Sr'. Neuer

think on't.

F i t. Come but to one act, and I did not care——
But to be scene to rise, and goe away,
To vex the Players, and to punish their P o e t——

Keepe him in awe! M e r. But say, that he be one,
Wi' not be aw'd! but laugh at you. How then?

iii. v. 22 Sir?] Sir. F 25 Looke . . . doe.] Looke, . . . doe F
28 with it. 1641, F 3: with it; F 30 in] and W 31 now]
not 1641 38 shee is] shee's F: she is G 39 And 1641: And, F
The Divell is an Asse.

FIT. Then he shall pay for'his dinner himselfe. MERR.
Perhaps,
He would doe that twice, rather then thank you.
Come, get the Divell out of your head, my Lord,
(I'll call you so in priuate still) and take
Your Lord-ship i' your minde. You were, sweete Lord,
In talke to bring a Businesse to the Office. FIT. Yes.
MERR. Why should not you, Sr, carry it o' your selfe,
Before the Office be vp? and shew the world,
You had no need of any mans direction;
In point, Sir, of sufficiency. I speake
Against a kinsman, but as one that tenders
Your graces good. FIT. I thank you; to proceed——
MERR. To Publications: ha' your Deed drawne presently,
And leave a blanke to put in your Feoffes,
One, two, or more, as you see cause—— FIT. I thank you.
Heartily, I doe thank you. Not a word more,
I pray you, as you loue mee. Let mee alone.
That I could not thinke o' this, as well, as hee?
O, I could beat my infinite blocke-head——!
MERR. Come, we must this way. PVG. How far is't?
MERR. Hard by here
Ouer the way. Now, to atchieue this ring,
From this same fellow, that is, to assure it;
Before hee give it. Though my Spanish Lady,
Be a young Gentleman of meanes, and scorne
To share, as hee doth say, I doe not know
How such a toy may tempt his Lady-ship:
And therefore, I thinke best, it be assur'd.

PVG. Sir, be the Ladies braue, wee goe vnto?
MERR. O, yes. PVG. And shall I see 'hem, and speake
to 'hem?

III. v. 47 Then] That F3
59 Publications] publication G presently,] presently. F
60 leave a] leave me a F3 Feoffes,] Feoffes
65 Exeunt. add G
66 SCENE II. | The Lane near the Lady Tailbush's House. | Enter Meercraft followed by Pug. G is't?] is't. F
67 After 'way.' [They cross over.] G 68 is,] is F
73 Aside. add G

445.6
The Divell is an Asse.

Questions his man.

M E R. What else? ha' you your false-beard about you, Traines?

T R A. Yes. M E R. And is this one of your double Cloakes?

T R A. The best of 'hem. M E R. Be ready then. Sweet Pitfall!

ACT IIJ. SCENE VI.

M E R E - C R A F T. P I T F A L L. P V G.

-T R A I N E S.

Offers to hisse.


Neuer feare that: canst thou get ne'r a bird?

No Thrushes hungry? Stay, till cold weather come,

I'll help thee to an Oussell, or, a Field-fare.

Who's within, with Madame? P I T. I'll tell you straight.

M E R. Please you stay here, a while Sir, I'le goe in.

P V G. I do so long to haue a little venery,

While I am in this body! [I would tast

Of every sinne, a little, if it might be

After the manner of man] Sweet-heart! P I T. What

would you, S'?

P V G. Nothing but fall in, to you, be your Black-bird,

My pretty pit (as the Gentleman said) your Thristle:

Lye tame, and taken with you; here is gold!

To buy you so much new stuffes, from the shop,

As I may take the old vp—— T R A. You must send, Sir,

The Gentleman the ring. P V G. There 'tis. Nay looke,

Will you be foolish, Pit? P I T. This is strange rudenesse.

P V G. Deare Pit. P I T. I'll call, I swear. M E R.

Where are you, S'?

III. v. 76 After 'else?' Enter Trains. G you, Trains? you?

Trains. F 77 Yes.] Yes, F 78 After ' then.' Execut. G (ending the scene) III. vi.] SCENE III. | A Hall in Lady Tailbush's House. | Enter Merecraft and Pug, met by Pitfall. G 13 here is] here 'is F 15 Sir. 164.] Sir. F St. dir. Trains] Traine's F and gets] and gets F 16 After 'tis.' [Exit Trains.] G 17 Pit?] Pit, F. Pit. 1641 18 I'll call] I'll call F
The Divell is an Asse.

Is your ring ready? Goe with me. P v g. I sent it you.

M E R. Me? When? by whom? P v g. A fellow here,
e'en now,
Came for it i' your name. M E R. I sent none, sure.
My meaning euer was, you should deliuer it,
Your selfe: So was your Masters charge, you know.
What fellow was it, doe you know him? P v g. Here,
But now, he had it. M E R. Saw you any, Traines?

T R A. Not I. P v g. The Gentle(woman) saw him.

M E R. Enquire.

P v g. I was so earnest vpon her, I mark'd not!
My diuellish Chiefe has put mee here in flesh,
To shame mee! This dull body I am in,
I perceiue nothing with! I offer at nothing,
That will succeed! T R A. Sir, she saw none, she saies.

P v g. Satan himselfe, has tane a shape t(o)abuse me.
It could not be else! M E R. This is aboue strange!
That you should be so retchlesse> What'll you do, Sir?
How will you answer this, when you are question'd?

P v g. Run from my flesh, if I could: put off mankind!
This's such a scorne! and will be a new exercise,
For my Arch-Duke! Woe to the seuerall cudgells,
Must suffer, on this backe! Can you no succours? Sir?

M E R. Alas! the vse of it is so present. P v g. I aske,
Sir, credit for another, but till to morrow?

M E R. There is not so much time, Sir. But how euer,
The lady is a noble Lady, and will
(To saue a Gentleman from check) be intreated
To say, she ha's receiued it. P v g. Do you thinke so?
Will shee be won? M E R. No doubt, to such an office,
It will be a Lady's brauery, and her pride.

P v g. And not be knowne on't after, vnto him?

M E R. That were a treachery! Vpon my word,
Be confident. Returne vnto your master,

III. vi. 25 any.] any? F 26 Gentlewoman 1716: Gentleman
F, 1641, F 3, 29 I am] I am F 31 After 'succeed'! Aside G
33 After 'else!' Aside. G 39 After 'backel!' Aside. G 40 the
om. 1641 present.] present, F

Mere-
craft
followes
presently,
and akses
for it.

Ent.
Train's as
himselfe
againe.

The
Divuell
confesseth
himselfe
coozen'd.

30

Mere-
craft
accuseth
him of
neglige.

He asketh
ayde.

Mere-
craft
promiseth
fainely,
yet com-
forts him.
My Lady President sits this after-noone,  
Ha's tane the ring, commends her services  
Vnto your Lady-Dutchesse. You may say  
She's a ciuill Lady, and do's give her  

All her respects, already: Bad you, tell her  
She liues, but to receiue her wish'd commandements,  
And haue the honor here to kisse her hands:  
For which she'll stay this houre yet. Hasten you  
Your Prince, away. P v g. And Sir, you will take care  
Th' excuse be perfect? M e r. You confesse your feares,  
Too much. P v g. The shame is more. <M e r.> I'll quit  
you of either.

ACT III. SCENE I.

TAILE-BUSH. MERE-CRAFT. MANLY.

A Pox vpo' referring to Commissioners,  
I'd had rather heare that it were past the seales:  
Your Courtiers moue so Snaile-like i' your Business.  
W<o>uld I had not begun wi' you. M e r. We must moue,  
Madame, in order, by degrees: not iump.  

T A Y. Why, there was Sr. John Monie-man could iump  
A Business quickly.) M e r. True, hee had great friends,  
But, because some, sweete Madame, can leape ditches,  
Wee must not all shunne to goe over bridges.

The harder parts, I make account, are done:  
Now, 'tis referr'd. You are infinitely bound  
Vnto the Ladies, they ha' so cri'd it vp!  

T A Y. Doe they like it then? M e r. They ha' sent the  
Spanish-Lady,  
To gratulate with you——T A Y. I must send 'hem thankses  

And some remembrances. M e r. That you must, and visit  
'hem.

iii. vi. 60 feares.] feares. F, 1641, F3 61 more. M e r. I'll W:  
Scene i. | A room in lady Tailbush's House. | Enter lady Tailbush and  
Merecraft. G 10 account F
Where's Ambler? TAY. Lost, to day, we cannot heare of him.

MER. Not, Madam? TAY. No in good faith. They say he lay not

At home, to night. And here has fall'n a Businesse.

Betweene your Cousin, and Master Manly, has Vnquieted vs all. MER. So I heare, Madame.

Pray you, how was it? TAY. Troth, it but appeares Ill o' your Kinsmans part. You may haue heard,

That Manly is a sutor to me, I doubt not:

MER. I guess'd it, Madame. TAY. And it seemes, he trusted

Your Cousin to let fall some faire reports

Of him vnto mee. MER. Which he did! TAY. So farre From it, as hee came in, and tooke him rayling

Against him. MER. How! And what said Manly to him?

TAY. Inough, I doe assure you: and with that scorne

Of him, and the injury, as I doe wonder

How Euerill bore it! But that guilt vndoes

Many mens valors. MER. Here comes Manly. MAN.

Madame,

I'll take my leaue—- TAY. You sha'not goe, i' faith.

I'll ha' you stay, and see this Spanish miracle,

Of our English Ladie. MAN. Let me pray your Ladiship,

Lay your commands on me, some other time.

TAY. Now, I protest: and I will haue all piec'd,

And friends againe. MAN. It will be but ill solder'd!

TAY. You are too much affected with it. MAN. I cannot,

Madame, but thinke on't for th' injustice. TAY. Sir,

His kinsman here is sorry. MER. Not I, Madam,

I am no kin to him, wee but call Cousins,

And if wee were, Sir, I haue no relation

Vnto his crimes. MAN. You are not vrged with 'hem.
The Divell is an Asse.

45 I can accuse, Sir, none but mine owne judgement,
For though it were his crime, so to betray mee:
I'am sure, 'twas more mine owne, at all to trust him.
But he, therein, did use but his old manners,
And sauour strongly what hee was before.

TA Y. Come, he will change! MAN. Faith, I must
never think it.
Nor were it reason in mee to expect
That for my sake, hee should put off a nature
Hee suck'd in with his milke. It may be, Madam,
Deceuing trust, is all he has to trust to:

55 If so, I shall be loath, that any hope
Of mine, should bate him of his meanes.) TA Y. Yo' are
sharp, Sir.
This act may make him honest! MAN. If he were
To be made honest, by an act of Parliament,
I should not alter, i' my faith of him. TA Y. Eyther-side!
Welcome, deare Eyther-side! how hast thou done, good
wench?
Thou hast beeene a stranger! I ha' not seene thee, this
weeke.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Eyther-side. {To them.

Ever your servuant, Madame. TA Y. Where hast'hou
beene?
I did so long to see thee. E I T. Visiting, and so tyr'd!
I protest, Madame, 'tis a monstrous trouble!
TA Y. And so it is. I sweare I must, to morrow,
Beginne my visits (would they were ouer) at Court.
It tortures me, to thinke on 'hem. E I T. I doe heare
You ha' cause, Madam, your sute goes on. TA Y. Who told
thee?

iv. i. 53 be.] be F 57 MAN.] MAN F 59 After 'him.' Enter Lady
Eyther-side. G iv. ii.] G continues the scene. SCEN. III F To them.
To them F i 'hou] thou F3 4 must.] must F
The DIVELL is an ASSE.

E Y T. One, that can tell: Mr. Eyther-side. T A Y. O, thy husband!
Yes, faith, there's life in't, now: It is referr'd.
If wee once see it vnder the scales, wench, then,
Haue with 'hem for the great Carroch, sixe horses,
And the two Coach-men, with my Ambler, bare,
And my three women: wee will liue, i' faith,
The examples o' the towne, and gourne it.
I'l lead the fashion still. E I T. You doe that, now,
Sweet Madame. T A Y. O, but then, I'll euery day
Bring vp some new deuice. Thou and I, Either-side,
Will first be in it, I will giue it thee;
And they shall follow vs. Thou shalt, I sweare,
Weare euery moneth a new gowne, out of it.

E I T H. Thanke you, good Madame. T A Y. Pray thee
call mee Taile-bush,
As I thee, Either-side; I not loue this Madame.
E Y T. Then I protest to you, Taile-bush, I am glad
Your Businesse so succeeds. T A Y. Thanke thee, good
Eyther-side.
E Y T. But Master Either-side tells me, that he likes
Your other Businesse better. T A Y. Which? E I T. O'
the Tooth-picks.

T A Y. I never heard on't. E I T. Aske Mr. Mere-craft.
M E R. Madame? H'is one, in a word, I'll trust his malice,
With any mans credit, I would haue abus'd!

M A N. Sir, if you thinke you doe please mee, in this,
You are deceiud! M E R. No, but because my Lady
Nam'd him my kinsman; I would satisfie you,
What I thinke of him: and pray you, vpon it
To iudge mee! M A N. So I doe: that ill mens friendship,
Is as vnfaithfull, as themselues. T A Y. Doe you heare?

Ha' you a Businesse about Tooth-picks? M E R. Yes,

Madame.

iv. ii. 9 Yes,] Yes F there's] their's 1641 21 you,] you F
Taile-bush,] Taile-bush F 22 this] this, F 26 O'] O, 1641
27 on't] of it G 27 Mere-craft] Hyphen faint or missing in F
29 St. dir. him F3 31 Lady] Lady, F
The Divell is an Asse.

Did I ne'r tell 't you? I meant to haue offer'd it
Your Lady-ship, on the perfecting the pattend.

TAY. How is't! MER. (For servuing the whole state
with Tooth-picks;
(Somewhat an intricate Businesse to discourse) but——
I shew, how much the Subject is abus'd,
First, in that one commodity? then what diseases,
And putrefactions in the gummies are bred,
By those are made of adultrate, and false wood?

My plot, for reformation of these, followes.
To haue all Tooth-picks, brought vnto an office,
There seal'd; and such as counterfeit 'hem, mulcted.
And last, for venting 'hem to haue a booke
Printed, to teach their use, which every childe

Shall haue throughout the kingdome, that can read,
And learne to picke his teeth by. Which beginning
Earely to practice, with some other rules,
Of neuer sleeping with the mouth open, chawing
Some graines of masticke, will preserve the breath
Pure, and so free from taynt)—ha, what is't? sai'st thou?

TAY. Good faith, it sounds a very pretty Bus'nesse!

EIT. So Mr. Either-side saies, Madame. MER. The
Lady is come.

TAY. Is she? Good, waite vpon her in. My Ambler
Was neuer so ill absent. Either-side,

How doe I looke to day? Am I not drest,
Sprintly? EIT. Yes, verily, Madame. TAY. Pox o' Madame,
Will you not leaque that? EIT. Yes, good Taile-bush.

TAY. So?

Sounds not that better? What vile Fucus is this,
Thou hast got on? EIT. 'Tis Pearle. TAY. Pearle?

Oyster-shells:

As I breath, Either-side, I know't. Here comes
(They say) a wonder, sirrah, has beene in Spaine!

iv. ii. 40 an] in 1641 55 After 'taynt—' Enter Trains. G ha] ha' F
58 After 'in.' Exit Meercraft. G 61 Err.] Firr. F, 1641, F3 St. dir.
glasse.] glasse F
The Divell is an Asse.

Will teach us all! she's sent to mee, from Court,
To gratulate with mee! Pr'y thee, let's observe her,
What faults she has, that wee may laugh at 'hem,
When she is gone. E i t. That we will heartily, Tail-bush. Wittipol

T a y. O, mee! the very Infanta of the Giants!

ACT III. SCENE II.

MERE-CRAFT. WITTIPO. {to them.

M e r. Here is a noble Lady, Madame, come,
From your great friends, at Court, to see your Ladyship:
And haue the honour of your acquaintance. T a y. Sir,
She do's vs honour. W i t. Pray you, say to her Ladiship,
It is the manner of Spaine, to imbrace onely,
Neuer to kisse. She will excuse the custome!

T a y. Your vse of it is law. Please you, sweete Madame,
To take a seate. W i t. Yes, Madame. I haue had
The fauour, through a world of faire report,
To know your vertues, Madame; and in that
Name, haue desir'd the happinesse of presenting
My seruice to your Ladiship! T a y. Your loue, Madame,
I must not owne it else. W i t. Both are due, Madame,
To your great vnertakings, T a y. Great? In troth, Madame,
They are my friends, that thinke 'hem any thing:
If I can doe my sexe (by 'hem) any seruice,
I'haue my ends, Madame. W i t. And they are noble ones,
That make a multitudef beholden, Madame:
The common-wealth of Ladies, must acknowledge from you.

E i t. Except some enuious, Madame. W i t. Yo' are
right in that, Madame,
Of which race, I encountred some but lately,

iv. ii. 67 Court, F3: Court, F, 1641. 70 gone. 1641: gone, F
After 70 Re-enter Meercraft, introducing Wittipol dressed as a Spanish
Lady. G iv. iii.] SCENE. III. F G continues the scene 3 the
honour] thehonour F Sir.] Sir. F, 1641, F3 7 sweete 1641:
sweete, F 8 I haue] I'haue F 9 report.] report F 21 lately.]
Who (i)t seemes haue studied reasons to discredit
Your businesse. T A Y. How, sweet Madame? W I T. Nay, the parties
Wi' not be worth your pause—— Most ruinous things, Madame,
25 That haue put off all hope of being recouer'd
To a degree of handsomenesse. T A Y. But their reasons, Madame?
I would faine heare. W I T. Some, Madame, I remember.
They say, that painting quite destroyes the face——
E I T. O, that's an old one, Madame. W I T. There are new ones, too.
30 Corrupts the breath; hath left so little sweetnesse
In kissing, as 'tis now vs'd, but for fashion:
And shortly will be taken for a punishment.
Decayes the fore-teeth, that should guard the tongue;
And suffers that runne riot ever-lasting!
And (which is worse) some Ladies when they meete
Cannot be merry, and laugh, but they doe spit
In one another's faces! M A N. I should know
This voyce, and face too. W I T. Then they say, 'tis dangerous
To all the falne, yet well dispos'd Mad-dames,
40 That are industrious, and desire to earne
Their liuing with their sweate! For any distemper
Of heat, and motion, may displace the colours;
And if the paint once runne about their faces,
Twenty to one, they will appeare so ill-faouer'd,
Their servants run away, too, and leave the pleasure
Imperfect, and the reckoning als(o) vnpay'd.
E I T. Pox, these are Poets reasons. T A Y. Some old Lady
That keepes a Poet, has deuis'd these scandalles.
E I T. Faith we must haue the Poets banish'd, Madame,
50 As Master Either-side saies. M E R. Master Fitz-dottrel?
The Divell is an Asse.

And his wife: where? Madame, the Duke of Drown'd-land, That will be shortly. WIT. Is this my Lord? MER. The same.

ACT IIII. SCENE IV.

FITZ-DOTTREL. Mistresse FITZ-DOTTREL. Pvg. {to them.

Your servant, Madame! WIT. How now? Friend? Wittipol whispers with Manly. That I haue found your haunt here? MAN. No, but wondering

At your strange-fashion'd venture, hither. WIT. It is To shew you what they are, you so pursue.

MAN. I thinke 'twill proove a med'cine against marriage; 5 To know their manners. WIT. Stay, and profit then.

MER. The Lady, Madame, whose Prince has brought her, Here, To be instructed. WIT. Please you sit with vs, Lady.

MER. That's Lady-President. FIT. A goodly woman! I cannot see the ring, though. MER. Sir, she has it. 10 TAY. But, Madame, these are very feeble reasons!

WIT. So I vrg'd, Madame, that the new complexion, Now to come forth, in name o' your Ladiship's fucus, Had no ingredient—— TAY. But I durst eate, I assure you.

WIT. So do they, in Spaine. TAY. Sweet Madam, be so liberall,

To giue vs some o' your Spanish Fucuses!

WIT. They are infinit, Madame. TAY. So I heare. <WIT.> They haue Water of Gourdes, of Radish, the white Beanes,
The Divell is an Asse.

Flowers of Glasse, of Thistles, Rose-marinie,
20 Raw Honey, Mustard-seed, and Bread dough-bak'd,
The crums o' bread, Goats-milke, and whites of Egges,
Campheere, and Lilly-roots, the fat of Swannes,
Marrow of Veale, white Pidgeons, and pine-kernells,
The seedes of Nettles, perseline, and hares gall,
Limos, thin-skinned—— E I T. How her Ladiship has
studied
Al excellent things! W I T. But ordinary, Madame.
No, the true rarities, are th' Aluagada,
And Argentata of Queene Isabell a!
T A Y. I, what are their ingredients, gentle Madame?
30 W I T. Your Allum Scagliola, or Pol di pedra;
And Zuccarino; Turpentine of Abesso,
Wash'd in nine waters: Soda di leuante,
Or your Ferne ashes; Beniamin di gotta;
Grasso di serpe; Porcelletto marino;
Oyles of Lentisco; Zuchhe Mugia; make
The admirable Vernish for the face,
Gives the right luster; but two drops rub'd on
With a piece of scarlet, makes a Lady of sixty
Looke at sixteen. But, aboue all, the water
Of the white Hen, of the Lady Estifianias!
T A Y. O, I, that same, good Madame, I haue heard of:
How is it done? W I T. Madame, you take your Hen,
Plume it, and skin it, cleanse it o' the inwards:
Then chop it, bones and all: adde to foure ounces
40 Of Carrauicins, Pipitas, Sope of Cyprus,
Make the decoction, streine it. Then distill it,
And keepe it in your galley-pot well glidder'd:
Three drops preserues from wrinkles, warts, spots, moles,
Blemish, or Sun-burnings, and keepest the skin

perse'line F gall.] gall. F 25 thin-skind] thine skind 1641 How]
How, F, 1641, F3 30 Pol di pedra] pol di pedra G: Pol-dipedia
F: Pol dipedia 1641 31 Abesso, corr. F: Abesso. F originally
32-3 leuante . . . Beniamin di om. 1641 34 Grasso] Grosia 1641
Zucche] Zucchi 1641 45 Carrauicins corr. F: Carnuacins F
originally, 1641 47 well corr. F: well, F originally
In decimo sexto, euer bright, and smooth, 50
As any looking-glasse; and indeed, is call'd
The Virgins milke for the face, Oglio reale;
A Ceruse, neyther cold or heat, will hurt;
And mixt with oyle of myrrhe, and the red Gillio-flower Call'd Cataputia; and flowers of Rouistico; 55
Makes the best muta, or dye of the whole world.

T A Y. Dear Madame, will you let vs be familiar?

But, yet, I cannot see the ring. P V G. Sir. M E R. I must Deliuer it, or marre all. This foole's so iealous.

Madame—Sir, weare this ring, and pray you take know-
ledge,
'Twas sent you by his wife. And giue her thanks.

Doe not you dwindle, Sir, beare vp. P V G. I thanke you, Sir.

T A Y. But for the manner of Spaine! Sweet Madame, let vs
Be bold, now we are in: Are all the Ladies, 65
There, i' the fashion? W I T. None but Grandee's, Madame,
O' the clasp'd traine, which may be wore at length, too,
Or thus, vpon my arme. T A Y. And doe they weare
Cioppino's all? W I T. If they be drest in punto, Madame.

E I T. Guilt as those are? madame? W I T. Of Gold-
smiths work, madame;

And set with diamants: and their Spanish pumps
Of perfum'd leather. T A I. I should thinke it hard
To go in 'hem, madame. W I T. At the first, it is, madame.


I sweare, I should
Six times an hour. T A I. But you haue men at hand, still, 75
To helpe you, if you fall? W I T. Onely one, madame,
The Divell is an Asse.

The Guarda-duennas, such a little old man,
As this. E I T. Alas! hee can doe nothing! this!
W I T. I'll tell you, madame, I saw i' the Court of Spaine
once,

80 A Lady fall i' the Kings sight, along.
And there shee lay, flat spred, as an Umbrella,
Her hoope here crack'd; no man durst reach a hand
To helpe her, till the Guarda-duennas came,
Who is the person onel(y)' allow'd to touch

85 A Lady there: and he but by this finger.
E I T. Ha' they no servants, madame, there? nor friends?
W I T. An Escudero, or so, madame, that wayts
Vpon 'hem in another Coach, at distance,
And when they walke, or daunce, holds by a hand-kercher,

90 Neuer presumes to touch 'hem. E I T. This's sciruy!
And a forc'd grauity! I doe not like it.
I like our owne much better. T A Y. 'Tis more French,
And Courtly ours. E I T. And tastes more liberty.
We may haue our dozen of viseters, at once,

95 Make loue t<o>ys. T A Y. And before our husbands. E I T.
Husband?
As I am honest, Tayle-bush, I doe thinke
If no body should loue mee, but my poore husband,
I should e(e)n hang my selfe. T A Y. Fortune forbid,
wench:
So faire a necke should haue so foule a neck-lace.

100 E I T. 'Tis true, as I am handsome! W I T. I receiu'd,
Lady,
A token from you, which I would not bee
Rude to refuse, being your first remembrance.

(F I T. O, I am satisfied now! M E R. Do you see it, Sir?)
W I T. But since you come to know me, neerer, Lady,
I'll begge the honour, you will weare it for mee,
The Divell is an Asse

It must be so. M[I]. F I T. Sure I haue heard this tongue. M E R. What do you meane, S[e]? W I T. Would you ha'

me mercenary?

We'll recompence it anon, in somewhat else.

F I T. I doe not loue to be gull'd, though in a toy. Wife, doe you heare? yo' are come into the Schole, wife,

Where you may learne, I do perceiue it, any thing!

How to be fine, or faire, or great, or proud,

Or what you will, indeed, wife; heere 'tis taught.

And I am glad on't, that you may not say,

Another day, when honours come vpon you,

You wanted meanes. I ha' done my parts : beene,

To day, at fifty pound charge, first, for a ring,

To get you entred. Then left my new Play,

To wait vpon you, here, to see't confirm'd.

That I may say, both to mine owne eyes, and eares,

Senses, you are my witnesse, she' Hath inoy'd

All helps that could be had, for loue, or money—

M[I]. F I T. To make a foole of her. F I T. Wife, that's your malice,

The wickednesse o' you[r] nature to interpret

Your husbands kind[nes]esse thus. But I'll not leave

Still to doe good, for your deprau'd affections:

Intend it. Bend this stubborne will; be great.

T A Y. Good Madame, whom do they use in messages?

W I [T]. They commonly use their slaues, Madame.

T A I. And do's your Ladiship

Thinke that so good, Madame? W I T. No, indeed,

Madame; I,

Therein preferre the fashion of England farre,

Of your young delicate Page, or discreet Vsher.

F I T. And I goe with your Ladiship, in opinion,
The Divell is an Asse.

Directly for your Gentleman-usher,

There's not a finer Officer goes on ground.

W i t. If hee be made and broken to his place, once.

F i t. Nay, so I presuppose him. W i t. And they are fitter Managers too, Sir, but I would haue 'hem call'd Our Escudero's. F i t. Good. W i t. Say, I should send

To your Ladiship, who (I presume) has gather'd

All the deare secrets, to know how to make

Pastillos of the Dutchesse of Braganza,

Coquettes, Almoiauana's, Mantecada's,

Alcoreas, Mustaccioli; or say it were

The Peladore of Isabella, or balls

Against the itch, or aqua nanfa, or oyle

Of Jessamine for gloues, of the Marquesse Muja;

Or for the head, and hayre: why, these are offices

F i t. Fit for a gentleman, not a slaue. <W i t.> They onely

Might aske for your piueti, Spanish-cole,

To burne, and sweeten a roome; but the Arcana

Of Ladies Cabinets—— F i t. Should be else-where trusted.

Yo' are much about the truth. Sweet honoured Ladies,

Let mee fall in wi' you. I ha' my female wit,

As well as my male. And I doe know what sutes

A Lady of spirit, or a woman of fashion l

W i t. And you would haue your wife such. F i t. Yes,

Madame, aërie,

Light; not to plaine dishonesty, I meane:

But, somewhat o' this side. W i t. I take you, Sir.

H'has reason, Ladies. I'll not give this rush

For any Lady, that cannot be honest

Within a thred. T A Y. Yes, Madame, and yet venter

As far for th'other, in her Fame—— W i t. As can be;

Coach it to Pimlico; daunce the Saraband;

Heare, and talke bawdy; laugh as loud, as a larum;

---

He enters himselfe with the Ladies.

---
The Divell is an Asse.

Squeake, spring, do any thing. E I T. In young company, Madame.

T A Y. Or afore gallants. If they be braue, or Lords,
A woman is ingag'd. F I T. I say so, Ladies,
It is ciuility to deny vs nothing.

P V G. You talke of a Vniuersity! why, Hell is
A Grammar-school to this! E I T. But then,
Shee must not lose a looke on stuffes, or cloth, Madame.

T A Y. Nor no course fellow. W I T. She must be guided,

Madame,
By the clothes he weares, and company he is in;
Whom to salute, how farre—— F I T. I ha' told her this. 175
And how that bawdry too, vpo' the point,
Is (in it selfe) as ciuill a discourse——

W I T. As any other affayre of flesh, what euer.

F I T. But shee will ne'r be capable, shee is not
So much as comming, Madame; I know not how,
She loses all her opportunities
With hoping to be forc'd. I'haue entertain'd
A gentleman, a younger brother, here,
Whom I would faine breed vp, her Escudero,
Against some expectations that I haue,

And she'll not countenance him. W I T. What's his name?

F I T. Divell, o' Darbi-shire. E I T. Blesse vs from him!

T A Y. Divell?


T A Y. De-urile's a prettier name! E I T. And sounds, me thinks,

As it came in with the Conquerour—— M A N. Ouer smocks! 190

What things they are! That nature should be at leasure
Euer to make 'hem! my woeing is at an end.

W I T. What can he do? E I T. Let's heare him. T A Y.

Can he manage?

IV. iv. 171 After 'this!' Aside. G St. dir. admires him 1641;
The Devil is an Ass.

FIT. Please you to try him, Ladies. Stand forth, Devil.

PVG. Was all this but the preface to my torment?

FIT. Come, let their Ladiships see your honours.

EIT. O,

Hee makes a wicked leg. TAY. As euer I saw!

FIT. Fit for a Devil. TAY. Good Madame, call him

Deuile.

WIT. Deuile, what property is there most required

I' your conceit, now, in the Escudero?

FIT. Why doe you not speake? PVG. A setled discreet

pase, Madame.

WIT. I thinke, a barren head, Sir, Mountaine-like,

To be expos'd to the cruelty of weathers——

FIT. I, for his Valley is beneath the waste, Madame,

And to be fruitfull there, it is sufficient.

Dulnesse upon you! Could not you hit this?

PVG. Good Sir—— WIT. He then had had no barren

head.

You daw him too much, in troth, Sir. FIT. I must walke

With the French sticke, like an old vierger, for you.

PVG. O, Chiefe, call mee to Hell againe, and free mee.

FIT. Do you murmure now? PVG. Not I, Sir. WIT.

What do you take,

Mr. Deuile, the height of your employment,

In the true perfect Escudero? FIT. When?

What doe you answer? PVG. To be able, Madame,

First to enquire, then report the working,

Of any Ladies physicke, in sweete phrase.

WIT. Yes, that's an act of elegance, and importance.

But what aboue? FIT. O, that I had a goad for him.

PVG. To find out a good Corne-cutter. TAY. Out on

him!

EIT. Most barbarous! FIT. Why did you doe this,

now?

iv. iv. 195 Aside. add G 201 pase] pause 1641 209 vierger,
1641; vierger F you. 1641; you, F 210 Aside. add G 211
take,] take F 216 phrase.] phrase, F
The Divell is an Asse.

Of purpose to discredit me? you damnd' Divell.

P v g. Sure, if I be not yet, I shall be. All
My daies in Hell, were holy-daies to this!

T A Y. 'Tis labour lost, Madame? E I T. H'is a dull fellow
Of no capacity! T A I. Of no discourse!

O, if my Ambler had beene here! E I T. I, Madame;
You talke of a man, where is there such another?

W I T. M'. Deuile, put case, one of my Ladies, heere,
Had a fine brach: and would imploie you forth
To treate 'bout a conuenient match for her.

What would you obserue? P v g. The color, and the size,

Madame.

W I T. And nothing else? F I T. The Moon, you calfe,
the Moone!

W I T. I, and the Signe. T A I. Yes, and receits for prone-
nesse.

W I T. Then when the Puppies came, what would you
doe?

P v g. Get their natiiuties cast! W I T. This's wel.
What more?

P v g. Consult the Almanack-man which would be least?
Which cleanliest? W I T. And which silenteest? This's wel, madame!

[W I T.] And while she were with puppy? P v g. Walke her out,

And ayre her euer morning! W I T. Very good!

And be industrious to kill her fleas?

P v g. Yes! W I T. He will make a pretty proficient.

P v g. Who,

Comming from Hell, could looke for such Catechising?
The Divell is an Asse. I doe acknowledge it.

F I T. The top of woman! All her sexe in abstract!
I loue her, to each syllable, falls from her.

Fitzdottrel admires Wittipol.

iv. iv. 223 Aside. add G 244 St. dir. admires
headed 'F I T. may be lost' 243 Aside. add G
amires 1641 245 Aside, and looking at Wittipol. add G
The Divell is an Asse.

TAI. Good madame, give me leave to goe aside with him! And try him a little! WIT. Do, and I'll with-draw, Madame,

With this faire Lady: read to her, the while.

TAI. Come, S'. PVG. Deare Chiefe, relieue me, or I perish.

WIT. Lady, we'll follow. You are not iealous, Sir?

FIT. O, madame! you shall see. Stay wife, behold,

I gue her vp heere, absolutely, to you,

She is your owne. Do with her what you will!

Melt, cast, and forme her as you shall thinke good!

Set any stamp on! I'll receiue her from you

As a new thing, by your owne standard! WIT. Well, Sir!

ACT IIIJ. SCENE V.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTREL. PIT-FAL.
EVER-IILL. PLVTARCHVS.

BVT what ha' you done i' your Dependance, since?

FIT. O, it goes on, I met your Cousin, the Master——

MER. You did not acquaint him, S'?

FIT. Faith, but I did, S'.

And vpon better thought, not without reason!

5 He being chiefe Officer, might ha' tane it ill, else,

As a Contempt against his Place, and that

In time Sir, ha' drawne on another Dependance.

No, I did finde him in good terms, and ready

To doe me any seruice. MER. So he said, to you?

10 But S', you do not know him. FIT. Why, I presum'd,

Because this bus'nesse of my wiuies, requir'd mee,

I could not ha' done better: And hee told

Me, that he would goe presently to your Council,

IV. IV. 246 madame,] madame F 249 Aside. add G 250
jealous,] jealous F 256 Exit. add G After 236 Exeunt Wittipol
with Mrs. Fits. and Taibush and Eitherside with Pug. G iv. v.]
Act. IV. Scene III. 1641: SCENE II. | Another Room in the same.| Enter
Meercraft and Fitzdottrel. G 9 service] seruice F 10 presum'd,] presum'd F
A Knight, here, i' the Lane—— M E R. Yes, Iustice Either-
side.

FIT. And get the Feoffment drawne, with a letter of
Attorney,

For liuerie and seisne! M E R. That I knowe's the course.
But Sir, you mane not to make him Feoffee?

FIT. Nay, that I'll pause on! M E R. How now, little
Pit-fall?

FIT. Your Cousin Master Ever-ill, would come in——
But he would know if Master Manly were heere.

M E R. No, tell him, if he were, I ha' made his peace!
Hee's one, Sir, has no State, and a man knowes not,
How such a trust may tempt him. FIT. I conceive you.

E V E. Sr. this same deed is done here. M E R. Pretty
Plutarchus!

Art thou come with it? and has Sir Paul view'd it?

PLV. His hand is to the draught. M E R. Will you step
in, Sr.

And read it? FIT. Yes. E V E. I pray you a word wi' you.
Sir Paul Eitherside will'd mee gi' you caution,
Whom you did make Feoffee: for 'tis the trust
O' your whole State: and though my Cousin heere
Be a worthy Gentleman, yet his valour has
At the tall board bin question'd; and we hold
Any man so impeach'd, of doubtfull honesty!
I will not justifie this; but give it you
To make your profit of it: if you vtter it,
I can forsweare it! FIT. I beleue you, and thanke you,

Sir.

IV. v. 15 FIT.] FIT: F 17 meane not] meanenot F 18 After
'on!' Enter Pitfall. G now.] now F Pit-fall? 1641: Pit-fall. F
21 Exit Pitfall. add G After 23 Enter Everill and Plutarchus. G
24 Plutarchus?] Plutarchus? F 25, 28 Paw] Poul F3 28 gi']
give 1641 36 Exeunt. add G
The Divell is an Asse.

Act III. Scene VI.

Wittipol. Mistresse Fitz-dottrel.

Manly. Mere-craft.

Be not afraid, sweet Lady: yo' are trusted
To love, not violence here; I am no rauisher,
But one, whom you, by your faire trust againe,
May of a servant make a most true friend.

Mrs. F. I. And such a one I need, but not this way:
Sir, I confesse me to you, the meere manner
Of your attempting mee, this morning tooke mee,
And I did hold m(y)'inuention, and my manners,
Were both engag'd, to giue it a requittal;

But not vnto your ends: my hope was then,
(Though interrupted, ere it could be ytter'd)
That whom I found the Master of such language,
That braine and spirit, for such an enterprise,
Could not, but if those succours were demanded

To a right use, employ them vertuously!
And make that profit of his noble parts.
Which they would yceld. S't, you haue now the ground,
To exercise them in: I am a woman,
That cannot speake more wretchednesse of my selfe,

Then you can read; match'd to a masse of folly;
That every day makes haste to his owne ruine;
The wealthy portion, that I brought him, spent;
And (through my friends neglect) no ioynture made me.
My fortunes standing in this precipice,

'Tis Counsell that I want, and honest aides:
And in this name, I need you, for a friend!
Neuer in any other; for his ill,
Must not make me, S't, worse. MAN. O friend! forsake not
The braue occasion, vertue offers you,
To keepe you innocent: I haue fear'd for both;

Manly, concea'd this while, shows himself.

IV. vi.] Scene III. | Another Room in the same. | Enter Wittipol, and Mrs. Fitzdottrel. G | After 4 Manly enters behind. G | woman, 1641: woman; F
And watch'd you, to prevent the ill I fear'd.
But, since the weaker side hath so assur'd mee,
Let not the stronger fall by his owne vice,
Or be the lesse a friend, 'cause vertue needs him.

W I T. Vertue shall never ask my succour twice;
Most friend, most man; your Counsells are commands:
Lady, I can loue goodness in you, more
Then I did Beauty; and doe here intitle
Your vertue, to the power, vpon a life
You shall engage in any fruitfull service,
Euen to forfeit. M E R. Madame: Do you heare, Sir,
We haue another leg strain'd, for this Dottrel.
He ha's a quarrell to carry, and ha's caus'd
A deed of Feoffment, of his whole estate,
To be drawne yonder; h'has't within: And you,
Onely, he meanes to make Feoffee. H'is falne
So desperatly enamour'd on you, and talkes
Most like a mad-man: you did never heare
A Phrentick, so in loue with his owne fauour!
Now, you doe know, 'tis of no validity
In your name, as you stand; Therefore advise him
To put in me. (h'is come here :) You shall share Sir.

ACT IV. SCENE VI.

W I T T I P O L. MISTRESSE FITZ-DOTTREL.
M A N L Y. M E R E-C R A F T. F I T Z - D O T -
T R E L L. E V E R I L L. P L V T A R C H V S.

F I T. Madame, I haue a suit to you; and afore-hand,
I doe bespeake you; you must not deny me,
I will be graunted. W I T. Sir, I must know it, though.

F I T. No Lady; you must not know it: yet, you must too.
The Divell is an Asse.

5 For the trust of it, and the fame indeed,  
Which else were lost me. I would use your name,  
But in a Feoffment: make my whole estate  
Ouer vnto you: a trifle, a thing of nothing,  
Some eighteene hundred. W i t. Alas! I understand not  
Those things Sir. I am a woman, and most loath,  
To embarque my selfe—— F i t. You will not slight me,  
Madame?  
W i t. Nor you'll not quarrell me? F i t. No, sweet  
Madame, I haue  
Already a dependance; for which cause  
I doe this: let me put you in, deare Madame,  
F i t. Death, if she doe, what do I care for that?  
Say, I would haue her tell me wrong. W i t. Why, Sir,  
If for the trust, you'll let me haue the honor  
To name you one. F i t. Nay, you do me the honor,  
Madame:  
Who is't? W i t. This Gentleman. F i t. O, no, sweet  
Madame,  
H's friend to him, with whom I ha' the dependance.  
W i t. Who might he bee? F i t. One Wittipol: do you  
know him?  
W i t. Alas, Sir, he, a toy: This Gentleman  
A friend to him? no more then I am, Sir!  
F i t. But will your Ladyship vndertake that, Madame?  
W i t. Yes, and what else, for him, you will engage me.  
F i t. What is his name? W i t. His name is Eustace  
Manly.  
F i t. Whence do's he write himselfe? W i t. Of Middle-  
sex,  
30 Esquire. F i t. Say nothing, Madame. Clerke, come  
hether,
The Divell is an Asse.

Write Eustace Manly, Squire o' Middle-sex.

M E R. What ha' you done, Sir? W I T. Nam'd a gentleman,
That I'll be answerable for, to you, Sir.
Had I nam'd you, it might ha' beene suspected:
This way, 'tis safe. F I T. Come Gentlemen, your hands,
For witnes. M A N. What is this? E V E. You ha' made Eueril
applaudes
it.

Election

Of a most worthy Gentleman! M A N. Would one
Of worth had spoke it: whence it comes, it is
Rather a shame <vn>to me, then a praise.

E V E. Sir, I will giue you any Satisfaction.

M A N. Be silent then: "falshood commends not truth.
P L V. You do deliuer this, Sir, as your deed.

To th'vse of M r. Manly? F I T. Yes: and Sir——
When did you see yong Wittipol? I am ready,
For processe now; Sir, this is Publication.
He shall heare from me, he would needes be courting
My wife, Sir. M A N. Yes: So witnesseth his Cloake there.

F I T. Nay, good Sir,—Madame, you did vndertake——
W I T. What? F I T. That he was not Wittipols friend.

W I T. I heare
S r. no confession of it. F I T. O she know's not;
Now I remember, Madame! This young Wittipol,
Would ha' deabauch'd my wife, and made me Cuckold,
Th<o>rough a casement; he did fly her home
To mine owne window: but I thinke I sou<s>y't him,
And rauish'd her away, out of his pownces.

I ha' sworne to ha' him by the eares: I feare
The toy, wi' not do me right. W I T. No? that were pitty!
What right doe you aske, Sir? Here he is will do't you | Wittipol
discovers himself.

F I T. Ha? Wittipol? W I T. I, Sir; no more Lady now,
Nor Spaniard! M A N. No indeed, 'tis Wittipol.

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The Divell is an Asse.

F I T. Am I the thing I fear'd? W I T. A Cuckold? No
Sir,
But you were late in possibility,
I'll tell you so much. M A N. But your wife's too vertuous!
W I T. Wee'll see her, Sir, at home, and leaue you here,
To be made Duke o' Shore-ditch with a proiect.
F I T. Theues, rauishers. W I T. Crie but another note,
Sir,
I'll marre the tune, o' your pipe! F I T. Gi' me my deed,
then.
W I T. Neither: that shall be kept for your wiues good,
Who will know, better how to vse it. F I T. Ha!
To feast you with my land? W I T. Sir, be you quiet,
Or I shall gag you, ere I goe; consult
Your Master of dependances, how to make this
A second businesse, you haue time Sir. F I T. Oh!
What will the ghost of my wise Grandfather,
My learned Father, with my worshipfull Mother,
Thinke of me now, that left me in this world
In state to be their Heire? that am become
A Cuckold, and an Asse, and my wiues Ward;
Likely to loose my land; ha' my throat cut:

80 All, by her practice! M E R. Sir, we are all abus'd!
F I T. And be so still! Who hinders you, I pray you,
Let me alone, I would enjoy my selfe,
And be the Duke o' Drown'd-Land, you ha' made me.
M E R. Sir, we must play an after-game o' this.
85 F I T. But I am not in case to be a Gam-ster:
I tell you once again— M E R. You must be rul'd
And take some counsell. F I T. Sir, I do hate counsell,
As I do hate my wife, my wicked wife!
M E R. But we may thinke how to recover all:
If you will act. F I T. I will not think; nor act;
Nor yet recover; do not talke to me!

iv. vii. 64 her.] her F 69 Ha] F3: Ha' F, 1641 71 goe;) goe, F 72 dependances,] dependances; F St. dir. baffles 1641; baffles F: Baffles him, and exit with Manly. G out. 1641; out F 84 this. F3: this F 91 me!) me? F
The Divell is an Asse. 251

I'll runne out o' my witts, rather then heare;
I will be what I am, Fabian Fitz-Dottrel,
Though all the world say nay to't. M e r. Let's follow him.

ACT V. SCENE I.

AMBLER. PITFALL. MERE-CRAFT.

Bvt ha's my Lady mist me? P i t. Beyond telling!
Here ha's been that infinity of strangers!
And then she would ha' had you, to ha' sampled you
With one within, that they are now a teaching;
And do's pretend to your ranck. A M B. Good fellow Pit-5

fall,
Tel Mr. Mere-craft, I intreat a word with him.
This most vnlucky accident will goe neare
To be the losse o' my place; I am in doubt!
M e r. With me? what say you Mr. Ambler? A M B. Sir,
I would bescotch your worship stand betweene
Me, and my Ladies displeasure, for my absence.
M e r. O, is that all? I warrant you. A M B. I would
tell you, Sir,
But how it happened. M e r. Briece, good Master Ambler,
Put your selfe to your rakck: for I haue tasque
Of more importance. A M B. Sir, you'll laugh at me!
But (so is Truth) a very friend of mine,
Finding by conference with me, that I liu'd
Too chast for my complexion (and indeed
Too honest for my place, Sir) did advise me
If I did loue my selfe (as that I do,
I must confesse) M e r. Spare your Parenthesis.
A M B. To gi' my body a little euacuation—

iv. vii. 94 After 'to t.' Exit. G Exeunt. add G v. i.} Act v.
Scene. 1. | A Room in Tailbush's House. | Enter Ambler and Pitfall. G
4 With corr. F; With, F originally, 1641 After 8 Enter Meercraft. G
9 With corr. F: With F originally 12 that] this 1641 you, Sir.] you Sir F 14 tasque] a tasque 1641 15 Sir.] Sir F 16
a very] avery F
The Divell is an Asse.

MER. Well, and you went to a whore? AMB. No, Sir.
I durst not
(For feare it might arriue at some body's eare,
It should not) trust my selfe to a common house;
But got the Gentlewoman to goe with me,
And carry her beding to a Conduit-head,
Hard by the place toward Tyborne, which they call
My L. Majors Banqueting-house. Now Sir, this morning

Was Execution; and I ne're dream't on't,
Till I heard the noise o' the people, and the horses;
And neither I, nor the poore Gentlewoman
Durst stirre, till all was done and past: so that

HE/-flags I' the Interim, we fell a sleepe againe.

MER. Nay, if you fall from your gallop, I am gone Sir.
AMB. But, when I wak'd, to put on my cloathes, a sute,
I made new for the action, it was gone,
And all my money, with my purse, my seales,
My hard-wax, and my table-bookes, my studies,

And a fine new devise, I had to carry
My pen, and inke, my cuiet, and my tooth-picks,
All vnder one. But, that which greiu'd me, was
The Gentlewoman's shoes (with a paire of roses,
And garters, I had giuen her for the businesse)

So as that made vs stay, till it was darke,
For I was faine to lend her mine, and walke
In a rug, by her, barefooote, to Saint Giles's.
MER. A kind of Irish penance! Is this all, Sir?
AMB. To satisfie my Lady. MER. I will promise you, Sir.

AMB. I ha' told the true Disaster. MER. I cannot stay
wi' you
Sir, to condole; but gratulate your returne.

AMB. An honest gentleman, but he's neuer at leisure
To be himselfe: He ha's such tides of businesse.
Call me home againe, deare Chiefe, and put me 5
To yoaking foxes, milking of Hee-goates,
Pounding of water in a morter, lauing
The sea dry with a nut-shell, gathering all
The leaues are falne this Autumnne, drawing farts
Out of dead bodies, making ropes of sand,
Catching the windes together in a net,
Mustring of ants, and numbring atomes; all
That hell, and you thought exquisite torments, rather
Then stay me here, a thought more: I would sooner 10
Keepe fleas within a circle, and be accomptant
A thousand yeere, which of 'hem and how far
Out-leap'd the other, then endure a minute
Such as I haue within. There is no hell
To a Lady of fashion. All your tortures there
Are pastimes to it. 'T would be a refreshing 15
For me, to be i' the fire againe, from hence.

AMB. This is my suite, and those the shoes and roses!

PVG. Th' haue such impertinent vexations,

A generall Councell o' divels could not hit——

Ha! This is hee, I tooke a sleepe with his Wench,
And borrow'd his cloathes. What might I doe to balke him?

AMB. Do you heare, Sir? PVG. Answer him, but not to
th'purpose.

AMB. What is your name, I pray you Sir? PVG. Is't 20
so late Sir?

AMB. I aske not o' the time, but of your name, Sir,

PVG. I thanke you, Sir. Yes, it dos hold Sir, certaine.

He answers quite from the pur-
pose.
The Divell is an Asse.

AMB. Hold, Sir? What holds? I must both hold, and talke to you
About these clothes. PVG. A very pretty lace!
But the Taylor cossend me. AMB. No, I am cossend

By you! robb'd! PVG. Why, when you please Sir, I am
For three peny Gleeke, your man. AMB. Pox o' your
gleeke,
And three pence. Give me an answere. PVG. Sir,
My master is the best at it. AMB. Your master!
Who is your Master? PVG. Let it be friday night.

AMB. What should be then? PVG. Your best song's
Thom. o' Bet'lem.
AMB. I thinke, you are he. Do's he mocke me trow,
from purpose?
Or do not I speake to him, what I meane?
Good Sir, your name. PVG. Only a couple o' Cocks Sir,
If we can get a Widgin, 'tis in season.

AMB. He hopes to make on o' these Scepticks o' me
(I think I name 'hem right) and do's not fly me.
I wonder at that! 'tis a strange confidence!
I'll proue another way, to draw his answer.

ACT V. SCENE III.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTREL.

EVERILL. PVG.

It is the easiest thing Sir, to be done.
As plaine, as fizzling: roule but wi' your eyes,
And foame at th' mouth. A little castle-soape
Will do't, to rub your lips: And then a nutshell,
With toe, and touch-wood in it to spit fire.
Did you ne’re read, Sir, little Darrels tricks,
With the boy o’ Burton, and the 7. in Lancashire,
Sommers at Nottingham? All these do teach it.
And wee’ll glue out, Sir, that your wife ha’s bewitched you:

E V E. And practised with those two, as Sorcerers.
M E R. And ga’ you potions, by which means you were
Not Compos mentis, when you made your feoffment.
There’s no recouery o’ your state, but this:
This, Sir, will sting. E V E. And moue in a Court of equity.
M E R. For, it is more then manifest, that this was
(A plot o’ your wiu'es, to get your land) F I T. I thinke it.
E V E. Sir, it appeares. M E R. Nay, and my cossen has
knowne
These gallants in these shapes. E V E. T(o)’haue don
strange things, Sir.
One as the Lady, the other as the Squire.
M E R. How a mans honesty may be fool’d! I thought
him
A very Lady. F I T. So did I: renounce me else.
M E R. But this way, Sir, you’ll be reueng’d at height.
E V E. Upon ’hem all. M E R. Yes faith, and since your
Wife
Has runne the way of woman thus, e’en guie her——
F I T. Lost by this hand, to me; dead to all ioyes
Of her deare Dottrell, I shall neuer pitty her:
That could <not> pitty her selfe. M E R. Princely resolu’d
Sir,
And like your selfe still, in Potentia.
ACT V. SCENE IV.

MERE-CRAFT, &c. to them. GUILT-HEAD.
SLEDGE. PLUTARCHVS. SERJANTS.

"Guilt-head, what newes? FIT. O Sir, my hundred
peices:
Let me ha' them yet. GVI. Yes Sir, officers
Arrest him. FIT. Me? SER. I arrest you. SLE.
Keepe the peace,
I charge you gentlemen. FIT. Arrest me? Why?
GVI. For better security, Sir. My sonne Plutarchus
Assures me, y'are not worth a groat. PLV. Pardon me,
Father,
(I said his worship had no foote of Land left);
And that I'll justifie, for I writ the deed.
FIT. Ha' you these tricks i' the city? GVI. Yes, and
more.

Meaning
MERE-CRAFT.

Arrest this gallant too, here, at my suite.
SLE. I, and at mine. He owes me for his lodging
Two yeere and a quarter. MER. Why M. Guilt-head,
Land-Lord,
Thou art not mad, though th'(ou)'art Constable,
Puft vp with th' pride of the place? Do you heare, Sirs?
25 Haue I deseru'd this from you two? for all
My paines at Court, to get you each a patent.

PLV. For what? MER. Vpo' my proiect o' the forkes.
SLE. Forke? what be they? MER. The laudable vse
of forkes,
Brought into custome here, as they are in Italy,
20 To th' sparing o' Napkins. That, that should haue made
Your bellowes goe at the forge, as his at the fornace.
I ha' procur'd it, ha' the Signet for it,

v. iv.] Enter Gilthead, Plutarchus, Sledge, and Serjeants. G, continuing
the scene] Guilt-head,] Guilt-head F newes?] newes. ? F 3 SER.
1 SERJ. G 6 Father] Father F 10 St. dir. Mere-craft. F3; Mere-craft
patent. 1641: patent F 17 forkes. 1641: forkes. F 18 St. dir.
forks. 1641: forks F 21 fornae] furnace 1641
Dealt with the Linnen-drapers, on my private, 25
By cause, I fear'd, they were the likelyest euer
To stirre against, to crosse it: for 'twill be
A mighty sauer of Linnen through the kingdom
(As that is one o' my grounds, and to spare washing)
Now, on you two, had I layd all the profits.
Guilt-head to haue the making of all those
Of gold and siluer, for the better personages;
And you, of those of Steele for the common sort.
And both by Pattent. I had brought you your scales in.
But now you have preuented me, and I thanke you.
Sledge is brought about.
S L E. Sir, I will bayle you, at mine owne ap-perill.
M E R. Nay choose. P L V. Do you so too, good Father.
G V I. I like the fashion o' the project, well,
And Guilt-head comes.
The forkes! It may be a lucky one! and is not
Intricate, as one would say, but fit for
Plaine heads, as ours, to deale in. Do you heare,
Officers, we discharge you. M E R. Why this shewes
A little good nature in you, I confess,
But do not tempt your friends thus. Little Guilt-head,
Advise your sire, great Guilt-head, from these courses:
And, here, to trouble a great man in reuersion,
For a matter o' fifty on a false Alarme,
Away, it shewes not well. Let him get the pieces
And bring 'hem. Yo'll heare more else. P L V. Father.

ACT V. SCENE V.

AMBLER. (P V G.) {To them.

O Master Sledge, are you here? I ha' been to seeke you.
You are the Constable, they say. Here's one
That I do charge with Felony, for the suite

v. iv. 23-4 private, By cause] private Bie, 'cause F3, 1716 27 to
1641 37-8 is not [Intricate] is | Not intricate G 39 heare,)
heare F 40 After 'you.' Exeunt Serjeants. G 43 Guilt-head,]
Guilt-head F Exeunt Gilt. and Plut. add G V. v.] Enter
Ambler, dragging in Pug. G, continuing the scene

445.6
He weares, Sir. M E R. Who? M. Fitz-Dottrel's man?

Ware what you do, M. Ambler. A M B. Sir, these clothes,
I'll sweare, are mine: and the shooses the gentlewomans
I told you of: and ha' him afore a Justice,
I will. P v g. My master, Sir, will passe his word for me.

A M B. O, can you speake to purpose now? F I T. Not I,
If you be such a one Sir, I will leaue you
To your God-fathers in Law. Let twelue men worke.

P v g. Do you heare Sir, pray, in priuate. F I T. Well,
what say you?

Briefe, for I haue no time to loose. P v g. Truth is, Sir,
I am the very Diuell, and had leaue

To take this body, I am in, to serue you:
Which was a Cutpurses, and hang'd this Morning.
And it is likewise true, I stole this suite
To cloth me with. But Sir, let me not goe
To prison for it. I haue hitherto.

Lost time, done nothing; shouwne, indeed, no part
O' my Diuels nature. Now, I will so helpe
Your malice, 'gainst these parties: so aduance
The businesse, that you haue in hand of witchcraft,
And your possession, as my selue were in you.

Teach you such tricks, to make your belly swell,
And your eyes turne, to foame, to stare, to gnash
Your teeth together, and to beate your selue,
Laugh loud, and faine six voices—— F I T. Out you.

Rogue!

You most infernall counterfeit wretch! Auaunt!

Do you thinke to gull me with your Asops Fables?
Here take him to you, I ha' no part in him. P v g. Sir.

F I T. Away, I do disclaime, I will not heare you.

M E R. What said he to you, Sir? F I T. Like a lying
raskall

Told me he was the Diuelt. M E R. How! a good iest!

v. v. 5 'clothes,' clothes F 6 gentlewomans] gentlewomans F
11 God-fathers] the hyphen faint or lost in F 12 After ' priuate,'
Takes him aside. G Well] well F 18 Sir,] Sir F 32 Exit
Sledge with Pug. add G
The Divell is an Asse.

F 1 T. And that he would teach me, such fine diuels tricks 35
For our new resolution. E v e. O, pox on him,
'Twas excellent wisely done, Sir, not to trust him.
M e r. Why, if he were the Diuel, we sha' not need him,
If you'll be rul'd. Goe throw your selfe on a bed, Sir,
And faine you ill. Wee'll not be seen wi' you,
Till after, that you have a fit : and all
Confirm'd within. Keepe you with the two Ladies,
And perswade them. I'll to Justice Either-side,
And possesse him with all. Traines shall seeke out Injine,
And they two fill the towne with't, euerie cable 45
Is to be veer'd. We must employ out all
Our emissaries now ; Sir, I will send you
Bladders and Bellowes. (Sir, be confident,
'Tis no hard thing t<o>"out doe the Devill in :
A Boy o' thirteene yeere old made him an Asse 50
But t'other day,) F 1 T. Well, I'll beginne to practice ;
And scape the imputation of being Cuckold,
By mine owne act. M e r. Yo' are right. E v e. Come,
you ha' put
Your selfe to a simple coyle here, and your freinds,
By dealing with new Agents, in new plots.
M e r. No more o' that, sweet cousin. E v e. What had you
To doe with this same Wittiopol, for a Lady ?
M e r. Question not that : 'tis done. E v e. You had some straine
'Boue E-la ? M e r. I had indeed. E v e. And, now, you crack for't.
M e r. Do not vpbraid me. E v e. Come, you must be told on't ;
You are so souetous, still, to embrace
More then you can, that you loose all. M e r. 'Tis right.
What would you more, then Guilty ? Now, your succours.

V. v. 36 O[,] O' F, 1641. F3 42 Ladies.] Ladies F [to Everill.
add G 45 two] to 1641 46 1st] It is 1641 51 t'other]
t'other F, 1641: t'\t other F3 53 Yo' 1641: yo' F After 'right.
Exit Fits. G
ACT V. SCENE VJ.

SHAKES. PVG. INIQUITY. DIVEL.

Here you are lodg'd, Sir, you must send your garnish,
If you'll be priuat. PVG. There it is, Sir, leave me.
To New-gate, brought? How is the name of Deuill
Discredited in me! What a lost fiend
5 Shall I be, on returne? My Cheife will roare
In triumph, now, that I haue beene on earth,
A day, and done no noted thing, but brought
That body back here, was hang'd out this morning.
Well! would it once were midnight, that I knew
10 My utmost. I thinke Time be drunke, and sleepes;
He is so still, and mouses not! I doe glory
Now i' my torment. Neither can I expect it,

Enter Iniquity the Vice.

I haue it with my fact. I N I. Child of hell, be thou merry:
Put a looke on, as round, boy, and red as a cherry.
15 Cast care at thy posternes; and firke i' thy fetters,
They are ornaments, Baby, haue graced thy betters:
Looke vpon me, and hearken. Our Cheife doth salute thee,
And least the cold yron should chance to confute thee,
H'hath sent thee grant-paroll by me, to stay longer
20 A moneth here on earth, against cold, Child, or honger.

PVG. How? longer here a moneth? I N G. Yes, boy,
till the Session,

That so thou mayest haue a triumphall egression.

PVG. In a cart, to be hang'd. I N G. No, Child, in a
Carre,
The charriot of Triumph, which most of them are.
25 And in the meane time, to be greazy, and bouzy,
And nasty, and filthy, and ragged, and louzy,
With damn me, renounce me, and all the fine phrases;

That bring, vnto Tiboorne, the plentiful gazes.

P v g. He is a Dивell! and may be our Cheife!
The great Superiour Dивell! for his malice:
Arch-divel! I acknowledge him. He knew
What I would suffer, when he tie’d me vp thus
In a rogues body: and he has (I thanke him)
His tyrannous pleasure on me, to confine me
To the vn lucky carkasse of a Cutpurse,
Wherein I could do nothing. D i v. Impudent fiend,
Stop thy lewd mouth. Doest thou not shame and tremble
To lay thine owne dull damn’d defects vpon
An innocent case, there? Why thou heavy slaue!
The spirit, that did possesse that fleshe before,
Put more true life, in a finger, and a thumbe,
Then thou in the whole Masse. Yet thou rebell’st
And murmure’st? What one profer hast thou made,
(Wicked inough, this day, that might be call’d
Worthy thine owne, much lesse the name that sent thee?)
First, thou did’st helpe thy selfe into a beating
Promptly, and with’t endangered’st too thy tongue:
A Dивell, and could not keepe a body intire
One day! That, for our credit. And to vindicate it,
Hinder’dst (for ought thou know’st) a deed of darknesse:
Which was an act of that egregious folly,
As no one, to’ard the Dивell, could ha’ thought on.
This for your acting! but for suffering! why,
Thou hast beene cheated on, with a false beard,
And a turn’d cloake. Faith, would your predecessour,
The Cutpurse, thinke you, ha’ been so? Out vpon thee,
The hurt th’hast don, to let men know their strength,
And that the(y)’are able to out-doe a diuel
Put in a body, will for euer be
A scarre vpon our Name! whom hast thou dealt with,
Woman or man, this day, but haue out-gone thee

v. vi. 40 The spirit[ The spirit F before,] before F 53 why,[
why F 55 predecessour,] predecessour F 58 the’are] they
are 164r: the’are F, F3
262 The Divell is an Asse.

Some way, and most haue prou'd the better fiendes?
Yet, you would be imploy'd? Yes, hell shall make you
Prouinciall o' the Cheaters! or Bawd-ledger,
65 For this side o' the towne! No doubt you'll render
A rare accompt of things. Bane o' your itch,
And scratching for imploymet. I'll ha' brimstone
To allay it sure, and fire to sindge your nayles off.
But that I would not such a damn'd dishonor
70 Sticke on our state, as that the diuell were hang'd;
(And could not saue a body, that he tooke
From Tyborne, but it must come thither againe:)
You should e'en ride. But, vp away with him—

IN I. Mount, dearling of darkenesse, my shoulders are
broad:
75 He that caries the fiend, is sure of his loade.
The Diuell was wont to carry away the euill;
But, now, the Euill out-carries the Diuell.

ACT V. SCENE VI.

SHACKLES. KEEPERS.

O mee! KEE. I. What's this? 2. A piece of Justice
Hall
Is broken downe. 3. Fough! what a steeme of brimstone
Is here? 4. The prisoner's dead, came in but now!
sh<o>uld know his countenance!
5 It is Gill-Cut-purse, was hang'd out, this morning!
S H A. 'Tis he! 2. The Diuell, sure, has a hand in this!
3. What shall wee doe? S H A. Carry the newes of it
Vnto the Sherifes. 1. And to the Justices.

v. vi. 64 Cheaters corr. F: heaters F originally, 1641 66
accomp[account] 1641 68 allay] al lay F off, F 69
But] But, F 73 st. dir. takes him] the s and h variously deranged in F
77 Exsult. add G v. vii. A loud explosion, smoke, etc. | Enter
Shackles and the Underkeepers, affrighted. G, continuing the scene 2
a steeme of corr. F, 1641: esteem e of F originally 4 should 1641
The Divell is an Asse.

4. This's strange! 3. And sauors of the Divell, strongly!
2. (I ha' the sulphure of Hell-coale i' my nose.)
1. Fough. S H A. Carry him in. 1. Away. 2. How ranke it is!

ACT V. SCENE VIII.

Traines. Pitfall. Fitz-dottrel.
{To them}
{To them} Gvilt-head. Sledge.
{To them} Shackles.

The was the notabler Conspiracy,
That ere I heard of. M E R. Sir, they had giu'n him potions,
That did enamour him on the counterfeit Lady——
E V E. Just to the time o' delivery o' the deed——
M E R. And then the witchcraft 'gan t(o)'appeare, for straignt
He fell into his fit. E V E. Of rage at first, Sir,
Which since, has so increased. T A Y. Good S'. Povle, see him,
And punish the impostors. Pov. Therefore I come,
Madame.
E I T. Let Mr. Eitherside alone, Madame. Pov. Do you heare?

V. vii. 9 This 's] Cf. iii. vi. 37, iv. iv. 90, 235, 237. 10 I ha']
I'ha' F 11 Exeunt with the body. add G v. viii.] Scene v. [A Room in Fitzdottrel's House. | Fitzdottrel discovered in bed; Lady Either-side, Tailbush, Ambler, Trains, and Pitfall, standing by him. | Enter Sir Paul Eitherside, Merecraft, and Evirill. G 1 St. dir. and] at F3
2 they 1641: They F 5 'gan t(o)'appeare.] 'gan't' appeare F
9 Eitherside] Eitherside F
Call in the Constable, I will haue him by:
H'is the Kings Officer! and some Citizens,
Of credit! I'll discharge my conscience clearly.
M E R. Yes, Sir, and send for his wife. E V E. And the
two Sorcerers,
By any means! T A Y. I thought one a true Lady,
I should be sworne. So did you, Eyther-side?
E I T. Yes, by that light, would I might ne'r stir else,
Tailbush.
T A Y. And the other a ciuill Gentleman. E V E. But,
Madame,
You know what I told your Ladyship. T A Y. I now see it:
I was prouiding of a banquet for 'hem,
After I had done instructing o' the fellow
De-uile, the Gentleman's man. M E R. Who's found a
thiefe, Madam,
And to haue rob'd your Vsher, Master Ambler,
This morning. T A Y. How? M E R. I'll tell you more,
anon.

F I T. Gi'me some garlick, garlick, garlick, garlick, garlick.
M E R. Harke the poore Gentleman, how he is tormented!
F I T. My wife is a whore, I'll kisse her no more: and why?
M a'st not thou be a Cuckold, as well as I?
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.
P O V. That is the Diuell speaks, and laughs in him.
M E R. Do you thinke so, Sir? P O V. I discharge my
conscience.
F I T. And is not the Diuell good company? Yes, wis.
E V E. How he changes, Sir, his voyce! F I T. And a
Cuckold is,
Where ere he put <out> his head, with a Wanion,
If his hornes be forth, the Diuells companion!

Looke, looke, looke, else. M E R. How he foames! E V E.
And swells!

1641 21 Madam.] Madam. F 24 Gi' 1641: Gi F 29 St.
dir. interprets F3 all. 1641: all: F 30 St?] St. F: Sir. 1641: Sir?
F3 32 is.] is F 33 out Editor a Wanion 1641: a a Wanion F
The Divell is an Asse.

T A Y. O, me! what's that there, rises in his belly!
E I T. A strange thing! hold it downe. T R A. P I T.

We cannot, Madam.

P O V. 'Tis too apparent this! F I T. Wittipol, Wittipol.
W I T. How now, what play ha' we here? M A N. What
fine, new matters?
W I T. The Cockscamb, and the Couerlet. M E R. O strang
impudence!

That these should come to face their sinne! E V E. And
out-face

Iustice, they are the parties, Sir. P O V. Say nothing.
M E R. Did you marke, Sir, vpon their comming in,

How he call'd Wittipol? E V E. And neuer saw 'hem.
P O V. I warrant you did I, let 'hem play a while.
F I T. Bus, bus, bus, bus. T A Y. 'Lasse poore Gentleman!

How he is tortur'd! M R. F I. Fie, Master Fitz-dottrel!
What do you mean to counterfeit thus? F I T. O, δ,
Shee comes with a needle, and thrusts it in,
Shee pulls out that, and shee puts in a pinne,

And now, and now, I doe not know how, nor where,
But shee pricks mee heere, and shee pricks me there: δ, δ, δ:
P O V. Woman, forbeare. W I T. What, S'?
P O V. A practice foule
For one so faire. W I T. Hath this, then, credit with you?
M A N. Do you beleue in't? P O V. Gentlemen, I'll dis-
charge

My conscience. 'Tis a cleare conspiracy!

A darke, and diuellish practice! I detest it!
W I T. The Iustice sure will proue the merrier man!
M A N. This is most strange, Sir! P O V. Come not to
confront

Authority with impudence: I tell you,
The Divell is an Asse.

I doe detest it. Here comes the Kings Constable,
And with him a right worshipfull Commoner;
My good friend, Master Guilt-head! I am glad
I can before such witnesses, profess

65 My conscience, and my detestation of it.
Horrible! most vnaturall! abominable!

Tay. O, how he is vexed! Pov. 'Tis too manifest.
Eve. Give him more soap to foame with, now lie still.
Mer. And act a little. Tay. What do's he now, S't?
Pov. Shew

The taking of Tabacco, with which the Diuell
Is so delighted. Fitt. Hum! Pov. And calls for Hum.
You takers of strong Waters, and Tabacco,
Marke this. Fitt. Yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow, &c.

75 Pov. That's Starch! the Diuells Idoll of that colour.
He ratifies it, with clapping of his hands.
The proofes are pregnant. Gvi. How the Diuell can act!
Pov. He is the Master of Players! Master Guilt-head,
And Poets, too! you heard him talke in rime!

80 I had forgot to obserue it to you, ere while!

Tay. See, he spits fire. Pov. O no, he plaies at Figgum,
The Diuell is the Author of wicked Figgum——

Man. Why speake you not vnto him? WIT. [If I had
All innocence of man to be indanger'd,

85 And he could saue, or ruine it: I'd not breath
A syllable in request, to such a foole,
He makes himselfe | Fitt. O they whisper, whisper, whisper.
Wee shall have more, of Diuells a score,

To come to dinner, in mee the sinner.

E v t. Alas, poore Gentleman! P o v. Put 'hem asunder. Keepe 'hem one from the other. M A N. Are you phrentickie, Sir,

Or what graue dotage moues you, to take part
With so much villany? wee are not afraid
Either of law, or triall; let vs be
Examin'd what our ends were, what the meanes,
To worke by; and possibility of those meanes.
Doe not conclude against vs, ere you heare vs.

P o v. I will not heare you, yet I will conclude
Out of the circumstances. M A N. Will you so, Sir?

P o v. Yes, they are palpable: M A N. Not as your folly. 100

P o v. I will discharge my conscience, and doe all
To the Meridian of Iustice. G v i. You doe well, Sir.

F i t. Provide mee to eat, three or foure dishes o' good meat,
I'll feast them, and their traines, a Iustice head and braines
Shall be the first. P o v. The Diuell loues not Iustice,
105
There you may see. F i t. A spare-rib o' my wife,
And a whores part'namce! a Guilt-head whole.

P o v. Be not you troubled, Sir, the Diuell speakes it.

F i t. Yes, wis, Knight, shite, Poule, ioule, owle, foule,
troule, boule.

P o v. Crambe, another of the Diuells games!

M e r. Speake, Sir, some Greeke, if you can. Is not the Iustice

A solemn gamester? E v e. Peace. F i t. Οἴμοι κακο-

δαίμων,
Καὶ τρισκακοδαίμων, καὶ τετράκις, καὶ πεντάκις,
Καὶ δωδεκάκις, καὶ μωράκις. P o v. Hee curses
In Greeke, I thinke. E v e. Your Spanish, that I taught you.

v. viii. 95 meanes, F originally, misconrected to 'meanes?' Probably 'meanes?' was intended to be the correction in line 96 100
Sir. corr. F: Sir: F originally, 1641 104 I'll] I'll F 105 first
for st F 109 ioule] Ioule F 110 Crambe] Cramb F3: Crambo W
111 After 'can.' Aside to Fitts. G 112 Οἴμοι] Oi mol F, 1641, F3
κακοδαίμων] κακοδαίμων F3 113 τρισκακοδαίμων] πακακοδαίμων F3
114 δωδεκάκις] δωδεκάκις F: δωδεκάκις 1641 115 Aside to Fitt. add G
The Divell is an Asse.

FIT. Quebrémos el ojo de burlas, E V E. How? your rest—

Let's breake his necke in iest, the Divell saies.

FIT. Digdichia, Signor mio se haiete dentri fataméne parte.

MER. What, would the Divell borrow money? FIT.

Ouy,

120 Ouy Monsieur, in pauure Diable! Diabletin!

POV. It is the diuell, by his seuerrall languages.

SHA. Where's S. Poule E(t)her-side? POV. Here, what's the matter?

SHA. O! such an accident falne out at Newgate, Sir:

A great piece of the prison is rent downe!

125 The Divell has beene there, Sir, in the body

Of the young Cut-purse, was hang'd out this morning,

But, in new clothes, Sir, euer one of vs know him.

These things were found in his pocket. AMB. Those are mine, S.

SHA. I thynke he was committed on your charge, Sir,

130 For a new felony. AMB. Yes. SHA. Hee's gone, Sir, now,

And left vs the dead body. But withall, Sir,

Such an infernall stincke, and steeame behinde,

You cannot see S. Pulchars Steeple, yet.

They smell't as farre as Ware, as the wind lies,

By this time, sure. FIT. Is this vpon your credit, friend?

SHA. Sir, you may see, and satisifie your selfe.

FIT. Nay, then, 'tis time to leaue off counterfeitinge.

SHA. Sir, I am not bewitch'd, nor haue a Divell:

No more then you. I doe defe him, I,

140 And did abuse you. These two Gentlemen

Put me vpon it. (I haue faith against him)

They taught me all my tricks. I will tell truth,

And shame the Feind. See, here, Sir, are my bellowes,

V. viii. 117 saies.] saies, F 119 FIT. Ouy F3 takes over to l. 120
120 Diabletin] Diabet in F: diabetin G After 121] Enter Shacklees,

with the things found on the body of the Cut-purse. G 122 Either-side
1641: Either-side F 125 body] body—F 129 Sir,] Sir, F

1641, F3 130 felony:] felony F, 1641 131 withall] with all

1641 135 FIT.] FITs. [starts up.] G 138 Sir,] Sir F
And my false belly, and my Mouse, and all
That should ha' come forth! Man. Sir, are not you
asham'd

Now of your solemn, serious vanity?

Pov. I will make honorable amends to truth.

Fit. And so will I. But these are Cozseners, still;
And ha' my land, as plotters, with my wife:
Who, though she be not a witch, is worse, a whore.

Man. Sir, you belie her. She is chaste, and vertuous,
And we are honest. I doe know no glory
A man should hope, by venting his owne follyes,
But you'll still be an Asse, in spight of prudence.
Please you goe in, Sir, and heare truths, then iudge 'hem:
And make amends for your late rashnesse; when,
You shall but heare the paines and care was taken,
To saue this foole from ruine (his Grace of Drown'd-land)

Fit. My land is drown'd indeed—— Pov. Peace.

Man. And how much
His modest, and too worthy wife hath suffer'd
By mis-construction, from him, you will blush,
First, for your owne believe, more for his actions!
His land is his: and neuer, by my friend,
Or by my selfe, meant to another use,
But for her succours, who hath equall right.
If any other had worse counsells in't,
(I know I speake to those can apprehend mee)
Let 'hem repent 'hem, and be not detected.
It is not manly to take joy, or pride
In humane erreurs (wee doe all ill things,
They doe 'hem worst that loue 'hem, and dwell there,
Till the plague comes) The few that haue the seeds
Of goodnesse left, will sooner make their way
To a true life, by shame, then punishment.

The End.

v. viii. 145 forth [] forth? F After 174 He comes forward for the
Epilogue. G 175 The End. om. F3
The Epilogue.

Thus, the Projector, here, is overthrown.
But I have now a Project of mine own,
If it may passe: that no man would invite
5 The Poet from us, to sup forth to night,
If the play please. If it displeasent be,
We doe presume, that no man will: nor wee.
THE STAPLE OF NEWS
THE TEXT

The comedy of The Staple of News was printed in folio by John Beale for Robert Allot in 1631. It differs in one important point from its companion plays, Bartholomew Fair and The Devil is an Ass. It was entered on the Stationers' Register. John Waterson registered it on 14 April 1626, soon after its performance by the King's Men. For the first time since 1616, when the Folio appeared, Jonson had decided to publish a play. But no more is heard of it till 1631, when Waterson transferred his rights to Robert Allot on 7 September. It was included in the 1640 Folio. Meanwhile Allot's widow Mary had parted with all her husband's copyrights to John Legatt and Andrew Crooke on 1 July 1637.\(^1\)

The original entries in the Register are as follows:

14 Aprill 1626.

John Waterson Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of Master Doctor Worrall and Master Islip Warden A booke Called The Staple of Newes being A Comedie. \(^v^j^d\)

Arber, Transcript, iv. 156.

7° September (1631).

Master Allott Assigned ouer vnto him by a note vnder the hand of Master John Waterson a booke called The stapell of Newes written by Master Ben: Johnson \(^v^j^d\)

This note was subscribed by Master Islip and master Smithwicke Wardens. Ibid. 260.

The collation of the play is as follows:—Aa 1 recto, the title-page; Aa 1 verso, the persons of the play; Aa 2, the induction; Aa 3 recto, the prologue for the public performance; Aa 3 verso, the prologue for the Court performance; Aa 4, Bb–Cc\(^4\) (with the signature Cc changed to C on the third leaf), D–H\(^4\), I\(^4\), the text of the play, with the Epilogue on I 6 verso. Pages 1–76, with pages 19, 22, and

\(^1\) See p. 3, above.
63 misnumbered. The signature ‘Aa’ must have been adopted because The Devil is an Ass ended on Y4, and it was thought better to begin on a new alphabet; but to revert to a single-letter signature in the middle of Cc without adjusting the early two and a half sheets is an extraordinary aberration on the part of the printer. Further, the ‘Aa’ is even printed in small letters at the foot of the title-page—a very unusual proceeding—as if to guide the binder to place it after The Devil is an Ass, which he failed to do.

John Beale’s printing of the play is no advance on his previous efforts; he left in the text such stupid and obvious blunders as ‘miny’ for ‘mine’ (i. i. 19), ‘cemmit’ for ‘commit’ in the first Intermean, l. 25, ‘it’ for ‘in’ (ii. ii. 66), ‘angryry’ (ib. v. 26, side-note), ‘Aand’ (ib. 80), ‘oe’ for ‘of’ (iii. ii. 155, side-note), ‘my in mouth’ (3rd Intermean, 18), and ‘ti’ for ‘it’ (iv. iv. 17); he misnumbers Act i, scene ii, and Act v, scene v, and misassigns a number of speeches. The punctuation is as lax as usual, but such a passage as the following faithfully reproduces Jonson’s normal system:

'Tis the house of fame, Sir,
Where both the curious, and the negligent;
The scrupulous, and carelesse; wilde, and stay’d;
The idle, and laborious; all doe meet,
To tast the Curne copiæ of her rumors,
Which shee, the mother of sport, pleaseth to scatter
Among the vulgar: Baites, Sir, for the people!

(iii. ii. 116–22.)

The metrical apostrophe is confused with elision, as usual. In i. i. 33 ‘T’aboue two thousand a yeere’ should be ‘To’aboue’; and so probably Jonson pointed
To see me’at best aduantage, and augment (i. i. 7).
And there be’examind, and then registred (i. ii. 34).
The Taylor makes the man: I speake by’experience (ib. III).
Hee may be’in time, hee is his Agent, now (ii. iv. 40).
Here the Folio omits the stop.

1 ii. iv. 132, v. 26, 103; iv. ii. 117, 122, 123, iv. 23.
There are changes due to derangement of type, of which only one is important—the side-note at Act III, scene ii, line 124, which should run ‘i. Cust. | A she Ana- | baptist.’ Originally it was ‘An-baptist’, but the type was disturbed and the ‘st’ of ‘Cust.’ dropped, displacing the ‘An-’ below.¹

In two passages we have been driven to adopt a conjecture. In the coarse reference to Gondomar (III. ii. 207–14) the final lines are—

Since when, he liues condemn’d to his share, at Brussels.
And there sits filing certaine politique hinges,
To hang the States on, h’has heau’d off the hookes.

What does ‘condemn’d to his share’ mean? The Yale editor, Dr. de Winter, conjectures ‘chair’, which we have accepted. Gondomar, who suffered from fistula, had a special chair to enable him to sit with comfort.² The other passage is in the lyrical description of Pecunia’s charms (iv. ii. 64–6):

A haire,
Large as the Mornings, and her breath as sweete,
As meddowes after raine, and but new mowne!

Jonson must have written ‘An aire’, just as in the Underwoods (II. v. 13–15) he mentioned among the charms of Charis:

So hath Homer prais’d her haire;
So, Anacreon drawne the Ayre
Of her face . . .³

Two slighter changes in the text are the use of ‘your bodies’ for ‘our bodies’ in iv. iii. 40, proposed by the poet Coleridge, and ‘Hawke’ for ‘Hawkes’ in v. v. 57.

Did Jonson read the proofs? There is no parallel in this play to the spasmodic but very definite correction of a few forms such as we find in Bartholomew Fair and The Devil is an Ass. The variants in The Staple of News are very few

¹ She is described as ‘a she Anabaptist’ in l. 152.
² Arthur Wilson, The Life and Reign of James the First, 1653, p. 146.
³ The misprint in the first edition of Tennyson’s Princess, ‘And followed by a hundred hairy does’, may be cited as a parallel.
indeed, and none of them alter the text; they affect only punctuation, spelling, and type. Thus on F 4 recto 'moyetie' is italicized to 'moyety' (iii. iv. 27), and a comma is inserted after 'paths' (ib. 32); on F 4 verso 'tyssues' is corrected to 'tissues' (ib. 49); on H 3 verso 'iealous?' is changed to 'iealous!' in the fourth Intermean (l. 18); and on I 4 verso 'baile, or mainprise' is italicized, 'baile, or mainprise' (v. v. 5). This is scanty evidence of proof-reading by Jon-son, but would Beale or his compositor have troubled to make such changes?

The play was edited in 1905 for the Yale Studies in English, No. XXVIII, by Dr. de Winter from the copy in the Library of Yale University, collated with Professor J. M. Berdan's copy. It purports to be an exact reprint of the original text, but there are over sixty deviations from it.
THE STAPLE OF NEWES.

A COMEDIE
ACTED IN THE
YEARE, 1625.

BY HIS MAIESTIES
SERVANTS.

The Author Ben: Ionson.

LONDON,
Printed by I.B. for Robert Allot, and are
to be sold at the signe of the Beare, in Pauls
Church-yard, 1631.

The title-page of the Folio, 1631.
THE PERSONS
OF THE PLAY.

PENI-BOY. the Sonne, the heire and Suiter.
PENI-BOY. the Father. the Canter.
PENI-BOY. the VnCLE. The Vsurer.
CYMBAL. Master of the Staple, and prime Ieerer.
FITTON. Emissary Court, and Ieerer.
ALMANACH. Doctor in Physick, and Ieerer.
SHVN-FIELD. Sea-captaine, and Ieerer.
MADRIGAL. Poetaster, and Ieerer.
PICKLOCK. Man o' law, and Emissary Westminster.

PYED-MANTLE. Pursuivant at armes, and Heraldet.
REGISTER. Of the Staple, or Office.
NATHANEEL. First Clerke of the Office.
THO BARB<ER>. Second Clerke of the Office.
PECVIA. Infanta of the Mynes.
MORTGAGE. Her Nurse.
STATVTE. First Woman.
BAND. Second Woman.
WAXE. Chambermaid.

BROKER. Secretary, and Gentleman usher to her Grace.

LI<CFINGER. A Master Cooke, and parcell Poet.
FASHIONER. The Taylor of the times.
LINENER. HABERDASHER.
SHOOMAKER. SPVRRIER.

CUSTOMERS. {Male and Female.

PORTER. DOGGE<II. GROOMES. FIDDLERS.
NICHOLAS, the Boy.}

CHORVS.
Gossip MIRTH. Gossip TATTLE.
Gossip EXPECTATION. Gossip CENSYRE.

The Scene. London.

The Persons of the Play] 3 PENI-BOY.] Penny boy, Richer G 6
ALMANACH.] ALMANACH F 7 and Ieerer] a ieerer F3 13 THO: BARBER]
Thomas, Barber G 18 WAXE.] WAX, (Rose,) G 23 SHOOMAKER]
Leatherleg, shoemaker G 25 DOGGE<II. Block and Lollard, two dogs G
GROOMES] Buz, Ambler, grooms [query, emissaries]; fiddlers, singing-boy, atten-
dants, &c. G The Grooms are 'Pawne, and his fellow' (l. vi. 53) 26
CHORUS . . . CENSURE. added by G
THE

INDUCTION.

The Prologue enters.

4. Gentlewomen Lady-like attyre'd.

PROLOGUE.

Or your owne sake, not ours——

Mirth. Come Gossip, be not ashamed. The Play is the Staple of Newes, and you are the Mistresse, and Lady of Tatle, let's ha' your opinion of it: Do you heare Gentleman? what are you? Gentleman-usher to the Play? pray you helpe vs to some stooles here.

PROLOGUE. Where? o' the Stage, Ladies?

Mirth. Yes, o' the Stage; wee are persons of quality, I assure you, and women of fashion; and come to see, and to be seen: My Gossip Tatle here, and Gossip Expectation, and my Gossip Censure, and I am Mirth, the daughter of Christmas, and spirit of Shrouetide. They say, It's merry when Gossips meet, I hope your Play will be a merry one!

PROLOGUE. Or you will make it such, Ladies. Bring a forme here, but what will the Noblemen thinke, or the grave Wits here, to see you seated on the bench thus?

Mirth. Why, what should they thinke? but that they had Mothers, as we had, and those Mothers had Gossips (if their children were christned) as we are, and such as had a longing to see Playes, and sit upon them, as wee doe, and arraigne both thenm, and their Poëts.

The Induction. The Prologue enters.] The Stage. [Enter Prologue.

G After . . . attyre'd. after l. 1 in G 1 sake, . . . ours] sakes, . . . his G (cf. Prologue, l. 1) 15 here,] here. [a bench is brought in.] G

Tatle. Looke your Newes be new, and fresh, M't. Prologue, and untainted, I shall find them else, if they be stale, or flye-blowne, quickly!

Prologue. Wee aske no favoure from you, onely wee would entreate of Madame Expectation——

Expectation. What, M't. Prologue?

Prologue. That your Ladi-ship would expect no more then you understand.

Expectation. Sir, I can expect enough!

Prologue. I feare, too much, Lady, and teach others to do the like!

Expectation. I can doe that too, if I haue cause.

Prologue. Cry you mercy, you neuer did wrong, but with iust cause. What's this Lady?

Mirth. Curiosity, my Lady Censure.

Prologue. O Curiosity! you come to see, who weares the new suite to day? whose clothes are best penn'd, what ever the part be? which Actor has the best legge and foote? what King playes without cufses? and his Queene without glouses? who rides post in stockings? and daunces in bootes?

Censure. Yes, and which amorous Prince makes loue in drinke, or doe's over-act prodigiously in beaten satten, and, haung got the tricke on't, will be monstrous still, in despight of Counsell!

The Tiremen enter to mend the lights.

Book-holder. Mend your lights, Gentlemen.

Master Prologue, beginne.

Tatle. Ay me!

Expectation. Who's that?

Prologue. Nay, start not Ladies, these carry no fire-workes to fright you, but a Torch i' their hands, to give light to the businesse. The truth is, there are a set of gamesters within, in travell of a thing call'd a Play, and would faine be deliver'd

of it: and they haue intreated me to be their Man-Midwife, the Prologue; for they are like to haue a hard labour on't.

TATLE. Then the Poet has abus'd himselfe, like an Asse, as hee is.

MIRTH. No, his Actors will abuse him enough, or I am deceived. Yonder he is within (I was i' the Tiring-house a while to see the Actors drest) rowling himselfe up and downe like a tun, i' the midst of 'hem, and spurges, never did vessel of wort, or wine worke so! His sweating put me in minde of a good Shrouing dish (and I beleue would be taken vp for a service of state somewhere, an't were knowne) a stew'd Poet! He doth sit like an vnbrac'd Drum with one of his heads beaten out: For, that you must note, a Poet hath two heads, as a Drum has, one for making, the other repeating, and his repeating head is all to pieces: they may gather it vp i' the tiring-house; for hee hath torne the booke in a Poeticall fury, and put himselfe to silence in dead Sacke, which, were there no other vexation, were sufficient to make him the most miserable Emblem of patience.

CENSURE. The Prologue, peace.

56 and] and F 63 'hem] 'em F3 (et passim) spurges] purges W 69 has,) has; F3 repeating,] repeating: F3
THE PROLOGUE FOR THE STAGE.

For your owne sakes, not his, he bad me say,
Would you were come to heare, not see a Play.
Though we his Actors must pro vide for those,
Who are our guests, here, in the way of shawes,
The maker hath not so; he’ld haue you wise,
Much rather by your eares, then by your eyes:
And prays ye’ll not preiidge his Play for ill,
Because you marke it not, and sit not still;
But haue a longing to salute, or talke
With such a female, and from her to walke
With your discourse, to what is done, and where,
How, and by whom, in all the towne; but here.
Alas! what is it to his Scene, to know
How many Coaches in Hide-parke did show
Last spring, what fare to day at Medleyes was,
If Dunstan, or the Phænix best wine has?
They are things—But yet, the Stage might stand as wel,
If it did neither heare these things, nor tell.
Great noble wits, be good vnto your selues,
And make a difference 'twixt Poetique elues,
And Poets: All that dable in the inke,
And defile quills, are not those few, can thinke,
Conceive, expresse, and steere the soules of men,
As with a rudder, round thus, with their pen.
He must be one that can instruct your youth,
And keepe your Acme in the state of truth,
Must enterprize this worke; marke but his wayes,
What flight he makes, how new; And then he sayes,
If that not like you, that he sends to night,
'Tis you haue left to iudge, not hee to write.
THE
PROLOGUE
FOR
THE COVRT.

A Worke not smelling of the Lampe, to night,
   But fitted for your Maiesties disport,
    And writ to the Meridian of your Court,
Wee bring; and hope it may produce delight:
The rather, being offered, as a Rite,
   To Schollers, that can iudge, and faire report
    The sense they heare, aboue the vulgar sort
Of Nut-crackers, that onely come for sight.
Wherein, although our Title, Sir, be Newes,
   Wee yet aduenture, here, to tell you none;
    But shew you common follies, and so knowne,
That though they are not truths, th'innocent Muse
   Hath made so like, as Phant'sie could them state,
Or Poetry, without scandall, imitate.
THE STAPE OF NEWES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PENI-BOY IV. LETHER-LEGGE.

Gramercie Letherleg: Get me the Spurrier,
And thou hast fitted me. LET. I'll do't presently.
P. I v. Look to me, wit, and look to my wit, Land,
That is, looke on me, and with all thine eyes,
Male, Female, yea, Hermaphroditicke eyes,
And those bring all your helpes, and perspicillis,
To see me at best aduantage, and augment
My forme as I come forth, for I doe feele
I will be one, worth looking after, shortly.

Now, by and by, that's shortly. *'t strikes ! One, two,
Three, four, five, six. Inough, inough, deare watch,
Thy pulse hath beate inough. Now sleepe, and rest;
Would thou couldst make the time to doe so too :
I'll winde thee vp no more. The houre is come
So long expected ! There, there, *drop my wardship,
My pupill age, and vassalage together.
And Liberty, come throw thy selfe about me,
In a rich suite, cloake, hat, and band, for now
I'le sue out no mans Liiery, but mine owne,

The Staple of Newes.

I stand on my owne feete, so much a yeere, 20
Right, round, and sound, the Lord of mine owne ground,
And (to ryme to it) threescore thousand Pound!
*Not come? Not yet? Taylor, thou art a vermine, *He goes to the
to, prosecut' st, and prick' st
Worse then the same thou prosecut' st, and prick' st
In subtil seame—(Go too, I say no more)
Thus to retard my longings: on the day
I doe write man, to beat thee. One and twenty,
Since the clock strooke, compleat! and thou wilt feele it,
Thou foolish Animall! I could pitty him,
(An' I were not heartily angry with him now)
For this one piece of folly he beares about him,
To dare to tempt the Furie of an heyre
T(o) aboue two thousand a yeere; yet hope his custome!
Well, Mr. Fashioner, there's some must breake——
A head, for this your breaking. Are you come, Sir?

ACT I. SCENE II.


God giue your worship ioy. P. I v. What? of your staying?
And leaving me to stalke here in my trowses,
Like a tame Her'n-sew for you? F a s. I but waited
Below, till the clocke strooke. P. I v. Why, if you had come
Before a quarter, would it so haue hurt you,
In reputation, to haue wayted here?

F a s. No, but your worship might haue pleaded nonage,
If you had got 'hem on, ere I could make
J ust Affidavit of the time. P. I v. That iest
Has gain'd thy pardon, thou had'st liu'd, condemn'd
To thine owne hell else, neuer to haue wrought

1. i. 23 Taylor] Taylor F 28 strooke] struck F3 it,) it F
32 heyre] heyre, F 34 there's] theres F 35 After 'breaking.'
Enter Fashioner. G Sir?] Sir, F
1. ii. Act i] Act. ii F
G continues the scene 10 liu'd,] liv'd F3
Stitch more for me, or any Peniboy,
I could haue hindred thee: but now thou art mine.
For one and twenty yeeres, or for three liues,
Chuse which thou wilt, I'll make thee a Copy-holder,
And thy first Bill vnquestion'd. Helpe me on.

He says his suit.
F A S. Presently, Sir, I am bound vnto your worship.
P. I v. Thou shalt be, when I haue seal'd thee a Lease of
my Custome.
F A S. Your wor. Barbar is without. P. I v. Who? Thom?

Come in Thom: set thy things vpon the Boord
And spread thy clothes, lay all forth in procinctu,
And tell's what newes? T H o. O Sir, a staple of newes!
Or the New Staple, which you please. P. I v. What's that?
F A S. An Office, Sir, a braue young Office set vp.

I had forgot to tell your worship. P. I v. For what?
T H o. To enter all the Newes, Sir, o' the time,
F A S. And vent it as occasion serues! A place
Of huge commerce it will be! P. I v. Pray thee peace,
I cannot abide a talking Taylor: let Thom
(He's a Barber) by his place relate it,
What is't, an Office, Thom? T H o. Newly erected
Here in the house, almost on the same floore,
Where all the newes of all sorts shall be brought,
And there be examin'd, and then registred,
And so be issu'd vnder the Seale of the Office,
As Staple Newes; no other newes be currant.
P. I v. 'Fore me, thou speak'st of a braue busines, Thom.
F A S. Nay, if you knew the brain that hatch'd it St—
P. I v. I know thee wel enougb: give him a loaf, Thom—

Quiet his mouth, that Ouen will be venting else.
Proceed—— T H o. He tells you true St. Mr Cymbal
Is Master of the Office, he projected it,
Hee lies here i'the house: and the great roomes
He has taken for the Office, and set vp

1. ii. 13 mine.] mine, F3 19 Iv.] IN. F 20 After 'Thom:
Enter Thomas, Barber. G 35 so be] so to be F3 41 Cymbal
The Staple of Newes.

His Deskes and Classes, Tables and his Shelues, F A S. He's my customer, and a Wit Sir, too.  45
But, h'has braue wits vnder him—— T H O. Yes, foure Emissaries,
P. I v. Emissaries? stay, there's a fine new word, Thom!
'Pray God it signifie any thing, what are Emissaries?
T H O. Men impoy'd outward, that are sent abroad
To fetch in the commodity. F A S. From all regions
Where the best newes are made. T H O. Or vented forth.
F A S. By way of exchange, or trade. P. I v. Nay, thou wilt speak——
F A S. My share S'. there's enough for both. P. I v. Go on then,
Speake all thou canst: me thinkes, the ordinaries
Should helpe them much. F A S. Sir, they haue ordinaries,
And extraordinaries, as many changes,
And variations, as there are points i' the compasse.
T H O. But the 4. Cardinall Quarters—— P. I v. I, those Thom——
T H O. The Court, Sir, Pauls, Exchange, and Westminster-
hall.
P. I v. Who is the Chief? which hath preceedencie?
T H O. The gouernour o' the Staple, Master Cymball.
He is the Chief; and after him the Emissaries:
First Emissary Court, one Master Fitton,
T H O. Or halfe a Wit, some of them are Halfe-wits,
Two to a Wit, there are a set of 'em.
Then Master Ambler, Emissary Paules,
A fine-pac'd gentleman, as you shall see walke
The middle Ile: and then my Froy Hans Buz,
A Dutch-man; he's Emissary Ex(c)hange.
F A S. I had thought Mr. Burst the Marchant had had it.
T H O. No,
He has a rupture, hee has sprung a leake.

1. ii. 69 fine-pac'd] fine pac'd F see] see, F  71 Exchange F3
73 leake.] leake, F  73
Emissarie Westminster's vn dispos'd of yet;
Then the Examiner, Register, and two Clerkes,
They mannage all at home, and sort, and file,
And seale the newes, and issue them. P. I v. Thom, deare Thom.

What may my meanes doe for thee? aske, and haue it,
I'd faine be doing some good. It is my birth-day.

And I'd doe it betimes, I feele a grudging
Of bounty, and I would not long lye fallow.
I pray thee thinke, and speake, or wish for something.

Thom. I would I had but one o' the Clerkes places,
I' this Newes Office. P. I v. Thou shalt haue it, Thom,

If siluer, or gold will fetch it; what's the rate?
At what is't set i'the Mercat? Tho. Fiftie pound, Sir.

P. I v. An't were a hundred, Thom, thou shalt not want it.
F a s. O Noble Master! P. I v. How now Æsops Asse!

Because I play with Thom, must I needes runne
Into your rude embraces? stand you still, Sir;
Clownes fawnings, are a horses salutations.

How do'st thou like my suite, Thom? Tho. M' Fashioner
Has hit your measures, Sir, h'has moulded you,
And made you, as they say. F a s. No, no, not I,

I am an Asse, old Æsops Asse. P. I v. Nay, Fashioner,
I can doe thee a good turne too, be not musty,
Though thou hast moulded me, as little Thom sayes,
(I thinke thou hast put me in mouldy pockets.) F a s. As

good,

Right Spanish perfume, the Lady Estifania's,

They cost twelue pound a payre. P. I v. Thy bill will say so.
I pray thee tell me, Fashioner, what Authors
Thou read'st to helpe thy inuention? Italian prints?
Or Arras hangings? They are Taylors Libraries.

F a s. I scorne such helps. P. I v. O, though thou art a

silke-worme,

And deal'st in sattins and veluets, and rich plusses,
The Staple of Newes.

Thou canst not spin all formes out of thy selfe;
They are quite other things: I thinke this suite
Has made me wittier, then I was. F A s. Believe it Sir,
That clothes doe much vpon the wit, as weather
Do's on the braine; and thence comes your prouerbe;
The Taylor makes the man: I speake by experience
Of my owne Customers. I haue had Gallants,
Both Court and Countrey, would ha' fool'd you vp
In a new suite, with the best wits in being,
And kept their speed, as long as their clothes lasted
Han'some, and neate; but then as they grew out
At the elbowes againe, or had a staine, or spot,
They haue sunke most wretchedly. P. I v. What thou
report'st,
Is but the common calamity, and seene daily;
And therefore you'haue another answering prouerbe:
A broken sleeve keepes the arme backe. F A s. 'Tis true, Sir.
And thence wee say, that such a one playes at peepe-arme.
P. I v. Doe you so? it is wittily sayd. I wonder, Gentle-
men,
And men of meanes will not maintaine themselues
Fresher in wit, I meane in clothes, to the highest.
For hee that's out o' clothes, is out o' fashion,
And out of fashion, is out of countenance,
And out o' countenance, is out o' Wit.
Is not Rogue Haberdasher come? H A B. Yes, here, Sir. They are
all about
I ha' beene without this halfe houre. P. I v. Give me my hat.
Put on my Girdle. Rascal, sits my Ruffe well?
P. I v. Is this same hat
O' the blocke passant? Doe not answer mee,
I cannot stay for an answer. I doe feele
The powers of one and twenty, like a Tide,
Flow in vpon mee, and perceiue an Heyre,
Can Coniure vp all spirits in all circles.
Rogue, Rascal, Slaue, giue tradesmen their true names,
And they appeare to 'hem presently. L i n. For profit.

140 P. I v. Come, cast my cloake about me, I'll goe see
This Office, Thom, and be trimm'd afterwards.
I'll put thee in possession, my prime worke!

His Spurrier comes in.

Gods so: my Spurrier! put 'hem on boy, quickly,
I'had like to ha' lost my Spurres with too much speed.

ACT I. SCENE IIJ.

P E N I - B O Y, Canter. to them singing.

G ood morning to my Ioy, My ould Peni-boy!
The Lord, and the Prince of plenty!
I come to see what riches, Thou bearest in thy breeches,
The first of thy one and twenty:

5 What, doe thy pockets gingle? Or shall wee neede to mingle
   Our strength both of foote, and horses!
These fellows looke so eager, As if they would beleaguer
   An Heyre in the midst of his forces!
I hope they be no Serieants! That hang upon thy margents.

This Rogue has the Ioule of a Taylor!

P. I v. O Founder, no such matter, My Spurrier, and my
Hatter,

My Linnen-man, and my Taylor.
Thou should'st haue bene brought in too, Shoomaker,
If the time had bene longer, and Thom Barber.

15 How do'st thou like my company, old Canter?
Doe I not muster a braue troupe? all Bill-men?
Present your Armes, before my Founder here,
This is my Founder, this same learned Canter!
He brought me the first newes of my fathers death,
The Staple of Newes.

I thanke him, and euer since, I call him Founder.
Worship him, boyes. I'll read onely the summes,
And passe 'hem streight. S h o. Now Ale. R e s t. And
strong Ale bless him.

P. I v. Gods so, some Ale, and Sugar for my Founder!
Good Bills, sufficient Bills, these Bills may passe.

P. C A. I do not like those paper-squibs, good Master.

They may vndoe your store, I meane, of Credit,
And fire your Arsenall, if case you doe not
In time make good those outer works, your pockets,
And take a Garrison in of some two hundred,
To beat these Pyoners off, that carry a Mine
Would blow you vp, at last. Secure your Casamates.
Here Master Picklocke, Sir, your man o' Law,
And learn'd Attornay, has sent you a Bag of munition.

P. I v. What is't? P. C A. Three hundred pieces. P. I v.
I'll dispatch 'hem.

P. C A. Do, I would haue your strengths lin'd, and per-
fum'd

With Gold, as well as Amber. P. I v. God a mercy,
Come, Ad soluendum, boyes! there, there, and there, &c.
I looke on nothing but Totalis. P. C A. See!
The difference 'twixt the couetous, and the prodigall!
,.The Couetous man neuer has money! and
,.The Prodigall will haue none shortly! P. I v. Ha,
What saies my Founder? I thanke you, I thanke you Sirs.

A l l. God bless ye worship, and your worship.

P. C A. I say 'tis nobly done, to cherish Shop-keepers,
And pay their Bills, without examining, thus.

P. I v. Alas! they haue had a pittifull hard time on't,
A long vacation, from their coozening.

1. iii. 21 boyes.] boyes, F  summes.] summes. F  28 outer
workes] outerworkes F  30 Pyoners] Pioneres F3  31 Cas-
matges.] Casamates, F  34 P. Iv.] P. jun. [takes the bag.] G  41
After 'shortly!' [Aside G  42 After 'Founder?' [they make legs to
him.] G  After 43 Exe. Shoemaker, Linener, Haber. and Hatter. G
43 Chanter] Canter G  45 examining.] examining F
Poore Rascalls, I doe doe it out of charity.
I would aduance their trade againe, and haue them
50 Haste to be rich, sweare, and forswere wealthily.
What doe you stay for, Sirrah? S P v. To my boxe Sir,
P. I v. Your boxe, why, there’s an angel. If my Spurres
Be not right Rippon—— S P v. Gieue me neuer a penny,
If I strike not thorow your bounty with the Rowells.
55 P. I v. Do’st thou want any money, Founder? P. C A.
Who, Sr. I?
Did I not tell you I was bred i’the Mines,
Vnder Sir Bevis Bullion? P. I v. That is true,
I quite forgot, you Myne-men want no money,
Your streets are pau’d with ’t: there, the molten siluer
60 Runns out like creame, on cakes of gold. P. C A. And Rubies
Doe grow like Strawberries. P. I v. ’Twere braue being there!
Come Thom, we’ll go to the Office now. P. C A. What Office?
P. I v. Newes Office, the New Staple; thou shalt goe too,
’Tis here i’the house, on the same floore, Thom. sayes.
65 Come, Founder, let vs trade in Ale, and nutmegges.

ACT I. SCENE III.

REGISTRER. CLERKE. WOMAN.

What are those Desks fit now? set forth the Table,
The Carpet and the Chayre: where are the Newes
That were examin’d last? ha’ you fil’d them vp?
CLE. Not yet, I had no time. REG. Are those newes registred,
The Staple of Newes.

That Emissary Bus sent in last night? Of Spinola, and his Eggs? C L E. Yes Sir, and fil'd.
REG. What are you now vpon? C L E. That our new Emissary Westminster, gaue vs, of the Golden Heyre.
REG. Dispatch, that's newes indeed, and of importance. What would you haue, good woman? W o. I would haue Sir, A groatsworth of any Newes, I care not what, To carry downe this Saturday, to our Vicar.
REG. O! You are a Butterwoman, aske Nathaniel The Clerk, there. C L E. Sir, I tell her, she must stay Till Emissary Exchange, or Pauls send in,
And then I'll fit her. REG. Doe good woman, haue patience,
It is not now, as when the Captaine liu'd.
CLE. You'll blast the reputation of the Office,
Now i' the Bud, if you dispatch these Groats,
So soone: let them attend in name of policie.

ACT I. SCENE V.

PENIBOY <IV.>. C YMBAL. FITTON. THO: To them.
BARBER. CANTER.

In troth they are dainty roomes; what place is this?
CYM. This is the outer roome, where my Clerkes sit,
And keepe their sides, the Register i'the midst,
The Examiner, he sits priuate there, within,
And here I haue my seuerall Rowles, and Fyles

Of Newes by the Alphabet, and all put vp
Vnder their heads. P. I v. But those, too, subdiuided?
CYM. Into Authenticaall, and Apocryphall.
FIT. Or Newes of doubtfull credit, as Barbers newes.
CYM. And Taylors Newes, Porters, and Watermens newes.

1. iv. 10 you haue,] you haue F  1. v. Enter Cymbal and Fitton, introducing Pennyboy, jun. G, continuing the scene 10 newes.] newes, F
The Staple of Newes.

FIT. Whereto, beside the Coranti, and Gazetti.

CVM. I haue the Newes of the season. FIT. As vacation newes,

Terme-newes, and Christmas-newes. CIM. And newes o' the faction.

FIT. As the Reformed newes, Protestant newes,

CYM. And Pontificall newes, of all which seuerall,
The Day-bookes, Characters, Precedents are kept.
Together with the names of speciall friends—

FIT. And men of Correspondence i' the Countrey—

CYM. Yes, of all ranks, and all Religions.—

FIT. Factors, and Agents— CYM. Liegers, that lie out
Through all the Shires o'the kingdome. P. I v. This is fine!
And beares a braue relation! but what sayes
Mercurius Britannicus to this?

CYM. O Sir, he gains by't halfe in halfe. FIT. Nay more,

I'll stand to't. For, where he was wont to get
In, hungry Captaines, obscure Statesmen. CYM. Fellowes
To drinke with him in a darke roome in a Tauerne,
And eat a Sawsage. FIT. We ha' seen't. CYM. As faine,
To keepe so many politique pennes

Going, to feed the presse. FIT. And dish out newes,
Were't true, or false. CYM. Now all that charge is sau'd.
The publique Chronicler. FIT. How, doe you call him there?

CYM. And gentle Reader. FIT: He that has the maiden-
head
Of all the bookes. CYM. Yes, dedicated to him,

FIT. Or rather prostituted. P. I v. You are right, Sir.

CYM. No more shall be abus'd, nor countrey Parsons
O' the Inquisition, nor busie Iustices,
Trouble the peace, and both torment themselves,
And their poore ign’rant Neighbours with enquiries.
After the many, and most innocent Monsters,
That never came i’th’ Countiies they were charg’d with.

P. I v. Why, me thinkees Sir, if the honest common people
Will be abus’d, why should not they ha’ their pleasure,
In the believing Lyes, are made for them;
As you i’th’ Office, making them your selues?

F I T. O Sir! it is the printing we oppose.

C Y M. We not forbid that any Newes, be made,
But that ’t be printed; for when Newes is printed,
It leaues Sir to be Newes. While ’tis but written—

F I T. Though it be ne’re so false, it runnes Newes still.

P. I v. See divers mens opinions! vnto some,
The very printing of them, makes them Newes;
That ha’ not the heart to beleue any thing,
But what they see in print. F I T. I, that’s an Error
Ha’s abus’d many; but we shall reforme it,
As many things beside (we haue a hope)
Are crept among the popular abuses.

C Y M. Nor shall the Stationer cheat vpon the Time,
By buttering ouer againe— F I T. Once, in Seuen Yeares,
As the age doates— C Y M. And growes forgetfull o’ them, 60
His antiquated Pamphlets, with new dates.
But all shall come from the Mint. F I T. Fresh and new
stamp’d,

C Y M. With the Office-Seale, Staple Commodity.

F I T. And if a man will assure his Newes, he may:

Two-pence a Sheet he shall be warranted,
And haue a policie for’t. P. I v. Sir, I admire
The method o’ your place; all things within’t
Are so digested, fitted, and compos’d,
As it shewes Wit had married Order. F I T. Sir.

C Y M. The best wee could to invite the Times. F I T. It
ha’s

Cost sweat, and freesing. C Y M. And some broken sleepes,
Before it came to this. P. I v. I easily thinke it.

F I T. But now it ha's the shape—— C Y M. And is come forth.

P. I v. A most polite neat thing! with all the limbs,

As sense can tast! C Y M. It is Sir, though I say it,
As well-begotten a busines, and as fairely
Helpt to the World. P. I v. You must be a Mid-wife Sir!
Or els the sonne of a Mid-wife! (pray you pardon me)
Haue helpt it forth so happily! what Newes ha' you?

Newes o' this morning? I would faine heare some
Fresh, from the forge (as new as day, as they say.)

C Y M. And such we haue Sir. R E G. Shew him the last

Rowle,

Of Emissary West-minster's, The Heire.

P. I v. Come nearer, Thom: C L A. There is a braue yong

Heire

Is come of age this morning, Mr. Peny-boy. P. I v. That's I!

C L A. His Father dy'd on this day seuenth-night. P. I v.

True!

C L A. At sixe o' the Clocke i'the morning, iust a weeke

Ere he was One and Twenty. P. I v. I am here, Thom!

Proceed, I pray thee. C L A. An old Canting Begger

Brought him first Newes, whom he has entertain'd,

To follow him, since. P. I v. Why, you shall see him!

Founder,

Come in; no Follower, but Companion,

I pray thee put him in, Friend. There's an Angell——
Thou do'st not know, hee's a wise old Fellow,

Though he seeme patch'd thus, and made vp o' peecees.

Founder, we are in, here, in, i'the Newes-Office!

In this dayes Rowle, already! I doe muse

How you came by vs Sirs! C Y M. One Master Pick-

locke,

A Lawyer, that hath purchas'd here a place,

1. v. After 83 Enter Barber. G 85-6 Aside. add G 86
seventh-] seven- F3 91 St. dir. Call] Calls F3 92 After 'in,'
Enter Pennyboy Canter. G 93 After 'Friend.' [to Nath.] G 95
This morning, of an Emissary vnder me.

**F I T. Emissarie Westminster.** C Y M. Gaue it into th' Office,

**F I T.** For his Essay, his peece. P. I v. My man o' Law!

Hee's my Attorney, and Sollicitour too!

A fine pragmaticke! what's his place worth?

**C Y M.** A Nemo-scit, Sir. **F I T.** 'Tis as Newes come in,

**C Y M.** And as they are issued. I haue the iust moyetie

For my part: then the other moyetie

Is parted into seuen. The foure Emissaries;

Whereof my Cozen Fitton here's for Court,

Ambler for Pauls, and Bus for the Exchange,

Picklocke, for Westminster, with the Examiner,

And Register, they haue full parts: and then one part

Is vnder-parted to a couple of Clarkes;

And there's the iust diuision of the profits!

**P. I v.** Ha' you those Clarke's Sir? **C Y M.** There is one

Desk empty,

But it has many Suitors. **P. I v.** Sir, may I

Present one more, and carry it, if his parts

Or Gifts, (which you will, call 'hem) **C Y M.** Be sufficient Sir.

**P. I v.** What are your present Clarke's habilities?

How is he qualified? **C Y M.** A decay'd Stationer

He was, but knowes Newes well, can sort and ranke 'hem.

**F I T.** And for a need can make 'hem. **C Y M.** True

Paules bred,

I'the Church-yard. **P. I v.** And this at the West-dore,

O' th' other side, hee's my Barber Thom,

A pretty Scholler, and a Master of Arts,

Was made, or went out Master of Arts in a throng,

At the Vniuersitie; as before, one Christmas,

He got into a Masque at Court, by his wit,

And the good meanes of his Cythern, holding vp thus

For one o'the Musique. Hee's a nimble Fellow!

---

1. v. 105 come F3: come, F in,] in. F3 106-7 moyetie . . moyetie) moyetie . . moyetie F 115 Sir ?] Sir. F 117 more,] more F 124 O' th'] O' th F 130 Musique.] Musique, F
And alike skil'd in every liberall Science,
As hauing certaine snaps of all, a neat,
Quick-vaine, in forging Newes too. I doe loue him,
And promis'd him a good turne, and I would doe it.

What's your price? the value? C y m. Fifty pounds, S'.

P. I v. Get in Thom, take possession, I install thee;
Here, tell your money; giue thee ioy, good Thom;
And let me heare from thee euery minute of Newes,
While the New Staple stands, or the Office lasts,
Which I doe wish, may ne're be lesse for thy sake.

C l a. The Emissaries, Sir, would speake with you,
And Master Fitton, they haue brought in Newes,
Three Bale together. C y m. S', you are welcome, here.

F i t. So is your creature. C y m. Businesse calls vs off,
Sir,
That may concerne the Office. P. I v. Keepe me faire, Sir,
Still i' your Staple, I am here your friend,
On the same flooer. F i t. We shall be your servants.

P. I v. How dost thou like it, Founder? P. C a. All is well,

But that your man o' law, me thinks, appeares not
In his due time. O! Here comes Masters worship.

ACT I. SCENE VI.

PICKLOCK. PENI-BOY IV.

P. CANTER.

How do's the Heyre, bright Master Peniboy?
Is hee awake yet in his One and Twenty?
Why, this is better farre, then to weare Cypresse,
Dull smutting gloues, or melancholy' blacks,
And haue a payre of twelue-peny broad ribbands
Laid out like Labells. P. I v. I should ha' made shift
The Staple of Newes.

To haue laught as heartily in my mourners hood,
As in this Suite, if it had pleas'd my father
To haue beeene buried, with the Trumpeters:

P i c. *The Heralds of Armes*, you mean. P. I v. I mean, 10
All noyse, that is superfluous! P i c. All that idle pompe,
And vanity of a Tombe-stone, your wise father
Did, by his will, preuent. Your worship had——

P. I v. A louing and obedient father of him,
I know it<,I>: a right, kinde-natur'd man,
To dye so opportune. P i c. And to settle
All things so well, compounded for your wardship,
The weeke afore, and left your state entyre
Without any charge vpon't. P. I v. (I must needes say,
I lost an Officer of him, a good Bayliffe, 20
And I shall want him; but all peace be with him,
I will not wish him alioe, againe; not I,
For all my Fortune; giue your worship ioy
O' your new place, your Emissary-ship,
I'the Newes Office) P i c. Know you, why I bought
it S't?

P. I v. Not I. P i c. To worke for you, and carry a
myne
Against the Master of it, Master Cymball;
Who hath a plot vpon a Gentlewoman,
Was once design'd for you, Sir. P. I v. Me? P i c. Your
father,
Old Master Peni-boy, of happy memory,
And wisdom too, as any i' the County,
Carefull to finde out a fit match for you,
In his owne life time (but hee was preuented)
Left it in writing in a Schedule here,
To be annexed to his Will; that you, 35
His onely Sonne, vpon his charge, and blessing,
Should take due notice of a Gentlewoman,
Soiourning with your vnclce, Richer Peni-boy.

1. vi. 15 I G conf. 16 so opportune] so opportunely F 17
wardship, F originally: ward ship, or wardsh ip or ward shi p F later
P. I v. A Cornish Gentlewoman, I doe know her,
Mistresse Pecunia doe-all. P i c. A great Lady,
Indeede, shee is, and not of mortall race,
Infanta of the Mines; her Graces Grandfather,
Was Duke, and Cousin to the King of Ophyr,
The Subterranean, let that passe. Her name is,
Or rather, her three names are (for such shee is)
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, a great Princesse,
Of mighty power, though shee liue in priuate
With a contracted family! Her Secretary——
P. C.A. Who is her Gentleman-vsher too. P i c. One
Broker,
And then two Gentlewomen; Mistresse Statute,
And Mistresse Band, with Waxe the Chambermaide,
And Mother Mortgage, the old Nurse, two Groomes,
Pawne, and his fellow; you haue not many to bribe, Sir.
The worke is feizible, and th'approches easie,
By your owne kindred. Now, Sir, Cymball thinkes,
The Master here, and gouvernor o'the Staple,
By his fine arts, and pompe of his great place
To draw her! He concludes, shee is a woman!
And that so soone as sh(e)'heares of the New Office,
Shee'll come to visit it, as they all haue longings
After new sights, and motions! But your bounty,
Person, and brauery must atchieue her. P. C.A. Shee is
The talke o'the time! th'aduenture o'the age!
P i c. You cannot put your selfe vpon an action
Of more importance. P. C.A. All the world are suiters to
her.
P i c. All sorts of men, and all professions!
P. C A. You shall haue stall-fed Doctors, cram'd Divines
Make loue to her, and with those studied
And perfum'd flatteries, as no rome can stinke
More elegant, then where they are. P i c. Well chanted,
Old Canter, thou singst true. P. C A. And (by your leaue)
The Staple of Newes.

Good Masters worship, some of your velvet coate
Make corpulent curt’ties to her, till they cracke for’t.

P I C. There’s Doctor Almanack wooes her, one of the
Ieerers,

A fine Physitian. P. C. A. Your Sea-captaine, Shun-field, Giues out hee’ll goe vpon the Cannon for her.

P I C. Though his lowd mouthing get him little credit.

P. C. A. Young Master Pyed-mantle, the fine Herald, Professes to deriue her through all ages,

From all the Kings, and Queenes, that euer were.

P I C. And Master Madrigall, the crowned Poet Of these our times, doth offer at her praises As faire as any, when it shall please Apollo,

That wit and rime may meete both in one subiect.

P. C. A. And you to beare her from all these, it will be— P I C. A work of fame. P. C. A. Of honor. P I C. Celebration.

P. C. A. Worthy your name. P I C. The Peni-boys to liue in’t.

P. C. A. It is an action you were built for, Sir,

P I C. And none but you can doe it. P. I v. I’ll vnder-
take it,

P. C. A. And carry it. P. I v. Feare me not, for since I came Of mature age, I haue had a certaine itch

In my right eye, this corner, here, doe you see?
To doe some worke, and worthy of a Chronicle.

The first Intermeane after the first Act.

The first Intermeane after the first Act.

Mirth. How now Gossip! how doe’s the Play please you?

Censure. Very scruuilily, me thinks, and sufficiently naught.

Expectation. As a body would wish: here’s nothing
but a young Prodigall, come of age, who makes much of the Barber, buyes him a place in a new Office, i’the ayre, I know not where, and his man o’ Law to follow him, with the Begger to boote, and they two helpe him to a wife.

MIRTH. I, shee is a proper piece! that such creatures can broke for.

TATTLE. I cannot abide that nasty fellow, the Begger; if hee had beene a Court-Begger in good clothes, a Begger in veluet, as they say, I could haue endur’d him.

MIRTH. Or a begging scholler in blacke, or one of these beggerly Poets, gossip, that would hang upon a young heyre like a horseleech.

EXPECT. Or a thred-bare Doctor of Physicke, a poore Quackesaluer.

CENSURE. Or a Sea-captaine, halfe steru’d.

MIRTH. I, these were tolerable Beggers, Beggers of fashion! you shall see some such anon!

TATTLE. I would faine see the Foole, gossip, the Foole is the finest man i’ the company, they say, and has all the wit:

Hee is the very Iustice o’ Peace o’the Play, and can commit whom hee will, and what hee will, errour, absurdity, as the toy takes him, and no man say, blacke is his eye, but laugh at him.

MIRTH. But they ha’ no Foole i’ this Play, I am afraid,

gossip.

TATTLE. It’s a wise Play, then.

EXPECTATION. They are all fooles, the rather, in that.

CENSURE. Like enough.

TATTLE. My husband, (Timothy Tattle, God rest his poore soule) was wont to say, there was no Play without a Foole, and a Diuell in’t; he was for the Diuell still, God blesse him. The Diuell for his money, would hee say, I would faine see the Diuell. And why would you so faine see the Diuell? would I say. Because hee has hornes, wife, and may be a cuckold, as well as a Diuell, hee would answer: You are e’en
such another, husband, quoth I. Was the Diuell euer married? where doe you read, the Diuell was euer so honorable to commit Matrimony? The Play will tell us that, sayes he, wee'll goe see't to-morrow, the Diuell is an Asse. Hee is an errant learn'd man, that made it, and can write, they say, and I am fouly deceive'd, but hee can read too.

MIRTH. I remember it gossip, I went with you, by the same token, Mr. Trouble Truth diswaded us, and told vs, hee was a prophan Poet, and all his Playes had Diuells in them. That he kept schole vpo' the Stage, could conjure there, aboue the Schole of Westminster, and Doctor Lamb too: not a Play he made, but had a Diuell in it. And that he would learne us all to make our husbands Cuckolds at Playes: by another token, that a young married wife i'the company, said, shee could finde in her heart to steale thither, and see a little o'the vanity through her masque, and come practice at home.

TATLE. O, it was, Mistresse——

MIRTH. Nay, Gossip, I name no body. It may be 'twas my selfe.

EXPECTATION. But was the Diuell a proper man, Gossip?

MIRTH. As fine a gentleman, of his inches, as euer I saw trusted to the Stage, or any where else: and lou'd the common wealth, as well as e're a Patriot of 'hem all: hee would carry away the Vice on his backe, quicke to Hell, in euerie Play where he came, and reforme abuses.

EXPECTATION. There was the Diuell of Edmonton, no such man, I warrant you.

CENSURE. The Coniurer coosen'd him with a candles end, hee was an Asse.

MIRTH. But there was one Smug, a Smith, would haue made a horse laugh, and broke his halter, as they say.

TATLE. O, but the poore man had got a shrewd mischance, one day.

EXPECTATION. How, Gossip?

INTERMEAN] 43 Matrimony [?] Matrimony; F	vs] vs, F	64 e're
TATLE. He had drest a Rogue Iade i'the morning, that had the Staggers, and had got such a spice of 'hem himselfe, by noone, as they would not away all the Play time, doe what hee could, for his heart.

Mirth. 'Twas his part, Gossip, he was to be drunke, by his part.

TATLE. Say you so? I understood not so much.

EXPECTA. Would wee had such an other part, and such a man in this play, I feare 'twill be an excellent dull thing.

CENSURE. Expect, intend it.

ACT II. SCENE I.

PENI-BOY SEN. PECV NIA. MORTGAGE.
STATVTE. BAND. BROKER.

Your Grace is sad, me thinks, and melancholy! You doe not looke vpon me with that face, As you were wont, my Goddesse, bright Pecunia: Although your Grace be falne of, two i'the hundred,

5 In vulgar estimation; yet am I, You<r> Graces servant still: and teach this body, To bend, and these my aged knees to buckle, In adoration, and just worship of you. Indeed, I doe confesse, I haue no shape

To make a minion of, but I'm your Martyr, Your Graces Martyr. I can heare the Rogues, As I doe walke the streetes, whisper, and point, There goes old Peni-boy, the slaue of money, Rich Peni-boy, Lady Pecunia's drudge,

10 A sordid Rascal, one that neuer made Good meale in his sleep, but sells the acates are sent him, Fish, Fowle, and venison, and preserues himselfe,

1 sad,] sad F  4 falne of,] falne, of F  6 Your F3  16 Good
... sells] Good meale but in his sleep, sells Robert Nares conf.
Like an old hoary Rat, with mouldy pye-crust.
This I doe heare, rejoycing, I can suffer
This, and much more, for your good Graces sake.

P e c. Why do you so, my Guardian? I not bid you,
Cannot my Grace be gotten, and held too,
Without your selfe-tormentings, and your watches,
Your macerating of your body thus
With cares, and scantings of your dyet, and rest?

P. S e. O, no, your seruices, my Princely Lady,
Cannot with too much zeale of rites be done,
They are so sacred. P e c. But my Reputation
May suffer, and the worship of my family,
When by so seruile meanes they both are sought.

P. S e. You are a noble, young, free, gracious Lady,
And would be euery bodies, in your bounty,
But you must not be so. They are a few
That know your merit, Lady, and can valew't.
Your selfe scarce understands your proper powers.
They are all-mighty, and that wee, your seruants,
That haue the honour here to stand so neere you,
Know; and can use too. All this Nether-world
Is yours, you command it, and doe sway it,
The honour of it, and the honesty,
The reputation, I, and the religion,
(I was about to say, and had not err'd)
Is Queene Pecunia's. For that stile is yours,
If mortals knew your Grace, or their owne good.

M o r. Please your Grace to retire. B a n. I feare your Grace
Hath ta'ne too much of the sharpe ayre. P e c. O no!
I could endure to take a great deale more
(And with my constitution) were it left
Vnto my choice, what thinke you of it, Statute?

S t a. A little now and then does well, and keepes
Your Grace in your complexion. B a n. And true temper.

M o r. But too much Madame, may encrease cold rheumes,
Nourish catarrhes, greene sickn esses, and agues,
And put you in consumption. P. S. E. Best to take
55 Aduice of your graue women, Noble Madame,
They know the state o' your body, and ha' studied
Your Graces health. B A N. And honour. Here'll be visi-
tants,
Or Suitors by and by; and 'tis not fit
They find you here. S T A. 'Twill make your Grace too
cheape
60 To giue them audience presently. M O R. Leave your
Secretary,
To answer them. P E C. Waite you here, Broker. B R O. I
shal Madame.
And doe your Graces trusts with diligence.

ACT II. SCENE II.

PYED-MANTLE. BROKER.
PENI-BOY SEN.

What luck's this? I am come an inch too late.
Doe you heare Sir? Is your worship o'the family
Vnnto the Lady Pecunia? B R O. I serue her Grace, Sir,
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, the Infanta.
5 PYE. Has she all those Titles, and her Grace besides?
I must correct that ignorance and ouer-sight,
Before I doe present. Sir, I haue drawne
A Pedigree for her Grace, though yet a Nouice
In that so noble study. B R O. A Herald at Armes?
PYE. No, Sir, a Pursuivant, my name is Pyed-mantle.
B R O. Good Master Pyed-mantle. PYE. I haue deduc'd
her——
B R O. From all the Spanish Mines in the West-Indies,
I hope: for she comes that way by her mother,

II. ii] Enter Piedmantle. G, con-
5 besides? F3: besides, F 10 No,] No F 11 her——]}

her.—— F 12 Indies F3: Indi'es F
The Staple of Newes. 307

But, by her Grand-mother, she's Dutches of Mines. P y e. From mans creation I haue brought her. B r o. No further?

Before S't, long before, you haue done nothing else, Your Mines were before Adam, search your Office, Rowle false and twenty, you will finde it so, I see you are but a Nouice, Master Pyed-mantle, If you had not told mee so. P y e. Sir, an apprentice

In armoiry. I haue read the Elements, And Accidence, and all the leading bookes, And I haue, now, vpon me a great ambition, How to be brought to her Grace, to kisse her hands. B r o. Why, if you haue acquaintance with Mistresse Statute,

Or Mistresse Band, my Ladies Gentlewomen, They can induce you. One is a Judges Daughter, But somewhat stately; th'other, Mistresse Band, Her father's but a Scrivener, but shee can Almost as much with my Lady, as the other, Especially, if Rose Waxe the Chambermaid Be willing. Doe you not know her, Sir, neither?

P y e. No in troth Sir. B r o. She's a good plyant wench, And easie to be wrought, Sir, but the Nurse, Old mother Mortgage, if you haue a Tenement, Or such a morsell? though shee haue no teeth, Shee loues a sweet meat, any thing that melts In her warme gummies, she could command it for you On such a trifle, a toy. Sir, you may see, How for your loue, and this so pure complexion, (A perfect Sanguine) I ha' ventur'd thus, The straining of a ward, opening a doore Into the secrets of our family.

P y e. I pray you let mee know, Sir, vnsto whom I am so much beholden; but your name. B r o. My name is Broker, I am Secretary,
And Vsher, to her Grace. P Y E. Good Master Broker!
Bro. Good Mr. Pyed-mantle. P Y E. Why? you could
do me,
If you would, now, this fav'our of your selfe.
Bro. Truely, I thinke I could: but if I would,
I hardly should, without, or Mistresse Band,
Or Mistresse Statute, please to appeare in it.
Or the good Nurse I told you of, Mistresse Mortgage.
We know our places here, wee mingle not
One in another's sphere, but all move orderly,
In our owne orbs; yet wee are all Concentricks.
P Y E. Well, Sir, I'll waite a better season. Bro. Doe,
And study the right meanes, get Mistresse Band
To burne on your behalfe, or little Waxe.
P Y E. I haue a hope, Sir, that I may, by chance,
Light on her Grace, as she's taking the ayre.
Bro. That ayre of hope, has blasted many an ayrie
Of Castrills like your selfe: Good Master Pyed-mantle.
P S E. Well said, Master Secretary, I stood behinde
And heard thee all. I honor thy dispatches.
If they be rude, vntrained in our method
And haue not studied the rule, dismissee 'hem quickly.
Where's Lickfinger my Cooke? that vnctuous rascal?
Hee'll neuer keepe his houre, that vessell of kitchinstuffe!

ACT II. SCENE IIJ.

Brok. Peny-boy Se.

Lick-finger.

Eere hee is come, Sir. P S E. Pox vpon him kidney,
Alwaies too late! L I C. To wish 'hem you, I confesse,
That ha' them already. P S E. What? L I C. The pox!
P S E. The piles,

add G 64 st. dir. leaps.] leaps F 65 heard] heard F 66 in F 3: it F
67 quickly.] quickly, F ii. iii.] Enter Lickfinger. G, continuing the
scene. Peny-boy] Peny-boy. F
The plague, and all diseases light on him,
Knowes not to keepe his word. I'd keepe my word sure!
I hate that man that will not keepe his word,
When did I breake my word? L i c. Or I, till now?
And 'tis but halfe an houre. P. S E. Halfe a yeere:
To mee that stands vpon a minute of time.
I am a iust man, I loue still to be iust.

L i c. Why? you thinke I can runne like light-foot Ralph,
Or keep a wheele-barrow, with a sayle, in towne here,
To whirle me to you: I haue lost two stone
Of suet i' the service posting hither,
You might haue followed me like a watering pot,
And seene the knots I made along the street;
My face dropt like the skimmer in a fritter panne,
And my whole body, is yet (to say the truth)
A rosted pound of butter, with grated bread in't!

P. S E. Believe you, he that list. You stay'd of purpose,
To haue my venison stinke, and my fowle mortify'd,
That you might ha' 'hem — L i c. A shilling or two cheaper,
That's your jealousie. P. S E. Perhaps it is.
Will you goe in, and view, and value all?
Yonder is venison sent mee! fowle! and fish!
In such abundance! I am sicke to see it!
I wonder what they meane! I ha' told 'hem of it!
To burthen a weake stomacke! and prouoke
A dying appetite! thrust a sinne vpon me
I ne'r was guilty of! nothing but gluttony!
Grosse gluttony! that will vn doe this Land!

L i c. And bating two i'the hundred. P. S E. I, that same's
A crying sinne, a fearfull damn'd deuice;
Eats vp the poore, deuoures 'hem — L i c. Sir, take heed
What you giue out. P. S E. Against your graue great Solons?
Numae Pompilij, they that made that Law?
To take away the poore's inherittance?
It was their portion: I will stand to't.
And they haue rob'd 'hem of it, plainly rob'd 'hem,
I still am a just man, I tell the truth.
When moneies went at Ten i'the hundred, I,
And such as I, the servant of Pecunia,
Could spare the poore two out of ten, and did it,
You did it.

P. S. E. I am for Justice, when did I leaue Justice?
We knew 'twas theirs, they had right and Title to't.
Now—— Lic. You can spare 'hem nothing. P. S. E.
Very little,
Lic. As good as nothing. P. S. E. They haue bound our hands
With their wise solemn act, shortned our armes.

Lic. Beware those worshipfull eares, Sir, be not shortned,
And you play Crop i'the fleete, if you use this licence.
P. S. E. What licence, Knaue? Informer? Lic. I am Lickfinger,
Your Cooke. P. S. E. A saucy Jacke you are, that's once;
Lic. I know his gift, hee can be deafe when he list.
P. S. E. Ha' you prouded me my bushell of egges,
I did bespeake? I doe not care how stale,
Or stincking that they be; let 'hem be rotten:
For ammunition here to pelt the boyes,

That breake my windowes? Lic. Yes Sir, I ha' spar'd 'hem
Out of the custard politque for you, the Maiors.
P. S. E. 'Tis well, goe in, take hence all that excesse,
Make what you can of it, your best: and when
I haue friends, that I inuite at home, prouide mee

Such, such, and such a dish, as I bespeake;
One at a time, no superfluitie.
Or if you haue it not, returne mee money;

ii. iii. 56 egges,] egges? F 61 Maiors] Mayor's F3
You know my waies. L i c. They are a little crooked.

P. S E. How knaue? L i c. Because you do indent.

P. S E. 'Tis true, Sir,

I do indent you shall returne me money.

L i c. Rather then meat, I know it: you are iust still.

P. S E. I loue it still. And therefore if you spend

The red-Deeres pyes i' your house, or sell 'hem forth, Sir,

Cast so, that I may haue their coffins 'all,

Return'd here, and pil'd vp: I would be thought

To keepe some kind of house. L i c. By the mouldie signes?

P. S E. And then remember meat for my two dogs:

Fat flaps of mutton; kidneyes; rumps of veale;

Good plentious scraps; my maid shall eat the reliques.

L i c. When you & your dogs haue din'd. A sweet

reversion.

P. S E. Who's here? my Courtier? and my little Doctor?

My Muster-Master? and what Plouer 's that

They haue brought to pull? B r o. I know not, some green

Plouer.

I'le find him out. P. S E. Doe, for I know the rest,

They are the leerers, mocking, flouting Jackes.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

FITTON. PENI-BOY SE. ALMANACH.

SHVNFIELD. MADRIGAL. LICK-FINGER. BROKER.

How now old Money-Bawd? w'are come—— P. S E.

To meer me,

As you were wont, I know you. A l m. No, to giue thee

Some good security, and see Pecunia.

P. S E. What is't? F I T. Our selues. A l m. Wee'1 be

one bound for another.

I. iii. 69 P. S E. 'Tis true, Sir, in l. 70 in F3 84 After 'out.' Enter

FITTON, ALMANAC, SHVNFIELD, AND MADRIGAL. G

II. iv.] G continues the

scene. PENI-BOY] PENI-BOY. F 4 Two lines in F, F3, divided at

'selues.'
F I T. This noble Doctor here. A L M. This worthy Courtier.

F I T. This Man o' war, he was our Muster-Master.

A L M. But a Sea-Captaine now, braue Captaine Shunfield.

S H V N. You snuffe the ayre now, as the scent displeas'd you?

F I T. Thou needst not feare him man, his credit is sound,

A L M. And season'd too, since he tooke salt at Sea.

P. S E. I doe not loue pickl'd security,

Would I had one good Fresh-man in for all;

For truth is, you three stinke. S H V. You are a Rogue.

P. S E. I thinke I am, but I will lend no money

On that security, Captaine. A L M. Here's a Gentleman,

A Fresh-man i' the world, one Master Madrigall.

Madrigall steps aside with Broker.

F I T. Of an vtntainted credit; what say you to him?

S H V. Hee's gone, me thinkes, where is he? Madrigall?

P. S E. H' has an odde singing name, is he an Heyre?

F I T. An Heyre to a faire fortune, A L M. And full hopes:

A dainty Scholler, and a pretty Poët!

P. S E. Y'au'e said enough. I ha' no money, Gentlemen,

An' he goe to't in ryme once, not a penny.

S H V. Why, hee's of yeares, though he haue little beard.

P. S E. His beard has time to grow. I haue no money:

Let him still dable in Poetry. No Pecunia

Is to be seen. A L M. Come, thou lou'st to be costiue

Still i' thy curt'sie; but I haue a pill,

A golden pill to purge away this melancholly.

S H V. 'Tis nothing but his keeping o' the house here,

With his two drowsie doggs. F I T. A drench of sacke

At a good tauerne, and a fine fresh pullet,

Would cure him. L I C. Nothing but a yong Haire in

white-broth,
The Staple of Newes.

I know his diet better then the Doctor.

S H V. What Lick-finger? mine old host of Ram-Alley? You ha' some mercat here. A L M. Some dosser of Fish Or Fowle to fetch of. F I T. An odde bargaine of Venison, To drie. P. S E. Will you goe in, knaue? L I C. I must needs,

You see who dries me, gentlemen. A L M. Not the diuell.

F I T. Hee may be in time, hee is his Agent, now. Peny-boy thrusts him in.

P. S E. You are all cogging Jacks, a Couy o' wits, The Ieerers, that still call together at meales:

Or rather an Airy, for you are birds of prey:

And flie at all, nothing's too bigge or high for you.

And are so truely fear'd, but not belou'd

One of another: as no one dares breake

Company from the rest, lest they should fall

Vpon him absent. A L M. O! the onely Oracle

That euer peep, or spake out of a dublet.

S H V. How the rogue stinks, worse then a Fishmonger's sleeues!

F I T. Or Curriers hands! S H V. And such a perboill'd visage!

F I T. His face lookes like a Diers apron, iust!

A L M. A sodden head, and his whole braine a possit curd!

P. S E. I, now you ieere, ieere on; I haue no money.

A L M. I wonder what religion hee's of!

F I T. No certaine species sure. A kinde of mule!

That's haue an Ethnicke, halfe a Christian!

P. S E. I haue no monie, gentlemen. S H V. This stocke,

He has no sense of any vertue, honour,

Gentrie or merit. P. S E. You say very right,

My meritorious Captaine, (as I take it l)

Merit will keepe no house, nor pay no house rent.

Will Mistresse Merit goe to mercat, thinke you?

Set on the pot, or feed the family?

ii. iv. 37 fetch of] fetch off F3 40 Fit.] Fit, F be om. W
St. dir. in F at l. 44 47 fall] fall, F 50 Fishmongers F3
56 sure.] sure, F 58 P. S E.] P. Se. F (so 60, 68, 71, 80, 91, 97, 104, 114) stocke.] stockes. F
Will Gentry cleare with the Butcher? or the Baker?
Fetch in a Pheasant, or a brace of Partridges,
From good-wife Poulter, for my Ladies supper?

Fir. See! this pure rogue! P. S.E. This rogue has money tho',
My worshipfull braue Courtier has no money.


P. S.E. Nor you, my learned Doctor. I lou'd you
Whil(e) you did hold your practice, and kill tripe-wiues,
And kept you to your vrinall; but since your thombes
Haue greasd the Ephemerides, casting figures,
And turning ouer for your Candle-rents,
And your twelue houses in the Zodiacke:

With your Almutens, Alma cantaras,
Troth, you shall cant alone for Peny-boy.

S H v. I told you what we should find him, a meere Bawd.

Fir. A rogue, a cheater. P. S.E. What you please, gentlemen,

I am of that humble nature and condition,
Neuer to minde your worshipes, or take notice
Of what you throw away, thus. I keepe house here
Like a lame Cobler, neuer out of doores,

With my two dogs, my friends; and (as you say)
Driue a quicke pretty trade, still. I get money:
And as for Titles, be they Rogue, or Rascall,
Or what your worshipes fancy, let 'hem passe
As transitory things; they're mine to day,

And yours to morrow. A L M. Hang thee dog. S H v. Thou curre.

P. S.E. You see how I doe blush, and am asham'd
Of these large attributes? yet you haue no money.

A L M. Well Wolfe, Hyæna, you old pockie rascall,
You will ha' the Hernia fall downe againe

Into your Scrotum, and I shall be sent for.
I will remember then, that; and your Fistula
The Staple of Newes

In ano, I cur'd you of. P. S e. Thanke your dog-leech craft. They were 'holesome piles, afore you meddl'd with 'hem.

A L M. What an vngratefull wretch is this? S H v. Hee minds

A curtesie no more, then London-bridge,
What Arch was mended last. F I T. Hee neuer thinkes,
More then a loge, of any grace at Court,
A man may doe him: or that such a Lord
Reach't him his hand. P. S e. O yes! if grace would strike
The brewers Tally, or my good Lords hand
Would quit the scores. But Sir, they will not doe it.
Here's a piece, my good Lord piece, doth all.
Goes to the Butchers, fetches in a mut<t>on,
Then to the Bakers, brings in bread, makes fires,
Gets wine, and does more reall Curtesies,
Then all my Lords, I know: My sweet Lord pheece!
You are my Lord, the rest are cogging Jacks,
Vnder the Rose. S H v. Rogue, I could beat you now,
P. S e. True, Captaine, if you durst beat any other,
I should believe you, but indeed you are hungry;
You are not angry Captaine, if I know you
Aright; good Captaine. No Pecunia
Is to be seen, though Mistresse Band would speake,
Or little Blushet-Waxe be ne'r so easie,
I'll stop mine cares with her, against the Syrens,
Court, and Philosophy. God be wi' you, Gentlemen,
Prouide you better names, Pecunia is for you.

F I T. What a damn'd Harpy it is? where's Madrigall?
Is he sneek'd hence? S H v. Here he comes with Broker,
Pecunia's Secretary. A L M. He may doe some good
With him perhaps. Where ha' you beene Madrigall?
M A D. Aboue with my Ladies women, reading verses.
F I T. That was a fauvour. Good morrow, Master Secretary.
S H V. Good morrow, Master Vsher. A L M. Sir, by both
130 Your worshipfull Tilies, and your name Mas Broker,
Good morrow. M A D. I did ask him if hee were
Amphibion Broker. S H V. Why? M A D. A creature of
two natures,
Because hee has two Offices. B r o. You may ieere,
You ha' the wits, young Gentlemen. But your hope
135 Of Helicon, will neuer carry it, heere,
With our fat family; we ha' the dullest,
Most unboar'd Eares for verse amongst our females.
I grieu'd you read so long, Sir, old Nurse Mortgage,
Shee snoar'd i'the Chaire, and Statule (if you mark'd her)
140 Fell fast a sleepe, and Mistresse B and, shee nodded,
But not with any consent to what you read.
They must haue somwhat else to chinke, then rymes.
If you could make an Epitaph on your Land,
(Imagine it on departure) such a Poem
145 Would wake 'hem, and bring Waxe to her true temper.
M A D. I' faith Sir, and I will try. B r o. 'Tis but earth,
Fit to make brickes and tyles of. S H V. Pocks vpon't,
'Tis but for pots, or pipkins at the best.
If it would keepe vs in good tabacco pipes,
150 B r o. 'Twere worth keeping. F I T. Or in porc'lane
dishes,
There were some hope. A L M. But this is a hungry soile,
And must be helpt. F I T. Who would hold any Land
To haue the trouble to marle it? S H V. Not a gentleman.
B r o. Let clownes and hyndes affect it, that loue
ploughes,
155 And carts, and harrowes, and are busie still,
In vexing the dull element. A L M. Our sweete Songster
Shall rarifie't into ayre. F I T. And you Mas. Broker,
Shall haue a feeling. B r o. So it supple, Sir,
The nerues. M A D. O! it shall be palpable,
The Staple of Newes.

Make thee runne thorrow a hoope, or a thombe-ring, 160
The nose of a tabacco pipe, and draw.
Thy ductile bones out, like a knitting needle,
To serue my subtill turnses. B r o. I shall obey, Sir,
And run a thred, like an houre-glasse. P. S e. Where is Broker?
Are not these flies gone yet? pray' quit my house, 165
I'le smoake you out else. F I t. O ! the Prodigall!
Will you be at so much charge with vs, and losse?
M A D. I haue heard you ha' offered Sir, to lock vp smoake,
And cauke your windores, spar up all your doores,
Thinking to keepe it a close prisoner wi' you, 170
And wept, when it went out, Sir, at your chimney.
F I t. And yet his eyes were dryer then a pummise.
S H v. A wretched rascall, that will binde about
The nose of his bellowes, lest the wind get out
When hee's abroad. A l m. Sweepes downe no cobwebs here, 175
But sells 'hem for cut-fingers. And the spiders,
As creatures rear'd of dust, and cost him nothing,
To fat old Ladies monkeyes. F I t. Hee has offer'd
To gather vp spilt water, and preserue
Each haire falls from him to stop balls withall. 180
S H v. A slaue, and an Idolater to Pecunia!
P. S e. You all haue happy memories, Gentlemen,
In rocking my poore cradle. I remember too,
When you had lands, and credit, worship, friends,
I, and could giue security: now, you haue none, 185
Or will haue none right shortly. This can time,
And the vicissitude of things. I haue
All these, and money too, and doe possesse 'hem,
And am right heartily glad of all our memories,
And both the changes. F I t. Let vs leaue the viper. 190
P. S e. Hee's glad he is rid of his torture, and so sooner.
Broker, come hither, vp, and tell your Lady,
Shee must be readie presently, and Statute,
Band, Mortgage, Wax. My prodigall young kinsman
Will straignt be here to see her; 'top of our house,
The flourishing, and flanting Peny-boy.
Wee were but three of vs in all the world,
My brother Francis, whom they call'd Franck Peny-boy,
Father to this: hee's dead. This Peny-boy,
Is now the heire! I, Richer Peny-boy,
Not Richard, but old Harry Peny-boy,
And (to make rime) close, wary Peny-boy,
I shall haue all at last, my hopes doe tell me.
Goe, see all ready; and where my dogs haue falted,
Remove it with a broome, and sweeten all
With a slice of juniper, not too much, but sparing,
We may be faultie our selues else, and turne prodigall,
In entertaining of the Prodigall.
Here hee is! and with him—what! a Clapper Dudgeon!
That's a good signe; to haue the begger follow him,
So neere at his first entry into fortune.

ACT II. SCENE V.

PENY-BOY IV. PENI-BOY SEN. PIC(K)LOCK. CANTER.)
BROKER. PECVIA. STATUTE.
BAND. WAX. MORTGAGE. hid in the study.

How now old Vnkle? I am come to see thee,
And the braue Lady, here, the daughter of Ophir,
They say thou keepst. P. S e. Sweet Nephew, if she were
The daughter o' the Sunne, shee's at your seruice,
And so am I, and the whole family,
Worshipfull Nephew. P. I v. Sai'st thou so, deare Vncele?
Welcome my friends then: Here is, Domine Picklocke:
My man o' Law, sollicits all my causes,

[Notes on page]
Followes my businesse, makes, and compounds my quarrells,
Betweene my tenants and mee, sowes all my strifes,
And reapes them too, troubles the country for mee,
And vexes any neighbour, that I please.

P. S E. A worshipfull place! P i c. I thanke his worship for it.
P. S E. But what is this old Gentleman? P. C A. A Rogue,

A very Canter, I Sir, one that maunds
Vpon the Pad, wee should be brothers though:
For you are neere as wretched as my selfe,
You dare not vse your money, and I haue none.
P. S E. Not vse my money, cogging Iacke, who vses it
At better rates? lets it for more i'the hundred,
Then I doe, Sirrah? P. I v. Be not angry vnclle.
P. S E. What? to disgrace me, with my Queene? as if I did not know her valew. P. C A. Sir, I meant
You durst not to enjoy it. P. S E. Hold your peace,
You are a Iacke. P. I v. Vnclle, he shall be a John,
An' you goe to that, as good a man as you are.
And I can make him so, a better man,
Perhaps I will too. Come, let vs goe. P. S E. Nay, kins-
man,
My worshipfull kinsman; and the top of our house;
Doe not your penitent vnclle that affront,
For a rash word, to leave his joyfull threshold,
Before you see the Lady that you long for,
The Venus of the time, and state, Pecunia!
I doe perceiue, your bounty loues the man,
For some concealed vertue, that he hides
Vnder those rags. P. C A. I owe my happinesse to him,
The waiting on his worship, since I brought him
The happy Newes, welcome to all young heires.

P. I v. Thou didst indeed, for which I thanke thee yet.

Your Fortunate Princesse, VnCLE, is long a comming.

P. C A. She is not rigg'd, Sir, setting forth some Lady,

Will cost as much as furnishing a Fleet.

Here she is come at last, and like a Galley

Guilt i'the prow. P. I v. Is this Pecunia?

P. S E. Vouchsafe my toward kinsman, gracious Madame,

The fauour of your hand. P E C. Nay, of my lips, Sir,

To him. P. I v. She kisses like a mortall creature,

Almighty Madame, I haue long'd to see you.

P E C. And I haue my desire, Sir, to behold

That youth, and shape, which in my dreames and wakes,

I haue so oft contemplated, and felt

Warme in my veynes, and natue as my blood.

When I was told of your arriual here,

I felt my heart beat, as it would leape out,

In speach; and all my face it was a flame,

But how it came to passe I doe not know.

P. I v. O! beauty loues to be more proud then nature,

That made you blush. I cannot satisfie

My curious eyes, by which alone I'am happy,

In my beholding you. P. C A. They passe the complement

Prettily well. P E C. I, he does kisse her, I like him.

P. I v. My passion was cleare contrary, and doubtfull,

I shooke for feare, and yet I danc'd for joy,

I had such motions as the Sunne-beames make

Against a wall, or playing on a water,

Or trembling vapour of a boyling pot——

P. S E. That's not so good, it should ha' bin a Crucible,

With molten mettal, she had understandd it.

P. I v. I cannot talke, but I can loue you, Madame.

Are these your Gentlewomen? I loue them too.

And which is mistresse Statute? Mistresse Band?

They all kisse close, the last stucke to my lips.
B R O. It was my Ladies Chamber-maid, soft-Waxe.
P. I v. Soft lips she has, I am sure on't. Mother Mort-
gage,
I'll owe a kisse, till she be yonger. Statute,
Sweet Mistresse Band, and honey, little Waxe,
We must be better acquainted. S T A. We are but servants, 
Sir.
B A N D. But whom her Grace is so content to grace,
We shall observer. W A X. And with all fit respect.
M O R. In our poore places. W A X. Being her Graces shadowes.
P. I v. A fine well-spoken family. What's thy name ?
B R O. Broker. P. I v. Me thinks my vncle should not 
need thee,
Who is a crafty Knaue, enough, beleue it.
Art thou her Graces Steward? B R O. No, her Vshcr, Sir. 
P. I v. What, o'the Hall ? thou hast a sweeping face,
Thy beard is like a broome. B R O. No barren chin, Sir,
I am no Eunuch, though a Gentleman-Vshcr.
P. I v. Thou shalt goe with vs. Vncle, I must haue 
My Princesse forth to day. P. S E. Whither you please, 
Sir,
You shall command her. P E c. I will doe all grace 
To my new servant. P. S E. Thanks vnto your bounty ;
He is my Nephew, and my Chiefe, the Point,
Tip, Top, and Tuft of all our family !
But, Sir, condition'd alwaies, you returne
Statute, and Band home, with my sweet, soft Waxe,
And my good Nurse, here, Mortgage. P. I v. O ! what else ?
P. S E. By Broker. P. I v. Do not feare. P. S E. She 
shall go wi' you,
Whither you please, Sir, any where. P. C A. I see 
A Money-Bawd, is lightly a Flesh-Bawd, too.
P I c. Are you aduis'd ? Now o' my faith, this Canter

II. v. 74 soft-Waxe|soft Wax F3 76 yonger,] yonger, F: younger.
F3 80 And] Aand F 84 Aside to Broker. add G
445.6 Y
Would make a good graue Burgesse in some Barne.

P. I v. Come, thou shalt goe with vs, vnclce. P. S E. By no means, Sir.
P. I v. We'll haue both Sack, and Fidlers. P. S E. I'll not draw

That charge vpon your worship. P. C A. He speakes modestly,
And like an Vnclce. P. S E. But Mas Broker, here,
He shall attend you, Nephew; her Graces Vsher.
And what you fancy to bestow on him,
Be not too lauish, vs a temperate bounty,

I'll take it to my selfe. P. I v. I will be princely,
While I possesse my Princesse, my Pecunia.

P. S E. Where is't you eat? P. I v. Hard by, at Picklocks lodging.

Old Lickfinger's the Cooke, here in Ram-Alley.
P. S E. He has good cheare; perhaps I'll come and see you.

P. C A N. O, fie! an Alley, and a Cooks-shop, grosse,
'T will sauour, Sir, most rankly of 'hem both.

Let your meat rather follow you, to a tauerne.
P. I c. A tauerne's as vnfit too, for a Princesse.
P. C A. No, I haue knowne a Princesse, and a great one,
P. C A. She must goe in, if she came forth: the blessed Pokahontas (as the Historian calls her)
And great Kings daughter of Virginia,
Hath bin in womb of a tauerne; and besides,

Your nasty Vnclce will spoyle all your mirth,
And be as noysome. P I c. That's true. P. C A. No 'faith,
Dine in Apollo with Pecunia,
At braue Duke Wadloos, haue your friends about you,
And make a day on't. P. I v. Content i' faith:

Our meat shall be brought thither. Simon the King,
The Staple of Newes.


P. I v. What's that? P i c. That you will carry the

Infanta,

To see the Staple', her Grace will be a grace,
To all the members of it. P. I v. I will doe it:
And haue her Armes set vp there, with her Titles,

Aurelia Clara Pecunia, the Infanta.

And in Apollo. Come (sweete Princesse) goe.

P. S e. Broker, be careful of your charge. B r o. I war-

rant you.

The second Intermeane after the second Act.

C E N S V R E. Why, this is duller and duller! intolerable!

Scurvy! neither Diuel nor Foole in this Play! pray God,

some on vs be not a witch, Gossip, to forespeake the matter thus.

M I R T H. I feare we are all such, and we were old enough:

But we are not all old enough to make one witch. How like

you the Vice i' the Play?

E X P E C T A T I O N. Which is he?

M I R. Three or foure: old Couetousnesse, the sordid Peny-

boy, the Money-bawd, who is a flesh-bawd too, they say.

T A T L E. But here is neuer a Fiend to carry him away. 10

Besides, he has neuer a wooden dagger! I'd not give a rush

for a Vice, that has not a wooden dagger to snap at every body

he meetes.

M I R T H. That was the old way, Gossip, when Iniquity

came in like Hokos Pokos, in a Iuglers ierkin, with false skirts, 15

like the Knaue of Clubs! but now they are attir'd like men and

women o' the time, the Vices, male and female! Prodigality

like a young heyre, and his Mistresse Money (whose favours

he scatters like counters) prank't vp like a prime Lady, the

Infanta of the Mines.

C E N. I, therein they abuse an honorable Princesse, it is

thought.

II. v. 138 Exeunt. add G THE SECOND INTERMEAN. 6 Play?

MIRTH. By whom is it so thought? or where lies the abuse?

25 CEN. Plaine in the stiling her Infanta, and giving her three names.

MIRTH. Take heed, it lie not in the vice of your interpretation: what have Aurelia, Clara, Pecunia to do with any person? do they any more, but express the property of Money, which is the daughter of earth, and drawn out of the Mines? Is there nothing to be call'd Infanta, but what is subject to exception? Why not the Infanta of the Beggers? or Infanta o' the Gipsies? as well as King of Beggers, and King of Gipsies?

35 CEN. Well, and there were no wiser then I, I would sow him in a sack, and send him by sea to his Princesse.

MIRT. Faith, and hee heard you Censure, he would goe neere to sticke the Asses eares to your high dressing, and perhaps to all ours for harkening to you.

TATE. By'r Lady, but he should not to mine, I would harken, and harken, and censure, if I saw cause, for th'other Princesse sake Pokahontas, surnam'd the blessed, whom hee has abus'd indeed (and I doe censure him, and will censure him) to say she came forth of a Tauerne, was said like a paltry Poet.

MIRTH. That's but one Gossips opinion, and my Gossip Tatle's too! but what saies Expectation, here, she sits sullen and silent.

EXP. Troth, I expect their Office, their great Office! the Staple, what it will be! they have talk't on't, but wee see't not open yet; would Butter would come in, and spread it-selfe a little to vs.

MIRTH. Or the butter-box, Buz, the Emissary.

TATE. When it is churn'd, and dish't, we shall heare of it.

EXP. If it be fresh and sweet butter; but say it be sower and wheyish.

MIR. Then it is worth nothing, meere pot-butter, fit to be

SECOND INTERMEAN 40 Lady,) Lady F 49 Troth,) Troth F
The Staple of Newes.

spent in suppositories, or greasing coach-wheelees, stale stinking butter, and such I feare it is, by the being barrell'd vp so long. 60

EXPECTATION. Or ranke Irish butter.

CEN. Haue patience Gossips, say that contrary to our expectations it prove right, seasonable, salt butter.

MIR. Or to the time of yeer, in Lent, delicate Almond butter! I have a sweet tooth yet, and I will hope the best; and 65 sit downe as quiet, and calme as butter; looke as smooth, and soft as butter; be merry, and melt like butter; laugh and be fat like butter: so butter answer my expectation, and be not mad butter; If it be: It shall both Iuly and December see. I say no more, But——Dixi.

70

TO THE READERS.

IN this following Act, the Office is open'd, and shew'n to the Prodigall, and his Princesse Pecunia, wherein the allegory, and purpose of the Author hath hitherto beene wholly mistaken, and so sinister an interpretation beene made, as if the soules of most of the Spectators had liu'd in the eyes and eares of these ridiculous Gossips that tattle betwene the Acts. But hee prays you thus to mend it. To consider the Newes here vented, to be none of his Newes, or any reasonable mans; but Newes made like the times Newes, (a weekly cheat to draw mony) and could not be fitter 10 reprehended, then in raising this ridiculous Office of the Staple, wherin the age may see her owne folly, or hunger and thirst after publish'd pamphlets of Newes, set out every Saturday, but made all at home, & no syllable of truth in them: then which there cannot be a greater disease in nature, or a fouler scorne put vpon the times. And so apprehending it, you shall doe the Author, and your owne judgement a courtesie, and perceive the tricke of alluring money to the Office, and there cooz'ning the people. If you have the truth, rest quiet, and consider that

Ficta, voluptatis causa, sint proxima veris.

SECOND INTERMEAN 62 Gossips[.] Gossip F3 63 expectations] ex-
pection, F3 69 If . . . see as verse quotation in G
ACT III.  SCENE I.

FITTON.  CYMBAL, to them PICKLOCKE.
REGISTER.  CLERKE.  THO:  BARBER.

You hunt upon a wrong scent still, and thinke
The ayre of things will carry 'hem, but it must
Be reason and proportion, not fine sounds,
My cousin Cymball, must get you this Lady.

5 You haue entertain'd a petty-fogger here,
Picklocke, with trust of an Emissaries place,
And he is, all, for the young Prodigall,
You see he has left vs.  CYM.  Come, you doe not know him,
That speake thus of him.  He will haue a tricke,

10 To open vs a gap, by a trap-doore,
When they least dreame on't.  Here he comes.  What newes?

ICK.  Where is my brother Bus?  my brother Ambler?
The Register, Examiner, and the Clerkes?
Appeare, and let vs muster all in pompe,

15 For here will be the rich Infanta, presently,
To make her visit.  Peny-boy the heyre,
My Patron, has got leaue for her to play
With all her traine, of the old churle, her Guardian.
Now is your time to make all court vnto her;

20 That she may first but know, then loue the place,
And shew it by her frequent visits here:
And afterwards, get her to soiourne with you.
She will be weary of the Prodigall, quickly.

CYM.  Excellent newes!  FIT.  And counsell of an Oracle!

25 CYM.  Howsay you cousin Fitton?  FIT.  Brother Picklock,
I shall adore thee, for this parcell of tidings,
It will cry vp the credit of our Office,
Eternally, and make our Staple immortall!

ICK.  Looke your addresses, then, be faire and fit,

And entertaine her, and her creatures, too,
The Staple of Newes.

With all the migniardise, and quaint Caresses,
You can put on 'hem. F i T. Thou seem'st, by thy language,
No lesse a Courtier, then a man o' Law.
I must embrace thee. P i c. Tut, I am Vertumnus,
On ev ery change, or chance, vpon occasion,
A true Chamaelion, I can colour for't.
I moue vpon my axell, like a turne-pike,
Fit my face to the parties, and become,
Straight, one of them. C y M. Sirs, vp, into your Desks,
And spread the rolls vpon the Table, so.
Is the Examiner set? R e G. Yes, Sir. C y M. Ambler, and Buz,
Are both abroad, now. P i c. We'll sustaine their parts.
No matter, let them ply the affayres without,
Let vs alone within, I like that well.
On with the cloake, and you with the Staple gowne,
And keep your state, stoupe only to the Infanta;
We'll haue a flight at Mortgage, Statute, Band,
And hard, but we'll bring Wax vnto the retrieue:
Each know his seuerall prouince, and discharge it.

F i T. I do admire this nimble ingine, Picklock. C y M. Cuz, Fittton is brought about.
What did I say? F i T. You haue rectified my errour!

Act III. Scene II.


By your leauue, Gentlemen, what newes? good, good still,
I' your new Office? Princesse, here's the Staple!
This is the Gouernor, kisse him, noble Princesse,
For my sake. Thom, how is it, honest Thom?

III. i. 33 o' F 37 -pike,] -pike. F 38 become,] become F 39 After 'them.' Enter Nathaniel, Tho. Barber, and Register. G 41-2 C y M ... now. one line in F 49 They take their seals. add G 50-1 Cuz ... say.' one line in F 3 iii. ii. Enter Pennyboy, jun. P. Canter. Pecunia, Statute, Band, Mortgage, Wax, and Broker. G. continuing the scene Peni-boy] Peni-boy. F I still,] still? F 4 it,] it F
How does thy place, and thou? my Creature, Princesse,
This is my Creature, give him your hand to kisse,
He was my Barber, now he writes Clericus!
I bought this place for him, and gaued it him.

P. C. A. He should haue spoke of that, Sir, and not you:
Two doe not doe one Office well. P. I v. 'Tis true,
But I am loth to lose my curtesies.

P. C. A. So are all they, that doe them, to vaine ends,
And yet you do lose, when you pay you&rarr; selues.

P. I v. No more o' your sentences, Canter, they are stale,

We come for newes, remember where you are.
I pray thee let my Princesse heare some newes,
Good Master Cymbal. C y m. What newes would she heare?
Or of what kind, Sir? P. I v. Any, any kind.
So it be newes, the newest that thou hast,
Some newes of State, for a Princesse. C y m. Read from

Rome, there.

Tho. They write, the King of Spaine is chosen Pope.
P. I v. How?

Tho. And Emperor too, the thirtieth of February.
P. I v. Is the Emperor dead? C y m. No, but he has

resign'd,
And trailes a pike now, vnder Tilly. F i t. For penance.
P. I v. These will beget strange turnes in Christendome!

Tho. And Spinola is made Generall of the Iesuits.
P. I v. Stranger! F i t. Sir, all are alike true, and certaine.

C y m. All the pretence to the fifth Monarchy,
Was held but vaine, vntill the ecclesiasticke,
And secular powers, were united, thus,
Both in one person. F i t. 'T has bin long the ayme
Of the house of Austria. C y m. See but Maximilian
His letters to the Baron of Bouttersheim,
Or Scheiter-huyssen. F i t. No, of Liechtenstein,

Lord Paul, 1 thinke. P. I v. I haue heard of some such thing.
Don Spinola made Generall of the Jesuits!
A Priest! C Y M. O, no, he is dispenc'd with all,
And the whole society, who doe now appeare
The onely Engineers of Christendome.

P. I v. They haue bin thought so long, and rightly too.  40
F I T. Witnesse the Engine, that they haue presented him,
To winde himselfe with, vp, into the Moone:
And thence make all his discoveries! C Y M. Read on.

T H O. And Vittellesco, he that was last Generall,
Being now turn'd Cooke to the Society,
Has drest his excellence, such a dish of egges——

P. I v. What, potch'd? T H O. No, powder'd. C Y M.

All the yolke is wilde fire,
As he shall need beleaguer no more townes,
But throw his Egge in. F I T. It shall cleare consume
Palace, and place; demolish, and beare downe
All strengths before it! C Y M. Neuer be extinguish'd!
Till all become one ruine! F I <T.> And from Florence,

T H O. They write was found in Galileos study,
A burning Glasse (which they haue sent him too)
To fire any Fleet that's out at Sea——

C Y M. By Mooneshine, is't not so? T H O. Yes, Sir, i'the water.

P. I v. His strengths will be vnresistable, if this hold!
Ha' you no Newes against him, on the contrary?
C L A. Yes, Sir, they write here, one Cornelius-Son,
Hath made the Hollanders an insubible Eele,
To swimme the hauen at Dunkirke, and sinke all
The shipping there. P. I v. Why ha' not you this, Thom?

C Y M. Because he keeps the Pontificall side.
P. I v: How, change sides, Thom. 'Twas neuer in my thought

More of Spinola.

His Eggs.

Galileos study.
The burning glasse, by Mooneshine.
The Hollanders Eele.

Peny-boy will have him change sides:
To put thee vp against our selues. Come downe,
Quickly. C y m. Why, Sir? P. I v. I venter'd not my mony
Vpon those termes : If he may change ; why so.
I'll ha' him keepe his owne side, sure. F r t. Why, let him,
'Tis but writing so much ouer againe.
F r t. Come, do not stick with the gentleman. C y m.
'I'll(!) take none Sir.
And yet he shall ha' the place. P. I v. They shall be ten,
then,
Vp, Thom : and th' Office shall take 'hem. Keep your side,
Thom.
Know your owne side, doe not forsake your side, Thom.
C y m. Read. T h o. They write here one Cornelius-Son,
Hath made the Hollanders an insusible Eele,
To swimme the Hauen at Dunkirke, and sinke all
The shipping there. P. I v. But how is't done? C y m. I'll
shew you Sir.
It is an Automas, runnes vnnder water,
With a snug nose, and has a nimble taile
Made like an auger, with which taile she wrigles
Betwixt the coasts of a Ship, and sinkes it streight.
P. I v. Whence ha' you this newes? F r t. From a right
hand I assure you,
The Eele-boats here, that lye before Queen-Hyth,
Came out of Holland. P. I v. A most braue deuice,
To murder their flat bottomes. F r t. I doe grant you :
But what if Spinola haue a new Project :
To bring an army ouer in corke-shoos,
And land them, here, at Harwich? all his horse
Are shod with corke, and fourescore pieces of ordinance,
Mounted vpon corke-carriages, with bladders,
In stead of wheeles, to runne the passage ouer
At a spring-tide. P. I v. Is't true? F I T. As true as the rest.

P. I v. He'll never leave his engines: I would hear now Some curious newes. C Y M. As what? P. I v. Magick, or Alchimy,

Or flying 't' the air, I care not what.

C L A. They write from Libtsig (reverence to your ears)
The Art of drawing farts out of dead bodies,
Is by the Brotherhood of the Rosie Crosses,
Produc'd vent to perfection, in so sweet
And rich a tincture—— F I T. As there is no Princesse,
But may perfume her chamber with th' extraction.

P. I v. There's for you, Princesse. P. C A. What, a fart for her?
P. I v. I mean the spirit. P. C A. Beware how she resents it.
P. I v. And what hast thou, Thom? T H O. The perpetual Motion,
Is here found out by an Alewife in Saint Katherines,
At the signe o' the dancing Beares. P. I v. What, from her tap?
I'll go see that, or else I'll send old Canter.

He can make that discovery. P. C A. Yes, in Ale.
P. I v. Let me have all this Newes, made vp, and seal'd.

R E G. The people press upon vs, please you, Sir, Withdraw with your faire Princesse. There's a room. Within, Sir, to retire too. P. I v. No, good Register, We'll stand it out here, and observe your Office;
What Newes it issues. R E G. 'Tis the house of fame, Sir, Where both the curious, and the negligent;
The scrupulous, and careless; wide, and stay'd;
The idle, and laborious; all doe meet,
To taste the Cornu copiae of her rumors,
Which she, the mother of sport, pleaseth to scatter Among the vulgar: Baites, Sir, for the people!

III. ii. 95 Alchimy.] Alchimy F 98 St. dir. farts.] farts F Noise without. add G 109
III vs.] vs. F 3
And they will bite like fishes. P. I v. Let's see't.

Do P. Ha' you in your prophane Shop, any Newes

O'the Saints at Amsterdam? R e g. Yes, how much would you?

Do P. Six penny worth. R e g. Lay your money down, read, Thomas.

Tho. The Saints do write, they expect a Prophet, shortly,

The Prophet Baal, to be sent ouer to them,
To calculate a time, and halfe a time,
And the whole time, according to Naometry.


Found out but lately, and set out by Archie,
Or some such head, of whose long coat they haue heard,
And being black, desire it. Do P. Peace be with them!

Re g. So there had need, for they are still by the eares

One with another. Do P. It is their zeale. Re g. Most likely.

Do P. Haue you no other of that species? Re g. Yes,
But dearer, it will cost you a shilling. Do P. Verily,
There is a nine-pence, I will shed no more.

Re g. Not, to the good o'the Saints? Do P. I am not sure,

That, man is good. Re g. Read, from Constantinople,

Nine penny'orth. Tho. They giue out here, the grand Signior

Is certainly turn'd Christian, and to cleare
The controuersie 'twixt the Pope and him,
Which is the Antichrist; he meanes to visit

The Church at Amsterdam, this very Sommer,
And quit all marks o'the beast. Do P. Now ioyfull tydings.

Who brought in this? Which Emissary? Re g. Bus,
Your countrey-man. Do P. Now, blessed be the man,

III. ii. 122 After 'fishes.' Enter a crowd of Customers. G 123 D O P.

1 Cust. G (so throughout the scene) St. dir. She Ana-baptist] She An-baptist F originally: she baptist F later, owing to derangement 139

Not.] Not F 3. 147 Bus.] Bus. F
The Staple of Newes.

And his whole Family, with the Nation.

REG. Yes, for Amboyna, and the Justice there!

This is a Doper, a she Anabaptist!

Seale and deliver her her newes, dispatch.

C. 2. Ha' you any newes from the Indies? any miracles

Done in Japan, by the Jesuites? or in China?

CL A. No, but we heare of a Colony of cookes

To be set a shore o' the coast of America,

For the conversion of the Caniballs,

And making them good, eating Christians.

Here comes the Colonell that undertakes it.


my boyes!

I am to furnish a great feast to day,

And I would haue what newes the Office affords.

CL A. We were venting some of you, of your new project,

REG. Afore 'twas paid for, you were somewhat too

hasty.

P. I v. What Lickfinger! wilt thou convert the Caniballs, 165

With spit and pan Diunity? L I C. Sir, for that

I will not vrge, but for the fire and zeale

To the true cause; thus I haue vnertaken:

With two Lay-brehren, to my selfe, no more,

One o' the broach, th'other o' the boyler,

In one sixe months, and by plaine cookery,

No magick to't, but old Iaphets physicke,

The father of the Europæan Arts,

To make such sauces for the Sauages,

And cooke their meats; with those inticing steemes,

As it would make our Caniball-Christians,

Forbeare the mutuall eating one another,

Which they doe doe, more cunningly, then the wilde

Anthropophagi; that snatch onely strangers,
Like my old Patrons dogs, there. P. I v. O, my Vncles! Is dinner ready, *Lickfinger*? L i c. When you please, Sir. I was bespeaking but a parcell of newes,
To strew out the long meale withall, but 't seems
You are furnish'd here already. P. I v. O, not halfe!

**L i c.** What *Court-newes* is there? any *Proclamations,*
Or *Edicts* to come forth? Tho. Yes, there is one,
That the *Kings Barber* has got, for aid of our trade:
Whereof there is a manifest decay.

*To let long hayre runne to seed, to sow bald pates.*

A *Precept* for the wearing of long haire,
To runne to seed, to sow bald pates withall,
And the preseruing fruitfull heads, and chins,
To help a mistery, almost antiquated.

Such as are bald and barren beyond hope,
Are to be separated, and set by

For *Vshers,* to old *Countesses.* [L i c.] And *Coachmen,*
To mount their boxes, reuerently, and driue,
Like *Lapwings,* with a shell vpo' their heads,
Thorow the streets. (L i c.) Ha' you no *Newes* o'the *Stage*?
They'll ask me about new *Playes,* at dinner time.

And I should be as dümbe as a fish. Tho. O! yes.

There is a *Legacy* left to the *Kings Players,*
Both for their various shifting of their *Scene,*
And dext'rous change o' their persons to all shapes,
And all disguises: by the right reuerend

*Archbishop of Spalato.* L i c. He is dead,
That pla'i'd him! Tho. Then, h'has lost his share o' the *Legacy.*

**L i c.** What newes of *Gundomar*? Tho. A second *Fistula,*

*Or an excoriation* (at the least)
For putting the poore *English-play,* was wrat of him,
To such a sordid vse, as (is said) he did,
Of cleansing his *posterior's.* L i c. Justice! Justice!

**Gundomar's use of the game at Chesse, or Play so called.**
The Staple of Newes.

THO. Since when, he liues condemn’d to his Chaire, at Bruxels.
And there sits filling certaine politique hinges,
To hang the States on, h’has heau’d off the hookes.

LIC. What must you haue for these? P. I v. Thou shalt pay nothing,
But reckon ’hem in i’the bill. There’s twenty pieces,
Her Grace bestowes upon the Office, Thom,
Write thou that downe for Newes. R.E.G. We may well do’t,
We haue not many such. P. I v. There’s twenty more,
If you say so; my Princesse is a Princesse!
And put that too, vnder the Office Seale.

CYM. If it will please your Grace to soiourne here,
And take my roofe for courte, you shall know
The rites belonging to your blood, and birth,
Which few can apprehend: these sordid servants,
Which rather are your keepers, then attendants,
Should not come neere your presence. I would haue
You waited on by Ladies, and your traine
Borne vp by persons of quality, and honour,
Your meat should be seru’d in with curious dances,
And set vpon the boord, with virgin hands,
Tun’d to their voices; not a dish remou’d,
But to the Musicke, nor a drop of wine,
Mixt, with his water, without Harmony.

PEC. You are a Courtier, Sir, or somewhat more;
That haue this tempting language! CYM. I’m your servant,
Excellent Princesse, and would ha’ you appeare
That, which you are. Come forth (the) State, and wonder,
Of these our times, dazle the vulgar eyes,
And strike the people blind with admiration.

P. CAN. Why, that’s the end of wealth! thrust riches outward,
And remaie beggers within: contemplate nothing
But the vile sordid things of time, place, money,
And let the noble, and the precious goe,

Vertue and honesty; hang 'hem; poore thinne membranes
Of honour; who respects them? O, the Fates!
How hath all iust, true reputation fall'n,
Since money, this base money 'gan to haue any!

B AN. Pitty, the Gentleman is not immortall.
W AX. As he giues out, the place is, by description.
FIT. A very Paradise, if you saw all, Lady.
W AX. I am the Chamber-maid, Sir, you mistake,

My Lady may see all.
FIT. Sweet Mistresse Statute, gentle Mistresse Band,
And Mother Mortgage, doe but get her Grace
To soiourne here.— PIC. I thanke you gentle Waxe,
M OR. If it were a Chattell, I would try my credit.
PIC. So it is, for termes of life, we count it so.
STA. She meanes, Inheritance to him, and his heyres:

Or that he could assure a State, of yeeres:
I'll be his Statute-Staple, Statute-Merchant,
Or what he please. PIC. He can expect no more.
B AN. His cousin Alderman Security,
That he did talke of so, e'en now—— STA. Who is

The very broch o'the bench, gem o' the City.
B AN. He and his Deputy, but assure his life
For one seuen yeeres. STA. And see what we'll doe for him,
Vpon his scarlet motion. B AN. And old Chaine,
That drawes the city-eares. W AX. When he sayes nothing,

But twirles it thus. STA. A mouing Oratory!
B AN. Dumb Rhetoricke, and silent eloquence!
As the fine Poet saies! FIT. Come, they all scorne vs,
Doe you not see't? the family of scorne!
B RO. Doe not belieue him! gentle Master Picklocke,

They understand you not: the Gentlewomen,
The Staple of Newes.

They thought you would ha' my Lady soiourne, with you, And you desire but now and then, a visit?

P i c. Yes, if she pleas'd, Sir, it would much advance
Vnto the Office, her continuall residence!
(I speake but as a member) B r o. 'Tis inough.
I apprehend you. And it shall goe hard, But I'll so worke, as some body shall worke her!
P i c. 'Pray, you change with our Master, but a word about it.

P. I v. Well, Lickfinger, see that our meat be ready, Thou hast Newes inough. L i c. Something of Bethlem Gabor,
And then I'm gone. T h o. We heare he has deuis'd
A Drumme, to fill all Christendome with the sound:
But that he cannot drawe his forces neere it,
To march yet, for the violence of the noise. And therefore he is faine by a desigene,
To carry 'hem in the ayre, and at some distance,
Till he be married, then they shall appeare.

L i c. Or neuer; well, God b'wi'you (stay, who's here?)
A little of the Duke of Bauier, and then——
C l a. H'has taken a gray habit, and is turn'd
The Churches Millar, grinds the catholique grist
With every wind: and Tilly takes the toll.

C v s. 4. Ha' you any newes o'the Pageants to send downe,
Into the severall Counties? All the countrey
Expected from the city most braue speeches,
Now, at the Coronation. L i c. It expected
More then it understand: for, they stand mute,
Poore innocent dumb things; they are but wood,
As is the bench and blocks, they were wrought on, yet
If May-day come, and the Sunne shine, perhaps,
They'll sing like Memmons Statue, and be vocal.

C v s. 5. Ha' you any Forest-newes? T h o. None very wild, Sir,

Counts ?] Counties. F 445.6
The Staple of Newes.

Some tame there is, out o’ the Forrest of foole’s,
A new Parke is a making there, to seuer

310 Cuckolds of Antler, from the Rascalls. Such,
Whose wifes are dead, and haue since cast their heads,
Shall remaine Cuckolds-pollard. L i c. I’ll ha’ that newes.


CYM. Sir, I desire to be excus’d; and, Madame:
I cannot leaue my Office, the first day.
My cousin Fitton here, shall wait vpon you.
And Emissary Picklocke. P. I v. And Thom: Clericus?

CYM. I cannot spare him yet, but he shall follow you,
When they haue ordered the Rolls. Shut vp th’ Office,
320 When you ha’ done, till two a clocke.

ACT III. SCENE III.

SHVNFIELD. ALMANACK. MADRIGAL. CLERKES.

By your leaue, Clerkes,
Where shall we dine to day? doe you know? (Tho.)
The Leerers?


SHV. Cannot your Office tell vs, what braue fellowes
5 Doe eat together to day, in towne, and where?

THO. Yes, there’s a Gentleman, the braue heire, yong

Peny-boy,
Dines in Apollo. MAD. Come, let’s thither then,
I ha’ supt in Apollo! ALM. With the Muses? MAD. No,
But with two Gentlewomen, call’d, the Graces.

10 ALM. They’re were euer three in Poetry. MAD. This was
truth, Sir.
The Staple of Newes.

Tho. Sir, Master Fitton's there too! S H v. All the better!
A L M. We may haue a ieere, perhaps. S H v. Yes, you'll drink, Doctor,
(If there be any good meat) as much good wine now,
As would lay vp a Dutch Ambassador.

Tho. If he dine there, he's sure to haue good meat, For, Lickfinger prouides the dinner. A L M. Who?
The glory o'the Kitchin? that holds Cookery,
A trade from Adam? quotes his broth, and sallads?
And sweares he's not dead yet, but translated
In some immortall crust, the past of Almonds?

M A D. The same. He holds no man can be a Poet,
That is not a good Cooke, to know the palats,
And seuerall tastes o'the time. He drawes all Arts
Out of the Kitchin, but the Art of Poetry,
Which he concludes the same with Cookery.

S H v. Tut, he maintaines more heresies then that.
He'll draw the Magisterium from a minc'd-pye,
And preferre Iellies, to your Iulips, Doctor.

A L M. I was at an Olla Podrida of his making,
Was a braue piece of cookery! at a funerall,
But opening the pot-lid, he made vs laugh,
Who'had wept all day! and sent vs such a tickling
Into our nostrills, as the funerall feast
Had bin a wedding-dinner. S H v. Gi' him allowance,
And that but moderate, he will make a Syren
Sing i' the Kettle, send in an Arion,
In a braue broth, and of a watry greene,
Iust the Sea-colour, mounted on the backe
Of a growne Cunger, but, in such a posture,
As all the world would take him for a Dolphin.

M A D. Hee's a rare fellow, without question! but
He holds some Paradoxes. A L M. I, and Pseudodoxes.
Mary, for most, he's Orthodox i'the Kitchin.
The Staple of Newes.

M A D. And knowes the Clergies tast! A L M. I, and the Layties!

S H V. You thinke not o' your time, we'll come too late, If we go not presently. M A D. Away then. S H V. Sirs, You must get o' this newes, to store your Office, Who dines and sups i' the towne? where, and with whom? 'Twill be beneficiall: when you are stor'd,

And as we like our fare, we shall reward you.

C L A. A hungry trade, 'twill be. T H O. Much like D<uke> Humphries,
But, now and then, as th'holesome prouerb saies, 'Twill obsonare famem ambulando.

C L A. Shut vp the Office: gentle brother Thomas.

T H O. Brother Nathaniel, I ha' the wine for you.
I hope to see vs, one day, Emissaries.

C L A. Why not? S'lid, I despaire not to be Master!

ACT III. SCENE IV.

P E N I-BOY SE. BROKER. CYMBAL.

H ow now? I thinke I was borne vnnder Hercules starre!
Nothing but trouble and tumult to oppresse me?

Why come you backe? where is your charge? B R O. I ha' brought
A Gentleman to speake with you? P. S E. To speake with me?

You know 'tis death for me to speake with any man.
What is he? set me a chaire. B R O. He's the Master
Of the great Office. P. S E. What? B R O. The Staple of Newes,
A mighty thing, they talke Six thousand a yeere.

P. S E. Well, bring your sixe in. Where ha' you left Pecumia?

II. [A Room in Pennyboy senior's House. [Enter Pennyboy sen. and Broker, at different doors. G PENI-BOY] PENI-BOY. F 9 Well.] Well F
The Staple of Newes.

Bro. Sir, in Apollo, they are scarce set. P. S. E. Bring sixe.

Bro. Here is the Gentleman. P. S. E. He must pardon me,
I cannot rise, a diseas'd man. C Y M. By no meanes, Sir,
Respect your health, and ease. P. S. E. It is no pride in me!
But paine, paine; what's your errand, Sir, to me?

Broker, returne to your charge, be Argus-eyed,
Awake, to the affaire you haue in hand,
Serue in Apollo, but take heed of Bacchus.
Goe on, Sir. C Y M. I am come to speake with you.
P. S. E. 'Tis paine for me to speake, a very death,
But I will heare you! C Y M. Sir, you haue a Lady,
That soiournes with you. P. S. E. Ha? I am somewhat short

In my sense too—— C Y M. Pecunia. P. S. E. O' that side,
Very imperfect, on—— C Y M. Whom I would draw
Oftner to a poore Office, I am Master of——
P. S. E. My hearing is very dead, you must speake quicker.
C Y M. Or, if it please you, Sir, to let her soiourn
In part with me; I haue a moyety
We will diuide, halfe of the profits. P. S. E. Ha?
I heare you better now, how come they in?
Is it a certaine businesse, or a casuall?

For I am loth to seeke out doubtfull courses,
Runne any hazardous paths, I loue streight waies,
A iust, and vpright man! now all trade totters.
The trade of money, is fall'n, two i'the hundred.
That was a certaine trade, while th'age was thrifty,
And men good husbands, look'd vnto their stockes,
Had their mindes bounded; now the publike Riot
Prostitutes all, scatters away in coaches,
In foot-mens coates, and waiting womens gownes,
They must haue veluet hanches (with a pox)

III. iv. 10 Exit Broker, and returns with Cymbal. add G 17 St. dir. Exit Broker. add G 27 moyety corr. F: moyetie F originally 32 paths, corr. F: paths F originally
Now taken vp, and yet not pay the vse;
Bate of the vse? I am mad with this times manners.

C Y M. You said e'en now, it was death for you to speake.
P. S E. I, but an anger, a iust anger, (as this is)

45 Puts life in man. Who can endure to see
The fury of mens gullets, and their groines?

What fires, what cookes, what kitchins might be spar'd?
What Stewes, Ponds, Parks, Coupes, Garners, Magazines?
What veluets, tissues, scarfes, embroyderies,

50 And laces they might lacke? They couet things——
Superfluous still; when it were much more honour
They could want necessary! What need hath Nature
Of siluer dishes? or gold chamber-pots?
Of perfum'd napkins? or a numerous family,

55 To see her eate? Poore, and wise she, requires
Meate only; Hunger is not ambitious:
Say, that you were the Emperour of pleasures,
The great Dictator of fashions, for all Europe,
And had the pompe of all the Courts, and Kingdomes,

60 Laid forth vnto the shew? to make your selfe
Gaz'd, and admir'd at? You must goe to bed,
And take your naturall rest: then, all this vanisheth.
Your brauery was but shownen; 'twas not possest:
While it did boast it selfe, it was then perishing.

65 C Y M. This man has healthfull lungs. P. S E. All that
excesse
Appear'd as little yours, as the Spectators.
It scarce fills vp the expectation
Of a few houres, that entertaines mens liues.

C Y M. He has the monopoly of sole-speaking.

Why, good Sir? you talke all. P. S E. Why should I not?

Is it not vnder mine owne roofe? my seeling?

C Y M. But I came here to talk with you. P. S (£). Why,

342 The Staple of Newes.
The Staple of Newes.

Talke with you, Sir? you are answer'd, who sent for you?

C Y M. Nobody sent for me—— P. S E. But you came, bids him get out of his house.

why then

Goe, as you came, here's no man holds you, There,

There lies your way, you see the doore. C Y M. This's strange!

P. S E. 'Tis my ciuillity, when I doe not rellish

The party, or his businesse. Pray you be gone, Sir.

I'll ha' no venter in your Ship, the Office,

Your Barke of Six, if 'twere sixteene, good, Sir.

C Y M. You are a rogue. P. S E. I thinke I am Sir, truly. Cymbal raises at him.

C Y M. A Rascall, and a money-bawd. P. S E. My sur-

names:

C Y M. A wretched Rascall! P. S E. You will ouer-He sees him.

flow——

And spill all. C Y M. Caterpillar, moath,

Horse-leach, and dung-worme—— P. S E. Still you lose

your labor.

I am a broken vessell, all runnes out:

A shrunked old Dryfat. Fare you well, good Sixe.

The third Intermeane after the third Act.

C ensyre. A notable tough Rascall! this old Peny-boy!

right City-bred!

MIRTH. In Siluer-street, the Region of money, a good seat for a Vsurer.

TATLE. He has rich ingredients in him, I warrant you, 5 if they were extracted, a true receit to make an Alderman, an' he were well wrought upon, according to Art.

EXP. I would faine see an Alderman in chimia! that is, a treatise of Aldermanity truely written.

CEN. To shew how much it differs from Vrbanity. 10

MIRTH. I, or humanity. Either would appeare in this

---

III. iv. 75 here's] here's F 77 P. Se.] P. Se. F 79 Ship] shop W Office.] Office F 87 Exeunt. add G THE THIRD INTERMEAN. 4 a] an F3 8 is.] is F
Peny-boy, an' hee were rightly distill'd. But how like you the newes? you are gone from that.

C E N. O, they are monstrous! scurvy! and stale! and too
15 exotic! ill cook'd! and ill dish'd!

E X P. They were as good, yet, as butter could make them!

T A T. In a word, they were beastly buttered! he shall never
come o' my bread more, nor in my mouth, if I can helpe it. I
have had better newes from the bake-house, by ten thousand
20 parts, in a morning: or the conducts in Westminster! all
the newes of Tutle-street, and both the Alm'ries! the two
Sanctuaries! long, and round Wool-staple! with Kings-
street, and Chanon-row to boot!

M I R T H. I, my Gossip Tatle knew what fine slips grew in
25 Gardiners-lane; who kist the Butchers wife with the Cowes-
breath; what matches were made in the bowling-Alley, and
what bettes wonne and lost; how much griest went to the Mill,
and what besides: who coniur'd in Tutle-fields, and how
many? when they never came there. And which Boy rode
30 upon Doctor Lambe, in the likenesse of a roaring Lyon, that
runne away with him in his teeth, and ha's not deour'd him
yet.

T A T. Why, I had it from my maid Ioane Heare-say: and
shee had it from a limbe o' the schoole, shee saies, a little limbe
35 of nine yeere old; who told her, the Master left out his coniur-
ing booke one day, and hee found it, and so the Fable came
about. But whether it were true, or no, we Gossips are bound to
beleeue it, an't be once out, and a foot: how should wee enter-
taine the time else, or finde our selues in fashionable discourse,
40 for all companies, if we do not credit all, and make more of it, in
the reporting?

C E N. For my part, I beleeue it: and there were no wiser
then I, I would haue ne'er a cunning Schoole-Master in
England. I meane a Cunning-Man, a Schoole-Master; that
45 is a Coniourr, or a Poet, or that had any acquaintance with
a Poet. They make all their schollers Play-boyes! Is't not
The Staple of Newes.

a fine sight, to see all our children made Enterluders? Doe wee pay our money for this? wee send them to learne their Grammar, and their Terence, and they learne their play-books? well, they talke, we shall have no more Parliaments (God blesse vs) but an’ wee have, I hope, Zeale-of-the-land Buzzy, and my Gossip, Rabby Trouble-truth will start vp, and see we shall have painfull good Ministers to keepe Schoole, and Catechise our youth, and not teach’hem to speake Playes, and act Fables of false newes, in this manner, to the super-uexation of Towne 55 and Countrey, with a wanion.

ACT III. SCENE I.

PENY-BOY IV. FITTON. SHYNFIELD.
ALMANACK. MADRIGAL. CANTER. PICKLOCKE.

Ome, Gentlemen, let’s breath from healths a while.
This Lickfinger has made vs a good dinner,
For our Pecunia: what shal’s doe with our selues,
While the women water? and the Fidlers eat?
FIT. Let’s ieere a little. P. I v. Ieere? what’s that?
SHV. Expect, S’t.
ALM. We first begin with our selues, & then at you.
SHV. A game we vse. MAD. We ieere all kind of persons
We meete withall, of any rancke or quality,
And if we cannot ieere them, we ieere our selues.
P. C A. A pretty sweete society! and a gratefull!
PIC. ’Pray let’s see some. SHV. Haue at you, then,
   Lawyer.
They say, there was one of your coate in Bet’lem, lately.
   ALM. I wonder all his Clients were not there.
M A D. They were the madder sort. P i c. Except, Sir, one

15 Like you, and he made verses. F i t. Madrigall,
A iere. M A D. I know. S h v. But what did you doe,
Lawyer?

When you made loue to Mistresse Band, at dinner?
M A D. Why? of an Adovcate, he grew the Clyent.
P. I v. Well, play’d, my Poet. M A D. And shew’d the
Law of nature

20 Was there above the Common-Law. S h v. Quit, quit.
P. I v. Call you this iereing? I can play at this,
’Tis like a Ball at Tennis. F i t. Very like,
But we were not well in. A l m. ’Tis indeed, Sir,
When we doe speake at volley, all the ill

25 We can one of another. S h v. As this morning,
(I would you had heard vs) of the Rogue your Vncl. 
A l m. That Mony-bawd. M A D. We call’d him a Coat-
card

O’the last order. P. I v. What’s that? a Knaie?
M A D. Some readings haue it so, my manuscript.

30 Doth speake it, Varlet. P. C A. And your selfe a Foole
O’the first ranke, and one shall have the leading
O’the right-hand file, vnder this braue Commander.
P. I v. What saist thou, Canter? P. C A. Sir, I say
this is

A very wholesome exercise, and comely.

35 Like Lepers, shewing one another their scabs,
Or flies feeding on vlcers. P. I v. What Newes Gentlemen?
Ha’ you any newes for after dinner? me thinks
We should not spend our time vnprofitably.
P. C A. They neuer lie, Sir, betweene meales, ’gainst
supper

40 You may haue a Bale or two brought in. F i t. This Canter,
Is an old enuious Knaue! A l m. A very Rascal!

F i t. I ha’ mark’d him all this meale, he has done nothing

The Staple of Newes.

But mocke, with scurvy faces, all wee said.

A L M. A supercilious Rogue! he lookes as if
He were the Patrico—— M A D. Or Arch-priest o' Canters, 45

S H V. Hee's some primate metropolitan Rascal,
Our shot-clog makes so much of him. A L M. The Law,
And he does gouerne him. P. I v. What say you, Gentlemen?

F I T. We say, we wonder not, your man o' Law,
Should be so gracious wi' you; but how it comes,
This Rogue, this Canter! P. I v. O, good words. F I T.

A fellow
That speakes no language—— A L M. But what gingling
Gipsies,
And Pedlers trade in—— F I T. And no honest Christian
Can vnderstand—— P. C A. Why? by that argument,
You all are Canter's, you, and you, and you,
All the whole world are Canter's, I will proue it
In your professions. P. I v. I would faine heare this,
But stay, my Princesse comes, prouide the while,
I'll call for't anone. How fares your Grace?

Act III. Scene II.

Lickfinger. Pecunia. (Mortgage.)

Statute. Band. Wax. {to them.

I hope the fare was good. P E C. Yes, Lickfinger,
And we shall thanke you for't and reward you.

M A D. Nay, I'll not lose my argument, Lickfinger;
Before these Gentle<wo>men, I affirme,
The perfect, and true straine of poetry,
Is rather to be giuen the quicke Celler,
Then the fat Kitchin. L I C. Heretique, I see
Thou art for the vaine Oracle of the Botle.
The hogshead Trismegistus, is thy Pegasus.
Thence flowes thy Muses spring, from that hard hoofe:
Seduced Poet, I doe say to thee,
A Boyler, Range, and Dresser were the Fountaines,
Of all the knowledge in the univers.
And they are the Kitchens, where the Master-Cooke——
(Thou dost not know the man, nor canst thou know him,
Till thou hast seru'd some yeeres in that deepe schoole,
That's both the Nurse and Mother of the Arts,
And hear'st him read, interpret, and demonstrate l)
A Master-Cooke! Why, he's the man o' men,
For a Professor! he designes, he drawes,
He paints, he carues, he builds, he fortifies,
Makes Citadels of curious fowle and fish,
Some he dri-ditches, some motes round with broth.
Mounts marrowbones, cuts fifty-angled custards,
Reares bulwark pies, and for his outer workes
He raiseth Ramparts of immortall crust;
And teacheth all the Tacticks, at one dinner:
What Ranks, what Files, to put his dishes in;
The whole Art Military. Then he knowes,
The influence of the Starres vpon his meats,
And all their seasons, tempers, qualities,
And so to fit his relishes, and sauces,
He has Nature in a pot, 'boue all the Chymists,
Or airy brethren of the Rosie-crosse.
He is an Architect, an Ingerin,
A Souliour, a Physician, a Philosopher,
A generall Mathematician. M A D. It is granted.
L I C. And that you may not doubt him, for a Poet——
A L M. This fury shewes, if there were nothing else!
And 'tis diuine! I shall for euer, hereafter,
Admire the wisedome of a Cooke! B A N. And we, Sir!

P. I v. O, how my Princesse drawes me, with her looke,
And hales me in, as eddies draw in boats,
The Staple of Newes.

Or strong Charybdis ships, that saile too neere
The shelues of Loue! The tydes of your two eyes!
Wind of your breath, are such as sucke in all,
That doe approach you! P e c. Who hath chang'd my
servant?
P. I v. Your selfe, who drinke my blood vp with your
beames:
As doth the Sunne, the Sea! Pecunia shines
More in the world then he: and makes it Spring
Where e'r she fauours! 'please her but to show
Her melting wrests, or bare her yuorie hands,
She catches still! her smiles they are Loue's fetters!
Her brests his apples! her teats St(r)awberries!
Where Cupid (were he present now) would cry,
Farewell my mothers milke, here's sweeter Nectar!
Helpe me to praise Pecunia, Gentlemen:
She's your Princesse, lend your wits. F i t. A Lady,
The Graces taught to moue! A l m. The Houres did nurse!
F i t. Whose lips are the instructions of all Louers!
A l m. Her eyes their lights, and riualls to the Starres!
F i t. A voyce, as if that Harmony still spake!
A l m. And polish'd skinne, whiter then Venus foote!
F i t. Young Hebes necke, or Iunoe's armes! A l m. An
aire,
Large as the Mornings, and her breath as sweete,
As meddowes after raine, and but new mowne!
F i t. Lada might yeeld vnto her, for a face!
A l m. Hermione for brests! F i t. Flora, for cheekes!
A l m. And Helen for a mouth! P. I v. Kisse, kisse 'hem, She
Princesse.
F i t. The pearle doth striue in whitenesse, with her
necke,
A l m. But loseth by it: here the Snow thawes Snow;
One frost resolues another! F i t. O, she has
A front too slippery to be look't vpon!

A l M. And glances that beguile the seers eyes!
P. I v. Kisse, kisse againe, what saies my man o'warre?
S H V. I say, she's more, then Fame can promise of her.
A Theame, that's ouercome with her owne matter!
Praise is strucke blind, and deafe, and dumbe with her!
Shee doth astonish Commendation!

P. I v. Well pump't i'faith old Sailor: kisse him too:
Though he be a slugge. What saies my Poet-sucker?
He's chewing his Muses cudde, I doe see by him.
M A D. I haue almost done, I want but e'ne to finish.
F I T. That's the 'ill luck of all his workes still. P. I v.
What?

F I T. To beginne many works, but finish none.
P. I v. How does he do his Mistresse work? F I T. Im-
perfect.
A l M. I cannot thinke he finisheth that. P. I v. Let's
heare.
M A D. It is a Madrigall, I affect that kind
Of Poem, much. P. I v. And thence you ha' the name.

F I T. It is his Rose. He can make nothing else.
M A D. I made it to the tune the Fidlers play'd,
That we all lik'd so well. P. I v. Good, read it, read it.
M A D. The Sunne is father of all mettalls, you know,
Siluer, and gold. P. I v. I, leaue your Prologues, say!

SONG.

MADRIGAL. As bright as is the Sunne her Sire,
Or Earth her mother, in her best atyre,
Or Mint, the Mid-wife, with her fire,
Comes forth her Grace! P. I v. That Mint the
The splendour of the wealthiest Mines! Midwife does well.
The stamp, and strength of all imperiall lines,
Both majesty and beauty shines,
In her sweet face!

P. I v. That's fairely

said of Money.

iv. ii. 75 againe[,] againe; F3 St. dir. Againe] Againe F 81
-sucker?] -sucker! 85 none[,] none; F 90 else[,] else F
The Staple of Newes.

Looke how a Torch, of Taper light,
Or of that Torches flame, a Beacon bright; [P. I v. Good!
  M a d. Now there, I want a line to finish, Sir.
  P. I v. Or of that Beacons fire, Moone-light:
  M a d. So takes she place! [F i t. 'Tis good.

And then I haue a Saraband——
She makes good cheare, she keepes full boards,
She holds a Faire of Knights, and Lords,
A Mercat of all Offices,
And Shops of honour, more or lesse.
According to Pecunia's Grace,
The Bride hath beauty, blood, and place,
The Bridegrome vertue, valour, wil,
And wisedome, as he stands for it.

P. I v. Call in the Fidlers. Nicke, the boy, shall sing it,
Sweet Princesse, kiss him, kisse 'hem all, deare Madame,
And at the close, vouchsafe to call them Cousins.
  P e c. Sweet Cousin Madrigall, and Cousin Fitton,
My Cousin Shunfield, and my learned Cousin.
  P i c. Al-manach, though they call him Almanack.
  P. C a. Why, here's the Prodigall prostitutes his Mistresse!
  P. I v. And Pickloche, he must be a kinsman too.

My man o'Law will teach vs all to winne,
And keepe our owne. Old Founder. P. C a. Nothing, I, Sir;
I am a wretch, a begger. She the fortunate,
Can want no kindred, wee, the poore, know none.
  F i t. Nor none shall know, by my consent. A l m. Nor
  P. I v. Sing, boy, stand here. P. C a. Look, look, how The boy
  F o r none shall know, by my consent. A l m. Nor
all their eyes
Dance i'their heads (obserue) scatter'd with lust!
At sight o' their braue Idoll! how they are tickl'd,
With a light ayre! the bawdy Saraband!
They are a kinde of dancing engines all!
And set, by nature, thus, to runne alone
To evry sound! All things within, without 'hem,
Mouë, but their braine, and that stands still! mere monsters,
Here, in a chamber, of most subtill feet!
And make their legs in tune, passing the streetes!
These are the gallant spirits o' the age!
The miracles o' the time! that can cry vp
And downe mens wits! and set what rate on things
Their half-brain'd fancies please! Now pox vpon 'hem.
See how soliciitously he learnes the Ligge,
As if it were a mystery of his faith!
SHV. A dainty ditty! FIT. O, hee's a dainty Poet!
When he sets to't. P. I v. And a dainty Scholler!
AML. No, no great scholler, he writes like a Gentleman.
SHV. Pox o' your Scholler. P. C A. Pox o' your distinction!
As if a Scholler were no Gentleman.
With these, to write like a Gentleman, will in time
Become, all one, as to write like an Asse.
These Gentlemen? these Rascalls! I am sicke
Of indignation at 'hem. P. I v. How doe you lik't, Sir?
FIT. 'Tis excellent! ALM. 'Twas excellently sung!
FIT. A dainty Ayre! P. I v. What saies my Lickfinger?
RIC. I am telling Mistresse Band, and Mistresse Statute,
What a braue Gentleman you are, and Waxe, here!
How much 'twere better, that my Ladies Grace
Would here take vp Sir, and keepe house with you.
P. I v. What say they? STA. We could consent, S', willingly.
BAND. I, if we knew her Grace had the least liking.
WAX. We must obey her Graces will, and pleasure.
P. I v. I thanke you, Gentlewomen, ply 'hem, Lickfinger.
Gyue mother Mortgage, there—— L i c. Her doze of Sacke. 165
I haue it for her, and her distance of Hum.

PEC. Indeede therein, I must confesse, deare Cousin, I am a most vnfortunate Princesse. A L M. And You still will be so, when your Grace may helpe it.

MAD. Who'd lie in a roome, with a close-stool, and garlick?
And kennell with his dogges? that had a Prince Like this young Peny-boy, to soiourne with?
S H V. He'll let you ha' your liberty—— A L M. Goe forth, Whither you please, and to what company——

MAD. Scatter your-selfe amongst vs—— P. I v. Hope of Parnassus!

Thy Iwy shall not wither, nor thy Bayes,
Thou shalt be had into her Graces Cellar,
And there know Sacke, and Claret, all December,
Thy veine is rich, and we must cherish it.

Poets and Bees swarme now adaies, but yet
There are not those good Tauernes, for the one sort,
As there are Flowrie fields to feed the other.
Though Bees be pleas'd with dew, aske little Waxe
That brings the honey to her Ladies hiue:
The Poet must haue wine. And he shall haue it.

ACT III. SCENE IIJ.

PENI-BOY SE. PENY-BOY IV. LICKFINGER. & C.

Broker? what Broker? P. I v. Who's that? my VnCLE! P. SE. I am abus'd, where is my Knaue? my Broker?

LIC. Your Broker is laid out vpon a bench, yonder,
Sacke hath seaz'd on him, in the shape of sleepe.
The Staple of Newes.

5 P I C. Hee hath beene dead to vs almost this houre.
P. S E. This houre? P. C A. Why sigh you S? 'cause he's at rest?
P. S E. It breeds my vnrest. L I C. Will you take a cup
And try if you can sleepe? P. S E. No, cogging Iacke,
Thou and thy cups-too, perish. S H V. O, the Sacke!
M A D. The sacke, the sacke! P. C A. A Madrigall on
Sacke!
P I C. Or rather an Elegy, for the Sacke is gone.
P E C. Why doe you this, Sir? spill the wine, and raue?
For Brokers sleeping? P. S E. What through sleepe, and
Sacke,
My trust is wrong'd: but I am still awake,
To waite vpon your Grace, please you to quit
This strange on lewd company, they are not for you.
P E C. No Guardian, I doe like them very well.
P. S E. Your Graces pleasure be obserr'd, but you,
Statute, and Band, and Waxe, will goe with me.
S T A. Truly we will not. B A N. We will stay, and wait
here
Vpon her Grace, and this your Noble Kinsman.
P. S E. Noble? how noble! who hath made him noble?
P. I V. Why, my most noble money hath, or shall;
My Princesse, here. She that had you but kept,
25 And treated kindly, would haue made you noble,
And wise, too: nay, perhaps haue done that for you,
An Act of Parliament could not, made you honest.
The truth is, Vncle, that her Grace dislikes
Her entertainment: specially her lodging.
P E C. Nay, say her iaile. Neuer unfortunate Princesse,
Was vs'd so by a Iaylor. Aske my women,
Band, you can tell, and Statute, how he has vs'd me,
Kept me close prisoner, vnder twenty bolts—
S T A. And forty padlocks— B A N. All malicious
ingesines

IV. iii. 13 Brokers] Booker's F3 18 P. Se.] P. Se F you.] you F
20 Sta.] SAT. F
A wicked Smith could forge out of his yron:
As locks, and keyes, shacles, and manacles,
To torture a great Lady. S T A. H'has abus'd
Your Graces body. P E C. No, he would ha' done,
That lay not in his power: he had the vse
Of your bodies, Band, and Waxe, and sometimes Statutes: 40
But once he would ha' smother'd me in a chest,
And strangl'd me in leather, but that you
Came to my rescue, then, and gaue mee ayre.

S T A. For which he cramb'd vs vp in a close boxe,
All three together, where we saw no Sunne
In one sixe moneths. W A X. A cruell man he is!
B A N. H'has left my fellow Waxe out, i' the cold,
S T A. Till she was stiffe, as any frost, and crumbl'd
Away to dust, and almost lost her forme.
W A X. Much adoe to recouer me. P. S E. Women
Ieerers!

Haue you learn'd too, the subtill facultie?
Come, I'll shew you the way home, if drinke,
Or, too full diet haue disguis'd you. B A N. Troth,
We haue not any mind, Sir, of returne——
S T A. To be bound back to backe—— B A N. And haue
our legs

Turn'd in, or writh'd about—— W A X. Or else dis-
play'd——
S T A. Be lodg'd with dust and fleas, as we were wont——
B A N. And dyeted with dogs dung. P. S E. Why? you
whores,
My bawds, my instruments, what should I call you,
Man may thinke base inough for you? P. I v. Heare you,
vncle.

I must not heare this of my Princesse servants,
And in Apollo, in Pecunia's roome.
Goe, get you downe the staires: Home, to your Kennell,
As swiftly as you can. Consult your dogges,
The Lares of your family; or beleue it,
The fury of a footeman, and a drawer
Hangs ouer you. S H v. Cudgel, and pot doe threaten
A kinde of vengeance. M A D. Barbers are at hand.

They all threaten,

A L M. Washing and shauing will ensue. F I T. The Pumpe

70 Is not farre off; If 't were, the sink is neere:
Or a good Iordan. M A D. You haue now no money,
S H v. But are a Rascal. P S E. I am cheated, robb'd,
Ieer'd by confederacy. F I T. No, you are kick'd
And vsed kindly, as you should be. S H v. Spurn'd,
From all commerce of men, who are a curre.

A L M. A stinking dogge, in a dublet, with foule linnen.
Wel, remember,
I am coozend by my Cousin, and his whore!.
Bane o' these meetings in Apollo! L I C. Goe, Sir,
You will be tost like Block, in a blanket else.

P I v. Downe with him, Lickfinger. P S E. Saucy Iacke away,
Pecunia is a whore. P I v. Play him downe, Fidlers,
And drown his noise. Who's this? F I T. O Master Pyed-

mantle!

ACT III. SCENE IV.

PYED-MANTLE. (to them.

By your leaue, Gentlemen. F I T. Her Graces Herald.

A L M. No Herald yet, a Heraldet. P I v. What's
that?
P C A. A Canter. P I v. O, thou said'st thou'dst proue
vs all so!
P C A. Sir, here is one will proue himselfe so, streight,
5 So shall the rest, in time. P E C. My Pedigree?

iv. iii. 72 robb'd,] robb'd F 83 After 'noise.' Exeunt P. sen. and
Lickfinger. G this?] this! F After 'this?' Enter Piedadmanlle, with
Pecunia's pedigree. G iv. iv. G continues the scene 1 Herald.
Herald, F 3 proue] sproue F: prove F3
The Staple of Newes.

I tell you, friend, he must be a good Scholler,
Can my discent. I am of Princely race,
And as good blood, as any is i'the mines,
Runnes through my veines. I am, euery limb, a Princesse!
Dutchesse o' mynes, was my great Grandmother.
And by the Fathers side, I come from Sol.
My Grand-father was Duke of Or, and match'd
In the blood-royall of Ophyr. P Y E. Here's his Coat.
P E C. I know it, if I heare the Blason. P Y E. He beares
In a field Azure, a Sunne proper, beamy,
Twelve of the second. P. C A. How farr's this from canting?
P. I v. Her Grace doth vnderstand it. P. C A. She can
cant, S'
P E C. What be these? Besants? P Y E. Yes, an't please
your Grace.
P E C. That is our Coat too, as we come from Or.
What line's this? P Y E. The rich mynes of Potosi.
The Spanish mynes i' the West-Indies. P E C. This?
P Y E. The mynes o' Hungary, this of Barbary.
P E C. But this, this little branch. P Y E. The Welsh-
myne that.
P E C. I ha' Welsh-blood in me too, blaze, Sir, that Coat.
P Y E. She beares (an't please you) Argent, three leekes
vert
In Canton Or, and tassel'd of the first.
P. C A. Is not this canting? doe you vnderstand him?
P. I v. Not I, but it sounds well, and the whole thing
Is rarely painted, I will haue such a scrowle,
What ere it cost me. P E C. Well, at better leasure,
We'll take a view of it, and so reward you.
P. I v. Kisse him, sweet Princesse, and stile him a Cousin. She
P E C. I will, if you will haue it. Cousin Pyed-mante.
P. I v. I loue all men of vertue, from my Princesse,
Vnto my begger, here, old Canter, on,
On to thy profe, whom proue you the next Canter?
P. C A. The Doctor here, I will proceed with the learned.
When he discourseth of dissection,
Or any point of Anatomy: that hee tells you,
Of Vena caua, and of vena porta,
The Meseraicks, and the Mesenterium.
What does hee else but cant? Or if he runne
To his Judiciall Astrologie,
And trowle the Trine, the Quartile and the Sextile,
Platicke aspect, and Partile, with his Hyleg
Or Alchochoden, Cuspes, and Horoscope.
Does not he cant? Who here does understand him?
A L M. This is no Canter, tho! P. C A. Or when my
Muster-Master
Talkes of his Tacticks, and his Rankes, and Files;
His Bringers vp, his Leaders on, and cries,
Faces about to the right hand, the left,
Now, as you were: then tells you of Redoubts,
Of Cats, and Cortines. Doth not he cant? P. I v. Yes,
'faith.

P. C A. My Eg-chind Laureat, here, when he comes forth
With Dimeters, and Trimeters, Tetrameters,
Pentameters, Hexameters, Catalecticks,
His Hyper, and his Brachy-Catalecticks,
His Pyrrhicks, Epitrites, and Choriambicks.
What is all this, but canting? M A D. A rare fellow!
S H V. Some begging Scholler! F I T. A decay'd Doctor
at least!

P. I v. Nay, I doe cherish vertue, though in rags.
P. C A. And you, Mas Courtier. P. I v. Now he treats
of you,
Stand forth to him, faire. P. C A. With all your fly-blowne
projects,
And lookes-out of the politicks, your shut-faces,
And reseru'd Questions, and Answers that you game with,

As
The Staple of Newes.

Is't a Cleare businesse? will it mannage well?
My name must not be vs'd else. Here, 'twill dash.
Your businesse has receiu'd a taint, giee off,
I may not prostitute my selfe. Tut, tut,
That little dust I can blow off, at pleasure.

Here's no such mountaine, yet, i' the whole worke,
But a light purse may leuell. I will tyde
This affayre for you; giee it freight, and passage.
And such mynt-phrase, as 'tis the worst of canting,
By how much it affects the sense, it has not.

First. This is some other then he seemes! P. I v. How like you him?

First. This cannot be a Canter! P. I v. But he is, Sir,
And shall be still, and so shall you be too:
We'll all be Canters. Now, I thinke of it,
A noble Whimsie's come into my braine!
I'll build a Colledge, I, and my Pecunia,
And call it Canters Colledge, sounds it well?

ALM. Excellent! P. I v. And here stands my Father be erected.

Rector,

And you Professors, you shall all professe
Something, and liue there, with her Grace and me,
Your Founders: I'll endow't with lands, and meanes,
And Lickfinger shall be my Master-Cooke.
What? is he gone? P. C A. And a Professor. P. I v. Yes.

P. C A. And read Apicìus de re culinaria
To your braue Doxie, and you! P. I v. You, Cousin Filton, 90
Shall (as a Courtier) read the politicks;
Doctor Al-manack, hee shall read Astrology,
Shunfield shall read the Military Arts.

P. C A. As caruing, and assaulting the cold custard.

P. I v. And Horace here, the Art of Poetry.

His Lyricks, and his Madrigalls, fine Songs,
Which we will haue at dinner, steep't in claret,
And against supper, sowc't in sacke. M A D. In troth

A diuine Whimsey! S H v. And a worthy worke,
The Staple of Newes.

100 Fit for a Chronicle! P. I v. Is't not? S h v. To all ages.
   P. I v. And Pyed-mantle, shall giue vs all our Armes,
   But Pickloke, what wouldst thou be? Thou canst cant too.
   P i c. In all the languages in Westminster-Hall,
   Pleas, Bench, or Chancery. Fee-Farme, Fee-Tayle,
   Tennant in dower, At will, For Termes of life,
   By Copy of Court Roll, Knights service, Homage,
   Fealty, Escuage, Soccage, or Frank almoigne,
   Grand Sergeanty, or Burgage. P. I v. Thou appear'st,
   Kar' eξoxy, a Canter. Thou shalt read
110 All Littleons tenures to me, and indeed
   All my Conuyances: P i c. And make 'hem too, Sir?
   Keepe all your Courts, be Steward o' your lands,
   Let all your Leases, keepe your Euidences,
   But first, I must procure, and passe your mort-maine,
115 You must haue licence from aboue, Sir. P. I v. Feare not,
   Pecunia's friends shall doe it. P. C A. But I shall stop it.
   Your worships louing, and obedient father,
   Your painefull Steward, and lost Officer!
   Who haue done this, to try how you would vse
120 Pecunia, when you had her: which since I see,
   I will take home the Lady, to my charge,
   And these her servuants, and leave you my Cloak,
   To trauell in to Beggers Bush! A Seate,
   Is built already, furnish'd too, worth twentie
125 Of your imagin'd structures, Canters Colledge.
   F I T. 'Tis his Father! M A D. Hee's alieue, me thinks.
   A L M. I knew he was no Rogue! P. C A. Thou, Prodigious,
   Was I so carefull for thee, to procure,
   And plot wi' my learn'd Counsell, Master Pickloke,
130 This noble match for thee, and dost thou prostitute,
   Scatter thy Mistresse fauours, throw away
   Her bounties, as they were red-burning coales,
Too hot for thee to handle, on such rascalls?
Who are the scumme, and excrements of men?
If thou had'st sought out good, and vertuous persons
Of these professions: I'had lou'd thee, and them.
For these shall never have that plea 'gainst me,
Or colour of aduantage, that I hate
Their callings, but their manners, and their vices.
A worthy Courtier, is the ornament
Of a Kings Palace, his great Masters honour.
This is a moth, a rascal, a Court-rat,
That gnawes the common-wealth with breaking suits,
And eating grievances! So, a true Souldier,
He is his Countryes strength, his Soueraignes safety,
And to secure his peace, he makes himselfe
The heyre of danger, nay the subject of it,
And runnes those vertuous hazards, that this Scarre-crow
Cannot endure to heare of. S H v. You are pleasant, Sir.

P. C A. With you I dare be! Here is Pyed-mantle,
'Cause he's an Asse, doe not I loue a Herald?
Who is the pure preserver of descents,
The keeper faire of all Nobility,
Without which all would runne into confusion?
Were he a learned Herald, I would tell him
He can giue Armes, and markes, he cannot honour,
No more then money can make Noble: It may
Giue place, and ranke, but it can giue no Verte.
And he would thanke me, for this truth. This dog-Leach,
You stile him Doctor, 'cause he can compile
An Almanack; perhaps erect a Scheme
For my great Madams monkey: when 't has ta'ne
A glister, and bewrai'd the Ephemerides.
Doe I despise a learn'd Physician,
In calling him a Quack-Saluer? or blast
The ever-living ghirond, alwaies greene

iv. iv. 142 After 'Court-rat,' Points to Filton. G 146 himselfe
himselfe. F: himself F3 162 monkey :) Monkey, F3 164
Physician, F3: Physician? F
Of a good Poet? when I say his wreath
Is piec'd and patch'd of dirty witherd flowers?
Away, I am impatient of these vlers,
(That I not call you worse) There is no sore,
Or Plague but you to infect the times. I abhorre
Your very scent. Come, Lady, since my Prodigall
Knew not to entertaine you to your worth,
I'll see if I haue learn'd, how to receiue you,
With more respect to you, and your faire traine here.
Farewell my Begger in veluet, for to day,
To morrow you may put on that graue Robe,
And enter your great worke of Canters Colledge,
Your worke and worthy of a Chronicle.

The fourth Intermeane after the fourth Act.

TATLE. Why? This was the worst of all! the Catastrophe!
CEN. The matter began to be good, but now: and he has spoyl'd it all, with his Begger there!
MIRT. A beggerly Iacke it is, I warrant him, and a kin to
the Poet.
TAT. Like enough, for hee had the chiefest part in his play, if you marke it.
EXP. Absurdity on him, for a huge ouergrown Playmaker! why should he make him liue againe, when they, and
we all thought him dead? If he had left him to his ragges, there
had beene an end of him.
TAT. I, but set a beggar on horse-backe, hee'll never linne
till hee be a gallop.
CEN. The young heyre grew a fine Gentleman, in this last
Act!
EXP. So he did, Gossip: and kept the best company.
CEN. And feasted 'hem, and his Mistresse!
TAT. And shew'd her to 'hem all! was not jealous!
MIRTH. But very communicative, and liberall, and

iv. iv. 179 Chronicle.] Chronicle, F Exeunt. add G
THE FOURTH
INTERMEAN. 1 Why? This] Why, this F3 all]] all, F3
jealous! corr. F: jealous? F originally
beganne to be magnificent, if the churle his father would haue 20 let him alone.

C E N. It was spitefully done o'the Poet, to make the Chuffe take him off in his heighth, when he was going to doe all his braue deedes!

E X P. To found an Academy!

T A T. Erect a Colledge!

E X P. Plant his Professors, and water his Lectures.

M I R T H. With wine, gossips, as he meant to doe; and then to defraud his purposes?

E X P. Kill the hopes of so many towardly young spirits? 30

T A T. As the Doctors?

C E N. And the Courtiers! I protest, I was in love with Master Fitton. He did weare all he had, from the hat-band, to the shooe-tye, so politically, and would stoop, and leere!

M I R T H. And lie so, in waite for a piece of wit, like a 35 Mouse-trap!

E X P. Indeed Gossip, so would the little Doctor, all his behauiour was meere glistre! O' my conscience, hee would make any parties physicke i' the world worke, with his discourse.

M I R. I wonder they would suffer it, a foolish old fornicating 40 Father, to rauish away his sonnes Mistresse.

C E N. And all her women, at once, as hee did!

T A T. I would ha' flyen in his gypsis face i' faith.

M I R T H. It was a plaine piece of politcall incest, and worthy to be brought afore the high Commission of wit. Suppose 45 we were to censure him, you are the youngest voyce, Gossip Tatle, beginne.

T A T L E. Mary, I would ha' the old conicatcher coosen'd of all he has, i'the young hayres defence, by his learn'd Counsell, Mr Picklocke!

C E N S V R E. I would rather the Courtier had found out some tricke to begge him, from his estate!

E X P. Or the Captaine had courage enough to beat him.
C E N. Or the fine Madrigall-man, in rime, to have runne
him out o' the Countrey, like an Irish rat.

T A T. No, I would have Master Pyed-mantle, her Graces
Herald, to plucke downe his hatchements, reverse his coat-
armour, and nullifie him for no Gentleman.

E X P. Nay, then let Master Doctor dissect him, have him
open'd, and his tripes translated to Lickfinger, to make a pro-
bation dish of.

C E N. T A T. Agreed! Agreed!

M I R T H. Faith, I would have him flat disinherited, by a
decree of Court, bound to make restitution of the Lady Pecunia,
and the use of her body to his sonne.

E X P. And her traine, to the Gentlemen.

C E N. And both the Poet, and himselfe, to ask them all
forgiuennesse!

T A T. And us too.

C E N. In two large sheetes of paper——
E X P. Or to stand in a skin of parchment, (which the
Court please)

C E N. And those full'd with newes!

M I R T H. And dedicated to the sustaining of the Staple!

E X P. Which their Poet hath let fall, most abruptly!

M I R T H. Bankruptly, indeede!

C E N. You say wittily, Gossip, and therefore let a protest
go out against him.

M I R. A mourniuall of protests; or a gleeke at least!

E X P. In all our names:

C E N. For a decay'd wit——

E X P. Broken——

T A T. Non-soluent——

C E N S V R E. And, for euer, forfeit——

M I R T H. To scorne, of Mirth!

C E N. Censure!

E X P. Expectation!

T A T. Subsign'd, Tatle. Stay, they come againe.
ACT V. SCENE I.

PENNY-BOY IV. {to him THO. BARBER.}
{after, PICKLOCKE.}

Hee comes out in the patchd cloak his father left him.

Ay, they are fit, as they had been made for me,
And I am now a thing, worth looking at!
The same, I said I would be in the morning.
No Rogue, at a Comitia of the Can ters,
Did euer there become his Parents Robes
Better, then I do these: great foole! and begger!
Why doe not all that are of those societie{s},
Come forth, and gratulate mee one of theirs?
Me thinkes, I should be, on every side, saluted,
Dauphin of beggers! Prince of Prodigalls!
That haue so fall'n under the eares, and eyes,
And tongues of all, the fable o' the time,
Matter of scorne, and marke of reprehension!
I now begin to see my vanity
Shine in this Glasse, reflected by the foile!
Where is my Fashioner? my Feather-man?
My Linnener? Perfumer? Barber? all
That tayle of Riot, follow'd me this morning?
Not one! but a darke solitude about mee,
Worthy my cloake, and patches; as I had
The epidemicall disease vpon mee:
And I'll sit downe with it. THO. My Master! Maker!
How doe you? Why doe you sit thus o'the ground, Sir?
Heare you the newes? P. I v. No, nor I care to heare none.
Would I could here sit still, and slip away
The other one and twenty, to haue this
Forgotten, and the day rac'd out, expung'd,
In euerie Ephemerides, or Almanack.
Or if it must be in, that *Time* and *Nature*

30 Haue decree'd; still, let it be a day
Of tickling *Prodigalls*, about the gills;
Deluding gaping heires, loosing their loues,
And their discretions; falling from the fauours
Of their best friends, and parents; their owne hopes;

35 And entring the society of *Canters*.

*T H o*. A dolefull day it is, and dismall times
Are come vpon us: I am cleare vndone.

wretchedly broke! P. I v. Ha!

*T H o*. Our *Staple* is all to pieces, quite dissolu'd! P. I v. Ha!

*T H o*. Shiuerd, as in an earth-quake! heard you not
The cracke and ruines? we are all blowne vp!
Soone as they heard th' *Infanta* was got from them,
Whom they had so devoured i' their hopes,
To be their *Patronesse*, and soiourne with 'hem;

45 Our *Emissaries, Register, Examiner*,
Flew into vapor: our graue *Gouvnor*
Into a subt'ler ayre; and is return'd
(As we doe heare) grand-*Captaine* of the *Ieerers*.
I, and my fellow melted into butter,

50 And spoyld our Inke, and so the *Office* vanish'd.
The last *hum* that it made, was, that your Father,
And *Picklocke* are fall'n out, the *man o' Law*.

P. I v. How? this awakes me from my lethargy.
*T H o*. And a great suite, is like to be betweene 'hem,

55 *Picklocke* denies the *Feofement*, and the *Trust*,
(Your Father saies) he made of the whole estate,
Vnto him, as respecting his mortalitie,
When he first laid this late deuice, to try you.

P. I v. Has *Picklocke* then a *trust*? *T H o*. I cannot tell,

Here comes the *worshipfull*—— *P i c*. What? my veluetheyre,
Turn'd begger in minde, as robes? P. I v. You see what case,
Your, and my Fathers plots haue brought me to.
P r c. Your Fathers, you may say, indeed, not mine.
Hee's a hard-hearted Gentleman! I am sorie
To see his rigid resolution!
That any man should so put off affection,
And humane nature, to destroy his owne!
And triumph in a victory so cruell!
He's fall'n out with mee, for being yours,
And calls me Knaue, and Traytor to his Trust,
Saies he will haue me throwne over the Barre——

P. I v. Ha' you deseru'd it? P r c. O, good heauen knowes
My conscience, and the silly latitude of it!
A narrow-minded man! my thoughts doe dwell
All in a Lane, or line indeed; No turning,
Nor scarce obliquitie in them. I still looke
Right forward to th'intent, and scope of that
Which he would go from now. P. I v. Had you a Trust,

then?

P r c. Sir, I had somewhat, will keepe you still Lord
Of all the estate, (if I be honest) as
I hope I shall. My tender scrupulous brest
Will not permit me see the heyre defrauded,
And like an Alyen, thrust out of the blood,
The Lawes forbid that I should giue consent,
To such a ciuill slaughter of a Sonne.

P. I v. Where is the deed? hast thou it with thee?

P r c. No,
It is a thing of greater consequence,
Then to be borne about in a blacke boxe,
Like a Low-countrey vorloffe, or Welsh-briefe.
It is at Lickfingers, vnder locke and key.

P. I v. O, fetch it hither. P r c. I haue bid him bring it,
That you might see it. P. I v. Knowes he what (he) brings?
P 1 c. No more then a Gardiners Asse, what roots he carries.

P. I v. I was a sending my Father, like an Asse,

A penitent Epistle, but I am glad
I did not, now. P 1 c. Hang him, an austere grape,
That has no juice, but what is veriuice in him.

P. I v. I'll shew you my letter! P 1 c. Shew me a defiance!
If I can now commit Father, and Sonne,
And make my profits out of both. Commence
A suite with the old man, for his whole state,
And goe to Law with the Sonnes credit, vndoe
Both, both with their owne money, it were a piece
Worthy my night-cap, and the Gowne I weare,

A Picklockes name in Law. Where are you Sir?
What doe you doe so long? P. I v. I cannot find
Where I haue laid it, but I haue laid it safe.

P 1 c. No matter, Sir, trust you vnto my Trust,
'Tis that that shall secure you, an absolute deed!

And I confesse, it was in Trust, for you,
Lest any thing might haue hapned mortall to him:
But there must be a gratitude thought on,
And aid, Sir, for the charges of the suite,
Which will be great, 'gainst such a mighty man,

As is our Father, and a man possest
Of so much Land, Pecunia and her friends.
I am not able to wage Law with him,
Yet must maintaine the thing, as mine owne right,
Still for your good, and therefore must be bold

To vse your credit for monies. P. I v. What thou wilt,
So wee be safe, and the Trust beare it. P 1 c. Feare not,
'Tis hee must pay arrerages in the end.
Wee'll milke him, and Pecunia, draw their creame downe,
Before he get the deed into his hands.

My name is Picklocke, but hee'll finde me a Padlocke.
ACT V.  SCENE II.

PENY-BOY CAN.  PENY-BOY IV.
PICKLOCK.  THO. BARBAR.

How now?  conferring wi' your learned Counsell,
Vpo' the Cheat?  Are you o'the plot to coozenn mee?
P. I v.  What plot?  P. S E.  Your Counsell knowes there,
Mr. Picklock,
Will you restore the Trust yet?  P I c.  Sir, take patience,
And memory vnto you, and bethinke you,
What Trust?  where dose't appeare?  I haue your Deed,
Doth your Deed specifie any Trust?  Is't not
A perfect Act?  and absolute in Law?
Seal'd and deliuer'd before witnesses?
The day, and date, emergent?  P. C A.  But what confer-
ence?

What othes, and vowes preceded?  P I c.  I will tell you, Sir,
Since I am vrg'd, of those, as I remember,
You told me you had got a growen estate,
By griping meanes, sinisterly. (P. C A. How l)  P I c.  And
were
Eu'n weary of it; if the parties liued,
From whom you had wrested it——  (P. C A. Ha l)  P I c.
You could be glad,
To part with all, for satisfaction:
But since they'had yeelded to humanity,
And that iust heavn had sent you, for a punishment
(You did acknowledge it) this riotous heyre,
That would bring all to beggary in the end,
And daily sow'd consumption, where he went——
P. C A.  You'ld coozenn both, then?  your Confederate,
too?

V. ii.] Enter Penyboy Canter. G, continuing the scene  PENY-BOY CAN.
... PENY-BOY IV.] PENY-BOY. CAN... PENI-BOY. IV. F  3 there,
Mr. Picklock, F: there, Mr. Picklock. F3  4 patience.] patience. F
6 dos 't F3:  dost F  10 day,] day F  emergent?] emergent. F
12 vrg'd,] vrg'd F  22 sow'd] sow d some copies of F  23 You'ld
F3:  You'old F
The Staple of Newes.

P I c. After a long, mature deliberation,
25 You could not thinke, where, better, how to place it—
    P C A. Then on you, Rascal? P I c. What you please
    i' your passion,
But with your reason, you will come about
And thinke a faithfull, and a frugall friend
To be preferr'd. P C A. Before a Sonne? P I c. A Prodi-
gall,
30 A tubbe without a bottome, as you term'd him;
For which, I might returne you a vow, or two,
And seale it with an oath of thankfulnesse,
I not repent it, neither haue I cause. Yet——
    P C A. Fore-head of steele, and mouth of brasse! hath
imudence
35 Polish'd so grosse a lie, and dar'st thou vent it?
Engine, compos'd of all mixt mettalls! hence,
I will not change a syllab, with thee, more,
Till I may meet thee, at a Barre in Court,
Before thy Judges. P I c. Thither it must come,
40 Before I part with it, to you, or you, Sir.

P C A. I will not heare thee. P I v. Sir, your eare to
mee, though.
Not that I see through his perplexed plots,
And hidden ends, nor that my parts depend
Vpon the vnwinding this so knotted skeane,
45 Doe I beseech your patience. Vnto mee
He hath conferst the trust. P I c. How? I confesse it?
    P I v. I thou, false man. P S E. Stand vp to him, &
confront him.
    P I c. Where? when? to whom? P I v. To me, even
now, and here,
Canst thou deny it? P I c. Can I eate, or drinke?
50 Sleepe, wake, or dreame? arise, sit, goe, or stand?
Doe any thing that's naturall? P I v. Yes, lye:
It seemes thou canst, and periure: that is naturall!

v. ii. 33 cause. Yet] cause, Yet F 48 here,] here: F3 51
lye :] lie, F3
P I c. O me! what times are these! of frontlesse carriage!
An Egge o' the same nest! the Fathers Bird!

It runs in a blood, I see! P. I v. I'll stop your mouth.


Where is your witnes? you can produce witnes?
P. I v. As if my testimony were not twenty,
Balanc'd with thine? P I c. So say all Prodigalls,
Sicke of selfe-loue, but that's not Law, young Scatter-good.
I liue by Law. P. I v. Why? if thou hast a conscience,
That is a thousand witnessees. P I c. No Court
Grants out a Writ of Summons, for the Conscience,
That I know, nor Sub-pana, nor Attachment.
I must haue witnesse, and of your producing,

Ere this can come to hearing, and it must
Be heard on oath, and witnesse. P. I v. Come forth, Thom, Hee pro-
duceth Thom.

Speake what thou heard'st, the truth, and the whole truth,
And nothing but the truth. What said this varlet?
P I c. A rat behind the hangings! T H o. Sir, he said

It was a Trust! an Act, the which your Father
Had will to alter: but his tender brest
Would not permit to see the heyre defrauded;
And like an alyen, thrust out of the blood.
The Lawes forbid that he should giue consent
To such a ciuill slaughter of a Sonne——
P. I v. And talk'd of a gratuitie to be giuen,
And ayd vnto the charges of the suite;
Which he was to maintaine, in his owne name,
But for my use, he said. P. C A. It is enough.

T H o. And he would milke Pecunia, and draw downe
Her creame, before you got the Trust, againe.
P. C A. Your eares are in my pocket, Knaue, goe shake 'hem,

The little while you haue them. P I c. You doe trust
To your great purse. P. C A. I ha' you in a purse-net,
Good Master *Picklocke*, wi' your worming braine,
And wrigling ingine-head of maintenance,
Which I shall see you hole with, very shortly.
A fine round head, when those two lugs are off,
90 To trundle through a *Pillory*. You are sure
You heard him speake this? P. I v. I, and more. Tho.
Much more!

P. I c. I'll prowe yours *maintenance*, and *combination,*
And sue you all. P. C. A. Doe, doe, my gowned *Vulture,*
*Crop* in *Reverson*: I shall see you coyted
95 Ouer the *Barre*, as Barge-men doe their billets.

P. I c. This 'tis, when men repent of their good deeds,
And would ha' 'hem in againe—— They are almost mad!
But I forgie their *Lucida Intervalla*.
O, *Licksfinger*? come hither. Where's my writing?

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**ACT V. SCENE III.**

**LICKFINGER.** *(to them.)*

I sent it you, together with your keyes,

P. I c. How? L I c. By the *Porter*, that came for it,
from you,
And by the token, you had giu'n me the keyes,
And bad me bring it. P. I c. And why did you not?

5 L I c. Why did you send a counter-mand? P. I c. Who,
I?

L I c. You, or some other you, you put in trust.

P. I c. In *trust*? L I c. Your *Trust*’s another selfe, you
know,
And without *Trust*, and your *Trust*, how should he
Take notice of your keyes, or of my charge?

10 P. I c. Know you the man? L I c. I know he was a
*Porter,*

---

v. ii. 97 ha' 'hem] ha'hem F  After 98 Enter Licksfnger. G  99
After 'hither.' Comes forward with Licksfnger; while P. jun. discovers
the plot, aside, to his father, and that he is in possession of the deed. G
v. iii.] G continues the scene  9 charge?] charge. F
The Staple of Newes.

And a seal'd Porter, for he bore the badge
On brest, I am sure. P i c. I am lost! a plot! I sent it!
L i c. Why! and I sent it by the man you sent,
Whom else, I had not trusted. P i c. Plague o' your trust.

I am truss'd vp among you. P. I v. Or you may be.
P i c. In mine owne halter, I haue made the Noose.
P. I v. What was it, Lickfinger? L i c. A writing, Sir,
He sent for't by a token, I was bringing it:
But that he sent a Porter, and hee seem'd
A man of decent carriage. P. C A. 'Twas good fortune!
To cheat the Cheater, was no cheat, but iustice,
Put off your ragges, and be your selfe againe,
This Act of piety, and good affection,
Hath partly reconcil'd me to you. P. I v. Sir.
P. C. No vowses, no promises: too much protestation
Makes that suspected otf, we would perswade.
L i c. Heare you the Newes? P. I v. The Office is downe,
how should we?
L i c. But of your uncle? P. I v. No. L i c. He's runne mad, Sir.
P. C A. How, Lickfinger? L i c. Stark staring mad,
your brother,
H'has almost kill'd his maid. P. C A. Now, heauen forbid.
L i c. But that she's Cat-liu'd, and Squirrell-limb'd,
With throwing bed-staues at her: h'has set wide
His outer doores, and now keepes open house,
For all the passers by to see his iustice:
First, he has apprehended his two dogges,
As being o' the plot to coozen him:
And there hee sits like an old worme of the peace,
Wrap'd vp in furres, at a square table, screwing,
Examining, and committing the poor curres,
To two old cases of close stooles, as prisons;
The one of which, he calls his Lollard's tower,
The Staple of Newes.

Th'other his Blocke-house, 'cause his two dogs names are Blocke, and Lolland. P. I v. This would be braue matter.

Vnto the Ieerers. P. C. A. I, if so the subiect

Were not so wretched. L. I. C. Sure, I met them all, I thinke, vpon that quest. P. C. A. 'Faith, like enough:
The vicious still are swift to shew their natures.
I'll thither too, but with another ayme,
If all succeed well, and my simples take.

ACT V. SCENE III.]


Here are the prisoners? P. O. R. They are forthcomming, Sr,

Or comming forth at least. P. S. E. The Rogue is drunke,

Since I committed them to his charge. Come hither,

Neere me, yet neerer; breath vpon me. Wine!

Wine, o' my worship I sacke! Canary sacke!

Could not your Badge ha' bin drunke with fulsome Ale?

Or Beere? the Porters element? but sacke!

P. O. R. I am not drunke, we had, Sir, but one pyt,

An honest carrier, and my selfe. P. S. E. Who paid for't?

P. O. R. Sir, I did giue it him. P. S. E. What? and spend sixpence!

A Frocke spend sixpence! sixpence! P. O. R. Once in a yeere, Sr,

P. S. E. In seuen yeers, varlet! Know'st thou what thou hast done?

What a consumption thou hast made of a State?

It might please heauen, (a lusty Knaue and young)

To let thee liue some seuenty yeeres longer,
Till thou art fourescore, and ten; perhaps, a hundred.
The Staple of Newes.

Say seventy yeeres; how many times seven in seventy?
Why, seven times ten, is ten times seven, marke me,
I will demonstrate to thee on my fingers,
Six-pence in seven yeere (vse vpon vse)
Growes in that first seven yeere, to be a twelue-pence.
That, in the next, two-shillings; the third foure-shillings;
The fourth seven yeere, eight-shillings; the fifth, sixteen:
The sixth, two and thirty; the seuenth, three-pound foure;
The eighth, sixe pound, and eyght; the ninth, twelue pound
sixteen;
And the tenth seven, fiue and twenty pound,
Twelue Shillings. This thou art fall'n from, by thy riot!
Should'st thou liue seventy yeeres, by spending six-pence,
Once i' the seven: but in a day to wast it!
There is a Summe that number cannot reach!
Out o' my house, thou pest o' prodigality!
Seed o' consumption! hence, a wicked keeper
Is oft worse then the prisoners. There's thy penny,
Foure tokens for thee. Out, away. My dogges,
May yet be innocent, and honest. If not,
I haue an entrapping question, or two more,
To put vnto 'hem, a crosse Intergatory,
And I shall catch 'hem; Lollard? Peace,
What whispering was that you had with Mortgage,
When you last lick'd her feet? The truth now. Ha?
Did you smell shee was going? Put downe that. And not,
Not to returne? You are silent: good. And, when
Leap'd you on Statute? As she went forth? Consent.
There was Consent, as shee was going forth.
'Twould haue beeene fitter at her comming home,
But you knew that she would not? To your Tower,
You are cunning, are you? I will meet your craft.
Blocke, shew your face, leaue your caresses, tell me,
And tell me truly, what affronts do you know

Were done Pecunia? that she left my house?
None, say you so? not that you know? or will know?
I feare me, I shall find you an obstinate Curre.
Why did your fellow Lollard cry this morning?
'Cause Broker kickt him? why did Broker kicke him?
Because he pist against my Ladies Gowne?
Why, that was no affront? no? no distast?
You knew o' none. Yo'are a dissembling Tyke,
To your hole, againe, your Blocke-house. Lollard, arise,
Where did you lift your legge vp, last? 'gainst what?
Are you struck Dummerer now? and whine for mercy?
Whose Kirtle was't, you gnaw'd too? Mistresse Bands?
And Waxe's stockings? who? did Blocke bescumber
Statutes white suite? wi' the parchment lace there?
And Brokers Sattin doublet? all will out.
They had offence, offence enough to quit mee.
Appeare Blocke, tough, 'tis manifest. He shewes it,
Should he for-sware't, make all the Affidavits,
Against it, that he could afore the Bench,
And twenty Iuries; hee would be conuinc'd,
He beares an ayre about him, doth confesse it!
To prison againe, close prison. Not you Lollard,
You may enjoy the liberty o' the house,
And yet there is a quirke come in my head,
For which I must commit you too, and close,
Doe not repine, it will be better for you.
ACT V. SCENE V.

CYMBAL. FITTON. SHUNFIELD. ALMACH. MADRIGAL. PENY-BOY SEN. LICKFINGER.

Enter the Ieers.

This is enough to make the dogs mad too,
Let's in vpon him. P. S. E. How now? what's the matter?
Come you to force the prisoners? make a rescue?
F I T. We come to baile your dogs. P. S. E. They are not baileable,
They stand committed without baile, or mainprise,
Your baile cannot be taken. S H V. Then the truth is,
We come to vex you. A L M. Ieere you. M A D. Bate you rather.
C Y M. A bated vserer will be good flesh.
F I T. And tender, we are told. P. S. E. Who is the Butcher,
Amongst you, that is come to cut my throat?
S H V. You would dye a calues death faine: but 'tis an Oxes,
Is meant you. F I T. To be fairely knock'd o'the head.
S H V. With a good Ieere or two. P. S. E. And from your iawbone,
Don Assinigo? C Y M. Shunfield, a Ieere, you haue it.
S H V. I doe confesse a washing blow; but Snael,
You that might play the third dogge, for your teeth,
You ha' no money now? F I T. No, nor no Mortgage.
A L M. Nor Band. M A D. Nor Statute. C Y M. No, nor blushet Wax.
P. S. E. Nor you no Office, as I take it. S H V. Cymbal,
A mighty Ieere. F I T. Pox o' these true ieasts, I say.
M A D. He will turne the better ieerer. A L M. Let's vpon him,

V. v. Scene v] Scene. II F: G continues the scene Peny-boy] Peny-boy. F 2 After ' him.' They come forward. G 5 baile
...mainprise corr. F: baile...mainprise F originally 15 washing
F, F3: swashing W blow.;] blow? F: Blow; F3 21 Hewill] He'll W
The Staple of Newes.

And if we cannot ieeere him downe in wit,
M A D. Let's do 't in noyse. S H V. Content. M A D.
Charge, man o' warre.
A L M. Lay him abord. S H V. We'll gi' him a broad side,
first.

F I T. Wher's your venison, now? C Y M. Your red-
Deer-pyes?
S H V. Wi' your bak'd Turkyes? A L M. And your Part-
ridges?
M A D. Your Pheasants, & fat Swans? P. S E. Like you,
turn'd Geese.
M A D. But such as will not keepe your Capitol?
S H V. You were wont to ha' your Breams— A L M.
And Trouts sent in?

C Y M. Fat Carps, and Salmons? F I T. I, and now, and
then,
An Embleme o' your selfe, an o're-growne Pyke?
P. S E. You are a Jack, Sir. F I T. You ha' made a shift
To swallow twenty such poore Jacks ere now.
A L M. If he should come to feed vpon poore John?
M A D. Or tune pure Jack-a-Lent after all this?
F I T. Tut, he'll liue like a Gras-hopper— M A D. On dew.
S H V. Or like a Beare, with licking his owne clawes.
C Y M. I, if his dogs were away. A L M. He'll eat them,
first,
While they are fat. F I T. Faith, and when they are gone,
Here's nothing to be seen beyond. C Y M. Except
His kindred, Spiders, natiu'es o' the soyle.
A L M. Dust, he will ha' enough here, to breed fleas.
M A D. But, by that time, he'll ha' no blood to reare 'hem.
S H V. He will be as thin as a lanterne, we shall see thorow
him,

A L M. And his gut colon, tell his Intestina——
The Staple of Newes.

P. S. E. Rogues, Rascalls (*baw waw) F I T. He calls his *His
dogs to his ayd.
A L M. O! they but rise at mention of his tripes.
C Y M. Let them alone, they doe it not for him.
M A D. They barke, se defendendo. S H V. Or for cus-
tome,
As commonly curres doe, one for another.
L I C. Arme, arme you, Gentlemen Ieerers, th'old Canter
Is comming in vpon you, with his forces,
The Gentleman, that was the Canter. S H V. Hence.
F I T. Away. C Y M. What is he? A L M. Stay not to
ask questions.
F I T. Hee's a flame. S H V. A fornace. A L M. A con-
sumption,
Kills where hee goes. L I C. See! the whole Couy is They all
scatter'd,
'Ware, 'ware the Hawke. I loue to see him flye.

Act V. Scene VI.

Peny-boy Ca. Peny-boy Se. Peni-boy

You see by this amazement, and distraction,
What your companions were, a poore, affrighted,
And guilty race of men, that dare to stand
No breath of truth: but conscious to themselves
Of their no-wit, or honesty, ranne routed
At every Pannicke terror themselves bred.
Where else, as confident as sounding brasse,
Their tinkling Captaine, Cymbal, and the rest,
Dare put on any visor, to deride
The wretched: or with buffon licence, ieast

V. v. After 50 Enter Lichfinger. G 54 Stay] stay F 56 St.
dir. Cym. Fit. Mad. Alm. and Shun. run off. G 57 Hawke Editor:
Hawkes F him 'em W v. vi. Enter Pennyboy Canter, Pennyboy
At whatsoe'r is serious, if not sacred.

P. S. E. Who's this? my brother! and restor'd to life!
P. C. A. Yes, and sent hither to restore your wits:
If your short madnesse, be not more then anger,
Conceiued for your losse! which I returne you.
See here, your Mortgage, Statute, Band, and Waxe,
Without your Broker, come to abide with you:
And vindicate the Prodigall, from stealing
Away the Lady. Nay, Pecunia her selfe,

20 Is come to free him fairely, and discharge
All ties, but those of Loue, vnto her person,
To use her like a friend, not like a slaue,
Or like an Idol. Superstition
Doth violate the Deity it worships:

25 No lesse then scorne doth. And beleue it, brother,
The use of things is all, and not the Store;
Surfeit, and fulnesse, haue kill'd more then famine.
The Sparrow, with his little plumage, flyes,
While the proud Peacocke, ouer-charg'd with pennes,

30 Is faine to sweepe the ground, with his growne traine,
And load of feathers. P. S. E. Wise, and honour'd brother!
None but a Brother, and sent from the dead,
As you are to me, could haue altered me:
I thanke my Destiny, that is so gracious.

35 Are there no paines, no Penalties decreed
From whence you come, to vs that smother money,
In chests, and strangle her in bagges? P. C. A. O, mighty,
Intolerable fines, and mulcts impos'd!
(Of which I come to warne you) forfeitures

40 Of whole estates, if they be knowne, and taken!
P. S. E. I thanke you Brother, for the light you haue giuen
mee,
I will preuent 'hem all. First free my dogges,
Lest what I ha' done to them (and against Law)
The Staple of Newes.

Be a Præmunire, for by Magna Charta
They could not be committed, as close prisoners,
My learned Counsell tells me here, my Cooke.
And yet he shew'd me the way, first. L I C. Who did? I?
I trench the liberty o'the subject? P. C.A. Peace,
Picklocke, your Ghost, that Slenor, hath infected you,
Whom I haue safe enough in a wooden collar.

P. S.E. Next, I restore these servants to their Ladie,
With freedome, heart of cheare, and countenance;
It is their yeere, and day of Jubilee.

TRA. We thanke you, Sir. P. S.E. And lastly, to my Her
Nephew,
I giue my house, goods, lands, all but my vices,
And those I goe to cleanse; kissing this Lady,
Whom I doe giue him too, and ioyne their hands.

P. C.A. If the Spectators will ioyne theirs, wee thanke 'hem.

P. I v. And wish they may, as I, enjoy Pecunia.

PEC. And so Pecunia her selfe doth wish,
That shee may still be ayde vnfo their vses,
Not slaue vnfo their pleasures, or a Tyrant
Ouer their faire desires; but teach them all
The golden meane: the Prodigall how to liue,
The sordid, and the couetous, how to dye:
That with sound mind; this, safe frugality.

THE END.
The Epilogue.

Thus haue you seene the Makers double scope,
To profit, and delight; wherein our hope
Is, though the clout we doe not alwaies hit,
It will not be imputed to his wit:
A Tree so tri'd, and bent, as 'twill not start.
Nor doth he often cracke a string of Art,
Though there may other accidents as strange
Happen, the weather of your lookes may change,
Or some high wind of mis-conceit arise,
To cause an alteration in our Skyes;
If so, we are sorry that haue so mis-spent
Our Time and Tackle, yet he'is confident,
And vow's the next faire day, hee'll haue vs shoot
The same match o're for him, if you'll come to't.
THE NEW INN
THE TEXT

The comedy of The New Inn was entered by its publisher, Thomas Alchorne, on the Stationers' Register and published in octavo in 1631. The entry is as follows:

17mo die Aprilis 1631

Thomas Alchorne: Entred for his Copye vnder the handes of Sir Henry Herbert and Master Kingston warden a Comedy Called New Inne written by Ben: Johnson. vjd

Arber, Transcript, iv. 251.

This was the last play of which Jonson read the proofs. The printer was Thomas Harper, whom Jonson, after his experience of John Beale, must have found careful and competent. The state of the text, taken as a whole, is creditable alike to author, printer, and publisher.

The collation is as follows: eight preliminary leaves signed: (*), A2, B–G8 (G 8 blank, with a stub surviving in the Wise copy), H2. In detail: (*) 1, Title-page, with the verso blank; (*) 2–(*) 3 recto, the Dedication to the reader; (*) 3 verso–(*) 8 recto, the Argument; (*) 8 verso A–A 2 recto, the Persons of the Play characterized; A 2 verso, the Prologue; B1–G 7 recto, the text; G 7 verso, the Epilogue; H 1 recto, 'Another Epilogue' intended for a performance at Court; H 1 verso–H 2 verso, the poet's 'Ode' on the failure of the play.

Seven copies have been collated for the text of the present edition:

(1) The British Museum copy, with press-mark 643.b.31, in which D 1 (Act II, scene vi, lines 10–63) is missing (marked A in the following list).

(2) Selden's copy in Bodley, with press-mark 8o.I.12 Art. Seld. (B 1).


(4) The Dyce copy at South Kensington, formerly Joseph Haslewood's (C).
(5) The Forster copy at South Kensington, formerly
Heber's (D).

(6) The late Mr. T. J. Wise's copy (E).

(7) A copy formerly in the possession of Mr. Bertram
Dobell (F).

The Selden copy in Bodley and the late Mr. Wise's copy are
exceptionally fine. The Selden copy is bound in contem-
porary white vellum; the blue strings which tied it have
been torn off. It has a stub pasted at the end of the pre-
liminary leaves on (8), the counterfoil of the fly-leaf
before (9). The blank leaf G 8 is placed after H 2. It
is tempting to conjecture that this volume was a gift-copy
from Jonson; it is not inscribed, there being little space
on the title-page for an inscription. Jonson's illness might
explain the omission. But it has two corrections which we
have not found elsewhere, and which appear to be late
additions. Ferret's first speech in the opening scene at line
12, without a speaker's name in the other copies, has 'Fer.'
here; the blank before the inset cries aloud for correction.
More suggestive still is the cancel-slip with the name
'Prudence' pasted over the name 'Cicelie' (Act 1, Scene vi)
after the sheet had been printed off. The Wise copy is just
as it came from the press with the leaves, which measure
7 1/2 by 4 3/4 inches, entirely untrimmed.

The list of corrections traced in the seven copies is as
follows:

Sig. B iv 1, 12 Speaker's name omitted A, B 2, C, D, E, F

Sig. B iv 13–14 Whether it be by chance or
art, a heavy purse makes
a light heart. One line in
B 2, C, D, F

16 Whether it be by chance or art, | A
a heavy purse makes
a light Heart. Two
lines in A, B iv, E

16 A heavy purse B 2, C, D, F
makes B 2, C, D, F

17 a light heart B 2, C, D, F

19 bolt ... ton B 2, C, D, F

24 Here B 2, C, D, F

38 physicks B 2, C, D, F

A heavy purse A, B iv, E
makes A, B iv, E

a light heart A, B iv, E

bolt ... Ton A, B iv, E

Here, A, B iv, E

physicks A, B iv, E
The Text.

Sig. B 2r i. ii (scene heading) Lovet, Ferret, Host, B 2, C, D, F
6 end B 2, C, D, F
7 place B 2, C, D, F
11 heart B 2, C, D, F
12 it; B 2, C, D, F
15 heare B 2, C, D, F
16 'gen B 2, C, D, F
21 Beare...butter-milke B 2, C, D, F
22 Whey B 2, C, D, F

Sig. B 3v i. iii. 35

Sig. B 4r

Sig. B 5r

Sig. B 6r

Sig. B 7v i. vi (scene heading) Ferret, Lovel, Host, Cielie. B 2, C, D, F
2 Pleased B 2, C, D, F
4 how, B 2, C, D, F
5 Chalke B 2, C, D, F

1 Italicized by a mistake of the printer.
2 In this line Jonson overlooked the capital in 'Claret'.
3 A crowded line: the e of 'downe' was taken out to make room for the added v of 'Louv'.
4 This is the usual position for a word tucked in at the end of the line; perhaps a correction of the printer.
5 Jonson in his anxiety to adjust the punctuation at first forgot to correct 'Cielie' to 'Prudence'.

end, A, B, E
Place A, B, E
Heart A, B, E
it: A, B, E
here A, B, E
'gany' A, B, E
beare...butter-milke A, B, E
whey A, B, E
Louv...down A, B, E
Centaures...Thrace A, B, E
Pyrnick A, B, E
tongue A, B, E
Tiburne A, B, E
you, (if...it) A, B, E
my A, B, E
betray all A, B, E
creature A, B, E
silent, A, B, E

Host, B 2, C, D, F
Iouial B 2, C, D, F
Alderman—B 2, C, D, F
 discharge the B 2, C, D, F

Host, Lovel, Host.
A, B, E
Iouiall A, B, E
A, B, E
A, B, E
A, B, E

Host, Ferret. Host. A,
B 1, E
end, A, B, E
Place A, B, E
Heart A, B, E
it: A, B, E
here A, B, E
'gany' A, B, E
beare...butter-milke A, B, E
whey A, B, E

The New Inn.

Sig. B 7r 15 L. B 2, C, D, F
21 Giges B 2, C, D, F

Sig. B 8r 23 rebus B 2, C, D, F
H. B 2, C, D, F
25 Cis B 2, C, D, F
her, B 2, C, D, F
29, 32 Cisc. B 2, C, D, F
46 Cicely B 2, C, D, F
47 disposition B 2, C, D, F
48 Ho. B 2, C, D, F

Sig. C 1v 115 more; B 2, C, D, E, F
137 sonne. B 2, C, D, E, F
140 Howres B 2, C, D, E, F
141 Clouds B 2, C, D, E, F
143 then! B 2, C, D, E, F
158 Nere B 2, C, D, E, F
160 loue-craft B 2, C, D, E, F
161 Phoenix, B 2, C, D, E, F
164 on B 2, C, D, E, F
166 sparkle B 2, C, D, E, F
mistresse B 2, C, D, E, F
169 Ile B 2, C, D, E, F
171 doe: B 2, C, D, E, F

Sig. C 2r 36 suddaine, B 2, C, D, E, F
57 cloathes! B 2, C, D, E, F
sentences, B 2, C, D, E, F
59 scale B 2, C, D, E, F
61 fault, B 2, C, D, E, F
69 it Pru. B 2, C, D, E, F
79 breed, B 2, C, D, E, F
81 me: B 2, C, D, E, F

Sig. C 3v ii. i. 56 suddaine? A, B r
57 cloathes? A, B r
sentences? A, B r
59 scale? A, B r
61 fault? A, B r
69 it Pru.? A, B r
79 breed? A, B r
81 me: A, B r

Sig. C 4r ii. 2 souerainty B 2, C, D, E, F
8 him, host. B 2, C, D, E, F
9 presently, B 2, C, D, E, F

1 Jonson ought to have corrected the spelling as well as the type; it should be 'Gyges'.
2 On sig. B 8 verso (i. vi. 64) the hyphen in 'cabinet-counsels' has dropped out only in the British Museum copy. Similarly in sig. C 1 verso (ibid., 127) the comma after 'fabulous' has disappeared in the Museum copy and in the second Bodleian copy, but the spacing shows that this was an accident.
3 A misprint for 'Ne're'.
4 For 'him'.
5 This should be 'Ho.'—or, better still, 'ho!'—a call to the Servant within. The Servant's answer 'Anone' should be in roman; the italics are a confusion with the name of the Drawer, Pierce alias Anon, mentioned in the next line.
Sig. C 4r

10 anone B 2, C, D, E, F  Anone A, B r
13 Is B 2, C, D, E, F  It is A, B r
14 doe. B 2, C, D, E, F  doe A, B r
15 desin'd to doe, by B 2, C, D, design'd to by A, B r
   E, F
16 you B 2, C, D, E, F  you, A, B r
17 I beleue B 2, C, D, E, F  I beleue A, B r
18 emphased, B 2, C, D, E, F  emphased A, B r
20 Yes madame. B 2, C, D, E, F  Yes. A, B r

Sig. C 5v

II. iv. 3  O B 2, C, D, E, F  O, A, B r
4 host B 2, C, D, E, F  Host A, B r
6 mery B 2, C, D, E, F  mery, A, B r
10 nay B 2, C, D, E, F  Nay A, B r
12 Cup B 2, C, D, E, F  cup A, B r
20 him, B 2, C, D, E, F  him. A, B r
21 see: ... black, B 2, C, D, E, see: ... black: A, B r
   F

Sig. C 6r

24 vknwon B 2, C, D, E, F  vknwon A, B r
25 in, still. B 2, C, D, E, F  in, A, B r
29 Campo, B 2, C, D, E, F  Campo! A, B r
30 roome, B 2, C, D, E, F  rooms: A, B r
31 Inne B 2, C, D, E, F  Inne, A, B r

6 the day B 2, C, D, E, F  thy day A, B r
7 and I'le ha' B 2, C, D, E, F  and ha' A, B r

Sig. C 7v

v. 70 man, B 2, C, D, E, F  man. A, B r
71 That: ... host, B 2, C, D, E, What: ... Host. A, F
72 host B 2, C, D, E, F  Host A, B r
73 Paramento's B 2, C, D, E, F  Paramento's, A, B r
73-5 Sir he has the father | Of Sir | He has the father
   swords, within a long of swords within, a
   sword; Blade cornish longsword | Blade
   stil'd | Of Sir Rud \\
   Hudibras. B 2, C, D, E, F  Hudibras. A, B r

76 And with B 2, C, D, E, F  And, why A, B r
85 what's B 2, C, D, E, F  what are A, B r
87 had Don B 2, C, D, E, F  hath Don A, B r
89 world. . . . world B 2, C, D, world! . . . world. A, E, F
91 fencer B 2, C, D, E, F  Fencer A, B r
92 Colonel. B 2, C, D, E, F  Colonel, A, B r
96 contemplation B 2, C, D, contemplation. A, B r
   E, F
97 fencer B 2, C, D, E, F  Fencer A, B r
On C 8 recto the catchword is *Fly* (ii. v. 129), as if *Fly* were to be the speaker; the text on C 8 verso begins 'Flie'.

The corrections are made almost uniformly in the British Museum and the Selden copies; they are an amazing achievement for a paralysed author, and they justify his proud plea that there was no palsy in his brain. Two important sets of corrections are found on the inner formes of sheets B and C; what happened to the outer formes? Probably Jonson's corrections reached the printer in time. But we give for what it is worth one slight clue which may point to further possibilities. Gifford prints in Act I, scene iii, line 140, 'To entice young straws to leap at them.' This is on signature B 5 recto—that is to say, on the

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1 A misprint for 'one:'.
2 On sig. E 2 recto (iii. ii. 21) the second Bodleian copy has a comma after 'defendant,' which is missing in most copies.
3 *Ode to Himself*, l. 50.
outer forme of B. The seven copies of the Octavo read 'light strawes'; so do all the subsequent editions earlier than Gifford. He took editorial liberties with his text, but he did not wantonly substitute a flatter reading such as this, especially where nothing occurs in the context to explain it as a misprint; it would be intelligible, for instance, if the word 'young' was in the context and he or his printer unconsciously repeated it. A copy of the first edition may turn up with the reading 'young'.

The most important changes modify a personal allusion which cannot now be identified. The audience hissed on the first night

Because the Chambermaid was named Cis.¹

Jonson altered 'Cis' and 'Cicely' to 'Pru' and 'Prudence'. But he left 'Cis' in the text of Act i, scene v, line 11, and 'Cicelie' in the scene-heading of scene vi, though he had a belated cancel-slip pasted over her name in the Selden copy. 'Cis.' was originally in the stage direction of this scene at line 22, in line 25, and in the speech-headings of lines 29 and 32; and 'Cicely' in line 46.

A number of small retouchings adjust the metre. Thus in Act i, scene iii, line 155

Other discourse to be at, then o' my Master

he deleted the 'o'; in scene vi, line 166

To strike a sparkle out o' the flint, your mistresse,

he substituted 'sparke'. In Act ii, scene ii, lines 7–9

You haue a pretty sonne, mine host, she'ld see him.

Lad. I very faine, I pr'y thee let me see him, host.

Host. Your Ladiship shall presently,

he deleted 'host' in the eighth line, and filled in the defective ninth line

Your Ladiship shall presently, Ho. Ser. Anone.

¹ Second Epilogue, l. 8.
In lines 14–15

Fra. I doe

What, madame, I am desin'd to doe, by my birthright,—
he corrected to 'I am design'd to by my birthright'; in
line 20

Lad. Pretily answer'd! Is your name Francis? Fra.
Yes madame.

he cut out the superfluous 'madame', and in scene iv,
lines 25–6

Lat. What calling ha's he? Host. Only to call in, still.
Enflame the reckoning,—

he cut out the superfluous 'still'. In scene v, line 7

Flit. This is the day. Tip. I'le heare thee, and I'le ha'
thee a Doctour,—

he cut out the second 'I'le'; in lines 73–5 he adjusted the
faulty verse-lining; and he corrected line 85

Had fencing names, what's become o' them?—
to 'what are become o' them?' to the detriment of strict
grammar, though Elizabethan syntax would allow the
plural idea to attract the verb to the plural. Acting
on Jonson's own principles, we read in Act ii, scene iv,
line 35

Doe call him Quarter-master, which he is.
The text has 'call him Quarter-master, Fly'; the previous
lines are

Some call him Deacon Fly, some Doctor Fly,
Some Captaine, some Lieutenant. But my folkes . . .

After the corrections in sheet C there are only four small
changes. Jonson sent in time or Harper waited. The
punctuation is erratic, but the text is essentially sound.¹
A noteworthy failing of the printer is that after sheet B,
which ends on the sixth scene of the first Act at line 82, his

¹ 'Not 'should be 'No' in iv. iv. 288, and 'sow' 'show' in ii. vi. 239.
We suggest, though we have not printed it in the text, 'A Death for
Emperours to enioy!' as better sense and metre than 'For Emperours
to enioy!' (ibid. 237).
The Text.

stock of roman capital ' I ' ran out, and he fell back on italic capitals. Only two examples of this, 'Ne' in line 169 of the same scene, and 'I beleue' in Act II, scene ii, line 17, are corrected. We have silently adjusted all examples of wrong fount.

The Folio text of 1692, which is the second edition of the play, was printed from a copy of the Octavo with the uncorrected state of the inner forme of sheet C. The result is that a number of Jonson's discarded readings not only appeared in the booksellers' edition of 1716, which is a careless reprint of the 1692 Folio, but filtered through to the texts of Whalley and Gifford. Examples are the omission of the Host's call to the Servant and the Servant's answer 'Anone' in Act II, scene ii, line 9; 'unknown' for 'vnknow' in the Chaucerian echo in scene iv, lines 22–4—

And speakes a little taynted, fly-blowne Latin,
After the Schoole. _Bea_. Of _Stratford o' the Bow._
For _Lillies Latine_, is to him vnknow.—

and in the fifth scene, line 106—

_Iack Iug_ with the broken belly, a witty fellow!—

_for 'Iack Iug_ with the great belly'—a neat incarnation of the Toby jug.

Whalley made one good emendation in the description of Lord Frampul, 'He that did live in Oxford', for 'love in Oxford' (r. v. 59). Gifford accepted Lewis Theobald's unnecessary 'mend our mirth' for 'mind our mirth' (ii. ii. 57), proposed 'Why, in your Ladies?' for 'her Ladies' (iv. iv. 285), and read 'I, Philip, take thee Lettice' for 'Philip, I take thee' (v. i. 8).

Dr. G. B. Tennant edited the play in 1908 for the Yale Studies in English, no. xxxiv. He printed from the British Museum copy, supplying the missing leaf D 1 from the Selden copy. He describes these as the only two copies 'known to exist'. He was fortunate in lighting on one of the best-corrected copies for his text. The edition was

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1 Act I, vi. 83 to Act II, vi. 9.
reviewed in *Modern Language Notes*, volume XXV, no. 5, May 1910, by Dr. C. M. Hathaway, who collated it with Mr. W. A. White's copy and was the first to point out some important variations in the text of sheet C and to notice that uncorrected readings were reproduced in the Folio of 1692.
THE NEUVINNE.

OR,

The light Heart.

A COMOEDY.

As it was never acted, but most negligently play'd, by some, the Kings Servants.

And more squeamishly beheld, and censured by others, the Kings Subjects.

1629.

Now, at last, let at liberty to the Readers, his Majesties Servants, and Subjects, to be judged.

1631.

By the Author, B. Jonson.

Hor. . . . . me lectori credere mallem:
Quam spectatoris saevia fere superbi.

LONDON,

Printed by Thomas Harper, for Thomas Alchorne, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the greene Dragon.

1631.

The title-page of the Octavo, 1631.
THE
DEDICATION,
TO
THE READER.

If thou bee such, I make thee my Patron, and dedicate the Piece to thee: If not so much, would I had beene at the charge of thy better litterature. How-so-euer, if thou canst but spell, and ioyne my sense; there is more hope of thee, then of a hundred fastidious impertinent, who were there present the first day, yet neuer made piece of their prospect the right way. What did they come for, then? thou wil't ask me. I will as punctually answer: To see, and to bee seene. To make a generall muster of themselues in their clothes of credit: and possesse the Stage, against the Play. To dislike all, but marke nothing. And by their confidence of rising between the Actes, in oblique lines, make affidavit to the whole house, of their not understanding one Scene. Arm'd, with this præjudice, as the Stage-furniture, or Arras clothes, they were there, as Spectators, away. For the faces in the hangings, and they beheld alike. So I wish, they may doe euer. And doe trust my selfe, and my Booke, rather to thy rusticke candor, than all the pompe of their pride, and solemnne ignorance, to boote. Fare thee well, and fall too.

Ben. Jonson.

But, first

The Argument.
THE ARGUMENT.

The Lord FRAMPVLY, a noble Gentleman, well educated, and bred a Schollar, in Oxford, was married yong, to a vertuous Gentlewoman, Syilly’s daughter of the South, whose worth (though he truly enjoy’d) hee never could rightly value; but, as many greene Husbands (giv’n over to their extravagant delights, and some peccant humors of their owne) occasion’d in his over-louing wife, so deepe a melancholy, by his leaving her in the time of her lying in, of her second daughter, shee hauing brought him only two daughters, Frances, and Latitia: and (out of her hurt fancy) interpreting that to bee a cause of her husbands couldnesse in affection, her not being blest with a sonne, tooke a resolution with her selfe, after her months time, and thanksgiving ritely in the Church, to quit her home, with a vow never to returne, till by reducing her Lord, she could bring a wish’d happinesse to the family.

He, in the mean time returning, and hearing of this departure of his Lady, began, though over-late, to resent the injury he had done her: and out of his cock-brain’d resolution, entred into as solemn a quest of her. Since when, neither of them had beene heard of. But the eldest daughter Frances, by the title of Lady Frampul, enjoyed the state, her sister being lost yong, and is the sole relict of the family.

Act I.

Here begins our Comediy.

This Lady, being a braue, bountifull Lady, and enjoying this free, and plentifull estate, hath an ambitious disposition to be esteemed the Mistresse of many servants, but loues none. And hearing of a famous new-Inne, that is
The Argument.

kept by a merry Host, call'd Good-stock, in Barnet, invite some Lords, and Gentlemen to wait on her thither, as well to see the fashions of the place, as to make themselves merry, with the accidents on the by. It happens, there is a melancholique Gentleman, one Master Lovel, hath beene lodg'd there some dayes before in the Inne, who (unwilling to be seen) is surpriz'd by the Lady, and invited by Prudence, the Ladies Chamber-maid, who is elected Gouernesse of the Sports, in the Inne, for that day, and instal'd their Soueraigne. Lovel is perswaded by the Host, and yield to the Ladies invitation, which concludes the first Act. Having renew'd his quality before, to the Host.

In the second Act.

Prudence, and her Lady expresse their anger conceiu'd, at the Taylor, who had promised to make Prudence a new suite, and bring it home, as on the Eve, against this day. But, hee failing of his word, the Lady had commanded a standard of her owne best apparell to bee brought downe: and Prudence is so fitted. The Lady being put in mind, that shee is there alone without other company of women, borrowes (by the aduice of Pru) the Hosts sonne of the house, whom they dresse, with the Hosts consent, like a Lady, and send out the Coachman, with the empty Coach, as for a kinswoman of her Ladiships, Mistresse Latitia Syly, to beare her company: Who attended with his Nurse, an old chare-woman in the Inne, drest oddly, by the Hosts council, is beleued to be a Lady of quality, and so receiu'd, entertain'd, and loue made to her, by the yong Lord Beaufort, &c. In the meane time, the Fly of the Inne is discouer'd to Colonell Glorious, with the Militia of the house, below the stayres, in the Drawer, Tapster, Chamberlaine, and Hostler, inferior officers, with the Coachman Trundle, Ferret, &c. And, the preparation is made, to the Ladies designe vpon Lovel, his upon her, and the Soueraignes vpon both.

ARGUMENT. [dresse.] dresse O  55 chare-[ Chair- F3 Inne] chare-[ Chair- F3 Inne]
Here begins, at the third Act, the Epitasis, or business of the Play.

Lovel, by the dexterity, and wit of the Soueraigne of the Sports, Prudence; hauing two houres assigned him, of free colloquy, and loue-making to his Mistresse, one, after Dinner, the other after Supper; The Court being set, is demanded by the Lady Frampul, what Loue is? as doubting if there were any such power, or no. To whom, hee first by definition, and after by argument answeres, prouing, and describing the effects of Loue, so viuely, as she, who had derided the name of Loue before, hearing his discourse, is now so taken both with the Man, and his matter, as she confesseth her selfe enamour'd of him, and, but for the ambition she hath to enjoy the other houre, had presently declar'd her selfe: which giues both him, and the spectators occasion to thinke she yet dissembles, notwithstanding the payment of her kisse, which hee celebrates. And the Court dissolues, vpon a newes brought, of a new Lady, a newer Coach, and a new Coachman call'd Barnaby.

Act 4.

The house being put into a noyse, with the rumor of this new Lady, and there being drinking below in the court, the Colonel, Sir Glorious, with Bat: Burst, a broken Citizen, and Hodge Huffle his champion; she falls into their hands, and being attended but with one footman, is vniciually entreated by them, and a quarrell commenc'd, but is rescued by the valour of Lovel; which beheld by the Lady Frampul, from the window, shee is inuited vp, for safety, where comming, and conducted by the Host, her gowne is first discover'd to bee the same with the whole suite, which was bespooken for Pru: and she her selfe, vpon examination, found to be Pinnacia Stuffe, the Taylors wife, who was wont to be preoccupied in all his Customers best clothes, by the footman her husband. They are both condemn'd, and censur'd, shee stript like a Doxey, and sent home a foote. In
The Argument.

The fifth, and last Act is the Catastrophe, or knitting vp of all, where Fly brings word to the Host, of the Lord Beauforts being married priuately in the new stable, to the suppos'd Lady, his sonne; which the Host receivs as an omen of mirth. But complaines, that Lovel is gon to bed melancholique, when Prudence appeares drest in the new suit, applauded by her Lady, and employd to retrieue Louel. The Host encounters them, with this relation of L. Beauforts mariage, which is seconded by the L. Latimer, and all the seruants of the house. In this while, L. Beaufort comes in, and professes it, calls for his bed, and bride-bowle, to be made ready, the Host forbids both, shewes whom hee hath married, and discouers him to be his sonne, a boy. The Lord Bridegrome confounded, the Nurse enters like a frantick bed-lam, cries out on Flie, sayes shee is vndone, in her daughter, who is confessed to be the Lord Frampuls child, sister to the other Lady, the Host to be their Father. She his wife. He finding his children, bestows them one on Louel, the other on the Lord Beaufort, the Inne vpon Flie, who had beeone a Gipsey with him, offers a portion with Prudence, for her wit, which is refused; and she taken, by the Lord Latimer, to wife; for the crowne of her vertue, and goodnesse. And all are contented.

ARGUMENT. 109 suit,] suit O 111, 112, 113 L.] L, O.
114 professes] profesles O 120 Father.] Father, F3
The Scene BARNET.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

With some short Characterisme of the chiefe Actors.

Good-stocke, the Host (playd well) alias, the Lord Frampul. He pretends to be a Gentleman, and a Scholer, neglected by the times, turnes Host, and keepes an Inne, the Signe of the light Heart, in Barnet: is supposed to have one onely Sonne, but is found to haue none, but two Daughters, Francis, and Lætitia, who was lost yong. &c.

Louël. A compleat Gentleman, a Souldier, and a Scholer, is a melancholy Guest in the Inne: first quarreld, after, much honor'd, and belou'd by the Host. He is knowne to haue beene Page, to the old Lo. Beaufort, follow'd him in the French warres, after a companion of his studies, and left Guardian to his sonne. Hee is assisted in his ioue to the Lady Frampul, by the Host, and the Chambermayd, Prudence. He was one, that acted well too.

Ferret. Who is also called Stote, and Vermin, is Lovels servuant, a fellow of a quick, nimble wit, knowes the manners and affections of people, and can make profitable, and timely discoveries of them.

Franke. Suppos'd a boy, and the Hosts sonne, borrowed to be drest for a Lady, and set up as a stale by Prudence, to catch Beaufort, or Latimer, prooues to be Lætitia, sister to Frances, and Lord Frampuls yonger daughter, stolne by a begger-woman, shorne, put into boyes apparrell, sold to the Host, and brought vp by him as his sonne.

Nurse. A poore chare-woman in the Inne, with one eye, that tends the boy, is thought the Irish begger that sold him, but is truly the Lady Frampul, who left her home melancholique, and jealous that her Lord lou'd her not, because she brought
him none but daughters, and liues, unknowne to her husband, as he to her.

Frances. _Supposed the Lady Frampul, being reputed his sole daughter, and heire, the Barony descending upon her, is a Lady of great fortunes, and beauty, but phantasticall: thinks nothing a felicity, but to haue a multitude of servants, and be call'd Mistresse by them, comes to the Inne to be merry, with a Chambermaid only, and her Servants her ghests, &c._

Prudence. _The Chamber-maid, is elected Soueraigne of the Sports in the Inne, gouernes all, commands, and so orders, as the Lord Latimer is exceedingly taken with her, and takes her to his wife, in conclusion._

Lord Latimer

_ and Lord Beaufort, are a paire of yong Lords, servants and ghests to the Lady Frampul, but as Latimer fall's enamour'd of Prudence, so doth Beaufort on the boy, the Hosts sonne, set vp for Lætitia, the yonger sister, which shee proveus to bee indeed._

Sir Glorious Tipto. _A Knight, and Colonell, hath the luck to thinke well of himselfe, without a rivall, talkes gloriously of any thing, but very seldom is in the right. He is the Ladies ghest, and her servaunt too; but this day utterly neglects his seruice, or that him. For he is so enamour'd on the Fly of the Inne, and the Militia below stayres, with Hodge Huffle, and Bat: Burst, ghests that come in, and Trundle, Barnabe, &c. as no other society relisheth with him._

Fly. _Is the Parasite of the Inne, visiter generall of the house, one that had beene a strolling Gipsee, but now is reclam'd, to be Inflamer of the reckonings._

Peirce. _The Drawer, knighted by the Colonell, stil'd Sir Pierce, and yong Anone, one of the chiefe of the infantry._

Iordan. _The Chamberlaine, Another of the Militia, & an officer, commands the Tertia of the Beds._

Iug. _The Tapster, a Through-fare of Newes._

Peck. _The Hostler._
404

The New Inne.


Hodge Huffle. A cheater, his champion.

Nick Stuffe. The Ladies Taylor.

Pinnacia Stuffe. His wife.

Trundle. A Coachman.

Barnabe. A hir'd Coachman.

Staggers. The Smith. Only talk'd on.

Tree. The Sadler.

The Persons of the Play. 64 in-and-in] in and in O
The Prologue.

You are welcome, welcome all, to the new Inne;
Though the old house, we hope our cheare will win
Your acceptation: we ha' the same Cooke,
Still, and the fat, who sayes, you sha' not looke
Long, for your bill of fare, but every dish
Be serv'd in, i' the time, and to your wish:
If any thing be set to a wrong taste,
'Tis not the meat, there, but the mouth's displac'd,
Remove but that sick palat, all is well.
For this, the secure dresser badd me tell,
Nothing more hurts iust meetings, then a crowd;
Or, when the expectation's growne too loud:
That the nice stomach, would ha' this or that,
And being ask'd, or urg'd, it knowes not what:
When sharpe, or sweet, haue beene too much a feast,
And both out-liu'd the palate of the ghost.
Beware to bring such appetites to the stage,
They doe confesse a weake, sick, queasie age,
And a shrew'd grudging too of ignorance,
When clothes and faces 'boue the men advance:
Heare for your health, then, But at any hand,
Before you judge, vouchsafe to understand,
Concoct, digest: if then, it doe not hit,
Some are in a consumption of wit,
Deepe, he dares say, he will not thinke, that all——
For Hecticks are not epidemicall.

Prologue. 16 out-liu'd] out liu'd O
THE NEW INNE.

Act i. Scene i.

Host. Ferret.

I am not pleas'd, indeed, you are i' the right;
Nor is my house pleas'd, if my signe could speake,
The signe o' the light Heart. There, you may read it;
So may your master too, if he looke on't.
A heart weigh'd with a fether, and out-weigh'd too:
A brayne-child o' mine owne! and I am proud on't!
And if his worship thinke, here, to be melancholy,
In spight of me or my wit, he is deceiu'd;
I will maintayne the Rebus 'gainst all humors,
And all complexions i' the body of Man,
That's my word, or i' the Isle of Britaine!

Fer. You haue reason good mine host. Hos. Sir I haue
rime too.
Whether it be by chance or art,
A heauy purse makes a light Heart.
There 'tis exprest! first, by a purse of gold,
A heauy purse, and then two Turtles, makes,
A heart with a light stuck in't, a light heart!
Old Abbot Islip could not invent better,
Or Prior Bolton with his bolt and Ton.
I am an Innekeeper, and know my grounds,
And study 'hem; Brayne o' man, I study 'hem:
I must ha' iouiall guests to drive my ploughs,
And whistling boyes to bring my harvest home,
Or I shall heare no Flayles thwack. Here, your master,
25 And you ha' beene this for(t)night, drawing fleas
Out of my mattes, and pouding 'hem in cages
Cut out of cards, & those rop'd round with pack-thred,
Drawne thorow birdlime! a fine subtilty!
Or poring through a multiplying glasse,
30 Vpon a captiu'd crab-louse, or a cheese-mite
To be dissected, as the sports of nature,
With a neat Spanish needle! Speculations
That doe become the age, I doe confesse!
As measuring an Ants egges, with the Silke-wormes,
35 By a phantastique instrument of thred,
Shall giue you their iust difference, to a haire!
Or else recovering o' dead flyes, with crumbs!
(Another queint conclusion i' the physicks)
Which I ha' seene you busie at, through the key-hole——
40 But neuer had the fate to see a flye——Ent. Louel.
Aliue i' your cups, or once heard, Drinke mine host,
Or such a cheerfull chirping charme come from you.

Act i. Scene 2.


What's that? what's that? Fer. A buzzing of mine host
About a flye! a murmure that he has.

Host. Sir I am telling your Stote here, Monsieur Ferret,
(For that I heare's his name) and dare tell you, Sir,
5 If you have a minde to be melancholy, and musty,
There's Footmans Inne, at the townes end, the stockes,
Or Carriers Place, at signe o'the broken Waine,
Mansions of State! Take vp your harbour there;
There are both flyes and fleas, and all variety

1. i. 24 Here,) Here O originally 38 physicks] physicks O originally
39 ha') ha O 41 Drinke . . host] drinke mine host O 1. ii. G
continues the scene. Lovel F3: Lovel O Lovel. Ferret,] Lovel, Ferret,
O originally 6 end,) end O originally 7 Place] place O originally
Of vermine, for inspection, or dissection.

_Lov._ We ha' set our rest vp here, Sir, i'your Heart.

_Host._ Sir set your heart at rest, you shall not doe it:

Vnlesse you can be iouiall. Brayne o'man,
Be iouiall first, and drinke, and dance, and drinke.
Your lodging here, and wi' your daily dumps,
Is a mere libell 'gayn' my house and me;
And, then, your scandalous commons. _Lov._ How mine host?

_Host._ Sir, they doe scandal me, vpo' the road, here.
A poore quotidian rack o'mutton, roasted,
Drie, to be grated ! and that driuen downe
With beare, and butter-milke, mingled together,
Or clarified whey, instead of Claret!
It is against my free-hold, my inheritance,
_My Magna charta, Cor laetificat,_
To drinke such balder-dash, or bonny-clabbee !
Gi'me good wine, or catholique, or christian,
Wine is the word, that glads the heart of man:
And mine's the house of wine, _Sack_, say's my bush,
_Be merry, and drinke Sherry_; that's my poesie!
For I shall neuer ioy i'my light heart,
So long as I conceive a sullen ghost,
Or any thing that's earthy ! _Lov._ Humerous Host.

_Host._ I care not if I be. _Lov._ But airy also,
Not to defraud you of your rights, or trench
Vpo' your priviledges, or great charter,
(For those are euery hostlers language now)
Say, you were borne beneath those smiling starres,
Haue made you Lord, and owner of the Heart,
Of the Light Heart in _Barnet_; suffer vs
Who are more _Saturnine_, t'enioy the shade
Of your round roofe yet. _Host._ Sir I keepe no shades
Nor shelters, I: for either Owles or Rere-mise.

The New Inne.

Act 1. Scene 3.


He'll make you a bird of night, Sir. Host. Blesse you child,
You'll make your selues such. Lou. 'That your son mine
host? En. Fra. (the Host speaks to his child o' the by)
Host. He's all the sonnes I haue Sir. Lou. Pretty boy! Goes he to schoole? Fer. O Lord, Sir, he prates Latine
And 'twere a parrot, or a play-boy. Lou. Thou—
Commend'st him fitly. Fer. To the pitch, he flies, Sir,
Hee'll tell you what is Latine for a looking-glass,
A beard-brush, rubber, or quick-warming pan.
Lou. What's that? Fer. A wench, i' the Inn-phrase, is al these;

10  \begin{align*}
&\text{A looking-glass in her eye,} \\
&\text{A beard-brush with her lips,} \\
&\text{A rubber with her hand,} \\
&\text{And a warming pan with her hips.}
\end{align*}

Host. This, in your scurrile dialect. But my Inne
Knowes no such language. F. That's because, mine host,
You doe profess the teaching him your selfe.
Host. Sir, I doe teach him somewhat. By degrees,
And with a funnell, I make shift to fill
The narrow vessell, he is but yet, a botteli.

15  \begin{align*}
&\text{Lou. O let him lose no time, though. Hos. Sir, he do's not.} \\
&\text{Lou. And lesse his manners. Hos. I prouide for those, too.}
\end{align*}

Come hither Franke, speake to the gentleman
In Latine: He is melancholy; say,
I long to see him merry, and so would treat him.

Fra. Subtristis visu' es esse aliquantulum patri,
**The New Inne.**

*Qui te laute excipere, etiam ac tractare gestit.*  *Lov.*  *Pulchr.*

*Host.* Tell him, I feare it bodes vs some ill luck,

His too reseruednesse.  *Fra. Veretur pater,*

*Ne quid nobis mali ominis appor tet iste*

*Nimis praecusus vultus.*  *Lov.*  *Bell.*  A fine child !

You wou’not part with him, mine host ?  *H.*  Who told you


To whom ? for what ?  *Lov.*  To me, to be my Page.

*Host.* I know no mischiefe yet the child hath done,

To deserue such a destiny.  *Lov.*  Why ?  *Ho.*  Go down boy,

And get your break-fast.  Trust me, I had rather

Take a faire halter, wash my hands, and hang him

My selfe, make a cleane riddance of him : then——  *Lo.*

What ?

*Host.* Then dam him to that desperate course of life.

*Lov.* Call you that desperate, which by a line

Of institution, from our Ancestors,

Hath beene deriu’d downe to vs, and receiu’d

In a succession, for the noblest way

Of breeding vp our youth, in letters, armes,

Faire meine, discourses, ciuill exercise,

And all the blazon of a Gentleman ?

Where can he learne to vault, to ride, to fence,

To moue his body gracefuller ? to speake

His language purer ? or to tune his minde,

Or manners, more to the harmony of Nature

Then, in these nourceries of nobility ?——

*Host.* I that was, when the nourceries selfe, was noble,

And only vertue made it, not the mercate,

That titles were not vented at the drum,

Or common out-cry ; goodnesse gaue the greatnesse,

And greatnesse worship : Euerie house became

An Academy of honour, and those parts——

We see departed, in the practise, now,

Quite from the institution.  *Lov.*  Why doe you say so ?

---

*x. iii. 35 Lov. . . . down] Lo. . . . downe O originally 36 After 'break-fast.' [Exeunt Frank and Ferret.] G 53 mercate] Market F3*
Or thinke so enviously? doe they not still
Learne there, the Centaures skill, the art of Thrace,
To ride? or Pollux mystery, to fence?
The Pyrrhick gestures, both to dance, and spring
In armour, to be active for the Warres?
To study figures, numbers, and proportions,
May yeeld 'hem great in counsels, and the arts
Graue Nestor, and the wise Vlysses practis'd?
To make their English sweet vpon their tongue!
As reu'rend Chaucer sayes? Host. Sir you mistake,
To play Sir Pandarus my copy hath it,
And carry messages to Madam Cresside.
Instead of backing the brave Steed, o' mornings,
To mount the Chambermaid; and for a leape
O'the vaulting horse, to ply the vaulting house:
For exercise of armes, a bale of dice,
Or two or three packs of cards, to shew the cheat,
And nimblenesse of hand: mistake a cloak
From my Lords back, and pawne it. Ease his pockets
Of a superfluous Watch; or geld a jewell
Of an odde stone, or so. Twinge three or foure buttons
From off my Ladyes gowne. These are the arts,
Or seuen liberall deadly sciences
Of Pagery, or rather Paganisme,
As the tides run. To which, if he apply him,
He may, perhaps, take a degree at Tiburne,
A yeare the earlier: come to read a lecture
Vpon Aquinas at S. Thomas a Waterings,
And so goe forth a Laureat in hempe circle!
Lov. Yo'are tart, mine host, and talke aboute your
seasoning,
Ore what you seeme: it should not come, me thinkes,
Vnder your cap, this veine of salt, and sharpnesse!
These strikings vpon learning, now and then?

1. iii. 61 Centaures... Thrace] Centaures... Thrace O originally
63 Pyrrhick] Pyrrhick O originally 68 tongue!] tongue, O originally
85 Tiburne] Tiburne O originally
How long haue you, (if your dul gest may aske it,)  
Droue this quick trade, of keeping the light-heart,  
Your Mansion, Palace here, or Hostelry?  

Host. Troth, I was borne to somewhat, Sir, aboue it.  

Louv. I easily suspect that: Mine host, your name?  

Hos. They call me Good-stock. Lou. Sir, and you con-

fesse it,  
Both i'your language, treaty, and your bearing.  

Hos. Yet all, Sir, are not sonnes o'the white Hen;  
Nor can we, as the Songster sayes, come all  
To be wrapt soft and warme in fortunes smock:  
When she is pleas'd to trick, or trompe mankinde:  
Some may be Cotes, as in the cards; but, then  
Some must be knaues, some varlets, baudes, and ostlers,  
As aces, duizes, cards o' ten, to face it  
Out, i'the game, which all the world is. Lou. But,  
It being i'your free-will (as 'twas) to choose  
What parts you would sustaine, me thinkes, a man  
Of your sagacity, and cleare nostrill, should  
Haue made, another choise, then of a place  
So sordid, as the keeping of an Inne:  
Where euer Iouial Tinker, for his chinke,  
May cry, Mine host, to crambe, giue us drinke;  
And doe not stinke, but skinke, or else you stinke.  

Rogue, Baud, and Cheater, call you by the surnames,  
And knowne Synonyma of your profession.  

Hos. But if I be no such; who then's the Rogue,  
In vnderstanding, Sir, I meane? who erres?  
Who tinkleth then? or personates Thom. Tinker?  
Your weazill here may tell you I talke baudy,  
And teach my boy it; and you may beleeue him:  
But Sir at your owne peril, if I doe not:  
And at his too, if he doe lie, and affirme it.  
No slander strikes, lesse hurts, the innocent.  

1. iii. 93 you, (if it...) [you, if it., O originally Hostelry?]  
Hostelry, O 97 name I name. O 106 duizes] duces W 114  
Mine host, to] mine host, to O
If I be honest, and that all the cheat
Be, of my selfe, in keeping this Light Heart,
Where, I imagine all the world's a Play;
The state, and mens affaires, all passages

Of life, to spring new scenes, come in, goe out,
And shift, and vanish; and if I haue got
A seat, to sit at ease here, i' mine Inne,
To see the Comedy; and laugh, and chuck
At the variety, and throng of humors,

And dispositions, that come iustling in,
And out still, as they one droue hence another:
Why, will you enuy me my happinesse?
Because you are sad, and lumpish; carry a Loade-stone
I your pocket, to hang kniues on; or Iet rings,

T'entice light strawes to leape at 'hem: are not taken.
With the alacrities of an host! 'Tis more,
And iustlier, Sir, my wonder, why you tooke
My house vp, Fidlers Hall, the Seate of noyse,
And mirth, an Inne here, to be drousie in,

And lodge your lethargie in the Light Heart,
As if some cloud from Court had beene your Harbinger,
Or Cheape-side debt-Bookes, or some Mistresse charge,
Seeing your loue grow corpulent, gi' it a dyet,
By absence, some such mouldy passion!

Lo. 'Tis guess'd vnhappily. Fe. Mine host, yo'are cal'd.

H. I come, boyes. L(o). Ferret haue not you bin ploughing

With this mad Ox, mine host? nor he with you?


Fer. I hope, you doe beleue, Sir, I can finde

Other discourse to be at, then my Master
With Hostes, and Host'lers. Lou. If you can, 'tis well.

Goe downe, and see, who they are come in, what ghosts;
And bring me word.

1. iii. 130 scenes, ] scenes O 140 light, ] young G 148 gi' it]
gave it G 149 absence, some ] absence some, O 150 After
'vnhappily.' Aside. [ Re-enter Ferret. G 151 After 'boyes.' Exit, G
155 my ] o' my O originally 158 After ' word.' Exit Ferret, G
Act i. Scene 4.

Lovel.

O loue, what passion art thou!
So tyrannous! and trecherous! first t’en-slaue,
And then betray, all that in truth do serue thee!
That not the wisest, nor the wariest creature,
Can more dissemble thee, then he can beare
Hot burning coales, in his bare palme, or bosome!
And lesse, conceale, or hide thee, then a flash
Of enflam’d powder, whose whole light doth lay it
Open, to all discouery, euen of those,
Who haue but halfe an eye, and lesse of nose!
An Host, to find me! who is, commonly,
The log, a little o’ this side the signe-post!
Or, at the best, some round-growne thing! a Iug,
Fac’d, with a beard, that fills out to the ghests,
And takes in, fro’ the fragments o’ their iestes?
But, I may wrong this, out of sullenes,
Or my mis-taking humor? Pray thee, phant’sie,
Be layd, againe. And, gentle-Melancholy,
Do not oppresse me. I will be as silent,
As the tame louver should be, and as foolish.

Act i. Scene 5.

Host. Ferret. Lovel.

My Ghost, my Ghost, be Iouiall, I beseech thee.
I haue fresh golden ghests, ghests o’ the game:
Three coach-full! Lords! and Ladies! new come in.
And I will cry them to thee, ’and thee, to them,
So I can spring a smile, but i’ this brow,
That like the rugged Roman Alderman,—

O originally 4 creature] Creature O originally 13 round-growne]
round growne O 19 O originally added Enter Host.  1. v. Scene]
Scene. O Host, Ferret.] Host, Ferret, O originally G continues the
scene.  1 Iouiall] Iouial O originally 2 I haue] Thaue O: I have F3
6 Alderman,—] Alderman—— O originally
Old master Grosse, surnam'd 'Αγγέλαστος,
Was neuer seene to laugh, but at an Asse. *Ent. Ferret.*

*Fer.* Sir here's the Lady *Frampul.* *Lou.* How! *Fer.*
And her train.

10 Lord *Beaufort,* & Lord *Latimer,* the Coronel
*Tipto,* with Mistris *Cis,* the Chamber-mayd:
*Trundle,* the Coachman—— *Lou.* Stop, discharge the house:
And get my horses ready, bid the Groome
Bring 'hem to the back-gate. *Hos.* What meane you Sir?

15 *Lou.* To take faire leaue, mine Host. *Hos.* I hope, my
Ghost,
Though I haue talked somwhat aboue my share,
At large, and bene i'the altitudes, th'extrauagants,
Neither my selfe, nor any of mine haue gi'n you
The cause, to quit my house, thus, on the sodaine.

20 *Lou.* No, I affirme it, on my faith. Excuse me,
From such a rudenes; I was now beginning
To tast, and loue you: and am heartily sory,
Any occasion should be so compelling,
To vrge my abrupt departure, thus. But——

25 Necessity's a Tyran, and commands it.

*Hos.* She shall command me first to fire my bush;
Then breake vp house: Or, if that will not serue,
To breake with all the world. Turne country bankrupt,
I' mine owne towne, vpo' the Mercat-day,

30 And be protested, for my butter, and egges,
To the last bodge of oates, and bottle of hay;
Ere you shall leaue me, I will breake my heart:
Coach, and Coach-horses, Lords, and Ladies pack;
All my fresh ghistes shall stinke! I'le pul my signe down,

35 Convert mine Inne, to an Almes-house! or a Spittle,
For lazers, or switch-sellers! Turne it, to
An Academy o' rogues! or gi' it away
The New Inne.

For a free-schoole, to breed vp beggers in,
And send 'hem to the canting Vniuersities,
Before you leaue me. Lov. Troth, and I confesse,
I am loath, mine host, to leaue you: your expressions
Both take, and hold me. But, in case I stay,
I must enioyne you and your whole family
To priuacy, and to conceale me. For,
The secret is, I would not willingly,
See, or be seene, to any of this ging,
Especially, the Lady. Hos. Braine o'man,
What monster is she? or Cocatrice in veluet,
That kils thus? Lov. O good words, mine host. She is
A noble Lady! great in blood! and fortune!
Faire! and a wit! but of so bent a phant'sie,
As she thinks nought a happinesse, but to haue
A multitude of seruants! and, to get them,
(Though she be very honest) yet she venters
Vpon these precipices, that would make her
Not seeme so, to some prying, narrow natures.
We call her, Sir, the Lady Frances Frampul,
Daughter and heire to the Lord Frampul. Hos. Who?
He that did liue in Oxford, first, a student,
And, after, married with the daughter of—— Lo. Silly.
Hos. Right, of whom the tale went, to turne Puppet-mr.
Lov. And trauell with Yong Goose, the Motion-man.
Hos. And lie, and liue with the Gipsies halfe a yeare
Together, from his wife. Lo. The very same:
The mad Lord Frampul! And this same is his daughter! 65
But as cock-brain'd as ere the father was!
There were two of 'hem, Frances and Latitia;
But Latice was lost yong; and, as the rumor
Flew then, the mother vpon it lost her selfe.
A fond weake woman, went away in a melancholy,
Because she brought him none but girles, she thought
Her husband lou'd her not. And he, as foolish,
The New Inne.

Too late resenting the cause giu'n, went after,
In quest of her, and was not heard of since.

75 Hos. A strange division of a familie!
Lov. And scattered, as i' the great confusion!
Hos. But yet the Lady, th' heire, enjoyes the land.
Lov. And takes all lordly wayes how to consume it
As nobly as she can; if cloathes, and feasting,
80 And the authoriz'd meanes of riot will doe it. Ent. Fer.
Host. She shewes her extract, and I honor her for it.


Your horses Sir are ready; and the house
Dis—Lou. Pleas'd, thou thinkst? Fer. I cannot tel,
           discharged
            I' am sure it is. Lou. Charge it again, good Ferret.
And make vnready the horses: Thou knowest how.

5 Chalke, and renew the rondels. I am, now,
Resolvd to stay. Fer. I easily thought so,
When you should heare what's purpos'd. L. What?

Fer. To throw
The house out o' the windo'? Host. Braine o' man,
I shall ha'the worst o' that! will they not throw

10 My houshold stuffe out, first? Cushions, and Carpets,
Chaires, stooles, & bedding? is not their sport my ruine?

Lov. Feare not, mine host, I am not o' the fellowship.

Fer. I cannot see, Sir, how you will aviod it;
They know already, all, you are i'the house.

15 Lou. Who know? F. The Lords: they haue seene me,
 & enquir'd it.

Lou. Why were you seene? Fer. Because indeed I had
No med'cine, Sir, to goe inuisible:
No Ferne-seed in my pocket; Nor an Opal.
Wrapt in a Bay-leaf, I' my left fist,
To charm their eyes with. H. He dos giue you reasons
As round as Giges ring: which, say the Ancients,
Was a hoop ring; and that is, round as a hoop!

Louv. You will ha' your Rebus still, mine host. Hos. I must.
Fer. My Lady, too, lookt out o' the windo', & cal'd me.
And see where Secretary Pru. comes from her, Ent. Pru. 25
Emploi'd vpon some Embassy vnto you——
Host. Ile meet her, if she come vpon emploiment;
Faire Lady, welcome, as your host can make you.

Pru. Forbeare, Sir, I am first to haue mine audience,
Before the complement. This gentleman
Is my addresse to. Host. And it is in state.

Pru. My Lady, Sir, as glad o' the encounter
To finde a seruant here, and such a seruant,
Whom she so values; with her best respects,
Desires to be remembred: and inuites
Your noblenesse, to be a part, to day,
Of the society, and mirth intended
By her, and the yong Lords, your fellow-seruants.
Who are alike ambitious of enjoying
The faire request; and to that end haue sent
Me, their imperfect Orator, to obtaine it:
Which if I may, they haue elected me,
And crown'd me, with the title of a soueraigne
Of the dayes sports deuised i' the Inne,
So you be pleas'd to adde your suffrage to it.

Louv. So I be pleas'd, my gentle mistresse Prudence?
You cannot thinke me of that course condition,
T'enuy you any thing. Host. That's nobly say'd!
And like my ghost! Lou. I grateulat your honor;

1. vi. 19, 20 fist, [To charm their] fist to charm [Their G 20 reasons]
reasons, Sir, G 21 Giges] Giges O originally: Gyges W 22 hoop!]
O originally added the stage direction En. Cic. 23 Rebus] rebus O
originally Hos.] H. O originally must.] must: O 24 windo'
windo' 25 Pru.] Cis O originally Ent. Pru. not in O originally:
in G after 1. 27 29, 32 Pru.] Cis. O originally 46 Prudence
Cicely O originally 47 condition] disposition O originally, G
48 Host.] Ho. O originally
And should, with cheare, lay hold on any handle,
That could aduance it. But for me to thinke,
I can be any rag, or particle
O' your Ladiyes care, more then to fill her list,
She being the Lady, that professeth still.

To loue no soule, or body, but for endes;
Which are her sports: And is not nice to speake this,
But doth proclame it, in all companies:
Her Ladiship must pardon my weake counsels,
And weaker will, if it decline t'obay her.

Pru. O master Louel, you must not give credit
To all that Ladies publiquely professes,
Or talke, o'th' vollee, vnto their seruants:
Their tongues and thoughts, oft times lie far asunder.
Yet, when they please, they haue their cabinet-counsels,
And reserued thoughts, and can retire themselues
As well as others. Host. I, the subtest of vs!
Al that is borne within a Ladies lips——
Pru. Is not the issue of their hearts, mine host.

Host. Or kisse, or drinke afores me. Pru. Stay, excuse me;

Mine errand is not done. Yet, if her Ladyships
Slighting, or disesteeme, Sir, of your servuice,
Hath formerly begot any distaste,
Which I not know of: here, I vow vnto you,
Vpon a Chambermaids simplicity,

Reseruing; still, the honour of my Lady,
I will be bold to hold the glasse vp to her,
To shew her Ladyship where she hath err'd,
And how to tender satisfaction:

So you vouchsafe to prowe, but the dayes venter.

Host. What say you, Sir? where are you? are you within?

Louel. Yes: I will waipte vpon her, and the company.

Host. It is enough, Queene Prudence; I will bring him:
And, o' this kisse. I long'd to kisse a Queene!

1. vi. 59 it] I W 60 Louel.] Louel O 62 o'th'] o'th O
64 cabinet-counsels] cabinet counsels some copies of O (see p. 387) 80
Strikes Louel on the breast. add G 83 o'] on G After 'kisse.' [kisses
her. Exit Prudence.] G
Lov. There is no life on earth, but being in loue!
There are no studies, no delights, no businesse,
No entercourse, or trade of sense, or soule,
But what is loue! I was the laziest creature,
The most vnprofitable signe of nothing,
The veriest drone, and slept away my life
Beyond the Dormouse, till I was in loue!
And, now, I can out-wake the Nightingale,
Out-watch an vsurer, and out-walke him too,
Stalke like a ghost, that haunted 'bout a treasure,
And all that phant’si’d treasure, it is loue!

Host. But is your name Loue-ill, Sir, or Loue-well?
I would know that. Lov. I doe not know’t my selfe,
Whether it is. But it is Loue hath beene
The hereditary passion of our house,
My gentle host, and, as I guess, my friend;
The truth is, I haue lou’d this Lady long,
And impotently, with desire enough,
But no successe: for I haue still forborne
To expresse it, in my person, to her. Hos. How then?

Lov. I ha’ sent her toyes, verses, and Anagram’s,
Trials o’ wit, mere trifles she has commended,
But knew not whence they came, nor could she guesse.

Host. This was a pretty ridling way of wooing!

Lov. I oft haue bene, too, in her company;
And look’d vpon her, a whole day; admird her;
Lou’d her, and did not tell her so; lou’d still,
Look’d still, and lou’d: and lou’d, and look’d, and sigh’d;
But, as a man neglected, I came of,
And vnregarded— Host. Could you blame her, Sir,
When you were silent, and not said a word?

Lov. O but I lou’d the more: and she might read it
Best, in my silence, had she bin— Host. As melancholique
As you are. ‘Pray you, why would you stand mute, Sir?

Lov. O thereon hangs a history, mine host.
Did you euer know, or heare, of the Lord Beaufort,
Who seru'd so brauely in *France*? I was his page,
And, ere he dy'd, his friend! I follow'd him,
First, i'the warres; and i' the times of peace,
I waited on his studies: which were right.
He had no *Arthurs*, nor no *Rosicleer's*,

No *Knights o'the Sunne*, nor *Amadis de Gaule's,*
*Primalions*, and *Pantagrael's*, publique Nothings;
Abortiues of the fabulous, darke cloyster,
Sent out to poison courts, and infest manners:
But great *Achilles*, *Agamemnons* acts,

*Sage Nestors* counsels, and *Vlysses* slights,
*Tydides* fortitude, as *Homer* wrought them
In his immortall phant'sie, for examples
Of the *Heroick* vertue. Or, as *Virgil*,
That master of the *Epick* poeme, limn'd

Pious *Æneas*, his religious Prince,
Bearing his aged Parent on his shoulders,
Rapt from the flames of *Troy*, with his yong sonne!
And these he brought to practise, and to vse.
He gaue me first my breeding, I acknowledge,

Then showr'd his bounties on me, like the *Howres*,
That open-handed sit vpon the clouds,
And presse the liberality of heauen
Downe to the laps of thankfull men! But then,
The trust committed to me, at his death,

Was aboue all! and left so strong a tye
On all my powers! as time shall not dissolue!
Till it dissolue it selfe, and bury all!
The care of his braue heire, and only sonne!
Who being a vertuous, sweet, yong, hopefull Lord,

Hath cast his first affections on this Lady.
And though I know, and may presume her such,
As, out of humor, will returne no loue;
And therefore might indifferently be made

---

1. vi. 126 and om. *W* 127 fabulous,] *The comma has dropped out in some copies.* 137 sonne[!] sonne. *O originally, F3* 140 *Howres* *O originally, F3* 141 clouds] Clouds *O originally, F3* 143 then,] then! *O originally, F3*
The courting-stock, for all to practise on,
As she doth practise on all vs, to scorne:
Yet, out of a religion to my charge,
And debt profess'd, I ha' made a selfe-de creea,
Ne're to expresse my person; though my passion
Burne me to cinders. Host. Then yo'are not so subtle,
Or halfe so read in Loue-craft, as I tooke you.
Come, come, you are no Phœnix: an' you were,
I should expect no miracle from your ashes.
Take some aduice. Be still that rag of loue,
You are. Burne on, till you turne tinder.
This Chambermaid may hap to proue the steele,
To strike a sparke out o' the flint, your mistresse,
May beget bonfires yet, you doe not know,
What light may be forc'd out, and from what darknes.
Lou. Nay, I am so resolu'd, as still Ile loue,
Tho' not confesse it. Host. That's, Sir, as it chances:
Wee'll throw the dice for it: Cheare vp. Lou. I doe.

Act 2. Scene 1.

Lady. Prudence.

Come wench, this sute will serue: dispatch, make ready.
It was a great deale with the biggest for me;
Which made me leaue it off after once wearing.

Lad. Thou must make shift with it. Pride feeleth no pain. 5
Girt thee hard, Pru. Pox o' this errand Taylour,
He angers me beyond all marke of patience.
These base Mechanicks neuer keepe their word,
In any thing they promise. Pru. 'Tis their trade, madam,
To swere and breake, they all grow rich by breaking,
More then their words; their honesties, and credits,
Are still the first commodity they put off.

_Lad._ And worst, it seemes, which makes 'hem do't so often.

If he had but broke with me, I had not car'd,

But, with the company, the body politique——

_Pru._ Frustrate our whole designe, hauing that time,
And the materials in so long before?

_Lad._ And he to faile in all, and disappoint vs?
The rogue deserves a torture—— _Pru._ To be crop'd

With his owne Scizzers. _Lad._ Let's deuise him one.

_Pru._ And ha' the stumps sear'd vp with his owne searing candle?

_Lad._ Close to his head, to trundle on his pillow?
I'le ha' the Leasse of his house cut out in measures.

_Pru._ And he be strangl'd with 'hem? _Lad._ No, no life

I would ha' touch't, but stretch'd on his owne yard
He.shold be a little, ha' the _strappado_? _Pru._ Or an ell of taffita

Drawne thorow his guts, by way of glister, & fir'd
With _aqua vitae_? _Lad._ Burning i' the hand
With the pressing iron cannot saue him. _Pru._ Yes,

Now I haue got this on: I doe forgiue him,
What robes he should ha' brought. _Lad._ Thou art not cruel,

Although straignt-lac'd, I see, _Pru! _Pru._ This is well.

_Lad._ 'Tis rich enough! But 'tis not what I meant thee!
I would ha' had thee brauer then my selfe,

And brighter farre. 'Twill fit the _Players_ yet,
When thou hast done with it, and yeeld thee somwhat.

_Pru._ That were illiberall, madam, and mere sordid
In me, to let a sute of yours come there.

_Lad._ Tut, all are _Players_, and but serve the _Scene_. _Pru_,

Dispatch; I feare thou dost not like the province,
Thou art so long a fitt'ng thy selfe for it.
Here is a Scarf, to make thee a knot finer.

Pr. You send me a feasting, madame. La. Weare it wench.

Pru. Yes, but, with leave o' your Ladiship, I would tel you
This can but beare the face of an odde iourney.

Lad. Why Pru? Pru. A Lady of your ranke and quality,
To come to a publique Inne, so many men,
Yong Lords, and others, i' your company!
And not a woman but my selfe, a Chamber-maid!

Lad. Thou doubt'st to be ouer-layd Pru? Feare it not, I'll beare my part, and share with thee, i'the venter.

Pru. O but the censure, madame, is the maine,
What will they say of you? or judge of me?
To be translated thus, 'boue all the bound
Of fitnesse, or decorum? Lad. How now! Pru!

Turn'd foole vpo' the suddaine? and talke idly
I' thy best cloathes? shoot bolts, and sentences,
T'affright babies with? as if I liu'd
To any other scale, then what's my owne?
Or sought my selfe, without my selfe, from home?

Pru. Your Ladyship will pardon me, my fault:
If I haue ouer-shot, I'll shoote no more.

Lad. Yes shoot againe, good Pru, Ile ha' thee shoot,
And aime, and hit: I know 'tis loue in thee,
And so I doe interpret it. Pru. Then madame,
I'll'd craue a farther leave. Lad. Be it to licence,
It sha' not want an eare, Pru, Say, what is it?

Pru. A toy I haue, to raise a little mirth,
To the designe in hand. Lad. Out with it, Pru,
If it but chime of mirth. Pru. Mine host has, madame,
A pretty boy i' the house, a deainty child,
The New Inne.

His sonne, and is o' your Ladiships name too, Frances,
Whom if your Ladiship would borrow of him,
And giue me leaue to dresse him, as I would,
Should make the finest Lady, and kins-woman,
To keepe you company, and deceiue my Lords,
Vpo' the matter, with a fountaine o' sport.

Lad. I apprehend thee, and the source of mirth
That it may breed: but is he bold enough,
The child? and well assur'd? Pru. As I am, madame,
Haue him in no suspicion, more then me.
Here comes mine host: will you but please to aske him,
Or let me make the motion? Lad. Which thou wilt, Pru.

Act 2. Scene 2.


Your Ladiship, and all your traine are welcome.

Lad. I thank my hearty host. Host. So is your Soueraignty,
Madame, I wish you ioy o' your new gowne.

Lad. It should ha' bin, my host, but Stuffe, our Taylor,
Has broke with vs, you shall be o' the counsell.

Pru. He will deserue it, madame; my Lady has heard
You haue a pretty sonne, mine host, she'ld see him.

Lad. I very faine, I pr'y thee let me see him.

Host. Your Ladiship shall presently, Ho. Ser. <within.>

Anone.

Bid Franke come hither, Anone, vnto my Lady.

It is a bashfull child, homely brought vp,
In a rude hostelry. But the light Heart
It is his fathers, and it may be his.

Here he comes. *Frank* salute my Lady. *Fra.* I doe
What, madame, I am design’d to by my birth-right,
As heire of the light Heart, bid you, most welcome.
   *Lad.* And I beleue your most, my prettie boy,
Being so *emphased* by you. *Fra.* Your Ladyship,
If you beleue it such, are sure to make it.
   *Lad.* Pretily answer’d! Is your name *Francis?* *Fra.*
   Yes.
   *Lad.* I loue mine own the better. *Fra.* If I knew yours,
I should make haste to doe so too, good madame.
   *Lad.* It is the same with yours. *F.* Mine then acknow-
ledgeth
The lustre it receuies, by being nam’d, after.
   *Lad.* You will win vpon me in complement. *Fra.* By silence.
   *Lad.* A modest, and a faire well-spoken-child.
   *Hos.* Her Ladyship, shall haue him, soueraigne *Pru,*
Or what I haue beside: diuide my heart,
Betweene you and your Lady. Make your vse of it:
My house is yours, my sonne is yours. Behold,
I tender him to your service; *Franke,* become
What these braue Ladies would ha’ you. Only this,
There is a chare-woman i’ the house, his nurse,
An Irish woman, I tooke in, a beggar,
That waits vpon him; a poore silly foole,
But an impertinent, and sedulous one,
As euer was: will vexe you on all occasions,
Neuer be off, or from you, but in her sleepe;
Or drinke, which makes it. She doth loue him so,
Or rather doate on him. Now, for her, a shape,
As we may dresse her (and I’le helpe) to fit her,
With a tuft-taffata cloake, an old *French* hood,
And other pieces, _heterogene_ enough.

_Pru._ We ha' brought a standard of apparrell, down,

Because this Taylor fayld vs i' the maine.

_Hos._ She shall advance the game. _Pru._ About it then.

And send but _Trundle_, hither, the coachman, to me:

_Hos._ I shall: But _Pru_, let _Louel_ ha' faire quarter.

_Pru._ The best. _Lad._ Our Host (me thinks) is very game-
some!

_Pru._ How like you the boy? _Lad._ A miracle! _Pru._

Good Madame,

But take him in, and sort a sute for him,

Ile giue our _Trundle_ his instructions;

And wayt upon your Ladiship, i' the instant.

_Lad._ But _Pru_, what shall we call him, when we ha' drest

him?

_Pru._ _My Lady-No-body_, Any thing, what you wil.

_Lad._ Call him _Latitia_, by my sisters name,

And so 'twill minde our mirth too, we haue in hand.

Act 2. Scene 3.

_Prudence._ _Trundle._

Good _Trundle_, you must straight make ready the Coach,

And lead the horses out but halfe a mile,

Into the fields, whether you will, and then

Driue in againe, with the Coach-leaues put downe,

At the backe gate, and so to the backe stayres,

As if you brought in some body, to my Lady,

A Kinswoman, that she sent for. Make that answer

If you be askd; and giue it out i' the house, so.

_Tru._ What trick is this, good Mistrissse Secretary,

You'ld put vpon vs? _Pru._ Vs? Do you speake plurall?

_Tru._ Me and my mares are vs. _Pru._ If you so ioyne 'hem,
Elegant Trundle, you may vse your figures.
I can but vrge, it is my Ladies servise.

Tru. Good Mistrisse Prudence, you can vrge inough.
I know you’re Secretary to my Lady,
And Mistresse Steward. Pru. You’ll still be trundling,
And ha’ your wages stopt, now at the Audite.

Tru. Tis true, you’re Gentlewoman o’the horse too.
Or what you will beside, Pru, I do thinke it
My best to’obey you. Pru. And I thinke so too, Trundle.

Act 2. Scene 4.


Why here’s returne inough of both our venters,
If we doe make no more discouery. Lat. What?
Then o’ this Parasite? Bea. O, he’s a deinty one.
The Parasite o’the house. Lat. Here comes mine Host.

Hos. My Lords, you both are welcome to the Heart.

Bea. To the light heart we hope. Lat. And mery, I

sweroe.

We neuer yet felt such a fit of laughter,
As your glad heart hath offerd vs, sin’ we entred.

Bea. How came you by this propertie? Hos. Who?

my Fly?

Bea. Your Fly if you call him so. Hos. Nay, he is that.
And will be still. Beau. In every dish and pot?

Hos. In every cup, and company, my Lords,
A Creature of all liquors, all complexions,
Be the drinke what it will, hee’l haue his sip.

Lat. He’is fitted with a name. Hos. And he ioyes in’t.

I had him when I came to take the Inne, here,
Assign’d me ouer, in the Inuertory,

Scene 4.] Act. 2. Scene. 4. O: SCENE II. [Another Room in the
30, O] O originally 4 Here] here O Host] host O originally Enter
Host. add G 6 mery.] mery O originally: marry F3 9 Who]
who O 10 Nay] nay O originally 12 cup] Cup O originally, F3
15 in’t.] in’t: O
The New Inne.

As an old implement, a peice of household-stuffe, 
And so he doth remaine. Bea. Iust such a thing,
20 We thought him. Lat. Is he a scholler? Hos. Nothing lesse.
But colours for it, as you see, wear's black:
And speakes a little taynted, fly-blowne Latin,
After the Schoole. Bea. Of Stratford o' the Bow.
For Lillies Latine, is to him vnknow.
25 Lat. What calling ha's he? Hos. Only to call in,
Enflame the reckoning, bold to charge a bill,
Bring vp the shot i'the reare, as his owne word is,
Bea. And do's it in the discipline of the house?
As Corporall o'the field, Maestro del Campo!
30 Hos. And visiter generall, of all the roomes:
He ha's form'd a fine militia for the Inne, too.
Bea. And meanses to publish it? Hos. With all his titles.
Some call him Deacon Fly, some Doctor Fly,
Some Captaine, some Lieutenant. But my folkes
35 Doe call him Quarter-master, [Fly,] which he is.

Act 2. Scene 5.


Come Quarter-master Fly. Hos. Here's one, already,
No Doctor, yet a poore professor of ceremony,
Here i' the Inne, retainer to the host,
5 I discipline the house. Tip. Thou read'st a lecture,
Vnto the family here, when is thy day?

[Notes: II. iv. 20 him.] him, O originally 21 see, . . . black :] see: . . .
black, O originally, F3 24 vnknow] vn-known O originally: un-
unknown F3 25, 31 ha's] has' O 25 in,] in still. O originally: in
still, F3 29 Campo/] Campo, O originally, F3 30 roomes:] roome,
O originally: Room: F3 31 Inne,] Inne O originally 33 Doctor
Fly.] Doctor Fly. O 34 Lieutenant] Lieutenant O 35 Fly,
om. Editor II. v. Act 2. Scene 5.] Act. 2. Scene. 5. O: Enter
Bea. L. Lat. O originally: L. Beaufort, L. Latimer. F3 3 yet a G:
yet. A O 5 lecture.] lecture. O 6 thy] the O originally
The New Inne.

Fli. This is the day. Tip. I'le heare thee, and ha' thee a Doctour,
Thou shalt be one, thou hast a Doctors looke!
A face disputative, of Salamanca.

Hos. Who's this? Lat. The glorious Colonel Tipto, Host. 10
Bea. One talkes vpon his tiptoes, if you'll heare him.
Tip. Thou hast good learning in thee, mecte Fly.
Fly. And I say macte, to my Colonel.
Host. Well macted of 'hem both. Bea. They are match'd i'faith.

My honourable Colonel. Tip. What, a Critique?
Host. There's another accession, Critique Fly.
Lat. I feare a taynt here i' the Mathematiques.

They say, lines paralell doe neuer meet;
He has met his paralell in wit, and schole-craft. 20

Bea. They side, not meet, man, mend your metaphor,
And saue the credit of your Mathematiques.

Tip. But Fly, how cam'st thou to be here, committed Vnto this Inne? Fly. Vpon suspicion o' drinke, Sir,
I was taken late one night, here, with the Tapster, 25
And the vnder-officers, and so deposited.

Tip. I will redeeme thee, Fly, and place thee better,
With a faire Lady. Fly. A Lady, sweet Sir Glorious!

Tip. A Sou'reaigne Lady. Thou shalt be the Bird
To Soueraigne Pru, Queene of our sports, her Fly, 30
The Fly in houshold, and in ordinary;
Bird of her eare, and she shall waree thee there!
A Fly of gold, enamel'd, and a schoole-Fly.

Host. The schoole, then, are my stables, or the cellar,
Where he doth study, deepely, at his houres, 35
Cases of cups, I doe not know how spic'd
With conscience, for the Tapster, and the Hostler: as Whose horses may be cossen'd? or what Iugs
Fil'd vp with froth? that is his way of learning.
The New Inne.

40  Tip. What antiquated Fether's that, that talkes?
    Fly. The worshipfull host, my patron, Mr. Good-stock:
        A merry Greke, and cants in Latine, comely,
        Spins like the parish top. Tip. I'll set him vp, then.
    Art thou the Dominus? Host. Fac-totum here, Sir.

45  Tip. Host reall o'the house? and Cap of Maintenance?
    Host. The Lord o'the light Heart, Sir, Cap a pie;
        Whereof the Fether is the Embleme, Colonel,
        Put vp, with the Ace of Hearts! Tip. But why in Cuerpo?
        I hate to see an host, and old, in Cuerpo.

50  Host. Cuerpo? what's that? Tip. Light, skipping hose
        and doublet.
        The horse boyes garbe! poore blank, and halfe blank Cuerpo,
        They relish not the grauity of an host,
        Who should be King at Armes, and ceremonies,
        In his owne house! know all, to the goldweights.

55  Bea. Why that his Fly doth for him here, your Bird.
    Tip. But I would doe it my selfe, were I my Host,
    I would not speake vnsto a Cooke of quality,
    Your Lordships footman, or my Ladies Trundle,
    In Cuerpo! If a Dog but stayd below

60  That were a dog of fashion, and well nos'd,
    And could present himselfe; I would put on
    The Savoy chaine about my neck; the ruffe;
    And cuffs of Flanders; then the Naples hat;
    With the Rome hatband; and the Florentine Agate;

65  The Millan sword; the cloake of Genoa; set
    With Brabant buttons; all my giuen pieces:
    Except my gloues, the natuies of Madrid,
    To entertaine him in! and complement
    With a tame cony, as with a Prince that sent it.

70  Hos. The same deeds, though, become not every man.
    What fits a Colonel, will not fit an Host.
    Tip. Your Spanish Host is never seen in Cuerpo,
Without his Paramento's, cloake, & sword. *Fli.* Sir, He ha's the father of swords within, a long sword Blade cornish, stil'd, of Sir Rud Hudibras.

*Tip.* And, why a long sword, bully bird? thy sence? *Fli.* To note him a tall-man, and a Master of fence:


*Tip.* Fart vpon Euclide, he is stale, & antique, Gi' me the modernes. *Fli.* Sir he minds no modernes, Go by, Hieronymo! *Tip.* What was he? *Fli.* The Italian, That plaid with Abbot Antony, i'the Friars, And Blinkin-sops the bold. *Tip.* I marv, those, Had fencing names, what are become o' them?

*Hos.* They had their times, and we can say, they were. So had Caranza his: so hath Don Lewis.

*Tip.* Don Lewis of Madrid, is the sole Master Now, of the world! *Hos.* But this, o'the other world. Euclide demonstrates! he! Hee's for all! The only Fencer of name, now in Elysium.

*Fli.* He do's it all, by lines, and angles, Colonel, By parallels, and sections, has his Diagrammes!

*Bea.* Wilt thou be flying, *Fly? Lat.* At all, why not? The ayre's as free for a fly, as for an Eagle.

*Bea.* A Buzzard! he is in his contemplation.

*Tip.* Euclide a Fencer, and in the Elysium!

*Hos.* He play'd a prize, last weeke, with Archimedes, And beate him, I assure you. *Tip.* Doe you assure me? For what? *Hos.* For foure i'the hundred. Gi' me five, And I assure you, againe. *Tip.* Host peremptory,
The New Inne.

You may be tane: But where? whence had you this?  

Hos. Vpo' the road, A post, that came from thence,  
Three dayes agoe, here, left it with the Tapster.

Fli. Who is indeed a thorough-fare of newes,  
JACK IUG with the great belly, a witty fellow!  

Hos. Your Bird here heard him. Tip. Did you heare him,  
Bird?  

Hos. Speake i'the faith of a flye. Fli. Yes, and he told vs,  
Of one that was the Prince of Oranges fencer,  

Tip. STEINUS? Fli. Sir the same, had challeng'd Euclide  
At thirty weapons, more then Archimedes  
Ere saw, and engines: most of his owne Inuention.  

Tip. This may haue credit, and chimes reason, this!  
If any man endanger Euclide, Bird,

Observe, (that had the honor to quit Europe  
This forty yeare) 'tis he. He put downe Scaliger!  
Fli. And he was a great Master. Bea. Not of fence, Fly.  
Tip. Excuse him, Lord, he went o' the same grounds.  
Bea. On the same earth I thinke, with other mortals?  

Tip. I meane, sweet Lord, the Mathematiques. Basta!  
When thou know'st more, thou wilt take lesse, greene honor.  
He had his circles, semicircles, quadrants—  
Fli. He writ a booke o'the quadrature o'the Circle.  

LAT. And Indice. Bea. If it had one: of that, quaere.  
What insolent, halfe-witted things, these are?  

LAT. So are all smatterers, insolent, and impudent.  
Bea. They lightly go together. LAT. 'Tis my wonder!

Two Animals should hawke at all discourse thus!

11. v. 102 tane:] tane, O originally, F3 105 thorough-fare] thorough
fare O originally 106 great] broken O originally, F3 107 him,] him O
weapons,] A . . . weapons O originally 112 saw, . . . Inuention.]
saw; . . . Inuention: O originally: saw, . . . Inuention. F3 engines:
Engines; F3 115-16 (that . . . yeare) that . . . yeare, O originally, F3
116 'tis] tis O Scaliger | Scaliger. O originally, F3 119 mortals
Mortals O originally, F3 123 Circle.] Circle, O originally, F3 125
one :) one. corr. O : one O originally, F3 that, quaere.] that quaere O
originally: that quaere, F3 128, 132 'Tis] 'Tis O 128 wonder!]
wonder F3 129 Animals corr. O, F3: animals O originally
The New Inne.

Flie euery subject to the Marke, or retrieue—

Bea. And neuer ha' the lucke to be i' the right!

Lat. 'Tis some folkes fortune! Bea. Fortune's a Bawd,

And a blind Beggere: 'tis their vanity!

And shewes most vilely! Tipt. I could take the heart, now,

To write vnto Don Lewis, into Spaine,

To make a progresse to the Elysian fields,

Next summer— Bea. And perswade him die for fame,

Of fencing with a shadow! Where's mine Host?

I would he had heard this buble breake, i'fayth.

Act 2. Scene 6.


Make place, stand by, for the Queene Regent, Gentlemen.

Tipt. This is thy Queen, that shalbe, Bird, our Soueraign.

Bea. Translated Prudence! Pru. Sweet my Lord, hand off;

It is not now, as when plaine Prudence liu'd,

And reach'd her Ladiship— Host. The Chamber-pot.

Pru. The looking-glasse, mine Host, loose your house Metaphore!

You haue a negligent memory, indeed;

Speake the host's language. Here's a yong Lord,

Will make 't a precedent else. Lat. Well acted Pru.

Host. First minute of her raigne! what will she doe

Forty yeare hence? God blesse her! Pru. If you'll kisse,

Or complement, my Lord, behold a Lady,

A stranger, and my Ladyes kinswoman.

Bea. I doe confesse my rudenesse, that had need

To haue mine eye directed to this beauty.

Fra. It was so little, as it ask'd a perspicill.

Bea. Lady, your name? Fra. My Lord, it is Latiitia.
Bea. Lætitia! a faire omen! And I take it.
Let me haue still such Lettice for my lips:

But that o' your family, Lady? Fra. Silly, Sir.
Bea. My Ladyes kinswoman? Fra. I am so honour'd.
Host. Already, it takes! Lad. An excellent fine boy.
Nur. He is descended of a right good stock, Sir.
Bea. What's this? an Antiquary? Host. An Antiquity,

By th' dresse, you'd sweare! An old Welsh Heralds widdow:
She's a wild-Irish borne, Sir, and a Hybride,
That liues with this yong Lady, a mile off here,
And studies Vincent against Yorke. Bea. She'll conquer,
If she read Vincent. Let me study her.

Host. She's perfect in most pedigrees, most descents:
Bea. A Baud, I hope, and knowes to blaze a coate.
Host. And iudgeth all things with a single eye.
Fly, come you hither; No discouery
Of what you see, to your Colonel Toe, or Tip, here,

But keepe all close, tho' you stand i'the way o' preferment,
Seeke it, off from the roade; no flattery for't:
No licke-foote, painge of loosing your proboscis:
My Licorish Fly. Tip. What says old velvet-head?

Fly. He will present me himselfe, Sir, if you will not.
Diuide the thanks with me? share in my glories?
Lay vp. I say no more. Hos. Then silence, Sir,
And heare the sou'raigne. Tip. Hostlers? to vsurpe Vpon my Sparta' or Province, as they say?

No broome but mine? Hos. Still Colonel, you mutter!
Tip. I dare speake out, as Cuerpo. Fli. Noble Colonel—
Tip. And carry what I aske— Hos. Ask what you can Sr:
So't be i'the house. Tip. I ask my rights & priuiledges,
And though for forme I please to cal't a suit,  
I haue not beene accustomed to repulse.

  Pru. No sweet Sir Glorious, you may still command——

  Hos. And go without.  Pru. But yet Sir being the first,  
And call'd a suit, you'll looke it shall be such  
As we may grant.  Lad. It else denies it selfe.

  Pru. You heare the opinion of the Court.  Tip. I mind  
No Court opinions.  Pru. 'Tis my Ladies, though.

  Tip. My Lady is a Spinster, at the Law,  
And my petition is of right.  Pru. What is it ?

  Tip. It is for this poore learned bird.  Hos. The Fly ?

  Tip. Professeur in the Inne, here, of small matters:

  Lat. How he commends him!  Hos. As, to saue himselfe  
in him.

  Lad. So do all Politiques in their commendations.  

  Hos. This is a State-bird, and the verier flie ?

  Tip. Heare him problematize.  Pr. Blesse vs, what's that?

  Tip. Or syllogize, elenchize.  Lad. Sure, petard's,  
To blow vs vp.  Lat. Some inginous strong words !

  Hos. He meanes to erect a castle i' the ayre,  
And make his flie an Elephant to carry it.

  Tip. Bird of the Arts he is, and Fly by name !


  Tip. The Soueraigne's honor is to cherish learning.


  Pr. But Flies are busie!  Lad. Nothing more troublesom,  
Or importune !  Tip. Ther's nothing more domestick,  
Tame, or familiar then your Flie in Cuerpo.

  Hos. That is when his wings are cut, he is tame indeed,  
else

Nothing more impudent, and greedy; licking :

  Lad. Or sawcy, good Sir Glorious.  Pr. Leave your  
Aducate-ship,

Except that we shall call you Orator Flie,  
And send you downe to the dresser, and the dishes.
The New Inne.

Hos. A good flap, that! Pru. Commit you to the steem!

Lad. Or els condemn you to the bottles. Pr. And pots.
There is his quarry. Hos. He will chirp, far better,
Your bird, below. Lad. And make you finer Musique.

Pru. His bus will there become him. Tip. Come away.
Bus, in their faces: Giue 'hem all the Bus,
Dor in their eares, and eyes, Hum, Dor, and Bus!
I will statuminate and vnderprop thee.
If they scorne vs, let vs scorne them—— Wee'll finde

The thorough-fare below, and Quaere him,
Leaue these relicts, Bus; they shall see that I,
Spight of their jeares, dare drinke, and with a Flie.

Lat. A faire remoue at once, of two impertinents!
Excellent Pru! I love thee for thy wit,

No lesse then State. Pru. One must preserve the other.

Lad. Who's here? Pru. O Lovel, Madam, your sad

servant.

Lad. Sad? he is sollen still, and weares a cloud
About his browes; I know not how to approach him.

Pru. I will instruct you, madame, if that be all,

Goe to him and kisse him. Lad. How, Pru? Pru. Goe,
and kisse him,
I doe command it. Lad. Th'art not wilde, wench! Pru. No,
Tame, and exceeding tame, but still your Sou'raigne.

Lad. Hath too much brauery made thee mad? Pru.
Nor proud.

Doe, what I doe enioyne you. No disputing

Of my prerogatiue, with a front, or frownse;
Doe not detrect: you know th'authority
Is mine, and I will exercise it, swiftly,
If you prouoke me. Lad. I haue wouen a net
To snare my selfe in! Sir I am enioyn'd

To tender you a kisse; but doe not know
Why, or wherefore, onely the pleasure royall

II. vi. 92 Exsunt Tipto and Fly. add G After 95 Enter Lovel. G
97 sollen] sullen F3 106 detrect] detract F3 109 After 'Sir'
To Lovel. G
Will haue it so, and vrges——Doe not you
Triumph on my obedience, seeing it forc't thus.
There 'tis. Lov. And welcome. Was there euer kisse
That relish'd thus! or had a sting like this,
Of so much Nectar, but, with Aloes mixt.

Pru. No murmuring, nor repining, I am fixt.

Lov. It had, me thinks, a quintessence of either,
But that which was the better, drown'd the bitter.
How soone it pass'd away! how vnrecouered!
The distillation of another soule
Was not so sweet! and till I meet againe,
That kisse, those lips, like relish, and this taste,
Let me tarme all, consumption, and, here waste.

Pru. The royall assent is past, and cannot alter.

Lad. You'll tarme a Tyran. Pru. Be not you a Rebell,
It is a name is alike-odious.

Lad. You'll heare me? Pru. No, not o' this argument.
Would you make lawes, and be the first that break 'hem?
The example is pernicious in a subiect,
And of your quality, most. Lat. Excellent Princesse!

Host. Iust Queene! Lat. Braue Sou'raigne! Host. A
she-Traian! this!

Bea. What is't? Proceede, incomparable Pru!
I am glad I am scarce at leasure to applaud thee.

Lat. It's well for you, you haue so happy expressions.

Lad. Yes, cry her vp, with acclamations, doe,
And cry me downe, runne all with soueraignty:
Prince Power will neuer want her Parasites.

Pru. Nor Murmure her pretences: Master Lovel,
For so your libell here, or bill of complaint,
Exhibited, in our high Court of Sou'raignety,
At this first hower of our raigne, declares
Against this noble Lady, a dis-respect
You haue conceiued, if not receiued, from her.
The New Inne.

145 Host. Receiued, so the charge lies in our bill.
        Pru. We see it, his learned Counsell, leaue your planing.
        We that doe loue our iustice, aboue all
        Our other Attributes; and haue the nearnesse,
        To know your extraordinary merit;
150 As also to discerne this Ladyes goodnesse;
        And finde how loth shee'd be, to lose the honour,
        And reputation, she hath had, in hauing .
        So worthy a servant, though but for few minutes——
        Do here enioyne. Hos. Good! Pru. Charge, will, & command
155 Her Ladiship, pain of our high displeasure
        And the committing an extreame contempt,
        Vnto the Court, our crowne and dignity.
        Host. Excellent Soueraigne! And egregious Pru!
        Pru. To entertaine you for a payre of howres,
160 (Choose, when you please, this day) with all respects,
        And valuation of a principall servant,
        To giue you all the titles, all the priuiledges,
        The freedomes, favours, rights, she can bestow.
        Hos. Large, ample words, of a braue latitude!
165 Pru. Or can be expected, from a Lady of honor,
        Or quality, in discourse, accessse, addresse. (Hos. Good.)
        Pru. Not to giue eare, or admit conference
        With any person but your selfe. Nor there,
        Of any other argument, but loue,
170 And the companion of it, gentile courtship.
        For which your two howres seruice, you shall take
        Two kisses. Hos. Noble! Pru. For each howre, a kisse,
        To be tane freely, fully, and legally;
        Before vs; in the Court here, & our presence. Hos. Rare!
175 Pru. But those howres past, and the two kisses paid,
        The binding caution is, neuer to hope.
        Renewing of the time, or of the suit,
        On any circumstance. Hos. A hard condition!
        Lat. Had it beene easier, I should haue suspected

II. vi. 146 planing.] planing, O 153 minutes——] minutes. O
166 Good.]) Good. O
The sou'raigns iustice. Hos. O you are seruant, 180
My Lord, vnto the Lady, and a Riuall:
In point of law, my Lord, you may be challeng'd.
Lat. I am not iealous! Host. Of so short a time
Your Lor〈d〉ship needs not, and being done, in foro.
Pru. What is the answer? Host. He craues respite,
madame, 185
To aduise with his learned Councell. Pru. Be you he,
And goe together quickly. Lad. You are, no Tyran?
Pru. If I be madam, you were best appeale me!
Lat. Beaufort— Bea. I am busie, pr'ythee let me alone:
I haue a cause in hearing too. Lat. At what Barre?
Bea. Lou〈e〉's Court o' Requests! Lat. Bring't into the
Souerainty:
It is the nobler Court, afore Iudge Pru,
The only learned mother of the Law!
And Lady o' conscience, too! Bea. 'Tis well enough
Before this mistresse of Requests, where it is. 195
Host. Let 'hem not scorne you. Beare vp master Lovel,
And take your howres, and kisses, They are a fortune.
Louv. Which I cannot approue, and lesse make vse of.
Host. Still i' this cloud! why cannot you make vse of?
Louv. Who would be rich to be so soone vndone?
200
The beggars best is wealth, he doth not know:
And, but to shew it him, inflames his want:
Host. Two howers at height? Lov. That ioy is too too
narrow,
Would bound a loue, so infinite as mine:
And being past, leaues an eternall losse. 205
Who so prodigiously affects a feast,
To forfeit health, and appetite, to see it?
Or but to taste a spooone-full, would forgoe
All gust of delicacy euuer after?
Host. These, yet, are howres of hope. Lov. But all howres
following 210
Yeares of despaire, ages of misery!
Nor can so short a happinesse, but spring
A world of feare, with thought of loosing it;
Better be neuer happy, then to feele

215 A litt(lye) of it, and then loose it euer.

Host. I doe confesse, it is a strict inijunction;
But, then the hope is, it may not be kept.
A thousand things may interuene. We see
The winde shift often, thrice a day, sometimes;

Decrees may alter vpon better motion,
And riper hearing. The best bow may start,
And th'hand may vary. Pru may be a sage
In Law, and yet not soure; sweet Pru, smooth Pru,
Soft, debonaire, and amiable Pru,

225 May doe as well as rough, and rigid Pru;
And yet maintayne her, venerable Pru,
Maiestique Pru, and Serenissimous Pru.
Trie but one hower first, and as you like
The loose o'that, draw home and prove the other.

Lov. If one howre could, the other happy make,
I should attempt it. Hos. Put it on: and doe.

Lov. Or in the blest attempt that I might die!

Hos. I mary, there were happinesse indeed;
Transcendent to the Melancholy, meant.

It were a fate, aboue a monument,
And all inscription, to die so. A Death
For Emperours to enioy! And the Kings
Of the rich East, to pawne their regions for;
To s(h)ow their treasure, open all their mines,

240 Spend all their spices to embalme their corps,
And wrap the inches vp in sheets of gold,
That fell by such a noble destiny!
And for the wrong to your friend, that feare's away,
He rather wrongs himselfe, following fresh light,

New eies to sweare by. If Lord Beaufort change,
The New Inne.

It is no crime in you to remaine constant. 
And vpon these conditions, at a game
So vrg’d vpon you. Pru. Sir your resolution—
    Hos. How is the Lady affected? Pru. Sou’raignes vse
    not
To aske their subiects suffrage where ’tis due;
But where conditionall. Host. A royall Sou’raigne!
    Lat. And a rare States-woman. I admire her bearing
In her new regiment. Host. Come choose your houres,
Better be happy for a part of time,
Then not the whole: and a short part, then neuer.
Shall I appoint ’hem, pronounce for you? Lov. Your
    pleasure.
    Host. Then he designes his first houre after dinner;
His second after supper. Say yee? Content?
Content.
    Bea. What’s that? I am content too. Lat. You haue
    reason,
You had it on the by, and we obseru’d it.
    Nur. Trot I am not content: in fait’ I am not.
    Host. Why art not thou content, Good Shelee-nien?
    Nur. He tauk so desperate, and so debausht,
So baudy like a Courtier, and a Lord,
God blesse him, one that tak’tth Tobacco. Host. Very well
    mixt.
What did he say? Nur. Nay, nothing to the purposh,
Or very little, nothing at all to purposh.
Was a great family come out of Ireland,
Descended of O Neale, Mac Con, Mac Dermot,
Mac Murrogh, but he mark’d not. Host. Nor doe I,
Good Queene of Heralds, ply the bottle, and sleepe.

H. vi. 263 Shelee-nien] shelee-nien O 269 alone,] alone O 273
Exeunt. add G
The New Inne.


I like the plot of your Militia, well!
It is a fine Militia, and well order'd!
And the diuision's neat! 'Twill be desir'd
Only, the expressions were a little more Spanish:

For there's the best Militia o' the world!
To call 'hem Tertias. Tertia of the kitchin,
The Tertia of the cellar, Tertia of the chamber,
And Tertia of the stables. Fly. That I can, Sir,
And find out very able, fit commanders,

In every Tertia. Tip. Now you are i' the right!
As i' the Tertia o' the kitchin, your selfe
Being a person, elegant in sawces,
There to command, as prime Maestro del Campo,
Chief Master of the palate, for that Tertia:

Or the Cooke under you, 'cause you are the Marshall;
And the next officer i' the field, to the Host.
Then for the cellar, you haue young Anone,
Is a rare fellow, what's his other name?

Fly. Pierce, Sir. Tip. Sir Pierce, I'le ha' him a Causalier.

Sir Pierce Anon, will peirce vs a new hogs-head!

And then your thorow-fare, Iug here, his Alseres:
An able officer, gi[u]'me thy beard, round Iug,
I take thee by this handle, and doe loue
One of thy inches! I' the chambers, Iordan, here!

He is the Don, del Campo o' the beds.
And for the stables, what's his name? Fly. Old Peck.

Tip. Maestro del Campo, Peck! his name is curt,
A monosyllabe, but commands the horse well.

Fly. O, in an Inne, Sir, we haue other horse,

Let those troopes rest a while. Wine is the horse,
That wee must charge with here. Tip. Bring vp the troopes,
Or call, sweet Fly, 'tis an exact Militia,

9 commanders.] commanders. O 26 Old] old O 32 call.] call O
The New Inne.

And thou an exact professor, Lipsius Fly,
Thou shalt be cal’d, and louse: Jack Ferret, welcome,
Old Trench-master, and Colonel o’ the Pyoners,
What canst thou bolt vs now? a Coney? or two
Out of Thom: Trundles burrow, here, the Coach?
This is the master of the carriages!
How is thy driuing Thom: good, as ’twas?
   Tru. It serves my Lady, and our officer Pru.
Twelue mile an houre! Thom has the old trundle still.
   Tip. I am taken with the family, here, fine fellowes!
Viewing the muster roll. Tru. They are braue men!
   Fer. And of the Fly-blowne discipline all, the Quarter-master!

   Tip. The Fly’s a rare bird, in his profession!
Let’s sip a priuate pinte with him, I would haue him
Quit this light signe of the light heart, my bird:
And lighter house. It is not for his tall
And growing grauitie so Cedar-like,
To be the second to an Host in Cuerpo,
That knowes no elegancies—vse his owne
Dictamen, and his Genius, I would haue him
Flie high, and strike at all. Heer’s yong Anone, too.
   Pei. What wine is’t Gentlemen, white or claret? Tip.
      White,
My briske Anone. Pei. I’le draw you Iuno’s milke
That died the Lilies, Colonel. Tip. Do so Peirce.
   Pec. A plague of all Iades, what a clap he has gi’n me?
The Hostler.
As sure as you liue, Sir, he knew perfectly

III. i. 34 After ‘Iouse’ Enter Ferret and Trundle. G 39 ’twas]
twas O 42 fellowes! fellowes? O 51 elegancies—] elegancies, O
53 After ‘all.’ Enter Pierce. G 54—5 White,] White. O White, ]
Ile. ... milke O 56 After ‘Colonel,’ Exit. G After ‘Peirce,’ Enter
Peck. G 58 Who is] Who’s O Fer. ... Hostler. a separate line
in O 59 After ‘Peck?’ Takes him aside. G
I meant to Cossin him. He did leere so on me,
And then he sneerd. As who would say, take heed S'ah,
And when he saw our halfe-pecke, which you know
Was but an old court-dish, Lord how he stamp't!

I thought, 't had beene for joy. When suddainly
He cuts me a backe caper with his heele,
And takes me iust o'the crouper. Downe come I
And my whole ounce of oates! Then he neighed out,
As if he had a Mare by the tayle. Fli. Troth Cossin,

You are to blame to vse the poore dumbe Christians,
So cruelly, defraud 'hem o' their dimensum.
Yonder's the Colonels horse (there I look'd in)
Keeping our Ladies Eue! The diuell a bit
He ha's got, sin'e he came in yet! There he stands,

And lookes and lookes, but 'tis your pleasure, Cosse,
He should looke leane enough. Pec. He ha's hay before
him.

Fli. Yes, but as grosse as hempe, and assoone will choake
him,

Unlesse he eat it butter'd. H'had foure shoes,
And good ones, when he came in: It is a wonder,

With standing still he should cast three. Pec. Troth Quarter-
Master,

This trade is a kind of mystery, that corrupts
Our standing manners quickely: Once a weeke,
I meet with such a brush to mollifie me.
Sometimes a brace, to awake my Conscience,

Yet still, I sleepe securely. Fli. Cossin Peck,
You must vse better dealing, fayth you must.

Pec. Troth, to giue good example, to my successors,
I could be well content to steale but two girths,
And now and then a saddle-cloth, change a bridle,

For exercise: and stay there. Fli. If you could,
There were some hope, on you, Cosse. But the fate is,
**The New Inne.**

You're drunke so early, you mistake whole Saddles:
Sometimes a horse. **Pec.** I there's—— **Fli.** The wine,
come Cosse,
Ile talk with you anone. **Pec.** Doe, loose no time,
Good Quarter-Master. **Tip.** There are the horse, come,
**Fli.**

**Fli.** Charge, in Boyes, in; Lieutenant o' the ordinance,
Tobacco, & pipes. **Tip.** Who's that? Old **Iordan,** good!
A comely vessell, and a necessary.
New-scour'd he is: Here's to thee, Martiall **Fly.**
In milke, my yong **Anone** sayses. **Pei.** Cream o' the grape! That drop't from **Iuno's** breasts, and sprung the Lilly!
I can recite your fables, **Fly.** Here is, too,
The blood of **Venus,** mother o' the Rose!

**Ior.** The dinner is gone vp. **Iug.** I heare the whistle.

**Ior.** I, and the fidlers. We must all goe waite.

**Pei.** Pox o'this waiting, Quarter Master **Fly.**

**Fly.** When Chambermaids are soueraignes, waite their Ladies.

**Fly** scornes to breath—— **Pec.** Or blow vpon them, he.

**Pei.** Old Parcel **Peck!** Art thou there? how now? lame?

**Pec.** Yes faith: it is ill halting afore crioples,
I ha' got a dash of a lade, here, will stick by me.

**Pei.** O you haue had some phant'sie, fellow **Peck;**
Some reveulation—— **Pec.** What? **Pei.** To steale the hay,
Out o' the racks againe: **Fly.** I told him so,
When the ghosts backs were turn'd. **Pei.** Or bring his peck,
The botomme vpwards, heap'd with oates; and cry,
Here's the best measure vpun all the roade! when

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III. i. 93 After 'there's' Re-enter Pierce with wine. G 93-5 Verse re-arranged by W: in O Sometimes ... there's—— | Fli. The ... anone. | **Pec.** Doe. ... Master. | **Tip.** There ... Flie. | 94 After 'anone.'

They come forward. G 95 Good] good O Flie FlieO 96 After 'in';
Enter Jordan. G 97 that ... good!] that? | **Fly.** Old Jordan. **Tip.**
Good. W conj. 99 Martaill] marshal G 100 After 'sayes.'

Drinks. G 102 **Fly.]** Fly. O 103 Music within. add G 106
Master] Master, O 108 Or] or O 115 peck.] peck O
You know the ghost, put in his hand, to seele,
And smell to the oates, that grated all his fingers

Vpo' the wood—— Pec. Mum! Pei. And found out your cheat.

Pec. I ha' bin i'the cellar, Peirce. Pei. You were then, there,
Vpo' your knees; I doe remember it:
To ha' the fact conceal'd. I could tell more,
Soping of saddles, cutting of horse tailes,

And cropping—pranks of ale, and hostelry——
Fly. Which he cannot forget, he says, yong Knight:
No more then you can other deeds of darknesse,
Done i' the cellar. Tip. Well said, bold professor.

Fer. We shall ha' some truth explain'd. Pei. We are all mortall,

And haue our visions. Pec. Truly it seemes to me
That every horse has his whole peck, and tumbles
Vp to the eares in llightour, Fly. When, indeed,
There's no such matter; not a smell of prouander.

Fer. Not so much straw as would tie vp a horse-taile!

Fly. Nor any thing i'the rack, but two old cobwebs!
And so much rotten hay, as had bee ne a hens nest!
Tru. And yet he's euer apt to sweepe the mangers!

Fer. But puts in nothing. Pei. These are fits, and fancies,
Which you must leave, good Peck. Fly. And you must pray

It may be reueal'd to you, at some-times,
Whose horse you ought to cosen; with what conscience;
The how; and when; a Parsons horse may suffer——
Pei. Who's master's double benefic'd; put in that.

Fly. A little greasing i'the teeth; 'tis wholesome:

And keepes him in a sober shuffle. Pei. His saddle too
May want a stirrop. Fly. And, it may be sworne,
His learning lay o' one side, and so broke it.

Pec. They haue euer oates i' their cloake-bags, to affront vs.

Fly. And therefore 'tis an office meritorious,

iii. i. 118 know ... ghost,] know, the guest G 132 indeed,] indeed O
The New Inne.

To tith such soundly. Pei. And a graziers may,

Fer. O they are pinching puckfists! Tru. And suspicious.

Pei. Suffer before the masters face, sometimes.

Fly. He shall thinke he sees his horse eate halfe a bushell,

Pei. When the slight is, rubbing his gummes with salt,

Till all the skin come off, he shall but mumble,

Like an old woman that were chewing brawne,

And drop 'hem out againe. Tip. Well argued, Cauialier.

Fly. It may doe well: and goe for an example:

But Cosse, haue care of vnderstanding horses,

Horses with angry heeles, Nobility horses,

Horses that know the world; let them haue meat

Till their teeth ake; and rubbing till their ribbes

Shine like a wenches forehead. They are Diuels else

Will looke into your dealings. Pec. For mine own part,

The next I cossen o' the pampred breed,

I wish he may be found'red. Fli. Foun-der-ed.

Prolate it right. Pec. And of all foure, I wish it,

I loue no crouper complements. Pei. Whose horse was it?


howre

He has beene heere. Tip. What Burst? Pei. Mas. Bartol-

mew Burst.

One that hath beene a Citizen, since a Courtier,

And now a Gamester. Hath had all his whirls,

And bouts of fortune, as a man would say,

Once a Bat, and euer a Bat! a Rere-mouse,

And Bird o' twilight, he has broken thrice.

Tip. Your better man, the Geno'way Prouerbe say's,

Men are not made of steele. Pei. Nor are they bound

Alwayes to hold. Fli. Thrice honourable Colonel!

Hinges will crack—— Tip. Though they be Spanish

iron.

Pei. He is a merchant still, Adventurer,
The New Inne.

At in, and in: and is our thorough-fares friend.

Tip. Who? Ins? Pei. The same: and a fine gentle-

man

Was with him! Pec. Mr Huff. Pei. Who? Hodge
Huffe?

Ti. What's he? Pei. A cheater, & another fine gentle-

man,

185 A friend o'the Chamberlaynes! Iordans! Mr Huffe.

He is Bursts protection. Fli. Fights, and vapors for him.

Pei. He will be drunk so ciuilly—— Fli. So dis-

creetly——

Pei. And punctually! just at his house. Fli. And then,

Call for his Iordan, with that hum and state,

190 As if he piss'd the Politiques! Pei. And sup

With his tuft-taffata night-geere, heere, so silently!

Fli. Nothing but Musique! Pei. A dozen of bawdy

songs.

Tip. And knowes the Generall this? Fl. O no, Sr.

Dormit,

Dormit Patronus, still, the master sleepes.

195 They'll steale to bed. Pei. In priuate Sir, and pay

The Fidlers with that modesty, next morning.

Fli. Take a disiune of muscadell, and eggs!

Pei. And packe away i' their trundling cheats, like

Gipsies!

Tru. Mysteries, mysteries, Ferret. Fer. I, we see, Trundle,

200 What the great Officers, in an Inne, may doe;

I doe not say the Officers of the Crowne,

But the light heart. Tip. I'le see the Bat, and Huffe.

Fer. I ha' some busines Sir, I craue your pardon——

Tip. What? Fer. To be sober. Tip. Pox, goe get you

gone then.

205 Trundle shall stay. Tru. No, I besech you Colonel,

Your Lordship ha's a minde to bee drunke priuate,
The New Inne.

With these braue Gallants; I will step aside
Into the stables, and salute my Mares.

_Pei._ Yes doe: and sleepe with 'hem, let him go—base
whip-stocke.

Hee's as drunke as a fish now, almost as dead.

_Tip._ Come, I will see the flicker mouse, my Flie.

Act 3. Scene 2.

_Prudence_ vsher'd by the _Host_, takes her seat of Judica-
ture, _Nurse_, _Franke_, the two Lords _Beaufort_, and
_Latimer_, assist of the Bench: The _Lady_ and
_Louel_ are brought in, and sit on the
two sides of the stage, confront-
ing each the other.

_Iug. Jordan._ Ferret. Trundle. _<Musicians._

_Pru._ Heere set the hower; but first produce the parties :
And cleere the court. The time is now of price.

_Hos. Iug._ get you down, and _Trundle_ get you vp,
You shall be Crier. _Ferret_ here, the Clearke.
_Jordan_, smell you without, till the Ladies call you ;
Take down the Fidlers too, silence that noyse,
Deepe, i' the cellar, safe. _Pru._ Who keepes the watch?

_Hos._ Old _Sheelinin_ heere, is the Madame Tel-clocke.

_Nur._ No fait and trot, sweet Maister, I shall sleep ;
I fait, I shall. _Bea._ I pr'y thee, doe then, _Schrich-
Owle._

She brings to mind the fable o' the Dragon,
That kept the _Hesperian_ fruit. Would I could charm her.

_Hos._ _Trundle_ will do it with his _hum_. Come _Trundle._
Precede him _Ferret_, i' the forme.
The New Inne.

15 Fer. Oyes, oyes, oyes. Whereas there hath beene awarded, By the Queene Regent of Loue, In this high court of soueraignty, Two speciall howers of addresse, To Herebert Lovel, appellant, Against the Lady Frampul, defendant, Herebert Lovel, Come into the Court, Make challenge to thy first hower, And saue thee, and thy bayle. 


25 Hos. Loe, louting where he comes into the Court! Clearke of the sou'raignty take his apperance. And how accurted, how design'd he comes!

Fer. 'Tis done. Now Crier, call the Lady Frampul, And by the name of,

30 Francis, Lady Frampul, defendant, Come into the Court, Make answer to the award, And saue thee, and thy bayle. 


Hos. She makes a noble, and a iust apperance.

Set it downe likewise, and how armd she comes.

Pru. Vsher of Loues Court, give 'hem their oath, According to the forme, vpon Loue's Missal.

Hos. Arise, and lay your hands, vpon the Booke. Herebert Lovel Appellant, and Lady Frances Frampul, Defendant, you shall sweare vpon the Liturgie of Loue, Ouid de arte amandi, that you neither haue, ne will haue, nor in any wise beare about you, thing, or things, pointed, or blunt, within these lists, other than what are naturall, and
allow'd by the Court: No enchanted Armes, or weapons,
Stones of vertue, Herbe of Grace, Charme, Character, Spel, 45
Philtre, or other power, then Loues only, and the iustnesse
of your cause. So helpe you Loue, his Mother, and the con-
tents of this Booke: Kisse it. Returne vnto your seats.
Crier bid silence.


Fe. I' the name o'the Soueraigne of
Loue
Notice is giuen by the Court,
To the Appellant, and Defendant,
That the first hour of addresse proceeds.
And Loue saue the Soueraigne.

Tru. I' the &c.

Tru. Every man, or woman keep silence paine of im-
prisonment.

Pru. Do your endeavours, in the name of Loue.

Lov. To make my first approaches, then, in loue.

Lad. Tell vs what Loue is, that we may be sure
There's such a thing, and that it is in nature.

Lov. Excellent Lady, I did not expect
To meet an Infidell! much lesse an Atheist!
Here in Loue's lists! of so much vnbeleeve!
To raise a question of his being—— Host. Well-charg'd!

Lov. I rather thought, and, with religion, thinke,
Had all the character of loue beene lost,
His lines, demensions, and whole signature
Raz'd, and defac'd, with dull humanity:
That both his nature, and his essence might
Haue found their mighty instauration here,
Here where the confluence of faire, and good,
Meets to make vp all beauty. For, what else
Is Loue, but the most noble, pure affection
Of what is truly beautifull, and faire?
Desire of vnion with the thing beloued?
The New Inne.

(Beau. Hau the assistants of the Court their votes,
And writ of pruiledge, to speake them freely?

Pru. Yes, to assist; but not to interrupt.

Bea. Then I haue read somewhere, that man and woman

Were, in the first creation, both one piece,
And being cleft asunder, euer since,
Loue was an appetite to be reioyn'd.
As for example—— Nur. Cramo-cree! what meansh' tou?

Bea. Only, to kisse, and part. Hos. So much is lawfull.

Lat. And stands with the prerogatiue of loues Court!

Lov. It is a fable of Plato's, in his Banquet,
And vutter'd, there, by Aristophanes.

Hos. 'Twas well remembred here, and to good vse.)
But on with your description, what Loue is.

Desire of vnion with the thing belou'd.

Lov. I meant a definition. For I make
The efficient cause, what's beautifull, and faire.
The formall cause, the appetite of vnion.
The finall cause, the vnion it selfe.

But larger, if you'll haue it, by description,
It is a flame, and ardor of the minde,
Dead, in the proper corps, quick in another's:
Trans-ferres the Louer into the Loued.
The he, or she, that loues, engraues, or stamps

Th'Idea of what they loue, first in themselues:
Or, like to glasses, so their mindes take in
The formes of their belou'd, and them reflect.
It is the likenesse of affections,
Is both the parent, and the nurse of loue.

Loue is a spirituall coupling of two soules,
So much more excellent, as it least relates
Vnto the body; circular, eternall;
Not fain'd, or made, but borne: And then, so pretious,
As nought can value it, but it selfe. So free,

As nothing can command it, but it selfe.
And in itself, so round, and liberall,
As where it favours, it bestowes it selfe.

(Bea. And, that doe I; here my whole selfe, I tender,
According to the practis o’ the Court.

Nur. I, ’tis a naughty practish, a lewd practish,
Be quiet man, dou shalt not leip her, here.

Bea. Leape her? I lip her, foolish Queen at Armes,
Thy blazon’s false: wilt thou blaspheme thine office?)

Lov. But, we must take, and understand this loue
Along still, as a name of dignity;
Not pleasure. (Hos. Mark you that, my light yong Lord?)

Lov. True loue hath no unworthy thought, no light,
Loose, vn-becoming appetite, or straine,
But fixed, constant, pure, immutable.

(Bea. I relish not these philosophical feasts;
Give me a banquet o' sense, like that of Ovid:
A forme, to take the eye; a voyce, mine eare;
Pure aromatiques, to my sent; a soft,
Smooth, deainty hand, to touch; and, for my taste,
Ambrosiack kisses, to melt downe the palat.)

Lov. They are the earthy, lower forme of louers,
Are only taken with what strikes the senses!
And loue by that loose scale. Although I grant,
We like, what’s faire and gracefull in an obiect,
And (true) would vse it, in the all we tend to,
Both of our ciuill, and domestick deedes.
In ordering of an army, in our style,
Apparell, gesture, building, or what not?
All arts, and actions doe affect their beauty.
But put the case, in trauayle I may meet
Some gorgeous Structure, a braue Frontispice,
Shall I stay captiue i’ the outer court,
Surpris’d with that, and not aduance to know
Who dwells there, and inhabiteth the house?
There is my friendship to be made, within;
With what can loue me againe: not, with the walles,
Dores, windo’es, architrabes, the frieze, and coronice.
My end is lost in louing of a face,
An eye, lip, nose, hand, foot, or other part,
Whose all is but a statue, if the mind
Moue not, which only can make the returne.
The end of loue is, to haue two made one
In will, and in affection, that the mindes
Be first inoculated, not the bodies.

Bea. Gi’ me the body, if it be a good one.
Fra. Nay, sweet my Lord, I must appeale the Soueraigne
For better quarter; If you hold your practise:
Tru. Silence, paine of imprisonment: Heare the Court.
Lou. The bodyes loue is fraile, subject to change,
And alter’s still, with it: The mindes is firme,
One, and the same, proceedeth first, from weighing,
And well examining, what is faire, and good;
Then, what is like in reason, fit in manners;
That breeds good will: good will desire of vnion.

So knowledge first, begets beneuolence,
Beneuolence breeds friendship, friendship loue.
And where it starts or steps aside from this,
It is a mere degenerous appetite,
A lost, oblique, deprau’d affection,

And beares no marke, or character of Loue.
Lad. How am I changed! By what alchimy
Of loue, or language, am I thus translated!
His tongue is tip’d with the Philosophers stone,
And that hath touch’d me th’o’rough every vaine!

I feele that transmutation o’ my blood,
As I were quite become another creature,
And all he speakes, it is proiection!
Pru. Well fain’d, my Lady: now her parts begin!
Lat. And she will act ’hem subtilly. Pru. She fails me else.

iii. ii. 155 Kisses Frank. add G
160 alters G: alter O
166 loue.] loues O originally, F3
174 thorough] thro’ my W
The New Inne.

Lov. Nor doe they trespass within bounds of pardon,
That giuing way, and licence to their loue,
Di-uest him of his noblest ornaments,
Which are his modesty, and shamefac'tnesse :
And so they doe, that haue vnfit designes,
Upon the parties, they pretend to loue.
For, what's more monstrous, more a prodigie,
Then to heare me protest truth of affection
Vnto a person that I would dishonor ?
And what's a more dishonor, then defacing
Anothers good, with forfeiture mine owne ?
And drawing on a fellowship of sinne ?
From note of which, though (for a while) we may
Be both kept safe, by caution, yet the conscience
Cannot be cleans'd. For what was hitherto
Cal'd by the name of loue, becomes destroyd
Then, with the fact : the innocency lost,
The bating of affection soone will follow :
And Loue is neuer true, that is not lasting,
No more then any can be pure, or perfect,
That entertaines more than one object. Dixi.

Lad. O speake, and speake for euer ! let min(e) eare
Be feasted still, and filled with this banquet !
No sense can euer surfet on such truth !
It is the marrow of all louers tenents !
Who hath read Plato, Heliodore, or Tatius,
Sydney, D'Vrfe, or all Loues Fathers, like him ?
He'is there the Master of the Sentences,
Their Schoole, their Commentary, Text, and Glosse,
And breathes the true diunitie of Loue !

Pru. Excellent actor ! how she hits this passion !

Lad. Where haue I liu'd, in heresie, so long
Out o' the Congregation of Loue,
And stood irregular, by all his Canons ?
The New Inne.

Lat. But doe you thinke she playes? Pru. Vpo' my Soueraignty,

215 Marke her anon. Lat. I shake, and am halfe iealous.
    Lad. What penance shall I doe, to be receiu'd,
    And reconciled, to the Church of Loue?
    Goe on procession, bare-foot, to his Image,
    And say some hundred penitentiall verses,

220 There, out of Chaucers Troilus, and Cresside?
    Or to his mothers shrine, vow a Waxe-candle
    As large as the Towne May-pole is, and pay it!
    Enioyne me any thing this Court thinks fit,
    For I haue trespass'd, and blasphemed Loue.

225 I haue, indeed, despis'd his Deity,
    Whom (till this miracle wrought on me) I knew not.
    Now I adore Loue, and would kisse the rushes
    That beare this reuerend Gentleman, his Priest,
    If that would expiate—— but, I feare it will not.

230 For, tho' he be somewhat strooke in yeares, and old
    Enough to be my father, he is wise,
    And onely wise men loue, the other couet.
    I could begin to be in loue with him,
    But will not tell him yet, because I hope

235 T'enioy the other houre, with more delight,
    And prove him farther. Pru. Most Socratieck Lady!
    Or, if you will, Ironick! gi' you ioy
    O' you<rais> Platonick loue here, Mr Lovel.
    But pay him his first kisse, yet, i' the Court,

240 Which is a debt, and due: For the houre's run.
    Lad. How swift is time, and slily steales away
    From them would hug it, value it, embrace it?
    I should haue thought it scarce had run ten minutes,
    When the whole houre is fled. Here, take your kisse, Sir,

245 Which I most willing tender you, in Court.
    (Bea. And we doe imitate——) Lad. And I could wish,

III. ii. 217 reconciled] reconcil'd O 220 and] and O, F3
230 strooke] struck F3 237 will'] will O 238 your F3
245 Kisses Lov. add G 246 After ' imitate ' Kisses Frank. G
The New Inne.

It had bene twenty——so the Soueraignes
Poore narrow nature had decreed it so——
But that is past, irreuocable, now:
She did her kind, according to her latitude——

Pru. Beware, you doe not conjure vp a spirit
You cannot lay. Lad. I dare you, doe your worst,
Shew me but such an injustice: I would thanke you
To alter your award. Lat. Sure she is serious!
I shall haue another fit of iemalousie!
I feele a grudging! Host. Cheare vp, noble ghest,
We cannot guesse what this may come to, yet;
The braine of man, or woman, is vnctertaine!

Lov. Tut, she dissembles! All is personated,
And counterfeit comes from her! If it were not,
The Spanish Monarchy, with both the Indies,
Could not buy off the treasure of this kisse,
Or halfe giue balance for my happinesse.

Host. Why, as it is yet, it glads my light Heart
To see you rouz’d thus from a sleepy humor,
Of drouzy, accidentall melancholy;
And all those braue parts of your soule awake,
That did before seeme drown’d, and buried in you!
That you expresse your selfe, as you had back’d
The Muses Horse! or got Bellerophs armes!
What newes with Fly? Fly. Newes, of a newer Lady,
A finer, fresher, brauer, bonnier beauty,
A very bona-Roba, and a Bouncer!
In yeallow, glistering, golden Satten. Lad. Pru,
Adiourne the Court. Pru. Cry Trundle—— Tru. Oyez,
Any man, or woman, that hath any personal attendance to
giue vnto the Court; Keepe the second houre, and Loue saue
the Sou’raigne.

III. ii. After 270 Enter Fly. G

attendance | To . . . houre, | And 276–8 As verse in O, Any . . .

278 Exeunt. add G


O Barnabe! Ior. Welcome Barnabe! Where hast thou beene?

Bar. I' the foule weather. Iug. Which has wet thee, Ban.

Bar. As drie as a chip! Good Iug, a cast o' thy name,
As well as thy office; two iugges! Iug. By, and by.

Ior. What Lady's this thou hast brought here? Bar. A

great Lady!

I know no more: one, that will trie you, Iordan.

Shee'll finde your gage, your circle, your capacity.

How do's old Staggers the Smith? and Tree, the Sadler?

Keep they their peny-club, stil? Ior. And th' old catch too,

Of whoop Barnaby—— Bar. Doe they sing at me?

Ior. They'are reeling at it, in the parlour, now:

Bar. Ile to 'hem: Gi' mee a drinke first. Ior. Where's

thy hat?

Bar. I lost it by the way—— Gi' me another.

cold, Ban——

Bar. The wind blew't off at High-gate, and my Lady
Would not endure mee, light, to take it vp,
But made me drieue bare-headed i' the raine.

Ior. That she might be mistaken for a Countesse?

Bar. Troth, like inough! She might be an o're-grown

Dutchesse,

For ought I know. Iug. What! with one man! Bar. At a
time,

They cary no more, the best of 'hem. Io. Nor the brauest.

Bar. And she is very braue! Ior. A stately gowne!

And peticote, she has on! Bar. Ha' you spi'd that, Iordan?
You're a notable peerer, an old Rabbi,
At a smocks-hem, boy.  _Iug._ As he is _Chamberlane_,
He may doe that, by his place.  _Ior._ What's her Squire?

  _Bar._ A toy, that she allows eight-pence a day.
A slight Man-net, to port her, vp, and downe.
Come shew me to my play-fellowes, old _Staggers_,
And father _Tree_.  _Ior._ Here, this way, _Barnabe._

Act 4.  Scene 2.

_Tipto._  _Burst._  _Huffle._  _Fly._

Come, let vs take in _fresco_, here, one quart.

  _Burst._ Two quarts, my man of war, let'vs not be stinted.
  _Huffle._ Advance three _iordans_, varlet o' the house.
  _Tip._ I do not like your _Burst_, Bird; He is sawcy:
Some Shop-keeper he was?  _Fly._ Yes, Sir.  _Tip._ I knew it.
He had no Father, I warrant him, that durst own him;
Some foundling in a stall, or the Church porch;
Brought vp i'the _Hospital_; and so bound Prentise;
Then Master of a shop; then one o' th' Inquest;
Then breaks out Bankrupt; or starts Alderman:
The originall of both is a Church-porch——

  _Fly._ Of some, my Colonel.  _Tip._ Good fayth, of most
O' your shop Citizens, th'are rude Animals!
And let 'hem get but ten mile out a towne,

Th'out-swagger all the _wapen-take_.  _Fly._ What's that?

  _Tip._ A _Saxon_ word, to signifie the _hundred_.
  _Burst._ Come let vs drinke, Sir _Glorious_, some braue health
Vpon our tip-toos.  _Tip._ To the health o' the _Bursts_.
  _Burst._ Why _Bursts_?  _Tip._ Why _Tipto's_?  _Burst._ O, I cry you
    mercy!

  _Tip._ It is sufficient.  _Huffle._ What is so sufficient?

  _Tip._ To drinke to you is sufficient.  _Huffle._ On what terms?

  _iv. i._  _26_  _What's_  _What's_  _O_  _iv. ii._  _Scene_  _ii._  _The Court of the Inn._
_Enter_ _Tipto, Burst, Huffle, and Fly._  _G_  _1_  _let vs_  _let vs_  _O_  _2_  _let vs_
_let's_  _W_  _9_  _i the_  _i he_  _O_  _10_  _o th'_  _o th_  _O_  _13_  _most_  _most_  _O_
_15_  _towne_  _towne_  _O_  _16_  _out-swagger_  _out swagger_  _O_  _20_  _O_  _O'_
Tip. That you shall give security to pledge me.
Huf. So you will name no Spaniard, I will pledge you.

Tip. I rather choose to thirst: and will thirst euer,
Then leave that cream of nations, vn-cry'd vp.
Perish all wine, and gust of wine. Huf. How, spill it?
Spill it at me? Tip. I wreke not, but I spilt it.
Flit. Nay pray you be quiet, noble bloods. Bur. No Spaniards,

I crie, with my cossen Huffle. Huf. Spaniards? Pilchers?
Tip. Do not prouoke my patient blade. It sleep's,
And would not heare thee: Huffle, thou art rude,
And dost not know the Spanish composition.
Bur. What is the Recipe? Name the ingredients.

Half a dram!
Tip. He carries such a dose of it in his lookes,
Actions, and gestures, as it breeds respect,
To him, from Sauages, and reputation
With all the sonnes of men. Bur. Will it giue him credit
With Gamesters, Courtiers, Citizens, or Tradesmen?
Tip. Hee'll borrow money on the stroke of his beard!
Or turne off his Mustaccio! His meere cuello,

Or Ruffe about his necke, is a Bill of Exchange
In any Banke, in Europe! Not a Marchant
That sees his gate, but straight will furnish him
Vpon his pase! Huf. I haue heard the Spanish name
Is terrible, to children in some Countries;
And vs'd to make them eat—their bread and butter:
Or take their worm-seed. Tip. Huffle, you doe shuffle:
to them: Stuffe, Pinnacia.

Bur. Slid heer's a Lady! Huf. And a Lady gay!

Tip. A well-trimm'd Lady! Huf. Let's lay her a board.

Bur. Let's haile her first. Tip. By your sweet favour, Lady,

Stu. Good Gentlemen be ciuill, we are strangers.

Bur. And you were Flemings, Sir! Huf. Or Spaniards!

Tip. The'are here, haue beene at Seuil i' their dayes,

And at Madrid too! Pin. He is a foolish fellow,

I pray you minde him not, He is my Protection.

Tip. In your protection, he is safe, sweet Lady.

So shall you be, in mine. Huf. A share, good Coronell.

Tip. Of what? Huf. Of your fine Lady! I am Hodge,

My name is Huffle. Tip. Huffling Hodge, be quiet.

Bur. And I pray you, be you so, Glorious Coronel,

Hodge Huffle shall be quiet. Huf. A Lady gay, gay.

For she is a Lady gay, gay, gay. For she's a Lady gay.

Tip. Bird o'the Vespers, Vespertilio Burst;

You are a Gentleman, o' the first head,

But that head may be broke, as all the Body is——

Burst, if you tie not vp your Huffle, quickly.


Tip. This steele here rides not, on this thigh, in vaine.

Huf. Shew'st thou thy steele, & thigh, thou glorious Dirt,

Then Hodge sings Sampson, and no ties shall hold.

Peirce. Inq. Iorden. {To them.

Pei. Kepee the peace gentle:men: what do you mean?

Tip. I will not discompose my selfe, for Huffle.

Pin. You see what your entreaty, and pressure still

Of gentlemen, to be ciuill, doth bring on?

A quarrell? and perhaps man-slaughter? You

Will carry your goose about you, stil? your planing Iron? 80
Your tongue to smooth all? is not here fine stuffe?

_Stu._ Why wife? _Pin._ Your wife? ha' not I forbidden you that?

Doe you thinke I'le call you husband i' this gowne,
Or any thing, in that jacket, but _Protection_?

85 Here tie my shooe; and shew my vellute petticote,
And my silke stocking! why doe you make me a Lady,
If I may not doe like a Lady, in fine clothes?

_Stu._ Sweet heart, you may doe what you will, with me.
_Pin._ I; I knew that at home; what to doe with you;

90 But why was I brought hither? to see fashions?

_Stu._ And weare them too, sweet heart, but this wild Company——

_Pin._ Why doe you bring me in wild Company?
You'd ha' me tame, and ciuill, in wild Company?
I hope I know, wild Company are fine Company,

95 And in fine company, where I am fine my selfe,
A Lady may doe any thing, deny nothing
To a fine party, I haue heard you say't.

_________________________________________To them _Peirce._

_Pin._ There are a Company of Ladies aboue
Desire your Ladiships Company, and to take

100 The surety of their lodgings, from the affront
Of these halfe-beasts, were heere een now, the _Centaures._

_Pin._ Are they fine Ladies? _Pei._ Some very fine Ladies.
_Pin._ As fine as I? _Pei._ I dare vse no comparisons,

Being a seruant, sent—— _Pin._ Spoke, like a fine fellow!

105 I would thou wert one; I'nd not then deny thee:
But, thank thy Lady.

_________________________________________To them _Host._

_Hos._ Madam, I must craue you

To afford a Lady a visit, would excuse
Some harshnesse o' the house, you haue receiu'd
From the brute ghests. _Pin._ This's a fine old man!

 (*iv. ii. 85 vellute] Velvet _F_ 3 87 clothes?] clothes. 0 96 thing.] thing. _O_ 101 Centaures.] Centaures, _O_ 106 thy.] my _F_ 3
Afer ' Lady.' Exit _Peirce._ | Enter _Host._ _G_
The New Inne.

I'd goe with him an' he were a little finer!  

Stu. You may sweet heart, it is mine Host. Pin. Mine Host!  

Host. Yes madame, I must bid you welcom. Pin. Do then.  

Stu. But doe not stay. Pin. I'le be aduis'd by you, yes!


Host. Pinnacia. Stufte.

What more then Thracian Barbarisme was this!  

Bea. The battayle o' the Centaures, with the Lapithes!  

Las. There is no taming o' the Monster drinke.  

Lat. But what a glorious beast our Tipto shew'd!  

He would not discompose himselfe, the Don!  

Your Spaniard, nere, doth discompose himselfe.  

Bea. Yet, how he talkt, and ror'd i' the beginning!  

Pru. And ran as fast, as a knock'd Marro'bone.  

Bea. So they did all at last, when Louel went downe,  

And chas'd 'hem 'bout the Court. Lat. For all's Don Lewis!  

Or fencing after Euclide! Lad. I nere saw  

A lightning shoot so, as my seruant did,  

His rapier was a Meteor, and he wau'd it  

Ouer 'hem, like a Comet! as they fled him!  

I mark'd his manhood! every stoope he made  

Was like an Eagles, at a flight of Cranes!  

(As I haue read somewhere.) Bea. Brauely exprest:  

Lat. And like a Louer! Lad. Of his valour, I am!  

He seem'd a body, rarifi'd, to ayre!  

Or that his sword, and arme were of a pcece,  

They went together so! Here, comes the Lady.  

Bea. A bouncing Bona-roba! as the Flie sayd.  

Fra. She is some Giantesse! Ile stand off,
For feare she swallow me. La. Is not this our Gown, Pru?

That I bespoke of Stufte? Pru. It is the fashion!

Lad. I, and the Silke! Feele, sure it is the same!

Pru. And the same Peticote, lace, and all! Lad. Ile sweare it.

How came it hither? make a bill of inquiry.

Pru. Yo'haue a fine sute on, Madam! and a rich one!

Lad. And of a curious making! Pru. And a new!

Pin. As new, as Day. Lat. She answers like a fish-wife.

Pin. I put it on, since Noone, I doe assure you.

Pru. Who is your Taylor? Lad. 'Pray you, your Fashions name.

Pin. My Fashioner is a certaine man o' mine owne,

He'is i' the house: no matter for his name.

Host. O, but to satisfie this beuy of Ladies:

Of which a brace, here, long'd to bid you well-come.

Pin. He'is one, in truth, I title my Protection:

Bid him come vp. Host. Our new Ladies Protection!

What is your Ladiships stil? Pin. Countesse Pinnacia.

Host. Countesse Pinnacias man, come to your Lady.


He the Protection! Hos. Stufte lookes like a remnant.

Stu. I am vndone, discouerd! Pru. 'Tis the suit, Madame,

Now, without scruple! and this, some deuise

To bring it home with. Pin. Why, vpon your knees?

Is this your Lady Godmother? Stu. Mum, Pinnacia.

It is the Lady Frampol: my best customer.

Lad. What shew is this, that you present vs with?

Stu. I doe beseech your Ladiship, forgie me.

She did but say the suit on. Lad. Who? Which she?


Your wife!

IV. iii. 39 Host.] Host. [calls.] G 40 Pinnacia] Pinnacca O
After 41 Enter Stuf, G 42 mas.] mas, O: Mass, F3: master G
44 After 'discouerd!' Falls on his knees. G 'Tis] Tis O 47 Your
Lady] lady your W
Is that the riddle? *Pru.* We all look'd for a Lady,
A Dutchesse, or a Countesse at the least.

*Stu.* She is my owne lawfully begotten wife,
In wedlocke. We ha' beene coupled now seuen yeares.

*Lad.* And why thus masqu'd? You like a footman, ha!
And she your Countesse! *Pin.* To make a foole of himselfe

*Pin.* Nay it shall out, since you haue cald me wife,
And openly dis-Ladied me! though I am dis-Countess'd,
I am not yet dis-countenanc'd. These shall see. *Hos.*
Silence!

*Pi.* It is a foolish tricke Madame, he has;
For though he be your Taylour, he is my beast.
I may be bold with him, and tell his story.
When he makes any fine garment will fit me,
Or any rich thing that he thinkes of price,
Then must I put it on, and be his *Countesse,*
Before he carry it home vnto the owners.
A coach is hir'd, and foure horse, he runnes
In his veluet Lackat thus, to *Rumford, Croyden,*
*Hounslow,* or *Barnet,* the next bawdy road:
And takes me out, carries me vp, and throw's me
Vpon a bed. *Lad.* Peace thou immodest woman:
She glories in the brauery o' the vice.

*Lat.* 'Tis a quent one! *Bea.* A fine species,
Of fornicating with a mans owne wife,
Found out by (what's his name?) *Lat.* *Mr Nic.* *Stuffe!*

*Host.* The very figure of preoccupation
In all his customers best clothes. *Lat.* He lies
With his owne *Succuba,* in all your names.

*Bea.* And all your credits. *Host.* I, and at all their costs.

*Lat.* This gown was then bespoke, for the *Soueraigne?*

*Bea.* I marry was it. *Lad.* And a maine offence,
Committed 'gainst the *soueraignty* : being not brought
Home i' the time. Beside, the prophanation,
Which may call on the censure of the Court.

Host. Let him be blanketted. Call vp the Quarter-master.
Deliuer him ore, to Flie. Stu. O good my Lord.

90 Host. Pillage the Pinnace. Lad. Let his wife be stript.
Bea. Blow off her vpper deck. Lat. Teare all her tackle.
Lad. Pluck the polluted robes ouer her eares;
Or cut them all to pieces, make a fire o' them:
Pru. To rags, and cinders, burn th' idolatrous vestures.

95 Hos. Flie, & your fellowes, see that the whole censure
Be throughly executed. Fly. Wee'l tosse him, brauely,
Till the stuffe stinke againe. Host. And send her home,
Diuested to her flanell, in a cart.

Lat. And let her Footman beat the bason afore her.

100 Flie. The Court shall be obei'd. Hos. Fly, & his officers

Pru. I cannot help you. Bea. Go thy wayes Nic. Stufle,
Thou hast nickt it for a fashioner of Venery!

Lat. For his owne hell! though he run ten mile for't.

105 Pru. O here comes Lovel, for his second houre.
Bea. And after him, the tipe of Spanish valour.


Servant, what haue you there? Lou. A meditation,
Or rather a vision, Madam, and of Beauty,
Our former subject. Lad. Pray you let vs heare it.

Lov. It was a beauty that I saw

So pure, so perfect, as the frame
Of all the universe was lame,
To that one figure, could I draw,
Or giue least line of it a law!

iv. iii. 89 After 'Flie.' Enter Fly. G 96 Weel] Weel O brauely,
brauely. O 102 After 'you.' Exit Fly, with Stufle and Pinnacia. G
iv. iv. Enter Lovel with a paper, followed by Tipto. G, continuing the
scene 2 Beauty.] Beauty O
The New Inne.

A skeine of silke without a knot!
A faire march made without a halt!
A curious forme without a fault!
A printed booke without a blot.
All beauty, and without a spot.

Lad. They are gentle words, and would deserve a note,
Set to 'hem, as gentle. Lov. I haue tri'd my skill,
To close the second houre, if you will heare them,
My boy by that time will haue got it perfect.

Lad. Yes, gentle servant. In what calme he speakes,
After this noise, and tumult, so vnmou'd,
With that serenity of countenance,
As if his thoughts did acquiesce in that
Which is the object of the second houre,
And nothing else. Pru. Well then summon the Court.

Lad. I haue a suite to the Soueraigne of loue,
If it may stand with the honour of the Court,
To change the question but from loue, to valour,
To heare it said, but, what true valour is,
Which oft begets true loue. Lat. It is a question
Fit for the Court, to take true knowledge of,

Fra. Content. I am content, give him his oath.

Host. Hereberht Lovel, Thou shalt sweare vpon the testa-
ment of loue, To make answer to this question propounded
to thee by the Court, What true valour is. And therein to
tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.
So help thee loue, and thy bright sword at need.

Lov. So help me loue and my good sword at need.
It is the greatest vertue, and the safety
Of all mankinde, the object of it is danger.
A certayne meane 'twixt feare, and confidence:
No inconsiderate rashnesse, or vaine appetite
Of false encountring formidable things;
But a true science of distinguishing
What's good or euill. It springs out of reason,
And tends to perfect honesty, the scope
Is alwayes honour, and the publique good:
It is no valour for a priuate cause.

Bea. No? not for reputation? Lov. That's mans Idoll,
Set vp 'gainst God, the maker of all lawes,
Who hath commanded vs we should not kill;
And yet we say, we must for reputation.
What honest man can either feare his owne,
Or else will hurt anothers reputation?
Feare to doe base, vnworthy things, is valour,
If they be done to vs, to suffer them,
Is valour too. The office of a man
That's truly valiant, is considerable
Three wayes: The first is in respect of matter,
Which still is danger; in respect of forme,
Wherein he must preserue his dignity;
And in the end, which must be euer lawfull.

Lat. But men, when they are heated, and in passion,
Cannot consider. Lov. Then it is not valour.
I neuer thought an angry person valiant:
Vertue is neuer ayded by a vice.
What need is there of anger, and of tumult?
When reason can doe the same things, or more?
Bea. O yes, 'tis profitable, and of vse,
It makes vs fierce, and fit to vnndertake.

Lov. Why so will drink make vs both bold, and rash.
Or phrensie if you will, doe these make valiant?
They are poore helps, and vertue needs them not.
No man is valianter by being angry,
But he that could not valiant be without:
So, that it comes not in the aid of vertue,
But in the stead of it. Lat. He holds the right.

Lov. And 'tis an odious kinde of remedy,
To owe our health to a disease. Tip. If man
Should follow the dictamen of his passion,
He could not scape—— Bea. To discompose himselfe.

Lat. According to Don Lewis! Host. Or Caransa!

Lov. Good Colonel Glorious, whilst we treat of valour,

Dismisse your selfe. Lat. You are not concern'd. Lov. Go drink,

And congregate the Hostlers, and the Tapsters,

The vnnder-officers o' your regiment;

Compose with them, and be not angry valiant! Tipto goes out.

Bea. How do's that differ from true valour? Lov. Thus.

In the efficient, or that which makes it,

For it proceeds from passion, not from judgement:

Then brute beasts haue it, wicked persons, there

It differs in the subject: in the forme,

'Tis carried rashly, and with violence:

Then i' the end, where it respects not truth,

Or publique honesty; but mere reuenge.

Now confident, and vndertaking valour,

Swayes from the true, two other ways; as being

A trust in our owne faculties, skill, or strength,

And not the right, or conscience o' the cause,

That workes it: Then i'the end, which is the victory,

And not the honour. Bea. But the ignorant valour

That knowes not why it undertakes, but doth it

T(o)'escape the infamy merely—— Lov. Is worst of all:

That valour lies, i'the eyes o' the lookers on;

And is cal'd valour with a witnesse. Bea. Right:

Lov. The things true valour is exercis'd about,

Are pouerity, restraint, captiuity,

Banishment, losse of children, long disease:

The least is death. Here valour is beheld,

Properly seeen; about these it is present:

Not truiall things, which but require our confidence.

And, yet to those, we must obiect our selues,

Only for honesty: if any other

Respect be mixt, we quite put out her light.

And as all knowledge, when it is remou'd

Or separate from iustice, is cal'd craft,
Rather then wisdome: so a minde affecting,
Or yndertaking dangers, for ambition,
Or any selfe pretext, not for the publique,
Deserves the name of daring, not of valour.

And ouer-daring is as great a vice,
As ouer-fearing. Lat. Yes, and often greater.

Lov. But as (it) is not the mere punishment,
But cause, that makes a martyr, so it is not
Fighting, or dying; but the manner of it

Renders a man himselfe. A valiant man
Ought not to vndergoe, or tempt a danger,
But worthily, and by selected wayses:
He vndertakes with reason, not by chance.
His valour is the salt to his other vertues,

They are all vnseason'd without it. The waiting maids,
Or the concomitants of it, are his patience,
His magnanamity, his confidence,
His constancy, security, and quiet;
He can assure himselfe against all rumour!

Despaieres of nothing! laughs at contumelies!
As knowing himselfe advanced in a height
Where injury cannot reach him, nor aspersion
Touch him with soyle! Lad. Most manly ytterd all!
As if Achilles had the chaire in valour,

And Hercules were but a Lecturer!
Who would not hang vpvn those lips for euer!
That strike such musique? I could run on them;
But modesty is such a schoole mistress,
To keepe our sexe in awe. Pru. Or you can faine!

My subtill and dissembling Lady mistresse.

Lat. I feare she meanes it, Pru, in too good earnest!

Lov. The purpose of an injury, 'tis to vexe
And trouble me: now, nothing can doe that,
To him that's valiant. He that is affected
With the least injury, is lesse then it.
It is but reasonable, to conclude
That should be stronger, still, which hurts, then that
Which is hurt. Now no wickednesse is stronger,
Then what opposest it: Not Fortunes selfe,
When she encounters vertue, but comes off
Both lame, and lesse! why should a wise man then,
Confesse himselfe the weaker, by the feeling
Of a fool's wrong? There may an injury
Be meant me, I may choose, if I will take it.
But we are, now, come to that delicacie,
And tendernesse of sense, we thinke an insolence
Worse then an injury, beare words worse then deeds;
We are not so much troubled with the wrong,
As with the opinion of the wrong! like children,
We are made afraid with visors! Such poore sounds
As is the lie, or common words of spight,
Wise lawes thought neuer worthy a reuenge;
And 'tis the narrownesse of humane nature,
Our pouerty, and beggery of spirit,
To take exception at these things. He laugh'd at me!
He broke a iest! a third tooke place of me!
How most ridiculous quarrels are all these?
Notes of a queasaki, and sick stomack, labouring
With want of a true injury! the maine part
Of the wrong, is, our vice of taking it.

Lat. Or our interpreting it to be such.

Lou. You take it rightly. If a woman, or child
Give me the lie, would I be angry? no,
Not if I were i' my wits, sure I should thinke it
No spice of a disgrace. No more is theirs,
If I will thinke it, who are to be held
In as contemptible a ranke, or worse.
I am kept out a Masque, sometime thrust out,
Made wait a day, two, three, for a great word,
iv. iv. 166 spight," spight. O
Which (when it comes forth) is all frown, and forehead!
What laughter should this breed, rather then anger!
Out of the tumult, of so many errors,
To feele, with contemplation, mine owne quiet?
If a great person doe me an affront,

A Giant of the time, sure, I will beare it
Or out of patience, or necessity!
Shall I doe more for feare, then for my judgement?
For me now to be angry with Hodge Huffle,
Or Burst (his broken charge) if he be sawcy,

Or our owne type of Spanish valour, Tipto,
(Who were he now necessitated to beg,
Would aske an almes, like Conde Oliuares)
Were iust to make my selfe, such a vaine Animal
As one of them. If light wrongs touch me not,

No more shall great; if not a few, not many.
There's nought so sacred with vs but may finde
A sacrilegious person, yet the thing is
No lesse diuine, 'cause the prophane can reach it.
He is shot-free, in battyle, is not hurt,

Not he that is not hit. So he is valiant,
That yeelds not vnto wrongs; not he that scapes 'hem:
They that do pull downe Churches, and deface
The holiest Altars, cannot hurt the God-head.
A calme wise man may shew as much true valour,

Amid'st these popular prouocations,
As can an able Captaine shew security,
By his braue conduct, through an enemies country.
A wise man neuer goes the peoples way,
But as the Planets still moue contrary

To the worlds motion; so doth he, to opinion:
He will examine, if those accidents
(Which common fame calis injuries) happen to him
Deseruedly, or no? come they deseruedly,
They are no wrongs then, but his punishments:

If vndeseruedly, and he not guilty,
The doer of them, first, should blush, not he.

*Lat.* Excellent! *Bea.* Truth, and right! *Fra.* An Oracle
Could not haue spoken more! *Lad.* Beene more beleev'd!

*Pru.* The whole Court runnes into your sentence, Sir!
And see, your second houre is almost ended.

*Lad.* It cannot be! O clip the wings of time,
Good *Pru,* or make him stand still with a charme.
Distill the gout into it, cramps, all diseases
T(o)'arrest him in the foot, and fix him here:
O, for an engine, to keepe backe all clocks!
Or make the Sunne forget his motion!
If I but knew what drinke the Time now lou'd,
To set my *Trundle* at him, mine owne *Barnabe!*

*Pru.* Why? I'le consult our *Shelee-nien To-mas.*

een *Cuppan*

*D'vsque bagh doone.* *Pru.* Vsque bagh's her drinke.
But 'twi' not make the time drunke. *Host.* As't hath her,
Away with her, my Lord, but marry her first. *Pru,*

*Pru.* I, that'll be sport anone too, for my Lady.
But she hath other game to fly at yet:
The houre is come, your kisse. *Lad.* My servaunts song,
first.

*Pru.* I say the kisse, first; and I so enioyn'd it:
At your owne perill, doe, make the contempt.

*Lad.* Well Sir, you must be pay'd, and legally.

This was but halfe a kisse, and I would change it.

*Pru.* The Court's dissolu'd, remou'd, and the play ended.
No sound, or aire of *Loue* more, I decree it.

*Lov.* From what a happinesse hath that one word
Throwne me, into the gulf of misery?

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1v. iv. 234 *Shelee-nien*] *Shelee nien, O* Shakes her, add *G* 235 *Cup-
*pan*] *Cuppaw G* 238 After 'first.' *Exit Lord B. with Frank. G*
That will be *G* 244 *Kisses Lovel. add G* 247 *Pru.]* *Pur. O, F3*
The New Inne.

To what a bottomlesse despaire? how like
A Court remouing, or an ended Play
Shewes my abrupt precipitate estate,
By how much more my vaine hopes were encreas’d

By these false houre’s of conversacion?
Did not I prophesie this, of my selfe,
And gaue the true prognosticks? O my braine!
How art thou turned! and my blood congeald!
My sinewes slackned! and my marrow melted!

That I remember not where I haue bin,
Or what I am? Only my tongue’s on fire;
And burning downward, hurles forth coales, & cinders,
To tell, this temple of loue, will soone be ashes!
Come Indignation, now, and be my mistresse,

No more of Loues ingratefull tyranny,
His wheele of torture, and his pits of bird-lime,
His nets of nooses, whirle-pooles of vexation,
His mils, to grind his seruants into powder—
I will goe catch the wind first in a sieue,

Weigh smoak, and measure shadowes, plough the water,
And sow my hopes there, ere I stay in Loue.

Lat. My jealousie is off, I am now secure.

Lov. Farewell the craft of crocodiles, womens piety,
And practise of it, in this art of flattering,

And fooling men. I ha’ not lost my reason,
Though I haue lent my selfe out, for two howres,
Thus to be baffuld by a Chambermaid,
And the good Actor, her Lady, afore mine Host,
Of the light Heart, here, that hath laught at all—

Host. Who, I? Lov. Laugh on, Sir, Ile to bed, and sleepe,
And dreame away the vapour of Loue, if th’house
And your leere drunkards let me. Lad. Pru. Pru. Sweet Madame.

iv. iv. 253 Shewes] Shewes, O 257 O] o O : o’ F3 265
tyranny,] tyranny, O 272 Aside and exit. add G 280 Who,]
Who O 282 After ‘me.’ Exit all but Lady F. Prudence, and
Nurse. G
Lad. Why would you let him goe thus? Pru. In whose power
Was it to stay him, prop'rer then my Ladies!
Lad. Why, in your Ladies? Are not you the Soueraigne? 285
Pru. Would you, in conscience, Madame, ha' me vexe
His patience more? Lad. No, but apply the cure,
Now it is vex't. Pru. That's but one bodies worke.
Two cannot doe the same thing handsomely.
Lad. But had not you the authority, absolute?
Pru. And were not you i' rebellion, Lady Frampul,
From the beginning? Lad. I was somewhat froward,
I must confesse, but frowardnesse sometime
Becomes a beauty, being but a visor
Put on. You'll let a Lady weare her masque, Pru.
Pru. But how do I know, when her Ladiship is pleas'd
To leaue it off, except she tell me so?
Lad. You might ha' knowne that by my lookes, and language,
Had you beene or regardant, or obseruant.
One woman, reads another's character,
Without the tedious trouble of deciphering,
If she but give her mind to't; you knew well,
It could not sort with any reputation
Of mine, to come in first, having stood out
So long, without conditions, for mine honor.
Pru. I thought you did expect none, you so jeer'd him,
And put him off with scorne—— Lad. Who, I, with scorn?
I did expresse my loue, to idolatry rather,
And so am justly plagu'd, not vnderstood.
Pru. I swear, I thought you had dissembled, Madam,
And doubt, you do so yet. Lad. Dull, stupid, wenche!
Stay i' thy state of ignorance still, be damn'd,
An idiot Chambermayd! Hath all my care,
My breeding thee in fashion, thy rich clothes,

iv. iv. 285 your G: her O 287 No, Editor: Not O, F3 291 Frampul F3 : Frampal O 301-2 deciphering, . . . to't; W :
deciphering: . . . to't, O, F3
Honours, and titles wrought no brighter effects
On thy darke soule, then thus? Well I go thy wayes,
Were not the Tailors wife, to be demolish'd,
Ruin'd, vncas'd, thou shouldst be she, I vow.

Pru. Why, take your spangled properties, your gown,
And scarfes. Lad. Pru, Pru, what doest thou meane?
Pru. I will not buy this play-boyes brauery,
At such a price, to be vpbraided for it,
Thus, every minute. Lad. Take it not to heart so.
Pru. The Taylors wife? There was a word of scorn!
Lad. It was a word fell from me, Pru, by chance.
Pru. Good Madame, please to vndeceau yeur selfe,
I know when words do slip, and when they are darted
With all their bitterness: vncas'd? demolish't?
An idiot-Chambermaid, stupid, and dull?

Be damn'd for ignorance? I will be so.
And thinke I doe deserue it, that, and more,
Much more I do. Lad. Here comes mine Host! No crying!
Good Pru. Where is my seruant Lovel, Host?
Hos. Yo' ha' sent him vp to bed, would you would follow
him!

And make my house amends! Lad. Would you advise it?
Hos. I would I could command it. My light heart
Should leape till midnight. Lad. Pray thee be not sullen,
I yet must ha' thy counsell. Thou shalt weare, Pru,
The new gowne, yet. Pru. After the Taylours wife?

Lad. Come, be not angrie, or grieu'd: I haue a proiect.
Hos. Wake Sheleenien Thomas! Is this thy Heraldrie?
And keeping of records, to loose the maine?
Where is your charge? Nur. Grac'hreest! Hos. Goe aske
th'oracle
O'the bottle, at your girdle, there you lost it:

You are a sober settter of the watch.
Act 5. Scene i.

Host. Fly.

Come Fly, and legacie, the Bird o'the heart:
Prime insect of the Inne, Professor, Quarter-master,
As euer thou deserued'st thy daily drinke,
Padling in sacke, and licking i'the same,
Now shew thy selfe an implement of price,
And helpe to raise a nap to vs, out of nothing.
Thou saw'st 'hem married? Fly. I doe thinke, I did,
And heard the words, I Philip, take thee, Latice,
I gaue her too, was then the father Flie,
And heard the Priest do his part, far as fiue nobles
Would lead him i' the lines of matrimonie.

Host. Where were they married? Fly. I'th' new stable.

Host. Ominous!

I ha' knowne many a church beene made a stable,
But not a stable made a church till now:
I wish 'hem ioy. Fly, was he a full priest?

Fly. He belly'd for it, had his velvet sleeues,
And his branch'd cassock, a side sweeping gowne,
All his formalities, a good cram'd diuine!
I went not farre to fetch him, the next Inne,
Where he was lodg'd, for the action. Host. Had they a
licence?

Fly. Licence of loue, I saw no other, and purse,
To pay the duties both of Church, and house,
The angels flew about. Host. Those birds send luck:
And mirth will follow. I had thought to ha' sacrific'd,
To merriment to night, i' my light Heart, Fly,
And like a noble Poet, to haue had
My last act best: but all failes i' the plot.
Lovell is gone to bed; the Lady Frampull
The New Inne.

And Soueraigne Pru falne out: Tipto, and his Regiment
Of mine-men, al drunk dumbe, from his who(o)p Barnaby,
To his hoope Trundle: they are his two Tropicks.
No proiect to reare laughter on, but this,
The marriage of Lord Beaufort, with Latitia.
Stay! what's here! The sattin gowne redeem'd!
And Pru restor'd in't, to her Ladyes grace!
Fly. She is set forth in't! rig'd for some imploymont!
Hos. An Embassy at least! Fly. Some treaty of state!
Host. 'Tis a fine tack about! and worth the obseruing.

Act 5. Scene 2.

Sweet Pru, I, now thou art a Queene indeed!
These robes doe royally! and thou becom'st 'hem!
So they doe thee! rich garments only fit
The partyes they are made for! they shame others.

How did they shew on good'y Taylors back!
Like a Caparison for a Sow, God saue vs!
Thy putting 'hem on hath purg'd, and hallow'd 'hem
From all pollution, meant by the Mechanicks.

Pru. Hang him poore snip, a secular shop-wit!
H'hath nought but his sheeres to claime by, & his measures,
His pretense may as well put in, for his needle,
And plead a stitch. Lad. They haue no taint in 'hem,
Now, o' the Taylor. Pru. Yes, of his wiues hanches,
Thus thick of fat; I smell 'hem, o' the say.

Lad. It is restorative, Pru! with thy but chafing it,
A barren Hindes grease may worke miracles.
Finde but his chamber doore, and he will rise
To thee! or if thou pleasest, faine to be
The wretched party her selfe, and com'st vnto him

In forma pauperis, to craue the aide
Of his Knight errant valour, to the rescue
Of thy distressed robes! name but thy gowne,
And he will rise to that! Pru. Ile fire the charme first,
I had rather dye in a ditch, with Mistresse Shore,
Without a smock, as the pitifull matter has it,
Then owe my wit to cloathes, or ha' it beholden.

Host. Still spirit of Pru! Fly. And smelling o'the Soue-
raigne!

Pru. No, I will tell him, as it is, indeed;
I come from the fine, froward, frampull Lady,
One was runne mad with pride, wild with selfe-loue,
But late encountering a wise man, who scorn'd her,
And knew the way to his owne bed, without
Borrowing her warming-pan, she hath recouer'd
Part of her wits: so much as to consider
How farre she hath trespass'd, vpon whom, and how.
And now sits penitent and solitary,
Like the forsaken Turtle, in the volary
Of the light IHeart, the cage, she hath abus'd,
Mourning her folly, weeping at the height
She measures with her eye, from whence she is falne,
Since she did branch it, on the top o'the wood.

Lad. I pr'y thee Pru, abuse me enough, that's vse me
As thou think'st fit, any course way, to humble me,
Or bring me home againe, or Lovel on:
Thou doest not know my suffrings, what I feele,
My fires, and feares, are met: I burne, and freeze,
My liuer's one great coale, my heart shrunke vp
With all the fiuers, and the masse of blood
Within me, is a standing lake of fire,
Curl'd with the cold wind of my gelid sighs,
That drive a drift of sleete through all my body,
And shoot a February through my veines.
Vntil I see him, I am drunke with thirst,
And surfeted with hunger of his presence.
I know not wher I am, or no, or speake,
Or whether thou doest heare me. Pru. Spare expressions.
Ile once more venture for your Ladiship,
So you will vse your fortunes reuerendly.

Lad. Religiously, deare Pru, Loue and his Mother,
60 Ile build them seuerall Churches, Shrines, and Altars,
And ouer head, Ile haue, in the glasse windowes,
The story of this day be painted, round,
For the poore Layety of loue to read,
Ile make my selfe their booke, nay their example,
65 To bid them take occasion by the forelock,
And play no after-games of Loue, hereafter.

Host. And here your Host, and's Fly, witnes your vowes.
And like two lucky birds, bring the presage
Of a loud iest : Lord Beaufort married is. Lad. Ha!
70 Fli. All to be married. Pru. To whom, not your sonne?

Host. The same, Pru. If her Ladiship could take truce
A little with her passion, and giue way
To their mirth now running. Lad. Runn's it mirth, let't come,
It shall be well receiu'd, and much made of it.

75 Pru. We must of this, It was our owne conception.

Act 5. Scene 3.

———Latimer. To them.

Roome for green rushes, raise the Fidlers, Chamberlain,
Call vp the house in armes. Hos. This will rouze Lovel.

Fly. And bring him on too. Lat. Shelee-neen <Thomas>
Runns like a Heyfar, bitten with the Brieze,
5 About the court, crying on Fly, and cursing.

Fly. For what, my Lord? Lat. Yo'were best heare that
from her,

v. ii. 58 reuerendly] reverently G 63 read.] read. F3 67 Host]
Host. [coming forward with Fly]. G 69 Lord Beaufort married is]
Lord Beaufort's married G 71 same.] same O, F3 73 let't]
let's F3 v. iii. Enter Lord Latimer. G, continuing the scene
1 Fidlers,] Fidler's F3 3 Shelee-neen Thomas G: Shelee-neen.
O, F3 (cf. iv. iv. 234. 341, v. v. 28)
It is no office, *Fly*, fits my relation.
Here come the happy couple! *Joy, Lord Beaufort.*

*Fly.* And my yong Lady too. *Hos.* Much *joy*, my Lord!

**Act 5. Scene 4.**

*Beaufort.* Franke. *Servant(s).*  
*To them.*
I thanke you all, I thanke thee, Father *Fly.*
Madam, my Cossen, you looke discompos'd,
I haue beene bold with a sallad, after supper,
O' your owne bold lettuce, here: *Lad.* You haue, my Lord.
But lawes of hospitality, and faire rites,
Would haue made me acquainted. *Bea.* I' your owne house,
I doe acknowledge: Else, I much had trespass'd.
But in an Inne, and publique, where there is licence
Of all community: a pardon o' course
May be su'de out. *Lad.* It will, my Lord, and carry it.
I doe not see, how any storme, or tempest
Can helpe it, now. *Pru.* The thing being done, and past,
You beare it wisely, and like a Lady of iudgement.

*Bea.* She is that, secretary *Pru.* *Pru.* Why secretary?
My wise Lord? is your braine lately maried?

*Bea.* Your raigne is ended, *Pru*, no soueraigne now:
Your date is out, and dignity expir'd.

*Pru.* I am annul'd, how can I treat with *Lovel,*
Without a new commision? *Lad.* Thy gown's commision.

*Host.* Haue patience, *Pru*, expect, bid the Lord *joy.*

*Pru.* And this braue Lady too. I wish them *joy.*

*Pei.* *Ior.* *Ioy.* *Iug.* All *joy.* *Hos.* I, the house full
of *joy.*

*Fly.* Play the bels, Fidlers, crack your strings with *joy.*

*Pru.* But Lady *Letice,* you shew'd a neglect
Vn-to-be-pardon'd, to'ards my Lady, your kinswoman,
Not to advise with her. *Bea.* Good politique *Pru,*
Vrge not your state-aduice, your after-wit;

v. iii. 8 After 'couple!' Enter lord Beaufort, Frank, Ferret, Jordan, and Jug, Fiddlers, Servants, etc. G
v. iv. G continues the scene.

braine too G conj. 23 *Music.* add G
'Tis neare vpbraiding. Get our bed ready, Chamberlain, And Host, a Bride-cup, you haue rare conceipts, And good ingredients, euer an old Host Vpo' the road, has his prouocatiue drinks.    Lat. He is either a good Baud, or a Physician.    Bea. 'Twas well he heard you not, his back was turn'd. A bed, the Geniall bed, a brace of boyes To night I play for. Pru. Giue vs points, my Lord. Bea. Here take 'hem, Pru, my cod-piece point, and all, I ha' claspes, my Letice armes, here take 'hem boyes. What, is the chamber ready? speake, why stare you On one another? Ior. No Sir. Bea. And why no? Ior. My master has forbid it. He yet doubts That you are married. Bea. Aske his vicar generall, His Fly, here. Fly. I must make that good, they are married. Host. But I must make it bad, my hot yong Lord. Gi' him his doublet againe, the aier is peircing; You may take cold, my Lord. See whom you ha' married, Your hosts sonne, and a boy. Fly. You are abus'd. Lad. Much ioy, my Lord. Pru. If this be your Laetitia, Shee'l proue a counterfeit mirth, and a clip'd Lady. Ser. A boy, a boy; my Lord has married a boy. Lat. Raise all the house in shout, and laughter, a boy! Host. Stay, what is here! peace rascals, stop your throats.

Act 5. Scene 5.

———Nurse. [To them.
That magot, worme, that insect! O my child,
My daughter! where's that Fly? Ile fly in his face,
The vermin, let me come to him. Fly. Why Nurse Shelee?
Nur. Hang thee thou Parasite, thou sonne of crums,
And orthes, thou hast vndone me, and my child,
The New Inne.

My daughter, my deare daughter. *Ho*. What meanes this?

*Nur.* O Sir, my daughter, my deare child is ruin'd,
By this your *Fly*, here, married in a stable,
And sold vnto a husband. *Host.* Stint thy cry,
Harlot, if that be all, did'st thou not sell him
To me for a boy? and brought'st him in boyes rags,
Here to my doore, to beg an almes of me?

*Nur.* I did good Mr, and I craue your pardon.
But 'tis my daughter, and a girl. *Host.* Why sayd'st thou
It was a boy, and sold'st him then, to me
With such entreaty, for ten shillings, Carlin?

*Nur.* Because you were a charitable man
I heard, good Mr, and would breed him well,
I would ha' giu'n him you, for nothing, gladly.
Forgie the lie o' my mouth, it was to saue
The fruit o' my wombe. A parents needs are vrgent.
And few doe know that tyrant o're good natures.
But you relieu'd her, and me too, the Mother,
And tooke me into your house to be the nurse,
For which heauen heape all blessings on your head,
Whilst there can one be added. *Host.* Sure thou speakst
Quite like another creature, then th'hast liu'd,
Here, i'the house, a Shelee-neen Thomas,
An Irish beggar. *Nur.* So I am, God helpe me.

*Host.* What art thou? tell. The match is a good match,
For ought I see: ring the bels once againe.


*Bea.* Nor comming on, sweet Lady, things thus standing!
*Fly.* But what's the haynousnesse of my offence?
Or the degreys of wrong you suffer'd by it?

In hauing your daughter match't thus happily,
Into a noble house, a braue yong blood,
And a prime peere o'the Realme? *Bea.* Was that your plot,

*Fly*?

Gi' me a cloak, take her againe among you.
Ile none of your light-Heart fosterlings, no Inmates,
Suppositious fruits of an Host's braine,
And his Fly's hatching, to be put vpon me.
There is a royall Court o'the Star-chamber,
Will scatter all these mists, disperse these vapours,
And cleare the truth. Let beggers match with beggers.
That shall decide it, I will try it there.

Nur. Nay then my Lord, it's not enough, I see,
You are licentious, but you will be wicked.
Yo' are not alone content to take my daughter,
Against the law; but hauing taken her,
You would repudiate, and cast her off,
Now, at your pleasure, like a beast of power,
Without all cause, or colour of a cause,
That, or a noble, or an honest man,

Should dare t'except against, her pouerty.
Is pouerty a vice? Bea. Th'age counts it so.

Nur. God helpe your Lordship, and your peeres that
think so,
If any be: if not, God blesse them all,
And helpe the number o'the vertuous,

If pouerty be a crime. You may obiect
Our beggery to vs, as an accident,
But neuer deeper, no inherent basenesse.
And I must tell you, now, yong Lord of durt,
As an incensed mother, she hath more,

And better blood, running i' those small veines,
Then all the race of Beaumonts haue in masse,
Though they distill their drops from the left rib
Of John o' Gaunt. Host. Old mother o' records,
Thou know'st her pedegree, then: whose daughter is she?

Nur. The daugther and coheire to the Lord Frampull,
This Ladies sister! Lad. Mine? what is her name?

Nur. Laetitia. Lad. That was lost? Nur. The true
Laetitia.
The New Inne.

Lad. Sister, O gladnesse! Then, you are our mother?

Nur. I am, deare daughter. Lad. On my knees, I blesse

The light I see you by. Nur. And to the author

Of that blest light, I ope my other eye,
Which hath almost, now, seuen yeare beene shut,
Darke, as my vow was, neuer to see light,
Till such a light restor’d it, as my children,
Or your deare father, who (I heare) is not.

Bea. Giue me my wife, I owne her now, and will haue her.

Host. But you must aske my leave first, my yong Lord,
Leave is but light. Ferret, goe bolt your Master,
Here’s geare will startle him. I cannot keepe
The passion in me, I am eene turn’d child,
And I must wepe. Fly, take away mine host,
My beard, and cap here, from me, and fetch my Lord.
I am her father, Sir, and you shall now
Aske my consent, before you haue her. Wife!
My deare and louing wife! my honor’d wife!
Who here hath gain’d but I? I am Lord Frampull,
The cause of all this trouble; I am he
Haue measur’d all the Shires of England over:
Wales, and her mountaines, seene those wilder nations,
Of people in the Peake, and Lancashire;
Their Pipers, Fidlers, Rushers, Puppet-masters,
Iuglers, and Gipseys, all the sorts of Canters,
And Colonies of beggars, Tumblers, Ape-carriers,
For to these sauiages I was addicted,
To search their natures, and make odde discoueries!
And here my wife, like a she Mandevile,
Ventred in diquisition, after me.

Nur. I may looke vp, admire, I cannot speake
Yet, to my Lord. Host. Take heart, and breath, recouer,
Thou hast recouer’d me, who here had coffin’d

off his disguise. add G 87 Exit Fly. add G 92 trouble ;
trouble ? O After 102 Re-enter Fly with lord Frampul’s robes. G
My selfe aliue, in a poore hostelry,
In penance of my wrongs done vnto thee,
Whom I long since gaue lost. *Nur.* So did I you,
Till stealing mine owne daughter from her sister,
I lighted on this errour hath cur'd all.

*Bea.* And in that cure, include my trespass, Mother,
And Father, for my wife— *Host.* No, the Star-chamber.

*Bea.* Away with that, you sowre the sweetest lettuce
Was euer tasted. *Host.* Gi' you ioy, my Sonne,

Cast her not off againe. O call me Father,
*Lovel,* and this your Mother, if you like:
But take your Mistris, first, my child; I haue power
To giue her now, with her consent, her sister
Is giuen already to your brother *Beaufort.*

*Lov.* Is this a dreame now, after my first sleepe?
Or are these phant'sies made i'the light Heart?
And sold i'the new Inne? *Host.* Best goe to bed,
And dreame it ouer all. Let's all goe sleepe,
Each with his Turtle. *Fly,* prouide vs lodgings,

Get beds prepar'd: yo' are master now o' the Inne,
The Lord o' the light Heart, I giue it you.
*Fly,* was my fellow *Gipsey.* All my family,
Indeed, were *Gipseys,* Tapsters, Ostlers, Chamberlaines,
Reduced vessels of ciuility.

But here stands *Pru,* neglected, best deseruing
Of all that are i' the house, or i' my Heart,
Whom though I cannot helpe to a fit husband,
Ile helpe to that will bring one, a iust portion:
I haue two thousand pound in banke, for *Pru,*

Call for it when she will. *Bea.* And I as much.

*Host.* There's somewhat yet, foure thousand pound!
that's better,

Then sounds the proverbe, *foure bare legs in a bed.*

*Lov.* Me, and her mistresse, she hath power to coyne
Vp, into what she will. *Lad.* Indefinite *Pru.*

*Lat.* But I must doe the crowning act of bounty!

v. v. 107 thee,] thee O 115 After 'againe.' *Enter Lovel.* G
Host. What's that, my Lord? Lat. Giue her my selfe, which here
By all the holy vowes of loue I doe.
Spare all your promis'd portions, she is a dowry
So all-sufficient in her vertue and manners,
That fortune cannot adde to her. Pru. My Lord,
Your praises, are instructions to mine eares,
Whence, you haue made your wife, to liue your seruant.
Host. Lights, get vs seuerall lights. Lov. Stay, let my M""'
But heare my vision sung, my dreame of beauty,
Which I haue brought, prepar'd, to bid vs ioy,
And light vs all to bed, 'twill be instead
Of aying of the sheets with a sweet odour.
Host. 'Twill be an incense to our sacrifice
Of loue to night, where I will woo afresh,
And like Mecenas, hauing but one wife,
Ile marry her, euery houre of life, hereafter.

They goe out, with a Song.

v. v. 142 doe.] doe, O : do. F3 148 Stay,] Stay O 155
Mecenas] Maccenas W
Epilogue.

Playes in themselues have neither hopes, nor feares,
Their fate is only in their hearers eares:
If you expect more then you had to night,
The maker is sick, and sad. But doe him right,
5 He meant to please you: for he sent things fit,
In all the numbers, both of sense, and wit,
If they ha' not miscarried! if they have,
All that his faint, and faltring tongue doth craue,
Is, that you not impute it to his braine.

10 That's yet unhurt, although set round with paine,
It cannot long hold out. All strength must yeeld.
Yet judgement would the last be, i' the field,
With a true Poet. He could haue hal'd in
The drunkeards, and the noyses of the Inne,

15 In his last Act; if he had thought it fit
To vent you vapours, in the place of wit:
But better 'twas, that they should sleepe, or spew,
Then in the Scene to offend or him, or you.
This he did thinke; and this doe you forgiue:

20 When e're the carcasse dies, this Art will live.
And had he liu'd the care of King, and Queene,
His Art in somthing more yet had beene seene;
But Maiors, and Shirifes may yearly fill the stage:
A Kings, or Poets birth doe aske an age.

doe] doth G
Another Epilogue there was, made for the Play in the Poets defence, but the Play liu'd not, in opinion, to haue it spoken.

A Iouiall Host, and Lord of the new Inne,
Clep't the light Heart, with all that past therein,
Hath beeue the subiect of our Play to night,
To giue the King, and Queene, and Court delight:
But, then we meane, the Court aboue the stayres,
And past the guard; men that haue more of eares,
Then eyes to iudge vs: Such as will not hisse
Because the Chambermaid was named Cis.
We thinke, it would haue serv'd our Scene as true,
If, as it is, at first we'had call'd her Pru,
For any mystery we there haue found,
Or magick in the letters, or the sound.
She only meant was, for a girle of wit,
To whom her Lady did a Province fit:
Which she would haue discharg'd, and done, as well,
Had she beeue christned Ioyce, Grace, Doll, or Nell.

SECOND EPILOGUE. 15 and done,] and, done O
The just indignation the Author
tooke at the vulgar censure of his
Play, by some malicious spectators,
begat this following Ode to
himselfe.

Come leave the loathed stage,
And the more lothsome age:
Where pride, and impudence (in faction knit)
Vsurpe the chaire of wit!

Indicting, and arraigning every day
Something they call a Play.
Let their fastidious, vaine
Commission of the braine

Run on, and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn:

They were not made for thee, lesse, thou for them.
Say, that thou pour'st them wheat,
And they will acornes eat:
'Twere simple fury, still, thy selfe to waste
On such as haue no taste!

To offer them a surfet of pure bread,
Whose appetites are dead!
No, giue them graines their fill,
Huskes, draffe to drinke, and swill.
If they loue lees, and leaue the lusty wine,

Enuy them not, their palates with the swine.

No doubt some mouldy tale,
Like Pericles; and stale

Ode to himselfe. An earlier text of this, written in 1629 when Jonson
was smarting under the failure of the play, is in Benson's Quarto edition
of the Poems, 1640, and Duodecimo edition, 1640 (Q, D); in Ashmole
MS. 38 of the Bodleian, on pages 80, 81, printed by Tenant (A); and in
a Haslewood MS. collated in Dyce's copy (H). The just ...
following om. Q, D, H. The title in A is Ben Johnson's, Ode to hym selfe
3 (in faction knit) in faction knit, Q, D: In faction knitt A: (together
knitt) H 9 condemn Q, D: condemn'm O: Condeme A: Jonson
probably wrote condemn' to preserve the rhyme with them 10 made] 
born H 11 thou om. Q, D 12 will] would Q, D 14 such as] them
that H 20 not, G: not; A: not O, Q, D, A palate's] palates's, O:
pallat's Q, D: Pallates A: Palat's F3 21 some] a Q, D, H: A A
22 and] or H
As the Shrieues crusts, and nasty as his fish-scrapes, out of every dish,
Throwne forth, and rak’t into the common tub,
May keepe vp the Play-club:
There, sweepings doe as well
As the best order’d meale.
For, who the relish of these ghosts will fit,
Needs set them, but, the almes-basket of wit.

And much good do’t you then:
Braue plush, and velocet-men;
Can feed on orts: And safe in your stage-clothes,
Dare quit, vpon your oathes,
The stagers, and the stage-wrights too (your peeres)
Of larding your large eares
With their foule comick socks;
Wrought vpon twenty blocks:
Which, if they are torn, and turn’d, & patch’t enough,
The gamesters share your guilt, and you their stuffe.

Leaue things so prostitute,
And take the Alcaick Lute;
Or thine owne Horace, or Anacreons Lyre;
Warme thee, by Pindares fire:
And though thy nerues be shrunk, and blood be cold,
Ere yeares haue made thee old;
Strike that disdaine-full heate
Throughout, to their defeate:
As curious fooles, and envious of thy straine,
May, blushing, sweare no paleys’s in thy braine.

ODE. 23 fish-] Fish, Q: fish, D, A: fish— G | scraps.] Scrapps
A: Scraps Q, D: scrap’d H | 24 of Q, D, A, H | 27 There,]
Broomes Q, A: Brooms D: Broome and his H | 28 As . . . meale]
There, as his Masters meale Q, D: Tbear as his Masters Meale A: Ther,
as his masters meale H | 31 you] yee Q: ye D | 33 stage-]
sceene Q, D: braue A | 35 -wrights, too (your peeres)] -wrights,
to your peyces A | 36 larding] stuffing Q, D, A, H | 37 their
foule] rage of Q, D: rags of A: ragg’s of H | 39 they are torn,
and turn’d] they’re torn, and foule Q, D, A (they are): they are but
torne, and foule H | 40 guilt] gilt Q, D | 43 Anacreons
Anagrians A | 42 the] th’ Q, D | 46 haue] hath A | 50 May,
blushing, sweare] May blushing sweare, Q, D: May Blushing Sweare; A
But, when they heare thee sing
The glories of thy King,
His zeale to God, and his iust awe o're men;
They may, blood-shaken, then,

Feel such a flesh-quake to possesse their powers:
As they shall cry, like ours
In sound of peace, or warres,
No Harpe ere hit the starres;
In tuning forth the acts of his sweet raigne:

And raisynge Charles his chariot, 'boue his Waine.

The end.

ODE. 53 o're] of Q, D, A 54 may, blood-shaken, then,] may be blood-shaken, then Q, D 55 As . . . ours] That no tun’d Harpe like ours, Q, D: As noe tun’d harpe like ours; A: Cause no tun’d harp like ours H 58 No . . . starres ;) Shall truely hit the Starres: Q, D (stars :) Shall truely hitt the starres: A: Shall truly hit the stars H 59 In . . . acts When they shall read the Acts Q, D, H (acts,): When they shall reade, the Actes A his sweet] Charles his Q, D, A 60 And . . . chariot,) And see his Chariot triumph Q, D, H (chariot): And see his Charriott; Triumph A 'boue] o'er H Waine.) Waine. B. J. Q Finis. Ben Johnson. add A
APPENDIX XII

THE ADAPTATIONS FROM ‘THE NEW INN’ IN ‘LOVE’S PILGRIMAGE’

The textual correspondence between these two plays has already been discussed.\(^1\) The text of the parallel passages is given here from the Beaumont and Fletcher Folio of 1647. Fletcher set the scene of the play in Barcelona, and it opens at an inn on the road to it, where Diego the Host is lectured on his lack of etiquette by Incubo, bailiff of Castel Bianco. The Host has complained of the lack of custom.

_Inc._ Gossip, I have found
The root of all; kneel, pray, it is thy self
Art cause thereof: each person is the founder
Of his own fortune, good, or bad; but mend it,
Call for thy cloak, and rapier.

_Die._ How?

_Inc._ Do, call,
And put 'em on in haste: Alter thy fortune,
By appearing worthy of her: Dost thou think
Her good face ere wil know a man in cuerpo?
In single body, thus? in hose, and doblet?
The horse-boyes garb? base blank, and half blank cuerpo?
Did I, or Mr Dean of Civil\(^2\) our neighbor
Ere reach our dignities in cuerpo, thinkst thou,
In squirting hose, and doublet? Signior, no,
There went more to't: there were cloaks, gowns, cassocks
And other paramentos; Call, I say,
His cloak, and rapier here. 

_Enter Hostesse._

_Hostes._ What means your worship?

_Inc._ Bring forth thy husbands Sword: so, hang it on,
And now his cloak, here, cast it up; I mean
Gossip, to change your luck, and bring you guests.

_Hostes._ Why? is there charm in this?

_Inc._ Expect; now walk,
But not the pace of one that runs on errands;
For want of gravity in an Host, is odious:
You may remember Gossip, if you please,

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\(^1\) Appendix VIII in vol. ii, pp. 198–200.

\(^2\) i.e. Seville.
(Your wife being then th'Infanta of the Gipsies,¹
And your self governing a great mans Mules then)
Me a poor Squire at Madrid attending
A Master of Ceremonies; But a man, beleeeve it,
That knew his place to the gold weight, and such
Have I heard him oft say, ought every Host
Within the Catholique kings dominions
Be in his own house.

_Die._ How ?

_Inc._ A Master of Ceremonies:
At least vice-master, and to do nought in cuerpo,
That was his maxime; I wil tell thee of him:
He would not speak with an Ambassadors Cook,
See a cold bake-meat from a forreign part
In cuerpo: had a dog but staid without,
Or beast of quality, as an English cow,
But to present it self, he would put on
His Savoy chain about his neck, the ruff
And cuffs of Holland, then the Naples hat
With the Rome hat-band, and the Florentine agat,
The Millain Sword, the Cloak of Genua, set
With Flemish buttons, all his given peeces
To entertain 'em in, and complement
With a tame Coney, as with the Prince that sent it.

With the above compare _The New Inn_, Act ii, scene v,
lines 48–69.

The second passage, also in the opening scene of _Love's Pilgrimage_, is a discussion between the Host and Lazaro; the ostler of the inn.

_Die._ Lazaro

_How do the horses?_  

_Laz._ Would you go and see Sir,
A —— of all Jades, what a clap h'as given me:
As sure as you live master he knew perfectly
I couzend him on's Oats: he lookt upon me
And then he sneerd, as who should say take heed sirrah:
And when he saw our half peck, which you know
Was but an old Court dish: lord how he stampt:
I thought 't had been for joy, when suddenly

¹ Cf. _The Staple of News_, 2nd Intermean, ll. 32–4. 'Why not the . . . Infanta o' the Gipsies? as well as . . . King of Gipsies?'
He cuts me a back caper with his heels
And takes me just o’th’ crupper: down came I
And all my ounce of Oates: Then he neigh’d out
As though he had had a Mare by’th taile.

_Die._ Faith Lazaro
We are to blame to use the poor dumb serviters
So cruelly.

_Laz._ Yonder’s this other gentlemans horse
Keeping our Lady eve: the devill a bit
Has got since he came in yet: there he stands
And looks, and looks, but ‘tis your pleasure sir
He shall look lean enough: has hay before him,
But ‘tis as big as hemp, and will as soon choak him,
Unless he eate it butter’d: he had four shooes
And good ones when he came: ‘tis a strange wonder
With standing still he should cast three.

_Die._ O Lazaro
The devils in this trade: truth never knew it
And to the devill we shall travell Lazaro
Unless we mend our manners: once every week
I meet with such a knock to moleifie me
Sometimes a dozen to awake my conscience,
Yet still I sleep securely.

_Laz._ Certain Master
We must use better dealing.

_Die._ ’Faith for mine own part
Not to give ill example to our issues,
I could be well content to steal but two girths,
And now and then a saddle cloth: change a bridle
Onely for exercise.

_Laz._ If we could stay there
There were some hope on’s Master: but the devill is
We are drunk so early we mistake whole Saddles
Sometimes a horse; and then it seems to us too
Every poore Jade has his whole peck, and tumbles
Up to his ears in clean straw, and every bottle
Shews at the least a dozen; when the truth is Sir
There’s no such matter, not a smell of provinder,
Not so much straw, as would tye up a horse tail,
Nor any thing ith’ rack, but two old cobwebs
And so much rotten hay as had been a hens nest.

_Die._ Well, these mistakings must be mended Lazaro,
These apparitions, that abuse our senses,
And make us ever apt to sweep the manger
But put in nothing; these fancies must be forgot
And we must pray it may be reveal’d to us
Whose horse we ought in conscience to couzen,
And how, and when: A Parsons horse may suffer
A little greazing in his teeth, ’tis wholsome;
And keeps him in a sober shuffle: and his Saddle
May want a stirrop, and it may be sworn
His learning lay on one side, and so brok it:
Has ever Oates in’s cloak-bag to prevent us
And therefore ’tis a meritorious office
To tythe him soundly.

Laz. And a Grazier may,
For those are pinching puckfoysts, and suspitious:
Suffer a myst before his eyes sometimes too,
And think hee sees his horse eat half a bushel:
When the truth is, rubbing his gums with salt,
Till all the skin come off: he shal but mumble
Like an old woman, that were chewing brawn,
And drop em out again.

Die. That may do wel too,
And no doubt tis but venial: But good Lazaro
Have you a care of understanding horses,
Horses with angry heels, gentlemens horses,
Horses that know the world: let them have meat
Till their teeth ake; and rubbing till their ribbs
Shine like a wenches forehead; they are devils.

Laz. And look into our dealings: as sure as we live
These Courtiers horses, are a kind of Welsh prophets,
Nothing can be hid from ’em: For mine own part
The next I cozen of that kind, shal be founderd,
And of all four too: Ile no more such complements
Upon my crupper.

Die. Steal but a little longer
Till I am lam’d too, and wee’l repent together,
It wil not be above two daies.

Laz. By that time
I shal be wel again, and all forgot Sir.

Dieg. Why then ile stay for thee. Exit.

Compare The New Inn, Act III, scene i, lines 57–168.
THE MAGNETIC LADY
THE TEXT

The first official record of *The Magnetic Lady* is in the lost office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, the Master of the Revels, who licensed it on 12 October 1632. The entry, preserved by Malone,¹ is as follows:

Received of Knight,² for allowing of Ben Johnson's play called Humours Reconcil'd, or the Magnetick Lady, to bee acted, this 12th of Octob. 1632, 2l. 0. 0.

There is a second entry, of great interest, a year later:³

Upon a second petition of the players to the High Commission court, wherein they did mee right in my care to purge their plays of all offense, my lords Grace of Canterbury⁴ bestowed many words upon mee, and discharged mee of any blame, and layd the whole fault of their play called The Magnetick Lady, upon the players. This happened the 24 of Octob. 1633, at Lambeth. In their first petition they would have excused themselves on mee and the poett.

Of the first petition nothing is known, but the 'offense' must have been the insertion of oaths; for example in Act i, scene iv, line 17 ' Od sheild !' and in scene v, line 26,

Let her. *Rut.* Death, she cannot speake reason—the players probably gave the full-blooded ' God shield !' and ' God's death '. Herbert was touchy on such points: in Davenant's play of *The Wits*, acted at Court on 28 January, 1634, he struck out 'faith' and 'slight', but King Charles intervened and told him they were 'asseverations, and no oaths'. He submitted, but entered, 'under favour', a quiet protest in the office-book.⁵

The only entry of the play on the Stationers' Register is the belated transfer by its original publisher Thomas Walkley to Humphrey Moseley on 20 November 1658.⁶

The play was first printed in the 'Third Volume' of the 1640 Folio. It opens the section of new plays which includes

¹ Variorum *Shakespeare*, 1821, vol. iii, p. 231.
² The book-keeper of the Blackfriars playhouse.
⁵ Malone, *op. cit.*, vol. iii, p. 235.
A Tale of a Tub and the fragment of The Sad Shepherd. Walkley’s difficulties over publishing his portion of the Folio have already been described.  

In this play section of the Folio The Magnetic Lady is printed on signatures A to H in fours, pages 1–64. The collation is in detail—A 1 recto, Title-page, with the verso blank; A 2 recto, the scene and the characters, with the verso blank; A 3 recto to H 4 recto, the text of the play; H 4 verso, the epilogue.

The play was not well printed, and sixty-one corrections have been traced in the eleven copies we have collated. Of these only three are of textual importance. In Act i, scene v, line 12, Polish’s malapropism of ‘Armenians’ for ‘Arminians’ was originally repeated in Rut’s correction of her blunder:

And find out the Armenians. Rut. The Armenians.

Pol. I say the Armenians.

In Act ii, scene iii, line 12, where Rut is prescribing for Placentia after her swoon, he was made to say at first ‘Give heaven’, a misreading of two copies which would have defied emendation; fortunately the other copies read ‘Give her vent’. A minor correction is ‘sale in open market’ for ‘in open sale market’ in Act ii, scene vi, line 23. The other changes adjust the spelling and punctuation. Even so there are many lapses. Examples of spellings impossible for Jonson are ‘Logorythmes’ (i. vi. 35), ‘Perimiter’ (Induction, l. 110, iii. iv. 98), and ‘Protesis’ (1st Chorus, l. 8). ‘Paralaxe’ (i. vi. 39) and ‘carract’ (i. vii. 38) are seventeenth-century spellings, though it is doubtful if Jonson used them. Words are lost in the text: for example,

But the dispersed issue of <the> first one (ii. vi. 59).
And therefore have the <fairer> hopes before you (iii. iv. 73).
And had <cried> up for honour to her blood (iv. ii. 20).

1 See pp. 145–6.
2 In iii. i. 28 ‘For thrusting) and ‘gainst him Mrs. Polish’, ‘thrusting in’ is a likelier correction than Gifford’s ‘against’.
Needle's name is omitted before his speech in v. i. 11, and Lady Loadstone's before hers in v. x. 136. Stupid blunders which the printer might easily have corrected are 'Mrs. Needle' (ii. ii. 35), 'his his' (ii. vi. 123) 'de defac'd' (iii. iv. 16), 'graones' (iii. v. 8), 'to her, to her' (v. v. 43), and 'houre' for 'honoure' (v. x. 140).

Whalley and Gifford emended a number of errors: Whalley, for instance, substituted 'reparation' for 'reputation' in iii. iv. 21. There still remains an obscurity, if not a corruption, in the text of iv. vii. 44-6, where Chair, the midwife, is dilating on the necessity of women keeping their 'smock-secrets' to themselves.

No Theaters are more cheated with appearances,
Or these shop-lights, then th' Ages, and folke in them,
That seeme most curious.

What is the point of 'th' Ages'? Such a correction as 'th' Age is' is very doubtful with the plural 'folk in them' immediately following.

Finally, there are irregularities in the lists of characters prefixed to three scenes. In the second scene of the third Act, after the stage has been cleared by the hurried departure of all the characters in the first scene, the two speakers are indicated in the usual way, 'Compasse. Ironside,' but a pointless note 'To them after' is inserted in the margin. After a dialogue of fifteen lines Compass takes Ironside off. 'This way to my lodging,' he says, and the stage is clear once more. Then, without numbering a new scene, the Folio continues

_Rut. Lady. Polish. Keepe, carrying Placentia over the Stage._

_Pleasance._ _Item._

At line 10 'Here Mr. Compasse comes', though his name is not in the heading. After disposing of Ironside he has returned from his lodging.

A possible explanation of the confusion is this. Jonson originally wrote as a scene heading:

_Compasse. Ironside._
The Magnetic Lady.

To them after.


The scene began with Compass’s rebuke to Ironside for quarrelling at the dinner, throwing wine in Silkworm’s face, and frightening the ladies. Ironside owed Lady Loadstone an apology, but he was in no mood to make it. So Compass very properly got him out of the house before Lady Loadstone entered. Jonson thus made a completely new scene, but forgot to mark it as such and to delete ‘To them after’ in the heading.

In the fifth scene of the fourth Act the names of the only speakers ‘Pleasance. Compasse.’ are in the heading, but Palate enters at line 21, to be at once dismissed by Compass to join Ironside at his lodging; Palate goes off without a word, but his presence in the scene should have been noted. Practice also enters at line 24, but as he is the first speaker in the sixth scene which begins one line later, it was not necessary to mention him earlier.

In the eighth scene of the fourth Act the preliminary list of the characters is hopelessly confused. The Folio prints


But Lady Loadstone, for whom Interest inquires, enters at the fifth line, in which she is directly addressed, and Compass soon follows her. At any rate he hears the accusation that he is the father of the new-born bastard and Interest’s malicious suggestion that Lady Loadstone should join him as a god-parent.

In 1914 Dr. W. H. Peck edited the play for the Yale Studies in English, no. xlvii. He collated the copy in the Yale University Library with Professor J. M. Berdan’s copy and noted two variants.
THE
MAGNETICK
LADY:
OR,
HVMORS
RECONCILD.

A COMEDY composed
By
Ben: Johnson.

LONDON,
Printed M. CD. XL.

The title-page of the Folio, 1640
THE SCENE,
LONDON

The Persons that act.

Lady Loadstone, The Magnetick Lady.
Mrs. Polish, Her Gossip, and she-Parasite.
Mrs. Placentia, Her Neice.
Pleasance, Her Waiting-woman.
Mrs. Keepe, The Neices Nourse.
Mother Chaire, The Midwife.
Mr. Compasse, A Scholler, Mathematick.
Capitaine Ironside, A Souldier.
Parson Palate, Prelate of the Parish.
Doctor Rut, Physician to the house.
Tim Item, His Apothecary.
Sir Diaph: Silkworm, A Courtier.
Mr. Practise, A Lawyer.
Sir Moath Interest, An Usurer, or Money-baud.
Mr. Bias, A Vi-politique, or Sub-secretary.
Mr. Needle, The Ladies Steward, and Taylor.

CHORVS by way of Induction.

<Mrs. Probee, Mr. Damplay, A Boy of the house.>
THE
INDUCTION;
OR,
CHORUS.

Two Gentlemen entring upon the Stage,
Mr. Probee and Mr. Damplay.
A Boy of the house,
meets them.


Pro. A pretty prompt Boy for the Poëtique Shop.

Dam. And a bold! where's one o' your Masters, Sirrah, the Poet?

Boy. Which of 'hem? Sir, wee have divers that drive that trade, now: Poëts, Poet'accios, Poetasters, Poetito's——

Dam. And all Haberdashers of small wit, I presume: wee would speake with the Poët o' the day, Boy.

Boy. Sir, hee is not here. But, I have the dominion of the Shop, for this time, under him, and can shew you all the variety the Stage will afford for the present.

Pro. Therein you will expresse your owne good parts, Boy.

Dam. And tye us two, to you, for the gentle office.

Pro. Wee are a paire of publique persons (this Gentleman, and my selfe) that are sent, thus coupled unto you, upon state-busines.

THE INDUCTION. Stage.] Stage. F 7–8 Sirrah . . . Poet? a new line in F 9 Sir.] Sir F 21 you.] you F.
Boy. It concernes but the state of the Stage, I hope!

Dam. O, you shall know that by degrees, Boy. No man leaps into a busines of state, without fourding first the state of the busines.

Pro. Wee are sent unto you, indeed, from the people.

Boy. The people! which side of the people?

Dam. The Venison side, if you know it, Boy.

Boy. That's the left side. I had rather they had beene the right.

Pro. So they are. Not the Fæces, or grounds of your people, that sit in the oblique caves and wedges of your house, your sinfull sixe-penny Mechanicks——

Dam. But the better, and braver sort of your people! that stick your house round like so many eminences——

Boy. Of clothes, not understandings? They are at pawn. Well, I take these as a part of your people though; what bring you to me from these people?

Dam. You have heard, Boy, the ancient Poëts had it in their purpose, still to please this people.

Pro. I, their chiefe aime was——

Dam. Populo ut placerrnt: (if hee understands so much.)

Boy. Quas fecissent fabulas. I understand that, sin' I learn'd Terence, i' the third forme at Westminster: go on Sir.

Pro. Now, these people have imployed us to you, in all their names, to intreat an excellent Play from you.

Dam. For they have had very meane ones, from this shop of late, the Stage as you call it.

Boy. Troth, Gentlemen, I have no wares, which I dare thrust upon the people with praise. But this, such as it is, I will venter with your people, your gay gallant people: so as you, againe, will undertake for them, that they shall know a good Play when they heare it; and will have the conscience, and ingenuity beside, to confesse it.
Prob. Wee'll passe our words for that: you shall have a brace of us to ingage our selves.

Boy. You'll tender your names, Gentlemen, to our booke then?

Dam. Yes, here's Mr. Probee; A man of most powerfull speech, and parts to perswade.

Pro. And Mr. Damplay, will make good all hee under-takes.

Boy. Good Mr. Probee, and Mr. Damplay! I like your securities: whence doe you write your selves?


Dam. And Knights fellow's too. Every Poët writes Squire now.

Boy. You are good names! very good men, both of you! I accept you.

Dam. And what is the Title of your Play, here? The Magnetick Lady?

Boy. Yes, Sir, an attractive title the Author has given it.

Pro. A Magnete, I warrant you.

Dam. O, no, from Magnus, Magna, Magnum.

Boy. This Gentleman hath found the true magnitude—

Dam. Of his portall, or entry to the worke, according to Vitruvius.

Boy. Sir, all our worke is done without a Portall—or Vitruvius. In Foro, as a true Comedëy should bee. And what is conceald within, is brought out, and made present by report.

Dam. Wee see not that always observ'd, by your Authors of these times: or scarce any other.

Boy. Where it is not at all knowne, how should it be observ'd? The most of those your people call Authors, never dreamt of any Decorum, or what was proper in the Scene; but grope at it, i' the darke, and feele, or fumble for...
Chorus. 511

it; I speake it, both with their leave, and the leave o' your people.

Dam. But, why Humors reconcil'd? I would faine know.

Boy. I can satisfie you there, too: if you will. But, 95 perhaps you desire not to be satisfied.

Dam. No? why should you conceive so, Boy?

Boy. My conceit is not ripe, yet: Ile tell you that anon. 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 Playes, especially those of the Comick thred, whereof the New-Inne was the last, some recent humours still, or manners of men, that went along with the times, finding himselfe now neare the close, or shutting up of his Circle, hath phant'sied to himselfe, in Idea, this Magnetick Mistris. A Lady, a brave bountifull Housekeeper, and a vertuous Widow: who having a young Neice, ripe for a man and marriageable, hee makes that his Center attractive, to draw thither a diversity of Guests, all persons of different humours to make up his Perimeter. And this hee hath call'd Humors reconcil'd.

Pro. A bold undertaking! and farre greater, then the reconciliacion of both Churches, the quarrell betwene humours having beene much the ancietner, and, in my poore opinion, the root of all Schisme, and Faction, both in Church and Common-wealth.

Boy. Such is the opinion of many wise men, that meet at this shop still; but how hee will speed in it, wee cannot tell, and hee himselfe (it seems) lesse cares. For hee will not be intreated by us, to give it a Prologue. He has lost too much that way already, hee sayses. Hee will not woo the gentle ignorance so much. But carelesse of all vulgar censure, as not depending on common approbation, hee is confident it shall super-please judicious Spectators, and to them hee leaves it to worke with the rest, by example, or otherwise.

Chorus.

Dam. Hee may be deceived in that, Boy: Few follow examples now, especially, if they be good.

Boy. The Play is ready to begin, Gentlemen, I tell you, lest you might defraud the expectation of the people, for whom you are Delegates! Please you take a couple of Seates, and plant your selves, here, as neere my standing as you can: Fly every thing (you see) to the marke, and censure it; freely. So, you interrupt not the Series, or thred of the Argument, to breake or pucker it, with unnecessary questions.

For, I must tell you, (not out of mine owne Dictamen, but the Authors,) A good Play, is like a skeene of silke: which, if you take by the right end, you may wind off, at pleasure, on the bottome, or card of your discourse, in a tale, or so; how you will: But if you light on the wrong end, you will pull all into a knot, or elfe-lock; which nothing but the sheers, or a candle will undoe, or separate.

Dam. Stay! who be these, I pray you?

Boy. Because it is your first question, (and these be the prime persons) it would in civility require an answer: but I have heard the Poët affirme, that to be the most unlucky Scene in a Play, which needs an Interpreter; especially, when the Auditory are awake: and such are you, hee presumes. Ergo.

143 (and these] and (these F 145 I have] I have F
THE MAGNETICK LADY:
OR,
HUMORS RECONCIL'D.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Compasse, Ironside.

Com. Welcome good Captaine Ironside, and brother;
You shall along with me. I'm lodg'd hard by,
Here at a noble Ladies house i'th' street,
The Lady Loadstones (one will bid us welcome)
Where there are Gentlewomen, and male Guests,
Of severall humors, cariage, constitution,
Profession too: but so diametrall
One to another, and so much oppos'd,
As if I can but hold them all together,
And draw 'hem to a sufferance of themselves,
But till the Dissolution of the Dinner;
I shall have just occasion to beleeve
My wit is magisteriall; and our selves
Take infinite delight, i' the successse.

Iro. Troth, brother Compasse, you shall pardon me;
I love not so to multiply acquaintance
At a meales cost, 'twill take off o' my freedome
So much: or bind me to the least observance.

Com. Why Ironside, you know I am a Scholler,
And part a Souldier; I have beene imploied,
By some the greatest States-men o' the kingdome,
These many yeares: and in my time convers'd
With sundry humors, suiting so my selfe

1. 1] Act i. Scene i. [The Street before Lady Loadstone's House. | Enter
Compass, and captain Ironside, meeting. G
To company, as honest men, and knaves,
Good-fellowes, Hypocrises, all sorts of people,
Though never so divided in themselves,
Have studied to agree still in the usage,
And handling of me (which hath beene faire too.)

Iro. Sir, I confesse you to be one well read

In men, and manners; and that, usually,
The most ungovern'd persons, you being present,
Rather subject themselves unto your censure,
Then give you least occasion of distaste,
By making you the subject of their mirth:

But (to deale plainly with you, as a brother)
When ever I distrust i' my owne valour:
Ile never beare me on anothers wit,
Or offer to bring off, or save my selfe
On the opinion of your Iudgement, gravitie,

Discretion, or what else. But (being away)
You're sure to have lesse wit-worke, gentle brother,
My humour being as stubborne, as the rest,
And as unmannageable. Com. You doe mistake
My Caract of your friendship, all this while!

Or at what rate I reckon your assistance,
Knowing by long experience, to such Animals,
Halfe-hearted Creatures, as these are, your Foxe, there,
Vnkenndel with a Cholerick, ghastly aspect,
Or two or three comminatory Termes,

Would run their feares to any hole of shelter,
Worth a dayes laughter! I am for the sport:
For nothing else. Iro. But, brother, I ha' seene
A Coward, meeting with a man as valiant
As our St. George (not knowing him to be such,

Or having least opinion that hee was so)
Set to him roundly, I, and swindge him soundly:
And i' the vertue of that errour, having
Once overcome, resolv'd for ever after

1. i. 29 Sir,] Sir F 41 lesse] lesse- F 45 assistance, assis-
tance F 49 Or] On G
To erre; and thinke no person, nor no creature
More valiant then himselfe. _Com._ I thinke that too.
But, Brother, (could I over-intreat you)
I have some little plot upon the rest,
If you would be contented, to endure
A sliding reprehension, at my hands,
To heare your selfe, or your profession glanc'd at
In a few sleightung termes: It would beget
Me such a maine Authority, o' the by:
And doe your selfe no dis-repute at all!

_Iro._ _Compasse_, I know that universall causes
In nature produce nothing; but as meeting
Particular causes, to determine those,
And specifie their acts. This is a piece
Of _Oxford_ Science, staies with me ere since
I left that place; and I have often found
The truth thereof, in my private passions:
For I doe never feele my selfe perturb'd
With any generall words 'gainst my profession,
Vnlesse by some smart stroke upon my selfe
They doe awake, and stirre me: Else, to wise
And well-experienc'd men, words doe but signifie;
They have no power; save with dull Grammarians,
Whose soules are nought, but a _Syntaxis_ of them.

_Com._ Here comes our _Parson, Parson Palate_ here,
A venerable youth! I must salute him,
And a great Clerke! hee's going to the Ladies,
And though you see him thus, without his Cope,
I dare assure you, hee's our Parish Pope!
God save my reverend Clergy, _Parson Palate._
The Magnetick Lady.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Palate, Compasse, Ironside.

Pal. The witty Mr. Compasse! how is't, with you?
Com. My Lady staiies for you, and for your Councell,
Touching her Neice Mrs. Placentia Steele!
Who strikes the fire of full fourteeene, to day,
Saw you the Doctor Rut, the house Physician?
He's sent for too. Com. To Councell? 'time yo' were there.

Make haste, and give it a round quick dispatch:
That wee may goe to dinner betimes, Parson:
And drinke a health or two more, to the businesse.

Iro. This is a strange put-off! a reverend youth,
You use him most surreverently me thinkes!
What call you him? Palate Please? or Parson Palate?
Com. All's one, but shorter! I can gi' you his Character.

Hee, is the Prelate of the Parish, here;
And governes all the Dames; appoints the cheere;
Writes downe the bills of fare; pricks all the Guests;
Makes all the matches and the marriage feasts
Within the ward; drawes all the parish wils;

Designes the Legacies; and strokes the Gills
Of the chiefe Mourners; And (who ever lacks
Of all the kindred) hee hath first his blacks.
Thus holds hee weddings up, and burials,
As his maine tithing; with the Gossips stals,

Their pewes; He's top still, at the publique messe;
Comforts the widow, and the fatherlesse,
In funerall Sack! Sits 'bove the Alderman!
For of the Ward-mote Quest, he better can
The mysterie, then the Levitick Law:

1. ii. G continues the scene 3 Steele] Steele F 5 chimes.]
lacks) F 22 kindred]) kindred, F 28 can] can, F
The Magnetick Lady.

That piece of Clark-ship doth his Vestry awe.
Hee is as he conceives himselfe, a fine
Well-furnish'd, and apparaled Divine.

Iro. Who made this Epigramme, you? Com. No, a great Clarke
As any's is of his bulke, (Ben: Ionson) made it.

Iro. But what's the other Character, Doctor Rut?
Com. The same man made 'hem both: but his is shorter,
And not in rime, but blancks. Ile tell you that, too.

Rut is a young Physician to the family:
That, letting God alone, ascribes to nature
More then her share; licentious in discourse,
And in his life a profest Voluntary;
The slave of money, a Buffon in manners;
Obscene in language; which he vents for wit;
Is sawcy in his Logicks, and disputing,
Is any thing but civill, or a man.

See here they are! and walking with my Lady,
In consultation, afore the doore;
Wee will slip in, as if we saw 'hem not.

Act I. Scene III.

Lady, Palate, Rut.

Lad. I, 'tis his fault, she's not bestow'd,
My brother Interests. Pal. Who, old Sir Moath?
Lad. Hee keeps off all her Suitors, keepes the portion,
Still in his hands: and will not part withall,
On any termes. Pal. Hinc illae lachrymae;
Thence flowes the cause o' the maine grievance. Rut. That,
It is a maine one! how much is the portion?


1. ii. 32 Well-furnish'd] Well furnish'd F 34 bulke,] bulke. F
After 45 Re-enter Palate with Rut and lady Loadstone, in discourse.
After 48 Iron. and Com. go into the house. G 1. iii.] G continues the scene
1 'tis] tis F 4 withall] with all F 6 That,]
That F: That!—— G
Rut. He should be forc'd, Madam, to lay it downe.

When is it payable? Lad. When she is married.


Loose not a day, an hour—— Pal. Not a minute.
Pursue your project real. Mr. Compasse
Advis'd you, too. He is the perfect Instrument,

Your Ladiship should saile by. Rut. Now, Mr. Compasse
Is a fine witty man; I saw him goe in, now.

Lad. Is hee gone in? Pal. Yes, and a Fether with him,


Lad. I am beholden to him: hee brings ever

Variety of good persons to my table,

And I must thanke him, though my brother Interest
Dislike of it a little. Pal. Hee likes nothing

That runs your way. Rut. Troth, and the other cares not.

Hee'll goe his owne way, if he thinke it right.

Lad. Hee's a true friend! and ther's Mr. Practise,
The fine young man of Law, comes to the house:

My brother brooks him not, because he thinkes
He is by me assigned for my Neice:

Hee will not heare of it. Rut. Not of that eare:

But yet your Ladiship doth wisely in it——

Pal. 'Twill make him to lay downe the portion sooner,

If he but dreame you'll match her with a Lawyer.

Lad. So Mr. Compasse sayes. It is betweene

The Lawyer, and the Courtier, which shall have her.

Pal. Who, Sir Diaphanous Silke-worme? Rut. A fine Gentle-man,

Old Mr. Silke-wormes Heire. Pal. And a neat Courtier,

Of a most elegant thred. Lad. And so my Gossip

Polish assures me. Here she comes! good Polish

Welcome in troth! How do'st thou gentle Polish?

Rut. Who's this? Pal. Dame Polish, her shee-Parasite,

Her talking, soothing, sometime governing Gossip.

1. iii. 13 Compasse] Compasse, F 15 Now, om. G 19 beholde[n]
man,] Gentle-man, F 37 thred.] thred F 38 After 'comes!'
Enter mistress Polish. G 40 After 'this?' Aside to Palate. G
ACT I. SCENE IV.

Polish, Lady, Palate, Rut.

Pal. Your Ladiship is still the Lady Loadstone
That drawes, and drawes unto you, Guests of all sorts:
The Courtiers, and the Souldiers, and the Schollers,
The Travellers, Physicians, and Divines,
As Doctor Ridley writ, and Doctor Barlow;
They both have wrote of you, and Mr. Compasse.

Lad. Wee meane, they shall write more, ere it be long.

Pol. Alas, they are both dead, and 't please you; But,
Your Ladiship meanes well, and shall meane well,
So long as I live. How does your fine Neice?
My charge, Mistris Placentia Steele?


Rut. Not very well; shee cannot shoot at Buts,
Or manage a great Horse, but shee can crank
A sack of small coale! eat you lime, and haire,
Soap-ashes, Loame, and has a dainty spice
O' the greene sicknesse! Pol. 'Od sheild! Rut. Or the Dropsie!

A toy, a thing of nothing. But my Lady, here,
Her noble Aunt. Pol. Shee is a noble Aunt!
And a right worshipfull Lady, and a vertuous;
I know it well! Rut. Well, if you know it, peace.

Pal. Good sister Polish, heare your betters speake.

Pol. Sir, I will speake, with my good Ladies leave,
And speake, and speake againe; I did bring up
My Ladies Neice, Mrs. Placentia Steele,
With my owne Daughter (who's Placentia too)
And waits upon my Lady, is her woman:
Her Ladiship well knowes M'r. Placentia Steele
(as I said) her curious Neice, was left

The Magnetick Lady.

30 A Legacie to me; by Father, and Mother,
   With the Nurse, *Keepe*, that tended her: her Mother
Shee died in Child-bed of her, and her Father
Liv'd not long after: for he lov'd her Mother!
They were a godly couple! yet both di'd,

35 (As wee must all.) No creature is immortall;
   I have heard our Pastor say: no, not the faithfull!
And they did die (as I said) both in one moneth.

   *Rut.* Sure shee is not long liv'd, if she spend breath thus.

   *Pol.* And did bequeath her, to my care, and hand,

40 To polish, and bring up. I moulded her,
   And fashion'd her, and form'd her; she had the sweat
Both of my browes and braines, my Lady knowes it,
Since she could write a quarter old. *Lad.* I know not
That she could write so early, my good Gossip.

45 But I doe know she was so long your care,
   Till she was twelve yeare old; that I call'd for her,
And tooke her home, for which I thanke you *Polish,*
And am beholden to you. *Rut.* I sure thought
She had a Lease of talking, for nine lives——

50   *Pal.* It may be she has. *Pol.* Sir, sixteene thousand pound
   Was then her portion! for she was, indeed,
Their only child! and this was to be paid
Upon her marriage, so she married still
With my good Ladies liking here, her Aunt:

55 (I heard the Will read) Mr. *Steele* her father,
The world condemn'd him to be very rich,
   And very hard, and he did stand condemn'd
With that vaine world, till, as 'twas 'prov'd, after,
He left almost as much more to good uses

60 In Sir *Moath Interests* hands, my Ladies brother,
   Whose sister he had married: He holds all
In his close gripe. But Mr. *Steele,* was liberall,
And a fine man; and she a dainty Dame,
And a religious, and a bountifull——

---

1. iv. 30 Mother,) Mother *F* 42 braines, my . . . it,) braines.
My . . . it *F*
ACT I.  SCENE V.

Compasse, Ironside.

You knew her Mr. Compasse?  Com. Spare the torture, I doe confesse without it.  Pol. And her husband, What a fine couple they were? and how they liv'd?

Com. Yes.

Pol. And lov'd together, like a paire of Turtles?  Com. Yes.

Pol. And feasted all the Neighbours?  Com. Take her off, Some body that hath mercy.  Rut. O he knowes her, It seemes!  Com. Or any measure of compassion: Doctors, if you be Christians, undertake One for the soule, the other for the body!

Pol. She would dispute with the Doctors of Divinity At her owne table! and the Spitle Preachers! And find out the Armenians.  Rut. The Arminians?

Pol. I say the Armenians.  Com. Nay, I say so too!

Pol. So Mr. Polish called 'hem, the Armenians!

Com. And Medes, and Persians, did he not?  Pol. Yes, he knew 'hem,

And so did Mistris Steele! she was his Puppill! The Armenians, he would say, were worse than Papists! And then the Persians, were our Puritanes, Had the fine piercing wits!  Com. And who, the Medes?

Pol. The midle men, the Luke-warme Protestants!

Rut. Out, out.  Pol. Sir, she would find them by their branching:
Their branching sleevcs, brancht cassocks, and brancht doctrine,
Beside their Texts.  Rut. Stint Karlin, Ile not heare:
Confute her, Parson.  Pol. I respect no Persons,

Chaplins, or Doctors, I will speake. *Lad.* Yes, so't be
reason,

Let her. *Rut.* Death, she cannot speake reason.

*Com.* Nor sense, if we be Masters of our senses!

*Iro.* What mad woman ha' they got, here, to bate?

*Pol.* Sir, I am mad, in truth, and to the purpose;

And cannot but be mad; to heare my Ladies

Dead sister sleighted, witty Mrs. *Steele!*

*Iro.* If shee had a wit, Death has gone neere to spoile it,

Assure your selfe. *Pol.* She was both witty, and zealous,

And lighted all the Tinder o' the truth,

(As one said) of Religion, in our Parish:

Shee was too learned to live long with us!

She could the Bible in the holy tongue:

And reade it without pricks: had all her *Masoreth;*

Knew *Burton,* and his Bull; and scribe *Prin-Gent!*

*Præsto-be-gon:* and all the Pharisees. *Lad.* Deare Gossip,

Be you gone, at this time, too, and vouchsafe

To see your charge, my Neice. *Pol.* I shall obey

If your wise Ladiship thinke fit: I know,

To yeild to my Superiors. *Lad.* A good woman!

But when she is impertinent, growes earnest,

A little troublesome, and out of season:

Her love, and zeale transport her. *Com.* I am glad,

That any thing could port her hence. Wee now

Have hope of dinner, after her long grace.

I have brought your Ladiship a hungry Guest, here,

A Souldier, and my brother Captaine *Ironsïde:*

Who being by custome growne a Sanguinarie,

The soleme, and adopted sonne of slaughter:

Is more delighted i' the chase of an enemy,

An execution of three daies, and nights;

Then all the hope of numerous succession,

Or happinesse of Issue could bring to him.

---

1. v. 30 mad ;] mad, F3
2. mad, F3 36 learned] learn'd F 39 *Prin-Gent*
3. Prynne, gent. G 44 After 'Superiors.' *Exit. G* 55 nights ;]
4. nights, F3
The Magnetick Lady.

Rut. Hee is no Suitor then? Pal. So 't should seeme.

Com. And, if hee can get pardon at heavens hand,
For all his murthers, is in as good case
As a new christned Infant: (his imployments
Continu'd to him, without Interruption;
And not allowing him, or time, or place
To commit any other sinne, but those)
Please you to make him welcome for a meale, Madam.

Lad. The noblenesse of his profession makes
His welcome perfect: though your course description
Would seeme to sully it. Iro. Never, where a beame
Of so much favour doth illustrate it,
Right knowing Lady. Pal. She hath cur'd all well.

Rut. And hee hath fitted well the Complement.

ACT I. SCENE VI.

Sir Diaphanous. Practise.

Com. No; here they come! the prime Magnetick Guests
Our Lady Loadstone so respects: the Artick!
And th'Antartick! Sir Diaphanous Silke-worme!
A Courtier extraordinary; who by diet
Of meates, and drinkes; his temperate exercise;
Choise musick; frequent bathes; his horary shifts
Of Shirts and Wast-coats; meanes to immortalize
Mortality it selfe; and makes the essence
Of his whole happinesse the trim of Court.

Dia. I thanke you Mr. Compasse, for your short
Encomiastick. Rut. It is much in little, Sir.

Pal. Concise, and quick: the true stile of an Orator.

Com. But Mr. Practise here, my Ladies Lawyer!
Or man of Law: (for that's the true writing)
A man so dedicate to his profession,
And the preferments goe along with it;

1. v. 58 After 'then?' Aside to Pal. G. So it] So't F. 1. vi.] Enter Sir Diaphanous Silkworm and Practice. G, continuing the scene 14 that's] that is W
The Magnetick Lady.

As scarce the thundring bruit of an invasion,
Another eighty eight, threatening his Countrey
With ruine; would no more worke upon him,

Then Syracusa’s Sack, on Archimede:
So much he loves that Night-cap! the Bench-gowne!
With the broad Guard o’th’ back! These shew a man
Betroth’d unto the study of our Lawes!

Pra. Which you but thinke the crafty impositions,

Of subtile Clerks, feats of fine understanding,
To abuse Clots, and Clownes with, Mr. Compasse,
Having no ground in nature, to sustaine it,
Or light, from those cleare causes: to the inquiry
And search of which, your Mathematicall head,

Hath so devow’d it selfe. Com. Tut, all men are
Philosophers, to their inches. There’s within,
Sir Interest, as able a Philosopher,
In buying, and selling! has reduc’d his thrifte,
To certaine principles, and i’ that method,

As hee will tell you instantly, by Logarythmes,
The utmost profit of a stock imploied:
(Be the Commoditie what it will) the place,
Or time, but causing very, very little,
Or, I may say, no paralaxe at all,

In his pecuniary observations!
He has brought your Neices portion with him, Madam,
At least the man that must receive it; Here
They come negociating the affaire;
You may perceive the Contract in their faces;

And read th’indenture: If you’d signe ’hem. So.
The Magnetick Lady.

ACT I. SCENE VII.

To them.

Interest. Bias.

_Pal._ What is he, Mr. _Compasse? _Com._ A Vi-politique!
Or a sub-aiding Instrument of State!
A kind of a laborious Secretary
To a great man! (and likely to come on)
Full of attendance! and of such a stride
In busines politique, or œconomick,
As, well, his Lord may stoope t’advise with him,
And be prescribed by him, in affaires
Of highest consequence, when hee is dull’d,
Or wearied with the lesse. _Dia._ 'Tis Mr. _Bias,_
Lord Whach’um’s Politique. _Com._ You know the man?

_Dia._ I ha’ scene him waite at Court, there, with his
Maniples
Of papers, and petitions. _Pra._ Hee is one
That over-rules tho’, by his authority
Of living there; and cares for no man else:
Neglects the sacred letter of the Law;
And holds it all to be but a dead heape,
Of civill institutions: the rest only
Of common men, and their causes, a farragoe,
Or a made dish in Court; a thing of nothing:

_Com._ And that’s your quarrell at him? a just plea.
_Int._ I tell you sister _Loadstone_— _Com._ (Hang your
ears
This way: and heare his praises, now _Moth_ opens)

_Int._ I ha’ brought you here the very man! the Jewell
Of all the Court! close Mr. _Bias!_ Sister,
Apply him to your side! or you may weare him
Here o’ your brest! or hang him in your eare!
He’s a fit Pendant for a Ladies tip!
A Chrisolite, a Gemme: the very Agat

1. vii] _Enter Sir Moth Interest and Bias._ G, continuing the scene
14 over-rules tho’,] over-rules, tho’ _F3_
Of State, and Politie: cut from the Quar
Of Macchiavel, a true Cornelian,
As Tacitus himselfe! and to be made
The brooch to any true State-cap in Europe!

Lad. You praise him brother, as you had hope to sell
him.

Com. No Madam, as hee had hope to sell your Neice
Vnto him. Lad. 'Ware your true jests, Mr. Compasse;
They will not relish. Int. I will tell you, sister,
I cannot cry his Carract up enough:
He is unvaluable: All the Lords

Have him in that esteeme, for his relations,
Corrant's, Avises, Correspondences
With this Ambassadour, and that Agent! Hee
Will screw you out a Secret from a Statist——,

Com. So easie, as some Cobler wormes a Dog.

Int. And lock it in the Cabinet of his memory——.

Com. Till 't turne a politque insect, or a Fly!
Thus long. Int. You may be merry Mr. Compasse,
But though you have the reversion of an office,
You are not in (i)t, Sir. Bia. Remember that.

Com. Why, should that fright me, Mr. Bi-, from telling
Whose -as you are? Int. Sir, he's one, can doe
His turnes there: and deliver too his letters,
As punctually, and in as good a fashion,
As ere a Secretary can in Court.

Iro. Why, is it any manner in what fashion
A man deliver his letters, so he not open 'hem?

Bia. Yes, we have certaine precedents in Court,
From which wee never swerve, once in an age:
And (whatsoever he thinkes) I know the Arts,

And Sciences doe not directlier make
A Graduate in our Universities;
Then an habituall gravity prefers
A man in Court. Com. Which by the truer stile,
The Magnetick Lady.

Some call a formall, flat servility.

Bia. Sir, you may call it what you please. But wee (That tread the path of publike businesses)
 know what a tacit shrug is, or a shrinke;
The wearing the Callott; the politique hood:
And twenty other parerga, o’ the by,
You Seculars understand not: I shall trick him,
If his reversion come, i’ my Lords way.

Dia. What is that, Mr. Practise? you sure know?
Mas’ Compasses reversion? Pra. A fine place (Surveyor of the Projects generall)

Chorus.

Boy. Now, Gentlemen, what censure you of our Protasis,
or first Act?

Pro. Well, Boy, it is a faire Presentment of your Actors. And a handsome promise of somewhat to come hereafter.

Dam. But, there is nothing done in it, or concluded: Therefore I say, no Act.

Boy. A fine peice of Logick! Doe you looke, Mr. Dam-play, for conclusions in a Protasis? I thought the Law of Comedy had reserv’d (‘hem) to the Catastrophe: and that the Epitasis, (as wee are taught) and the Catastasis, had beene interveening parts, to have beene expected. But you would have all come together, it seemes: The Clock should strike five, at once, with the Acts.

Dam. Why, if it could doe so, it were well, Boy.

Boy. Yes, if the nature of a Clock were to speake, not strike. So, if a Child could be borne, in a Play, and grow up to a man, i’ the first Scene, before hee went off the Stage: and then after to come forth a Squire, and bee made a Knight: and that Knight to travell betweene the Acts, and

CHORUS. 6 no
Act F originally: nAct most copies of F (type deranged) 8 Protasis
Protasis F 9 Comedy... reserv’d corr. F: Comedy,.. reserv’d, F originally ‘hem] them G 12 together.] together F
The Magnetick Lady.

20 doe wonders i' the holy land, or else where; kill Paynims, wild Boores, dun Cowes, and other Monsters; beget him a reputation, and marry an Emperours Daughter for his Mistris; convert her Fathers Countrey; and at last come home, lame, and all to be laden with miracles.

35 Dam. These miracles would please, I assure you: and take the People! For there be of the People, that will expect miracles, and more then miracles from this Pen.

Boy. Doe they thinke this Pen can juggle? I would we had Hokos-pokos for 'hem then, your People; or Travitanto Tudesko.

Dam. Who's that, Boy?

Boy. Another Juggler, with a long name. Or that your expectors would be gone hence, now, at the first Act; or expect no more hereafter, then they understand.

35 Dam. Why so, my peremptory Jack?

Boy. My name is John, indeed—Because, who expect what is impossible, or beyond nature, defraud themselves.

Pro. Nay, there the Boy said well: They doe defraud themselves indeed.

40 Boy. And therefore, Mr. Damplay, unlesse like a solemnne Justice of wit, you will damne our Play, unheard, or un-examin'd; I shall intreat your Mrs. Madam Expectation, if shee be among these Ladies, to have patience, but a pissing while: give our Springs leave to open a little, by degrees!

45 A Source of ridiculous matter may breake forth anon, that shall steepe their temples, and bathe their brains in laughter, to the fomenting of Stupiditie it selfe, and the awaking any velvet Lethargy in the House.

Pro. Why doe you maintaine your Poëts quarrell so with
velvet, and good clothes, Boy? wee have seene him in indifferent good clothes, ere now.

Boy. And may doe in better, if it please the King (his Master) to say Amen to it, and allow it, to whom hee acknowledgeth all. But his clothes shall never be the best thing about him, though; hee will have somewhat beside, either of humane letters, or severe honesty, shall speak him a man though he went naked.

Pro. Hee is beholden to you, if you can make this good,

Boy.

Boy. Himselhe hath done that, already, against Envy.

Dam. What's your name Sir? or your Countrey?


Dam. West-countrey breed, I thought, you were so bold.

Boy. Or rather sawcy: to find out your palate, Mr. Damplay. Faith we doe call a Spade, a Spade, in Cornwall. If you dare damne our Play, i' the wrong place, we shall take heart to tell you so.

Pro. Good Boy.

ACT II. SCENE I.


Kee. Sweet Mistris, pray you be merry: you are sure
To have a husband now. Pla. I, if the store
Hurt not the choise. Ple. Store is no sore, young Mistris,
My mother is wont to say. Keep. And she'll say wisely,
As any mouth i' the Parish. Fixe on one,
Fixe upon one, good Mistris. Pla. At this call, too,
Here's Mr. Practise, who is call'd to the Bench
Of purpose. Kee. Yes, and by my Ladies meanes——

Ple. 'Tis thought to be the man. Kee. A Lawyers wife.

Ple. And a fine Lawyers wife. Kee. Is a brave calling.

CHORUS. 66 Damplay.] Damplay, F

II. i.] ACT II. SCENE I. |
A Room in lady Loadstone's House. | Enter Nurse Keepe, Placentia, and Pleasance. G
The Magnetick Lady.

Ple. Sweet Mistris Practise! Kee. Gentle Mistris Practise!

Ple. Faire, open Mistris Practise! Kee. I, and close,
And cunning Mrs. Practise! Pla. I not like that;
The Courtiers is the neater calling. Ple. Yes,
My Lady Silke-worme. Kee. And to shine in Plush.
Ple. Like a young night Crow, a Diaphanous Silke-worme.
Kee. Lady Diaphanous sounds most delicate!
Ple. Which would you choose, now, Mistris? Pla. Cannot tell.
The copie does confound one. Ple. Here's my Mother.

ACT II. SCENE II.


Pol. How now, my dainty charge, and diligent Nurse?
What were you chanting on? (*God bless you Maiden.)
Kee. Wee were inhancing all; wishing a husband
For my young Mistris here. A man to please her.

Pol. Shee shall have a man, good Nurse, and must have a man:
A man, and a halfe, if wee can choose him out:
We are all in Counsell within, and sit about it:
The Doctors, and the Schollers, and my Lady;
Who's wiser then all us——. Where's Mr. Needle?

Her Ladiship so lacks him to prick out
The man? How does my sweet young Mistris?
You looke not well, me thinkes! how doe you, deare charge?
You must have a husband, and you shall have a husband;
There's two put out to making for you: A third,

Your VnCLE promises: But you must still
Be rule'd by your Aunt: according to the will
Of your dead father, and mother (who are in heaven.)
Your Lady-Aunt has choise i' the house for you:
Wee doe not trust your VnCLE; hee would keepe you

[Exeunt Pleasance and Needle.]

Enter Polish. G, continuing the scene

[II. ii.]
A Batchler still, by keeping of your portion:
And keepe you not alone without a husband,
But in a sickness: I, and the greene sickness,
The Maidens malady; which is a sickness:
A kind of a disease, I can assure you,
And like the Fish our Mariners call remora—.

*Kee.* A remora Mistris! *Pol.* How now goody Nurse?
Dame *Keepe* of *Katernes*? what? have you an oare
I' the Cockboat, 'cause you are a Saylors wife?
And come from *Shadwell*? I say a remora;
For it will stay a Ship, that's under Saile!
And staies are long, and tedious things to Maids!
And maidens are young ships, that would be sailing,
When they be rigg'd: wherefore is all their trim else?

*Nee.* True; and for them to be staid——. *Pol.* The stay
is dangerous:
You know it Mr. *Needle*. *Nee.* I know somewhat:
And can assure you, from the Doctors mouth,
Shee has a Dropsie; and must change the ayre,
Before she can recover. *Pol.* Say you so, Sir?

*Nee.* The Doctor saies so. *Pol.* Sayes his worship so?
I warrant 'hem he sayes true, then; they sometimes
Are Sooth-sayers, and alwayes cunning men.
Which Doctor was it? *Nee.* E'ene my Ladies Doctor:
The neat house-Doctor: But a true stone-Doctor.

*Pol.* Why? heare you, Nurse? How comes this geare to
passe?
This is your fault in truth: It shall be your fault,
And must be your fault: why is your Mistris sicke?
Shee had her health, the while shee was with me.

*Kee.* Alas good Mistris *Polish*, I am no Saint,
Much lesse, my Lady, to be urg'd give health,
Or sickness at my will: but toawaite
The starres good pleasure, and to doe my duty.
The Magnetick Lady.

Pol. You must doe more then your dutie, foolish Nurse: You must doe all you can; and more then you can, More then is possible: when folkes are sick, Especially, a Mistris; a young Mistris.

Kee. Here's Mr. Doctor himselfe, cannot doe that.

Pol. Doctor Doo-all can doe it. Thence he's call'd so.

ACT II. SCENE III.


Rut. Whence? what's hee call'd? Pol. Doctor, doe all you can,

I pray you, and beseech you, for my charge, here.

Lad. She's my tendering Gossip, loves my Neice.

Pol. I know you can doe all things, what you please, Sir, For a young Damsel, my good Ladies Neice, here!

You can doe what you list. Rut. Peace Tiffany.

Pol. Especially in this new case, o' the Dropsie.
The Gentlewoman (I doe feare) is leven'd.


English——. Pol. Tainted (and't please you) some doe call it.

She swels, and swels so with it——. Rut. Give her vent,

If shee doe swell. A Gimblet must be had:

It is a Tympanites she is troubled with;

There are three kinds: The first is Ana-sarca
Vnder the Flesh, a Tumor: that's not hers.
The second is Ascites, or Aquosus,
A watry humour: that's not hers neither.
But Tymanites (v'chich we call the Drum.)
A wind bombe 's in her belly, must be unbrac'd, 20
And with a Faucet, or a Peg, let out,
And she'll doe well: get her a husband. Pol. Yes,
I say so Sr. Doctor, and betimes too. Lad. As
Soone as we can: let her beare up to day,
Laugh, and keepe company, at Gleeke, or Crimpe. 25

Pol. Your Ladiship sayes right, Crimpe, sure, will cure her.

Rut. Yes, and Gleeke too; peace Gossip Tittle-Tattle,
Shee must, to morrow, downe into the Countrey,
Some twenty mile; A Coach, and six brave Horses:
Take the fresh aire, a moneth there, or five weekes: 30
And then returne a Bride, up to the Towne,
For any husband i' the Hemisphere,
To chuck at; when she has dropt her Timpane.

Pol. Must she then drop it? Rut. Thence, 'tis call'd a
Dropsie.
The Timpantes is one spice of it; 35
A toy, a thing of nothing, a meere vapour:
Ile blow't away. Lad. Needle, get you the Coach
Ready, against to morrow morning. Nee. Yes Madam.

Lad. Ile downe with her my selfe, and thanke the Doctor.

Pol. Wee all shall thanke him. But, deare Madam, thinke, 40
Resolve upon a man, this day. Lad. I ha' done't.
To tell you true, (sweet Gossip;) here is none
But Master Doctor, hee shall be o' the Counsell:
The man I have design'd her to, indeed,
Is Master Practise: he's a neat young man,
Forward, and growing up, in a profession!
Like to be some body, if the Hall stand!
And Pleading hold! A prime young Lawyers wife,
Is a right happy fortune. Rut. And shee bringing
So plentifull a portion, they may live
Like King, and Queene, at common Law together!
Sway Judges; guide the Courts; command the Clarkes,
And fright the Evidence; rule at their pleasures,
Like petty Soveraignes in all cases. Pol. O, that

Will be a worke of time; she may be old
Before her husband rise to a chiefe Judge;
And all her flower be gone: No, no, a Lady
O' the first head I'd have her; and in Court:
The Lady Silk-worme, a Diaphanous Lady:

And be a Vi-countesse to carry all
Before her (as wee say :) her Gentleman-usher,
And cast-off Pages, bare, to bid her Aunt
Welcome unto her honour, at her lodgings.

Rut. You say well, Ladies Gossip; if my Lady
Could admit that, to have her Neice precede her.

Lad. For that, I must consult mine owne Ambition,
My zealous Gossip. Pol. O, you shall precede her:
You shall be a Countesse! Sir Diaphanous,
Shall get you made a Countesse! Here he comes,

Has my voice certaine: O fine Courtier!
O blessed man! the bravery prick't out,
To make my dainty charge, a Vi-countesse!
And my good Lady, her Aunt, Countesse at large!

ACT II. SCENE III.

To them.

Diaphanous. Palate.

Dia. I tell thee Parson, if I get her, reckon
Thou hast a friend in Court; and shalt command
A thousand pound, to goe on any errand,
For any Church preferment thou hast a mind too.
The Magnetick Lady.

_Pal._ I thanke your worship: I will so worke for you,
As you shall study all the wayes to thanke me:
Ile worke my Lady, and my Ladies friends;
Her Gossip, and this Doctor; and Squire Needle,
And Mr. _Compasse_, who is all in all:
The very Fly shee moves by: Hee is one
That went to Sea with her husband, Sir _John Loadstone_,
And brought home the rich prizes: all that wealth
Is left her; for which service she respects him:
A dainty Scholler in the Mathematicks;
And one shee wholly imployes. Now _Dominus Practise_
Is yet the man (appointed by her Ladiship)
But there's a trick to set his cap awry,
If I know any thing; hee hath confess
To me in private, that hee loves another,
My Ladies woman, Mrs. _Pleasance_: therefore
Secure you of Rivalship. _Dia._ I thanke thee
My noble _Parson_: There's five hundred pound
Waites on thee more for that. _Pal._ Accoast the Neice:
Yonder shee walkes alone: Ile move the Aunt:
But here's the Gossip: shee expects a morsell.
_Ha' you nere a Ring, or toy to throw away?_

_Dia._ Yes, here's a Diamont of some threescore pound,
I pray you give her that. _Pal._ If shee will take it.

_Dia._ And there's an Emeraund, for the Doctor too:
Thou, _Parson_, thou shalt come me: I am thine.

_Pal._ Here Mr. _Compasse_ comes: Doe you see my Lady?
And all the rest? how they doe flutter about him!
Hee is the Oracle of the house, and family!
Now, is your time: goe nick it with the Neice:
I will walke by; and hearken how the Chimes goe.
ACT II. SCENE V.

To them.

Compasse.

Com. Nay Parson, stand not off; you may approach: This is no such hid point of State, wee handle, But you may heare it: for wee are all of Counsell. The gentle Mr. Practise, hath dealt clearly, And nobly with you, Madam. Lad. Ha' you talk'd with him?
And made the overture? Com. Yes, first I mov'd The busines trusted to me, by your Ladiship, I' your owne words, almost your very Sillabes: Save where my Memory trespass'd 'gainst their elegance:
For which I hope your pardon. Then I inlarg'd In my owne homely stile, the speciall goodnesse, And greatnesse, of your bounty, in your choice, And free conferring of a benefit, So without ends, conditions, any tye
But his meere vertue, and the value of it, To call him to your kindred, to your veines, Insert him in your family, and to make him A Nephew, by the offer of a Neice, With such a portion; which when hee had heard,
And most maturely acknowledg'd (as his calling Tends all unto maturity) he return'd A thankes, as ample as the Curtesie, (In my opinion) said it was a Grace, Too great to be rejected, or accepted
By him! But as the termes stood with his fortune, Hee was not to prevaricate, with your Ladiship, But rather to require ingenious leave, He might with the same love, that it was offer'd, Refuse it, since he could not with his honesty,
(Being he was ingag'd before) receive it.

Pal. The same he said to me. Com. And nam'd the party?

Pal. He did, and he did not. Com. Come, leave your Schemes,
And fine Amphibolies, Parson. Pal. You'll heare more.

Pol. Why, now your Ladiship is free to choose,
The Courtier Sir Diaphanous : he shall doe it,
Ile move it to him my selfe. Lad. What will you move to him?


Know you the partie Mr. Practise means? To Com-

Com. No, but your Parson sayes he knowes, Madam.

Lad. I feare he fables; Parson, doe you know Where Mr. Practise is ingag'd? Pal. Ile tell you!

But under seale, her Mother must not know:
'Tis with your Ladiships woman, Mrs. Pleasance.

Com. How! Lad. Hee is not mad. Pal. O hide the hideous secret

From her, shee'll trouble all else. You doe hold

A Cricket by the wing. Com. Did he name Pleasance?

Are you sure, Parson? Lad. O 'tis true, your Mrs I find where your shoone wrings you, Mr. Comasse:

But, you'll looke to him there. Com. Yes, here's Sir Moath,
Your brother, with his Bias, and the Partie

Deepe in discourse: 'twill be a bargaine, and sale;
I see by their close working of their heads,
And running them together so in Councell.

Lad. Will Mr. Practise be of Councell against us?

Com. He is a Lawyer, and must speake for his Fee, Against his Father, and Mother, all his kindred;

His brothers, or his sisters: no exception Lies at the Common-Law. He must not alter

ii. v. 31 nam'd W: name F party?] party, F 40 Parson,] Parson F 44 mad.] mad? W 47 sure,] sure F After 53 Enter at a distance, in discourse, sir Moth Interest, Practice, and Bias. G 54 Practise be] Practisebe F
The Magnetick Lady.

Nature for forme, but goe on in his path——

It may be he will be for us. Doe not you
Offer to meddle, let them take their course:
Dispatch, and marry her off to any husband;
Be not you scrupulous; let who can have her:
So he lay downe the portion, though he gueld it:

It will maintaine the suit against him: somewhat,
Something in hand is better, then no birds;
He shall at last accompt, for the utmost farthing,
If you can keepe your hand from a discharge.

Pol. Sir, doe but make her worshipfull Aunt a Countesse,
And she is yours: her Aunt has worlds to leave you:
The wealth of six East Indian Fleets at least!
Her Husband, Sir John Loadstone, was the Governour
O’ the Company, seven yeares. Dia. And came there home,
Six Fleets in seven yeares? Pol. I cannot tell,
I must attend my Gossip, her good Ladiship.

Pla. And will you make me a Vi-countesse too? For,
How doe they make a Countesse? in a Chaire?
Or ‘pon a bed? Dia. Both wayes, sweet bird, Ile shew you.

ACT II. SCENE VI.


Int. The truth is, Mr. Practise, now wee are sure
That you are off, we dare come on the bolder:
The portion left, was sixteene thousand pound,
I doe confesse it, as a just man should.

And call here Mr. Compasse, with these Gentlemen,
To the relation: I will still be just.
Now for the profits every way arising,

II. v. 65 him: somewhat,) him, somewhat: G 68 Exit Lady L. add
G 69 Pol.] Pol. [to Diaphanous.] G 75 Exit, add G 76 too?
For,) too, sir? G 78 Exeunt sir Diaphanous and Placentia. add G
II. vi. G continues the scene Rut. corr. F: Rut. F Originally 1 Int.
Sir Moth. [coming forward.] G, who continues the scene
The Magnetick Lady.

It was the Donors wisedome, those should pay Me for my watch, and breaking of my sleepe; It is no petty charge, you know, that summe; To keepe a man awake, for fourteene yeare.

Pra. But (as you knew to use it i' that time) It would reward your waking. Int. That's my industry; As it might be your reading, studie, and counsell; And now your pleading; who denies it you? I have my calling too. Well, Sir, the Contract Is with this Gentleman, ten thousand pound. (An ample portion, for a younger brother, With a soft, tender, delicate rib of mans flesh, That he may worke like waxe, and print upon.) He expects no more then that summe to be tendred, And hee receive it: Those are the conditions.

Pra. A direct bargaine, and sale in open market. Int. And what I have furnish'd him withall o' the by, To appeare, or so: A matter of foure hundred, To be deduc'd upo' the payment——. Bia. Right. You deale like a just man still. Int. Draw up this, Good Mr. Practise, for us, and be speedy.

Pra. But here's a mighty gaine Sir, you have made Of this one stock! the principall first doubled, In the first seven yeare; and that redoubled I' the next seven! beside sixe thousand pound, There's threescore thousand got in fourteene yeare, After the usual rate of ten i' the hundred, And the ten thousand paid. Int. I thinke it be l

Pra. How will you scape the clamour, and the envie? Int. Let 'hem exclame, and envie: what care I? Their murmurs raise no blisters i' my flesh. My monies are my blood, my parents, kindred: And he that loves not those, he is unnaturall:

I am perswaded that the love of monie

The Magnetick Lady.

Is not a vertue, only in a Subject,
But might beft a Prince. And (were there need)
I find me able to make good the Assertion

To any reasonable mans understanding,
And make him to confess it. Com. Gentlemen,
Doctors, and Schollers, yo'll heare this, and looke for
As much true secular wit, and deepe Lay-sense,
As can be showne on such a common place.

Int. First, wee all know the soule of man is infinite
I' what it covets. Who desireth knowledge,
Desires it infinitely. Who covets honour,
Covets it infinitely. It will be then
No hard thing, for a coveting man, to prove
Or to confess, hee aimes at infinite wealth.

Com. His soule lying that way. Int. Next, every man
Is i' the hope, or possibility
Of a whole world: this present world being nothing,
But the dispersed issue of (the) first one:

And therefore I not see, but a just man
May with just reason, and in office ought
Propound unto himselfe. Com. An infinite wealth!
Ile beare the burden: Goe you on, Sir Moath.

Int. Thirdly, if wee consider man a member,

But of the body politique, we know,
By just experience, that the Prince hath need
More of one wealthy, then ten fighting men.

Com. There you went out o' the road, a little from us.

Int. And therefore, if the Princes aimes be infinite,

It must be in that, which makes all. Com. Infinite wealth.

Int. Fourthly, 'tis naturall to all good subjects,

To set a price on money; more then foolees
Ought on their Mrs. Picture; every piece
Fro' the penny to the twelve pence, being the Hieroglyphick,

And sacred Sculpture of the Soveraigne.
The Magnetick Lady.

Com. A manifest conclusion, and a safe one.

Int. Fiftly, wealth gives a man the leading voice,
At all conventions; and displaceth worth,
With generall allowance to all parties:
It makes a trade to take the wall of vertue;
And the mere issue of a shop, right Honourable.
Sixtly, it doth disable him that hath it
To the performance of all real actions,
Referring him to himselfe still: and not binding
His will to any circumstance, without him;
It gives him precise knowledge of himselfe;
For, be he rich, he straight with evidence knowes
Whether he have any compassion,
Or inclination unto vertue, or no;
Where the poore knave erroneously beleeves,
If he were rich, he would build Churches, or
Doe such mad things. Seventhly, your wise poore men
Have ever beene contented to observe
Rich Fools, and so to serve their turnes upon them:
Subjecting all their wit to the others wealth.
And become Gentlemen Parasites, Squire Bauds,
To feed their Patrons honorable humors.
Eighthly, 'tis certaine that a man may leave
His wealth, or to his Children, or his friends;
His wit hee cannot so dispose, by Legacie,
As they shall be a Harrington the better for 't.

Com. He may intaile a jest upon his house, though:
Or leave a tale to his posteritie,
To be told after him. Iro. As you have done here?
T'invite your friend, and brother to a feast,
Where all the Guests are so mere heterogene,
And strangers, no man knowes another, or cares
If they be Christians, or Mahumetans,
That here are met! Com. Is't any thing to you brother,
To know Religions more then those you fight for?

Iro. Yes, and with whom I eat. I may dispute,
And how shall I hold argument with such,
I neither know their humors, nor their heresies;
Which are religions now, and so receiv'd?

Here's no man among these that keepes a servant,
To inquire his Master of: yet i' the house,
I heare it buzz'd, there are a brace of Doctors,
A Foole, and a Physician: with a Courtier,
That feeds on mulbery leaves, like a true Silkworme:

A Lawyer, and a mighty Money-Baud,
Sir Moath! has brought his politque Bias with him:
A man of a most animadverting humor:
Who, to indeare himselfe unto his Lord,
Will tell him, you and I, or any of us,

That here are met, are all pernicious spirits,
And men of pestilent purpose, meanely affected
Vnto the State wee live in: and beget
Himselfe a thankes, with the great men o' the time,
By breeding Jealouses in them of us,

Shall crosse our fortunes, frustrate our endeavours,
Twice seven yeares after: And this trick be call'd
Cutting of throats, with a whispering, or a pen-knife.
I must cut his throat now: I'am bound in honour,
And by the Law of armes, to see it done;

I dare to doe it; and I dare professe
The doing of it: being to such a Raskall,
Who is the common offence growne of man-kind;
And worthy to be torne up from society.

Com. You shall not doe it here, Sir. Iro. Why? will you

Intreat your selfe, into a beating for him,
My courteous brother? If you will, have at you,
No man deserves it better (now I thinke on't)
Then you: that will keepe consort with such Fidlers,
Pragmatick Flies, Fooles, Publicanes, and Moathes:

110 To know Religions more then those you fight for?
115 Here's no man among these that keepes a servant,
120 A Lawyer, and a mighty Money-Baud,
125 That here are met, are all pernicious spirits,
130 Shall crosse our fortunes, frustrate our endeavours,
135 I dare to doe it; and I dare professe
140 Intreat your selfe, into a beating for him,
And leave your honest, and adopted brother. 145

Int. 'Best raise the house upon him, to secure us; Hee'll kill us all! Pal. I love no blades in belts.

Rut. Nor I. Bia. Would I were at my shop againe, In Court, safe stow'd up, with my politque bundels.

Com. How they are scatter'd! Iro. Run away like Cimici, 150 Into the cranies of a rotten bed-stead.

Com. I told you such a passage would disperse 'hem, Although the house were their Fee-simple in Law, And they posset of all the blessings in it.

Iro. Pray heaven they be not frightened from their stomacks: That so my Ladies Table be disfurnish'd Of the provisions! Com. No, the Parson's calling By this time, all the covey againe, together. Here comes good tydings! Dinner 's o' the boord.

ACT II. SCENE VII.

Compaesse. Pleasance.

Com. Stay Mrs. Pleasance, I must aske you a question: Ha' you any suites in Law? Ple. I, Mr. Compaesse?

Com. Answer me briefly, it is dinner time. They say you have retain'd brisk Mr. Practise Here, of your Councill; and are to be joyn'd A Patentee with him. Ple. In what? who sayes so? You are dispos'd to jest. Com. No, I am in earnest. It is given out i' the house so, I assure you; But keepe your right to your selfe, and not acquaint A common Lawyer with your case. If hee Once find the gap; a thousand will leape after. Ile tell you more anone. Ple. This Riddle shewes A little like a Love-trick, o' one face, If I could understand it. I will studie it.
Chorus.

Dam. But whom doth your Poët meane now by this—Mr. Bias? what Lords Secretary, doth hee purpose to personate, or perstringe?

Boy. You might as well aske mee, what Alderman, or Aldermans Mate, hee meant by Sir Moath Interest? or what eminent Lawyer, by the ridiculous Mr. Practise? who hath rather his name invented for laughter, then any offence, or injury it can stick on the reverend Professors of the Law: And so the wise ones will thinké.

Pro. It is an insidious Question, Brother Damplay! Iniquity it selfe would not have urg’d it. It is picking the Lock of the Scene; not opening it the faire way with a Key. A Play, though it apparell, and present vices in generall, flies from all particularities in persons. Would you aske of Plautus, and Terence, (if they both liv’d now) who were Darius, or Pseudolus in the Scene? who Pyrgopolinices, or Thraso? who Euclio or Menedemus?

Boy. Yes, he would: And inquire of Martial, or any other Epigrammatist, whom he meant by Titius, or Seius (the common John à Noke, or John à Style) under whom they note all vices, and errors taxable to the Times? As if there could not bee a name for a Folly fitted to the Stage, but there must be a person in nature, found out to owne it.

Dam. Why, I can phant’sie a person to my selfe Boy, who shall hinder me?

Boy. And, in not publishing him, you doe no man an injury. But if you will utter your owne ill meaning on that person, under the Authors words, you make a Libell of his Comedie.

Dam. O, hee told us that in a Prologue, long since.

Boy. If you doe the same reprehensible ill things, still the same reprehension will serve you, though you heard it afore: They are his owne words. I can invent no better, nor he.

CHORUS. 1 this] his W 10 insidious insidious F3 13 A A F 17 Euclio or] Euclio of F3
Pro. It is the solemne vice of interpretation, that deformes
the figure of many a faire Scene, by drawing it awry; and indeed is the civill murder of most good Playes: If I see a
thing vively presented on the Stage, that the Glasse of custome (which is Comedy) is so held up to me, by the Poet, as I can therein view the daily examples of mens lives, and images of Truth, in their manners, so drawne for my delight, or profit, as I may (either way) use them: and will I, rather (then make that true use) hunt out the Persons to defame, by my malice of misapplying? and imperill the innocence, and candor of the Author, by his calumnie? It is an unjust way of hearing, and beholding Playes, this, and most un-becoming a Gentleman to appeare malignantly witty in anothers Worke.

Boy. They are no other but narrow, and shrunke natures; shriveld up, poore things, that cannot thinke well of them-selves, who dare to detract others. That Signature is upon them, and it will last. A halfe-witted Barbarisme! which no Barbers art, or his bals, will ever expunge or take out.

Dam. Why, Boy? This were a strange Empire, or rather a Tyrannie, you would entitle your Poet to, over Gentlemen, that they should come to heare, and see Playes, and say nothing for their money.

Boy. O, yes; say what you will: so it be to purpose, and in place.

Dam. Can any thing be out of purpose at a Play? I see no reason, if I come here, and give my eightene pence, or two shillings for my Seat, but I should take it out in censure, on the Stage.

Boy. Your two shilling worth is allow'd you: but you will take your ten shilling worth, your twenty shilling worth, and more: And teach others (about you) to doe the like, that follow your leading face; as if you were to cry up or downe every Scene, by confederacy, be it right or wrong.

Dam. Who should teach us the right, or wrong at a Play?
The Magnetick Lady.

Boy. If your own science can not doe it, or the love of
Modesty, and Truth; all other intreaties, or attempts—are
vaine. You are fitter Spectators for the Beares, then us, or
the Puppets. This is a popular ignorance indeed, somewhat
better appareld in you, then the People: but a hard-
handed, and stiffe ignorance, worthy a Trewel, or a Ham-
mer-man; and not onely fit to be scorn'd, but to be
triump'h'd ore.

Dam. By whom, Boy?

Boy. No particular, but the generall neglect, and silence.
Good Master Damplay, be your selfe still, without a second:
Few here are of your opinion to day, I hope; to morrow,
I am sure there will bee none, when they have ruminated
this.

Pro. Let us mind what you come for, the Play, which will
draw on to the Epitasis now.

ACT III. SCENE I.


Item. Whence Mr. Doctor? Nea. O Mr. Tim Item,
His learned Pothecary! you are welcome:
He is within at dinner. It. Dinner! Death!
That hee will eat now, having such a busines,
That so concerns him! Nea. Why, can any busines
Concerne a man like his meat? It. O twenty millions,
To a Physician, that's in practise: I
Doe bring him newes, from all the points o' the Compasse,
(That's all the parts of the sublunary Globe.)
Of times, and double times. Nea. In, in, sweet Item,
And furnish forth the Table with your newes:
Deserve your dinner: Sow out your whole bag full:
The Guests will heare it. Item. I heard they were out.

CHORUS. 70 attempts—] attempts W 73 hard-handed] hard
handed F 77 Dam. ... Boy? originally in F at the end of the
preceding speech. III. i] ACT III. SCENE I. | A Room in lady
Loadstone's House: | Enter Timothy Item, Needle, and Nurse Keep. G
1 Item. corr. F: Item F originally
The Magnetick Lady.

Nee. But they are piec’d, and put together againe, You may goe in, you’l find them at high eating:

The Parson has an edifying stomack, And a perswading Palate (like his name:)
Hee hath begun three draughts of sack in Doctrines, And fower in Uses. Ite. And they follow him?

Nee. No, Sir Diaphanous is a Recusant
In sack. He onely takes it in French wine, With an allay of water. In, in, Item,
And leave your peeping. Kee. I have a moneths mind, To peepe a little too. 〈δ〉 sweet Mas’ Needle,
How are they set? Nee. At the boords end my Lady——. 25

Kee. And my young Mrs. by her? Nee. Yes, the Parson
On the right hand (as hee’l not lose his place
For thrusting) and ’gainst him Mrs. Polish:
Next, Sir Diaphanous, against Sir Moath;
Knights, one againe another: Then the Souldier,
The man of warre, and man of peace the Lawyer:
Then the pert Doctor, and the politique Bias,
And Mr. Compass e circumscribeth all.

Ple. Nurse Keepe, nurse Keepe! Nee. What noise is that A noise within?

Ple. Come to my Mistris, all their weapons are out. 35
Nee. Mischief of men! what day, what houre is this?
Kee. Run for the cellar of strong waters, quickly.

ACT III. SCENE II.

[To them after.]

Compass e. Ironside.

Com. Were you a mad man to doe this at table? And trouble all the Guests, to affright the Ladies, And Gentlewomen? Iro. Pox upo’ your women, And your halfe man there, Court-Sir Amber-gris:

The Magnetick Lady.

A perfum'd braggart: He must drinke his wine
With three parts water; and have Amber in that too.

Com. And you must therefore breake his face with a
Glasse,
And wash his nose in wine. Iro. Cannot he drinke
In Orthodoxe, but he must have his Gums,

And Panym Drugs? Com. You should have us'd the Glassee
Rather as ballance, then the sword of Justice:
But you have cut his face with it, he bleeds.
Come, you shall take your Sanctuary with me;
The whole house will be up in armes 'gainst you else,

Within this halfe houre; this way to my lodging.

〈ACT III. SCENE III.〉

Rut. Lady. Polish. Keepe, carrying Placentia over the
Stage. Pleasance. Item.

〈To them Compasse.〉

Rut. A most rude action! carry her to her bed;
And use the Fricace to her, with those oyles.
Keepe your newes Item now, and tend this busines.

Lad. Good Gossip look to her. Pol. How doe you sweet
charge?

Kee. She's in a sweat. Pol. I, and a faint sweat mary.
Rut. Let her alone to Tim: he has directions,
Ile heare your newes Tim Item, when you ha' done.

Lad. Was ever such a Guest brought to my table?
Rut. These boistrous Souldiers ha' no better breeding.

Here Mr. Compasse comes: where's your Captaine,

Lad. Would he had nere come in them, I may wish.
He has discredited my house, and boord,
The Magnetick Lady.

With his rude swaggering manners, and endanger'd
My Neices health (by drawing of his weapon)
God knowes how farre; for Mr. Doctor does not.

Com. The Doctor is an Asse then, if hee say so,
And cannot with his conjuring names, Hippocrates,
Galen or Rasis, Avicen, Averroes,
Cure a poore wenches falling in a swoune:
Which a poore Farthing chang'd in Rosa solis,
Or Cynnamon water would. Lad. How now? how does she?

Kee. Shee's somewhat better. Mr. Item has brought her
A little about. Pol. But there's Sir Moath your brother
Is falne into a fit o' the happylexe,
It were a happy place for him, and us,
If he could steale to heaven thus: All the house
Are calling Mr. Doctor, Mr. Doctor.
The Parson he has gi'n him gone, this halfe houre;
Hee's pale in the mouth already, for the feare
O' the fierce Captaine. Lad. Helpe me to my Chamber,
Nurse Keepe: Would I could see the day no more,
But night hung over me, like some darke cloud;
That, buried with this losse of my good name,
I, and my house might perish, thus forgotten——

Com. Her taking it to heart thus, more afflicts me
Then all these accidents, for they'll blow over.

ACT III. SCENE III(T)


Pra. It was a barbarous Injury, I confesse:
But if you will be counsell'd, Sir, by me,
The reverend Law lies open to repaire
Your reputation. That will gi' you damages;

iii. iiii. 18 Hippocrates, Hippocrates; F 19 Avicen, Avicen, F
22 After ' would.' Re-enter Keep and Polish. G 28 Exit Rut. add G
35 Exeunt Lady L. Keep, and Polish. add G III. iv] Enter Practice
and sir Diaphanous Silkworm. G, continuing the scene
The Magnetick Lady.

Five thousand pound for a finger, I have knowne
Given in Court: And let me pack your Jury.

Silk. There's nothing vexes me, but that he has staint
My new white sattin Doublet; and bespatter'd
My spick and span silke Stockings, o' the day
They were drawne on: And here's a spot i' my hose too.

Com. Shrewd maimes! your Clothes are wounded desperately,
And that (I thinke) troubles a Courtier more,
An exact Courtier, then a gash in his flesh.

Silk. My flesh? I sweare had he giv'n me twice so much,
I never should ha' reckon'd it. But my clothes
To be defac'd, and stigmatiz'd so fouely!
I take it as a contumely done me
Above the wisdome of our Lawes to right.

Com. Why then you'll challenge him? Silk. I will advise,
Though Mr. Practise here doth urge the Law;
And reparation it will make me of credit,
Beside great damages (let him pack my Jury.)

Com. He speakes like Mr. Practise, one, that is
The Child of a Profession he's vow'd too,
And servant to the studie he hath taken,
A pure Apprentice at Law! But you must have
The Counsell o' the Sword; and square your action
Vnto their Cannons, and that brother-hood,
If you doe right. Pra. I tell you Mr. Compasse,

You speak not like a friend unto the Lawes,
Nor scarce a subject, to perswade him thus,
Vnto the breach o' the peace: Sir, you forget
There is a Court above, o' the Starre-Chamber,
To punish Routs and Riots. Com. No, young Master,
Although your name be Practise there in Terme time,
I doe remember it. But you'll not heare
What I was bound to say; but like a wild
The Magnetick Lady.

Young haggard Justice, fly at breach o' the Peace,
Before you know, whether the amorous Knight
Dares break the peace of conscience in a Duell.

Silk. Troth Mr. Compassé, I take you my friend;
You shall appoint of me in any matter
That's reasonable, so wee may meet faire,
On even termes. Com. I shall perswade no other,
(And take your learned Counsell to advise you,
Ile run along with him.) You say you'll meet him,
On even termes. I doe not see indeed
How that can be, 'twixt Ironside and you,
Now I consider it. Hee is my brother,
I doe confesse (wee ha' call'd so twenty yeare :)
But you are, Sir, a Knight in Court, allied there,
And so befriended, you may easily answer
The worst success: He a knowne, noted, bold
Boy o' the Sword, hath all mens eyes upon him;
And there's no London-Iury, but are led
In evidence, as farre by common fame,
As they are by present deposition.
Then you have many brethren, and neer kinsmen.
If he kill you, it will be a lasting Quarrell
'Twixt them, and him. Whereas Rud: Ironside,
Although he ha' got his head into a Beaver,
With a huge feather, 's but a Corriers sonne,
And has not two old Cordo'van skins, to leave
In Leather Caps to mourn him in, if he die.
Againe, you are generally belov'd, he hated
So much, that all the hearts, and votes of men
Goe with you, in the wishing all prosperity
Vnto your purpose; hee's a fat, corpulent,
Vnweildy fellow: you, a dieted Sparke,
Fit for the Combat. He has kild so many;
As it is ten to one his turne is next;

iii. iv. 45 you,) you] F 46 him.)] him F 49 brother,) brother. F 50 confess (wee] confess we G 60 'Twixt] T'wixt F 63 Cordo'van] Cordov'an F
You never fought with any; lesse, slew any:
And therefore have the (fairer) hopes before you.
I hope these things thus specified unto you,

Are faire advantages: you cannot encounter
Him upon equall termes. Beside, Sir Silkworme,
He hath done you wrong in a most high degree:
And sense of such an Injury receiv'd,
Should so excuate, and whet your choller,

As you should count your selfe an host of men,
Compar'd to him. And therefore you, brave Sir,
Have no more reason to provoke, or challenge
Him, then the huge great Porter has to try
His strength upon an Infant. Silke. Mr. Compasse,

You rather spur me on, then any way
Abate my courage to the Enterprise.

Com. All Counsell's as it's taken. If you stand
On point of honour, not t'have any odds,
I have rather then dissuaded you, then otherwise:

If upon termes of humour and revenge,
I have encourag'd you. So that I thinke,
I have done the part of a friend on either side:
In furnishing your feare with matter first,
If you have any: Or, if you dare fight,

To heighten, and confirme your resolution.

Pra. I now doe crave your pardon, Mr. Compasse:
I did not apprehend your way before,
The true Perimeter of it: you have Circles,
And such fine draughts about! Silke. Sir, I doe thanke you,

I thanke you Mr. Compasse heartily;
I must confesse, I never fought before,
And I'll be glad to doe things orderly,
In the right place: I pray you <to> instruct me.
Is't best I fight ambitiously, or malitiously?

Com. Sir, if you never fought before, be wary,
The Magnetick Lady.

Trust not your selfe too much. Silke. Why? I assure you, I'am very angry. Com. Doe not suffer, though, The flatuous, windy choller of your heart, To move the clapper of your understanding, Which is the guiding faculty, your reason:

You know not, if you'l fight, or no, being brought Vpo' the place. Silke. O yes, I have imagin'd Him treble arm'd, provok'd too, and as furious As Homer makes Achilles; and I find My selfe not frighted with his fame one jot.

Com. Well, yet take heed. These fights imaginary, Are lesse then skirmishes; the fight of shadowes: For shadowes have their figure, motion, And their umbratilie action from the reall Posture, and motion of the bodies act:

Whereas (imaginarily) many times, Those men may fight, dare scarce eye one another, And much lesse meet. But if there be no helpe, Faith I would wish you, send him a faire Challenge.

Silk. I will goe pen it presently. Com. But word it In the most generous termes. Silk. Let me alone.

Pra. And silken phrase: the courtliest kind of Quarrell.

Com. He'l make it a petition for his peace.

Pra. O, yes, of right, and hee may doe it by Law.

ACT III. SCENE [I]V.


Item. Polish following.

Rut. Come, bring him out into the aire a little: There set him downe. Bow him, yet bow him more, Dash that same Glasse of water in his face: Now tweak him by the nose. Hard, harder yet:

III. iv. 118 motion.] motion F 126 the most] themost or them ost F 129 Execunt. add G III. v]. SCENE IV. | Another Room in the Same. | Enter Rut, Palate and Bias bringing out sir Moth Interest in a chair: Item and Polish following. G
If it but call the blood up from the heart,
I ask no more. See, what a feare can doe!
Pinch him in the nape of the neck now: nip him, nip him.

_Ite._ He feeles, there's life in him. _Pal._ He groanes, and stirres.

_Rut._ Tell him the Captaine's gone. _Int._ Ha! _Pal._ He's gone Sir.

_Rut._ Gi' him a box, hard, hard, on his left eare.

_Int._ O! _Rut._ How doe you feele your selfe? _Int._ Sore, sore. _Rut._ But where?

_Int._ I' my neck. _Rut._ I nipt him there. _Int._ And i' my head.

_Rut._ I box'd him twice, or thrice, to move those Sinewes.

_Bia._ I sweare you did. _Pol._ What a brave man's a Doctor,

To beat one into health! I thought his blowes
Would eene ha' kild him: hec did feele no more
Then a great horse. _Int._ Is the wild Captaine gone?
That man of murther? _Bia._ All is calme and quiet.

_Int._ Say you so, Cosen _Bia_? Then all's well.

_Pal._ How quickly a man is lost! _Bia._ And soone recover'd!

_Pol._ Where there are meanes, and Doctors, learned men,
And their Apothecaries, who are not now,
(As _Chawcer_ sayes) their friendship to begin.
Well, could they teach each other how to win

_I'_ their swath bands——. _Rut._ Leave your Poetry good

Gossip,

Your _Chawcers_ clouts, and wash your dishes with 'hem,
Wee must rub up the roots of his disease,
And crave your peace awhile, or else your absence.

_Pol._ Nay, I know when to hold my peace. _Rut._ Then do it.

_Gi'_ me your hand Sir _Moath_. Let's feele your pulse.

It is a Pursinesse, a kind of Stoppage,
Or tumor o' the Purse, for want of exercise,
That you are troubled with: some ligatures
I' th' neck of your Vesica, or Marsupium,
Are so close knit, that you cannot evaporate;
And therefore you must use relaxatives.
Beside, they say, you are so restive growne,
You cannot but with trouble put your hand
Into your pocket, to discharge a reckoning.
And this we sonnes of Physick doe call chiragra,
A kind of Crampe, or Hand-Gout. You shall purge for't.

Ite. Indeed your worship should doe well to'advise him,
To clense his body, all the three high wayes;
That is, by Sweat, Purge, and Phlebotomy.

Rut. You say well, learned Tim, Ile first prescribe him,
To give his purse a purge once, twice a weeke
At Dice, or Cards: And when the weather is open,
Sweat at a bowling Alley; or be let blood
I' the lending veine, and bleed a matter of fifty,
Or threescore ounces at a time. Then put
Your thumbs under your Girdle, and have some body
Else, pull out your purse for you, till with more ease,
And a good habit, you can doe it your selfe.
And then be sure alwayes to keepe good diet;
And h(a)y' your table furnish'd from one end,
Vnto the tother: It is good for the eyes.
But feed you on one dish still, ha' your Diet-drinke,
Ever in Bottles ready, which must come
From the Kings-head: I will prescribe you nothing,
But what Ile take before you mine own selfe:
That is my course with all my Patients.

Pal. Very methodicall, Secundium Artem.
Bia. And very safe pro captu recipientis.
Pol. All errant learned men, how they 'spute Latine!
Rut. I had it of a Jew, and a great Rabbi,
Who every morning cast his cup of White-wine

III. v. 34 I’th] I’th F  45 well,] well F  50–2 G divides at
put your thumbs | Under . . . somebody else | Pull . . .
eyes, F: Eyes; F₃  56 eyes.] 59 Kings-head] Kings-head F
The Magnetick Lady.

With sugar, and by the residence i' the bottome,
Would make report of any Chronick malady,
Such as Sir Moath's is, being an oppilation,

70 In that you call the neck o' the money bladder,
Most anatomicall, and by dissection.
Enter Nurse.  Kee. O Mr. Doctor, and his Pothecary!
Good Mr. Item, and my Mistris Polish!
Wee need you all above!  Shee's falne againe,

75 In a worse fit then ever.  Pol. Who?  Kee. Your charge.
Pol. Come away Gentlemen.  Int. This fit with the
Doctor,
Hath mended me past expectation.

ACT III.  SCENE V(I).


Com. O Sir Diaphanous, ha' you done?  Dia. I ha'
brought it.
Pra. That's well.  Com. But who shall carry it now?
Dia. A friend:
Ile find a friend to carry it;  Mr. Bias here
Will not deny me that.  Bia. What is't?  Dia. To carry

A Challenge I have writ unto the Captaine.

Bias. Faith but I will Sir. you shall pardon me
For a twi-reason of State:  Ile beare no Challenges;
I will not hazard my Lords favour so;
Or forfeit mine owne Judgement with his honour,

5 To turne a Ruffian:  I have to commend me
Nought but his Lordships good opinion;
And to't my Kallygraphy, a faire hand,
Fit for a Secretary:  Now you know, a mans hand
Being his executing part in fight,

10 Dia. You shall not fight Sir, you shall onely search

III. v. 77 Exeunt all but Bias. add G  
III. vi. Enter Compass,  
sir Diaphanous Silkworm and Practice. G, continuing the scene  
2 Com.]  
The period faint or missing in F
The Magnetick Lady.

My Antagonist; commit us farely there
Vpo' the ground on equall termes. Bia. O Sir!
But if my Lord should heare I stood at end
Of any quarrell, 'twere an end of me
In a state course! I ha' read the Politiques;
And heard th' opinions of our best Divines.

Com. The Gentleman has reason! Where was first
The birth of your acquaintance? or the Cradle
Of your strickt friendship made? Dia. We met in France,
Sir.

Com. In France! that Garden of humanity,
The very seed-plot of all courtesies:
I wonder that your friendship suck'd that aliment,
The milke of France; and see this sower effect
It doth produce, 'gainst all the sweets of travell:
There, every Gentleman professing armes,
Thinkes he is bound in honour to imbrace
The bearing of a Challenge for another,
Without or questioning the cause, or asking
Least colour of a reason. There's no Cowardize,
No Poultrounerie, like urging why? wherefore?
But carry a Challenge, die, and doe the thing.

Bia. Why, heare you Mr. Compasse, I but crave
Your eare in private. I would carry his Challenge,
If I but hop'd your Captaine angry enough
To kill him: For (to tell you truth) this Knight,
Is an impertinent in Court, (wee thinke him :)n
And troubles my Lords Lodgings, and his Table
With frequent, and unnecessary visits,
Which wee (the better sort of Servants) like not:
Being his Fellowes in all other places,
But at our Masters board; and we disdaine
To doe those servile offices, oft times,
His foolish pride, and Empire will exact,
Against the heart, or humour of a Gentleman.

Com. Truth Mr. Bias, I'd not ha' you thinke
I speake to flatter you: but you are one
O' the deepest Politiques I ever met,
And the most subtilly rationall. I admire you.

But doe not you conceive in such a case,
That you are accessory to his death,
From whom you carry a Challenge with such purpose?

Bia. Sir, the corruption of one thing in nature,
Is held the Generation of another;

And therefore, I had as leve be accessory
Vnto his death, as to his life. Com. A new
Morall Philosophy too! you'll carry 't then.

Bia. If I were sure, 't would not incense his choller
To beat the Messenger. Com. O, Ile secure you,

You shall deliver it in my lodging, safely;
And doe your friend a service worthy thankes.

Bia. Ile venture it, upon so good Induction,
To rid the Court of an Impediment,

Enter Ironside.

This baggage Knight. Iro. Peace to you all, Gentlemen,
Save to this Mushrome; who I heare is menacing
Me with a Challenge: which I come to anticipate,
And save the Law a labour: Will you fight Sir?

Dia. Yes, in my shirt. Iro. O, that's to save your
doublet;
I know it a Court trick! you had rather have

An Vlicer in your body, then a Pinke
More i' your clothes. Dia. Captaine, you are a Coward,
If you not fight i' your shirt. Iro. Sir, I not meane
To put it off for that, nor yet my doublet:
Yo' have cause to call me Coward, that more feare

The stroke of the common, and life-giving aire,
Then all your fury, and the Panoplie.

Pra. (Which is at best, but a thin linnen armour.)
The Magnetick Lady.

I thinke a cup of generous wine were better,
Then fighting i' your shirts. *Dia.* Sir, Sir, my valour,
It is a valour of another nature,
Then to be mended by a cup of wine.

*Com.* I should be glad to heare of any valours,
Differing in kind; who have knowne hitherto,
Only one vertue, they call *Fortitude,*
Worthy the name of valour. *Iro.* Which, who hath not,
Is justly thought a Coward: And he is such.

*Dia.* O, you ha' read the Play there, the *New Inne,*
Of Ionsons, that decries all other valour
But what is for the publike. *Iro.* I doe that too,
But did not learne it there; I thinke no valour
Lies for a private cause. *Dia.* Sir, Ile redargue you,
By disputation. *Com.* O let's heare this!
I long to heare a man dispute in his shirt
Of valour, and his sword drawne in his hand.

*Pra.* His valour will take cold; put on your doublet.

*Com.* His valour will keepe cold, you are deceiv'd;
And relish much the swe(e)ter in our eares:
It may be too, i' the ordinance of nature,
Their valours are not yet so combatant,
Or truly *antagonistick,* as to fight;
But may admit to heare of some divisions,
Of *Fortitude,* may put 'hem off their Quarrell.

*Dia.* I would have no man thinke me so ungovern'd,
Or subject to my passion, but I can
Reade him a Lecture 'twixt my undertakings,
And executions: I doe know all kinds
Of doing the busines, which the Towne cals valour.

*Com.* Yes, he has read the Towne, *Towne-top's* his
Author!

Your first? *Dia.* Is a rash head-long unexperience.

*Com.* Which is in Children, Fooles, or your street Gallants
O' the first head. *Pra.* A pretty kind of valour!

*Com.* Commend him, he will spin it out in's shirt,
The Magnetick Lady.

Fine, as that thred. Dia. The next, an indiscreet Presumption, grounded upon often scapes.

Com. Or th' insufficiencie of Adversaries, And this is in your common fighting Brothers, Your old Perdu's, who (after a time) doe thinke, The one, that they are shot-free; the other, sword-free. Your third? Dia. Is nought but an excesse of choller, That raignes in testy old men——. Com. Noblemens Porters, And selve-conceited Poëts. Dia. And is rather A peevishnesse, then any part of valour. Pra. He but reherses, he concludes no valour. Com. A history of distempers, as they are practiz'd, His Harangue undertaketh, and no more. Your next? Dia. Is a dull desperate resolving. Com. In case of some necessitous misery, or Incumbent mischife. Pra. Narrownesse of mind, Or ignorance being the root of it.

Dia. Which you shall find in Gamesters, quite blowne up. Com. (Or) banckrupt Merchants, undiscovered Traytors. Pra. Or your exemplified Malefactors, That have surviv'd their infamy, and punishment. Com. One that hath lost his eares, by a just sentence

O' the Starre-Chamber, a right valiant Knave—— And is a Histrionicall Contempt, Of what a man feares most; it being a mischife In his owne apprehension unavoidable. Pra. Which is in Cowards wounded mortally,

Or Theeves adjudg'd to die. Com. This is a valour, I should desire much to see encourag'd: As being a speciall entertainment For our rogue People; and make oft good sport Vnto 'hem, from the Gallowes to the ground.

The Magnetick Lady.

Dia. But mine is a Judiciall resolving,
Or liberall undertaking of a danger——.

Com. That might be avoided. Dia. I, and with assur-
ence,
That it is found in Noble-men, and Gentlemen,
Of the best sheafe. Com. Who having lives to lose,
Like private men, have yet a world of honour,
And publike reputation to defend——.

Dia. Which in the brave historified Greeks,
And Romans you shall reade of. Com. And (no doubt)
May in our Alder-men meet it, and their Deputies,
The Souldiers of the Citie, valiant blades,
Who (rather then their houses should be ransack'd)
Would fight it out, like so many wild beasts;
Not for the fury they are commonly arm'd with:
But the close manner of their fight, and custome,
Of joyning head to head, and foot to foot.

Iro. And which of these so well-prest resolutions
Am I to encounter now? For commonly,
Men that have so much choise before 'hem, have
Some trouble to resolve of any one.

Bia. There are three valours yet, which Sir Diaphanous,
Hath (with his leave) not touch'd. Dia. Yea? which are
those?

Pra. He perks at that! Com. Nay, he does more, he
chatters.

Bia. A Philosophicall contempt of death,
Is one: Then an infused kind of valour,
Wrought in us by our Genii, or good spirits;
Of which the gallant Ethnicks had deepe sense:
Who generally held, that no great States-man,
Scholler, or Souldier, ere did any thing
Sine divino aliquo afflatu.

Pra. But there's a Christian valour, 'bove these too.

Bia. Which is a quiet patient toleration,
Of whatsoever the malitious world

III. vi. 180 too | two W conf.
The Magnetick Lady.

With Injury doth unto you; and consists
In passion, more then action, Sir Diaphanous.

Dia. Sure, I doe take mine to be Christian valour——.

Com. You may mistake though. Can you justifie
On any cause, this seeking to deface,
The divine Image in a man? Bia. O Sir!
Let 'hem alone: Is not Diaphanous

As much a divine Image, as is Ironside?
Let images fight, if they will fight, a God's name.

ACT III. SCENE VI(I).

To them inter-vening.


Kee. Where's Mr. Needle? Saw you Mr. Needle?
Wee are undone. Com. What ailes the frantick Nurse?
Kee. My Mistris is undone, shee's crying out!
Where is this man trow? Mr. Needle? Nee. Here.

Kee. Run for the party, Mrs. Chaire the Mid-wife.
Nay, looke how the man stands, as he were gok't!
Shee's lost, if you not haste away the party.

Nee. Where is the Doctor? Kee. Where a scoffing man is.
And his Apothecary, little better;

They laugh, and geere at all: will you dispatch?
And fetch the party quickly to our Mistris:
Wee are all undone! The Timpanie will out else.

Int. Newes, newes, good newes, better then butter'd newes!

My Neice is found with Child, the Doctor tells me,

And falne in labour. Com. How? Int. The portion's paid!
The portion—o the Captaine! Is he here? Exit.

Pra. H'has spi'd your swords out! put 'hem up, put up,
Yo' have driven him hence; and yet your quarrell's ended.

Iro. In a most strange discovery. Pra. Of light gold.

III. vii. Enter Nurse Keep hastily. G, continuing the scene 4 After
'Needle Enter Needle. G' After 'Here.' Takes her aside. G 6 gok't]
gowked G 12 Exeunt Needle and Keep. Enter sir Moth Interest.
add G 15 After 'How?' Exit. G 16 o' F: O' F3
The Magnetick Lady. 563

Dia. And crack't within the Ring. I take the Omen, 20
As a good Omen. Pra. Then put up your Sword,
And on your Doublet. Give the Captaine thankes.

Dia. I had beene slur'd else. Thanke you noble Captaine:
Your quarrelling caus'd all this. Iro. Where's Compasse?

Pra. Gone,
Shrunke hence; contracted to his Center, I feare. 25

Iro. The slip is his then. Dia. I had like t' have beene
Abus'd i' the busines, had the slip slur'd oh me,
A Counterfeit. Bias. Sir, we are all abus'd:
As many as were brought on to be Suitors;
And we will joyne in thankes, all to the Captaine,
And to his fortune that so brought us off.

Chorus.

Dam. This was a pittifull poore shift o' your Poët, Boy,
to make his prime woman with child, and fall in labour, just
to compose a quarrell.

Boy. With whose borrowed eares, have you heard, Sir, all
this while, that you can mistake the current of our Scene so? 5
The streame of the Argument, threatened her being with child
from the very beginning, for it presented her in the first of
the second Act, with some apparent note of infirmity, or
defect: from knowledge of which, the Auditory were rightly
to bee suspended by the Author, till the quarrell, which was 10
but the accidentall cause, hastned on the discovery of it, in
occasioning her affright; which made her fall into her
throwes presently, and within that compasse of time allow'd
to the Comedy, wherein the Poët exprest his prime Artifice,
rather then any error, that the detection of her being with 15
child, should determine the quarrell, which had produc'd it.

Pro. The Boy is too hard for you. Brother Damplay, best
marke the Play, and let him alone.

Dam. I care not for marking the Play: Ile damne it,
20 talke, and doe that I come for. I will not have Gentlemen lose their priviledge, nor I my selfe my prerogative, for neere an overgowne, or superannuated Poët of 'hem all. Hee shall not give me the Law; I will censure, and be witty, and take my Tobacco, and enjoy my Magna Charta of 25 reprehension, as my Predecessors have done before me.

Boy. Even to license, and absurdity.

Pro. Not now, because the Gentlewoman is in travell: and the Midwife may come on the sooner, to put her and us out of our paine.

30 Dam. Well, looke to your busines afterward, Boy, that all things bee cleare, and come properly forth, suited, and set together; for I will search what followes severely and to the naile.

Boy. Let your naile run smooth then, and not scratch: 35 lest the Author be bold to pare it to the quick, and make it smart: you'll find him as severe as your selfe.

Dam. A shrewd Boy! and has mee every where. The Mid-wife is come, she has made haste.

ACT IIII. SCENE I.


Ha. Stay Mr. Needle, you doe prick too fast
Vpo' the busines: I must take some breath:
Lend me my stoole, you ha' drawne a stitch upon me,
In faith, sonne Needle, with your haste. Nee. Good Mother,
5 Peice up this breach; Ile gi' you a new Gowne,
A new silke-Grogoran Gowne. Ile do it, Mother.

Kee. What'll you doe? you ha' done too much already
With your prick-seame, and through-stitch, Mr. Needle.
I pray you sit not fabling here old tales,
10 Good Mother Chaire, the Mid-wife, but come up.
ACT III.  SCENE II.


Com.  How now Nurse, where's my Lady?  Kee.  In her Chamber
Lock'd up, I think: she'll speake with no body.

Com.  Knowes shee o' this accident?  Kee.  Alas Sir, no;
Would she might never know it.  Pra.  I thinke her Ladiship
Too vertuous, and too nobly innocent,
To have a hand in so ill-form'd a busines.

Com.  Your thought Sir is a brave thought, and a safe one,
The child now to be borne is not more free,
From the aspersion of all spot, then she.
She have her hand in plot, 'gainst Mr. Practise,
If there were nothing else, whom she so loves?
Cries up, and values? knowes to be a man
Mark'd out, for a chiefe Justice in his cradle?
Or a Lord Paramount; the head o' the Hall?
The Top, or the Top-gallant of our Law?
Assure your self, she could not so deprave
The rectitude of her Judgement, to wish you
Vnto a wife, might prove your Infamy,
Whom she esteem'd that part o' the Common-wealth,
And had (cried) up for honour to her blood.

Pra. I must confesse a great beholdingnesse
Vnto her Ladiships offer, and good wishes.
But the truth is, I never had affection,
Or any liking to this Neice of hers.

Com. You fore-saw somewhat then?  Pra. I had my notes,
And my Prognosticks.  Com. You read Almanacks,
And study 'hem to some purpose, I beleive?

Pra. I doe confesse, I doe beleive, and pray too:
According to the Planets, at sometimes.
Com. And doe observe the signe in making Love?

Pra. As in Phlebotomy. Com. And choose your Mistris
By the good dayes, and leave her by the bad?

Pra. I doe, and I doe not. Com. A little more
Would fetch all his Astronomie from Allestree.

Pra. I tell you Mr. Compass, as my friend,
And under seale, I cast mine eye long since,
Vpo' the other wench, my Ladies woman,
Another manner of peice for handsomnesse,
Then is the Neice (but that is sub sigillo,
And as I give it you) in hope o' your aid,
And counsell in the busines. Com. You need counsell?
The only famous Counsell, o' the kingdome,
And in all Courts? That is a Jeere in faith,
Worthy your name, and your profession too,
Sharpe Mr. Practise. Pra. No, upo' my Law,
As I am a Bencher, and now double Reader,
I meant in meere simplicity of request.

Com. If you meant so. Th' affaires are now perplex'd,
And full of trouble, give 'hem breath, and settling,
Ile doe my best. But in meane time doe you
Prepare the Parson. (I am glad to know
This; for my selfe lik'd the young Maid before,
And lov'd her too.) Ha' you a Licence? Pra. No;
But I can fetch one straight. Com. Doe, doe, and mind
The Parsons pint t'ingage him ⟨i⟩ the busines;
A knitting Cup there must be. Pra. I shall doe it.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Bia. Interest. Compass.

Bia. 'Tis an affront, from you Sir; you here brought me,
Vnto my Ladies, and to woee a wife,
Which since is prov'd a crack'd commoditie;
Shee hath broke bulke too soone. Int. No fault of mine,
The Magnetick Lady.

If she be crack'd in peeces, or broke round;
It was my sisters fault, that ownes the house,
Where she hath got her clap, makes all this noise.
I keepe her portion safe, that is not scatter'd:
The money's rattle not; nor are they throwne,
To make a Musse, yet, 'mong the gameesome Suitors.

Com. Can you endure that flout, close Mr. Bias,
And have beeene so bred in the Politiques?
The injury is done you, and by him only;
He lent you imprest money, and upbraids it:
Furnish'd you for the wooing, and now waves you.

Bia. That makes me to expostulate the wrong
So with him, and resent it as I doe.

Com. But doe it home then. Bia. Sir, my Lord shall
know it.

Com. And all the Lords o' the Court too. Bia. What a
Moath
You are, Sir Interest! Int. Wherein, I intreat you,
Sweet Master Bias? Com. To draw in young States-men,
And heires of policie into the noose
Of an infamous matrimonie. Bia. Yes,
Infamous, quasi in communem famam:
And Matrimony, quasi, matter of Money.

Com. Learnedly urg'd, my cunning Mr. Bias.

Bia. With his lewd, knowne, and prostituted Neice.

Int. My knowne, and prostitute: how you mistake,
And run upon a false ground, Mr. Bias!
(Your Lords will doe me right.) Now she is prostitute,
And that I know it (please you understand me.)
I meane to keepe the portion in my hands:
And pay no monies. Com. Marke you that, Don Bias?
And you shall still remaine in bonds to him,
For wooing furniture, and imprest charges.

Int. Good Mr. Compasse, for the summes he has had
Of me, I doe acquitted him: They are his owne.

rv. iii. 10 yet,] yet F 20 are,] are F 30 Now] Now, F 33 that,] that F
Here, before you, I doe release him. Com. Good!

Bia. O Sir. Com. 'Slid take it: I doe witnesse it:

Hee cannot hurle away his money better.

Int. He shall get so much Sir, by my acquaintance,
To be my friend: And now report to his Lords
As I deserve, no otherwise. Com. But well:
And I will witnesse it, and to the value;

Foure hundred is the price, if I mistake not,
Of your true friend in Court. Take hands, you ha' bought
him,
And bought him cheap. Bia. I am his worships servant.

Com. And you his slave, Sir Moath. Seal'd, and deliver'd.
Ha' you not studied the Court Complement?

Here are a paire of Humours, reconcil'd now,
That money held at distance: or their thoughts,
Baser then money.

Act IV. Scene IV.


Pol. Out thou catife witch!
Baud, Beggar, Gipsey: Any thing indeed,
But honest woman. Kee. What you please, Dame Polish,
My Ladies Stroaker. Com. What is here to doe?

The Gossips out! Pol. Thou art a Traytor to me,
An Eve, the Apul, and the Serpent too:
A Viper, that hast eat a passage through me,
Through mine owne bowels, by thy retchlesnesse.

Com. What frantick fit is this? Ile step aside

And hearken to it. Pol. Did I trust thee, wretch,
With such a secret, of that consequence,
Did so concerne me, and my child, our livelihood,
And reputation? And hast thou undone us,
The Magnetick Lady.

By thy connivence, nodding in a corner, 15
And suffering her be got with child so basely?
Sleepie unlucky Hag! Thou bird of night,
And all mischance to me. Kee. Good Lady Empresse!
Had I the keeping of your Daughters cicklet
In charge? was that committed to my trust?

Com. Her Daughter? Pol. Softly Divell, not so lowd, 20
You'd ha' the house heare, and be witnesse, would you?
Kee. Let all the world be witnesse. 'Afore Ile
Endure the Tyrannie of such a tongue——
And such a pride——. Pol. What will you doe? Kee.

Tell truth,
And shame the She-man-Divell in puff'd sleeves;
Run any hazzard, by revealing all
Vnsto my Lady: how you chang'd the cradles,
And chang'd the children in 'hem. Pol. Not so high!

Kee. Calling your Daughter Pleasance, there Placentia,
And my true Mistris by the name of Pleasance.

Com. A horrid secret, this! worth the discovery!
Pol. And must you be thus lowd? Kee. I will be lowder:
And cry it through the house, through every roome,
And every office of the Lawndry-maids:
Till it be borne hot to my Ladies eares.

Ere I will live in such a slavery,
Ile doe away my selfe. Pol. Didst thou not sweare
To keepe it secret? and upon what booke?
(I doe remember now) The Practice of Piety.

Kee. It was a practice of impiety,
Out of your wicked forge, I know it now,
My conscience tells me. First, against the Infants,
To rob them o' their names, and their true parents;
T(o) abuse the neighbour-hood, keepe them in errour;
But most my Lady: Shee has the maine wrong:
And I wil let her know it instantly.
Repentance, (if it be true) nere comes too late.

iv. iv. 15 be got F3: begot F 20 After 'Daughter?' Aside. G
lowd] low'd F 31 discovery [!] discovery; F 47 Exit. add G
The Magnetick Lady.

Pol. What have I done? Conjur'd a spirit up
I sha' not lay againe? drawne on a danger,
And ruine on my selfe thus, by provoking
A peevish foole, whom nothing will pray of,
Or satisfie, I feare? Her patience stirr'd,
Is turn'd to fury. I have run my Barke,
On a sweet Rock, by mine owne arts, and trust:
And must get off againe, or dash in peeces.

Com. This was a busines, worth the listning after.

ACT III. SCENE V.


Ple. O Mr. Compasse, did you see my Mother?
Mistris Placentia, my Ladies Neice,
Is newly brought to bed o' the bravest boy!
Will you goe see it? Com. First, Ile know the father,
Ere I approach these hazards. Ple. Mistris Midwife
Has promis'd to find out a father for it,
If there be need. Com. Shee may the safelier don't,
By vertue of her place. But pretty Pleasance,
I have a newes for you, I thinke will please you.

Ple. What is it, Mr. Compasse? Com. Stay, you must
Deserve it ere you know it. Where's my Lady?
Ple. Retir'd unto her Chamber, and shut up.
Com. She heares o' none o' this yet? well, doe you
Command the Coach; and fit your selfe to travell
A little way with me. Ple. Whither, for Gods sake?
Com. Where Ile intreat you not to your losse, beleeve it.
If you dare trust your selfe. Ple. With you the world ore.
Com. The newes will well requite the paines, I assure you.
And i' this tumult you will not be mist.

Command the Coach, it is an instant busines,

[iv. iv. 52 satisfie,] satisfie F 55 Exit. add G 56 Com.]
Com. [coming forward.] G iv. v. Enter Pleasance. G, continuing
the scene 2 Neice, Neice; F: Niece, F3 10 is it, W:
is't F 14 travell corr. F: travell? F originally 15 sake?
corr. F: sake. F originally
The Magnetick Lady.

Wu' not be done without you. Parson Palate
Most opportunely met, step to my Chamber:
Ile come to you presently. There is a friend,
Or two, will entretaine you. Mr. Practise,
Ha' you the Licence?

ACT IV. SCENE VI.


Pra. Here it is. Com. Let's see it:
Your name's not in't. Pra. Ile fill that presently;
It has the Seale, which is the maine: And registred.
The Clarke knowes me, and trusts me. Com. Ha' you the
Parson?

Pra. They say hee's here, he 'pointed to come hither.

Com. I would not have him scene here for a world,
To breed su(s)pition. Doe you intercept him,
And prevent that. But take your Licence with you,
And fill the blanke: or leave it here with me,
Ile doe it for you; stay you for us at his Church,
Behind the old Exchange, wee'll come i'th' Coach,
And meet you there within this Quarter at least.

Pra. I am much bound unto you, Mr. Compasse,
You have all the Law, and parts of Squire Practise
For ever at your use. Ile tell you newes, too:
Sir, your Reversion's fall'n: Thin-wit's dead,
Surveyor of the Projects generall.

Com. When died he? Pra. Eene this morning, I receiv'd
it
From a right hand. Com. Conceale it Mr. Practise,
And mind the maine affaire, you are in hand with.
The Magnetick Lady.

_Ple._ The Coach is ready Sir. _Com._ 'Tis well, faire _Pleasance_,

Though now wee shall not use it; bid the Coach-man
Drive to the Parish Church, and stay about there,
Till Mr. _Practise_ come to him, and imploy him:

_I have a Licence now, which must have entry_
Before my Lawyers. Noble _Parson Palate_,
Thou shalt be a marke advanc't: here's a peece,
And doe a feat for me. _Pal._ What, Mr. _Compasse_?

_Com._ But run the words of Matrimony, over

_My head, and Mrs. _Pleasances_ in my Chamber:_
There's Captaine _Ironside_ to be a witnesse:
And here's a Licence to secure thee. _Parson_!
What doe you stick at? _Pal._ It is after-noone Sir,
Directly against the Canon of the Church;

_You know it Mr. _Compasse_: and beside,
I am ingag'd unto our worshipfull friend,
The learned Mr. _Practise_, in that busines._

_Com._ Come on, ingage your selfe: Who shall be able
To say you married us, but i' the morning,

_The most canonieall minute o' the day_,
If you affirme it? That's a spic'd excuse,
And shewes you have set the Common Law, before
Any profession else, of love, or friendship.
Come Mrs. _Pleasance_, wee cannot prevaile

_With th' rigid _Parson_ here; but Sir, Ile keepe you_
Lock'd in my lodging, 'till 't be done elsewhere,
And under feare of _Ironside_. _Pal._ Doe you heare, Sir?

_Com._ No, no, it matters not. _Pal._ Can you thinke Sir
I would deny you any thing? not to losse

_Of both my Livings: I will doe it for you,_
_Ha' you a wedding Ring? _Com._ I and a Poesie:
_Annullus hic nobis, quod scit uterq; dabit. _Pal._ Good l

_OT._
This Ring will give you what you both desire.
Ile make the whole house chant it, and the Parish.

    Com. Why, well said Parson. Now to you my newes,
That comprehend my reasons, Mrs. Pleasance.

ACT III. SCENE VII.


    Cha. Goe, get a Nurse, procure her at what rate
You can: and out o'th' house with it, sonne Needle.
It is a bad Commoditie. Nee. Good Mother,
I know it, but the best would now be made on't.

    Cha. And shall: you should not fret so, Mrs. Polish,
Nor you Dame Keepe; my Daughter shall doe well,
When she has tane my Cawdle. I ha' knowne
Twenty such breaches piec'd up, and made whole,
Without a bum of noise. You two fall out?
And teare up one another? Pol. Blessed woman!

    Blest be the Peace-maker. Kee. The Pease-dresser!
Ile heare no peace from her. I have beene wrong'd,
So has my Lady, my good Ladies worship,
And I will right her, hoping she'll right me.

    Pol. Good gentle Keepe, I pray thee Mistris Nurse,
Pardon my passion, I was misadvis'd,
Be thou yet better, by this grave sage woman,
Who is the Mother of Matrons, and great persons,
And knowes the world. Kee. I doe confesse, she knowes
Something—and I know something——. Pol. Put your
somethings
Together then. Cha. I, here's a chance falne out
You cannot helpe; lesse can this Gentlewoman;
I can and will, for both. First, I have sent
By-chop away; the cause gone, the fame ceaseth.
Then by my Cawdle, and my Cullice, I set
The Magnetick Lady.

My Daughter on her feet, about the house here:
Shee's young, and must stirre somewhat for necessity,
Her youth will beare it out. She shall pretend,
T'have had a fit o' the Mother: there is all.

30 If you have but a Secretary Landresse,
To blanch the Linnen——Take the former counsels
Into you; keepe them safe i' your owne brests;
And make your Merkat of 'hem at the highest.
Will you goe peach, and cry your selfe a foole

35 At Granam's Crosse? be laugh'd at, and dispis'd?
Betray a purpose, which the Deputie
Of a double Ward, or scarce his Alderman,
With twelve of the wisest Questmen could find out,
Employed by the Authority of the Citie?

40 Come, come, be friends: and keepe these women-matters,
Smock-secrets to our selves, in our owne verge.
Wee shall marre all, if once we ope the mysteries
O' the Tyring-house, and tell what's done within:
No Theaters are more cheated with apparances,

45 Or these shop-lights, then th' Ages, and folke in them,
That seeme most curious. Pol. Breath of an Oracle!
You shall be my deare Mother; wisest woman
That ever tip'd her tongue, with point of reasons,
To turne her hearers! Mistris Keepe, relent,

50 I did abuse thee; I confesse to pennance:
And on my knees aske thee forgivenesse. Cha. Rise,
She doth begin to melt, I see it——. Kee. Nothing
Griev'd me so much, as when you call'd me Baud:
Witch did not trouble me, nor Gipsie; no,

55 Nor Beggar. But a Baud, was such a name!
Cha. No more rehearsals; Repetitions
Make things the worse: The more wee stirre (you know
The Proverbe, and it signifies a) stink.
What's done, and dead, let it be buried.

60 New houres will fit fresh handles, to new thoughts.

iv. vii. 45 th' Ages] The text appears to be corrupt: see p. 503.
51 After 'forgivenesse.' Kneels. G 54 no.] no F
ACT IV. SCENE VIII.

Interest, with his Foot-boy. To them <the Lady.>
Pleasance. And after Practise.

Int. Run to the Church, Sirrah. Get all the Drunkards
To ring the Bels, and jangle them for joy
My Neice hath brought an Heire unto the house,
A lusty boy. Where's my sister Loadstone?
Asleepe at afternoones! It is not wholesome;
Against all rules of Physick, Lady sister.
The little Doctor will not like it. Our Neice
Is new deliver'd of a chopping Child,
Can call the Father by the name already,
If it but ope the mouth round. Mr. Compasse,
He is the man, they say, fame gives it out,
Hath done that Act of honour to our house,
And friendship, to Pompe out a Sonne, and Heire,
That shall inherit nothing, surely nothing
From me at least. I come t'invite your Ladiship
To be a witenes; I will be your Partner,
And give it a horne-spoone, and a treene dish;
Bastard, and Beggars badges, with a blanket
For Dame the Doxey to march round the Circuit,
With bag, and baggidge. Com. Thou malitious Knight,
Envious Sir Moath, that eates on that which feeds thee,
And frets her goodnesse, that sustaines thy being;
What company of Mankind would owne thy brother-hood,
But as thou hast a title to her blood,
Whom thy ill nature hath chose out t(o)'insult on,
And vexe thus, for an Accident in her house,
The Magnetick Lady.

As if it were her crime! Good innocent Lady!
Thou shew'st thy selfe a true corroding Vermine,
Such as thou art. Int. Why, gentle Mr. Compasse?

Because I wish you joy of your young Sonne,
And Heire to the house, you ha'sent us? Com. I ha'sent you?

I know not what I shall doe. Come in, friends:
Madam, I pray you be pleas'd to trust your selfe
Vnto our company. Lad. I did that too late;

Which brought on this calamity upon me,
With all the infamy I heare; your Souldier,
That swaggering Guest. Com. Who is return'd here to you,
Your vowed friend, and servant; comes to sup with you,
So wee doe all; and 'll prove he hath deserv'd

That speciall respect, and favour from you,
As not your fortunes, with your selfe to boote,
Cast on a Feather-bed, and spread o'th' sheets
Vnder a brace of your best Persian Carpets,
Were scarce a price to thanke his happy merit.

Int. What impudence is this? can you indure
To heare it, sister? Com. Yes, and you shall heare it;
Who will indure it worse. What deserves he
In your opinion, Madam, or weigh'd Judgement,
That, things thus hanging (as they doe) in doubt,

Suspended, and suspected, all involv'd,
And wrapt in errour, can resolve the knot?
Redintegrate the fame, first of your house?
Restore your Ladishments quiet? render then
Your Neice a Virgin, and unvitiated?

And make all plaine, and perfect (as it was)
A practise to betray you, and your name?

Int. Hee speakes impossibilities. Com. Here he stands,
Whose fortune hath done this, and you must thanke him:
To what you call his swaggering, wee owe all this.

iv. viii. 27 Lady[l] Lady, F 32 in.] in F After 32 Enter
Ironside, sir Diaphanous Silkworm, Palate, and Pleasance. G 39 and
'll] and I'll F3 deseerv'd] deserv'd, F 46 it.] it F 49 doe) in
doubt,) doe in doubt) F 52 Redintegrate F3 : Redintegrate F
And that it may have credit with you Madam,
Here is your Neice, whom I have married, witnesse
These Gentlemen, the Knight, Captaine, and Parson,
And this grave Politique Tell-troth of the Court.

Lad. What's she that I call Neice then? Com. Polishes
Daughter;
Her Mother Goodwy' Polish hath confess'd it
To Granam Keepe, the Nurse, how they did change
The children in their Cradles. Lad. To what purpose?
Com. To get the portion, or some part of it,
Which you must now disburse intire to me, Sir,
If I but gaine her Ladiships consent.
Lad. I bid God give you joy, if this be true.
Com. As true it is, Lady, Lady, i'th' song.
The portion's mine, with interest, Sir Moath;
I will not 'bate you a single Harrington,
Of interest upon interest. In meane time,
I doe commit you to the Guard of Ironside,
My brother here, Captaine Rudhudibras:
From whom I will expect you, or your Ransome.

Int. Sir, you must prove it, and the possibility,
Ere I beleeeve it. Com. For the possibility,
I leave to triall. Truth shall speake it selfe.
O Mr. Practise, did you meet the Coach?

The busines is dispatch'd here, ere you come;
Come in, Ile tell you how: you are a man
Will looke for satisfaction, and must have it.
All. So doe wee all, and long to heare the right.

Chorus.

Dam. Troth, I am one of those that labour with the same
longing, for it is almost pucker'd, and pull'd into that knot,

iv. viii. 64 Daughter :] Daugh some copies of F through failure to print the end of a long line. 65 Goodwy' goody G confess'd] confess'd F 73 interest,] interest F 76 Ironside,] Ironside F 79 Sir,] Sir F 81 After ' triall.' Enter Practice. G 87 Exeunt. add G 448.6 P p
by your Poët, which I cannot easily, with all the strength of
my imagination, untie.
5 Boy. Like enough, nor is it in your office to be troubled or
perplexed with it, but to sit still, and expect. The more
your imagination busies it selfe, the more it is intangled,
especially if (as I told, in the beginning) you happen on the
wrong end.
10 Pro. He hath said sufficient, Brother Damplay; our
parts that are the Spectators, or should heare a Comedy, are
to await the processe, and events of things, as the Poet
presents them, not as wee would corruptly fashion them.
Wee come here to behold Playes, and censure them, as they
are made, and fitted for us; not to beslave(r) our owne
thoughts, with censorious spittle tempering the Poets clay,
as wee were to mould every Scene anew: That were a meere
Plastick, or Potters ambition, most unbecomming the name
of a Gentleman. No, let us marke, and not lose the busines
on foot, by talking. Follow the right thred, or find it.

Dam. Why, here his Play might have ended, if hee would
ha’ let it; and have spar’d us the vexation of a fift Act yet
to come, which every one here knowes the issue of already,
or may in part conjecture.

25 Boy. That conjecture is a kind of Figure-dling, or
throwing the Dice, for a meaning was never in the Poets
purpose perhaps. Stay, and see his last Act, his Catastrophe,
how hee will perplexe that, or spring some fresh cheat, to
entertaine the Spectators, with a convenient delight, till some
unexpected, and new encounter breake out to rectifie all,
and make good the Conclusion.

Pro. Which, ending here, would have showne dull, flat,
and unpointed; without any shape, or sharpenesse, Brother
Damplay.

30 Dam. Well, let us expect then: And wit be with us, o’
the Poets part.

CHORUS. 15 beslaver Editor 22 fift fifth F3
ACT V. SCENE I.

Needle. Item.

Nee. Toth Mr. Item, here's a house divided,
And quarter'd into parts, by your Doctors ingine.
H'has cast out such aspersions on my Ladies
Neice here, of having had a Child; as hardly
Will be wip'd off, I doubt. It. Why, is't not true?
Nee. True! did you thinke it? It. Was shee not in
labour?
The Mid-wife sent for? Nee. There's your error now!
Yo' ha' drunke o' the same water. Item. I beleev'd it,
And gave it out too. Nee. More you wrong'd the party;
She had no such thing about her, innocent creature!

It<em>. What had she then? <Nee.> Only a fit o' the
Mother!
They burnt old shoes, Goose-feathers, Assasatida,
A few horne shavings, with a bone, or two,
And she is well againe, about the house;——

It. Is't possible? Nee. See it, and then report it.
It. Our Doctors Vrinall-Judgement is halfe crack'd then.
Nee. Crack't i' the case, most hugely, with my Lady,
And sad Sir Moath, her brother; who is now
Vnder a cloud a little. It. Of what? Disgrace?
Nee. He is committed to Rud-hudibras,
The Captaine Ironside, upon displeasure,
From Mr. Compasse, but it will blow off.

It. The Doctor shall reverse <t>his, instantly,
And set all right againe: if you'll assist
But in a toy, Squire Needle, comes i' my nodule now.

Nee. Good, Needle and Nodle! what may 't be? I long
for't.
The Magnetick Lady.

_Ite._ Why, but to goe to bed: faine a distemper
Of walking i' your sleepe, or talking in't
A little idly, but so much, as on'it,
The Doctor may have ground, to raise a cure
For 's reputation. _Nee._ Any thing, to serve
The worship o' the man I love and honour.

ACT V. SCENE II.


_Pol._ O! gi' you joy Madamoiselle Compasse!
You are his Whirle-poole now: all to be married,
Against your Mothers leave, and without counsell!
H'has fish'd faire, and caught a Frog, I feare it.
What fortune ha' you to bring him in dower?
You can tell stories now: you know a world
Of secrets to discover. _Ple._ I know nothing
But what is told me; nor can I discover
Any thing. _Pol._ No, you shall not, Ile take order.

Goe, get you in there: It is Ember-weeke!
Ile keepe you fasting from his flesh a while.

_Ch._ See, who's here? she's beene with my Lady;
Who kist her, all to kist her, twice or thrice.

_Nee._ And call'd her Neice againe, and view'd her Linnen.

_Pol._ You ha' done a Miracle, Mother _Chaire._ _Ch._ Not I,
My Cawdle has done it. Thanke my Cawdle heartily.

_Pol._ It shall be thank'd, and you too, wisest Mother;
You shall have a new, brave, foure-pound Beaver hat,
Set with enamell'd studs, as mine is here:

And a right paire of Cristall Spectacles,
Cristall o'th' Rock, thou mighty Mother of Dames,
Hung in an Ivory Case, at a gold Belt,
And silver Bels to gingle, as you passe.

v. iii] SCENE II. [Another Room in the Same. | Enter Polish and Pleas-

ance G 10 After ' there': Exit Pleasance. G 11 Enter

Chair and Keep with Placentia. add G 12 See, who's here?] See

who is here G 12, 13 Printed as prose in F. 13 Who]

who F 23 pase] puss F3: pass W
The Magnetick Lady.

Before your fiftie Daughters in procession
To Church, or from the Church. Cha. Thankes Mrs. Polish. 25

Kee. She does deserve as many pensions,
As there be peeces in a—Maiden-head;
Were I a Prince to give 'hem. Pol. Come sweet Charge,
You shall present your selfe about the house,
Be confident, and beare up; you shall be seen.

ACT V. SCENE III.


Com. What? I can make you amends, my learned
Counsell,
And satisfie a greater Injury
To chafed Mr. Practise. Who would thinke
That you could be thus testie? Iro. A grave head!
Gi'n over to the study of our Lawes.

Com. And the prime honours of the Common-wealth.
Iro. And you to mind a wife. Com. What should you doe
With such a toy as a wife, that might distract you,
Or hinder you i' your Course? Iro. He shall not thinke on't.

Com. I will make over to you my Possession,
Of that same place is falne (you know) to satisfie,
Surveyor of the Projects generall.

Iro. And that's an office, you know how to stirre in.

Com. And make your profits of. Iro. Which are (indeed)
The ends of a gown'd man: Shew your activity,
And how you are built for busines. Pra. I accept it
As a P(<o>ssession, be 't but a Reversion.

Com. You first told me 'twas a Possession. Pra. I,
I told you that I heard so. Iro. All is one,
Hee'll make Reversion a Possession quickly.

Com. But I must have a generall Release from you.

Pra. Doe one, Ile doe the other. Com. It's a match

v. ii. 29–30 Printed as prose in F 30 Be [be F v. iii] SCENE III. [Another Room in the Same. | Enter Compass, Ironside, and Practice. G 4 head | heap | F3 11 satisfie,] satisfie F
582 The Magnetick Lady.

Before my brother Ironside. Pra. 'Tis done.
Com. Wee two are reconcil'd then. Iro. To a Lawyer,
That can make use of a place, any halfe title,
Is better then a wife. Com. And will save charges
Of Coaches, Vellute Gownes, and cut-worke Smocks.
Iro. Hee is to occupie an office wholly.
Com. True, I must talke with you neerer, Mr. Practise,
About recovery o' my wives portion,
What way I were best to take. Pra. The plainest way.
Com. What's that, for plainenesse? Pra. Sue him at
Common-Law:
Arrest him on an Action of Choke-baile,
Five hundred thousand pound; it will affright him,
And all his sureties. You can prove your marriage? Com.
Yes.
Wee'll talke of it within, and heare my Lady.

ACT V. SCENE IV.


Int. I'am sure, the Vogue o' the house went all that way;
She was with Child, and Mr. Compasse got it.
Lad. Why, that you see, is manifestly false,
H'has married the other; our true Neice, he says:
He would not wooe 'hem both: hee is not such
A Stallion, to leape all. Againe, no Child
Appeares, that I can find with all my search,
And strictest way of Inquiry, I have made
Through all my family. A fit o' the Mother,
The women say she had, which the Mid-wife cur'd,
With burning bones and feathers: Here's the Doctor.

Int. O noble Doctor, did not you, and your Item,
Tell me our Neice was in labour? Rut. If I did,
What followes? Int. And that Mother Mid-night
The Magnetick Lady.

Was sent for? Rut. So she was; and is i'the house still. 15

Int. But here has a noise been since, she was deliver'd
Of a brave boy, and Mr. Compasse's getting.

Rut. I know no rattle of Gossips, nor their noyses.
I hope you take not me for a Pimpe errant,
To deale in smock Affaires? Where's the Patient?
The infirme man, I was sent for, Squire Needle?

Lad. Is Needle sick? Rut. My 'Pothecary tells me Hee is in danger; how is't Tim? where is he? 20

Ite. I cannot hold him downe. Hee's up, and walkes,
And talkes in his perfect sleepe, with his eyes shut,
As sensibly, as he were broad awake.

Rut. See, here he comes. Hee's fast asleepe, observe him.

ACT V. SCENE V.

Keepe. Placentia.

Rut. Hee'll tell us wonders: What doe these women here?
Hunting a man halfe naked? you are fine beagles!
You'd have his dousets. Nee. I ha' linnen breeks on.

Rut. He heares, but hee sees nothing. Nee. Yes, I see

Rut. If you aske questions, he 'wakes presently:
And then you'l heare no more, till his next fit.

Nee. And whom she hides it for. Rut. Doe you marke
Sir? list.

Nee. A fine she spirit it is, an Indian Mag-pie.
She was an Aldermans Widow, and fell in love 10
With our Sir Moath, my Ladies brother. Rut. (Heare you?)

Nee. And she has hid an Aldermans estate;
Dropt through her bill in little holes, i' the Garden,
And scrapes earth over 'hem; where none can spy
But I, who see all by the Glow<w>ormes light,
That creeps before. **Pol.** I knew the Gentlewoman; 
Alderman Parrots Widow, a fine Speaker,
As any was i' the Clothing, or the Bevy;
She did become her scarlet, and black Velvet,

Her green, and purple—— **Rut.** Save thy colours, Rains
bow,
Or she will run thee over, and all thy lights.

**Pol.** She dwelt in Doo-little Lane, a top o' the hill there;
I' the round Cage, was after Sir Chime Squirrel's.
Shee would eate nought but Almonds, I assure you.

**Rut.** Would thou had'st a dose of pilles, a double dose,
O' the best purge, to make thee turne tale, tother way.

**Pol.** You are a foule-mouth'd, purging, absurd Doctor;
I tell you true, and I did long to tell it you.
You ha' spread a scandall i' my Ladies house here,

On her sweet Neice, you never can take off
With all your purges, or your plaister of Oathes;
Though you distill your Dam-me, drop by drop,
I' your defence. That she hath had a Child,
Here she doth spit upon thee, and defie thee;

Or I do't for her. **Rut.** Madam, pray you bind her
To her behaviour. Tye your Gossip up,
Or send her unto Bet'lem. **Pol.** Goe thou thither,
That better hast deserv'd it, shame of Doctors:
Where could she be deliver'd? by what charme

Restor'd to her strength so soone? who is the Father?
Or where the Infant? Ask your Oracle,
That walkes, and talkes in his sleepe. **Rut.** Where is he?
gone?
You ha' lost a fortune listning to her Tábour.
Good Madam lock her up. **Lad.** You must give loosers

Their leave to speake, good Doctor. **Rut.** Follow his footing
Before he get to his bed: This rest is lost else.
ACT V. SCENE VI.


Com. Where is my wife? what ha' you done with my wife,
Gossip o' the Counsels? Pol. I, sweet Mr. Compasse?
I honour you, and your wife. Com. Well, doe so still.
I will not call you Mother tho', but Polish.
Good Gossip Polish, where ha' you hid my wife?

Pol. I hide your wife? Com. Or she is run away.
Lad. That would make all suspected, Sir, a fresh.
Come we will find her, if she be i' the house.

Pol. Why should I hide your wife, good Mr. Compasse?
Com. I know no cause, but that you are good'y Polish,
That's good at malice; good at mischiefe; all
That can perplexe, or trouble a busines, throughly.

Pol. You may say what you will: yo' are Mr. Compasse,
And carry a large sweep, Sir, i' your Circle.

Lad. Ile sweep all corners, Gossip, to spring this,
If't be above ground. I will have her cry'd,
By the Common-cryer, th<o>rough all the Ward,
But I will find her. Iro. It will be an Act
Worthy your justice, Madam. Pra. And become
The integrity, and worship of her name.

ACT V. SCENE VII.


Rut. 'Tis such a Fly, this Gossip, with her buz,
Shee blowes on every thing, in every place!

Int. A busie woman, is a fearefull grievance!
Will hee not sleepe againe? Rut. Yes instantly,
As soone as he is warme. It is the nature
Of the disease, and all these cold dry fumes,
That are melancholick, to worke at first,
Slow, and insensibly in their ascent,
Till being got up, and then distilling downe

Vpo’ the braine; they have a pricking quality
That breeds this restlesse rest, which we, the sonnes
Of Physick, call a walking in the sleepe,
And telling mysteries, that must be heard
Softly, with art, as we were sowing pillowes

Vnder the Patient elbowes, else they’d fly
Into a phrensie, run into the Woods,
Where there are Noises, huntings, shoutings, hallowings,
Amidst the brakes, and furzes, over bridges,
Fall into waters: Scratch their flesh: Sometimes

Drop downe a præcipice, and there be lost.

Enter Item. How now! what does he?  _Ite._ He is up againe,
And ’gins to talke.  _Int._ O’ the former matter, _Item?_

_Ite._ The treasure, and the Lady: That’s his argument.

_Int._ O mee, <most> happy man! he cannot off it.

I shall know all then.  _Rut._ With what appetite
Our owne desires delude us! Heare you _Tim?_
Let no man interrupt us.  _Ite._ Sir _Diaphanous,
And Mr. _Bias_, his Court-friend, desire
To kisse his Neices hands, and gratulate

The firme recovery of her good fame,
And honour—  _Int._ Good, say to ’hem, Mr. _Item,
My Neice is on my Ladies side: they’ll find her there.
I pray to be but spar’d, for halfe an hour:  
_Ite_ see ’hem presently.  _Rut._ Doe, put ’hem off, _Tim._

And tell ’hem the importance of the busines.
Here, he is come! sooth; and have all out of him.
The Magnetick Lady.


_Pol's_ a fine bird! O fine Lady _Pol_!

Almond for Parrat; Parrat's a brave bird:

Three hundred thousand peeces ha' you stuck,

Edge-long into the ground, within the Garden?

_O_, bounteous Bird! _Int._ And me, most happy creature.

_Rut._ Smother your joy. _Nee._ How? and drop'd twice so many——

_Int._ Ha! where? _Rut._ Containe your selfe. _Nee._ I' the old Well?

_Int._ I cannot, I am a man of flesh, and blood:

Who can containe himselfe, to heare the Ghost

Of a dead Lady, doe such workes as these?

And a Citie Lady too, o' the streight waste?

_Rut._ Hee's gone. _Nee._ I will goe try the truth of it.

_Rut._ Follow him, _Tim_ : See what he does; if he bring you

A 'ssay of it now. _Int._ Ile say hee's a rare fellow:

And has a rare disease. _Rut._ And I will worke

As rare a cure upon him. _Int._ How, good Doctor?

_Rut._ When he hath utter'd all, that you would know of him;

Ile clense him with a pill (as small as a pease)

And stop his mouth: for there his issue lies,

Betweene the Muscles o' the tongue. _Int._ Hee's come.

_Rut._ What did he, _Ite_? _Ite_. The first step he stept

Into the Garden, he pull'd these five peices

Vp, in a fingers brethd one of another.

The durt sticks on 'hem still. _Int._ I know enough.

Doctor, proceed with your Cure, Ile make thee famous,

Famous among the sonnes of the Physicians,
Machaon, Podalirius, Escurapius.
Thou shalt have a golden beard, as well as he had;
And thy Tim Item here, have one of silver:
70 A livery beard. And all thy 'Pothecaries
Belong to thee. Where's Squire Needle? gone?

Ite. Hee's prick'd away, now he has done the worke.
Rut. Prepare his pill, and gi' it him afore Supper.
Int. Ile send for a dozen o' labourers to morrow,
75 To turne the surface o' the Garden up.

Rut. In mould? bruise every clod? Int. And have all
sifted;
For Ile not loose a peice o' the Birds bounty,
And take an Inventory of all. Rut. And then,
I would goe downe into the Well—— Int. My selfe;

80 No trusting other hands: Sixe hundred thousand,
To the first three; nine hundred thousand pound——

Rut. 'Twill purchase the whole Bench of Aldermanity,
Stript to their shirts. Int. There never did accrew
So great a gift to man, and from a Lady,
85 I never saw but once; now I remember,
Wee met at Merchants-Taylors-hall, at dinner,
In Thred-needle street, Rut. Which was a signe Squire

Needle
Should have the thredding of this thred. Int. 'Tis true;
I shall love Parrots better, while I know him.

90 Rut. I'd have her statue cut, now, in white marble.

Int. And have it painted in most orient colours.

Rut. That's right! all Citie statues must be painted:
Else, they be worth nought i' their subtile Judgements.
The Magnetick Lady.

ACT V. SCENE VIII.


Int. My truest friend in Court, deare Mr. Bias; You heare o' the recovery of our Neice In fame, and credit? Bia. Yes, I have beeene with her, And gratulated to her; but I am sory To find the Author o' the fowle aspersion Here i' your company, this insolent Doctor.

Int. You doe mistake him: He is cleare got off on't.

A Gossips Jealousie first gave the hint.
He drives another way, now, as I would have him. Hee's a rare man, the Doctor, in his way.
H'has done the noblest cure here, i' the house,
On a poore Squire, my sisters Taylor, Needle,
That talk'd in's sleepe; would walke to Saint John's wood, And Waltham Forrest, scape by all the ponds, And pits i' the way; run over two-inch bridges;
With his eyes fast, and i' the dead of night!
Ile ha' you better acquainted with him. Doctor, Here is my deare, deare, dearest friend in Court, Wise, powerfull Mr. Bias; pray you salute Each other, not as strangers, but true friends.

Rut. This is the Gentleman you brought to day,
A Suitor to your Neice? Int. Yes. Rut. You were Agreed, I heard; the writings drawne betweene you?

Int. And seald. Rut. What broke you off? Int. This rumour of her?

Was it not, Mr. Bias? Bia. Which I find Now false, and therefore come to make amends I' the first place. I stand to the old conditions.

Rut. Faith give 'hem him, Sir Moath, what ere they were.

You have a brave occasion now, to crosse
The flanting Mr. Compasse, who pretends

v. viii] Enter Bias. G, continuing the scene 12 Needle.] Needle F
25 not.] not F
The Magnetick Lady.

Right to the portion, by th'other Intaile.

_Int._ And claimes it. You doe heare he's married?

_Bia._ We heare his wife is run away from him,
Within: She is not to be found i' the house,
With all the Hue, and Cry is made for her,
Through every roome; the Larders ha' beene search'd,
The Bak-houses, and Boulting-tub, the Ovens,
Wash-house, and Brew-house, nay the very Fornace,
And yet she is not heard of. _Int._ Be she nere heard of,
The safety of Great Britaine lyes not on't.
You are content with the ten thousand pound,
Defalking the foure hundred garnish money?
That's the condition here, afore the Doctor,
And your demand, friend _Bia_. _Bia._ It is, Sir _Moath_.

_Enter_ Palate.

_Rut._ Here comes the _Parson_ then, shall make all sure.

_Int._ Goe you with my friend _Bia_, _Parson Palate_,
Vnto my Neice; assure them, wee are agreed.

_Pal._ And Mrs. _Compass_ too, is found within.

_Int._ Where was she hid? _Pal._ In an old Botle-house,
Where they scrap'd trenchers; there her mother had thrust her.

_Rut._ You shall have time, Sir, to triumph on him,
When this fine feate is done, and his _Rud-Ironsides_.

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**ACT V. SCENE IX.**

_Compass._ Pleasance. _Lady._ [Ironsides.] _Practise._

_Polish._ Chaire. _Keepe._ &c.

_Com._ Was ever any Gentlewoman us'd
So barbarously by a malicious Gossip,
Pretending to be Mother to her too?

_Pol._ Pretending! Sir, I am her Mother, and challenge
A right, and power for what I have done. _Com._ Out, Hag.
Thou that hast put all nature off, and woman:
For sordid gaine, betray'd the trust committed
Vnto thee by the dead, as from the living:
Chang'd the poore innocent Infants in their Cradles:
Defrauded them o' their parents, chang'd their names,
Calling Placentia, Pleasance; Pleasance, Placentia.

Pol. How knowes he this? Com. Abus'd the neighbour-
hood;
But most this Lady. Did'st enforce an oath,
To this poore woman, on a pious booke,
To keepe close thy impiety. Pol. Ha' you told this?

Kee. I told it? no, he knowes it, and much more,
As he's a cunning man. Pol. A cunning foole,
If that be all. Com. But now to your true daughter,
That had the Child, and is the proper Pleasance,
Wee must have an account of that too, Gossip.

Pol. This's like all the rest of Mr. Compasse.

ACT V. SCENE X.

Enter to them running, Rut.

Rut. Helpe, helpe for Charity; Sir Moath Interest
Is falne into the Well. Lad. Where? where? Rut. I' the
Garden.
A rope to save his life. Com. How came he there?

Rut. He thought to take possession of a fortune,
There newly drop't him, and the old Chaine broke,
And downe fell bee i' the Bucket. Com. Is it deepe?

Rut. We cannot tell. A rope: helpe with a rope.

Sil. He is got out againe. The Knight is sav'd.

Iro. A little sows'd i' the water : Needle sav'd him.

Ite. The water sav'd him, 'twas a faire escape.

Nee. Ha' you no hurt? Int. A little wet. Nee. That's
nothing.

v. ix. 12 After 'this?' [Aside.] G 15 Aside to the Nurse. add G
20 Gossip.] Gossip; F v. x.] Enter Rut running. G, continuing the
scene 7 St. dir. Interest] Interest-Rut F
592 The Magnetick Lady

Rut. I wish'd you stay Sir till to morrow: And told you, It was no lucky hour: since sixe a Clock
[Lady.] All starres were retrograde. Lad. I' the name
15 Of fate, or folly, how came you i' the Bucket?
Int. That is a Quære of another time, sister, The Doctor will resolve you—who hath done
The admirable'st cure upon your Needle!
Gi' me thy hand, good Needle: thou cam' st timely.
20 Take off my hood and coat. And let me shake
My selfe a little. I have a world of busines.
Where is my Nephew Bias? and his wife?
Who bids God gi' 'hem joy? Here they both stand
As sure affianced, as the Parson, or words
Silk. I saw the Contract, and can witnesse it.
Int. He shall receive ten thousand pounds to morrow.
You look'd for't, Compasse, or a greater summe,
But 'tis dispos'd of, this, another way.
I have but one Neice, verely Compasse.
30 Com. Ile find another. Varlet, doe your office.
Varlet. Var. I doe arrest your body, Sir Moath Interest,
In the Kings name: At suite of Mr. Compasse,
And Dame Placentia his wife. The Action's entred,
35 Five hundred thousand pound. Int. Heare you this, sister?
And hath your house the eares, to heare it too?
And to resound the affront? Lad. I cannot stop
The Lawes, or hinder Justice. I can be
Your Baile, if 't may be taken. Com. With the Captaines,
I aske no better. Rut. Here are better men,
Will give their Baile. Com. But yours will not be taken,
Worshipfull Doctor; you are good security
For a suit of clothes, to th' Taylor, that dares trust you:
But not for such a summe, as is this Action.
40 Varlet, You know my mind. Var. You must to prison, Sir,
The Magnetick Lady.

Vnlesse you can find Baile the Creditor likes.

**Int.** I would faine find it, it you'd shew me where.

**Silk.** It is a terrible Action; more indeed,

Then many a man is worth. And is call'd *Fright-Baile.*

**Iro.** Faith I will baile him, at mine owne apperill.

**Varlet, be gone:** Ile once ha' the reputation,

To be security for such a summe.

Beare up, Sir *Moath.* **Rut.** He is not worth the Buckles

About his Belt, and yet this *Ironside* clashes.

**Int.** Peace, lest he heare you, Doctor; wee'll make use of

him.

What doth your brother *Compsasse,* Captaine *Ironside,*

Demand of us, by way of challenge, thus?

**Iro.** Your Neices portion; in the right of his wife.

**Int.** I have assur'd one portion, to one Neice,

And have no more t'account for, that I know of:

What I may doe in charity—if my sister,

Will bid an Offring for her maid, and him,

As a Benevolence to 'hem, after Supper,'

Ile spit into the Bason, and intreat

My friends to doe the like. **Com.** Spit out thy gall,

And heart, thou Viper: I will now no mercy,

No pitty of thee, thy false Neice, and *Needle;*

Bring forth your Child, or I appeale you of murder,

You, and this Gossip here, and Mother *Chaire.*

**Cha.** The Gentleman's faine mad! **Ple.** No, Mrs. Mid-wife. *Pleasance steps out.*

I saw the Child, and you did give it me,

And put it i' my armes, by this ill token,

You wish'd me such another; and it cry'd.

**Pra.** The Law is plaine; if it were heard to cry,

And you produce it not, hee may indict

All that conceale't, of Felony, and Murder.

**Com.** And I will take the boldnesse, Sir, to doe it:

Beginning with Sir *Moath* here, and his Doctor.

**Silk.** Good faith, this same is like to turne a busines.
The Magnetick Lady.

80 Pal. And a shrewd busines, marry: they all start at't.
     Com. I ha' the right thred now, and I will keepe it.
You good'y Keepe, confesse the truth to my Lady,
The truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth.

85 Pol. I scorne to be prevented of my glories.
I plotted the deceit, and I will owne it.
Love to my Child, and lucre of the portion
Provok'd me; wherein though th'event hath fail'd
In part, I will make use of the best side.
This is my Daughter, and she hath had a Child

90 This day, (unto her shame, I now professe it.)
By this meere false-stick Squire Needle, but
Since this wise Knight, hath thought it good to change
The foolish Father of it, by assuring
Her to his deare friend, Mr. Bias; and him

95 Againe to her, by clapping of him on
With his free promise of ten thousand pound,
Afore so many witnesses. Silk. Whereof I
Am one. Pal. And I another. Pol. I should be unnaturall
To my owne flesh, and blood, would I not thanke him.

100 I thanke you Sir: and I have reason for it.
For here your true Neice stands, fine Mrs. Compasse.
(Ile tell you truth, you have deserv'd it from me.)
To whom you are by bond engag'd to pay
The sixteene thousand pound, which is her portion,

105 Due to her husband, on her marriage-day.
I speake the truth, and nothing but the truth.

Iro. You'll pay it now, Sir Moath, with interest?
You see the truth breaks out on every side of you.

Int. Into what nets of cous'nage am I cast

110 On ev'ry side? each thred is growne a noose:
A very mesh: I have run my selfie into
A double breake, of paying twice the money.

Bia. You shall be releas'd, of paying me a penny,
The Magnetick Lady.

With these conditions. Pol. Will you leave her then?

Bia. Yes, and the summe, twice told, ere take a wife,

To pick out Mounsieur Needles basting threds.

Com. Gossip, you are paid: though he be a fit nature,
Worthy to have a Whore justly put on him;
He is not bad enough to take your Daughter,
On such a cheat. Will you yet pay the portion?

Int. What will you 'bate? Com. No penny the Law
gives.

Int. Yes, Bias's money. Com. What? your friend in
Court?
I will not rob you of him, nor the purchase,
Nor your deare Doctor here; stand altogether,
Birds of a nature all, and of a feather.

Lad. Well, wee are all now reconcil'd to truth.
There rests yet a Gratuitie from me,
To be conferre'd upon this Gentleman;
Who (as my Nephew Compasse sayes) was cause,
First of th'offence, but since of all th'amends.

The Quarrell caus'd th'affright; that fright brought on
The travell, which made peace; the peace drew on
This new discovery, which endeth all
In reconcilement. Com. When the portion
Is tender'd, and receiv'd. Int. Well, you must have it,
As good at first as last. (Lad.) 'Tis well said, brother.
And I, if this good Captaine will accept me,
Give him my selfe, endow him with my estate,
And make him Lord of me, and all my fortunes:
He that hath sav'd my h<on>oure, though by chance,
Ile really study his, and how to thanke him.

Iro. And I imbrace you, Lady, and your goodnesse,
And vow to quit all thought of warre hereafter;
Save what is fought under your colours, Madam.

Pal. More worke then for the Parson; I shall cap

v. x. 117 Gossip.] Gossip F 124 here:] here, F altogether,]
altogether. F: all together, W 130 amends.] amends, F 132
peace:] The semicolon imperfect in some copies of F 136 Lad, F3
said,] said F 140 honoure] honour 1716, W: houre F: hour F3
448-6
The Magnetick Lady.

The Loadstone with an Ironside, I see.

Iro. And take in these, the forlorn Couple, with us,

Needle, and 's Thred, whose portion I will thinke on;

As being a busines, waiting on my bounty:

Thus I doe take possession of you, Madam,

My true Magnetick Mistris, and my Lady.

The end.
CHORUS

Changed into an EPILOGUE:

To the KING.

Well, Gentlemen, I now must under seale,
   And th' Authors charge, waive you, and make my' appeale
To the supremest power, my LORD, the KING;
   Who best can judge of what wee humbly bring.
Hee knowes our weaknesse, and the Poets faults;
   Where he doth stand upright, goe firme, or halts;
And hee will doome him. To which voice he stands,
   And preffers that, 'fore all the Peoples hands.