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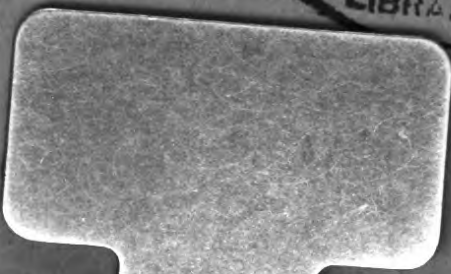




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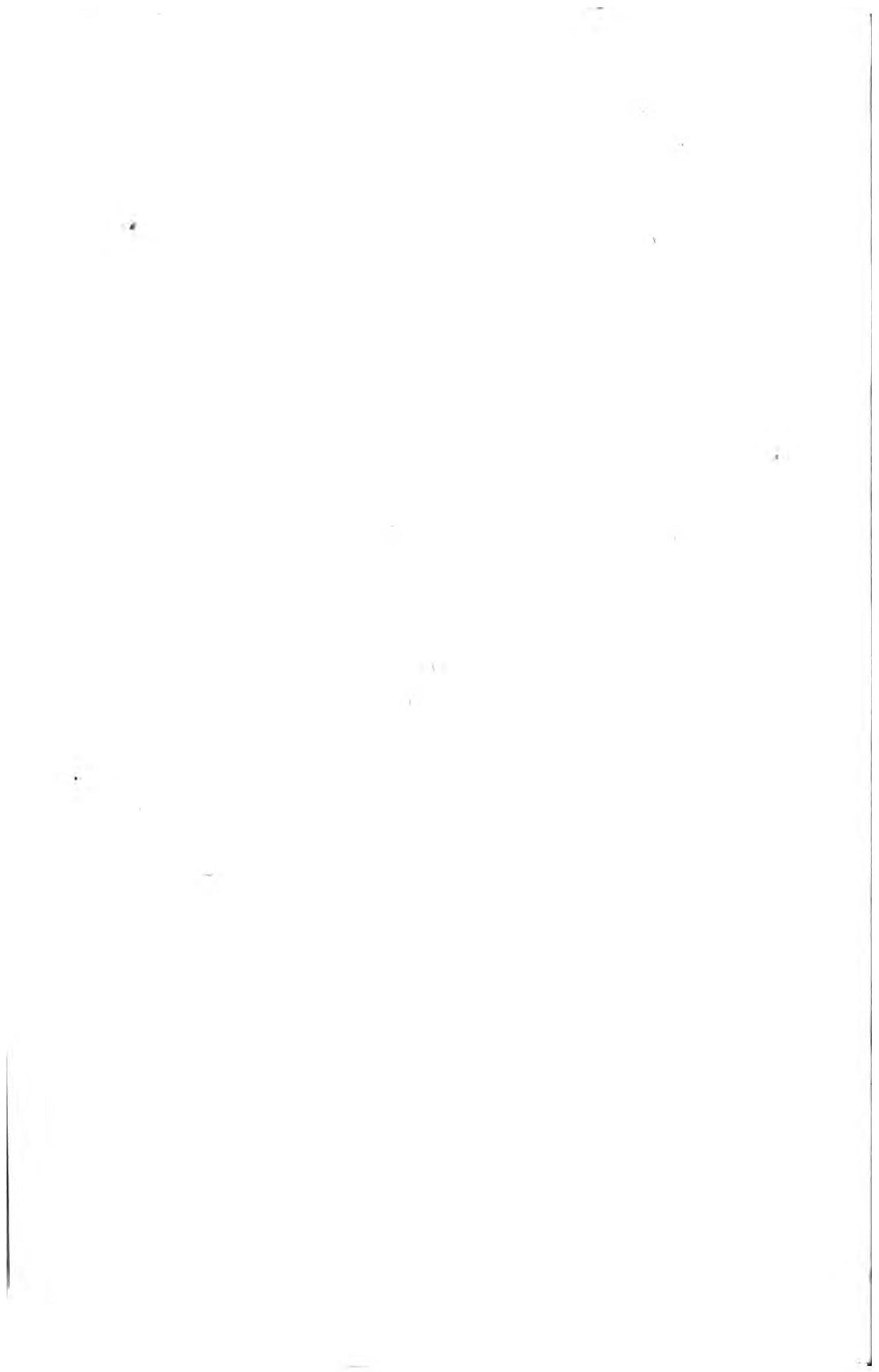
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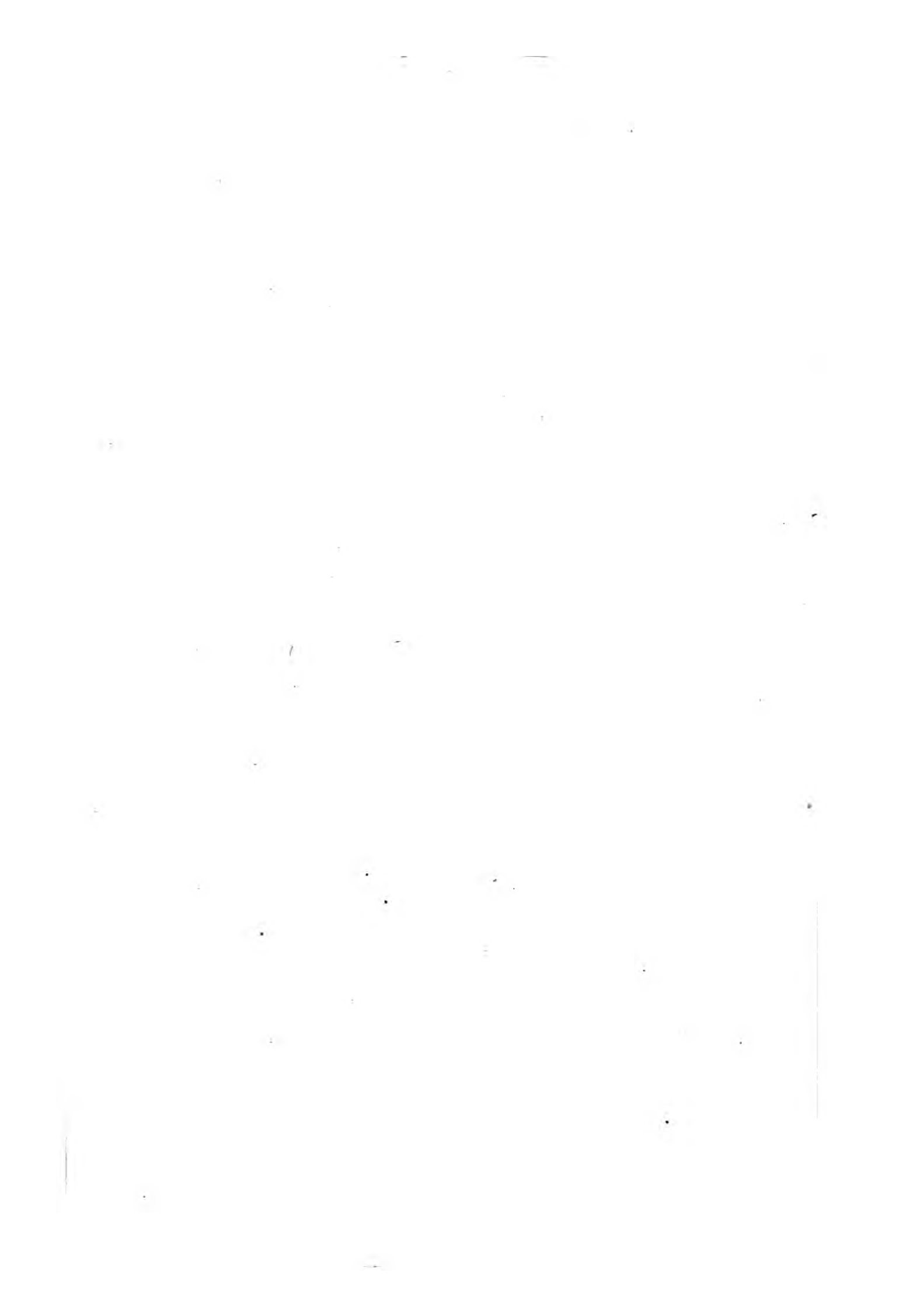
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Presented by
Professor Joseph Wright

July, 1914





Percy Society.

EARLY ENGLISH POETRY,
BALLADS,

AND POPULAR LITERATURE
OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

EDITED FROM ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS
AND SCARCE PUBLICATIONS.

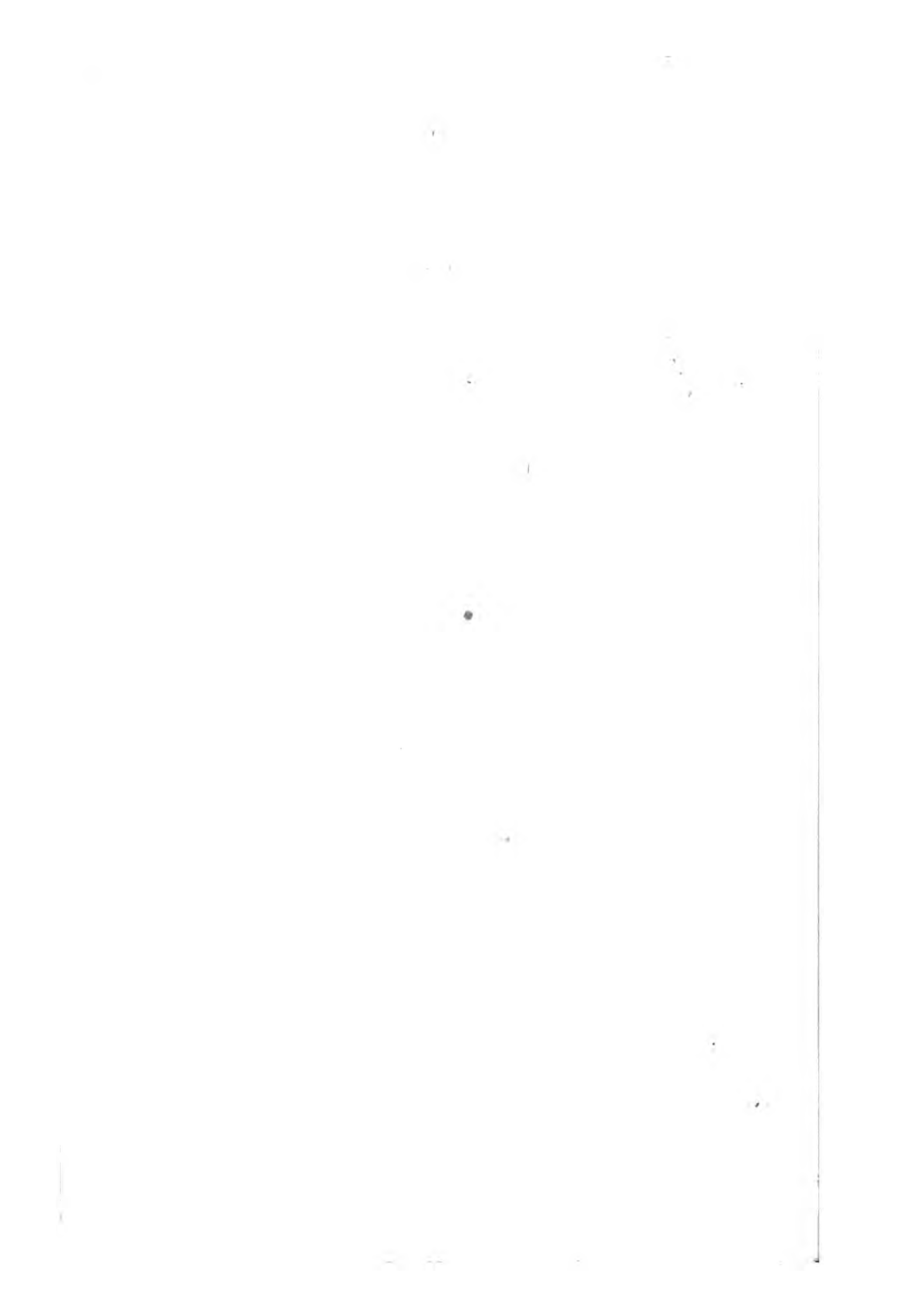
VOL. V.



LONDON.

PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,
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M.DCCC.XLI.



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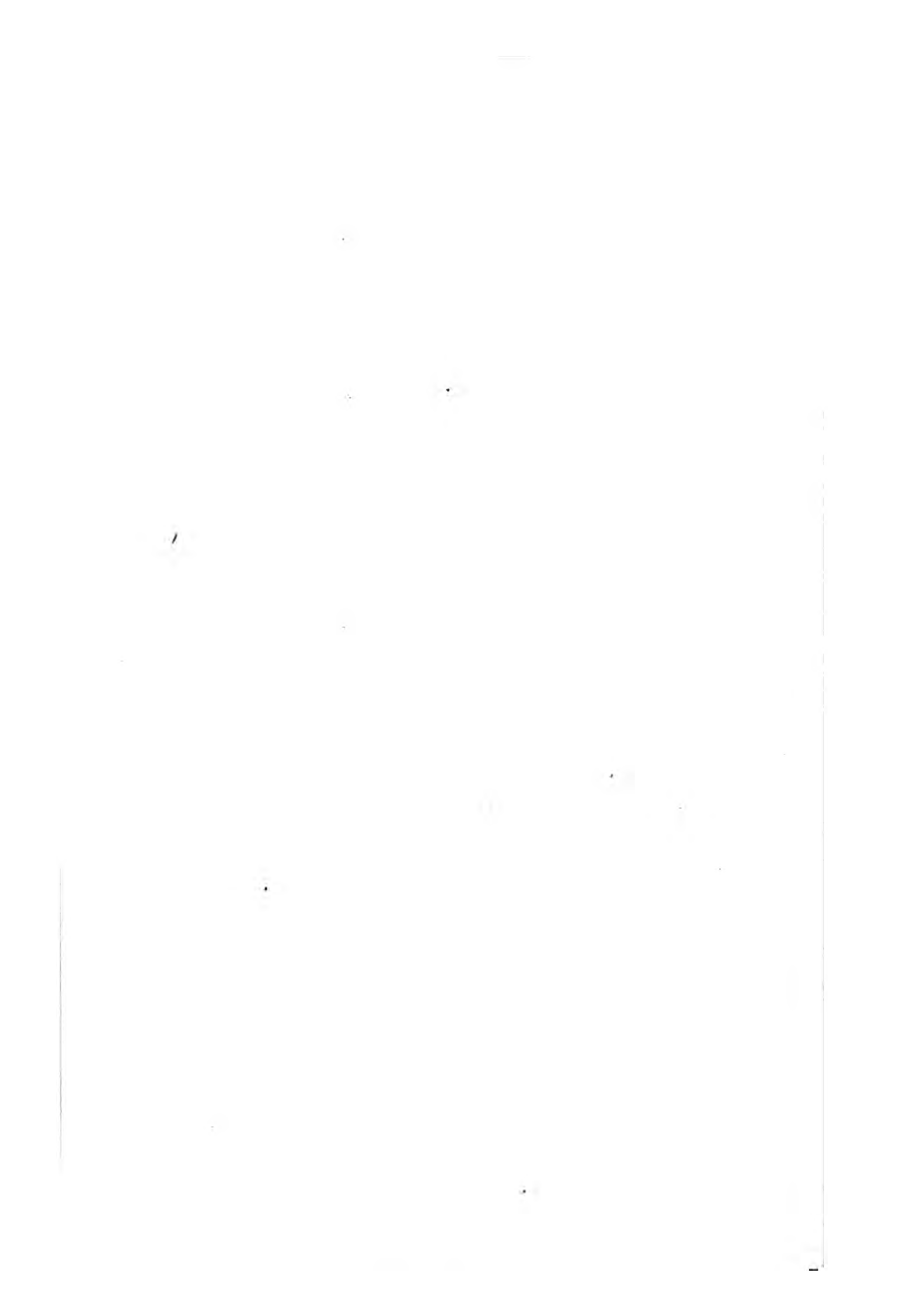
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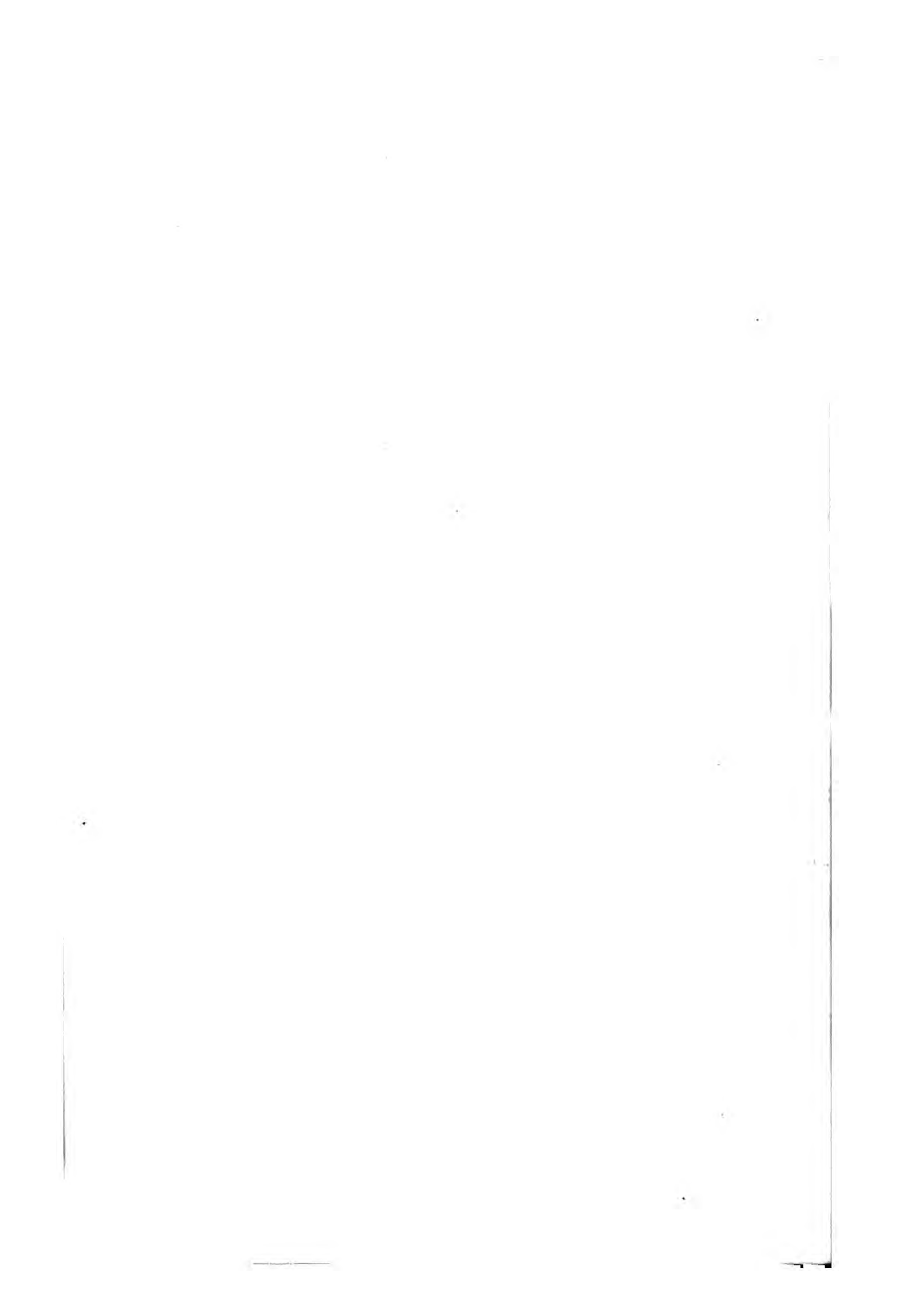
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KIND-HEART'S DREAM.



KIND-HEART'S DREAM :

CONTAINING

FIVE APPARITIONS WITH THEIR INVECTIVES
AGAINST ABUSES REIGNING.

BY

HENRY CHETTLE.

From the original Black-letter Tract

PRINTED (WITHOUT DATE) IN 1592.

EDITED BY

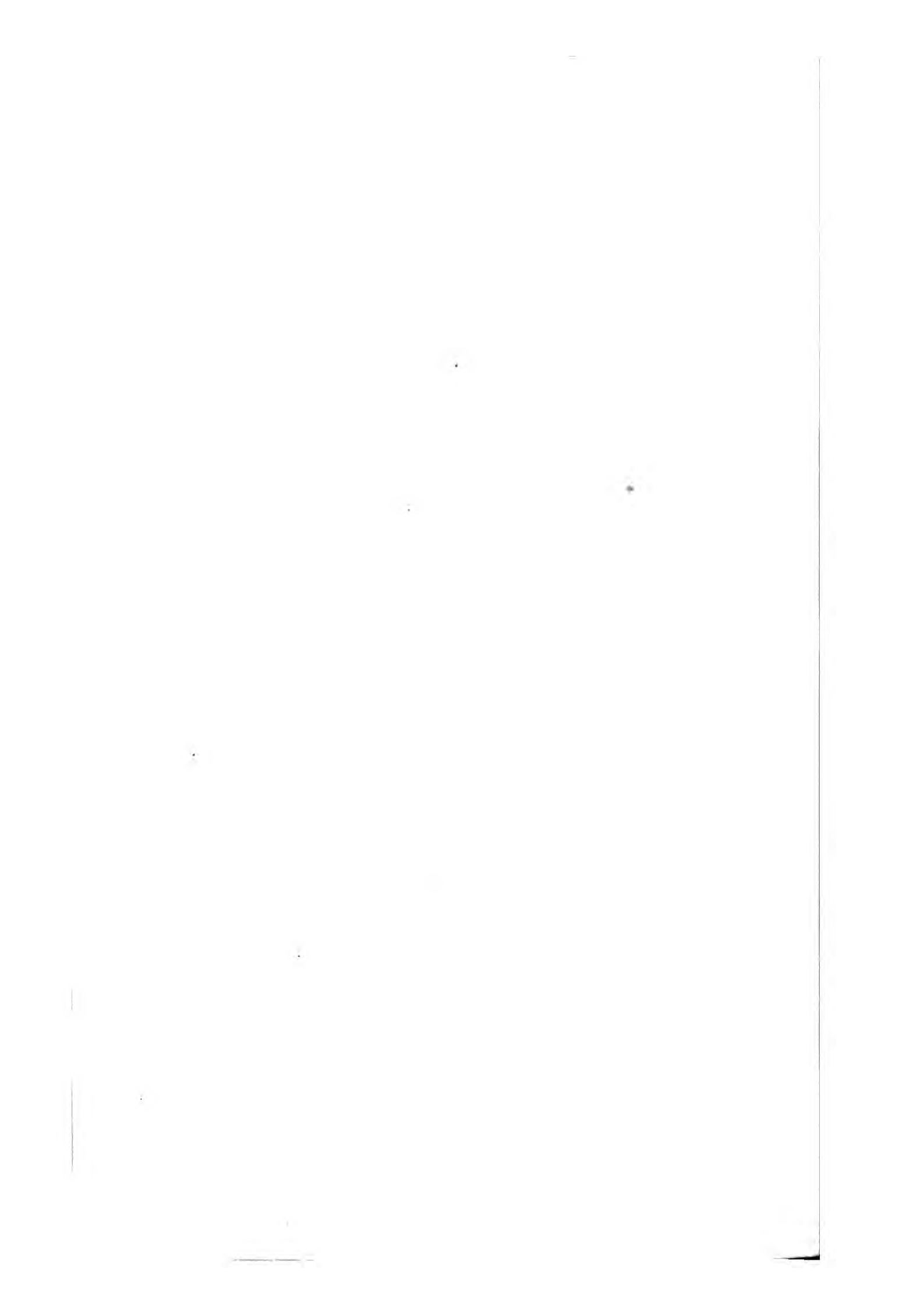
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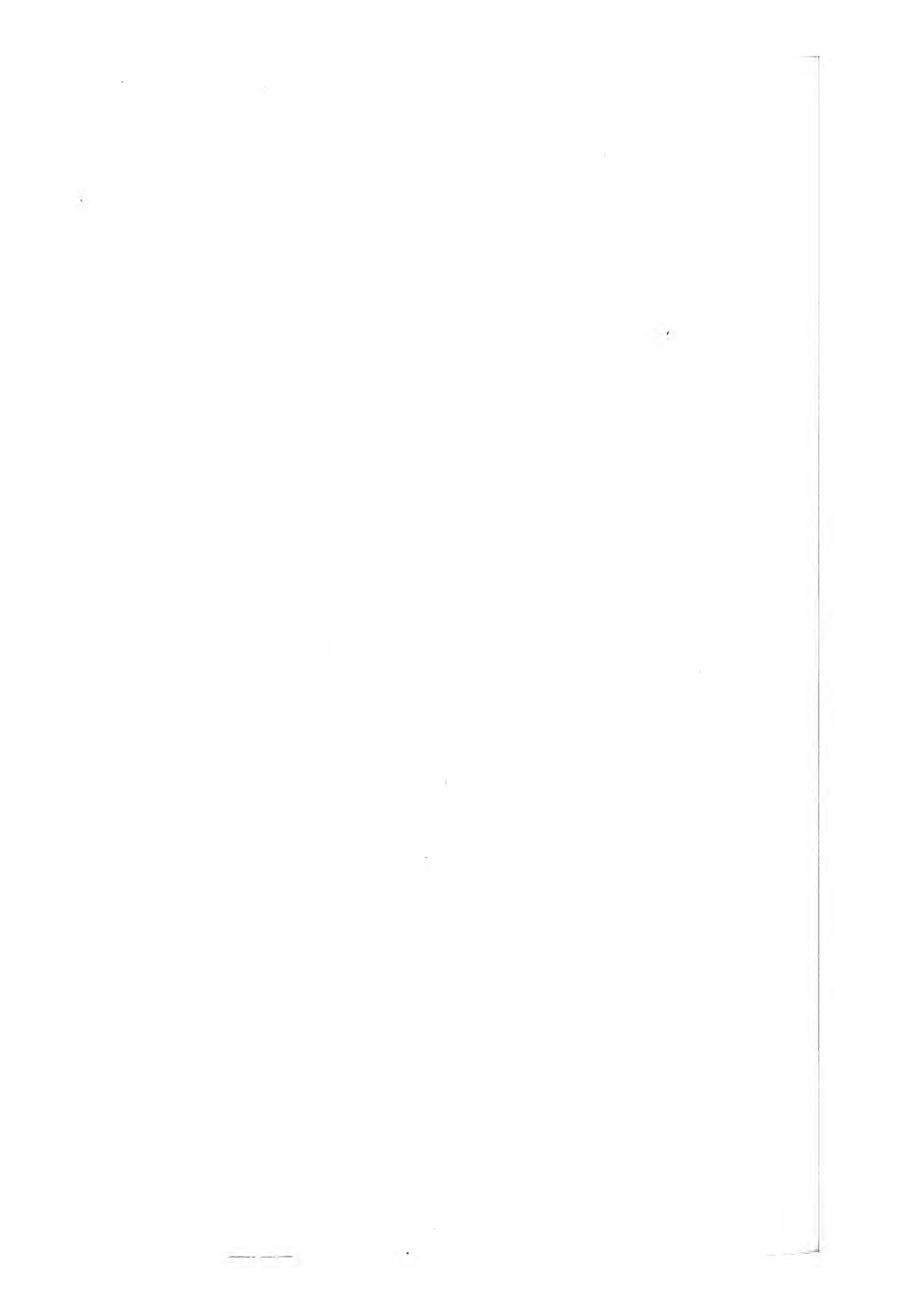
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INTRODUCTION.

AMONG the numerous reprints which from time to time have been presented to the public, it is somewhat surprising that the following curious tract has hitherto escaped notice. Under the title of a "Dreame" the author has brought together certain personages who describe with great spirit and humour the vices and hidden practices of various classes during the latter part of the sixteenth century. The interesting notices of Greene, Marlow, Tarlton, and our immortal poet, Shakespeare, will, no doubt, render it an acceptable present to all who take interest in the early dramatic history of this country.

The original tract is of the greatest rarity, and does not appear in any of our great collectors' catalogues. I am only aware of the existence of three copies—two at Oxford, in the Bodleian and Malone Collection; and that from which the following transcript has been taken, in the King's Library, British Museum.

Of the author, Henry Chettle, very little is known. He was a dramatic poet of some celebrity, and according to the list of plays given by Malone

from Henslowe's Diary, was concerned between the years 1597 and 1603 in the production of forty plays, only four of which have come down to us.*

It is, however, more than probable that he was a writer for the stage at a much earlier period. Meres mentions him in his "Palladis Tamia," 1598, as one of "the best for comedy;" which he would hardly have done had Chettle just then commenced his dramatic career. We are ignorant of the time and place of his birth or death, and of the manner in which he obtained his living. It has been conjectured from a letter of his addressed to Thomas Nash, and printed by the latter in his "Have with you to Saffron-Walden," 1596, with the signature "your old compositor," that he was, at an early period of his life, a printer, and, from his connection with literary men in that capacity, first induced to turn his attention to authorship. This conjecture is worthy of some consideration, and derives additional support from the fact that in the year 1591 Chettle became a partner in the printing trade with William Hoskins and John

* The list given by Malone might probably be extended. I am happy to see that it is the intention of the "Shakespeare Society" to print Henslowe's Diary entire, under the able superintendence of Mr. Collier. A more acceptable volume could not be offered to its members.

Danter,* but, having only found one work bearing his name in the imprint, in conjunction with those of his partners, I am induced to believe that he did not long continue in that occupation.

In 1603 he published a tract upon the death of Queen Elizabeth, entitled "England's Mourning Garment," wherein he speaks of himself as having been "young almost thirty years ago," and as having been a witness of what passed at Court at that period. If, therefore, we suppose him to have been fifty when he wrote the above-mentioned work, he would have been five-and-twenty in the year 1578; thus leaving some ground for Ritson's conjecture that he was an author as early as that year; although it must be borne in mind that a poetical tract assigned to him under that date is quite as likely to have been the production of Henry Constable, Henry Cheeke, or Henry Campion, the initials of all being the same; and initials only attest the authorship. It may be remarked that in Webbe's "Discourse," 1586, and Puttenham's "Art of English Poesie," 1589, Chettle is not mentioned.

Henslowe's list of plays, as discovered and printed by Malone, begins in October 1597; and the first mention of our author's name is in February

* See Ames' *Typographical Antiquities*, by Herbert, ii. 1113.

1597-8 : between that date and March 1602-3, a period of little more than five years, he wrote, or assisted in writing, all the dramatic pieces with which his name is now associated.

It is probable that Chettle died in or before the year 1607, when Dekker published his tract entitled "A Knights Conjuring, Done in earnest, Discovered in Jest." He is there introduced in company with other dramatic poets in the Elysian fields. "Marlow, Greene, and Peele, had got under the shades of a large vyne, laughing to see Nash (that was but newly come to their colledge), still haunted with the sharpe and satyricall spirit that followed him heere upon earth: for Nash inveyed bitterly (as he had wont to do) against dry fisted patrons, accusing them of his untimely death, because if they had given his Muse that cherishment which shee most worthily deserved, he had fed to his dying day on fat capons, burnt sack and suger, and not so desperately have ventur'de his life, and shortend his dayes by keeping company with pickle herrings." He is asked "what newes in the world?" and "how poets and players agreed now?" Nash answers, "as phisitions and patients agree; for the patient loves his doctor no longer then till he get his health, and the player loves a poet so long as the sicknesse lyes in the two-pennie gallery, when none will

come into it: nay (sayes he) into so lowe a miserie, (if not contempt), is the sacred Arte of Poesie falne, that tho a wryter (who is worthy to sit at the table of the Sunne), wast his braines to earne applause from the more worthie spirits, yet when he has done his best, hee workes but like Oenus, that makes ropes in hell; for as hee twists, an asse stands by and bites them in sunder, and that asse is no other than the audience with hard hands. He had no sooner spoken this, but in comes Chettle, sweating and blowing, by reason of his fatnes; to welcome whom, because hee was an old acquaintance, all rose up, and fell presentlie on their knees, to drink a health to all the *Lovers of Hellicon.*”

Independently of his dramatic productions, the works of our author are not very considerable, even if we give him full credit for all that bibliographers have thought proper to class under his name. According to Ritson, we are to consider as his earliest work, a translation of a poetical tract entitled “The Pope’s pittiful Lamentation for the Death of his deere Darling, Don Joan of Austria, and Death’s Answer to the same. With an Epitaphe upon the Death of the said Don Joan. Translated after the French printed copy, by H. C.” 1578. Mr. Haslewood has given a description of this translation in the “*Censura Litteraria,*” vol. x. p. 6, ed. 1815.

In the library of the Society of Antiquaries, is preserved "A Dolefull Ditty, or Sorowfull Sonet, of the Lord Darly, Nevew to the Noble and Worthy King, King Henry the Eight; and is to be song to the tune of Black and Yellowe." (Licensed March, 24th 1579). From the initials, H. C., at the end of this broadside, Ritson has included it in the list of Chettle's poetical works (Bibl. Poet. 159). It has been reprinted by Mr. Park, in the tenth volume of the "Harleian Miscellany," who also gives it to Chettle; but it may with far greater likelihood be assigned to Henry Constable.

A poetical volume of the same date, entitled "The Forest of Fancy, wherein is contained very prety apothegmes, and pleasaunt histories, both in meeter and prose, &c," is also included in Ritson's list. Malone attributes it to Henry Cheeke, and Warton to Henry Constable; but it is quite as likely to be the work of some other hand.

"Piers Plainnes Seaven Yeres Prentiship," 1595, "England's Mourning Garment," 1603, and the tract now reprinted, are the only works (excepting his dramatic ones) that can positively be identified as the productions of Henry Chettle. The first is of the greatest rarity, and will at some future time form a companion to the present reprint. The second, an extremely well written and interesting tract, containing notices of contempo-

rary poets, has already been reprinted in the Harleian Miscellany. The following pamphlet was printed without date; but we are enabled to fix the precise time of its publication from a passage in the address "To the Gentlemen Readers"—"About three moneths since, died M. Robert Greene." Greene died in September 1592, and before the close of the year "Kind Harts Dreame" was given to the public.

We learn also from the same address, that Chettle was the editor of Greene's posthumous work "The Groats-Worth of Wit," which was printed in the interim between Greene's death* and the publication of the following work. It was given out by the public to be the production of the celebrated prose satirist Thomas Nash. Nash, however, appears to have been highly indignant at the report, and in his "Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Diuell," printed in the same year, exclaims, "Other newes I am aduertised of, that a scald, triuiall, lying pamphlet, cald *Greene's Groats-worth of Wit*, is given out to be of my doing. God neuer haue care of my soule, but vtterly renounce me if the least word or sil- lable in it proceeded from my pen, or if I were

* It was entered in the Stationers' Registers for William Wrighte, on the 20th of September, 1592.—Chalmers' *Supplemental Apology*, p. 272.

any way priuie to the writing or printing of it." Chettle also denies that he had any hand in the work, further than that of preparing it for the press." "I protest," he exclaims, "it was all Greene's, not mine, nor Maister Nashes, as some vnjustly have affirmed." This denial on his part was called for by the circumstance of "one or two persons," pointed at in the address "To those gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays," feeling offended by the allusions to them, and suspecting that they were the forgeries of Greene's editor. Chettle furthermore says, "with neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them I care not if I neuer be." This is supposed to allude to Marlow. The other, whose "demeanor" was "no lesse ciuill than he exclent in the qualitie he professes," can allude to no one but our immortal poet Shakespeare.

Shakespeare was just then rising into notice; and we know from various sources that he was employed in adapting and altering the productions of Nash, Greene, and other unprincipled companions—a circumstance which drew down upon him their hatred and abuse. The attack made upon him by the dissipated Greene, when on his dying bed, called forth the interesting testimony to his character, which appears in the following

pages,—a testimony of great importance, when we consider that it came from one who, by his own account, was unacquainted with the object of his praise, and who could have had no motive for his assertion but a desire to do justice to him, to whom unknowingly he had given offence.

Kind-Hart, the person employed to deliver the “Invectives” to the world, appears to have been an itinerant tooth-drawer frequently mentioned by writers of the period. Samuel Rowlands notices him in his humorous collection of satires and epigrams, entitled “The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head Vaine,” 1600 :—

“ This is the Jew, alyed uery near
 Vnto the broker, for they both do beare
 Vndoubted testimonies of their kinne ;
 A brace of rascals in a league of sinne :
 Two filthy cures, that will on no man fawne,
 Before they taste the sweetnesse of the pawne.
 And then the slaues will be as kind forsooth,
 Not as *Kind-heart*, in drawing out a tooth ;
 For he doth ease the patient of his paine,
 But they disease the borrower of his gaine.”

The stage-keeper, in the Induction to Ben Jonson’s “Bartholomew Fayre,” (first acted in 1614), when expressing his fear of the author’s success, says ;—“ Hee has ne’re a sword and buckler man in his fayre, nor a little Dauy, 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." He is also alluded to by Fletcher, in his "Maid in the Mill," 1623, and by Rowley, in his "New Wonder, a Woman never vext," 1632.

The five apparitions who appear before the dreamer with their "invectives against abuses raigning," are Anthony Now Now, an itinerant fidler; Dr. Burcot, a foreign physician; Robert Greene, the dramatic poet; Tarlton, the celebrated comedian; and William Cuckoe, a noted juggler and professor of legerdemain. The "bills" are first offered by the apparitions to the "Carrier of Pierce Penniless packet to Lucifer," and after being refused by him, they are delivered into the hands of *Kind-Hart*, who is charged to awake from his dream and publish them to the world.

KIND-HARTS DREAME.

CONTEINING FIUE APPARITIONS WITH THEIR
INUECTIUES AGAINST ABUSES RAIGNING.
DELIUERED BY SEUERALL GHOSTS VNTO HIM TO
BE PUBLISHT, AFTER PIERS PENILESSSE POST
HAD REFUSED THE CARRIAGE.

Inuita Inuidiæ.

By H. C.

Imprinted at London for William Wright.

TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS.

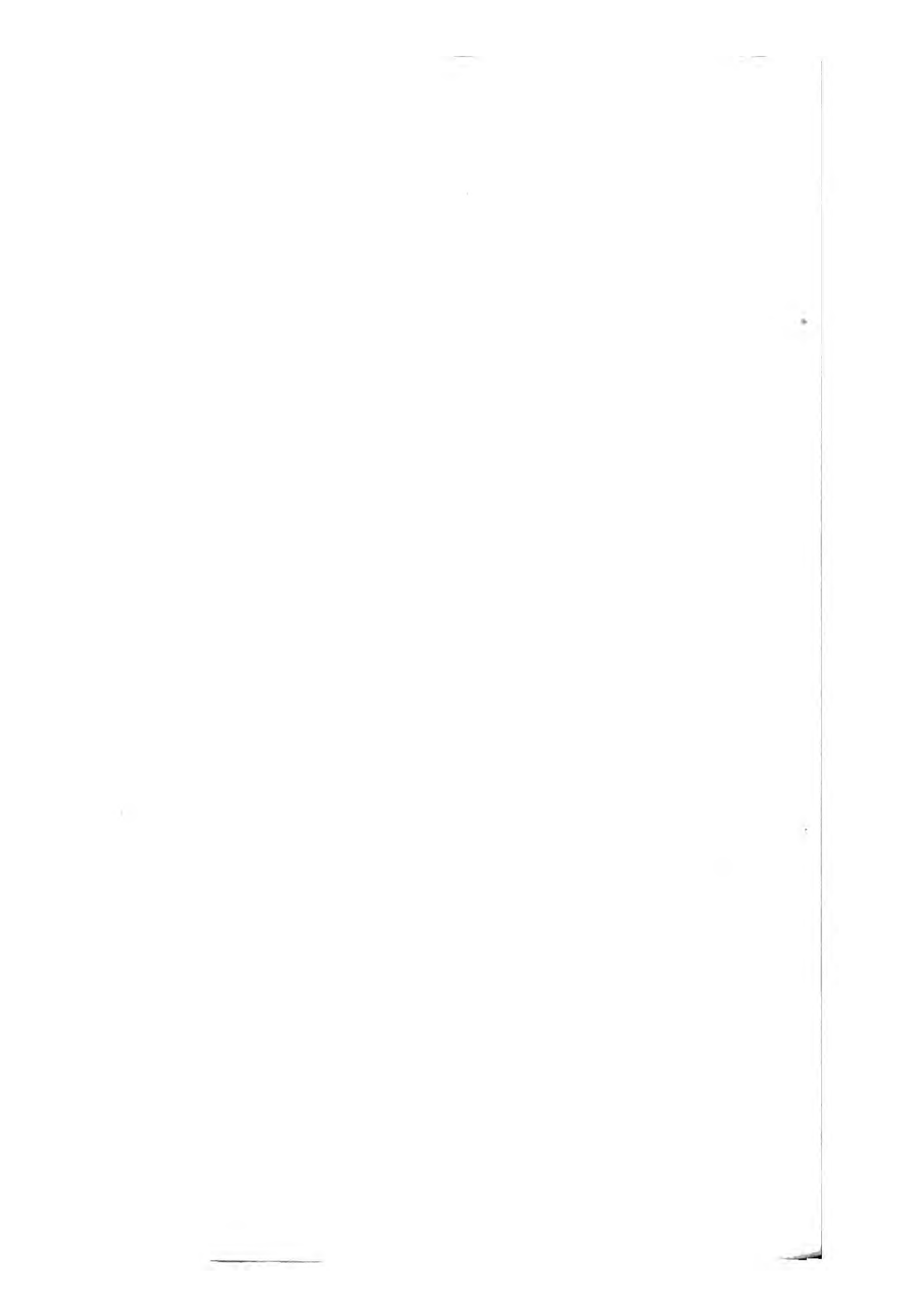
IT hath beene a custome, Gentlemen, (in my mind commendable) among former authors (whose workes are no lesse beautified with eloquente phrase than garnished with excellent example) to begin an exordium to the readers of their time; much more conuenient, I take it, should the writers in these daies (wherein that grauitie of enditing, by the elder exercised, is not obseru'd, nor that modest decorum kept which they continued) submit their labours to the fauourable censures of their learned ouerseers. For, seeing nothing can be said that hath not been before said, the singularitie of some mens conceits (otherwayes excellent well deseruing) are no more to be soothed, than the peremptorie posies of two very sufficient Translators commended. To come in print is not to seeke praise but to craue pardon: I am vrged to the one, and bold to begge the other; he that offendes, being forst, is more excusable than the wilfull faultie; though both be guilty, there is difference in the guilt. To obserue custome, and auoid as I may, cauill, opposing your fauors against my feare, Ile shew reason for my present writing, and after proceed to sue for pardon.

About three moneths since died M. Robert Greene, leauing many papers in sundry Booke sellers hands, among other his Groats-worth of wit, in which, a letter written to diuers play-makers, is offensiuely by one or two of them taken, and because on the dead they cannot be auenged, they wilfully forge in their conceites a liuing author: and after tossing it to and fro, no remedy, but it must light on me. How I haue, all the time of my conuersing in printing, hindred the bitter inueying against schollers, it hath been very well knowne, and how in that I dealt I can sufficiently prooue. With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them I care not if I neuer be: the other, whome at that time I did not so much spare, as since I wish I had, for that as I haue moderated the heate of liuing writers, and might haue vsde my owne discretion (especially in such a case) the author being dead, that I did not, I am as sorry, as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because myselfe haue seene his demeanor no lesse ciuill than he exclent in the qualitie he professes: besides, diuers of worship haue reported his vprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writting, that aprooues his art. For the first, whose learning I reuerence, and, at the perusing of Greenes booke, stroke out what then, in conscience I thought, he in some displeasure writ: or had it beene true, yet to publish it was intollerable: him I would wish to vse me no worse than I deserue. I had onely in the copy this share, it was il written, as sometime Greenes hand was

none of the best, licensd it must be, ere it could bee printed, which could neuer be if it might not be read. To be briefe, I writ it ouer, and, as neare as I could, followed the copy, onely in that letter I put something out, but in the whole booke not a word in, for I protest it was all Greenes, not mine nor Maister Nashes, as some vniustly haue affirmed. Neither was he the writer of an Epistle to the second part of Gerileon, though, by the workemans error, T. N. were set to the end: that I confesse to be mine, and repent it not.

Thus, gentlemen, hauing noted the priuate causes that made me nominate my selfe in print; being, as well to purge Master Nashe of that he did not, as to iustifie what I did, and withall to confirme what M. Greene did: I beseech yee accept the publicke cause, which is both the desire of your delight and common benefite: for, though the toye bee shadowed vnder the title of Kind-hearts dreame, it discouers the false hearts of diuers that wake to commit mischief. Had not the former reasons been, it had come forth without a father: and then should I haue had no cause to feare offending, or reason to sue for fauour. Now am I in doubt of the one, though I hope of the other; which if I obtaine, you shall bind me hereafter to be silent till I can present yee with some thing more acceptable.

HENRIE CHETTLE.



KIND-HARTES DEDICATION OF HIS DREAME,
TO ALL THE PLEASANT CONCEITED
WHERSOEVER.

GENTLEMEN and good fellowes, (whose kindnes hauing christened mee with the name of Kind-heart bindes me in all kind course I can to deserue the continuance of your loue) let it not seeme strange (I beseech ye) that he, that all daies of his life hath beene famous for drawing teeth, should now, in drooping age, hazard contemptible infamie by drawing himselfe into print. For such is the folly of this age, so witlesse, so audacious, that there are scarce so manye pedlers brag themselues to be printers because they haue a bundel of ballads in their packe, as there be idiots that think themselues artists because they can English an obligation, or write a true staffe to the tune of fortune. This folly, raging vniuersally, hath infired me to write the remembrance of sundry of my deceased frends, personages not altogether obscure, for then were my subiect base, nor yet of any honourable carriage, for my stile is rude and bad: and, to such as I, it belongs not to iest with gods. Kind-hart would haue his companions esteeme of estates as starres, on whom meane men maye looke, but not ouer-looke. I haue heard of

an eloquent orator, that trimly furnished with warres habiliments, had on his shield this motto, *Bona fortuna*: yet, at the first meeting of the enemy, fled without fight. For which being reprooued, he replied; If I haue saued my selfe in this battell by flight, I shall liue to chase the enemy in the next. So, gentlemen, fares it with mee. If enuious misconsterers arme themselues against my simple meaning, and wrest euery iest to a wrong sense, I thinke it policy to fly at the first fight, till I gather fresh forces to repress their folly. Neither can they, what euer they be, deale hardly with Kindhart, for he onely deliuers his dreame, with euery apparition simply as it was vttered. It's fond for them to fight against ghosts: it's fearefull for me to hide an apparition: by concealing it I might doe my selfe harme and them no good; by reuealing it ease my hart and doe no honest men hurt: for the rest (although I would not willingly moue the meanest) they must beare as I doe, or mend it as they may. Well, least ye deeme all my dreame but an epistle, I will proceed to that without any further circumstance.

THE DREAME.

SITTING alone not long since, not far from Finsburie, in a taphouse of antiquity, attending the comming of such companions as might wash care away with carousing, Sleepe, the attendant vpon a distempred body, bereft the sunnes light by couering mine eies with her sable mantle, and left me in nights shade though the daies eie shinde; so powerfull was my receiued potion, so heauie my passion: whence (by my hostisse care) being remoued to a pleasant parlor, the windowes opening to the east, I was laid softly on a downe bed, and couered with equall furniture, where, how long I slept quietly I am not well assured, but, in the time I intended to rest, I was thus by visible apparitions disturbd.

First, after a harsh and confused sound, it seemed there entered at once fiue personages, seuerally attired, and diuersly qualified, three bearing instruments, their fauours pleasant; two appearing to be artists, their countenances reuerend.

The first of the first three was an od old fellow, low of stature, his head was couered with a round cap, his body with a side skirted tawney coate, his legs and fete trust vppe in leather buskins, his gray haire and

furrowed face witnessed his age, his treble violl in his hande assured me of his profession. On which (by his continuall sawing hauing left but one string) after his best manner, hee gaue me a huntsvp: whome, after a little musing, I assuredly remembred to be no other but old Anthony Now now.

The next, by his sute of russet, his buttond cap, his taber, his standing on the toe, and other tricks, I knew to be either the body or resemblance of Tarlton, who, liuing, for his pleasant conceits was of all men liked, and dying, for mirth left not his like.

The third (as the first) was an olde fellowe, his beard milkewhite, his head couered with a round lowe crownd rent silke hat, on which was a band knit in many knotes, wherein stucke two round stickes after the juglers manner. His ierkin was of leather cut, his cloake of three coulers, his hose paind with yellow drawn out with blew, his instrument was a bagpipe, and him I knew to be William Cuckoe, better knowne than lou'd, and yet, some thinke, as well lou'd as he was worthy.

The other two had in their countenances, a reuerent grace, the one which was the elder, seeming more seuer, was in habite like a doctor, in his right hand hee helde a compendium of all the famous phisitions and surgions workes beelonging to Theorike, in his lefte hande a table of all instruments for mans health apertaining to practise.

At the sight of this doctor, you may thinke, gentlemen, Kind-hart was in a piteous case: for I verily be-

leeued he had beene some rare artist that, taking me for a dead man, had come to anatomize me, but, taking comfort that my thrumde hat had hanging at it the ensignes of my occupation, like a tall fellow (as to me it seemed) I lookte him in the face and behelde him to bee Maister Doctor Burcot (though a stranger, yet in England for phisicke famous.)

With him was the fifth, a man of indifferent yeares, of face amible, of body well proportioned, his attire after the habite of a scholler-like gentleman, onely his haire was somewhat long, whome I supposed to be Robert Greene, maister of Artes: of whome (howe euer some may suppose themselues iniured) I haue learned to speake, considering he is dead, *nill nisi necessarium*.

He was of singuler pleasaunce, the verye supporter, and, to no mans disgrace bee this intended, the only comedian, of a vulgar writer, in this country.

Well, thus these fiue appeared, and by them, in post, past a knight of the post, whome in times past I haue seen as highly promoted as the pillory: but, I haue heard since, he was a diuell that plaide the Cariar of Pierce Penillesse packet to Lucifer, and was now returning to contaminate the ayre with his pestilent periuries and abhominable false witnesse bearing.

How Pierce his supplication pleased his patron I know not, but sure I take it this friend had a foule check for meddling in the matter: for, when all these fiue before named had made profer of seuerall bills inuectiue against abuses raigning, this deuclish messenger

repulsed them wrathfully, and bad them get some other to bee their packet bearer if they list, for he had almost hazarded his credit in hell by being a broker betweene Pierce Penillesse and his lord: and so, without hearing their reply, flew from them like a whirle wind. With that (after a small pause) in a round ring they compassed my bed, and thrusting into my hand all their papers, they at once charged mee to awake and publish them to the world.

This charge seemed to mee most dreadfull of all the dreame ,because, in that, the distinguishing of their severall voices was heard, farre from the frequent manner of mens speech. In fine, Cuckoe with his pipes, and Antony with his crowd, keeping equall equipage, first left my sight; Tarlton with his tabor, fetching two or three leaden frisks, shortly followed, and the Doctor and Maister Greene immediately vanished.

With this (not a little amazed, as one from a trance reviued) I rouzd vp my selfe: when sodainly out of my hand fell the fiew papers, which confirmed my dreame to bee no fantisie. Yet, (for that I knew the times are daungerous) I thought good aduisedly to read them, before I presumed to make them publick. So by chance lighting first on Antony Nownowe, I found, on the outside, as follows on the other side.

THE FRIENDLY ADMONITION OF ANTHONIE NOW NOW TO MOPO
AND PICKERING, ARCH-OUERSEERS OF THE BALLAD SINGERS,
IN LONDON OR ELSE-WHERE.

ANTHONY NOW NOW, a God's blessing, to his louing and liuing bretheren Mopo and Pickering, greeting: whereas, by the daily recourse of infinit numbers to the infernall regions, whose plaintes to be heard are no lesse lamentable, then their paines to be felt intollerable, I am giuen to vnderstand that there be a company of idle youths, loathing honest labour and dispising lawfull trades, betake them to a vagrant and vicious life, in euery corner of cities and market townes of the realme singing and selling of ballads and pamphletes full of ribaudrie and all scurrilous vanity, to the prophanation of God's name, and with-drawing people from Christian exercises, especially at faires, markets and such publike meetings; I humbly desire ye that ye ioyne with another of your bretheren free of one citie and profession, that, alwaies delighting in godly songes, is now in his age betaken to his beads, and liueth by the dolefull tolling of Deaths bell warning. Deere frendes, I beseech you ioyntly to agree to the suppressing of the fore named idle vagabonds. And, that I right incite (as I hope) your forward effectes, I will particularize the difference betweene the abused times among you reputed, and the simplicity of the daies wherein I liued. Withall I wish ye to expect no greater matter then Anthonyes capacity can comprehend. When I was liked, there was no thought of that idle vpstart

generation of ballad-singers, neither was there a printer so lewd that would set finger to a lasciuious line. But I perceiue the times are changed, and men are changed in the times. For, not long since, a number of children were bolstered, by some vnworthy citizens and other free men in townes corporate, to exercise a base libertine life in singing anye thing that came to hand from some of the Diuels instruments, intruders into printings misterie, by whome that excelent art is not smally slandered, the gouernment of the estate not a little blemished, nor religion in the least measure hindered. And, to shut vp al in the last, is it not lamentable that after so many callings, so many blessings, so many warnings, through the couetous desire of gaine of some two or three, such a flocke of Run-agates should ouerspread the face of this land as at this time it doth. They that intend to infect a riuer poison the fountaine, the basiliske woundeth a man by the eie, whose light first failing, the body of force descends to darknes.

These basilisks, these bad minded monsters, brought forth like vipers by their mothers bane, with such lasciuious lewdnes haue first infected London, the eie of England, the head of other cities, as, what is so lewd that hath not there, contrary to order, beene printed, and in euery streete abusiuely chanted! This error (ouer spreading the realme) hath in no small measure increased in Essex and the shires thereto adjoyning, by the blushlesse faces of certaine babies, sonnes to one Barnes, most frequenting Bishops Stafford. The olde fellow

their father soothing his sonnes folly, resting his crabbed limes on a crab-tree staffe, was wont, and I thinke yet he vses, to seuer himself from the booth, or rather brothell, of his two sons ballad shambels: where the one in a sweaking treble, the other in an ale-blowen base, carowle out such adu'trous ribaudry as chast eares abhore to heare, and modestie hath no tongue to vtter.

While they are in the ruffe of ribaudrie, (as I was about to say) the olde ale-knight, their dad, breakes out into admiration, and sends stragling customers to admire the roaring of his sonnes: where, that I may showe some abuses, and yet, for shame, let slip the most odious, they heare no better matter but the lasciuious vnder songs of *Watkins Ale*, the *Carman's Whistle*, *Choping kniues*, and *Frier Foxtaile*, and that with such odious and detested boldnes, as, if there be any one line in those lewd songs than other more abhominable, that with a double repetition is lowdly bellowed, as for example of the *Frier and the Nunne*.

He whipt her with a foxes taile, BARNES MINOR,
And he whipt her with a foxes taile, BARNES MAIOR.

O braue boies, saith Barnes maximus. The father leapes, the lubers roare, the people runne, the diuell laughs, God lowers, and good men weepe. Nay, no sooner haue the godly preachers deliuered wholesome doctrine, but these impes of iniquitie, and such as imitate their order, draw whole heapes to hearken to their iniquated cries, as if they were heardes of the Ger-

gishites swine ready to receiue whole legions of soule-drowning spirites.

Stephen, Mopo, and Pickering, I muse you make no complaint to those worshipfull that haue authority to restraine such straglers, for this is to be proued, of whome soeuer they buy them, that these two Barnes vtter more licentious songs then all that part of England beside.

Shamefull it is, (had they any shame) that men brought vppe to an honest handicraft, of which the realme more need then iygging vanities, should betake them to so impudent a course of life. The rogue that liueth idly is restrained, the fidler and plaier that is maisterlesse is in the same predicament, both these by the law are burned in the eare, and shall men more odious scape vnpunished?

It were to be wisht, if they will not be warnd, that as well the singers as their supporters were burned in the tongue, that they might rather be euer utterly mute, then the triumphers of so many mischiefes. Neither are these two alone in fault, though they stand worthely formost as *Malorum Duces*, but besides them others, more then a good many, some as I haue heard say, taken to be apprentices by a worthlesse companion (if it proue true that is of him reported) being of a worshipfull trade, and yet no stationer, who after a little bringing them vppe to singing brokerie, takes into his shop some fresh men, and trusts his olde seruantes of a two months standing with a dossen groates worth of ballads. In which, if they prooue thrifty, hee makes

them prety chapmen, able to spred more pamphlets by the state forbidden then all the bookesellers in London ; for only in this citie is straight search ; abroad, smale suspicion, especially of such petty pedlers. Neither is he, for these flies only, in fault ; but the Gouerners of Cutpurse hall, finding that their company wouderfully increast, (howeuer manye of their beste workemen monthly miscaride at the three foot crosse) they tooke counsaile how they might find some new exercise to imploy their number.

One of the ancientest, that had beene a traueller, and, at Brainetree faire seene the resort to the standinges of the forenamed brethren, the sonnes of olde Barnes the Plummer ; chose out roaringe Dicke, Wat Wimbars, *cum multis aliis* of tune-able trebles that gathered sundry assemblies in diuers places ; where, eyer a leaud songe was fully ended, some mist their kniues, some their purses, soome one thinge, soome another. And, alasse, who woulde suspecte my innocente youthes, that all the while were pleasinge rude people's eyes and eares with no les delectable noise then their ditties were delightsome : the one beeing too odious to bee read, the other too infectious to be heard. Well, howeuer they sung, it is like they shared ; for, it hath beene saide, they themselues bragge they gained their twenty shillings in a day. Ah, brother Mopo, many a hard meale haue you made, and as many a time hath Curtell, your foure-footed traueiler, beene pincht for want of prouander, and yet at the weekes ende haue you hardly taken tenne shillings. But, I persuade my

selfe, you gaine by your honest labour, and they by legerdemaine. To tell you your owne iniuries, by them euery where offered, neede not: to wish you to speake to them it bootes not. Therefore this is my counsaile, and let it be your course. Make humble suite to her maiesties officers that they may bee henceforth prohibited: intreate the preachers that they inuaye againste this vice, whiche, though it seeme small to other abuses, yet, as a graine of mustard-seed, it encreases, and bringeth fourth more mischiefes then few wordes can expresse, or much diligence make voide. First, if there be any songes suffered in such publike sorte to be soong, beseech that they may either be such as your selues, that, after seauen yeares or more seruice, haue no other liuinge lefte you, out of pattent, but that poore base life, of it selfe too badde, yet made more beggerly by increase of nomber: or, at least, if any besides you be therto admitted, that it may be none other but aged and impotent persons: who, liuinge vpon charity, may the rather draw those that delight in good songs to haue mercy on their neede. For, to sing publikely, is, by a kinde of tolleration, permitted only to beggars, of which nomber it is not necessary to make them that haue seene no number of yeares, nor are in the members of their bodies imperfect. Is it not absurde to see a long legd lubber pinned in a chayre, fedde with a dugge, dreste with a bibbe, and rockte in a cradle? As vile it is that boyes, of able strength and agreeable capacity, should bee suffered to wrest from the miserable aged the last refuge in their

life (beggery excepted) the poore helpe of ballad-singing. Many a crust hath old Anthony gotte by it, Mopo, beside other comfortes: but now, I heare, my blinde brother, that exercisde the base, is forced to lay his fiddle to pawne and trust onely to the two and thirtieth Psalme, and Job patience, for his poore belly-pinching pittaunce. Once againe I tourne mee, in your names, to the maiestrates and preachers of London, and, as to them, so to others else-where in the realme. Right-honorable, reuerend, or worshipfull, Anthony humbly desires you to looke into the leaud cause, that these wicked effects may fall. The people delighte to heare some new thinge: if these prophane ribauldries were not, somewhat sauering of godlinesse, of policy, or, at the vtmost, of morrall witte, should be receiued. It is common that they which haue capacitye, when they heare either diuinitye, lawe, or other artes, apply their memories to receiue them, and, as they haue conceiued they bringe foorth fruites: so fares it by the contrary, when they heare lasciuious surquedry, leudnesse, impiety, they yeeld no other haruest than they receiued seede: for who canne gather grapes of thornes, or figges of thistles? It would bee thought the carman, that was woonte to whistle to his beastes a comfortable note, might as well continue his olde course, whereby his sound serued for a musicall harmony in Gods eare; as now profanely to follow jigging vanity, which can bee no better than odious before God, sith it is abominable in the eares of good men. But all is one, they are suffred, which makes them secure, and there

is no impietye but the baser flatter themselues in, because they are not more stricktly reprehended by their betters. If euery idle word shall be answered for, how shall they escape that suffer whole dayes to bee consumde in abhominable brothelry. Well, at the handes of the sheapheard shall the flocke be challenged, there is a mercy that kisseth justice, euery other tolleration is sinnefull and shamefull. Heere Anthony now now ceases: knowing the superiours haue discretion, vppon true information, to deale as beseemes them. I onely vrge my brother Mopo, S. P. and Pickeringe, to beseech that lasciuious singers may bee vtterlye supprest, as they will shew themselues to bee the men they should be; wherein if they faile, let them liue euer in perpetuall pouertye, and fare at all tymes as harde as poore Mopo's cut did with his maister's countryman in Shorditch, till, by the force of his hinder heeles, he vtterly vndid two milch maydens that had set vp a shoppe of Ale-drapery. Subscribed

Anthony now now a Gods blessing.

When I had read this rabble, wherein I founde little reason, I laide it by, intendinge, at more time, to seeke out Mopo and his mentioned companions. The nexte paper I chaunced on, was that of Maister Doctor Burcot.

The superscription thus.

TO THE IMPUDENT DISCREDITORS OF PHISICKES ART, EITHER
SPEEDY AMENDMENT OR PUNISHMENT.

INIURIOS enemies to arts, that haue sought to make phisick, among common people, esteemed common, and chirurgery contemptible: to you is this my breefe addressed, for, since I lefte the earth, commaunded by him that disposes of euery creature, I vnderstande soome greene-headed scoffers at my greene receipt, haue intermedled in matters more then they conceiue, and, by that folly, effected much lesse than they promised. It was helde of olde for a principle, and not long since obserued as a custome, that, as the nightes battes, fore-runners of darknesse, neuer flickered in the streetes till the sunne was declinde, and then euery where blindly flapped in mennes faces; so the owles of artes, blinde flinder-mise (as I may tearme them) confirming the old oracle: neuer shewe themselves but in corners, giuing their rules for that they vnderstand not, to the losse of life, or man's dismembringe. Euery simple hath his vertue, euery disease his beginning: but the remedy riseth from the knowledge of the cause. If any can (in naturall sence) giue ease, they must be artistes that are able to search the cause, resist the disease, by prouiding remedies. How fares it then, blinde abusers of the blind, your blushes faces are so seasoned that you can in print, or publike writinges, open the skirtes of your shame, by promising sight to the blinde, sound ioyntes to the gowty, steady members to the paraletike, strong limmes

to the lame, quicke hearing to the deafe, sence to the franticke? To begin with J. O., one of your sight healers, was it not well handled by him when a gentleman of good account, hauing onely a heate in one of his eies, hee like a kinde Christian perswaded the patient to recieve a water preseruatiue to the sound eie, that it might draw the humor from the first, when, in very truth, by his cunning hee so dealt, that not an eie was left in his head whereby hee might wel see, sauing that by the eye that was first sore he can with much adoo looke through a christall. Thus this cogging sight-giuer dranke a hundred marke, and vtterly impaired the paier's sight.

O obscure knaue, worthy to bee so well knowne, that, thine eies being thrust out of thy head in a publike assembly, thou mighttest no more attempt to make blinde thy betters. There was a gentleman in the world troubled not long since with a paine in the foote; phisitions found it to be the gout; against which malady (promising no precise remedy, but onely to giue ease for the time) did their dailye indeuour, by defensiuies preuenting paine that would haue prooued offensive. He, impatient of delay, forsooke all hopes of art, and deliuered ouer hys life into the hands of some of these trauelers that, by incision, are able to ease all atches. If a sensible man (conceiuing their tyranny on him vsed) should note their cuttings, drawings, corrosiuings, boxings, butcherings, they wold conclude, *Non erat inter Siculos tormentu maius*. Yet, forsooth, who but these are welcome to diseased or endaugered

people? The reason, they will vndertake to warrant what no wise man can; and if it happen, by strong conceipt, some haue comfort, then, to the worlds wonder, in olde wiues monuments are they remembered. Short tale to make, after many tortures, God gaue the gentleman ease by death.

For the dead palsie there is a woman hath a desperate drinke that either helps in a yeare or killes in an hour. Beside shee hath a charme, that, mumbled thrice ouer the eare, together with oyle of *Suamone* (as she tearmes it) will make them that can heare but a little, heare in short time neuer a whit. But, aboue all, her medcine for the quartine ague is admirable: viz. A pinte of exceeding strong march beere, wherein is infused one drope of *Aqua mirabilis*; this, taken at a draught before the fit, is intollerable good; and for a president let this serue.

A gentlewoman about London, whose husband is heire of a right worshipfull house, was induced to take this drench from this wise woman. For euery drop of that strong water she must haue twelue pence. A sponefull at the least was prizde at fortie shillings. Thus daily for almost a moneth she ministred. The gentlewoman, hauing still good hope, at last was put by her husband quite out of comfort for any good at this womans handes; for he, by chance getting the deceiuers glasse, would needes poure out a spunefull, what euer he paid: she cried out, she could not spare it: all helpt not, he tooke it and tasted, and found it to be no other then fountaine water.

There was one bond-man, or free-man (it skiles not much whether) that by wondrous ready meanes would heale madmen. What expectations was of him, by his great promises, all London knowes; howe lewdly hee delt, it can as well witnesse; of him I will say little, because there is more knowne then I am able to set downe.

Besides these run-agates, there are some of good experience, that, giuing themselues to inordinate excesse, when they are writ vnto by learned phisitions to minister for the patients health according to their aduised prescription, negligently mistake. As, for example, a doctor directs to his poticary a bill to minister to a man, hauing an ulcerous sore, certaine pills for the preparing of his body; withall a receipt for the making a corrosiue to apply to the sore; hee (either witles, which is too bad, or wilfull, which is worse) prepares the corrosiue in pilles, and formes the receipt for the pilles in manner of a playster.

The partie receiues the corrosiue inward; his mawe is fretted, death followes. If there be such an apothecary that hath so done, let him repent his dealings, least the bloud of that man light on his head.

It is said there was another skilfull, no lesse ouerseene, that hauinge a poore manne of a legge to dismember, who had long time beene his patient, and, at the instant, more extreemely painde then before, which was cause of requiringe his chirurgians immediate helpe; this woorkeman, the poore patientes deathes-maister, in that pointe not to be tearmed his

owne artes-maister, dismembred him, the signe beeinge in the foote. Whereof beeing tolde immediately after the deede, hee onely merited this praise, by giuing counsell to the murdered man to haue patience at his suddaine ende.

But these accidentes amonge artistes happen as seldome as the prooffe of a good cure amonge you that are vtterly ignoraunt in arte: for their faultes are committed by them rarely or neuer; your trespasses, like a quotidian disease. So, of the one it may bee saide, wine is a mocker, and stronge drinke is raginge, and those that bee thereby deceiued are not wise. Yet of the other may directly bee concluded, to their single commendation, that, as no serpent is without his hidden stinge, or anie thing on earth without some blemish, so no purity of their impure profession can be equalled in imperfection, so impure is all, so vile, so dangerous.

Therefore now returne I where I began, to you the excrementes of nature and monsters of menne, whose murders are no lesse common then your craftes, whiche are not so well knowne to the world as felt by them that leaue it: with two of you I will ende. The one a braggart of great antiquity, whose liuely image is yet to bee seen in King Luds Pallace, and his liuing ghost at this time ministringe to the poore pensioners of that place. Sirra, nay it shall be in reuerence of your old occupation. I muse not a little what wonderfull metaline preparatiue it is ye boast on: by which, were men so mad to beleue you, you are able to make anye manne not onely boldely to walke in ill ayres, and

conuerse daye and nighte with infected companye, but also to receiue the strongest poison (like king Mithridates) into his body? Tenne to one it is so strange as no man but yourselfe is able to name it. Yet giue mee leaue to gesse at it, without offence to your falsehood. I remember I haue heard great talke, you haue beene both a caster of mettall and a forger, and it seemes you haue gotten the receipte which the tinne-melters wife ministred to breake her husbandes colde when he sate sleeping in his chaire, videlicet, two ounces of pure tinne, put in an iron ladle, melted in the fire, and poured at an instant downe the throat. If it be thus, I dare take your word for any poyson hurting that partie that so receiues it, for, as a simple fellowe (seeing foure or fiue hanged for their offences, and hearing some speake bitterly of them beeing deade) saide, Well, God make them good men, they haue a faire warning: so I may say they that deale with your mettaline medicine haue a faire warrante against poison. Likewise may it be saide of your admirable eie water, through the vertue of whiche you haue attained the worshipfull name of doctor put out: hauinge put out soome of their eies that deale with it. But if I haue varied from your metaline receipt before, I conclude it but a forgerie, and so blame you not greatly for followinge a parcell of your olde, and, to some, a hurtfull trade.

Another of your bretheren, as wel ouer seene in mineralls as your selfe, lying in a good fellowes house not long since, being monillesse, as ye are all but thred

bare make-shiftes, perswaded his hoast to take phisicke for feare of infection; his labour he was content to giue, and nothing for their kindnesse would hee require but euen fiue marke, which he must pay for the very simples. His simple hoast, beleeuing him to bee honest, gaue him the money. If hee had lefte heere, though this had beene too lewd, it had beene farre better than to go forward as he did, for some what hee bestowed on purging simples, which unprepared he ministred, and, with the same, ministred the poore mans death.

The lewd wretch cried out that hee had taken a great quantity of the purgation more than he appointed, which was in a window in his chamber: much adoe was made, and he would iustifie before any learned man his deed. But, trusting better to his heeles than to hazard a hanging, hee gaue them that night the slip, and is not yet taken.

To be short, how euer ye differ in seuerall shiftes, yet agree you all in one manner of shifting; cunning is the cloake to hide your cogging: money the marke for which ye play the makeshiftes, nay, the murtherers, not of the common enimie, but your owne countrymen, than which what can be more barbarous? Common reason should perswade that much reading and long practise in euery art makes men expert. *Per contrarium*, I conclude, you that haue neither read nor practised must needs be egregiously ignorant.

Assure your selues, if you refraine not, iustice will stand vppe, and so restraine yee, as there shall be nothing more noted than your ignorant practises and

impudent courses. In my life I was your aduersary : in death I am your enimie. Beseeching the reuerend colledge of learned doctors and worshipfull company of experienst chirurgions to looke more straightly to your false deceites and close haunts, that there may be [no] sooner heard talke of such a rare obscure assurancer, to worke what not wonders in phisicke or chirurgirie, but he be rather lookt into or euer he begin, than suffered to begin, whereby any poore patient should suffer losse in triall of their blind skill : so shall your cou-senages be as open as your actes be odious.

Subscribed

Burcot.

This is something like (thought I) if he had said any thing against cousoning toothe drawers that from place to place wander with banners full of horse teeth, to the impairing of Kindharts occupation ; but I perceiue maister doctor was neuer a tooth drawer ; if he had, I know he would haue toucht their deceiuings. Since he hath let them passe, I greatly passe not ; and yet, in regard of the credit of my trade, I care not to haue a blow or two with them my selfe, before I looke any further.

Sundry of them that so wander haue not to do with the means Kindhart vseth, but forsooth, by charmes they can at their pleasure fray away the payne, which Kindhart counts little better than witch-craft if it could doe good, and so to some of them haue I affirmed it.

But a proper slip-string, sometime a petty scholemaister, now a pelting tooth-charmer, hauing no reason to defend his obscure rules, quite put me to silence before a well learned audience, the one a cobbler, the other a carman, the last a collyer. These, beeing poore men, had I for pittie often eased of their payne, yet was the remedy I vsde somewhat painefull; but not long since they are come acquainted with the charmer I told ye of; he, in charitable consideration of their greefe, promised to ease them, onely with writing and after burning a word or two. Trauelling to a gentleman's not farre from London, I by the way chaunst to be cald to conferre with him at the same veye instant, where, reproouing his opinion, hee put me downe with such a galliemafray of Latine ends that I was glad to make an end. Yet got I a copy of his charme, which I will set downe that I may make it common.

A CHARME.

* First, he must know your name, then your age, which in a little paper he sets downe. On the top are these words: *In verbis, et in herbis, et in lapidibus sunt virtutes*: vnderneath he writes in capitall letters, AAB ILLA, HYRS GIBELLA, which he sweares is pure Chalde, and the names of three spirites that enter into the bloud and cause rewmes, and so consequently the toothach. This paper must be likewise three times blest, and at last with a little frankincense burned, which being thrice vsed, is of power to expell the

spirites, purifie the bloud, and ease the paine, or else he lyes, for he hath practised it long, but shall approue it neuer.

Another sort get hot wiers, and with them they burne out the worme that so torments the greeued: these fellowes are fit to visit curst wiues, and might, by their practise, doe a number of honest men ease if they would misse the tooth and worme the tongue.

Others there are that perswade the pained to hold their mouths open ouer a basen of water by the fire side, and to cast into the fire a handfull of henbane seede, the which naturally hath in euery seede a little worme; the seedes breaking in the fire, vse a kind of cracking, and out of them, it is hard, among so many, if no worme fly into the water: which wormes the deceiuers affirme to haue fallen from the teeth of the diseased. This rare secret is much vsed, and not smally lyked. Sundry other could I set downe, practised by our banner-bearers, but all is foppery, for this I find to be the only remedy for the tooth paine, either to haue patience, or to pull them out.

Well, no more for mee, least I bee thought to speake too largely for myselfe. I had thought to haue had a fling at the rat-catchers, who, with their banners displayed, beare no small sway, what I haue to saye to them they shall not yet heare, because I hope they will take warning by other mens harmes. Onely this I affirme, that as some banner-bearers haue in their occupations much craft, the rat-catchers is nothing else but craft.

But stay, Kind-hart, if thou make so long a chorus
betweene euery act, thy iests will be as stale as thy
wit is weake. Therefore, leauing those vagabonds to
repent their villanyes, Ile bid adieu to maister doctor,
and see who is our next speaker.

ROBERT GREENE TO PIERCE PENNILESSE.

PIERCE, if thy carrier had beene as kind to me as I expected, I could haue dispatched long since my letters to thee: but it is here as in the world, *Donum à dando deriuatur*: where there is nothing to giue, there is nothing to be got. But hauing now found meanes to send to thee, I will certifie thee a little of my disquiet after death, of which I thinke thou either hast not heard or wilt not conceiue.

Hauing, with humble penitence, besought pardon for my infinite sinnes, and paid the due to death, euen in my graue was I scarce layde, when Enuie (no fit companion for Art) spit out her poyson to disturbe my rest. *Aduersus mortuos bellum suscipere inhumanum est*. There is no glory gained by breaking a deade man's skull. *Pascitur in viuis liuor, post fata quiescit*. Yet it appeares contrary in some, that, inueighing against my workes, my pouertie, my life, my death, my burial, haue omitted nothing that may seeme malicious. For my bookes, of what kind soeuer, I refer their commendation or dispraise to those that haue read them. Onely for my last labours affirming, my intent was to reprove vice, and lay open such villanies as had been uery necessary to be made knowne; wherof my *Blacke Booke*, if euer it see light, can sufficiently witnesse.

But for my pouertie, meethinkes wisdomes would haue brideled that inuectiue; for *Ciuius potest accidere, quod cuiquam potest*. The beginning of my

dispraisers is knowne, of their end they are not sure. For my life, it was to none of them at any time hurtful: for my death, it was repentant: my buriall like a Christian's.

*Alas that men so hastily should run,
To write their own dispraise as they haue done.*

For my reuenge, it suffices, that euery halfe-eyd humainitan may account it, *Instar belluarum immanissimarum sæuire in cadauer.* For the iniurie offred thee, I know I need not bring oyle to thy fire. And albeit I would disswade thee from more inuectiues against such thy aduersaries (for peace is now all my plea) yet I know thou wilt returne answer, that since thou receiuedst the first wrong, thou wilt not endure the last.

My quiet ghost (vnquietly disturbed) had once intended thus to haue exclaimd.

Pierce, more witlesse, than pennillesse; more idle than thine aduersaries ill imployde; what foolish innocence hath made thee (infant like) resistlesse to beare whateuer iniurie Enuie can impose?

Once thou commendedst immediate conceit, and gauest no great praise to excellent works of twelue yeres labour: now, in the blooming of thy hopes, thou sufferest slaunder to nippe them ere they can bud: thereby approuing thy selfe to be of all other most slacke, beeing in thine owne cause so remisse.

Colour can there be none found to shadowe thy fainting, but the longer thou deferst, the more greefe

thou bringst to thy frends, and giuest the greater head to thy enemies.

What canst thou tell, if (as my selfe) thou shalt bee with death preuented? and then how can it be but thou diest disgrac'd, seeing thou hast made no reply to their twofold edition of inuectiues?

It may bee thou thinkst they will deale well with thee in death, and so thy shame in tollerating them will be short. Forge not to thyself one such conceit, but make me thy president, and remember this olde adage: *Leonem mortuum mordent catuli.*

Awake (secure boy) reuenge thy wrongs, remember mine: thy aduersaries began the abuse, they continue it; if thou suffer it, let thy life be short in silence and obscuritie, and thy death hastie, hated, and miserable.

All this had I intended to write, but now I wil not giue way to wrath, but returne it vnto the earth, from whence I tooke it; for with happie soules it hath no harbour.

Robert Greene.

Had not my name beene Kind-hart, I would haue sworne this had beene sent to my selfe; for in my life I was not more pennillesse than at that instant. But remembring the author of the *Supplication*, I laid it aside till I had leysure to seeke him; and taking vp the next I found written.

TO ALL MALIGNERS OF HONEST MIRTH, TARLETON WISHETH
CONTINUALL MELANCHOLY.

Now, maisters, what say you to a merrie knaue, that for this two years day hath not beene talkt of. Wil you giue him leaue, if he can, to make ye laugh? What all a mort? no merrie countenance? Nay, then I see hypocrisie hath the vpper hand, and her spirit raignes in this profitable generation. Sith it is thus, Ile be a time-pleaser. Fie vppon following plaies, the expence is wondrous; vppon players speeches, their wordes are full of wyles; vppon their gestures, that are altogether wanton. Is it not lamentable, that a man should spend his two pence on them in an after-noone, heare couetousness amongst them daily quipt at, being one of the commonest occupations in the countrey, and in liuely gesture see trecherie set out, with which euery man now adaies vseth to intrap his brother? Byr lady, this would be lookt into; if these be the fruites of playing, tis time the practisers were expeld.

Expeld (quoth you)? that hath been pretily performed, to the no smal profit of the Bouling-allyes in Bedlam and other places, that were wont in the after-noonnes to be left empty, by the recourse of good fellows vnto that vnprofitable recreation of stage-playing.

And it were not much amisse, would they ioin with the dicing-houses to make sute againe for their longer restraint, though the sicknesse cease. Is not this well saide (my maisters) of an olde buttond cappe, that

hath most part of his life liu'd vppon that against which hee inueighs? Yes, and worthily.

But I haue more to say than this: is it not greate shame, that the houses of retaylers neare the townes end, should be, by their continuance, impouerished? Alas! good hearts, they pay great rentes, and pittie it is but they be prouided for. While playes are vsde, halfe the day is by most youthes that haue libertie, spent vppon them, or at least, the greatest company drawne to the places where they frequent. If they were supprest, the flocke of yoong people would bee equally parted. But now the greatest trade is brought into one street. Is it not as faire a way to Myle-end by White-chappell, as by Shorditch to Hackney? The sunne shineth as clearly in the one place as in the other; the shades are of a like pleasure; onely this is the fault, that by ouermuch heate sometime they are in both places infectious.

As well in this as other things there is great abuse; for in euery house where the venerian virgins are resident, hospitalitie is quite exiled; such fines, such taxes, such tribute, such customs, as (poore soules) after seuen yeares seruice in that vnhalloved order, they are faine to leaue their sutes for offerings to the olde Lenos that are shrine-keepers, and themselues (when they begin to break) are faine to seeke harbour in an hospitall; which chaunceth not (as sometime is thought) to one amongst twentie, but hardly one amongst a hundred haue better ending. And there-

fore seeing they liue so hardly, its pitie players should hinder their takings a peny.

I, marry; (saies Baudeamus, my quondam host) well, faire olde Dicke, that worde was well plac'd; for thou knowst our rentes are so vnreasonable, that except wee cut and shaue, and poule, and prig, we must return *non est inuentus* at the quarter day.

For is not this pittifull: I am a man now as other men be, and haue liu'd in some shire of England, till all the country was wearie of mee. I come vp to London, and fall to be some tapster, hostler, or chamberlaine in an inn. Well, I get mee a wife; with her a little money; when we are married, seeke a house we must; no other occupation haue I but to be an ale-draper; the landlord wil haue fortie pound fine, and twenty marke a yeare. I and mine must not lie in the street; he knows by honest courses I can neuer paye the rent. What should I say? Somewhat must be done; rent must be paid, duties discharg'd, or we vndone. To bee short, what must be shall be: indeede sometimes I haue my Landlordes countenance before a justice, to cast a cloake ouer ill-rule, or els he might seeke such another tenant to pay his rent so truly.

Quaintly concluded (Peter Pandar); somewhat yee must bee, and a bawd ye will bee. I, by my troth, sir, why not I as well as my neighbors, since theres no remedy. And you, sir, find fault with plaies. Out upon them, they spoile our trade, as you your selfe haue proued. Beside, they open our crosse-biting, our conny-catching, our traines, our traps, our gins,

our snares, our subtilties: for no sooner haue we a tricke of deceit, but they make it common, singing jigs and making iests of vs, that euerie boy can point out our houses as they passe by.

Whither now, Tarlton? this is extempore; out of time, tune and temper. It may well be said to me:

Stulte, quid hæc faris, &c.

Rusticus ipse, tuis malus es, tibi pessimus ipsi.

Thy selfe once a player, and against players! nay, turne out the right side of thy russet coate, and lette the world know thy meaning. Why thus I meane, for now I speake in sobernes.

Euery thing hath in itselſe his vertue and his vice: from one selfe flower the bee and spider sucke honny and poyson. In plaies it fares as in bookes; vice cannot be reprobued except it be discouered: neither is it in any play discouered but there followes in the same an example of the punishment. Now he that at a play will be delighted in the one, and not warned by the other, is like him that reads in a booke the description of sinne, and will not looke ouer the leafe for the reward.

Mirth, in seasonable time taken, is not forbidden by the austerest sapients.

But indeede there is a time of mirth, and a time of mourning; which time hauing been by the magistrats wisely obserued, as well for the suppressing of playes as other pleasures, so likewise a time may come when honest recreation shall haue his former libertie.

And lette Tarleton intreate the yoong people of the

cittie, either to abstaine altogether from playes, or at their comming thither to vse themselues after a more quiet order.

In a place so ciuill as this cittie is esteemed, it is more than barbarously rude to see the shamefull disorder and routes that sometime in such publike meetings are vsed.

The beginners are neither gentlemen, nor citizens, nor any of both their seruants, but some lewd mates that long for innouation; and when they see aduantage, that either seruingmen or apprentices are most in number, they will be of either side; though indeed they are of no side, but men beside all honestie; willing to make boote of cloakes, hats, purses, or what euer they can lay holde on in a hurley burley. These are the common causers of discord in publike places. If otherwise it happen (as it seldome doth) that any quarrell be betweene man and man, it is far from manhood to make so publike a place their field to fight in: no men will doe it, but cowardes that would faine be parted, or haue hope to haue manie partakers.

Nowe to you that maligne our moderate merriments, and thinke there is no felicitie but in excessiue possession of wealth, with you I would ende in a song, yea, an extempore song on this theame, *Nequid mimis necessarium*: but I am now hoarse, and troubled with my taber and pipe; beside, what pleasure brings musicke to the miserable? Therefore, letting songes passe, I tell them in sadnes, howeuer, playes are not altogether to be commended; yet some of them do

more hurt in a day than all the players (by exercising theyr profession) in an age. Faults there are in the professors, as other men; this the greatest, that diuers of them, beeing publike in euerie ones eye, and talkt of in euery vulgar mans mouth, see not how they are seene into, especially for their contempt, which makes them among most men most contemptible.

Of them I will say no more; of the profession so much hath Pierce Pennilesse (as I heare say) spoken, that for mee there is not any thing to speake. So, wishing the chearefull pleasauñce endlesse; and the wilfull sullen, sorrow till they surfet; with a turne on the toe I take my leaue.

Richard Tarleton.

When I had done with this, one thing I mislikte, that Tarleton stode no longer on that point of landlords; for lamentable it is (in Kind-harts opinion) to note their vnreasonable exaction. I myselfe knewe a landlord, that beginning to inlarge a little tenement, was according to statute prohibited. Hee made humble suite that the worke might go forward; for, good man, he meant not to make thereby any benefite, but euen in charitie he would turne it into an almes-house. This godly motion was liked, and he allowed to goe forward with the building. The worke ended, in all the country there could not poore bee found worthy, or at least able to enter into the same.

To be short, it was turned into a tauerne, and with rent and fine in few monthes turnd the tenant out of doores. Yet it hath beene saide, the poore man did what he might, *Cum vino et venere*, to continue his state; but the landlord had made such a dent in his stocke, that with all the wit in his head it would not be soopt. I beshrew the card-makers, that clapt not a gowne about the knaue of hartes, and put him on a hat for a bonnet ouer his night-cappe; then had not after age taken care for the image of this excellent almes-house builder, but in euerie ale-house should haue beene reserued his monument, till Macke, Maw, Ruffe, Noddy, and Trumpe had beene no more vsde than his charitie is felt.

Pitie it is such wolues are not shakte out of sheep's cloathing. Elder times detested such extremitie. The gospel's liberty (howsoeuer some libertines abuse it) gives no such licence: by their auarice religion is slandered, lewdnes is bolstered, the suburbs of the citie are in many places no other but dark dennes for adulterers, theeues, murderers, and euery mischief worker; daily experience before the magistrates confirms this for truth.

I would the hart of the cittie were whole; for, both within and without, extreame cruelty causeth much beggerie; *Victa iacet pietas*, and with pietie pittie. Selfe loue hath exiled charitie; and as among beastes the lyon hunteth the wolfe, the wolfe deuoureth the goate, and the goate feedeth on mountaine hearbs;

so among men the great oppresse the meaner, they againe the meanest, for whom hard fare, colde lodging, thinne cloathes, and sore labour is onely allotted.

To see how soone the world is chang'd. In my time I remember two men, the one a diuine, the other a cittizen; it was their vse, at the time they should quarterly receiue their duties (for the first was well beneficed, the latter a great landlord) when they came to anie poore creature, whome sicknesse had hindered, or mischaunce impaired, or many children kept lowe, they would not onely forgiue what they should receiue, but giue bountifully for the releefe of their present necessitie.

The olde prouerbe is veriefied, *Seldome comes a better*; and they are possest, the poore of that comfort dispossesst.

Some landlords, hauing turnd an old brue-house, bake-house, or dye-house, into an alley of tenements, will either themselues, or some at their appointment, keepe tipling in the fore-house (as they call it) and their poore tenants must bee inioinde to fetch bread, drinke, wood, cole, and such other necessaries, in no other place; and there, till the weekes ende, they may haue any thing of trust, prouided they lay to pawne their holiday apparell. Nay, my land-lady will not onely doe them that good turne, but, if they want money, she will on Munday lend them, likewise vppon a pawne, eleuen pence, and in meere pittie aske at the weekes end not a penny more than twelue pence.

O charitable loue, happy tenants of so kinde a land-lady! I warrant ye this usurie is within the statute; it is not aboue fiue hundred for the loane of a hundred by the yeare.

Neyther will they doe this good to their tenantes alone, but they will deale with their husbandes; that, for a little roome with a smokie chimney, (or perchance none, because smoake is noysome) they shall pay at the least but fortie shillings yeerly.

Fie vpon fines, thats the vndooing of poore people: weele take none (say these good creatures); marry, for the key wee must haue consideration, that is, some angell in hand; for verely the last tenant made vs change the locke. Neither thinke we deale hardly, for it stands in a good place, quite out of company, where handicraft men may haue leysure to get their liuing, if they knew on what to set themselues a worke.

Now, for all this kindnesse, the land-lord scarce asketh of the tenant thankes (though hee deserue it well) for (as I saide) his wife is all the dealer; so plaies the parson (the person, I should say, I would bee loath to be mistaken) that I tolde yee before builded the almes-house. The care of rentes is committed to his wife; he is no man of this world, but as one metamorphizd from a saint to a deuill.

How now, Kindhart, shall we neuer haue done with
these landlordes? It seemes well thou hast as little
land as witte; for while thou liuest they will not mend,
and therefore its as good to make an end, as waste
winde. Well, all this was of good will to helpe
Tarleton out with his tale. Now let me
see what note Cuckoe sings,
for tis his lucke to
be last.

WILLIAM CUCKOE TO ALL CLOSE JUGLERS WISHETH THE DIS-
COUERY OF THEIR CRAFTS, AND PUNISHMENT
FOR THEIR KNAUERIES.

Roome for a craftie knaue, cries William Cuckoe. Knaue, nay, it will neare hand beare an action. Bones a mee, my trickes are stale, and all my old companions turnd into ciuill sutes. I perceiue the worlde is all honestie, if it be no other than it lookes. Let me see, if I can see; beleue mee theres nothing but iugling in euery corner ; for euery man hath learned the mysterie of casting mysts, and though they vse not our olde tearms of hey-passe, re-passe, and come aloft, yet they can bypasse, compasse, and bring vnder one another as cunningly and commonly as euer poore Cuckoe coulde command his Jacke in a boxe.

Yet, my maisters, though you robde me of my trade, to giue recompence, after death I haue borrowed a tongue a little to touch their tricks.

And now, sir, to you that was wont, like a subsister, in a gown of rugge, rent on the left shoulder, to sit singing the counter-tenor by the cage in Southwarke, me thinkes ye should not looke so coyly on olde Cuckoe. What, man, it is not your signe of the ape and the urinall can carry away our olde acquaintance.

I trust yee remember your iugling at Newington with a christall stone, your knaueries in the wood by Wansted, the wondrous treasure you would discouer in the Isle of Wight, al your villanies about that peece of seruice, as perfectly known to some of my friends yet

liuing as their Pater noster, who curse the time you euer came in their creed.

But I perceiue you fare as the fox, *the more band the better hap*. I wonder what became of your familiar, I meane no deuill man, but a man deuil. And yet I need not wonder; for since my descending to vnder earth, I heard say he was hangd for his knauerie, as you in good time may be. *Amen*. Amend, I should say, but I thinke yee meane it not; the matter is not great, for (thanks be to God) how euer you mend in manners, the world is wel amended with your man and you.

I pray ye, was that hee which was your instrument in Nottingam-shire, to make your name so famous for finding things lost? It may be you forgot that one fetch among many; and, least it should bee out of your heade, Ile helpe to beate it into your braines.

Your masterhip vpon a horse, (whose hire is not paid for,) with your page at your stirrop, like a Castilian caualier, lighted pennillesse at a pretie inne, where that day sate certain justices in commission. Your high hart, carelesse of your present neede, would needes for your selfe share out one of the fairest chambers. Your page must be purueyer for your diet, who in the kitchin found nothing for your liking. Beefe was grosse, veale flashy, mutton fulsome, rabbets, hens, and capons common. Wild foule for Will Foole, or he will fast.

Well, at your will ye shall be furnisht. But now a jugling tricke to pay the shot.

My impe, your man, while mistrisse, men, and maids were busied about prouision for the justices that sate, slips into a priuate parlour, wherein stood good store of plate, and conueying a massy sault vnder his capouch, little lesse woorth than twentie marke, got secretly to the back-side, and cast it into a filthie pond; which done, he acquaints your knaueship with the deed.

By then your diet was drest, the sault was mist, the good wife cryde out, the maydes were ready to runne madde.

Your man (making the matter strange) inquired the cause: which when they tolde, O (quoth hee) that my maister would deale in this matter; I am sure he can do as much as any in the world.

Well, to you they come pitifully complaining, when very wrathfully (your choler rising) you demaund reason why they should thinke yee bee able to deale in such cases. Your kind nature (bent alwaies to lenitie) yeelded at ~~the~~ last to their importuning; onely wisht them to stay till the nexte day, for that you would not deale while the justices were in the house.

They must do as your discretion appoints. Next day, calling the good-man and wife to your bedside, ye tell them the salte was stolne by one of their familiars, whom he had forced by art to bring it backe againe to the house, and in such a pond to cast it; because he would not have the partie knowne, for feare of trouble.

As you direct them, they search and find. Then comes your name in rare admiration; the host giues

you foure angels for a reward, the hostesse two french crowns; the maydes are double diligent to doe you seruice, that they may learne their fortunes; the whole towne talks of the cunning man, that indeed had onely conny-catcht his host.

If that slip-string bee still in your seruice, I aduise you to make much of him; for, by that tricke, he prou'd himselfe a toward youth, necessary for such a maister. This iugling passes Cuckoes play. Well, I aduise you play least in sight in London; for I haue sette some to watch for your comming that will iustifie all this and more of your shifting life.

Returne to your olde crafte, and play the pinner; although it be a poore life, it is an honest life: your fallacies will one day faile ye.

There is another iugler, that beeing well skild in the Jewes trumpe, takes vpon him to be a dealer in musicke; especiall good at mending instruments: he iugled away more instrumentes of late than his bodie (being taken) will euer be able to make good.

Tut, thats but a plaine tricke. How say ye by some iuglers that can serue writs without any original, and make poore men dwelling farre off compound with them for they knowe not what? I tell you, there bee such that, by that trick, can make a vacation time quicker to them than a terme; who, troubling three-score or fourescore men without cause, get of some a crowne, of others a noble, of diuers a pound, beside the ordinarie costes of the writ, to put off their appearance, when no such thing was toward.

Fie vpon these juglers, they make the lawes of the realme be ill spoken of, and are cause that plaine people thinke all lawyers like them: as appeares by a poore old man by chance comming into one of the worshipful Innes of the Court, where sundry ancients and students, both honorable and worshipfull, sate at supper. The poore man, admiring their comely order and reuerent demeanor, demaunded of a stander by, what they were; Gentlemen (said hee) of the Innes of Court. Lord blesse hem (quoth plaine Coridon) beene they of Queen's Court? No, said the other, but of the Innes of Court. What doon they, quoth the countreyman, wotten yee? The other answered that they were all lawyers and students of the lawe. Now, well a neere, cries plaine simplicitie, wee han but one lawyer with vs, and hee spoyles all the parish; but heere been [e]now to marre the whole shire. His simplenes was by the hearers well taken, and the lawier's name inquired; who prou'd no other but one of these pettifogging juglers, that hauing scraped vp a few common places, and, by long sollicitership, got in to be an odd attorney; was not long since disgraded of his place (by pitching ouer the barre) yet promoted to looke out of a wodden window, cut after the doue hole fashion, with a paper on his suttle pate, containing the iugling before shewed. So fortune it to his fellowes; and let their misery come *cito pede*. Law is in it selfe good, the true professors to be highly esteemd. But, as in diuinity it sometime fares that schismatikes, heretikes, and such like make scripture a cloake for their detested errors, and by

their practises seeke to make the reuerend diuines contemptible; so a sort of conny-catchers (as I may call them) that haue gathered vp the gleanings of the law, onely expert to begin controuersies, and vtterly ignorant of their end, perswade the simple that if they will follow their rules, thus and thus, it shall chance to their speedy quieting; and that attorneys, counsellors, and serieants are too costly to bee dealt with simply, but by their mediation; who are able to speake when counsell failes, and giue more ease in an houre than the best benchers in a yeare, when, God wot, they doo no more good than a drone in a hiue. These juglers are too cunning for Cuckoe, and in the end will proue too crafty for themselues. Other iuglers there bee, that hauing fauour from authority to seeke something to themselues beneficiall, and to the common-wealth not preiudiciall, vnder colour of orderly dealing haue hookt into their hands the whole liuing to a number poore men belonging. These, when they were complained on, immediately tooke an honest course, and promist large reliefe yeerely to them they wrong. But euery promise is either broke or kept, and so it fares with them. I protest, if their jugling were set downe, it would make a prety volume; but I wil let them passe, because there is hope they will remember themselues. To set downe the iugling in trades, the crafty tricks of buyers and sellers, the swearing of the one, the lying of the other, were but to tell the worlde that which they well knowe, and, therefore, I will likewise ouerslip that. There is an occupation of no long

standing about London, called broking, or brogging, whether ye will ; in which there is pretty jugling, especially to blind law, and bolster usury. If any man be forst to bring them a pawne, they will take no interest, not past twelue pence a pound for the month: marry; they must haue a groat for a monthly bill, which is a bill of sale from month to month; so that no advantage can be taken for the usurie. I heare say it's well multiplied since I died; but I beshrewe them, for, in my life, many a time haue I borrowed a shilling on my pipes, and paid a groat for the bill, when I haue fetcht out my pawne in a day.

This iugling exceeds Cuckoes gettings, and sundry times turnd poore William to his shifts. Indeede I deny not but, in their kind, some of them deale well, and wil preserue a mans goods safe, if he keep any reasonable time; these are not so blameable as they that make immediate sale. If euer I haue opportunity to write into the world againe, I will learne who abuse it most, and who vse it best, and set ye downe their dwelling places.

Now I will draw to an end, concluding with a master jugler, that he may be well knowne if he be got into any obscure corner of the countrey. This shifter, forsooth, carried no lesse countenance than a gentleman's abilitie, with his two men in blue coates, that serued for shares, not wages. Hee, being properly seated in a shire of this realme, and by the report of his men bruted for a cunning man, grew into credit by this practise.

His house beeing in a village through which was no thorough fare, his men, and sometime his mastershippe in their company, at midnight woulde goe into their neighbours seuerall grounds, being farre distant from their dwelling houses, and oftentimes driue from thence horses, mares, oxen, kine, calues, or sheepe, what euer came next to hande, a mile perchaunce, or more, out of the place wherein they were left.

Home would they return, and leaue the cattel straying. In the morning, sometime the milke-maids misse their kine, another day the plough-hinds their oxen, their horses another time; somewhat of some woorth once a weeke lightly. Whither can these poore people go but to the wise mans worship? Perchaunce, in a morning, two or three come to complaine and seeke remedie, who, welcommed by one of his men, are seuerally demaunded of their losses. If one come for sheepe, another for other cattell, they are all at first tolde that his maistership is a sleepe, and till hee himselfe call they dare not trouble him.

But very kindly he takes them into the hall, and when his worship stirs promises them they shall speake with him at liberty. Now, sir, behind a curtaine in the hall stands a shelve garnisht with bookes, to which my mate goes vnder to take one downe, and, as he takes it down, pulleth certain strings which are fastened to seuerall small bels in his maisters chamber, and, as the bels strike, hee knowes what cattell his neighbors come to seeke; one bell being for oxen, another for kine, another for swine, &c. A while after he stamps and

makes a noyse aboute ; the seruingman intreats the sufferers to go vp, and hee, hearing them comming himselfe, kindly opens them the dore, and ere euer they speake salutes them, protesting for their losse great sorrowe, as if he knew their griefes by reuelation, comforts them with hope of recouery, and such like wordes. They cry out, Jesu blesse your mastership, what a gift haue you to tel our mindes and neuer heare vs speake ! I, neighbors, saith he, ye may thanke God, I trust, I am come among ye to doe ye all good. Then, knowing which way they were driuen, hee bids them goe either east-ward, or south-warde, to seeke neere such an oake, or rowe of elmes, or water, or such like marke neere the place where the cattell were left ; and hee assures them that by his skill the theeues had no power to carry them farther than that place. They runne and seek their cattle, which when they find, O admirable wise man, the price of a cow we will not sticke with him for, happy is the shire where such a one dwels. Thus doe the pore cousoned people proclaime, and so our shifter is sought too, far and neere. I thinke this be iugling in the highest degree : if it be not, Cuckoe is out of his compasse. Well, the world is full of holes, and more shiftes were neuer practisde. But this is Cuckoes counsell, that yee leaue in time, lest being conuicted, like my hoast of the Anchor, ye pine yourselues in prison to saue your eares from the pillory ; and end too good for jugling shifters and co-sening periurers.

William Cuckoe.

Ha, sirra, I am glad we are at an end; Kindhart was neuer in his life so weary of reading. Beshrew them for me, they haue wakened me from a good sleepe, and weried me almost out of my wits. Here hath bene a coile indeede with lewd song singers, drench giuers, detracters, players, oppressors, rent-raisers, bawdes, brothel-houses, shifters, and juglers. But, sith they haue all done, turne ouer the leafe, and heare how merrily Kindhart will conclude.

KINDHARTS CONCLUSION OF HIS DREAME, AND HIS CENSURE ON
THE APPARITIONS SEUERALLY.

FOR memories sake, let me see what conclusion we shall forme. Anthony tolde a long tale of runnagate song-singers, inueighing especially against those lasciuious ballads that are by authority forbidden, priuily printed, and publikely solde. In whiche I finde no reason (as before I saide) because I beleue none are so desperate to hazard their goods in printing or selling any thing that is disallowed. Or, if there be some such, I perswade my selfe the maiestrates diligence is so great they would soone be weeded out. But now let mee sound a little into Anthonies meaning: hee complaines not that these lasciuious songes howe ever in London they beginne, are there continued, but thence they spread as from a spring; and, albeit they dare not there be iustified, yet are they in every pedlers packe sent to publike meetings in other places; where they are suffered because the sellers sweare they are published by authoritie, and people farre off thinke nothing is printed but what is lawfully tollerated. Such knaues indeede would be lookt into that are not content with corrupting the multitude but they must slaunder the maiestrates. If Mopo and his mates bee such men that I may meete with, I will not onely deliver them Anthonies minde, but vrge them to exasperate the matter.

For master doctors motion, I doubt not but those which have charge theretoo to looke, will be verie carefull to discharge their dueties. My selfe will not be

slacke against wandring tooth-drawers. Besides, I haue a coppie of the confederacie betweene Don Mugel prince of rats, and the graund caualier of the rat-catchers, which I will publish, if he dissolue not the league, to the vtter ouerthrowe of his standerd, being three rats and a paire of shackells, drawn in a white field, cheurnd with Newgate chaine, (in memorie of his long communitie therewith) and loftily borne on a broome staffe. Neither will I alone against them inueigh, but generally against all such banner-bearers, whether they be of teeth, of stone cutting, or of rat-catching. Nay, Kinde-heart will not spare the ensigne-bearer of Robert the Rifler. What though hee bee one of the head burgesses of knaues-borough; and sometime hath two bearwards seruing vnder his colours, and they marshalled with Turkes, bowes, arrowes, skoyles, and nyne-holes? And though Kind-hart will not meddle wyth those sports that are lawfull, yet, it may bee, shortly hee will speake of their lawlesse abusers.

With Robin Greene it passes Kind-harts capacity to deale; for, as I knowe not the reason of his vnrest, so will I not intermeddle in the cause: but, as soone as I can, convey his letter where it should be deliuered.

For olde Dicke Tarlton, that madde companion, I haue helpt him out with his inuectiue against wringing landlords, and commend his commendation of honest mirth. But I vnderstand, how euer hee speakes well of players, there is a graue widow in the world complains against one or two of them for denying a legacie of fortie shillings summe. Pittie it is (poore soule) beeing

turnd to their shifts, they should hinder her of her portion; for had she that, shee intendes to set vp an apple-shop in one of the innes. If they pay her, so it is; if not, she hath sworne neuer to be good, because they haue beguilde her.

For Cuckoe I haue somewhat to adde to his jugling.

It happened, within these few yeeres, about Hampshire there wandered a walking mort, that went about the countrey selling of tape; shee had a good voice, and would sing sometime to serue the turne: she would often be a leach, another time a fortune teller.

In this last occupation wee will now take her, for therefore was she taken, hauing first ouer-taken an honest simple farmer and his wife in this manner.

On a summer's evening by the edge of the forest, she chaunst to meete the forenamed farmer's wife: to whom when she had offered some of her tape, she began quickly with her to fall in talke. And, at the first staring her in the face, assures her shee shall have such fortune as neuer had any of her kinne: and, if her husband were no more vnlucky than she, they should be possest of so infinite a sum of hidden treasure as no man in England had ever seene the like.

The plain woman tickled with her soothing, intreated her to go home, which she, at first making somewhat strange, was at last content: there had she such cheare as farmer's houses affoord, who fare not with the meanest.

Shortly the good man comes in, to whom his wife relates her rare fortune, and what a wise woman shee

had met with. Though the man were very simple, yet made he some question what learning she had, and how she came by knowledge of such things. O sir (said she) my father was the cunningst jugler in all the countrey, my mother a gipsie, and I haue more cunning than any of them both. Where lies the treasure thou talkst on? said the farmer: within this three myles (quoth she.) I wonder thou thy selfe getst it not (saide the man) but liuest (as it seemes) in so poore estate? My pouertie (answered this coosner) is my chiefest pride: for, such as we cannot our selues be rich, though wee make others rich. Beside, hidden treasure is by spirits possest, and they keepe it onely for them to whome it is destined. And more (said shee) if I haue a seuerall roome to my selfe, hangd round about with white linnen, with other instruments, I will, by morning, tell ye whether it be destined to you.

The goodman and wife, giuing credite to hir words, fetcht foorth their finest sheets, and garnished a chamber as she appointed: seuen candles she must haue lighted, and an angell she would haue laide in every candlesticke. Thus furnisht, she locks her selfe into the roome, and appointes them two onely to watch, without making any of their servants privie. Where, vsing sundrie mumbling fallacies, at last shee cald the man vnto her, whome she saddled and brideled, and hauing seuen times rid him about the roome, causd him to arise and call his wife, for to her belongd the treasure.

Both man and wife being come, in verie sober man-

ner she tolde them, that they alone must attend in that place, while she forst the spirits to release the treasure and lay it in some convenient place for them to fetch: but in any wise they must not reueale about what shee went, neither touch bread nor drinke till her returne. So, taking vp the seuen angels, away shee went, laughing to her selfe how she had left them waiting.

All night sate the man and his wife attending her comming, but she was wise inough. Morning came, the seruants mused what their maister and dame meant, that were wont with the larke to be the earliest risers: yet, sith they heard them talke, they attempted not to disturbe them. Noone drawing on, the farmer feeling by the chimes in his belly twas time to dine, was by his wife counselled to stay till the wise woman's returne. Which he patiently intending, on a sodaine the sent of the plough-swaines meate so pierced his senses, that had all India beene the meede of his abstinence, eate he will, or die he must. His wife, more money wise, intended rather to starve than loose the treasure: till, about evening, one of their neighbors brought them news of a woman coosener that by a justice was sent to Winchester for many lewd pranks. The man would needes see if it were the same, and, comming thither, found it to be no other; where, thinking at least to have good words, she impudently derided him, specially before the bench: who, asking hir what reason she had to bridle and saddle him: faith (saide shee) onely to see how like an asse hee lookt.

A number of such there be, whom I wil more
narrowly search for in my next circuit,
and if my dreame bee accepted,
sette them out orderly.

NOTES.

Kind-Hartes Dedication, &c. l. 13—"to the tune of *fortune*." One of the most popular of our old ballad tunes. It may be found in Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*, MS. in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge; William Ballet's *Lute Book*, MS. in the library of Trinity College, Dublin (D. i. 21); *Le Secret des Muses, Le Second Livre*, Amsterdam, 1616; and *Neder-Landtsche Gedenck-clank*, Haerlem, 1626. The last-named collection contains a number of old English tunes, some of which are mentioned by Shakespeare and other dramatists. It seems probable that they were carried into Holland by one of our companies of actors, who, we know, visited Germany, and parts of Holland, in the early part of the seventeenth century. The fact of *English airs* being printed at Haerlem and Amsterdam at so early a period is curious, and well merits the attention of those antiquaries who have time and ability to pursue the inquiry.

Ritson, who gives an account of this tune in his "Remarks Critical and Illustrative on the Text of (Steevens') Shakespeare," 1783, says: "It is more than once mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher, and from a passage in *The Rump, or Mirrour of the Times*, an old comedy by John Tatham, it should seem to have been a common dance tune; which may serve to show that the old dances were much more grave and solemn than those now in use, the tune being a very slow movement—as the reader will immediately recollect, when he is informed that it is *the identical air* now known by the song

of 'Death and the Lady,' to which the metrical lamentations of extraordinary criminals have been usually chanted for upwards of these two hundred years." It is seldom that Ritson hazards a conjecture respecting an old tune, and it would have been better had he refrained in the present instance. The air of *Death and the Lady* is totally different from that of *Fortune my foe*, the one is in the *major*, and the other in the *minor* key: a comparison may easily be made, as both the airs in question are printed in Mr. Chappell's Collection of "National English Tunes," 4to. 1840.

Archdeacon Nares was not aware of the existence of the original ballad. He says (*Glossary* in v.): "It does not appear that any *complete* copy of it is extant"! This is a mistake: a printed copy is preserved in one of the volumes of old ballads collected by John Bagford, and now deposited in the British Museum (643. m).

The passage in the text affords probably the earliest mention of this once popular tune.

The Dreame, p. 9, l. 4.—"Sleepe, the attendant vpon a distempred body." The original stands thus: "Sleepe, the attendant vpon a distempred *bodies*."

P. 10, l. 4.—"after his best manner, hee gave me a hunts-
vp." A *hunt is up*, or *hunt's up*, used as a substantive, was a sort of generic term for morning songs.

"Maurus last *morn* at's mistress window plaid
An *hunt's up* on his lute; but she (it's said)
Threw stones at him: so he, like Orpheus, there
Made stones come flying his sweet notes to heare."
Wit's Bedlam, 1617.

"And now the cock, the *morning's* trumpeter,
Play'd *hunt's up* for the day-star to appear."—*Drayton*.

Cotgrave defines the word "*Resveil*," as "A Hunt's up, or *Morning Song* for a new married wife, the day after the

marriage;” and in *A Quest of Enquirie*, 1595, is “A Jigge for the Ballad-Mongers to sing fresh and fasting, next their hearts *everie morning*, insted of a new *hunt’s up*.”

P. 10, l. 6.—“Anthony Now now.” Anthony Munday is supposed to be ridiculed in the character of “Old Anthony Now now,” an itinerant fidler frequently mentioned by our old writers. The following curious notice of him is to be found in *The Second Part of the Gentle Craft*, by Thomas Deloney, 1598.

“Anthony cald for wine, and drawing forth his fiddle began to play, and after he had scrapte halfe a score lessons, he began thus to sing :

“When should a man shew himselfe gentle and kinde?
 When should a man comfort the sorrowful minde?
 O Anthony, now, now, now,
 O Anthony, now, now, now.
 When is the best time to drinke with a friend?
 When is the meetest my money to spend?
 O Anthony, now, now, now,
 O Anthony, now, now, now.
 When goeth the king of good fellows away,
 That so much delighted in dancing and play?
 O Anthony, now, now, now,
 O Anthony, now, now, now.
 And when should I bid my good master farewell,
 Whose bounty and curtesie so did excell?
 O Anthony, now, now, now,
 O Anthony, now, now, now.”

“Loe yee now (quoth hee) this song have I made for your sake, and by the grace of God when you are gone, I will sing it every Sunday morning vnder your wiues window. * *
 * * Anthony in his absence sung this song so often in S. Martins, that thereby he purchast a name which hee neuer lost till his dying day, for euer after men cald him nothing but *Anthony now now*.”

In *Catch that Catch can, or The Musical Companion*,

page 71, edit. 1667, is the following verse, set to music by Mr. White.

“ The king he went to Dover,
And so by sea went over,
And landing came to Bullen,
And made the French men bow
Like the three kings of Cullen,
O Anthony, now, now, now.”

This, with some variations, is the first verse of a ballad printed at the end of *Le Prince d'Amour*, 1660; also in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, p. 270, edit. 1790.

P. 10, l. 9.—“ Tarlton.” The earliest notice of the celebrated comic actor Richard Tarlton, is in 1570, when his name appears as the author of a ballad on *The Floods of Bedfordshire*. (See Mr. Collier's *Old Ballads*, printed for the Percy Society). He died in September, 1588.

Bastard, in his *Chrestoleros*, 1598, has an epigram to “ Richard Tarlton, the Comedian and Jester ;” and in Nash's *Almond for a Parrot*, he is praised for having made folly excellent, “ and spoken of as being extolled for that which all despise.”

An exceedingly rare little volume, entitled *Joannis Stradlingi Epigrammatum Libri Quatuor*, Lond. 1607, informs us that Tarlton was celebrated for his tragic as well as comic acting. This fact has been no-where mentioned but by the Rev. A. Dyce (see his elegant edition of Greene's *Dram. Works*, vol. i. p. xlvii). Chettle's description of his appearance accords with that of the anonymous writer of *Tarlton's Newes out of Purgatorie*. The author, feigning a dream, says he saw the ghost of Tarlton, dressed as he usually was upon the stage, “ in russet, with a buttond cap on his head, a great bag by his side, and a strong bat in his hand, so artificially attired for a clowne as I began to call Tarlton's wonted shape to remembrance.”

Among the Harleian MSS. (No. 3885) is preserved a carefully executed likeness of Tarlton, by one John Scottowe, temp. of Elizabeth. He is clad in russet, with a bag or pouch at his side, performing "a Jig," to the music of his pipe and tabor. The artist has carefully preserved the well-known peculiarity of his flat nose, and it is in all probability an excellent likeness.

The music to "Tarleton's Jigge," is preserved in a MS. in the Public Library, Cambridge (D d. 14, 24). The manuscript here referred to is one of six, containing a number of old English tunes, collected and arranged for the lute by the celebrated John Dowland. They were first pointed out by Mr. Halliwell. See his *Cambridge Manuscript Rarities*, 8vo. 1841, pp. 8, 14, 31.

P. 10, l. 19.—"William Cuckoe." Chettle's description of the dress and appearance of this old itinerant juggler is interesting, and his introduction into the "Dreame" probably affords us the only memorial of his existence.

The art of juggling appears to have been practised, particularly at the end of the sixteenth century, by the lowest orders of society. An early and curious work was printed, with the following title, *Legerdemaine, an Art of Slight of Hand, which, although capable of affording much innocent delight and astonishment, is left, in this country, to the practice of the lowest Itenerants*, 1584 (Watt, *Bibl. Brit.* in v.). It is indeed probable that Cuckoe may be one of the persons alluded to in *The Anatomy of Legerdemaine*, 1634. The author, Hocus Pocus, Junior, speaks of one "whose father while he lived was the greatest jugler in England, and used the assistance of a familiar; he lived a tinker by trade, and used his feats as a trade by the by; he lived, as I was informed, alwayes betattered, and died, for ought I could

hear, in the same estate. I could here as I have instanced in this man, so give you his name, and where he liveth, but because he hath left the bad way, and chose the better, because he hath amended his life, and betook himself to an honest calling, I will rather rejoyce at his good, than do him any the least disgrace by naming him to be such a one."

P. 11, l. 6.—"Maister Doctor Burcot." Notwithstanding Chettle's testimony that Doctor Burcot was "in England for phisicke famous," I have not been able to find any particulars concerning him. Mr. Halliwell has kindly furnished me with the following passage, which shows that Burcot's name was well known.

"A story that goes upon one Dr. Burcott's wife, was not true by her but by one Dr. Matthias his wife, a German and famous physitian, that liv'd in Norwich," &c.—MS. Harl. 6395, No. 315.

P. 11, l. 10.—"his haire was somewhat long." This peculiarity of Greene's is noticed by other writers. Harvey speaks of "his fonde disguisinge of a Master of Arte with ruffianly haire."—*Four Letters and Certaine Sonnets*, &c. 1592.

And Nash informs us, that "a iolly long red peake like the spire of a steeple hee cherisht continually without cutting, whereat a man might hang a jewell, it was so sharp and pendant."—*Strange Newes*, &c. 1592, sig. E. 4.

P. 11, l. 17.—"the only comedian, of a vulgar writer, in this country." Chettle thus places Greene above all his contemporaries. Mr. Collier adduces this passage, coupled with another from the *Groatsworth of Wit*, to prove that up to the end of the year 1592, Shakespeare had not acquired reputation as an original dramatic poet. "Our author's words,"

says Mr. Collier, "do not mean that Greene was an applauded actor, but that he was a comic play-writer of the highest popularity."—*Hist. of Dram. Poet.* ii. 436-7.

P. 11, l. 20.—"Knight of the post." A person employed to give false evidence. A curious tract was printed in 1597, entitled *The Discoverie of the Knights of the Poste; or the Knightes of the Post, or common baylers newly discried, &c.* By E. S. 4to.

P. 11, l. 26.—"How Pierce his supplication pleased his patron I know not." *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Deuill*, was one of the most celebrated and popular productions of the satirist Thomas Nash, and he himself informs us that it went through six impressions before he published his *Have with you to Saffron-walden*. It first appeared in 1592, during which year (see Collier's *Bridgewater-House Catalogue*, p. 209) it reached a third edition.

P. 12, l. 14.—"crowd," i.e. fiddle.

P. 13.—"*The friendly admonition of Anthonie Now now to Mopo and Pickering, arch ouerseers of the ballad singers,*" &c. Mopo was, most likely, a nickname given to some well-known ballad vender of the sixteenth century, the identity of whom it would now be difficult to prove. William Pickering was a publisher of ballads to a considerable extent, and, according to Herbert, an original member of the Stationers' Company, and the first person on the list who obtained a license to print. Between the years 1577 and 1596, he appears to have been active in supplying the market with "proper new ballads," and in the collections of the curious we recognise the colophon, "Imprinted at London for Wil-

liam Pickering at St. Magnus Corner," more frequently perhaps than any other.

P. 13, l. 14.—“ I humbly desire ye that ye ioynе with another of your bretheren free of one citie and profession, &c.” Perhaps this passage alludes to the early opponent of the stage, Stephen Gosson. The expressions that he has “ now in his age betaken to his beads, and liueth by the dolefull tolling of deaths bell warning,” evidently alludes to one that had taken holy orders. We know that Gosson was in the Church previous to the year 1598, for in that year he printed a sermon, called *The Trumpet of War*, styling himself on the title-page “ Parson of Great Wigborow in Essex;” and it is more than probable, from other circumstances, that he was in holy orders in 1592.

P. 14, l. 26.—“ This error (ouer spreding the realme) hath in no small measure increased in Essex,” &c. The *error*, as Anthony calls it, of ballads becoming known in country towns, after they had been “ abusively chanted” in the streets of London, is noticed by Brathwait: “ Stale ballad-newes, like stale fish when it begins to smell of the panyer, are not for queasie stomacks. You must therefore imagine that by this time they are cashier’d the citie, and must now ride poast for the countrey, where they are no less admired than a gyant in a pageant, till at last they grow so common there too, as every poore milk maid can chant and chirpe it under her cow, which she useth as an harmlesse charme to make her let down her milke.” —*Character of a Ballad Monger*, in *Whimzies, or a new Cast of Characters*, 12mo. 1631, sig B 4, rev.

P. 15, l. 5.—“ the one in a sweaking treble, ‘the other in an ale-blown base.” *Sweaking* is probably a misprint for

squeaking. Brathwait, speaking of one of the ballad-singing generation, thus describes his qualifications: "Now he counterfeits a natural *base*, then a perpetual *treble*, and ends with a *counter-tenure*. You shall heare him feigne an artfull straine through the nose, purposely to insinuate into the attention of the purer brother-hood."—*Whimzies*, sig. B 5.

P. 15, l. 15.—" *Watkins Ale*." The curious old tune of " *Watkin's Ale* " is preserved in Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*, in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, and in Chappell's *Collection*, &c. before referred to. A copy, probably unique, of the original ballad is in the possession of George Daniel, Esq. It is entitled:

" A ditty delightfull of Mother Watkins Ale,
A warning wel wayed, though counted a tale."

Chettle again alludes to it in a letter (with the signature T. N. to his good friend A. M.) prefixed to Munday's translation of *Gerileon of England, The Second Part*, 1592. "I should hardly be perswaded that any professor of so excellent a science (as printing), would be so impudent to print such odious and lasciuious ribauldrie as *Watkins Ale*, *The Carmans Whistle*, and sundrie such other."

P. 15, l. 15.—" the *Carmans Whistle*." The air of the *Carman's Whistle* is traditionally reported to have been a great favourite with Queen Elizabeth: it is contained in her *Virginal Book*, with harmony and variations by W. Byrd, and has been recently printed in Mr. Chappell's *Collection of National English Airs*, 4to. 1840. Mr. J. Payne Collier is in possession of a black-letter ballad, entitled *The Courteous Carman and the Amorous Maid ; or, the Carman's Whistle*, which is probably the original. The carmen of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries appear to have been far more musical than those

of a later age. Falstaff's description of Justice Shallow is, that "he came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the over-scutched huswives that he heard the *carmen whistle*, and swore they were his fancies or his good-nights."—*Henry the Fourth*, Part II. act iii. sc. 2. Again, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, act i. sc. 1, Waspé says: "I dare not let him walk alone, for fear of learning of vile tunes, which he will sing at supper, and in the sermon times! If he meet but a carman in the street, and I find him not talk to keep him off on him, he will whistle him and all his tunes over at night in his sleep." Taylor, the water poet, in his tract called *The World runnes on Wheeles*, 1635, says, "And if the carman's horse be melancholy or dull with hard and heavy labour, then will he (the carman) like a kinde piper, whistle him a fit of mirth to any tune, from above Eela to belowe Gammoth, of which generosity and courtesie your coachman is altogether ignorant, for he never whistles, but all his musicke is to rap out an oath." Honest John Playford, speaking of the great benefit of music to all classes, exclaims, "Nay, the poor labouring beasts at plow and cart are cheer'd by the sound of musick, though it be but their *master's whistle*."—*Introduction to the Skill of Musick*, 8vo. edit. 1679, preface.

P. 15, l. 20.—"the *Frier and the Nunne*." The ballad here alluded to is not known. Friars have been the frequent subject of ridicule to ballad makers—I may instance the following: "The Maid peep'd out of the Window, or the Fryar in the Well:

"A pretty jest that once befel,
How a maid put a friar to cool in a well,"

preserved in the Museum Collection (643 M); and "The Fryar and the Maid," in D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vol. iii. p. 325, edit. 1719. The original tune to the ballad

mentioned in the text, is to be found in an exceedingly rare little volume, entitled *Musick's Delight on the Cithren*, 1666. The same volume also contains many airs of great interest, several of which are mentioned by Shakespeare.

P. 16, l. 12.—“The rogue that liueth idly is restrained, the fidler and plaier that is maisterlesse is in the same predicament, both these by the law are burned in the eare.” An allusion to the statute against rogues and vagabonds. John Stephens, in his *Essayes and Characters*, 1615, says of “a common player,” that “the statute hath done wisely to acknowledge him a rogue errant, for his chiefe essence is a *daily counterfeit*. He hath beene familiar so long with out-sides, that he professes himself (being vnknowne) to be an apparent gentleman. But his thinne felt and his silke stockings, or his foule linnen and faire doublet, do (in him) bodily reueal the broker: so being not sutable he proues a motley: his mind, obseruing the same fashion of his body, doth consist of parcell and remnants, but his minde hath commonly the newer fashion and the newer stuffe; he would not else hearken so passionately after new tunes, new tricks, new deuises.”

P. 17, l. 1.—“chapmen.” The term *chapman* is now only used for a purchaser, one who bargains for purchase, but anciently signified a seller also, being properly ceapman, market man, or *cope man*, one who barter with another. See Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) The following passage from *The Pleasant and stately Morall of the Three Lordes and Three Ladies of London*, 1590, will perhaps not be out of place.

“*Wea.* ——— What wares do ye sell?”

“*Sim.* Truly child I sel Ballades: soft—whose wares are these that are up already? I paid rent for my standing, and

other folkes wares shall be placed afore mine? this is wise indeed!

“*Wit.* O the finenes of the wares (man) deserue to have good place.

“*Sim.* They are fine indeed, who sels them, can ye tell? Is he free?

“*Wit.* Our maisters be; we wait on this ware, and yet we are no chapmen.

“*Sim.* Chapmen, no that’s true, for you are no men, neither chapmen, nor chopmen, nor chipmen, nor shipmen, but if ye be chappers, choppers, or chippers, ye are but chapboyes, and chapboyes ye are double.”—Sig. B. 4.

P. 17, l. 8.—“the three foot crosse,” i. e. the gallows.

P. 17, l. 28.—“curtell.” A *curtal*, says Nares, (*Gloss.* in v.) is a docked horse, but not necessarily a small one, as some have asserted. Banks’s famous horse is often called his curtall, to which therefore the passage following most probably alludes:

“ And some there are
Will keep *curtal* to show juggling tricks,
And give out ‘tis a spirit.”—Webster’s *White Devil*, 1612.

P. 19, l. 4.—“my blinde brother that exercisde the base.” Anthony’s *blinde brother* could have been no other than “Old Moone:” they are frequently mentioned together in old plays.

“Sirrah wag, this rogue was son and heire to Antony Nowe now, and *Blind Moone*: and hee must needs be a scurvy musition that hath two fiders to his fathers.”—Wilkins’ *Miseries of Inforcest Marriage*, Sig. A, 2, 1607.

“Heavenly consort better than *old Moone’s*.”—Dekker and Webster’s *Northward Hoe*, 1607, Act ii. sc. 3.

P. 19, l. 20.—“surquedry,” i. e. pride or presumption.

“*Surquedrie* is thilke vice
Of pride, whiche the thirde office

Hath in his courte, and will not knowe
The truth."—Gower's *Confessio Amantis*.

The word is also used by Spenser, Marston, Drayton, and others.

P. 19, l. 27.—“to follow jiggling vanity.” Read “to follow a jiggling vanity.”

P. 20, l. 16.—“cut.” A familiar appellation for a common or labouring horse. See Nares (*Gloss.* in v.)

P. 22, l. 19.—“phisitions found it to be the gout,” &c. Whetstone, in the first book of his *English Myrror*, 1586, tells us that “a gentleman of Vennis (Venice) one a time supping with a phisition in Padua, marueiled that the phisitions, who in shorte space finde a remedie for the most violent newe disease that raigneth, can not cure as well as giue ease to the gowt, an auncient maladie. Which doubt, the doctor thus pleasauntly resolued. O sir, (quoth hee) the gowte is the proper disease of the riche, and wee liue not by the poore; it may suffice that they find ease; but to prescribe a cure to beggar our facultye, were a great follye.”

P. 23, l. 10.—“oyle of *Suamone*.” I have not been able to find any description of this precious oil. John Hester's *Key of Philosophie*, 1596, gives a list of almost every oil in use, but not the one in question.

P. 23, l. 20.—“this wise woman.” Middleton speaks of “the *wise woman* in Do-little Lane.” Bp. Earle, in depicting the character of “A meer dull physician,” says: “His two main opposites are a mountebank and a *good woman*, and he never shews his learning so much as in an invective against them and their boxes.”—*Microcosmography*, 1650. edit. Bliss, p. 12.

P. 23, l. 30.—“no other then fountaine water.” It appears to have been a common practice with quacks, to administer to the ignorant pure water, disguised under some attractive name. Thus Dekker, “Some quack-salver or other, either by the help of *Tower-hill water*, or any other physical or chirurgicall means.”—*A Knights Conjuring*, 1607.

P. 24, l. 18.—“formes the receipt for the pilles in manner of a playster.” Chettle seems to have had good reason for his complaint against the apothecaries. In 1584, Christopher Langhton published “A Letter, sent by a learned phisitian to his friend, wherein are detected the manifold errors vsed hetherto of the Apothecaries in preparing Condites, Conserues, Pills, Potions, Electuaries, Losinges, &c.”—Andr. Maunsell’s *Catalogue of English Printed Bookes*, 1585.

P. 25, l. 1.—“dismembred him, the signe beeing in the foote.” An allusion to a class of practitioners, who administered medicines and performed surgical operations under the guidance and supposed indications of the planetary system. See *The Glass of Health*, printed by Robert Wyer. This passage might easily be illustrated from old plays :

“ I am thinking where the *sign* is.
Ha ! 'tis in Capricornus ; I'll go let
Myself blood i' the knees.”

SHIRLEY'S *Humourous Courtier*, 1640, Act v. sc. 1.

P. 25, l. 27.—“ I muse not a little what wonderfull metaline preparatiue it is ye boast on.” Basil Valentine, who lived at the end of the sixteenth century, ranks among the first who introduced metallic preparations into medicine, and is supposed to be the first that used the word antimony. He published a singular work, entitled *Curras Triumphalis Antimonii* ; where, after setting forth the chemical preparations

of that metal, he enumerates their medicinal effects. According to the prevailing custom of the age, he boasts of supernatural assistance ; and his work furnishes a good specimen of the controversial disputes between the chemical physicians, and those of the school of Galen ; the former being attached to active, and the latter to mere simple and inert remedies.

P. 26, l. 2.—“ King Mithridates.” The reputed inventor of an antidote against infection. Dekker, in his *Guls Horn Book*, 1609, speaks of drugs “ which *Mithridates* boiled together ;” and in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, sign. C 2, edit. 1635, Rafe exclaims : “ But what brave spirit could be content to sit in his shop, with a flapet of wood before him, selling *Methridatum* and dragons water to visited houses.” In the year 1585 was printed, *A Discourse of the Medicine called Mithridate, declaring the first beginning, the temperment, the noble vertues, and the true vse of the same*. Dr. Nott informs us (Repr. *Gull's Horn Book*, p. 52) that the celebrated compound of the royal quack of Pontus, or something nearly similar, held a place in our London Pharmacopœia till as late as 1787, when it was deservedly expunged.

P. 26, l. 20.—“ your admirable eie water, through the vertue of whiche you haue attained the worshipfull name of docter put out : hauing put out soome of their eies that deale with it.” William Clowes, the author of *A Briefe and Necessarie Treatise touching the Cure of the Disease called Morbus Gallicus*, 1585, speaking of “ the notorious cosinage and lewde craft of one Valentine Rarsworme, of Smalcald, a straunger borne,” says that “ he promised to cure one Master Castelton, then being a scoller of Cambridge, of an impediment in his eyes ; he had some sight thereof, that he was able to discerne many things, when this Valentine Rarsworme tooke him in

cure, but within a very short time after, Valentine, by his rustic dealings, *put out his eyes cleane*, and so deprived him of all his sight." Castleton, compelled to put up with the loss of his eyes, did not feel inclined to lose his money also; he therefore arrested this impudent quacksalver, while displaying "his banners and wares" in the Royal Exchange, and recovered back the money he had paid in the hopes of his cure.

P. 27, l. 20.—"cogging," i. e. lying, cheating. "But when should the children of lyes, *coggeries*, and impostures believe, if they should not believe their father the grandfather of lyes."—*A Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures*, 4to. Sig. Y 2. 1603.

P. 28, l. 15.—"cousoning toothe drawers, that from place to place wander with banners full of horse-teeth." Richard Banister, an oculist of the early part of the seventeenth century, speaking of one Dr. Allot, says:—"A brother of his (Dr. Allot's) was at Lin with a *garland of teeth* about his neck."—*A Treatise of One Hundred and Thirteene Diseases of the Eyes*, 12mo. 1622. It was no doubt customary also to exhibit banners of teeth. William Clowes, in his treatise on the *Morbus Gallicus*, 1585, tells us that "Quacksalvers and mountebanks are as easy to be knowne as an asse by his eares, or the lyon by his pawes, for they delight most commonly to proclaime their dealings in the open streets and market places, by prating, bragging, lying, with their labells, banners, and wares, hanging them out abroad." The author gives a curious wood-cut of a mountebank exhibiting in an open space, surrounded by banners, inscriptions, and all the numerous paraphernalia calculated to impose on a credulous mob. Another writer of the sixteenth century informs us that "in the yeare 1587, there came a Flemming into the cittie of

Gloceter [Gloucester] named Wolfgang Frolicke, and there hanged forth his pictures, his flagges, his instruments, and his letters of marte, with long labells, great tassels, broad scales closed in boxes, with such counterfeit showes and knackes of knauerie, coesining the people of their monie, without either learning or knowledge.—*A most excellent and compendious Method of curing Wounds, &c. translated by John Read, 8vo. 1588.*

P. 29, l. 18.—“A Charme.” The following charm for the tooth-ache is from Reginald Scot’s *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, p. 244, edit. 1585. “Scarifie the gums in the greefe with the tooth of one that hath been slaine. Otherwise; *galbes galbat, galdes galdat*. Otherwise; *A ab hur hus, &c.* Otherwise; at saccaring of Masse, hold your teeth together and say, *O non commennetis ex eo*. Otherwise; *Strigiles falsesque dentata dentium dolorem persanate*; O horsse combs and sickles that haue so many teeth come heale me now of my tooth-ache.” A MS. receipt for the tooth-ache on a fly leaf at the end of the Museum copy of John Hester’s *Pearle of Practise*, 1594, says, “The tooth of a dead man carried about a man, presently suppresseth the paine of the teeth.”

P. 32, l. 10.—“euen in my graue was I scarce layde, when Enuie (no fit companion for art) spit out her poyson to disturbe my rest.” Greene had been dead but a short time, when the pen of Gabriel Harvey endeavoured to blacken his memory in a work, the fierce malignity of which has left an indelible stain upon the character of its author. “He might (says Sir Egerton Brydges) have spared the dead: and have buried the malignant overflow of his passions in his pitiable opponent’s early grave! But, coward as he was, he sought out the chamber of death amid the haunts of poverty and disease, not that

he might cast flowers on the coffin of genius, but that he might gather libellous stories, with which he might sink in the same grave his posthumous fame." See the best account of Greene in the Introduction prefixed to the Rev. A. Dyce's beautiful edition of his *Dramatic Works*, 8vo. 1831.

P. 32, l. 24.—“ my *Blacke Booke*, if euer it see light.” It was afterwards printed under the following title—“ The Blacke Bookes Messenger. Laying open the Life and Death of Ned Brown one of the most notable cutpurses, cross-biters, and connycatchers that euer liued in England. Herein hee telleth verie pleasantly in his owne person, such strange prancks and monstrous villanies by him and his consortes performed, as the like was yet neuer heard of in any of the former bookes of conny-catching. Read and be warnd, laugh as you like, judge as you find. Nascimur pro Patria. By R. G. Printed at London by John Danter for Thomas Nelson, dwelling in Siluer-street, neere to the signe of the Red Crosse.” 4to. 1592.

P. 34, l. 12.—“ Awake (secure boy) reuenge thy wrongs,” &c. Sir Egerton Brydges (repr. *Groats-worth of Wit*, p. 19) has misprinted this passage thus :—“ Awake, *sweet* boy,” &c.

P. 35, l. 10—“ Is it not lamentable that a man should spend his two-pence on them in an afternoon?” Two-pence was the common charge of admission to the upper gallery of our ancient theatres. All that can now be collected concerning the prices of admission in former times, may be seen in Collier's *Hist. of Dram. Poet, and the Stage*, iii. p.p. 341-53.

P. 35, l. 16.—“ Byr Lady.” A corruption of By our Lady.

P. 35, l. 20.—“the bouling-alleys in Bedlam.” Frequently mentioned by writers of the period.

“At Bedlam bowling-alley, late
Where citizens did bet.”

S. ROWLAND'S *Knave of Clubs*, 1612.

P. 35, l. 25.—“make sute againe for their longer restraint though the sicknesse cease.” Alluding to the custom of closing the theatres during the time of sickness. When this tract was published, in 1592, the plague was raging in London. See Collier's *Memoirs of Alleyn*, p. 23.

P. 37, l. 29.—“crosse-biting,” i. e. cheating. S. Rowlands, who particularly describes the precise meaning of the term, tells us that one “Lawrence Crosbiter, or long Lawrence,” was “the first inventor of crosbiting.” See *Martin Mark-All, Beadle of Bridewell*, 4to. 1610, Sig. G 2.

P. 37, l. 30.—“conny-catching,” i. e. cheating, deceiving. The tricks of the *conny-catchers*, or sharpers, with whom London used to abound, were described by R. Greene in several pamphlets. See the full titles of them in the Rev. A. Dyce's edition of his *Dramatic Works*, vol. i. p. cvi.

P. 38, l. 2.—“singing jigs and making jests of vs.” A jig was the common conclusion to the amusements of the theatre in the days of our ancestors, and the passage in the text has been adduced to prove that there was singing in them. Many others might be quoted. Lupton, in his *London and the Countrey Carbonadoed and Quatred into seuerall Characters*, 8vo. 1632, says, “Most commonly when the play is done, you shall haue a jig or a dance of all treads: they mean to put their legs to it as well as their tongues.” Tarlton acquired great celebrity in them; and from a passage in *Tarlton's*

News out of Purgatory, it would appear that they lasted for an hour: the author says that the pamphlet is “only such a jest as his [Tarlton’s] jig, fit for gentlemen to laugh at *an hour*.”

Kemp was also famous for his performance of jigs. The music to many of them is preserved in John Dowland’s MSS. before alluded to, in the Public Library, Cambridge.

P. 40, l. 15.—“one thing I mislikte, that Tarleton stooede no longer on that point of landlords.” In the curious satirical tract, entitled *Maroccus Extaticus, or Bankes Bay Horse in a trance*, 1595, the horse is thus made to speak of the practice of landlords:—“O master, miserable landlords are the cause of all this mischiefe. Tis he that because he will haue an vnreasonable rent, will vpholde anie villanie in his tenant: a slaue to monie, a pander to the baud, a piller, nay, a pillow and a bolster, to all the roguerie committed in his houses. And yet will this filthie fellow sit at his doore on a Sondag, in the high street, and my mistres his wife by him, aud there forsooth talke so saint-like of the sermon that day, and what a good peece of worke the young man made, and what a goodly gift of vtterance he had, but not the value of a pound of beefe will he giue him were his gift of vtterance comparable to S. Augustines, or Chrisostomes eloquence. Sweare he will and forswear vpon the worke day as anie. And if percuse he sit in place of authoritie, O how seure will he be in all his proceedings against a yong or good fellow in anie trifling matter. Then he takes vpon him not a little: Sir (sayes hee) what did you in such a house? Wherefore came you thither? And laie the lawe, and the prophetes too, and so rate a gentleman well descended, meere priuiledged with a furd gowne and a nightcap; when in deede his bringing vp hath been in beggerie and slauerie illiberally, hauing spent his time in conference with the water

tankard at the Conduit, lying miserably, and for sparing of wood, loding his gowne sleeve with fuell from the haberdashers, and wearing his handes in a frostie morning by the fugitive flames of a few waste papers; a naturally enemie to all learning and liberalitie."

P. 41, l. 7.—" beshrew the card-makers, that clapt not a gowne about the knave of hartes, and put him on a hat for a bonnet ouer his night-cappe." Samuel Rowlands was the author of three curious tracts upon the subject of cards. The following extract from *The Knave of Harts, haile fellow, well met*, 4to. London, edit. 1613, may not be inappropriate.

THE KNAVE OF HARTS HIS SUPPLICATION TO CARD-MAKERS.

" Wee are abused in a great degree,
 For there's no knaues so wronged as are we
 By those that chiefly should be our part-takers.
 And thus it is my maisters, you card-makers;
 All other knaues are at their owne free will
 To brave it out, and follow fashion still
 In any cut, according to the time,
 But we poore knaues (I know not for what crime)
 Are kept in pie-bald suites, which we haue worne
 Hundred of yeares: this hardly can be borne.
 The idle-headed French deuis'd vs first,
 Who of all fashion-mongers is the worst;
 For he doth change farre oftner than the moone,
 Dislikes his morning suite in th' after-noone.
 The English is his imitating ape,
 In euery toy the tailers sheares can shape
 Comes dropping after, as the diuell entices,
 And putteth on the French-mans cast deuises.
 Yet wee (with whom thus long they both haue plaid)
 Must weare the suites in which we first were made.
 It is no maruell euery base consort,
 When he hath lost his money, will report
 All ill of vs, and giueth these rewards:
 A poxe vpon these scurvy, lowsie, cardes
 How can we choose but haue the itching gift,
 Kept in one kinde of cloaths, and neuer shift?
 Or to be scurvy how can we forbear
 That neuer yet had shirt or band to weare?
 How bad I and my fellow Diamond goes?
 We neuer yet had garter to our hose,

Nor any shooe to put vpon our feete,
 With such base cloaths, 'tis e'en a shame to see't.
 My sleeues are like some morris-dauncing fellow ;
 My stockings ideot-like, red, greene, and yeallow ;
 My breeches like a paire of lute-pins be,
 Scarse buttocke roome, as euery man may see :
 Like three-penie watch men, three of vs doe stand,
 Each with a rustie browne-bill in his hand,
 And clubs, he holds an arrow, like a clowne,
 The head-end vpward, and the feathers downe.
 Thus are we wrong'd, and thus we are agrieu'd,
 And thus long time we haue beene vnrelieu'd ;
 But, card-makers, of you Harts reason craues,
 Why we should be restrain'd aboue all knaues
 To weare such patched and disguis'd attire ?
 Answere but this, of kindnesse we require.
 Shew vs (I pray) some reason how it haps
 That we are euer bound to weare flat-caps,
 As though we had vnto a cities trade
 Bin prentises, and so were free-men made.
 Had we blacke gownes, vpon my life, I sweare,
 Many would say that we foure serjeants were ;
 And that would bring card-play in small request
 With gallants that were fearefull of arrest,
 For melancholy they would ever be
 A serjeants picture in their hands to see.
 Others, that clubs and spades apparell notes,
 Because they both are in side-garded coates
 To arme them two vsurers, villanous rich,
 To whom the diuell is beholden much,
 And loues their trade, of getting gold, so well,
 They shall be welcome to his flames in hell.
 Others say, if we had white aprons on
 We would be like unto " a non, a non,
 What is it gentlemen you please to drinke ?"
 And some, because we haue no beards, doe thinke
 We are four panders, with our lowsie lockes.
 Whose naked chinnes are shauen with the poxe,
 Diuers opinions there be ; other showes,
 Because we walke in jerkins and in hose,
Without an vpper garment, cloake, or gowne,
 We must be tapsters running vp and downe
 With cannes of beere (malt sod in fishes broth),
 And those, they say, are fil'd with nick and froth.
 Other auouch we are of the smoky crew,
 A trade that stinckes, although it be but new ;
 Such fellowes as sit all the day in smother,
 And drinke, like diuels, fire to each other.
 Thus are we plaid vpon by each base groome :
 Nay, let a paire of cards lye in a roome

Where any idle fellow commeth in,
 The knaues hee'll single out, and thus begin :
 Here are four millers, for their honest dealing!
 Or tailers, for the gift they haue in stealing ;
 Or brokers, for their looking threw a hole ;
 Or colliers, for not filling of their sakes :
 Thus we are plaid vpon by sawey jackes.
 And therefore if perswasions may but winne you,
 Good card makers (if there be any goodnes in you)
 Apparell vs with more respected care ;
 Put vs in hats, our caps are worne threadbare ;
 Let vs haue standing collers in the fashion
 (All are become a stiffe-necked generation),
 Rose hat-bands, with the shagged-ragged-ruffe,
 Great cabbage shooe strings (pray you bigge enough),
 French dublet, (and the Spanish hose to breech it),
 Exchange our swords, and take away our bils,
 Let vs haue rapiers (knaues loue fight that kills),
 Put vs in bootes, and make vs leather legs,
 This Harts, most humbly, and his fellowes begs."

P. 41, l. 12.—“Macke, Maw, Ruffe, Noddy and Trumpe.”
 Names of popular games at cards. *Macke*, it is conjectured,
 was the same as the old French game *Jeu de Macao*. See
 Singer's *Researches into the History of Playing-Cards*. p. 261.

Mawe was played with a piquet pack of thirty-six cards, and
 any number of persons from two to six formed the party.
 The game had a variety of strict rules and technical terms,
 which it would be tedious to recapitulate.

Ruff and *new coat* is mentioned in Heywood's play of *A
 Woman Killed with Kindness*, 1617. Mr. Douce and other
 writers have imagined that the terms *Ruff* and *Trump* were
 synonymous, but several passages might be adduced to show
 that they were distinct games. “And to confounde all, to
 mend their badde games, having never a good carde in their
 handes, and leaving the ancient game of England (Trumpe),
 where every coate and sute are sorted in their degree, are
 running to *Ruffe* where the greatest sorte of the sute carrieth
 away the game.”—*Martins Months Minde*, 1589. Epistle to
 the reader.

Noddy was probably the same game we now call cribbage.

It appears from the *Complete Gamester*, 1682, 2nd edition p. 76, that *Knave Noddy* was the designation of the knave in playing that game.

Trump, which was probably the *triumfo* of the Italians and the *trionphe* of the French, is perhaps of equal antiquity in England with *Primer*; and, at the latter end of the sixteenth century, was very common among the lower classes. See Singer's *Researches*, &c. p. 269.

P. 41, l. 19.—“the suburbs of the citie are in many places no other but dark dennes for adulterers, theeues, &c.” “How happy therefore were cities if they had no suburbs, sithence they serve but as caves where monsters are bred up to devour the cities themselves. Would the devill hire a villaine to spill blood; there he should find him. One to blaspheme; there he hath choice. A pander that would turne his own father a begging; he is there too. A harlot that would murder her new born infant; she lives in there.”—*English Villanies Seven several times Prest to death by the Printers*, &c. [1637.] Sig. F 3. rev.

P. 45, l. 9.—“hey-passe, re-passe.” Common terms used by jugglers. See Ady's *Candle in the Dark*, 1656, Sig. F 3.

P. 45, l. 9.—“come aloft.” Signifies to vault or play the tricks of a tumbler. From the following quotations it appears that apes were also taught their tricks.

“But if this hold, I'll teach you
To come aloft, and do tricks like an ape.”

MASSINGER'S *Bondman*, 1624, act iii. sc. 3.

“Which he could do with as much ease, as an ape carrier with his eye makes the vaulting creature *come aloft*.”—GAYTON'S *Festivious Notes on Don Quixote*, 1654, p. 113.

P. 45, l. 16.—“like a subsister in a gowne of rugge, rent on the left shoulder, to sit singing the counter-tenor by the cage in Southwarke.” A *subsister* was probably a term for a poor

prisoner. The description of his dress, "a gowne of ruggerent on the left shoulder," can only apply to one in the lowest state of poverty. *Singing the counter-tenor* is frequently mentioned in connection with the name of a prison, by old writers: very often as a pun upon the word *compter*. Thus in the following passages: "For the compters, they teach wandering nightingales the way unto their nests, and learn them to sing the *counter-tenor*."—Lupton's *London and the Country*, &c. 1632. Again, "This number is since, by tract of tyme, much lessened and impayred; but howsoever, sure I am that liberality, as I sayd before, is eyther quite dead, banished, or els playes least in sight, as banckroutes, that walkes narrow lanes, or keepes them out of the libertie, least they should *sing the counter-tenor*, or at Ludgate, for the Lord's sake." *A Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of Serving men*, by J. M. 4to. Londen, 1598, Sig. E i.

P. 45, l. 22.—"your iugling at Newington with a christall stone." "The Beril, which is a kind of christal, hath a weak tincture of red in it. Among other tricks of astrologers the discovery of past and future events was supposed to be the consequence of looking into it. See Aubrey's *Miscellanies*, p. 165, edit. 1721."—REED. Samuel Rowlands describing a dabler in magic, says—

"He can transforme himselfe unto an asse,
Shew you the diuell in a christall glasse."
The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head vaine, 1600, Sat. 3.

MS. Sloane, 6848, contains "an experyment to see most excellent and certainlye in a christall stonne what secrette thou wilt."

P. 46, l. 4.—"I wonder what became of your familiar." John Ady, in his *Candle in the Dark*, 1656, has a chapter exposing the tricks of jugglers, from which I extract the following passages relating to the employment of a familiar. "A Jugler knowing the common tradition, and foolish opi-

nion that a familiar spirit in some bodily shape must be had for the doing of strange things beyond the vulgar capacity; he therefore carrieth about him the skin of a mouse stopped with feathers, or some like artificial thing, and in the hinder part thereof, sticketh a small springing wire of about a foot long, or longer, and when he begins to act his part in a fayr, or a market, before vulgar people, he bringeth forth his impe, and maketh it spring from him once or twice upon the table and then catcheth it up again saying; would you be gone? I will make you stay and play some tricks for me before you go? and then he nimbly sticketh one end of the wire upon his waste, and maketh his impe spring up three or four times to his shoulder, and nimbly catcheth it, and pulleth it down again, every time, saying; would you be gone? in troth if you would be gone I can play no tricks or feats of activity to day, and then holdeth it fast in one hand, and beateth it with the other, and slily maketh a squeeking noyse with his lips, as if his impe cried, and then putteth his impe in his breeches or in his pocket, saying; I will make you stay! would you begone? Then begin the silly people to wonder and whisper, then he sheweth many slights of activity, as if he did them by the help of his familiiar, which the silliest sort of beholders do verily beleeve."

P. 48, l. 3.—"the whole town talks of the cunning man, that indeed had onely conny-catcht his host." The same story, differently told, is applied to one "Doctor Pinch-backe a notable makeshift," at the end of *Greenes Ghost haunting Cony-catchers*, by S. R. 4to. 1626.

P. 48, l. 17.—"Jewes trumpe," i.e. Jew's harp, derived from *jeu trompe*, toy trumpet. It is called *Jew trump* by Beaumont and Fletcher, *Jew's harp* by Hacluyt, and by Bacon *jeu trompe*. There is a curious story of one "Geilles Duncan" a noted per-

former on the Jew's harp, whose performance seems not only to have met with the approval of a numerous audience of witches, but to have been repeated in the presence of royalty, by command of his majesty king James VI.—Agnes Sampson being brought before the king's majesty and his council, confessed ' that upon the night of All-Holloweven last, shee was accompanied as well with the persons aforesaid, as also with a great many other witches; to the number of two-hundreth; and that all they together went to sea, each one in a riddle or cive, and went into the same very substantially, with flaggons of wine, making merrie, and drinking by the way, in the same riddles or cives to the Kirk of North Barrick in Lowthian; and that after they had landed, tooke handes on the lande and daunced this reill or short daunce, singing all with one voice,

Commer goe ye before, commer goe ye ;
Gif ye will not goe before, commer let me.

At which time, shee confessed that this Geillis Duncan (a servant girl) did goe before them playing this reill or daunce upon a small *trumpe* called a *Jewes trump*, untill they entred into the Kirk of North Barrick. These confessions made the king in a wonderfull admiration, and sent for the saide Geillis Duncan, who upon the like *trump* did play the saide daunce before the kinges majestie; who in respect of the strangenes of these matters, tooke great delight to be present at their examinations."—*Newes from Scotland, &c.* 1591.

P. 51, l. 26.—“ his two men in blue coates.” The common livery of the serving-men of the period.

P. 56, l. 10.—“ against all such banner-bearers, whether they be of teeth or stone cutting,” &c. George Baker, in his treatise on *The Composition or Making of the most precious Oil, called Oleum Magistrale*, 1574, devotes a chapter to “ the abuses of the runners about, called cutters for the stone and ruptors.”

P. 56, l. 16.—“skoyles.” *Skoyles* appears to be a corruption of *kayles*. It is written also *cayles* and *keiles*, derived from the French word *quilles*. It was a game played with pins, and is supposed to have been the origin of the modern game of nine-pins; though primitively the kayle-pins do not appear to have been confined to any certain number. Strutt gives several representations of the game from MSS. of the fourteenth century (*Sports and Pastimes*, p. 271, edit. 1830).

In Wager's curious play, *The longer thou livest the more foole thou art*, a dunce boasts of his skill “at *skales*, and the playing with a *sheepes-joynte*.” The playing with a “*sheepes-joynte*” was probably the game of *knuckle-bones*.

P. 56, l. 16.—“nyne holes.” Strutt mentions it as a boyish game played at the beginning of the seventeenth century (*Sports and Pastimes*, p. 274, edit. 1830). It is alluded to with other games in the fourth satire of Samuel Rowlands, *Letting of Humours Blood*, &c. 1600.

“To wrestle, play at stooleball, or to runne,
To pick the barre, or to shoote off a gunne;
To play at loggats, *nine holes*, or ten pinnes;
To try it out at foot-ball by the shinnes.”

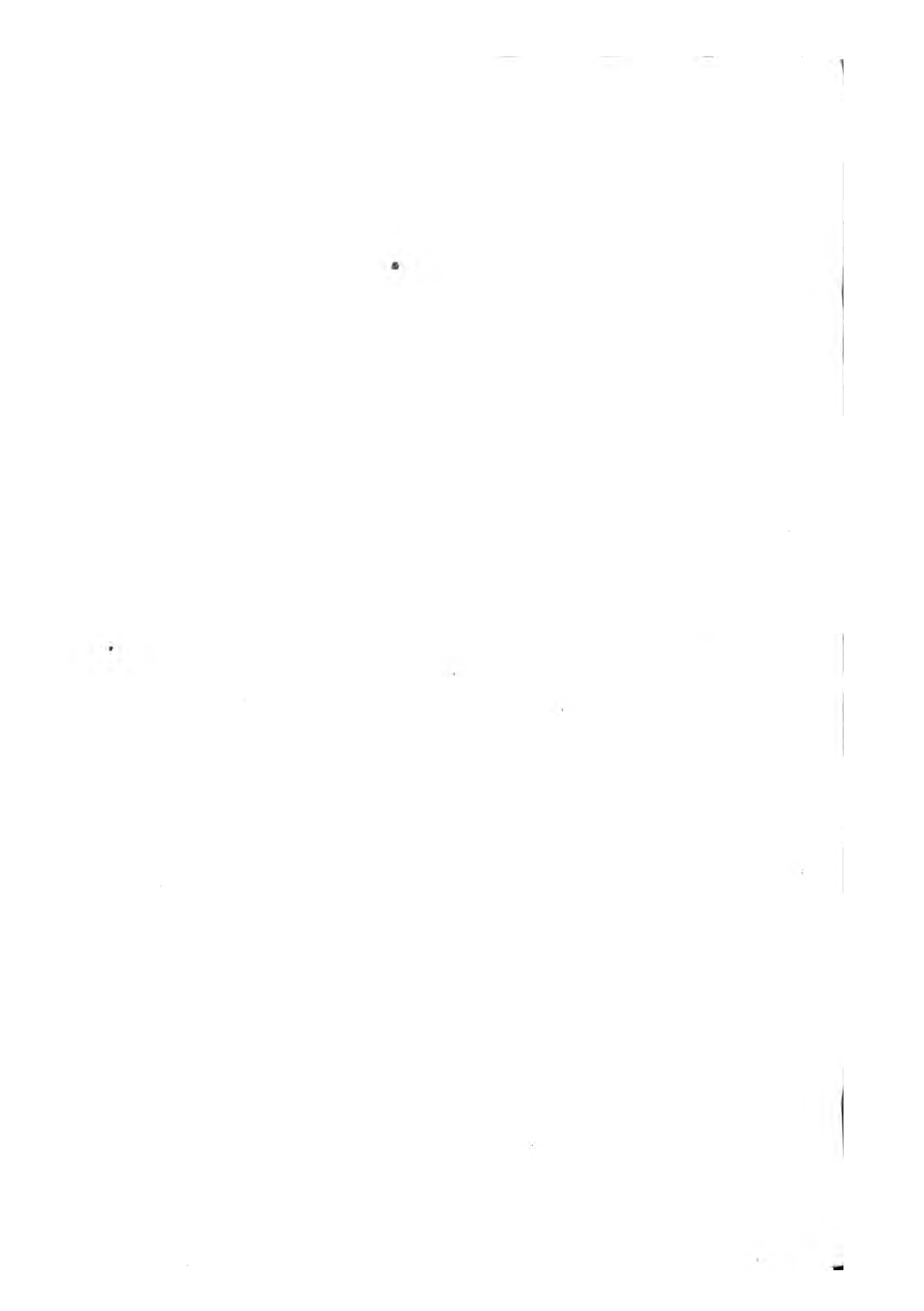
P. 56, l. 20.—“With Robin Greene it passes Kind-harts capacity to deale.” Greene used to be called familiarly *Robin*;

“Our moderne poets to that passe are driuen,
Those names are curtal'd which they first had giuen;
And, as we wisht to haue their memories drown'd,
We scarcely can afford them halfe their sound.
Greene, who had in both academies ta'ne
Degree of master, yet could neuer gaine
To be call'd more than *Robin*: who, had he
Profest ought saue the muse, seru'd, and been free
After seuen yeares prentiseship, might haue
(With credit too) gone *Robert* to his graue.”

HEYWOOD'S *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*, 1635, p. 206.

A KNIGHT'S CONJURING,

ETC.



A

KNIGHT'S CONJURING:

Done in Earnest, discovered in Jest.

BY

THOMAS DEKKER.

FROM THE ORIGINAL TRACT PRINTED IN 1607.

EDITED BY

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, ESQ. F.S.A.

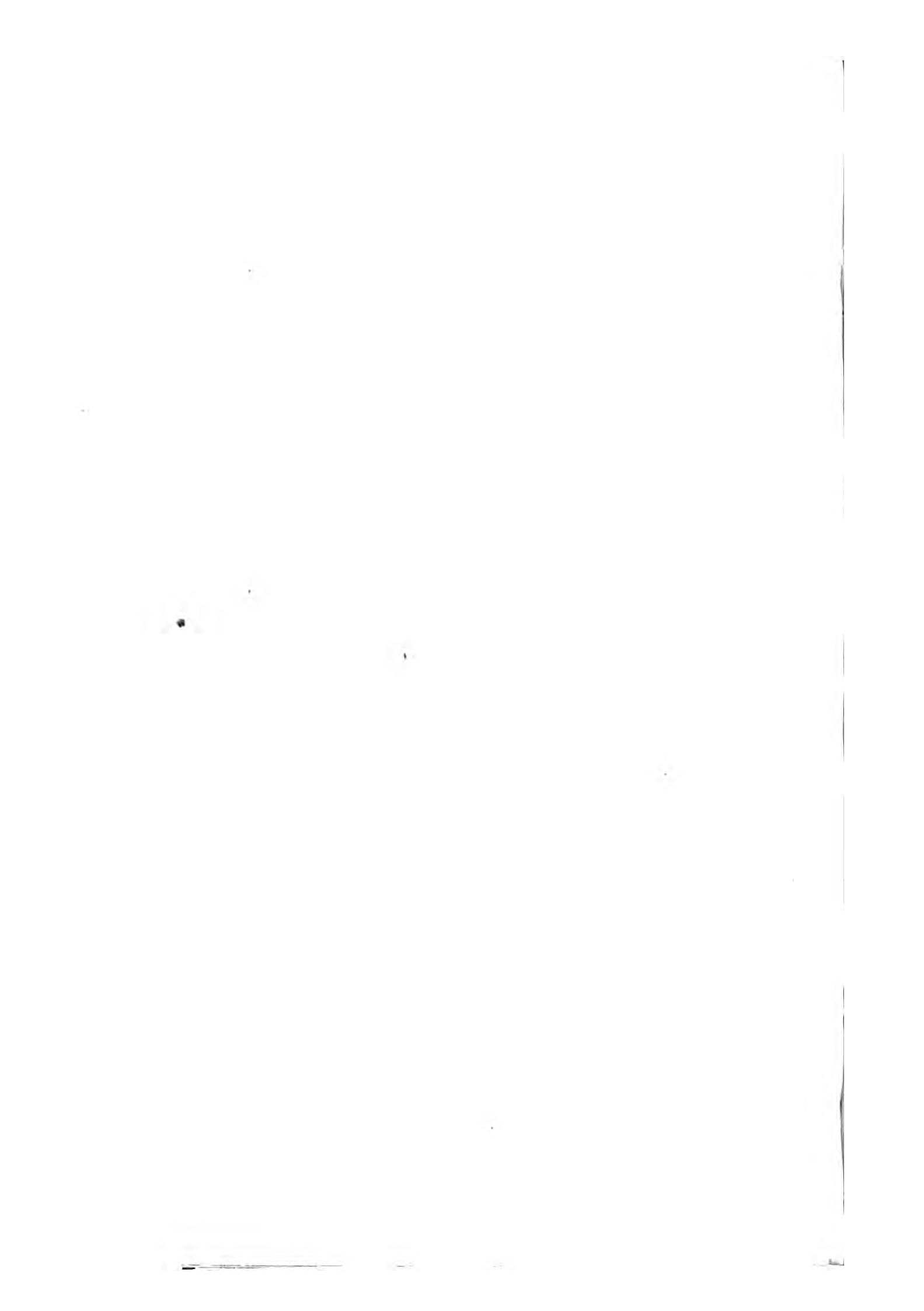
LONDON:

REPRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,

BY T. RICHARDS, FOR THE EXECUTORS OF THE LATE

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MDCCCXLII.



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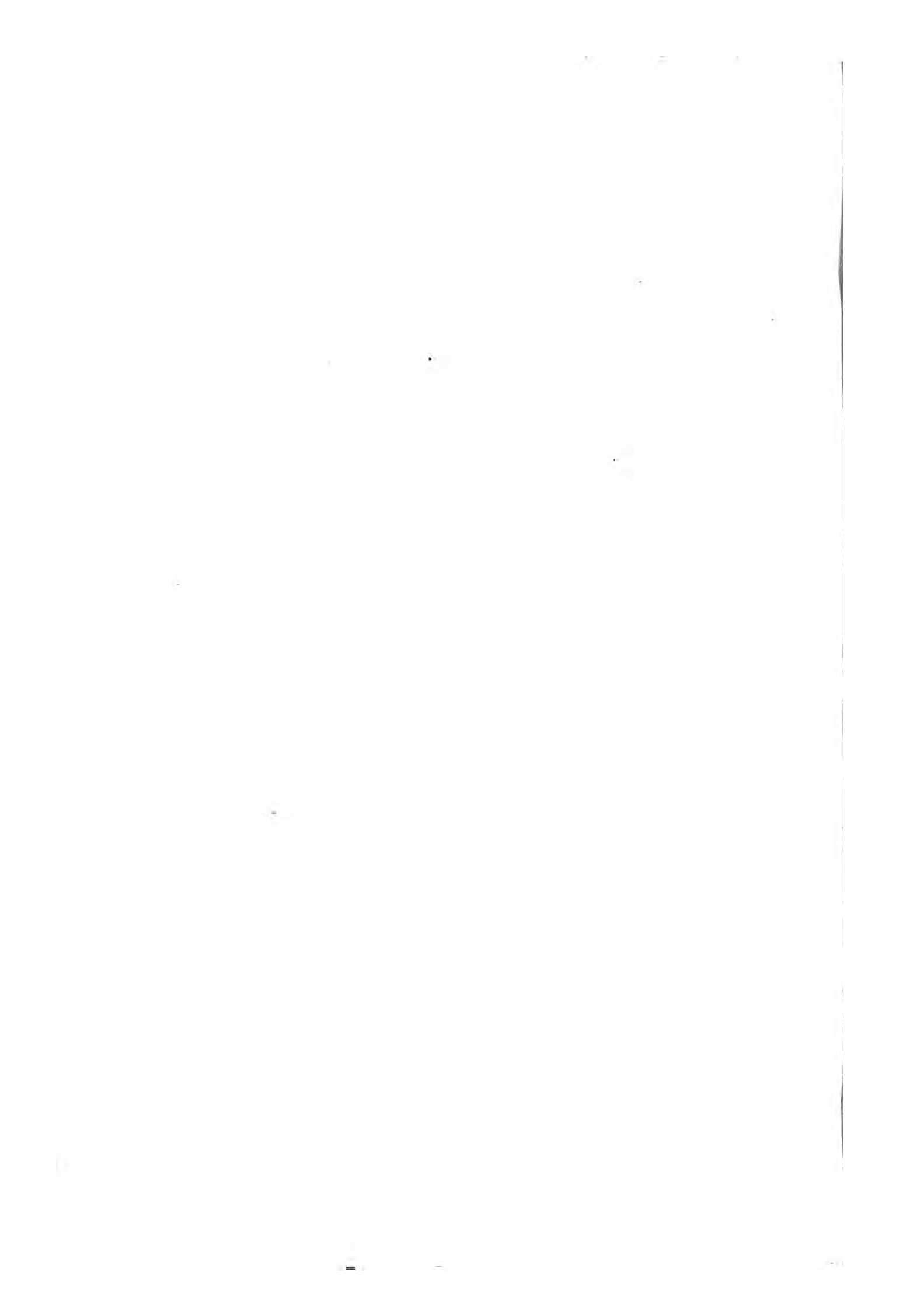
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INTRODUCTION.

THE pamphlets and plays of Dekker abound with interesting local allusions, admirable sketches of character, and satirical hits at prevailing fashions. It has been truly remarked, that they alone would furnish a more complete view of the habits and customs of his contemporaries, than could easily be collected from all the grave annals of the time.

The exact period of Thomas Dekker's birth and decease has not descended to us. He is chiefly regarded as a writer of the time of James the First; but as his name occurs no less than fifteen times in the poetical miscellany entitled "England's Parnassus," which was printed in 1600, it is quite evident that he was a poet of considerable note in the reign of Elizabeth: besides, by Philip Henslowe's papers (now about to be made accessible to the world) it appears that he wrote either the whole or part of twenty-eight plays prior to the year 1603, when James ascended the throne. He is, moreover, mentioned by Meres, in his oft-quoted "Palladis Tamia, or Wit's Trea-

sury," 1598, as among those in England who were considered the best for tragedy.

Like many of the dramatic writers of the period in which he lived, Dekker appears to have been always miserably poor, and to have spent half his life within the walls of a prison. In the year 1598, one year after we first hear of him in connexion with dramatic literature, he was in confinement for debt, in the Poultry Compter. Henslowe appears to have stood his friend on this occasion; and the following item, from the manager's book of accounts, establishes the fact: "Lent unto the company the 4 Febreary, 1598, to discharge Mr. Dicker out of the cownter in the Poultry, the some of fortie shillings. I say dd. (delivered) to Thomas Downton xxxxs."

Oldys, in a MS. note to Langbaine's "Dramatick Poets," says, "He (Dekker) was in the King's Bench Prison from 1613 to 1616, and how much longer I know not." This fact is partly confirmed in Mr. Collier's "Memoirs of Alleyn," recently published by the Shakespeare Society. At page 131, may be seen a letter from Dekker to Alleyn, dated "King's Bench, Sept. 12, 1616," enclosing some verses "in praise of charity," and in celebration of the erection of Dulwich College, then fast approaching to completion. "Dekker," remarks Mr. Collier, "was a poet of ability, and

a prose writer of great variety : he always ‘ scribbled for bread,’ and has left behind him much that is utterly worthless in point of literary merit ; but much also that well deserves preservation. It is to be regretted that his tribute to Alleyn has shared the fate of many things he and his contemporaries composed. We need entertain little doubt that Alleyn took steps to relieve his old friend’s necessities ; and as it is stated that Dekker was released from prison in the very year his letter bears date, it may not be too much to suppose that Alleyn had a hand in his liberation.” It does not, however, appear that Dekker was released from prison in the year in which he wrote to Alleyn. Far from it ; Oldys’ words, before quoted, are, “ He (Dekker) was in the King’s Bench Prison from 1613 to 1616, and *how much longer I know not.*” At page 186, of the same work, may be seen another letter from Dekker to Alleyn, recommending a party to his favour. We learn from this letter (which is, unfortunately, without a date) that Dekker was again an inhabitant of a prison. An expression which occurs in the course of the letter, “ I give you thanks for the *last* remembrance of your love,” warrants the conclusion that the benevolent Alleyn had more than once relieved the wants of the needy poet.

Perhaps the most prominent feature in Dek-

ker's life was his celebrated quarrel with Ben Jonson, about the beginning of the seventeenth century. What the grounds of disagreement between the dramatists were, cannot now be clearly ascertained; but we have no cause to regret it, since it occasioned the "Poetaster" of the latter, and the "Satiro-Mastix" of the former. Jonson satirized Dekker as Demetrius, introducing Marston the dramatist as Crispinus; and Dekker amply repaid the affront by sketching his opponent in the character of Horace junior.

In 1603 Dekker had the honour of writing "The Magnificent Entertainment given to King James, Queen Anne his wife, and Henry Frederick the Prince, vpon the day of his Maiesties Triomphant Passage (from the Tower) through his Honourable Citie (and Chamber) of London, being the 15 of March, 1603." Two editions of this entertainment were printed, one by E. Allde, and the other by J. C. for Thomas Man, both in the following year.

In 1629 Dekker was employed to write the lord mayor's pageant, "London's Tempe, or the Field of Happiness," to celebrate the mayoralty of James Campbell. It was produced at the sole cost of the Ironmonger's Company; and a full description of it, with the items of expenditure, printed from the books of the company, may be

seen in Malcolm's "Londinium Redivivum," ii. 43. Dekker had some time previously been employed as a city poet, and wrote the pageant for 1612. In a passage of the dedication to the play of "Match me in London," 1631, our author thus complains of his decline: "I have been a priest in Apollo's temple many years, my voice is decaying with my age." Dekker's latest publication bears date 1638, in which year Oldys tells us "he was full three score years of age;" and it may be conjectured, as we do not hear of him after, that he did not long survive that period. From these circumstances, and the fact of his connexion with the stage before the year 1598, we may conclude that he was much advanced in years at the time of his decease.

Dekker's miscellaneous pamphlets are very numerous: a complete list would certainly be a desideratum, but his prolific pen so frequently employed the press that it would now be almost impossible to supply it. A considerable list may be seen in Dodsley's "Select Collection of Old Plays," iii. 216, edit. 1825, and in the Introduction to Dr. Nott's reprint of the "Gull's Horne-book," 1812. Two tracts are however omitted in both, which are undoubtedly Dekker's, and among the scarcest of his works. One is entitled "The Double PP; a Papist in Armes, bearing ten

seuerall Shields, encountered by the Protestant at ten seuerall Weapons, a Jesuite marching before them. *Printed for John Hodgets, 1606.*" This is ascribed to Dekker upon the authority of a presentation copy existing with his autograph. The other is an unique poem, entitled "Warres, Warres, Warres, Arma Virumque cano.

Into the field I bring
Souldiers and battailes,
Boeth their fames I sing.

Imprinted at London for I. C. 1628." It is described in the "Bibliotheca Heberiana," part iv. as "dedicated to the Right Honourable Hugh Hamersley, Lord and Colonell of the Artillery Garden, and to Sir Maurice Abbot and Mr. Henry Garroway, Sheriffs."

The tract reprinted in the following pages is an answer to one of the most popular productions of the sixteenth century, Thomas Nash's "Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Diuell" (originally printed in 1592), and is not an unhappy imitation of the style of that admirable prose satirist. In "A private Epistle to the Printer," originally prefixed to the second edition of "Pierce Pennilesse," the author says: "If my leysure were such as I could wish, I might haps (halfe a yeare hence) write the returne of the Knight of the Post from Hell, with the

Diuels answer to the Supplication.”—Sig. A 2, ed. 1595. Nash, however, from want of time or inclination, failed to keep his promise. After his decease, a writer, who professed to have been his “intimate and near companion,” put forth “The Returne of the Knight of the Post from Hell, with the Divels Answer to the Supplication of Pierce Penillesse, with some relation of the last Treasons. *Printed by John Windet for Nathaniel Butter,*” 1606. This tract, although professing to be an answer to “Pierce Pennillesse,” is but a poor, dull effusion, and was evidently suggested by the gunpowder plot, then fresh in the minds of the people. In the same year Dekker published a tract, entitled “Newes from Hell, brought by the Diuells Carrier. *Printed by R. B. for W. Ferebrand, and are to be sold at his shop in Popes Head Alley, neere vnto the Royal Exchaunge,*” the running-title of which is “The Diuels Answer to Pierce Pennylesse.” In the address “To the Reader” he denies all knowledge of the writer of the previous tract upon the same subject, and ridicules his style by supposing that the Devil’s answer must have been sent “in the morning; for he strives to speak soberly, gravely, and like a puritan.” The address is so intimately connected with the subject of the following pages, that I quote it entire :

“ To come to the presse is more dangerous then to be prest to death, for the payne of those tortures last but a few minutes, but he that lyes vpon the rack in print hath his flesh torne off by the teeth of Enuy and Calumny, euen when he meanes no body any hurt, in his graue. I think therefore twere better to make ten challenges at all manner of weapons then to play a schollers prize vpon a book-sellers stall, for the one draws but bloud, by the other a man is drawne and quartred. Take heed of criticks : they bite, like fish, at anything, especially at bookes ; but the Diuell being let loose amongst them, I hope they will not exercise their coniurations vpon him : yf they doe they are damb'd. In despite of Brontes and Steropes, that forge arrowes of ignorance and contempt to shoote at learning, I haue hamerd out this engine that has beaten open the infernall gates, and discouerd that great tobacconest, the prince of smoake and darkness, Don Pluto. A supplication was sent to him long since by a poore fellow, one Pierce Pennylesse ; but the Diuel, being ful of busines, could neuer til now haue leasure to answere it. Mary now (since Christmas) he has drawne out some spare howres, and shot 2 arrowes at one mark in 2 seuerall bowes, and of two contrary flights ; wherein hee prooues himselfe a damb'd lying

Cretan, because hee's found in two tales about one matter. But it may be the first answere that hee sent by the post was in the morning (for he striues to speake soberly, grauely, and like a puritane). The other (sure) in the afternoone, for hee talkes more madly. But so farre from *those fantasticall taxations, &c.* which the gentleman that drew that forenoones piece (whom I know not), seemes aloofe off; (like a spy, to discover that euen in the most triuiall and merriest applications there are *seria locis* :) howsoeuer it bee, sithence wee both haue had to doe with the Deuill, and that hee's now (by our meanes) brought to the barre; let him plead for himselfe. Yf his answers be good, tis strange, because no goodnes can come from him: Yf bad, and like thee not, thou hast the amends in thine owne hands: neuer rayle at him, for the Diuell (like a drunkard) cares for nobody."

Bibliographers seem not to be aware that the tract reprinted in the following pages is the same as the "News from Hell." It is merely an alteration and improvement of the latter, by the addition of a new beginning and ending, and by the division of the whole into chapters, with four introductory lines of poetry to each; the main portion of the tract remaining the same. A curious paragraph, in praise of Thomas Nash, is,

however, omitted in the present version ; which, together with other minor variations, are given in the notes.

Two editions of the “ Knights Coniuring ” were printed, one dated 1607, and the other without date. From a comparison of the two, I am convinced that they are both of the same impression. It has been stated that a copy is in existence of a much earlier date, but from internal evidence of the tract itself, and from other circumstances, I do not believe that it could have been printed before 1607.

No apology is necessary for offering the present reprint to the members of the “ Percy Society.” Independently of the interest attached to it in connexion with one of the most popular productions of the sixteenth century, it contains an amusing and highly wrought picture of manners and passing events, together with incidental notices of Chaucer, Spencer, Watson, Kid, Marlow, Greene, Peele, Nash, Chettle, and other of our poets and dramatic writers ;—a sufficient passport for its appearance in the present shape.

A

KNIGHTS CONIURING

DONE IN EARNEST :

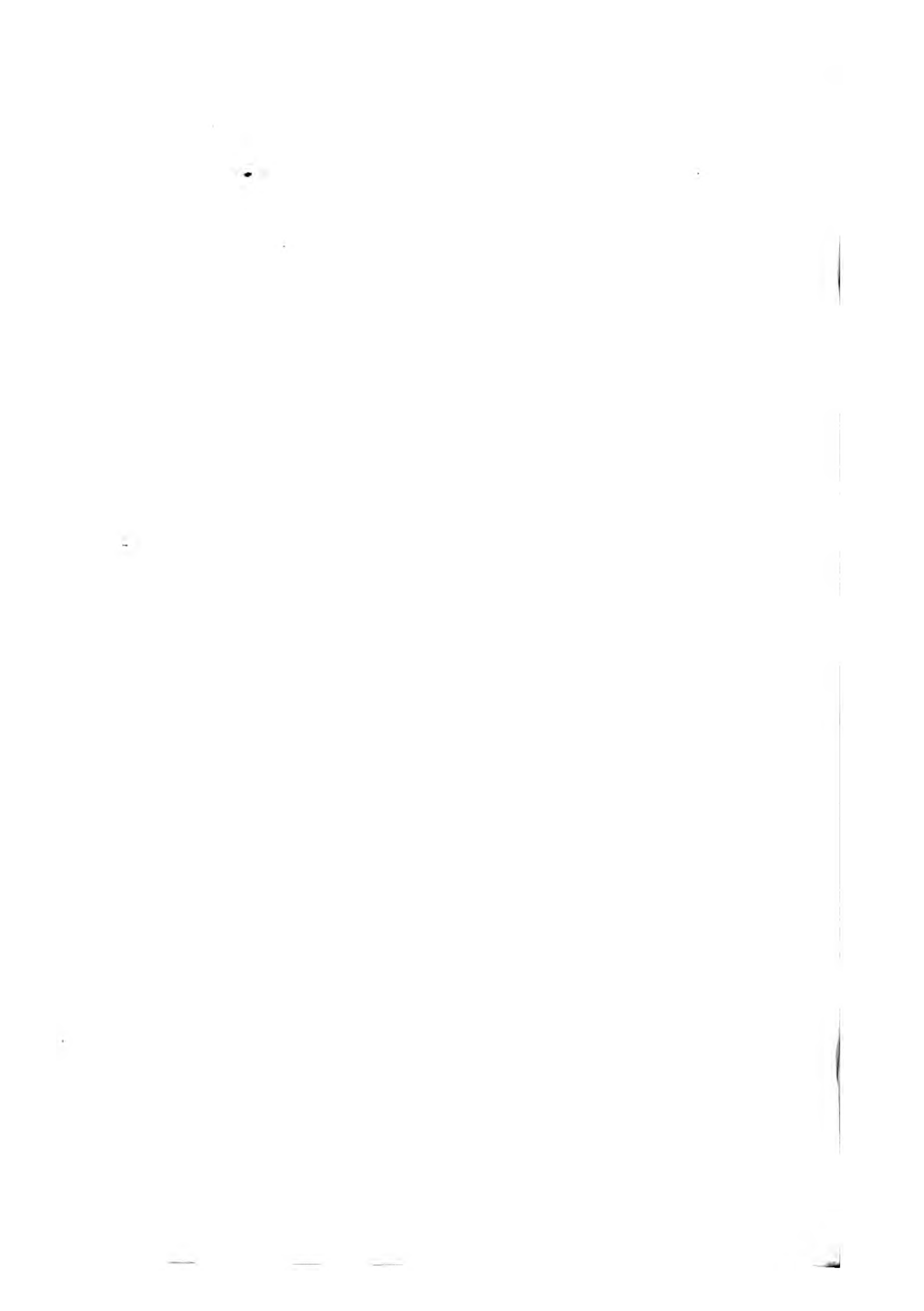
DISCOUURED IN IEST.

BY

THOMAS DEKKER.

LONDON :

Printed by T. C. for William Barley, and are to be solde at his
Shop in Gratiouse streete.

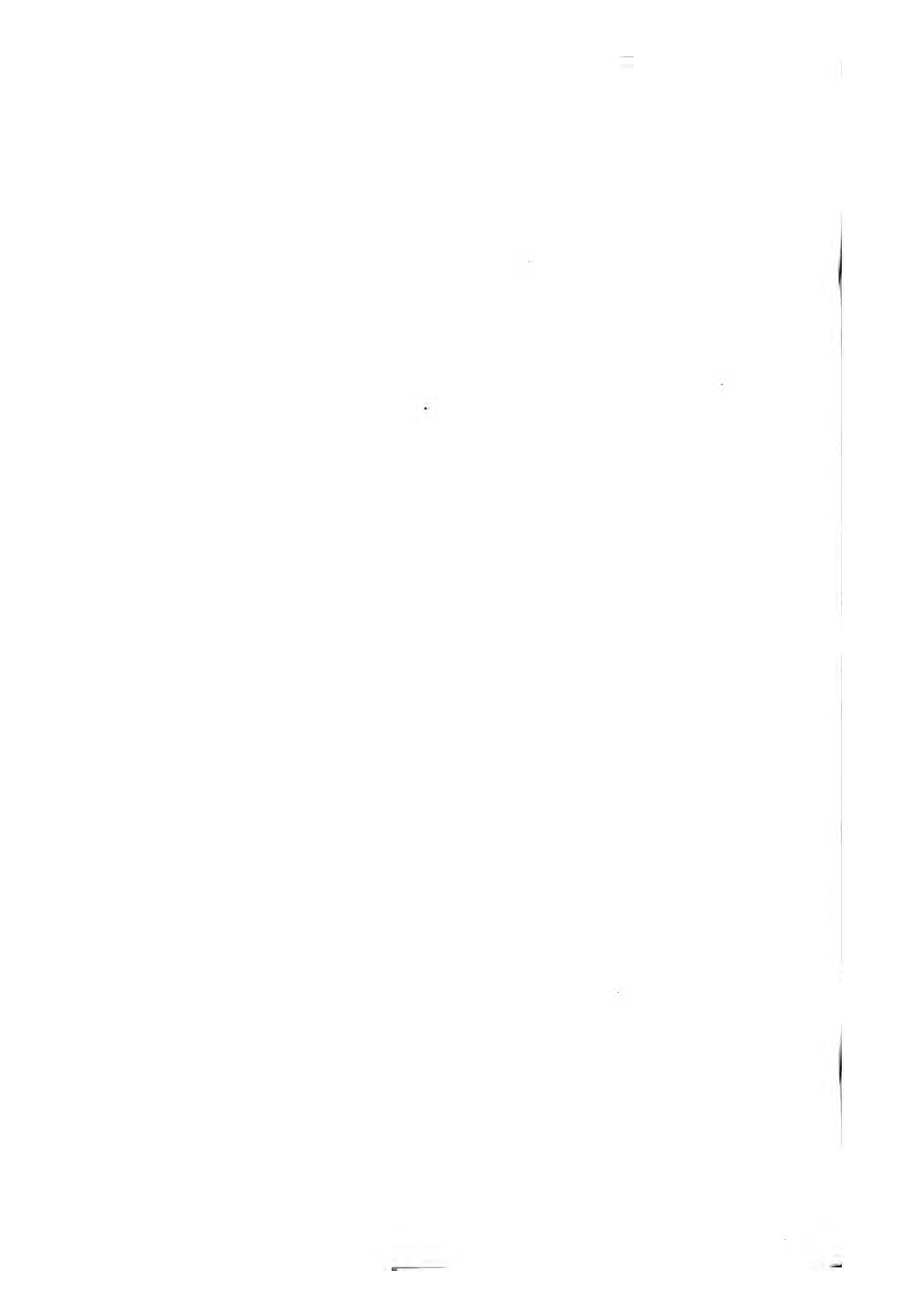


TO THE VERIE WORTHY GENTLEMAN
SYR THOMAS GLOUER, KNIGHT.

SIR, the loue I owe your name for some fauours by mee receiued from that noble-minded gentleman (your kinseman, who is now imploied vpon an honourable voiage into Turkey) makes my labours presume they shal not be vnwelcome to you. If you please to read me ouer, you shall find much morall matter in words merily set down: and a serious subiect inclosde in applications that (to some, whose salt of iudgement is taken off) may appeare but triuiall and ridiculous. The streame of custome (which flows through al kingdoms, amongst schollers, in this fashion) beares mee forward and vp in this boldnes: it being as common to seeke patrons to bookes, as Godfathers to children. Yet the fashion of some patrons (especially those that doate more vpon mony, who is a common harlot, then on the Muses, who are pure maides, but poore ones) is to receiue bookes with cold hands and hot liuers: they giue nothing, and yet haue red cheekes for anger, when anything is giuen to them. I take you, Sir, to be none of that race: the world bestowes vpon you a more worthy character. If the art of my pen can (by any better labour) heighten your name and memory, you shall find my loue.

Most readie to be all yours,

THO. DEKKER.



TO THE READER.

AN epistle to the reader, is but the same propertie that a linck is to a man walking home late: he hopes by that, and good words (tho he be examined) to passe without danger; yet when he comes to the gates, if hee meete with a porter that is an asse, or with a constable that loues to lay about him with his staffe of authoritie more then he needes, then let the partie that stumbles into these prouinces or puddels of ignorance bee sure either to bee strucked downe with barbarisme (which cutteth worse then a browne bill) or to be committed and haue the seuerest censure laide vpon him; let him bee neuer so well and so ciuilly bound vp in faire behauiour: though hee be a man euen printed in the best complements of courtesie; though he giue never so many, and so sweet languages, yea and haue all the light of vnderstanding to lead him home; yet those spirits of the night will hale him away, and cast him into darke-nesse. In the selfe-same scuruey manner doe the world handle poore bookes: when a reader is intreated to bee curteous, hee growes vnciuil; if you sue to his worship, and giue him the stile of *candido lectori*, then hee's proud, and cries mew. If you write merily, he cals you buffon; seriously, he swears such stuffe can-

not be yours. But the best is that in Spaine you shall haue fellowes for a small peece of siluer take the strappado, to endure which torture another man could not be hyrde with a kingdome; so they that haue once or twice lyen vpon the rack of publicke censure, of all other deaths doe least feare that vpon the presse. Of that wing I hold my selfe one: and therefore (reader) doe I once more stand at the marke of criticisme (and of thy bolt) to bee shot at. I haue armour enough about mee that warrants mee not to bee fearefull, and yet so well tempered to my courage that I will not bee too bolde. Enuie (in these ciuill warres,) may hit me, but not hurt mee. Calumny may wound my name, but not kill my labours; proude of which, my care is the lesse, because I can as proudly boast with the poet, that *Non norunt hæc monumenta mori.*

THO. DEKKER.

A KNIGHTS CONIURING.

CHAP. I.

To enlarge golde, theres a petition writ,
The diuell knowes not how to answer it :
He chafes to come in print : in which mad straine,
(Roaring) he headlong runnes to Hell againe.

IN one of those mornings of the yere wherin the earth breathes out richer perfumes then those that prepare the wayes of princes, by the wholsomnesse of whose sent the distempered windes (purging their able bodies) ran too and fro, whistling for ioye through the leaues of trees ; whilst the nightingale sate on the branches complaining against lust ; the sparrow cherp- ing on the tops of houses, proude that lust (which he loues) was maintained there : whilst sheepe lay nibbling in the valleys, to teach men humility ; and goates climbing vp to the tops of barren mountaines, browzed there vpon weedes and barkes of trees, to shew the misery of ambition : just at that time when lambes were wanton as yong wiues, but not lasciuious : when shepherds had care to feede their flockes, but not to fiece them ; when the larke had with his musicke calld vp the

sun, and the sun with his light, started vp the husband-man: then, euen then, when it was a morning to tempt loue to leap from heauen, and to goe a wenching; or to make wenches leaue their softe beds, to haue greene gownes geuen them in the fields: Behold on a sudden the caues, where the most vnruely and boisterous windes lay imprisoned, were violently burst open: they being got loose, the waters roard with feare of that insurrection; the element shot out thunder in disdayne of their threatning: the sturdiest oakes were then glad to bow and stand quiuering; onely the haw-thorne and the bryer for their humblenes were out of danger: so dreadfull a furie lead forth this tempest, that had not the rainebowe beene a water marke to the world, men would haue looked for a second deluge: for showres came downe so fast as if all clowdes had bin distild into water, and would have hid their curled heads in the sea, whilst the waues (in scorne to see themselues so beaten downe) boylde vp to such heighth as if they meant that all men should swarm in heauen, and shippes to sayle in the skie. To make these terrors more heauie, the sun pulld in his head, and durst not be seene, darknes then in triumph spred her pitchie wings, and lay vpon all the earth: the blacknes of night was doubled vpon high noone: beasts (beeing not wont to beholde such sightes,) bellowed and were mad: women ran out of their wits, children into their mothers bosomes: men were amazed and held vp their hands to heauen, yet were verilie perswaded that heauen was consume to nothing, because

they could not see it: but to put them out of that error, Ioue threwe downe his forked dartes of lightning so thickly, that simple fellowes swore there could bee no more fire left in heauen: so that the world shewd as if it had bin halfe drowning, and halfe burning: the waters striuing to haue victory ouer the flames, and they sweating as fast to drink drie the waters. To conclude, this tragedie was so long a playing, and was so dismall, the scene was so turbulent and was so affrighting: this battaile of elements, bred such another Chaos, (that not to bee ashamde to borrow the wordes of so rare an English spirit.)

Did not God say,
Another fiat, it had n'ere been day.

The storme beeing at rest, what buying vp of almanacks was there to see if the weather-casters had playd the doctors to a haire, and told this terrible disease of nature right or no: but there could be found no such matter: the celestiall bodies for any thing star-catchers knew, were in very good health: the twelve signes were not beaten downe from any of the houses in heauen: the sun lookt with as cherry cheekes as euer he did: the moone with as plump a face: it could not be found by all the figures which their prognostications cast vp their accounts by, that any such heauy reckoning was due to the wickednes of the world: whervpon all men stood staring one in anothers face, not knowing how to turne this hard matter into good English. At length the gun-powder was smelt out, and the trayne discouered. It was

knowne for certain, that (tho there was no plate lost) there was coniuring abroad, and therefore that was the dambd diuell in the vault that digd vp all this mischiefe. But wherabouts, think you, was this coniuring? Mary it goes for currant all ouer Powles church-yard (and I hope there comes no lies) that this coniuring was about a knight. It was not (let me tell you) a knight of worship, or a knight that goes by water, or rides by land to Westminster: but it was a Westminster-hall knight, a swearing knight, or (not to allow him that honor, for hee is no true knight that cannot sweare) this was a knight forsworne, a poore knight, a periurde knight, a knight of the post. This yeoman of both counters had long agoe bin sent with a letter to the Deuill, but no answeere could euer be heard off: so that some mad fellowes layd their heads together, and swore to fetch him from Hell with a vengeance, and for that cause kept they this coniuring.

The occasion of sending the letter grew thus: the temple of the Muses (for want of looking to) falling to decay, and many (that seemd to hate barbarisme and ignorance) being desirous to set workmen about it and to repaire it, but hauing other buildings of their owne in hand, vtterly gaue it ouer. A common councell was therefore call'd of all those that liu'de by their witts, and such as were of the liuery of learning, amongst whom, it was found necessarie, (sithence those that had mony enough were loath to part from it,) that to ease the priuate purse, a generall subsidy as it were, should be leuyed through all the worlde,

for the raizing of such a competent summe as might maintaine the saide almes-house of the Nine Systers, in good fashion, and keepe it from falling. The collectors of this money labourde till they swette, but the haruest would not come in, nothing could bee gathered. Gentlemen swore by their bloud, and by the tombs of their ancestors they would not lay out a peny: they had nothing to doe (they said) with the Muses, they were meere strangers to them, and why should they be assessed to paye any thing towards the reliefe of such lazy companions? there was no wit in it. A number of noble men were of the same opinion. As for lawyers, they knew there was no statute in anie kings time could compell them to disburse; and besides they were euery day purchasing themselues, so that it were folly to looke for any mony from them. Soldiers swore by their armes (which were most lamentable out at elbowes) that they would be glad of mony to buy prouant: peace, they said, had made them beggers, and suffered them almost to starue in her streetes, yet some of them went vpon lame wodden legs because their country might goe sound and vpright vpon their own: they (pore wretches) wanted action, and yet had a number of actions against them, yea and were ebbd so lowe that captens gaue ouer their charges and were lead by serieants, no siluer therefore could be coynde out of them. Schollers could haue found in their hearts to haue made mony of their bookes, gownes, corner caps, and bedding, to haue payde their share towards this worke of charitie, but men

held all that was theirs (howe good soeuer,) in such vile contempt, that not euen those who vpon a good pawne will lend money to the Diuell, (I meane brokers) would to them part with any coyne, vpon any interest, so much did they hate the poore wenches and their followers.

This matter beeing openly complainde vpon at the parliament of the Gods, it was there presently enacted that Apollo (out of whose brayne wisemen come into the world) shuld with all speed descend, and preuent this mischiefe: least sacred knowledge, having her intellectuall soule banished from the earth, hauing no house to dwel in there, the earth should (as of necessity it would) turne into the first Chaos, and men into gyants, to fight againe with the Gods. Mercury likewise, for the same purpose, was forthwith sent from the whole synode as embassadour to Plutus (who is money maister of those Lowe Countreyes of Lymbo) to perswade him, by all the eloquence that Hermes could vse, that gold might be suffred to haue a little more liberty: and that schollers, for want of his sweete and royall company, might not be driuen to walk in thread-bare cloakes, to the dishonor of learning; nor goe all their life time with a lanthorne and candle to find the philosophers stone (out of which they are able if they could hit it, to strike such sparks of gold that all the world should be the warmer for it, nay to begger the judges) yet, in the end, to die arrant beggers themselues. For you must vnderstand, that tho the Muses are held of no reckoning here vpon

earth, but are set below the salt, when asses sit at the vpper endē of the table, yet are they borne of a heauenlie race, and are most welcome guests euen to the banquets of the Gods.

The diuine singer (Apollo) according to the decree of the cœlestiall vpper house, is now alieue come vpon earth: the fountaines of science flowe (by his influence) and swell to the brim: baye trees to make garlandes for learning are newe set, and alreadie are greene, the Muses haue fresh cullours in their cheekes; their temple is promised to be made more faire: there is good hope that ignorance shall no longer weare sattin. But for all this, Mercury, with all his coniuring, cannot raise vp the yellowe spirit of gold out of Hell so perfectly as was expected: he puts vp his bright and amiable face aboue ground, and shrincks it downe againe ere one can catche him by the lockes. Which mockery the world taking note of, a mad Greeke that had drunk of the holy water, and was full of the diuine furie, taking a deep bowle of the Helliconian liquor in his hands, did in a brauery write a supplication in the behalfe of gold for his enlargement, vowing that he would spend all his bloud into ynce, and his braines to cotton, but he would haue an answere, and not, according to the manner of suiters, bee borne off with delayes.

The petition being ingrossed, he thought none could run faster to hell, nor be sooner let in there, then either a pander, a broker, or a knight of the post: [he] had made choice therfore of the last, because

of his name, and sent it by him, who belike hauing much to doe with the Diuell, could not of a long time be heard of, and for that cause was all that coniuring, which I spoke of before.

* Wherevpon (entring into consideration what shifts and shapes men run into, what basenes they put on, through what dangers they venture, how much of their fames, their conscience, their liues, yea of their houses, they will laye out to purchase that piece of heavenly earth, golde,) the strange magick of it draue me straight into a strange admiration. I perceiu'de it to be a witchcraft beyond mans power to contend with: a torrent whose winding creekes were not with safety to be searcht out: a poyson that had a thousand contrarie workings on a thousand bodies: for it turnes those that keepe it prisoner in chests, into slaues, and idolaters; they make it their god and worship it; and yet euen those that become such slaues vnto it doth it make soueraine commanders ouer a world of people: some for the loue of it would pluck downe heauen, others to ouertake it runne quick to hell. But (alas) if a good head hammer out these irons with skill, they are not so hard: it is not so monstrous a birth to see gold create men so deformed: for this strompet the world hath tricks as wanton as these: he that euery night lyes by the sides of one fairer then Vulcans wife hath been taken the next morning in the sheetes of a blackamore: nay euen in those currants that run fullest of ceremony theres a flowing ouer of apishnes and folly: for (like riders of great

horses) all our courses are but figures of eight: the end of one giddie circle is but a falling into a worse, and that to which on this day we allow a religious obseruance to morrowe doe we make the selfe-same-thing ridiculous. For you see at the end of great battailes wee fall to burie the dead; and at the end of burialls wee sit downe to banquets: when banquets haue beene playd about, drinking is the next weapon; from the fire of drinking flames out quarrell; quarrell breakes forth into fighting, and the streame of fighting runnes into bloud.

This forrest of man and beast (the world) beeing then so wilde, and the most perfect circles of it drawne so irregualler awrye, it can be no great sawcines in me, if, snatching the contables staffe out of his hand, I take vpon mee to make a busie priuy search in the suburbs of Sathan for the supplication-caryer, and to publish the answer to the world that should come with him. Into the which troublesome sea I am the more desperately bold to lanch forth, and to hoyst vp the full sailes of my inuention, because (as rumor goes gossiping vp and downe) great wagers were laid in the worlde, &c. that when the supplication was sent it would not be receiued, or if receiued, it would not be read over, or if reade ouer, it would not be answered: for Mammon beeing the God of no beggers, but burgomasters and rich cormorants, was worse thought of then he deserued. Euery man that did but pass through Pauls church-yard, and had but a glance at the title of the petition, would haue betted ten to fiue that the Diuell would

hardly, (like a lawyer in a busy terme) be spoken with, because his client had not a penny to pay fees, but sued in *forma pauperis*.

The diuell
the best
fencer and
very apt to
quarrell.

Had it bene a challenge, it is cleare he would haue answered it: for hee was the first that kept a fence schoole, when Cayn was aliue, and taught him that embrocado by which he kild his brother; since which time, he hath made ten thousand free schollers as cunning as Cayn. At sword and buckler, little Dauy was nobody to him, and as for rapier and dagger, the Germane may be his iourneyman. Mary, the question is, in which of the playhouses he would have performed his prize, if it had growne to blowes, and whether, the money being gathered, hee would haue cozende the fencers or the fencers him, because Hell beeing vnder euerie one of their stages, the players (if they had owed him a spight) might with a false trap-dore haue slipt him down, and there haue kept him as a laughing stock to all their yawning spectators. Or had his Infernalship ben arrested to any action how great soeuer, all the lawe in Westminster hall could not haue kept him from appearing to it (for the Diuell scornes to be nonsuited) he would haue answered that too. But the mischiefe would haue beene none to plead for him. where should he haue got anie that would haue pleaded for him? who could have endured to see such a damnable cliant euey morning in his chamber? what waterman (for double his fare) would haue landed him at the Temple, but rather have strucke in at White Fryers,

He can set
none to
plead for
him.

He keepes
no water-
man.

and left him there ashore with a poxe to him? Tush: there was no such matter; the streame hee was to enter into was not so daungerous, this coyner of light angels knewe well enough how the exchaunge went, he had but bare words lent vnto him, and to pay bare wordes againe (though with some interest) it could be no losse.

He resolued therefore to answeere his humble orator: but being himselfe not brought vp to learning (for the diuell can neither write nor reade) yet he has ben at all the vniuersities in Christendom, and throwne damnable heresies (like bones for dogges to gnaw vpon, amongst the doctors themselues;) but hauing no skill but in his owne *Horne-booke*, it troubled his mind where he should get a pen-man fit for his tooth to scribble for him, all the scriueners i' th' towne he had at his becke, but they were so set a worke with making bonds betweene vsurerers and vnthrifty heyres, betweene marchants and trades-men, (that to couzen and vndoe others, turne bank-rowtes themselues and defeate creditours) and with drawing close conueyances betweene land-lordes and bawdes, that nowe sit no longer vpon the skyrtes of the cittie, but iette vp and downe, euen in the cloake of the cittie, and giue more rent for a house, then the prowdest London occupyer of them all, that Don Lucifer was loath to take them from their nouerints, because in the ende he knewe they were but his factors, and that he should be a part-owner in their lading himselfe; lawiers clarks were so durtied vp to the hammes, with trudging vp

Scriueners are so full of business, the deuill himselfe will not meddle with them.

and downe to get pelfe, and with fishing for gudgeons, and so wrung poore ignorant clyents purses, with exacting vnreasonable fees, that the paye-maister of perdition would by no meanes take them from their wide lines, and bursten-bellyed stragglng ffs, but stroking them vnder the chinnes, call'd them his white boyes, and tolde them he would empty the ynke-pot of some others.

Whether then marches Monsieur Malefico? Mary to all the wryting schoole-maisters of the towne; he tooke them by the fists, and lik'de their handes exceedingly (for some of them had ten or twelue seuerall hands, and could counterfeit anything); but perceiuing by the copies of their countenances, that for all their good letters, they writ abominable bad English, and that the world would thinke the Diuell a dunce if there came false orthographie from him (though there be no truth in his budget) away hee gallops from those tell-tales (the schoolmaisters), damning himself to the pit of Hell, if any scribbling petition-wryter should euer get a good word at his hands.

I hearing this, and fearing that the poore suppliant should loose his longing, and be sent away with *si nihil attuleris*, resolued to doe that for nothing, which a number would not for any mony.

I fell to my tooles, (pen, ink, and paper) roundlie, but the head-warden of the horners (Signor Beco Diauolo) after hee had cast vp what lay in his stomack, suspecting that I came rather as a spie to betraye him, then as a spirit to runne of his errands, and that I was

more likely to haue him to Barber Surgeons Hall, there to anatomize him, then to a barbers shop to trimme him neatly, would by no means haue the answere go forward. Notwithstanding hauing examined him vpon interrogatories, and thereby sifting him to the very bran, I swore by Hellicon, (which hee could neuer abide) that because t'is out of fashion to bring a Diuell vpon the stage, he should (spite of his spitting fire and brimstone) be a Diuell in print. Inraged at which, he flung away in a furie, and leapt into Barathrum, whilst I mustred all my wits about mee, to fight against this captaine of the damned crewe, and discouer his stratagems.

CHAP. II.

Don Lucifers acquaintance soone is got,
 At London or at Westminster: where not?
 Hells map is drawne, in which it doth appeare,
 Where Hell does lye, and who they are, liue there.

WONDER is the daughter of ignorance; none but fooles will maruell, how I and this grand sophy of the whore of Babilon came to be so familiar together, or how we met, or howe I knewe where to find him, or what charmes I carried about mee whil'st I talkt with him, or where (if one had occasion to vse his diuellship) a porter might fetch him with a wet finger.

Tush, these are silly inquisitions; his acquaintance ^{The Diuells} is more cheape, then a common filders; his ^{rendeuous.} lodging is more knowne then an English bawdes, a midwiues, or a phisitions; and his walkes more open to all nations, then those vpon the Exchange, where at euery step a man is put in mind of Babell, there is such a confusion of languages. For in the terme time, my Caualliero Cornuto runs sweating vp and downe between Temple Barre and Westminster Hall, in the habite of a knight errant, a swearing knight, or a knight of the poste. All the vacation you may either meet him at the dycing ordinaryes, like a captaine, at cockpits, like a young countrey gentlemen; or else at bowling-alleys in a flat cap, like a shop keeper: euery market day you may take him in Cheap-side, poorely attyrde like an ingrosser, and in the afternoones, in the two-peny-roomes of a play-house, like a puny, seated cheek by iowle with a punke. In the heate of sommer hee commonlie turnes intelligencer, and carries tales betweene the arch-duke and the graue. In the depth of winter, he sits tipling with the Flemmings in their townes of garrison.

Hauing therefore (as chamber-maides vse to doe for their ladies faces ouer night) make ready my cullors, the pencell being in my hand, my carde lined, my needle (that capers ouer two and thirty pointes of the compas) toucht to the quicke, east, west, north, and south, the foure trumpetters of the worlde, that neuer blowe themselues out of breath, like foure dropsie Dutch captaines standing centinells in their quarters, I

will ingenuously and boldly giue you the map of a country that lyes lower then the 17. valleys of Belgia, yea lower than the cole-pits of Newe castle, is farre more darke, farre more dreadfull, and fuller of knauerie, then the colliers of those fire-workes are.

The name of this straunge countrey is Description Hell; in of Hell. discouery of which, the quality of the kingdom, the condition of the prince, the estate of the people, the traffique thither, (marie no transporting of goods from thence) shall be painted to the life. It is an empire that lyes vnder the torrid zone, and by that meanes is hotter at Christmas then t'is in Spaine or France (which are counted plaguy hotte countreyes) at Midsommer, or in England when the dogge-daies bite sorest: for to saie truth (because t'is sinne to belye the Diuell) the vniuersall region is built altogether vpon stoues and hotte-houses; you cannot set foote into it but you haue a *fieri facias* seru'de vpon you; for like the glasse-house furnace in Blacke-friers, the bone-fires that are kept there neuer goe out, insomuch that all the inhabitants are almost broyld like carbonadoes with the sweating sicknes; but the best is, (or rather the worst) none of them die on't.

And such dangerous hot shottes are all the women there, that whosoeuer meddles with aine of them is sure to be burnt. It stands farther off then the Indies; yet, to see the wonderfull power of navigation, if you haue but a side-winde, you may saile sooner thither than a married man can vpon St. Lukes day to Cuckolds hauens from St. Katherins, which vpon sound expe-

rience, and by the opinion of many good marriners, may be done in lesse than halfe an hower. If you trauell by land to it, the wayes are delicate, euen, spatious, and very faire, but toward the ende very fowle: the pathes are beaten more bare then the liuings of Church-men. You neuer turne when you are traouelling thither, but keepe altogether on the left hand, so that you cannot lose your selfe vnlesse you desperately doe it of purpose.

The miles are not halfe so long as those betweene Colchester and Ipswich in England, nor a quarter so durty in the wrath of Winter, as your French miles are at the fall of the leafe.

Some say it is an Iland, embrac'de about with certaine riuers called the waters of Sorrowe. Others proue by infallible demonstration that t'is a continent, but so little beholding to Heauen that the sunne neuer comes amongst them.

Howe so euer it be, this is certaine, that
What Per-
sons are
there. t'is exceeding rich; for all vsurers, both Iewes
 and Christians, after they haue made away
 their soules for money here, meete with them there
 againe. You haue of all trades, of all professions, of all
 states some there: you haue Popes there as well as
 here: Lords there as well as here: Knights there as
 well as here: Aldermen there as well as here: Ladies
 there as well as here: Lawyers there as well as here:
 Souldiers marche there by myllions, so doe Citizens, so
 doe Farmers: very fewe poets can be suffered to liue
 there, the Colonell of Coniurers dryues them out of his

circle because hee feares they'le write libells against him: yet some pittifull fellowes (that haue faces like fire-drakes, but wittes colde as whetstones, and more blunt) not Poets indeed, but ballad makers, rub out there, and write infernalls. Marrie, players swarme there as they doe heere, whose occupation beeing smelt out by the Cacodæmon or head Officer of the Countrey to be lucrative, hee purposes to make vp a companie and to be chiefe sharer himselfe; *de quibus suo loco*, of whose doings you shall heare more by the next carrier. But heeres the mischief, you may find the waye thither though you were blinder then Superstition; you may be set ashore there for lesse then a scullers fare. Any vinteners boye that has beene cup-bearer to one of the 7 deadly sinnes but halfe his yeeres; any Marchant of maiden-heads, that brings commodities out of Virginia, can direct you thither. But neither they, nor the weather beatenst cosmographicall starre-catcher of em all, can take his oath that it lyes iust vnder such an horizon; whereby manie are brought into a Fooles Paradice, by gladlie beleeuing that either ther's no such place at all or els that t'is built by inchauntment, and stands vpon Fayrie ground, by reason such pinching and nipping is known to be there, and that how well-fauoured soeuer wee depart hence, we are turn'd to changelings if we tarry there but a minute.

These territories, notwithstanding, of Tartarie, will I vndermine and blowe vp to the viewe of all eyes; the blacke and dismall shores of this Phlegetonticke Ocean shal be in ken as plainly as the white (now vnmaidend

breasts of our own Iland). China, Peru, and Cartagena, were neuer so rifled: the winnings of Cales was nothing to the winning of this Troy that's all on fire: the very bowels of these infernal Antipodes shal be ript vp and pull'd out before that great Dego of Diuells his own face: Nay, since my flag of defiance is hung forth, I will yeelde to no truce, but with such Tamburlaine-like furie march against this great Turke and his legions, that Don Beelzebub shall be ready to damme himselve and be horne-mad: for with the coniuring of my pen, all Hell shall breake loose.

Assist mee therefore, thou Genius of that ventrous but jealous Musicion of Thrace (Euridice's husband,) who, being besotted on his wife, (of which sin none but cuckoldes should be guiltie) went alieue (with his fiddle at's backe) to see if hee could bail her out of that Adamantine prison; the fees he was to pay for her were jigs and countrey daunces: he paid them: the forfeits, if he put on yellow stockings and look't back vpon her, was her euerlasting lying there without bayle or mayne-prize: the louing coxcomb could not choose but looke backe, and so lost her, (perhaps hee did it, because he would be rid of her.) The morall of which is, that if a man leaue his owne busines and haue an eye to his wiues dooings, sheele giue him the slip though she runne to the Diuell for her labour. Such a iourney (sweet Orpheus) am I to vndertake, but Ioue forbid my occasion should be like thine! for, if the Marshall himselve should rake Hell for wenches, he could not find worse, (no nor so bad) there, as are

heere vpon earth. It were pitie that any woman should be damn'd, for she would haue trickes (once in a moone) to put the Diuell out of his wits. Thou (most cleare throated singing man), with thy harpe, (to the twinckling of which inferior spirits skipt like goates ouer the Welsh mountaines) hadst priuiledge, because thou wert a fiddler, to be sawcy, and to passe and repasse through euery roome and into euery nook of the Diuells wine-celler. Inspire mee therefore with thy cunning that carryed thee thither, and thy courage that brought thee from thence, teache mee which way thou went'st in, and howe thou scapt'st out, guide me in true fingering, that I may strike those tunes which thou plaid'st (euery dinner and supper) before that Emperour of Lowe Germanie and the brabbling states vnder him: Lucifer himselfe danced a Lancashire Horne-pipe whil'st thou wert there. If I can but harpe vpon thy string, he shall now, for my pleasure, tickle vp the Spanish Pauin. I will call vpon no midwiues to help me in those throws which, (after my braines are fallen in labour) I must suffer, (yet midwiues may be had vp at all howers,) nor vpon any coniurer, (yet coniurers thou know'st are fellowe and fellow-like with Moun-sieur Malediction, as Puncks are, who raise him likewise vp continually in their Circean Circles) or as brokers are, who both day and night studie the blacke arte. No, no, (thou M'. of thy musicall companie,) I sue to none (but to thee, because of thy prick-song :) For Poetrie (like Honestie and olde Souldiers) goes vpon lame feete vnlesse there be musicke in her.

But the best is, *Facilis descensus Auerni*, it's but slipping downe a hill, and you shall fall into the Diuells lappe presently. And that's the reason, (because his Sinfulnesse is so double diligent as to be at your elbowe with a call, wherein he giues good examples to drawers if they had grace to followe his steppes) that you swallow downe that newes first, which should be eaten last: For you see, at the beginning, the Diuell is readie to open his mouth for an answere before his howre is come to be set to the barre.

Since therefore, a tale of the whole voyage would make any liquorish mouth'd news-monger like his lippes after it, no mans teeth shall water any longer; hee shall haue it; for a very briefe cronicle shall be gathered of all the memorable occurrents that presented themselues to the view of our wandring knight in his iorney, the second part of *Erra Paters Almanack*, whose shooes Platoes cap was not worthie to wipe, shall come forth, and without lying, as you calender-mongers vse to doe,) tell what weather wee had all the way he went, to a drop of raine: wee will not loose him, from the first minute of his iumping a ship-board to the last of his leaping a shore and arriuall at Tamor Chams court, (his good lord and maister) the Diuell.

CHAP. III.

Hells Post through London rydes : by a mad crewe,
 Hees calld into a Tauerne : In which view
 They drinke and raile : each of them by the Post
 Sends a strange message to his Fathers Ghost.

THE Post therefore, hauing put up his packet, blowes his horne and gallops all the way like a citizen, so soone as euer hee's on horse-back, downe to Billingsgate ; for he meant, when the tide serude, to angle for soules and some other fresh fish in that goodly fish-pond the Thames, as he passed ouer it, in Grauesend-barge: that was the water-coach he would ride in, there he knewe he should meet with some voluntaries that would venture along with him. In this passage through the citty, what a number of Lord Mayors, Aldermens, and rich Commoners sonnes and heires kept hollowing out at Tauern windows to our knight, and wafted him to their Gascoigne shores, with their hats only (for they had molten away all their feathers) to haue him strike sayle, and come vp to them: he vaild, and did so: their phantastick salutations being complemented with much intreatie (because hee stood vppon thornes) hee was aduaunc'd (in regard of his knighthood) to the vpper end of the boord: you must take out your writing tables, and note, by the way,

that euery roome of the house was a cage full of such wilde fowle, *Et crimine ab vno disce omnes*, cut vp one cut vp all; they were birdes all of a beake, not a wood-cocks difference among twenty douzen of them; euery man had before him a bale of dice, by his side a brace of punks, and in his fist a nest of bowls. It was spring-tide sure, for all were full to the brimmes with French, beeing turn'd into English, (for they swam vp and downe the riuer of Burdeux) signified thus much, that dycing, drinking, and drabbing, (like the three seditious Iewes in Jerusalem,) were the ciuil plagues that very vnciuilly destroyed the sonnes (but not the sinnes) of the cittie.

The bloud of the grape comming vp into their cheeks, it was hard to iudge whether they blushed to see themselues in such a pickle, or lookt red with anger one at another: but the troth is their faces would take any dye but a blush-colour, and they were not made of the right mettle of courage to be angry, but their wits (like wheeles in Brunswick clocks) being all wound vp so farre as they could stretch, were all going, but not one going truely.

For some curst their byrth, some their bringing vp, some rayled vpon their owne nation, others vpon strangers. At the last, one of these *Acolasti*, playing at doublets with his pue-fellowe (which they might well doe, being almost driuen to their shyrttes,) and hearing vpon what theame the rest sung *ex tempore*, out-draws his ponyard, and stabbing the tables as if he meant to haue murder'd the thirty men, swore he could find in his

heart to goe presently (hauing drunk vpsy Dutch,) and pisse euen vppon the curmudgion his fathers graue: for, sayes hee, no man has more vndone me than hee that has done most for me; ile stand too't, it's better to be the sonne of a cobbler then of a common councill man: if a cobblers sonne and heyre run out at heeles the whoreson patch may mend himselfe; but wee, whose friendes leaue vs well, are like howre-glasses turn'de vp, though wee be neuer so full wee neuer leaue running till we haue emptied our selues, to make vp the mouthes of slaues, that for gayne are content to lye vnder vs like spaniels, fawning, and receive what falls from our superfluity. Who breedes this disease, in our bones? Whores? No, alack let's doe them right, t'is not their fault but our mothers, our cockering mothers, who for their labour make us to be call'd Cockneys, or, to hit it home indeed, those golden asses our fathers.

Wise mothers
make foolish
children.

It is the olde man, it is Adam that layes a curse vppon his posteritie. As for my dad, t'is well knowne hee had shippes reeling at sea, (the vnlading of which giues me my loade nowe, and makes me stagger on land,) hee had ploughes to teare vp dere yeres out of the guts of the earth i'th countrey; and yeomens sonnes, north countrey men, fellowes (that might have been yeomen of the guard for feeding) great boyes with beards, whom he tooke to be prentizes, (mary neuer any of them had the grace to be free,) and those lads (like sarieants) tore out mens throates for him to get money in the citie: hee was richer then Midas, but more

wretched then an alchumist: so couetous that in gard-
ning time, because hee would not be at the cost of a
loade of earth, hee par'de not his nailes for seuen yeeres
together, to the intent the durte that hee filch't vnder
them should serue for that purpose: so that they hung
ouer his fingers like so many shooing-hornes: doe but
imagine how farre euer any man ventred into hell for
money, and my father went a foote farder by the
standard: and why did he this, thinke you? he was so
sparing, that hee would not spend so much time as
went to the making vp of another childe, so that all
was for mee; he cozen'd young gentlemen of their land,
onely for mee, had acres morgag'd to him by wiseacres
for 3 hundred pounds, payde in hobby-horses, dogges,
bells, and lute-strings, which, if they had bene sold by
the drum or at an out-rop, with the crye of No man
better? would neuer haue yielded 50 li. and this hee
did only for mee; he built a pharos, or rather a block-
house, beyond the gallows at Wapping, to which the
blacke fleete of coal-carriers that came from Newcastle,
strooke saile, were brought a bed, and discharg'de their
great bellies there, like whores in hugger-mugger, at
the common price, with twelue pence in a chauldern
ouer and aboue, thereby to make the common-wealth
blowe her nayles till they ak'de for colde vnlesse she
gaue money to sit by his fire, onely for
mee: the poore curst him with bell, booke,
and candle, till he lookt blacker with their
execration then if he had bin blasted, but he car'de
not what dogges bark't at him, so long as they bit

Miserable
fathers make
wretched
sonnes.

not mee: his hous-keeping was worse then an Irish kernes, a rat could not commit a rape vpon the paring of a moldy cheese but he died for't, only for my sake; the leane iade Hungarian would not lay out a penny pot of sack for himselfe, though he had eaten stincking fresh herring able to poyson a dog, onely for me, because his son and heire should drink egges and muskadinine when he lay rotting.

To conclude, hee made no conscience to run quicke to the Diuel of an errand, so I had sent him. Might not my father haue been begg'd (thinke you) better then a number of scuruy things that are begd? I am perswaded fooles would be a rich monopolie if a wise man had em in hand: would they had begunne with him, He be sworne he was a fat one: for had he fild my pockets with siluer, and the least corner of my coxcomb with wit how to saue that siluer, I might haue beene cald vpon by this; whereas now I am ready to giue vp my cloake. Had he set me to grammer-schoole, as I set myselfe to dancing-schoole, instead of treading carontoes, and making fiddlers fat with rumps of capons, I had by this time read homilyes and fed vpon tith-pigs of my owne vicaridge; whereas now, I am ready to get into the Prodigals seruice and eat Ioue's nuts, that's to say acorns with swine. But men that are wisest for officers are commonly arrand woodcocks for fathers. He that prouides liuing for his child, and robs him of learning, turnes him into a beetle, that flies from perfumes and sweet odours to feed on a cow-sheard; all such rich mens darlings

are either christened by some left-handed priest, or els born vnder a threepenny planet, and then they'le neuer be worth a groat though they were left landlords of the Indies. I confesse, when all my golden veines were shrunk vp and the bottome of my patrimony came within 200. pound of vnraueling, I could, for all that, haue been dub'd: but when I saw how mine vncle plaid at chesse, I had no stomack to be knighted. Why, sayes the Post? Mary quoth he, because, when I prepar'd to fight a battaile on the chesse-board, a knight was alwaies better then a pawne: but the vsurer mine vncle made it playne that a good pawne nowe was better then a knight.

At this the whole chorus *summos mouere cachinnos*, laught till they grind agen, and call'd for a fresh gallon; all of them falling on their knees and drawing out siluer and guilt rapiers, the onely monuments that were left of hundreds and thousands in *pecunijs numeratis*, swore they woulde drinke vp these in deepe healthes to their howling fathers, so they might be sure the pledging should choake them, because they brought them into the inne of the world but left them not enough to pay their ryotous reckonings at their going out.

The knight was glad he should carry such welcome newes with him, as these, to the clouen-footed synagogue, and tickled with immoderate ioye to see the world runne vpon such rotten wheeles. Wherevpon, pleading the necessity of his departure, he began first to run ouer his alphabet of congees, and then, with a French basilez, slipt out of their company.

But they knowing to what cape he was bound, hung vpon him, like so many beggers on an almoner, importing, and coniuring him, by the loue he did owe to knight-hood, and armes, and by his oath, to take vp doun-cast ladies whom they had there in their companies, and whom they were bound in nature and humanity to relieue: that hee wold signify to their fathers how course the threed of life fell out to be nowe towards the fagge ende; therefore, if any of them had (in th' daies of his abomination and idolatry to money) bound the spirit of gold by any charmes, in caues, or in iron fetters vnder the ground, they should for their own soules quiet, (which questionlesse would whine vp and down) if not for the good of their children, release it, to set vp their decay'd estates. Or if ther had bin no such coniuring in their life times, that they wold take vp money of the Diuel (thogh they forfeyed their bondes) and lay by it for euer; or els get leaue, with a keeper, to trie how much they might be trusted for among their olde customers vppon earth, thogh within two dayes after they proued bankrupts by proclamation. The Post-maister of Hell plainly told them that if any so seditious a fellow as Golde were cast in prison, their fathers would neuer giue their consent to haue him ransom'd: because ther's more greedines among them below, then can be in the Hyeland-countreys aboue: so that if all the Lordships in Europ were offred in morgage for a quarter their value, not so much as 13 pence half-penie can be had from thence, though a man would hang himselfe for it: and as for

their fathers walking abroad with keepers, alas they lye there vpon such heauy executions, that they cannot get out for their soules. Hee counsells them therefore to drawe arrowes out of another quiuer, for that those markes stand out of their reache, the ground of which counsell they all vow to trauerse: some of them resolving to cast out liquorish baits, to catch old, (but fleshly) wealthy widdowes, the fire of which sophysticated loue they make account shal not go out so long as any drops of gold can be distill'd from them: others sweare to liue and dye in a man of warre, though such kinde of theeuery be more stale then sea-beefe: the rest that haue not the hearts to shead bloud, hauing reasonable stockes of wit, meanes to employ em in the sinnes of the suburbs, though the poxe lyes there as deaths legyer: for since man is the clocke of time, they'le all be tymes sextens, and set the dyall to what howres they list.

Our vaunt' curreur applauded the lots which they drew for themselues, and offred to pay some of the tauern items: but they protesting he should not spend a baw-bee, as hee was true knight *consedere duces*, they sate downe to their wine, and he hasted to the water.

CHAP. III.

Hells post lands at Graues-end: sees Dunkirk, France,
And Spayne: then vp to Venice does aduance:
At last hee comes to the banck-side of Hell:
Of Charon and his boate strange newes doth tell.

By this time is he landed at Grauesend, (for they whom the Diuell dryues, feele no lead at their heeles,) what stuffe came along with him in the barge was so base in the weauing, that 'tis too bad to be set out to sale: it was onely luggadge, therefore throwe it ouer-board. From thence hoysting vp saile into the maine, he strucke in among the Dunkerks, where hee encountred such a number of all nations, with the dregs of all kingdomes' vices dropping vpon them, and so like the blacke-gentleman his maister, that hee had almost thought himselfe at home, so neere do those that lye in garrison there resemble the desperuatoes that fill vp Plutoes muster-booke: but his head beating on a thousand anuiles, the scolding of the cannon drew him speedily from thence: so that creeping vp along by the ranke Flemmish shores (like an eues dropper) to whisper out what the brabbling was, he onely set downe a note for his memorie that the states, sucking poyson out of the sweet flowers of peace, but keeping their coffers sound and healthfull by the bitter pills of

warre, made their countrey a pointing stocke to other nations, and a miserable anatomie to themselues.

The next place he call'd in at was France, where the gentlemen, to makes apes of Englishmen, whom they tooke daylie practising all the foolish tricks of fashions after their Mounsieur-ships, with yards insteede of leading staues, mustred all the French taylors together, who, by reason they had thin haire, wore thimbles on their heads instead of harnesse caps, euery man being armed with his sheeres and pressing iron, which he call's there his goose (many of them beeing in France): all the crosse-caperers beeing plac'd in strong rankes, and an excellent oration cut out and stitch't together, perswading them to sweat out their braines in deuising new cuts, newe French collers, new French cod-peeces, and newe French panes in honour of Saint Dennys, only to make the gyddi-pated Englishman consume his reuenewes in wearing the like cloathes, which on his backe at the least, can shew but like cast sutes, beeing the second edition, whil'st the poore French peasant iets vp and down, (like a pantaloun) in the olde theed-bare cloake of the Englishman, so that wee buy fashions of them to feather our pride, and they borrowe rags from vs to couer their beggery. The Spanyard was so busy in touching heauen with a launce, that our knight of the burning shield could not get him at so much leysure as to eat a dish of pilchers with him. The gulfe of Venice hee purposes shall therefore swallowe a fewe howres of his

Fashions borne in France, & sent to be nurst in England.

Pryde, the Spanyards bastard, kept here.

obseruation, where hee no sooner sets footing on shore, but he encounters with lust so ciuilly suted as if it had bene a marchants wife: whore-mongers there may vtter their commodities as lawfullie as costermongers here; they are a company as free, and haue as large priuiledges for what they doe as any of the twelve companyes in London. In other countreys lecherie is but a chamber-mayde: here a great lady: shee's a retaylor, and has warrant to sell soules and other small wares vnder the seale of the cittie: damnation has a price set vpon it, and dares goe to lawe for her owne: for a curtizans action of the case will hold as well as a vsurers plea of debt, for ten'th hundred. If Bride-well stood in Venice, a golden key (more easilie then a picklocke) would open all the doores of it: for lechery heere lyes night and day with one of Prides daughters (Liberty,) and so farre is the infection of this pestilence spredde, that euery boye there has much harlot in his eyes: religion goes all in changeable silkes, and weares as manie maskes as she do'es colours: churches stand like rocks, to which very fewe approach for feare of ship-wrack.

The seuen deadly sinnes are there in as great authoritie as the seuen Electors in Germany, and women in greater then both: in so much as drunkennesse, which was once the Dutch-mans head-ake, is now become the Englishmans: so ielouzy that at first was whipt out of Hell because she tormented euen Diuels, lies now

Lust, the Italians mistris, is now common with the Englishman.

Dronkennes both rece'd from the Low Countries into great Brittain.

euery howre in the Venetians bosom: euery noble man grows there like a beeche tree, for a number of beasts couche vnder his shade: euery gentleman aspires rather to be counted great then good, weighing out good works by pounds, and good deeds by drams: their promises are Eeues, their performances hollidayes, for they worke hard vpon the one, and are idle on the other. Three thinges there are dog-cheap, learning, poore mens sweat, and oathes; farmers in that countrey are pettie tyrants, and landlords tyrants ouer those farmers; epicures grow as fat there as in England, for you shall haue a slaue eat more at a meale then ten of the guard, and drink more in two daies then all Maning-tree does at a Whitsun-ale. Our rankryder of the Stygian borders seeing how well these pupils profited vnder their Italian school-master, and that all countreyes liu'de obedient to the Luciferan lawes, resolu'd to change post-horse no more, but to conclude his peregrination: hauing seene fashions, and gotten table-talke enough by his trauell. In a few minutes therefore is hee come to the banck-side of Acheron, where you are not bayted at by whole kennels of yelping watermen as you are at Westminster-bridge, and ready to be torne in peeces to haue two pence rowed out of your purse: no, shipwrights there could hardlie liue, there's but one boate, and in that one Charon is the onely ferry man, so that if a Cales knight should bawle his heart out, hee cannot get a paire of oares there to doe him grace with "I ply'de your worship first," but must be glad to goe with a sculler:

by which meanes, though the fare be small, (for the watermans wages was at first but a half-peny, then it came to a peny, 'tis now mended, and is growne to three halfe pence; for all thinges wax deere in Hell as well as vpon earth, by reason t'is so populous) yet the gaynes of it are greater in a quarter then ten westerne barges get in a yeere: Datchet ferry comes nothing neere it.

It is for all the world like Graues-end barge: and the passengers priuiledged alike, for there's no regard of age, of sexe, of beauty, of riches, of valor, of learning, of greatnes, or of birth: hee that comes in first, sits no better then the last.

Will Sommers giues not Richard the Third the cushions, the Duke of Guyze and the Duke of Shore-ditche haue not the bradth of a benche betweene them, Jane Shore and a gold-smiths wife are no better one then another.

Kings and clownes, souldiers and cowards, church-men and sextons, aldermen and coblers are all one to Charon: for his *naulum*

Mors sceptrā, legionibus æquat.

Lucke (the old recorders foole) shall haue as much mat as Syr Launcelot of the Lake: he knowes, though they had an oar in euery mans boat in the world, yet in his they cannot challenge so much as a stretcher: and therefore (though hee sayles continually with wind and tyde)

The waterman of Hell is as churlish a knaue as our watermen.

he makes the prowdest of them all to stay his leasure. It was a comedy to see what a crowding (as if it had bene at a newe play) there was vpon the Acheronticque

Strond, (so that the poste was faine to tarry his turne, because he could not get neere enough the shore); he purpos'd therefore patiently to walke vp and downe till the coast was cleare, and to note the condition of all the passengers. Amongst whom there were courtiers, that brought with em whole truncks The pas- sengers. of apparell which they had bought, and large pattents for monopolies which they had beg'd: lawyers laden with leases and with purchas'd lordships, churchmen so pursy and so windlesse with bearing three or four church liuings that they could scarce speake: marchants laden with baggs of golde, for which they had rob'd their princes custom: schollers with Aristotle and Ramus in cloake-bags (as if they ment to pull down the Diuel in disputation, being the subtillest logician, but full of sophistrie): captains, some in guilt armour (vnbattred), some in buffe jerkens plated o're with massy siluer lace, (raiz'd out of the ashes of dead pay,) and banckrupt citizens in swarms like porters, sweating basely vnder the burdens of that for which other men had sweat honestly before. All which (like burgers in a Netherlands towne taken by freebooters,) were compell'd to throwe downe bag and baggage before they could haue pasporte to be shipt into the Flemmish hoye of Hell. For if euery man should be sufferd to carry with him out of the world that which he took most delight in, it were enough to drown him and cast awaye the vessell he goes in; Charon therefore strippes them of all, and leaues them more bare then Irish beggers. And glad they were (for all

their howling) to see themselues so fleec'd, that for their siluer they could haue waftage ouer. In therefore they thrung, some wading vp to the knees, and those were young men: they were loth to make too much haste, swearing they came thither before their times.

Some vp to the middles, and those were women, they seeing young men goe before them, were asham'd not to venture farder than they: Others waded to the chin, and those were old men; they seeing their gold taken from them, were desperate, and would haue drown'd themselues: but that Charon, slipping his oare vnder their bellies, tost them out of the water into his wherry. The boate is made of no-
 thing but the worm eaten ribs of coffins,
 nailed together with the splinters of fleshlesse
 shin-bones dig'd out of graues, being broken in pieces. The stuffe of which the wherry is made.
 The sculs that he rowes with are made of sextons spades, which had bin hung vp at the end of some great plague; the bench he sits vpon, a rank of dead mens sculs, the worst of them hauing bin an Emperor as great as Charlemaine: and a huge heape of their beards seruing for his cushion. The mast of the boat is an arme of an yew-tree, whose boughs (instead of rosemary) had wont to be worne at burials; the sayle two patcht winding sheetes, wherein a broker and an vsurer had bin laid: for their linnen will last longest, because it comes commonly out of lauender and is seldome worne.

What man-
ner of fellow
the sculler
is.

The waterman himselfe is an olde grisly
fac'd fellow: a beard filthier then a bakers
mawkin that he sweepes his ouen, which
hung full of knotted elf-locks, and serues him for a
swabber in fowle weather to clense his hulk: a payre
of eyes staring so wide (by beeing blear'd with the
wind) as if the lidds were lifted vp with gags to keep
them open: more salt rewmaticke-water runnes out of
them then would pickle all the herrings that shall come
out of Yarmouth: a payre of hands so hard and scal'd
ouer with durte that passengers thinke hee weares
gauntlets, and more stinkingly musty are they then the
fists of night-men, or the fingers of bryberie, which
are neuer cleane. His breath belches out nothing but
rotten damp, which lye so thicke and foggie on the
face of the waters that his fare is halfe choak't ere
they can get to land: the sea-coale furnaces of ten
brew-houses make not such a smoke, nor the tallowe
pans of fiteene chaundlers (when they melt) send out
such a smell. Hee's dreadfull in looks, and currish in
language, yet as kinde as a courtyer where he takes. Hee
His sits in all stormes bare headed, for if hee had
apparell. a cap he would not put it off to a Pope. A
gowne gyrt to him (made all of wolues skinnnes) tanned,
(figuring his greedynesse) but worne out so long that
it has almost worne away his elbowes. Hee's thicke
of hearing to them that sue to him, but to those against
whose willes hee's sent for, a fiddler heares not the
creeking of a windowe sooner.

As touching the riuer, looke howe Moore-ditche

shewes, when the water is three-quarters out, and by reason the stomack of it is ouer-laden, is readie to fall to casting; so does that, it stincks almost worse, is almost as poysonous, altogether so muddie, altogether so blacke: in taste very bitter, yet (to those that knowe howe to distill these deadly waters) very wholesome.

CHAP. V.

The post and Charon talke, as Charon rowes,
 He fee's Hell's porter, and then on hee goes:
 Sessions in Hell: soules brought vnto the barre,
 Arraign'd and iudg'd, a catalogue who they are.

CHARON hauing discharged his freight, the packet-carryer (that all this while wayted on the other side,) cry'de, "a boat, a boat": his voice was knowne by the tune, and (weary though hee were,) ouer to him comes our ferry-man. To whom (so soone as euer he was set) Charon complaines what a bawling there has beene, with what fares hee has bene posted, and how, much tugging, (his boat being so twackt) he has split one of his oares and broken his bid-hook, so that he can row but lazily til it be mended. And were it not that the soules payes excessiue rent for dwelling in the body, he sweares (by the Stygian Lake) hee would not let em passe thus for a trifle, but raise his price: why may not he doe it as well as puncks and trades-men?

Herevpon hee brags what a number of gallant fellows and goodly wenches went lately ouer with him, whose names he has in his booke and could giue him, but that they earnestly intreated not to haue their names spred any farther (for their heyres sakes,) because most of them were too great in some mens books already. The only wonder (says Charon) that these passengers driue mee into is to see how strangely the world is altred since Pluto and Proserpina were married: for where as, in the olde time, men had wont to come into his boate all slash't, (some with one arme, some with

Miscent
aconita no-
uercæ.
Filius ante
diem pa-
tris inqui-
rit in anno.

neuer a leg, and others with heades like calues, cleft to their shoulders, and the mouths of their very wounds gaping so wide as if they were crying, "a boat, a boat,") now contrary-wise, his fares are none but those that are poyson'd by their wiues for lust, or by their heires for liuing, or burnt by whores, or reeling into Hell out of tauerns: or if they happen to come bleeding, their greatest glorie is a stab vpon the giuing of a lye.

So that if the three destinies spin no finer threds then these, men must eyther (like Æsculapius) be made immortall for meere pittie sake, and be sent vp to Jupiter, or else the Land of Black-amoores must bee made bigger: for the great Lord of Tartarie wil shortlie haue no roome for all his retayners, which would be a great dishonour to him, considering hee's now the only hous-keeper.

By this time, Charon looking before him (as water-men vse to doe) that's to say, behinde him, spied he

was hard at shoare: wherevppon seeing hee had such dooings (that if it held still) hee must needs take a seruant, (and so make a paire of oares for Pluto) he offered great wages to the knight passant to be his iourney-man: but hee, being onely for the Diuells land service, told him he could not giue ouer his seruice, but assuring him hee would enforme his Mr. (the king of Erebus,) of all that was spoken, hee payde the boate hyre fitting his knighthood, leapt ashore, and so parted.

The wayes are so plaine, and our trauellers on foote so famyliar with them, that hee came sooner to the court gate of Auernus then his fellowe (the wherryman) could fasten his hooke on the other side of Acheron: the porter (though he knew him well The porter of Hell.) would not let him passe till hee had his due: for euery officer there is as greedy of his fees, as they are here. You mistake if you imagine that Plutoes porter is like one of those big fellowes that stand like gyants at lordes gates (hauing bellyes bumbasted with ale in lambs-wool and with sacks) and cheeks strutting out (like two footeballes,) beeing blowen vp with powder beefe and brewis: yet hee's as surly as those key-turners are, but lookes a little more scruily: no, no, this doorekeeper waytes not to take money of those that passe in to beholde the infernall tragedies, neither has he a lodge to dyne and sup in, but onely a kennell, and executes his bawling office meerely for victuals: his name is Cerberus, but the household call him more properly, the Black dog of Hell: he has three heads, but no hayre

vpon them, (the place is too hot to keep hayre on); for instead of hayre they are all curl'd ouer with snakes, which reach from the crownes of his three heads alongst the rigde of his back to his very tayle, and that's wreathed like a dragons taile: twentie couple of hounds make not such a damnable noyse when they howle, as he does when he barks: his propertie is to wag his taile when any comes for enterance to the gate, and to licke their hands; but vpon the least offer to scape out he leapes at their throates; sure hee's a mad dog, for wheresoeuer he bites it rankles to the death: his eyes are euer watching, his eares euer listning, his pawes euer catching, his mouthes are gaping: in-so-much that day and night he lyes howling to be sent to Paris garden, rather then to be vs'de so like a curre as he is.

Bribes in Hell. The post, to stop his throat, threwe him a sop, and whil'st hee was deuouring of that hee passed through the gates. No sooner was he entred but he met with thousands of miserable soules, pyneond and dragd in chaines to the barre where they were to receiue their tryall, with bitter lamentations bewayling (all the way as they went) and with lowd execrations cursing the bodies with whom they sometimes frolickly kept company for leading them to those impieties, for which they must now (euen to their vtter vndoing) deerly answer: it was quarter sessions in Hel, and though the post-master had bin at many of their arraignmentes, and knew the horroure of the executions, yet the very sight of the prisoners struck him now into an astonishable amazement.

On notwithstanding he goes, with intent to deliuer the supplication, but so busy was Bohomath (the Prince of the Diuels) and such a prease was within the court and about the barre, that by no thrusting or shouldring could hee get accesse; the best time for him must be to watch his rising at the adiourning of the sessions, and therefore hee skrewes himselfe by all the insinuating art he can into the thickest of the crowd, and within reach of the clarke of the peaces voyce, to heare all their inditements.

The judges are set, (beeing three in num- Sessions in
ber) seuerer in look, sharp in iustice, shrill Hell.
in voyce, vnsubiect [to] passion: the prisoners are souls
that haue committed treason against their creation:
they are cald to the bar, their number infinit, their
crimes numberlesse: the jury that must passe Sinne is
vpon them are their sinnes, who are impa- the Jury.
nel'd out of the seuerall countries and are sworn to
find whose conscience is the witnes, who Conscience
vpon the booke of their liues, where all their giues in
deedes are written, giues in dangerous evidence against
them, the Furies (who stand at the elbow of their
conscience) are there ready with stripes to make them
confesse, for eyther they are the beadels of Hell that
whippe soules in Lucifers Bridewell, or else his exe-
cutioners to put them to worse torments. The indite-
ments are of seuerall qualities, according to
the seuerall offences; some are arraigned for The seue-
ambition in the court; some for corruption rall indite-
ments.
in the church; some for crueltie in the campe; some

for hollow-hartednes in the citie; some for eating men aliue in the countrey, euery particular soule has a particular sinne at his heeles to condemne him, so that to pleade not guiltie were folly: to beg for mercy, madnesse: for if any should doe the one, hee can put himselfe vpon none but the Diuel and his angels, and they (to make quick worke) giue him his pasport: if do the other, the hands of ten kings vnder their great seales will not be taken for his pardon. For though Conscience comes to this court, poore in attire, diseased in his flesh, wretched in his face, heauy in his gate, and hoarse in his voice, yet carries hee such stings within him to torture himselfe if he speake not truth, that euery word is a iudges sentence, and when he has spoken, the accursed is suffred neither to plead for himselfe, nor to fee any lawier to argue for him.

The miserie of a prisoner in that iury. In what a lamentable condition therefore stands the vnhappy prisoner; his inditement is impleadable, his evidence irrefutable, the fact impardonable, the iudge impenitrable, the judgement formidable, the torments insufferable, the manner of them invtterable: he must endure a death without dying, tormentes ending with worse beginnings; by his shrikes others shall be affrighted, himselfe afflicted, by thousands pointed at, by not one amongst milions pitied, hee shall see no good that may help him, what he most does loue shall be taken from him, and what hee most doth loath shal be powred into his bosome. Adde herevnto the sayde cogitation of that dismall place to which he is condemned, the remembrance of which is

almost as dolorous, as the punishments there to be endured. In what colours shall I lay downe the true shape of it? Assist my inuention.

Suppose that being gloriously attired, deliciously feasted, attended on maiestically, musicke charming thine eare, beautie thine eye, and that in the very height of al worldly pompe that thought can aspire to, thou shouldest be tumbled downe from some high goodly pinnacle (builded for thy pleasure) into the bottome of a lake, whose depth is immeasurable and circuit incomprehensible: and that being there, thou shouldest in a moment be ringed about with all the murtherers that euer have bin since the first foundation of the world, with all the atheists, all the church-robbers, al the incestuous rauishers, and all the polluted villaines that ever suckt damnation from the breastes of black impietie; that the place itselpe is gloomy, hideous, and inaccessible, pestilent by dampes and rotten vapors, haunted with spirits, and pitcht all ouer with cloudes of darkenes so clammy and palpable that the eye of the moone is too dull to pierce through them, and the fires of the sun too weake to dissolue them: then that a sulphurous stench must stil strike vp into thy nostrhils; adders and toads be still crawling on thy bosome; mandrakes and night rauens still shriking in thine eares; snakes euer sucking at thy breath; and which way soeuer thou turnest, a fire flashing in thine eies, yet yeelding no more light than what with a glimse may shew others how thou art tormented, or else shew vnto thee the tortures of others, and yet the flames to be so deuouring

in the burning that should they but glowe vpon mountaines of iron, they were able to melte them like mountaines of snow. And last of all, that all these horrors are not wouen together, to last for yeeres, but for ages of worlds, yea for worlds of ages; into what gulfe of desperate calamity would not the poorest begger now throwe himselfe head-long rather then to tast the least dram of this bitterness, if imagination can giue being to a more miserable place then this described? Such a one, or no worse then such a one, is that into which the guiltie soules are led captiue, after they haue this condemnation.

And what tongue is able to relate the grones and vluations of a wretch so distressed? a hundred pennes of steele would be worne blunt in the description, and yet leaue it vnfinished.

CHAP. VI.

The writ for Gold's enlargement now is read,
 And by the Prince of Darkness answered:
 The Diuell abroad his commendations sends,
 All traitors are his sonnes, brokers his friends.

LET vs therefore, sithence the infernall sessions are rejournd and the court breaking vp, seeke out his knightship, who hauing wayted all this while for the Diuell, hath by this time deliuer'd to his paws the sup-

plication about Golde, and so Maluolio his secretary is reading it to him, but before he was vp to the middle of it, the work-maister of witches snatched away the paper and thrust it into his bosome in great choller, rayling at his letter carryer, and threatning to haue him lasht by the Furies for his loytring so long, or cauteriz'de with hotte Irons for a fugitiue. But Mephistophiles discoursing from point to point what paines hee had taken in the suruey of euery countrey, and how hee had spent his time there, Serjent Sathan gaue him his blessing, and told him that during his absence the wryter that penn'd the *Supplication* had ben landed by Charon, of whom he willed to enquire within what part of their dominion hee had taken vp his lodging: his purpose is to answeere euery worde by word of mouth: yet, because he knowes that at the returne of his Post-ship and walking vpon the Exchange of the Worlde, (which he charges him to hasten for the good of the Stygian kingdome, that altogether stands vpon quicke trafficque) they will flutter about him, crying what newes? what newes? what squibs or rather what peeces of ordinance doth the M. Gunner of Gehenna discharge against so sawcie a suitor, that by the artillerie of his Secretaries penne hath shaken the walles of his kingdome, and made so wide a breache that anie Syr Giles may looke into his and his officers dooings: to stop their mouthes with something, stop them with this: that touching the enlargement of Gold, (which is the first branch of the petition :) so it is, that Plutus his kinsman (being the onely setter vp

The Diuells
answere to
the petition.

of tempting idolles) was borne a cripple, but had his eye sight as faire as the daye, for hee could see the faces and fashions of all men in the world in a twinkling. At which time, for all he went vpon crutches, hee made shifte to walke abroad with many of his friends; marrie they were none but good men. A poet, or a philosopher, might then haue sooner had his company than a justice of peace: vertue at that time went in Gold at the first was lame and went vp and down with good men, but now hee is blinde and cares not what foole leades him. good cloaths, and vice fed vpon beggery. Almes baskets, honestie, and plaine dealing, had all the trades in their owne handes, so that vnthrifts, cheaters, and the rest of their faction, (though it were the greater) were borne downe, for not an angell durst bee seene to drink in a tauerne with them: wherevpon they were all in danger to be famisht: which enormity Jupiter wisely looking into, and seeing Plutus dispersing his giftes amongst none but his honest brethren, strucke him (either in anger or enuie) starke blind, so that euer since hee hath play'de the good fellowe, for now euery gull may leade him vp and downe like Guy to make sports in any drunken assemblie, now hee regards not who thrusts his handes into his pockets, nor how it is spent, a foole shall haue his heart nowe as soone as a physition: and an asse that cannot spell goe laden away with double duckets from his Indian store-house, when Ibis Homere, that hath layne sick seuentene yeeres together of the vniuersitie plague, (watching and want), only in hope at the last to find some cure, shall not for an hundred waight of good Latine receiue

a two-penny waight in siluer; his ignorance (arising from his blindenes) is the onely cause of this Comedie of Errors: so that vntill some quack-saluer or other (either by the help of Tower Hill water, or any other either physicall or chirurgicall meanes) can picke out that pin and webbe which is stucke into both his eyes (and that will very hardly be.) It is irreuocably set downe in the admantine booke of fate that Golde shall be a perpetuall slaue to slaues, a drudge to fooles, a foole to make woodcocks mery, whils't wise men mourne: or if at any time he chance to break prison, and flie for refuge into the chamber of a courtier, to a meere hawking country gentleman, to a young student at the lawe, or to any trades-mans eldest sonne that rides forth to cast vp his fathers reckonings in fortified tauerns, such mighty searche shall be made for him, such hue and crie after him, such mis-rule kept vntill he be smelt out, that poore Gold must be glad to get him out of their companie; castles cannot protect him, but he must be apprehended, and suffer for it. Nowe as touching the seauen leaued tree of the deadly sinnes, which in the Supplication are likewise requested to be heauen downe, his suite is vnreasonable; for that growes so rancke in euery mans garden, and the flowers of it worne so much in euery womans bosome, till at the last generall autumnian quarter of the dreadfull yeare, when whole kingdomes (like seare and sap-lesse leaues) must be shaken in pieces by the consuming breath of fire, and all the fruits of the earth be raked together by the spirit of stormes, and burnt

A curse laid
vpon gold.

Sinne beares
fruit all the
yeare long.

in one heap like stubble; till then, it is impossible to cleere the oaken forehead of it, or to loppe off any of the branches and let this satisfy itching newes-hunters; for so much of mine answere to the poore fellowes Supplication as I meane to haue publish't to the world; what more I haue to vtter shall be in his eare, because he was more busie in his prating then a barber with thee my seruaunt about my houshold affaires, and therefore it is to be doubted hee lurkes in our Cimerian prouinces but as an intelligencer, which if it be prooued, hee shall buy it with his soule: dispatch therefore (my faithfull incarnate Diuell!) proclame these thinges to the next region aboue vs.

The Diuell
sends his
commenda-
tions.

Goe and deliuer my most harty condem-
nations to all those that steal subiects hearts
from their soueraigns; say to all those, they
shall haue my letters of mart for their pyracie: factious
guyzards, that lay trains of sedition to blow vp the
common-wealth, I hug them as my children: to all those
churchmen that bind themselues together in schismes,
like bundles of thornes, only to prick the sides of reli-
gion till her heart bleede, I will giue them new orders.
To all those that vntyle their neighbours houses, that
whilst storms are beating them out, they them-
selues may enter in, bestowe vpon such officers of mine
a thousand condemnations from their maister, tho they
be sitting at king Arthur's table: when thou doest thy
message, they shall haue tenements of me for nothing
in Hell.

In briefe, tell all the brokers in Long-Lane, Houns-

ditch, or else wher, with all the rest of their colleagued suburbians that deale vpon ouerworne commodities, and whose soules are to vs impawned, that they lye safe enough and that no cheater can hook them out of our hands; bid them sweate and sweare in their vocation, (as they doe houely;) if thou, beeing a knight of the post, canst not helpe them to oathes that may make them get the Diuell and all, they haue a sound carde on their sides, for I myselfe will. *Abi in malum*, goe and minde thy businesse.

CHAP. VII.

A vsurer describ'de: his going downe to Hell:
 The post to him a strange discourse doth tell:
 Hee teaches him the waye, and doeth discouer
 What rivers the departed soules goe ouer.

His warrant beeing thus sign'de, the messenger departs, but before hee could get to the vttermost ferrie, he met with an old, leane, meagre fellowe, whose eyes was sunke so deepe into his head as if they had beene set in backward, his haire was thinner then his checkes, and his cheekes so much worne away that, when he spake, his tongue smoak't, and that was burn't blacke with his hote and valiant breath, was seene to moue too and fro so plainely, that a wise man might haue taken it for the snuffe of

The picture
of a vsurer.

a candle in a Muscouie lant-horne, the barber surgions had beg'd the body of a man at a sessions to make an anatomie, and that anatomy this wretched creature begged of them to make him a body. Charon had but newley landed him : yet it seem'd he stood in pittyfull fear, for his eyes were ne bigger then pinnes heads with blubbring and howling, keeping a coile to haue some body shew him the nearest way to Hell, which he doubted he had lost ; the other puts him into a pathe that would directlie bring him thither, but before he bid him farewell our blacke knight inquired of him what hee was : who answered, that he was sometimes one that liued vpon the lechery of mettalls, for hee could make one hundred pound be great with child and be delivered with another in a very short time ; his mony (like pigions) laid euery month, he had bin in vpright tearmes an vsurer : and vnderstanding that he fel into the hands of the Hell-post, he offered him after a penny a mile between that and the townes end hee was going too, so he would be his guide.

Which mony, when the watermen came to rifle him, he swallowed downe and rakte for it afterwards, because hee knewe not what neede hee should haue, the waies being damnable : but the goer of the Diuels errands told him, if he would allow him pursiuants fees, he durst not earne them ; he would doe him any knights seruice, but to play the good angells part and guide him, he must pardon him. Doctor Diues request him (in a whining accent) to tell him if there were any

rich men in Hell, and if by any base drudgery which the Diuell shall put him too, and which heele willingly moile in, he shuld scrape any muck together; whether he may set vp his trade in Hel, and whither there be any brokers there, that with picking strawes out of poore thatcht houses to build nestes, where his twelwe pences should ingenner, might get fethers to his backe, and their owne too. To all which questions the vant curier answers briefly, that he shall meete a number there who once went in blacke veluet coats and welted gownes, but of brokers, theres a Longer lane in Hell than there is in London. Marry for opening shops, and to keep a bawdy house for lady Pecunia, *hoc si fata negant*. If the bayliffe of Barathrum denye that priuiledge to those that haue served twice seuen yeeres in the freedome, theres no reason a forrayner should taste the fauour.

This news tho it went coldly down, yet as those that are troubled with the tooth ache enquyre of others what the payne is, that haue had them drawn out, and think by that means they lessen their owne; so it is some ease to Syr Timothy Thirtie per centum, to harken out the worst that others haue endured: he desires therfore to know how far it is from the earth to Hell? and being told that Hel is iust so many miles from earth, as earth is from Heauen, he stands in a brown study, wondring, sithens the length of the iournies were both alike to him, how it should happen that he tooke rather the one path then the other. But then cursing himself that euer he fell in loue with mony,

and (that which is contrary to nature) hee euer made a crakt French crowne beget an English angell, he roar'de out, and swore that gold sure would dambe him. For sayes hee, my greedinesse to feed mine eye with that, made me starue my belly, and haue vndone those for sixe pence that were readie to starue. And into such an apoplexie of soule fell I into, with the lust of money, that I had no sense of other happinesse : so that whil'st in my closet I sat numbring my bags, the last houre of my life was told out, before I could tel the first heap of gold; birdlime is the sweat of the oake tree, the dung of the blackbird falling on that tree, turnes into that slimie snare, and in that snare, is the bird herselfe taken. So fares it me ; mony is but the excrement of the earth, in which couetous wretches (like swine) rooting continually, eate thorowe the earth so long, till at length they eate themselues into Hell. I see therefore, that as harts, being the most cowardly and hartlesse creatures, haue also the largest hornes, so we, that are drudges to heapes of drosse, haue base and leane consciences, but the largest damnation. There appeared to Timotheus, an Athenian, *Demonii vmbra*, and that gaue him a net to catch cities in, yet for all that he died a begger. Sure it was *vmbra demonis* that taught me the rule of interest : for in getting that, I haue lost the principall (my soule). But I pray you tel me, saies my setter vp of scriueners, must I be stript thus out of all? Shall my fox-furd gownes be lockt vp from me? Must I not haue so much as a shirt vpon me? Heers worse pilling and polling then amongst

my countrey men the vsurers, not a rag of linnen about me to hide my nakednesse.

No, sayes the light horse-man of Lymbo, no linnen is worne heere, because none can bee wouen strong enough to hold, neither doe any such good huswiues come hither as to make cloath, onely the Destinies are allowed to spinne, but their yarne serues to make smockes for Proserpina. You are now as you must euer bee ; you shall neede no cloathes, the aire is so extreame hot ; besides, there be no tailors sufferd to liue here, because (they as well as players) haue a Hell of their owne, (vnder their shopboard) ; and their lye their tottered soules, patcht out with nothing but rags.

This careere being ended, our lansquenight of Lowe-Germanie was readie to put spurres to his horse, and take leaue, because he saw what disease hung vppon him, and that his companion was hard at his heeles, and was loth to proceede in his iourney.

But he, *qui nummos admiratur*, the pawn-groper, clingde about his knees like a horsleech, and coniurde him, as euer he pittied a wretch eaten to the bare bones by the sacred hunger of gold, that he would either bestowe vpon him a short table (such a one as is tide to the tayle of most almanacks) chalking out the hye-waies, be they neuer so durtie, and measuring the length of all the miles betweene towne and towne, to the breath of a hayre, or if this geographicall request tooke vp too much conceald land to haue it granted, that yet (at last) he would tell him whether he were to passe ouer any more riuers, and what the name of

this filthy puddle was, ouer which hee was lately brought by a dogged waterman, because sithence he must runne into the Diuels mouth, hee would runne the neerest way, least hee wearied himselfe.

Of this last request, the lacquy of this great leuiathan promisinde he should be maister, but he would not bring him to a miles end by land, (they were too many to meddle with). You shall vnderstand therefore (saies

The ri- our wild Irish footeman) that this first water
uers which (which is now cast behind you) is Acheron ;
the soule it is the water of trouble, and works like a
passes. sea in a tempest (for indeede this first is the worst),

it hath a thousand creekes, a thousand windings and turnings, it vehemently boyles at the bottome (like a caldron of molten leade,) when on the top it is smother then a still streame : and vpon great reason is it calde

Remem- the river of molestation, for when the soule of
brance of man is vpon the point of departing from the
the sinnes, shores of life, and to be shipt away into ano-
the first water. ther world, she is vext with a conscience, and

an anxious remembrance of all the parts that euer she plaid on the vnruly stage of the world : she repeats not by roate, but by heart, the iniuries done to others, and indignities wrought against herselfe : she turnes ouer a large volume of accountes, and findes that shees runne out in pride, in lustes, in riots, in blasphemies, in irreligion, in wallowing through so many enormous and detestable crimes, that to looke back vpon them, (being so infinite,) and vpon her own face (being so fowle,) the very thought makes her desperate. She neuer

spake, or delighted to heare spoken, any bawdie language, but it now rings in her eare; neuer lusted after luxurious meates, but their taste is now vpon her tongue; neuer fed the sight with any licentious obiect, but now they come all into her eye; euerie wicked thought before, is now to her a dagger; euerie wicked word a death; euerie wicked act a damnation: if shee scape falling into this oceān, she is miraculosly saued from a shipwracke; hee must needs be a churlish but a cunning watermen that steeres in a tempest so dangerous: this first river is a bitter water in taste, and vnsauoury in sent; but whosoeuer drinks downe but halfe a draught of his remembred former follies, oh it cannot chuse but be *amarulentum poculum*; gall is hony to it: Acheron like is a thicke water; and howe can it otherwise choose, being stirred with so many thousand fighting perturbations?

Hauing past ouer this first riuer (as now you are) you shall presently haue your waie stopt with another: its a little cut by land thither, but a tedious and dangerous voyage by water.

Lies there a boat redie (quoth my rich Iew of Malta) to take me in so soone as I cal? No, saies the other, you must wait your mariners leisure; the same wrangling fellowe that was your first man is your last man; marry you shall lie at euerie hauens mouth for a wind, til Belzebubs hale you: for Acheron (after many circumgirations) fals into the Stigian Lake (your second riuer carries that name); it is the water of loathsomnes, and runnes with a swifter current then the former: for when the soule

Loathing of
our sinnes
the second
water.

sees deaths barge tarrying for her, shee begins to be sorie for her ante-acted euils, and then shees sayling ouer Acheron; but when she drawes the curtaine, and lookes narrowly vpon the pictures which her own hand drew, and findes them to be vgly, she abhorres her own work-manship and makes haste to hoyste vp more sayles and to bee transported swiftlie ouer the Stygian torrent, whose waters are so reuerend, that the gods haue no other oath to sweare by.

Repentance of our sinnes, the third water. The third ryuer is Cocitus, somewhat clearer then both the other, and is the water of repentance, beeing an arme of Styx: many haue heere bene cast away, and frozen to death, when the riuer hath waxen cold, (as oftentimes it doth,) neyther are all sortes of soules suffred to saile vpon it, for to some (as if the water had sense, and could not brooke an vnworthy burden,) it swells vp into tempests, and drownes them; to others more loue cannot appeare in dolphins to men, then in that does smoothnes.

Vnlesse you saile safely over the waters of repentance, you are in danger to be drownd in dispaire. Besides these, there are Phlegeton and Pyriphlegeton that fall in with Cocytus; (burning rivers,) in which (though they be dreadfull to looke vpon,) are no vtter danger, if the ferry-man waft you safelie ouer the waters of repentance, otherwise those hote liquors will scalde you.

But what a traytor am I, (to the vndiscovered kingdomes,) thus to bring to light their dearest treasury! sworne am I to the imperiall state infernall, and what dishonour would it bee to my knight-hood, to be fouud forsworne!

Seale vp your lips therefore I charge you, and drinke downe a full bowle of this Lethæan water which shall wash out of you the remembrance of any thing I haue spoken: be proude, thou grand-child of Mammon, that I haue spent these minutes vpon thee, for neuer shall any breathing mortall man with tortures wring out of mee so much againe. There lyes your way: fare well.

In such a strange language was this *ultimum vale* sent forth, that Monsieur Money-monger stood onely staring and yawning vpon him, but could speake no more; yet at the last (coniuring vp his best spirits,) he, onely in a dumb shew, with pittifull action, like a player (when hee's out of his part,) made signes to haue a letter deliuered by the carryer of condemnation to his sonne, (a young reveller, prick't downe to stand in the Mercers bookes for next Christmasse,) which, in a dumbe shewe likewise beeing receyved, they both turn'de backe, the vsurer looking as hungrilie as if he had kist the post.

CHAP. VIII.

Hells sculler and the pursiuant of Heauen,
 Cast mery reckonings vp, but growe not euen
 Till a plague falls; soldiers set out a throate
 For Charon: Eps comes mangled to his boate.

AT the banck ende, when Plutoes pursiuant Lucian in dialog.
 came to take water, Mercurie, (that runs of
 all the errands betweene the gods) hauing bin of a

message from Ceres to her daughter Proserpine (the queen of lower Affrica,) finding Charon idle in his boat, because (as if it had bene out of terme time) no fares was stirring, fel to cast vp old reckonings between himselfe and the weather beaten sculler, for certain tryffling money layd out about Charons businesse. So that the knight, slipping in like a constable to part a fray, was requested to be as arbitrator.

The first item that stood in his bill, was,

For nayles to mend your wherrie, when twoo Dutchmen, comming drunck from the Renishwinehouse, split three of the boards with their club fists, thinking they had cal'd for a reckoning : iiij. pence.

Those butter-boxes (sayes Charon) owe me a peny vpon the foote of that account : for I could distill out of them but onely three poore drops of siluer for the voyage, and all my losse at sea. Whats next ?

Item, laid out for pitch to trim your boat about the middle of the last plague, because she might go tight and yare, and do her labour cleanly : xj. pence.

I am ouer-reckoned that odde penny, quoth Charon, and Ile neuer yeeld to pay it, but *vi et armis*, that's to say, by lawe. I disburst it (by my caduceus, sayes the herald); nay sayes Charon, if thou wilt defile thy conscience with a penny-worth of pitch, touch it still : on.

Item, for glew and whipcord, to mend your broken oar : iij. d.

That's reasonable ; yet I haue caryed some in my wherie that haue had more whip-cord giuen them for nothing : on.

Item laid out for iuniper to perfume the boate, when certain Frenchmen were to go by water: j. ob.

I, a pox on them, who got by that? on.

Item lent to a company of countrey-players, being nine in number, one sharer, and the rest iourneymen, that with strowling were brought to deaths door: xiiij. d. [j.] ob. vpon their stocke of apparell, to pay for boat hyre, because they would trye if they might be suffered to play in the Diuels name, which stock afterwarde came into your clawes, and you dealt vpon it: xiiij. ob.

They had his hand to a warrant (quoth Charon) but their ragges served to make me swabbers, because they neuer fetcht it againe, so that belike hee proued a good lord and master to them, and they made new *perge mentiri*. Tickle the next minikin.

Item, when a cobbler of poetry, called a playe patcher, was condemned with his catte to be duckt three times in the cucking-stoole of Pyriphlegeton, (beeing one of the scalding riuers,) till they both dropt again, because he scolded against his betters, and those whom hee liued vppon: laid out at that time for straw, to haue caried pusse away if she had kittend, to auoyd anie catterwalling in Hell, j. pennie.

Mew, they were not both worth a pennie: on.

Item, for needle and threed to darne vp aboue two and fiftie holes in your sailes, and to a botcher for halfe a dayes worke about it: vij. pence.

That botcher I preferd to be Lucifers tailer, because he workes with a hot needle and burnt threede, and

that seuen pence he gaue me for my good will, why should not I take bribes as well as others, I will clip that money and melt it. Not for my bill (sayes the herald of the gods) for it went out of my purse; the tayler may pay it backe againe, it is but stealing so much the more, or cutting out 5. quarters to a garment. Nay, Mercurie, you shall filch for vs both, for all the gods know you are a notable pick-pocket, as the knight of the post here can take his oath: but what is your *summa totalis?* quoth Charon. *Summa totalis*, answers the other, comes to three shillings and a pennie. The sculler told him hee was now out of cash, it was a hard time, he doubts there is some secrete bridge made ouer to Hell, and that they steale thither in coaches; for euery iustices wife, and the wife of euery cittizen must bee iolted now.

But howsoeuer the market goes, beare with me (quoth Charon) till there come another plague, or till you heare of such another battaile as was at Newport, or till the Dunkirks catch a hoy of Hollanders and tumble them ouer-boord, or till there be more ciuill wars in France, or if Parris garden would but fall downe againe I should not onely wipe off this olde score, but hope to make mee a new boat. Mercury seeing no remedy (tho he knew well enough he was not without mony), tooke his wings, and away went he to Olympus. The postes iorney lay nothing neere that path, but, inquiring whether one Pierce Pennillesse came not ouer in his ferry, and vnderstanding because hee could not pay his fare, he was faine to goe a great

way about to Elizium, thither in an Irish gallop is our swearing knight gone.

Scarce was hee out of kenne, but on the other side of the riuer stode a companie ^{William} Eps his crying out lustily, “a boat, hey, a boat, hey!” ^{death.} and who should they be but a gallant troope of English spirits (all mangled) looking like so many old Romans, that for ouercomming death in their manly resolutions, were sent away out of the field, crowned with the military honour of armes. The foremost of them was a personage of so composed a presence, that nature and fortune had done him wrong if they had not made him a souldier. In his countenance there was a kinde of indignation fighting with a kind of exalted ioy, which by his very gesture were apparantly descipherable, for he was iocund that his soule went out of him in so glorious a triumph ; but disdainfully angry that she wrought her enlargement through no more daungers : yet were there bleeding witnesses inow on his breast, which testified he did not yeelde till he was conquered, and was not conquered till there was left nothing of a man in him to be ouercome. For besides those *mortui et muti testes*, which spake most for him when he himselfe was past speaking, (thogh their mouthes were stopped with scarres), he made shift to lay downe an ouer-plus of life, (when the debt was discharged at one mortall payment before) onely to shew in what abiect account he held deathes tyranny. Charon glowring vpon him demanded who he was ; but hee skorning to be his owne chronicle, and not suffering

any of the rest to execute the office, they all leaped into the ferry. Amongst whome, one that sate out of his hearing, but within the reach of the waterman, (to shorten the way) discoursed all, thus :

England (quoth hee) gaue him breath; Kent education; he was neuer ouer-maistered but by his own affections; against whom, whensoever he got the victorie, there was a whole man in him: he was of the sword, and knewe better how to ende quarrels then to beginne them: yet was more apt to begin, then other (better bearded) were to answer; with which some (that were euer bound to the peace) vpbraided him as a blemish. His country barring him (for want of action) of that which he was borne to inherit, (fame), he went in quest of it into the Low Countries, where (by his deare earnings) hee bequeathed that to those of his name, which nothing but his name seemed to depriue him of in England. Ost-end beeing besieged, hee lost one of his eyes whilst hee looked ouer the walles; which first storme did rather driue him on to more dangerous adventures, though to the hazard euen of a shipwracke, then (like a fearefull merchant) to runne his fortunes and reputation on ground, for the boysterous threatnings of euery idle billow. So this his resolution set vpon his rest; to leaue all the remainder of his body to that countrey, which had taken from him one of the best iewells of his life: since it had a peece of him, he would not so dishonor the place as to carry away the rest broken. Into the field therefore comes he, the fates putting both his eies into one, (of purpose) because he

should looke vpon none but his enemies: where, a battaile being to be fought, the desert aduanced him to aduance the colours; by which dignitie he became one of the fairest markes which was then to be shot at, and where a great part of that daies glory was to be wonne; for the Regent that followed his ensigne (by being hardly set to) giuing ground, and the enemies' ambition thirsting after his colours, threw at all in hope to winne them. But the destinies (who fought on their side) mistooke themselues, and in steede of striking the colours out of his hand, smote him: in so much that hee was twice shot, and twice runne through the body, yet wold not surrender his hold for al those breaches, but stripping the prize for which they stroue off from the staffe that helde it vp, and wrapping his dying bodie in it, drewe out his weapon, with which, (before his collours could bee called his winding sheete) he threwe himselfe into the thickest of danger: where after he had slaine a horseman and two others, most valiantlie, hee came off, halfe dead, halfe aliue, brauely deliuering vp his spirit in the armes of none but his friendes and fellow souldiers.

So that (as if Fortune had beene iealous of her own wauering,) death, at her intreatie, tooke him away, in the noon-tide of a happinesse; lest anie blacke euenings ouercasting should spoyle it with alteration. He was married to the honour of a fielde in the morning, and died in the armes of it the same day, before it was spoyled of the mayden-head: so that it went away chaste and vnblemishable. To conclude, (father sculler)

because I see wee are vppon landing, heere is as much as I can speake in his praise : he dyed auncient in the very middest of his youth.

Charon hum'de and cryde "well;" and hauing rid his boat of them, dyrected them to those happie places which were alotted out to none but martialists.

CHAP. IX.

The fieldes of ioye describ'de : None there must dwell
 But purged soules, and such as haue done well :
 Some soldiers there : and some that dye'd in loue,
 Poets sit singing in the baye-tree groue.

WHIL'ST the ferry-man was plying his fares and following his thrift, the wandring knight, (Syr Dagonet), hauing dispatch't with the Diuell, and vnderstanding that hee vpon whose businesse hee went was iust at that time walking in one of the Elizian gardens, hee meant to take that in his waye. But the infernall lawes barring him from entrance into those sacred palaces, he wafted the other to him, and then related (verbatim) his maisters answere and resolution : which the suppliant receiues (considering he was now where he would be) with as fewe words as hee was wont to carry pence in his purse. The post hauing as little to say to him, cast onely a sleight eye vppon all the Elizian courtiers

(much like to a disdainfull phantasticke French-man when he comes into a straunge countrey, as though he trauelled rather to be seen then to obserue) and vp hee leapes vpon one of the Diuells hackneys ; and away he rides, to follow his other worldly busines : about which whilst hee is damnably sweating, let mee carrie you into those *insulæ fortunatæ*, ordained to be the abydings for none but blessed soules.

The walles that incompass these goodly habitations are white as the forehead of heauen ; they glyster like pollisht iurie, but the stuffe is fyner : high they are, like the pillers that vphold the court of Ioue ; and strong they are, as towers built by enchauntment ; there is but one gate to it all, and thats of refined siluer : so narrowe it is, that but one at once can enter : round about, weares it a gyrdle of waters, that are sweet, redolent, and christalline : the leaues of the vine are not so pretious, the nectar of the Gods nothing so delicious.

Walk into the groues, you shall heare al sorts of birds melodiously singing : you shall see swaynes defly piping, and virgins chastly dancing. Shepheards there liue as merily as kings, and kings are glad to be companions with shepheardes. The widow there complains of no wrong : the orphan sheads no teares, for couetousnes cannot carrie it away with his Gold, nor crueltie with the swaye of greatnesse ; the poore client needs fee no lawyer to pleade for him, for theres no iurie to condemne him, nor iudges to astonish him ; there is all mirth, without immodestie : all health without base abusing of it : all sorts of wines without intemperance :

all riches without sensualitie : all beauty without painting: all loue without dissimulation. Winter there playes not the tyrant, neither is the sommers breath pestilent: for spring is all the yere long tricking vp the boughes: so that the trees are euer flourishing, the fruites euer growing, the flowers euer budding : yea, such cost and such arte is bestowed vppon the arbours, that the very benches (whereon these blest inhabitants sit) are sweet beds of violets: the beds whereon they lye bancks of muske-roses: their pillows hearts are hearts-ease, their sheetes the silken leaues of willow.

Neither is this a common inne to all trauellers, but the very pallace wher happines herself maintaines her court; and none are allowed to followe her, but such as are of merit. Of all men in the world landlords dare not quarter themselues here, because they are rackers of rents: a pettifogger, that has taken brybes, wil be dambd ere he come neere the gates. A fencer is not allow'd to stand within 12 score of the place: no more is a vintner, nor a farmer, nor a taylor, vnlesse he creep through the eye of his needle: no, and but fewe gentlemen vsuers. Women (for all their subiltie,) scarce one amongst fiue hundred has her pewe there, especially old myd-wiues, chamber-maides, and wayting-wenches: their dooings are too well knowne to be let into these lodgings. No, no, none can be free of these liberties but such as haue consciences without cracks; hands not spotted with vncleanness; feete not worne out with walking to mischiefe; and heartes that neuer were

hollowe. Listen therefore, and I will tel you what passengers haue a licence to land vpon these shores.

Young infants that dye at the brest, and haue not suckt of their parents sinnes, are most welcom thither for their innocency. Holy singers whose diuine anthemes haue bound soules by their charmes, and whose liues are tapers of virgin waxe set in siluer candlesticks, to guide men out of errors darknes; they knowe their places there, and haue them for their integrity.

Some schollers are admitted into this societie, but the number of them all is not halfe so many as are in one of the colledges of an universitie; and the reason is, they eyther kindle firebrands (in the sanctified places) by their contention; or kill the hearts of others by their coldnes.

One field there is amongst all the rest set round about with willows, it is call'd the field of mourning, and in this (vpon bancks of flowers that wither away, euen with the scorching sighes of those that sit vpon them,) are a band of malecontents: they looke for all the world like the mad-folkes in Bedlam, and desire (like them) to be alone, and these are forlorn louers: such as pyn'de away to nothing for nothing: such as for the loue of a wanton wench haue gone crying to their graues, whilst she in the mean time, went (laughing to see such a kinde coxcombe) into anothers bed: all the ioye that these poore fooles feed vpon, is to sit singing lamentable ballades to some dolefull tunes: for tho they haue chang'de their olde liues, they cannot forget their young loues; they spend their time in

making of myrtle garlands, and shed so much water out of their eyes, that it hath made a prettie little riuer, which lies so soaking continually at the roots of the willow trees, that halfe the leaues of them, are almost washt into a whitenes.

There is another piece of ground, where are incamped none but soldiers : and of those, not all sortes of soldiers neither, but onely such as haue died noblie in the warres : and yet of those, but a certain number too ; that is to say, such that in execution were neuer bloody: in their countries reuenge, seuer, but not cruell : such as held death in one hand, and mercy in the other : such as neuer rauisht maidens, neuer did abuse no widowes, neuer gloried in the massacre of babes : were neuer druncke of purpose before the battaile began, because they would spare none ; nor after the battaile did neuer quarrell about pledging the health of his whoare. Of this garrison, there are but a few in pay, and therefore they liue without mutiny.

Beyond all these places is there a groue, which stands by itselfe like an iland ; for a streame (that makes musicke in the running) claspts it round about like a hoope girdle of christall: lawrells grew so thicke on all the bankes of it, that lightning itselfe, if it came thither, hath no power to pierce through them. It seems (without) a desolate and vnfrequented wood, (for those within are retyrde into themselues) but from them came forth such harmonious sounds that birdes build nests onely in the trees there to teach tunes to their young ones prettily. This is called the Groue of Bay

trees, and to this consort-rome resort none but the children of Phœbus, (poets and musitions :) the one creates the ditty, and giues it the life or number, the other lends it voyce and makes it speake musicke. When these happy spirits sit asunder, their bodies are like so many starres, and when they ioyne together in seuerall troopes, they shew like so many heauenly constellations. Full of pleasant bowers and queint arboures is all this walke. In one of which, old Chaucer, reuerend for prioritie, blythe in cheare, buxsome in his speeches, and benigne in his hauiour, is circled round with all the makers or poets of his time, their hands leaning on one anothers shoulders, and their eyes fixt seriously vpon his, whilst their eares are all tied to his tongue, by the golden chaines of his numbers; for here (like Euanders mother) they spake all in verse: no Atticke eloquence is so sweete: their language is so pleasing to the goddes, that they vtter their oracles in none other.

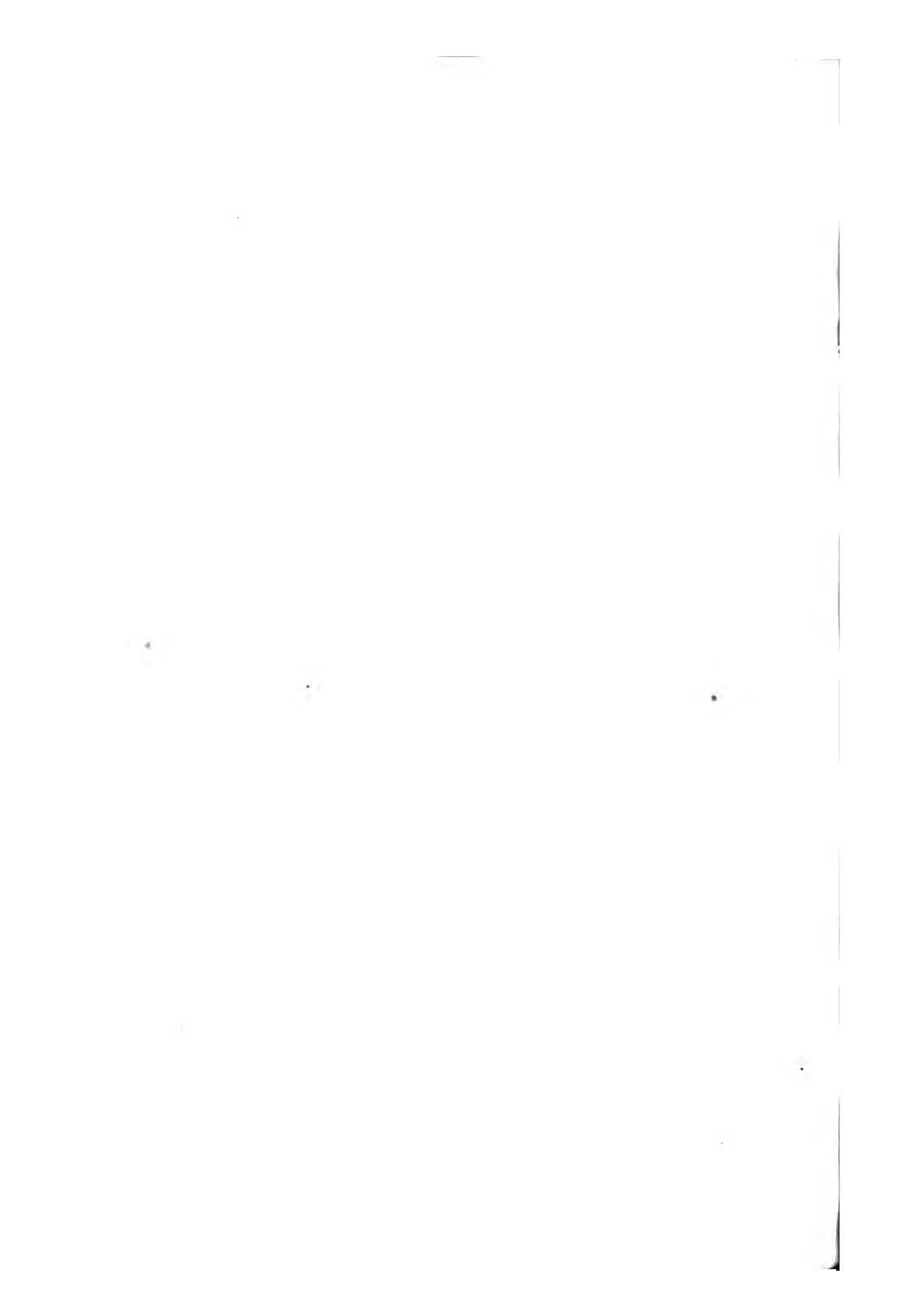
Graue Spencer was no sooner entred into this chappell of Apollo, but these elder fathers of the diuine furie gaue him a lawrer, and sung his welcome: Chaucer call'de him his sonne, and plac'de him at his right hand. All of them (at a signe giuen by the whole quire of the muses that brought him thither,) closing vp their lippes in silence, and tuning all their eares for attention, to heare him sing out the rest of his fayrie queenes praises.

In another companie sat learned Watson, industrious Kyd, ingenious Atchlow, and (tho hee had bene a player,

molded out of their pennes) yet because he had bene their loue, and a register to the Muses, inimitable Bentley : these were likewise carousing to one another at the holy well, some of them singing Pæans to Apollo, som of them hymnes to the rest of the goddes, whil'st Marlow, Greene, and Peele had got vnder the shades of a large vyne, laughing to see Nash (that was but newly come to their colledge,) still haunted with the sharpe and satyricall spirit that followed him heere vpon earth : for Nash inueyed bitterly (as he had wont to do) against dry-fisted patrons, accusing them of his vntimely death, because if they had giuen his muse that cherishment which shee most worthily deserued, hee had fed to his dying day on fat capons, burnt sack and suger, and not so desperately haue ventur'de his life, and shortend his dayes by keeping company with pickle herrings : the rest ask't him "what newes in the world?" hee told them that barbarisme was now growne to bee an epidemiall disease, and more common then the tooth-ache : being demaunded how poets and players agreed now ; troth sayes hee, as phisitions and patients agree ; for the patient loues his doctor no longer then till hee get his health, and the player loues a poet so long as the sicknesse lyes in the two-penie gallery ; when none will come into it : nay (sayes he) into so lowe a miserie (if not contempt,) is the sacred art of poesie falne, that tho a wryter (who is worthy to sit at the table of the Sunne,) wast his braines to earne applause from the more worthie spirits, yet when he has done his best he workes but like Ocnus, that makes ropes in

Hell ; for as hee twists, an asse stands by and bites them in sunder, and that asse is no other than the audience with hard hands. He had no sooner spoken this, but in comes Chettle sweating and blowing, by reason of his fatnes ; to welcome whom, because hee was of olde acquaintance, all rose vp, and fell presentlie on their knees, to drinck a health to all the louers of Hellicon : in dooing which, they made such a mad noyse, that all this coniuring which is past, (beeing but a dreame,) I suddenlie started vp, and am now awake.

FINIS



NOTES.

The Dedication to this tract exposes the common practice of the time in obtaining money from those who did not object to figure in the fore-fronts of ephemeral publications.

“*To the Reader*,” l. 10,—“*a browne bill.*” A sort of pike with a hooked point. They were anciently the weapons of the English foot-soldiers, and were afterwards used by watchmen.

P. 9, l. 29,—“*At length the gunpowder was smelt out, and the trayne discovered.*” Is there an allusion here to the discovery of the gunpowder plot?

P. 10, l. 13,—“*knight of the post.*” A cant term, signifying a hireling evidence, or a person hired to give false bail in case of arrest. The knight of the post to whom Pierce Pennilesse entrusted his Supplication, describes himself to be “a fellow that wil sweare you any thing for twelue pence, but indeed I am a spirit in nature and essence, that take vpon me this humane shape onely to set men together by the eares, and send soules by millions to hell.”—*Pierce Pennilesse*, &c. sig. B, ed. 1595.

P. 11, l. 29,—“*corner caps.*” The same as are still worn in our universities. In *The Returne of the Knight of the Poste*,

1606, the hero, describing his various qualifications, says: "I am sometimes an attorney, sometimes a proctor, very often a parrator; I haue worne a barristers gowne, and when neede requires a *cornerde cappe*."—Sig. c, 3 rev.

P. 12, l. 19,—"*Lymbo*," i.e. hell.

P. 13, l. 1,—"*set below the salt*." The salt-cellars of our ancestors, which were of portly size, served as boundaries, by which the different qualities of their guests were divided. To be placed *below* the salt was a mark of inferiority. Anthony Nixon, in his *Strange Foot-Post with a Packet full of Strange Petitions*, 1613, has the following passage, describing the miseries of a poor scholar: "Now for his fare, it is lightly at the cheefest table, but he must sit *under the salt*, that is an axiome in such places: then having drawne his knife leisurably, unfoulded his napkin mannerly, after twice or thrice wiping his beard, if he have it, he may reach the bread on his knife's point, and fall to his porridge, and betweene every spooneful take as much deliberation as a capon craming, lest he be out of his porridge before they have buried part of the first course in their bellyes."—Sig. f 5.

P. 15, l. 22,—"*great wagers were laid in the worlde*," &c. Dekker's *News from Hell*, which was afterwards altered and extended by its author, under the title of *A Knights Coniuring* (vide Introduction), commences with this passage.

P. 15, l. 28,—"*Euery man that did but pass through Pauls church-yard*," &c. The locality of St. Paul's was as famous in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries for

booksellers' shops as it is at the present time. One edition, if not more, of *Pierce Pennilesse* was "Printed for Nicholas Ling, and are to be sold at his shop at the *northwest doore of S. Paules*, 1595."

P. 16, l. 10,—“*At sword and buckler little Davy was nobody to him.*” This may be the same “little Davy” alluded to by Ben Jonson: “Hee has ne’re a sword and buckler man in his fayre, nor a *little Davy* to take toll o’ the bawds there, as in my time.”—*Bartholomew Fayre*. (*Induction.*)

P. 16, l. 11,—“*for rapier and dagger the Germane may be his iourneyman.*” This person seems to have been “a master of fence,” or common challenger. Dekker alludes to him in the *Owle’s Almanacke*, 1618: “Since the *German fencer* cudgelled most of our English fencers now about 5 moneths past.”—p. 6. And again in *The Seuen deadly Sinnes of London*, 1606: “I would faine see a prize set up, that the welted usurer and the politick bankrupt might rayle one against another for it. O it would beget a riming comedy: the *challenge of the Germayne* against all the masters of the noble science, would not bring in a quarter of the money.”—p. 10. Other allusions to him may be found in Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Knight of the Burning Pestle*; *Works*, vol. i. p. 515, ed. Weber; in Shirley’s *Opportunity*,—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 407, ed. Gifford; and in Middleton’s *Roaring Girl*,—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 466, ed. Dyce.

P. 19, l. 7,—“*’tis out of fashion to bring a Diuell vpon the stage.*” One of the gossips in Ben Jonson’s *Staple of Newes*, exclaims: “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 bless him. The *Diuell* for his money, would hee say, I would faine see the *Diuell*."—*Intermeane after the first Act*, ed. 1631, p. 20. Dekker was the author of a play entitled *If it be not good, the Diuel is in it*, 1612.

P. 19, l. 10,—“*Barathrum*,” i.e. abyss, bottomless gulph.

P. 19, l. 24,—“*with a wet finger*.” A figurative phrase for obtaining anything with *ease*. It is frequently used by our author; see Dr. Nott's reprint of Dekker's *Gulls Horne Book*, pp. 160-1.

P. 20, l. 12,—“*the dycing ordinaryes*.” In Dekker's days, and long after, gambling was carried on at ordinaries. In a curious tract, attributed to Francis Thynne, entitled *Newes from the North, otherwise called the Conference between Simon Certain and Pierce Plowman*, 1585, is the following passage: “A freend of mine would needs giue mee my dinner at an ordinary table, where wee fared very daintely, but I promise you for mine owne parte, I haue thought my self better at ease many a time and oft with bread and cheese in other company. So, sir, in the name of God when dinner was doon, instead of grace, to dice they went on euery side upon proper square tables, fit I warrant you for the purpose.”—Sign. F. Gambling in ordinaries it fully described by our own author in his *English Villanies Seven several Times Prest to Death by the Printers*, &c. 1632.

P. 20, l. 14,—“*in a flat cap, like a shopkeeper*.” An allusion to the citizens, who, according to a statute of Elizabeth

in behalf of the trade of cappers, wore on sabbath days and holidays flat caps made of wool. See the notes of the commentators on "Well, better wits have worne plain *statute caps*."—Shakspeare's *Love's Labours Lost*, Act v. sc. 2.

P. 20, l. 17,—"*In the two-peny roomes of a playhouse,*" &c. Dekker in his *Belman's Night Walkes*, a lively description of London about two centuries and a half ago, says "pay thy two pence to a player in his gallerie, there thou shalt sit by an harlot." For every information concerning the prices of admission to our old theatres, see Collier's *Hist. of English Dramatic Poetry*, iii. 341 et seq.

P. 21, l. 29,—"*Cuckolds hauen.*" "A little below Rotherhithe is a spot, close on the river, called Cuckold's Point; it is distinguished by a tall pole with a pair of horns on the top. Tradition says, that near this place there lived in the reign of King John a miller who had a handsome wife: that his Majesty had an intrigue with the fair dame, and gave him, as a compensation, all the land on that side, which he could see from his house, looking down the river; he was to possess it, however, only on the condition of walking on that day (the 18th of October) annually to the farthest bounds of his estate, with a pair of buck's horns on his head; that the miller, having cleared his eyesight, saw as far as Charlton, and enjoyed the land on the above-mentioned terms. (In several books which condescend to notice this story, we are told that the miller lived at Charlton, and saw as far as Cuckold's Point; but the version of it which I have given is what the watermen on the Thames even now repeat.) Horn fair is still held at Charlton, on the 18th of October,

in commemoration of the event. In *A Discovery by Sea*, &c. by Taylor, the water-poet (*Works*, folio, p. 21, 1630), are the following lines :

“ ‘ And passing further, I at first observ’d
That Cuckold’s-Haven was but badly serv’d :
For there old Time hath such confusion wrought,
That of the ancient place remained nought.
No monumentall memorable horn,
Or tree, or post, which hath those trophies borne,
Was left, whereby posterity may know
Where their forefathers crests did grow, or show.

‘ Why then for shame this worthy post manetaine,
Lets have our tree and horns set up againe ;
That passengers may shew obedience to it,
In putting off their hats, and homage doe it.
But hollo, Muse, no longer be offended,
’Tis worthily repair’d and bravely mended,
For which great meritorious worke my pen
Shall give the glory unto Greenwich men,
It was their onely cost, they were the actors
Without the helpe of other benefactors,
For which my pen their prayses here adorne,
As they have beautifi’d the hav’n with hornes.’

The custom here alluded to, of doing homage to the pole horns, is not yet obsolete among the vulgar.”—*Note of the Rev. A. Dyce (Webster’s Works*, iii. 197-8.) A version of the story, humorously told, may be found in a rare little work, entitled *Ingenii Fructus, or the Cambridge Jest*s, n. d.

P. 21, l. 30,—“*St. Katherins.*” Situated near the Tower. The ancient hospital of St. Katherine was founded in 1148, by Matilda, consort of King Stephen. When the ancient church was demolished, to make room for the present docks, many of the old carvings, together with

the pulpit (carved on its eight sides with representations of the ancient hospital), were removed, and now adorn the present church and hospital of St. Katherine, in the Regent's Park.

P. 23, l. 14,—“*one of the 7 deadly sinnes.*” Dekker was the author of an interesting tract, entitled “*The Seuen Deadly Sinnes of London : drawne in Seuen seuerall Coaches through the Seuen Several Gates of the Citie, bringing the Plague with them. Printed by E. A. for Nathaniel Butter, &c. 1606.*” At the end of the epistle “to the reader” are “the names of the actors in this old Enterlude of Iniquitie:—1. Politike Bankruptisme; 2. Lying; 3. Candle-light; 4. Sloth; 5. Apishnesse; 6. Shauing; 7. Crueltie. Seuen men may easily play this, but not without a Diuell.”

P. 24, l. 8,—“*Tamburlaine-like furie.*” An allusion to the bombastic character of the hero in Marlowe's play of *Tamburlaine the Greate*, printed in 1590, but acted anterior to 1587. Middleton alludes to this character in *Father Hubburds Tales*, 1604, “the ordnance playing like so many *Tamburlaines.*”—Dyce's *Middleton*, v. 588.

P. 25, l. 16,—“*a Lancashire horne-pipe.*” Again, in *The Witch of Edmonton* (printed in 1658, but probably acted soon after 1622), Act iv. sc. 2:—“There's a Lancashire hornpipe in my throat; hark how it tickles it, with doodle, doodle, doodle!” The dance or tune “hornpipe” is so called from the instrument upon which it was played. Chaucer mentions the pipes made of “grene corne;” and the author of the *Complaynt of Scotland* speaks of the “corne pipe.” Probably the earliest tune so called is that

preserved in a manuscript of Henry the Eighth's time, in the King's Library, British Museum (Bib. Reg. Append. No. 58), but it differs considerably from the horn-pipe of the present day. Thomas Weelkes, "Batchelor of Musicke," &c. published, in the year 1608, *Ayres, or Phantasticke Spirits for three voices*; one of these describes with some humour the performance of the horn-pipe. I quote it from a contemporary manuscript in my own possession.

" Jockey, thine horne-pipe's dull ;
Giue wind, man, at full :
Fie vpon such a sad gull,
Like an hoody doody,
All too moody,
 Tootle, tootle.

" Pipe it vp thicker,
He tread it the quicker :
Why then, about it roundly,
And I will foote it soundly :
He take my steps the shorter,
As if I trampled mortar."

One Thomas Marsden published, about the year 1697, *A Collection of Original Lancashire Hornpipes*, but it has now become so exceedingly rare, that I have not been able to meet with a copy in any collection, public or private.

P. 25, l. 18-19, — "*the Spanish Pauin.*" In Middleton's *Blurt, Master Constable*, 1602, Act iv. sc. 2, "*The Spanish pauin*" is directed to be "played within;" and in Ford's *'Tis pity she's a Whore*, 1633, Act. i. sc. 2, one of the characters says, "I have seen an ass and a mule trot the *Spanish pauin.*" Anthony Munday wrote the tenth song in his *Banquet of Daintie Conceits*, 1588, to

“the note of the *Spanish Pavin*.” Many other notices of this popular tune might be given, but I shall merely add, that those who are curious in such matters may see the air itself at page 256 of Queen Elizabeth’s *Virginal Booke*, in the Fitzwilliam Museum, arranged by that famous “Master of Musicke” Dr. John Bull. Directions to dance a pavan may be seen in MS. Harl. 367, fol. 178.

P. 25,—“*vnless there be musicke in her.*” A singular passage in praise of Thomas Nash, follows this passage in the *News from Hell*, which Dekker thought proper to omit in the altered version of that tract. It is as follows: “And thou, into whose soule (if euer there were a Pi-thagorean metempsuchosis) the raptures of that fierie and inconfenable Italian spirit were bounteously and boundlesly infused; thou, sometimes secretary to Pierce Pennylesse, and master of his requests, ingenious, fluent, facetious T. Nash, from whose abundant pen hony flow’d to thy friends, and mortall aconite to thy enemies: thou that madest the doctor a flat dunce, and beatst him at two sundry tall weapons, poetrie and oratorie; sharpest satyre, luculent poet, elegant orator, get leaue for thy ghost to come from her abiding, and to dwell with me awhile till she hath carows’d to me in her owne wonted ful measures of wit, that my plump braynes may swell and burst into bitter inuectiues against the Lieftennant of Lyombo, if he casheere Pierce Pennylesse with dead pay.”

P. 26, l. 17,—“*Erra Paters Almanack.*” An allusion to a popular little book, originally printed by Robert Wyer, with the following title: “*A Prognostication for ever of Erra Pater, a Jewe borne in Jewrye, and Doctoure in*

Astronomye and Phisicke. Profitable to kepe the Bodye in Health. And also Ptholemeus saith the same, n. d. It is again alluded to by Shirley in his *Gamester*, 1637, Act ii. sc. 2 :

“ My Almanack says 'tis a good day to woo in,
Confirmed by *Erra Pater*, that honest Jew, too.”

Butler has immortalized our hero in the well-known distich :

“ In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe, or *Erra Pater*.”

Hudibras, Canto i.

Dr. Nash, in a note upon the above passage, says : “ A little, paltry book of the rules of *Erra Pater* is still vended among the vulgar. (*Hudibras* by Nash, 1835, vol. i. p. 14.) He alludes to *The Book of Knowledge*, but no edition has, I believe, been printed within the last seventy years.

P. 28, l. 20,—“ *like wheels in Brunswick clocks.*” An allusion to the cumbrous and complicated machinery of our first clocks, which came from Germany. See Gifford's note, *Jonson's Works*, vol. iii. p. 432.

P. 28, l. 25,—“ *playing at doublets.*” “ He is discarded for a gamester at all games but one and thirty, and at *tables* he reaches not beyond *doublets.*”—Bp. Earle's *Micro-cosmography*, 1628, edit. 1811, p. 62-3. *Doublets* was one of the moves in the game of *backgammon*, or *tables*, as it was formerly called.

P. 29, l. 1,—“ *vpsy Dutch.*” These words occur in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist* :

“ I do not like the dulness of your eye,
It hath a heavy cast, 'tis *upsee Dutch.*”

Act iv. sc. 6.

- P. 30, l. 15,—“*sold by the drum,*” &c. The Dutch public criers make use of a drum, and our public sales, perhaps, were formerly announced in the same manner. The cry of “No man better?” was probably equivalent to “No man bid higher?”
- P. 30, l. 22,—“*hugger-mugger.*” In secrecy or concealment. “So these perhaps might sometimes have some furtive conversation in *hugger-mugger.*”—Coryat’s *Crudities*, ii. 251, repr.
- P. 30, l. 27,—“*the poor curst him with bell, booke, and candle.*” In the solemn form of excommunication used in the Romish Church, the bell was tolled, the book of offices for the purpose used, and three candles extinguished, with certain ceremonies.
- P. 31, l. 1-2,—“*an Irish kernes.*” The uncivilized inhabitants of Ireland were in Dekker’s time called *wood-karnes*.
- P. 31, l. 21,—“*carontoes,*” i.e. *corantoes*, lively dances in quick time. Specimens of the music may be seen in Elizabeth Rogers’ *Virginal Booke* (Add. MSS. Brit. Mus.) and in the various editions of Playford’s *Apollo’s Banquet*.
- P. 36, l. 5.—“*daylie practising all the foolish tricks of fashion.*” Robert Green, in his *Farewell to Folly*, 1591, alluding to the well-known sign of Dr. Andrew Borde, describes the taste of his countrymen when he wrote with respect to dress: “Time hath brought pride to such perfection in Italie, that we are almost as fantasticke as the English gentleman that is painted naked, with a paire of sheeres in his hande, as not being resolved after what fashion to

have his coat cut. In truth, quoth Farneze, to digresse a little from your matter, I have seene an English gentleman so defused in his sutes, his doublet being for the weare of Castile, his hose for Venice, his hat for France, his cloak for Germanie, that he seemed no way to be an Englishman but by the face."—Sig. c 3, rev. And Dekker, in his *Seauen Deadly Sinnes of London*, 1606, also alluding to the same engraving, says, "Wittie was that painter, therefore, that when hee had limmed one of euery nation in their proper attyres, and beeing at his wittes endes howe to drawe an Englishman, at the last (to giue him a quippe for his follie in apparell) drewe him starke naked, with sheeres in his hand, and cloth on his arme, because none could cut out his fashions but himselfe. For an English-mans suite is like a traitors bodie that hath beene hanged, drawne, and quartered, and set vp in seuerall places: his codpeece is in Denmarke, the collar of his dublet and the belly in France; the wing and narrow sleeue in Italy; the short waste hangs ouer a Dutch botchers stall in Vtrich; his huge sloppes speakes Spanish; Polonia giues him the bootes; the blocke for his head alters faster then the feltmaker can fitte him, and thereupon we are called in scorne block-heads. And thus we that mocke euerie nation for keeping one fashion, yet steale patches from euerie one of them to peece out our pride, are now laughing-stocks to them, because their cut so scuruily becomes vs."—pp. 31-2.

P. 37, l. 27,—"*drunkenesse, which was once the Dutch-mans head-ake, is now become the Englishmans.*" "I know it, and am ashamed to tell thee that Drunkenesse reeles euery day vp and down my streetes. Fellowes there are that follow me, who in deepe bowles shall drowne the

Dutchman, and make him lie vnder the table. At his own weapon of vpsie freeze will they dare him."—*Westminsters Speech to London*, in Dekker's *Dead Tearme*, 1608, sig. A 5.

P. 38, l. 13,—“*drink more in two daies then all Maning-tree does at a Whitsun-ale.*” Manningtree appears to have been celebrated for its merrymakings and stage-plays. Heywood, in his *Apology for Actors*, 1612, says, “to this day in divers places in England there be townes that hold the priviledge of their faires, and other charters, by yearely stage-playes, as at Manningtree in Suffolke, Kendall in the North, and others.” Dekker, in his *Seuen Deadly Sinnes of London*, 1606, says, “it is acted, like the old *morralls* at Maningtree, by trades-men.”—p. 40.

P. 38, l. 27,—“*a Cales knight,*” i.e. a knight of *Cadiz*. On the taking of the city of *Cadiz* (June 21, 1596), in a descent made on the coast of Spain, under the command of Lord Howard admiral, and the Earl of Essex general, the latter knighted not fewer than sixty persons, which gave rise (says Bp. Percy) to the following sarcasm :

“ A gentleman of Wales, a knight of *Cales*,
And a laird of the north country ;
But a yeoman of Kent with his yearly rent
Will buy them out all three.”

P. 39, l. 14,—“*Will. Sommers,*” the celebrated jester to King Henry VIII, and one of the most renowned of his class. Very little is known of his actual biography. In 1676 was published (perhaps not for the first time), *A Pleasant History of the Life and Death of Will. Somers*, a great part of which is taken from Andrew Borde's collection of

The Merry Jests and Witty Shifts of Scoggin. A portrait of Sommers and his royal master may be seen in an illuminated Psalter in the British Museum (MS. Reg. 2 A, xvi); also in Holbein's picture of Henry VIII and his family, formerly in the meeting room of the Society of Antiquaries, and now in the Palace at Hampton Court.

P. 39, l. 29,—“*It was a comedy to see what a crowding (as if it had bene a neue play).*” New plays seem to have attracted large audiences. One of the characters in Marmyon's *Fine Companion*, says, “a new play, and a gentlemen in a new suit, claim the same privilege—at their first presentment their estimation is double.”—See Collier's *Hist. of Dram. Poet*, iii. 408.

P. 42, l. 30,—“*Moore-ditche.*” Dekker again alludes to the filthy state of *Moorditch* in his *Guls Horn-Book*, 1609: “The ground that has of late years been called *Moorfields*, together with the adjoining manor of Finsbury, or Fensbury, extending as far as Hoxton, was in the fourteenth century one continued marsh, passable only by rude causeways here and there raised upon it. *Moorfields*, in the time of Edward the Second, let but for four marks per anum, a sum equal in value to six pounds sterling. In 1414, a postern gate, called *Moorgate*, was opened in London Wall by Sir Thomas Fauconer, mayor, affording freer access to the city for such as crossed the *Moor*; and water-courses from it were begun. In 1511, regular dikes, and bridges of communication over them, were made for more effectually draining this fenny tract, during the mayoralty of Sir Robert Atchely; which draining was gradually proceeded upon for about a cen-

tury, till, in Dekker's day, it would appear that the waters were collected in one great *ditch*. In 1614, it was to a great degree levelled, and laid out into walks. In 1732, or between that and 1740, its level was perfected and the walks planted with elms. After this, the spot was for years neglected, and *Moorfields* became an assemblage of petty shops, particularly booksellers', and of ironmongers' stalls; till, in the year 1790, the handsome square of Finsbury completed arose upon its site."—Note of Dr. Nott to his reprint of the *Guls Horne-Book*, p. 48.

P. 46, l. 15,—“*Paris garden*” was situated on the Southwark side of the water, and according to Blount's *Glossographia* derived its name from Robert de Paris, who had a house and grounds there in the reign of Richard II. It appears to have been used for bear-baiting as early as the 17th of Henry VIII.—See Collier's *History of Dramatic Poetry*, iii. 278.

P. 51, l. 11,—“*during his absence the wryter that penn'd the Supplication had been landed by Charon*. Nash died, in all probability of the plague, about the middle of the year 1604. In Middleton's *Blacke Booke*, 1604, he is described as living in a state of the most abject wretchedness; and in the same author's *Father Hubbards Tales*, printed later in the same year, he is spoken of as dead. Nash's earliest known production is dated 1587, and his latest 1600. The compiler of the fourth part of the *Bibliotheca Heberiana*, noticing a curious tract entitled *Newes from Graves-end; sent to Nobody* (printed in 1604), says: “A curious Dedicatory Epistle to Syr Nicholas Nemo, alias *Nobody*, is prefixed to this poetical tract, very much in the semi-humorous and satirical style of

Thomas Nash, who was dead at the close of the year 1604, but who might have lived to publish this production." He also adds: "it would be a strange coincidence if his (Nash's) last work related to the disorder which proved fatal to him."

P. 52, l. 21,—"*leade him vp and downe like Guy,*" &c. Is there an allusion here to the effigy of Guido Fawkes being paraded through the streets, "to make sports in any drunken assemblie"? If so, it is an early allusion to the custom.

P. 53, l. 2,—"*this Comedie of Errors.*" This may be an allusion to Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*; but it is immaterial.

P. 54, l. 30,—"*tell all the brokers in Long Lane, Houndsditch, or elsewhere.*" Middleton, in his *Blacke Booke*, 1604, says: "let brokers become whole honest then, and remove to heaven out of *Houndsditch*."—Dyce's *Middleton*, v. 510. Dekker again speaks of the brokers of *Houndsditch* in his *Seauen Deadly Sinnes*, 1606, p. 36; and Sam. Rowlands, in his *Letting of Humours Blood in the Head-vaine*, 1611, speaks of going "into *Houndsditch* to the *Brokers roe*." Long Lane was perhaps equally notorious, for Nash in his *Pierce Pennilesse* speaks of "swords and bucklers" being pawned in "Long Lane."

P. 60, l. 9,—"*wild Irish footeman.*" It was customary, at the period when Dekker wrote, for the nobility to retain "wild Irish footmen" in their service. So in *Cupid's Whirligig*, ed. 1616, "Come, thou hast such a running

wit, 'tis like an *Irish foote boy*."—Sig. E 3. In Brathwait's *Strappado for the Diuell*, 1615,

"For see those thin breech *Irish lackies* run"—p. 191.

And in Dekker's *English Villanies six several times prest to death by the Printers, &c.* 1632, "The Deuils *foote-man* was very nimble of his heeles, for *no wild Irish-man* could outrunne him."—Sig. B 4.

P. 61, l. 22,—"*my rich Iew of Malta*." An allusion to Marlowe's tragedy of *The Rich Jew of Malta*. It was entered for publication on the Stationers' books in 1594, but was not printed until 1633, when it was edited by Thomas Heywood.—Vide Collier's *History of Dramatic Poetry*, iii. 137.

P. 65, l. 4,—"*but to a company of countrey-players, being nine in number, one sharer, and the rest iourneymen,*" &c. The items conveyed in Charon's account of expenses, place country players in no very enviable light. "Sharers, half-sharers, and hired men, are mentioned in the old satirical play *Histriomastix*, 1610. In one scene, the dissolute performers having been arrested by soldiers, one of the latter exclaims, 'Come on, players! now we are the sharers, and you the hired men;' and in another scene, Clout, one of the characters, rejects with some indignation the offer of 'half a share.' In the same production we also meet with the term 'master sharers;' they are spoken of by an officer as more substantial men: 'you that are master-sharers must provide you your own purses.'"—See Collier's *History of Dramatic Poetry*, iii. 427 et seq.

P. 65, l. 15,—"*Tickle the next minikin*." "One touches the

bass, and the other *tickles the minikin*.”—Middleton’s *Family of Love*, Act i. sc. 3. “Minikin,” says Nares (*Glos.* in v.), “seems sometimes to have meant treble in music.” It also meant a fiddle: “A fidler when he hath crackt his *minikin*.”—*Jacke Drums Entertainment*, sig. E 3, ed. 1616.

P. 66, l. 14,—“*steale thither in coaches*.” “In the year 1564, Guylliam Boonen, a Dutchman, became the queene’s coachmanne, and was the first that brought the use of coaches into England. And after a while, divers great ladies, with a great jealousie of the queene’s displeasure, made them coaches, and rid in them up and downe the countries to the great admiration of all beholders; but then, by little and little, they grew usual among the nobility and others of sort, and within twenty years began a great trade of coachmaking. And about that time began long wagons to come into use, such as now come to London from Caunterbury, Norwich, Ipswich, Gloucester, &c. with passengers and commodities. Lastly, even at this time, 1605, began the ordinary use of coaches.”—Stowe’s *Annales*, 1615, fol. 867. Barnaby Rich, in his curious tract entitled *The Honestie of this Age*, &c. 1614, exclaims: “and howe are coache makers and coach-men increased, that fiftie yeares agoe were but fewe in number; but nowe a coach-man and a foot-boy is enough, and more than euery knight is able to keepe.”—Sig. D 3, ver.

P. 66, l. 20,—“*Dunkirks*,” i.e. privateers of Dunkirk. So Shirley,—“was ta’en at sea by *Dunkirks*.”—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 428. ed. Dyce.

P. 66, l. 22,—“*if Parris garden would but fall downe againe*.”

This fatal accident occurred on Sunday, January 13th, 1582-3. The loss of life was not, however, so great as might have been expected, considering the number of persons assembled. Stow, describing the calamity, says that eight lives were lost, and adds, as the cause of the accident, that the scaffolds were "old and unpropped." A worthy zealot, by name John Field, who published *A Godly Exhortation* on the occasion, says, that about a thousand people were collected together when the accident happened, and that five men and two women were killed, and more than a hundred and fifty persons seriously injured.

P. 70, l. 2,—"*he dyed auncient in the midst of his youth.*"

This is a powerful and interesting description of the death of a gallant English soldier. Ostend, where it appears he lost his life, was taken by the Marquis of Spinola on the 8th of February 1604, after it had held out three years and ten weeks. Full particulars of the siege may be found in *A True History of the memorable Siege of Ostend, and what passed on either Side from the beginning of the Siege unto the yeelding up of the Towne. Translated out of French into English by Edward Grimesten, 1604.* William Eps is not there mentioned by name, but it is possible he may be one of those alluded to as having performed heroic actions.

P. 70. The *News from Hell* ends with some slight variations at the end of chapter viii. The last chapter is added to this edition.

P. 70, l. 13,—"*Syr Dagonet,*" the squire of King Arthur, in the old romance of *Morte Arthur*.

- P. 71, l. 20,—“*swaynes deftly piping.*” In the *News from Hell*, this passage stands “swaynes deftly piping.” I had not observed it till too late, or I should have altered it in the text.”
- P. 75, l. 29,—“*learned Watson.*” Thomas Watson, celebrated for his elegant sonnets, was styled by Meres the *English Petrarch*. He died between the publication of his *Tears of Fancie* in 1593, and 1596, when Nash speaks of him in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, as a man “whom he dearly lov’d and honor’d, and for all things hath left few his equalls in England.”
- P. 75, l. 30,—“*industrious Kyd.*” Thomas Kyd was a dramatic author of no mean merit. His *Spanish Tragedy* went through more editions than perhaps any play of the time. See Collier’s *History of Dramatic Poetry*, iii. 205.
- P. 75 l. 30, — “*ingenious Atchlow.*” Thomas Achelly, Acheley, or Achlow, for his name is variously spelt, is mentioned by Nash, in his address to “Gentlemen Students” prefixed to Greene’s *Arcadia*, as having “more then once or twice manifested his deepe-witted schollership in places of credite.” He is called by Meres the *English Boccaccio*, probably for his translation of “*A most lamentable and tragicall Historie, conteyning the outrageous and horrible Tyrannie whiche a Spanishe Gentlewoman named Violente executed vpon her Lover, because he espoused another, being first betrothed vnto her. Imprinted at London by John Charlewood for Thomas Butter, 1576.*” He was also a contributor to *England’s Parnassus*, and has some commendatory verses “to the author” prefixed to Watson’s *EKATOMIAΘIA, or Passionate Centurie of Love* (1581). In all probability

he was the author of a poem called *The Massacre of Money*, printed in 1602.

P. 76, l. 2,—“*inimitable Bentley.*” Nash thus notices Bentley in his *Pierce Pennilesse*: “If I euer write any thing in Latin (as I hope one day I shall), not a man of any desert here amongst vs but I will haue vp: Tarlton, Ned Allen, Knell, *Bently*, shal be made knowne to France, Spaine, and Italy; and not a part that they surmounted in more than other but I will there note and set downe, with the manner of their habites and attyre.”—Sig. G, ed. 1595. Heywood, in his *Apology for Actors*, 1612, celebrates “Knell, Bentley, Mils, Wilson, Crosse, and Laman,” as players who “by the report of many iuditiall auditors” performed many parts “so absolute, that it were a kind of sinne to drowne their worths in Lethe, and not commit their (almost forgotten) names to eternity.”—(Shakespeare Society’s reprint, p. 43.) John Bentley is mentioned by Ritson (*Bibl. Poet.*) as the author of a few short poems in an ancient MS. belonging to Samuel Lysons, Esq.

P. 76, l. 6.—“*Marlow.*” “The story of Marlow’s death has been differently related, but it seems now ascertained that he was killed by his rival in love: Marlow found his rival with the lady to whom he was attached, and rushed upon him; but his antagonist, being the stronger, thrust the point of Marlow’s own dagger into his head. This event probably occurred at Deptford, where, according to the register of St. Nicholas’ Church, Marlow was buried, on June 1st, 1593, and it is also there recorded that he was ‘slain by Francis Archer.’—Collier’s *History of Dramatic Poetry*, iii. 144.

P. 76, l. 6,—“*Greene.*” Robert Greene died in September 1592, of a fatal illness occasioned by eating and drinking immoderately of red herrings and Rhenish wine. See the best account of Greene prefixed to the Rev. A. Dyce’s edition of his *Dramatic Works*.

P. 76, l. 6,—“*Peele.*” George Peele, the dramatist, is supposed to have been born about 1552. The date of his death is unknown, but that it occurred in or before 1598 is certain, as Meres, in the second part of *Palladis Tamia, or Wit’s Treasury*, published in that year, informs us of the cause. See the Memoir of Peele prefixed to the Rev. A. Dyce’s elegant edition of his *Works*, 3 vols. 1829.

P. 76, l. 16,—“*keeping company with pickle herrings.*” The Rev. A. Dyce asks, “Is there an allusion here to the banquet of ‘pickled herrings’ which proved fatal to poor Green, and at which Nash was present?” Undoubtedly there is.

P. 77, l. 4,—“*Chettle.*” See the Introduction to *Kind Harts Dreame* (reprinted by the Percy Society) for an account of this author. In addition to the facts there collected, I am now enabled to add the following inscription (probably upon a child of Chettle’s), formerly in the church of St. John, New Windsor, and preserved in Ashmole’s *Antiquities of Berkshire*, 1719, iii. 75. It was kindly pointed out to me by the Rev. Joseph Hunter.

“ Here lyeth the Body
of Mary Chettle,
The Daughter of Henry Chettle ; who
dy’d the 2d of
September 1595, Ætatis suæ 12.
In Memory of whome, Robert Gwine,
Yeoman of the Guard,
hath caus’d this to be done.”

THE
MEETING OF GALLANTS

AT AN ORDINAIRE :

OR,

THE WALKES IN POWLES.

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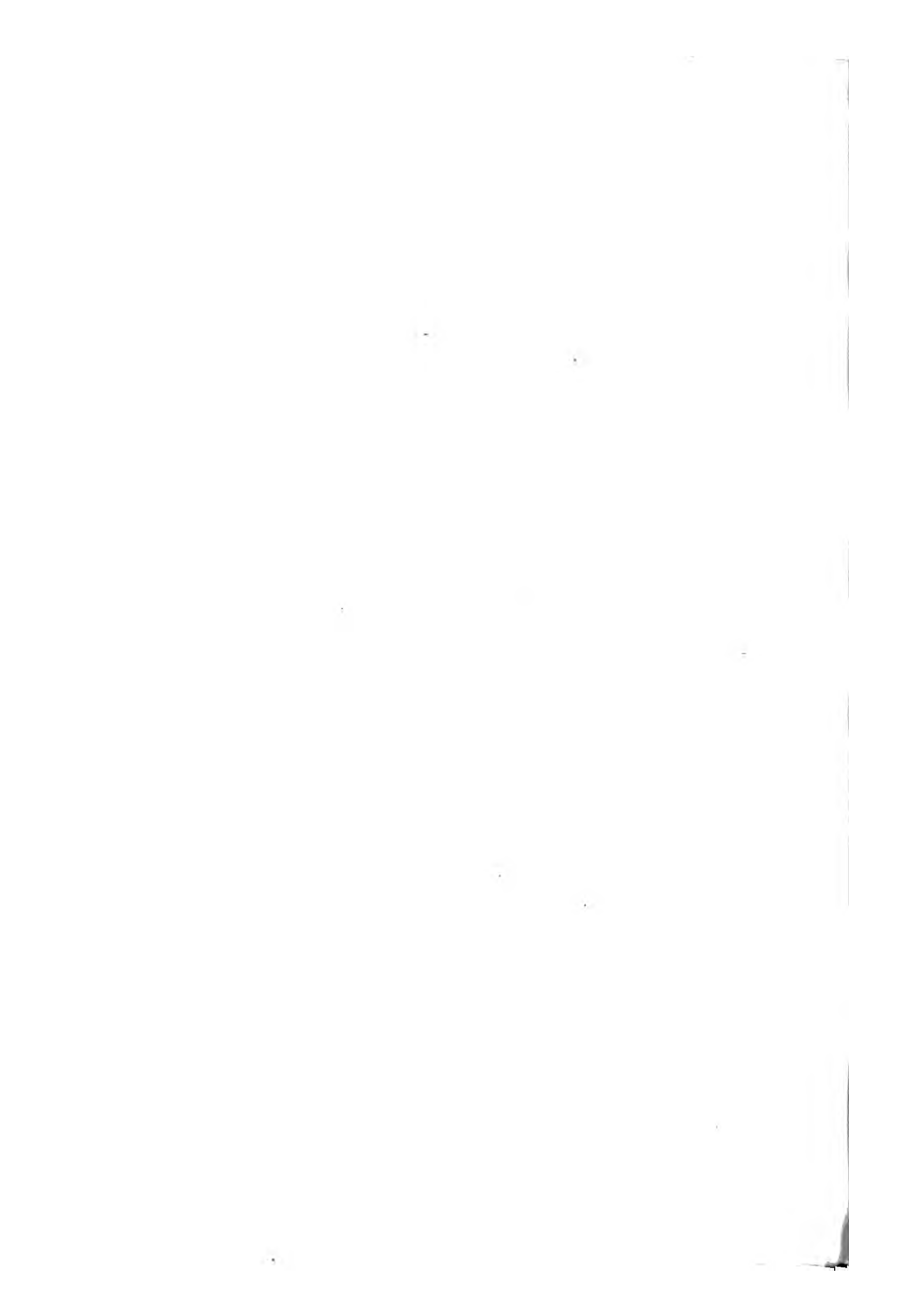
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PREFACE.

THE following curious tract is now, for the first time, reprinted from the only copy known to exist, preserved, among other black-letter rarities, in Malone's Collection in the Bodleian Library. It has, however, other claims on our notice of much more importance than any rarity could impart, for it affords us a curious picture of a very eventful occurrence in the history of our great metropolis, besides the illustrations which it gives to the works of Shakespeare and contemporary writers.

I refer to the plague of London in 1603, which raged so violently between the months of May and December, and may well be compared in its effects to the pestilence which was afterwards emphatically termed "the great plague." The pamphlet now reprinted was written at the commencement of the following year; and among the numerous works which appeared on the subject of the plague, I have not met with any which gives so curious and interesting an insight into the domestic life of the inhabitants of the metropolis during its continuance, as the one now printed. The name of the author is not known, and I have not succeeded in discovering any clue to it. The books of the

Stationers' Company may perhaps supply us with the information; and pity it is that such inquiries should be obstructed by the difficulties which are thrown in the way of obtaining access to those registers.

It is a singular circumstance that De Foe, in his pleasant fiction of the "History of the Plague," should have given a tale in substance the same with that related in the following tract, at p. 25. I will extract from De Foe the anecdote to which I refer, so that the reader may compare the two together:—

"It was under this John Hayward's care, and within his bounds, that the story of the piper, with which people have made themselves so merry, happened, and he assured me that it was true. It is said that he was a blind piper: but, as John told me, the fellow was not blind, but an ignorant, weak, poor man, and usually walked his rounds about ten o'clock at night, and went piping along from door to door, and the people usually took him in at public-houses where they knew him, and would give him drink and victuals, and sometimes farthings; and he, in return, would pipe and sing, and talk simply, which diverted the people; and thus he lived: it was but a very bad time for this diversion, while things were as I have told; yet the poor fellow went about as usual, but was almost starved: and when anybody asked how he did, he would answer,—the dead-cart had not taken him yet, but that they had promised to call for him next week.

"It happened one night that this poor fellow, whether somebody had given him too much drink

or no, John Hayward said he had not drink in his house, but that they had given him a little more victuals than ordinary at a public-house in Coleman Street: and the poor fellow having not usually had a belly-full, or, perhaps, not a good while, was laid all along upon the top of a bulk or stall, and fast asleep at a door in the street near London Wall, towards Cripplegate; and that upon the same bulk or stall, the people of some house, in the alley of which the house was a corner, hearing a bell which they always rung before the cart came, had laid a body really dead of the plague just by him, thinking too that this poor fellow had been a dead body, as the other was, and laid there by some of the neighbours.

“Accordingly, when John Hayward, with his bell and the cart, came along, finding two dead bodies lie upon the stall, they took them up with the instrument they used, and threw them into the cart, and all this while the piper slept soundly.

“From hence they passed along, and took in other dead bodies, till, as honest John Hayward told me, they almost buried him alive in the cart; yet all this while he slept soundly; at length the cart came to the place where the bodies were to be thrown into the ground, which, as I do remember, was at Mount-mill; and as the cart usually stopped some time before they were ready to shoot out the melancholy load they had in it, as soon as the cart stopped, the fellow awaked, and struggled a little to get his head out from among the dead bodies, when raising himself up in the cart, he called out: ‘Hey! where am I?’

This frightened the fellow that attended about the work, but after some pause, John Hayward recovering himself, said: 'Lord bless us! there is somebody in the cart not quite dead!' So another called to him, and said: 'Who are you?' The fellow answered: 'I am the poor piper; where am I?' 'Where are you?' says Hayward, 'why, you are in the dead-cart, and we are going to bury you.' 'But I arn't dead though, am I?' says the piper, which made them laugh a little, though, as John said, they were heartily frightened at first; so they helped the poor fellow down, and he went about his business.

"I know, as the story goes, he set up his pipes in the cart, and frightened the bearers and others, so that they ran away; but John Hayward did not tell the story so, nor say anything of his piping at all; but that he was a poor piper, and that he was carried away as above I am fully satisfied of the truth of."

There is, of course, no necessity for believing that De Foe was acquainted with "The Meeting of Gallants," but it satisfactorily proves that he was not the inventor of all the tales in the celebrated "History of the Plague;" and gives us fair ground for conjecturing that he most probably adopted many of them from the oral anecdotes which had come floating down to his time on the stream of popular tradition.

J. O. H.

35, *Alfred Place, London.*

Translation of St. Edward, 1841.

THE
MEETING OF GALLANTS

AT AN ORDINARIE:

OR,

THE WALKES IN POWLES.

LONDON:

Printed by T. C. and are to be solde by Mathew Lawe,
dwelling in Paules Church-yard.

1604.



A DIALOGUE BETWEENE WARRE, FAMINE,
AND THE PESTILENCE, BLAZING
THEIR SEUERALL EUILLS.

THE GENIUS OF WARRE.

FAMINE and Pestilence, Cowards of Hell,
That strike in peace, when the whole world's vnarmde ;
Tripping vp soules of Beggars, limblesse wretches,
Hole-stopping Prisoners, miserable Catchpoles,
Whom one vocation stabs, dare you Furies
Confront the Ghost of crimson passing Warre ?
Thou bleake-cheekt wretch, one of my plenteous wounds
Would make thee a good colour.

FAMINE.

I Defye,
Thy blood and thee, 'tis that which I destroy,
He starue thee Warre for this.

WARRE.

Alasse weake famine ;
Why, a Taylor is the faridest man thou kilst
That liues by bread, thou darst not touch a farmer,
No nor his griping Sonne-in-lawe that weds
His daughter with a dowry of stuf Barnes,

Thou runst away from these, such makes thee flye,
 And there thou lightst vpon the Labourers mawe,
 Breakst into poore mens stomackes, and there driest
 The sting of Hunger like a Dastard.

FAMINE.

Bastard,
 Peace Warre, least I betray thy monstrous birth:
 Thou knowest I can deriue thee.

PESTILENCE.

And I both.

WARRE.

And I repugne you both, you hags of Realmes,
 Thou Witch of Famine, and Drab of plagues:
 Thou that makest men eate slouely, and feede
 On excrements of Beasts, and at one meale
 Swallow a hundred pound in very Doues-dung.

FAMINE.

Therein thou tellst my glory and rich power.

WARRE.

And thou.

PESTILENCE.

Beware Warre how thou speakest of me,
 I haue friends here in England, though some dead
 Some still can showe, where I was borne and bred;
 Therefore be wary in pronouncing mee:
 Many haue tooke my part, whose Carcases
 Lye now tenne fadome deepe: many aliue

Can showe their skars in my contagious Quarrell :
 Warre, I surpasse the furie of thy stroake,
 Say that an Army fortie thousand strong,
 Enter thy crimson lists, and of that number,
 Perchance the fourth part falls, markt with red death ?
 Why, I slay fortie thousand in one Battaile,
 Full of blew wounds, whose cold clay Bodies looke
 Like speckled Marble.
 As for lame persons, and maimed Souldiers
 There I outstrip thee too ; how many Swarmes
 Of bruised and crackt people did I leaue,
 Their Groines sore pier'st with pestilentall Shot :
 Their Arme-pits digd with Blaines, and vlcerous Sores,
 Lurking like poisoned Bullets in their flesh ?
 Othersome shot in the eye with Carbuncles,
 Their Lids as monstrous as the Sarazens.

WARRE.

Thou plaguy woman, cease thy infectious brags,
 Thou pestilent strumpet, base and common murdresse,
 What men of marke or memory haue fell
 In they poore purple Battaile, say thou'st slayne
 Foure hundred Silkweauers, poore Silk-wormes, vanisht
 As many Tapsters, Chamberlaines, and Ostlers,
 Darest thou contend with me thou freckled-Harlot,
 And match thy durty Glories, with the Splendor
 Of kingly Tragedies acted by me ?
 When I haue dyed the greene stage of the field,
 Red with the blood of Monarchs, and rich states,
 How many Dukes and Earles, haue I drunke vp

At one couragious Rows? O Summer Diuell,
 Thou wast but made as Rats bane to kill Bawde,
 To poyson Drunkards, vomiting out their Soules
 Into the Bulke of Hell, to infect the Corps
 Of Pewter-buttonde Serieants, such as these
 Venome whole Realmes: and as Phisitians say,
 Poysons with poyson, must be forcest away.

PESTILENCE.

Warre, twist not me with double damned Bawdes,
 Or prostituted Harlots, I leaue them
 For my French Nephewe, he raignes ouer these:
 Ile show you both how I excell you both.
 Who euer read that Usurers dyed in Warre
 Grasping a Sword, or in an yron yeare,
 Languisht with famine? but by me surprizde
 Euen in their Counting-houses, as they sate
 Amongst their golden Hills: when I haue changed
 Their Gold into dead tokens, with the touch
 Of my pale-spotted, and infectious Rodde,
 When with a suddaine start and gastly looke,
 They haue left counting Coyne, to count their flesh,
 And summe vp their last vsury on their Brests,
 All their whole wealth loekt in their bony Chests.

WARRE.

Are Usurers then the proudest Acts thou playdst?
 Pack-Penny fathers, Couetous rooting Moles,
 That haue their gold thrice higher then their soules:
 Is this the Top of all thy glorious Laughters,

To ayme them at my princely Massacres?
 Poore Dame of Pestilence, and Hag of Famine,
 I pittie your weake furies.

FAMINE.

Oh I could eate you both,
 I am so torne with Hunger, and with Rage:
 What is not flinty famine, gasping Dearth,
 Worthy to be in ranke weth dusty Warre?
 And little Pestilence, are not my Acts
 More stony-pittillesse then thine, or thine?
 What ist to dye stamp full of drunken wounds,
 Which makes a man reele quickly to his Graue,
 Without the sting of Torments, or the sence
 Of chewing Death by peecemeale? vndone and done,
 In the forth part of a poore short Minute?
 Tis but a bloody slumber, a read dreame,
 Not worthy to be named a torturing Death,
 Nor thine thou most infectious Citty dame,
 That for thy Pride art plagued, bearest the shape
 Of running Pestilence, those which thou strikest
 Were death within fewe dayes vpon their hearts,
 Or else presage amendment: when I raigne,
 Heauen puts on a brasse, to be as hard in blessing,
 As the earth fruitlesse in increasing. Oh,
 I rack the vaines and Sinewes, lañcke the lungs,
 Freeze all the passages, plough vp the Mawe:
 My torment lingers like a sute in Lawe,
 What are you both to me insolent Euills?
 Joyne both your furies, they waigh light to mine.

And what art thou Warre, that so wantest thy good?
But like a Barber-Surgion that lets blood.

WARRE.

Out Lenten Harlot.

PESTILENCE.

Out on you both, and if all matter failes,
He showe my glorie in these following Tales.

FINIS.

THE
MEETING OF GALLANTS AT AN ORDINARIE.

WHERE THE FATTE HOST TELLES TALES AT THE VPPER
ENDE OF THE TABLE.

SIG. SHUTTLECOCKE.

What Signior Ginglespur, the first Gallant I mette in Powles, since the one and thirtie daie, or the decease of July, and I may fitly call it the decease, for there deceast aboute three hundred that daye, a shrewde Prologue marry to the Tragedie that followed: and yet I speake somewhat improperly to call it a Prologue, because those that died were all out of their Partes; What dare you venture Sig. at the latter ende of a Fraye now? I meane not at a Fraye with swordes and Bucklers, but with sores and Carbunckles: I protest you are a strong Metalde Gentle-man, because you do not feare the dangerous Featherbeds of London, nor to be tost in a perilous Blancket, or to lie in the fellowes of those sheetes that two dead Bodies were wrapt in some three monethes before. Naye I can tell you, there is many an honest house in London wel stockt before with large linnen, where now remaines not aboute two sheetes and a halfe, and so the good man of the house driuen to lye in the one sheete for shift, till the payre be washt and dried: for you knowe tenne wound out

of one house, must for shame carry five payre of sheetes with them, being coffind and put to boord-wages, the onely Knights policy to saue charges in victualles. But soft Signior, what may he be that stalkt by vs now in a ruinous sute of apparell, with his Page out at Elbowes? 'tis a strange sight in Powles Signior, mee thinkes, to see a broken Page follow a seamerent Maister.

SIG. GINGLESPURRE.

What doe you wonder at that sight now? 'tis a Limbe of the fashion, and as commendable to goe ragged after a plague, as to haue an Antient full of holes and Tatters after a Battaile: And I haue seene five hundred of the same rancke in apparell, for most of your choyce and curious Gallants came vp in cloathes, because they thought it very dangerous to deale with Sattin this plague-time, being Diuell ynough without the plague: beside there hath bene a great Dearth of Taylors, the propertie of whose deathes were wonderfull, for they were tooke from Hell to Heauen: All these were Motiues sufficient to perswade Gentlemen as they loued their liues, to come vp in their old sutes, and be very respectiue and carefull how they make themselues new-ones, and to venture vpon a Burchen-lane Hose and Doublet, were euen to shunne the villanous Jawes of Charibdis, and fall into the large swallow of Scylla, the deuouring Catch-pole of the Sea: for their bombait is wicked ynough in the best and soundest season, and there is as much perill betweene the wings and the skirts of one of their Doublets, as in all the liberties of

London, take Saint Tooles Parish, and all the most infected places of England.

Well, I haue almost mard their market, for Gentlemen especially, those that loue to smell sweete, for they are the worst Milliners in a kingdome, and their sutes beare the mustiest perfume of anything breathing, vnlesse it were an Usurers Night-cappe againe: And indeed that sents worse then the strong breath of Ajax, where his seuenfold shield is turnde to a Stoole with a hole in it. But see yonder, Signior Stramazoon and Signior Kickshawe, now of a suddaine allighted in Powles with their durtie Bootes, lets encounter them at the fift Pillar, in them you shall finde my talke verified, and the fashion truly pictured. What Signior, both well met vppon the old worne Brasse, the Moone hath had aboute sixe great Bellies since wee walkt here last together, and layne in as often: Mee thinkes Signiors, this middle of Powles lookes strange and bare, like a long-hayrde Gentleman new powlde, washt and shaued, and I may fitly say shaued, for there was neuer a lusty Shauer seene walking here this halfe yeare: especially if he loued his life, hee would reuolt from Duke Humfrey, and rather bee a Wood-cleauer in the Countrey, then a chest-breaker in London: But what Gallants march vp a pace now, Signiors; how are the high waies fild to London?

SIG. SHUTTLECOCKE.

Euery mans head here is full of the Proclamation, and the honest blacke Gentleman the Tearme, hath

kept a great hall at Westminster againe: all the Tavernes in Kings-streete will be Emperors, Innes and Alehouses at least Marquesses a piece: Now Cookes begin to make more Coffins than Carpenters, and burie more whole meate then Sextons, fewe Bells are heard a nights beside old John Clappers, the Bellmans: And Gentlemen 'twas time for you to come, for I know many an honest Tradesman that would haue come downe to you else, and set vp their shops in the Country, had you not venturde vp the sooner; and he that would haue brande it, and bene a vaine-glorious silken Asse all the last Sommer, might haue made a Sute of Sattin cheaper in the plague-time, then a Sute of Marry-muffe in the Tearme-time; there was not so much Veluet stirring, as would haue bene a Couer to a little Booke in Octauo, or seamde a Lieftenants Buffe-doublet; A French-hood would haue bene more wondered at in London, then the Polonians with their long-tayld Gaberdines, and which was most lamentable, there was neuer a Gilt Spur to be seene all the Strand ouer, neuer a Feather wagging in all Fleetstreete, vnlesse some Country Forehorse came by, by meere chauce, with a Raine-beaten Feather in his Costrill; the streete looking for all the world like a Sunday morning at sixe of the Clocke, three houres before seruice, and the Bells ringing all about London, as if the Coronation day had bene halfe a yeare long.

SIG. STRAMAZON.

Trust me Gentlemen a very sore discourse.

SIG. SHUTTLECOCKE.

I could tell you now the miserable state and pittifull case of many Tradesmen whose wares lay dead on their hands by the burying of their seruants, and how those were held especially very dangerous and perilous Trades that had any woollen about them, for the infection being for the most part a Londoner, loued to be lapt warme, and therefore was saide to skip into wollen cloathes, and lie smothering in a shag-hayrde Rugge, or an old fashionde Couerlid: to confirme which, I haue hard of some this last Sommer that would not venture into an Upholsters shoppe amongst dangerous Rugges, and Feather-bed-tikes, no, although they had bene sure to haue bene made Aldermen when they came out againe: such was their infectious conceyte of a harmelesse necessary Couerlid, and would stop their foolish Noses, when they past through Watling-street by a Ranke of Woolen Drapers. And this makes me call to memory the strange and wonderfull dressing of a Coach that scudded through London the ninth of August, for I put the day in my Table-booke, because it was worthy the registing.

This fearefull pittifull Coach was all hung with Rue from the top to the toe of the Boote, to keepe the leather and the nayles from infection; the very Nosthrills of the Coach-horses were stopt with hearb-grace, that I pittied the poore Beasts being almost windlesse, and hauing then more Grace in their Noses, then their Maister had in all his bosome, and thus they ran through Cornewell iust in the middle of the street, with such a violent Trample as if the Diuell had bene Coachman.

SIG. KICKSHOW.

A very excellent Folly, that the name of the Plague should take the wall of a Coach, and driue his Worship downe into the Chanell.

But see how we haue lost our selues, Powles is changde into Gallants, and those which I saw come vp in old Taffata Doublets yesterday, are slipt into nine yardes of Sattin to day.

SIG. STRAMAZON.

And Signiors, wee in especiall care haue sent our Pages to enquire out a payre of honest cleane Taylors, which are hard to be found, because there was such a number of Botchers the last Sommer: and I thinke it one of Hercules labours, to finde two whole Taylors about London, that hath not beene plagued for their stealing, or else for sowing of false seeds, which peepe out before their Seasons.

SIG. GINGLESPUR.

But what, dare you venture to an Ordinarie? harke, the Quarter-Jackes are vp for a Leauen; I know an honest Host about London, that hath barreld vp newes for Gallants, like Pickled Oysters, marry your Ordinarie will cost you two shillings, but the Tales that lie in Brine will be worth sixpence of the money: for you know 'tis great charges to keepe Tales long, and therefore he must be somewhat considered for the laying out of his language: for blinde Gue you know has six-pence at the least for groping in the Darke.

SIG. STRAMAZON.

Yea; but Signior Gingle-spur, you see we are altogether vnfurnished for an Ordinarie till the Taylor cut vs out and new mould vs: and to rancke amongst Gallants in old Apparel, why their very Apish Pages would breake Jests vpon our Elbowes, and dominere ouer our worne doublets most tyrannically.

SIG. GINGLE-SPUR.

Puh. Signior Stramazoon, you turne the Bias the wrong way, you doubt where there is no doubt, I will conduct you to an Ordinarie where you shall eate priuate amongst Essex Gentlemen of your fashioned rancke in Apparell, who as yet waite for fresh Cloathes, as you for new Taylers, and account it more commendable to come vp in seamerent Suites, and whole Bodies, then to haue infectious torne Bodies, and sound Suites.

SIG. KICKSHAW.

If it be so, Signior, (harke a Quarter strikes) wee are for you, we will follow you, for I loue to heare Tales when a merrie Corpulent Host bandies them out of his Flop-mouth; but how far must we march now like tottred Souldiers after a Fray, to their Nuncions?

SIG. SHUTTLECOCKE.

Why, if you throw your eyes but a little before you, you may see the signe and token that beckens his Guest to him: do you heare the Clapper of his Tongue now?

SIG. STRAMAZOON.

Stoote, the mad Bulchin squeakes shriller then the Saunce Bell at Westminster.

SIG. SHUTTLECOCKE.

Nay, now you shall heare him ring lustily at our entrance, stop your eares if you loue them, for one of his words wil run about your braines louder then the Drum at the Beare-garden.

Entring into the Ordinarie.

HOST.

What Gallants are you come, are you come? welcome Gentlemen; I haue newes enough for you all, welcome againe, and againe: I am so fatte and pursie, I cannot speake loude inough, but I am sure you heare mee, or you shall heare me: Welcome, welcome Gentlemen, I haue Tales, and Quailes for you; seate your selues Gallantes, enter Boyes and Beardes with dishes and Platters; I will be with you againe in a trice ere you looke for me.

SIG. SHUTTLECOCKE.

Now Signiors how like you mine Host? did I not tell you he was a madde round knaue, and a merrie one too: and if you chaunce to talke of fatte Sir Iohn Old-castle, he wil tell you, he was his great Grandfather, and not much vnlike him in Paunch, if you marke him well by all descriptions; and see where hee appeares againe. Hee told you he would not be longe from you, let this humor haue scope enough I pray, and there is no doubt but his Tales will make vs laugh ere we be out of our Porridge: Howe now mine Host?

HOST.

O my Gallant of Gallants, my Top and Top Gallant,

how many Horses hast thou kilde in the Countrie with the hunting of Harlottries ; goe too, was I with you, you madde waggés ? and I haue beene a merrie knaue this thre and fortie yeares, my Bullyes, my Boyes.

SIG. KICKSHAW.

Yea, but my honest-larded Host, where be these Tales now ?

HOST.

I haue them at my tongues end my Gallant Bullyes of fíue and twenty, my dainty liberall Landlords I haue them for you : you shall neuer take me vnprouded for Gentlemen, I keepe them like Anchouises to relish your drinke wel : stop your mouths gallants, and I wil stuffe your cares I warrant you, and first I begin with a Tipsie Vintner in London.

OF A VINTNER IN LONDON, DYING IN A HUMOUR.

This discourse that followes, Gentlemen-Gallants, is of a light-headed Vintner, who scorning to be onely drunke in his owne Seller, would get vp betimes in the morning, to bee downe of his Nose thrice before euening : he was a man of all Tauernes, and excellent Musitian at the Sackbut, and your onely dauncer of the canaries : this strange Wine-sucker had a humour this time of infection, to faine himselfe sick, and indeed he had swallowed downe many Tauerne-tokens, and was infected much with the plague of drunkennes : but how-soeuer, sick he would be, for the humour had possessed him, when to the comforting of his poore heart, he

powrde downe a leauen shillings in Rose of Solace, more then would haue cheerde all the sick persons in the Pest-house: and yet for all that he felt himselfe ill at his stomacke afterwards, wherefore his request was, reporting himselfe very feeble, to haue two men hired with sixpence a piece, to transport him ouer the way to his friends house: but when he saw he was deluded, and had no body to carry him, he flung his Gowne about him very desperatly, tooke his owne legges, and away he went with himselfe as coragiously, as the best stalker in Europe: where being allighted, not long after, he rounded one in the eare in priuate, and bad that the great Bell should be towld for him, the great Bel of all, and with all possible speede that might be: that done, he gagged open the Windowes, and when the Bell was towling, cried, lowder yet; I heare thee not Maister Bell: then strutting vp and downe the chamber, spake to the Audience in this wise.

Ist possible a man should walke in such perfect memory and haue the Bell towle for him? sure I neuer heard of any that did the like before mee.

Thus by towling of the great Bell, all the Parish rang of him, diuerse opinions went of him, and not without cause or matter to worke vpon: In conclusion, within fewe dayes after, he was found to be the man indeed, whose part he did but play before; his Pulses were angry with him, and began to beate him; all his Pores fell out with him; the Bel towld for him in sadnes, rung out in gladnes, and there was the end of his drunken madnes; such a ridiculous humour of dying

was neuer heard of before: and I hope neuer shall be againe, now he is out of England.

SIG. STRAMAZON.

This was a strange fellow mine Host, and worthy Stowe's Chronicle.

HOST.

Nay Gallants Ile fit you, and now I will serue in another as good as Vineger and Pepper to your Roast-beefe.

SIG. KICKSHAWE.

Lets haue it; lets taste on it mine Host, my noble fat Actor.

HOW A YONG FELLOW WAS EUEN BESPOKE AND IESTED
TO DEATH BY HARLOTS.

There was a company of intollerable light Women assembled together, who all the time of infection, liued upon Citizens seruants: yong Nouices that made their Maisters Baggs die of the Plague at home, whilst they tooke Sanctuarie in the Countrie. Mistake me not, I meane not the best rancke of seruants: but vnderlings, and bogish Sottes, such as haue not witte to distinguish Companies, and auoyde the temptation of Harlots, which make men more miserable then Dericke. These light-heelde Wagtailes who where armde (as they tearme it) against all weathers of Plague and Pestilence; carrying alwaies a French Supersedies about them for the sicknesse, were determined being halfe Tipsie, and as light now in their Heads, as any where

else: to execute a Jest vpon a yong vnfruitfull Fellow which should haue had the Banes of Matrimonie asked betweene him and a woman of their Religion, which would haue proued Bane indeede, and worse then Rattes-bane, to haue beene coupled with a Harlot: But note the euent of a bespeaking Jest, these women gaue it out that he was dead, sent to the Sexton of the Church in all hast to haue the Bell rung out for him, which was suddainly heard, and many comming to enquire of the Sexton, his name was spread ouer all the Parish, (hee little dreaming of that dead report being as then in perfect health and memorie,) on the morrow as the custome is, the Searchers came to the house where he laye to discharge their office, asking for the dead Bodie, and in what Room it lay, who hearing himself named, in such a cold shape almost strucke dead indeede with their words, replyed with a hastie Countenance (for he could play a Ghost well,) that hee was the man: At which the Searchers started, and thought hee had beene new risen from vnder the Table; when vomiting out some two or three deepe-fetch Oaths; hee askt what villaine it was which made that Jest of him: but whether the conceit strucke cold to his heart or whether the strumpets were Witches I know not, (the next degree to a Harlot is a Bawde, or a Witch,) but this yongster daunced the shaking of one sheete within fewe daies after, and then the Searchers lost not their labours, and therefore I conclude thus.

“ That Fate lights suddaine that’s bespoke before,
A Harlots tongue is worse then a Plague-sore.”

Well rimde, my litle round and thicke Host, haue you any more of these in your fatte Budget?

I haue them, my Gallant Bullies, and here comes one fitly for sawce to your Capon.

OF ONE THAT FELL DRUNKE OFF FROM HIS HORSE,
TAKEN FOR A LONDONER DEAD.

In a certaine country-towne not farre of, there was a boone companion lighted amongst good fellowes, as they call good fellowes now a dayes, which are those that can drinke best, for your excellent drunkard, is your notable Gallant, and he that can passe away cleare without paying the Host in the Chimney-Corner, he is the king of Cannes, and the Emperour of Ale-houses, this fellow tying his Horse by the Bridle vpon the red Lattis of the window, could not bridle himselfe so well, but afterward proued more Beast then his Horse, being so ouerwhelmed with whole Cans, hoopes, and such drunken deuices, that his English Crowne weighed lighter by ten graines at his comming forth, then at his entering in: and it was easier now for his Horse to get vp a Top of Powles, then he to get vp upon his Horse, the stirrup plaide mock-holy-day with him, and made a foole of his foote: at last with much adoe he fell flounce into the Saddle, and away he scudded out at townes end, where he thought euery Tree he saw had bene rising vp to stop him: so strangly are the sences of drunkards tost and transported, that at the very instant they thinke the worlds drownd againe; so this staggering Monster imagined he was riding vpon a

Sea-mare: but before he was Tenne Gallops from the towne-side, his briane plaide him a Jades trick, and kickt him ouer, downe he fell. When the Horse soberer then the maister stood still and wonderd at him for a Beast; but durst not say so much; by and by Passingers passing to and fro, beholding his lamentable downfall, cald out to one another to view that pittifull Spectacle, people flockt about him more and more, but none durst venture within two Poles length, nor some within the length of Powles: euery one gaue vp his verdict, and all concluding in one that he was some coward Londoner, who thought to fly from the sicknes, which as it seemed, made after him amayne, and strucke him beside his horse: thus all agreed in one tale, some bemoning the death of the man, othersome, wishing that all Curmudgins, Pennifathers, and fox-furd Usurers were serued of the same sauce: who taking their flight out of London, left poore Silke-weauers, Tapsters, and Waterbearers, to fight it out against sore enemies. In a word, all the towne was in an vprore, the Constable standing aloofe off, stopping his Nose like a Gentleman-vsher, durst not come within two stones cast by no meanes: no, if he might presently haue bene made Constable in the hundred: Euery Townsman at his wise Non-plus, nothing but looking and wondering, yet some wiser then some, and those I thinke were the Watch-men, told them flatly and plainly, that the body must be remoued in any case, and that Extempore: it would infect all the Ayre round about else. These horesons seemed to haue some wit yet, and their politick

counsell was tooke, and embracst amongst them, but all the cunning was how to remoue him without taking the winde of him: wherevpon two or three weather wise Stinkards pluckt vp handfulls of Grasse, and tost them into the Ayre, and then whoopeing and hollowing, told them the winde blew sweetly for the purpose, for it stood full on his Back-part, then all agreed to remoue him with certaine long Instruments, sending home for hookes and strong Ropes, as if they had bene pulling downe a house of Fyre: but this was rather a Tilt-boate cast away, and all the people drowned within: to conclude, these long deuices were brought to remoue him without a writ; when by meere chaunce past by one of the wisest of the Towne next the Constable, for so it appeared afterwards, by the hornes of his deuce, who being certified of the storie, and what they went about to doe, brake into these words openly.

Why my good fellowes, friends and honest neighbours, trow you what you venture vppon, will you needs drawe the plague to you, by hooke or by crooke, you will say perhaps your poles are long ynough. Why you neuer heard or read that long deuices take soonest infection, and that there is no vilder thing in the world, then the smell of a Rope to bring a man to his end, that you all know.

Wherefore to auoid al farther inconueniences, dangerous and infectious, hearken to my exploit: If you drag him along the fields, our hounds may take the sent of him, a very dangerous matter: if you burie him in the fields, a hundred to one but the ground will be

rotten this winter ; wherfore your onely way must be to let him lie as he doth, without mouing, and euey good fellowe to bring his Arme-full of straw, heape it vpon him, and round about him, and so in conclusion burne out the infection as he lies : euey man threw vp his old Cap at this. Straw was brought and throwne vpon him by Arme-fulls; all this while the drownd fellow lay still without moving, dreaming of full Cannes, Tapsters, and Beere-barrells, when presently they put fire to the strawe, which kept such a bragging and a cracking, that vp-started the drunkard, like a thing made of fire-workes, the flame playing with his Nose, and his Beard looking like flaming Apolloes, as our Poets please to tearme it, who burst into these reeling words when he spied the fire hizzing about his pate.

What is the Top of Powles on fire againe ? or is there a fire in the Powle-head ? why then Drawers, quench me with double Beere. The folkes in the Towne all in amaze, some running this way, some that way, knew him at last by his staggering tongue, for he was no dweller, though they imagined he had dwelt at London, so stopping his Horse which ran away from the fierie Planet his Maister, as though the Diuell had backt him, euerie one laught at the Jest, closed it vp in an Alehouse, where before Euening the most part of them were all as drunke as himselfe.

Sit you merrie still, Gentlemen Gallants, your Dish of Tales is your best cheere, and to please you my noble Bullies, I would doo that I did not this thirtie yeares, Caper, Caper, my Gallant Boyes, although I

cracke my Shins, and my Guts sinke a handfull lower.
Ile doote, my lustie Lads, Ile doote.

With that the Host gaue a lazie Caper, and broke his Shins for Joye, the Reckoning was appeazed, the Roome discharged, and so I leaue them in Powles where I founde them.

HOST.

And now I returne to more pleasant Arguments, Gentlemen Gallants, to make you laugh ere you be quite out of your Capen: this that I discourse of now is a prettie merrie accident that happened about Shore-ditch, although the intent was Sad and Tragicall, yet the euent was mirthfull and pleasant: The goodman (or rather as I may fitlier tearme him, the bad-man of a House) being sorely pesterd with the death of seruants, and to auoyde all suspition of the Pestilence from his house aboue all others, did very craftily and subtilly compound with the Maisters of the Pest-cart, to fetch away by night as they hast by, all that should chance to die in his house, hauing three or foure seruants downe at once, and told them that he knew one of them would be readie for them by that time the Cart came by, and to cleare his house of all suspition, the dead body should bee laide upon a stall, some fiewe or sixe houses of: where, there they should entertaine him and take him in amongst his dead companions: To conclude, night drewe on-ward, and the seruant concluded his life, and according to their appointment was enstalde to be made Knight of the Pest-cart. But here comes in the excellent Jest, Gentlemen-Gallants of fiewe

and twentie, about the darke and pittifull season of the night: a shipwracke drunkard, (or one drunke at the signe of the Ship,) new cast from the shore of an Ale-house, and his braines sore beaten with the cruell tempests of Ale and Beere, fell Flounce vpon a lowe stall hard by the house, there being little difference in the Carcasse, for the other was dead, and he was dead-drunke, (the worse death of the twaine) there taking vp his drinking Lodging, and the Pest-cart comming by, they made no more adoo, but taking him for the dead Bodie, placed him amongst his companions, and away they hurried with him to the Pest-house: but there is an oulde Prouerbe, and now confirmed true, a Drunken man neuer takes harme: to the Approbation of which, for all his lying with infectious Bedfellowes, the next morning a little before he should be buried, he stretcht and yawnde as wholesomly, as the best Tinker in all Banburie, and returned to his olde Vomit againe, and was druncke in Shoreditch before Euening.

GINGLE-SPUR.

This was a prettie Commedie of Errors, my round Host.

HOST.

O my Bullies, there was many such a part plaide vpon the Stage both of the Cittie and the Subburbs.

Moreouer my Gallants, some did noble Exployts, whose names I shame to publish, in hiring Porters and base Vassales to carrie their seruants out in Sackes to White-chappell, and such out places to poore mens

houses that worke to them, and therefore durst doo no otherwise but receiue them, though to their vtter ruines, and detestable noysomnesse, fearing to displease them for their Reuenge afterwardes, as in putting their worke from them to others for their vtter vndoing : how many such pranke thinke you haue beene playde in the same fashion onely to entertaine Customers, to keepe their shops open, and the Foreheads of their doores from (Lord haue mercy vpon vs) many I could set downe heere and publish them to the world, together with all their strange shiftes, and vncharitable deuices.

Whereof one especially, notable and politicke may euen leade you to the rest and driue you into Imagination of many the like: for one to burie foure or fiue persons out of his house, and yet neither the Sexton of the same Parish, nor any else of his Neighbours in the streete where hee dwelles in to haue intelligence of it, (but all thinges be they neuer so lurking, breake forth at the last) this being the cunning aud close practise; politickly to indent with the Sexton of some other Church (as dwelling in one Parish) to see the Sexton of another by a pretie peece of Siluer, to burie all that die in the same house in his Churchyard, which voide all suspition of the Plague from his shop, which may be at the least some sixe or seuen Parish Churches off; or at another to practise the like; nothing but compounding with a rauenous Sexton that liues vpon dead Carcasses, for no Trades were so much in vse as Coffinmakers and Sextons, they were the Lawers the last Vacation, and had there bountifull Fees of their Graue-

clients: wherefore they prayed as the Countrie-folkes at Hartford did, (If report be no lyar) very impiously and barbarously, that the sicknesse might last till the last Christmas; and this was their vncharitable meanings, and the vnchristian effect of their wishes: that they might haue the Tearme kept at Hartford, and the Sextons there Tearme still here in London; but Winchester made a Goose of Hartford, and ended the strife: Thus like Monsters of Nature they wisht in their Barbarous hearts, that their desires might take such effects: and for the greedy Lucre of a fewe priuate and meane persons, to sucke vp the life of thousands.

Many other maruellous euenths happened, both in the Citty and else where. As for example, In dead mans place at Saint Mary-ouerus; a man servant being buried at seuen of the clocke in the morning, and the graue standing open for more dead Commodities, at foure of the clocke in the same euening, he was got vp aliue againe by strange miracle: which to be true and certaine, hundreds of people can testifie that saw him act like a country Ghost in his white peackled Sheete. And it was not a thing vnknowne on the other side, that the Countries were striken, and that very grieuously, many dying there: many going thither likewise fell downe suddainly and dyed, men on Horsebacke riding thither, strangely striken in the midst of ther iourneys, forest eyther to light off, or fall off, and dye: and for certain and substantiall report, many the last yeare were buried neare vnto hye-waies in the same order, in their cloaths as they were, booted and spurd; euen

as they lighted off, rowld into Ditches, Pits and Hedges so lamentably, so rudely, and vnchristianlike, that it would haue made a pittifull, and remorsefull eye blood shot, to see such a ruthfull and disordered Object: and a true heart bleed outright, (but not such a one as mine, Gallants, for my heart bleeds nothing but Alegant,) how commonly we saw here, the husband and the wife buried together, a weeping Spectacle containing much sorrow : how often were whole households emptied to fill vp Graves? and how sore the violence of that stroake was, that strooke tenne persons out of one house, being a thing dreadfull to apprehend and thinke vpon; with many maruellous and strange Accidents. But let not this make you sad, Gallants: sit you mery stil: Here my dainty Bullyes, Ile put you all in one Goblet, and wash all these Tales in a Cup of Sack.

NOTES.

P. 4, l. 25.—*Lye now tenne fadome deepe.* This expression is not uncommon in contemporary writings. The reader will call to mind the exquisite song of Ariel, in Shakespeare's *Tempest*, commencing, "Full fathom five thy father lies."

P. 5, l. 8. *Their groines sore pier'st.* The following account of the symptoms of the plague, is taken from a tract entitled *A new treatise of the Pestilence*, by S. H., 4to. Lond. 1603;—"The signes to know when the body is infected, are for the most part an apostum or tumor about the eare, necke, under the arme holes, or flancke, with a fever, and sometimes there ariseth in some other parts of the body a darke greene or evill coloured sore. These signes for the most part doth appeare, but not alwaies; but for the more certainty, we must consider these symtomes or signes that follow. There hapneth after infection a great pricking and shooting in the body, and especially in the necke, armeholes, and flanckes, also extreame heate within the body, and in the hands, knees, and feete very cold, so that there is joyned with the same a shivering as in a fever: also there is heavines of the head, drynesse of the mouth, with extreame thirst; also a drowsinesse and great desire to sleepe: some againe are so watchfull that they cannot sleepe, so that they rave as though they were in a phrensie: there happeneth also great paine in the head, faintnesse, sluggishnesse, weaknesse of the limme, pensivenesse, no desire of meat, with often vomiting, the matter being bitter and of divers colours, &c." See also Lodge's *Treatise of the Plague*, 4to. Lond. 1603, cap. iii.

P. 5, l. 11.—*Othersome*. This word is not inserted in the glossaries to Shakespeare, and yet it is frequently used by him and other poets in preference to the other double form. So in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act, i. sc. 1,—

“How happy some o'er othersome can be.”

P. 6, l. 14.—*Their gold into dead tokens*. A play upon words. A token, as it is almost unnecessary to say, was a small coin struck by private individuals to pass for a farthing, before the government issued those pieces. A token signified also *macula pestilens*, a spot on the body denoting the infection of the plague.

P. 7, l. 10.—*In the forth part of a poore short minute*. A similiar expression occurs in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act, ii. sc. 3.

P. 9, l. 8.—*I may fitly call it the decease*. The month of July was the most destructive during the continuance of the plague. According to Stow, Chron. by Howes, fol. Lond. 1631, p. 827, eight hundred and fifty-seven persons died in London of the plague during the week ending on July 24th, 1603.

P. 9, l. 17.—*The dangerous featherbeds*. This is perhaps an humorous allusion to a tale related by Lodge in his *Treatise of the Pestilence*, 4to. Lond. 1603, “of one that was sicke of the plague in Venice, which kept the venome seaven yeares, and the first that slept upon the same at the end of the same terme were sodainly surprised with the plague.” The story is taken from Alexander Benedictus.

P. 9, l. 19.—*Sheetes that two dead bodies were wrapt in*. The following is extracted from a pamphlet by James Bamford,

entitled, *A short Dialogue concerning the Plagues infection*, 12mo. Lond. 1603, p. 14:—"It hath beene proued that clothes of infected persons layed vp and not well ayred, being opened, though a yeere or more after, haue instantly renewed the plague. Againe, we perceiue by the smell that garments will retaine the sent of Wormewood or Muske for a long time: the cause is not in the sent by itselſe considered, but in the ayre which is the subiect of the sent. The plague in a garment is a poysoned aire, being according to the nature thereof, called by the learned the *Death of the Ayre*, proceeding from the partie infected, and infecting the garment, though not perceiued by smell: as the open, cleere and wholesome ayre of the heauens is healthfull for the body, though not perceiued by smell." It may be worth while to mention that the copy of this rare little book, in the library of the Royal Society, from which I have taken the above extract, was a presentation copy from the author to his son, having the following autographical memorandum on the fly-leaf: "Samuel Bamfordes booke of his father's gifte."

P. 10, l. 17.—*Being diuell ynough without the plague.* This is of course a pun on the word "Sattin" in the previous passage.

P. 11, l. 22.—*Hee would reuolt from Duke Humfrey.* One of the aisles in St. Paul's was then called Duke Humphrey's Walk. The expression "to dine with Duke Humphrey," which is alluded to afterwards, was applied to persons, who, being unable either to procure a dinner by their own money or from the favour of their friends, walk and loiter about during dinner time. See Dugdale's "History of St. Paul's Cathedral," edited by Sir Henry Ellis, p. 107. "Sundry fellowes in their silkes shall be appointed to keepe duke

Humfrye company in Poules, because they know not where to get their dinners abroad.”—*A wonderful, strange, and miraculous Prognostication*, by Nash, 4to. Lond. 1591. Hall also alludes to the same in one of his satires, edit. 1602, p. 60.—

“Tis Ruffio: Prow'st thou where he din'd to day?
 In sooth I saw him sit with duke Humfray:
 Manie good welcoms, and much gratis cheere,
 Keeps he for everie stragling cavaliere;
 An open house haunted with greate resort,
 Long service mixt with musicall disport.”

P. 11, l. 28.—*Full of the proclamation.* There were so many proclamations issued concerning the plague, that it would be difficult to say for certainty which one is here meant. One entitled “Orders to be observed against the Infection of the Plague,” is preserved in the British Museum.

P. 13, l. 25.—*The very nostrills of the coach horses.* It was supposed that the infection which was communicated through the nose, was of the most dangerous nature. “The infection taken at the nostrills is more dangerous then otherwise, because there are two organes or passages that lead to the heart from thence, more then from the mouth.”—*A new booke, intituled, I am for you all*; by James Manning, 4to. Lond. 1604, p. 9.

P. 16, l. 4, 5.—*Louder then the drum at the Beare-garden.* A favourite place of amusement at this period, and the ‘drum’ appears to have touched the musical senses of others, besides the author of the present tract. “Sound base in mine eares like the Beare-garden drum,” *The Black Booke*, 4to. Lond. 1604, p. 3. The common saying of making as much noise “as a bear-garden” perhaps owes its origin to the same circumstance.

P. 16, l. 20.—*Fatte Sir John Oldcastle*. The whole of this passage is valuable, as affording an argument for the long disputed tradition, handed down to us by Rowe, respecting the original name of Shakespeare's famous fat knight, Sir John Falstaff. I have recently discussed the subject at length in a little work "On the character of Sir John Falstaff, as originally exhibited by Shakespeare in the Two Parts of King Henry IV.," 8vo. Lond. 1841 (Pickering.)

P. 17, l. 14.—*Cares*. So in the original, but probably a mistake of the compositor for the word *eares*.

P. 17, l. 21.—*Excellent Musitian at the Sackbut, and your onely dauncer of the canaries*. A similar play upon words occurs in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iii. sc. 2.

P. 19, l. 4.—*Worthy Stowe's Chronicle*. The first edition of Stow's "Summarie of Englysh Chronicles," appeared in 1561, of which the only copy known, is in the collection (says Lowndes) of the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville. The work here alluded to, was probably "The Chronicles or Annals of England from Brute," 4to. Lond. 1580, 1592, and 1600.

P. 19, l. 23.—*More miserable then Dericke*. This was the name of the common hangman at this time. He is very frequently alluded to by contemporary writers.

P. 21, l. 14.—*Vpon the red lattis of the window*. The ale-houses at this time were invariably distinguished by red lattices, and were often known by this latter title. Falstaff, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii. sc. 2, addressing Pistol, says, "I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain

to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, *your red-lattice phrases*, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour!"

P. 21, l. 20.—*Easier now for his horse to get vp a top of Powles.* An allusion to Bankes's celebrated "dancing horse," so often mentioned by contemporary writers. See Malone's edition of Shakespeare, by Boswell, vol. iv, p. 299.

P. 23, l. 9.—*As if they had bene pulling downe a house of fyre.* It may not be out of place to mention that the first idea of our present fire-engines was given in a curious work, called *A treatise named Lucarsolace*, by Cyprian Lucar, 4to. Lond. 1590, p. 157, where may be found an account, with an engraving, of "a squirt which hath bene devised to cast much water upon a burning house, wishing a like squirt and plenty of water to be alwaies in a readinesse where fire may do harme."

P. 24, l. 16.—*Is the top of Powles on fire againe?* This may perhaps allude to the destructive fire in the year 1561, when the whole steeple was destroyed, and which created a great sensation at the time. An account of this unfortunate occurrence was published under the title of "The true report of the burnyng of the stepl and church of Powles in London," 12mo. Lond. 1561, which is reprinted in the *Archæologia*, vol. xi. p. 74. See Dugdale's "History of St. Paul's Cathedral," edited by Sir Henry Ellis, p. 96. Decker, however, in his *Wonderfull Yeare*, 4to. Lond. 1603, speaks of "the toppe of Powles, which vpon my knowledge hath bene burnt twice or thrice." Our author more probably, therefore, refers to some more recent occurrence.

P. 25, l. 29.—*Made Knight of the Pest-cart.* Between the time of King James's arrival at Berwick in April, 1603, and the second of May, he made, according to Stow, two hundred and thirty-seven knights; and in the July following, between three and four hundred. This may then perhaps be said in ridicule of an order which had become so common. Mrs. Page, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii. sc. 1. says, "these Knights will hack," and therefore advises Mrs. Ford not to "alter the article of her gentry" by accepting the fat knight's invitation.

P. 26, l. 21.—*This was a prettie Commedie of Errors.* This may or may not be an allusion to Shakespeare's comedy, and the decision of the question is of little moment, as we know that play was written long before the publication of the present tract. Chalmers, *Supplemental Apology*, p. 279, suggests that "before the decease of Shakespeare, it had become proverbial to give this appellation to different dramas of a comic kind." I have observed many passages in contemporary writers which confirm this conjecture. Anton, in his *Philosophicall Satyres*, 4to. Lond. 1616, p. 51, exclaims—

"What Comedies of Errors swell the stage!"

which appears to be a general and not particular allusion.

P. 27, l. 9.—*Lord haue mercy vpon vs.* This was the inscription put upon the door of the houses infected with the plague. Biron, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v. sc. 2, compares the love of himself and his companions to this,—

"Soft, let us see;—
Write, *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see."

So, also, in *More Fooles yet*, 4to. Lond. 1610, by Roger Sharpe, there is another allusion to the same practice,—

“ But by the way he saw and much respected
A doore belonging to a house infected,
Whereon was plac'd (as 'tis the custom still)
The *Lord have mercy on us*: this sad bill
The sot perus'd.”

And in Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, 1632,—“ *Lord have mercy on us* may well stand over their doors, for debt is a most dangerous city pestilence.”

P. 29. I will here extract a curious passage from Decker's *Gulls' Hornbook*, edited by Dr. Nott, in the chapter entitled “How a gallant should behave himself in Paul's Walks,” because, although the work is readily accessible to the reader, it affords good illustration of the foregoing tract. “Now for your venturing into the walk. Be circumspect and wary what pillar you come in at; and take heed, in any case, as you love the reputation of your honour, that you avoid the serving-man's log, and approach not within five fathom of that pillar; but bend your course directly in the middle line, that the whole body of the church may appear to be yours; where, in view of all, you may publish your suit in what manner you affect most, either with the slide of your cloak from the one shoulder; and then you must, as 'twere in anger, suddenly snatch at the middle of the inside, if it be taffeta at the least; and so, by that means, your costly lining is betrayed, or else by the pretty advantage of compliment. But one note by the way do I especially woo you to, the neglect of which makes many of our gallants cheap and ordinary, that by no means you be seen above four turns; but in the fifth make yourself away, either in some of the semsters' shops, the new tobacco-office, or amongst the booksellers, where, if you cannot read, exercise your smoke, and inquire who has writ against this

divine weed, &c. For this withdrawing yourself a little will much benefit your suit, which else, by too long walking, would be stale to the whole spectators: but howsoever if Paul's jacks be once up with their elbows, and quarrelling to strike eleven; as soon as ever the clock has parted them, and ended the fray with his hammer, let not the Duke's gallery contain you any longer, but pass away apace in open view; in which departure, if by chance you either encounter or aloof off throw your inquisitive eye upon any knight or squire, being your familiar, salute him not by his name of Sir such a one, or so; but call him Ned or Jack, &c. This will set off your estimation with great men: and if, though there be a dozen companies between you, 'tis the better, he call aloud to you, for that is most genteel, to know where he shall find you at two o'clock; tell him at such an ordinary, or such; and be sure to name those that are dearest, and whither none but your gallants resort. After dinner you may appear again, having translated yourself out of your English cloth cloak into a light Turkey grogram, if you have that happiness of shifting; and then be seen, for a turn or two, to correct your teeth with some quill or silver instrument, and to cleanse your gums with a wrought handkerchief: it skills not whether you dined or no; that is best known to your stomach; or in what place you dined; though it were with cheese, of your own mother's making, in your chamber or study. Now if you chance to be a gallant not much crost among citizens; that is, a gallant in the mercer's books, exalted for satins and velvets; if you be not so much blest to be crost; as I hold it the greatest blessing in the world to be great in no man's books, your Paul's walk is your only refuge: the Duke's tomb is a sanctuary; and will keep you alive from worms, and land rats, that long to be feeding on your carcass: there you may spend your legs in

winter a whole afternoon ; converse, plot, laugh, and talk anything ; jest at your creditor, even to his face ; and in the evening, even by lamp-light, steal out ; and so cozen a whole covey of abominable catchpolls.”—pp. 95—9.

FINIS.

THE
TWO ANGRY WOMEN
OF ABINGTON,

BY
HENRY PORTER.

EDITED BY
THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

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The Pleasant Historie of the two angrie women of Abington. With the humorous mirthe of Dick Coomes and Nicholas Prouerbes, two Seruingmen. As it was lately playde by the right Honorable the Earle of Nottingham, Lord high Admirall, his seruants. By Henry Porter Gent. Imprinted at London for Ioseph Hunt, and William Ferbrand, and are to be solde at the Corner of Colman-streete, neere Loathburie. 1599. 4to.

Another 4to., printed for Ferbrand alone, was published during the same year.

The text of the former 4to., which is, I apprehend, the earlier impression, has been adopted in the present reprint, except where the readings of the other edition have been occasionally preferred, and where obvious typographical errors have been rectified. Every minute particular in which the second 4to. differs from the first, I have thought it unnecessary to note. The absurd punctuation and faulty metrical arrangement of the old copy

have not been followed; and I must be allowed to add, that I have retained the original spelling only in accordance to the decision of the Percy Council.

Though Henry Porter was a dramatist of considerable reputation, all his productions, except the comedy now reprinted, appear to have utterly perished; and, I believe, the only materials to be found for his biography are the subjoined memoranda in the Diary of Henslowe.*

“Pd this 23 of Aguste 1597 to Harey Porter to carye to T. Nashe now at this tyme in the fflete for wrytinge of *the eylle of Dogges* ten shellinges to bee payde agen to me when he canne I say ten shillinges)

s
x.

Lent unto the company the 30 of Maye 1598 to bye a boocket† called *Love prevented* the some of fower powndes dd. to Thomas Dowton, Mr. Porter)

li
iiij

Lent unto the company the 18 of Aguste 1598 to bye a Booke called *Hootte Anger sone cowlde* of Mr. Porter, Mr. Cheattell and bengemen Johnson in full payment, the some of)

li
vj

Lent unto Thomas Dowton the 22 of Desember 1598 to bye a boocke of Harey Porter called *the 2 pte of the 2 angrey Wemen of Abengton*)

li
v

* For these I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. J. P. Collier, who is now editing Henslowe's Diary for the Shakespeare Society. The portions of it which were published by Malone are very incorrectly given.

† *Book* in these entries means—play.

Lent unto Harey Porter at the request of the company in earnest of his booke called *ij merey women of abington* the some of forty shellings and for the resayte of that money he gave me his faythfull promise that I should have alle his bookes which he writte ether him selfe or with any other which some was dd. the 28th of febreary 1598[-9].

}
s
xl

Lent unto Harey Cheattell the 4 of March 1598[-9] in earneste of his boocke which Harey Porter and he is a writtinge the some of—called *the Spencers*.

}
s
x

Lent Harey Porter the 11 of Aprell 1599 the some of

} s d
ii vj

Lent Hary Porter the 16 of Aprell 1599 the some of

} d
xij*

Lent Harey Porter the 5 of Maye 1599 the some of

} s d
ij vj

Lent Harey Porter the 15 of Maye 1599 the some of

} s d
ii vj

Be it knowne unto all men that I Henry Porter do owe unto Phillip Henchlowe the some of xs of lawfull money of England which I did borrowe of hym the 26 of Maye a^o. dom. 1599
Henry Porter.†

The Two Angry Women of Abington is thus noticed by the late Charles Lamb: “The pleasant comedy, from which these extracts are taken, is contemporary with some of the earliest of Shakespeare’s, and is no whit inferior to either the

* This entry is struck through, the money having been repaid.

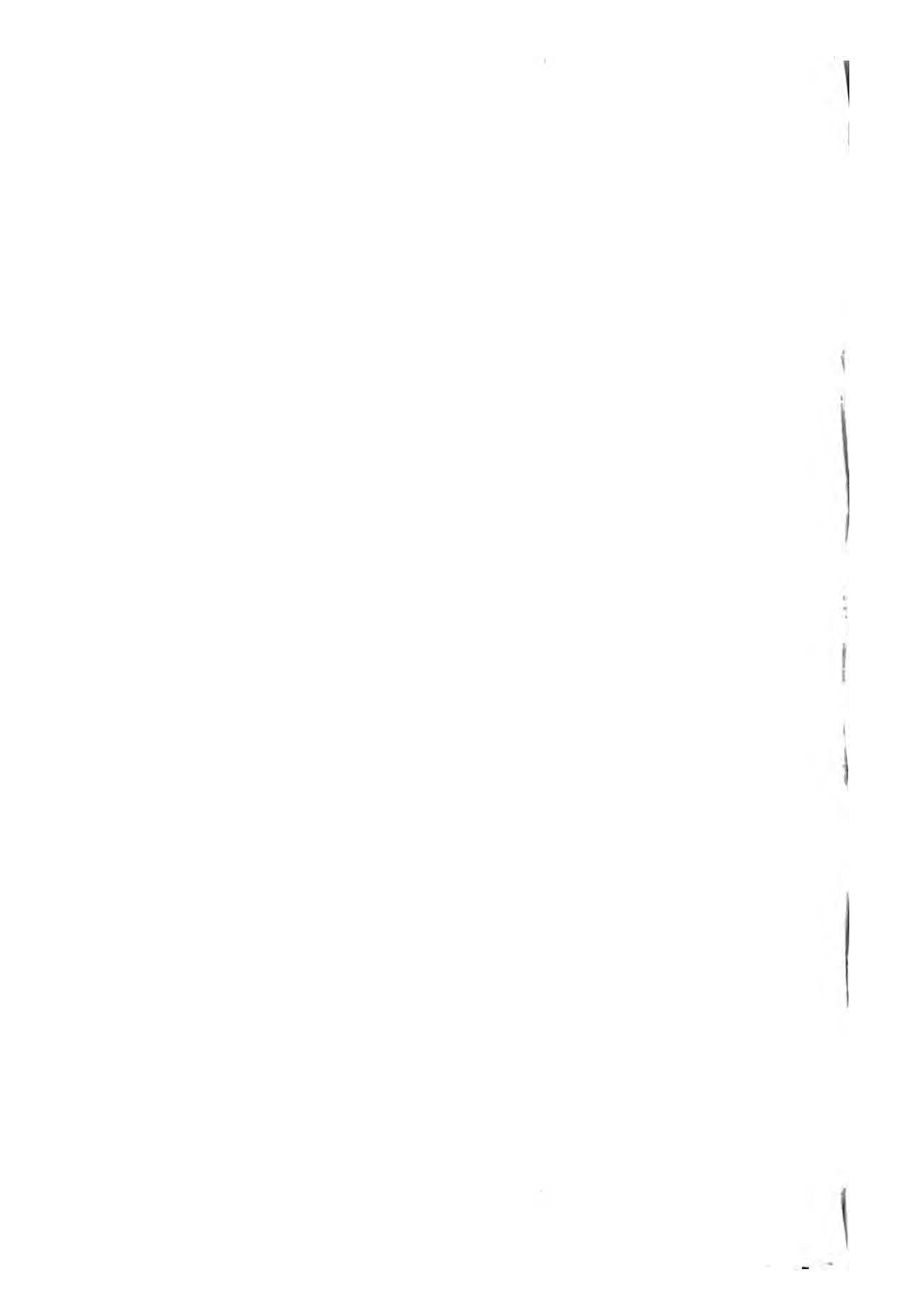
† This entry is in Porter’s own handwriting.

Comedy of Errors, or the Taming of the Shrew, for instance. It is full of business, humour, and merry malice. Its night-scenes are peculiarly sprightly and wakeful. The versification unencumbered, and rich with compound epithets.”*

A. D.

* *Spec. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, ii. 185, ed. 1835.

THE
TWO ANGRIE WOMEN OF ABINGTON.



THE PROLOGUE.

GENTLEMEN, I come to yee like one that lackes and would borrow, but was loth to aske least he should be denied : I would aske, but I would aske to obteine ; O would I knew that manner of asking ! To beg were base, and to cooche low and to carrie an humble shew of entreatie were too dog-like, that fawnes on his maister to get a bone from his trencher : out, curre ! I cannot abide it ; to put on the shape and habit of this new worlds new found beggars, mistermed souldiers, as thus ; ‘ Sweet gentlemen, let a poore scholler implore and exerate that you would make him riche in the possession of a mite of your fauours, to keepe him a true man in wit, and to pay for his lodging among the Muses ! so God him helpe, he is driuen to a most lowe estate : tis not vnknowne what seruice of words hee hath beene at ; hee lost his limmes in a late conflict of floute ; a braue repulse and a hotte assault it was, he dooth protest, as euer he sawe since he knew what the report of a volley of iests were ; he shall therefore desire you ’ — A plague vpon it, each beadle disdained would whip him from your company. Well, gentlemen, I cannot tell how to get your fauours better then by desert : then the worse lucke, or the worse wit, or somewhat, for I shall not nowe deserue it. Well, then,* I commit myselfe to my fortunes, and your contents ; contented to die, if your seure iudgements shall iudge me to be stung to death with the adders hisse.

* *Well, then*] Sec. ed. “Welcome *then*.”

THE NAMES OF THE SPEAKERS.

M.[ASTER] GOURSEY.

MIST.[RESS] GOURSEY.

M.[ASTER] BARNES.

MIST.[RESS] BARNES.

FRANKE GOURSEY.

PHILLIP [BARNES]

BOY.

MALL BARNES.

DICK COOMES.

HODGE.

NICHOLAS PROUERBS.

SIR RAPH SMITH.

[LADY SMITH.]

WILL, *Sir Raphes man.*

[*Other Attendants.*]

THE PLEASANT COMEDY
OF THE
TWO ANGRIE WOMEN OF ABINGTON.

Enter MAISTER GOURSEY and his wife, and MAISTER BARNES and his wife, with their two sonnes, and their two seruants.

Maister Goursey. Good maister Barnes, this entertaine of yours,
So full of courtesie and riche delight,
Makes me misdoubt my poore abilitie
In quittance of this friendly courtesie.

M. Bar. O maister Goursie, neighbour amitie
Is such a iewell of high reckoned worth,
As for the attaine of it what would not I
Disburse, it is so pretious in my thoughts!

M. Go[u]r. Kinde sir, neere dwelling amitie indeed
Offers the hearts enquirie better view
Then loue thats seated in a farther soile,
As prospectiues* the† neerer that they be

* *prospectiues*] i.e. prospects, views, scenes in sight; a meaning of the word which is found in much later writers.

† *the*] So sec. ed. First ed. "he."

Yeeld better iudgement to the iudging eye ;
 Things seene farre off are lessened in the eye,
 When their true shape is seene being hard by.

M. Bar. True, sir, tis so ; and truly I esteeme
 Meere* amitie, familiar neighbourhood,
 The cousen germaine vnto wedded loue.

M. Go[u]r. I, sir, thers surely some aliance twixt
 them,

For they haue both the off-spring from the heart :
 Within the hearts bloud ocean still are found
 Iewels of amitie and iemmes of loue.

M. Bar. I, maister Goursey, I haue in my time
 Seene many shipwracks of true honestie ;
 But incident such dangers euer are
 To them that without compasse saile so farre :
 Why, what need men to swim when they may wade ?
 But leaue this talke, enough of this is sayd :
 And, maister Goursey, in good faith, sir, welcome ;—
 And, mistresse Goursey, I am much in debt
 Vnto your kindnes that would visit me.

Mis. Gou. O maister Barnes, you put me but in
 minde

Of that which I should say ; tis we that are
 Indebted to your kindnes for this cheere :
 Which debt that we may repay, I pray lets haue
 Sometimes your company at our homely house.

Mis. Bar. That, mistresse Goursie, you shall surely
 haue ;

* *Meere*] i.e. absolute, perfect.

Heele* be a bould guest I warrant yee,
And boulder too with you then I would haue him.

Mis. Gou. How do ye meane he will be bould with
me?

Mis. Bar. Why, he will trouble you at home, forsooth,
Often call in, and aske yee how yee doe;
And sit and chat with you all day till night,
And all night too†, if he might haue his will.

M. Bar. I, wife, indeed, I thanke her for her kindnes;
She hath made me much good cheere passing that way.

Mis. Bar. Passing wel done off her; she is a kind
wench.—

I thanke yee, mistresse Goursey, for my husband;
And if it hap your husband come our way
A hunting or such ordinary sports,
Ile do as much for yours as you for mine.

M. Gou. Pray do, forsooth.— Gods Lord, what
means the woman?

She speakes it scornfully: i faith I care not;
Things are well spoken, if they be well taken.—[*Aside.*]
What, mistresse Barnes, is it not time to part?

Mis. Bar. Whats a clocke, syrra?

Nicholas. Tis but new strucke one.

M. Gou. I haue some busines in the towne by three.

M. Bar. Till then lets walke into the orchard, sir.

What, can you play at tables?

M. Gou. Yes, I can.

* *Heele*] Read, for the metre, "He will."

† *too*] So sec. ed. First ed. "to."

M. Bar. What, shall we haue a game ?

M. Gou. And if you please.

M. Bar. I faith, content ; weele spend an hower so.—
Syrra, fetch the tables.*

Nich. I will, sir.

Exit.

Phil. Sirra Franke, whilst they are playing heere,
Weele to the greene to bowles.

Fra. Phillip, content.—Comes, come hether, sirra:
When our fathers part, call vs vpon the greene.—
Phillip, come, a rubbers†, and so leaue.

Phi. Come on. *Exeunt* [PHILLIP and FRANCIS].

Comes. Sbloud, I do not like the humor of these
springals ; theil spend all their fathers good at gam-
ming. But let them trowle the bowles vppon the greene ;
He trowle the bowles in the buttery by the leaue of
God and maister Barnes: and his men be good fellowes,
so it is ; if they be not, let them goe sneik vp.‡ *Exit.*

Enter NICHOLAS *with the tables.*

M. Bar. So, set them downe.—

Mistresse Goursey, how do you like this game ?

Mis. Gou. Well, sir.

* *Syrra, fetch the tables*] The audience were to suppose that the stage now represented an orchard ; for be it remembered that there was no moveable painted scenery in the theatres at the time when this play was produced.

† *rubbers*] Sec. ed. “rubber:” but the other form is common in our old writers.

‡ *sneik vp*] Or, as the sec. ed. reads, “snick vp,”—equivalent to —be hanged.

M. Bar. Can yee play at it?

Mis. Gou. A little, sir.

M. Bar. Faith, so can my wife.

M. Gou. Why, then, maister Barnes, and if you please,
Our wiues shall trie the quarrell twixt vs two,
And weelee looke on.

M. Bar. I am content.—What, women,* will you play?

Mis. Gou. I care not greatly.

Mis. Bar. Nor I, but that I thinke sheele play me
false.

M. Gou. Ile see she shall not.

Mis. Bar. Nay, sir, she will be sure you shall not see,
You of all men shall not marke her hand;
She hath such close conueyance in her play.

M. Go[u]r. Is she so cunning growne? Come,
come, lets see.

Mis. Gour. Yea, mistris Barns, wil ye not house
your iests,

But let them rome abroad so carelesly?
Faith, if your iealousiuous toung vtter another,
Ile crosse yee with a iest, and yee were my mother.—
Come, shall we play? [*Aside.*]

Mis. Bar. I, what shall we play a game?

Mis. Gour. A pound a game.

M. Gour. How, wife?

Mis. Gour. Faith, husband, not a farthing lesse.

M. Gour. It is too much; a shilling were good game.

* *women*] Sec. ed. “woman;” which is probably right: see afterwards, p. 11, and (where both eds. have “woman”) p. 13.

Mis. Gour. No, weell be ill huswiues once ;
You haue beene oft ill husbands : lets alone.

M. Bar. Wife, will you play so much ?

Mis. Bar. I would be loath to be so francke a
gaimster

As mistresse Goursey is ; and yet for once
Ile play a pound a game as well as she.

M. Bar. Go to, youle haue your will.

[*Offer to go from them.*

Mis. Bar. Come, ther's my stake.

Mis. Gour. And ther's mine.

M[is]. Bar. Throw for the dice. Ill luck ! then they
are yours.

M. Bar. Maister Goursey, who sayes that gamings
bad,

When such good angels* walke twixt euey cast ?

M. Gour. This is not noble sport, but royall play.

M. Bar. It must be so where royals* walke so fast.

Mist. Bar. Play right, I pray.

Mist. Gour. Why, so I doe.

Mis. Bar. Where stands your man ?

Mis. Gour. In his right place.

Mis. Bar. Good faith, I thinke ye play me foule an
ase.

M. Bar. No, wife, she playes yee true.

Mis. Ba. Peace, husband, peace ; ile not be iudgd
by you.

* *angels*. . . *royals*] Gold coins. The words give occasion to innumerable puns in our early dramas.

Mis. Gou. Husband, maister Barnes, pray both go walke ;

We cannot play, if standers by doe talke.

M. Gou. Well, to your game ; we will not trouble ye. *Go from them.*

Mis. Gou. Where stands your man now ?

Mis. Bar. Doth hee not stand right ?

Mis. Gou. It stands betweene the poynts.

Mis. Bar. And thats my spight.

But yet me thinkes the dice runnes much vneuen,
That I throw but dewes ase and you eleuen.

Mis. Gou. And yet you see that I cast downe the hill.

Mis. Bar. I, I beshrow ye, tis not with my will.

Mis. Gou. Do ye beshrow me ?

Mis. Bar. No, I beshrow the dice,
That turne you vp more at once then me at twise.

Mis. Gou. Well, you shall see them turne for you anon.

Mis. Bar. But I care not for them when your game is don.

Mis. Gou. My game ! what game ?

Mis. Bar. Your game, your game at tables.

Mis. Go[u]. Wel, mistresse, wel, I haue red Æsops fables,

And know your morrals meaning well ynough.

Mis. Bar. Loe, you'l be angrie now ! heres* good stuffe.

M. Gou. How now, women ? † who hath won the game ?

* *heres*] Read, for the metre, "here is."

† *women*] Sec. ed. "woman : " see note, p. 9.

Mis. Gou. No bodie yet.

M. Bar. Your wife's the fairest for't.

Mis. Bar. I, in your eye.

Mis. Gou. How do you meane?

Mis. Bar. He holds you fairer for't then I.

Mis. Gou. For what, forsooth?

Mis. Bar. Good gamester, for your game.

M. Bar. Well, trie it out; 'tis all but in the bearing.*

Mis. Bar. Nay, if it come to bearing, she'l be best.

Mis. Gou. Why, you'r as good a bearer as the rest.

Mis. Bar. Nay, that's not so; you beare one man too many.

Mis. Gou. Better do so then beare not any.

M. Bar. Beshrow me, but my wifes iestes growe too bitter;

Plainer speeches for her were more fitter:†

Malice lies imbowelled in her tongue,

And new hatcht hate makes euery iest a wrong.

[*Aside.*]

Mis. Gou. Looke ye, mistresse, now I hit ye.

Mis. Bar. Why, I, you neuer vse to misse a blot,‡
Especially when it stands so faire to hit.

Mis. Gou. How meane ye, mistresse Barnes?

Mis. Bar. That mistresse Gourse's in the hitting vaine.

* *bearing*] A term of the game.

† *fitter*] Eds. "better,"—the eye of the original compositor having caught the word above.

‡ *blot*] A term of the game.

Mis. Gou. I hot* your man.

Mis. Bar. I, I, my man, my man; but, had I knowne,
I would haue had my man stood nearer home.

Mis. Gou. Why, had ye kept your man in his right
place,

I should not then haue hit him with an ase.

Mis. Bar. Right, by the Lord! a plague vpon the
bones!

Mis. Gou. And a hot mischiefe on the curser too!

M. Bar. How now, wife?

M. Gou. Why, whats the matter, woman?

Mis. Gour. It is no matter: I am——

Mis. Bar. I, you are——

Mis. Gou. What am I?

Mis. Bar. Why, thats as you will be euer.

Mis. Gou. That's euery day as good as Barneses wife.

Mis. Bar. And better too: then what needs al this
trouble?

A single horse is woorse then that beares double.

M. Bar. Wife, go to, haue regard to what you say;
Let not your words passe foorth the veirge of reason,
But keepe within the bounds of modestie,
For ill report doth like a bailiffe stand,
To pound the straying and the wit-lost tongue
And makes it forfeit into follies hands.
Well, wife, you know it is no honest part
To entertaine such guests with iestes and wrongs:

* hot] i.e. hit.

What will the neighbring countrie vulgar say,
 When as they heare that you fell out at dinner?
 Forsooth, they'l call it a pot quarrell straight;
 The best they'l name it, is a womans iangling.
 Go too, be rulde, be rulde.

Mis. Bar. Gods Lord, be rulde, be rulde!
 What, thinke ye I haue such a babies wit,
 To haue a rods correction for my tongue?
 Schoole infancie; I am of age to speake,
 And I know when to speake: shall I be chid
 For such a——

Mis. Gou. What a? nay, mistresse, speake it out;
 I scorne your stopt compares: compare not me
 To any but your equals, mistresse Barnes.

M. Gou. Peace, wife, be quiet.

M. Bar. O, perswade, perswade!—
 Wife, mistresse Goursey, shall I winne your thoughts
 To composition of some kind effects?
 Wife, if you loue your credit, leaue this strife,
 And come shake hands with mistresse Goursey here.

Mis. Bar. Shal I shake hands? let her go shake her
 heeles;
 She gets nor hands, nor friendship at my hands:
 And so, sir, while I liue I will take heed,
 What guests I bid againe vnto my house.

M. Bar. Impatient woman, will you be so stiffe
 In this absurdnes?

Mis. Bar. I am impatient now I speake;
 But, sir, Ile tell you more another time:
 Go too, I will not take it as I haue done.

Exit.

Mis. Gou. Nay, she might stay; I will not long be heere
 To trouble her. Well, maister Barnes,
 I am sorrie that it was our happes to day,
 To haue our pleasures parted with this fray:
 I am sorrie too for all that is amisse,
 Especially that you are moou'de in this;
 But be not so, 'tis but a womans iarre,
 Their tongues are weapons, words there blowes of war;
 'Twas but a while we buffeted you saw,
 And each of vs was willing to withdraw;
 There was no harme nor bloudshed you did see:
 Tush, feare vs not, for we shall well agree.
 I take my leaue, sir.—Come, kind harted man,
 That speakes his wife so faire, I, now and than;
 I know you would not for an hundreth pound
 That I should heare your voyces churlish sound;
 I know you haue a farre more milder tune
 Then 'Peace, be quiet, wife'; but I haue done.
 Will ye go home? the doore directs the way;
 But, if you will not, my dutie is to stay.*

M. Bar. Ha, ha! why, heres a right woman, is
 there not?

They both haue din'de, yet see what stomacks they haue!

M. Gou. Well, maister Barnes, we cannot do with all:†
 Let vs be friends still.

* *stay*] Here probably Mistress Goursey should make her exit.

† *we cannot do with all*] i.e. we cannot help it: "with all" should of course be "withal".

M. Bar. O, maister Goursey, the mettell of our minds,
 Hauing the temper of true reason in them.
 Affoordes* a better edge of argument
 For the maintaine of our familiar loues
 Then the soft leaden wit of women can ;
 Wherefore with all the parts of neighbour loue
 I impart † myselfe to maister Goursey.

M. Gou. And with exchange of loue I do receiue it :
 Then here weell part, partners of two curst wiues.

M. Bar. Oh, where shall wee find a man so blest that
 is not ?

But come ; your businesse and my home affaires
 Makes me deliuer that vnfriendly word
 Mongst friends, farewell.

M. Gou. Twentie farewels, sir.

M. Bar. But harke ye, maister Goursey ;
 Looke ye perswade at home as I will do :
 What, man ! we must not alwaies haue them foes.

M. Gou. If I can helpe it.

M. Bar. God helpe, God helpe !

Women are euen vntoward creatures stil. *Exeunt.*

Enter PHILIP, FRANCIS, and his BOY, from bowling.

Phil. Come on, Franke Goursey : you haue had
 good lucke
 To winne the game.

* *Affoordes*] So sec. ed. First ed. "Affoorde."

† *I impart*] The author probably wrote, "I do impart:" compare the next line.

Fran. Why, tell me, ist not good,
That neuer playd before vpon your greene?

Phil. 'Tis good, but that it cost me ten good crownes;
That makes it worse.

Fran. Let it not greeue thee, man ; come ore to vs;
We will devise some game to make you win
Your money backe againe, sweet Philip.

Phil. And that shall be ere long, and if I liue:
But tell mee, Francis, what good horses haue yee,
To hunt this sommer?

Fra. Two or three iades, or so.

Phil. Be they but iades?

Fran. No, faith; my wag string here
Did founder one the last time that he rid,
The best gray nag that euer I laid my leg ouer.

Boy. You meane the flea bitten.

Fran. Good sir, the same.

Boy. And was the same the best that ere you rid on?

Fran. I, was it, sir.

Boy. I faith, it was not, sir.

Fran. No! where had I one so good?

Boy. One of my colour, and a better too.

Fran. One of your colour! I nere remember him;
One of that colour!

Boy. Or of that complexion.

Fran. Whats that ye call complexion in a horse?

Boy. The colour, sir.

Fran. Set me a colour on your iest, or I will—

Boy. Nay, good sir, hold your hands!

Fran. What, shal we haue it?

Boy. Why, sir, I cannot paint.

Fran. Well, then, I can;

And I shall find a pensill for yee, sir.

Boy. Then I must finde the table, if you do.

Fran. A whoresen, barren, wicked vrchen!

Boy. Looke how you chafe! you would be angry more,
If I should tell it you.

Fran. Go to, Ile anger ye, and if you do not.

Boy. Why, sir, the horse that I do meane
Hath a leg both straight and cleane,
That hath nor spauen, splint, nor flawe,
But is the best that euer ye saw;
A pretie rising knee, O knee!
It is as round as round may be;
The full flanke makes the buttock round:
This palfray standeth on no ground
When as my maister's on her backe,
If that he once do say but, ticke;*
And if he pricke her, you shall see
Her gallop amaine, she is so free;
And if he giue her but a nod,
She thinkes it is a riding rod;
And if hee'l haue her softly go,
Then she trips it like a doe;
She comes so easie with the raine,
A twine thred turnes her backe againe;
And truly I did nere see yet
A horse play prouddier on the bit:

* *ticke*] Qy. "tacke"?

My maister with good managing
 Brought her first vnto the ring;*
 He likewise taught her to coruet,
 To runne, and suddainlie to set;
 Shee's cunning in the wilde goose race,
 Nay, shee's apt to euery pace;
 And to prooue her colour good,
 A flea, enamourd of her blood,
 Digd for chanel in her necke,
 And there made many a crimson specke:
 I thinke theres none that vse to ride
 But can her pleasant trot abide;
 She goes so euen vpon the way,
 She will not stumble in a day;
 And when my maister—

Fran. What do I?

Boy. Nay, nothing, sir.

Phil. O, fie, Franke, fie!

Nay, nay, your reason hath no iustice now,
 I must needs say; perswade him first to speake,
 Then chide him for it!—Tell me, prettie wag,
 Where stands this prawnce, in what inne or stable?
 Or, hath thy maister put her out to runne,
 Then, in what field, what champion† feeds this courser,
 This well paste, bonnie steed that thou so praisest?

* *Brought her first vnto the ring*] i.e. taught her to *tread the ring*,—to perform various movements in different directions within a ring marked out on a piece of ground: see Markham's *Cheape and good Husbandry*, &c. p. 18, sqq. ed. 1631.

† *champion*] A form of *champaign* common in our early writers.

Boy. Faith, sir, I thinke—

Fran. Villaine, what do ye thinke?

Boy. I thinke that you, sir, haue bene askt by many,
But yet I neuer heard that ye tolde any.

Phil. Well, boy, then I will adde one more to many,
And aske thy maister where this iennet feeds.—
Come, Franke, tell me, nay, prethie, tell me, Franke,
My good horse maister, tell me—by this light,
I will not steale her from thee; if I do,
Let me be held a felone to thy loue.

Fran. No, Phillip, no.

Phil. What, wilt thou were a poynt* but with one tag?
Well, Francis, well, I see you are a wag.

Enter COMES.

Com. Swonds, where be these timber turners, these
trowle the bowles, these greene men, these—

Fran. What, what, sir?

Comes. These bowlers, sir.

Fran. Well, sir, what say you to bowlers?

Comes. Why, I say they cannot be saued.

Fran. Your reason, sir?

Com. Because they throw away their soules at euery
marke.

Fran. Their soules! how meane ye?

Phil. Sirra, he meanes the soule of the bowle.

* *wilt thou were a poynt, &c.*] i. e. wilt thou wear, &c.: *point* means one of the tagged laces which were used in dress,—to attach the hose or breeches to the doublet, &c.

Fran. Lord, how his wit holds bias like a bowle!

Com. Well, which is the bias?

Fran. This next to you.

Com. Nay, turne it this way, then the bowle goes true.

Boy. Rub, rub!

Com. Why rub?

Boy. Why, you ouercast the marke, and misse the way.

Com. Nay, boy, I vse to take the fayrest of my play.

Phil. Dicke Comes, me thinkes thou art* verie pleasant:

When† gotst thou this merrie humor?

Com. In your fathers seller, the merriest place in th' house.

Phil. Then you haue bene carowsing hard?

Co. Yes, faith, 'tis our custome when your fathers men and we meete.

Phil. Thou art very welcome thither, Dicke.

Com. By God, I thanke ye, sir, I thanke ye, sir: by God, I haue a quart of wine for ye, sir, in any place of the world. There shall not a seruingman in Barkeshire fight better for ye then I will do, if you haue any quarrell in hand: you shall haue the maiden-head of my new sword; I paide a quarters wages for't, by Iesus.

Phil. Oh, this meate failer Dicke!
How well t'as made the apparell of his wit,

* *thou art*] So sec. ed. First ed. "th'art."

† *When*] Qy. "Wher"?

And brought it into fashion of an honor!—

Prethe, Dicke Comes, but tell me how thou doost?

Comes. Faith, sir, like a poore man of seruice.

Phil. Or seruingman.

Comes. Indeed, so called by the vulgar.

Phil. Why, where the diuell hadst thou that word?

Comes. Oh, sir, you haue the most eloquenst ale in all the* world; our blunt soyle affoord none such.

Fran. Philip, leaue talking with this dronken foole.—
Say, sirra, where's my father?

Comes. 'Marry, I thanke ye for my very good cheare.'—'O Lord, it is not so much worth.'—'You see I am bold with ye.'—'Indeed, you are not so bolde as welcome; I pray ye, come oftner.'—Truly, I shall trouble ye.'—All these ceremonies are dispatcht between them, and they are gone.

Fran. Are they so?

Comes. I, before God, are they.

Fran. And wherefore came not you to call me, then?

Com. Because I was loth to change my game.

Fran. What game?

Co. You were at one sort of bowles, as I was at another.

Phil. Sirra, he meanes the buttrie bowles of beere.

Com. By God, sir, we tickled it.

Fran. Why, what a swearing keeps this drunken asse!—

Canst thou not say but sweare at euery word?

* *in all the*] So sec. ed. First ed. "*in the*."

Phil. Peace, do not marre his humour, prethie,
Franke.

Com. Let him alone; hee's a springall, he knows not
what belongs to an oath.

Fra. Sirra, be quiet, or I do protest—

Comes. Come, come, what do you protest?

Fra. By heauen, to crack your crowne.

Comes. To crack my crowne! I lay yee a crowne of
that, laye it downe, and yee dare; nay, sbloud, ile venter
a quarters wages of that. Cracke my crowne, quotha!

Fran. Will yee not yet be quiet? will yee vrge me?

Comes. Vrge yee, with a pox! who vrges yee? You
might haue said so much to a clowne, or one that had
not been ore the sea to see fashions: I haue, I tell yee
true; and I know what belongs to a man. Crack my
crowne, and yee can.

Fra. And I can, yee rascall!

Phil. Holde, haire braine, holde! doost thou not see
hees drunke?

Comes. Naye, let him come: though he be my mais-
ters sonne, I am my maisters man, and a man is a man
in any ground of England.

Come, and he dares, a comes vpon his death:
I will not budge an inche, no, sbloud, will I* not.

Fran. Will yee not?

Phil. Stay, prithe, Franke.--Comes, doost thou heere?

Comes. Heere me no heeres: stand away, Ile trust
none of you all. If I haue my backe against a cart
wheele, I would not care if the diuell came.

* I] So sec. ed. Not in first ed.

Phil. Why, yee foole, I am your friend.

Comes. Foole on your face! I haue a wife.

Fra. Shees a whore, then.

Comes. Shees as honest as Nan Lawson.

Phil. Whats she?

Comes. One of his whores.

Phil. Why, hath he so many?

Comes. I, as many as there be churches in London.

Phil. Why, thats a hundred and nine.

Boy. Faith, he lyes a hundred.

Phil. Then thou art a witsesse to nine.

Boy. No, by God, Ile be witsesse to none.

Comes. Now do I stand like the George at Colbrooke.

Boy. No, thou standst like the Bull at S. Albones.

Comes. Boy, yee lye—the hornes.*

Boy. The bul's bitten; see how he butts!

Phil. Comes, Comes, put vp; † my friend and thou
art friends.

Comes. Ile heere him say so first.

Phil. Franke, prethe do; be friends, and tell him so.

Fra. Goe to, I am.

Boy. Put vp, sir, and yee be a man, put vp.

Comes. I am easily perswaded, boye.

Phil. Ah, yee mad slaue!

Comes. Come, come, a couple of whore-maisters I
found yee, and so I leaue yee. *Exit.*

Phil. Loe, Franke, doost thou not see hee's drunke,
That twits thee ‡ with thy disposition?

* *the hornes*] Perhaps "the Hornes,"—see what precedes.

† *put vp*] i. e. sheathe your sword.

‡ *thee*] Eds. "me."

Fran. What disposition?

Phil. Nan Lawson, Nan Lawson.

Fra. Nay, then—

Phi. Goe to, yee wag, tis well:

If euer yee get a wife, i faith Ile tell.
 Sirra, at home we haue a seruingman;
 Hees* not humord bluntly as Comes is,
 Yet his condition† makes me often merry:
 Ile tell thee, sirra, hees a fine neat fellow,
 A spruce slaue; I warrant yee, heele‡ haue
 His cruell garters crosse about the knee,
 His woollen hose as white as the driuen snowe,
 His shooes dry leather neat and tyed with red ribbins,
 A nosegay bound with laces in his hat,
 Bridelaces, sir, his hat, and all greene hat,
 Greene couerlet for such a grasse greene wit.
 ‘ The goose that graseth on the greene,’ quoth he,
 ‘ May I eate on when you shall buryed be!’
 All prouerbes is his speech, hee’s prouerbs all.

Fra. Why speakes he prouerbes?

Phil. Because he would speake trueth,
 And prouerbes, youle confesse, are ould said sooth.

Fran. I like this well, and one day I will see him:
 But shall we part?

Phil. Not yet, Ile bring yee somewhat on your way,
 And as we go, betweene your boye and you
 Ile know where that braue praunser stands at leuery.

* *Hees*] Read, for the metre, “ He is.”

† *condition*] i. e. quality, disposition.

‡ *hee*] Read, for the metre, “ he will.”

Fran. Come, come, you shall not.

Philip. I faith, I will.

Exeunt.

Enter MAISTER BARNES and his WIFE.

M. Bar. Wife, in my minde to day you were to
blame,

Although my patience did not blame yee for it:
Me thought the rules of loue and neighbourhood
Did not direct your thoughts; all indirect
Were your proceedings in the enterteine
Of them that I inuited to my house.
Nay, stay, I doe not chide, but counsell, wife,
And in the mildest manner that I may:
You neede not view me with a seruants eye,
Whose vassaile* sences tremble at the looke
Of his displeas'd maister. O my wife,
You are my selfe! when selfe sees fault in selfe,
Selfe is sinne obstinate, if selfe amend not:
Indeed, I sawe a fault in thee my selfe,
And it hath set a foyle vpon thy fame,
Not as the foile dooth grace the diamond.

Mis. Bar. What fault, sir, did you see in me to day?

M. Bar. O, do not set the organ of thy voice
On such a grunting key of discontent!
Do not deforme the beautie of thy tounge
With such mishapen answers. Rough wrathfull words
Are bastards got by rashnes in the thoughts:
Faire demeanors are vertues nuptiall babes,

* *vassaile*] Eds. "vassales."

The off-spring of the well instructed soule;
 O, let them call thee mother, then, my wife!
 So seeme not barren of good courtesie.

Mis. Bar. So; haue yee done?

M. Bar. I, and I had done well,
 If you would do what I aduise for well.

Mis. Bar. Whats that?

M. Bar. Which is, that you would be good friends
 With mistresse Goursey.

Mis. Bar. With mistresse Goursey!

M. Bar. I, sweete wife.

Mis. Bar. Not so, sweete husband.

M. Bar. Could you but shew me any grounded cause.

Mis. Bar. The grounded cause I ground because I
 wil not.

M. Bar. Your will hath little reason, then, I thinke.

Mis. Bar. Yes, sir, my reason equalleth my will.

M. Bar. Lets heere your reason, for your will is
 great.

Mis. Bar. Why, for I will not.

M. Bar. Is all your reason 'for I will not,' wife?

Now, by my soule, I held yee for more wise,
 Discreete, and of more temprature in sence,
 Then in a sullen humor to affect
 That womans* will borne, common, scholler phrase:
 Oft haue I heard a timely married girle,
 That newly left to call her mother mam,
 Her father dad, but yesterday come from

* *womans*] So sec. ed. First ed. "womens."

‘ Thats my good girle, God send thee a good husband!
 And now being taught to speake the name of husband,
 Will, when she would be wanton in her will,
 If her husband askt her why, say ‘ for I will.’
 Haue I chid men for* vnmanly choise,
 That would not fit their yeares? haue I seene thee
 Pupell such greene young things, and with thy counsell
 Tutor their wits? and art thou now infected
 With this disease of imperfection?
 I blush for thee, ashamed at thy shame.

Mis. Bar. A shame on her that makes thee rate
 me so!

M. Bar. O black mouthd rage, thy breath is boys-
 terous,

And thou makst vertue shake at this high storme!
 Shees† of good report; I know thou knowst it.

Mis. Bar. She is not, nor I know not, but I know
 That thou doost loue her, therefore thinkst her so;
 Thou bearest with her, because she beares with thee.
 Thou maist be ashamed to stand in her defence:
 She is a strumpet, and thou art no honest man
 To stand in her defence against thy wife.
 If I catch her in my walke, now, by Cockes‡ bones,
 Ile scratch out both her eyes.

M. Bar. O God!

Mis. Bar. Nay, neuer say ‘ O God ’ for the matter:

* *for*] Qy. “ *for an*”?

† *Shees*] Read, for the metre, “ She is.”

‡ *Coches*] A corruption of—God’s.

Thou art the cause; thou badst her to my house,
 Onely to bleare the eyes of Goursie, didst not?
 But I will send him word, I warrant thee,
 And ere I sleepe to;* trust vpon it, sir. *Exit.*

M. Bar. Me thinke this is a mightie fault in her;
 I could be angrie with her: O, if I be so,
 I shall but put a linke vnto a torche,
 And so giue greater light to see her fault.
 Ile rather smother it in melancholly:
 Nay, wisdome bids me shunne that passion;
 Then I will studie for a remedie.
 I haue a daughter,—now, heauen inuocate,
 She be not of like spirit as her mother!
 If so, sheel be a plague vnto her husband,
 If that he be not pacient and discreete,
 For that I hold the ease of all such trouble.
 Well, well, I would my daughter had a husband,
 For I would see how she would demeane her selfe
 In that estate; it may be, ill enough,—
 And, so God shall helpe me, well remembred now!
 Franke Goursey is his fathers sonne and heyre,
 A youth that in my heart I haue good hope on;
 My sences say a match, my soule applaudes
 The motion: O, but his lands are great,
 Hee will looke hygh; why, I will straine my selfe
 To make her dowrie equall with his land.
 Good faith, and twere a match, 'twould be a meanes
 To make their mothers friends. Ile call my daughter,

* to] i. e. too.

To see how shees disposd to marriage.—

Mall, where are yee?

Enter MALL.

Mall. Father, heere I am.

M. Bar. Where is your mother?

Mall. I saw her not, forsooth, since you and she
Went walking both together to the garden.

M. Bar. Doost thou heere me, girle? I must dispute
with thee.

Mall. Father, the question, then, must not be hard,
For I am very weake in argument.

M. Bar. Well, this it is; I say tis good to marry.

Mall. And this say I, tis not good to marry.

M. Bar. Were it not good, then all men would not
marry;

But now they do.

Mall. Marry, not all; but it is good to marry.

M. Bar. Is it both good and bad? how can this be?

Mall. Why, it is good to them that marry well;
To them that marry ill, no greater hell.

M. Bar. If thou mightst marry well, wouldst thou
agree?

Mall. I cannot tell; heauen must appoint for me.

M. Bar. Wenche, I am studying for thy good, indeed.

Mall. My hopes and dutie wish your thoughts good
speed.

M. Bar. But tell me, wenche, hast thou a minde to
marry?

Mall. This question is too hard for bashfulnesse;

And, father, now yee pose my modestie.
 I am a maide, and when yee aske me thus,
 I like a maide must blushe, looke pale and wan,
 And then looke pale* againe; for we change colour
 As our thoughts change. With true fac'te passion
 Of modest maidenhead I could adorne me,
 And to your question make a sober cursey,
 And with close clipt ciuilitie be silent;
 Or els say 'no, forsooth,' or 'I, forsooth.'
 If I sayd 'no, forsooth,' I lyed, forsooth:
 To lye vpon my selfe were deadly sinne,
 Therefore I will speake trueth, and shame the diuell.
 Father, when first I heard yee name a husband,
 At that same very name my spirits quickned.
 Dispaire before had kild them, they were dead:
 Because it was my hap so long to tarry,
 I was perswaded I should neuer marry;
 And sitting sowing, thus vpon the ground
 I fell in traunce of meditation;
 But comming to my selfe, 'O Lord,' said I,
 'Shall it be so? must I vnmarried dye?'
 And being angrie, father, farther said,
 'Now, by saint Anne, I will not dye a maide!'
 Good faith, before I came to this ripe groath,
 I did accuse the labouring time of sloath;
 Me thought the yeere did runne but slowe about,
 For I thought each yeere ten I was without.
 Being foreteene and toward the tother yeere,

* *pale*] Ought surely to be "red:" see what precedes.

Good Lord, thought I, fifteene will nere be heere!
 For I haue heard my mother say that then
 Prittie maides were fit for handsome men:
 Fifteene past, sixeteene, and seunteene too,
 What, thought I, will not this husband do?
 Will no man marry me? haue men forsworne
 Such beauty and such youth? shall youth be worne,
 As rich mens gownes, more with age then vse?
 Why, then I let restrained fansie loose,
 And bad it gaze for pleasure; then loue swore me
 To do what ere my mother did before me;
 Yet, in good faith, I haue beene very loath,
 But now it lyes in you to saue my oath:
 If I shall haue a husband, get him quickly,
 For maides that weres corke shooes may step awrie.

M. Bar. Beleue me, wench, I do not repprehend*
 thee,

But for this pleasant answere do commend thee.
 I must confesse, loue dooth thee mightie wrong,
 But I will see thee haue thy right ere long;
 I know a young man, whom I holde most fit
 To haue thee both for liuing and for wit:
 I will goe write about it presently.

Mall. Good father, do. *Exit* [BARNES].

O God, me thinkes I should
 Wife it as fine as any woman could!
 I could carry a porte to be obeyde,

* *repprehend*] Eds. "apprehend," — but certainly Mall had spoken with sufficient plainness.

Carry a maistering eye vpon my maide,
 With ' Minion, do your businesse, or Ile make yee,'
 And to all house authoritie betake me.
 O God, would I were marryed! by my troth,
 But if I be not, I sweare Ile keepe my oath.

Enter MIS. BARNES.

Mis. Ba. How now, minion, wher haue you bin
 gadding?

Mall. Forsooth, my father called me foorth to him.

Mis. Bar. Your father! and what said he too yee,
 I pray?

Mall. Nothing, forsooth.

Mis. Bar. Nothing! that cannot be; something he
 said.

Mall. I, somthing that as good as nothing was.

Mis. Bar. Come, let me heare that somthing no-
 thing, then.

Mall. Nothing but of a husband for me, mother.

Mis. Bar. A husband! that was somthing: but what
 husband?

Mall. Nay, faith, I know not, mother: would I did!

Mis. Bar. I, 'would yee did'! i faith, are yee so hastie?

Mall. Hastie, mother! why, how olde am I?

Mis. Bar. Too young to marry.

Mall. Nay, by the masse, ye lie.

Mother, how olde were you when you did marry?

Mis. Bar. How olde so ere I was, yet you shall tarry.

Mall. Then the worse for me. Harke, mother, harke!
 The priest forgets that ere he was a clarke:

When you were at my yeares, Ile holde my life,
 Your minde was to change maidenhead for wife.
 Pardon me, mother, I am of your minde,
 And, by my troth, I take it but by kinde.*

Mis. Bar. Do yee heare, daughter? you shall stayer
 my leasure.

Mal. Do you heare, mother? would you stay from
 pleasure

When yee haue minde to it? Go to, there's no wrong
 Like this, to let maides lye alone so long:
 Lying alone they muse but in their beddes
 How they might loose their long kept maiden heads.
 This is the cause there is so many scapes,
 For women that are wise will not lead apes
 In hell: I tell yee, mother, I say true;—
 Therefore, come, husband, maiden head, adew! *Exit.*

Mis. Bar. Well, lustie guts, I meane to make ye stay,
 And set some rubbes in your mindes smothest way.†

Enter PHILIP.

Phil. Mother—

Mis. Bar. How now, sirra, where haue ye beene
 walking?

Phil. Ouer the medes, halfe way to Milton, mother,
 To beare my friend Franke Goursey companie.

Mis. Bar. Wher's your blew coate,‡ your sword and
 buckler, sir?

* *kinde*] i.e. nature.

† *way*] So sec. ed. First ed. "nay."

‡ *blew coate*] The common dress of a serving-man.

Get you such like habite for a seruingman,
If you will waight vpon the brat of Goursey.

Phil. Mother, that you are moou'd, this makes mee
wonder,

When I departed I did leaue ye friends :
What vndigested iarre hath since betided ?

Mis. Bar. Such as almost doth choake thy mother, boy,
And stifles her with the conceit of it ;
I am abusde, my sonne, by Gourseys wife.

Phil. By mistresse Goursie !

Mis. Bar. Mistresse flurt, yon* foule strumpet,
Light a loue, shorte heeles ! Mistresse Goursey
Call her againe, and thou wert better no.

Phil. O my deare mother, haue some patience !

Mis. Bar. I, sir, haue patience, and see your father
To rifle vp the treasure of my loue,
And play the spendthrift vpon such an harlot !
This same will make me haue patience, will it not ?

Phil. This same is womens most impatience :
Yet, mother, I haue often heard ye say
That you haue found my father temperate,
And euer free from such affections.

Mis. Bar. I, till† my too much loue did glut his thoughts,
And make him seek for change.

Phil. O, change your minde !

* *yon*] Eds. "you,"—which, perhaps, is the right reading, some word having dropt out after it. Qy. thus ;—

"*Mis. Bar.* Mistresse flurt, you *mean*,
Foule strumpet, light a loue, short heeles ! Mistresse Goursey
Call her," &c.

† *till*] So sec. ed. First ed. "tell."

My father beares more cordiall loue to you.

Mis. Bar. Thou liest, thou liest, for he loues Gour-
seys wife,

Not me.

Phil. Now, I sweare, mother, you are much too blame;
I durst be sworne he loues you as his soule.

Mis. Bar. Wilt thou be pampered by affection?
Will nature teach thee such vilde* periurie?
Wilt thou be sworne, I, forsworne,† carelesse boy?
And if thou swearst, I say he loues me not.

Phil. He loues‡ ye but too well, I sweare,
Vnlesse ye knewe much better how to vse him.

Mis. Bar. Doth he so, sir? thou vnnaturall boy!
'Too well,' sayest thou? that word shall cost thee§
somewhat:

O monstrous! haue I brought thee vp to this?
'Too well!' O vnkinde, wicked, and degenerate,
Hast thou the heart to say so of thy mother?
Well, God will plague thee fort, I warrant thee:
Out on thee, villaine, fie vpon thee, wretch!
Out of my sight, out of my sight, I say!

Phil. This ayre is pleasant, and doth please me well,
And here I will stay.

Mis. Bar. Wilt thou, stubborne villaine?

Enter M. BAR.

M. Bar. How now, whats the matter?

* vilde] i.e. vile.

† forsworne] Eds. "forlorne."

‡ He loues] Qy. "Mother, he loues"?

§ thee] So sec. ed. First ed. "the."

Mis. Bar. Thou setst thy sonne to scoffe and mocke
at mee :

Ist not sufficient I am wrongd of thee,
But he must be an agent to abuse me?
Must I be subiect to my cradle too?

O God, O God amend it! [*Exit.*]

M. Bar. Why, how now, Phillip? is this true, my sonne?

Phil. Deare father, she is much impatient:
Nere let that hand assist me in my need,
If I more said then that she thought amisse
To thinke that you were so licentious giuen;
And thus much more, when she inferd it more,
I swore an oath you lou'de her but too well:
In that as guiltie I do hold my selfe,
Now that I come to more considerate triall:
I know my fault; I should haue borne with her:
Blame me for rashnesse, then, not for want of dutie.

M. Bar. I do absolue thee; and come hether, Philip:
I haue writ a letter vnto maister Goursey,
And I will tell thee the contents thereof;
But tell me first, thinkst thou Franke Goursey loues thee?

Phil. If that a man deuoted to a man,
Loyall, religious in loues hallowed vowes,
If that a man that is soule laboursome
To worke his owne thoughts to his friends delight,
May purchase good opinion with his friend,
Then I may say, I haue done this so well,
That I may thinke Franke Goursey loues me well.

M. Bar. Tis well; and I am much deceiued in him,
And if he be not sober, wise, and valiant.

Phil. I hope my father takes me for thus wise,

I will not glew myselve in loue to one
 That hath not some desert of vertue in him :
 What ere you thinke of him, beleue me, father,
 He will be answerable to your thoughts
 In any qualitie commendable.

M. Bar. Thou chearst my hopes in him ; and, in
 good faith,

Thoust* made my loue complete vnto thy friend :
 Phillip, I loue him, and I loue him so,
 I could affoorde him a good wife I know.

Phil. Father, a wife !

M. Bar. Phillip, a wife.

Phil. I lay my life, my sister.

M. Bar. I, in good faith.

Phil. Then, father, he shall haue her ; he shall, I sweare.

M. Bar. How canst thou say so, knowing not his
 minde ?

Phil. Als one for that ; I will go to him straight.
 Father, if you would seeke this seuen yeares day,
 You could not find a fitter match for her ;
 And he shall haue her, I sweare he shall ;
 He were as good be hanged as once deny† her.
 I faith, Ile to him.

M. Bar. Hayrebraine, hayrebraine, stay !
 As yet we do not know his fathers minde :
 Why, what will maister Goursey say, my sonne,
 If we should motion it without his knowledge ?
 Go to, hees a wise and discreet gentleman,

* *Thoust*] So sec. ed. First. ed. "Thaust."

† *deny*] i.e. refuse.

And that expects from me all honest parts ;
 Nor shall he faile his expectation ;
 First I do meane to make him priuie to it :
 Phillip, this letter is to that effect.

Phil. Father, for Gods* sake send it quickly, then :
 Ile call your man.—What, Hugh ! wheres Hugh, there,
 ho ?

M. Bar. Phillip, if this would prooue a match,
 It were the only means that could be found
 To make thy mother friends with Mis[tresse] Gou[rsey].

Phil. How, a match ! Ile warrant ye, a match.
 My sister's faire, Franke Goursie he is rich ;
 Her† dowrie too will be sufficient ;
 Franke's young,‡ and youth is apt to loue ;
 And, by my troth, my sisters maiden head
 Stands like a game at tennis,—if the ball
 Hit into the hole, or hazard, farewell all !

M. Bar. How now, where's Hugh ?

[*Enter* NICHOLAS.]

Phil. Why, what doth this prouerbial with vs ?
 Why, where's Hugh ?

M. Bar. Peace, peace.

Phil. Where's Hugh, I say ?

M. Bar. Be not so hastie, Philip.

Phil. Father, let me alone,

* *Gods*] So sec. ed. First ed. "Gads." † *Her*] Eds. "His."
 ‡ *Franke's young*] Qy. "*Franke* he is *young*"? compare the preceding line but one.

I do it but to make my selfe some sport.
 This formall foole, your man, speakes nought but prouerbs,
 And speake men what they can to him, hee'l answere
 With some rime rotten sentence or olde saying,
 Such spokes as the ancient of the parish vse,
 With, 'neighbour, tis an olde prouerbe and a true,
 Goose giblets are good meate, olde sacke better then new';
 Then saies another, 'neighbour, that is true';
 And when each man hath drunke his gallon round,
 A penny pot, for thats the olde mans gallon,
 Then doth he licke his lippes, and stroke his beard
 Thats glewed together with his slauering droppes
 Of yestie ale, and when he scarce can trim
 His goutie fingers, thus hee'l phillip it,
 And with a rotten hem say, 'hey, my hearts,
 Merrie go sorrie! cocke and pye, my hearts!'
 But then their sauing pennie prouerbe comes,
 And that is this, 'they that will to the wine,
 Berladie* mistresse, shall lay their pennie to mine.'
 This was one of this penny-fathers† bastards,
 For, on my life, he was neuer‡ begot
 Without the consent of some great prouerb-monger.

M. Bar. O, ye are a wag.

Phil. Well, now vnto my businesse.

Swounds, will that mouth, thats made of old sed sawes
 And nothing else, say nothing to vs now?

Nich. O maister Philip, forbear; you must not

* *Berladie*] i.e. By our lady.

† *penny-fathers*] i.e. miserly person's.

‡ *was neuer*] The author probably wrote "*neuer was.*"

leape ouer the stile before you come at it ; haste makes waste ; softe fire makes sweete malt ; not too fast for falling ; there's no hast to hang true men.*

Phil. Father, we ha'te, ye see, we ha'te. Now will I see if my memorie will serue for some prouerbs too. O,—a painted cloath were as wel worth a shilling as a theefe woorth a halter ; wel, after my heartie commendations, as I was at the making hereof ; so it is, that I hope as you speed, so you're sure ; a swift horse will tier, but he that trottes easilie will indure. You haue most learnedly prouerbde it, commending the vertue of patience or forbearance, but yet, you knowe, forbearance is no quittance.

Nich. I promise ye, maister Philip, you haue spoken as true as steele.

Phil. Father, theres a prouerbe well applied.

Nich. And it seemeth vnto me, I, it seemes to me, that you, maister Phillip, mocke me : do you not know, *qui mocat mocabitur* ? mocke age, and se how it will prosper.

Phil. Why, ye whoresen prouerb-booke bound vp
in follio,

Haue ye no other sence to answere me
But euery word a prouerbe ? no other English ?
Well, Ile fulfill a prouerb on thee straight.

Nich. What is it, sir ?

Phil. Ile fetch my fist from thine eare.

Nich. Beare witness he threatens me !

* *true men*] i.e. honest men.

Phil. Father, that same is the cowards common prouerbe.—

But come, come, sirra, tell me where Hugh is.

Nich. I may, and I will; I need not except I list; you shall not commaund me, you giue me neither meate, drinke, nor wages; I am your fathers man, and a man's a man, and a haue but a hose on his hed; do not misuse me so, do not; for thogh he that is bound must obay, yet he that will not tarrie, may* runne away, so he may.

M. Bar. Peace, Nicke, Ile see hee shall vse thee well; Go to, peace, sirra: here, Nicke, take this letter, Carrie it to him to whom it is directed.

Nich. To whom is it?

M. Bar. Why, reade it: canst thou read?

Nich. Forsooth, though none of the best, yet meanly.

M. Bar. Why, doost thou not vse it?

Nic. Forsooth, as vse makes perfectnes, so seldome seene is soone forgotten.

M. Bar. Well said: but go; it is to maister Goursey.

Phil. Now, sir, what prouerb have ye to deliuer a letter?

Nich. What need you to care? who speakes to you? you may speake when ye are spoken to, and keepe your winde to coole your pottage. Well, well, you are my maisters sonne, and you looke for his lande; but they that hope for dead mens shooes, may hap go

* *may*] So sec. ed. First ed. "ma."

barefoote: take heed; as soone goes the yong sheep to the pot as the olde. I pray God saue my maisters life, for sildome comes the better!

Phil. O, he hath giuen it me! Farewell, prouerbes.

Nich. Farewell, frost.*

Phil. Shall I fling an olde shooe after ye?

Nich. No; you should say, God send faire weather after me!

Phil. I meane for good lucke.

Nich. A good lucke on ye! *Exit.*

M. Bar. Alas, poore foole, hee vses al his wit!
Phillip, in faith† this mirth hath cheered thought,
And cussend it of his right play of passion.
Go after Nick, and, when thou thinkst hees there,
Go in and vrge to that which I haue writ:
He in these meddowes make a cerckling walke,
And in my meditation coniure so,
As that same‡ fend§ of thought, selfe-eating anger,
Shall by my spels of reason|| vanish quite:
Away, and let me heare from thee to night.

Phil. Tonight! yes, that you shal: but harkeye, father;
Looke that you my sister waking keepe,
For Franke I sweare shall kisse her ere I sleepe.

Exeunt.

* *Farewell, frost*] Ray has "*Farewell frost, Nothing got nor nothing lost.*" *Proverbs*, p. 189. ed. 1768.

† *in faith*] So sec. ed. First ed. "*faith in.*"

‡ *same*] Eds. some.

§ *fend*] i.e. fiend.

|| *reason*] Eds. "treason."

Enter FRANKE and BOY.

Frank. I am very drie with walking ore the greene.—
Butler, some beere!—Sirra, call the butler.

Boy. Nay, faith, sir, we must haue some smith to
giue the butler a drench, or cut him in the forehead,
for he hath got a horses desease, namely the staggers;
to night hees a good huswife, he reeles al that he
wrought to day; and he were good now to play at dice,
for he castes* excellent well.

Fran. How meanst thou? is he drunke?

Boy. I cannot tell; but I am sure he hath more
liquor in him then a whole dicker of hydes; hees
sockt throughly, i faith.

Fran. Wel, go and call him; bid him bring me
drinke.

Boy. I will, sir.

Exit.

Fran. My mother powtes, and will looke merrily
Neither vpon my father nor on me:
He saies she fell out with mistresse Barnes to day;
Then I am sure they'l not be quickly friends.
Good Lord, what kind of creatures women are!
Their loue is lightly† wonne and lightly lost;
And then their hate is deadly and extreame:
He that doth take a wife betakes himselfe
To all the cares and troubles of the world.
Now her disquietnesse doth greeue my father,
Greeues me, and troubles all the house besides.—

* *castes*] i.e. vomits: a common pun in old dramas.

† *lightly*] i.e. easily.

What, shall I haue some drinke? [*Horn sounded within*]*]*—How now? a horne!

Belike the drunken knaue is falne asleepe,
And now the boy doth wake him with his horne.

Enter Boy.

How now, sirra, wheres the butler?

Boy. Marie, sir, where he was euen now, a sleepe; but I wakt him, and when he wakt, hee thought hee was in maister Barnses butterie, for he stretcht himselfe thus, and yauning said, ‘Nicke, honest Nicke, fill a fresh bowle of ale; stand to it, Nicke, and thou beest a man of Gods making, stand to it’; and then I winded my horne, and hees horne-mad.

Enter HODGE.

Hod. Boy, hey! ho, boy! and thou beest a man, draw.—O, heres a blessed mooneshine, God be thanked! —Boy, is not this goodly weather for barley?

Boy. Spoken like a right maulster, Hodge: but doost thou heare? thou art not drunke.

Hod. No, I scorne that, i faith.

*Boy.** But thy fellow Dicke Coomes is mightily drunke.

Hod. Drunke! a plague on it, when a man cannot carrie his drinke well! sbloud, Ile stand to it.

Boy. Hold, man; see and thou canst stand first.

Hodg. Drunke! hees a beast, and he be drunke;

* *Boy*] Eds. “*But.*”

thers no man that is a sober man will be drunke; he's a boy, and he be drunk.

Boy. No, hees a man as thou art.

Hodge. Thus tis when a man will not be ruled by his frends: I bad him keepe vnder the lee, but he kept downe the weather two bowes; I tolde him he would be taken with a plannet, but the wisest of vs all may fall.

Boy. True, Hodge. *Boy trips him.*

Hodge. Whope! lend me thy hand, Dicke, I am falne into a well; lend me thy hand, I shall be drowned else.

Boy. Hold fast by the bucket, Hodge.

Hod. A rope on it!

Boy. I, there is a rope on it; but where art thou, Hodge?

Hod. In a well; I prethie, draw vp.

Boy. Come, giue vp thy body; wind vp, hoyst.

Hod. I am ouer head and eares.

Boy. In all, Hodge, in all.

Fran. How loathsome is this beast mans shape to me, This mould of reason so vnreasonable!—

Sirra, why doost thou trip him downe, seeing hees drunke?

Boy. Because, sir, I would haue drunckards cheape.*

Fran. How meane ye?

Boy. Why, they say that, when any thing hath a fal, it is cheap; and so of drunkards.

* *cheape*] So sec. ed. First ed. "cehape."

Fran. Go to, helpe him vp [*Knocking without*]:
but, harke, who knockes?

[*Boy goes to the door, and returns.*]

Boy. Sir heeres one of maister Barnesies men with
a letter to my olde maister.

Fran. Which of them is it?

Boy. They call him Nicholas, sir.

Fran. Go, call him in. [*Exit Boy*].

Enter COOMES.

Coom. By your leaue, ho! How now, young maister,
how ist?

Fran. Looke ye, sirra, where your fellow lies;
Hees* in a fine taking, is he not?

Coom. Whope, Hodge! where art thou, man, where
art thou?

Hodge. O, in a well.

Co. In a well, man! nay, then, thou art deepe in
vnderstanding.

Fran. I, once to day you were almost so, sir.

Com. Who, I! go to, young maister, I do not like
this humor in yee, I tell ye true; giue euery man his
due, and giue him no more: say I was in such a case!
go to, tis the greatest indignation that can be offered to
a man; and, but a mans more godlier giuen, you were
able to make him sweare out his heart bloud. What
though that honest Hodge haue cut his finger heere?

* *Hees*] Read, for the metre, "He is."

or, as some say, cut a feather? what though he be mump, misled, blind, or as it were? tis no consequent to me: you know I haue drunke all the ale-houses in Abington drye, and laide the taps on the tables when I had doone: sbloud, Ile challenge all the true rob-pots in Europe to leape vp to the chinne in a barrell of beere, and if I cannot drinke it downe to my foote ere I leaue, and then set the tap in the midst of the house, and then turne a good turne on the toe on it, let me be counted nobody, a pingler,*—nay, let me be† bound to drinke nothing but small beere seauen yeeres after; and I had as leefe be hanged.

Enter NICHOLAS.

Fran. Peace, sir, I must speake with one.—Nicholas, I thinke, your name is.

Nich. True as the skin betweene your browes.

Franke. Well, how dooth thy maister?

Nich. Forsooth, liue, and the best dooth no better.

Fran. Where is the letter he hath sent me?

Nich. *Ecce, signum!* heere it is.

* *pingler*] Equivalent to—poor, contemptible fellow: but I must leave the reader to determine the exact meaning of this term of reproach. As *pingle* signifies a small croft, Nares (citing a passage from Lilly's *Euphues*) says that *pingler* is "probably a labouring horse, kept by a farmer in his homestead." *Gloss.* in v.—In Brockett's *Gloss. of North Country Words* is "*Pingle*, to work assiduously but inefficiently,—to labour until you are almost blind." In Forby's *Vocab. of East Anglia* we find, "*Pingle*, to pick ones food, to eat squeamishly:" and in Moor's *Suffolk Words* is a similar explanation. See also Jamieson's *Et. Dict. of Scott. Lang.*
 † *be*] So sec. ed. Not in first ed.

Fran. Tis right as Philip said, tis a fine foole [*Aside*].—
This letter is directed to my father ;
He carry it to him.—Dick Coomes, make him drinke.

Exit.

Coomes. I, He make him drunke*, and he will.

Nich. Not so, Richard ; it is good to be merry and wise.

Dick. † [*Coomes*] Well, Nicholas, as thou art Nicholas, welcome ; but as thou art Nicholas and a boone companion, ten times welcome. Nicholas, giue me thy hand : shall we be merry ? and we shall, say but we shall, and let the first word stand.

Nich. Indeed, as long liues the merry man as the sad ; an ounce of debt will not pay a pound of care.

Coomes. Nay, a pound of care will not pay an ounce of debt.

Nich. Well, tis a good horse neuer stumbles : but who lyes here ?

Coom. Tis our Hodge, and I thinke he lyes asleep : you made him drunke at your house to day ; but He pepper some of you for't.

Nich. I, Richard, I know youle put a man ouer the shooes, and if you can ; but he's a foole wil take more then wil do him good.

Coom. Sbloud, yee shall take more then will do yee good, or He make yee clap vnder the table.

Nich. Nay, I hope, as I haue temperance to forbear drinke, so haue I patience to endure drinke : He do as

* *drunke*] So sec. ed. First ed. "drinke."

† *Dick*] So sec. ed. First ed. "Nich."

company dooth ; for when a man doth to Rome come,
he must do as there is done.

Coomes. Ha, my resolued Nicke, froligozene! Fill the
potte, hostesse ; swounes, you whore ! Harry Hooke's
a rascall. Helpe me but carry my fellow Hodge in,
and weele crushe it, i faith. *Exeunt.*

Enter PHILLIP.

Phil. By this, I thinke, the letter is deliuered,
And twill be shortly time that I step in,
And wooe their fauours for my sisters fortune :
And yet I need not ; she may doe as well,
But yet not better, as the case dooth stand
Betweene our mothers ; it may make them friends ;
Nay, I would sweare that she would do as well,
Were she a stranger to one qualitie,
But they are so acquainted, theil neere part.
Why, she will floute the diuell, and make blush
The boldest face of man that ere man saw ;
He that hath best opinion of his wit,
And hath his brainepan fraught with bitter iests
Or of his owne, or stolne, or how so euer,
Let him stand nere so high in his owne conceit,
Her wit's a sunne that melts him downe like butter,
And makes him sit at table pancake wise,
Flat, flat, God knowes, and nere a word to say ;
Yet sheele not leaue him then, but like a tyrant
Sheele persecute the poore wit beaten man,
And so bebang him with drie bobs and scoffes,
When he is downe, most cowardlike, good faith,
As I haue pittyed the poore patient.

There came a farmers sonne a wooing to her,
 A propper man, well landed too he was,
 A man that for his wit need not to aske
 What time a yeere twere good to sow his oates
 Nor yet his barley, no, nor when to reape,
 To plowe his fallowes, or to fell his trees,
 Well experienst thus each kinde of waye ;
 After a two moneths labour at the most,
 And yet twas well he held it out so long,
 He left his loue, she had so laste* his lips
 He could say nothing to her but ‘ God be with yee’!
 Why, she, when men haue dinde and call for cheese,
 Will straight maintaine iests bitter to disgest ; †
 And then some one will fall to argument,
 Who, if he ouer maister her with reason,
 Then sheele begin to buffet him with mockes.
 Well, I do doubt Fraunces hath so much spleene,
 Theil neere agree ; but I will moderate.
 By this time tis ‡ time, I thinke, to enter :
 This is the house ; shall I knock? no ; I will not
 Waite while § one comes out to answeare ;
 Ile in, and let them be as bolde with vs. *Exit.*

Enter MAISTER GOURSEY, reading a letter.

M. Gou. If that they like, her dowrie shall be equall

* *laste*] i.e. laced.

† *disgest*] A form of *digest*, common in our early writers.

‡ *tis*] Read, for the metre, “it is.”

§ *while*] i.e. until.—Ought not the passage to stand as follows?—

“no, I will not ;

Nor waite while one comes out to answeare *me*,” &c.

To your sonnes wealth or possibilitie :
It is a meanes to make our wiues good friends,
And to continue friendship twixt vs two.
 Tis so, indeed: I like this motion,
 And it hath my consent, because my wife
 Is sore infected and hart sick with hate;
 And I haue sought the Galen of aduice,
 Which onley tels me this same potion
 To be most soueraigne for her sicknes cure.

Enter FRANKE and PHILLIP.

Heere comes my sonne, conferring with his friend.—
 Fraunces, how do you like your friends discourse?
 I know he is perswading to this motion.

Fra. Father, as matter that befits a friend,
 But yet not me, that am too young to marry.

M. Gour. Nay, if thy minde be forward with thy
 yeares,
 The time is lost thou tarriest. Trust me, boy,
 This match is answerable to thy birth;
 Her bloud and portion giue each other grace;
 These indented lines promise a summe,
 And I do like the valew: if it hap
 Thy liking to accorde to my consent,
 It is a match. Wilt thou goe see the maide?

Fra. Nere trust me, father, the shape of mariage,
 Which I doe see in others, seeme* so seuere,
 I dare not put my youngling libertie

* *seeme*] Qy. "seemes" here? or in the preceding line
 "shapes"?

Vnder the awe of that instruction ;
 And yet I graunt the limmits of free youth
 Going astraye are often restraind by that.
 But mistresse wedlocke, to my scholler thoughts,
 Will be too curst, I feare : O, should she snip
 My pleasure ayming minde, I shall be sad,
 And sweare, when I did marry, I was mad !

M. Gou. But, boye, let my experience teach thee this—
 Yet, in good faith, thou speakst not much amisse;—
 When first thy mothers fame to me did come,
 Thy grandsire thus then came to me his sonne,
 And euen my words to thee to me he sayd,
 And as to me thou saist to him I said,
 But in a greater huffe and hotter bloud,—
 I tell yee, on youthes tip-toes then I stood :
 Sayes he (good faith, this was his very say),
 ‘ When I was young, I was but reasons foole,
 And went to wedding as to wisdomes schoole ;
 It taught me much, and much I did forget,
 But, beaten much, by it I got some wit ;
 Though I was shackled from an often scoute,
 Yet I would wanton it when I was out ;
 Twas comferte, olde acquaintance then to meete,
 Restrained libertie attainde is sweete.’
 Thus said my father to thy father,* sonne,
 And thou maist do this to,† as I haue doone.

Phil. In faith, good counsell, Franke : what saist
 thou to it ?

* *father*] So sec. ed. First ed. “ fathers.”

† *to*] i.e. too.

Fra. Phillip, what should I say ?

Phil. Why, eyther I or no.

Fra. O, but which rather ?

Phil. Why, that which was perswaded by thy father.

Fra. Thats I, then,* I: O, should it fall out ill,
Then I, for I am guiltie of that ill !

Ile not be guiltie, no.

Phi. What, backward gone !

Fra. Phillip, no whit backward ; that is, on.

Phil. On, then.

Fra. O, staye !

Phil. Tushe, there is no good luck in this delaye :
Come, come, late commers, man, are shent.

Fra. Heigh ho, I feare I shall repent !
Well, which waye, Phillip ?†

Phil. Why, this way.

Fran. Canst thou tell,
And takest vpon thee to be my guide to hell ?—
But which waye, father ?

M. Gour. That way.

Franke. I, you know,
You found the way to sorrow long agoe.
Father, God boye yee:‡ you haue sent your sonne
To seeke on earth an earthly day of doome,
Where I shall be adiudged, alack the ruthe,
To penance for the follies of my youth !

* *then*] So sec. ed. First ed. "than."

† *Phillip*] Eds. "Franke."

‡ *boye yee*] i.e. be wi' ye.

Well, I must go ; but, by my troth, my minde
 Is not loue capable to* that kinde.
 O, I haue lookt vpon this mould of men,
 As I haue doone vpon a lyons den !
 Praised I haue the gallant beast I saw,
 Yet wisht me no acquaintance with his pawe :
 And must I now be grated with them ? well,
 Yet I may hap to prooue a Daniell ;
 And, if I do, sure it would make me laugh,
 To be among wilde beasts and yet be safe.
 Is there a remedy to abate their rage ?
 Yes, many catche them, and put them in a cage.
 I, but how catche them ? marry, in your hand
 Carry me fourth a burning fier brand,
 For with his sparkling shine, olde rumor sayes,
 A fier brand the swiftest runner frayes :
 This I may do ; but, if it prooue not so,
 Then man goes out to seeke his adiunct woe.
 Phillip, away ! and, father, now adew !
 In quest of sorrow I am sent by you.

M. Gou. Returne the messenger of ioy, my sonne.

Fran. Sildome in this worlde such a worke is done.

Phi. Nay, nay, make hast, it will be quickly night.

Fra. Why, is it not good to wooe by candle light ?

Phil. But, if we make not hast, theile be abed.

Fran. The better, candels out and curtans spred.

Exeunt [FRANCIS and PHILLIP].

* to] Qy. "unto" ?

M. Gou. I know, though that my sonnes years be
 not many,
 Yet he hath wit to woove as well as any.
 Here comes my wife: I am glad my boye is gone

Enter MISTRESSE GOURSEY.

Ere she came hether.—How now, wife? how ist?
 What, are yee yet in charitie and loue
 With mistresse Barnes?

Mis. Gou. With mistresse Barnes! why mistris*
 Barnes, I pray?

M. Gou. Because she is your neighbour and——

Mis. Gou. And what?

And a iealious slandering spitefull queane she is,
 One that would blur my reputation
 With her approbrious mallice, if she could;
 She wrongs her husband, to abuse my fame:
 Tis knowne that I haue liued in honest name
 All my life time, and bin your right true wife.

M. Gou. I entertaine no other thought, my wife,
 And my opinion's sound of your behaiour.

Mis. Gou. And my behaiour is as sound as it;
 But her ill speeches seekes to rot my credit,
 And eate it with the worme of hate and mallice.

M. Gou. Why, then, preserue it you by patience.

Mis. Gou. By patience! would ye haue me shame
 myselfe,

* *mistris*] So sec. ed. First ed. "maister."

And cussen myselfe to beare her iniuries?
 Not while her eyes be open will I yeelde
 A worde, a letter, a sillables valed,
 But equall and make euen her wrongs to me
 To her againe.

M. Gour. Then, in good faith, wife, ye are more to
 blame.

Mis. Gour. Am I too blame, syr? pray, what letters
 this? [*Snatches the letter.*]

M. Gour. There is a dearth of manners in yee, wife,
 Rudely to snatch it from me. Giue it me.

Mis. Gour. You shall not haue it, sir, till I haue read it.

M. Gour. Giue me it, then, and I will read it to you.

Mis. Gour. No, no, it shall not need: I am a scholler
 Good enough to read a letter, sir.

M. Gour. Gods passion, if she knew but the contents,
 Sheele seeke to crosse this match! she shall not read
 it.—[*Aside.*]

Wife, giue it me; come, come, giue it me.

Mis. Gour. Husband, in very deed, you shall not
 haue it.

M. Gour. What, will you mooue me to impatience,
 then?

Mis. Gour. Tut, tell not me of your impatience;
 But since you talke, syr, of impatience,
 You shall not haue the letter, by this light,
 Till I haue read it; soule, ile burne it first!

M. Gour. Go to, yee mooue me, wife; giue me the
 letter;
 In troth, I shall growe angrie, if you doe not.

Mis. Gour. Growe to the house top with your anger,
sir!

Neare tell me, I care not thus much for it.

M. Gour. Well, I can beare enough, but not too much.
Come, giue it me ; twere best you be perswaded ;
By God—yee make me sweare—now God forgiue me!—
Giue me, I say, and stand not long vpon it ;
Go to, I am angrie at the heart, my very heart.

Mis. Gour. Harte me no hearts, you shall not haue
it, sir,

No, you shall not; neere looke so big,
I will not be affraid at your great lookes;
You shall not haue it, no, you shall not haue it.

M. Gour. Shall I not haue it? in troth, Ile trye that:
Minion, Ile hau'te ; shall I not hau'te?—I am loath—
Go too, take pausment, be aduisde—
In faith, I will ; and stand not long vpon it—
A woman of your yeares ! I am ashambe
A couple of so long continuance
Should thus—Gods foote—I crye God hartely mercy!—
Go to, yee vexe me ; and Ile vexe yee for it ;
Before I leaue yee, I will make yee glad
To tender it on your knees ; heare yee, I will, I will.
What, worse and worse ! stomack true, i faith !
Shall I be crost by you in my olde age?
And where I should haue greatest comfort to,*
A nurse of you?—nurse in the diuels name!—

* to] i.e. too.

Go to, mistris; by Gods pretious deere,
If yee delay—

Mis. Gour. Lord, Lord, why, in what a fit
Are you in, husband! so inrag'd, so moou'de,
And for so slighte a cause, to read a letter!
Did this letter, loue, conteine my death,
Should you deny my sight of it, I would not
Nor see my sorrow nor eschew my danger,
But willingly yeeld me a patient
Vnto the doome that your displeasure gaue.
Here is the letter; not for that your incensment

[*Gives back the letter*]

Makes me make offer of it, but your health,
Which anger, I do feare, hath crasd,*
And viper like hath suckt away the bloud
That wont was to be cheerefull in this cheeke:
How pale yee looke!

M. Gou. Pale! can yee blame me for it? I tell you true,
An easie matter could not thus haue mooued me.
Well, this resignation, and so fourth—but, woman,
This fortnight shall I not forget yee for it.—
Ha, ha, I see that roughnes can doe somewhat!
I did not thinke, good faith, I could haue set
So sower a face vpon it, and to her,
My bed embracer, my right bosome friend.
I would not that she should haue seene the letter,
As poore a man as I am, by my troth,
For twenty pound: well, I am glad I haue it.—[*Aside*]

* *crasd*] Some word most probably has dropt out from the line.

Ha, heres adoe about a thing of nothing!

What, stomacke, ha! tis happy your come downe. *Exit.*

Mis. Gou. Well, craftie* fox, Ile hunt yee, by my troth:
Deale yee so closely? Well, I see his drift:
He would not let me see the letter, least
That I should crosse the match; and I will crosse it.—
Dicke Coomes!

Enter COOMES.

Coom. Forsooth.

Mis. Gou. Come hether, Dicke; thou art a man I loue,
And one whom I haue much in my regarde.

Coom. I thanke yee for it, mistris, I thanke yee for it.

Mis. Gou. Nay, heeres my hand, I will do very much
For thee, if ere thou standst in need of me;
Thou shalt not lack, whilst thou hast a day to liue,
Money, apparrell——

Coom. And sword and bucklers?

Mis. Gour. And sword and bucklers too, my gallant
Dick,
So thou wilt vse but this in my defence.

Coomes. This! no, faith, I haue no minde to this;
breake my head, if this break not, if we come to any
tough play. Nay, mistres, I had a sword, I, the flower
of Smithfield for a sword, a right fox†, i faith; with
that, and a man had come ouer with a smooth and a
sharpe stroke, it would haue cried twang, and then,
when I had doubled my poynt, traste my ground, and

* *craftie*] So sec. ed. First ed. "craft."

† *fox*] A familiar term for the old English broad sword.

had carried my buckler before me like a garden but, and then come in with a crosse blowe, and ouer the picke* of his buckler two elles long, it would haue cried twang, twang, mettall, mettall: but a dogge hath his day; tis gone, and there are fewe good ones made now. I see by this dearth of good swords that† dearth of sword and buckler fight begins to grow ont‡: I am sorrie for it; I shall neuer see good manhood againe, if it be once gone; this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come vp then; then a man, a tall§ man, and a good sword and buckler man, will be spitted like a cat or a conney; then a boy wil be as good as a man, vnlesse the Lord shewe mercie vnto vs; well, I had as lieue bee hang'd as liue to see that day. Well, mistresse, what shall I do? what shall I do?

Mis. Gou. Why, this, braue Dicke. Thou knowest
that Barnses wife

And I am foes: now, man me to her house;
And though it be darke, Dicke, yet weell haue no light,
Least that thy maister should preuent our iourney
By seeing our depart. Then, when we come,
And if that she and I do fall to words,
Set in thy foote and quarrell with her men,
Draw, fight, strike, hurt, but do not kill the slaues,
And make as though thou strukst|| at a man,

* *picke*] i.e. the sharp point in the centre of the buckler.

† *that*] So sec. ed. First ed. "and."

‡ *ont*] Eds. "out."

§ *tall*] i.e. brave."

|| *strukst*] Read, for the metre, "strukest."

And hit her, and thou canst,—a plague vpon her!—
She hath misvsde me, Dicke: wilt thou do this?

Coomes. Yes, mistresse, I will strike her men; but
God forbid that ere Dicke Coomes should be seene to
strike a woman!

Mis. Gou. Why, she is mankind;* therefore thou
mayest strike her.

Coom. Mankinde! nay, and she haue any part of a
man, Ile strike her, I warrant.

Mis. Gou. Thats my good Dicke, thats my sweet
Dicke!

Coom. Swounes, who would not bee a man of valour
to haue such words of a gentlewoman! one of their
woordes are more to me then twentie of these russet
coates cheese-cakes and butter makers. Well, I thanke
God, I am none of these cowards; wel, and a man
haue any vertue in him, I see he shall bee regarded.

[*Aside.*]

Mis. Gou. Art thou resolued, Dicke? wilt thou doo
this for me?

And if thou wilt, here is an earnest penny
Of that rich guerdon I do meane to giue thee.

[*Gives money.*]

Coo. An angell,† mistresse! let mee see. Stand you
on my left hand, and let the angell lie on my buckler
on my right hand, for feare of loosing. Now, heare
stand I to bee tempted. They say, euery man hath

* *mankind*] i.e. manlike, masculine.

† *angel*] See note, p. 10.

two spirits attending on him, either good or bad; now, I say, a man hath no other spirites but eyther his wealth or his wife: now, which is the better of them? why, that is as they are vsed; for vse neither of them well, and they are both nought. But this is a miracle to me, that golde that is heauie hath the vpper, and a woman that is light doth soonest fall, considering that light thinges aspire, and heauie thinges soonest go downe: but leaue these considerations to sir John;* they become a blacke coate better then a blew.† Well, mistresse, I had no minde to day to quarrell; but a woman is made to bee a mans seducer; you say, quarrell.

Mis. Gou. I.

Coom. There speakes an angell: is it good?

Mis. Gou. I.

Coom. Then, I cannot do amisse; the good angell goes with me. *Exeunt.*

*Enter SIR RAPHE SMITH, HIS LADY, and WILL,
[and ATTENDANTS].*

Sir Rap. Come on, my hearts: i faith, it is ill lucke,
To hunt all day, and not kill any thing.

What sayest thou, ladie? art thou wearie yet?

La. I must not say so, sir.

Sir Ra. Although thou art.

* *Sir John*] i.e. the parson: *Sir* was a title applied to clergymen.
† *blew*] See note, p. 34.

Wil. And can you blame her, to be foorth so long,
And see no better sport?

Ra. Good faith, twas very hard.

Lad. No, twas not ill,
Because, you know, it is not good to kill.

Ra. Yes, venson, ladie.

Lad. No, indeed, nor them;
Life is as deere in deare as tis in men.

Rap. But they are kild for sport.

Lad. But thats bad play,
When they are made to sport their liues away.

Rap. Tis fine to see them runne.

La. What, out of breath?
They runne but ill that runne themselues to death.

Rap. They might make, then, lesse hast, and keep
their wind.

La. Why, then, they see the hounds brings death
behinde.

Rap. Then, twere as good for them at first to stay,
As to runne long, and runne their liues away.

La. I, but the stoutest of you all thats here
Would runne from death and nimbly scud for feare.
Now, by my troth, I pittie those poore elfes.

Ra. Well, they haue made vs but bad sport to day.

La. Yes, twas my sport to see them scape away.

Will. I wish that I had beene at one buckes fall.

La. Out, thou wood-tyrant! thou art woorst of all.

Will. A woodman,* ladie, but no tyrant I.

* *woodman*] i.e. forester.

La. Yes, tyrant-like thou louest to see liues die.

Ra. Lady, no more: I do not like this lucke,
To hunt all day, and yet not kill a bucke.
Well, it is late; but yet I sweare I will
Stay heere all night but I a bucke will kill.

La. All night! nay, good sir Raph Smith, do not so.

Ra. Content ye, ladie.—Will, go fetch my bow:
A berrie* of faire rooes I saw to day
Downe by the groues, and there Ile take my† stand,
And shoot at one; God send a luckie hand!

La. Will ye not, then, sir Raph, go home with me?

Rap. No, but my men shall beare thee company.—
Sirs, man her home.—Will, bid the huntsmen couple,
And bid them well reward their hounds to night.—
Ladie, farewell.—Will, hast ye with the bow;
Ile stay for thee heere by the groue below.

Wil. I will; but twill be darke, I shall not see:
How shall I see ye, then?

Ra. Why, hollow to me, and I will answere thee.

Will. Enough, I will.

Raph. Farewell.

Exit.

La. How willingly doost thou consent to go
To fetch thy maister that same killing bow!

Wil. Guiltie of death I willing am in this,
Because twas our ill happes to day to misse:
To hunt, and not to kill, is hunters sorrow.
Come, ladie, weell haue venson ere to morrow. *Exeunt.*

* *berrie*] Seems to be used here for herd; an unusual meaning of the word.

† *my*] So sec. ed. First ed. "me."

Enter PHILLIP and FRANKE [and BOY].

Phil. Come, Franke, now are we hard by the* house:
But how now, sad?

Fran. No, to studie how to woe thy sister.

Phil. How, man? how to woe her! why, no matter how;
I am sure thou wilt not be ashamed to woe.
Thy cheekes not subiect to a childish blush,
Thou haste a better warrant by thy wit;
I knowe thy oratorie can vnfold
Quicke inuention, plausible discourse,
And set such painted beawtie on thy tongue,
As it shall rauish euery maiden sence;
For, Franke, thou art not like the russet youth
I tolde thee of, that went to woe a wench,
And being full stufte vp with fallow wit
And meddow matter, askt the prettie maide
How they solde corne last market day with them,
Saying, ‘Indeed, twas very deare with them.’
And, do ye heare, ye† had not need be so,
For she‡ will, Francis, throwly§ trie your wit;
Sirra, sheel bowe the mettall of your wits,
And, if they cracke, she will not hold ye currant;
Nay, she will way your wit as men way angels,||
And, if it lacke a graine, she will not change with ye.
I cannot speake it but in passion,

* *the*] So sec. ed. First ed. “th’.”

† *ye*] Eds. “he.”

‡ *she*] So sec. ed. First ed. “thee.”

§ *throwly*] So sec. ed. First ed. “thorowly.”

|| *angels*] See note, p. 10.

Shee is a wicked wench to make a iest ;
Aye me, how full of flouts and mockes she is !

Fran. Some *aqua vitæ* reason to recouer
This sicke discourser ! Sound* not, prethie, Phillip.
Tush, tush, I do not thinke her as thou sayest :
Perhappes shees† opinions darling, Phillip,
Wise in repute, the crows bird. O my friend,
Some iudgements slaue themselues to small desart,
And wondernize the birth of common wit,
When their owne‡ straungenes do but make that strange,
And their ill errors do but make that good :
And why should men debase to make that good ?
Perhaps such admiration winnes her wit.

Phil. Well, I am glad to heare this bold prepare
For this encounter. Forward, hardy Franke !
Yonders the window with the candle int ;
Belike shees putting on her night attire :
I told ye, Franke, twas late. Well, I will call her,
Marie, softly, that my mother may not heare.—
Mall, sister Mall !

Enter MALL in the window.

Mal. How now, whose there ?

Phil. Tis I.

Mal. Tis I ! who I ? I, quoth the dogge, or what ?
A Christ crosse rowe I§ ?

* *sound*] i.e. swoon.

† *shees*] Read, for the metre, "she is."

‡ *owne*] Eds. "wone."

§ *A Christ crosse rowe I*] i.e. an *I* of the Christ-cross row or alphabet.

Phil. No, sweete pinckanie.*

Mal. O, ist you, wilde oates?

Phil. I, forsooth, wanton.

Mal. Well said, scape thrift.

Fran. Phillip, be these your vsuall best salutes?

Phil. This is the harmlesse chiding of that doue.

Fran. Doue! one of those that drawe the queen of
loue?

Mal. How now? whose that, brother? whose that
with ye?

Phil. A gentleman, my friend.

Mal. Beladie,† he hath a pure wit.

Fran. How meanes your holy iudgement?

Mal. O, well put in, sir!

Fran. Vp, you would say.

Mal. Well clymd, gentleman!

I pray, sir, tell me, do you carte the queene of loue?

Fran. Not cart her, but couch her in your eie,
And a fit place for gentle loue to lie.

Mal. I, but me thinkes you speake without the booke,
To place a fower‡ wheele waggon in my looke:

Where will you haue roome to haue the coachman sit?

Fran. Nay, that were but small manners, and not fit:
His dutie is, before you bare to stand,
Hauing a lustie whipstocke§ in his hand.

* *pinckanie*] A term of endearment, formed, perhaps, from *pink*, to wink, to contract the eye-lids.

† *Beladie*] i.e. By lady,—by our Lady.

‡ *fower*] Eds. "sower."

§ *a lustie whipstocke*] i.e. a good whip (*whipstock* is properly the stock or handle of a whip).

Mal. The place is voyde ; will you prouide me one?

Fran. And if you please, I will supply the roome.

Mal. But are ye cunning in the carmans lash?

And can ye whistle well?

Fran. Yes, I can well direct the coach of loue.

Mal. Ah cruell carter, would you whip a doue?

Phi. Harke ye, sister—

Mal. Nay, but harke ye, brother ;

Whose white boy* is that same? know ye his mother?

Phil. He is a gentleman of a good house.

Mal. Why, is his house of gold?

Is it not made of lyme and stone like this?

Phil. I meane, hees well descended.

Mal. God be thanked!

Did he descend some steeple or some ladder?

Phil. Well, you will still be crosse: I tell ye, sister,
This gentleman by all your friends consent
Must be your husband.

Mal. Nay, not all, some sing another note ;
My mother will say no, I hold a groate.
But I thought twas somewhat, he would be a carter ;
He hath beene whipping lately some blinde beare,
And now he would ferke the blinde boy here with vs.

Phil. Well, do you heare, you, sister, mistresse
would haue?

You that do long for somewhat, I know what—
My father tolde me—go to, Ile tell all,

* *white boy*] A term of endearment, which often occurs in our early dramatists.

If ye be crosse—do ye heare me? I haue labord
 A yeares worke in this afternoone for ye:
 Come from your cloyster, votarie, chas[t]e nun,
 Come downe and kisse Franke Gourseis mothers sonne.

Mal. Kisse him, I pray?

Phil. Go to, stale maidenhead! come downe, I say,
 You seunteene and vpward, come, come downe;
 You'l stay till twentie else for your wedding gowne.

Mal. Nun, votarie, stale maidenhead, seunteen and
 vpward!

Here be names! what, nothing else?

Fran. Yes, or a faire built steeple without belles.

Mal. Steeple! good people, nay, another cast.

Fran. I, or a well made shippe without a mast.

Mal. Fie, not so big, sir, by one part of foure.

Fran. Why, then, ye are a boate without an oare.

Mal. O, well rode* wit! but whats your fare, I pray?

Fran. Your faire selfe must be my fairest pay.

Mal. Nay, and you be so deare, Ile chuse another.

Fran. Why, take your first man, wench, and go no
 further.

Phil. Peace, Francis.—Harke ye, sister, this I say:
 You know my mind; or answere, I or nay.
 Wit and iudgement hath resolude his mind,
 And he foresees what after he shall finde:
 If such discretion, then, shall gouerne you,
 Vow loue to him, heele do the like to you.

* *rode*] i.e. rowed.

Mal. Vow loue ! who would not loue such a comely
feature,
Nor high nor lowe, but of the middle stature ?
A middle man, thats the best syze indeed ;
I like him well : loue graunt vs well to speed !

Fran. And let me see a woman of that tallnesse,
So slender and of such a middle smalnesse,
So olde enough, and in each part so fit,
So faire, so kinde, endued, with so much wit,
Of so much wit as it is held a wonder,
Twere pittie to keepe loue and her asunder ;
Therefore go vp, my ioy, call downe my blisse ;
Bid her come seale the bargaine with a kisse.

Mal. Franke, Franke, I come through dangers,
death, and harmes,
To make loues patent* with thy seale of armes.

Phil. But, sister, softly, least my mother heare.

Mal. Hush, then ; mum, mouse in cheese, † cat is
neare. *Exit MAL.*

Fran. Now, in good faith, Phillip, this makes me smile,
That I haue woed and wonne in so small while.

Phil. Francis, indeed, my sister, I dare say,
Was not determind to say thee nay ;
For this same tother thing, calde maiden-head,
Hangs by so small a haire or spiders thread,
And worne so too ‡ with time, it must needs fall,
And, like a well lur'de hawke, she knowes her call.

* *patent*] Eds. "patient."

† *cheese*] So sec. ed. First ed. "cheesse."

‡ *too*] So sec. ed. First ed. "to."

[*Enter MALL.*]

Mal. Whist, brother, whist! my mother heard me tread,

And askt, Whose there? I would not answere her;
She calde, A light! and vp shees gone to seeke me:
There when she findes me not, sheel hether come;
Therefore dispatch, let it be quickly done.

Francis, my loues lease I do let to thee,
Date of my life and thine: what saiest thou to me?
The entring, fine, or income thou must pay,
Are kisses and embrases euerie day;
And quarterly I must receiue my rent;
You know my minde.

Fran. I gesse at thy intent:
Thou shalt not misse a minute of thy time.

Mal. Why, then, sweet Francis, I am onely thine.—
Brother, beare witnessse.

Phill. Do ye deliuer this as your deed?

Mal. I do, I do.

Phil. God send ye both good speed! Gods Lord,
my mother!
Stand aside, and closely too, least that you be espied.*

[*Enter MISTRESSE BARNES.*]

Mis. Bar. Whose there?

Phil. Mother, tis I.

* *God send you both good speed! &c.*] Some word, or words, have dropt out here. The lines ought to be arranged thus:

• “God send ye both good speed!—
Gods Lord, my mother!—*Quickly* stand aside,
And closely too, least that you be espied.”

Mis. Bar. You disobedient ruffen, carelesse wretch,
That said your father loude me but too well !
Ile thinke on't when thou thinkst I haue forgot it :
Whose with thee else ?—How now, minion ? you !
With whom ? with him !—Why, what make you here, sir,
And thus late too ? what, hath your mother sent ye
To cut my throate, that here you be in waight ?—
Come from him, mistresse, and let go his hand.—
Will ye not, sir ?

Fran. Stay, mistresse Barnes, or mother, what ye
will ;
Shees* my wife, and heere she shall be still.

Mis. Bar. How, sir ? your wife ! wouldst thou my
daughter haue ?
Ile rather haue her married to her graue.†
Go to, be gone, and quickly, or I sweare
Ile haue my men beate ye for staying here.

Phil. Beat him, mother ! as I am true‡ man,
They were better beate the diuell and his dam.

Mis. Bar. What, wilt thou take his part ?

Phil. To doe him good,
And twere to wade hetherto vp in blood.

Fran. God a mercy, Philip !—But, mother, heere me.

Mis. Bar. Calst thou me mother ? no, thy mothers
name

* *Shees*] Read, for the metre, “*Shee is.*”

† *Ile rather haue her married to her graue*] A recollection, perhaps, of Shakespeare’s *Romeo and Juliet*, act. iii. sc. 5. ;

“ I would the fool were married to her grave !”

‡ *true*] i.e. honest.

Carryes about with it reproche and shame.
 Giue me my daughter : ere that she shall wed
 A strumpets sonne, and haue her so mislead,
 Ile marry her to a carter ; come, I say,
 Giue me her from thee.

Fra. Mother, not to day,
 Nor yet to morrow, till my liues last morrow
 Make me leaue that which I with leaue did borrow :
 Heere I haue borrowed loue, Ile not denaie* it.—
 Thy wedding night's my day, then Ile repay it.—
 Till then sheele trust me.—Wenche, ist† not so?
 And if it be, say I, if not, say no.

Mall. Mother, good mother, heare me! O good God,
 Now we are euen, what, would you make vs odde?
 Now, I beseech yee, for the loue of Christ,
 To giue me leaue once to do what I list.
 I am as you were when you were a maide ;
 Gesse by your selfe how long you would haue staide,
 Might you haue had your will : as good begin
 At first as last, it saues vs from much sinne ;
 Lying alone, we muse on things and things,
 And in our mindes one thought another brings :
 This maides life, mother, is an idle life,
 Therefore Ile be, I, I will be a wife ;
 And, mother, do not mistrust‡ my age or power,
 I am sufficient, I lacke neere an houre ;
 I had both wit to graunt when he did woe me,

* *denaie*] i.e. deny.

† *ist*] Read, for the metre, "is it."

‡ *mistrust*] So sec. ed. First ed. "mistrurst."

And strength to beare what ere hee can doe to me.

Mis. Bar. Well, bold-face, but I meane to make
yee stay.

Go to, come from him, or Ile make yee come :

Will yee not come ?

Phil. Mother, I pray forbear ;
This matche is for my sister.

Mis. Bar. Villaine, tis not ;
Nor she shall not be so matcht now.*

Phil. In troth, she shall, and your vnruilie hate
Shall not rule vs ; weele end all this debate
By this begun deuise.

Mist. Bar. I, end what you begun ! Villaines,
theeues,
Giue me my daughter ! wil yee rob me of her ?—
Helpe, helpe ! theil rob me heere, theil rob me heere !

Enter MAISTER BARNES and his men.

M. Ba. How now ? what outcry is heer ? why, how
now, woman ?

Mis. Bar. Why, Gourseys sonne, confederate† with
this boye,

This wretch vnnaturall and vndutifull,
Seekes hence to steale my daughter: will you suffer it?
Shall he, thats sonne to my arche-enemie,
Enioy her ? haue I brought her vp to this ?
O God, he shall not haue her, no, he shall not !

* *now*] Qy. “*now*, I swear”?

† *confederate*] Eds. “*confederates*.”

M. Ba. I am sorry she knowes it. [*Aside*—Harke
yee, wife,

Let reason moderate your rage a little.
If you examine but his birth and liuing,
His wit and good behauour, you will say,
Though that ill hate make your opinion bad,
He dooth deserue as good a wife as she.

Mis. Bar. Why, will you giue consent he shall
enjoy her?

M. Bar. I, so that thy minde would agree with mine.

Mis. Bar. My minde shall neere agree to this agree-
ment.

*Enter MISTRESSE GOURSEY and COOMES.**

M. Ba. And yet it shall go forward:—but who's
heere?

What, mistresse Goursey! how knew she of this?

Phil. Franke, thy mother.

Fran. Sownes, where? a plague vpon it!

I thinke the diuell is set to crosse this match.

Mis. Gou. This is the house, Dick Coomes, and
yonders light:

Let vs go neere. How now? me thinkes I see
My sonne stand hand in hand with Barneshis daughter.—
Why, how now, sirra? is this time of night
For you to be abroad? what haue we heere?
I hope that loue hath not thus coupled you.

* *Enter Mistresse Goursey and Coomes*] Occurs somewhat earlier in eds. (to warn the actors to be in readiness for coming on the stage).

Fra. Loue, by my troth, mother, loue: she loues me,
And I loue her; then we must needs agree.

Mis. Bar. I, but Ile keepe her sure enough from thee.

Mis. Gou. It shall not neede, Ile keepe him safe
enough;

Be sure he shall not graft in such a stock.

Mis. Bar. What stock, forsooth? as good a stocke as
thine:

I do not meane that he shall graft in mine.

Mis. Gou. Nor shall he, mistresse.—Harke, boy;
th'art but mad

To loue the branch that hath a roote so bad.

Fran. Then, mother, Ile graft a pippin on a crab.

Mis. Gou. It will not prooue well.

Fra. But Ile prooue my skill.

Mis. Bar. Syr, but you shall not.

Fra. Mothers both, I wil.

M. Bar. Harke, Phillip: send away thy sister straight;
Let Frauncis meete her where thou shalt appoint;
Let them go seuerall to shunne suspition,
And bid them goe to Oxford both this night;
There to morrow say that we will meete them,
And there determine of their mariage.

Phil. I will: though it be very late and darke,
My sister will endure it for a husband.

M. Bar. Well, then, at Carfolkes,* boy, I meane to
meet them.

* *Carfolkes*] i.e. Carfax,—a well-known part of Oxford. “The principal street is the High-Street, running from Magdalen Bridge to Carfax Church,” &c. *New Oxford Guide*, p. 3. 8th ed.

Phil. Enough. *Exit* [MASTER BARNES].

Would they would begin to chide!

For I would haue them brawling, that meane while
They may steale hence, to meete where I appoint it.

[*Aside*].—

What, mother, will you let this match go forward?—
Or, mistresse Goursey, will you first agree?

Mis. Gou. Shall I agree first?

Phil. I, why not? come, come.

Mis. Gou. Come from her, sonne, and if thou lou'st
thy mother.

Mi[s]. Bar. With the like spell, daughter, I coniure
thee.

Mis. Gour. Francis, by faire means let me win thee
from hir,

And I will gild my blessing, gentle sonne,
With store of angels.* I would not haue thee
Check thy good fortune by this cusning choise:
O, doe not thrall thy happy libertie
In such a bondage! if thou'lt needs be bound,
Be, then, to better worth; this worthlesse choise
Is not fit for thee.

Mist. Bar. Ist not fit for him? wherefore ist not fit?
Is he too braue† a gentleman, I pray?
No, tis not fit; she shall not fit his turne:
If she were wise, she would be fitter for
Three times his better.—Minion, go in, or Ile make yee;
Ile keepe ye safe from him, I warrant yee.

* *angels*] See note, p. 10.

† *brave*] i.e. fine.

Mis. Gou. Come, Frauncis, come from her.

Fran. Mothers, with both hands shoue I hate from
loue,

That like an ill companion would infect
The infant minde of our affection :
Within this cradell shall this minuts babe
Be laide to rest; and thus Ile hug my ioy.

Mis. Gou. Wilt thou be obstinate, thou selfe wild boy?
Nay, then, perforce Ile parte yee, since yee will not.

Coom. Doe yee heere, mistresse? praye yee giue
me leaue to talke two or three colde words with my
young maister.—Harke yee, syr, yee are my maisters
sonne, and so foorth; and indeed I beare yee some
good will, partly for his sake, and partlye for your
owne; and I do hope you doe the like to me,—I should
be sorry els. I must needs say, yee are a yong man;
and for mine owne part, I haue seene the world, and I
know what belongs to causes, and the experience that
I haue, I thanke God I haue traueled for it.

Fra. Why, how farre haue yee traueled for it?

Boy. From my maisters house to the ale-house.

Coom. How, sir?

Boy. So, sir.

Coom. Goe to.—I pray, correct your boye; twas
neere a good world, since a boye would face a man so.

Fra. Go to.—Forward, man.

Coomes. Well, sir, so it is, I would not wish ye to
marry without my mistris consent.

Franke. And why?

Coomes. Naye, theres neere a why but there is a

wherefore; I haue knowne some haue done the like, and they haue daunst a galliard at Beggers bush* for it.

Boy. At Beggers bush! — Heere him no more, maister; he doth bedawbe yee with his durty speche. — Do yee heere, sir? how farre stands Beggers bushe from your fathers house, syr? Why, thou whorson refuge† of a taylor, that wert prentise to a taylor halfe an age, and because if thou hadst serued ten ages thou wouldst prooue but a botcher, thou leapst from the shop board to a blew coate,‡ dooth it become thee to vse thy termes so? well, thou degree aboue a hackney, and ten degrees vnder a page, sowe vp your lubber lippes, or tis not your sworde and bucklar shall keepe my poynard from your brest.

Coomes. Do yee heere, sir? this is your boye.

Fra. How then?

Coomes. You must breech him for it.

Fra. Must I? how, if I will not?

Coomes. Why, then, tis a fine world when boyes keep boyes, and know not how to vse them.

Fra. Boye, yee rascall!

Mis. Gour. Strike him, and thou darst.

Coomes. Strike me! alas, he were better strike his father! — Sownes, go to, put vp your bodkin.§

Fra. Mother, stand by; Ile teach that rascall—

* *at Beggers bush*] A common proverbial expression: “*Beggers-bush*,” says Ray, “being a tree notoriously known, on the left-hand of the London road from Huntington to Caxton.” *Proverbs*, p. 244. ed. 1768.

† *refuge*] i.e. refuse. ‡ *blew coate*] See note, p. 34.

§ *bodkin*] Is a common term for a small dagger, but here it seems to be used in contempt; see the next speech of Coomes.

Coomes. Go to, giue me good words, or, by Gods dines,* Ile buckle yee for all your bird-spit.

Fra. Will you so, sir?

Phi. Staye, Franke, this pitche of frensey will defile thee; Meddle not with it: thy vnreprooued valour Should be high minded; couche it not so lowe. Doost heere me? take occasion to slip hence, But secretly, let not thy mother see thee: At the backe side there is a cunnie greene;† Stay there for me, and Mall and I will come to thee.

Fra. Enough, I will.—Mother, you doe me wrong To be so peremptorie in your commaund, And see that rascall to abuse me so.

Coomes. Rascall! take that and take all! Do yee heere, sir? I doe not meane to pocket vp this wrong.

Boy. I know why that is.

Coomes. Why?

Boy. Because you haue nere a pocket.

Com. A whip, sira, a whip!—But, sir, prouide your tooles against to morrow morning; tis somewhat darke now, indeede: you know Dawsons close, betweene the hedge and the pond; tis good euen ground; Ile meete you there; and I do not, call me cut;‡ and you be a man, showe yourselfe a man; weele haue a boutte or two; and so weele part for that present.

Fra. Well, sir, well.

* *Gods dines*] The origin of this corrupted oath is, I believe, unknown.

† *cunnie-greene*] i.e. rabbit-burrow.

‡ *call me cut*] i.e. call me horse.

Nich. Boye, haue they appointed to fight?

Boy. I, Nicholas; wilt not thou go see the fraye?

Nich. No, indeed; euen as they brew, so let them bake. I will not thrust my hand into the flame, and neede not; tis not good to haue an oare in another mans boate; little said is soone amended, and in little meddling commeth great rest; tis good sleeping in a whole skin; so a man might come home by Weeping Crosse*: no, by lady, a friend is not so soone gotten as lost; blessed are the peace-makers; they that strike with the sword, shall be beaten with the scabberd.

Phil. Well said, prouerbes: nere another to that purpose?

Nich. Yes, I could haue said to you, syr, Take heede is a good reede.†

Phil. Why to me, take heed?

Nich. For happy is he whom other mens harmes do make to beware.

Phi. O, beware, Franke!—Slip away, Mall.—You know what I told yee. Ile hold our mothers both in talke meane while.—Mother, and mistresse Barnes, me thinkes you should not stand in hatred so hard one with another.

Mi[s]. Bar. Should I not, sir? should I not hate a harlot,
That robs me of my right, vilde‡ boye?

* *come home by Weeping Crosse*] A not uncommon proverbial expression. Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) mentions three places which still retain the name,—one between Oxford and Banbury, another close to Stafford, the third near Shrewsbury.

† *reede*] i.e. counsel, advice.

‡ *vilde*] i.e. vile.

Mis. Gour. That title I returne vnto thy teeth,

[*Exeunt FRANCIS and MALL.*]

And spit the name of harlot in thy face.

Mis. Bar. Well, tis not time of night to hold out chat
With such a scold as thou art ; therefore now
Thinke that I hate thee as I do the diuell.

Mis. Gour. The diuell take thee, if thou doost not,
wretch !

Mis. Bar. Out vpon thee, strumpet !

Mis. Gour. Out upon thee, harlot !

Mis. Bar. Well, I will finde a time to be reuengd :
Meane time Ile keepe my daughter from thy sonne.—
Where are yee, minion ? how now, are yee gone ?

Phil. She went in, mother.

Mis. Gour. Francis, where are yee ?

Mis. Bar. He is not heere. O, then, they slipt away,
And both together !

Phi. Ile assure yee, no ;
My sister she went in, into the house.

Mis. Bar. But, then, sheele out againe at the backe doore,
And meete with him : but I will search about
All these same fields and paths neere to my house ;
They are not far I am sure, if I make hast. *Exit.*

Mis. Gour. O God, how went he hence, I did not
see him ?
It was when Barnses wife did scolde with me ;
A plague on* her !—Dick, why didst not thou looke to
him ?

* on] So sec. ed. First ed. "vpon."

Coom. What should I looke for him? no, no, I looke not for him while* to morrow morning.

Mis. Gou. Come, go with me to helpe me looke him out.

Alas, I haue nor light, nor lincke, nor torche!

Though it be darke, I will take any paines

To crosse this matche. I prithee, Dicke, away.

Cooms. Mistresse, because I brought yee out, Ile bring yee home; but, if I should follow, so hee might haue the law on his side.

Mi[s]. Gou. Come, tis no matter; prithee, go with me.

Exeunt [MISTRESS GOURSEY and COOMES.]

M. Bar. Phillip, thy mothers gone to seeke thy sister, And in a rage, i faith: but who comes heere?

Phil. Olde maister Goursey, as I thinke, tis he.

M. Bar. Tis so, indeed.

[*Enter* MASTER GOURSEY.]

M. Gour. Who's there?

M. Bar. A friend of yours.

M. Gou. What, maister Barnes! did yee not see my wife?

M. Bar. Yes, sir, I saw her; she was heere euen now.

M. Gou. I doubted that; that made me come vnto you:

But whether is she gone?

* *while*] i.e. till.

Phil. To seeke your sonne, who slipt away from her
To meete with Mall my sister in a place
Where I appointed; and my mother too
Seekes for my sister; so they both are gone:
My mother hath a torche; mary, your wife
Goes darkling vp and downe, and Coomes before her.

M. Gou. I thought that knaue was with her; but
tis well:

I pray God, they may come by nere a light,
But both be led a darke daunce in the night!

Hod. Why, is my fellow Dick in the darke with my
mistres? I praye God, they be honest, for there may
be much knauerie in the darke: faith, if I were there,
I would haue some knauery with them. [*Aside.*]—Good
maister, will ye carry the torche yourselfe, and giue me
leauē to play at blind man buffe with my mistresse?

Phil. On that condition thou wilt doo thy best
To keepe thy mistresse and thy fellow Dicke
Both from my sister and thy maisters sonne,
I will entreate thy maister let thee goe.

Hodge. O, I, I warrant yee, Ile haue fine tricks to
cousen them.

M. Gour. Well, sir, then, go your wayes; I giue
you leaue.

Hodge. O braue! but where about are they?

Phi. About our cunny green they surely are,
If thou canst find them.

Hodge. O, let me alone to grope for cunnies. *Exit.*

Phil. Well, now will I to Franke and to my sister.
Stand you two hearkning neere the cunny greene,

But sure your light in you must not be seene ;
 Or els let Nicholas stand afar off with it,
 And as his life keepe it from mistres Goursey.
 Shall this be doone ?

M. Bar. Phillip, it shall.

Phil. God be with ye ! Ile be gone. *Exit.*

M. Bar. Come on, maister Goursey : this same is a
 meanes

To make our wiues friends, if they resist not.

M. Gour. Tut, syr, howsoeuer it shall go forward.

M. Bar. Come, then, lets do as Phillip hath aduisd.

Exeunt.

Enter MALL.

Mall. Heere is the place where Phillip bad me stay
 Till Francis came ; but wherefore did my brother
 Appoint it heere ? why in the cunny borough ?
 He had some meaning in't, I warrant yee.
 Well, heere Ile set me downe vnder this tree,
 And thinke vpon the matter all alone.
 Good Lord, what pritty things these cunnies are !
 How finely they do feed till they be fat,
 And then what a sweete meate a cunny is !
 And what smooth skins they haue, both blacke and
 graye !
 They say they runne more in the night then day :
 What is the reason ? marke ; why, in the light
 They see more passengers then in the night ;
 For harmfull men many a haye* do set,

* *haye*] i.e. a kind of net for catching rabbits,—usually stretched before their holes.

And laugh to see them tumble in the net ;
 And they put ferrets in the holes,—fie, fie!—
 And they go vp and downe where conneies lie ;
 And they ly still, they haue so little wit :
 I maru'le the warriner will suffer it ;
 Nay, nay, they are so bad, that they themselues
 Do giue consent to catch these prettie elfes.
 How if the warriner should spie me here ?
 He would take me for a conny I dare sweare.
 But when that Francis comes, what will he say ?
 'Looke, boy, there lies a conney in my way !'
 But, soft, a light ! whose that ? soule, my mother !
 Nay, then, all hid : i faith, she shall not see me ;
 Ile play bo peepe with her behind this tree.

[*Enter* MISTRESSE BARNES.]

Mis. Bar. I maruell where this wench doth* hide
her selfe

So closely ; I haue searcht in many a bush.

Mal. Belike my mother tooke me for a thrush.
[*Aside.*]—

Mis. Ba. Shees hid in this same warren, Ile lay
money.

Mal. Close as a rabbet sucker† from an olde conney.
[*Aside.*]

Mis. Bar. O God, I would to God that I could find
her !

* *doth*] So sec. ed. First ed. "do."

† *rabbet sucker*] i.e. a sucking, a young, rabbit.

I would keepe her from her loues toyes yet.

Mal. I, so you might, if your daughter had no wit.
[*Aside.*]

Mis. Bar. What a vilde* girle tis, that would hau't
so young !

Mal. A murren take that desembling tongue !
Ere your calues teeth were out, you thought it long.
[*Aside.*]

Mis. Bar. But, minion, yet Ile keepe you from the
man.

Mal. To saue a lie, mother, say, if you can. [*Aside.*]

Mis. Bar. Well, now to looke for her.

Mal. I, theres the spight :

What tricke shall I now haue to scape herlight? [*Aside.*]

Mis. Bar. Whose there? what, minion, is it you?—
Beshrew her heart, what a fright she put me to !
But I am glad I found her, though I was afraide.
[*Aside.*]

Come on your waies ; you are † a handsome maide !

Why [steal] you foorth a doores so late at night ?

Why, whether go ye ? come, stand still, I say.

Mal. No, indeed, mother ; this is my best way.

Mis. Bar. Tis not the best way ; stand by me, I tell ye.

Mal. No ; you would catch me, mother,—O, I smellye !

Mis. Bar. Will ye not stand still ?

Mal. No, by ladie, no.

Mis. Bar. But I will make ye.

* *vilde*] i.e. vile.

† *you are*] So sec. ed. First ed. "you'r."

Mal. Nay, then, trip and go.

Mis. Bar. Mistresse, Ile make ye wearie ere I haue done.

Mal. Faith, mother, then, Ile trie how you can runne.

Mis. Bar. Will ye?

Mal. Yes, faith. *Exeunt.*

Enter [FRANKE and BOY.]

Fran. Mal, sweet heart, Mal! what, not a word?

Boy. A little further, maister; call againe.

Fran. Why, Mal! I prethie, speake; why, Mal, I say!
I know thou art not farre, if thou wilt* speake;
Why, Mall!—

But now I see shees in her merrie vaine,
To make me call, and put me to more paine.
Well, I must beare with her; sheel beare with me:
But I will call, least that it be not so.—

What, Mal! what, Mall, I say!—Boy, are we right?
Haue we not mist the way this same darke night?

Boy. Masse, it may be so: as I am true† man,
I haue not seen a cunny since I came;
Yet at the connyborow we should meete.

But, harke! I heare the trampling of some feete.

Fran. It may be so, then; therefore lets lie close.

[Enter MISTRESSE GOURSEY and COOMES.]

Mis. Gou. Where art thou, Dicke?

* *wilt*] Sec. ed. “*wilt not.*”

† *true*] i.e. honest.

Coom. Where am I, quoth a! marie, I may bee where any bodie will say I am; eyther in France, or at Rome, or at Jerusalem, they may say I am, for I am not able to disprooue them, because I cannot tell where I am.

Mis. Gou. O, what a blindfold walke haue we had,
Dicke,

To seeke my sonne! and yet I cannot finde him.

Coom. Why, then, mistresse, lets go home.

Mis. Gou. Why, tis so darke we shall not finde the way.

Fran. I pray God, ye may not, mother, till it be day!
[*Aside.*]

Coom. Sbloud, take heed, mistresse, heres a tree.

Mis. Gou. Lead thou the way, and let me hold by thee.

Boy. Dicke Coomes, what difference is there between a blind man and he that cannot see?

Fran. Peace, a poxe on thee!

Coom. Swounds, some bodie spake.

Mis. Gou. Dicke, looke about;
It may be here we may finde them out.

Coom. I see the glimpse* of some bodie here.—
And ye be a sprite, Ile fraie the bugbeare.—
There a goes, mistresse.

Mis. Gou. O sir, haue I spide you?

Fran. A plague on the boy! t was he that descried†
me. *Exeunt.*

* *glimpse*] Eds. "glimpes" (the two last letters transposed by mistake).

† *descried*] i.e. gave notice of, discovered.

[*Enter PHILIP.*]

Phil. How like a beauteous ladie maskt in blacke
 Lookes that same large cercumference of heauen!
 The skye, that was so faire three houres ago,
 Is in three houres become an Etheope;
 And being angrie at her beauteous change,
 She will not haue one of those pearled starres
 To blab her sable metamorphesis:*
 Tis very darke. I did appoynt my sister
 To meete me at the cunnie berrie† below,
 And Francis too; but neither can I see.
 Belike my mother hapned on that place,
 And fraide them from it, and they both are now
 Wandring about the‡ fields: how shall I finde them?
 It is so darke, I scarce can see my hand:
 Why, then, Ile hollow for them—no, not so;
 So will his voyce betray him to our mothers
 And if he answeere, and bring them where he is.
 What shall I, then, do? it must not be so—
 Sbloud,§ it must be so; how else, I pray?
 Shall I stand gaping here all night till day,
 And then be nere the neere||?—So ho, so ho!

[*Enter WILL.*]

Will. So ho! I come: where are ye? where art
 thou? here!

* *metamorphesis*] So sec. ed. First ed. "metamorphesie."

† *cunnie berrie*] i.e. cony-burrow.

‡ *the*] So sec. ed. First ed. "these."

§ *Sbloud*] So sec. ed. First ed. "Sblould."

|| *neere*] i.e. nearer.

Phil. How now, Franke, where hast thou* beene?

Will. Franke! what Franke? sbloud, is sir Raph mad? [*Aside.*]—Heres the bow.

Phil. I haue not bin much priuate with that voyce: Me thinkes Franke Goursies talke and his doth tell me I am mistaken; especially by his bow; Franke had no bow. Well, I will leaue this fellow, And hollow somewhat farther in the fields. [*Aside.*]—Doost thou heare, fellow? I perceiue by thee That we are both mistaken: I tooke thee For one thou art not; likewise thou tookst mee For sir Raph Smith, but sure I am not hee: And so, farewell; I must go seeke my friend.—
So ho! [*Exit.*]

Will. So ho, so ho! nay, then, sir Raph, so whore! For a whore she was sure, if you had her here So late. Now, you are sir Raph Smith;† Well do ye counterfeit and change your voyce, But yet I know ye. But what should be that Francis? Belike that Francis cussend him of his wench, And he conceals himselfe to finde her out; Tis so, vpon my life. Well, I will go And helpe him ring his peale of so ho, so ho! [*Exit.*]

Enter FRANKE.

Fran. A plague on Coomes! a plague vpon the boy! A plague too—not on my mother for an hundreth pound! Twas time to runne; and yet I had not thought

* *thou*] So sec. ed. Not in first ed.

† *Sir Raph Smith*] Qy. "*Sir Raph Smith*, I know."

My mother could haue followed me so close,
 Her legges with age I thought had foundered ;
 She made me quite runne through a quickset hedge,
 Or she had taken me. Well, I may say,
 I haue runne through the briers for a wench ;
 And yet I haue her not,—the woorse lucke mine.
 Me thought I heard one hollow here about ;
 I iudge it Phillip : O, the slaue will laugh
 When as he heares how that my mother scarde me !
 Well, heere Ile stand vntill I heare him hollow,
 And then Ile answere him ; he is not farre.

[*Enter* SIR RAPH SMITH.]

Rap. My man is hollowing for me vp and downe,
 And yet I cannot meete with him.—So ho!

Fran. So ho !

Rap. Why, what, a poxe, wert thou so neere me, man,
 And wouldst not speake ?

Fran. Sbloud, ye're very hot.

Ra. No, sir, I am colde enough with staying here
 For such a knaue as you.

Fran. Knaue ! how now, Phillip ?
 Art mad, art mad ?

Ra. Why, art not thou my man
 That went to fetch my bowe* ?

Fran. Indeed, a bowe
 Might shoote me ten bowes downe the weather so :
 I your man !

* *That went to fetch my bow*] So sec. ed. These words are wanting in first ed.

Rap. What art thou, then ?

Fran. A man : but whats thy name ?

Ra. Some call me Raph.

Fran. Then, honest Raph, farewell.

Ra. Well said, familiar Will ! plaine Raph, i faith.

[*Hollow within* PHILLIP and WILL.*

Fran. There calles my man.

Ra. But there goes mine away ;

And yet Ile heare what this next call will say,

And here Ile tarrie till he call againe. [*Retires.*]†

[*Enter* WILL.]

Wil. So ho !

Fran. So ho ! where art thou, Phillip ?

Wil. Sbloud,‡ Philip !

But now he calde me Francis : this is fine. [*Aside*]

Fran. Why studiest thou ? I prethie, tell me, Phillip,
Where the wench§ is.

Wil. Euen now he askt me Francis for the wench,
And now he asks|| me Phillip for the wench. [*Aside*]—
Well, sir Raph, I must needs tell ye now,
Tis¶ not for your** credit to be foorth

* *Hollow within, &c.*] This stage-direction occurs somewhat earlier in eds.

† *Retires*] I am not sure that this stage-direction, which I have added, is the right one. It would seem, however, that Sir Ralph Smith remains on the stage, and is supposed not to overhear the dialogue which ensues between Francis and Will.

‡ *Sbloud*] Eds. "Sblould."

§ *wench*] So sec. ed. First ed. "whench."

|| *asks*] Eds. "ask t" and "aske."

¶ *Tis*] Read, for the metre, "It is."

** *your*] So sec. ed. Not in first ed.

So late a wenching in this order.*

Fran. Whats this? so late a wenching, doth he say?

[*Aside*]—

Indeed, tis true I am thus late a wenching,
But I am forc'st to wench without a wench.

Wil. Why, then, you might haue tane your bow at
first,

And gone and kilde a bucke, and not haue been
So long a drabbing, and be nere the neere.†

Fran. Swounds, what a pussell am I in this night!
But yet Ile put this fellow farther [*question. Aside*]—
Doost thou heare, man? I am not sir Raph Smith,
As thou doost thinke I am; but I did meete him,
Euen as thou saiest, in pursuite of a wench.
I met the wench too, and she askt for thee,
Saying twas thou that wert her loue, her deare,
And that sir Raph was not an honest knight
To traine her thether, and to vse her so.

Wil. Sbloud, my wench! swounds, were he ten sir
Raphes—

Fran. Nay, tis true, looke to it; and so, farewell.

Exit.

Wil. Indeed, I do loue Nan, our darie maide:
And hath he traine[d] her foorth to that intent,
Or for another? I carrie his crossebow,
And he doth crosse me, shooting in my bow.
What shall I do?

[*Exit*]‡

* *order*] Qy. "order here"?

† *neere*] i.e. nearer.

‡ *Exit*] Perhaps he ought only to retire.

Enter PHLLIP.

Phil. So ho!

Raph. So ho!

Phil. Francis, art thou there?

Ra. No, heres no Francis. Art thou Will, my man?

Phil. Will foole your man, Will gose* your man!
My backe, sir, scornes to weare your liuerie.

Raph. Nay, sir, I mooude but such a question to you,
And it hath not disparegd you, I hope;
Twas but mistaking; such a night as this
May well deceiue a man. God boye,† sir. [*Exit.*]

Phil. Gods will, tissir Raph Smith, a vertuous knight!
How gently entertaines he my hard answeere!
Rude anger made my tongue vnmannerly:
I crie him mercie. Well, but all this while
I cannot finde a Francis.—Francis, ho!

[*Enter WILL.*]

Wil. Francis, ho! O, you call Francis now!
How haue ye vsde my Nan? come, tell me, how.

Phil. Thy Nan! what Nan?

Wil. I, what Nan, now! say, do you not seeke a
wench?

Phil. Yes, I do.

Wil. Then, sir, that is she.

Phil. Art not thou [he] I met withall before?

Wil. Yes, sir; and you did counterfeit before,
And said to me you were not sir Raph Smith.

* *gose*] i.e. goose.—So sec. ed. First ed. “asgo e.”

† *boye*] i.e. be wi' ye.

Phil. No more I am not. I met sir Raph Smith ;
Euen now he askt me if I saw his man.

Wil. O, fine !

Phil. Why, sirra, thou art much deceiued in me :
Good faith, I am not he thou thinkst I am.

Wil. What are ye, then ?

Phil. Why, one that seekes one Francis and a wench.

Wil. And Francis seekes one Phillip and a wench.

Phil. How canst thou tell ?

Wil. I met him seeking Phillip and a wench,
As I was seeking sir Raph and a wench.

Phil. Why, then, I know the matter: we met crosse,
And so we mist ; now here we finde our losse.
Well, if thou wilt, we two will keepe together,
And so we shall meet right with one or other.

Wil. I am content : but, do you heare me, sir ?
Did not sir Raph Smith aske ye for a wench ?

Phil. No, I promise thee, nor did he looke
For any but thy selfe, as I could gesse.

Wil. Why, this is straunge: but, come, sir, lets away ;
I feare that we shall walke here till it be day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Boy.

[*Boy.*] O God, I haue runne so farre into the winde,
that I haue runne myselfe out of winde ! They say a
man is neere his end when he lackes breath ; and I am
at the end of my race, for I can run no farther : then
here I be in my breath bed, not in my death bed.*

* *death bed*] It would seem that something is wanting after
this speech : unless we are to suppose that here the Boy lies

Enter COOMES.

Coom. They say men moyle and toyle for a poore liuing; so I moyle and toyle, and am liuing, I thanke God; in good time be it spoken. It had been better for me my mistresse angell* had beene light, for then perhappes it had not lead mee into this darknesse. Well, the diuell neuer blesses a man better, when hee purses vppe angelles by owlight: I ranne through a hedge to take the boy, but I stuck in the ditch, and lost the boy. [*Falls.*] Swounds, a plague on that clod, that mowlhil, that ditch, or what the diuel so ere it were, for a man cannot see what it was! Well, I would not for the prize of my sword and buckler any body should see me in this taking, for it would make me but cut off their legs for laughing at me. Well, downe I am, and downe I meane to be, because I am wearie; but to tumble downe thus, it was no part of my meaning: then, since I am downe, here Ile rest me, and no man shall remooue me.

Enter HODGE.

Hodge. O, I haue sport in cony, i faith! I haue almost burste myselfe with laughing at mistresse Barnes. She was following of her daughter; and I, hearing her, put on my fellow Dickes sword and buckler voyce and his swounds and sbloud words, and led her such a

down and falls asleep, and that he wakens on the second entrance of Hodge,—where, however, the eds. distinctly mark “Enter Hodge and Boy”; see p. 106.

* *angell*] See note, p. 10.

dance in the darke as it passes.* ‘Heere shee is,’ quoth I. ‘Where?’ quoth she. ‘Here,’ quoth I. O, it hath been a braue here and there night! but, O, what a soft natured thing the durt is! how it would endure my hard treading, and kisse my feete for acquaintance! and how courteous and mannerly were the clods† to make me stumble onely of purpose to entreate me lye downe and rest me! But now, and I could find my fellow Dicke, I would play the knaue with him honestly, i faith. Wel, I will grope in the darke for him, or Ile poke with my staffe, like a blinde man, to preuent a ditch.

He stumbles‡ on DICK COOMES.

Coom. Whose that, with a poxe?

Hod. Who art thou, with a pestilence?

Coom. Why, I am Dicke Coomes.

Hod. What, haue I found thee, Dicke? nay, then, I am for ye, Dicke. [*Aside.*]—Where are ye, Dicke?

Coom. What can I tell where I am?

Hod. Can ye not tell? come, come, yee waight on your mistresse well! come on your waies; I haue sought you till I am wearie, and calde ye till I am hoarse: good Lord, what a iaunt I haue had this night, hey§ ho!

Coom. Ist you, mistresse, that came ouer mee? sbloud, twere a good deed to come ouer you for this nights worke. I cannot affoorde all this paines for an

* *passes*] i.e. excels.

† *clods*] So sec. ed. First ed. “clowdes.”

‡ *He stumbles, &c.*] So sec. ed. Not in first ed.

§ *hey*] So sec. ed. First ed. “ho.”

angell: I tell yee true; a kisse were not cast away vppon a good fellow, that hath deserued more that way then a kisse, if your kindnesse would affoorde it him: what, shall I hau't, mistresse?

Hod. Fie, fie, I must not kisse my man.

Coom. Nay, nay, nere stand; shall I, shall I? nobodie sees: say but I shall, and Ile smacke it* soundly, i faith.

Hod. Away, bawdie man! in trueth, Ile tell your maister.

Coom. My maister! go to, nere tell me of my maister: he may pray for them that may, he is past it; and for mine owne part, I can do somewhat that way, I thanke God; I am not now to learne, and tis your part to haue your whole desire.

Hod. Fie, fie, I am ashamed of you: would you tempt your mistresse to lewdnesse?

Coom. To lewdnesse! no, by my troth, ther's no such matter in't, it is for kindnesse; and, by my troth, if you like my gentle offer, you shall haue what courteously I can affoorde yee.

Hodge. Shall I indeed, Dicke? I faith, if I thought nobody would see—

Coomes. Tush, feare not that; swones, they must haue cattes eyes, then.

Hodge. Then, kisse me, Dick.

Coomes. A kinde wenche, i faith! [*Aside.*—Where are ye, mistresse?

* *it*] Sec. ed. "yee."

Hodge. Heere, Dick. O, I am in the darke! Dick, go about.*

Coom. Nay, Ile throwe† sure: where are yee?

Hodge. Heere.

Coom. A plague on this poast! I would the carpenter had bin hangd that set it vp, for me.‡—Where are yee now?

Hodge. Heere.

Coom. Heere! O, I come. [*Exit.*] A plague on it, I am in a pond, mistres!

Hod. Ha, ha! I haue led him into a pond.—Where art thou, Dick?

Coomes. [*within.*] Vp to the middle in a pond!

Hodg. Make a boate of thy buckler, then, and swim out. Are yee so hot, with a pox? would you kisse my mistresse? coole yee there, then, good Dick Coomes. O, when he comes foorth, the skirts of his blew coate§ will drop like a paint-house! O, that I could see, and not be seene, how he would spaniell it, and shake himselfe when he comes out of the pond! But Ile be gone; for now heele fight with a flye, if he but buz|| in his eare. *Exit.*

Enter COOMES.

Coom. Heeres so hoing with a plague! so hang, and

* *Dick, go about*] Qy. is this a stage-direction crept into the text?

† *throwe*] Sec. ed. "grope."

‡ *for me*] Sec. ed. "so."

§ *blew coate*] See note, p. 34.

|| *buz*] So sec. ed. First ed. "buze."

ye will, for I haue bin almost drown'd. A pox of your stones,* and ye call this kissing! Yee talke of a drown'd rat, but twas time to swim like a dog; I had bin seru'd like a drowned cat els. I would he had dig'd his graue that dig'd the pond! my feete were foule indeed, but a lesse pale then a pond would haue serued my turne to washe them. A man shall be serued thus alwayes, when hee followes any of these females; but tis my kind heart that makes me thus forward in kindnes vnto them: well, God amend them, and make them thankfull to them that would doe them pleasure. I am not drunke, I would yee should well know it; and yet I haue drunke more then will do me good, for I might haue had a pumpe set vp with as† good Marche beere as this was, and nere set vp an ale-bush for the matter. Well, I am somewhat in wroth, I must needs say; and yet I am not more angrie then wise, nor more wise then angrie; but Ile fight with the next man I meet, and it be but for lucke sake; and if he loue to see him selfe hurt, let him bring light with him; Ile do it by darkling els, by Gods dines.‡ Well, heere will I walke, who soeuer sayes nay.

Enter NICHOLAS.

Nich. He that worse may, must holde the candle; but my maister is not so wise as God might haue made

* *stones*] Sec. ed. "lips."

† *I might haue had a pumpe set vp with as*] So sec. ed. First ed. "I haue had a Pumpe set vp, as good."

‡ *Gods dines*] See note, p. 81.

him. Hee is gone to seeke a hayre in a hennes nest, a needle in a bottle of haye, which is as sildome seene as a blacke swan: hee is gone to seeke my young mistresse; and I thinke she is better lost then found, for who so euer hath her, hath but a wette eele by the taile. But they may do as they list; the law is in their owne hands; but, and they would be ruld by me, they should set her on the leland, and bid the diuell split her; beshrew her fingers, shee hath made me watch past mine hower; but Ile watch her a good turne for it.

Cooms. How, whose that? Nicholas!—So, first come, first seru'd; I am for him [*Aside*].—How now, prouerbe, prouerbe? sbloud, how now, prouerbe?

Nich. My name is Nicholas, Richard; and I knowe your meaning, and I hope yee meane no harme: I thanke yee, I am the better for your asking.

Coom. Where haue you been a whoring thus late, ha?

Nich. Maister Richard, the good wife would not seeke her daughter in the ouen vnlesse she had been there her selfe: but, good Lord, you are knuckle deepe in durte!—I warrant, when he was in, he swore Walsingham,* and chafte terrible for the time [*Aside*].—Looke, the water drops from you as fast as hops.

Coomes. What needst thou to care, whipper-ienny, tripe-cheekes?† out, you fat asse!

* *swore Walsingham*] i.e. (perhaps) swore by our Lady of Walsingham,—in Norfolk.

† *tripe-cheekes*] So sec. ed. First ed. "Tripe-cheeke."

Nich. Good wordes cost nought, ill words corrupts good manners, Richard, for a hasty man neuer wants woe ; and I had thought you had been my friend ; but I see all is not golde that glisters ; ther's falshood in fellowship ; *amicus certus in re certa cernitur* ; time and trueth tryes all ; and tis an olde prouerbe, and not so old as true, bought wit is the best ; I can see day at a little hole ; I know your minde as well as though I were within you ; tis ill halting before a criple : goe to, you seeke to quarrell ; but beware of had I wist* ; so long goes the potte to the water, at length it comes home broken ; I know you are as good a man as euer drew sword, or as was ere girt in a girdle, or as ere went on neats leather, or as one shall see vpon a summers day, or as ere lookt man in the face, or as ere trode on Gods earth, or as ere broke bread or drunke drinke ; but he is propper that hath propper conditions† ; but be not you like the cowe, that giues a good sope of milke, and casts it downe with her‡ heeles ; I speake plainely, for plaine dealing is a iewell, and he that vseth it shal dye a beggar ; well, that happens in an hower, that happens not in seauen yeares ; a man is not so soone whole as hurt ; and you should kill a man, you would kisse his—well, I say little, but I thinke the more.—Yet Ile giue him good words ; tis good to hold a candle before the diuell ; yet, by Gods me, Ile take

* *had I wist*] i.e. had I known the consequences : a common proverbial expression of repentance.

† *conditions*] See note, p. 25.

‡ *her*] So *sec. ed.* First ed. "his."

no wrong, if hee had a head as big as Brasse,* or lookt as high as Poules steeple. [*Aside.*]

Coom. Sirra, thou grashoper, that shalt skip from my sword as from a sithe; Ile cut thee out in collops, and egges, in steakes, in sliste beefe, and frye thee with the fyer I shall strike from the pike† of thy buckler.

Nich. I, Brags a good dog; threatned folkes liue long.

Coomes. What say yee, sir?

Nich. Why, I say not so much as How do yee?

Coom. Do yee not so, sir?

Nich. No, indeed, what so ere I thinke; and thought is free.

Coomes. You whoreson wafer-cake, by Gods dines,‡ Ile crushe yee for this!

Nich. Giue an inche, and youle take an elle; I will not put my finger in a hole, I warrant yee: what, man! nere crowe so fast, for a blinde man may kill a hayre; I haue knowne when a plaine fellow hath hurt a fencer, so I haue: what! a man may bee as slowe as a snaile, but as fierce as a lyon, and hee bee mooued; indeed, I am patient, I must needes say, for patience in aduersitie brings a man to the Three Cranes in the Ventree.

Coomes. Do yee heere? set downe your torche; drawe, fight, I am for yee.

* *Brasse*] Qy. a proverbial allusion to the famous Brazen-head?

† *pike*] See note, p. 61.

‡ *by Gods dines*] See note, p. 81.

Nich. And I am for yee too, though it be from this midnight to the next morne.

Coomes. Where be your tooles?

Nich. Within a mile of an oke, sir; hee's a proud horse will not carry his owne prouender, I warrant yee.

Coom. Now am I in my quarrelling humor, and now can I say nothing but Sownes, draw! but Ile vntrus, and then haue to it. [*Aside.*]

Enter [severally] HODGE and BOYE.

Hodge. Whose there? boye! honest boye, well met: where hast thou bin?

Boy. O Hodge, Dicke Coomes hath been as good as a crye of hounds, to make a breathd* hayre of me! but didst thou see my maister?

Hodge. I met him euen now, and he askt me for thee, and he is gone vp and downe, whoing like† an owle for thee.

Boy. Owle, yee asse!

Hodge. Asse! no, nor glasse, for then it had bin Owleglasse‡: but whose that, boye?

Boy. By the masse, tis our Coomes and Nicholas; and it seemes they are prouiding to fight.

Hodge. Then, we shall haue fine sport, i faith. Sirra, lets stand close, and when they haue fought a bout or

* *breathd*] So sec. ed. First ed. "breath."

† *like*] So sec. ed. Not in first ed.

‡ *Owleglasse*] The hero of a popular German jest-book (*Eulenspiegel*), which was translated into English at a very early period: see Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, iv. 60, and Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

two, wee le runne away with the torche, and leaue them to fight darkling; shall we?

Boy. Content; Ile get the torche: stand close.

Coomes. So, now my backe hath roome to reache: I doe not loue to bee last* in, when I goe to lase a rascall. I pray God, Nicholas prooue not a silly:† it would doe me good to deale with a good man now, that wee might haue halfe a dozen good smart stroakes. Ha, I haue seene the day I could haue daunst in my fight, one, two, three, foure, and fieve, on the head of him; six, seauen, eyght, nine, and ten, on the sides of him; and, if I went so far as fifteene, I warrant I shewed‡ him a trick of one and twentie; but I haue not fought this foure dayes, and I lacke a little practise of my warde; but I shall make a shift: ha, close [*Aside*].—Are yee disposed, sir?

Nich. Yes, indeed, I feare no colours: change sides, Richard.

Coomes. Change the gallowes! Ile see thee hangd first.

Nich. Well, I see the foole will not leaue his bable§ for the Tower of London.

Coom. Foole, yee roge! nay, then, fall to it.

Nich. Good goose, bite not.

Coomes. Sbloud, how pursesey I am! Well, I see exercise is all: I must practise my weapons oftner; I

* *last*] i.e. laced.

† *silly*] Sec. ed. "fly."

‡ *shewed*] So sec. ed. First ed. "shew."

§ *bable*] i.e. bauble.

must haue a goale or two at foote-ball before I come to my right kinde [*Aside*].—Giue me thy hand, Nicholas: thou art a better man then I tooke thee for, and yet thou art not so good a man as I.

Nich. You dwell by ill neighbours, Richard; that makes yee praise your selfe.

Coomes. Why, I hope thou wilt say I am a man?

Nich. Yes, Ile say so, if I should see yee hangd.

Coomes. Hangd, yee roge! nay, then, haue at yee. [*While they fight, exeunt HODGE, and BOY with the torch.*] Sownes, the light is gone!

Nich. O Lord, it is as darke as pitche!

Coomes. Well, heere Ile lye, with my buckler thus, least striking vp and downe at randall,* the roge might hurt me, for I cannot see to saue it, and Ile holde my peace, least my voyce should bring him where I am.

[*Aside.*]

Nich. Tis good to haue a cloake for the raine; a bad shift is better then none at all; Ile sit heere, as if I were as dead as a doore naile. [*Aside.*]†

Enter M. BARNES and M. GOURSEY.

M. Gou. Harke! theres one holloes.

M. Bar. And theres another.

* *randall*] i.e. random.

† *a doore naile* [*Aside*]. Here again I do not understand the stage-arrangement. Has something dropt out? Before the entrance of Barnes and Goursey, the two servingmen ought surely to make their exeunt.

M. Gou. And euery where we come, I heere some
hollo,

And yet it is our haps to meete with none.

M. Bar. I maruell where your Hodge is, and my man.

M. Gou. I, and our wiues; we cannot meete with
them,

Nor with the boye, nor Mall, nor Franke, nor Phillip,
Nor yet with Coomes, and yet we nere stode still.

Well, I am very angry with my wife,
And she shall finde I am not pleasd with her,
If we meete nere so soone: but tis my hope*

She hath had as blind a iourney ont as we;
Pray God, she haue, and worse, if worse may be!

M. Bar. This is but short liu'de enuie,† maister
Goursey:

But, come, what say yee to my pollicie?

M. Gou. I faith, tis good, and we will practise it;
But, sir, it must be handeled cunningly,
Or all is mard; our wiues haue subtill heads,
And they will soone perceiue a drift deuise.

Enter SIR RAPHE SMITH.

Raphe. So ho!

M. Gou. So ho!

Raph. Whose there?

M. Bar. Heeres on or two.

Raph: Is Will there?

* *hope*] Eds. "hap."

† *enuie*] i.e. ill will.

M. Bar. No. Phillip?

M. Gour. Franke?

S. Raph. No, no.—

Was euer man deluded thus like me?

I thinke some spirit leads me thus amisse,

As I haue often heard that some haue bin

Thus in the nights.

But yet this mases me; where ere I come,

Some askes me still for Franke or Phillip,

And none of them can tell me where Will is. [*Aside.*]

Will. So ho!

Phil. So ho!

Hodge. So ho!

Boye. So ho!

} *They hollo within.*

Raph. Sownes, now I heere foure hollo at the least!

One had a little voice; then thats the wench

My man hath lost: well, I will answere all. [*Aside.*]—

So ho!

[*Enter HODGE.*]

Hodge. Whope, whope!

Raph. Whose there? Will?

Hodge. No, sir; honest Hodge: but, I pray yee, sir, did yee not meete with a boye with a torche? he is runne away from me, a plague on him!

Raph. Hey day, from Franke and Phillip to a torche, And to a boye! nay, sownes, then, hap as twill. [*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt SIR RAPH and HODGE severally*]

M. Gour. Who goes there?

[*Enter WILL.*]

Will. Gesse heere.

M. Bar. Phillip?

Will. Phillip! no, faith; my names Will,—ill will, for I was neuer worse: I was euen now with him, and might haue beene still, but that I fell into a ditch and lost him, and now I am going vp and downe to seeke him.

M. Gour. What wouldst thou doo with him?

Will. Why, I would haue him go with me to my maisters.

M. Gou. Whose thy maister?

Will. Why, sir Raphe Smith; and thether he promist me he would come; if he keepe his worde, so tis.

M. Bar. What was a* doing when thou first foundst him?

Will. Why, he holloed for one Frauncis, and Frauncis hollod for him; I hallod for my maister, and my maister for me; but we mist still, meeting contrary, Phillip and Francis with me and my maister, and I and my maister with Phillip and Franke.

M. Gour. Why, wherefore is sir Raphe so late abroad?

Will. Why, he ment to kill a bucke,—He say so to saue his honestie, but my Nan was his marke [*Aside.*]
—and he sent me for his bow, and when I came, I hollod for him; but I neuer saw such lucke to misse him, it hath almost made me mad.

M. Bar. Well, stay with vs; perhaps sir Raphe and he Will come anon: harke! I do heere one hollo.

* a] Sec. ed. "hè a": but a is a common contraction for he.

Enter PHILLIP.

Phil. Is this broad waking in a winters night?
I am broad walking in a winters night,—
Broad indeed, because I am abroad,—
But these broad fields methinks are not so broad
That they may keepe me foorth of narrow ditches.
Heers a hard world!
For I can hardly keep myself vpright in it:
I am maruellous dutifull—but, so ho!

Will. So ho!

Phil. Whose there?

Will. Heeres Will.

Phil. What, Will! how scapst thou?

Will. What, sir?

Phil. Nay, not hanging, but drowning: wert thou
in a pond or a ditche?

Will. A pestilence on it! ist you, Phillip? no, faith,
I was but durty a little: but heeres one or two askt
for yee.

Phil. Who be they, man?

M. Bar. Philip, tis I and maister Goursey.

Phil. Father, O father, I haue heard them say
The dayes of ignorance are past and done;
But I am sure the nights of ignorance
Are not yet past, for this is one of them.
But wheres my sister?

M. Ba. Why, we cannot tell.

Phil. Wheres Francis?

M. Gour. Neither saw we him.

Phil. Why, this is fine.

What, neither he nor I, nor she nor you,
 Nor I nor she, nor you and I, till* now,
 Can meet, could meet, or ere, I thinke, shall meete!
 Call ye this wooing? no, tis Christmas sport
 Of Hob man blind,† all blind, all seek to catch,
 All misse:—but who comes heere?

Enter FRANKE and his BOYE.

Fra. O, haue I catcht yee, sir? it was your dooing
 That made me haue this pretty dance to night;
 Had not you spoake, my mother had not scard me:
 But I will swinge ye for it.

Phil. Keepe the kings peace!

Fra. How! art thou become a constable?
 Why, Phillip, where hast thou bin all this while?

Phil. Why, where you were not: but, I pray, whers
 my sister?

Fran. Why, man, I sawe her not; but I haue sought
 her
 As I should seeke.

Phil. A needle, haue yee not?
 Why, you, man, are the needle that she seekes
 To worke withall. Well, Francis, do you heere?
 You must not answere so, that you haue sought her;
 But haue yee found her? faith, and if you haue,
 God giue yee ioy of that ye found with her!

Fra.‡ I saw her not: how could I finde her?

* *till*] So sec. ed. First. ed. "tell."

† *Hob man blind*] i.e. Blind-man's-buff.

‡ *Fra*] So sec. ed. Not in first ed.

M. Gou. Why, could yee misse from maister
Barnses house

Vnto his cunnyberry?

Fran. Whether I could or no, father, I did.

Phil. Father, I did! well, Franke, wilt thou beleue
me,

Thou doost not know how much this same doth greeue me:
Shall it be said thou mist so plaine a way,
When as so faire a wenche did for thee stay?

Fra. Sownes, man!

Phi. Sownes, man! and if thou hadst bin blinde,
The cunny-borow thou needst must finde.
I tell thee, Francis, had it bin my case,
And I had bin a woer in thy place,
I would haue laide my head vnto the ground,
And sented out my wenches way, like a hound;
I would haue crept vpon my knees all night,
And haue made the flint stones linckes to giue me light;
Nay, man, I would.

Fran. Good Lord, what you would doe!

Well, we shall see one day how you can woe.

M. Gou. Come, come, we see that we haue all bin
crost;

Therefore lets go, and seeke them we haue lost. *Exeunt.*

Enter MAL.

[*Mal.*] Am I alone? doth not my mother come?
Her torch I see not, which I well might see,
If any way she were comming towerd me:
Why, then, belike shees gone some other way;
And may she go till I bid her turne!

Farre shall her way be then, and little faire,
 For she hath hindered me of my good turne ;
 God send her wet and wearie ere she turne !
 I had beene at Oxenford, and to morrow
 Haue beene releast from all my maidens sorrow,
 And tasted ioy, had not my mother bin ;
 God, I beseech thee, make it her woorst sinne !
 How many maides this night lies in their beddes,
 And dreame that they haue lost their maidenheads !
 Such dreames, such slumbers I had to* enioyde,
 If waking mallice had not them destroyde.
 A starued man with double death doth die,
 To haue the meate might saue him in his eye,
 And may not haue it : so am I tormented,
 To starue for ioy I see, yet am preuented.
 Well, Franke, although thou woedst and quickly wonne,
 Yet shall my loue to thee be neuer done ;
 Ile runne through hedge and ditch, through brakes and
 briers,
 To come to thee, sole lord of my desires :
 Short woeing is the best, an houre, not yeares,
 For long debating loue is full of feares.
 But, harke ! I heare one tread. O, wer't my brother,
 Or Franke, or any man, but not my mother !

[*Enter* SIR RAPH SMITH.]

S. Rap. O, when will this same yeare of night haue
 end ?

Long lookt for daies sunne, when wilt thou ascend ?

* to] i.e. too.

Let not this theefe friend, mistie vale of night,
 Incroach on day, and shadow thy faire light,
 Whilst thou com'st tardie from thy Thetis bed,
 Blushing foorth golden haire and glorious red ;
 O, stay not long, bright lanthorne of the day,
 To light my mist way feete to my right way !

Mal. It is a man, his big voyce tels me so,
 Much am I not acquainted with it tho ;
 And yet mine eare, sounds true distinguisher,
 Boyes* that I haue beene more familiar
 With it then now I am : well, I do iudge,
 It is not enuies fellow, † not of grudge ;
 Therefore Ile plead acquaintance, hier his guiding,
 And buy of him some place of close abiding,
 Till that my mothers malice be expired,
 And we may ioy in that is long desired [*Aside*].—
 Whose there ?

Ra. Are ye a maide ?—No question this is she
 My man doth misse : faith, since she lights on me,
 I do not meane till day to let her go ;
 For what she is my mans loue I will know [*Aside*].—
 Harke ye, maide, if maide, are ye so light
 That you can see to wander in the night ?

Mal. Harke ye, true ‡ man, if true, I tell ye, no ;
 I cannot see at all which way I go.

Ra. Faire maide, ist so ? say, had ye nere a fall ?

Mal. Faire man, not so ; no, I had none at all.

* *Boyes*] i.e. (I suppose) Buoyes.

† *fellow*] Qy. "fellow"?

‡ *true*] i.e. honest.

Ra. Could you not stumble on one man, I pray?

Mal. No, no such blocke till now came in my way.

Ra. Am I that blocke, sweete tripe? then, fall and trie.

Mal. The grounds too hard a feather-bed; not I.

Ra. Why, how and you had met with such a stumpe?

Mal. Why, if he had been your height, I meant to
iumpe.

Ra. Are ye so nimble?

Mal. Nimble as a doe.

Ra. Backt in a pie.

Mal. Of ye.

Ra. Good meate ye know.

Mal. Ye hunt sometimes?

Ra. I do.

Mal. What take ye?

Ra. Deare.

Mall. You'l nere strike rascall*?

Ra. Yes, when ye are there.

Mal. Will ye strike me?

Rap. Yes: will ye strike againe?

Mal. No, sir; it fits not maides to fight with men.

Ra. I wonder, wench, how I thy name might know.

Mal. Why, you may finde it, sir, in the Christerosse
row.†

Rap. Be my schoolemistresse, teach me how to spell it.

Mal. No, faith, I care not greatly if I tell it;

My name is Marie Barnes.

Ra. How, wench? Mall Barnes!

* *rascall*] i.e. a deer lean and out of season.

† *the Christerosse row*] i.e. the alphabet.

Mal. The verie same.

Rap. Why, this is straunge.

Mal. I pray, sir, whats your name ?

Rap. Why, sir Raph Smith doth wonder, wench, at
this ;

Why, whats the cause thou art abroad so late ?

Mal. What, sir Raph Smith! nay, then, I will disclose
All the whole cause to him, in him repose
My hopes, my loue : God him, I hope, did send
Our loues and both our mothers hates to end. [*Aside*].—
Gentle sir Raph, if you my blush might see,
You then would say I am ashamed to be
Found, like a wandring stray, by such a knight,
So farre from home at such a time of night :
But my excuse is good ; loue first by fate
Is crost, controlde, and sundered by fell hate.
Franke Goursey is my loue, and he loues me ;
But both our mothers hate and disagree ;
Our fathers like the match and wish it done ;
And so it had, had not our mothers come ;
To Oxford we concluded both to go ;
Going to meete, they came ; we parted so ;
My mother followed me, but I ran fast,
Thinking who went from hate had need make haste ;
Take me she cannot, though she still pursue :
But now, sweete knight, I do repose on you ;
Be you my orator and plead my right,
And get me one good day for this bad night.

Rap. Alas, good heart, I pittie thy hard hap !
And Ile employ all that I may for thee.

Franke Goursey, wench! I do commend thy choyse:
 Now I remember I met one Francis,
 As I did seeke my man,—then, that was he,—
 And Philip too,—belike that was thy brother:
 Why, now I find how I did loose myselfe,
 And wander* vp and downe, mistaking so.
 Giue me thy hand, Mall: I will neuer leaue
 Till I haue made your mothers friends againe,
 And purchaste to ye both your hearts delight,
 And for this same one bad many a good night.
 Twill not be long ere that Aurora will,
 Deckt in the glorie of a golden sunne,
 Open the christall windowes of the east,
 To make the earth enamourde of her face,
 When we shall haue cleare light to see our way:
 Come; night being done, expect a happie day. *Exeunt.*

Enter MISTRESSE BARNES.

Mis. Bar. O, what a race this peeuish girle hath led me!

How fast I ranne, and now how wearie I am!
 I am so out of breath I scarce can speake,—
 What shall I do?—and cannot ouertake her.
 Tis late and darke, and I am far from home:
 May there not theeues lie watching here about,
 Intending mischiefe vnto them they meete?
 There may; and I am much afraide of them,
 Being alone without all companie.

* *wander*] So sec. ed. First ed. "wandring."

I do repent me of my comming foorth ;
 And yet I do not,—they had else bene married,
 And that I would not for ten times more labour.
 But what a winter of colde feare I thole,*
 Freesing my heart, least danger should betide me!
 What shall I do to purchase companie ?
 I heare some hollow here about the fields :
 Then here Ile set my torch vpon this hill,
 Whose light shall beacon-like conduct them to it ;
 They that haue lost their way, seeing a light,
 For it may be seene farre off in the night,
 Will come to it. Well, here Ile lie vnseene,
 And looke who comes, and chuse my companie :
 Perhaps my daughter may first come to it.

[*Enter* MISTRESSE GOURSEY.]

Mis. Gou. Where am I now? nay, where was I
 euen now?

Nor now, nor then, nor where I shall be, know I.
 I thinke I am going home: I may as well
 Be† going from home; tis‡ so very darke,
 I cannot see how to direct a step.
 I lost my man, pursuing of my sonne;
 My sonne escapt me too: now, all alone,
 I am enforst§ to wander vp and downe.

* *thole*] i.e. suffer, endure. Eds. "stole."

† *Be*] So sec. ed. First ed. "Being."

‡ *tis*] Read, for the metre, "it is."

§ *enforst*] So sec. ed. First ed. "enforc'st."

Barnses wife's* abroad: pray God, that she
 May haue as good a daunce, nay, ten times woorse!
 Oh, but I feare she hath not; she hath light
 To see her way. O, that some† bridge would breake,
 That she might fall into some deepe digd ditch,
 And eyther breake her bones or drowne her selfe!
 I would these mischiefes I could wish to her
 Might light on her!—but, soft; I see a light:
 I will go neere; it is comfortable,
 After this nights sad spirits dulling darknesse.
 How now? what, is it set to keepe it selfe?

Mis. Bar. A plague ont, is she there? [*Aside.*]

Mis. Gou. O, how it cheares and quickens vp my
 thoughts!

Mis. Bar. O, that it were the basseliskies fell eye,
 To poyson thee! [*Aside.*]

Mis. Gou. I care not if I take it,—
 Sure none is here to hinder me,—
 And light me home.

Mis. Bar. I had rather she were hangd
 Then I should set it there to do her good. [*Aside.*]

Mis. Gou. I faith, I will.

Mis. Bar. I faith, you shall not, mistresse;
 Ile venture a burnt finger but Ile haue it. [*Aside.*]

Mis. Gou. Yet Barnses wife would chafe, if that
 she knew
 That I had this good lucke to get a light.

* *wife's*] Read, for the metre, "wife is."

† *some*] So sec. ed. First ed. "same."

Mis. Bar. And so she doth ; but praise your* lucke
at parting. [*Aside.*]

Mis. Gou. O, that it were† her light, good faith,
that she

Might darkling walke about as well as I!

Mis. Bar. O, how this mads me, that she hath her
wish! [*Aside.*]

Mis. Gou. How I would laugh to see her trot about!

Mis. Bar. Oh, I could crie for anger and for rage!
[*Aside.*]

Mis. Gou. But who should set it here, I maru'le, a
Gods name.

Mis. Bar. One that will hau'te from you, in the
diuels name. [*Aside.*]

Mis. Gou. Ile lay my life that it was Barnses son.

Mis. Bar. No, forsooth, it was Barnses wife.

Mis. Gou. A plague vpon her, how she made me
start! [*Aside.*]—

Mistresse, let go the torch.

Mis. Bar. No, but I will not.

Mis. Gou. Ile thrust it in thy face, then.

Mis. Bar. But you shall not.

Mis. Gou. Let go, I say.

Mis. Bar. Let you go, for tis mine.

Mis. Gou. But my possession saies, it is none of thine.

Mis. Bar. Nay, I haue holde too.

Mis. Gou. Well, let go thy hold,

* *your*] Sec. ed. "you."

† *were*] So sec. ed. First ed. "weere."

Or I will spurne thee.

Mis. Bar. Do; I can spurne thee too.

Mis. Gou. Canst thou?

Mis. Bar. I, that I can.

Enter MAISTER GOURSIE *and* BARNES, [PHILIP,
FRANK, &c].

M. Gou. Why, how now, women? how vnlike to
women

Are ye both now! come, part, come, part, I say.

M. Bar. Why, what immodestie is this in you!

Come, part, I say; fie, fie.

Mis. Bar. Fie, fie! I say, she shall not haue my
torch.—

Giue me thy torch, boy:—I will runne a tilt,
And burne out both her eyes in my encounter.

Mis. Gou. Giue roome, and let us haue this hot
carerie.

M. Gou. I say, ye shall not: wife, go to, tame your
thoughts

That are so mad with furie.

M. Bar. And, sweete wife,
Temper your rage with patience; doe not be
Subiect so much to such misgouernment.

Mis. Bar. Shall I not, sir, when such a strumpet
wrongs me?

M. Gou. How, strumpet, mistresse Barnes! nay, I
pray, harke ye:

I oft indeed haue heard ye call her so,
And I haue thought vpon it, why ye should

Twit her with name of strumpet ; do you know
Any hurt by her, that you terme her so?

M. Bar. No, on my life ; rage onely makes her say so.

M. Gou. But I would know whence this same rage
should come ;

Whers smoke, theres fier ; and my heart misgiues
My wiues intemperance hath got that name ;—
And, mistresse Barnes, I doubt and shrewdly* doubt,
And some great cause begets this doubt in me,
Your husband and my wife doth wrong vs both.

M. Bar. How ! thinke ye so ? nay, maister Goursey,
then,

You runne in debt to my opinion,
Because you pay not such aduised wisdom
As I thinke due vnto my good conceit.

M. Gou. Then still I feare I shall your debter prooue.

[*M. Bar.*] Then I arrest you in the name of loue ;
Not bale, but present answere to my plea ;
And in the court of reason we will trie
If that good thoughts should beleue ielousie.

Phil. Why, looke ye, mother, this is long of you.—
For Gods sake, father, harke ! why, these effects
Come still from womens malice : part, I pray.—
Comes, Wil, and Hodge, come all, and helpe vs part
them !—

Father, but heare me speake one word, no more.

Franke. Father, but heare him† speake, then vse
your will.

* *shrewdly*] So sec. ed. First ed. "shrowdly."

† *him*] Sec. ed. "me"—wrongly, as appears from what follows.

Phil. Crie peace betweene ye for a little while.

Mis. Gou. Good husband, heare him speake.

Mis. Bar. Good husband, heare him.

Coom. Maister, heare him speake; hees a good wise young stripling for his yeares, I tell ye, and perhaps may speake wiser then an elder bodie ; therefore heare him.

Hodg. Maister, heare, and make an end ; you may kill one another in iest, and be hanged in earnest.

M. Gou. Come, let vs heare him.—Then, speake quickly, Phillip.

M. Bar. Thou shouldst haue don ere this ; speake, Phillip, speak.

Mis. Bar. O Lord, what hast you make to hurt your selues !—

Good Phillip, vse some good perswasions
To make them friends.

Phil. Yes, Ile do what I can.—

Father, and maister Goursey, both attend.

It is presumption in so young a man
To teach where he might learne, or to* derect
Where he hath had direction ; but in dutie
He may perswade as long as his perswase
Is backt with reason and a rightfull sute.
Phisickes first rule is this, as I haue learned,
Kill the effect by cutting off the cause :
The same effects of ruffin outrages
Comes by the cause of malice in your wiues ;

* to] Eds. "be."

Had not they two bene foes, you had been friends,
 And we had beene at home, and this same warre
 In peacefull sleepe had neare beene dreamt vpon.—
 Mother, and mistresse Goursey, to make them friends,
 Is to be friends your selues: you are the cause,
 And these effects proceed, you know, from you;
 Your hates giue life vnto these killing strifes,
 But die, and if that enuye* die in you.—
 Fathers, yet stay.—O, speake!—O, stay a while!—
 Francis, perswade thy mother.—Maister Goursey,
 If that my mother will resolue† your minde‡
 That tis but meere suspect, not common prooffe,
 And if my father sweare hees innocent,
 As I durst pawne my soule with him he is,
 And if your wife vow trueth and constancie,
 Will you be then perswaded?

M. Gou. Phillip, if thy father will remit
 The wounds I gaue him, and if these conditions
 May be performde, I bannish all my wrath.

M. Bar. And if thy mother will but cleere me,
 Phillip,
 As I am readie to protest I am,
 Then maister Goursey is my friend againe.

Phil. Harke, mother; now you heare that your
 desires
 May be accomplished; they will both be friends,
 If you'l performe these easie articles.

* *enuye*] i.e. ill-will.

† *resolue*] i.e. satisfy, convince.

‡ *minde*] Eds. "mindes."

Mis. Bar. Shall I be friends with such an enemie?

Phil. What say you* vnto my perswase?

Mis. Bar. I say shees† my deadly enemie.

Phil. I, but she will be your friend, if you reuolt.

Mis. Bar. The words I said! what, shall I eate a
trueth?

Phil. Why, harke ye, mother.

Fran. Mother, what say you?

Mis. Gou. Why, this I say, she slaundered my good
name.

Fran. But if she now denie it, tis no defame.

Mis. Gou. What, shall I thinke her hate will yeeld
so much?

Fran. Why, doubt it not; her spirit may be such.

M. Gou. Why, will it be?

Phil. Yet stay, I haue some hope.

Mother, why, mother, why, heare ye‡:

Giue me your hand; it is no more but thus;

Tis easie labour to shake hands with her:

A§ little breath is spent in speaking of faire words,

When wrath hath violent deliuerie.

M. Bar. What, shall we be resolu'd?

Mis. Bar. O husband, stay!—

Stay, maister Goursey: though your wife dooth hate
me,

And beares vnto me mallice infinite

And endlesse, yet I will respect your safeties;

* *you*] Qy. “*you, mother*”?

† *shees*] Read, for the metre, “*she is.*”

‡ *heare ye*] Something has dropt out here.

§ *A*] Ought probably to be omitted.

I would not haue you perish by our meanes :
 I must confesse that onely suspect,
 And no prooffe els, hath fed my hate to her.

Mis. Gou. And, husband, I protest by heauen and
 earth

That her suspect is causles and vniust,
 And that I nere had such a vilde* intent ;
 Harme she imaginde, where as none was ment.

Phil. Loe, sir, what would yee more ?

M. Bar. Yes, Phillip, this ;
 That I confirme him in my innocence
 By this large vniuerse.

M. Gou. By that I sweare,
 Ile credit none of you, vntill I heere
 Friendship concluded straight betweene them two :
 If I see that they willingly will doe,
 Then Ile imagine all suspition ends ;
 I may be then assured, they being friends.

Phil. Mother, make full my wish, and be it so.

Mis. Bar. What, shall I sue for friendship to my foe ?

Phil. No: if she yeeld, will you ?

Mis. Bar. It may be, I.

Phil. Why, this is well. The other I will trie.—
 Come, mistresse Goursey, do you first agree.

Mis. Gou. What, shall I yeeld vnto mine enemie ?

Phi. Why, if she will, will you ?

Mi[s.] Gou. Perhaps I will.

Phil. Nay, then, I finde this goes well forward still.

* *vilde*] i.e. vile.

Mother, giue me your hand,—giue me yours to ;*—
 Be not so loath ; some good thing I must doe ;
 But lay your torches by, I like not them ;
 Come, come, deliuer them vnto your men :
 Giue me your hands.—So, now, sir, heere I stand,
 Holding two angrie women in my hand :
 And I must please them both ; I could please tone, †
 But it is hard when there is two to one,
 Especially of women ; but tis so,
 They shall be pleasd whether they will or no.—
 Which will come first? what, both giue back ! ha, neither !
 Why, then, yond may helpe that come both together.
 So, stand still, stand ‡ but a little while,
 And see how I your angers will beguile.
 Well, yet there is no hurt ; why, then, let me
 Ioyne these two hands, and see how theil agree :
 Peace, peace ! they crie ; looke how they friendly kisse !
 Well, all this while there is no harme in this :
 Are not these two twins ? twins should be both alike,
 If tone speakes faire, the tother should not strike :
 Iesus, these warriours will not offer blowes !
 Why, then, tis strange that you two should be foes.
 O, yes, youle say, your weapons are your tongues ;
 Touch lip with lip, and they are bound from wrongs :
 Go to, imbrace, and say, if you be friends,
 That heere the angrie womens quarrels ends.

Mi[s]. Gour. Then heere it ends, if mistres Barnes
 say so.

* to] i.e. too.

† tone] i.e. the one.

‡ stand] Qy. "stand still"?

Mis. Bar. If you say, I, I list not to say, no.

M. Gour. If they be friends, by promise we agree.

M. Bar. And may this league of friendship euer be!

Phil. What saist thou, Franke? doth not this fall
out well?

Fra. Yes, if my Mall were heere, then all were well.

Enter SIR RAPHE SMITH with MALL.

Raph. Yonder they be, Mall: stay, stand close, and
stur not,

Vntill I call.—God saue yee, gentlemen!

M. Bar. What, sir Raphe Smith! you are a wel-
come man:

We wondred when we heard you were abroad.

S. Raph. Why, sir, how heard yee that I was abroad?

M. Bar. By your man.

Raph. My man! where is he?

Will. Heere.

Raph. O, yee are a trustie squire!

Nich. It had bin better, and he had said, a sure carde.

Phil. Why, sir?

Nich. Because it is the prouerbe.

Phil. Away, yee asse!

Nich. An asse goes a foure legs; I go of two, Christ
crosse.

Phil. Hold your tongue.

Nich. And make no more adoe.

M. Gou. Go to, no more adoe.—Gentle sir Raphe,
Your man is not in fault for missing you,
For he mistooke by vs, and we by him.

Raph. And I by you ; which now I well perceiue.
 But tell me, gentlemen, what made yee all
 Be from your beds this night, and why thus late
 Are your wiues walking heere about the fields :*
 'Tis strange to see such women of accoumpt
 Heere ; but I gesse some great occasion.

M. Gou. Faith, this occasion, sir : women will iarre ;
 And iarre they did to day, and so they parted ;
 We knowing womens mallice let alone
 Will, canker like, eate farther in their hearts,
 Did seeke a soddaine cure, and thus it was,—
 A match betweene his daughter and my sonne :
 No sooner motioned but twas agreed,
 And they no sooner saw but wooed and likte :
 They haue it sought to crosse, and crosse it thus.

Raph. Fye, mistresse Barnes, and mistresse Goursey
 both ;
 'The greatest sinne wherein your soules may sinne,
 I thinke, is this, in crossing of true loue :
 Let me perswade yee.

Mis. Bar. Sir, we are perswaded,
 And I and mistresse Goursey are both friends ;
 And, if my daughter were but found againe,
 Who now is missing, she had my consent
 To be disposd off to her owne content.

Raph. I do rejoyce that what I thought to doe,
 Ere I begin, I finde already done :

* *fields*] So sec. ed. First ed. "fileds."

Why, this will please your friends at Abington.—
 Franke, if thou seekst that way, there thou shalt finde
 Her, whom I holde the comfort of thy minde.

Mall. He shall not seeke me; I will seeke him out,
 Since of my mothers graunt I need not doubt.

Mi[s]. Bar. Thy mother graunts, my girle, and she
 doth pray

To send vnto you both a ioyfull day!

Hodge. Nay, mistresse Barnes, I wish her better;
 that those ioyfull dayes may be turnd to ioyfull nights.

Coomes. Faith, tis a pretty wench, and tis pittie but
 she should haue him.

Nich. And, mistresse Mary, when yee go to bed,
 God send you good rest, and a peck of fleas in your
 nest, euery one as big as Francis!

Phil. Well said, wisdome: God send thee wise
 children!

Nich. And you more mony.

Phil. I, so wish I.

Nich. Twill be a good while ere you wish your skin
 full of ilet holes.

Phil. Franke, harke ye: brother, now your wooings
 doone,

The next thing now you doe is for a sonne;
 I prithe, for, i faith, I should be glad
 To haue myselfe called nunckle,* and thou dad.—
 Well, sister, if that Francis play the man,

* *nunckle*] A common, familiar contraction of *mine uncle*.

My mother must be grandam, and you mam.—
 To it, Francis,—to it, sister!—God send yee ioy!
 Tis fine to sing, dansey, my owne sweete boye!

Fran. Well, sir, iest on.

Phil. Nay, sir,* do you iest on.

M. Bar. Well, may she prooue a happy wife to him!

M. Gou. And may he prooue as happy vnto her!

S. Raph. Well, gentlemen, good hap betide them both!
 Since twas my hap thus happily to meete,
 To be a wnesse of this sweete contract,
 I doe reioyce; wherefore, to haue this ioye
 Longer present with me, I do request
 That all of you will be my promist guests:
 This long nights labour dooth desire some rest,
 Besides this wished end; therefore, I pray,
 Let me deteine yee but a dinner time:
 Tell me, I pray, shall I obtaine so much?

M. Bar. Gentle sir Raphe, your courtesie is such
 As may impose commaund vnto vs all;
 We will be thankfull bolde at your request.

Phil. I pray, sir Raph, what cheare shall we haue?

S. Rap. I faith, cuntrye fare, mutton and veale,
 Perchance a duccke or goose.

Mal. Oh, I am sicke!

All. How now, Mall? whats the matter?

Mal. Father and mother, if you needs would know,
 He nam'd a goose, which is my stomackes foe.

* *sir*] Sec. ed. "fie."

Phil. Come, come, she is with childe of some od iest,
And now shees sicke till that she bring* it foorth.

Mal. A iest, quoth you! well, brother, if it be,
I feare twill prooue an earnest vnto me.—
Goose, said ye, sir? Oh, that same very name
Hath in it much varietie of shame!
Of all the birds that euer yet was seene,
I would not haue them graze vpon this greene;
I hope they will not, for this crop is poore,
And they may pasture vpon greater store:
But yet tis pittie that they let them passe,
And like a common bite the Muses grasse.
Yet this I feare; if Franke and I should kisse,
Some creaking goose would chide vs with a hisse:
I meane not that goose that sings it knowes not what;†
Tis not that hisse when one saies, ‘hist, come hither’;
Nor that same hisse that setteth dogges together;
Nor that same hisse that by a fier doth stand,
And hisseth T. or F.‡ vpon the hand;
But tis a hisse, and Ile vnlace my cote,
For I should sound§ sure, if I heard that note,
And then greene ginger for the greene goose cries,
Serues not the turne,—I turn’d the white of eyes.
The *rosa-solis* yet that makes me liue
Is fauour|| that these gentlemen may giue;

* *bring*] So sec. ed. First ed. “brings.”

† *not what*] A line, which rhymed with this one, has dropt out.

‡ *T. or F.*] i.e. *Traitor* or *Felon*.

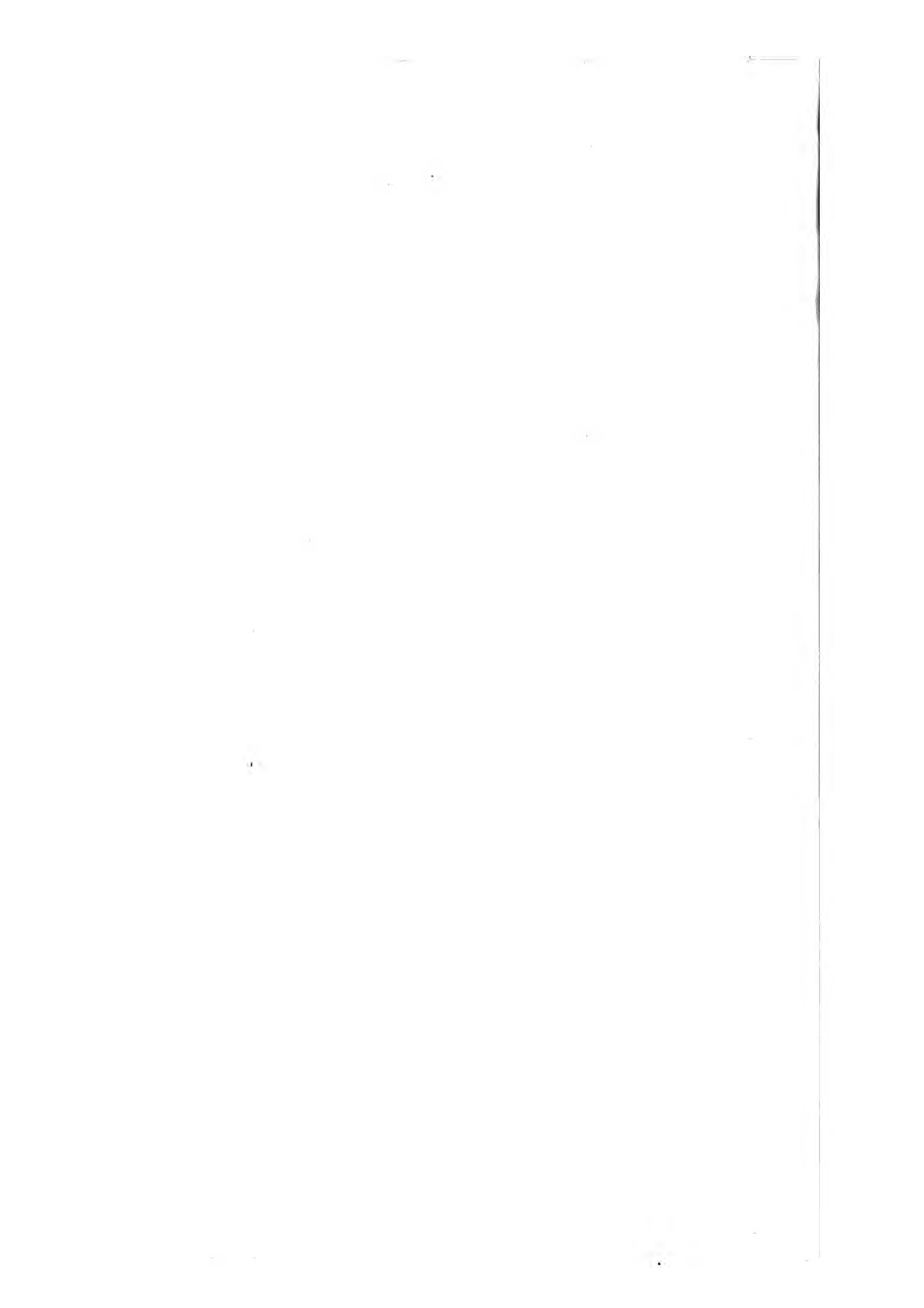
§ *sound*] i.e. swoon.

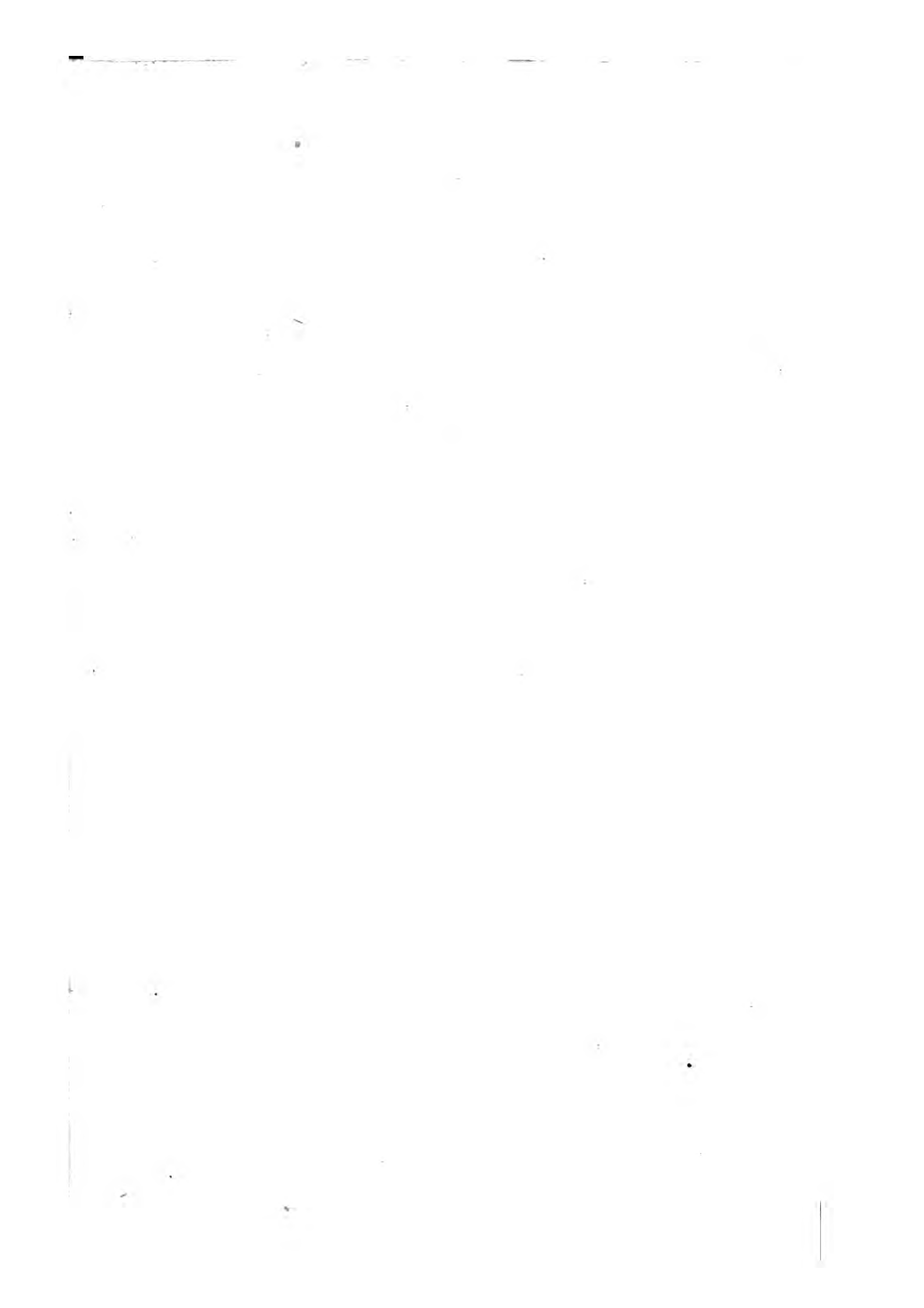
|| *fauour*] Sec ed. “fauours.”

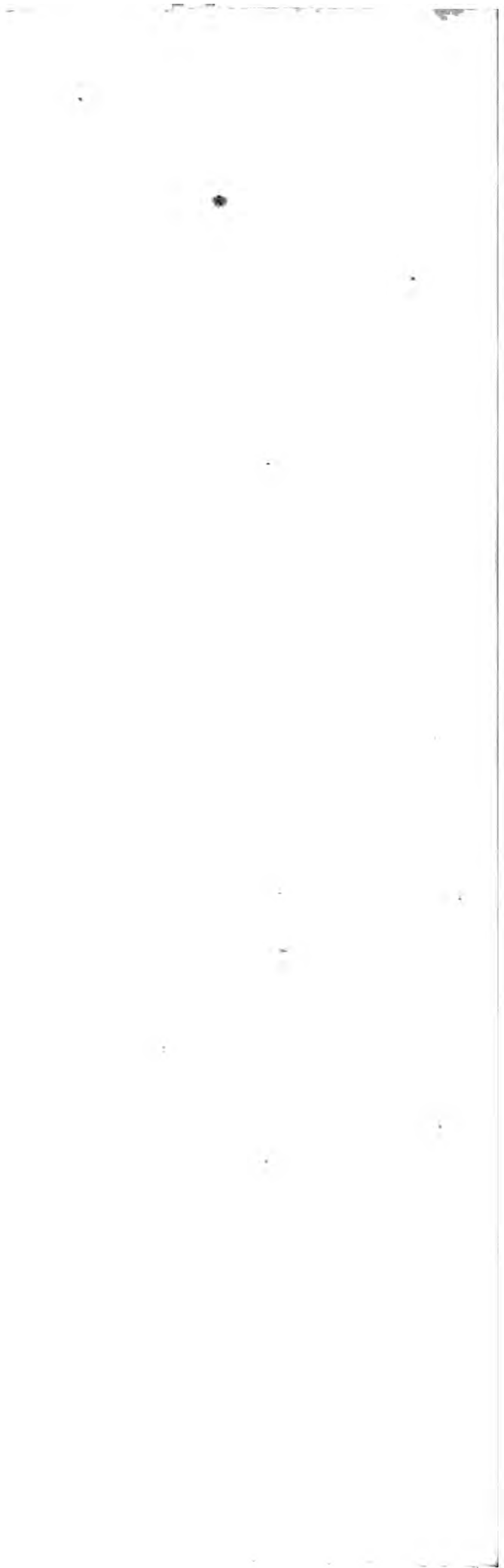
But if they be displeas'd, then pleas'd am I,
To yeeld my selfe a hissing death to die :
Yet I hope heres* none consents to kill,
But kindly take the fauour of good will.
If any thing be in the pen to blame,
Then here stand I to blush the writers shame :
If this be bad, he promises a better ;
Trust him, and he will prooue a right true debter.

[*Exeunt.*]

* *heres*] Read, for the metre, " here is."







[The page contains extremely faint and illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the paper. The text is too light to transcribe accurately.]

