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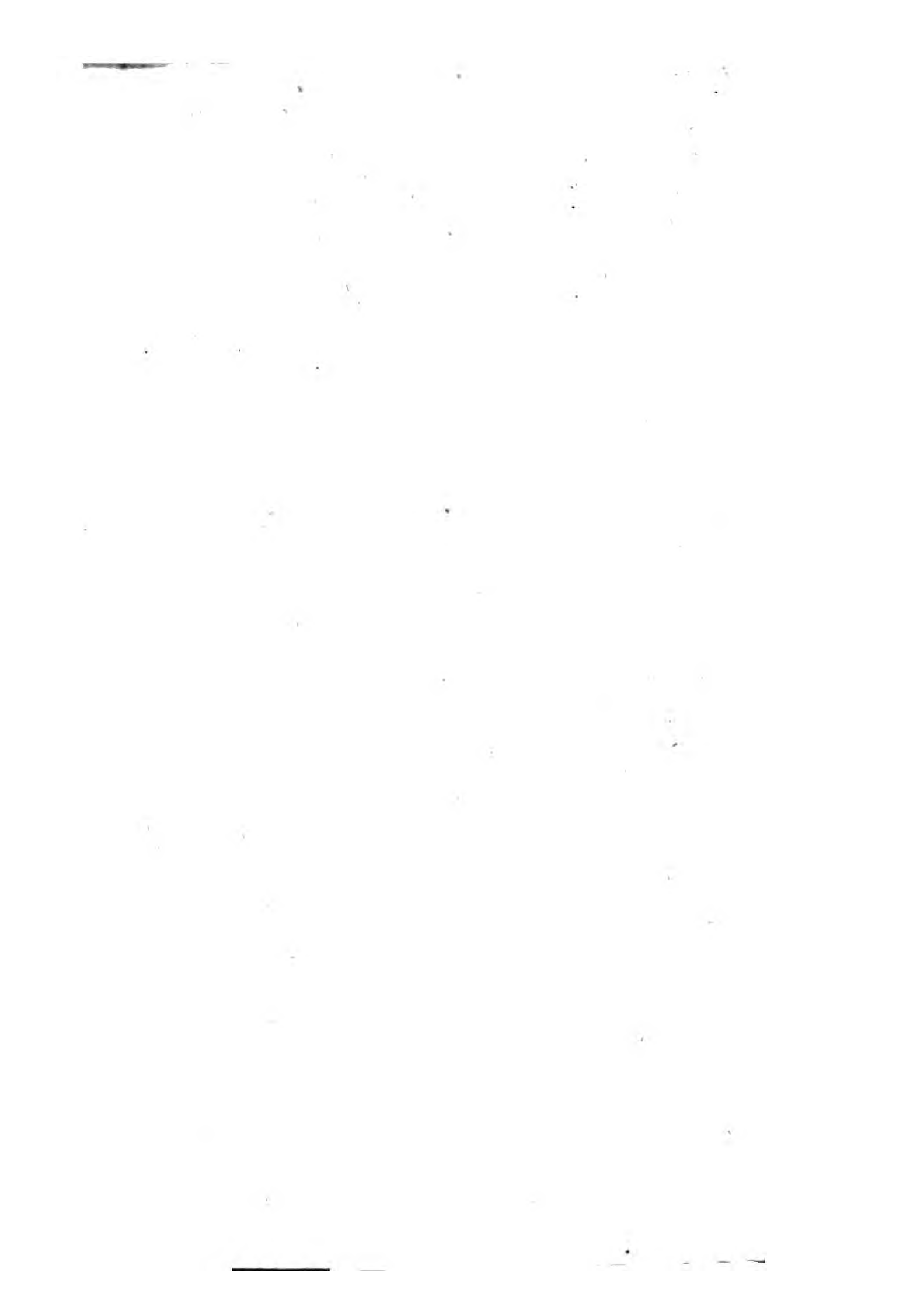
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XKI

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THE
WORKS
OF
BEN. JONSON.
VOLUME THE THIRD.

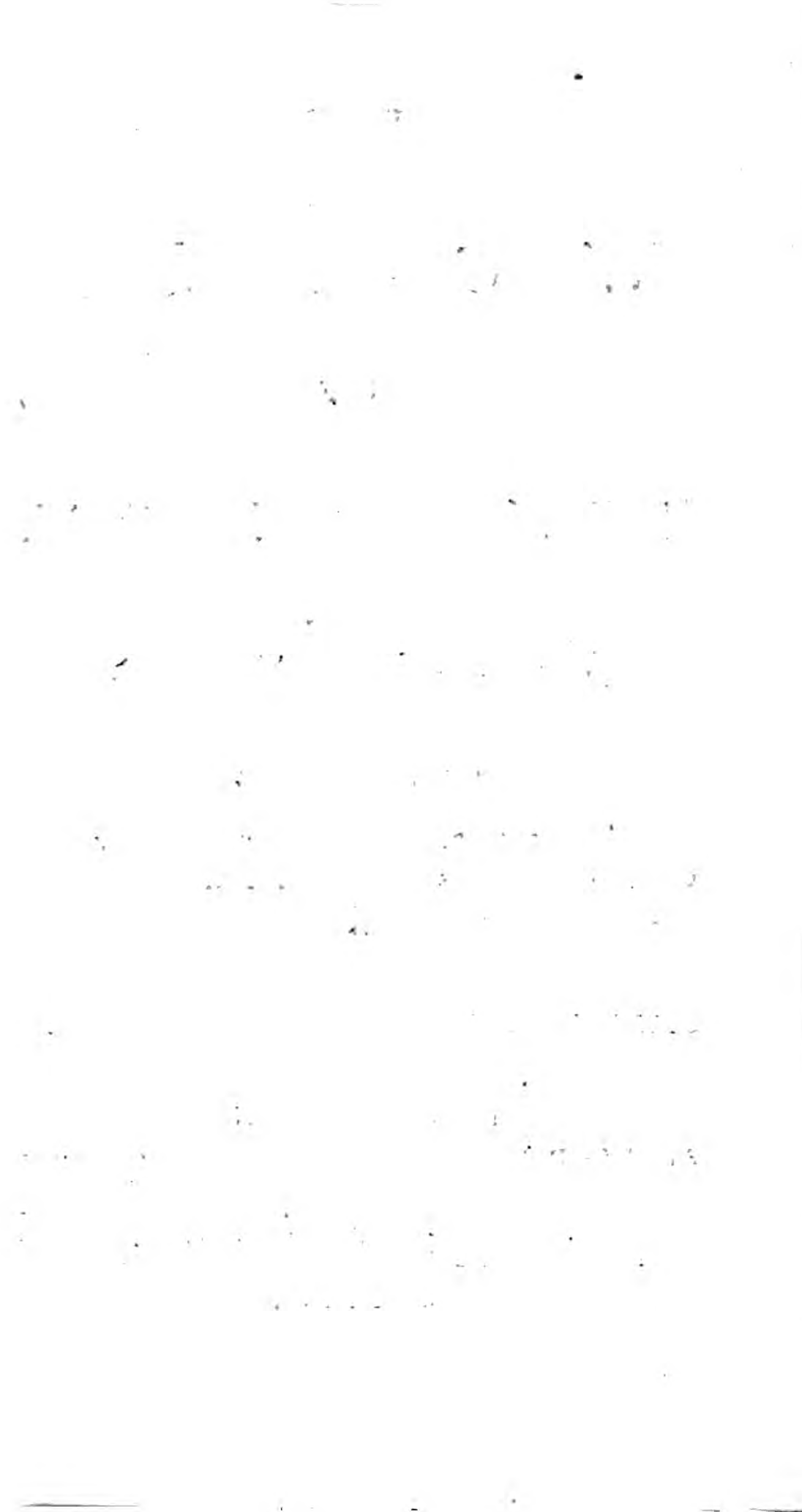
CONTAINING

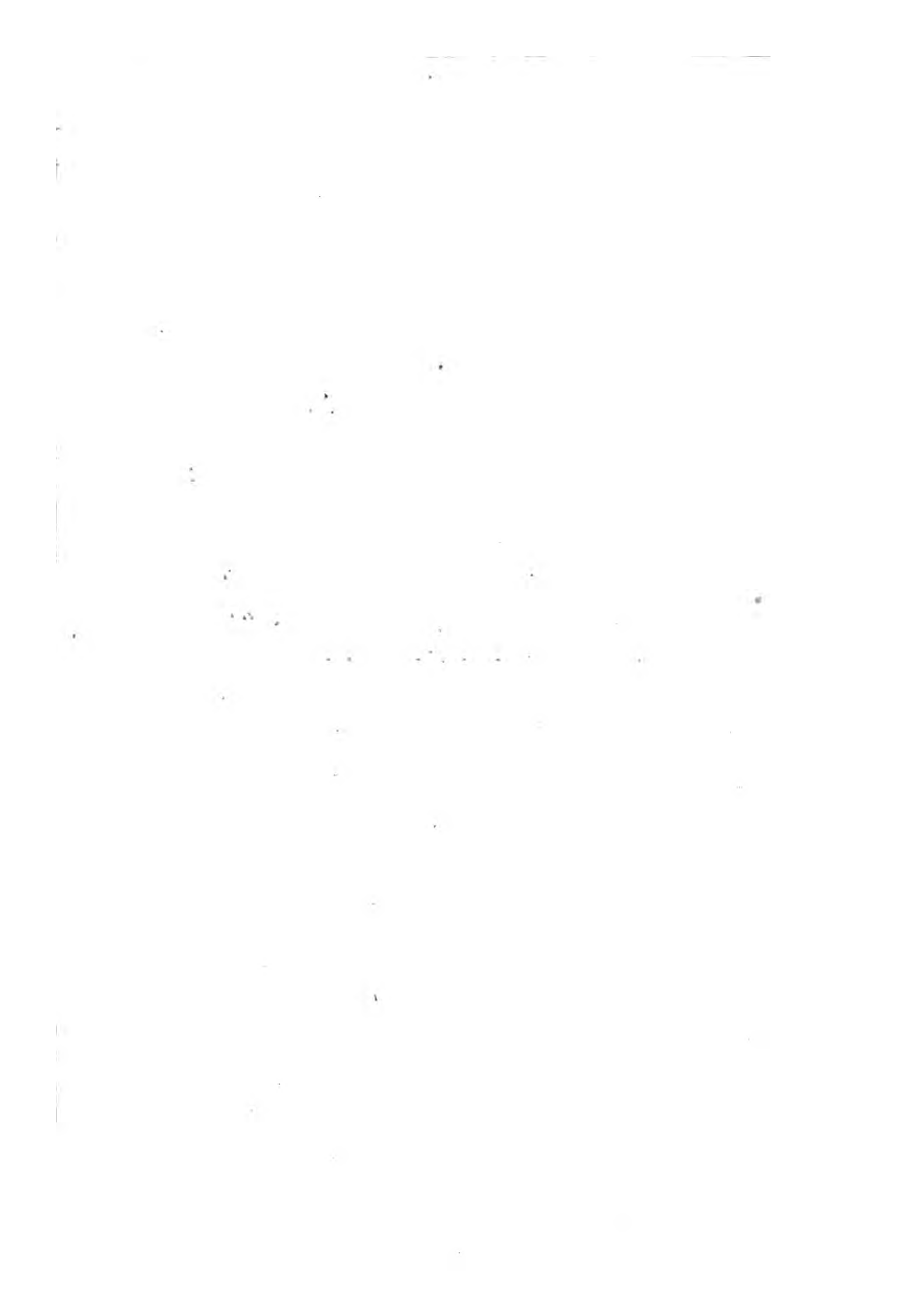
The ALCHEMIST. CATILINE, his CONSPIRACY.		BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.
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L O N D O N :

Printed for D. MIDWINTER ; W. INNYS and J. RICHARDSON ;
J. KNAPTON ; T. WOTTON ; C. HITCH and L. HAWES ;
J. WALTHOE ; D. BROWNE ; J. and R. TONSON ; C. BATHURST ;
J. HODGES ; J. WARD ; M. and T. LONGMAN ; W. JOHNSTON ;
and P. DAVEY and B. LAW.

MDCCLVI.





E R R A T A.

- Page 27. line 1. for *you rbroad*, read *your broad*.
Page 55. line 13. for *your Knipperdoling*, read *you Knipperdoling*.
Ibid. not. for *Rotma and*, read *Rotman and*.
Page 45. not. after *an exact*, add *relation by*.
Ibid. after *edit*. add 1737.
Page 107. line 3. for *you honour*, read *your honour*.
Page 121. line 17. for *goom arrogant*, read *groom arrogant*.
Page 165. not. line 9. for *παιδω*, read *παιζω*.
Page 182. not. line 6. for *unintelligible*, read *intelligible*.
Page 239. for *Scene III*. read *Scene V*.
Page 328. line 17. for *To: art*, read *Tu:art*.

THE
ALCHEMIST.
A
COMEDY.

First Acted in the Year 1610,

By the KING's Majesty's SERVANTS.

With the Allowance of the Master of REVELS.

— — *petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarint tempora Musæ.*

LUCRET.



T O T H E
LADY most deserving her NAME and BLOOD,
MARY Lady WROTH.

MADAM,

IN the age of sacrifices, the truth of religion was not in the greatness and fat of the offerings, but in the devotion and zeal of the sacrificers: else what could a handful of gums have done in the sight of a hecatomb? or how might I appear at this altar, except with those affections that no less love the light and witness, than they have the conscience of your virtue? If what I offer bear an acceptable odour, and hold the first strength, it is your value of it, which remembers where, when, and to whom it was kindled. Otherwise, as the times are, there comes rarely forth that thing so full of authority or example, but by assiduity and custom grows less, and loses. This, yet, safe in your judgment (which is a SIDNEY'S) is forbidden to speak more, lest it talk or look like one of the ambitious faces of the time, who the more they paint, are the less themselves.

Your Ladyship's true Honourer,

B E N. J O N S O N.

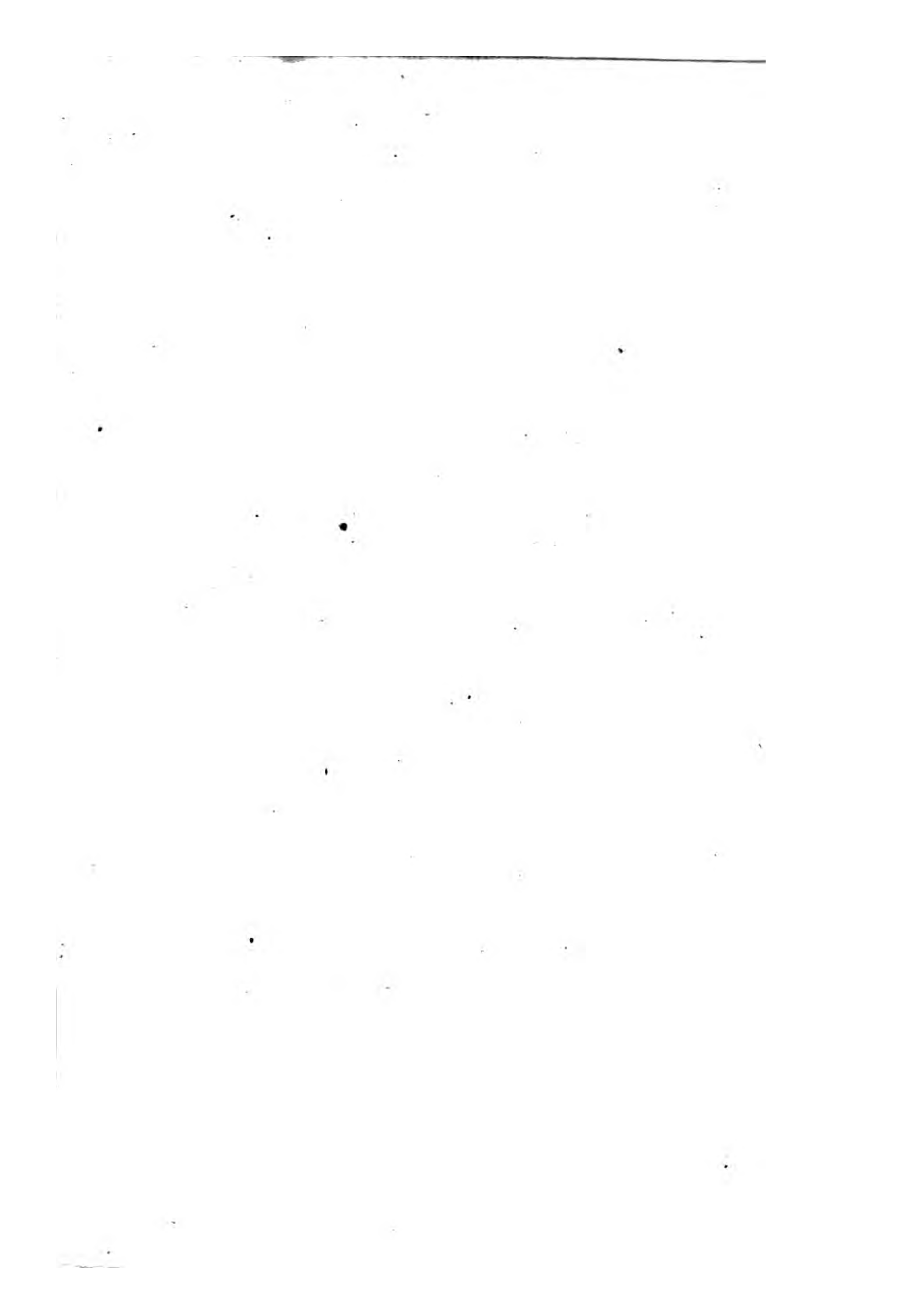
The PERSONS of the PLAY.

SUBTLE, the Alchemist.
FACE, the House-keeper.
DOL COMMON, their Colleague.
DAPPER, a Clerk.
DRUGGER, a Tobacco-man.
LOVE-WIT, Master of the House,
EPICURE MAMMON, a Knight.
SURLEY, a Gamester.
TRIBULATION, a Pastor of Amsterdam.
ANANIAS, a Deacon there.
KASTRILL, the angry Boy.
DA. PLIANT, his Sister, a Widow,
NEIGHBOURS.
OFFICERS.
MUTES.

The SCENE, LONDON.

The principal Comedians were,

RICH. BURBADGE,		JOH. HEMINGS,
JOH. LOWIN,		WILL. OSTLER,
HEN. CONDEL,		JOH. UNDERWOOD,
ALEX. COOKE,		NIC. TOOLY,
ROB. ARMIN,		WILL. EGGLESTONE.





The Alchymist. Lud. pu Guernier inv. et Sculp.

THE
ALCHEMIST.¹

THE ARGUMENT.

*The sickness hot, a master quit, for fear,
His house in town, and left one servant there,
Ease him corrupted, and gave means to know*

*A Cheater, and his punk; who now brought low,
Leaving their narrow practice, were become
Cos'ners at large; and only wanting some
House to set up, with him they here contract,
Each for a share, and all begin to act.
Much company they draw, and much abuse,
In casting figures, telling fortunes, news,
Selling of flies, flat hawd'ry with the stone;
Till it, and they, and all in fume are gone.*

P R O L O G U E.

Fortune, that favours fools, these two short hours
We wish away, both for your sakes and ours,
Judging spectators; and desire in place,
To th' author justice, to our selves but grace.
Our scene is London, 'cause we would make known,
No countries mirth is better than our own:

No

¹ *The* ALCHEMIST.] By this expression is here meant, one who pretends to the knowledge of what is called the philosophers stone,

6 *The* ALCHEMIST.

No clime breeds better matter for your whore,
 Bawd, squire, impostor, many persons more,
 Whose manners, now call'd humours, feed the stage;
 And which have still been subject for the rage
 Or spleen of comic writers. Tho' this pen
 Did never aim to grieve, but better men;
 Howe'er the age he lives in doth endure
 The vices that she breeds, above their cure:
 But when the wholesome remedies are sweet,
 And in their working gain and profit meet,
 He hopes to find no spirit so much diseas'd,
 But will with such fair correctives be pleas'd:
 For here he doth not fear who can apply.
 If there be any that will fit so nigh
 Unto the stream, to look what it doth run,
 They shall find things, they'd think, or wish, were
 They are so natural follies, but so shown, [done;
 As even the doers may see, and yet not own.

which had the faculty of transmuting baser metals into gold. The professors of the art of chemistry are themselves (as well as the critics) not entirely agreed about the meaning and etymology of the word: Menage, who assents to Bochart, derives it from an Arabic term, signifying the *occult science*; and Julius Firmicus, who lived in the time of Constantine, is said to be the first writer who uses the word *Alchymia*. But if the curious reader would be more fully informed of the origin and progress of chemistry, I refer him to the history of it, prefixed to *Boerhaave's Chemistry*, published by Dr Shaw. But with regard to our poet, in the choice of his subject he was happy; for the age was then extremely addicted to the study of chemistry, and favourable to the professors of it. The following comedy was therefore no unseasonable satire upon the reigning foible; since among the few real artists, there was undoubtedly a far greater number of impostors. There was also at this time a particular controversy on foot, with the famous Dr. Anthony, about his *Aurum Potabile*, which was warmly agitated by the members of the faculty; and we shall find that our poet alludes to this dispute in some passages of the play.

A C T

The ALCHEMIST.

7

ACT I. SCENE I.

Face, Subtle, Dol Common.

Face. BELIEVE't, I will.

Sub. Thy worst. I fart at thee.

Dol. Ha' you your wits? why gentlemen! for love—

Fac. Sirrah, I'll strip you——

Sub. What to do? lick figs

Out at my——

Fac. Rogue, rogue, out of all your sleights¹.

Dol. Nay, look ye, sovereign, general, are you mad-
[men?

Sub. O, let the wild sheep loose. I'll gum your silks
With good strong-water, an' you come.

Dol. Will you have

The neighbours hear you? will you betray all?

Heark, I hear some body.

Fac. Sirrah ——

¹ *Fac.* Sirrah, I'll strip you——*Sub.* What to do? lick figs

Out at my——*Fac.* Rogue, rogue, out of all your sleights.] Our poet could not possibly have chosen a happier incident to open his play with. Instead of opening with a dull narration, you have action; and such action too, as cannot possibly be supposed to happen at any other time, than this very present time. Two rogues with their punk, are introduced quarrelling, and just so much of their secrets is discovered to the audience, as is sufficient for the audience at present to know. The reader, perhaps, too is to be informed, that our learned comedian does not deal in vulgar English expressions, but in vulgar Attic or Roman expressions.—*I fart at thee, τὴν πινάκας καὶ ἀπερδεῖν, paupertati oppedere.* Aristophanes in *Plut.* v. 618. and Horace, the polite Horace, did not think himself too delicate for this phrase: *Vin' tu Judæis oppedere curtis.* Lib. I. S. 9. ver. 70. *What to do? lick figs out at my*—— The allusion here will be very obvious to those who have read the story of the punishment inflicted on the inhabitants of Milan by the emperor Frederic Barbarossa. The facetious Rabelais relates it, B. IV. chap. 45.

MR. UPTON.

A 4

Sub.

Sub. I shall mar
All that the taylor has made, if you approach.

Fac. You most notorious whelp, you insolent slave,
Dare you do this?

Sub. Yes faith, yes faith.

Fac. Why, who
Am I, my mungril? who am I?

Sub. I'll tell you,
Since you know not your self —

Fac. Speak lower, rogue.

Sub. Yes, you were once (time's not long past) the
[good,
Honest, plain, livery-three-pound-thrum, that kept
Your master's worship's house here in the friers,
For the vacations —

Fac. Will you be so loud?

Sub. Since, by my means, translated suburb-captain.

Fac. By your means, doctor dog?

Sub. Within man's memory,
All this I speak of.

Fac. Why, I pray you, have I
Been countenanc'd by you, or you by me?
Do but collect, sir, where I met you first.

Sub. I do not hear well.

Fac. Not of this, I think it.

But I shall put you in mind, sir; at Pie corner,
Taking your meal of steam in, from cooks stalls;¹
Where, like the father of hunger, you did walk
Piteously costive, with your pinch'd-horn-nose,
And your complexion of the roman wash,
Stuck full of black and melancholick worms,
Like powder-corns shot at th' artillery-yard.

Sub. I wish you could advance your voice a little.

Fac. When you went pinn'd up in the several rags
Yo' had rak'd and pick'd from dunghills, before day;
Your feet in mouldy slippers, for your kibes
A felt of rug, and a thin thredden cloke,

That

That scarce would cover your no-buttocks —

Sub. So, fir!

Fac. When all your alchemy, and your algebra,
Your minerals, vegetals, and animals,
Your conjuring, coz'ning, and your dozen of trades,
Could not relieve your corps with so much linen
Would make you tinder, but to see a fire;
I ga' you count'nance, credit for your coals,
Your stills, your glassses, your materials;
Built you a fornace, drew you customers,
Advanc'd all your black arts; lent you, beside,
A house to practise in —

Sub. Your master's house?

Fac. Where you have studied the more thriving skill
Of bawd'ry since.

Sub. Yes, in your master's house.
You and the rats here kept possession.
Make it not strange. I know yo' were one could keep
The buttry-hatch still lock'd, and save the chippings,
Sell the dole beer to aqua-vitæ men,
The which, together with your christmas vails
At post and pair, your letting out of counters,
Made you a pretty stock, some twenty marks,
And gave you credit to converse with cobwebs,
Here, since your mistress' death hath broke up house.

Fac. You might talk softlier, rascal.

Sub. No, you scarabe,
I'll ² thunder you in pieces: I will teach you
How to beware to tempt a fury again,
That carries tempest in his hand and voice.

Fac. The place has made you valiant.

Sub. No, your clothes.
Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of dung,

² ——— No, you SCARABE,

I'll thunder you in pieces.] You *scarabe* — the beetle bred in
dung, and corrupted filth: to a little lower he explains the phrase,
"Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of dung?"

So poor, so wretched, when no living thing
 Would keep thee company, but a spider, or worse?
 Rais'd thee from brooms, and dust, and watring pots?
 Sublim'd thee, and exalted thee, and fix'd thee
 I' the third region, call'd our state of grace?
 Wrought thee to spirit, to quintessence, with pains
 Would twice have won me the philosopher's work?
 Put thee in words and fashion, made thee fit
 For more than ordinary fellowships?
 Giv'n thee thy oaths, thy quarrelling dimensions?
 Thy rules to cheat at horse-race, cock-pit, cards,
 Dice, or whatever gallant tincture else?
 Made thee a second in mine own great art?
 And have I this for thanks? do you rebel?
 Do you fly out i' the projection?
 Would you be gone now?

Dol. Gentlemen, what mean you?

Will you mar all?

Sub. Slave, thou hadst had no name ——

Dol. Will you undo your selves with civil war?

Sub. Never been known, past *equi clibanum*,
 The heat of horse-dung, under ground, in cellars,
 Or an ale-house darker than deaf John's; been lost
 To all mankind, but laundresses and tapsters,
 Had not I been.

Dol. Do you know who hears you, sovereign?

Fac. Sirrah ——

Dol. Nay, general, I thought you were civil ——

Fac. I shall turn desperate, if you grow thus loud.

Sub. And hang thy self, I care not.

Fac. Hang thee, collier,

And all thy pots and pans, in picture, I will,
 Since thou hast mov'd me ——

Dol. (O, this 'll o'erthrow all.)

Fac. Write thee up bawd in Paul's, have all thy
 [tricks
 Of

Of ³ coz'ning with a hollow cole, dust, scrapings,
 Searching for things lost, with a sieve and sheers,
 Erecting figures in your rows of houses,
 And taking in of shadows with a glass,
 Told ⁴ in red letters; and a face cut for thee,
 Worse than Gamaliel Ratsley's.

Dol. Are you found?

Ha' you your senses, masters?

Fac. I will have

A book, but barely reckoning thy impostures,
 Shall prove a true philosophers stone, to printers.

Sub. Away, you trencher-rascal.

Fac. Out, you dog-leach,
 The vomit of all prisons —

Dol. Will you be
 Your own destructions, gentlemen?

Fac. Still spew'd out
 For lying too heavy o' the basket⁵:

Sub.

³ ————— *Have all thy tricks*

Of coz'ning with a hollow cole.] This alludes to a story in the *Chanon's Yeman's tale*, as told by Chaucer, v. 1180. This tale is a satire on the pretenders to alchemy, and the tricks they practised to cheat the ignorant and foolish.

⁴ *And taking in of SHADOWS with a GLASS,*

Told in RED LETTERS.] i. e. says Mr. Upton, *letters* written in blood; and he thinks it an allusion to a particular manner of divination with a *glass*, mentioned by the scholiast of Aristophanes in *Nub.* v. 750. I rather apprehend it, an allusion to a practice familiar to the fortune-tellers of our author's days: and that these *shadows* were visions taken by a beril, which is a kind of crystal, they had used to look into. Certain formulas of prayer were used before they made the inspection; these forms they termed a *Call*; and the person making the inspection, was styled the *Speculator*, *Scryer*, or *Seer*. As to the expression *told in red letters*, the meaning is, that he would have all those tricks just mentioned printed in *red letters*, which would be apter to catch the eye of a passenger than the common print. And it was customary at that time, to print the titles of their ballads, and vulgar tales, in *red letters*.

⁵ ————— *Still spew'd out*

For lying too heavy o' the basket.] i. e. for eating more than his share
 of

Sub. Cheater.

Fac. Bawd.

Sub. Cow-herd.

Fac. Conjuror.

Sub. Cut-purse.

Fac. Witch.

Dol. O me!

We are ruin'd! lost! ha' you no more regard
To your reputations? where's your judgment? 'flight,
Have yet some care of me, o' your republick —

Fac. Away, this brach. I'll bring thee, rogue, within
The statute of forcery, tricesimo tertio
Of Harry the eighth: I, and (perhaps) thy neck
Within a noose, for laundring gold, and barbing it.

Dol. You'll bring your head within a cockscomb,
[will you?]

[*She catches out Face's sword, and breaks Subtle's glass.*

And you, sir, with your menstrue, gather it up.

'Sdeath, you abominable pair of stinkards,

Leave off your barking, and grow one again,

Or, by the light that shines, I'll cut your throats.

I'll not be made a prey unto the marshal,

For ne'er a snarling dog-bolt o' you both.

Ha' you together cozen'd all this while,

And all the world? and shall it now be said,

Yo'have made most courteous shift to cozen yourselves?

You will accuse him? you will bring him in

Within the statute? who shall take your word?

A whoreson, upstart, apocryphal captain,

Whom not a puritan in Black-friers will trust

So much as for a feather! and you too

Will give the cause, forsooth? you will insult,

And claim a primacy in the divisions?

You must be chief? as if you only had

of the provisions collected, or sent in for the prisoners. In the last edition, these words are a continuation of Dol's speech, whereas they evidently belong to Face, to whom I have here restored them.

The

The powder to project with, and the work
 Were not begun out of equality?
 The venter tripartite? all things in common?
 Without priority? 'Sdeath, you perpetual curs,
 Fall to your couples again, and cozen kindly,
 And heartily, and lovingly, as you should,
 And lose not the beginning of a term,
 Or, by this hand, I shall grow factious too⁶,
 And take my part, and quit you.

Fac. 'Tis his fault,
 He ever murmurs, and objects his pains,
 And says, the weight of all lies upon him.

Sub. Why, so it does.

Dol. How does it? do not we
 Sustain our parts?

Sub. Yes, but they are not equal.

Dol. Why, if your part exceed to-day, I hope
 Ours may to-morrow match it.

Sub. I, they may.

Dol. May, murmuring mastiff! I, and do. Death
 [on me!

Help me to throttle him.

Sub. Dorothee, mistress Dorothee;

'Ods precious, I'll do any thing. What do you mean?

Dol. Because o' your fermentation and cibation?

Sub. Not I, by heaven ——

Dol. Your Sol and Luna —— help me⁷.

⁶ Or, by this hand, I shall grow *FACTIOUS* too.] Dr. Grey questions the present reading, and thinks *fractious*, that is, quarrelsome, might have been the original word. I wou'd not deprive the reader of his ingenious conjecture, tho' I have not taken upon me to alter the text. And it seems confirmed by what Dol afterwards says to Subtle;

“ —— To leave your faction, sir,

“ And labour kindly in the common work.”

⁷ *Dol.* Your Sol and Luna —— help me.] To rail and abuse him, as Mr. Upton says the phrase must here be understood. Or perhaps, to throttle him; as she now holds him fast by the collar, I just before said so, and called for assistance.

Sub.

Sub. Would I were hang'd then. I'll conform my self.

Dol. Will you, fir? do so then, and quickly: swear.

Sub. What shall I swear?

Dol. To leave your faction, fir,
And labour kindly in the common work.

Sub. Let me not breathe, if I meant ought beside.
I only us'd those speeches as a spur
To him.

Dol. I hope we need no spurs, fir. Do we?

Fac. 'Slid, prove to-day, who shall shank best.

Sub. Agreed.

Dol. Yes, and work close and friendly.

Sub. 'Slight, the knot
Shall grow the stronger for this breach, with me.

Dol. Why, so, my good baboons! Shall we go make
A sort of sober, scurvy, precise neighbours,
(That scarce have smil'd twice sin' the king came in)
A feast of laughter at our follies? Rascals,
Would run themselves from breath, to see me ride,
Or you t'have but a hole to thrust your heads in,
For which you should pay ear-rent^s? No, agree.
And may Don Provost ride a feasting long,
In his old velvet jerkin and stain'd scarfs,
(My noble sovereign, and worthy general)
Ere we contribute a new crewel garter
To his most worsted worship,

Sub. Royal Dol!
Spoken like Claridiana, and thy self.

Fac. For which at supper, thou shalt sit in triumph,

^s ——— Rascals,

Would run themselves from breath, to see me RIDE,

Or you t' have but a hole to thrust your heads in,

*For which you should pay EAR-RENT?] To see me ride. i. e. to
see me carted as a bawd; and you, as a couple of rogues, to lose
your ears in the pillory.*

Mr. UPTON.

And

And not be styl'd Dol Common, but Dol Proper,
Dol Singular : the longest cut at night,
Shall draw thee for his Dol Particular.

Sub. Who's that ? one rings. To the windo', Dol ;
pray heav'n,

The master do not trouble us this quarter.

Fac. O, fear not him. While there dies one a week
O' the plague, he's safe, from thinking toward London.
Beside, he's busy at his hop-yards now :

I had a letter from him. If he do,
He'll send such word, for airing o' the hous
As you shall have sufficient time to quit it : e,
Tho' we break up a fortnight, 'tis no matter,

Sub. Who is it, Dol ?

Dol. A fine young quodling⁹.

Fac. O,

My lawyers clerk, I lighted on last night
In Holborn, at the Dagger. He would have
(I told you of him) a familiar,
To rife with at horses, and win cups,

Dol. O, let him in.

Sub. Stay: Who shall do't ?

Fac. Get you

Your robes on : I will meet him, as going out.

Dol. And what shall I do ?

Fac. Not be seen, away.

Seem you very reserv'd.

Sub. Enough.

Fac. God b' w' you, fir.

I pray you let him know that I was here.

His name is Dapper. I would gladly have staid, but—

⁹ *Dol.* A fine young QUODLING.] A quodling, or codlin ; metaphorically, a too soon ripe-headed young boy. By the same metaphor below he is called a puffin. Mr. UPTON.

S C E N E II.

Dapper, Face, Subtle.

Dap. Captain, I am here.

Fac. ¹⁰ Who's that? he's come, I think, doctor.
Good faith, sir, I was going away.

Dap. In truth,
I am very sorry, captain.

Fac. But I thought
Sure I should meet you.

Dap. I, I 'm very glad.
I had a scurvy writ or two to make,
And I had lent my watch last night to one
That dines to-day at the sheriff's, and so was robb'd
Of my pass-time. Is this the cunning-man?

Fac. This is his worship.

Dap. Is he a doctor?

Fac. Yes.

Dap. And ha' you broke with him, captain?

Fac. I.

Dap. And how?

Fac. Faith, he does make the matter, sir, so dainty,
I know not what to say —

Dap. Not so, good captain.

Fac. Would I were fairly rid on it, believe me.

Dap. Nay, now you grieve me, sir. Why should
[you wish so?

I dare assure you, I'll not be ungrateful.

Fac. I cannot think you will, sir. But the law

¹⁰ *Fac.* *Who's that? he's come, I think, doctor.*] The editions all agree in giving us the line in this manner; but I cannot conceal my suspicion that it ought to be divided, the former part belonging to Subtle, and the latter part only to Face. If this conjecture be right, it should stand thus;

Subt. *Who's that? Fac.* *He's come, I think, doctor.*

Is such a thing—and then he says, Read's matter
Falling so lately ¹¹——

Dap. Read? he was an afs,
And dealt, fir, with a fool.

Fac. It was a clerk, fir.

Dap. A clerk?

Fac. Nay, hear me, fir, you know the law
Better, I think——

Dap. I should, fir, and the danger.
You know, I shew'd the statute to you.

Fac. You did so.

Dap. And will I tell then? By this hand of flesh,
Would it might never write good court-hand more,
If I discover. What do you think of me,
That I am a Chiause?

Fac. What's that?

Dap. The Turk was, here——
As one would say, do you think I am a Turk ¹².

Fac. I'll tell the doctor so.

Dap. Do, good sweet captain.

¹¹ —— *And then he says, READ's matter*

Falling so lately,] In Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. 16. p. 666. we meet with a pardon from James I. to the person here meant, for practising the black art. "Simon Read of St. George's Southwark, professor of physic, who was indicted for the invocation of wicked spirits, in order to find out the name of the person who had stole 37l. 10s. from Tobias Matthews of St. Mary Steynings in London." This was in 1608. There was also one *Read* probably the same person, who with one Jenkins stood suit with the college of physicians in 1602, and was cast for practising without a licence.

¹² *As one would say, do you think I am a Turk.*] Dapper makes a blundering kind of answer, highly in character, to Face's question. A *chouse*, to *chouse*, or put the *chouse* upon one, are expressions well known. The etymology of the word is not so easily ascertained; that alluded to here, the reader may find in Skinner. Mr. UPTON. The *Chiause*, as Dr. Grey observes from Sir Paul Ricaut's *State of the Turkish Empire*, were reckoned in the number of their militia; though their office was chiefly with relation to civil processes; and they were in the nature of pursuivants, or serjeants.

Fac. Come, noble doctor, pray thee let's prevail ;
This is the gentleman, and he is no Chiause.

Sub. Captain, I have return'd you all my answer.
I would do much fir, for your love——But this
I neither may, nor can.

Fac. Tut, do not say so.
You deal now with a noble fellow, doctor,
One that will thank you richly, and h' is no Chiause :
Let that, fir, move you.

Sub. Pray you, forbear——

Fac. He has
Four angels here——

Sub. You do me wrong, good fir.

Fac. Doctor, wherein? to tempt you with these spirits?

Sub. To tempt my art and love, fir, to my peril.
'Fore heav'n, I scarce can think you are my friend,
That so would draw me to apparent danger.

Fac. I draw you? a horse draw you, and
You, and your flies together——

Dap. Nay, good captain.

Fac. That know no difference of men.

Sub. Good words, fir. [bring you

Fac. Good deeds, fir, doctor dogs-meat*. 'Slight, I
No cheating Clim o' the Cloughs¹³, or Claribels,
That look as big as five-and-fifty, and flush,
And spit out secrets like hot custard—

* *Fac.* *Good deeds, fir, doctor DOGS-MEAT.*] The 4to of 1612,
reads, doctor *dogs-mouth*.

¹³ —— — 'Slight, I bring you

No cheating CLIM O' THE CLOUGH,]

“ For he brought Adam Bell, and *Clim of the Clough*,

“ And William a Cloudel-lee,

“ To shoot with our Forester for forty marks,

“ And the Forester beat them all three.”

See *Pedigree, Education, &c. of Robin Hood, &c.*

Collection of Old Ballads, vol. I. p. 67. 3d edit.

Dr. GREY.

Cloughs in our old English, are rocks and broken mountains, what
we now call cliffs.

Dap. Captain.

Fac. Nor any melancholick under-scribe,
Shall tell the vicar; but a special gentle,
That is the heir to forty marks a year,
Conforts with the small poets of the time,
Is the sole hope of his old grand-mother,
That knows the law, and writes you six fair hands,
Is a fine clerk, and has his cyph'ring perfect,
Will take his oath o' the Greek Xenophon*,
If need be, in his pocket; and can court
His mistress out of Ovid.

Dap. Nay, dear captain.

Fac. Did you not tell me so?

Dap. Yes, but I'd ha' you
Use master doctor with some more respect.

Fac. Hang him, proud stag, with his broad velvet head.
But for your sake, I'd choak, e're I would change
An article of breath with such a puckfoist—
Come, let's be gone.

Sub. Pray you let me speak with you.

Dap. His worship calls you, captain.

Fac. I am sorry

I e're imbark'd myself in such a business.

Dap. Nay, good sir, he did call you.

Fac. Will he take then?

Sub. First, hear me—

Fac. Not a syllable, 'less you take.

Sub. Pray ye, sir—

Fac. Upon no terms, but an Assumpsit.

Sub. Your humour must be law. [*He takes the money.*]

Fac. Why now, sir, talk.

* *Will take his oath o' the Greek XENOPHON,*

If need be, in his pocket.] The 4to has *the Greek Testament*, which I should think the most eligible reading; as it is probable the clerk might carry a testament about him, to administer oaths to his master's clients. But *Xenophon* is the reading of the folio of 1616, whose authority prevents me from altering the present text.

Now I dare hear you with mine honour. Speak.
So may this gentleman too.

Sub. Why, fir——

Fac. No whispering.

Sub. 'Fore heav'n, you do not apprehend the loss
You do your self in this.

Fac. Wherein ? for what ?

Sub. Marry, to be so importunate for one,
That, when he has it, will undo you all :
He'll win up all the money i' the town.

Fac. How !

Sub. Yes, and blow up gamester after gamester,
As they do crackers in a puppet play.
If I do give him a familiar,
Give you him all you play for ; never set him :
For he will have it.

Fac. You are mistaken, doctor:

Why, he does ask one but for cups and horses,
A rifling fly ; none o' your great familiars.

Dap. Yes, captain, I would have it for all games.

Sub. I told you so.

Fac. 'Slight, that's a new business !
I understood you, a tame bird, to fly
Twice in a term, or so, on Friday nights,
When you had left the office, for a nag
Of forty or fifty shillings.

Dap. I, 'tis true, fir ;

But I do think now I shall leave the law,
And therefore——

Fac. Why, this changes quite the case !
Do you think that I dare move him ?

Dap. If you please, fir ;

All's one to him, I see.

Fac. What ! for that money ?

I cannot with my conscience : nor should you
Make the request, methinks.

Dap. No, fir, I mean

To add consideration.

Fac. Why then, fir,

I'll try. Say that it were for all games, doctor?

Sub. I say then, not a mouth shall eat for him
At any ordinary, but o' the score,
That is a gaming mouth, conceive me.

Fac. Indeed!

Sub. He'll draw you all the treasure of the realm,
If it be set him.

Fac. Speak you this from art?

Sub. I, fir, and reason too, the ground of art.
H' is o' the only best complexion,
The queen of Fairy loves.

Fac. What! is he!

Sub. Peace.

He'll over-hear you. Sir, should she but see him—

Fac. What?

Sub. Do not you tell him.

Fac. Will he win at cards too?

Sub. The spirits of dead Holland, living Isaac¹⁴,
You'd swear, were in him; such a vigorous luck
As cannot be resisted. 'Slight, he'll put
Six o' your gallants to a cloke, indeed.

Fac. A strange success, that some man shall be born to!

Sub. He hears you, man——

Dap. Sir, I'll not be ingrateful.

Fac. Faith, I have confidence in his good nature:
You hear, he says he will not be ingrateful.

Sub. Why as you please; my venture follows yours.

Fac. Troth, do it, doctor; think him trusty, and
make him.

¹⁴ *Sub.* *The spirits of dead HOLLAND, living ISAAC,*
You'd swear, were in him.] The context leads us to imagine
these were lucky gamblers, and persons well known at ordinaries,
and places of the like resort; though 'tis possible the poet may
allude to the two famous chemists *Isaac*, and *John Isaac Hollandus*,
who flourished about this time, and wrote several treatises on
Alchemy.

He may make us both happy in an hour ;
Win some five thousand pound, and send us two on't.

Dap. Believe it, and I will, fir.

Fac. And you shall, fir.

You have heard all?

Dap. No, what was't? Nothing, I fir.

Fac. Nothing? [*Face takes him aside.*]

Dap. A little, fir.

Fac. Well, a rare star

Reign'd at your birth.

Dap. At mine, fir? No.

Fac. The doctor

Swears that you are——

Sub. Nay, captain, you'll tell all now.

Fac. Allied to the queen of Fairy.

Dap. Who? that I am?

Believe it, no such matter——

Fac. Yes, and that

Yo' were born with a cawl o' your head.

Dap. Who says so?

Fac. Come,

You know it well enough, though you dissemble it.

Dap. I-fac, I do not: you are mistaken.

Fac. How!

Swear by your fac? and in a thing so known
Unto the doctor? how shall we, fir, trust you
I' the other matter? can we ever think,
When you have won five or six thousand pound,
You'll send us shares in't, by this rate?

Dap. By Jove, fir,

I'll win ten thousand pound, and send you half.

I-fac's no oath.

Sub. No, no, he did but jest.

Fac. Go to. Go thank the doctor. He's your friend,
To take it so.

Dap. I thank his worship.

Fac. So:

Another

Another angel.

Dap. Must I?

Fac. Must you? 'sight,
What else is thanks? will you be trivial? doctor,
When must he come for his familiar?

Dap. Shall I not ha' it with me?

Sub. O, good sir!

There must a world of ceremonies pass,
You must be bath'd and fumigated first:
Besides, the queen of Fairy does not rise
Till it be noon.

Fac. Not, if she danc'd, to-night.

Sub. And she must bless it.

Fac. Did you never see
Her royal grace yet?

Dap. Whom?

Fac. Your aunt of Fairy¹⁵?

Sub. Not since she kist him in the cradle, captain;
I can resolve you that.

Fac. Well, see her grace,
Whate'er it cost you, for a thing that I know.
It will be somewhat hard to compass; but
However, see her. You are made, believe it,
If you can see her. Her grace is a lone woman,
And very rich; and if she take a phant'sie,
She will do strange things. See her, at any hand.
'Slid, she may hap to leave you all she has!
It is the doctor's fear.

Dap. How will't be done then?

Fac. Let me alone, take you no thought. Do you
But say to me, captain, I'll see her grace.

Dap. Captain, I'll see her grace.

Fac. Enough.

¹⁵ ———— *Did you never see*

Her royal grace yet? Dap. Whom? your aunt of Fairy]
Here is a mistake in the last speech; *your aunt of Fairy* belongs to
Face, and is the proper reply to Dapper's question. The persons
are so ordered in the folio of 1616.

Sub. Who's there? *[One knocks without.]*
Anon. (Conduct him forth by the back way.)
 Sir, against one a clock prepare yourself :
 Till when you must be fasting ; only take
 Three drops of vinegar in at your nose,
 Two at your mouth, and one at either ear ;
 Then bath your fingers ends, and wash your eyes,
 To sharpen your five senses, and cry hum
 Thrice, and then buz as often ; and then come.
Fac. Can you remember this ?
Dap. I warrant you.
Fac. Well then, away. 'Tis but your bestowing
 Some twenty nobles 'mong her grace's servants,
 And put on a clean shirt : you do not know
 What grace her grace may do you in clean linen.

S C E N E III.

Subtle, Drugger, Face.

Sub. Come in : (good wives, I pray you forbear me
 Troth I can do you no good till after-noon) *[now :*
 What is your name, say you? Abel Drugger ?
Dru. Yes, fir.
Sub. A feller of tobacco ?
Dru. Yes, fir.
Sub. Umh.
 Free of the grocers ?
Dru. I, an't please you.
Sub. Well——
 Your business, Abel ?
Dru. This, an't please your worship ;
 I am a young beginner, and am building
 Of a new shop, an't like your worship, just
 At corner of a street : (Here's the plot on't)
 And I would know by art, fir, of your worship,
Which

Which way I should make my door, by Necromancy,
 And where my shelves ; and which should be for boxes,
 And which for pots. I would be glad to thrive, fir.
 And I was wish'd to your worship by a gentleman,
 One captain Face, that says you know mens planets,
 And their good angels, and their bad.

Sub. I do,
 If I do see 'em——

Fac. What! my honest Abel?
 Thou art well met here.

Dru. Troth, fir, I was speaking,
 Just as your worship came here, of your worship.
 I pray you speak for me to master doctor.

Fac. He shall do any thing. Doctor, do you hear?
 This is my friend, Abel, an honest fellow ;
 He lets me have good tobacco, and he does not
 Sophistificate it with sack-lees or oil,
 Nor washes it in muscadel and grains,
 Nor buries it in gravel, under ground,
 Wrapp'd up in greasy leather, or piss'd clouts :
 But keeps it in fine lilly pots, that open'd,
 Smell like conserve of roses, or French beans.
 He has his maple block, his silver tongs¹⁶,
 Winchester pipes, and fire of juniper,
 A neat, spruce, honest fellow, and no goldsmith.

Sub. H' is a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on—

Fac. Already, fir, ha' you found it? Lo' thee Abel!

Sub. And in right way to'ard riches—

Fac. Sir.

Sub. This summer
 He will be of the clothing of his company,

¹⁶ He has his maple block, his silver tongs,

Winchester pipes, and fire of juniper.] Naturalists tell us that a coal of juniper, if covered over with its own ashes, will retain its fire a whole year: *Fuerunt qui existimaverint truncum ligni juniperi accensum, & proprio cinere contextum ignem annum servare.*

CARDAN. de subtil. l. 8.

Abel kept this coal of juniper for his customers to light their pipes with.
 And

And next spring call'd to the scarlet ; spend what he can'

Fac. What, and so little beard ?

Sub. Sir, you must think,

He may have a receipt to make hair come :

But he'll be wise, preserve his youth, and fine for't ;

His fortune looks for him another way.

Fac. 'Slid, doctor, how canst thou know this so soon?
I am amus'd at that !

Sub. By a rule, captain,

In metaposcropy, which I do work by ;

A certain star i' the forehead, which you see not.

Your chestnut, or your olive-colour'd face

Do's never fail : and your long ear doth promise.

* I knew't, by certain spots too, in his teeth,

And on the nail of his mercurial finger.

Fac. Which finger's that ?

Sub. His little finger. Look.

Yo' were born upon a Wednesday ?

Dru. Yes indeed, sir.

Sub. The thumb, in chiromanty, we give Venus ;

The fore-finger, to Jove ; the midst, to Saturn ;

The ring to Sol ; the least, to Mercury :

Who was the lord, sir, of his horoscope,

His house of life being Libra ; which fore-shew'd,

He should be a merchant, and should trade with ballance.

Fac. Why, this is strange ! Is't not, honest Nab ?

Sub. There is a ship now, coming from Ormus,

That shall yield him such a commodity

Of drugs — This is the west, and this the south ?

Dru. Yes, sir.

Sub. And those are your two sides ?

Dru. I, sir.

* I knew't, by certain spots too, in his TEETH,

And on the NAIL of his mercurial finger.] Our poet's authority is Cardan : *Sunt etiam in nobis vestigia quædam futurorum eventuum in unguibus, atque etiam in dentibus — sed pro manus natura, & digitorum in quibus fiunt, & colorum & mutatione eorum.*

De subtil. l. 18.

Sub.

Sub. Make me your door, then, south; you rbroad
And on the east-side of your shop, aloft, [side, west :
Write, Mathlai, Tarmiel, and Baraborat ;
Upon the north-part, Rael, Velet, Thiel.
They are the names of those mercurial spirits,
That do fright flies from boxes.

Dru. Yes, fir.

Sub. And

Beneath your threshold, bury me a load-stone
To draw in gallants, that wear spurs: the rest,
They'll seem to follow¹⁷.

Fac. That's a secret, Nab!

Sub. And, on your stall, a puppet, with a vice¹⁸,
And a court-fucus to call city-dames.
You shall deal much with minerals.

Dru. Sir, I have
At home, already —

Sub. I, I know you have arfnike,
Vitriol, sal-tartre, argaile, alkaly,
Cinoper: I know all. This fellow, captain,
Will come, in time, to be a great distiller¹⁹,

And

¹⁷ ———— *The rest*

They'll seem to follow.] The construction is, *as to the rest, quod attinet ad ceteros.* Shakespear uses this construction very frequent, which his editors never considered, and hence have frequently altered his words. *They'll seem* — they'll think it convenient, suitable, &c. Mr. UPTON.

To confirm the observation of this phraseology ocuring in Shakespear, I must take leave to mention an instance in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ Now afore God, this holy reverend friar,

“ All our whole city is much bound to him.”

Mr. Warburton, not considering this construction, has altered the last word *to hymn*; i. e. celebrate or praise: but if it is taken in the manner mentioned above, he will judge, I believe, his correction, however ingenious, not absolutely necessary.

¹⁸ *And, on your stall, a puppet, with a vice.*] The droll antick character, so often mentioned in our old plays.

¹⁹ *Will come, in time, to be a great DISTILLER.*] i. e. Chemist. He said above, “ You shall deal much with minerals.” — In the dispute subsisting at this time between Dr. Anthony, and his antagonists, they insisted,

And give a fay (I will not fay directly,
But very fair) at the philosophers stone.

Fac. Why, how now, Abel! is this true?

Dru. Good captain,
What muſt I give?

Fac. Nay, I'll not counſel thee.

Thou hear'ſt what wealth (he ſays, ſpend what thou
canſt)

Th'art like to come to.

Dru. I would gi' him a crown.

Fac. A crown! and toward ſuch a fortune? heart,
Thou ſhalt rather gi' him thy ſhop. No gold about
thee?

Dru. Yes, I have a Portague, I ha' kept this half year.

Fac. Out on thee, Nab. 'Slight there was ſuch an offer--
'Shalt keep't no longer, I'll gi' it him for thee:

Doctor, Nab prays your worſhip to drink this, and
ſwears

He will appear more grateful, as your ſkill
Do's raiſe him in the world.

Dru. I would entreat
Another favour of his worſhip.

Fac. What is't, Nab?

Dru. But, to look over, ſir, my almanack,
And croſs out my ill-days, that I may neither
Bargain, nor truſt upon them.

Fac. That he ſhall, Nab.

Leave it, it ſhall be done, 'gainſt afternoon.

Sub. And a direction for his ſhelves.

Fac. Now, Nab?

Art thou well pleas'd, Nab?

Dru. 'Thank, ſir, both your worſhips.

Fac. Away.

Why, now you ſmoky perfecutor of nature!
Now do you ſee, that ſome-thing's to be done,

inſiſted, that the virtues of metals, as to phyſical uſes, were very un-
certain; and in his defence he undertakes to ſhew, that there are
really great virtues, both for preſerving health, and curing diſeaſes,
in the mineral kingdom.

Befide

Beside your beech-coal, and your cor'five waters,
Your croslets, crucibles, and cucurbites?
You must have stuff, brought home to you, to work on?
And yet you think, I am at no expence,
In searching out these veins, then following 'em,
Then trying 'em out. 'Fore God, my intelligence
Costs me more mony, than my share oft comes too
In these rare works.

Sub. You are pleasant, sir. How now?

S C E N E IV.

Face, Dol, Subtle.

What says my dainty Dolkin?

Dol. Yonder fish-wife

Will not away. And there's your giantess,
The bawd of Lambeth.

Sub. Heart, I cannot speak with 'em.

Dol. Not afore night, I have told 'em, in a voice,
Thorough the trunk, like one of your familiars.
But I have spied sir Epicure Mammon —

Sub. Where?

Dol. Coming along, at far end of the lane,
Slow of his feet, but earnest of his tongue,
To one that's with him.

Sub. Face, go you, and shift.

Dol. you must presently make ready, too —

Dol. Why, what's the matter?

Sub. O, I did look for him

With the sun's rising: 'marvel, he could sleep!
This is the day I am to perfect for him
The magisterium, our great work, the stone:
And yield it, made, into his hands: of which
He has, this month, talk'd as he were possess'd.
And now he's dealing pieces on't away,
Methinks I see him entring ordinaries,
Dispensing for the pox, and plaguy houses,

Reaching

Reaching his dose, walking Moor-fields for lepers,
 And offering citizens-wives pomander-bracelets,
 As his preservative, made of the elixir ;
 Searching the spittle, to make old bawds young ;
 And the high-ways, for beggars, to make rich :
 I see no end of his labours. He will make
 Nature ashamed, of her long sleep : when art,
 Who's but a step-dame, shall do more than she,
 In her best love to mankind, ever could.
 If his dream last, he'll turn the age to gold.

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

Mammon, Surly.

Come on, sir. Now, you set your foot on shore
 In *novo orbe* ; here's the rich Peru :
 And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
 Great Solomon's Ophir ! he was failing to't,
 Three years, but we have reach'd it in ten months.
 This is the day, wherein, to all my friends,
 I will pronounce the happy word, be rich.
 This day you shall be spectatissimi.
 You shall no more deal with the hollow dye¹,
 Or the frail card. No more be at charge of keeping
 The livery-punk, for the young heir, that must
 Seal, at all hours, in his shirt. No more,
 If he deny, ha' him beaten to't, as he is
 That brings him the commodity. No more

¹ *You shall no more deal with the HOLLOW DYE.] This alludes to the way of cheating among gamesters, to make their dice hollow, and then by loading them to make them run high or low. Hence they were called high and low men, and high and low Fulhams. See Every Man out of his Humour, act 3. sc. 6. The high were so loaden, as to run 4, 5, or 6 ; the low to run 1, 2, or 3.*

Shall

Shall thirst of fatten, or the covetous hunger
 Of velvet entrails, for a rude-spun cloke,
 To be displaid at madam Augusta's², make
 The sons of Sword and Hazzard fall before
 The golden calf, and on their knees, whole nights,
 Commit idolatry with wine, and trumpets :
 Or go a feasting, after drum and ensign.
 No more of this. You shall start up young Viceroyes,
 And have your punques, and punquetees, my Surly.
 And unto thee, I speak it first, }
 Be rich, }
 Where is my Subtle, there ? } *Within.* } Sir, he'll
 Within hough ! } } come to
 } } you by
 } } and by.

Mam. That is his fire-drake,
 His ³ lungs, his zephyrus, he that puffs his coals,
 Till he firk nature up, in her own center.
 You are not faithful, fir. This night, I'll change
 All, that is metal, in my house, to gold.
 And, early in the morning, will I send
 To all the plumbers, and the pewterers,
 And buy their tin, and lead up : and to Lothbury⁴,
 For all the copper.

Sur. What, and turn that too ?

Mam. Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire, and Corn-
 [wall,

² *To be display'd at madam AUGUSTA's.*] The mistress of a brothel ; and probably the same whom he elsewhere calls madam Cæsarean.

³ *Mam* ———— *That is his fire-drake,*

His LUNGS.] *Lungs* was a term of art, for the under operators in chemistry, whose business principally was to take care of the fire. So Cowley, in his sketch of a philosophic college, in the number of its members reckons two *lungs*, or chemical servants ; and afterwards, assigning their salaries, To each of the *lungs* twelve pound.

⁴ ———— *And to LOTHBURY,*

For all the copper.] *Lothbury*, the name of a street in London, at that time inhabited chiefly by founders and brasiers.

And

And make them perfect Indies! you admire now?

Sur. No faith.

Mam. But when you see th' effects of the great me-
[dicine!

Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of Mercury, or Venus, or the moon,
Shall turn it to as many of the sun;
Nay, to a thousand, so ad infinitum:
You will believe me.

Sur. Yes, when I see't, I will.

But, if my eyes do cozen me so, (and I
Giving 'em no occasion) sure I'll have
A whore, shall piss 'em out, next day.

Mam. Ha! why?

Do you think, I fable with you? I assure you
He that has once the flower of the sun,
The perfect ruby, which we call elixir,
Not only can do that, but, by its virtue,
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life,
Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,
To whom he will. In eight and twenty days,
I'll make an old man, of fourscore, a child.

Sur. No doubt, he's that already.

Mam. Nay, I mean,

Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle,
To the fifth age; make him get sons and daughters,
Young giants; as our philosophers have done
(The antient patriarchs afore the flood)
But taking, once a week, on a knives point,
The quantity of a grain of mustard of it:
Become stout Marses, and beget young cupids.

Sur. The decay'd vestals of pickt-hatch would
[thank you,

That keep the fire alive, there.

Mam. 'Tis the secret
Of nature naturiz'd 'gainst all infections,
Cures all diseases, coming of all causes;

A month's grief in a day ; a year's in twelve :
 And, of what age soever, in a month.
 Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.
 I'll undertake, withal, to fright the plague
 Out o' the kingdom, in three months⁵.

Sur. And I'll
 Be bound, the players shall sing your praises, then,
 Without their poets.

Mam. Sir, I'll do't. Mean time,
 I'll give away so much unto my man,
 Shall serve th' whole city, with preservative,
 Weekly ; each house his dose, and at the rate—

Sur. As he that built the water-work, do's with

Mam. You are incredulous. [water⁶ ?

Sur. Faith I have a humour,
 I would not willingly be gull'd. Your stone
 Cannot transmute me.

Mam. Pertinax, Surly,
 Will you believe antiquity⁷ records ?
 I'll shew you a book, where Moses and his sister,
 And Solomon have written of the art ;
 I, and a treatise penn'd by Adam⁷.

Sur. How !

Mam.

⁵ I'll undertake, withal, to fright the plague
 Out o' the kingdom, in three months.] The defence which Dr. An-
 thony published of himself at Cambridge in 1610, is called *Medi-*
cinae chymicae & veri potabilis auri assertio, ex lucubrationibus Fra-
Antonii Londinensis in medicina doctoris. It is divided into seven chap-
 ters : the last enumerates the several distempers which his *aurum*
potabile cures ; among which is the plague itself ; as he asserts to
 have been demonstrated by experience, in the plague which depo-
 pulated London in 1602.

⁶ As he that built the water-work, do's with water.] He, viz.
 Sir Hugh Middleton, as Mr. Upton too remarks : the New River was
 brought to London much about this time.

⁷ I'll shew you a book, where Moses, and his sister,
 And Solomon have written of the art ;

I, and a treatise penn'd by Adam.] The writers on chemistry carry
 their

Mam. O' the philosophers stone, and in high Dutch.

Sur. Did Adam write, fir, in high Dutch?

Mam. He did:

Which proves it was the primitive tongue.

Sur. What paper?

Mam. On cedar board.

Sur. O that, indeed (they say)

Will last 'gainst worms.

Mam. 'Tis like your Irish wood,
'Gainst cob-webs. I have a piece of Jason's fleece, too,
Which was no other than a book of alchemy,
Writ in large sheep-skin, a good fat ram-vellum⁹.
Such was Pythagoras' thigh, Pandora's tub;
And, all that fable of Medea's charms,
The manner of our work: the bulls, our furnace,
Still breathing fire: our argent-vive, the dragon:
The dragons teeth, mercury sublimate,
That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the biting;
And they are gather'd into Jason's helm,
(Th' alembick) and then sow'd in Mars his field,
And thence sublim'd so often, till they 're fix'd.

their pretensions very high; and in the catalogue of authors who have wrote on the subject, are numbered Moses, and Miriam, and even Adam himself. Besides those mentioned by Fabricius, the reader may consult the history of chemistry prefixed to Dr. Shaw's edition of Boerhave.

⁸ *Sur.* Did ADAM write, fir, in high-Dutch? *Mam.* He did:

Which proves it was the primitive tongue.] A very humorous allusion to the fantastical conceit of Goropius Becanus, who undertook to maintain the teutonick language to be the primitive tongue, and the same which Adam himself spake in Paradise.

⁹ ———— *I have a piece of Jason's fleece too,*

Which was no other than a book of alchemy,

Writ in large sheep-skin, a good fat ram-vellum.] Our learned author takes this circumstance from Suidas; Το μυθολογημενον χρυσισον δερας βιβλιον ην εν δερμασι γεγραμμενον περιεχοι οπως διε δια χημειας χρυσου εργασιθαι Vid. SURD. in voce δερας. The poet with great humour, in the following verses, ridicules the attempt of writers, who, having fixed on a favourite hypothesis, explain all the antient mythology in its support; and suppose it involved in all the fictions and fables of the poets.

Both

Both this, th' Hesperian garden, Cadmus' story,
Jove's shower, the boon of Midas, Argus' eyes,
Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more,
All abstract riddles of our stone. How now?

SCENE II.

Mammon, Face, Surly.

Mam. Do we succeed? Is our day come? and hold's it?

Fac. The evening will set red upon you, fir;
You have colour for it, crimson: the red ferment
Has done his office, three hours hence prepare you
To see projection.

Mam. Pertinax, my Surly,
Again, I say to thee, aloud, be rich.
This day, thou shalt have ingots: and, to-morrow,
Give lords th' affront. Is it, my zephyrus, right?
Blushes the bolts-head?

Fac. Like a wench with child, fir,
That were, but now, discover'd to her master.

Mam. Excellent witty lungs! my only care is,
Where to get stuff enough now, to project on;
This town will not half serve me.

Fac. No, fir? buy
The covering off o' churches.

Mam. That's true.

Fac. Yes.
Let 'em stand bare, as do their auditory;
Or cap 'em, new, with shingles.

Mam. No, good thatch:
Thatch will lye light upo' the rafters, lungs.
Lungs, I will manumit thee from the furnace;
I will restore thee thy complexion, Puffe,
Lost in the embers; and repair this brain,
Hurt wi' the fume o' the metals.

Fac. I have blown; fir,

Hard for your worship; thrown by many a coal,
 When 'twas not beech; weigh'd those I put in, just,
 To keep your heat still even; these beard-eyes
 Have wak'd, to read your several colours, fir,
 Of the pale citron, the green lyon, the crow,
 The peacock's tail, the plumed swan ¹⁰.

Mam. And, lastly,
 Thou hast descry'd the flower, the sanguis agni?

Fac. Yes, fir.

Mam. Where's master?

Fac. At's prayers, fir, he,
 Good man, he's doing his devotions
 For the success.

Mam. Lungs, I will set a period
 To all thy labours: thou shalt be the master
 Of my seraglio.

Fac. Good, fir.

Mam. But do you hear?
 I'll geld you, lungs.

Fac. Yes, fir.

Mam. For I do mean

¹⁰ ————— To read your several colours, fir,

Of the pale citron, the green lyon, the CROW,

The peacock's tail, the plumed SWAN.] These are terms made use of by adepts in the hermetic science, to express the several effects arising from the different degrees of fermentation. Thus we are told by one of them, from the putrefaction of the dead carcasses a crow will be generated, which putting forth its head, and the bath being somewhat increased, it will stretch forth its wings and begin to fly: at length being made white by a gentle and long rain, and with the dew of heaven it will be changed into a white swan; but a new born crow is a sign of the departed dragon.

Whether these terms contain a meaning, is best known to those who use them, and pretend to understand them. I shall not trouble the reader with any more accounts of this kind, but refer those who are desirous of being initiated, to Ashmole's *Theatrum Chymicum*, and to the chymical collections published by the same author, under the anagrammatical name of James Hasolle Esq; i. e. Elias Ashmole.

To have a list of wives and concubines,
 Equal with Solomon, who had the stone
 Alike with me : and I will make me a back
 With the elixir, that shall be as tough
 As Hercules, to encounter fifty a night.
 Th'art sure thou saw'st it blood ?

Fac. Both blood and spirit, sir.

Mam. I will have all my beds blown up ; not stuf :
 Down is too hard. And then, mine oval room
 Fill'd with such pictures as Tiberius took
 From Elephantis, and dull Aretine
 But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses
 Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse,
 And ¹¹ multiply the figures, as I walk
 Naked between my succubæ. My mists
 I'll have of perfume, vapour'd 'bout the room,
 To ¹² lose our selves in ; and my baths, like pits
 To fall into : from whence we will come forth,

C 3

And

¹¹ ————— *Then, my glasses*

Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse,

And multiply the figures.] This species of lust, which the iniquitous Mammon is contriving, was really practised by one Hostius in the time of Nero ; an account of whose impurities we have in the 1st book of Seneca's Natural Questions : *Hoc loco volo tibi narrare fabellam, ut intelligas quam nullum instrumentum irritandæ voluptatis libido contemnat, & ingeniosa sit ad incitandum furorem suum.* And afterwards he says, *Non quantum peccabat videre contentus, specula sibi, per quæ flagitia sua divideret, disponderetque circumdedit.*

¹² ————— *My mists*

I'll have of perfume, vapour'd 'bout the room.

To lose ourselves in.] Our poet is truly classical in all his instances of luxury and extravagance. It was a custom with the Romans on festival occasions, to have a mixture of wine, and saffron, and other odours, which was diffused about the room where the assembly met. And Suetonius informs us, that when Nero made his entry into Rome, after his return from Greece, the streets were sprinkled with this mixture. It was chiefly used in the theatres, where it was conveyed to the top, and then sprinkled on the heads of the spectators, as we learn both from Pliny, (*Nat. Hist.* lib. 21. c. 17.) and from Lucan, lib. 9. v. 808 & seq.

That

And roll us dry in goffamour and roses.
 (Is it arriv'd at Ruby?)—Where I spy
 A wealthy citizen, or rich lawyer,
 Have a sublim'd pure wife, unto that fellow
 I'll send a thousand pound, to be my cuckold.

Fac. And I shall carry it?

Mam. No. I'll ha' no bawds,
 But fathers and mothers. They will do it best,
 Best of all others. And my flatterers
 Shall be the pure, and gravest of divines¹³,
 That I can get for money. My meer fools,
 Eloquent burgessees, and then my poets
 The same that writ so subtily of the fart¹⁴,
 Whom I will entertain still for that subject.
 The few that would give out themselves to be
 Court and town-stallions, and, each-where, belie
 Ladies, who are known most innocent, for them;
 Those will I beg, to make me eunuchs of:
 And they shall fan me with ten estrich tails

That this piece of luxury was not a very early invention, even among the Romans themselves. appears from Propertius and Ovid; who in commending the frugality of their ancestors, mention their want of this delicacy as an instance of it.

*Non sinuosa cavo pendebant vela teatro,
 Pulpita solennes non oluere crocos.*

PROPERT. lib. 4. cl. 1.

*Tunc neque marmoreo pendebant vela teatro,
 Nec fuerant liquido pulpita rubra croco.*

OVID. *Art. Amand.* lib. 1.

¹³ ————— My flatterers

Shall be the PURE, and gravest of divines.] The pure, i. e. the puritanical. Mr. UPTON.

¹⁴ ————— And then my poets

The same that writ so subtily of the FART.] Who the author alluded to shou'd be, I cannot say: in the collection of poems, called *Nectarum Deliciae*, or the *Muses Recreation*, by sir John Mennes, and Dr. Smith, there is a poem called the *fart censured in the parliament house*; it was occasioned by an escape of that kind in the house of commons. I have seen part of this poem ascribed to an author in the time of queen Elizabeth, and possibly it may be the thing referred to by Jonson.

A-piece,

A-piece, made, in a plume, to gather wind.
 We will be brave, Puffe, now we ha' the med'cine.
 My meat shall all come in, in Indian shells,
 Dishes of agat set in gold, and studded
 With emeralds, saphirs, hyacinths, and rubies.
 The tongues of carps, dormise, and camels heels,
 Boil'd i' the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd pearl,
 (Apicius, diet, 'gainst the epilepsie 's)
 And I will eat these broaths with spoons of amber,
 Headed with diamant, and carbuncle.
 My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,
 Knots, godwits, lampreys: I my self will have
 The beards of barbels serv'd, instead of fallads;
 Oil'd mushromes; and the swelling unctuous paps
 Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
 Dreft with an exquisite, and poinant fauce;
 For which, I'll say unto my cook, there's gold,
 Go forth, and be a knight.

Fac. Sir, I'll go look
 A little, how it heightens.

Mam. Do. My shirts
 I'll have of taffata-sarsnet, soft, and light
 As cob-webs; and for all my other raiment,
 It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,
 Were he to teach the world riot anew.
 My gloves of fishes and bird-skins, perfum'd
 With gums of paradise, and eastern air —

Sur. And do you think to have the stone, with this?

Mam. No, I do think t' have all this, with the stone.

¹⁵ *The tongues of carps, dormise, and camels heels,
 Boil'd i' the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd pearl,
 (Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsie.]* This is from the historian
 Aelius Lampridius, in the life of Heliogabalus: *Comedit sæpius ad
 imitationem apicii calcanea camelorum, & cristas vivis gallinaceis demp-
 tas, linguas pavonum & luciniarum: quod qui ederet ab epilepsia tutus
 diceretur.* Most of sir Epicure's dainties are mentioned in Lam-
 pridius.

Sur. Why, I have heard, he must be *bomo frugi*,
A pious, holy, and religious man,
One free from mortal sin, a very virgin.

Mam. That makes it, sir, he is so. But I buy it.
My venture brings it me. ¹⁶He, honest wretch,
A notable, superstitious, good soul,
Has worn his knees bare, and his slippers bald,
With prayer and fasting for it: and, sir, let him
Do it alone, for me, still. Here he comes.
Not a prophane word, afore him: 'tis poyson.

S C E N E III.

Mammon, Subtle, Surly, Face.

Mam. Good morrow, father.

Subtle. Gentle son, good morrow,
And to your friend there. What is he, is with you?

Mam. An heretick, that I did bring along,
In hope, sir, to convert him.

Sub. Son, I doubt
Yo' are covetous, that thus you meet your time
I' the just point: prevent your day, at morning.
This argues something, worthy of a fear
Of importune and carnal appetite.
Take heed you do not cause the blessing leave you,
With your ungovern'd haste. I should be sorry
To see my labours, now e'en at perfection,
Got by long watching and large patience,

¹⁶ — — He, honest wretch,

A notable, superstitious, good soul,

Hath worn his KNEES BARE, &c.] The true hermetic philosophers were extremely devout, and given to prayer: Aubery tells us of Dr Napier, rector of Lyndford in Bucks, a very pious man and hermetic philosopher, that his knees were horny with frequent prayer.

Not prosper, where my love and zeal hath plac'd 'em.
Which (heaven I call to witness, with your self,
To whom I have pour'd my thoughts) in all my ends,
Have look'd no way, but unto publick good,
To pious uses, and dear charity,
Now grown a prodigy with men. Wherein
If you, my son, should now prevaricate,
And, to your own particular lusts employ
So great and catholick a blifs, be sure
A curse will follow, yea, and overtake
Your subtle and most secret ways.

Mam. I know, fir,
You shall not need to fear me. I but come,
To ha' you confute this gentleman.

Sur. Who is,
Indeed, fir, somewhat costive of belief
Toward your stone: would not be gull'd.

sub. Well, son,
All that I can convince him in, is this,
The work is done, bright sol is in his robe.
We have a med'cine of the triple soul,
The glorified spirit. Thanks be to heaven,
And make us worthy of it. Ulen Spiegel.

Fac. Anon, fir.

Sub. Look well to the register,
And let your heat still lessen by degrees,
To the Aludels.

Fac. Yes, fir.

Sub. Did you look
O' the bolts-head yet?

Fac. Which, on D. fir?

Sub. I.

What's the complexion?

Fac. Whitish.

Sub. Infuse vinegar,
To draw his volatile substance and his tincture:
And let the water in glass E. be feltred,

And

And put into the Gripe's egg. Lute him well ;
And leave him clos'd in balneo.

Fac. I will, sir.

Sur. What a brave language here is ! next to canting.

Sub. I have another work, you never saw, son,
That three days since past the philosopher's wheel,
In the lent heat of Athanor ; and's become
Sulphur o'Nature.

Mam. But 'tis for me ?

Sub. What need you ?

You have enough, in that, is perfect.

Mam. O but——

Sub. Why, this is covetise !

Mam. No, I assure you,
I shall employ it all in pious uses,
Founding of colleges, and grammar schools,
Marrying young virgins, building hospitals,
And now and then, a church.

Sub. How now ?

Fac. Sir, please you,
Shall I not change the feltre ?

Sub. Marry, yes ;

And bring me the complexion of glass B.

Mam. Ha' you another ?

Sub. Yes, son, were I assur'd

Your piety were firm, we would not want
The means to glorify it. But I hope the best,
I mean to tinct C. in sand-heat to-morrow,
And give him imbibition.

Mam. Of white oil ?

Sub. No, sir, of red. F. is come over the helm too.
I thank my maker, in S. Mary's bath,
And shews *lac virginis*. Blessed be heaven.
I sent you of his fæces there calcin'd.
Out of that calx, I ha' won the salt of mercury.

Mam. By pouring on your rectified water ?

Sub. Yes, and reverberating in Athanor.

How

How now? what colour says it?

Fac. The ground black, fir.

Mam. That's your crow's head?

Sur. Your cocks-comb's, is't not?

Sub. No, 'tis not perfect, would it were the crow.
That work wants something.

Sur. (O I look'd for this.

The hay is pitching.)

Sub. Are you sure, you loos'd 'em
I' their own menstroe?

Fac. Yes, fir, and then married 'em,
And put 'em in a bolts-head nipp'd to digestion,
According as you bade me, when I set
The liquor of Mars to circulation
In the same heat.

Sub. The process then was right.

Fac. Yes, by the token, fir, the retort brake,
And what was sav'd, was put into the Pellicane,
And sign'd with Hermes' seal.

Sub. I think 'twas so.

We should have a new Amalgama ⁴⁷.

Sur. (O, this ferret
Is rank as any pole-cat.)

Sub. But I care not.

Let him e'en die; we have enough beside,
In embrion. H. ha's his white shirt on?

Fac. Yes, fir,
He's ripe for inceration: he stands warm,
In his ash-fire. I would not, you should let
Any dye now, if I might counsel, fir,
For luck's sake to the rest. It is not good.

Mam. He says right.

⁴⁷ *We should have a new AMALGAMA.]* A mixture of metals with mercury.

Dr. GREY,
I have not troubled the reader with the explanation of all the terms of art, which he may learn by consulting his dictionary: some of them mean the same thing, and the exact meaning of some is dubious.

Sub.

Sur. I, are you bolted ?

Fac. Nay, I know't, fir,
I have seen th' ill fortune. What is some three ounces
Of fresh materials ?

Mam. Is't no more ?

Fac. No more, fir,
Of gold, t'amalgame, with some six of mercury.

Mam. Away, here's money. What will serve ?

Fac. Ask him, fir.

Mam. How much ?

Sub. Give him nine pound : you may gi' him ten.

Sur. Yes, twenty, and be cozen'd, do.

Mam. There 'tis.

Sub. This needs not. But that you will have it so,
To see conclusions of all. For two
Of our inferior works are at fixation,
A third is in ascension. Go your ways.
Ha' you set the oil of luna in kemia ?

Fac. Yes, fir.

Sub. And the philosophers vinegar.

Fac. I.

Sur. We shall have a fallad.

Mam. When do you make projection ?

Sub. Son, be not hasty, I exalt our med'cine,
By hanging him *in balneo vaporofo*,
And giving him solution ; then congeal him ;
And then diffolve him, then again congeal him :
For look, how oft I iterate the work,
So many times I add unto his virtue.
As, if at first one ounce convert a hundred,
After his second loose, he'll turn a thousand ;
His third solution, ten ; his fourth, a hundred.
After his fifth, a thousand thousand ounces
Of any imperfect metal, into pure
Silver or gold, in all examinations,
As good as any of the natural mine.
Get you your stuff here against afternoon,

Your

Your brass, your pewter, and your andirons.

Mam. Not those of iron?

Sub. Yes, you may bring them too.

We'll change all metals.

Sur. I believe you in that.

Mam. Then I may send my spits?

Sub. Yes, and your racks.

Sur. And dripping-pans, and pot-hangers, and hooks?
Shall he not?

Sub. If he please.

Sur. To be an ass.

Sub. How, sir!

Mam. This gentleman you must bear withal:
I told you, he had no faith.

Sur. And as little hope, sir;
But much less charity, should I gull myself.

Sub. Why, what have you observ'd, sir, in our art,
Seems so impossible?

Sur. But your whole work, no more.
That you should hatch gold in a furnace, sir,
As they do eggs in Egypt¹⁸!

Sub. Sir, do you
Believe that eggs are hatch'd so?

Sur. If I should?

Sub. Why, I think that the greater miracle.
No egg but differs from a chicken more
Than metals in themselves.

Sur. That cannot be.
The egg's ordain'd by nature to that end,
And is a chicken *in potentia*.

Sub. The same we say of lead, and other metals,
Which would be gold, if they had time.

¹⁸ That you should hatch gold in a furnace, sir,

As they do eggs in *Ægypt*.] Besides the accounts given us by Sandys and other later travellers, of the manner of hatching chickens at Grand Cairo, the reader may consult an exact relation 1737. the celebrated Mr. John Greaves, 2d vol. of his works, edit.

Mam. And that
Our art doth further.

Sub. I, for 'twere absurd
To think that nature in the earth bred gold
Perfect i' the instant. Something went before.
There must be remote matter.

Sur. I, what is that?

Sub. Marry, we say——

Mam. I, now it heats: stand father,
Pound him to dust——

Sub. It is, of the one part,
A humid exhalation, which we call
Materia liquida, or the unctuous water;
On the other part, a certain crass and viscous
Portion of earth; both which, congregate,
Do make the elementary matter of gold;
Which is not yet *propria materia*,
But common to all metals, and all stones,
For, where it is forsaken of that moisture,
And hath more driness, it becomes a stone.
Where it retains more of the humid fatness,
It turns to sulphur, or to quicksilver,
Who are the parents of all other metals.
Nor can this remote matter suddenly
Progress so from extreme unto extreme,
As to grow gold, and leap o're all the means:
Nature doth first beget th' imperfect, then
Proceeds she to the perfect. Of that airy
And oily water, mercury is engendred;
Sulphur o' the fat and earthy part; the one
(Which is the last) supplying the place of male;
The other of the female in all metals.
Some do believe hermaphrodeity,
That both do act and suffer. But these two
Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive.
And even in gold they are; for we do find

Seeds of them, by our fire, and gold in them ;
 And can produce the species of each metal
 More perfect thence, than nature doth in earth,
 Beside, who doth not see in daily practice,
 Art can beget bees, hornets, beetles, wasps,
 Out of the carcasses and dung of creatures ;
 Yea, scorpions of an herb, being rightly plac'd ?
 And these are living creatures, far more perfect
 And excellent than metals.

Mam. Well said, father !

Nay, if he take you in hand, sir, with an argument,
 He'll bray you in a mortar.

Sur. Pray you, sir, stay.

Rather than I'll be bray'd, sir, I'll believe
 That Alchemy is a pretty kind of game,
 Somewhat like tricks o' the cards, to cheat a man
 With charming.

Sub. Sir ?

Sur. What else are all your terms,
 Whereon no one o' your writers 'grees with other ?
 Of your elixir, your *lac virginis*,
 Your stone, your medicine, and your Chrysolperme,
 Your sal, your sulphur, and your mercury,
 Your oil of height, your tree of life, your blood,
 Your marchefite, your tutie, your magnesia,
 Your toad, your crow, your dragon, and your panther,
 Your sun, your moon, your firmament, your adrop,
 Your Lato, Azoch, Zernich, Chibrit, Heautarit,
 And then your red man, and your white woman,
 With all your broths, your menstrues, and materials,
 Of piss and egg-shells, womens terms, mans blood,
 Hair o' th' head, burnt clouts, chalk, merds, and clay,
 Powder of bones, scalings of iron, glafs,
 And worlds of other strange ingredients,
 Would burst a man to name ?

Sub. And all these nam'd,

Intending but one thing ; which art our writers
Us'd to obscure their art.

Mam. Sir, so I told him,
Because the simple idiot should not learn it,
And make it vulgar.

Sub. Was not all the knowledge
Of the Ægyptians writ in mystic symbols?
Speak not the scriptures oft in parables?
Are not the choicest fables of the poets,
That were the fountains and first springs of wisdom,
Wrap'd in perplexed allegories?

Mam. I urg'd that,
And clear'd to him, that Syfiphus was damn'd
To roll the ceaseless stone, only because
He would have ours common. Who is this?

Sub. God's precious—What do you mean? go in good
Let me entreat you. Where's this varlet? [*Dol is seen.*]
[*lady,*

Fac. Sir?

Sub. You very knave! do you use me thus?

Fac. Wherein, sir?

Sub. Go in, and see, you traitor. Go.

Mam. Who is it, sir?

Sub. Nothing, sir: nothing.

Mam. What's the matter, good sir?
I have not seen you thus distemper'd? who is't?

Sub. All arts have still had, sir, their adversaries;
But ours the most ignorant. What now?

Fac. 'Twas not my fault, sir; she would speak with
[*Face returns.*

Sub. Would she, sir? Follow me. [you.

Mam. Stay, lungs.

Fac. I dare not, sir.

Mam. How! pray thee stay.

Fac. She's mad, sir, and sent hither——

Mam. Stay man, what is she?

Fac.

Fac. A lord's sifter, fir.

(He'll be mad too.

Mam. I warrant thee.)

Why sent hither?

Fac. Sir, to be cur'd.

Sub. Why rascal!

Fac. Loe you. Here, fir. [*He goes out.*]

Mam. 'Fore God, a Bradamante, a brave piece¹⁹.

Sur. Heart, this is a bawdy-house! I'll be burnt else.

Mam. O, by this light, no. Do not wrong him. H'is
Too scrupulous that way. It is his vice.

No, h'is a rare physician, do him right,

An excellent Paracelsian, and has done

Strange cures with mineral physick. He deals all

With spirits, he. He will not hear a word

Of Galen, or his tedious Recipe's.

How now, lungs!

[*Face again:*]

Fac. Softly, fir, speak softly. I meant
To ha' told your worship all. This must not hear.

Mam. No, he will not be gull'd: let him alone.

Fac. Y'are very right, fir, she is a most rare scholar,
And is gone mad with studying Broughton's works²⁰.

If you but name a word touching the Hebrew,

She falls into her fit, and will discourse

So learnedly of genealogies,

As you would run mad too, to hear her, fir. [lungs?]

Mam. How might one do' t' have conference with her,

Fac. O divers have run mad upon the conference.

I do not know, fir: I am sent in haste,

To fetch a vial.

Sur. Be not gull'd, fir Mammon.

¹⁹ 'Fore God, a BRADAMANTE.] An heroine in *Orlando Furioso*.

²⁰ She is gone mad with studying BROUGHTON'S works.] Mr. Hugh Broughton, a celebrated rabbin in Queen Elizabeth's days, and a great publisher. See STRYPE'S *Whitgift*, and *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. 2.

DR. GREY.

Mam. Wherein? 'pray ye, be patient.

Sur. Yes, as you are,

And trust confederate knaves, and bawds, and whores.

Mam. You are too foul, believe it. Come here, Ulen,
One word.

Fac. I dare not, in good faith.

Mam. Stay, knave.

Fac. H' is extreme angry that you saw her, fir.

Mam. Drink that. What is she when she's out of her
[fit?

Fac. O, the most affablest creature, fir*! so merry!
So pleasant! she'll mount you up, like quick-silver,
Over the helm; and circulate, like oyl,
A very vegetal: discourse of state,
Of mathematicks, bawdry, any thing——

Mam. Is she no way accessible? no means,
No trick to give a man a taste of her——wit——
Or so?——Ulen.

Fac. I'll come to you again, fir.

Mam. Surly, I did not think, one o'your breeding
Would traduce personages of worth.

Sur. Sir Epicure,
Your friend to use: yet still, loth to be gull'd,
I do not like your philosophical bawds.
Their stone is letchery enough to pay for,
Without this bait.

Mam. 'Heart, you abuse your self.
I know the lady, and her friends, and means,

* *Fac.* O, the MOST AFFABLEST creature, fir!] This manner of speaking, by a comparative or superlative, formed from a comparative or superlative, was common to our old writers. Our author has an ingenious remark on this mode of speech, in his *English Grammar*, which the reader will permit me to set before him: "Furthermore, these adverbs *more* and *most* are added to the comparative and superlative degrees themselves, which should be before the positive: and this is a certain kind of English Atticism, or eloquent phrase of speech, imitating the manner of the *most antientest* and *finest* Græcians, who, for more emphasis and vehemencies sake, used so to speak."

The original of this disafter. Her brother
H'as told me all.

Sur. And yet you ne'er saw her
Till now?

Mam. O yes, but I forgot. I have (believe it)
One o' the treacheroufests memories, I do think,
Of all mankind.

Sur. What call you her brother?

Mam. My lord——
He wi' not have his name known, now I think on't.

Sur. A very treacherous memory!

Mam. O' my faith——

Sur. Tut, if you ha' it not about you, pass it,
Till we meet next.

Mam. Nay, by this hand, 'tis true.
He's one I honour, and my noble friend,
And I respect his house.

Sur. Heart! can it be,
That a grave sir, a rich, that has no need,
A wise sir too, at other times, should thus
With his own oaths, and arguments, make hard means
To gull himself? An' this be your elixir,
Your *lapis mineralis*, and your lunary,
Give me your honest trick, yet, at primero,
Or gleeck; and take your *lutum sapientis*,
Your *menstruum simplex*: I'll have gold before you,
And with less danger of the quicksilver,
Or the hot sulphur²¹.

Fac. Here's one from captain Face, sir, [*To Surly.*
Desires you to meet him i' the Temple-church,
Some half hour hence, and upon earnest business.
Sir, if you please to quit us, now; and come

[*He whispers Mammon.*
Again within two hours, you shall have

²¹ *With less danger of the quicksilver,
Or the hot sulphur.*] Meaning, with less danger of being salivated
for it.

My master busy examining o' the works ;
 And I will steal you in unto the party,
 That you may see her converse. Sir, shall I say,
 You'll meet the captain's worship ?

Sur. Sir, I will.

But, by attorney, and to a second purpose²².
 Now, I am sure, it is a bawdy-house ;
 I'll swear it, were the marshal here to thank me :
 The naming this commander doth confirm it.
 Don Face ! why, h' is the most authentick dealer
 I' these commodities ! the superintendant
 To all the quainter traffickers in town.
 He is the visitor, and does appoint,
 Who lies with whom, and at what hour ; what price ;
 Which gown ; and in what smock ; what fall ; what
 Him will I prove, by a third person, to find [tyre.
 The subtleties of this dark labyrinth :
 Which if I do discover, dear sir Mammon,
 You'll give your poor friend leave, tho' no philosopher,
 To laugh : for you that are, 'tis thought, shall weep.

Fac. Sir, he does pray, you'll not forget.

Sur. I will not, sir.

Sir Epicure, I shall leave you.

Mam. I follow you, straight.

Fac. But do so, good sir, to avoid suspicion.
 This gent'man has a par'lous head.

Mam. But wilt thou, Ulen,
 Be constant to thy promise ?

Fac. As my life, sir.

Mam. And wilt thou insinuate what I am ? and praise
 And say, I am a noble fellow ? [me ?

Fac. O what else, sir ?
 And, that you'll make her royal, with the stone,

²² *But by attorney, and to a second purpose*] i. e. I will delegate, as it were, or appoint some other character to act instead of my own proper character. He speaks this aside. For soon after he puts on the person of a Spanish don.

An emprefs ; and your self, King of Bantam.

Mam. Wilt thou do this ?

Fac. Will I, fir ?

Mam. Lungs, my lungs!

I love thee.

Fac. Send your stuff, fir, that my master
May busie himself about projection.

Mam. Th' hast witch'd me, rogue: take, go.

Fac. Your jack, and all, fir.

Mam. Thou art a villain – I will fend my jack,
And the weights too. Slave, I could bite thine ear.
Away, thou dost not care for me.

Fac. Not I, fir ?

Mam. Come, I was born to make thee, my good
Set thee on a bench, and ha' thee twirl a chain [weasel,
With the best lord's vermin of 'em all.

Fac. Away, fir.

Mam. A Count, nay, a Count Palatine——

Fac. Good, fir, go.

Mam. Shall not advance thee better : no, nor faster.

S C E N E IV.

Subtle, Face, Dol.

Sub. Has he bit ? has he bit ?

Fac. And swallow'd too, my Subtle.

I have giv'n him line, and now he plays, i' faith.

Sub. And shall we twitch him ?

Fac. Thorow both the gills.

A wench is a rare bait, with which a man
No sooner's taken, but he straight firks mad.

Sub. Dol, my lord Wha'ts' hums sifter, you must now
Bear your self *Statelich*.

Dol. O let me alone.

I'll not forget my race, I warrant you.
I'll keep my distance, laugh and talk aloud ;

Have all the tricks of a proud scurvy lady,
And be as rude as her woman.

Fac. Well said, fanguine.

Sub. But will he send his andirons?

Fac. His jack too;

And's iron shoeing horn: I ha' spoke to him. Well,
I must not lose my wary gamester, yonder.

Sub. O monsieur Caution, that will not be gu ll'd

Fac. I, if I can strike a fine hook into him, now,
The Temple-church, there I have cast mine angle.
Well, 'pray for me. I'll about it.

Sub. What, more gudgeons! [One knocks.

Dol, scout, scout; stay, Face, you must go to the door,
'Pray God it be my Anabaptist. Who is't, Dol?

Dol. I know him not. He looks like a gold-end-man.

Sub. Gods so! 'tis he, he said he would send
What call you him?
The sanctified elder, that should deal
For Mammon's jack and andirons! Let him in.
Stay, help me off, first, with my gown. Away,
Madam, to your withdrawing chamber. Now,
In a new tune, new gesture, but old language.
This fellow is sent from one negotiates with me
About the stone too; for the holy brethren
Of Amsterdam, the exil'd saints: that hope
To raise their discipline by it. I must use him
In some strange fashion, now, to make him admire me²³.

²³ ————— *I must use him*

In some strange fashion now to make him admire me.] It is judiciously remarked by Mr. Upton, that nothing can be finer imagin'd than this change of Subtle's behaviour. Fools always admire what they least understand; and characters is the least they are acquainted with. To the voluptuous and wicked Mammon, Subtle appears holiness and humility itself: to the ignorant and devout Ananias, he appears all learning and science; to which every other consideration must submit: and all this, very agreeably to the rules of decorum, to excite the admiration and wonder of those various kinds of fools.

S C E N E V.

Subtle, Face, Ananias.

Sub. Where is my drudge ?

Fac. Sir.

Sub. Take away the recipient,
And rectify your menstroe from the phlegma.
Then pour it o' the Sol, in the cucurbite,
And let 'em macerate together.

Fac. Yes, fir.

And save the ground ?

Sub. No. *Terra damnata*

Must not have entrance in the work. Who are you ?

Ana. A faithful brother, if it please you.

Sub. What's that ?

A Lullianist ? a Ripley ? Filius artis ?
Can you sublime and dulcify ? calcine ?
Know you the Sapor Pontick ? Sapor Stiptick ?
Or what is homogene, or heterogene ?

Ana. I understand no heathen language, truly.

Sub. Heathen, your Knipper-doling²⁴ ? is Ars Sacra,
Or Chrysopeia, or Spagyrica,
Or the Pamphyck, or Panarchick knowledge,
A heathen language ?

Ana. Heathen Greek, I take it.

Sub. How ? heathen Greek ?

Ana. All's heathen but the Hebrew.

Sub. Sirrah, my varlet, stand you forth, and speak to
Like a philosopher : answer, i' the language. [him,

²⁴ *Heathen, you KNIPPER-DOLING ?*] *Knipper-doling* was a fanatical Anabaptist at Munster in Germany ; he with one Rotm a and John Buckold, commonly called John of Leyden, a taylor, and the rest of the superstitious crew, raised great disturbances in the Low Countries about the year 1533.

Name the vexations, and the martyrizations
Of metals in the work.

Fac. Sir, Putrefaction,
Solution, Ablution, Sublimation,
Cohobation, Calcination, Ceration, and
Fixation.

Sub. This is heathen Greek, to you, now ?
And whence comes Vivification ?

Fac. After Mortification.

Sub. What's Cohobation.

Fac. 'Tis the pouring on
Your Aqua Regis, and then drawing him off,
To the trine circle of the seven spheres.

Sub. What's the proper passion of metals ?

Fac. Malleation.

Sub. What's your *ultimum supplicium auri* ?

Fac. Antimonium.

Sub. This's heathen Greek to you ? and what's your

Fac. A very fugitive, he will be gone, sir. [Mercury ?

Sub. How know you him ?

Fac. By his Viscositie,
His Oleosity, and his Suscitability.

Sub. How do you sublime him ?

Fac. With the calce of egg-shells,
White marble, talc.

Sub. Your Magisterium, now ?
What's that ?

Fac. Shifting, sir, your elements, [dry,
Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot, hot into

Sub. This's heathen Greek to you still ?

Your *Lapis philosophicus* ?

Fac. 'Tis a stone, and not
A stone ; a spirit, a soul, and a body :
Which if you do dissolve, it is dissolv'd ;
If you coagulate, it is coagulated ;
If you make it to fly, it flieth.

Sub. Enough.

This's

This's heathen Greek to you? What are you, fir?

Ana. Please you, a servant of the exil'd brethren,
That deal with widows, and with orphans goods :
And make a just account unto the saints :
A deacon.

Sub. O, you are sent from master Wholsome,
Your teacher?

Ana. From Tribulation Wholsome,
Our very zealous pastor.

Sub. Good. I have
Some orphans goods to come here.

Ana. Of what kind, fir?

Sub. Pewter, and brass, andirons, and kitchen-ware,
Metals, that we must vse our med'cine on :
Wherein the brethren may have a penn'orth,
For ready money.

Ana. Were the orphans parents
Sincere professors?

Sub. Why do you ask?

Ana. Because
We then are to deal justly, and give (in truth)
Their utmost value.

Sub. 'Slid, you'd cozen else,
And if their parents were not of the faithful?
I will not trust you, now I think on't,
'Till I ha' talk'd with your pastor. Ha' you brought
To buy more coals? [money

Ana. No surely.

Sub. No? how so?

Ana. The brethren bid me say unto you, fir,
Surely, they will not venture any more,
Till they may see projection.

Sub. How!

Ana. You have had,
For the instruments, as bricks, and lome, and glasses,
Already thirty pound; and for materials,

They

They say, some ninety more: and they have heard since,
That one, at Heidelberg, made it of an egg,
And a small paper of pin-duft.

Sub. What's your name?

Ana. My name is Ananias.

Sub. Out, the varlet

That cozen'd the apostles! Hence, away,
Flee, mischief; had your holy consistory
No name to send me, of another sound,
Than wicked Ananias? send your elders
Hither, to make atonement for you, quickly,
And gi' me satisfaction; or out goes
The fire; and down th' alembecks, and the furnace.
Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou wretch,
Both Sericon, and Bufo, sha!l be lost,
Tell 'em. All hope of rooting out the bishops,
Or th' antichristian, hierarchy shall perish,
If they stay threescore minutes. The Aqueity,
Terreity, and Sulphureity
Shall run together again, and all be annull'd,
Thou wicked Ananias. This will fetch 'em,
And make 'em haste towards their gulling more.
A man must deal like a rough nurse, and fright
Those that are froward to an appetite.

S C E N E VI.

Face, Subtle, Drugger.

Fac. H'is busie with his spirits, but we'll upon him.

Sub. How now! what mates? what baiards ha' we here?

[Nab?

Fac. I told you, he would be furious. Sir, here's
Has brought you another piece of gold to look on:
(We must appease him. Give it me) and prays you,
You would devise (what is it, Nab?)

Dru.

Dru. A sign, fir.

Fac. I, a good lucky one, a thriving sign, doctor,

Sub. I was devising now.

Fac. (Slight, do not say so,
He will repent he ga' you any more.)
What say you to his constellation, doctor?
The Ballance?

Sub. No, that way is stale, and common.
A townsman born in Taurus, gives the bull;
Or the bulls-head: in Aries, the ram.
A poor device. No, I will have his name
Form'd in some mystick character; whose radii,
Striking the senses of the passers by,
Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections,
That may result upon the party owns it:
As thus ———

Fac. Nab!

Sub. He shall have *a bel*, that's *Abel*;
And by it standing one whose name is *Dee*,
In a *rug* gown; there's *D*, and *Rug*, that's *drug*!
And right anentst him a dog snarling *er*;
There's *Drugger*, *Abel Drugger*. That's his sign.
And here's now mystery, and hieroglyphick²⁵!

Fac. *Abel*, thou art made.

Dru. Sir, I do thank his worship.

Fac. Six o'thy legs more will not do it, Nab.
He has brought you a pipe of tobacco, doctor.

Dru. Yes, fir:

I have another thing I would impart ———

Fac. Out with it, Nab.

Dru. Sir, there is lodg'd, hard by me,
A rich young widow ———

²⁵ *And here's now mystery, and hieroglyphick.*] The ridicule on the taste for rebuses, common at that time, is well placed: Camden, in his remains, will help the reader to others of the same kind; and such too was that of one Newberry, who had a sign expressing his name, in the manner here mentioned.

Fac. Good ? a bona roba ?

Dru. But nineteen at the most.

Fac. Very good, Abel.

Dru. Marry, sh'is not in fashion yet ; she wears
A hood ; but 't stands acop.

Fac. No matter, Abel.

Dru. And I do now and then give her a fucus —

Fac. What ! dost thou deal, Nab ?

Sub. I did tell you, captain.

Dru. And physick too sometime, fir : for which she
[trusts me

With all her mind. She's come up here of purpose
To learn the fashion.

Fac. Good (his match too !) on, Nab. | [tune.

Dru. And she do's strangely long to know her for-

Fac. Gods lid, Nab, fend her to the doctor hither.

Dru. Yes, I have spoke to her of his worship al-
[ready :

But she's afraid it will be blown abroad,
And hurt her marriage.

Fac. Hurt it ? 'tis the way

To heal it, if 'twere hurt ; to make it more
Follow'd and sought : Nab, thou shalt tell her this.
She'll be more known, more talk'd of ; and your wi-
[dows

Are ne'er of any price till they be famous ;
Their honour is their multitude of suitors :
Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What ?
Thou dost not know.

Dru. No, fir, she'll never marry
Under a knight. Her brother has made a vow.

Fac. What, and dost thou despair, my little Nab,
Knowing what the doctor has fet down for thee,
And seeing so many of the city dubb'd ?
One glafs o' thy water, with a madam I know,
Will have it done, Nab : what's her brother ? a knight ?

Dru.

Dru. No, fir, a gentleman newly warm in his land, fir,
Scarce cold in his one and twenty, that do's govern
His sifter here; and is a man himself
Of some three thousand a year, and is come up
To learn to quarrel, and to live by his wits,
And will go down again, and die i' the country.

Fac. How! to quarrel?

Dru. Yes, fir, to carry quarrels,
As gallants do, to manage 'em by line.

Fac. 'Slid, Nab! the doctor is the only man
In Christendom for him. He has made a table,
With mathematical demonstrations,
Touching the art of quarrels. He will give him
An instrument to quarrel by. Go, bring 'em both,
Him and his sifter. And, for thee, with her
The doctor happ'ly may persuade. Go to.
'Sha't give his worship a new damask suit
Upon the premisses.

Sub. O, good captain.

Fac. He shall,
He is the honestest fellow, doctor. Stay not,
No offers, bring the damask, and the parties.

Dru. I'll try my power, fir.

Fac. And thy will too, Nab.

Sub. 'Tis good tobacco, this! what is't an ounce?

Fac. He'll fend you a pound, doctor.

Sub. O, no.

Fac. He will do't.
It is the goodest foul. Abel, about it.
(Thou shalt know more anon. Away, be gone.)
A miserable rogue, and lives with cheese,
And has the worms. That was the cause indeed
Why he came now. He dealt with me in private,
To get a med'cine for 'em.

Sub. And shall, fir. This works.

Fac. A wife, a wife for one o'us, my dear Subtle:
We'll

We'll e'en draw lots, and he that fails, shall have
The more in goods, the other has in tail.

Sub. Rather the less. For she may be so light
She may want grains.

Fac. I, or be such a burden,
A man would scarce endure her for the whole.

Sub. Faith, best let's see her first, and then determine.

Fac. Content. But Dol must ha' no breath on't.

Sub. Mum.

Away, you to your Surly yonder, catch him.

Fac. 'Pray God I ha' not staid too long.

Sub. I fear it.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Tribulation, Ananias.

Tri. **T**H E S E chastisements are common to the [saints,
And such rebukes we of the separation
Must bear, with willing shoulders, as the trials
Sent forth to tempt our frailties.

Ana. In pure zeal
I do not like the man, he is a heathen,
And speaks the language of Canaan, truly.

Tri. I think him a prophane person indeed!

Ana. He bears
The visible mark of the beast in his fore-head.
And for his stone, it is a work of darknes,
And with philosophy blinds the eyes of man.

Tri. Good brother, we must bend unto all means
That may give furtherance to the holy cause.

Ana. Which his cannot: the sanctified cause
Should have a sanctified course.

Tri. Not always necessary:
The children of perdition are oft-times
Made instruments even of the greatest works.

Beside,

Beside, we should give somewhat to man's nature,
 The place he lives in, still about the fire,
 And fume of metals, that intoxicate
 The brain of man, and make him prone to passion.
 Where have you greater atheists than your cooks?
 Or more prophane, or cholerick, than your glassmen?
 More antichristian than your bell-founders?
 What makes the devil so devilish, I would ask you,
 Sathan, our common enemy, but his being
 Perpetually about the fire, and boiling
 Brimstone and arsenick? We must give, I say,
 Unto the motives, and the stirrers up
 Of humours in the blood. It may be so,
 When as the work is done, the stone is made,
 This heat of his may turn into a zeal,
 And stand up for the beauteous discipline,
 Against the menstruous cloth, and rag of Rome.
 We must await his calling, and the coming
 Of the good spirit. You did fault, t' upbraid him
 With the brethrens blessing of Heidelberg, weighing
 What need we have to hasten on the work,
 For the restoring of the silenc'd saints,
 Which ne'er will be, but by the philosophers stone.
 And so a learned elder, one of Scotland,
 Assur'd me; *aurum potable* being
 The only med'cine, for the civil magistrate,
 T' incline him to a feeling of the cause;
 And must be daily us'd in the disease.

Ana. I have not edified more, truly, by man;
 Not since the beautiful light first shone on me:
 And I am sad my zeal hath so offended.

Tri. Let us call on him then.

Ana. The motion's good,
 And of the spirit; I will knock first: peace be within.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Subtle, Tribulation, Ananias.

Sub. O, are you come? 'twas time. Your threescore
 [minutes
 Were at last thread, you see; and down had gone

Furnus acediae, turris circulatorius:

Lembek, bolts-head, retort, and pellicane
 Had all been cinders. Wicked Ananias!

Art thou return'd? nay then, it goes down yet.

Tri. Sir, be appeas'd, he is come to humble
 Himself in spirit, and to ask your patience,
 If too much zeal hath carried him aside
 From the due path.

Sub. Why, this doth qualifie!

Tri. The brethren had no purpose, verily,
 To give you the least grievance: but are ready
 To lend their willing hands to any project
 The spirit and you direct.

Sub. This qualifies more!

Tri. And for the orphans goods, let them be valu'd,
 Or what is needful else to the holy work,
 It shall be numbred; here, by me, the saints,
 Throw down their purse before you.

Sub. This qualifies most!

Why, thus it should be, now you understand.
 Have I discours'd so unto you of our stone,
 And of the good that it shall bring your cause?
 Shew'd you (beside the main of hiring forces
 Abroad, drawing the Hollanders, your friends,
 From th' Indies, to serve you, with all their fleet)
 That even the med'cinal use shall make you a faction,
 And party in the realm? as, put the case,
 That some great man in state, he have the gout,
 Why, you but send three drops of your Elixir,

You

You help him straight : there you have made a friend.
 Another has the palsie, or the dropfie,
 He takes of your incombustible stuff,
 He's young again : there you have made a friend.
 A lady that is past the feat of body,
 Tho' not of mind, and hath her face decay'd
 Beyond all cure of paintings, you restore,
 With the oil of talc : there you have made a friend ;
 And all her friends. A lord that is a leper,
 A knight that has the bone-ach, or a squire
 That hath both these, you make 'em smooth and found,
 With a bare fricace of your med'cine : still
 You increase your friends.

Tri. I, 'tis very pregnant.

Sub. And then the turning of this lawyer's pewter
 To plate at christmas —

Ana. Christ-tide, I pray you.

Sub. Yet Ananias ?

Ana. I have done.

Sub. Or changing
 His parcel gilt to massie gold. You cannot
 But raise you friends¹. Withal, to be of power
 To pay an army in the field, to buy
 The king of France out of his realms, or Spain
 Out of his Indies. What can you not do
 Against lords spiritual or temporal,
 That shall oppone you ?

Tri. Verily, 'tis true.

We may be temporal lords ourselves, I take it.

Sub. You may be any thing, and leave off to make
 Long-winded exercises : or suck up
 Your ha, and hum, in a tune. I not deny,
 But such as are not graced in a state,
 May, for their ends, be adverse in religion,

¹ ————— *You cannot*
But raise YOUR friends] So the last edition ; the others more truly
 as it stands above.

And get a tune to call the flock together :
 For (to say sooth) a tune does much with women,
 And other phlegmatick people, it is your bell.

Ana. Bells are prophane : a tune may be religious.

Sub. No warning with you ? then farewell my pa-
 [tience.

'Slight, it shall down : I will not be thus tortur'd.

Tri. I pray you, fir.

Sub. All shall perish. I have spoke it.

Tri. Let me find grace, fir, in your eyes ; the man
 He stands corrected : neither did his zeal
 (But as your self) allow a tune somewhere.
 Which now, being to'ard the stone, we shall not need.

Sub. No, nor your holy vizard, to win widows
 To give you legacies ; or make zealous wives
 To rob their husbands for the common cause :
 Nor take the start of bonds broke but one day,
 And say, they were forfeited by providence.
 Nor shall you need o'er night to eat huge meals,
 To celebrate your next day's fast the better :
 The whilst the brethren and the sisters humbled,
 Abate the stiffness of the flesh. Nor cast
 Before your hungry hearers scrupulous bones ;
 As whether a christian may hawk or hunt,
 Or whether matrons of the holy assembly
 May lay their hair out, or wear doublets ;
 Or have that idol starch about their linen².

² Or whether matrons of the holy assembly

May lay their hair out, or wear doublets ;

Or have that idol starch about their linen.] The puritans of our author's days affected all these, and other scruples of equal consequence ; and wou'd have reform'd the dresses of the age, as well as the constitution and language of the kingdom, by scripture precedents, and scripture expressions. In the dominion of grace all was to be pure simplicity. There cannot be an exacter copy of the principles and practice of the fanatics in that time, than what is given us in this scene : the pamphlets and writings of that period, as well as the troubles that followed in the next reign, corroborate all that Jonson hath here said.

Ana. It is indeed an idol.

Tri. Mind him not, fir.

I do command thee, spirit (of zeal, but trouble)
To peace within him. Pray you, fir, go on.

Sub. Nor shall you need to libel 'gainst the prelates,
And shorten so your ears against the hearing
Of the next wire-drawn grace. Nor of necessity
Rail against plays, to please the alderman,
Whose daily custard you devour. Nor lie
With zealous rage till you are hoarse. Not one
Of these so singular arts. Nor call your selves
By names of Tribulation, Persecution,
Restraint, Long-patience, and such like, affected
By the whole family or wood of you³,
Only for glory, and to catch the ear
Of the disciple.

Tri. Truly, fir, they are
Ways that the godly brethren have invented,
For propagation of the glorious cause,
As very notable means, and whereby also
Themselves grow soon, and profitably famous.

³ ————— *And such like, affected*

By the whole family or wood of you.] We have had this expression before in the *Silent Woman*, act 2. sc. 2. *Wood* is used to signify any miscellaneous collection, or stock of materials, hence some poets intitle their miscellaneous works *silvarum libri*; and our poet, alluding to this antient practice, calls his the *Forest*. As to the names here mentioned, every one knows the affectation of the puritans in giving them: the vanity of these new names is taken notice of by Camden, which, saith he, have been lately given by some to their children with no evil meaning, but upon some singular and precise conceit. As if the puritans imagined the name sanctified the man; and thought with the Spaniards, that it conveyed to the person some mark of grace agreeably to that which was signified by it. And this was the reason, as the historian tells us, why such pompous names became so common in Spain: *La custome estoit de bailler voluntiers à leurs enfans, des noms ou surnoms bien sonans, estimans que cela leur acqueroit grace envers les hommes, Et que un beau nom revenoit à la personne quelque marque ou impression conforme à ce que par icelui estoit signifié.*

Hist. d'Espagne, de Meyerne Turquet. p. 236.

Sub. O, but the stone, all's idle to it! nothing!
The art of angels, nature's miracle,
The divine secret that doth fly in clouds
From east to west; and whose tradition
Is not from men, but spirits.

Ana. I hate traditions:
I do not trust them —

Tri. Peace.

Ana. They are popish all.
I will not peace. I will not —

Tri. Ananias.

Ana. Please the prophane, to grieve the godly, I
[may not.

Sub. Well, Ananias, thou shalt over come.

Tri. It is an ignorant zeal that haunts him, sir.
But truly, else, a very faithful brother,
A botcher, and a man, by revelation,
That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.

Sub. Has he a competent sum there i' the bag
To buy the goods within? I am made guardian,
And must, for charity and conscience sake,
Now see the most be made for my poor orphan:
Tho' I desire the brethren too, good gainers,
There they are within. When you have view'd, and
bought 'em,

And ta'en the inventory of what they are,
They are ready for projection; there's no more
To do: cast on the med'cine, so much silver
As there is tin there, so much gold as brass,
I'll gi't you in by weight.

Tri. But how long time,
Sir, must the saints expect yet?

Sub. Let me see,
How's the moon now? eight, nine, ten days hence,
He will be silver potato; then three days
Before he citronise: some fifteen days
The magisterium will be perfected.

Ana. About the second day of the third week,

In the ninth month ?

Sub. Yes, my good Ananias.

Tri. What will the orphans goods arise to, think you ?

Sub. Some hundred marks, as much as fill'd three cars,
Unladen now : you'll make six millions of 'em.
But I must ha' more coals laid in.

Tri. How !

Sub. Another load,
And then we have finish'd. We must now increase
Our fire to *ignis ardens*, we are past
Fimus equinus, balnei cineris,
And all those lenter heats. If the holy purse
Should with this draught fall low, and that the saints
Do need a present sum, I have a trick
To melt the pewter, you shall buy now, instantly,
And with a tincture make you as good Dutch dollars
As any are in Holland.

Tri. Can you so ?

Sub. I, and shall 'bide the third examination.

Ana. It will be joyful tidings to the brethren.

Sub. But you must carry it secret.

Tri. I, but stay,

This act of coining, is it lawful ?

Ana. Lawful ?

We know no magistrate. Or, if we did,
This 's foreign coin⁴.

Sub. It is no coining, fir.
It is but casting.

⁴ ————— I, but stay,
This act of coining, is it lawful? Ana. Lawful?
We know no magistrate. Or, if we did,

This's FOREIGN COIN.] Counterfeiting of foreign coin, was first made high treason, by the first, of Queen Mary, sess. 2. chap. 6. "Coining of any foreign coin of gold, or silver, current by the king's proclamation is high treason." Wood's institutes of the laws of England, p. 344. 3d. edit. I think Mr. Hearn, in his argument at archbishop Laud's trial, mentions this. DR. GREY.

It is well known the puritans rejected all human forms of government as carnal ordinances ; and were for establishing a plan of policy, in which the scripture only was to be the civil code:

Tri. Ha? you distinguish well.
Casting of money may be lawful.

Ana. 'Tis, sir.

Tri. Truly, I take it so.

Sub. There is no scruple,
Sir, to be made of it; believe Ananias:
This case of conscience he is studied in.

Tri. I'll make a question of it to the brethren.

Ana. The brethren shall approve it lawful, doubt not.
Where shall it be done?

Sub. For that we'll talk anon. [Knock without.
There's some to speak with me. Go in, I pray you,
And view the parcels. That's the inventory.
I'll come to you straight. Who is it? Face! appear.

S C E N E III.

Subtle, Face, Dol.

Sub. How now? good prize?

Fac. Good pox! yond' caustive cheater
Never came on.

Sub. How then?

Fac. I ha' walk'd the round
Till now, and no such thing.

Sub. And ha' you quit him?

Fac. Quit him? an' hell would quit him too, he were
Slight would you have me stalk like a mill-jade, [happy.
All day, for one that will not yield us grains?
I know him of old.

Sub. O, but to ha' gull'd him,
Had been a mast'ry,

Fac. Let him go, black boy,
And turn thee, that some fresh news may possess thee.
A noble count, a don of Spain (my dear
Delicious compeer, and my party bawd)
Who is come hither, private, for his conscience,

And

* And brought munition with him, six great slops,
 Bigger than three Dutch hoys, beside round trunks,
 Furnish'd with pistolets, and pieces of eight,
 Will straight be here, my rogue, to have thy bath,
 (That is the colour) and to make his batt'ry
 Upon our Dol, our castle, our cinque-port,
 Our Dover pier, our what thou wilt. Where is she?
 She must prepare perfumes, delicate linen,
 The bath in chief, a banquet, and her wit,
 For she must milk his Epididymis.
 Where is the doxy?

Sub. I'll fend her to thee:

And but dispatch my brace of little John Leydens,
 And come again my self.

Fac. Are they within then?

Sub. Numbring the sum.

Fac. How much?

Sub. A hundred marks, boy.

Fac. Why, this is a lucky day. Ten pounds of Marn-
 Three o' my clerk! a portague o' my grocer! [mon!
 This o' the brethren! beside reversions,
 And states to come i' the widow, and my count!
 My share to-day will not be bought for forty——

Dol. What?

Fac. Pounds, dainty Dorothy, art thou so near?

Dol. Yes, say lord general, how fares our camp?

Fac. As with the few that had entrench'd themselves
 Safe, by their discipline, against a world, Dol.
 And laugh'd within those trenches, and grew fat
 With thinking on the booties, Dol, brought in
 Daily by their small parties. This dear hour
 A doughty don is taken with my Dol;

* *And brought munition with him, six great SLOOPS,*
Bigger than three Dutch hoys, beside ROUND TRUNKS.] The cor-
 ruption in the word *sloops*, might be occasioned by what follows in
 the next line; but the true reading is *slops*, a large pair of breeches
 or trowsers, worn by failors; and so the words *round trunks* seem to
 mean, not a chest or portmanteau, but the *trunk-hose*, which were
 the common wear of that and the preceding age.

And thou mayst make his ransom what thou wilt,
 My Dousabel: he shall be brought here fetter'd
 With thy fair looks, before he sees thee; and thrown
 In a down-bed, as dark as any dungeon;
 Where thou shalt keep him waking with thy drum;
 Thy drum, my Dol, thy drum; till he be tame,
 As the poor black-birds were i' the great frost,
 Or bees are with a bason; and so hive him
 I' the swan-skin coverlid, and cambrick sheets,
 Till he work honey and wax, my little God's-gift^s,

Dol. What is he, general?

Fac. An Adalantado,

A Grandee, girl. Was not my Dapper here yet?

Dol. No.

Fac. Nor my Drugger?

Dol. Neither.

Fac. A pox on 'em,

They are so long a furnishing! such stinkards
 Would not be seen upon these festival days.
 How now! ha' you done?

Sub. Done. They are gone. The sum
 Is here in bank, my Face. I would we knew
 Another chapman now would buy 'em out-right.

Fac. 'Slid, Nab shall do't against he ha' the widow,
 To furnish household.

Sub. Excellent well thought on.

Pray God he come.

Fac. I pray he keep away
 Till our new business be o'er past.

Sub. But, Face,

How cam'st thou by this secret don?

Fac. A spirit

^s *My little GOD'S-GIFT.*] So he calls Dol in allusion to her name Dorothea, which is in Greek the *gift of God*. This manner of alluding to the proper names is very common in our learned poets. So MILTON, III. 656. "Uriel—gloriously bright." and ver. 667. "Brightest seraph," in allusion to his name in Hebrew. And B. VI. ver. 29. "Abdiel—servant of God." With many other instances of the same kind.

Brought me th' intelligence in a paper here,
 As I was conjuring yonder in my circle
 For Surly, I ha' my flies abroad. Your bath
 Is famous, Subtle, by my means. Sweet Dol,
 You must go tune your virginal, no losing
 O' the least time. And do you hear? good action.
 Firk, like a flounder; kifs, like a scallop, close;
 And tickle him with thy mother-tongue. His great
 Verdugoship has not a jot of language⁶:
 So much the easier to be cozen'd; my Dolly,
 He will come here in a hir'd coach, obscure,
 And our own coach-man, whom I have sent as guide,
 No creature else. Who's that? [One knocks.]

Sub. It is not he!

Fac. O no, not yet this hour.

Sub. Who is't?

Dol. Dapper,
 Your clerk.

Fac. God's will then, Queen of Fairy,
 On with your tire; and, doctor, with your robes.
 Let's dispatch him for God's sake.

Sub. 'Twill be long.

Fac. I warrant you, take but the cues I give you,
 It shall be brief enough. 'Slight, here are more!
 Abel, and I think the angry boy, the heir,
 That fain would quarrel.

Sub. And the widow?

Fac. No,
 Not that I see. Away. O fir, you are welcome.

S C E N E IV.

Face, Dapper, Drugger, Kastril.

Fac. The doctor is within a moving for you;
 (I have had the most ado to win him to it)

⁶ ————— *His great*

VERDUGOSHIP *has not a jot of language.*] i. e. His great hang-
 manship. *Verdugo* is a Spanish word signifying amongst other things
 a *hangman* or *executioner*, and the name likewise of a family in Spain.

He

He swears you'll be the dearling of the dice :
 He never heard her highness dote till now (he says)
 Your aunt has giv'n you the most gracious words
 That can be thought on.

Dap. Shall I see her grace ?

Fac. See her, and kifs her too. What, honest Nab !
 Ha'ft brought the damask ?

Nab. No, fir, here's tobacco. [too ?

Fac. 'Tis well done, Nab : thou'lt bring the damask

Dru. Yes, here's the gentleman, captain, master Kastril,
 I have brought to see the doctor.

Fac. Where's the widow ?

Dru. Sir, as he likes, his sifter (he says) shall come.

Fac. O, is it so ? good time. Is your name Kastril, fir ?

Kaf. I, and the best of the Kastrils, I'd be sorry else,
 By fifteen hundred a year. Where is the doctor ?
 My mad tobacco-boy, here, tells me of one
 That can do things. Has he any skill ?

Fac. Wherein, fir ?

Kaf. To carry a business, manage a quarrel fairly,
 Upon fit terms.

Fac. It seems, fir, you are but young
 About the town, that can make that a question.

Kaf. Sir, not so young, but I have heard some speech
 Of the angry boys⁷, and seen 'em take tobacco ;
 And in his shop : and I can take it too.
 And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down
 And practice i' the country.

Fac. Sir, for the duello,
 The doctor, I assure you, shall inform you,
 To the least shadow of a hair : and shew you
 An instrument he has of his own making,
 Wherewith no sooner shall you make report
 Of any quarrel, but he will take the height on't

7 ——— *I have heard some speech*

Of the ANGRY BOYS.] These are called the *terrible boys*, in the
Silent Woman, act 2. sc. 4. the rorers and vapourers of that time,
 who were very numerous.

Most instantly, and tell in what degree
Of safety it lies in, or mortality.
And how it may be borne, whether in a right line,
Or a half circle; or may else be cast
Into an angle blunt, if not acute:
All this he will demonstrate. And then, rules
To give and take the lie by.

Kaf. How? to take it?

Fac. Yes, in oblique he'll shew you, or in circle;
But never in diameter^s. The whole town
Study his theorems, and dispute them ordinarily
At the eating academies.

Kaf. But does he teach
Living by the wits too?

Fac. Any thing whatever.
You cannot think that subtilty but he reads it.
He made me a captain. I was a stark pimp,
Just o' your standing, 'fore I met with him:
It is not two months since. I'll tell you his method:
First, he will enter you at some ordinary.

Kaf. No, I'll not come there. You shall pardon me.

Fac. For why, sir?

Kaf. There's gaming there, and tricks.

Fac. Why, would you be
A gallant, and not game?

Kaf. I, 'twill spend a man.

^s *But never IN DIAMETER,*] What Shakespear calls the lie *direct*; the others are the lie *circumstantial*. See *As you Like it*, act 5. sc. 6. where the several degrees are humorously recounted. The same subject is alluded to by Fletcher in words exactly similar to our author's:

“ ——— ——— Has he given the lie
“ In circle or oblique, or semicircle,
“ Or direct parallel? you must challenge him.”

Queen of Corinth, act 4. sc. 1.

The ridicule upon this absurdity of duelling, is finely maintained, as occasion presented, by the great triumvirate of dramatick poets, Shakespear, Jonson, and Fletcher.

Fac.

Fac. Spend you? it will repair you when you are spent:
How do they live by their wits there, that have vented
Six times your fortunes ?

Kaf. What, three thousand a year !

Fac. I, forty thousand.

Kaf. Are there such ?

Fac. I, fir.

And gallants yet: Here's a young gentleman
Is born to nothing, forty marks a year,
Which I count nothing. He is to be initiated,
And have a flie o' the doctor. He will win you
By unresistable luck, within this fortnight,
Enough to buy a barony. They will fet him
Upmost at the groom porters all the Christmas !
And for the whole year through at every place
Where there is play, present him with the chair;
The best attendance, the best drink ; sometimes
Two glasses of Canary, and pay nothing ;
The purest linen, and the sharpest knife,
The partridge next his trencher : and somewhere
The dainty bed, in private, with the dainty.
You shall ha' your ordinaries bid for him,
As play-houses for a poet ; and the master
Pray him aloud to name what dish he affects,
Which must be butter'd shrimps : and those that drink
To no mouth else, will drink to his, as being
The goodly president mouth of all the board.

Kaf. Do you not gull one ?

Fac. 'Ods my life ! do you think it ?

You shall have a cast commander, (can but get
In credit with a glover, or a spurrier,
For some two pair of either's ware aforehand)
Will, by most swift posts, dealing with him,
Arrive at competent means to keep himself,
His punk, and naked boy, in excellent fashion,
And be admir'd for't.

Kaf. Will the doctor teach this ?

Fac.

Fac. He will do more, fir, when your land is gone,
(As men of spirit hate to keep earth long)
In a vacation, when small money is stirring,
And ordinaries suspended till the term,
He'll shew a perspective, where on one side
You shall behold the faces and the persons
Of all sufficient young heirs in town,
Whose bonds are current for commodity ;
On th' other side, the merchants forms, and others,
That without help of any second broker,
(Who would expect a share) will trust such parcels.
In the third square, the very street and sign
Where the commodity dwells, and does but wait
To be deliver'd, be it pepper, sope,
Hops, or tobacco, oat-meal, woad, or cheeses.
All which you may so handle, to enjoy
To your own use, and never stand oblig'd.

Kaf. I'faith ! is he such a fellow ?

Fac. Why, Nab here knows him.
And then for making matches for rich widows,
Young gentlewomen, heirs, the fortunat'ft man !
He's sent to, far and near, all over England,
To have his counsel, and to know their fortunes.

Kaf. God's will, my suster shall see him.

Fac. I'll tell you, fir,
What he did tell me of Nab. It's a strange thing !
(By the way, you must eat no cheese, Nab, it breeds melancholy ;
And that same melancholy breeds worms) but pass it ;
He told me honest Nab here was ne'er at tavern
But once in's life !

Dru. Truth, and no more I was not.

Fac. And then he was so sick—

Dru. Could he tell you that too ?

Fac. How should I know it ?

Dru. In troth we had been a shooting,
And had a piece of fat ram-mutton to supper,

That

That lay so heavy o' my stomach——

Fac. And he has no head

To bear any wine; for what with the noise o' the fiddlers,
And care of his shop, for he dares keep no servants——

Dru. My head did so ake——

Fac. As he was fain to be brought home,
The doctor told me. And then a good old woman——

Dru. (Yes, faith, she dwells in Sea-coal-lane) did cure
With foddren ale, and pellitory o' the wall: [me,
Cost me but two-pence. I had another sickness
Was worse than that.

Fac. I, that was with the grief
Thou took'st for being cefs'd at eighteen-pence,
For the water work⁹.

Dru. In truth, and it was like
T' have cost me almost my life.

Fac. Thy hair went off?

Dru. Yes, sir, 'twas done for spight.

Fac. Nay, so says the doctor.

Kaf. Pray thee, tobacco-boy, go fetch my suster,
I'll see this learned boy before I go:
And so shall she.

Fac. Sir, he is busy now:
But if you have a sister to fetch hither,
Perhaps your own pains may command her sooner;
And he by that time will be free.

Kaf. I go.

Fac. Druggier, she's thine: the damask. (Subtle and I
Must wrestle for her.) Come on, master Dapper.
You see how I turn clients here away,

⁹ *Fac.* — — *I, that was with the grief*

Thou took'st for being cefs'd at eighteen-pence

For the water-work,] The New-River begun in 1608 by Sir Hugh Middleton, and finished at a very great expence (about 500 thousand pounds, in which he had the assistance of King James I. the lord-mayor, and commonalty of London) in the year 1613. See an account of the number of houses supplied by it at that time, in STOW'S *Annals*, p. 938.

Dr. GREY.

To give your cause dispatch. Ha' you perform'd
The ceremonies were enjoin'd you ?

Dap. Yes, o' the vinegar,
And the clean shirt.

Fac. 'Tis well : that shirt may do you
More worship than you think. . Your aunt's a-fire,
But that she will not shew it, t' have a fight o' you.
Ha' you provided for her grace's servants ?

Dap. Yes, here are six score Edward shillings.

Fac. Good.

Dap. And an old Harry's sovereign.

Fac. Very good.

Dap. And three James shillings, and an Elizabeth
Just twenty nobles. [groat,

Fac. O, you are too just.

I would you had had the other noble in Maries ¹⁰.

Dap. I have some Philip and Maries.

Fac. I, those same

Are best of all. Where are they ? Hark, the doctor.

¹⁰ *Just twenty nobles.* *Fac.* O, you are too just.

I would you had had the other noble in Maries.] If the reader will be at the pains to reckon this account, he will find master Dapper deserves the praise of justice which Face gives him. Twenty nobles, at six shillings and eight-pence each, amount to the sum of six pounds thirteen shillings and four-pence, which sum the other pieces make. The Harry's sovereign was a half sovereign only, and valued at ten shillings. Face wanted the other noble in Maries, because the money was coined in the several successive reigns of Henry, Edward, Elizabeth, and James ; so that Mary's being left out made a chasm in the account.

S C E N E V.

Subtle, Face, Dapper, Dol.

Subtle disguis'd like a priest of Fairy.

Sub. Is yet her grace's cousin come ?

Fac. He is come.

Sub. And is he fasting ?

Fac. Yes.

Sub. And hath cry'd hum ?

Fac. Thrice, you must answer.

Dap. Thrice.

Sub. And as oft buz ?

Fac. If you have, say.

Dap. I have.

Sub. Then, to her cuz,

Hoping that he hath vinegar'd his senses,
As he was bid, the Fairy queen dispenses,
By me, this robe, the petticoat of fortune ;
Which that he straight put on, she doth importune.
And though to fortune near be her petticoat,
Yet nearer is her smock, the queen doth note :
And therefore, ev'n of that a piece she hath sent,
Which, being a child, to wrap him in was rent ;
And prays him for a scarf he now will wear it
(With as much love as then her grace did tear it)
About his eyes, to shew he is fortunate.

[They blind him with a rag.]

And, trusting unto her to make his state,
He'll throw away all worldly pelf about him ;
Which that he will perform, she doth not doubt him.

Fac. She need not doubt him, sir. Alas, he has nothing,
But what he will part withal as willingly,
Upon her graces word (throw away your purse)
As she would ask it : (handkerchiefs and all)

She

She cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey.
 (If you have a ring about you, cast it off,
 Or a silver seal at your wrist ; her grace will send
 Her fairies here to search you, therefore deal
 Directly with her highness. If they find
 That you conceal a mite, you are undone.)

[He throws away, as they bid him.]

Dap. Truly, there's all.

Fac. All what ?

Dap. My money ; truly.

Fac. Keep nothing that is transitory about you.
 (Bid Dol play musick.) Look, the elves are come
 To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Advise you.

[Dol enters with a cittern ; they pinch him.]

Dap. " O, I have a paper with a spur-ryal in't.

Fac. Ti, ti.

They knew't, they say.

Sub. Ti, ti, ti, ti, he has more yet.

Fac. Ti, ti-ti-ti. I' the other pocket ?

Sub. Titi, titi, titi, titi, titi.

They must pinch him, or he will never confes, they say.

Dap. O, O.

Fac. Nay, pray you hold. He is her grace's nephew.
 Ti, ti, ti ? what care you ? good faith, you shall care,
 Deal plainly, sir, and shame the fairies. Shew
 You are innocent.

Dap. By this good light, I ha' nothing.

Sub. Ti, ti, ti, ti, to, ta. He does equivocate, she says.
 Ti, ti do ti, ti ti do, ti da ; and swears by the light
 [when he is blinded.]

Dap. By this good dark, I ha' nothing but a half-
 [crown]

" *Dap.* O, I have a paper with a SPUR-RYAL in't.] A *spur-ryal* was a gold coin ; and in the third of James I. it passed for fifteen shillings. They were first coined in Edward the IVth's time.

Of gold about my wrist, that my love gave me ¹²;
And a leaden heart I wore sin' she forsook me.

Fac. I thought 'twas something. And would you in-
Your aunt's displeasure for these trifles? Come, [cur
I had rather you had thrown away twenty half-crowns.
You may wear your leaden heart still. How now?

Sub. What news, Dol?

Dol. Yonder's your knight, sir Mammon.

Fac. Gods lid, we never thought of him till now.
Where is he?

Dol. Here hard by. H'is at the door.

Sub. And you are not ready now? Dol, get his suit.
He must not be sent back.

Fac. O by no means.

What shall we do with this fame puffin here,
Now he's o' the spit?

Sub. Why, lay him back awhile,
With some device. Ti, ti, ti, ti, ti, would her
[grace speak with me?

I come. Help, Dol.

Fac. Who's there? Sir Epicure,

[*He speaks through the key-hole, the other knocking.*
My master's i' the way. Please you to walk
Three or four turns, but till his back be turn'd,
And I am for you. Quickly, Dol.

Sub. Her grace

Commends her kindly to you, master Dapper.

Dap. I long to see her grace.

Sub. She now is set

At dinner in her bed, and she has sent you
From her own private trencher, a dead mouse,
And a piece of ginger-bread, to be merry withal,
And stay your stomach, lest you faint with fasting:

¹² — *I ha' nothing but a half-crown*

Of gold.] Crowns in silver were not coined till Henry VIIIth's
time, nor common till the reign of Edward VI.

Yet if you could hold out till she saw you (she says)
It would be better for you.

Fac. Sir, he shall

Hold out, an 'twere this two hours, for her highness;
I can assure you that. We will not lose
All we ha' done——

Sub. He must not see, nor speak
To any body, till then.

Fac. For that we'll put, sir,
A stay in's mouth.

Sub. Of what?

Fac. Of gingerbread.

Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her grace
Thus far, shall not now crinkle for a little.
Gape sir, and let him fit you.

Sub. Where shall we now
Bestow him?

Dol. I' the privy.

Sub. Come along, sir,
I now must shew you Fortune's privy lodgings.

Fac. Are they perfum'd, and his bath ready?

Sub. All.

Only the fumigation's somewhat strong.

Fac. Sir Epicure, I am yours, sir, by and by.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Face, Mammon, Dol.

Fac. **O** Sir, yo' are come i' the only finest time —
Mam. Where's master?

Fac. Now preparing for projection, sir.
Your stuff will b' all chang'd shortly.

Mam. Into gold?

Fac. To gold and silver, sir.

Mam. Silver I care not for.

Fac. Yes, sir, a little to give beggars.

Mam. Where's the lady?

Fac. At hand here. I ha' told her such brave things
Touching your bounty, and your noble spirit— [o'you,

Mam. Hast thou?

Fac. As she is almost in her fit to see you.
But, good sir, no divinity i' your conference,
For fear of putting her in rage—

Mam. I warrant thee.

Fac. Six men will not hold her down. And then
If the old man should hear or see you——

Mam. Fear not.

Fac. The very house, sir, would run mad. You know it,
How scrupulous he is, and violent,
'Gainst the least act of sin. Phyfick, or mathematicks,
Poetry, state, or bawd'ry, (as I told you)
She will endure, and never startle: but
No word of controversy.

Mam. I am school'd, good Ulen.

Fac. And you must praise her house, remember that,
And her nobility.

Mam. Let me alone:
No herald, no, nor antiquary, lungs,
Shall do it better. Go.

Fac. Why, this is yet
A kind of modern happiness, to have
Dol Common for a great lady.

Mam. Now, Epicure,
Heighten thy self, talk to her, all in gold;
Rain her as many showers as Jove did drops
Unto his Danae: shew the god a miser,
Compar'd with Mammon. What? the stone will do't.
She shall feel gold, taste gold, hear gold, sleep gold:
Nay, we will *concumbers* gold. I will be puissant,
And mighty in my talk to her. Here she comes.

Fac.

Fac. To him, Dol, suckle him. This is the noble
I told your ladyship— [knight,

Mam. Madam, with your pardon,
I kiss your vesture.

Dol. Sir, I were uncivil
If I would suffer that; my lip to you, sir.

Mam. I hope my lord your brother be in health, lady.

Dol. My lord, my brother is, though I no lady, sir.

Fac. (Well said, my Guinea bird.)

Mam. Right noble madam—

(*Fac.* O, we shall have most fierce idolatry.)

Mam. 'Tis your prerogative.

Dol. Rather your courtesy.

Mam. Were there nought else t'enlarge your virtues
[to me,
These answers speak your breeding, and your blood.

Dol. Blood we boast none, sir, a poor baron's daughter.

Mam. Poor! and gat you? prophane not. Had your
Slept all the happy remnant of his life [father
After that act, lien but there still, and panted,
H' had done enough to make himself, his issue,
And his posterity noble.

Dol. Sir, although
We may be said to want the gilt and trappings,
The dress of honour, yet we strive to keep
The seeds and the materials.

Mam. I do see
The old ingredient, virtue, was not lost,
Nor the drug money us'd to make your compound.
There is a strange nobility i' your eye,
This lip, that chin! methinks you do resemble
One o' the Auftriack princes'.

Fac. Very like,
Her father was an Irish costarmonger.

' ——— Methinks you do resemble
One o' the Auftriack princes.] They were distinguished by their
thick lips. DR. GREY.

Mam. The house of Valois just had such a nose,
And such a forehead yet the Medici
Of Florence boast.

Dol. Troth, and I have been lik'ned
To all these princes.

Fac. I'll be sworn, I heard it.

Mam. I know not how! it is not any one,
But e'en the very choice of all their features.

Fac. I'll in, and laugh.

Mam. A certain touch, or air,
That sparkles a divinity, beyond
An earthly beauty!

Dol. O, you play the courtier.

Mam. Good lady, gi' me leave——

Dol. In faith, I may not,
To mock me, fir.

Mam. To burn in this sweet flame;
The Phoenix never knew a nobler death.

Dol. Nay, now you court the courtier, and destroy
What you would build. This art, fir, i' your words,
Calls your whole faith in question.

Mam. By my soul——

Dol. Nay, oaths are made o' the same air, fir.

Mam. Nature
Never bestow'd upon mortality
A more unblam'd, a more harmonious feature:
She play'd the step-dame in all faces else.
Sweet madam, le' me be particular——

Dol. Particular, fir? I pray you know your distance.

Mam. In no ill sense, sweet lady, but to ask
How your fair graces pass the hours? I see
Yo' are lodg'd here, i' the house of a rare man,
An excellent artist; but what's that to you?

Dol. Yes, fir; I study here the mathematicks,
And distillation².

² *And* DISTILLATION.] i. e. Chemistry; the word is so used above.

Mam. O, I cry you pardon.

He's a divine instructor, can extract
The souls of all things by his art ; call all
The virtues, and the miracles of the sun,
Into a temperate furnace ; teach dull nature
What her own forces are. A man, the emp'ror
Has courted above Kelley³ ; sent his medals
And chains, t' invite him.

Dol. I, and for his physick, fir——

Mam. Above the art of Æsculapius,
That drew the envy of the thunderer !
I know all this, and more.

Dol. Troth, I am taken, fir,
Whole with these studies, that contemplate nature.

Mam. It is a noble humour : but this form
Was not intended to so dark a use.
Had you been crooked, foul, of some coarse mould,
A cloyster had done well ; but such a feature
That might stand up the glory of a kingdom,
To live recluse ! is a meer solœcism,
Though in a nunnery. It must not be.
I muse, my lord your brother will permit it !
You should spend half my land first, were I he,
Does not this diamant better on my finger,
Than i' the quarry ?

Dol. Yes.

³ ——— *A man, the emp'ror*

Has courted above KELLEY.] The emperor was Rodolph the II. who had once a great respect for *Kelley* ; but at last he fell into his displeasure, by attempting to put a chemical cheat upon him, so that he imprisoned him at Prague ; from whence endeavouring to escape, he broke his legs, and died soon after. *Kelley* was an intimate friend of the famous Dr. J. Dee, and concerned with him in his chemical processes and experiments. It is said they were in possession of the elixir, and actually made projection upon several metals, and converted them into gold. His history may be met with in *Wood's Athenæ Oxon.* 1st vol. col. 279. and in *Weaver's Funeral Monuments*, p. 45, 46. where are some incredible stories about him.

Mam. Why, you are like it.
 You were created, lady, for the light!
 Here, you shall wear it; take it, the first pledge
 Of what I speak, to bind you to believe me:

Dol. In chains of adamant?

Mam. Yes, the strongest bands.
 And take a secret too. Here, by your side,
 Doth stand this hour, the happiest man in Europe:

Dol. You are contented, sir?

Mam. Nay, in true being,
 The envy of princes, and the fear of states.

Dol. Say you so, sir Epicure!

Mam. Yes, and thou shalt prove it,
 Daughter of mine honour. I have cast mine eye
 Upon thy form, and I will rear this beauty
 Above all styles.

Dol. You mean no treason, sir?

Mam. No, I will take away that jealousy.
 I am the lord of the philosophers stone,
 And thou the lady.

Dol. How, sir! ha' you that?

Mam. I am the master of the mastery.
 This day the good old wretch here o' the house
 Has made it for us: now he's at projection.
 Think therefore thy first wish now; let me hear it:
 And it shall rain into thy lap, no shower,
 But floods of gold, whole cataracts, a deluge,
 To get a nation on thee.

Dol. You are pleas'd, sir,
 To work on the ambition of our sex:

Mam. I'm pleas'd the glory of her sex should know,
 This nook, here, of the Friars is no climate
 For her to live obscurely in, to learn
 Physick and surgery, for the constable's wife
 Of some odd hundred in Essex: but come forth,
 And taste the air of palaces; eat, drink
 The toils of emp'ricks, and their boasted practice;
Tincture

Tincture of pearl, and coral, gold and amber ;
Be seen at feasts and triumphs ; have it ask'd,
What miracle she is ? set all the eyes
Of court a-fire, like a burning glass,
And work 'em into cinders, when the jewels
Of twenty states adorn thee, and the light
Strikes out the stars ; that when thy name is mention'd,
Queens may look pale ; and we but shewing our love,
Nero's Poppæa may be lost in story !
Thus will we have it.

Dol. I could well consent, sir.

But, in a monarchy, how will this be ?
The prince will soon take notice, and both seize
You and your stone, it being a wealth unfit
For any private subject.

Mam. If he knew it.

Dol. Yourself do boast it, sir.

Mam. To thee, my life.

Dol. O, but beware, sir ! you may come to end
The remnant of your days in a loth'd prison,
By speaking of it.

Mam. 'Tis no idle fear :

We'll therefore go with all, my girl, and live
In a free state, where we will eat our mullets,
Sous'd in high-country wines, sup pheasants eggs,
And have our cockles boil'd in silver shells,
Our shrimps to swim again, as when they liv'd,
In a rare butter, made of dolphins milk,
Whose cream does look like opals ; and with these
Delicate meats set our selves high for pleasure,
And take us down again, and then renew
Our youth and strength, with drinking the elixir,
And so enjoy a perpetuity
Of life and lust. And thou shalt ha' thy wardrobe
Richer than nature's, still to change thy self,
And vary oftner, for thy pride, than she,
Or art, her wise and almost-equal servant.

Fac.

Fac. Sir, you are too loud. I hear you every word
Into the laboratory. Some fitter place;

The garden, or great chamber above. How like you

Mam. Excellent! lungs. There's for thee. [her?

Fac. But do you hear?

Good fir, beware, no mention of the rabins.

Mam. We think not on 'em.

Fac. O, it is well, fir. Subtle!

S C E N E II.

Face, Subtle, Kastril, Dame Pliant.

Face. Dost thou not laugh?

Sub. Yes. Are they gone?

Fac. All's clear.

Sub. The widow is come.

Fac. And your quarrelling disciple?

Sub. I.

Fac. I must to my captainship again then.

Sub. Stay, bring 'em in first.

Fac. So I meant. What is she?

A bony-bell?

Sub. I know not.

Fac. We'll draw lots.

You'll stand to that?

Sub. What else?

Fac. O, for a suit,

To fall now like a curtain, flap.

Sub. To th' door, man.

Fac. You'll have the first kifs, 'cause I am not ready.

Sub. Yes, and perhaps hit you thro' both the nostrils.

Fac. Who would you speak with?

Kaf. Where's the captain?

Fac. Gone, fir,

About some business.

Kaf.

Kaf. Gone?

Fac. He'll return straight.

But master doctor, his lieutenant, is here.

Sub. Come near, my worshipful boy, my *terræ fili*,
That is, my boy of land; make thy approaches:
Welcome: I know thy lusts, and thy desires,
And I will serve and satisfy 'em. Begin,
Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this line;
Here is my center: ground thy quarrel.

Kaf. You lie.

Sub. How, child of wrath and anger! the loud lie?
For what, my sudden boy?

Kaf. Nay, that look you to,
I am afore-hand.

Sub. O, this's no true grammar,
And as ill logick! You must render causes, child,
Your first and second intentions, know your canons,
And your divisions, moods, degrees, and differences,
Your predicaments, substance, and accident,
Series extern and intern, with their causes,
Efficient, material, formal, final,
And ha' your elements perfect——

Kaf. What, is this
The angry tongue he talks in?

Sub. That false precept,
Of being afore-hand, has deceiv'd a number,
And made 'em enter quarrels, often-times,
Before they were aware; and afterward,
Against their wills.

Kaf. How must I do then, sir?

Sub. I cry this lady mercy: she should first
Have been saluted. I do call you lady,
Because you are to be one, ere't be long,
My soft and buxom widow.

[*He kisses her.*]

Kaf. Is she, i'faith?

Sub. Yes, or my art is an egregious liar:

Kaf. How know you?

Sub.

Sub. By inspection on her forehead,
And subtlety of her lip, which must be tasted
Often, to make a judgment. 'Slight, she melts
[*He kisses her again.*]

Like a myrobolane! here is yet a line,
In rivo frontis, tells me, he is no knight.

Pli. What is he then, fir?

Sub. Let me see your hand.

O, your *linea fortunæ* makes it plain;
And Stella here, *in monte Veneris*:
But, most of all, *junctura annularis*.
He is a soldier, or a man of art, lady;
But shall have some great honour shortly.

Pli. Brother,
He's a rare man, believe me!

Kaf. Hold your peace.

Here comes the t'other rare man. 'Save you, captain.

Fac. Good master Kastril. Is this your sister?

Kaf. I, fir.

Please you to kufs her, and be proud to know her?

Fac. I shall be proud to know you, lady.

Pli. Brother,
He calls me lady too.

Kaf. I, peace. I heard it.

Fac. The Count is come.

Sub. Where is he?

Fac. At the door.

Sub. Why, you must entertain him.

Fac. What'll you do
With these the while?

Sub. Why, have 'em up, and shew 'em
Some fustian book, or the dark glafs.

Fac. 'Fore God,
She is a delicate dab-chick! I must have her.

Sub. Must you? I; if your fortune will, you must.
Come, fir, the captain will come to us presently:
I'll ha' you to my chamber of demonstrations,

Where

Where I'll shew you both the grammar, and logick,
And rhetorick of quarrelling; my whole method
Drawn out in tables; and my instrument,
That hath the several scales upon't, shall make you
Able to quarrel, at a straws-breadth, by moon-light,
And, lady, I'll have you look in a glass,
Some half an hour, but to clear your eye-sight,
Against you see your fortune; which is greater
Than I may judge upon the sudden, trust me.

S C E N E III.

Face, Subtle, Surly.

Fac. Where are you, doctor?

Sub. I'll come to you presently.

Fac. I will ha' this same widow, now I ha' seen her;
On any composition.

Sub. What do you say?

Fac. Ha' you dispos'd of them?

Sub. I ha' sent 'em up.

Fac. Subtle, in troth, I needs must have this widow;

Sub. Is that the matter?

Fac. Nay, but hear me.

Sub. Go to,

If you rebel once, Dol shall know it all.

Therefore be quiet, and obey your chance.

Fac. Nay, thou art so violent now—Do but conceive,
Thou art old, and canst not serve ——

Sub. Who, cannot I?

'Slight, I will serve her with thee, for a ——

Fac. Nay,

But understand: I'll gi' you composition.

Sub. I will not treat with thee: what, sell my for-
[tune?

'Tis better than my birth-right. Do not murmur.

Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, Dol
Knows it directly.

Fac. Well, fir, I am silent.

Will you go help to fetch in Don in state?

Sub. I follow you, fir: we must keep Face in awe,
Or he will over-look us like a tyrant.

Brain of a taylor! who comes here? Don John?

[*Surly like a spaniard.*]

Sur. *Sennores, beso las manos, a vuestras mercedes.*

Sub. Would you had stoop'd a little, and kist our anos.

Fac. Peace, Subtle.

Sub. Stab me; I shall never hold, man.

He looks in that deep ruff, like a head in a platter,
Serv'd in by a short cloke upon two tressils.

Fac. Or, what do you say to a collar of brawn, cut
[down

Beneath the fouse, and wriggled with a knife?

Sub. 'Slud, he does look too fat to be a Spaniard.

Fac. Perhaps some Fleming, or some Hollander got
[him

In d' Alva's time; count Egmont's bastard.

Sub. Don,

Your scurvy, yellow, Madrid face is welcome.

Sur. *Gratia.*

Sub. He speaks out of a fortification.

Pray God he ha' no squibs in those deep sets.

Sur. *Por dios, sennores, muy linda casa!*

Sub. What says he?

Fac. Praises the house, I think;

I know no more but's action.

Sub. Yes, the casa,

My precious Diego, will prove fair enough
To cozen you in. Do you mark? you shall
Be cozen'd, Diego.

Fac. Cozen'd, do you see?

My worthy Donzel, cozen'd.

Sur. *Entiendo.*

Sub. Do you intend it? so do we, dear Don.
Have you brought pistolets, or portagues,

My solemn Don? dost thou feel any?

Fac. Full.

[He feels his pockets.]

Sub. You shall be emptied, Don, pumped and drawn
Dry, as they say:

Fac. Milked, in troth, sweet Don.

Sub. See all the monsters; the great lion of all, Don.

Sur. *Con licencia, se puede ver a esta sennora?*

Sub. What talks he now?

Fac. O'the sennora.

Sub. O, Don,

That is the lioness, which you shall see

Also, my Don.

Fac. 'Slid, Subtle, how shall we do?

Sub. For what?

Fac. Why Dol's employ'd, you know.

Sub. That's true.

'Fore heaven, I know not: he must stay, that's all.

Fac. Stay! that he must not by no means.

Sub. No! why?

Fac. Unless you'll mar all. 'Slight, he'll suspect it:
And then he will not pay, not half so well.

This is a travel'd punk-master, and do's know

All the delays; a notable hot rascal,

And looks already rampant.

Sub. 'Sdeath, and Mammon
Must not be troubled.

Fac. Mammon! in no case.

Sub. What shall we do then?

Fac. Think: you must be sudden.

Sur. *Entiendo, que la sennora es tan hermosa, que co-*
[dicio tan

A ver la, como la bien aventuranza de mi vida.

Fac. *Mi vida?* 'Slid, Subtle, he puts me in mind
[o' the widow.

What dost thou say to draw her to't? ha?

And tell her it is her fortune? all our venture

Now

Now lies upon't. It is but one man more,
Which on's chance to have her : and beside,
There is no maidenhead to be fear'd or lost.
What dost thou think on't, Subtle ?

Sub. Who, I ? why ——

Fac. The credit of our house too is engag'd.

Sub. You made me an offer for my share ere-while.
What wilt thou gi' me, i' faith ?

Fac. O, by that light

I'll not buy now. You know your doom to me.
E'en take your lot, obey your chance, fir ; win her,
And wear her out, for me.

Sub. 'Slight, I'll not work her then.

Fac. It is the common cause ; therefore bethink you.
Dol else must know it, as you said.

Sub. I care not.

Sur. *Sennores, por que se tarda tanta ?*

Sub. Faith, I am not fit, I am old.

Fac. That's now no reason, fir.

Sur. *Puede ser, de bazer burla de mi amor.*

Fac. You hear the Don too ? by this air, I call,
And lose the hinges : Dol.

Sub. A plague of hell ——

Fac. Will you then do ?

Sub. Yo' are a terrible rogue,
I'll think of this : will you, fir, call the widow ?

Fac. Yes, and I'll take her too, with all her faults,
Now I do think on't better.

Sub. With all my heart, fir ;
Am I discharg'd o'the lot ?

Fac. As you please.

Sub. Hands.

Fac. Remember now, that upon any change,
You never claim her.

Sub. Much good joy, and health to you, fir.
Marry a whore ? fate, let me wed a witch first.

Sur. *Por estas honrada's barbas ——*

Sub.

Sub. He swears by his beard.

Dispatch, and call the brother too.

Sur. *Tiengo duda, señores,*

Que no me bagan alguna traycion.

Sub. How, issue on? yes, præsto Sennor. Please you
Enthratha the chambratha, worthy don?
Where if you please the fates, in your bathada,
You shall be fok'd, and strok'd, and tub'd, and rub'd,
And scrub'd, and fub'd, dear don, before you go.
You shall in faith, my scurvy baboon don,
Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, and taw'd, indeed.
I will the heartlier go about it now,
And make the widow a punk so much the sooner,
To be reveng'd on this impetuous Face:
The quickly doing of it, is the grace.

S C E N E IV.

Face, Kastril, Dame Pliant, Subtle, Surly.

Fac. Come, lady: I knew the doctor would not leave,
Till he had found the very nick of her fortune. [sir?

Kas. To be a countess, say you? A Spanish countess,

Pli. Why, is that better than an English countess?

Fac. Better? 'Slight, make you that a question, lady?

Kas. Nay, she is a fool, captain, you must pardon her.

Fac. Ask from your courtier, to your inns-of-court-
[man,

To your meer millener; they will tell you all,
Your Spanish gennet is the best horse; your Spanish
Stoup is the best garb; your Spanish beard
Is the best cut; your Spanish ruffs are the best
Wear; your Spanish pavin the best dance;
Your Spanish titillation in a glove
The best perfume. And for your Spanish pike,
And Spanish blade, let your poor captain speak.
Here comes the doctor.

Sub. My most honour'd lady,

(For so I am now to style you, having found
By this my scheme, you are to undergo
An honourable fortune, very shortly.)

What will you say now, if some ——

Fac. I ha' told her all, fir ;

And her right worshipful brother here, that she shall be
A countess ; do not delay 'em, fir : a Spanish countess.

Sub. Still, my scarce worshipful captain, you can keep
No secret. Well, since he has told you, madam,
Do you forgive him, and I do.

Kaf. She shall do that, fir.

I'll look to't, 'tis my charge.

Sub. Well then : nought refts
But that she fit her love now to her fortune.

Pli. Truly I shall never brook a Spaniard.

Sub. No ?

Pli. Never sin' eighty-eight could I abide 'em,
And that was some three year afore I was born, in truth.

Sub. Come, you must love him, or be miserable ;
Chuse which you will.

Fac. By this good rush, persuade her,
She will cry strawberries else, within this twelve-month.

Sub. Nay, shads, and mackarel, which is worse.

Fac. Indeed, fir ?

Kaf. Gods lid, you shall love him, or I'll kick you.

Pli. Why ?

I'll do as you will ha' me, brother.

Kaf. Do,

Or by this hand I'll maul you.

Fac. Nay, good fir,

Be not so fierce.

Sub. No, my enraged child,
She will be rul'd. What, when she comes to taste
The pleasures of a countess ! to be courted ——

Fac. And kist, and ruffled !

Sub. I, behind the hangings.

Fac. And then come forth in pomp !

Sub.

Sub. And know her state!

Fac. Of keeping all th' idolaters o' the chamber
Barer to her, than at their prayers!

Sub. Is serv'd
Upon the knee!

Fac. And has her pages, ushers,
Footmen, and coaches —

Sub. Her six mares —

Fac. Nay, eight!

Sub. To hurry her through London, to th' Exchange,
Bet'lem, the china-houses —

Fac. Yes, and have
The citizens gape at her, and praise her tires!
And my lord's goose-turd bands, that ride with her!

Kaf. Most brave! by this hand, you are not my sifter,
If you refuse.

Pli. I will not refuse, brother.

Sur. *Que es esto, señores, que non se venga?*
Esta tardanza me mata!

Fac. It is the count come:
The doctor knew he would be here, by his art.

Sub. *En gallanta madama, Don! gallantissima!*

Sur. *Por todos los dioses, le mas acabada*
Hermosura, que he visto en mi vida!

Fac. Is't not a gallant language that they speak?

Kaf. An admirable language! Is't not French?

Fac. No, Spanish, sir.

Kaf. It goes like law-French,
And that, they say, is the courtliest language.

Fac. List, sir.

Sur. *El sol ha perdido su lumbre, con el*
Resplandor, que trae esta dama. Valga me dios!

Fac. He admires your sifter.

Kaf. Must not she make curt'sie?

Sub. Ods will, she must go to him man and kiss him!
It is the Spanish fashion, for the women
To make first court.

Fac. 'Tis true he tells you, fir :
His art knows all.

Sur. *Por que no se acude ?*

Kaf. He speaks to her, I think.

Fac. That he does, fir.

Sur. *Por el amor de dios, que es esto, que se tarda ?*

Kaf. Nay, see : she will not understand him ! gull.
Noddy.

Pli. What say you, brother ?

Kaf. Afs, my fuster,

Go kufs him, as the cunning man would ha' you,
I'll thrust a pin i' your buttocks else.

Fac. O, no, fir.

Sur. *Sennora mia, mi persona muy indigna esta
Alle gar a tanta hermosura.*

Fac. Does he not use her bravely ?

Kaf. Bravely, i-faith !

Fac. Nay, he will use her better.

Kaf. Do you think so ?

Sur. *Sennora, si sera servida, entremus.*

Kaf. Where does he carry her ?

Fac. Into the garden, fir ;

Take you no thought : I must interpret for her.

Sub. Give Dol the word. Come, my fierce child, ad-
[vance,

We'll to our quarrelling lesson again.

Kaf. Agreed.

I love a Spanish boy with all my heart.

Sub. Nay, and by this means, fir, you shall be brother
To a great count.

Kaf. I, I knew that at first.

This match will advance the house of the Kaftrils.

Sub. 'Pray God your sifter prove but pliant.

Kaf. Why,

Her name is so, by her other husband.

Sub. How !

Kaf.

Kaf. The widow Pliant. Knew you not that?

Sub. No faith, fir:

Yet, by erection of her figure, I gueſt it.

Come, let's go practice.

Kaf. Yes, but do you think, doctor,
I e'er ſhall quarrel well?

Sub. I warrant you.

S C E N E V.

Dol, Mammon, Face, Subtle.

Dol. For, after Alexanders Death —

[*In her fit of talking.*

Mam. Good lady —

Dol. That Perdiccas and Antigonus, were ſlain,
The two that ſtood, Seleuc', and Ptolomee —

Mam. Madam.

Dol. Made up the two legs, and the fourth beaſt,
That was Gog-north, and Egypt-ſouth: which after
Was call'd Gog-iron-leg, and ſouth-iron-leg —

Mam. Lady —

Dol. And then Gog-horned. So was Egypt, too:
Then Egypt clay-leg, and Gog-clay-leg —

Mam. Sweet madam.

Dol. And laſt Gog-duſt, and Egypt-duſt, which fall
In the laſt link of the fourth chain. And theſe
Be ſtars in ſtory, which none ſee, or look at —

Mam. What ſhall I do?

Dol. For, as he ſays, except
We call the rabbins, and the heathen Greeks —

Mam. Dear lady.

Dol. To come from Salem, and from Athens,
And teach the people of Great Britain —

Fac. What's the matter, fir?

Dol. To ſpeak the tongue of Eber, and Javan —

Mam. O,
She's in her fit.

Dol. We shall know nothing —

Fac. Death, sir,

We are undone.

Dol. Where then a learned linguist
Shall see the ancient us'd communion
Of vowels and consonants —

Fac. My master will hear!

Dol. A wisdom, which Pythagoras held most high—

Mam. Sweet honourable lady.

Dol. To comprize

All sounds of voices, in few marks of letters —

Fac. Nay, you must never hope to lay her now.

Dol. And so we may arrive by talmud skill,
And prophane Greek, to raise the building up
Of Helen's house against the Ismaelite,
King of Thogarma, and his habergions
Brimstony, blue, and fiery; and the force
Of king Abaddon, and the beast of Cittim;
Which rabbi David Kimchi, Onkelos,
And Aben Ezra do interpret Rome.

[*They speak together.*]

Fac. How did you put her into't?

Mam Alas, I talk'd

Of a fifth monarchy I would erect,
With the philosophers stone (by chance) and she
Falls on the other four straight.

Fac. Out of Broughton⁴!

I told

⁴ *Falls on the other four straight.* *Fac.* Out of BROUGHTON.] He has been taken notice of before, as a great dealer in the prophecies of the old testament, and the expositions of the rabbins. The ingenious author of the *life of Bernard Gilpin*, has given us a very beautiful elegy, wrote in 1612, on the death of *Hugh Broughton*; which tho' designed as an encomium, is rather a satire on him for the misemployment of his time and talents. His skill in expounding prophecies, and tracing Jewish genealogies, is there touched on in the following stanzas:

“ What meant that monstrous man, whom Babel's king
“ Did in a troubled slumber once behold,

“ Like

I told you so. 'Slid stop her mouth.

Mam. Is't best ?

Fac. She'll never leave else. If the old man hear her,
We are but fæces, ashes.

Sub. What's to do there ?

Fac. O, we are lost. Now she hears him, she is quiet.

Mam. Where shall I hide me ?

[Upon *Subtle's* entry they disperse.]

Sub. How ! what fight is here !

Close deeds of darkness, and that shun the light !

Bring him again. Who is he ? what, my son !

O, I have liv'd too long.

Mam. Nay good, dear father,
There was no unchaste purpose.

- “ Like huge Goliath, slain by David's sling,
 “ Whose dreadful head and curled locks were gold,
 “ With breasts and mighty arms of silver mould ;
 “ Whose swelling belly and large sides were brass,
 “ Whose legs were iron, feet of mingled mass,
 “ Of which one part was clay, the other iron was ?
 “ What meant the lion, plum'd in eagle's wings,
 “ What meant the bear, that in his horrid jaw
 “ Three ribs of some devoured carcase brings ;
 “ What meant the leopard which Belshazzar saw,
 “ With dreadful mouth, and with a murdering paw ;
 “ And what that all devouring horned beast
 “ With iron teeth, and with his horrid crest :
 “ All this, and much besides by *Broughton* was exprest,
 “ 'Twas he that branch'd Messiah's sacred stem,
 “ In curious knots, and trac'd his earthly race
 “ From princely Adam, to the noble Sem,
 “ So down to him that held Coniah's place,
 “ And from his son to Mary full of grace, &c.”

Life of Ber. Gilpin, p. 124. & seq.

I wou'd observe, this *Broughton* is not the person meant by Beaumont and Fletcher in the *Scornful lady*, act 2. and again in *Wit without money*, act 3. tho' Mr. Theobald and Mr. Seward both imagine he was. The person there alluded to, as Mr. Sympson rightly observes, was one Nic. Britain or Briton, whose works were of a different kind from those of *Hugh Broughton*.

Sub. Not? and flee me,
When I come in?

Mam. That was my error.

Sub. Error? [marvel,
Guilt, guilt, my son. Give it the right name. No
If I found check in our great work within,
When such affairs as these were managing!

Mam. Why, have you so?

Sub. It has stood still this half hour:
And all the rest of our less works gone back.
Where is the instrument of wickedness,
My lewd false drudge?

Mam. Nay, good sir, blame not him.
Believe me, 'twas against his will, or knowledge.
I saw her by chance.

Sub. Will you commit more sin,
T' excuse a varlet?

Mam. By my hope 'tis true, sir.

Sub. Nay, then I wonder less, if you, for whom
The blessing was prepar'd, would so tempt heaven;
And lose your fortunes.

Mam. Why, sir?

Sub. This 'll retard
The work, a month at least.

Mam. Why, if it do,
What remedy? but think it not, good father:
Our purposes were honest.

Sub. As they were,
So the reward will prove. How now! aye me.
God, and all saints be good to us. What's that?

[A great crack and noise within.

Fac. O sir, we are defeated! all the works
Are flown *in fumo*, every glass is burst.
Furnace, and all rent down! as if a bolt
Of thunder had been driven through the house.
Retorts, receivers, pellicanes, bolt-heads,

All

All struck in shivers! help, good fir! alas,

[Subtle falls down as in a swoon.]

Coldness and death invades him. Nay, fir Mammon,
Do the fair offices of a man! you stand,
As you were readier to depart than he.
Who' there? my lord her brother's come.

Mam. Ha, lungs?

Fac. His coach is at the door. Avoid his sight,
[One knocks.]

For he's as furious as his sister's mad.

Mam. Alas!

Fac. My brain is quite undone with the fume, fir,
I ne'er must hope to be mine own man again.

Mam. Is all lost, lungs? will nothing be preserv'd,
Of all our cost?

Fac. Faith, very little, fir.

A peck of coals or so, which is cold comfort, fir.

Mam. O my voluptuous mind! I am justly punish'd:

Fac. And so am I, fir.

Mam. Cast from all my hopes——

Fac. Nay, certainties, fir.

Mam. By mine own base affections.

Sub. O, the curst fruits of vice and lust!

[Subtle seems come to himself.]

Mam. Good father,
It was my sin. Forgive it.

Sub. Hangs my roof
Over us still, and will not fall, O justice,
Upon us, for this wicked man!

Fac. Nay, look, fir,
You grieve him now with staying in his sight:
Good fir, the nobleman will come too, and take you,
And that may breed a tragedy.

Mam. I'll go.

Fac. I, and repent at home, fir. It may be,
For some good penance you may ha' it yet;
A hundred pound to the box at Beth'lem——

Mam. Yes.

Fac. For the restoring such as ha' their wits.

Mam. I'll do't.

Fac. I'll send one to you to receive it.

Mam. Do.

Is no projection left?

Fac. All flown, or stinks, fir.

Mam. Will nought be fav'd, that's good for med'cine,
[think'ft thou?]

Fac. I cannot tell, fir. There will be, perhaps,
Something about the scraping of the shards,
Will cure the itch, tho' not your itch of mind, fir,
It shall be fav'd for you, and sent home. Good fir,
This way, for fear the lord should meet you.

Sub. Face.

Fac. I.

Sub. Is he gone?

Fac. Yes, and as heavily.

As all the gold he hop'd for were in's blood.
Let us be light though.

Sub. I, as balls, and bound

And hit our heads against the roof for joy:
There's so much of our care now cast away.

Fac. Now to our don.

Sub. Yes, your young widow, by this time
Is made a countess, Face: she has been in travail
Of a young heir for you.

Fac. Good, fir.

Sub. Off with your case,

And greet her kindly, as a bridegroom should,
After these common hazards.

Fac. Very well, fir.

Will you go fetch don Diego off, the while?

Sub. And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleas'd, fir:
Would Dol were in her place, to pick his pockets now.

Fac. Why, you can do't as well, if you would set to't.
I pray you prove your virtue.

Sub. For your sake, fir.

S C E N E VI.

Surly, Dame Pliant, Subtle, Face.

Sur. Lady, you see into what hands you are fal'n ;
 'Mongst what a nest of villains ! and how near
 You honour was t'have catch'd a certain clap,
 (Thro' your credulity) had I but been
 So punctually forward, as place, time,
 And other circumstances would ha' made a man :
 For yo'are a handsome woman : would yo'were wise too.
 I am a gentleman come here disguis'd,
 Only to find the knaveries of this citadel,
 And where I might have wrong'd your honour, and ha'
 I claim some interest in your love. You are, [not,
 They say, a widow, rich ; and I'm a bachelor,
 Worth nought : your fortunes may make me a man,
 As mine ha' preserv'd you a woman. Think upon it,
 And whether I have deserv'd you, or no.

Pli. I will, sir.

Sur. And for these household-rogues, let me alone
 To treat with them.

Sub. How doth my noble Diego ?
 And my dear madam countess ? hath the count
 Been courteous, lady ? liberal ? and open ?
 Donzel, methinks you look melancholick,
 After your coitum, and scurvy ! truely,
 I do not like the dulness of your eye :
 It hath a heavy cast, 'tis *upsee Dutch* ^s,

And

^s *It hath a heavy cast, 'tis UPSEE DUTCH.*] This odd expression occurs in a comedy of Fletcher's ;

“ ——— So, sit down, lads,

“ And drink me *upsee Dutch*.” *Beggar's Bush*, act 3. sc. 1.
 Mr. Symphon here asks, “ What is *upsee Dutch* ?” to which Mr. Seward replies, “ I wish I could answer Mr. Symphon's question,
 “ but

And says you are a lumpish whore-master.
Be lighter, I will make your pockets so.

[He falls to picking of them.]

Sur. Will you, don bawd, and pick-purse? how now!
[reel you?]

Stand up fir, you shall find since I am so heavy,
I'll gi' you equal weight.

Sub. Help, murder!

Sur. No, fir,

There's no such thing intended. A good cart,
And a clean whip shall ease you of that fear.
I am the Spanish don that should be cozened,
Do you see? cozened? where's your captain Face?
That parcel broker, and whole-bawd, all rascal.

Fac. How, Surly!

Sur. O, make your approach, good captain.
I have found from whence your copper rings and spoons

“but I can find no such word in any dictionary or glossary of mine.”
The expression, with a little difference, occurs again in the 4th
scene of the 4th act of the same play, and is applied to a wassel;

“Prig. ——— I for the structure,

“Which is the bowl.

“Hig. Which must be *upsey English*,

“Strong, lusty London beer.”

Indeed no dictionary or glossary will help us to the phrase; but I will endeavour to assign a meaning, which as it gives a consistent sense to these different places, may probably be the true one. It is a proverbial expression, and is used, as proverbs frequently are, in some little latitude of sense. In Jonson, *'tis upsee Dutch*, signifies it is like a drunken Dutchman's, *your eye is dull and hath a heavy cast*, like a Dutchman's in liquor, or, as we say proverbially, “Who is seas over.” That is the original of the phrase: *Upsee* is a corruption from the Dutch *op-zee*, which is literally *over sea*; and 'tis probable we borrowed that proverb from Holland. In Fletcher, the phrase to drink *upsee Dutch*, means to drink as Dutchmen, or the same liquor which they do, till we are drunk like them: the other term must in like manner be explained by the epithet English; so that *upsey English*, is drinking the liquor which Englishmen usually get drunk with; and that is truly explained in the following line, to be strong-beer.

Come,

Come, now, wherewith you cheat abroad in taverns.
 'Twas here you learn'd t'anoint your boot with brimstone,
 Then rub mens gold on't, for a kind of touch,
 And say 'twas naught, when you had chang'd the co-
 [lour,
 That you might ha't for nothing. And this doctor,
 Your sooty, smoky-bearded compeer, he
 Will close you so much gold, in a bolts-head,
 And, on a turn, convey (i' the stead) another
 With sublim'd Mercury, that shall burst i' the heat.
 And fly out all *in fumo?* then weeps Mammon:
 Then swoons his worship. Or, he is the Faustus,
 That casteth figures, and cau conjure, cures
 Plagues, piles, and pox, by the Ephemerides,
 And holds intelligence with all the bawds
 And midwives of three shires: while you send in—
 Captain, (what is he gone?) dam'fels with child,
 Wives that are barren, or the waiting-maid
 With the green sickness. Nay sir, you must tarry
 Tho' he be scap't; and answer by the ears, sir.

S C E N E VII.

*Face, Kasril, Surly, Subtle, Drugger, Ananias, Dame
 Pliant, Dol.*

Fac. Why, now's the time, if ever you will quarrel
 Well (as they say) and be a true-born child.

The doctor and your sister both are abus'd.

Kas. Where is he? which is he? he is a slave
 What e'er he is, and the son of a whore. Are you
 The man, sir, I would know?

Sur. I should be loth, sir,
 To confes so much.

Kas. Then you lie i' your throat.

Sur. How?

Fac.

Fac. A very errant rogue, fir, and a cheater,
Employ'd here by another conjurer,
That does not love the doctor, and would cross him,
If he knew how——

Sur. Sir, you are abus'd.

Kaf. You lie :

And 'tis no matter.

Fac. Well said, fir. He is
The impudent'st rascal——

Sur. You are indeed. Will you hear me, fir ?

Fac. By no means : bid him be gone.

Kaf. Begone, fir, quickly.

Sur. This's strange ! Lady, do you inform your bro-

Fac. There is not such a foist in all the town, [ther.
The doctor had him presently : and finds yet,
The Spanish count will come here. Bear up, Subtle.

Sub. Yes, fir, he must appear within this hour.

Fac. And yet this rogue would come in a disguise,
By the temptation of another spirit,
To trouble our art, tho' he could not hurt it.

Kaf. I,

I know—Away, you talk like a foolish mauther⁶.

Sur. Sir, all is truth, she says.

Fac. Do not believe him, fir.

He is the lying'st swabber ! Come your ways, fir.

Sur. You are valiant out of company.

Kaf. Yes, how then, fir ?

[him,

Fac. Nay, here's an honest fellow too, that knows
And all his tricks. (Make good what I say, Abel)
This cheater would ha' cozen'd thee o' the widow.
He owes this honest Druggier here, seven pound,
He has had on him, in two-penny'orths of tobacco.

Dru. Yes fir. And he has damn'd himself three terms
to pay me.

⁶ *You talk like a foolish MAUTHER.*] i. e. An ignorant foolish young girl. The word is still used in some counties, particularly in Norfolk.

Fac. And what does he owe for lotium?

Dru. Thirty shillings, fir.

And for six syringes.

Sur. Hydra of villainy⁷!

Fac. Nay, fir, you must quarrel him out o' the house:

Kaf. I will.—Sir, if you get not out o' doors, you lie:
And you are a pimp.

Sur. Why, this is madness, fir,
Not valour in you: I must laugh at this.

Kaf. It is my humour: you are a pimp and a trig,
And an *Amadis de Gaul*, or a Don Quixot.

Dru. Or a knight o' the curious coxcomb. Do you

Ana. Peace to the household. [see?

Kaf. I'll keep peace for no man.

Ana. Casting of dollers is concluded lawful.

Kaf. Is he the constable?

Sub. Peace Ananias.

Fac. No, fir.

Kaf. Then you are an otter, and a shad, a whit,
A very tim.

Sur. You'll hear me, fir?

Kaf. I will not.

Ana. What is the motive?

Sub. Zeal in the young gentleman,
Against his Spanish slops——

Ana. They are prophane,
Lewd, superstitious, and idolatrous breeches.

Sur. New rascals!

Kaf. Will you be gone, fir?

⁷ *Sur.* — HYDRA OF VILLANY!] The plot of Surly, and the counterplot of Face and Subt'e, are highly agreeable to comic humour; nor were things ripe yet for a full discovery. Surly finding himself baffled with these fools and knaves, cries out *Hydra of villainy!* The Greek proverb is *Λερνη κακων*, *Lerna malorum*: the name of the famous lake where Hercules destroyed the Hydra, whose heads, 'tis fabled, grew as fast as they were cut off.

Ana. Avoid Satan.

Thou art not of the light. That ruff of pride,
About thy neck, betrays thee : and is the same
With that which the unclean birds, in seventy-seven,
Were seen to prank it with, on divers coasts.
Thou look'st like antichrist, in that lewd hat.

Sur. I must give way.

Kaf. Be gone, fir.

Sur. But I'll take

A course with you——

Ana. Depart, proud Spanish fiend.

Sur. Captain and doctor——

Ana. Child of perdition.

Kaf. Hence, fir.

Did I not quarrel bravely ?

Fac. Yes, indeed, fir.

Kaf. Nay, an' I give my mind to't, I shall do't.

Fac. O, you must follow, fir, and threaten him tame.
He'll turn again else.

Kaf. I'll return him then.

Fac. Druggers, this rogue prevented us, for thee :
We had determin'd that thou should'st ha' come,
In a Spanish suit, and ha' carried her so ; and he
A brokerly slave, goes, puts it on himself.
Hast 'brought the damask ?

Dru. Yes, fir.

Fac. Thou must borrow

A Spanish suit. Hast thou no credit with the players ?

Dru. Yes, fir ; did you never see me play the fool^s ?

Fac

^s*Dru.* Yes, fir ; did you never see me PLAY THE FOOL?] Honest Abel, however guilty of playing the fool, does not here mean it in the sense those words are usually spoke. He means the droll character of *the fool*, which with that of the vice, made up a principal part of the comic diversion to our simpler ancestors, as they had a place in every representation on the stage. From this character the proverbial expression came into common use. Hieronimo's old cloak,
ruff,

Fac. I know not, Nab: thou shalt, if I can help it.
Hieronymo's old cloke, ruff, and hat will serve,
I'll tell thee more when thou bring'st 'em.

[*Subtle hath whispered with him this while.*]

Ana. Sir, I know
The Spaniard hates the brethren, and hath spies
Upon their actions: and that this was one
I make no scruple. But the holy synod
Have been in prayer, and meditation for it,
And 'tis reveal'd no less to them than me,
That casting of money is most lawful.

Sub. True:
But here I cannot do it; if the house
Shou'd chance to be suspected, all would out,
And we be lock'd up in the Tower for ever,
To make gold there (for th' state) never come out:
And then are you defeated.

Ana. I will tell
This to the elders, and the weaker brethren,
That the whole company of the separation
May join in humble prayer again.

(*Sub.* And fasting.)

Ana. Yea, for some fitter place: The peace of mind
Rest with these walls.

Sub. Thanks, courteous Ananias.

Fac. What did he come for?

Sub. About casting dollers,
Presently out of hand. And so I told him,
A Spanish minister came here to spy,
Against the faithful——

Fac. I conceive. Come Subtle,
Thou art so down upon the least disaster!
How wouldst thou ha' done, if I had not help't thee out?

ruff, and hat, mentioned in the following line, were the dress in which the character of Hieronymo, so often taken notice of, was then acted.

Sub. I thank thee Face, for the angry boy i' faith.

Fac. Who would ha' look'd it should ha' been that rascal Surly? he had dy'd his beard and all. Well, fir, Here's damask come to make you a suit.

Sub. Where's Druggier?

Fac. He is gone to borrow me a Spanish habit; I'll be the count, now.

Sub. But where's the widow?

Fac. Within, with my lord's sifter: madam Dol Is entertaining her.

Sub. By your favour, Face, Now she is honest I will stand again.

Fac. You will not offer it?

Sub. Why?

Fac. Stand to your word, Or—here comes Dol, she knows——

Sub. Y' are tyrannous still.

Fac. Strict for my right. How now, Dol? Hast told her, The Spanish count will come?

Dol. Yes, but another is come, You little look'd for!

Fac. Who is that?

Dol. Your master: The master of the house.

Sub. How, Dol!

Fac. She lies, This is some trick. Come, leave your quibblins, Dorothy.

Dol. Look out, and see.

Sub. Art thou in earnest?

Dol. 'Slight.

Forty o' the neighbours are about him, talking.

Fac. 'Tis he, by this good day.

Dol. 'Twill prove ill day For some on us.

Fac. We are undone, and taken.

Dol. Lost, I'm afraid.

Sub.

Sub. You said he would not come,
While there died one a week, within the liberties.

Fac. No: 'twas within the walls.

Sub. Was't so? cry you mercy.

I thought the liberties. What shall we do now, Face?

Fac. Be silent: not a word, if he call or knock.

I'll into mine old shape again and meet him,
Of Jeremy, the butler. I' the mean time,
Do you two pack up all the goods, and purchase⁹,
That we can carry i' the two trunks. I'll keep him
Off for to-day, if I cannot longer: and then
At night, I'll ship you both away to Ratcliff,
Where we'll meet to-morrow, and there we'll share.
Let Mammon's brass and pewter keep the cellar:
We'll have another time for that. But, Dol,
'Pr'y thee go heat a little water quickly,
Subtle must shave me. All my captain's beard
Must off, to make me appear smooth Jeremy.
You'll do't?

Sub. Yes, I'll shave you, as well as I can.

Fac. And not cut my throat, but trim me?

Sub. You shall see, sir.

⁹ *Do you two pack up all the goods, and PURCHASE.] Purchase was a cant term then given to goods stolen, or dishonestly come by: thus we find it in Shakespear, 1st Part of Henry IV.*

"Gadbill. Thou shalt have a share in our purchase."

Act 2. sc. 2.

And in *Henry V.* act 3.

"They will steal any thing, and call it purchase."

And this sense seems to be derived from the days of Chaucer, who thus uses it in his prophecy;

"And robbery is holde purchase."

ACT V. SCENE I.

Love-wit, Neighbours.

Lov. **H**AS there been such resort, say you ?

Nei. 1. Daily, sir.

Nei. 2. And nightly, too.

Nei. 3. I, some as brave as lords.

Nei. 4. Ladies, and gentlewomen.

Nei. 5. Citizens wives.

Nei. 1. And knights.

Nei. 6. In coaches.

Nei. 2. Yes, and oyster-women.

Nei. 1. Beside other gallants.

Nei. 3. Sailors wives.

Nei. 4. Tobacco men.

Nei. 5. Another Pimlico !

Lov. What should my knave advance,
To draw this company ? he hung out no banners
Of a strange calf, with five legs, to be seen ?
Or a huge lobster with six claws ?

Nei. 6. No, sir.

Nei. 3. We had gone in then, sir.

Lov. He has no gift
Of teaching i' the nose, that e'er I knew of.
You saw no bills set up that promis'd cure
Of agues, or the tooth-ach ?

Nei. 2. No such thing, sir.

Lov. Nor heard a drum strook, for baboons, or pup-

Nei. 5. Neither, sir. [pets ?

Lov. What device should he bring forth now ?
I love a teeming wit as I love my nourishment :
'Pray God he ha' not kept such open house,
That he hath sold my hangings, and my bedding :
I left him nothing else. If he have eat 'em,

A plague o' the moath, say I'. Sure he has got
 Some bawdy pictures, to call all this ging;
 The frier, and the nun; or the new motion
 Of the knight's courser, covering the parson's mare;
 The boy of six year old, with the great thing:
 Or't may be, he has the fleas that run at tilt,
 Upon a table, or some dog to dance.
 When saw you him?

Nei. 1. Who fir, Jeremy?

Nei. 2. Jeremy Butler?

We saw him not this month.

Lov. How!

Nei. 4. Not these five weeks, fir.

Nei. 6. These six weeks, at the least.

Lov. Yo' amaze me, neighbours!

Nei. 5. Sure, if your worship know not where he is,
 He's slipt away.

Nei. 6. Pray God, he be not made away.

[*He knocks.*]

Lov. Ha? its no time to question, then.

Nei. 6. About

Some three weeks since, I heard a doleful cry,
 As I sat up, a mending my wife's stockings.

Lov. This's strange! that none will answer! Didst
 A cry, saist thou? [thou hear

Nei. 6. Yes, fir, like unto a man

That had been strangled an hour, and could not speak.

Nei. 2. I heard it too, just this day three weeks, at
 Next morning. [two o'clock

Lov. These be miracles, or you make 'em so!
 A man an hour strangled, and could not speak,

————— *If he have eat 'em*

A plague o' the MOUTH, say I] Though the expression in the last
 line may be admitted with some explanation, it is better, I think,
 to adopt the reading of the first folio, which gives us *moath*; as
 clothes laid up, and not used or aired, are apt to be eaten by those
 insects.

And both you heard him cry ?

Nei. 3. Yes, downward, fir.

Lov. Thou art a wise fellow. Give me thy hand I
What trade art thou on ? [pray thee.

Nei. 3. A smith, an't please your worship.

Lov. A smith ? then lend me thy help to get this door
[open.

Nei. 3. That I will presently, fir, but fetch my tools—

Nei. 1. Sir, best to knock again, afore you break it.

S C E N E II.

Love-wit, Face, Neighbour.

Lov. I will.

Fac. What mean you, fir ?

Nei. 1, 2, 4. O, here's Jeremy !

Fac. Good fir, come from the door.

Lov. Why ! what's the matter.

Fac. Yet farther, you are too near yet.

Lov. I' the name of wonder ! what means the fellow ?

Fac. The house, fir, has been visited.

Lov. What ? with the plague ? stand thou then far-

Fac. No, fir, I had it not. [ther.

Lov. Who had it then ? I left

None else but thee i' the house.

Fac. Yes, fir, my fellow,

The cat that kept the buttry, had it on her

A week before I spied it : but I got her

Convey'd away i' the night. And so I shut

The house up for a month—

Lov. How !

Fac. Purposing then, fir,

T'have burnt rose-vinegar, treacle, and tar,

And ha'made it sweet, that you shou'd ne'er ha' known

Because I knew the news would but afflict you, fir. [it:

Lov.

Lov. Breatheless, and farther off. Why this is stranger!
The neighbours tell me all, here, that the doors
Have still been open—

Fac. How, sir!

Lov. Gallants, men, and women,
And of all sorts, tag-rag, been seen to flock here
In threaves, these ten weeks, as to a second Hogs-den,
In days of Pimlico and Eye-bright!

Fac. Sir,
Their wisdoms will not say so!

Lov. To-day they speak
Of coaches, and gallants; one in a French-hood,
Went in, they tell me: and another was seen
In a velvet gown at the window! divers more
Pafs in and out!

Fac. They did pass thro' the doors then,
Or walls, I assure their eye-sights, and their spectacles;
For here, sir, are the keys: and here have been,
In this my pocket, now above twenty days:
And for before, I kept the fort alone there.
But that 'tis yet not deep i' the afternoon,
I should believe my neighbours had seen double
Thro' the black pot, and made these apparitions!
For, on my faith to your worship, for these three weeks
And upwards, the door has not been open'd.

Lov. Strange!

Nei. 1. Good faith, I think I saw a coach!

Nei. 2. And I too,
I'd ha' been sworn!

Lov. Do you but think it now?
And but one coach?

Nei. 4. We cannot tell, sir: Jeremy
Is a very honest fellow.

Fac. Did you see me at all?

Nei. 1. No; that we are sure on.

Nei. 2. I'll be sworn o' that.

Lov. Fine rogues to have your testimonies built on!

Nei. 3. Is Jeremy come ?

Nei. 1. O, yes, you may leave your tools,
We were deceiv'd, he says.

Nei. 2. He has had the keys ;
And the door has been shut these three weeks.

Nei. 3. Like enough.

Lov. Peace and get hence, you changelings.

Fac. Surly come !

And Mammon made acquainted ! they'll tell all.
(How shall I beat them off? what shall I do?)
Nothing's more wretched than a guilty conscience*.

S C E N E III.

*Surly, Mammon, Love-wit, Face, Neighbours, Kastril,
Ananias, Tribulation, Dapper, Subtle.*

Sur. No, fir, he was a great phyfician. This,
It was no bawdy-houfe ; but a meer chancel.
You knew the lord and his fifter.

Mam. Nay, good Surly—

Sur. The happy word, *be rich*——

Mam. Play not the tyrant—

Sur. Should be to-day pronounc'd to all your friends.
And where be your andirons now ? and your brafs-pots,
That should ha'been golden flaggons, and great wedges?

Mam. Let me but breathe. What ! they ha' shut their
Methinks ! [doors,

Sur. I, now 'tis holy-day with them.

* *How shall I beat them off? what shall I do?*

Nothing's more wretched than a guilty conscience.] The passage, as
Mr. Upton hath remarked, is copied from Plautus ; and the reflec-
tion is applied with judgment.

Sed quidnam hic sese tam cito recipit domum?

Metuo ne de hac re quippiam hic inaudiverit.

Accedam atque appellabo heu, quam timeo miser !

Nibil est miserius quam animus hominis conscius.

PLAUT. *Moffel.*

Mam.

Mam. Rogues,
Cozeners, impostors, bawds.

Fac. What mean you, sir?

[*Mammon and Surly knock.*]

Mam. To enter if we can.

Fac. Another man's house?

Here is the owner, sir. Turn you to him
And speak your business.

Mam. Are you, sir, the owner?

Lov. Yes, sir.

Mam. And are those knaves within your cheaters?

Lov. What knaves? what cheaters?

Mam. Subtle and his lungs.

Fac. The gentleman is distracted, sir! No lungs,
Nor lights ha' been seen here these three weeks, sir,
Within these doors, upon my word!

Sur. Your word,
Goom arrogant?

Fac. Yes, sir, I am the house-keeper,
And know the keys ha' not been out of my hands.

Sur. This's a new Face.

Fac. You do mistake the house, sir:
What sign was't at?

Sur. You rascal! This is one
O' the confederacy. Come, let's get officers,
And force the door.

Lov. 'Pray you stay, gentlemen.

Sur. No, sir, we'll come with warrant.

Mam. I, and then
We shall ha' your doors open.

Lov. What means this?

Fac. I cannot tell, sir.

Nei. 1. These are two o' the gallants,
That we do think we saw.

Fac. Two of the fools?
You talk as idly as they. Good faith, sir,
I think the moon has cras'd 'em a'! (O me,

The angry boy come too! He'll make a noise,
And ne'er away till he have betray'd us all)

Kaf. What rogues, bawds, slaves, you'll open the
door anon, *[Kastril knocks.]*

Punk, cockatrice, my suster. By this light
I'll fetch the marshal to you. You are a whore,
To keep your castle——

Fac. Who would you speak with, sir?

Kaf. The bawdy doctor, and the cozening captain,
And pus my suster.

Lov. This is something, sure!

Fac. Upon my trust, the doors were never open, sir.

Kaf. I have heard all their tricks told me twice over,
By the fat knight, and the lean gentleman.

Lov. Here comes another.

Fac. Ananias too!

And his pastor!

Tri. The doors are shut against us.

[They beat too at the door.]

Ana. Come forth, you seed of sulphur, sons of fire,
Your stench it is broke forth: abomination
Is in the house.

Kaf. I, my suster's there.

Ana. The place,

It is become a cage of unclean birds.

Kaf. Yes, I will fetch the scavenger, and the constable.

Tri. You shall do well.

Ana. We'll join to weed them out. *[suster³!]*

Kaf. You will not come then? punk devise, my
Ana.

³ *You will not come then? punk, devise, my suster.]* I agree with Mr. Upton in reforming this passage, and the explanation given. It should be *Punk devise, my suster.* *Punk devise,* means, thou arrant whore. The phrase is taken from the French *à points devisez.* So Chaucer in the *Romaunt of the rose*, ver. 1215.

“ Her nose was wrought at *point devise*,” i. e. with the utmost exactness. So Shakespear, in *Twelfth Night*, act 2. sc. 8.

“ *Mal.* I will be *point devise*, the very man.” i. e. exactly the same

Ana. Call her not sifter. She's a harlot verily.

Kaf. I'll raise the street.

Lov. Good gentlemen, a word.

Ana. Satan avoid, and hinder not our zeal.

Lov. The world's turn'd Bet'lem.

Fac. These are all broke loose,
Out of St. Kather'nes, where they use to keep
The better sort of mad-folks.

Nei. 1. All these persons
We saw go in and out here.

Nei. 2. Yes, indeed, sir.

Nei. 3. These were the parties.

Fac. Peace, you drunkards. Sir,
I wonder at it! please you to give me leave
To touch the door, I'll try an' the lock be chang'd.

Lov. It mazes me!

Fac. Good faith, sir, I believe
There's no such thing. 'Tis all *deceptio visus*.
Would I could get him away. [*Dapper cries out within.*]

Dap. Master captain, master doctor.

Lov. Who's that?

Fac. (Our clerk within, that I forgot!) I know not, sir.

Dap. For God's sake, when will her grace be at lei-

Fac. Ha! [sure?

Illusions, some spirit o' the air: (his gag is melted,
And now he sets out the throat.)

Dap. I am almost stifled —

Fac. (Would you were altogether.)

Lov. 'Tis i' the house.

Ha! lift.

Fac. Believe it, sir, i' the air!

Lov. Peace, you —

same in every particular. Our poet again uses the expression in the
Tale of a Tub, act 3 sc 7.

“ ———— And if the dapper priest
“ Be but as cunning, *point* in his *devisé*,
“ As I was in my lie.”

Dap.

Dap. Mine aunt's grace does not use me well.

Sub. You fool,

Peace, you'll mar all.

Fac. Or you will else, you rogue.

Lov. O, is it so? then you converse with spirits!
Come fir. No more o' your tricks, good Jeremy,
The truth, the shortest way.

Fac. Dismiss this rabble, fir.

What shall I do? I am catch'd.

Lov. Good neighbours,

I thank you all. You may depart. Come fir,
You know that I am an indulgent master:
And therefore conceal nothing. What's your med'cine,
To draw so many several sorts of wild fowl?

Fac. Sir, you were wont to affect mirth and wit:
(But here's no place to talk on't i' the street.)
Give me but leave to make the best of my fortune,
And only pardon me th' abuse of your house:
It's all I beg. I'll help you to a widow,
In recompence, that you shall gi' me thanks for,
Will make you seven years younger, and a rich one.
'Tis but your putting on a Spanish cloke.
I have her within. You need not fear the house,
It was not visited.——

Lov. But by me, who came
Sooner than you expected.

Fac. It is true, fir.

'Pray you forgive me.

Lov. Well: let's see your widow.

S C E N E IV.

Subtle, Dapper, Face, Dol.

Sub. How! ha' you eaten your gag?

Dap. Yes faith, it crumbled
Away i' my mouth.

Sub. You ha' spoil'd all then.

Dap.

Dap. No,
I hope my aunt of Fairy will forgive me.

Sub. Your aunt's a gracious lady : but in troth
You were to blame.

Dap. The fume did overcome me,
And I did do't to stay my stomach. 'Pray you
So satisfie her grace. Here comes the captain.

Fac. How now ! Is his mouth down ?

Sub. I ! he has spoken ! [done then.

Fac. (A pox, I heard him, and you too.) He's un-
(I have been fain to say, the house is haunted
With spirits, to keep churle back.

Sub. And hast thou done it ?

Fac. Sure, for this night.

Sub. Why, then triumph and sing
Of Face so famous, the precious king
Of present wits.

Fac. Did you not hear the coil,
About the door ?

Sub. Yes, and I dwindled with it.)

Fac. Shew him his aunt, and let him be dispatch'd :
I'll send her to you.

Sub. Well fir, your aunt her grace
Will give you audience presently, on my fuit,
And the captain's word, that you did not eat your gag
In any contempt of her highness.

Dap. Not I, in troth, fir. [*Dol like the queen of Fairy.*

Sub. Here she is come. Down o' your knees and wriggle :
She has a stately presence. Good. Yet nearer,
* And bid, God save you.

Dap. Madam.

Sub. And your aunt. [grace.

Dap. And my most gracious aunt, God save your

* *And bid, GOD SAVE YOU.*] That is, say to your aunt, *God save you*: so that the reading of the 4to. which is, *God save her*, tho' it varies the phrase, makes no alteration in the meaning, and requires no alteration of the text.

Dol. Nephew, we thought to have been angry with
you :

But that sweet face of yours hath turn'd the tide,
And made it flow with joy, that ebb'd of love.
Arise, and touch our velvet gown.

Sub. The skirts,
And kifs 'em. So.

Dol. Let me now stroke that head.
Much, nephew, shalt thou win; much shalt thou spend;
Much shalt thou give away; much shalt thou lend.

Sub. I⁴, much! indeed. Why do you not thank her
[grace.

Dap. I cannot speak for joy.

Sub. See, the kind wretch!
Your grace's kinsman right.

Dol. Give me the bird.
Here is your fly in a purse, about your neck, cousin,
Wear it, and feed it about this day sev'night,
On your right wrist —

Sub. Open a vein with a pin.
And let it suck but once a week: till then,
You must not look on't.

Dol. No. And, kinsman,
Bear your self worthy of the blood you come on.

Sub. Her grace would ha' you eat no more Woolfack
Nor Dagger frumety: [pies,

Dol. Nor break his fast,
In Heaven and Hell.

Sub. She's with you every where!
Nor play with costar-mongers, at mum-chance, tray-trip.
God make you rich, (when as your aunt has done it :)
[but keep

⁴ *Sub.* I, MUCH INDEED.] The passage shou'd be thus pointed;
I, much! indeed.

It is an elliptical form of speaking, equivalent to, Much good may it do you! and it is generally used ironically. It has occurred, and been explained more than once before.

The gallant'st company, and the best games —

Dap. Yes, fir.

Sub. Gleeck and Primero : and what you get, be true

Dap. By this hand, I will. [to us.

Sub. You may bring's a thousand pound
Before to-morrow night, (if but three thousand
Be stirring) an' you will.

Dap. I swear, I will then.

Sub. Your fly will learn you all games.

Fac. Ha' you done there ?

Sub. Your grace will command him no more duties ?

Dol. No :

But come, and see me often. I may chance
To leave him three or four hundred chests of treasure,
And some twelve thousand acres of fairy land,
If he game well, and comely, with good gamesters.

Sub. There's a kind aunt ! kifs her departing part.
But you must sell your forty mark a year, now.

Dap. I, fir, I mean.

Sub. Or, gi't away : pox on't.

Dap. I'll gi't mine aunt. I'll go and fetch the writings:

Sub. 'Tis well, away.

Fac. Where's Subtle ?

Sub. Here. What news ?

Fac. Druggier is at the door, go take his fuit,
And bid him fetch a parson, presently :
Say, he shall marry the widow. Thou shalt spend
A hundred pound by the service ! Now queen Dol,
Ha' you pack'd up all ?

Dol. Yes.

Fac. And how do you like
The lady Pliant ?

Dol. A good dull innocent.

Sub. Here's your Hieronymo's cloke, and hat.

Fac. Give me 'em.

Sub. And the ruff too ?

Fac. Yes, I'll come to you presently.

Sub.

Sub. Now he is gone about his project, Dol,
I told you of, for the widow.

Dol. 'Tis direct
Against our articles.

Sub. Well, we'll fit him, wench.
Hast thou gull'd her of her jewels, or her bracelets?

Dol. No, but I will do't.

Sub. Soon at night, my Dolly,
When we are shipt, and all our goods aboard,
East-ward for Ratcliff; we will turn our course
To Brainford, westward, if thou saist the word,
And take our leaves of this o'er-weening rascal,
This peremptory Face.

Dol. Content, I'm weary of him. [ing, Dol,

Sub. Thou'st cause, when the slave will run a wiv-
Against the instrument that was drawn between us.

Dol. I'll pluck his bird as bare as I can.

Sub. Yes, tell her,
She must by any means address some present
To th' cunning man; make him amends for wronging
His art with her suspicion; send a ring,
Or chain of pearl; she will be tortur'd else
Extremely in her sleep, say, and ha' strange things
Come to her. Wilt thou?

Dol. Yes.

Sub. My fine flitter-mouse,
My bird o' the night; we'll tickle it at the Pigeons,
When we have all, and may unlock the trunks,
And say, this's mine, and thine; and thine, and mine.
[*They kiss.*

Fac. What now, a billing?

Sub. Yes, a little exalted
In the good passage of our stock-affairs.

Fac. Drugger has brought his parson; take him in,
And send Nab back again to wash his face. [Subtle,

Sub. I will: and shave himself.

Fac. If you can get him.

Dol. You are hot upon it, Face, whate'er it is!

Fac.

Fac. A trick, that Dol shall spend ten pound a
Is he gone? [month by.

Sub. The chaplain waits you i' the hall, sir.

Fac. I'll go bestow him.

Dol. He'll now marry her, instantly.

Sub. He cannot, yet, he is not ready. Dear Dol,
Cozen her of all thou canst. To deceive him
Is no deceit, but justice, that would break
Such an inextricable tye as ours was.

Dol. Let me alone to fit him.

Fac. Come, my venturers,
You ha' packt up all? where be the trunks? bring forth.

Sub. Here.

Fac. Let us see 'em. Where's the money?

Sub. Here,
In this

Fac. Mammon's ten pound : eight score before.
The brethrens money, this. Drugger's, and Dapper's.
What paper's that?

Dol. The jewel of the waiting maid's,
That stole it from her lady, to know certain ———

Fac. If she should have precedence of her mistress?

Dol. Yes.

Fac. What box is that?

Sub. The fish-wives rings, I think.
And th' ale-wives single money. Is't not Dol?

Dol. Yes : and the whistle, that the sailor's wife
Brought you to know an' her husband were with Ward's.

Fac. We'll wet it to-morrow : and our silver-beakers,
And tavern cups. Where be the French peticoats,
And girdles, and hangers?

Sub. Here, i' the trunk,
And the bolts of lawn.

Fac. Is Drugger's damask there?

3 ——— The whistle that the sailor's wife
Brought you to know an' her husband were with WARD.] He was a
famous pirate of that age; of him and one Dansiker were many
ballads, and histories, then wrote to entertain the people.

And the tobacco?

Sub. Yes.

Fac. Give me the keys.

Dol. Why you the keys!

Sub. No matter, Dol: because
We shall not open 'em, before he comes.

Fac. 'Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed:
Nor have 'em forth. Do you see? not forth, Dol.

Dol. No! [master

Fac. No, my smock-rampant. The right is, my
Knows all, has pardon'd me, and he will keep 'em;
Doctor, 'tis true (you look) for all your figures⁶:
I sent for him, indeed. Wherefore, good partners,
Both he, and she, be satisfied: for here
Determines the indenture tripartite,
'Twixt Subtle, Dol and Face. All I can do
Is to help you over the wall, o' the back-side;
Or lend you a sheet to save your velvet gown, Dol.
Here will be officers presently, bethink you
Of some course suddenly to 'scape the dock:
For thither you will come else. Hark you, thunder.

[Some knock.

Sub. You are a precious fiend!

Off. Open the door.

Fac. Dol, I am sorry for thee i'faith. But hearst thou?
It shall go hard, but I will place thee somewhere:
'Thou shalt ha' my letter to mistress Amo.

Dol. Hang you ——

Fac. Or madam Cæsarean⁷.

Dol.

⁶ Doctor, 'tis true (YOU LOOK) for all your figures.] i. e. You look to that—I wrote on the margin of my book,

Doctor, 'tis true (look you) for all your figures.

Mr. UPTON.

This correction of Mr. Upton is easy and ingenious, but I judge unnecessary: *you look*, means *you look surprized*, and seem unwilling to believe it. A similar expression occurs at the conclusion of the *Silent woman*; "How now, gentlemen! do you look at me."

⁷ Thou shalt ha' my letter to mistress Amo. Dol. Hang you ——

Fac. Or madam CÆSAREAN.] The names of two bawds in our poet's

Dol. Pox upon you, rogue,
Would I had but time to beat thee.

Fac. Subtle,

Let's know where you set up next : I'll send you
A customer, now and then, for old acquaintance :
What new course ha' you ?

Sub. Rogue, I'll hang my self :
That I may walk a greater devil than thou,
And haunt thee i' the flock-bed, and the buttery.

S C E N E V.

Love-wit, Officers, Mammon, Surly, Face, Kastril, Ananias, Tribulation, Druggier, Dame Pliant.

Lov. What do you mean, my masters ?

Mam. Open your door,
Cheaters, bawds, conjurers.

Off. Or we'll break it open.

Lov. What warrant have you ?

Off. Warrant enough, fir, doubt not,
If you'll not open it.

Lov. Is there an officer, there ?

Off. Yes, two or three for failing.

Lov. Have but patience,
And I will open it straight.

Fac. Sir, ha' you done ?
Is it a marriage ? perfect ?

Lov. Yes, my brain.

Fac. Off with your ruff and cloke then ; be your-

Sur. Down with the door. [self, fir.

Kas. 'Slight, ding it open^s.

poet's time : the last seems to be mentioned in his epigrams ;

“ And madam *Cæsar*, great *Proserpina*,

“ Is now from home.”

The Voyage.

She is called madam *Augusta* at the beginning of this play ; the 4to calls her madam *Imperial*.

^s *'Slight*, DING it open.] Break it open. *Ding* is used in the Scotch poets in the same sense ; and as Mr. Upton also says, it is yet so used in the west of England.

Lov. Hold,

Hold gentlemen, what means this violence ?

Mam. Where is this collier ?

Sur. And my captain Face ?

Mam. These day-owls.

Sur. That are birding in mens purses.

Mam. Madam suppository.

Kaf. Doxy, my sifter.

Ana. Locusts

Of the foul pit.

Tri. Prophane as Bel and the dragon: [Egypt.

Ana. Worse than the grasshoppers, or the lice of

Lov. Good gentlemen, hear me. Are you officers,
And cannot stay this violence ?

Off. Keep the peace.

Lov. Gentlemen, what is the matter ? whom do you

Mam. The chemical cozener. [seek ?

Sur. And the captain pander.

Kaf. The nun my suster.

Mam. Madam Rabbi.

Ana. Scorpions,

And caterpillars.

Lov. Fewer at once, I pray you.

Off. One after another, gentlemen, I charge you,
By virtue of my staff —

Ana. They are the vessels
Of pride, lust, and the cart.

Lov. Good zeal, lie still,
A little while.

Tri. Peace, deacon Ananias.

Lov. The house is mine here, and the doors are open :
If there be any such persons as you seek for,
Use your authority, search on o' God's name:
I am but newly come to town, and finding
This tumult 'bout my door (to tell you true)
It somewhat maz'd me ; 'till my man, here, (fearing
My more displeasure) told me he had done

Some-

Somewhat an insolent part, let out my house
 (Belike, presuming on my known aversion
 From any air o' the town, while there was sickness)
 To a doctor, and a captain: who, what they are,
 Or where they be, he knows not.

Mam. Are they gone? [*They enter.*

Lov. You may go in and search, sir. Here, I find
 The empty walls worse than I left 'em, smok'd,
 A few crack'd pots, and glasses, and a fornace;
 The ceiling fill'd with poesies of the candle:
 And madam, with a dildo, writ o' the walls.
 Only one gentlewoman, I met here,
 That is within, that said she was a widow —

Kaf. I, that's my suster. I'll go thump her. Where
[is she?

Lov. And should ha' married a Spanish count, but he,
 When he came to't, neglected her so grossly,
 That I, a widower, am gone through with her.

Sur. How! have I lost her then?

Lov. Were you the don, sir?
 Good faith, now, she do's blame yo' extremely, and says
 You swore, and told her, you had ta'en the pains
 To dye your beard, and umbre o'er your face,
 Borrowed a suit, and ruff, all for her love;
 And then did nothing. What an over fight,
 And want of putting forward, sir, was this!
 Well fare an old harquebuzier, yet,
 Could prime his powder, and give fire, and hit,
 All in a twinkling.

Mam. The whole nest are fled!

Lov. What sort of birds were they?

[*Mammon comes forth.*

Mam. A kind of choughs,
 Or thievish daws, sir, that have pickt my purse
 Of eight-score and ten pounds, within these five weeks,
 Beside my first materials; and my goods,
 That lie i'the cellar, which I am glad they ha' left,

I may have home yet.

Lov. Think you so, fir?

Mam. I.

Lov. By order of law, fir, but not otherwise.

Mam. Not mine own stuff?

Lov. Sir, I can take no knowledge,

That they are yours, but by public means.

If you can bring certificate, that you were gull'd of 'em,

Or any formal writ out of a court,

That you did cozen your self, I will not hold them.

Mam. I'll rather lose 'em.

Lov. That you shall not, fir,

By me, in troth. Upon these terms they are yours.

What, should they ha' been, fir, turn'd into gold all?

Mam. No,

I cannot tell. It may be they should. What then?

Lov. What a great loss in hope have you sustain'd?

Mam. Not I, the common-wealth has.

Fac. I, he would ha' built

The city new; and made a ditch about it

Of silver, should have run with cream from Hogsden;

That every Sunday in Moor-fields, the youngers,

And tits, and tom-boys should have fed on, gratis.

Mam. I will go mount a turnep-cart, and preach

The end o' the world, within these two months. Surly,

What! in a dream?

Sur. Must I needs cheat my self,

With that same foolish vice of honesty!

Come, let us go, and hearken out the rogues.

That Face I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him.

Fac. If I can hear of him, fir, I'll bring you word,

Unto your lodging; for in troth, they were strangers

To me, I thought 'em honest as my self, fir.

[*They come forth.*]

Tri. 'Tis well, the fairs shall not lose all yet. Go,
And get some carts——

Lov.

Love. For what, my zealous friends?

Ana. To bear away the portion of the righteous
Out of this den of thieves.

Love. What is that portion?

Ana. The goods sometimes the orphans, that the bre-
Bought with their silver pence. [thren

Love. What, those i' the cellar,
The knight sir Mammon claims?

Ana. I do defie
The wicked Mammon, so do all the brethren.
Thou prophane man, I ask thee with what conscience
Thou canst advance that idol against us,
That have the seal? were not the shillings numbred,
That made the pounds? were not the pounds told out,
Upon the second day of the fourth week,
In the eighth month, upon the table dormant,
The year of the last patience of the faints,
Six hundred and ten?

Love. Mine earnest vehement botcher,
And deacon also, I cannot dispute with you:
But if you get you not away the sooner,
I shall confute you with a cudgel.

Ana. Sir.

Tri. Be patient, Ananias.

Ana. I am strong,
And will stand up, well girt, against an host,
That threaten Gad in exile.

Love. I shall send you
To Amsterdam to your cellar.

Ana. I will pray there,
Against thy house: may dogs defile thy walls,
And wasps and hornets breed beneath thy roof,
This seat of falshood, and this cave of coz'nage.

Love. Another too?

Dru. Not I, sir, I am no brother.

[*Druggier enters, and he beats him away.*

Lov. Away you Harry Nicholas, do you talk ?⁹

Fac. No, this was Abel Drugger. Good fir, go,
[To the parson.

And satisfy him ; tell him all is done :

He staid too long a washing of his face.

The doctor, he shall hear of him at West-chester ;

And of the captain, tell him, at Yarmouth, or

Some good port-town else, lying for a wind.

If you can get off the angry child, now, fir——

Kaf. Come on, you ewe, you have match'd most
sweetly, ha' you not ? [To his sister,

Did not I say, I would never ha' you tupt

But by a dubb'd boy, to make you a lady-tom ?

'Slight, you are a mammet ! O, I could touse you, now,

Death, mun' you marry with a pox ?

Lov. You lie, boy ;

As sound as you : and I 'm aforehand with you.

Kaf. Anon ?

Lov. Come, will you quarrel ? I will feize you, fir—
Why do you not buckle to your tools ? [rah¹⁰.

Kaf. God's light !

This is a fine old boy, as e'er I saw !

Lov. What do you change your copy now ? proceed,
Here stands my dove : stoop at her if you dare.

Kaf. 'Slight, I must love him ! I cannot chuse, i'faith !
An' I should be hang'd for't. Suster, I protest,
I honour thee for this match.

Lov. O, do you so, fir ?

Kaf. Yes, an' thou canst take tobacco, and drink, old
[boy,
I'll give her five hundred pound more to her marriage,

⁹ *Away you Harry Nicholas, do you talk ?*] This fellow was a horrid enthusiast, and author of the sect called the Family of Love. See STRYFE'S *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, 2d vol. p. 508.

Dr. GREY.

¹⁰ *I will FEIZE you, firrab,*] I'll *drive* you : the word is common in our old authors, and, as Mr. Upton adds, still used in the west of England.

Than

Than her own state.

Lov. Fill a pipe full, Jeremy.

Fac. Yes, but go in, and take it, fir.

Lov. We will.

I will be rul'd by thee in any thing, Jeremy.

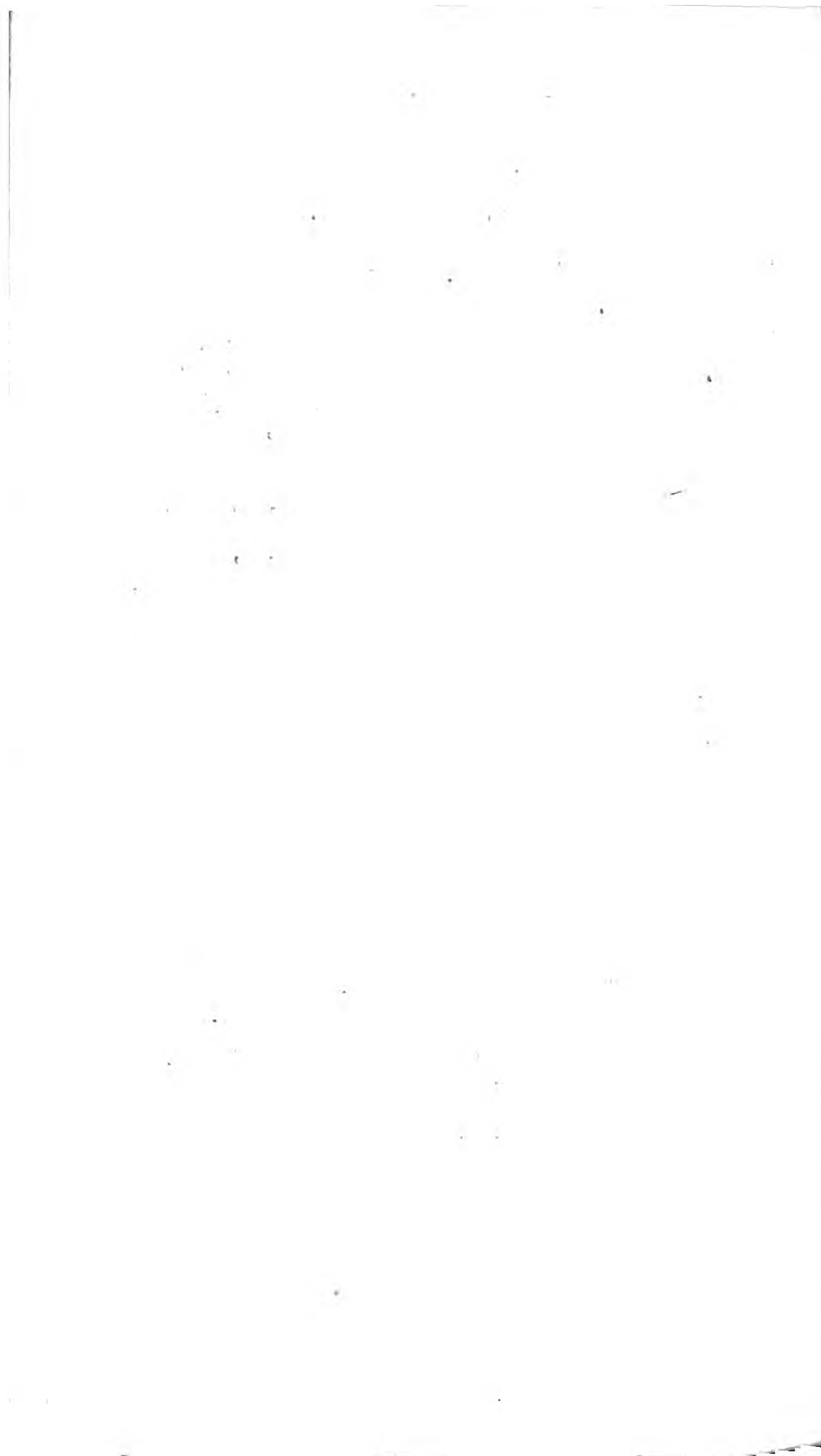
Kaf. Slight, thou art not hide-bound! thou art a jovy
Come let's in, I pr'y thee, and take our whiffs. [boy;

Loa. Whiff in with your sister, brother boy. That
That had receiv'd such happiness by a servant, [master
In such a widow, and with so much wealth,
Were very ungrateful, if he would not be
A little indulgent to that servant's wit,
And help his fortune, though with some small strain
Of his own candour. Therefore, gentlemen,
And kind spectators, if I have outstript
An old man's gravity, or strict canon, think
What a young wife, and a good brain may do :
Stretch age's truth sometimes, and crack it too.
Speak for thy self, knave.

Fac. So I will, fir. Gentlemen,
My part a little fell in this last scene,
Yet 'twas decorum¹¹. And though I am clean
Got off from Subtle, Surly, Mammon, Dol,
Hot Ananias, Dapper, Druggier, all
With whom I traded; yet I put my self
On you that are my country: and this pelf,
Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests
To feast you often, and invite new guests.

¹¹ *My part a little fell in this last scene,*

Yet 'twas DECORUM.] i. e. suitable to the *decorum* of character.
The catastrophe of the play is well managed, and the discovery of
the whole not injudiciously contrived. Our poet could not help tell-
ing his audience he thought so too.



C A T I L I N E
H I S
C O N S P I R A C Y.
A
T R A G E D Y.

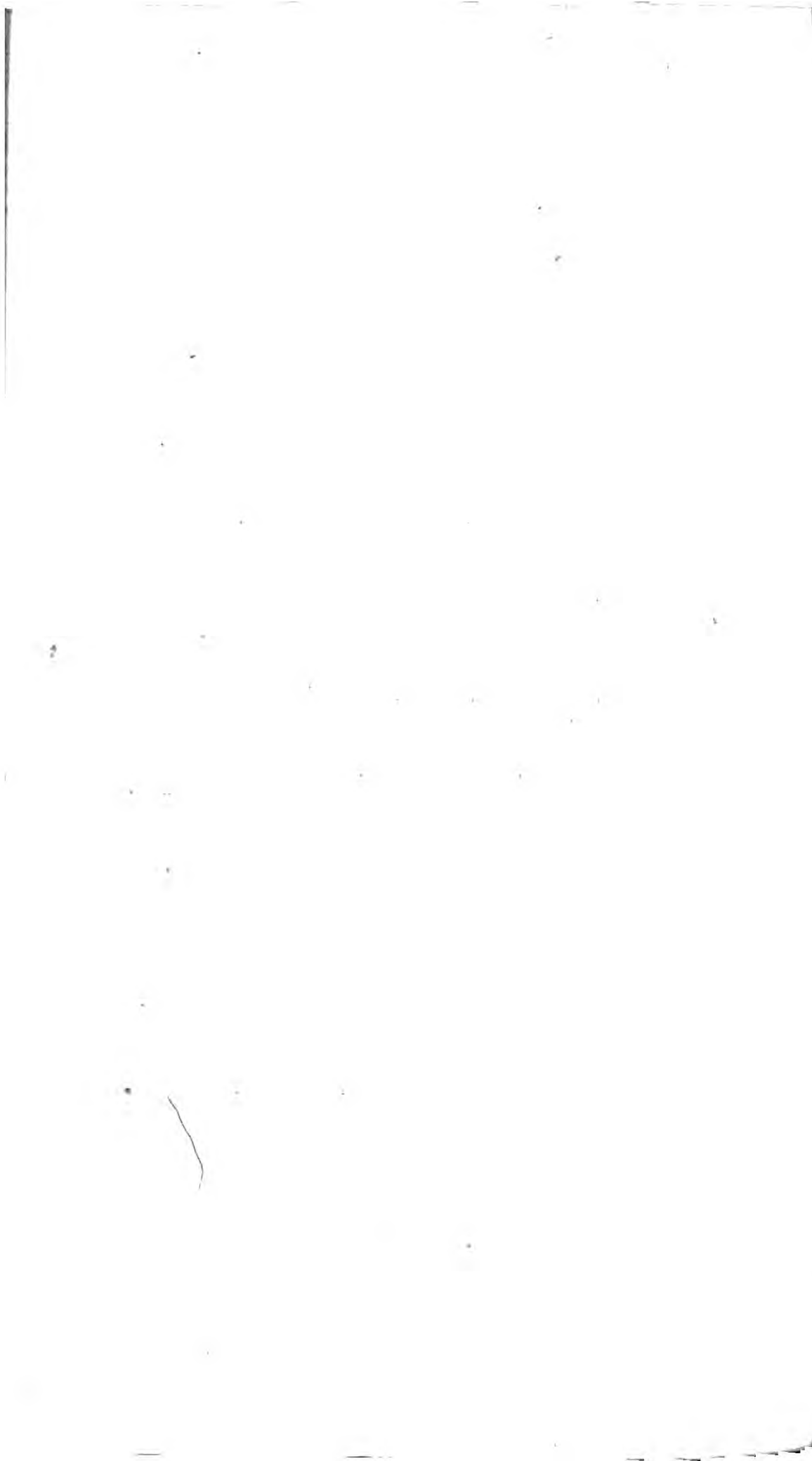
Acted in the Year 1611,

By the KING's Majesty's SERVANTS.

With the Allowance of the Master of REVELS.

——— *His non plebecula gaudet:
Verùm equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis, ad incertos oculos, & gaudia vana.*

HOR.



TO THE
Great Example of Honour and Virtue,

The Most NOBLE

W I L L I A M,
Earl of PEMBROKE, Lord
Chamberlain, &c.

MY LORD,

IN so thick and dark an ignorance, as now almost covers the age, I crave leave to stand near your light, and by that to be read. Posterity may pay your benefit the honour and thanks, when it shall know, that you dare, in these Jig-given times, to countenance a legitimate POEM. I call it so, against all noise of opinion; from whose crude and airy reports, I appeal to the great and singular faculty of judgment in your lordship, able to vindicate truth from error. It is the first (of this race) that ever I dedicated to
any

DEDICATION.

any person*; and had I not thought it the best, it should have been taught a less ambition. Now it approacheth your censure chearfully, and with the same assurance that innocency would appear before a magistrate.

Your Lordship's most

Faithful Honourer,

BEN. JONSON.

* *It is the first (of this race) that ever I dedicated to any person.]* Meaning his first tragedy: for the *Sejanus*, tho' first acted and printed in 1605, 4to, was published without any dedication. The preface which here follows, I have added from the 4to edition of this play in 1635.

TO

T O T H E
R E A D E R in O R D I N A R Y .

TH E muses forbid that I should restrain your meddling, whom I see already busy with the title and tricking over the leaves : it is your own. I departed with my right, when I let it first abroad ; and now, so secure an interpreter I am of my chance, that neither praise nor dispraise from you can affect me. Tho' you commend the two first acts, with the people, because they are the worst ; and dislike the oration of Cicero, in regard you read some pieces of it at school, and understand them not yet ; I shall find the way to forgive you. Be any thing you will be at your own charge. Would I had deserv'd but half so well of it in translation, as that ought to deserve of you in judgment, if you have any. I know you will pretend, whosoever you are, to have that, and more. But all pretensions are not just claims. The commendation of good things may fall within a many, the approbation but in a few ; for the most commend out of affection, self-tickling, an easiness, or imitation : but men judge only out of knowledge. That is the trying faculty. And to those works that will bear a judge, nothing is more dangerous than a foolish praise. You will say, I shall not have yours therefore ; but rather the contrary, all vexation of censure. If I were not above such molestations now, I had great cause to think unworthily of my studies, or they had so of me. But I leave you to your exercise. Begin.

T O T H E R E A D E R E X T R A O R D I N A R Y .

You I would understand to be the better man, though places in court go otherwise : to you I submit myself and work. Farewel.

B E N . J O N S O N . *

* This address to the reader, taken from the 4th edition of this play, is again set in its proper place. It has too much merit, and is so curious a pattern of soothing a reader's prejudices, that it ought, by no means to be lost or forgotten.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

SYLLA'S GHOST.

Catiline.	Cicero.
Lentulus.	Antonius.
Cethegus.	Cato.
Autronius.	Catulus.
Curius.	Craffus.
Vargunteius.	Cæfar.
Longinus.	Qu. Cicero.
Lecca.	Syllanus.
Fulvius.	Flaccus.
Bestia.	Pomtinus.
Gabinus.	Sanga.
Statilius.	Senators.
Ceparius.	The Allobroges.
Cornelius.	Petreius.
Volturtius.	Soldiers.
Aurelia.	Porter.
Fulvia.	Lictors.
Sempronia.	Servants.
Galla.	Pages.

CHORUS.

The SCENE, ROME.

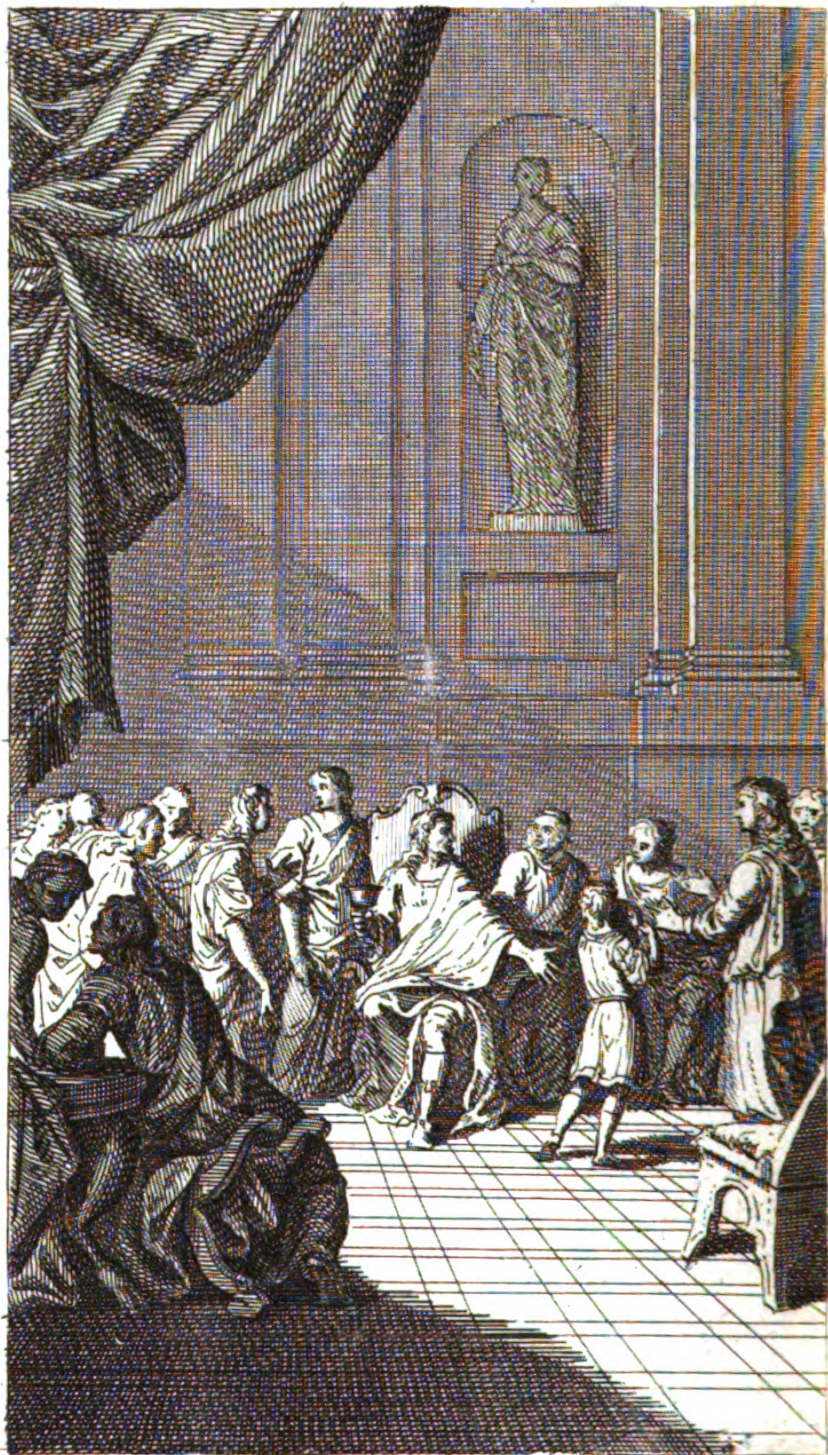
The principal Tragedians were,

RICH. BURBADGE,	JOH. HEMINGS,
ALEX. COOKE,	HEN. CONDEL,
JOH. LOWIN,	JOH. UNDERWOOD,
WILL. OSTLER,	NIC. TOOLY,
RICH. ROBINSON,	WILL. EGGLESTONE.

CATI-



The page contains extremely faint and illegible text, likely due to low contrast or a very light scan. The text is scattered across the page and does not form any recognizable words or sentences.



Catiline.

Lud. De Guernier inv. et Sculp.

C A T I L I N E.

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

Sylla's Ghost.

DOST thou not feel me, Rome? not yet? is night
So heavy on thee, and my weight so light? ¹?
Can Sylla's ghost arise within thy walls
Less threat'ning, than an earthquake, the quick falls
Of thee and thine? Shake not the frightened heads
Of thy steep tow'rs? or shrink to their first beds?
Or, as their ruin the large Tyber fills,
Make that swell up, and drown thy seven proud hills?
What sleep is this doth seize thee so like death,
And is not it? wake, feel her in my breath:
Behold I come, sent from the Stygian fount,

¹ *Dost thou not feel me, Rome? not yet? is night*
So heavy on thee, and my weight so light?] The poet opens his play
with the ghost of Sylla: this is an imitation of Seneca's *Thyestes*,
in which the ghost of Tantalus appears, attended by the furies.
Perhaps this first scene ought rather to be considered as a prologue.
There are other instances in the antient dramatic writers, where
these shadowy beings are introduced in the beginning of a play.
The prologue to the *Aulularia* of Plautus is spoke by the god Lar;
and, what is exactly to our purpose, in the *Hecuba* of Euripides,
the ghost of Polydorus is the first speaker in the tragedy.

As a dire vapour that had cleft the ground²,
 T'ingender with the night, and blast the day ;
 Or like a pestilence that should display
 Infection through the world : which thus I do.

[*Discovers Catiline in his study.*]

Pluto be at thy counsels, and into
 Thy darker bosom enter Sylla's spirit :
 All that was mine, and bad, thy breast inherit.
 Alas, how weak is that for Catiline !
 Did I but say (vain voice !) all that was mine ?
 All that the Gracchi, Cinna, Marius would,
 What now, had I a body again, I could,
 Coming from hell, what fiends would wish should be,
 And Hannibal could not have wish'd to see,
 Think thou, and practise. Let the long-hid seeds
 Of treason in thee now shoot forth in deeds
 Ranker than horror ; and thy former facts
 Not fall in mention, but to urge new acts :
 Conscience of them provoke thee on to more :
 Be still thy incests, murders, rapes before
 Thy sense ; thy forcing first a vestal nun ;
 Thy parricide, late, on thy own only son³,
 After his mother, to make empty way
 For thy last wicked nuptials ; worse than they
 That blaze that act of thy incestuous life,
 Which got thee at once a daughter and a wife.
 I leave the slaughters, that thou didst for me,

² *Behold I come, sent from the Stygian fount,
 As a dire vapour, that had cleft the ground.*] This is from Seneca ;

————— *Mittor, ut dirus vapor*

Tellure rupta, vel gravem populis luem

Sparsura pestis.

Thyest. ver. 87.

³ ————— *Thy forcing first a vestal nun ;*

Thy parricide, late, on thy own ONLY son.] This priestess of Vesta, defiled by Catiline; is said to have been a sister of Tully. He killed his son, in order to make room for his mistress Aurelia Orestilla : the 4to. reads *thine own natural son* ; the lection I follow, is that of the eldest folio, which I think the most emphatical.

Of senators; for which, I hid for thee
 Thy murder of thy brother, (being so brib'd)
 And writ him in the list of my proscrib'd
 After thy fact, to save thy little shame:
 Thy incest with thy sister, I not name;
 These are too light: fate will have thee pursue
 Deeds, after which no mischief can be new;
 The ruin of thy country: thou wert built
 For such a work, and born for no less guilt.
 What though defeated once thou'lt been, and known;
 Tempt it again: that is thy act, or none.
 What all the several ills that visit earth,
 (Brought forth by night with a sinister birth)
 Plagues, famine, fire, could not reach unto,
 The sword, nor surfeits; let thy fury do:
 Make all past, present, future ill thine own;
 And conquer all example in thy one.
 Nor let thy thought find any vacant time
 To hate an old, but still a fresher crime
 Drown the remembrance: let not mischief cease,
 But while it is in punishing, increase⁴:
 Conscience and care die in thee; and be free
 Not heav'n itself from thy impiety:
 Let night grow blacker with thy plots, and day,
 At shewing but thy head forth, start away
 From this half-sphere; and leave Rome's blinded walls
 T' embrace lusts, hatreds, slaughters, funerals,
 And not recover sight till their own flames
 Do light them to their ruins. All the names

⁴ ———— *Let not mischief cease,
 But while it is in punishing, increase.*] These, with the preceding
 and following verses, are translated likewise from Seneca:

————— *Nec vacet cuiquam vetus
 Odisse crimen; semper oriatur novum;
 Nec unum in uno; dumque punitur scelus
 Crescat.* —————
*Fusque omne pereat; non sit à vestris malis
 Immune cælum* —————
Nox atra fiat, excidat cælo dies.

Of thy confed'rates too be no lefs great
 In hell than here: that when we would repeat
 Our strengths in mufter, we may name you all,
 And furies upon you for furies call.
 Whilst what you do may ftrike them into fears,
 Or make them grieve, and with your mischief theirs.

S C E N E II.

Catiline folus.

Cat. It is decreed. Nor fhall thy fate, O Rome,
 Refift my vow. Tho' hills were fet on hills,
 And feas met feas to guard thee, I would through:
 I'd plough up rocks, fteep as the Alps, in duft;
 And lave the Tyrrhene waters into clouds;
 But I would reach thy head, thy head, proud city!
 The ills that I have done cannot be fafe
 But by attempting greater; and I feel
 A fpirit within me chides my fluggifh hands,
 And fays, they have been innocent too long.
 Was I a man bred great as Rome herfelf?
 One form'd for all her honours, all her glories?
 Equal to all her titles; that could ftand
 Close up with Atlas, and fuftain her name
 As ftrong as he doth heaven? and was I,
 Of all her brood, mark'd out for the repulfe
 By her no-voice, when I ftood candidate
 To be commander in the Pontick war?
 I will hereafter call her fteward ever:
 If ſhe can lofe her nature, I can lofe
 My piety; and in her ftoney entrails
 Dig me a feat; where I will live again,
 The labour of her womb, and be a burden
 Weightier than all the prodigies and monfters
 That ſhe hath teem'd with, ſince ſhe firft knew Mars.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

*Catiline, Aurelia.**Cat.* Who's there ?*Aur.* 'Tis I.*Cat.* Aurelia ?*Aur.* Yes.*Cat.* Appear,

And break like day, my beauty, to this circle :
 Upbraid thy Phœbus, that he is so long
 In mounting to that point, which should give thee
 Thy proper splendour. Wherefore frowns my sweet ?
 Have I too long been absent from these lips,

[He kisseth them.]

This cheek, these eyes ? what is my trespass ? speak.

Aur. It seems you know, that can accuse your self.*Cat.* I will redeem it.*Aur.* Still you say so. When ?

Cat. When Orestilla, by her bearing well
 These my retirements, and stoln times for thought,
 Shall give their effects leave to call her queen
 Of all the world, in place of humbled Rome.

Aur. You court me now.

Cat. As I would always, love,
 By this ambrosiack kifs, and this of nectar,
 Wouldst thou but hear as gladly as I speak.
 Could my Aurelia think I meant her less ;
 When, wooing her, I first remov'd a wife,
 And then a son, to make my bed and house
 Spacious and fit t' embrace her ? these were deeds
 Not t' have begun with, but to end with more
 And greater : He that, building, stays at one
 Floor, or the second, hath erected none.

'Twas how to raise thee I was meditating ;
 To make some act of mine answer thy love :
 That love, that when my state was now quite sunk,

Came with thy wealth, and weigh'd it up again,
 And made my emergent fortune once more look
 Above the main; which now shall hit the stars,
 And stick my Orestilla there amongst 'em,
 If any tempest can but make the billow,
 And any billow can but lift her greatness.
 But I must pray my love, she will put on
 Like habits with my self. I have to do
 With many men, and many natures^s. Some
 That must be blown and sooth'd; as Lentulus,
 Whom I have heav'd with magnifying his blood,
 And a vain dream out of the Sybils books,
 That a third man of that great family
 Whereof he is descended, the Corneli,
 Should be a king in Rome: which I have hir'd
 The flatt'ring augurs to interpret him,
 Cinna and Sylla dead. Then bold Cethegus,
 Whose valour I have turn'd into his poison,
 And prais'd so into daring, as he would
 Go on upon the gods, kiss lightning, wrest
 The engine from the Cyclops, and give fire
 At face of a full cloud, and stand his ire,
 When I would bid him move. Others there are,
 Whom envy to the state draws, and puts on
 For contumelies receiv'd, (and such are sure ones)
 As Curius, and the forenam'd Lentulus,
 Both which have been degraded in the senate,
 And must have their disgraces still new rubb'd,
 To make 'em smart, and labour of revenge.
 Others whom mere ambition fires, and dole
 Of provinces abroad, which they have feign'd

^s ————— *I have to do*

With many men, and many natures.] The following description is artful in the poet, to let us into the true characters of the several conspirators, and prepare us for their appearance. It is perfectly consonant likewise to historic truth; and is only a poetical translation of what Sallust himself hath given us in the introduction to his history of *Catiline's Conspiracy*.

To

To their crude hopes, and I as amply promis'd :
 These, Lecca, Vargunteius, Bestia, Autronius.
 Some whom their wants oppress, as th' idle captains
 Of Sylla's troops : and divers Roman knights
 (The profuse wasters of their patrimonies)
 So threaten'd with their debts, as they will now
 Run any desp'rate fortune for a change.

These for a time we must relieve, Aurelia,
 And make our house their safeguard : like for those
 That fear the law, or stand within her gripe,
 For any act past, or to come. Such will
 From their own crimes be factious, as from ours.

*Some more there be, slight airlings, will be won
 With dogs and horses, or perhaps a whore ;
 Which must be had : and if they venture lives
 For us, Aurelia, we must hazard honours
 A little. Get thee store and change of women,
 As I have boys ; and give 'em time and place,
 And all connivence : be thy self, too, courtly ;
 And entertain, and feast, sit up, and revel ;
 Call all the great, the fair, and spirited dames
 Of Rome about thee : and begin a fashion
 Of freedom and community. Some will thank thee,
 Tho' the sour senate frown, whose heads must ake
 In fear and feeling too. We must not spare
 Or cost or modesty. It can but shew
 Like one of Juno's, or of Jove's disguises,
 In either thee or me : and will as soon,
 When things succeed, be thrown by, or let fall,
 As is a veil put off, a visor chang'd,
 Or the scene shifted in our theatres— [*A noise without.*
 Who's that ? It is the voice of Lentulus.

Aur. Or of Cethegus.

* *Some more there be, slight AIRLINGS.*] *Airlings* is an expressive word, and very significantly denotes the levity and impotence of mind in most of the conspirators. But Mr. Theobald, dissatisfied with the word, and probably induced by the following terms, proposeth *hirelings* as the juster reading.

Cat. In, my fair Aurelia,
And think upon these arts. They must not see
How far you're trusted with these privacies,
Tho' on their shoulders, necks, and heads you rise.

S C E N E IV.

Lentulus, Cethegus, Catiline.

Lent. * It is, methinks, a morning full of fate !
It riseth slowly, as her fullen car
Had all the weights of sleep and death hung at it !
She is not rose-finger'd, but swoln black !
Her face is like a water turn'd to blood,
And her sick head is bound about with clouds,
As if she threaten'd night 'ere noon of day !
It does not look as it would have a hail
Or health wish'd in it, as on other morns.

Cet. Why, all the fitter, Lentulus : our coming
Is not for salutation, we have business.

Cat. Said nobly, brave Cethegus. Where's Autronius ?

Cet. Is he not come ?

Cat. Not here.

Cet. Nor Vargunteius ?

Cat. Neither.

Cet. A fire in their beds and bosoms,
That so will serve their sloth rather than virtue.
They are no Romans, and at such high need
As now.

Len. Both they, Longinus, Lecca, Curius,
Fulvius, Gabinius, gave me word last night,
By Lucius Bestia, they would all be here,
And early.

Cet. Yes : as you, had I not call'd you.

* *Lent.* *It is, methinks, a morning full of fate !*] Lentulus is before described as much addicted to superstition, and the observance of omens ; this remark therefore upon the blackness of the morning, could not have proceeded with equal propriety from the mouth of any other. The beginning of Mr. Addison's *Cato* hath a great similitude to this speech of Lentulus, which almost induceth one to imagine it a copy from our poet.

Come

Come we all sleep, and are mere dormice; flies
 A little less than dead: more dulness hangs
 On us than on the morn. We're spirit-bound
 In ribs of ice; our whole bloods are one stone;
 And honour cannot thaw us, nor our wants,
 Tho' they burn hot as fevers to our states.

Cat. I muse they would be tardy at an hour
 Of so great purpose.

Cet. If the gods had call'd
 Them to a purpose, they would just have come
 With the same tortoise speed; that are thus slow
 To such an action, which the gods will envy,
 As asking no less means than all their pow'rs,
 Conjoin'd, t'effect. I would have seen Rome burnt
 By this time, and her ashes in an urn:
 The kingdom of the senate rent asunder;
 And the degen'rate talking gown run frightened
 Out of the air of Italy.

Cat. Spirit of men!
 Thou heart of our great enterprize! how much
 I love these voices in thee!

Cet. O, the days
 Of Sylla's sway, when the free sword took leave
 To act all that it would!

Cat. And was familiar
 With entrails, as our augurs.

Cet. Sons kill'd fathers,
 Brothers their brothers.

Cat. And had price and praise.
 All hate had licence given it, all rage reins⁶.

Cet.
⁶ *All hate had licence given it; all rage REIGN'D.*] As this line is perfectly good sense, the reader perhaps may not see any necessity for altering the text; but as there is a different reading in the oldest folio, and a reading I think far more poetical and nervous, I am inclined to give it the preference. In that copy the verse stands thus: *All hate had licence given it: all rage raines.*

The same is continued in the edition of 1640. The succeeding editor in 1692 took the word *raines* to be a verb, and perceiving it incon-

Cat. Slaughter bestrid the streets, and stretcht himself
To seem more huge; whilst to his stained thighs
The gore he drew flow'd up, and carried down
Whole heaps of limbs and bodies through his arch.
No age was spar'd, no sex.

Cat. Nay, no degree.

Cat. Not infants in the porch of life were free.
The sick, the old, that could but hope a day
Longer by nature's bounty, not let stay.

inconsistent in point of grammatical construction with the preceding sentence, he altered it to the verb *reign'd*, which the sense seemed to require; and this reading was copied in the last edition of 1716. But the true lection is the substantive *reins*, as it now stands in the text: the image is a classical and bold prosopopeia, taken from a horse with the reins thrown loose upon his neck, who exults at large without the least sense of controul or restraint. One may take occasion from hence, to observe the great uncertainty of conjectural criticism; and how easy it is to be misled by the similitude of sounds, to adopt a word or meaning that was never intended by the author. And this will often be the case, even with the most judicious critics, where an equivocal word occurring shall either improve or debase the sentiment, according to the sense it is taken in. An instance of this kind occurs to me in Beaumont and Fletcher; and I believe that I shall give no offence to the ingenious Mr. Seward, by observing that an ambiguity of expression induced him to propose a correction, where none was wanting. La-writ-abusing Sampson, the advocate, says thus:

“Avaunt, thou buckram budget of petitions,
“Thou spittle of lame causes——”

Mr. Seward remarks, that to call a petty-fogger a person spit out of lame causes, seems very stiff; and as the common cant term *splitter* is so near the face of the letters, there can be little doubt of its being the original. But I apprehend, with submission, that *spittle* is the original word; and it gives us a very humourous idea: *spittle*, in that author's age, was the same with what is now more usually called an hospital; and to call the wrangling lawyer a *spittle of lame causes*, is intimating, with true comic humour, that his practice was made up of nothing but mean and beggarly causes, which no other man of the profession would be concerned in. I have mentioned this instance only as it confirms the reflection made above; that the best critics may be easily deceived, where the expression will admit of two meanings equally consistent with common sense.

Virgins,

Virgins, and widows, matrons, pregnant wives,
All died.

Cat. 'Twas crime enough, that they had lives⁷.
To strike but only those that could do hurt,
Was dull and poor. Some fell to make the number,
As some the prey.

Cat. The rugged Charon fainted,
And ask'd a navy, rather than a boat,
To ferry over the sad world that came :
The maws and dens of beasts could not receive
The bodies that those souls were frightened from ;
And ev'n the graves were fill'd with men, yet living,
Whose flight and fear had mix'd them with the dead.

Cat. And this shall be again, and more, and more !
Now Lentulus, the third Cornelius,
Is to stand up in Rome.

Lent. Nay, urge not that
Is so uncertain.

Cat. How ?

Lent. I mean, not clear'd,
And therefore not to be reflected on.

Cat. The Sybils leaves uncertain ? or the comments
Of our grave, deep, divining men not clear ?

⁷ *All died.* *Cat.* 'Twas crime enough, that they had lives.] This description of outrageous cruelty, which triumphed in the days of Sylla, is borrowed from Lucan, who gives us this account of the barbarities exercised by Marius and his faction.

*Quis fuit ille dies, Marius quo mœnia victor
Corripuit ? quantoque gradu mors sæva cucurrit ?
Nobilitas cum plebe perit : lateque vagatur
Ensis ; & à nullo revocatum est pectore ferrum :
Stat cruor in templis, multaque rubentia cæde
Lubrica saxa madent : nulli sua profuit ætas.
Non senis extremum piguit vergentibus annis
Præcipitasse diem : nec primo in limine vitæ
Infantis miseri nascentia rumpere fata.
Crimine quo parvi cædem potuere mereri ?
Sed satis est jam posse mori.*

LUCAN, lib. 2.

Lent.

Len. All prophecies you know suffer the torture.

Cat. But this already hath confess'd, without ;
And so been weigh'd, examin'd, and compar'd,
As 'twere malicious ignorance in him
Would faint in the belief.

Len. Do you believe it ?

Cat. Do I love Lentulus, or pray to see it ?

Len. The augurs all are constant, I am meant.

Cat. They had lost their science else.

Len. They count from Cinna.

Cat. And Sylla next, and so make you the third ;
All that can say the sun is ris'n, must think it.

Len. Men mark me more of late, as I come forth.

Cat. Why, what can they do less ? Cinna and Sylla
Are set and gone ; and we must turn our eyes
On him that is and shines. Noble Cethegus,
But view him with me, here ! He looks already
As if he shook a sceptre o'er the senate,
And the aw'd purple dropp'd their rods and axes :
'T he statues melt again, and household gods
In groans confess the travail of the city :
The very walls sweat blood before the change ;
And stones start out to ruin, e're it comes.

Cet. But he, and we, and all are idle still.

Len. I am your creature, Sergius ; and whate'er
The great Cornelian name shall win to be,
It is not augury, nor the Sybils books,
But Catiline that makes it.

Cat. I am shadow
To honour'd Lentulus, and Cethegus here,
Who are the heirs of Mars.

Cet. By Mars himself,
Catiline is more my parent ; for whose virtue
Earth cannot make a shadow great enough,
Though envy should come too. O, there they are.
Now we shall talk more, though we yet do nothing.

[*To them.*] *Autronius, Vargunteius, Longinus, Curius, Lecca, Bestia, Fulvius, Gabinius, &c.*

Aut. Hail, Lucius Catiline.

Var. Hail, noble Sergius.

Lon. Hail, Publius Lentulus.

Cur. Hail, the third Cornelius.

Lec. Caius Cethegus, hail.

Cet. Hail, sloth and words,
Instead of men and spirits.

Cat. Nay, dear Caius——

Cet. Are your eyes yet unfeel'd? dare they look day
In the full face^s?

Cat. He's zealous for th' affair,
And blames your tardy coming, gentlemen.

Cet. Unless we had sold ourselves to sleep and ease,
And would be our slaves slaves——

Cat. Pray you forbear.

Cet. The north is not so stark and cold.

Cat. Cethegus——

Bes. We shall redeem all if your fire will let us.

Cat. You are too full of lightning, noble Caius.
Boy, see all doors be shut, that none approach us
On this part of the house. Go you, and bid

^s *Cet.* *Are your eyes yet unfeel'd? dare they look day*
In the FULL FACE ?] The old editions have it,
——— *Dare they look day*
In the dull face?

Mr. Seward, dissatisfied with the epithet *dull*, conjecturally substituted *full*, which is also the reading of the last edition. Tho' the day, says he, had been before described black and ominous, and therefore the sense may be, *dare you look even such a day as this in the face?* yet the natural taunt of Cethegus taking his metaphor from a hawk just unfeel'd, is,

——— *Dare you look day*
In the full face?

For my own part, I have no objection to the words *dull face*, tho' I have retained the text as I found it.

The priest, he kill the slave I mark'd last night,
And bring me of his blood, when I shall call him :
Till then, wait all without.

Var. How is't, Autronius ?

Aut. Longinus ?

Lon. Curius ?

Cur. Lecca ?

Var. Feel you nothing ?

Lon. A strange unwonted horror doth invade me,
I know not what it is !

Lec. The day goes back,
Or else my senses !

Cur. As at Atreus' feast !

[A darkness comes over the place.]

Ful. Darkness grows more and more !

Len. The vestal flame, I think, be out.

Gab. What groan was that ?

[A groan of many people is heard under ground.]

Cet. Our phant'ies :

Strike fire out of our selves, and force a day.

Aut. Again it sounds !

Bes. As all the city gave it !

Cet. We fear what ourselves feign.

Var. What light is this ? *[A fiery light appears.]*

Cur. Look forth.

Len. It still grows greater !

Lec. From whence comes it ?

Lon. A bloody arm it is, that holds a pine
Lighted, above the capitol ! and now
It waves unto us !

Cat. Brave, and ominous !
Our enterprize is seal'd.

Cet. In spite of darkness,
That would discountenance it. Look no more ;
We lose time and our selves. To what we came for,
Speak, Lucius, we attend you.

Cat.

Cat. Nobleſt Romans⁹,
 If you were leſs, or that your faith and virtue
 Did not hold good that title, with your blood,
 I ſhould not now unprofitably ſpend
 My ſelf in words, or catch at empty hopes
 By airy ways, for ſolid certainties.
 But ſince in many, and the greateſt dangers,
 I ſtill have known you no leſs true than valiant,
 And that I taſte in you the ſame affections,
 To will or nill, to think things good or bad,
 Alike with me, (which argues your firm friendſhip)
 I dare the boldlier, with you, ſet on foot,
 Or lead unto this great and goodlieſt action.
 What I have thought of it afore, you all
 Have heard apart. I then expreſs'd my zeal
 Unto the glory; now, the need inflames me.
 When I forethink the hard conditions
 Our ſtates muſt undergo. except in time
 We do redeem our ſelves to liberty,
 And break the iron yoke forg'd for our necks;
 For what leſs can we call it, when we ſee
 The common-wealth engroſs'd ſo by a few,
 The giants of the ſtate, that do by turns
 Enjoy her, and defile her? all the earth,
 Her kings and tetrarchs are their tributaries;
 People and nations pay them hourly ſtipends;
 The riches of the world flow to their coffers,
 And not to Rome's. While (but thoſe few) the reſt,
 However great we are, honeſt, and valiant,
 Are herded with the vulgar, and ſo kept,
 As we were only bred to conſume corn,
 Or wear out wool; to drink the city's water;]

⁹ *Cat. Nobleſt Romans,*
If you were leſs, or that your faith and virtue
Did not hold good that title, &c.] This ſpeech of Catiline is in
 general a tranſlation of his ſpeech in Salluſt, and expreſs'd with
 great decorum and ſpirit.

Ungrac'd, without authority, or mark ;
 Trembling beneath their rods : to whom, if all
 Were well in Rome, we should come forth bright axes'¹⁰
 All places, honours, offices are theirs,
 Or where they will confer 'em : they leave us
 The dangers, the repulses, judgments, wants ;
 Which how long will you bear, most valiant spirits ?
 Were we not better to fall once with virtue,
 Than draw a wretched and dishonour'd breath,
 To lose with shame, when these mens pride will laugh ?
 I call the faith of Gods and men to question,
 The power is in our hands, our bodies able,
 Our minds as strong ; o' the contrary, in them
 All things grown aged, with their wealth and years :
 There wants but only to begin the business,
 The issue is certain.

Lon. On.

*Cet. Let us go on*¹¹.

Cur. Bes. Go on, brave Sergius.

Cat. It doth strike my soul,

(And who can 'scape the stroke, that hath a soul,

¹⁰ Trembling beneath their rods: to whom, if all

Were well in Rome, we should come forth bright axes.] The original is *sine gratiâ, sine auctoritate, his obnoxii quibus, si respublica valeret, formidini essemus.* Our poet hath preserved the sentiment, and given it a very ingenious turn ; the allusion is to the consul's fasces, or rods, in which the ax was bound up.

¹¹ *Cet. Lon. On, let us go on.]* A very great beauty is here lost : two characters totally different are confounded into one, by misplacing the speakers. Longinus should only, as the rest afterwards do, bid Catiline proceed in his speech : and the fury of Cethegus catches the word, and without hearing more would rush into action. I read therefore, *Lon. On. Cet. Let us go on.*—The rest join with Longinus, and Catiline proceeds. With this change it is a very spirited, as well as necessary pause to the length of the speech.

MR. SEWARD.

This correction is so very striking and judicious, that I have ventured to place it in the text, though against the authority of all the copies.

Or

Or but the smallest air of man within him ?)
 To see them swell with treasure, which they pour
 Out in their riots, eating, drinking, building,
 I, in the sea! planing of hills with vallies,
 And raising vallies above hills! whilst we
 Have not to give our bodies necessaries,
 They have their change of houses, manors, lordships ;
 We scarce a fire, or a poor household Lar !
 They buy rare Attick statues, Tyrian hangings,
 Ephesian pictures, and Corinthian plate,
 Attalick garments, and now new-found gems,
 Since Pompey went for Asia, which they purchase
 At price of provinces! the river Phasis
 Cannot afford 'em fowl, nor Lucrine lake
 Oysters enough : Circei too is search'd,
 To please the witty gluttony of a meal!
 Their ancient habitations they neglect,
 And set up new; then, if the echo like not
 In such a room, they pluck down those, build newer,
 Alter them too; and by all frantick ways,
 Vex their wild wealth, as they molest the people,
 From whom they force it! Yet they cannot tame,
 Or overcome their riches! not by making
 Baths, orchards, fish-pools, letting in of seas
 Here, and then there forcing 'em out again
 With mountainous heaps, for which the earth hath lost
 Most of her ribs, as entrails; being now
 Wounded no less for marble, than for gold!
 We, all this while, like calm benumb'd spectators,
 Sit till our seats do crack, and do not hear
 The thund'ring ruins; whilst at home our wants,
 Abroad our debts, do urge us; our states daily
 Bending to bad, our hopes to worse; and what
 Is left but to be crush'd? wake, wake, brave friends,
 And meet the liberty you oft have wish'd for.
 Behold, renown, riches, and glory court you.
 Fortune holds out these to you, as rewards.

Methinks (though I were dumb) th' affair itself,
 The opportunity, your needs, and dangers,
 With the brave spoil the war brings, should invite you:
 Use me your general, or soldier; neither
 My mind nor body shall be wanting to you:
 And being consul, I not doubt t'effect
 All that you wish, if trust nôt flatter me,
 And you'd not rather still be slaves, than free.

Cet. Free, free.

Lon. 'Tis freedom.

Cur. Freedom we all stand for.

Cat. Why these are noble voices! Nothing wants,
 But that we take a solemn sacrament, [then,
 To strengthen our design.

Cet. And most to act it.

Deferring hurts, where pow'rs are so prepar'd.

Aut. Yet, ere we enter into open act,
 (With favour) 'twere no loss, if't might be inquir'd,
 What the condition of these arms would be?

Var. I, and the means to carry us through?

Cat. How, friends!

Think you that I would bid you grasp the wind,
 Or call you to th' embracing of a cloud?

Put your known valours on so dear a business,
 And have no other second than the danger,
 Nor other garland than the loss? become
 Your own assurances. And for the means,

Consider, first, the stark security
 The commonwealth is in now; the whole senate
 Sleepy, and dreaming no such violent blow;
 Their forces all abroad; of which the greatest,
 That might annoy us most, is farthest off,
 In Asia, under Pompey; those near hand,
 Commanded by our friends; one army in Spain,
 By Cneus Piso; th' other in Mauritania,
 By Nucerinus; both which I have firm,
 And fast unto our plot. My self, then, standing

Now

Now to be consul, with my hop'd colleague
 Caius Antonius, one no less engag'd
 By his wants, than we ; and whom I've power to melt,
 And cast in any mould. Beside, some others,
 That will not yet be nam'd, (both sure, and great ones)
 Who, when the time comes, shall declare themselves
 Strong for our party ; so that no resistance
 In nature can be thought. For our reward then,
 First, all our debts are paid ; dangers of law,
 Actions, decrees, judgments against us, quitted ;
 The rich men, as in Sylla's times, proscrib'd,
 And publication made of all their goods :
 That house is yours ; that land is his ; those waters,
 Orchards, and walks, a third's ; he has that honour,
 And he that office : such a province falls
 To Vargunteius ; this t' Autronius ; that
 To bold Cethegus ; Rome to Lentulus.
 You share the world, her magistracies, priesthoods,
 Wealth and felicity, amongst you, friends ;
 And Catiline your servant. Would you, Curius,
 Revenge the contumely stuck upon you,
 In being removed from the senate ? now,
 Now is your time. Would Publius Lentulus
 Strike for the like disgrace ? now is his time :
 Would stout Longinus walk the streets of Rome,
 Facing the Prætor ? now has he a time
 To spurn and tread the fasces into dirt,
 Made of the usurers and the lictors brains.
 Is there a beauty, here in Rome, you love ?
 An enemy you would kill ? what head's not yours ?
 Whose wife, which boy, whose daughter, of what race,
 That th' husband, or glad parents, shall not bring you,
 And boasting of the office ? only spare
 Your selves, and you have all the earth beside,
 A field to exercise your longings in.
 I see you rais'd, and read your forward minds
 High in your faces. Bring the wine and blood.

You have prepar'd there.

Lon. How!

Cat. I have kill'd a slave,
 And of his blood caus'd to be mix'd with wine.
 Fill every man his bowl. There cannot be
 A fitter drink to make this sanction in.
 Here I begin the sacrament to all¹².
 O for a clap of thunder now, as loud
 As to be heard throughout the universe,
 To tell the world the fact, and to applaud it.
 Be firm, my hand; not shed a drop; but pour
 Fierceness into me with it, and fell thirst
 Of more and more, till Rome be left as bloodless
 As ever her fears made her, or the sword.
 And when I leave to wish this to thee, stepdame,
 Or stop t'effect it, with my powers fainting,
 So may my blood be drawn, and so drunk up,
 As is this slave's.

Lon. And so be mine.

Len. And mine.

Aut. And mine.

Var. And mine.

Cat. Swell me my bowl yet fuller. [*They drink.*]
 Here, I do drink this, as I would do Cato's,
 Or the new fellow Cicero's, with that vow
 Which Catiline hath given.

Cur. So do I.

Lec. And I.

¹² Here I begin the SACRAMENT to all.] Jonson uses the word *sacrament* in the same sense which belongs to the Latin original. *Sacramentum* was the oath the soldiers took when they were enlisted: the horrid ceremony now attending it is recorded by Sallust, who does not indeed relate it for a certainty: *Fuere eâ tempestate, qui dicerent Catilinam oratione habitâ, cum ad iurandum populares sui sceleris adigerit, humani corporis sanguinem vino permixtum in pateris circumtulisse, &c.* The circumstances of this conspiracy are in general so well known, and our author hath so closely adhered to the history, that it is unnecessary to point out every imitation; which would be only transcribing whole pages and whole orations.

Bef. And I.

Ful. And I.

Gab. And all of us.

Cat. Why now's the business safe, and each man
Sirrah, what ail you ?

[strengthen'd:

*[He spies one of his boys
not answer—*

Pag. Nothing.

Bef. Somewhat modest.

Cat. Slave, I will strike your soul out with my foot,
Let me but find you again with such a face :

You whelp—

Bef. Nay, Lucius.

Cat. Are you coying it,
When I command you to be free, and general
To all ?

Bef. You'll be observ'd.

Cat. Arise, and shew
But any least aversion in your look
To him that bourds you next¹³, and your throat opens.
Noble confederates, thus far is perfect.

¹³*To him that BOARDS you next, and your throat opens.]* The grossity of this image may be a little shaded by restoring the true text, which former editors seem to have misunderstood. The first folio reads *bourds you next*, and that is the true word. To *bourd* is to joke, or to be familiarly merry with any one. *Bourde*, says Junius in his *Etymologicon, est oblectabilium facetiarum hilaritate, variæque urbanitatis lepore, familiarium consortia detinere*; and hence it is sometimes taken in the same sense in which the word *play* is often used by our old poets; and which the Greeks also give to the verb *παιδειν*, and the Latins to *ludere*. The Scots yet use *bourd*, in the sense of dallying and playing the wanton. Spenser applies it to the waters of a river which glide in gentle murmurs.

“ The next the stubborn Neure, whose waters grey

“ By fair Kilkenny and Rosseponte *bourd*.”

Fairy Queen, l. 4. cant. 11.

The same mistake seems to possess a passage in Shakespear's *Twelfth Night*, act 1. sc. 4. “ *Sir Tob.* You mistake, knight: accost, is “ front her, *board* her, woo her, assail her,” Where it should probably be read, *bourd* her.

Only your suffrages I will expect
 At the assembly for the chusing consuls,
 And all the voices you can make by friends
 To my election. Then let me work out
 Your fortunes and mine own. Mean while, all rest
 Seal'd up, and silent, as when rigid frosts
 Have bound up brooks and rivers, forc'd wild beasts
 Unto their caves, and birds into the woods,
 Clowns to their houses, and the country sleeps ;
 That, when the sudden thaw comes, we may break
 Upon them like a deluge, bearing down
 Half Rome before us, and invade the rest
 With cries, and noise, able to wake the urns
 Of those are dead, and make their ashes fear.
 The horrors that do strike the world, should come
 Loud, and unlook'd for ; till they strike, be dumb,
Cet. Oraculous Sergius !
Len. God-like Catiline !

C H O R U S.

“ C A N nothing great, and at the height,
 “ Remain so long, but its own weight
 “ Will ruin it ? or is't blind chance,
 “ That still desires new states t' advance,
 “ And quit the old ? else why must Rome
 “ Be by it self now overcome ?
 “ Hath she not foes enow of those
 “ Whom she hath made such, and enclose
 “ Her round about ? or are they none,
 “ Except she first become her own ?
 “ O wretchedness of greatest states,
 “ To be obnoxious to these fates !
 “ That cannot keep what they do gain ;
 “ And what they raise so ill sustain !
 “ Rome now is mistress of the whole
 “ World, sea and land, to either pole ;

“ And

“ And even that fortune will deſtroy
 “ The pow’r that made it : ſhe doth joy
 “ So much in plenty, wealth, and eaſe,
 “ As now th’ exceſs is her diſeaſe.
 “ She builds in gold, and to the ſtars,
 “ As if ſhe threaten’d heav’n with wars ;
 “ And ſeeks for hell in quarries deep,
 “ Giving the fiends, that there do keep,
 “ A hope of day. Her women wear
 “ The ſpoils of nations in an ear,
 “ Chang’d for the treasure of a ſhell ;
 “ And in their looſe attires do ſwell,
 “ More light than fails, when all winds play :
 “ Yet are the men more looſe than they ;
 “ More kemb’d, and bath’d, and rubb’d, and trimm’d,
 “ More ſleek, more ſoft, and ſlacker limb’d ;
 “ As prostitute ; ſo much, that kind¹⁴
 “ May ſeek it ſelf there, and not find.
 “ They eat on beds of ſilk and gold,
 “ At iv’ry tables, or wood fold
 “ Dearer than it ; and leaving plâte,
 “ Do drink in ſtone of higher rate.
 “ They hunt all grounds, and draw all ſeas,
 “ Fowl every brook and buſh, to pleaſe
 “ Their wanton taſte ; and in requeſt
 “ Have new and rare things, not the beſt.
 “ Hence comes that wild and vaſt expence,
 “ That hath enforc’d Rome’s virtue thence,
 “ Which ſimple poverty firſt made :
 “ And now ambition doth invade
 “ Her ſtate, with eating avarice,
 “ Riot, and ev’ry other vice.
 “ Decrees are bought, and laws are fold,
 “ Honours, and offices, for gold ;

¹⁴ *So much, that* KIND.] i. e. Nature.

“ The peoples voices, and the free
 “ Tongues in the senate, bribed be. ¹⁵
 “ Such ruin of her manners Rome
 “ Doth suffer now, as she's become
 “ (Without the gods it soon gainsay)
 “ Both her own spoiler, and own prey.
 “ So, Asia, art thou cru'ly ev'n
 “ With us, for all the blows thee giv'n ;
 “ When we, whose virtue conquer'd thee,
 “ Thus, by thy vices, ruin'd be.”

¹⁵ ———— *The peoples voices, and the free
 Tongues in the senate, bribed be.*] In this part of the chorus our
 poet had his eye upon the specimen *belli civilis* by Petronius Arbiter ;
*Nec minor in campo furor est, emptique Quirites
 Ad prædam strepitumque lucri suffragia vertunt.
 Venalis populus, venalis curia patrum.*

The sentiments of Petronius furnished him with matter, not only
 in the present instance, but for the general design of the whole
 chorus. I will take leave to transcribe a few lines from the speech
 of Pluto to Fortune, which are made use of in the verses before
 these.

*En etiam mea regna petunt, perfossa dehiscit
 Molibus insanis tellus ; jam montibus haustis
 Antra gemunt : Et dum varios lapis invenit usus,
 Inferni manes cælum sperare jubentur.*

Was I to add more, I should copy almost the whole poem. Jonson,
 I think, does not appear to any great advantage in the choruses to
 this play. My friend Mr. Sympson is also of the same opinion :
 he says, the sentiments in them are not sufficiently great, nor his
 measures at all imitative of the ancients ; that variety of numbers
 which runs thro' all the Greek tragic poets, seems never once to
 have been his aim. But I imagine Seneca, not Sophocles or Æschy-
 lus, was what he copied after, and 'tis then no wonder that he suc-
 ceeded no better.

A C T

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

Fulvia, Galla, Servant.

Ful. **T**Hose rooms do smell extremely. Bring my glafs,
And table hither, Galla.

Gal. Madam.

Ful. Look

Within, in my blue cabinet, for the pearl
I had sent me last, and bring it.

Gal. That from Clodius ?

Ful. From Caius Cæsar. You're for Clodius still,
Or Curius. Sirrah, if Quintus Curius come,
I am not in fit mood ; I keep my chamber,
Give warning so without.

Gal. Is this it, madam ?

Ful. Yes, help to hang it in mine ear,

Gal. Believe me,

It is a rich one, madam.

Ful. I hope so :

It should not be worn there else. Make an end,
And bind my hair up.

Gal. As 'twas yesterday ?

Ful. No, nor t'other day. When knew you me
Appear two days together in one dressing ?

Gal. Will you ha't in the globe or spire¹ ?

¹ *Gal.* Will you ha't in the GLOBE or SPIRE ?] These were various ways in which the Roman ladies bound up their hair : and the manner is still to be seen on the coins and medals of that and the following age. Juvenal has an allusion to the spiry form of dressing the head, which seems chiefly to have been used by those ladies, who were desirous of adding something to their stature :

Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum

Ædificat caput ; Andromachen à fronte videbis,

Post, minor est : aliam credas,

JUVENAL. sat. 6.

Ful.

Ful. How thou wilt ;
 Any way, so thou wilt do it, good impertinence.
 Thy company, if I slept not very well
 A-nights, would make me an errant fool, with questions.

Gal. Alas, madam ——

Ful. Nay, gentle half o' th' dialogue, cease.

Gal. I do it indeed but for your exercife,
 As your phyfician bids me.

Ful. How ! does he bid you
 To anger me for exercife ?

Gal. Not to anger you,
 But ftir your blood a little : there is difference
 Between lukewarm and boiling, madam.

Ful. Jove !

She means to cook me, I think. Pray you, ha' done.

Gal. I mean to drefs you, madam.

Ful. O, my Juno,
 Be friend to me ! off'ring at wit too ? why, Galla !
 Where haft thou been ?

Gal. Why, madam ?

Ful. What haft thou done
 With thy poor innocent felf ?

Gal. Wherefore, sweet madam ?

Ful. Thus to come forth, fo fuddenly, a wit-worm ?

Gal. It pleafes you to flout one. I did dream
 Of lady Sempronia ——

Ful. O, the wonder's out.

That did infect thee ? well, and how ?

Gal. Methought

She did difcourfe the beft ——

Ful. That ever thou heard'ft ?

Gal. Yes.

Ful. In thy fleep ? of what was her difcourfe ?

Gal. Of the republick, madam, and the ftate,
 And how fhe was in debt, and where fhe meant
 To raife fresh fums : fhe's a great ftatefwoman !

Ful. Thou dream'ft all this ?

Gal.

Gal. No, but you know she is, madam ;
And both a mistress of the Latin tongue,
And of the Greek.

Ful. I, but I never dreamt it, Galla,
As thou hast done ; and therefore you must pardon me.

Gal. Indeed you mock me, madam.

Ful. Indeed, no.

Forth with your learned lady. She has a wit too ?

Gal. A very masculine one.

Ful. A she critick, Galla ?

And can compose in verse, and make quick jests,
Modest, or otherwise ?

Gal. Yes, madam.

Ful. She can sing too ?

And play on instruments ?

Gal. Of all kinds, they say.

Ful. And doth dance rarely ?

Gal. Excellent ! so well,

As a bald senator made a jest, and said,
'Twas better than an honest woman need ^a.

Ful.

^a *Ful.* And doth dance rarely ? *Gal.* Excellent ! so well,

As a bald senator made a jest, and said,

'Twas better than an honest woman need.] The poet throughout this whole character of Sempronia, hath had his eye upon his author Sallust: he has faithfully selected the particulars, yet varied the arrangement of them, in a manner different from the historian's relation. Sallust, in drawing the picture of this celebrated lady, hath the following strokes: *Psallere, saltare elegantius quàm necesse est probæ.* Jonson has made Fulvia's attendant express herself in the same terms, but as coming from the dry gravity of a conscript father. This gives an air of humour to the whole: and is justly adapted to the vein of loquacity, characteristic of *my lady's woman*. This scene will come under the censure which Dryden passes on some others in this play, and on a scene of our author's *Sejanus*. Jonson himself, says that critic, in *Sejanus* and *Catiline* has given us this oleo of a play, this unnatural mixture of comedy and tragedy. In *Sejanus* you may take notice of the scene betwixt Livia and the physician, which is a pleasant satire upon the artificial helps of beauty: in *Catiline* you may see the parliament of women; the
little

Ful. Tut, she may bear that. Few wise womens honesties
Will do their courtship hurt.

Gal. She's liberal too, madam.

Ful. What ! of her money, or her honour, pr'y thee ?

Gal. Of both ; you know not which she doth spare least.

Ful. A comely commendation.

Gal. Troth, 'tis pity she is in years.

Ful. Why, Galla ?

Gal. For it is.

Ful. O, is that all ? I thought thou'dst had a reason.

Gal. Why, so I have. She has been a fine lady,
And yet she dresses her self (except you, madam)
One of the best in Rome ; and paints, and hides
Her decays very well.

Ful. They say, it is
Rather a visor, than a face, she wears.

Gal. They wrong her verily, madam ; she doth seek
With crums of bread and milk, and lies a-nights
In as neat gloves——But she is fain of late
To seek, more than she's fought to, (the same is)
And so spends that way.

Ful. Thou know'st all ! but Galla,
What say you to Catiline's lady, Orestilla ?
There is the gallant !

Gal. She does well. She has
Very good suits, and very rich ; but then
She cannot put 'em on ; she knows not how
To wear a garment. You shall have her all
Jewels and gold sometimes, so that her self
Appears the least part of her self³. No, in troth,
As I live, madam, you put 'em all down

little envies of them to one another, and all that passes betwixt
Curius and Fulvia ; scenes admirable in their kind, but of an ill
mingle with the rest.

³ ————— So that her self

Appears the least part of her self.] The thought is from Ovid,

—— Pars minima est ipsa puella sui.

With your meer strength of judgment, and do draw too
The world of Rome to follow you! you attire
Your self so diversly, and with that spirit!
Still to the noblest humours! they could make
Love to your dress, altho' your face were away, they say.

Ful. And body too, and have the better match on't.
Say they not so too, Galla? now! what news
Travails your count'nance with?

Ser. It please you, madam,
The lady Sempronia is lighted at the gate.

Gal. Castor, my dream, my dream.

Ser. And comes to see you.

Gal. For Venus' sake, good madam, see her.

Ful. Peace,
The fool is wild, I think.

Gal. And hear her talk,
Sweet madam, of state-matters, and the senate.

S C E N E II.

Sempronia, Fulvia, Galla.

Sem. Fulvia, good wench, how dost thou?

Ful. Well, Sempronia.

Whither are you thus early address?

Sem. To see

Aurelia Orestilla. She sent for me.

I came to call thee with me; wilt thou go?

Ful. I cannot now, in troth; I have some letters
To write, and send away.

Sem. Alas, I pity thee.

I have been writing all this night (and am
So very weary) unto all the tribes,
And centuries, for their voices, to help Catiline
In his election. We shall make him consul,
I hope, amongst us. Crassus, I, and Cæsar
Will carry it for him.

Ful. Does he stand for it?

Sem.

Sem. He's the chief candidate.

Ful. Who stands beside ?

(Give me some wine, and powder for my teeth.

Sem. Here's a good pearl, in troth.

Ful. A pretty one.

Sem. A very orient one !) there are competitors,
Caius Antonius, Publius Galba, Lucius
Cassius Longinus, Quintus Cornificius,
Caius Licinius, and that talker Cicero.
But Catiline and Antonius will be chosen ;
For four of the other, Licinius, Longinus,
Galba, and Cornificius, will give way :
And Cicero they will not chuse.

Ful. No ? why ?

Sem. It will be cross'd by the nobility.

Gal. (How she does understand the common business!)

Sem. Nor were it fit. He is but a new fellow,
An inmate here in Rome, (as Catiline calls him ⁴)
And the patricians should do very ill
To let the consulship be so defil'd
As 't would be, if he obtain'd it ! a mere upstart,
That has no pedigree, no house, no coat,
No ensigns of a family !

Ful. He has virtue.

Sem. Hang virtue ; where there is no blood, 'tis vice,
And in him sauciness. Why should he presume
To be more learned, or more eloquent,
Than the nobility ? or boast any quality
Worthy a nobleman, himself not noble ?

Ful. 'Twas virtue only, at first, made all men noble.

Sem. I yield you, it might at first, in Rome's poor age,

⁴ ————— He is but a NEW FELLOW,

An inmate here in Rome, as Catiline calls him.] Marcus Tullius in-
quilinus civis urbis Romæ. SALLUST. A new fellow was what the
Romans called novus homo ; the first of his family who ever bore
any public office, one that had not the images of his ancestors to
shew.

When both her kings and consuls held the plow,
 Or garden'd well : but now we have no need
 To dig, or loose our sweat for't. We have wealth,
 Fortune, and ease ; and then their stock to spend on,
 Of name, for virtue ; which will bear us out
 'Gainst all new comers, and can never fail us,
 While the succession stays. And we must glorify
 A mushroom ? one of yesterday ? a fine speaker ?
 'Cause he has suck'd at Athens ? and advance him,
 To our own loss ? no, Fulvia ; there are they
 Can speak Greek too, if need were. Cæsar, and I,
 Have sat upon him ; so hath Crassus too,
 And others. We have all decreed his rest,
 For rising farther.

Gal. Excellent rare lady !

Ful. Sempronia, you 're beholden to my woman here ;
 She does admire you.

Sem. O good Galla, how dost thou ?

Gal. The better for your learned ladyship.

Sem. Is this grey powder a good dentifrice ?

Ful. You see I use it.

Sem. I have one is whiter.

Ful. It may be so.

Sem. Yet this smells well.

Gal. And cleanses

Very well, madam, and resists the crudities.

Sem. Fulvia, I pray thee, who comes to thee now ?
 Which of our great patricians.

Ful. Faith, I keep

No catalogue of 'em. Sometimes I have one,
 Sometimes another, as the toy takes their bloods.

Sem. Thou hast them all. Faith, when was Quintus
 Thy special servant, here ? [Curius,

Ful. My special servant ?

Sem. Yes, thy idolater, I call him.

Ful. He may be yours,
 If you do like him.

Sem.

Sem. How!

Ful. He comes not here;
I have forbid him hence.

Sem. Venus forbid!

Ful. Why?

Sem. Your so constant lover?

Ful. So much the rather.

I would have change. So would you too, I am sure.
And now you may have him.

Sem. He's fresh yet, Fulvia.

Beware how you do tempt me.

Ful. Faith, for me

He's somewhat too fresh indeed; the salt is gone,
That gave him season. His good gifts are done.
He does not yield the crop that he was wont.
And for the act, I can have secret fellows,
With backs worth ten of him, and they shall please me
(Now that the land is fled) a myriad better.

Sem. And those one may command.

Ful. 'Tis true: these lordlings,
Your noble fauns, they 're so imperious, saucy,
Rude, and as boisterous as centaurs, leaping
Ready at first sight.

Sem. And must be born
Both with and out, they think.

Ful. Tut, I'll observe
None of 'em all, nor humour 'em a jot
Longer than they come laden in the hand,
And say, Here's one for t'other.

Sem. Does Cæsar give well?

Ful. They shall all give, and pay well, that come here,
If they will have it; and that, jewels, pearl,
Plate, or round fums to buy these. I'm not taken
With a cob-swan, or a high-mounting bull,
As foolish Leda and Europa were;
But the bright gold, with Danae. For such price
I would

I would endure a rough, harsh Jupiter ^s,
 Or ten such thund'ring gamesters, and refrain
 To laugh at 'em, till they are gone, with my much suf-
 [fering.

Sem. Thou'rt a most happy wench, that thus canst
 Use of thy youth and freshness, in the season; [make
 And hast it to make use of.

Ful. Which is the happiness.

Sem. I am now fain to give to them, and keep
 Musick, and a continual table, to invite 'em.

Ful. Yes, and they study your kitchen, more than you.

Sem. Eat myself out with usury, and my lord too,
 And all my officers, and friends besides,
 To procure money for the needful charge
 I must be at, to have 'em; and yet scarce
 Can I atchieve 'em so.

Ful. Why, that's because
 You affect young faces only, and smooth chins,
 Sempronia. If you'd love beards and bristles,
 (One with another, as others do) or wrinkles—
 Who's that? look, Galla.

Gal. 'Tis the party, madam.

Ful. What party? has he no name?

Gal. 'Tis Quintus Curius.

Ful. Did I not bid 'em say, I kept my chamber?

Gal. Why, so they do.

Sem. I'll leave you, Fulvia.

Ful. Nay, good Sempronia, stay.

Sem. In faith, I will not.

Ful. By Juno I would not see him.

Sem. I'll not hinder you.

Gal. You know he will not be kept out, madam.

Sem. No,
 Nor shall not, careful Galla, by my means.

^s HARSH *Jupiter.*] *Hard* Jupiter, edit. 4to.

Ful. As I do live, Sempronia——

Sem. What needs this?

Ful. Go, say I am asleep, and ill at ease.

Sem. By Castor⁶, no, I'll tell him, you're awake;
And very well. Stay, Galla; farewell, Fulvia:
I know my manners. Why do you labour thus
With action against purpose? Quintus Curius,
She is, i'faith, here, and in disposition.

Ful. Spight with your courtesy! how shall I be tortur'd!

S C E N E III.

Curius, Fulvia, Galla.

Cur. Where are you, fair one, that conceal yourself,
And keep your beauty within locks and bars here,
Like a fool's treasure?

Ful. True, she was a fool,
When first she shew'd it to a thief.

Cur. How, pretty fullness!
So harsh and short?

Ful. The fool's artillery, sir.

Cur. Then take my gown off, for th' encounter.

Ful. Stay, sir.

I am not in the mood.

Cur. I'll put you into 't.

Ful. Best put yourself in your case again, and keep

⁶ *Sem.* By CASTOR, no, I'll tell him you're awake.] We must observe our poet's exactness in adapting his oaths to his speakers. Gellius tells us, that, amongst the Romans, the women never swore by Hercules, nor the men by Castor. *Nusquam invenire est apud idoneos quidem scriptores, aut mehercle feminam dicere, aut mecastor virum. Ædepol autem, quod jusjurandum per Pollucem est, & viro & fœminæ commune est,* l. 2. c. 6. Accordingly in the next scene, Curius swears by Pollux, and Fulvia, as the women should do, by Castor.

Your furious appetite warm against you have place for't.

Cur. What! do you coy it?

Ful. No, fir. I am not proud. [you?

Cur. I would you were. You think this state becomes
By Hercules, it does not. Look in your glafs now,
And see how scurvily that countenance shews;
You would be loth to own it.

Ful. I shall not change it.

Cur. Faith, but you must, and slack this bended brow;
And shoot less scorn: there is a Fortune coming
Towards you, dainty, that will take thee thus,
And set thee aloft, to tread upon the head
Of her own statue here in Rome.

Ful. I wonder

Who let this promiser in! did you, good diligence?
Give him his bribe again. Or if you had none,
Pray you demand him, why he is so venturous,
To press thus to my chamber, being forbidden,
Both by my self and servants?

Cur. How! this is handsome!
And somewhat a new strain!

Ful. 'Tis not strain'd, fir;
'Tis very natural.

Cur. I have known it otherwise,
Between the parties, though.

Ful. For your foreknowledge,
Thank that which made it. It will not be so
Hereafter, I assure you.

Cur. No, my mistress?

Ful. No, tho' you bring the same materials.

Cur. Hear me,
You over-act when you should under-do.
A little call your self again, and think.
If you do this to practise on me, or find
At what forc'd distance you can hold your servant;
That it be an artificial trick to inflame,
And fire me more, fearing my love may need it,

As heretofore you have done, why, proceed.

Ful. As I have done heretofore?

Cur. Yes, when you'd feign
Your husband's jealousy, your servants watches,
Speak softly, and run often to the door,
Or to the window, form strange fears that were not ;
As if the pleasure were less acceptable,
That were secure.

Ful. You are an impudent fellow. [gate,

Cur. And when you might better have done it at the
To take me in at the casement.

Ful. I take you in ? [you,

Cur. Yes, you my lady. And then being a bed with
To have your well taught waiter here come running,
And cry, her lord, and hide me without cause,
Crush'd in a chest, or thrust up in a chimney.
When he, tame crow, was winking at his farm ;
Or, had he been here, and present, would have kept
Both eyes and beak seal'd up⁷, for six sesterces.

Ful. You have a stand'rous, beastly, unwash'd tongue
In your rude mouth, and favouring yourself,
Unmanner'd lord.

Cur. How now !

Ful. It is your title, sir. [not
Who (since you've lost your own good name, and know
What to lose more) care not whose honour you wound,
Or fame you poison with it. You should go
And vent your self i' th' region where you live,
Among the suburb-brothels, bawds, and brokers,
Whither your broken fortunes have design'd you.

Cur. Nay, then I must stop your fury, I see; and pluck
The tragick visor off. Come, lady Cypris,

7 ———— *Would have kept*

Both eyes and beak SEAL'D UP] I read, and so does Mr. Symphon, *seal'd up*. *Seeling* is a term in falconry, which we have had before in this play :

“ Are your eyes yet *unseal'd* ? ” Act 1.

Know your own virtues, quickly. I'll not be
Put to the wooing of you thus, afresh,
At every turn, for all the Venus in you.
Yield, and be pliant, or by Pollux——How now?

[He offers to force her, and she draws her knife.]

Will Lais turn a Lucrece?

Ful. No, but by Castor,
Hold off your ravisher's hand, I pierce your heart else.
I'll not be put to kill myself as she did,
For you, sweet Tarquin. What? do you fall off?
Nay, it becomes you graciously! Put not up.
You'll sooner draw your weapon on me, I think it,
Than on the senate, who have cast you forth
Disgracefully, to be the common tale
Of the whole city; base, infamous man!
For, were you other, you would there employ
Your desperate dagger.

Cur. Fulvia, you do know
The strengths you have upon me; do not use
Your power too like a tyrant: I can bear
Almost until you break me.

Ful. I do know, sir,
So does the senate too know, you can bear.

Cur. By all the gods, that senate will smart deep
For your upbraidings. I should be right sorry
To have the means so to be veng'd on you,
(At least, the will) as I shall shortly on them.
But go you on still; fare you well, dear lady:
You could not still be fair, unless you were proud.
You will repent these moods, and ere't be long too,
I shall have you come about again.

Ful. Do you think so?

Cur. Yes, and I know so.

Ful. By what augury?

Cur. By the fair entrails of the matrons chests,
Gold, pearl, and jewels here in Rome, which Fulvia
Will then (but late) say that she might have shar'd;

And grieving miss.

Ful. Tut, all your promis'd mountains,
And seas, I am so stalely acquainted with——

Cur. But, when you see the universal flood
Run by your coffers; that my lords, the senators,
Are sold for slaves, their wives for bondwomen,
Their houses, and fine gardens, given away,
And all their goods, under the spear at outcry^s,
And you have none of this, but are still Fulvia,
Or perhaps less, while you are thinking of it;
You will advise then, coyness, with your cushion,
And look on your fingers; say, how you were wish'd^s;
And so he left you.

Ful. Call him again, Galla:
This is not usual. Something hangs on this
That I must win out of him.

Cur. How now, melt you?

Ful. Come, you will laugh now, at my easiness!
But 'tis no miracle: doves, they say, will bill,
After their pecking and their murm'ring.

Cur. Yes,
And then 'tis kindly. I would have my love
Angry sometimes, to sweeten off the rest
Of her behaviour.

Ful. You do see, I study
How I may please you then. But you think, Curius,
'Tis covetise hath wrought me: if you love me,
Change that unkind conceit.

Cur. By my lov'd soul,
I love thee, like to it; and 'tis my study,

^s *And all their goods under the SPEAR at out-cry.]* The Roman way of selling things by auction, was setting up a *spear*; and hence the phrase *sub hastâ vendere*.

* *Say, how you were WISH'D.]* The reader, who reflects on what has passed between these lovers. will think, I believe, this a very unintelligible expression; but Mr. Theobald's margin proposes an emendation, and exhibits 'witch'd as the most proper term.

More than mine own revenge, to make thee happy.

Ful. And 'tis that just revenge doth make me happy
To hear you prosecute; and which, indeed,
Hath won me to you, more than all the hope
Of what can else be promis'd. I love valour
Better than any lady loves her face,
Or dressing: than my self does. Let me grow
Still where I do embrace. But what good means
Have you t' effect it? shall I know your project?

Cur. Thou shalt, if thou'lt be gracious.

Ful. As I can be.

Cur. And wilt thou kiss me then?

Ful. As close as shells
Of cockles meet.

Cur. And print 'em deep?

Ful. Quite through?

Our subtle lips.

Cur. And often?

Ful. I will sow 'em

Faster than you can reap. What is your plot?

Cur. Why now my Fulvia looks like her bright name!
And is her self!

Ful. Nay, answer me, your plot?

I pray thee tell me, Quintus.

Cur. I, these sounds
Become a mistress. Here is harmony!
When you are harsh, I see the way to bend you
Is not with violence, but service. Cruel,

⁹ *Ful.* *Quite through*

Our SUBTLE lips.] i. e. thin, fine. So Shakespear,

"Like to a bowl upon a *subtle* ground." i. e. smooth.

And Spenser has a parallel expression,

"Cover'd with lids devis'd of substance *fly*." i. e. thin.

L. 2. Cant. 9. St. 46.

Mr. SYMPSON.

A lady is a fire : gentle, a light. ¹⁰

[She kisses and flatters him along still.]

Ful. Will you not tell me what I ask you ?

Cur. All

That I can think, sweet love, or my breast holds,
I'll pour into thee.

Ful. What is your design then ?

Cur. I'll tell thee, Catiline shall now be consul :
But you will hear more shortly.

Ful. Nay, dear love——

Cur. I'll speak it in thine arms, let us go in.
Rome will be sack'd, her wealth will be our prize ;
By publick ruin private spirits must rise.

C H O R U S.

“ **G**reat father Mars, and greater Jove,
“ By whose high auspice, Rome hath stood
“ So long; and first was built in blood
“ Of your great nephew, that then strove
“ Not with his brother, but your rites :
“ Be present to her now, as then,
“ And let not proud and factious men
“ Against your wills oppose their might.
“ Our consuls now are to be made ;
“ O, put it in the publick voice
“ To make a free and worthy choice ;
“ Excluding such as would invade
“ The commonwealth. Let whom we name
“ Have wisdom, foresight, fortitude,
“ Be more with faith than face endu'd,
“ And study conscience above fame.

¹⁰ ——— *Cruel,*

A lady is a fire: gentle, a light.] Mr. Symphon here remarks, that this is an odd structure of words : but such inversions are common in Jonson, who affected brevity of speech, as giving nerves and vigour to his expressions, and approaching nearer to the Latin idiom.

“ Such

- “ Such as not seek to get the start
 “ In state, by power, parts, or bribes,
 “ Ambition’s bawds : but move the tribes
 “ By virtue, modesty, desert.
 “ Such as to justice will adhere,
 “ Whatever great one it offend :
 “ And from th’ embraced truth not bend
 “ For envy, hatred, gifts, or fear.
 “ That by their deeds will make it known,
 “ Whose dignity they do sustain ;
 “ And life, state, glory, all they gain,
 “ Count the republick’s, not their own.
 “ Such the old Bruti, Decii were,
 “ The Cipi, Curtii¹¹, who did give
 “ Themselves for Rome, and would not live
 “ As men, good only for a year.
 “ Such were the great Camilli too ;
 “ The Fabii, Scipio’s ; that still thought
 “ No work at price enough was bought,
 “ That for their country they could do,
 “ And to her honour so did knit,
 “ As all their acts were understood
 “ The sinews of the public good ;
 “ And they themselves, one soul with it.
 “ These men were truly magistrates ;
 “ These neither practis’d force, nor forms ;
 “ Nor did they leave the helm in storms :
 “ And such they are make happy states.

¹¹ The CIPPI, CURTII, who did give.

Themselves for Rome]The story of the *Bruti, Decii*, and of *Curtius* is well known ; that of *Cipus* needs a little explanation : *Genutius Cipus* was a Roman prætor, and going out of the city, he perceived horns to sprout suddenly from his head ; inquiring into the prodigy, the aruspices declared that, if he returned into the city, it portended he would become a king ; to prevent this, out of love to his country, he voluntarily went into exile. The story is told by *Valerius Maximus*, lib. 5. cap. 6. And *Ovid*, who calls him *Cippus*, gives it us more at large, with some little variations, in the 15th book of the *Metamorphoses*.

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Cicero, Cato, Catulus, Antonius, Crassus, Caesar,
Chorus, Lictors.*

Cic. **G**reat honours are great burdens; but on whom
They're cast with envy, he doth bear two loads'.
His cares must still be double to his joys,
In any dignity; where, if he err,
He finds no pardon; and for doing well
A most small praise, and that wrung out by force.
I speak this, Romans, knowing what the weight
Of the high charge, you have trusted to me, is.
Not that thereby I would with art decline
The good, or greatness of your benefit;
For I ascribe it to your singular grace,
And vow to owe it to no title else,
Except the Gods, that Cicero's your consul,
I have no urns; no dusty monuments;
No broken images of ancestors,
Wanting an ear, or nose; no forged tables
Of long descents, to boast false honours from;
Or be my undertakers to your trust.
But a new man (as I am styl'd in Rome)
Whom you have dignify'd; and more, in whom
You've cut a way, and left it ope for virtue
Hereafter, to that place; which our great men
Held shut up, with all ramparts, for themselves,
Nor have but few of them in time been made
Your consuls, so; new men, before me, none;
At my first suit; in my just year²; prefer'd

¹ ———— *But on whom*

They're cast with envy, he doth WEAR two loads,] So the edition of 1716. The reading of the text, which I substituted by conjecture, I find authorized by the old copies.

² *In my JUST YEAR:]* i. e. the 43d year of his age; none being capable of the consulship before that age. Mr. SYMPSON.

To all competitors ; and some the noblest——

Cra. Now the vein swells.

Cæs. Up glory.

Cic. And to have

Your loud consents, from your own utter'd voices ;
Not silent books ; nor from the meaner tribes,
But first and last, the universal concurrence !
This is my joy, my gladness. But my care,
My industry, and vigilance, now must work,
That still your counsels of me be approv'd,
Both by your selves, and those to whom you have
With grudge prefer'd me: two things I must labour,
That neither they upbraid, nor you repent you.
For every lapse of mine will now be call'd
Your error, if I make such. But my hope is,
So to bear through, and out, the consulship,
As spite shall ne'er wound you, though it may me.
And for my self, I have prepar'd this strength,
To do so well ; as, if there happen ill
Unto me, it shall make the Gods to blush ;
And betheir crime, not mine, that I am envy'd.

Cæs. O confidence ! more new than is the man !

Cic. I know well, in what terms I do receive
The commonwealth, how vexed, how perplex'd :
In which there's not that mischief, or ill fate,
That good men fear not, wicked men expect not.
I know besides some turbulent practices
Already on foot, and rumors of more dangers——

Cra. Or you will make them, if there be none.

Cic. Last,

I know, 'twas this, which made the envy and pride
Of the great Roman blood bate, and give way
To my election.

Cato. Marcus Tullius, true ;
Our need made thee our consul, and thy virtue.

Cæs. Cato, you will undo him with your praise.

Cato,

Cato. Cæsar will hurt himself with his own envy.

Chor. The voice of Cato is the voice of Rome.

Cato. The voice of Rome is the consent of heaven!

And that hath plac'd thee, Cicero, at the helm,
Where thou must render now thy self a man,
And master of thy art. Each petty hand
Can steer a ship becalm'd; but he that will
Govern and carry her to her ends, must know
His tides, his currents; how to shift his sails;
What she will bear in foul, what in fair weathers;
Where her springs are, her leaks; and how to stop 'em;
What sands, what shelves, what rocks do threaten her;
The forces and the natures of all winds, [hell,
Gusts, storms, and tempests; when her keel ploughs
And deck knocks heaven: then to manage her,
Becomes the name and office of a pilot.

Cic. Which I'll perform with all the diligence
And fortitude I have; not for my year,
But for my life; except my life be less,
And that my year conclude it: if it must,
Your will, lov'd Gods. This heart shall yet employ
A day, an hour is left me³, so for Rome,
As it shall spring a life out of my death,
To shine for ever glorious in my facts:
The vicious count their years, virtuous their acts.

Chor. Most noble consul! let us wait him home.

Cæs. Most popular consul he is grown, methinks!

Cra. How the rout cling to him!

Cæs. And Cato leads 'em!

Cra. You, his colleague Antonius, are not look'd on.

³ — *This heart shall yet employ*

A day, an hour is left me.] The expression in the last line leads Mr. Sympson to think it a corruption, which he would cure, and make much easier by reading

Each day and hour is left me.

Ant. Not I, nor do I care.

Cæs. He enjoys rest,
And ease the while. Let th' other's spirit toil,
And wake it out, that was inspir'd for turmoil.

Catu. If all reports be true, yet, Caius Cæsar,
The time hath need of such a watch and spirit.

Cæs. Reports? do you believe 'em, Catulus?
Why he does make, and breed 'em for the people;
T' endear his service to 'em. Do you not taste
An art that is so common? Popular men,
They must create strange monsters, and then quell 'em,
To make their arts seem something. Would you have
Such an Herculean actor in the scene,
And not his Hydra? they must sweat no less
To fit their properties, than t'express their parts⁴.

Cra. Treasons, and guilty men are made in states
Too oft, to dignify the magistrates.

Catu. Those states be wretched that are forc'd to buy
Their rulers fame with their own infamy.

Cra. We therefore should provide that ours do not.

Cæs. That will Antonius make his care.

Ant. I shall.

Cæs. And watch the watcher.

Catu. Here comes Catiline.
How does he brook his late repulse?

Cæs. I know not,
But hardly sure.

Catu. Longinus too did stand?

Cæs. At first: but he gave way unto his friend.

Catu. Who's that come? Lentulus?

⁴ ————— They must sweat no less

To fit their PROPERTIES, than t'express their parts.] Having called the consul an *Herculean actor in the scene*, he continues the metaphor in terms taken from the stage. All necessaries in the performance of a play, are called by the name of *properties*; and the sense is, that it will cost him as much pains to get the proper implements and materials for his scheme, as to act his own part in it.

Cæs. Yes; he is again
Taken into the senate.

Ant. And made prætor.

Catu. I know't. He had my suffrage, next the consuls.

Cæs. True, you were there, prince of the senate, then.

S C E N E II.

*Catiline, Antonius, Catulus, Cæsar, Crassus, Longinus,
Lentulus.*

Cat. Hail noblest Romans. The most worthy consul,
I gratulate your honour.

Ant. I could wish

It had been happier, by your fellowship,
Most noble Sergius, had it pleas'd the people.

Cat. It did not please the Gods, who instruct the
[people:

And their unquestion'd pleasures must be serv'd.
They know what's fitter for us than our selves;
And 'twere impiety to think against them.

Catu. You bear it rightly, Lucius; and it glads me,
To find your thoughts so even.

Cat. I shall still

Study to make them such to Rome, and heaven.
(I would withdraw with you a little, Julius.

Cæs. I'll come home to you: Crassus would not ha' you
To speak to him 'fore Quintus Catulus.

Cat. I apprehend you.) No, when they shall judge
Honours convenient for me, I shall have 'em,
With a full hand: I know it. In mean time,
They are no less part of the commonwealth,
That do obey, than those that do command.

Catu. O let me kiss your forehead, Lucius.
How are you wrong'd!

Cat. By whom?

Catu. Publick report.

That

That gives you out, to stomach your repulse,
And brook it deadly.

Cat. Sir, she brooks not me.

Believe me rather, and your self, now of me :
It is a kind of slander to trust rumour.

Catu. I know it. And I could be angry with it.

Cat. So may not I. Where it concerns himself,
Who's angry at a slander, makes it true.

Catu. Most noble Sergius! this your temper melts me.

Cra. Will you do office to the consul, Quintus?

Caf. Which Cato, and the rout have done the other?

Catu. I wait, when he will go. Be still your self.
He wants no state, or honours, that hath virtue.

Cat. Did I appear so tame, as this man thinks me?
Look'd I so poor? so dead? so like that nothing,
Which he calls virtuous? O my breast, break quickly;
And shew my friends my in-parts, lest they think
I have betray'd 'em.

(*Lon.* Where's Gabinius?)

Len. Gone.

Lon. And Vargunteius?

Len. Slipt away; all shrunk :
Now that he miss'd the consulship.)

Cat. I am

The scorn of bondmen, who are next to beasts.
What can I worse pronounce myself, that's fitter?
The owl of Rome, whom boys and girls will hoot!
That were I set up for that wooden God,
That keeps our gardens, could not fright the crows,
Or the least bird from muting on my head!

(*Lon.* 'Tis strange how he should miss it.)

Len. Is't not stranger,
The up start Cicero should carry it so,
By all consents, from men so much his masters?

Lon. 'Tis true.)

Cat. To what a shadow am I melted!

(*Lon.* Antonius won it but by some few voices.)

Cat.

Cat. Struck through, like air, and feel it not. My
Close faster than they're made. [wounds

(*Len.* The whole design,
And enterprize is lost by't. All hands quit it,
Upon his fail.)

Cat. I grow mad at my patience.
It is a visor that hath poison'd me.
Would it had burnt me up, and I died inward;
My heart first turn'd to ashes.
(*Lon.* Here's Cethegus yet.)

S C E N E III.

Catiline, Cethegus, Lentulus, Longinus, Cato.

Cat. Repulse upon repulse? an in mate consul?
That I could reach the axle, where the pins are,
Which bolt this frame; that I might pull 'em out,
And pluck all into Chaos, with my self.

Cet. What, are we wishing now?

Cat. Yes, my Cethegus.

Who^s would not fall with all the world about him?

Cet. Not I, that would stand on it, when it falls;
And force new nature out to make another.
These wishings taste of woman, not of Roman.
Let us seek other arms.

Cat. What should we do?

Cet. Do, and not wish; something that wishestake not:
So sudden, as the Gods should not prevent,
Nor scarce have time to fear.

Cat. O noble Caius!

Cet. It likes me better, that you are not consul.

^s Who would not fall with all the world about him?

— *Vitæ est avidus quisquis non vult*

Mundo secum pereunte mori.

I would not go through open doors, but break 'em ;
Swim to my ends through blood ; or build a bridge
Of carcasses ; make on upon the heads
Of ⁶ men, struck down like piles ; to reach the lives
Of those remain and stand : then is't a prey,
When danger stops, and ruin makes the way ⁷.

Cat. How thou dost utter me, brave soul, that may not
At all times shew such as I am, but bend
Unto occasion ⁸ ? Lentulus, this man,
If all our fire were out, would fetch down new,
Out of the hand of Jove ; and rivet him
To Caucasus, should he but frown : and let
His own gaunt eagle fly at him, to tire ⁹.

⁶ ————— Or build a BRIDGE

Of carcasses ; make on upon the heads

Of men, struck down like piles.] I have often observed that cor-
ruptions which leave some sense, are more dangerous than when
they turn the text into direct nonsense. This is the case here :
make on upon the heads is sense, but undoubtedly the true reading is
make one, i. e. a bridge. Mr. SEWARD.

I would not be thought to detract from the merit of this ingenious
conjecture, by not correcting the text as Mr. Seward prescribes,
because the reading retained is exhibited by all the different editions :
but it must be owned, that an error in the first copy may have been
handed down thro' all the subsequent ones.

⁷ ————— Then is't a prey,

When danger stops, and ruin makes the way.] This is very strongly
expressed : our author might have said, and with a spirit of poetry
too, *when ruin marks the way*. But the image here given is much
bolder. The very road they would march in shou'd be formed out
of the ruins and destruction they had scattered round them. It seems
to be taken from a similar expression in Lucan, who uses it where
he is giving us the character of Julius Cæsar ;

— *Impellens quicquid sibi summa petenti*

Obstaret, gaudensque viam fecisse ruinã.

L. 1. ver. 160.

⁸ ————— But bend

UPON occasion.] The present text, which is much the best, is from
the copy of 1616.

⁹ ————— And let

His own gaunt eagle fly at him, to TIRE.] i. e. To tear him in pie-
ces : *tire* is a term in falconry.

Len. Peace, here comes Cato.

Cat. Let him come, and hear,
I will no more difsemble. Quit us all ;
I, and my lov'd Cethegus here, alone
Will undertake this giants war, and carry it.

Len. What needs this, Lucius ?

Lon. Sergius, be more wary.

Cat. Now, Marcus Cato, our new consul's spie,
What is your sour austerity sent t' explore ?

Cato. Nothing in thee, licentious Catiline :
Halters and racks cannot exprefs from thee
More than thy deeds. 'Tis only judgment waits thee.

Cat. Whose ? Cato's ? shall he judge me ?

Cato. No, the Gods ;
Who ever follow those, they go not with :
And senate, who with fire must purge sick Rome
Of noisome citizens, whereof thou art one.
Be gone, or else let me. 'Tis bane to draw
The same air with thee.

Cet. Strike him.

Len. Hold, good Caius.

Cet. Fearst thou not, Cato ?

Cato. Rash Cethegus, no.

'Twere wrong with Rome, when Catiline and thou
Do threat, if Cato fear'd.

Cat. The fire you speak of,
If any flame of it approach my fortunes,
I'll quench it not with water, but with ruin.

Cato. You hear this, Romans.

Cat. Bear it to the consul.

Cet. I would have sent away his soul before him.
You are too heavy, Lentulus, and remis ;
It is for you we labour, and the kingdom
Promis'd you by the Sibyls.

Cat. Which his prætorship,
And some small flattery of the senate more,
Will make him to forget.

Leno

Len. You wrong me, Lucius.

Lon. He will not need these spurs.

Cet. The action needs 'em.

These things, when they proceed not, they go backward.

Len. Let us consult then.

Cet. Let us first take arms.

They that deny us just things now, will give

All that we ask, if once they see our swords. [words.]

Cat. Our objects must be fought with wounds, not

S C E N E IV.

Cicero, Fulvia.

Cic. Is there a heaven? and gods? and can it be
 They should so slowly hear, so slowly see!
 Hath Jove no thunder? or is Jove become
 Stupid as thou art, O near-wretched Rome?
 When both thy senate, and thy Gods do sleep,
 And neither thine, nor their own states do keep!
 What will awake thee, heaven? what can excite
 Thine anger, if this practice be too light?
 His former drifts partake of former times,
 But this last plot was only Catiline's;
 O, that it were his last! but he before
 Hath safely done so much, he'll still dare more.
 Ambition, like a torrent, ne'er looks back;
 And is a swelling, and the last affection
 A high mind can put off: being both a rebel
 Unto the soul and reason, and enforceth
 All laws, all conscience, treads upon religion,
 And offereth violence to nature's self.
 But here is that transcends it! A black purpose
 To confound nature: and to ruin that,
 Which never age nor mankind can repair!
 Sit down, good lady; Cicero is lost
 In this your fable: for, to think it true

Tempteth my reason. It so far exceeds
 All insolent fictions of the tragick scene!
 The commonwealth yet panting underneath
 The stripes and wounds of a late civil war,
 Gasping for life, and scarce restor'd to hope;
 To seek t'oppress her with new cruelty,
 And utterly extinguish her long name,
 With so prodigious and unheard of fierceness!
 What sink of monsters, wretches of lost minds,
 Mad after change, and desp'rate in their states,
 Wearied, and gall'd with their necessities,
 (For all this I allow them) durst have thought it?
 Would not the barbarous deeds have been believ'd,
 Of Marius, and Sylla, by our children,
 Without this fact had rose forth greater for them?
 All that they did was piety to this!
 They yet but murder'd kinsfolk, brothers, parents,
 Ravish'd the virgins, and perhaps some matrons;
 They left the city standing, and the temples:
 The Gods and majesty of Rome were safe yet!
 These purpose to fire it, to despoil them,
 (Beyond the other evils) and lay waste
 The far-triumphed world: for unto whom
 Rome is too little, what can be enough?

Ful. 'Tis true, my lord, I had the same discourse.

Cic. And then, to take a horrid sacrament
 In human blood, for execution
 Of this their dire design; which might be call'd
 The height of wickedness: but that, that was higher,
 For which they did it!

Ful. I assure your lordship,
 The extreme horror of it almost turn'd me
 To air, when first I heard it; I was all
 A vapour when 'twas told me: and I long'd
 To vent it any where. 'Twas such a secret,
 I thought it would have burnt me up.

Cic. Good Fulvia,

Fear

Fear not your act ; and less repent you of it.

Ful. I do not, my good lord. I know to whom I've utter'd it.

Cic. You have discharg'd it safely.
Should Rome, for whom you 've done the happy ser-
Turn most ingrate ; yet were your virtue paid [vice,
In conscience of the fact : so much good deeds
Reward themselves !

Ful. My lord, I did it not
To any other aim, but for it self ;
To no ambition.

Cic. You have learn'd the difference
Of doing office to the publick weal,
And private friendship : and have shewn it, lady.
Be still your self. I've sent for Quintus Curius,
And (for your virtuous sake) if I can win him
Yet to the commonwealth, he shall be safe too.

Ful. I'll undertake, my lord, he shall be won.

Cic. Pray you join with me then, and help to work
[him.

S C E N E V.

Cicero, Liſtor, Fulvia, Curius.

Cic. How now ? Is he come ?

Liſt. He's here, my lord.

Cic. Go presently,

Pray my colleague Antonius I may speak with him,
About some present business of the state ;
And (as you go) call on my brother Quintus,
And pray him, with the tribunes, to come to me.
Bid Curius enter. Fulvia, you will aid me ?

Ful. It is my duty.

Cic. O, my noble lord !
I have to chide you, i' faith. Give me your hand.
Nay, be not troubled ; 't shall be gently, Curius.
You look upon this lady ? what ! do you guess

My business yet? come, if you frown, I thunder:
 Therefore put on your better looks and thoughts.
 There's nought but fair and good intended to you;
 And I would make those your complexion,
 Would you, of whom the senate had that hope,
 As, on my knowledge, it was in their purpose
 Next fitting to restore you, as they had done
 The stupid and ungrateful Lentulus,
 (Excuse me, that I name you thus together,
 For yet you are not such) would you, I say,
 A person both of blood and honour, stock'd
 In a long race of virtuous ancestors,
 Embark your self for such a hellish action,
 With parricides and traitors, men turn'd furies,
 Out of the waste and ruin of their fortunes?
 (For 'tis despair that is the mother of madness.)
 Such as want (that which all conspirators
 But they have first) mere colour for their mischief?
 O, I must blush with you. Come, you shall not labour
 T' extenuate your guilt, but quit it clean:
 Bad men excuse their faults, good men will leave 'em,
 He acts the third crime, that defends the first.
 Here is a lady that hath got the start
 In piety of us all, and for whose virtue
 I could almost turn lover again, but that
 Terentia would be jealous. What an honour
 Hath she atchieved to herself! what voices,
 Titles, and loud applauses will pursue her
 Through every street! what windows will be fill'd,
 To shoot eyes at her! what envy and grief in matrons,
 They are not she! when this her act shall seem
 Worthier a chariot, than if Pompey came
 With Asia chain'd! all this is, while she lives;
 But dead, her very name will be a statue!
 Not wrought for time, but rooted in the minds
 Of all posterity; when brass and marble,
 I, and the capitol itself is dust!

Ful. Your honour thinks too highly of me.

Cic. No;

I cannot think enough; and I would have
Him emulate you. 'Tis no shame to follow
The better precedent. She shews you, Curius,
What claim your country lays to you, and what duty
You owe to it: be not afraid to break
With murderers, and traitors, for the saving
A life so near and necessary to you,
As is your country's. Think but on her right.
No child can be too natural to his parent.
She is our common mother, and doth challenge
The prime part of us; do not stop, but give it.
He that is void of fear, may soon be just:
And no religion binds men to be traitors.

Ful. My lord, he understands it, and will follow
Your saving counsel; but his shame yet stays him.
I know that he is coming.

Cur. Do you know it?

Ful. Yes, let me speak with you.

Cur. O, you are ———

Ful. What am I?

Cur. Speak not so loud:

Ful. I am what you should be.

Come, do you think I'd walk in any plot
Where madam Sempronia should take place of me¹⁰,
And Fulvia come i' the rear, or o' the by?
That I would be her second, in a business,
Though it might vantage me all the sun fees?

¹⁰ *Come, do you think I'd walk in any plot,*

Where madam Sempronia shou'd take place of me.] The poet in making Fulvia discover the plot to Cicero, out of pique and jealousy to Sempronia, rather than affection to her country, is consistent in his character, tho' history does not appear to furnish us with any such suggestion. Fulvia declared herself a rival of Sempronia, and therefore the hint given above, is very artfully insinuated to her lover.

————— *Servatur ab imo*
Qualis ab incæpto processerit.

It was a silly phant'sy of yours. Apply
Your self to me, and the consul, and be wife ;
Follow the fortune I have put you into :

You may be something this way, and with safety.

Cic. Nay, I must tolerate no whisperings, lady.

Ful. Sir, you may hear. I tell him, in the way
Wherein he was, how hazardous his course was.

Cic. How hazardous ? how certain to all ruin.

Did he, or do yet any of them imagine
The Gods would sleep to such a Stygian practice,
Against that commonwealth which they have founded
With so much labour, and like care have kept,
Now near seven hundred years ? It is a ¹¹ madness,
Wherewith heaven blinds 'em, when it would confound
That they should think it. Come, my Curius, (em,
I see your nature's right ; you shall no more
Be mention'd with them : I will call you mine,
And trouble this good shame no farther. Stand
Firm for your country, and become a man
Honour'd and lov'd. It were a noble life,
To be found dead, embracing her. Know you
What thanks, what titles, what rewards the senate
Will heap upon you, certain, for your service ?
Let not a desp'rate action more engage you,
Than safety should ; and wicked friendship force,
What honesty and virtue cannot work. [counsel,

Ful. He tells you right, sweet friend ; 'tis saving

Cur. Most noble consul, I am yours, and hers ;
I mean, my country's : you have form'd me new,
Inspiring me with what I should be truly.
And I entreat, my faith may not seem cheaper
For springing out of penitence.

Cic. Good Curius,

¹¹ ——— It is a madness,

Wherewith heav'n blinds 'em, when it would confound 'em] From
the Latin adage,

Perdere quos vult Jupiter, dementat prius.

It shall be dearer rather ; and because
 I'd make it such, hear how I trust you more.
 Keep still your former face, and mix again
 With these lost spirits ; run all their mazes with 'em ;
 For such are treasons : find their windings out,
 And subtle turnings, watch their snaky ways,
 Through brakes and hedges, into woods of darkness,
 Where they are fain to creep upon their breasts
 In paths ne'er trod by men, but wolves and panthers.
 Learn, beside Catiline, Lentulus, and those
 Whose names I have, what new ones they draw in ;
 Who else are likely ; what those great ones are
 They do not name ; what ways they mean to take ;
 And whither their hopes point, to war, or ruin
 By some surprize. Explore all their intents ;
 And what you find may profit the republick,
 Acquaint me with it, either by your self,
 Or this your virtuous friend, on whom I lay
 The care of urging you. I'll see that Rome
 Shall prove a thankful and a bounteous mother.
 Be secret as the night.

Cur. And constant, sir.

Cic. I do not doubt it ; though the time cut off
 All vows. The dignity of truth is lost
 With much protesting. Who is there ! this way
 Left you be seen and met. And when you come,
 Be this your token to this fellow. Light 'em.

[He whispers with him.]

O Rome, in what a sickness art thou fallen !
 How dangerous and deadly ! when thy head
 Is drown'd in sleep, and all thy body fev'ry !
 No noise, no pulling, no vexation wakes thee,
 Thy lethargy is such : or if, by chance,
 Thou heav'st thy eye-lids up, thou dost forget
 Sooner than thou wert told, thy proper danger.
 I did unreverently, to blame the Gods,
 Who wake for thee, though thou snore to thy self.

Is it not strange, thou should'st be so diseas'd,
 And so secure? but more, that the first symptoms
 Of such a malady should not rise out
 From any worthy member, but a base
 And common strumpet, worthless to be nam'd
 A hair, or part of thee¹²? Think, think, hereafter,
 What thy needs were, when thou must use such means:
 And lay it to thy breast, how much the Gods
 Upbraid thy foul neglect of them, by making
 So vile a thing the author of thy safety.
 They could have wrought by nobler ways, have struck
 Thy foes with forked lightning, or ramm'd thunder;
 Thrown hills upon 'em, in the act; have sent
 Death, like a damp, to all their families;
 Or caus'd their consciences to burst 'em. But
 When they will shew thee what thou art, and make
 A scornful difference 'twixt their power and thee,
 They help thee by such aids as geese and harlots.
 How now, what answer? is he come?

Lic. Your brother
 Will straight be here; and your colleague Antonius
 Said, coldly, he would follow me.

Cic. I, that
 Troubles me somewhat, and is worth my fear.
 He is a man 'gainst whom I must provide,
 That (as he'll do no good) he do no harm.

¹² ———— *Worthless to be nam'd*

A HAIR, or part of thee.] There appears at first sight, no great indignity in saying, she was unworthy to be called *a hair*, which indeed is usually thought a grace and ornament to the body; but we are to consider under what denomination the hair is placed, in the physical accounts of the body: it is there considered as of excrementitious growth, a part without any life, feeling, or sensation. Of this kind is the following expression in Shakespear: "Your bedded hair, like life in excrements."——So that saying, she was not worthy to be called *a hair*, was regarding her as almost destitute of any feeling, or sympathy with the other parts of the body; or it may signify no more than to denote the insignificance of the informer.

He,

He, though he be not of the plot, will like it,
 And wish it should proceed : for, unto men
 Prest with their wants, all change is ever welcome.
 I must with offices and patience win him,
 Make him by art, that which he is not born,
 A friend unto the publick, and bestow
 The province on him, which is by the senate
 Decreed to me ; that benefit will bind him.
 'Tis well, if some men will do well for price :
 So few are virtuous when the reward's away.
 Nor must I be unmindful of my private,
 For which I have call'd my brother, and the tribunes,
 My kinsfolk, and my clients, to be near me.
 He that stands up 'gainst traitors, and their ends,
 Shall need a double guard, of law, and friends :
 Especially in such an envious state,
 That sooner will accuse the magistrate,
 Than the delinquent ; and will rather grieve
 The treason is not acted, than believe.

S C E N E VI.

Cæsar, Catiline.

Cæs. The night grows on, and you are for your meeting:
 I'll therefore end in few. Be resolute,
 And put your enterprize in act. The more
 Actions of depth and danger are consider'd,
 The less assuredly they are perform'd.
 And thence it happ'neth, that the bravest plots
 (Not executed straight) have been discover'd.
 Say, you are constant, or another, a third,
 Or more ; there may be yet one wretched spirit,
 With whom the fear of punishment shall work
 'Bove all the thoughts of honour and revenge.
 You are not now to think what's best to do,
 As in beginnings ; but what must be done,

Being

Being thus entered ; and slip no advantage
 That may secure you. Let 'em call it mischief :
 When it is past, and prosper'd, 'twill be virtue.
 They're petty crimes are punish'd, great rewarded.
 Nor must you think of peril, since attempts
 Begun with danger, still do end with glory ;
 And, when need spurs, despair will be call'd wisdom.
 Less ought the care of men or fame to fright you ;
 For they that win, do seldom receive shame
 Of victory, howe'er it be achiev'd ;
 And vengeance, least. For who, besieg'd with wants,
 Would stop at death, or any thing beyond it ?
 Come, there was never any great thing yet
 Aspired, but by violence or fraud :
 And he that sticks (for folly of a conscience)
 To reach it——

Cat. Is a good religious fool.¹³

Cæs. A superstitious slave, and will die beast.
 Good night. You know what Crassus thinks, and I,
 By this. Prepare your wings as large as sails,
 To cut through air, and leave no print behind you.
 A serpent, e're he comes to be a dragon,
 Does eat a bat ; and so must you a consul,
 That watches. What you do, do quickly, Sergius.
 You shall not stir for me.

Cat. Excuse me. Lights there.

Cæs. By no means.

Cat. Stay then. All good thoughts to Cæsar.
 And like to Crassus.

Cæs. Mind but your friends counsels.

Cat. Or I will bear no mind.

¹³ *Cat.* *Is a good RELIGIOUS fool.*] It is probable that our poet uses the word *religious* in the same sense the Romans assigned to *religiosus*, which was generally taken to signify a fearful superstitious person ; and so Cæsar understands him.

S C E N E VII.

Catiline, Aurelia, Lecca.

Cat. How now, Aurelia?
Are your confederates come? the ladies?

Aur. Yes.

Cat. And is Sempronia there?

Aur. She is.

Cat. That's well.

She has a sulph'rous spirit, and will take
Light at a spark. Break with them, gentle love,
About the drawing as many of their husbands
Into the plot, as can; if not, to rid 'em.
That'll be the easier practice unto some,
Who have been tir'd with 'em long. Sollicit
Their aids for money, and their servants help,
In firing of the city at the time
Shall be design'd. Promise 'em states, and empires,
And men, for lovers, made of better clay
Than ever the old potter Titan knew¹².
Who's that? O, Porcius Lecca! are they met?

Lec. They are all here.

Cat. Love, you have your instructions:
I'll trust you with the stuff you have to work on.
You'll form it? Porcius, fetch the silver eagle
I gave you in charge; and pray 'em they will enter.

¹² *Than ever the old PORTER Titan knew.*] The corruption, which runs through most of the editions, is easily set right; and to my own conjecture I have that of Mr. Sympson, as well as the Latin verse from whence the expression is borrowed,

Quos meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan.

SCENE VIII.

*Catiline, Cethegus, Curius, Lentulus, Vargunteius, Longinus,
Gabinus, Ceparius, Autronius, &c.*

Cat. O friends, your faces glad me. This will be
Our last, I hope, of consultation.

Cet. So it had need.

Cur. We lose occasion daily.

Cat. I, and our means; whereof one wounds me most
That was the fairest: Piso is dead in Spain.

Cet. As we are here.

Lon. And, as 'tis thought, by envy
Of Pompey's followers.

Len. He too's coming back
Now out of Asia.

Cat. Therefore, what we intend
We must be swift in. Take your seats, and hear.
I have already sent Septimius
Into the Picene territory, and Julius,
To raise force for us in Apulia;
Manlius at Fesulæ is (by this time) up,
With the old needy troops that follow'd Sylla:
And all do but expect when we will give
The blow at home. Behold this silver eagle,
'Twas Marius' standard in the Cimbrian war,
Fatal to Rome; and as our augurs tell me,
Shall still be so: for which one ominous cause,
I've kept it safe, and done it sacred rites,
As to a godhead, in a chapel built
Of purpose to it. Pledge then all your hands,
To follow it, with vows of death and ruin,
Struck silently and home. So waters speak
When they run deepest. Now's the time, this year,
The twentieth from the firing of the capitol,

As

As fatal too to Rome, by all predictions ;
And in which honour'd Lentulus must rise
A king, if he pursue it.

Cur. If he do not,
He is not worthy the great destiny.

Len. It is too great for me ; but what the Gods
And their great loves decree me, I must not
Seem careless of.

Cat. No, nor we envious.
We have enough beside ; all Gallia, Belgia,
Greece, Spain. and Africk.

Cur. I, and Asia too,
Now Pompey is returning.

Cat. Noblest Romans,
Methinks our looks are not so quick and high
As they were wont.

Cur. No ? whose is not ?

Cat. We have
No anger in our eyes, no storm, no lightning :
Our hate is spent, and fum'd away in vapour,
Before our hands be at work : I can accuse
Not any one, but all, of slackness.

Cet. Yes,
And be your self such, while you do it.

Cat. Ha ?

'Tis sharply answer'd, Caius.

Cet. Truly, truly.

Len. Come, let us each one know his part to do,
And then be accus'd. Leave these untimely quarrels:

Cur. I would there were more Romes than one to ruin!

Cet. More Romes ? more worlds.

Cur. Nay then, more Gods and natures,
If they took part.

Len. When shall the time be, first ?

Cat. I think, the Saturnals.

Cet. 'Twill be too long.

Cat. They are not now far off, 'tis not a month.

Cet.

Cet. A week, a day, an hour is too far off :
Now were the fittest time.

Cat. We have not laid
All things so safe and ready.

Cet. While we are laying,
We shall all lie and grow to earth. Would I
Were nothing in it, if not now. These things
They should be done, e're thought.

Cat. Nay, now your reason
Forfakes you, Caius. Think but what commodity
That time will minister ; the city's custom
Of being then in mirth and feast——

Len. Loos'd whole
In pleasure and security——

Ant. Each house
Resolv'd in freedom——

Cur. Ev'ry slave a master——

Lon. And they too no mean aids——

Cur. Made from their hope
Of liberty——

Len. Or hate unto their lords.

Var. 'Tis sure, there cannot be a time found out
More apt and natural.

Len. Nay, good Cethegus,
Why do your passions now disturb our hopes ?

Cet. Why do your hopes delude our certainties ?

Cat. You must lend him his way. Think for the order,
And process of it.

Lon. Yes.

Len. I like not fire ;
'Twill too much waste my city.

Cat. Were it embers,
There will be wealth enough, rak'd out of them,
To spring a-new. It must be fire, or nothing.

Lon. What else should fright or terrify 'em ?

Var. True.

In that confusion must be the chief slaughter.

Cur.

Cur. Then we shall kill 'em bravest.

Cep. And in heaps.

Aut. Strew sacrifices.

Cur. Make the earth an altar.

Ion. And Rome the fire.

Lec. 'Twill be a noble night.

Var. And worth all Sylla's days.

Cur. When husbands, wives,

Grandfires, and nephews, servants, and their lords,
Virgins, and priests, the infant, and the nurse,
Go all to hell together in a fleet.

Cat. I would have you, Longinus, and Statilius,
To take the charge o' the firing, which must be,
At a sign given with a trumpet, done
In twelve chief places of the city at once.
The flax and sulphur are already laid
In at Cethegus' house ; so are the weapons.
Gabinus, you, with other force, shall stop
The pipes and conduits, and kill those that come
For water.

Cur. What shall I do ?

Cat. All will have

Employment, fear not : ply the execution.

Cur. For that, trust me, and Cethegus.

Cat. I will be

At hand with the army, to meet those that 'scape :
And Lentulus, begirt you Pompey's house,
To seize his sons alive ; for they are they
Must make our peace with him. All else cut off,
As Tarquin did the poppy-heads, or mowers
A field of thistles ; or else, up, as plows
Do barren lands, and strike together flints
And clods, th' ungrateful senate and the people ;
Till no rage gone before, or coming after,
May weigh with yours, though horror leap'd herself
Into the scale ; but, in your violent acts,
The fall of torrents, and the noise of tempests,

The boiling of Charybdis, the seas wildness,
The eating force of flames, and wings of winds,
Be all out-wrought by your transcendent furies.
It had been done ere this, had I been consul ;
We had had no stop, no let.

Len. How find you Antonius ?

Cat. Th' other has won him, lost: that Cicero
Was born to be my opposition,
And stands in all our ways.

Cur. Remove him first.

Cet. May that yet be done sooner ?

Cat. Would it were done.

Cur. Var. I'll do't.

Cet. It is my province ; none usurp it.

Len. What are your means ?

Cet. Enquire not. He shall die.

Shall, was too slowly said. He's dying. That
Is yet too slow. He's dead.

Cat. Brave, only Roman,
Whose soul might be the world's soul, were that dying ;
Refuse not yet the aids of these your friends.

Len. Here's Vargunteius holds good quarter with him.

Cat. And under the pretext of clientele,
And visitation, with the morning hail,
Will be admitted.

Cet. What is that to me ?

Var. Yes, we may kill him in his bed, and safely.

Cet. Safe is your way then, take it. Mine's mine own.

Cat. Follow him, Vargunteius, and persuade,
The morning is the fittest time.

Lon. The night
Will turn all into tumult.

Len. And perhaps
Miss of him too.

Cat. Entreat and conjure him
In all our names——

Len. By all our vows and friendships.

S C E N E

S C E N E IX.

Sempronia, Aurelia, Fulvia. [To them.]

Sem. What! is our council broke up first?

Aur. You say,

Women are greatest talkers.

Sem. We have done,

And are now fit for action.

Lon. Which is passion.

There is your best activity, lady.

Sem. How

Knows your wife fatness that?

Lon. Your mother's daughter

Did teach me, madam.

Cat. Come Sempronia, leave him;

He is a giber; and our present business

Is of more serious consequence. Aurelia

Tells me, you've done most masculinely within,

And play'd the orator.

Sem. But we must hasten

To our design as well, and execute;

Not hang still in the fever of an accident.

Cat. You say well, lady.

Sem. I do like our plot

Exceeding well; 'tis sure, and we shall leave

Little to fortune in it.

Cat. Your banquet stays.

Aurelia, take her in. Where's Fulvia?

Sem. O, the two lovers are coupling.

Cur. In good faith,

She's very ill with sitting up.

Sem. You'd have her

Laugh, and lie down?

Ful. No, faith, Sempronia,

I am not well: I'll take my leave, it draws

Toward the morning. Curius shall stay with you.
Madam, I pray you pardon me: my health
I must respect.

Aur. Farewel, good Fulvia.

[*Curius whispers this to Fulvia.*]

Cur. Make haste, and bid him get his guards about him:
For Vargunteius and Cornelius
Have underta'en it, should Cethegus miss:
Their reason, that they think his open rashness
Will suffer easier discovery
Than their attempt, so veiled under friendship.
I'll bring you to your coach. Tell him, beside,
Of Cæsar's coming forth here.

Cat. My sweet madam,
Will you be gone?

Ful. I am, my lord, in truth,
In some indisposition.

Cat. I do wish
You had all your health, sweet lady. Lentulus,
You'll do her service.

Len. To her coach, and duty.

S C E N E X.

Catiline solus.

Cat. What ministers men must for practice use!
The rash, th' ambitious, needy, desperate,
Foolish, and wretched, e'en the dregs of mankind,
To whores and women! still it must be so.
Each have their proper place, and in their rooms
They are the best. Grooms fittest kindle fires,
Slaves carry burdens, butchers are for slaughters,
Apothecaries, butlers, cooks, for poisons;
As these for me: dull stupid Lentulus,
My stale, with whom I stalk; the rash Cethegus,
My executioner; and fat Longinus,

Statilius,

Statilius, Curius, Ceparius, Cimber,
 My labourers, pioneers, and incendiaries :
 With these domestick traitors, bosom thieves,
 Whom custom hath call'd wives ; the readiest helps
 To betray heady husbands, ^s rob the easy,
 And lend the moneys on returns of lust.
 Shall Catiline not do now, with these aids,
 So fought, so sorted, something shall be call'd
 Their labour, but his profit? and make Cæsar
 Repent his vent'ring counsels to a spirit
 So much his lord in mischief? when all these
 Shall like the brethren sprung of dragons teeth,
 Ruin each other, and he fall amongst 'em,
 With Crassus, Pompey, or who else appears
 But like, or near a great one. May my brain
 Resolve to water, and my blood turn phlegm,
 My hands drop off, unworthy of my sword,
 And that b'inspired of itself to rip
 My breast for my lost entrails, when I leave
 A soul that will not serve ; and who will, are
 The same with slaves, such clay I dare not fear.
 The cruelty I mean to act, I wish
 Should be call'd mine, and tarry in my name ;
 Whilst after-ages do toil out themselves
 In thinking for the like, but do it less :
 And were the power of all the fiends let loose,
 With fate to boot, it should be still example,
 When, what the Gaul or Moor could not effect,
 Nor emulous Carthage, with their length of spight,
 Shall be the work of one, and that my night.¹⁶

O 3

S C E N E

¹⁵ ——— *The readiest helps*

To BETRAY HEADY husbands.] I give the text as I find it in the edit. of 1640, and the following copies : but the first folio reads ;

————— *The readiest helps*

To strangle head-strong husbands ———

¹⁶ *Shall be the work of one, and that my NIGHT.*] That is, the destruction shall all be executed in one single night, which shall afterwards

SCENE XI.

Cicero, Fulvia, Quintus.

Cic. I thank your vigilance. Where's my brother
 Call all my servants up. Tell noble Curius,
 And say it to yourself, you are my savers :
 But that's too little for you ; you are Rome's.
 What could I then hope less ? O brother ! now
 The engines that I told you of are working, ¹⁷
 The machine 'gins to move. Where are your weapons ?
 Arm all my household presently, and charge
 The porter, he let no man in till day.

Qui. Not clients, and your friends ?

Cic. They were those names,
 That come to murder me. Yet send for Cato,
 And Quintus Catulus ; those I dare trust :
 And Flaccus, and Pomptinius, the prætors,
 By the back way.

Qui. Take care, good brother Marcus,
 Your fears be not form'd greater than they should ;
 And make your friends grieve, while your enemies
 [laugh,

Cic. 'Tis brother's counsel, and worth thanks. But do
 As I entreat you. I provide, not fear.
 Was Cæsar there, say you ?

wards take its name from me. He said just before,

“ The cruelty I mean to act, I wish

“ Should be call'd mine, and tarry in my name.”

And Lecca in the last scene but one, says, “ It will be a noble *night*.”
 There is therefore no necessity, I think, to alter the present reading
 for that suggested by a learned critic, which here follows :

Shall be the work of one, and that my right.

¹⁷ *The engines I told you of are working,*] A syllable is wanting to
 perfect the metre : we must either read then,

The engineers I told you of are working,

Or as I have supplied the defect above.

Ful.

Ful. Curius says, he met him
Coming from thence.

Cic. O, so. And had you a council
Of ladies too? who was your speaker, madam?

Ful. She that would be, had there been forty more;
Sempronia, who had both her Greek and figures,
And ever and anon would ask us if
The witty consul could have mended that,
Or orator Cicero could have said it better?

Cic. She is my gentle enemy. Would Cethegus
Had no more danger in him. But my guards
Are you, great pow'rs, and th' unbated strengths
Of a firm conscience, which shall arm each step
Ta'en for the state; and teach me slack no pace
For fear of malice. How now, brother?

Qui. Cato,
And Quintus Catulus were coming to you,
And Crassus with 'em. I have let 'em in
By th' garden.

Cic. What would Crassus have?

Qui. I hear
Some whispering 'bout the gate, and making doubt
Whether it be not yet too early, or no?
But I do think, they are your friends and clients,
Are fearful to disturb you.¹⁸

Cic. You will change
T' another thought anon. Have you giv'n the porter
The charge I will'd you?

Qui. Yes.

Cic. Withdraw and hearken.

¹⁸ *They are your friends and clients,*
ARE fearful to disturb you.] I have given the text as I find it re-
presented in all the editions; but Mr. Sympson imagines it would
be better to read

And fearful to disturb you.

S C E N E XII.

*Vargunteius, Cornelius, Porter, Cicero, Cato, Catulus,
Crassus.*

Varg. The door's not open yet.

Cor. You were best to knock.

Var. Let them stand close then ; and, when we are in,
Rush after us.

Cor. But where's Cethegus ?

Var. He

Has left it, since he might not do't his way.

Por. Who's there ?

Var. A friend, or more.

Por. I may not let
Any man in, till day.

Var. No ? why ?

Cor. Thy reason ?

Por. I am commanded so.

Var. By whom ?

Cor. I hope

We are not discover'd.

Var. Yes, by revelation.

Pr'y thee, good slave, who has commanded thee ?

Por. He that may best, the consul.

Var. We are his friends,

Por. All's one.

Cor. Best give your name.

Var. Dost thou hear, fellow ?

I have some instant business with the consul.

My name is Vargunteius.

Cic. True, he knows it, [*Cicero speaks to them from
above.*]
And for what friendly office you are sent.

Cornelius too is there ?

Var. We are betray'd.

Cic. And desperate Cethegus, is he not ?

Var.

Var. Speak you, he knows my voice.

Cic. What say you to't ?

Cor. You are deceiv'd, fir.

Cic. No, 'tis you are so ;

Poor misled men. Your states are yet worth pity,
If you would hear, and change your savage minds.
Leave to be mad ; forsake your purposes
Of treason, rapine, murder, fire, and horror :
The commonwealth hath eyes, that wake as sharply
Over her life, as yours do for her ruin.
Be not deceiv'd, to think her lenity
Will be perpetual ; or, if men be wanting,
The Gods will be, to such a calling cause.
Consider your attempts, and while there's time,
Repent you of 'em. It doth make me tremble,
There should those spirits yet breathe, that when they
Live honestly, would rather perish basely. (cannot

Cato. You talk too much to 'em, Marcus, they are lost.
Go forth, and apprehend 'em.

Catu. If you prove
This practice, what should let the commonwealth
To take due vengeance ?

Var. Let us shift, away.

The darkness hath conceal'd us yet. We'll say,
Some have abus'd our names.

Cor. Deny it all. [tribunes aid,

Cato. Quintus, what guards have you ? call the
And raise the city. Consul, you're too mild.
The foulness of some facts takes thence all mercy.
Report it to the senate. Hear ! the Gods

[*It thunders and lightens violently on a sudden.*

Grow angry with your patience. 'Tis their care,
And must be yours, that guilty men escape not.
As crimes do grow, justice should rouse it self.

C H O R U S.

“ **W**HAT is it, heavens, you prepare
 “ With so much swiftness, and so sudden rising?
 “ There are no sons of earth that dare,
 “ Again, rebellion; or the Gods surprising.
 “ The world doth shake, and nature fears;
 “ Yet is the tumult, and the horror greater
 “ Within our minds, than in our ears: [threat her.
 “ So much Rome’s faults (now grown her fate) do
 “ The priests and people run about,
 “ Each order, age, and sex amaz’d at other;
 “ And at the ports all thronging out,
 “ As if their safety were to quit their mother:
 “ Yet find they the same dangers there,
 “ From which they make such haste to be preserved:
 “ For guilty states do ever bear
 “ The plagues about them which they have deserved.
 “ And till those plagues do get above
 “ The mountain of our faults, and there do sit,
 “ We see ’em not. Thus still we love
 “ Th’ evil we do, until we suffer it.
 “ But most, ambition, that near vice
 “ To virtue, hath the fate of Rome provoked;
 “ And made that now Rome’s self no price
 “ To free her from the death wherewith she’s yoked.
 “ That restless ill that still doth build
 “ Upon success, and ends not in aspiring:
 “ But there begins, and ne’er is fill’d
 “ While ought remains that seems but worth desiring.
 “ Wherein the thought, unlike the eye,
 “ To which things far seem smaller than they are,
 “ Deems all contentment plac’d on high:
 “ And thinks there’s nothing great but what is far.
 “ O, that in time Rome did not cast

“ Her

“ Her errors up, this fortune to prevent ¹⁹;
 “ T’ have seen her crimes ere they were past,
 “ And felt her faults before her punishment,

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

Allobroges.

Divers Senators pass by, quaking and trembling.

Allob. **C**AN these men fear, who are not only ours,
 But the world’s masters? Then I see the Gods
 Upbraid our suff’rings, or would humble them,
 By sending these affrights while we are here,
 That we might laugh at their ridiculous fear,
 Whose names we trembled at beyond the Alps.
 Of all that pass, I do not see a face
 Worthy a man; that dares look up, and stand
 One thunder out: but downward all, like beasts,
 Running away from ev’ry flash is made.
 The falling world could not deserve such baseness.
 Are we employ’d here by our miseries,
 Like superstitious fools (or rather slaves)
 To plain our griefs, wrongs and oppressions,
 To ¹ a mere clothed senate, whom our folly

Hath

¹⁹ O, that in time Rome did not cast

Her errors up, this FORTUNE to prevent.] Perhaps, says Mr. Sympton, *misfortune to prevent*: tho’, as he adds, Spenser has the word *fortune* in a sense congruous to this place, and that is *stroke*:

“ But Cambell’s fate that *fortune* did prevent.”

i. e. Stroke, which would have ended his life. And tho’ this is an unusual sense of the word, yet it is classical, as *τυχη* is both *fortune* and a *stroke* in Homer. I have forbore an alteration of the words, because *fortune* and *misfortune* are used indifferently, to signify any calamity or unlucky accident.

¹ *To plain our griefs, wrongs and oppressions,*

To a MERE CLOTHED SENATE.] *Mere clothed senate* is sense; it may signify a *senate* whose robes alone distinguish them from the lowest

Hath made, and still intends to keep, our tyrants?
 It is our base petitionary breath
 That blows 'em to this greatness; which this prick
 Would soon let out, if we were bold as wretched.²
 When they have taken all we have, our goods,
 Crop, lands and houses, they will leave us this:
 A weapon and an arm will still be found,
 Tho' naked left, and lower than the ground.

S C E N E II.

Cato, Catulus, Cicero, Allobroges.

Cato. Do; urge thine anger still, good heav'n and just!
 Tell guilty men what powers are above them.
 In such a confidence of wickedness,

'Twas time they should know something fit to fear.

Catu. I never saw a morn more full of horror.

Cato. To Catiline and his: but to just men,
 Tho' heaven should speak with all his wrath at once,
 That with his breath the hinges of the world
 Did crack, we should stand upright, and unfear'd.

Cic. Why so we do, good Cato. Who be these?

Catu. Ambassadors from the Allobroges,
 I take 'em, by their habits.

Allob. I, these men

Seem of another race; let's sue to these,
 There's hope of justice with their fortitude.

lowest reptiles on earth. But yet I believe this has excluded a more poetical reading. The ambassador was amazed at the timidity of the senators, and therefore would naturally despise himself and countrymen for continuing vassals to a *fear clothed senate*; i. e. to a senate whose fears enwrap them more than their furs. I propose this only as a conjecture, not a necessary change. Mr. SEWARD.

² — [*If we were bold AND wretched.*] I have altered the conjunctive particle to *as*, in which I have the concurrence both of Mr. Seward and Mr. Sympson; who equally conjectured the same as the justest and easiest reading.

Cic.

Cic. Friends of the senate, and of Rome, to-day
 We pray you to forbear us : on the morrow,
 What suit you have, let us, by Fabius Sanga,
 (Whose patronage your state doth use) but know it,
 And on the consul's word, you shall receive
 Dispatch, or else an answer worth your patience.

Allob. We could not hope for more, most worthy
 This magistrate hath struck an awe into me, [consul.
 And by his sweetness won a more regard
 Unto his place, then all the boist'rous moods
 That ignorant greatness practiseth, to fill
 The large unfit authority it wears.
 How easy is a noble spirit discern'd
 From harsh and sulphurous matter, that flies out
 In contumelies, makes a noise, and stinks !
 May we find good and great men : that know how
 To stoop to wants and meet necessities,
 And will not turn from any equal suits.
 Such men, they do not succour more the cause
 They undertake with favour and success,
 Than by it their own judgments they do raise,
 In turning just mens needs into their praise.

S C E N E III.

The Senate.

Præ. Room for the consuls. Fathers, take your places.
 Here in the house of Jupiter the stayer,
 By edict from the consul, Marcus Tullius,
 You're met, a frequent senate. Hear him speak —

Cic. What may be happy and auspicious still
 To Rome and hers. Honour'd and conscript fathers,
 If I were silent, and that all the dangers
 Threat'ning the state and you, were yet so hid
 In night, or darkness thicker in their breasts,
 That are the black contrivers ; so that no

Beam

Beam of the light could pierce 'em ; yet the voice
 Of heav'n, this morning, hath spoke loud enough
 T' instruct you with a feeling of the horror,
 And wake you from a sleep as stark as death.
 I have of late spoke often in this senate
 Touching this argument, but still have wanted
 Either your ears or faith ; so incredible
 Their plots have seem'd, or I so vain, to make
 These things for mine own glory and false greatness,
 As hath been given out. But be it so.
 When they break forth, and shall declare themselves
 By their too foul effects, then, then the envy
 Of my just cares will find another name.
 For me, I am but one, and this poor life,
 So lately aim'd at, not an hour yet since,
 They cannot with more eagerness pursue,
 Than I with gladness would lay down and lose,
 To buy Rome's peace, if that would purchase it.
 But when I see they'd make it but the step
 To more and greater ; unto yours, Rome's, all ;
 I would with those preserve it, or then fall.

Cæs. I, I, let you alone, cunning artificer !
 See how his gorget peers above his gown,
 To tell the people in what danger he was.
 It was absurdly done of Vargunteius,
 To name himself before he was got in.

Cra. It matters not, so they deny it all :
 And can but carry the lie constantly.
 Will Catiline be here ?

Cæs. I have sent for him.

Cra. And have you bid him to be confident !

Cæs. To that his own necessity will prompt him.

Cra. Seem to believe nothing at all that Cicero
 Relates us.

Cæs. It will mad him.

[*Quintus Cicero brings in the tribunes and guards.*]

Cra. O, and help

The

The other party. Who is that? his brother?
What new intelligence has he brought him now?

Cæs. Some cautions from his wife, how to behave him.

Cic. Place some of them without, and some bring in.
Thank their kind loves. It is a comfort yet,
That all depart not from their country's cause.

Cæs. How now, what means this muster, consul
Antonius?

Ant. I do not know, ask my colleague, he'll tell you.
There is some reason in state that I must yield to;
And I have promis'd him: indeed he has bought it,
With giving me the province.

Cic. I profess,
It grieves me, fathers, that I am compell'd
To draw these arms, and aids for your defence;
And more, against a citizen of Rome,
Born here amongst you, a patrician,
A man, I must confess, of no mean house,
Nor no small virtue, if he had employ'd
Those excellent gifts of fortune, and of nature,
Unto the good, not ruin, of the state.
But being bred in's father's needy fortunes,
Brought up in's sister's prostitution,
Confirm'd in civil slaughter, entering first
The commonwealth, with murder of the gentry;
Since, both by study and custom conversant
With all licentiousness, what could be hop'd
In such a field of riot, but a course
Extreme pernicious? tho' I must protest,
I found his mischiefs sooner with mine eyes
Than with my thought; and with these hands of mine,
Before they touch'd at my suspicion.

Cæs. What are his mischiefs, consul? you declaim
Against his manners, and corrupt your own:
No wise man should, for hate of guilty men,
Lose his own innocence.

Cic. The noble Cæsar

Speaks

Speaks God-like truth. But when he hears I can
 Convince him, by his manners, of his mischiefs,
 He might be silent; and not cast away
 His sentences in vain, where they scarce look
 Toward his subject.

Cato. Here he comes himself.

If he be worthy any good man's voice,
 That good man sit down by him: Cato will not.

[Catiline sits down, and Cato rises from him.]

Catu. If Cato leave him, I'll not keep aside.

Cat. What face is this the senate here puts on
 Against me, fathers? give my modesty
 Leave to demand the cause of so much strangeness.

Cæs. It is reported here, you are the head
 To a strange faction, Lucius.

Cic. I, and will
 Be prov'd against him.

Cat. Let it be. Why, consul,
 If in the commonwealth there be two bodies,
 One lean, weak, rotten, and that hath a head;
 The other strong and healthful, but hath none:
 If I do give it one, do I offend?
 Restore your selves unto your temper, fathers;
 And, without perturbation, hear me speak.
 Remember who I am, and of what place,
 What petty fellow this is that opposes;
 One that hath exercis'd his eloquence
 Still to the bane of the nobility:
 A boasting insolent tongue-man.

Cato. Peace, lewd traitor,
 Or wash thy mouth. He is an honest man,
 And loves his country; would thou didst so too.

Cat. Cato, you are too zealous for him.

Cato. No;
 Thou art too impudent.

Catu. Catiline, be silent.

Cat. Nay then, I easily fear, my just defence

Will

Will come too late to so much prejudice!

(*Cæs.* Will he sit down?)

Cat. Yet let the world forsake me,
My innocence must not.

Cato. Thou innocent?
So are the furies.

Cic. Yes, and Ate too.
Dost thou not blush, pernicious Catiline?
Or hath the paleness of thy guilt drunk up
Thy blood, and drawn thy veins as dry of that
As is thy heart of truth, thy breast of virtue?
Whither at length wilt thou abuse our patience?
Still shall thy fury mock us? to what licence
Dares thy unbridled boldness run it self?
Do all the nightly guards, kept on the palace,
The city's watches, with the people's fears,
The concourse of all good men, this so strong
And fortified seat here of the senate,
That present looks upon thee, strike thee nothing?
Dost thou not feel thy counsels all laid open?
And see thy wild conspiracy bound in
With each man's knowledge? which of all this order
Canst thou think ignorant (if they will but utter
Their conscience to the right) of what thou didst
Last night, what on the former, where thou wert,
Whom thou didst call together, what your plots were?
O age and manners! this the consul sees,
The senate understands, yet this man lives!
Lives? I, and comes here into counsel with us;
Partakes the publick cares: and with his eye
Marks and points out each man of us to slaughter.
And we, good men, do satisfy the state,
If we can shun but this man's sword and madness.
There was that virtue once in Rome, when good men
Would, with more sharp coercion, have restrain'd
A wicked citizen, than the deadliest foe.
We have that law still, Catiline, for thee;

An act as grave, as sharp: the state's not wanting,
 Nor the authority of this senate; we,
 We that are consuls, only fail our selves.
 This twenty days the edge of that decree
 We have let dull and rust; kept it shut up,
 As in a sheath, which drawn, should take thy head.
 Yet still thou liv'st: and liv'st not to lay by
 Thy wicked confidence, but to confirm it.
 I could desire, grave fathers, to be found
 Still merciful, to seem, in these main perils
 Grasping the state, a man remis and slack;
 But then I should condemn my self of sloth
 And treachery. Their camp's in Italy,
 Pitch'd in the jaws here of Hetruria;
 Their numbers daily increasing, and their general
 Within our walls: nay, in our counsel, plotting
 Hourly some fatal mischief to the publick.
 If, Catiline, I should command thee now,
 Here to be taken, kill'd; I make just doubt,
 Whether all good men would not think it done
 Rather too late, than any man too cruel.

Cato. Except he were of the same meal and batch.

Cic. But that which ought to have been done long
 I will, (and for good reason) yet forbear. [since,
 Then will I take thee, when no man is found
 So lost, so wicked, nay, so like thy self,
 But shall profess, 'tis done of need and right.
 While there is one that dares defend thee, live;
 Thou shalt have leave, but so as now thou liv'st;
 Watch'd at a hand, besieged, and oppress'd³
 From working least commotion to the state.
 I have those eyes and ears shall still keep guard,
 And spial on thee, as they 've ever done,

³ *Watch'd at a hand, besieged, and oppress'd.*] Cicero's words are,
multis meis et firmis præfidiis obsessus. If this be the poet's translation
 of these words, 'tis a very bad one. I read then, *watch'd at all*
bands.

Mr. SYMPSON.

And

And thou not feel it. What then canst thou hope?
 If neither night can with her darknefs hide
 Thy wicked meetings, nor a private houfe
 Can in her walls contain the guilty whifpers
 Of thy confpiracy: if all break out,
 All be discover'd, change thy mind at laft,
 And lofe thy thoughts of ruin, flame and flaughter.
 Remember how I told here to the fenate,
 That fuch a day thy licitor, Caius Manlius,
 Would be in arms. Was I deceived, Catiline,
 Or in the fact, or in the time? the hour?
 I told too in this fenate, that thy purpofe
 Was on the fifth ⁴ o' th' kalends of November
 T' have flaughter'd this whole order: which my cau-
 Made many leave the city. Canft thou here [tion
 Deny, but this thy black defign was hinder'd
 That very day by me? thy felf clos'd in
 Within my ftrengths, fo that thou could'ft not move
 Againft the publick weal ⁵? when thou wert heard
 To fay upon the parting of the reft,
 Thou would'ft content thee with the murder of us

⁴ ————— Thy purpofe

Was on the fifth (THE KALENDS) of November

T' have flaughter'd this whole order.] Tully's words are, *Dixi ego idem in fenatu, cædem te optimatum contuliffe in ante diem v. kalend. Novembr.* So that we have here a flicht miftake in the text. The kalends of a month, as every one knows, are the firft day of the month. So that the fifth, and the kalends of November cannot poffibly be the fame day. We muft read therefore, agreeably to the Latin original, — thy purpofe

Was on the fifth o' th' kalends of November.

⁵ So that thou could'ft not move

Against A PUBLIC REED.] It is odd that we fhould have more errors, or at leaft feeming errors, in this fpeech, which might have been prevented by turning to the oration, than in any other part of the play befides. The words here are, *Commovere te contra remp. non potuiffe*: fo that, as Mr. Sympfon ingenioufly obferves, to tranflate Tully, we fhould write,

Thou could'ft not move
 Against the public weal —

That did remain. Hadst thou not hope beside,
 By a surprize by night to take Præneste?
 Where when thou cam'st, didst thou not find the place
 Made good against thee with my aids, my watches?
 My garrisons fortified it. Thou dost nothing, Sergius;
 Thou canst endeavour nothing, nay, not think,
 But I both see and hear it; and am with thee,
 By and before, about and in thee too.
 Call but to mind thy last night's business. Come,
 I'll use no circumstance: at Lecca's house,
 The shop and mint of your conspiracy,
 Among your sword-men, where so many associates
 Both of thy mischief and thy madness met.
 Dar'st thou deny this? wherefore art thou silent?
 Speak, and this shall convince thee: here they are,
 I see 'em in this senate, that were with thee.
 O, ye immortal Gods! in what clime are we?
 What region do we live in? in what air?
 What commonwealth or state is this we have?
 Here, here, amongst us, our own number, fathers,
 In this most holy council of the world
 They are that seek the spoil of me, of you,
 Of ours, of all; what I can name's too narrow:
 Follow the sun, and find not their ambition.
 These I behold, being consul; nay, I ask
 Their counsels of the state, as from good patriots:
 Whom it were fit the ax should hew in pieces,
 I not so much as wound yet with my voice.
 Thou wast last night with Lecca, Catiline,
 Your shares of Italy you there divided;
 Appointed who, and whither each should go;
 What men should stay behind in Rome, were chosen;
 Your offices set down; the parts mark'd out,
 And places of the city, for the fire;
 Thy self (thou affirm'dst) wast ready to depart,
 Only a little let there was that stay'd thee,
 That I yet liv'd. Upon the word, step'd forth

Three of thy crew, to rid thee of that care ;
 Two undertook this morning, before day,
 To kill me in my bed. All this I knew,
 Your convent scarce dismiss'd, arm'd all my servants,
 Call'd both my brother and friends, shut out your clients,
 You sent to visit me ; whose names I told
 To some there, of good place, before they came.

Cato. Yes, I, and Quintus Catulus can affirm it.

Cæs. He's lost and gone. His spirits have forsook him.

Cic. If this be so, why, Catiline, dost thou stay ?
 Go where thou mean'st. The ports are open ; forth.
 The camp abroad wants thee, their chief, too long.
 Lead with thee all thy troops out. Purge the city.
 Draw dry that noisome and pernicious sink,
 Which, left behind thee, would infect the world.
 Thou wilt free me of all my fears at once,
 To see a wall between us. Dost thou stop
 To do that now commanded, which, before,
 Of thine own choice, thou'rt prone to ? Go. The consul
 Bids thee, an enemy, to depart the city,
 Whither, thou'lt ask ? to exile ? I not bid
 Thee that. But ask my counsel, I persuade it.
 What is there here in Rome, that can delight thee ?
 Where not a soul, without thine own foul knot,
 But fears and hates thee. What domestic note
 Of private filthiness, but is burnt in
 Into thy life ? what close and secret shame
 But is grown one with thine own infamy ?
 What lust was ever absent from thine eyes ?
 What lewd fact from thy hands ? what wickedness
 From thy whole body ? where's that youth drawn in
 Within thy nets, or catch'd up with thy baits,
 Before whose rage thou hast not borne a sword,
 And to whose lusts thou hast not held a torch ?
 Thy later nuptials I let pass in silence ;
 Where sins incredible on sins were heap'd,
 Which I not name, left in a civil state

So monstrous facts should either appear to be,
 Or not to be reveng'd. Thy fortunes too
 I glance not at, which hang but till next ides⁶.
 I come to that which is more known, more publick ;
 The life and safety of us all, by thee
 Threaten'd and fought. Stood'st thou not in the field
 When Lepidus and Tullus were our consuls,
 Upon the day of choice, arm'd, and with forces,
 To take their lives, and our chief citizens ?
 When not thy fear, nor conscience chang'd thy mind,
 But the mere fortune of the commonwealth
 Withstood thy active malice ? Speak but right.
 How often hast thou made attempt on me ?
 How many of thy assaults have I declin'd ?
 With shifting but my body, (as we'd say)
 Wrested thy dagger from thy hand, how oft ?
 How often had it fall'n, or slipt, by chance ?
 Yet can thy side not want it : which how vow'd,
 Or with what rites 'tis sacred of thee, I know not,
 That still thou mak'st it a necessity,
 To fix it in the body of a consul.
 But let me lose this way, and speak to thee,
 Not as one mov'd with hatred, which I ought,
 But pity, of which none is owing thee.

Cato. No more than unto Tantalus or Tityus.

Cic. Thou cam'st erewhile into this senate. Who
 Of such a frequency, so many friends
 And kindred thou hast here, saluted thee ?
 Were not the seats made bare upon thy entrance ?

⁶ ——— *Thy fortunes too*

I glance not at, which hang but till next IDES.] That being the time when the money-lenders of old Rome were used to call in their respective loans. We have an instance in those well-known verses of Horace :

*Hæc ubi locutus fænerator Alphius,
 Jamjam futurus rusticus,
 Omnem relegit idibus pecuniam,
 Quærit calendis ponere.*

Rose not the consular men, and left their places,
 So soon as thou sat'st down? and fled thy side,
 Like to a plague or ruin? knowing how oft
 They had by thee been mark'd out for the shambles?
 How dost thou bear this? Surely, if my slaves
 At home fear'd me with half th' affright and horror,
 That here thy fellow-citizens do thee,
 I should soon quit my house, and think it need too.
 Yet thou dar'st tarry here? go forth at last,
 Condemn thy self to flight and solitude.
 Discharge the commonwealth of her deep fear.
 Go into banishment, if thou wait'st the word.
 Why dost thou look? they all consent unto it.
 Dost thou expect th' authority of their voices,
 Whose silent wills condemn thee? while they sit,
 They approve it; while they suffer it, they decree it;
 And while they are silent to it, they proclaim it.
 Prove thou there honest, I'll endure the envy.
 But there's no thought thou shouldst be ever he,
 Whom either shame should call from filthiness,
 Terror from danger, or discourse from fury.
 Go; I entreat thee: yet why do I so?
 When I already know they're sent afore,
 That tarry for thee in arms, and do expect thee
 On the Aurelian way. I know the day
 Set down 'twixt thee and Manlius; unto whom
 The silver eagle too is sent before:
 Which I do hope shall prove to thee as baneful
 As thou conceiv'st it to the commonwealth.
 But may this wise and sacred senate say,
 What mean'st thou Marcus Tullius? if thou know'st
 That Catiline be look'd for to be chief
 Of an intestine war; that he's the author
 Of such a wickedness; the caller out
 Of men of mark in mischief, to an action
 Of so much horror; prince of such a treason;
 Why dost thou send him forth? why let him 'scape?

This is to give him liberty and power :
 Rather thou should'st lay hold upon him, send him
 To deserv'd death, and a just punishment.
 To these so holy voices thus I answer.
 If I did think it timely, conscript fathers,
 To punish him with death, I would not give
 The fencer use of one short hour to breathe ;
 But when there are in this grave order some,
 Who with soft censures still do nurse his hopes ;
 Some that with not believing have confirm'd
 His designs more, and whose authority
 The weaker, as the worst men too have follow'd :
 I would now send him where they all should see
 Clear as the light, his heart shine ; where no man
 Could be so wickedly, or fondly stupid,
 But should cry out, he saw, touch'd, felt and grasp'd it.
 Then, when he hath run out himself ; led forth
 His desp'rate party with him ; blown together
 Aids of all kinds, both shipwreck'd minds and fortunes ;
 Not only the grown evil that now is sprung
 And sprouted forth, would be pluck'd up and weeded ;
 But the stock, root, and seed of all the mischiefs,
 Choking the commonwealth. Where, should we take
 Of such a swarm of traitors only him,
 Our cares and fears might seem a while reliev'd,
 But the main peril would bide still inclos'd
 Deep in the veins and bowels of the state.
 As human bodies labouring with fevers,
 While they are tost with heat, if they do take
 Cold water, seem for that short space much eas'd,
 But afterward are ten times more afflicted.
 Wherefore, I say, let all this wicked crew
 Depart, divide themselves from good men, gather
 Their forces to one head ; as I said oft,
 Let 'em be sever'd from us with a wall ;
 Let 'em leave off attempts upon the consul
 In his own house ; to circle in the pretor ;

To gird the court with weapons ; to prepare
 Fire and balls, swords, torches, sulphur, brands ;
 In short, let it be writ in each man's forehead
 What thoughts he bears the publick. I here promise,
 Fathers conscript, to you, and to myself,
 That diligence in us consuls, for my honour'd
 Colleague abroad, and for my self at home ;
 So great authority in you ; so much
 Virtue in these the gentlemen of Rome ;
 Whom I could scarce restrain to-day in zeal
 From seeking out the parricide to slaughter ;
 So much consent in all good men and minds,
 As on the going out of this one Catiline,
 All shall be clear, made plain, oppress'd, reveng'd.
 And with this omen go, pernicious plague,
 Out of the city, to the wish'd destruction
 Of thee and those, that, to the ruin of her,
 Have ta'en that bloody and black sacrament.
 Thou Jupiter, whom we do call the Stayer
 Both of this city and this empire, wilt
 (With the same auspice thou didst raise it first)
 Drive from thy altars, and all other temples,
 And buildings of this city ; from our walls,
 Lives, states and fortunes of our citizens,
 This fiend, this fury, with his complices.
 And all th' offence of good men (these known traitors
 Unto their country, thieves of Italy,
 Join'd in so damn'd a league of mischief) thou
 Wilt with perpetual plagues, alive and dead,
 Punish for Rome, and save her innocent head.

Cat. If an oration, or high language, fathers, ¶
 Could make me guilty, here is one hath done it :
 He's strove to emulate this morning's thunder,
 With his prodigious rhetorick. But I hope
 This senate is more grave than to give credit
 Rashly to all he vomits, 'gainst a man
 Of your own order ; a patrician ;

And

And one whose ancestors have more deserv'd
Of Rome than this man's eloquence could utter,
Turn'd the best way; as still it is the worst.

Cato. His eloquence hath more deserv'd to-day,
Speaking thy ill, than all thy ancestors
Did in their good: and that the state will find,
Which he hath sav'd.

Cat. How, he? were I that enemy
That he would make me, I'd not wish the state
More wretched than to need his preservation.
What do you make him, Cato, such a Hercules?
An Atlas? a poor petty inmate!

Cato. Traitor.

Cat. He save the state? a burges's son of Arpinum.
The Gods would rather twenty Romes should perish
Than have that contumely stuck upon 'em,
That he should share with them in the preserving
A shed or sign-post.

Cato. Peace, thou prodigy!

Cat. They would be forc'd themselves again, and
In the first rude and indigested heap; [lost?
Ere such a wretched name as Cicero
Should sound with theirs.

Cato. Away thou impudent head.

Cat. Do you all back him? are you silent too?
Well, I will leave you, fathers, I will go. [*He turns sud-*
But—my fine dainty speaker—— *denly on Cicero.*

Cic. What now, fury,
Wilt thou assault me here?

Chor. Help, aid the consul. [him!

Cat. See, fathers, laugh you not? who threaten'd

⁷*They would be FORC'D themselves again.*] The quarto of 1635 reads,

They would be run themselves again——

The metaphor taken from the melting down of metals into one common mass: but, in the text, the allusion seems to refer to the attempt of the giants upon heaven.

In vain thou dost conceive, ambitious orator,
Hope of so brave a death as by this hand.

Cato. Out of the court with the pernicious traitor.

Cat. There is no title that this flatt'ring senate,
Nor honour the base multitude can give thee,
Shall make thee worthy Catiline's anger.

Cato. Stop,
Stop that portentous mouth.

Cat. Or when it shall,
I'll look thee dead.

Cato. Will none restrain, the monster?

Catu. Parricide.

Qui. Butcher, traitor, leave the senate.

Cat. I'm gone to banishment, to please you, fathers.
Thrust head-long forth!

Cato. Still dost thou murmur, monster?

Cat. Since I am thus put out, and made a——

Cic. What?

Catu. Not guiltier than thou art.

Cat. I will not burn
Without my funeral pile.

Cato. What says the fiend?

Cat. I will have matter, timber.

Cato. Sing out, screech-owl.

Cat. It shall be in——

Catu. Speak thy imperfect thoughts.

Cat. The common fire, rather than mine own.
For fall I will with all, 'ere fall alone.

Cra. He's lost, there is no hope of him.

Cæs. Unless

He presently take arms; and give a blow,
Before the consuls forces can be levied.

Cic. What is your pleasure, fathers, shall be done?

Catu. See, that the commonwealth receive no loss.

Cato. Commit the care thereof unto the consuls.

Cra. 'Tis time.

Cæs.

Cæs. And need.

Cic. Thanks to this frequent senate.
But what decree they unto Curius,
And Fulvia?

Catu. What the consul shall think meet.

Cic. They must receive reward, tho't be not known;
Lest when a state needs ministers, they've none.

Cato. Yet, Marcus Tullius, do not I believe,
But Crassus and this Cæsar here ring hollow.

Cic. And would appear so, if that we durst prove 'em.

Cato. Why dare we not? what honest act is that,
The Roman senate should not dare and do?

Cic. Not an unprofitable dangerous act,
To stir too many serpents up at once.
Cæsar and Crassus, if they be ill men,
Are mighty ones; and we must so provide,
That while we take one head from this foul Hydra,
There spring not twenty more.

Cato. I approve your counsel.

Cic. They shall be watch'd and look'd too. Till they do
Declare themselves, I will not put 'em out
By any question. There they stand. I'll make
My self no enemies, nor the state no traitors.

S C E N E IV.

*Catiline, Lentulus, Cethegus, Curius, Gabinius, Longinus,
Statilius.*

Cat. False to ourselves? all our designs discover'd
To this state cat?

Cet. I, had I had my way,
He had mew'd in flames at home, not in the senate:
I had sing'd his furs by this time.

Cat. Well there's now

No

No time of calling back, or standing still⁸.
 Friends, be your selves ; keep the same Roman hearts
 And ready minds you had yester-night. Prepare
 To execute what we resolv'd. And let not
 Labour, or danger, or discovery fright you.
 I'll to the army : you (the while) mature
 Things here at home. Draw to you any aids
 That you think fit, of men of all conditions,
 Of any fortunes that may help a war.
 I'll bleed a life, or win an empire for you.
 Within these few days look to see my ensigns
 Here at the walls : be you but firm within,
 Mean time, to draw an envy on the consul,
 And give a less suspicion of our course,
 Let it be given out here in the city,
 That I am gone an innocent man to exile
 Into Massilia ; willing to give way
 To fortune and the times ; being unable
 To stand so great a faction, without troubling
 The commonwealth ; whose peace I rather seek,
 Than all the glory of contention,
 Or the support of mine own innocence.
 Farewel the noble Lentulus, Longinus,
 Curius, the rest ; and thou my better genius,
 The brave Cethegus : when we meet again,
 We'll sacrifice to liberty.

Cet. And revenge.

That we may praise our hands once⁹!

Len.

⁸ ——— *There's now*

*No time of CALLING BACK, or STANDING STILL.] This is sense ;
 but falling is I doubt not the true word. Mr. SEWARD.
 The meaning seems to be, that now it is absolutely necessary to pro-
 ceed : they have ventured so far, that they can neither recall the
 actions of the time past, nor must they stand still at the point they
 have already attained.*

⁹ *That we may PRAISE our hands once.] This is a more nervous
 reading than raise, as it expresses not only their acting, but their
 exulting*

Len. O ye fates,
Give fortune now her eyes, to see with whom
She goes along, that she may ne'er forsake him.

Cur. He needs not her nor them. Go but on, Sergius.
A valiant man is his own fate and fortune.

Len. The fate and fortune of us all go with him.

Gab. Sta. And ever guard him.

Cat. I am all your creature.

Len. Now, friends, 'tis left with us. I have already
Dealt by Umbrenus with the Allobroges,
Here resiant in Rome; whose state, I hear,
Is discontent with the great usuries
They are oppress'd with: and have made complaints
Divers unto the senate, but all vain.
These men I have thought (both for their own oppressions,
As also that by nature they're a people
Warlike and fierce, still watching after change,
And now in present hatred with our state)
The fittest, and the easiest to be drawn
To our society, and to aid the war;
The rather for their feat; being next bord'ers
On Italy; and that they' abound with horse:
Of which one want our camp doth only labour.
And I have found 'em coming. They will meet
Soon at Sempronia's house, where I would pray you
All to be present, to confirm 'em more.

The sight of such spirits hurts not, nor the store.

Gab. I will not fail.

Sta. Nor I.

Cur. Nor I.

Cet. Would I

exulting in their deeds. Yet the latter being the more natural expression, I think it will admit a doubt which was the original.

MR. SEWARD.

Conciseness is the chief characteristic of Jonson's style, and if he thought on an expressive word, though not always the most easy and natural, he made no scruple to employ it in his poem.

Had

Had somewhat by my self apart to do.
I have no genius to these many counsels.
Let me kill all the senate for my share,
I'll do it at next sitting.

Len. Worthy Caius,
Your presence will add much.

Cet. I shall mar more.

S C E N E III.

Cicero, Sanga, Allobroges.

Cic. The state's beholden unto you, Fabius Sanga,
For this great care. And those Allobroges
Are more than wretched, if they lend a list'ning
To such persuasion.

San. They, most worthy consul,
As men employ'd here, from a griev'd state,
Groaning beneath a multitude of wrongs,
And being told, there was small hope of ease
To be expected to their evils from hence,
Were willing at the first to give an ear
To any thing that sounded liberty :
But since, on better thoughts, and my urg'd reasons,
They're come about, and won to the true side.
The fortune of the commonwealth hath conquer'd.

Cic. What is that same Umbrenus was the agent ?

San. One that hath had negotiation
In Gallia oft, and known unto their state.

Cic. Are the ambassadors come with you ?

San. Yes.

Cic. Well, bring 'em in ; if they be firm and honest,
Never had men the means so to deserve
Of Rome as they. A happy wish'd occasion,
And thrust into my hands for the discovery,
And manifest conviction of these traitors.

[The Allobroges enter.]

Be thank'd, O Jupiter. My worthy lords,
Confederates of the senate, you are welcome :

I under-

I understand by Quintus Fabius Sanga,
 Your careful patron here, you have been lately
 Solicited against the commonwealth
 By one Umbrenus (take a feat I pray you)
 From Publius Lentulus, to be associates
 In their intended war. I could advise,
 That men whose fortunes are yet flourishing,
 And are Rome's friends, would not without a cause
 Become her enemies; and mix themselves,
 And their estates, with the lost hopes of Catiline,
 Or Lentulus, whose mere despair doth arm 'em:
 That were to hazard certainties for air,
 And undergo all danger for a voice.
 Believe me, friends, loud tumults are not laid
 With half the easiness that they are rais'd.
 All may begin a war, but few can end it.
 The senate have decreed, that my colleague
 Shall lead their army against Catiline,
 And have declar'd both him and Manlius traitors.
 Metellus Celer hath already given
 Part of their troops defeat. Honours are promis'd
 To all will quit 'em; and rewards propos'd
 Even to slaves that can detect their courses.
 Here in the city, I have, by the pretors
 And tribunes, plac'd my guards and watches so,
 That not a foot can tread, a breath can whisper,
 But I have knowledge. And be sure, the senate
 And people of Rome, of their accustom'd greatness,
 Will sharply and severely vindicate,
 Not only any fact, but any practice
 Or purpose 'gainst the state. Therefore, my lords,
 Consult of your own ways, and think which hand
 Is best to take. You now are present suitors
 For some redress of wrongs: I'll undertake
 Not only that shall be assur'd you; but
 What grace, or privilege else, senate or people
 Can cast upon you worthy such a service,

As

As you have now the way and means to do 'em,
If but your wills consent with my designs.

Allob. We covet nothing more, most worthy consul.
And howsoe'er we have been tempted lately
To a defection, that now makes us guilty ;
We are not yet so wretched in our fortunes,
Nor in our wills so lost, as to abandon
A friendship, prodigally, of that price,
As is the senate's and the people of Rome's,
For hopes that do precipitate themselves.

Cic. You then are wise and honest. Do but this then :
When shall you speak with Lentulus and the rest ?

Allob. We are to meet anon at Brutus' house.

Cic. Who ? Decius Brutus ? he is not in Rome.

San. O, but his wife Sempronia.

Cic. You instruct me,
She is a chief. Well, fail not you to meet 'em,
And to express the best affection
You can put on, to all that they intend.
Like it, applaud it, give the commonwealth
And senate lost to 'em. Promise any aids
By arms or counsel. What they can desire
I would have you prevent. Only say this,
You have had dispatch in private by the consul,
Of your affairs ; and for the many fears
The state's now in, you are will'd by him this evening
To depart Rome : which you by all sought means
Will do of reason, to decline suspicion.
Now for the more authority of the business
They've trusted to you, and to give it credit
With your own state at home, you would desire
Their letters to your senate and your people,
Which shewn, you durst engage both life and honour,
The rest should every way answer their hopes.
Those had, pretend sudden departure, you,
And as you give me notice at what port
You will go out, I'll have you intercepted,

And all the letters taken with you: so
 As you shall be redeem'd in all opinions,
 And they convicted of their manifest treason.
 Ill deeds are well turn'd back upon their authors:
 And 'gainst an injurer the revenge is just.
 This must be done now.

Allob. Chearfully and firmly,
 We're they would rather haste to undertake it,
 Than stay to say so.

Cic. With that confidence, go:
 Make your selves happy, while you make Rome so.
 By Sanga let me have notice from you.

Allob. Yes.

S C E N E VI.

Sempronia, Lentulus, Cethegus, Gabinius, Statilius, Longinus, Volturius, Allobroges.

Sem. When come these creatures, the ambassadors?
 I would fain see 'em. Are they any scholars?

Len. I think not, madam.

Sem. Have they no Greek?

Len. No surely.

Sem. Fie, what do I here, waiting on 'em then,
 If they be nothing but meer statesmen?

Len. Yes,

Your ladyship shall observe their gravity,
 And their reservedness, their many cautions,
 Fitting their persons.

Sem. I do wonder much,
 That states and commonwealths employ not women
 To be ambassadors, sometimes! we should
 Do as good publick service, and could make
 As honourable spies (for so Thucydides
 Calls all ambassadors.) Are they come, Cethegus?

Cet. Do you ask me? am I your scout or bawd?

Len.

Len. O, Caius, it is no such business.

Cet. No?!

What does a woman at it then?

Sem. Good sir,

There are of us can be as exquisite traitors,
As e'er a male-conspirator of you all.

Cet. I, at smock-treason, matron, I believe you;
And if I were your husband; but when I
Trust to your cobweb-bosoms any other,
Let me there die a fly, and feast you, spider.

Len. You are too sour, and harsh, Cethegus.

Cet. You

Are kind and courtly. I'd be torn in pieces,
With wild Hippolytus, nay prove the death
Every limb over, e're I'd trust a woman
With wind, could I retain it.

Sem. Sir, they'll be trusted
With as good secrets yet as you have any;
And carry 'em too as close and as conceal'd,
As you shall for your heart.

Cet. I'll not contend with you
Either in tongue or carriage, good Calypso;

Len. Th' ambassadors are come.

Cet. Thanks to thee, Mercury,
That so hast rescu'd me.

Len. How now, Volturtius?

Vol. They do desire some speech with you in private.

Len. O! 'tis about the prophesy belike,
And promise of the Sibyls.

Gab. It may be.

Sem. Shun they to treat with me too?

Gab. No, good lady,
You may partake: I have told 'em who you are.

Sem. I should be loth to be left out, and here too.

Cet. Can these or such be any aids to us?
Look they as they were built to shake the world,

Or be a moment to our enterprize¹⁰?
 A thousand such as they are, could not make
 One atom of our souls. They should be men
 Worth heaven's fear, that looking up but thus
 Would make Jove stand upon his guard, and draw
 Himself within his thunder; which, amaz'd,
 He should discharge in vain, and they unhurt.
 Or if they were like Capaneus at Thebes,
 They should hang dead upon the highest spires,
 And ask the second bolt to be thrown down:
 Why, Lentulus, talk you so long? this time
 Had been enough, t' have scatter'd all the stars,
 T' have quench'd the sun and moon, and made the world
 Despair of day, or any light but ours.

Len. How do you like this spirit? in such men
 Mankind doth live. They are such souls as these
 That move the world.

Sem. I, though he bear me hard,
 I yet must do him right. He is a spirit
 Of the right Martian breed.

Allob. He is a Mars!
 Would we had time to live here, and admire him.

Len. Well, I do see you would prevent the consul.
 And I commend your care: it was but reason,
 To ask our letters, and we had prepar'd them.
 Go in, and we will take an oath, and seal 'em.

¹⁰ *Or be OF MOMENT to our enterprize.*] The two first folios read,
Or be a moment to our enterprize.

Mr. Symphon, who made use of one of these editions in the remarks he has obliged me with, sagaciously observes, that a modern writer would say, *or be of moment*, but that the old lection is good. He has here the satisfaction of seeing his remark confirmed; the modern publisher of the last edition giving it in that very manner. *Moment* is here used in the precise sense which it bears in the Latin, under the acceptation of a *weight*, or *power*, added to a scale or balance. The learned reader will easily recollect this sense of it in Terence,

Dum in dubio est animus, paulo momento huc illuc impellitur.

You shall have letters too to Catiline,
 To visit him i' th' way, and to confirm
 Th' association. This our friend, Volturtius,
 Shall go along with you. Tell our great general
 That we are ready here; that Lucius Bestia
 The tribune is provided of a speech,
 To lay the envy of the war on Cicero;
 That all but long for his approach and person;
 And then you are made freemen as ourselves.

S C E N E VII.

Cicero, Flaccus, Pomtinus, Sanga.

Cic. I cannot fear the war but to succeed well,
 Both for the honour of the cause, and worth
 Of him that doth command. For my colleague,
 Being so ill affected with the gout,
 Will not be able to be there in person;
 And then Petreius, his lieutenant, must
 Of need take charge o' the army; who is much
 The better soldier, having been a tribune,
 Præfect, lieutenant, prætor in the war
 These thirty years, so conversant i' the army,
 As he knows all the soldiers by their names.

Fla. They'll fight then bravely with him.

Pom. I, and he
 Will lead 'em on as bravely.

Cic. They 've a foe
 Will ask their braveries, whose necessities
 Will arm him like a fury. But, however,
 I'll trust it to the manage and the fortune
 Of good Petreius, who's a worthy patriot:
 Metellus Celer, with three legions too,
 Will stop their course for Gallia. How now, Fabius?

San. The train hath taken. You must instantly
 Dispose your guards upon the Milvian bridge:
 For by that way they mean to come.

Cic. Then thither,
 Pomtinus and Flaccus, I must pray you
 To lead that force you have ; and seize them all ;
 Let not a person scape. Th' ambassadors
 Will yield themselves. If there be any tumult,
 I'll send you aid. I, in mean time, will call
 Lentulus to me, Gabinius and Cethegus,
 Statilius, Ceparius, and all these,
 By several messengers : who no doubt will come
 Without sense or suspicion. Prodigal men
 Feel not their own stock wasting. When I have 'em,
 I'll place those guards upon 'em, that they start not.

San. But what'll you do with Sempronia ?

Cic. A state's anger
 Should not take knowledge either of fools or women,
 I do not know whether my joy or care
 Ought to be greater, that I have discover'd
 So foul a treason, or must undergo
 The envy of so many great mens fate.
 But happen what there can, I will be just ;
 My fortune may forsake me, not my virtue ;
 That shall go with me, and before me still,
 And glad me doing well, tho' I hear ill.

S C E N E VIII.

Pretors, Allobroges, Volturtius,

Fla. Stand, who goes there ?

Allob. We are th' Allobroges,
 And friends of Rome.

Pom. If you be so, then yield
 Yourselves unto the pretors, who in name
 Of the whole senate and the people of Rome,
 Yet, till you clear yourselves, charge you of practice
 Against the state.

Vol. Die, friends ; and be not taken.

Fla. What voice is that ? down with 'em all.

Allob.

Allob. We yield.

Rom. What's he stands out? kill him there:

Vol. Hold, hold, hold.

I yield upon conditions.

Fla. We give none

To traitors, strike him down.

Vol. My name's Volturtius,
I know Pomtinus.

Pom. But he knows not you,
While you stand out upon these trait'rous terms.

Vol. I'll yield upon the safety of my life.

Pom. If it be forfeited, we cannot save it.

Vol. Promise to do your best. I'm not so guilty
As many others I can name; and will,
If you will grant me favour.

Pom. All we can
Is to deliver you to the consul. Take him,
And thank the Gods that thus have saved Rome.

C H O R U S.

“ **N**OW do our ears before our eyes,
“ Like men in mists,
“ Discover who'd the state surprize,
“ And who resists?
“ And as these clouds do yield to light,
“ Now do we see
“ Our thoughts of things, how they did fight,
“ Which seem'd t'agree?
“ Of what strange pieces are we made,
“ Who nothing know;
“ But as new airs our ears invade,
“ Still censure so?
“ That now do hope, and now do fear,
“ And now envy;
“ And then do hate, and then love dear,
“ But know not why:

Q 4

Or

- “ Or if we do, it is so late,
 “ As our best mood,
 “ Though true, is then thought out of date,
 “ And empty of good.
 “ How have we chang’d and come about
 “ In every doom,
 “ Since wicked Catiline went out,
 “ And quitted Rome?
 “ One while we thought him innocent;
 “ And then w’ accus’d
 “ The consul, for his malice spent,
 “ And power abus’d.
 “ Since that, we hear he is in arms,
 “ We think not so:
 “ Yet charge the consul with our harms,
 “ That let him go.
 “ So in our censure of the state,
 “ We still do wander;
 “ And make the careful magistrate
 “ The mark of slander.
 “ What age is this, where honest men,
 “ Plac’d at the helm,
 “ A sea of some foul mouth or pen
 “ Shall overwhelm?
 “ And call their diligence, deceit;
 “ Their virtue, vice;
 “ Their watchfulness, but lying in wait;
 “ And blood, the price.
 “ O, let us pluck this evil seed
 “ Out of our spirits;
 “ And give to every noble deed
 “ The name it merits.
 “ Lest we seem fal’n (if this endures)
 “ Into those times,
 “ To love disease, and brook the cures
 “ Worse than the crimes.”

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

*Petreius.**[The Army.]*

Pet. **I**T is my fortune and my glory, soldiers,
 This day, to lead you on; the worthy consul
 Kept from the honour of it by disease:
 And I am proud to have so brave a cause
 To exercise your arms in. We not now
 Fight for how long, how broad, how great, and large,
 Th' extent and bounds o' th' people of Rome shall be;
 But to retain what our great ancestors,
 With all their labours, counsels, arts, and actions,
 For us, were purchasing so many years.
 The quarrel is not now of fame, of tribute,
 Or of wrongs done unto confed'rates,
 For which the army of the people of Rome
 Was wont to move: but for your own republick,
 For the rais'd temples of th' immortal Gods,
 For all your fortunes, altars, and your fires,
 For the dear souls of your lov'd wives and children,
 Your parents tombs, your rites, laws, liberty,
 And briefly, for the safety of the world:
 Against such men, as only by their crimes
 Are known; thrust out by riot, want, or rashness.
 One sort, Sylla's old troops, left here in Fesulæ,
 Who, suddenly made rich in those dire times,
 Are since, by their unbounded vast expence,
 Grown needy and poor; and have but left t' expect
 From Catiline new bills, and new proscriptions.
 These men (they say) are valiant; yet, I think 'em
 Not worth your pause: for either their old virtue
 Is in their sloth and pleasures lost; or, if
 It tarry with 'em, so ill match to yours,

Allcb.

As they are short in number or in cause.
 The second sort are of those city-beasts,
 Rather than citizens, who, whilst they reach
 After our fortunes, have let fly their own; [weaken'd
 These whelm'd in wine, swell'd up with meats, and
 With hourly whoredoms, never left the side
 Of Catiline in Rome; nor here are loos'd
 From his embraces: such as (trust me) never
 In riding or in using well their arms,
 Watching, or other military labour,
 Did exercise their youth; but learn'd to love, [sters:
 Drink, dance, and sing, make feasts, and be fine game-
 And these will with more hurt to you than they bring
 The rest are a mixt kind, all sorts of furies, [you,
 Adulterers, dicers, fencers, out-laws, thieves,
 The murd'ers of their parents, all the sink
 And plague of Italy met in one torrent,
 To take, to-day, from us the punishment,
 Due to their mischiefs, for so many years.
 And who in such a cause, and 'gainst such fiends,
 Would not now wish himself all arm and weapon?
 To cut such poisons from the earth, and let
 Their blood out to be drawn away in clouds,
 And pour'd on some inhabitable place¹,
 Where the hot sun and slime breeds nought but monsters?
 Chiefly when this sure joy shall crown our side,
 That the least man that falls upon our party
 This day (as some must give their happy names
 To fate, and that eternal memory
 Of the best death, writ with it, for their country)
 Shall walk at pleasure in the tents of rest;
 And see far off, beneath him, all their host

¹ *And pour'd on some INHABITABLE place.*] i. e. *Uninhabitable*, and in this sense it is used likewise by Shakespear:

“ Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
 “ Or any other ground inhabitable.”

Richard the Second, act 1. sc. 2.

Tormented after life; and Catiline there
 Walking a wretched and less ghost than he,
 I'll urge no more: move forward with your eagles,
 And trust the senate's and Rome's cause to heaven.

Arm. To thee, great father Mars, and greater Jove.

S C E N E II.

Cæsar, Crassus.

Cæf. I ever look'd for this of Lentulus,
 When Catiline was gone.

Cra. I gave 'em lost,
 Many days since.

Cæf. But wherefore did you bear
 Their letter to the consul, that they sent you
 To warn you from the city?

Cra. Did I know
 Whether he made it? it might come from him,
 For ought I could assure me: if they meant
 I should be safe among so many, they might
 Have come as well as writ.

Cæf. There is no loss
 In being secure. I have of late too ply'd him
 Thick with intelligences, but they have been
 Of things he knew before.

Cra. A little serves
 To keep a man upright on these state-bridges,
 Although the passage were more dangerous.
 Let us now take the standing part.

Cæf. We must,
 And be as zealous for't as Cato. Yet,
 I would fain help these wretched men.

Cra. You cannot.
 Who would save them, that have betray'd themselves?

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Cicero, Quintus, Cato.

Cic. I will not be wrought to it, brother Quintus.
 There's no man's private enmity shall make
 Me violate the dignity of another.
 If there were proof 'gainst Cæsar, or whoever,
 To speak him guilty, I would so declare him.
 But Quintus Catulus and Piso both
 Shall know, the consul will not, for their grudge,
 Have any man accus'd or named falsely.

Qui. Not falsely: but if any circumstance,
 By the Allobroges, or from Volturtius,
 Would carry it.

Cic. That shall not be sought by me.
 If it reveal it self, I would not spare
 You, brother, if it pointed at you, trust me.

Cato. Good Marcus Tullius, (which is more than great)
 Thou hadst thy education with the Gods.

Cic. Send Lentulus forth, and bring away the rest.
 This office I am sorry, sir, to do you.

S C E N E IV.

The Senate.

Cic. What may be happy still and fortunate,
 To Rome and to this senate: please you fathers,
 To break these letters, and to view them round.
 If that be not found in them which I fear,
 I yet entreat, at such a time as this,
 My diligence be not contemn'd. Have you brought
 The weapons hither from Cethegus' house?

Præ. They are without.

Cic. Be ready, with Volturtius,
 To bring him when the senate calls, and see
 None of the rest confer together. Fathers,
 What do you read? Is it yet worth your care,
 If not your fear, what you find practis'd there?

Cæs.

Cæs. It hath a face of horror!

Cra. I'm amaz'd!

Cato. Look there.

Syl. Gods! can such men draw common air?

Cic. Although the greatness of the mischief, fathers,
Hath often made my faith small in this senate,
Yet since my casting Catiline out, (for now
I do not fear the envy of the word,
Unless the deed be rather to be fear'd,
That he went hence alive, when those I meant
Should follow him, did not) I have spent both days
And nights in watching what their fury and rage
Was bent on, that so stay'd against my thought:
And that I might but take 'em in that light,
Where when you met their treason with your eyes,
Your minds at length would think for your own safety:
And now 'tis done. There are their hands and seals.
Their persons too are safe, thanks to the Gods.
Bring in Volturtius and th' Allobroges.

These be the men were trusted with their letters.

Vol. Fathers, believe me, I knew nothing: I
Was travelling for Gallia, and am sorry——

Cic. Quake not, Volturtius; speak the truth, and hope
Well of this senate, on the consul's word.

Vol. Then, I knew all. But truly I was drawn in
But t'other day.

Cæs. Say what thou know'st, and fear not.
Thou hast the senate's faith, and consul's word,
To fortify thee.

[*He answers with fears and interruptions.*]

Vol. I was sent with letters——

And had a message too——from Lentulus——
To Catiline——that he should use all aids——
Servants, or others——and come with his army,
As soon unto the city as he could——
For they were ready, and but stay'd for him——
To intercept those that should flee the fire
These men (th' Allobroges) did hear it too.

Allob.

Allob. Yes, fathers, and they took an oath to us,
Besides their letters, that we should be free ;
And urg'd us for some present aid of horse.

Cic. Nay, here be other testimonies, fathers,
Cethegus' armoury.

[The weapons and arms are brought forth.]

Cra. What, not all these ?

Cic. Here's not the hundredth part. Call in the fencer,
That we may know the arms to all these weapons.
Come my brave sword-player, to what active use
Was all this steel provided ?

Cet. Had you ask'd

In Sylla's days, it had been to cut throats ;
But now it was to look on only : I love
To see good blades, and feel their edge and points,
To put a helm upon a block, and cleave it,
And now and then to stab an armour through.

Cic. Know you that paper ? that will stab you through.
Is it your hand ? hold, save the pieces. Traitor,
Hath thy guilt wak'd thy fury ?

Cet. I did write

I know not what ; nor care not : that fool Lentulus
Did dictate, and I t'other fool did sign it.

Cic. Bring in Statilius : does he know his hand too ?
And Lentulus. Reach him that letter.

Sta. I

Confess it all.

Cic. Know you that seal yet, Publius ?

Len. Yes, it is mine.

Cic. Whose image is that on it ?

Len. My grand-father's.

Cic. What, that renown'd good man,
That did so only embrace his country, and lov'd
His fellow citizens ! Was not his picture,
Though mute, of power to call thee from a fact
So foul ?——

Len. As what, impetuous Cicero ?

Cic. As thou art, for I do not know what's fouler.

Look

Look upon these. Do not these faces argue
Thy guilt and impudence?

Len. What are these to me?

I know 'em not.

Allob. No, Publius? we were with you
At Brutus' house.

Vol. Last night.

Len. What did you there?

Who sent for you?

Allob. Your self did. We had letters
From you, Cethegus, this Statilius here,
Gabinus Cimber, all but from Longinus,
Who would not write, because he was to come
Shortly in person after us (he said)
To take the charge o' th' horse, which we should levy.

Cic. And he is fled to Catiline I hear.

Len. Spies! spies!

Allob. You told us too o' th' Sibyls books,
And how you were to be a king this year,
The twentieth from the burning of the capitol,
That three Cornelii were to reign in Rome,
Of which you were the last: and prais'd Cethegus,
And the great spirits were with you in the action.

Cet. These are your honourable ambassadors,
My sovereign lord.

Cato. Peace, th' art too bold, Cethegus².

Allob. Besides Gabinus, your agent nam'd
Autronius, Servius Sylla, Vargunteius,
And divers others.

² PEACE *that too bold Cethegus.*] If the comma stands after *peace*, we should put a note of admiration at the end, and Cato must seem to wonder at the boldness of Cethegus. But it suits better with the dignity of Cato, and the poetical diction of Jonson, to make *peace* a verb: *Peace that too bold Cethegus*, the same as *silence him*.

Mr. SEWARD.

I could not deny the reader the pleasure of this ingenious criticism, but the reading I have followed is exhibited by the quarto edition,

Vol.



Vol. I had letters from you
To Catiline, and a message, which I've told
Unto the senate truly word for word :
For which I hope they will be gracious to me.
I was drawn in by that same wicked Cimber,
And thought no hurt at all.

Cic. Volturtius, peace.

Where is thy visor or thy voice now, Lentulus?
Art thou confounded? wherefore speak'st thou not?
Is all so clear, so plain, so manifest,
That both thy eloquence and impudence,
And thy ill nature too, have left thee at once?
Take him aside. There's yet one more, Gabinus,
The engineer of all. Shew him that paper,
If he do know it?

Gab. I know nothing.

Cic. No?

Gab. No: neither will I know.

Cato. Impudent head!

Stick it into his throat; were I the consul,
I'd make thee eat the mischief thou hast vented.

Gab. Is there a law for't, Cato?

Cato. Dost thou ask

After a law, that would'st have broke all laws
Of nature, manhood, conscience, and religion?

Gab. Yes, I may ask for't.

Cato. No, pernicious Cimber.

Th' inquiring after good does not belong
Unto a wicked person.

Gab. I, but Cato

Does nothing but by law.

Cra. Take him aside.

There's proof enough, though he confess not.

Gab. Stay,

I will confess. All's true your spies have told you,
Make much of 'em.

Cet. Yes, and reward 'em well,

For

For fear you get no more such. See they do not
Die in a ditch, and stink now you have done with 'em;
Or beg o' th' bridges here in Rome, whose arches
Their active industry hath sav'd.

Cic. See, fathers,

What minds and spirits these are, that being convicted
Of such a treason, and by such a cloud
Of witnesses, dare yet retain their boldness?
What would their rage have done if they had conquer'd?
I thought when I had thrust out Catiline,
Neither the state nor I should need t' have fear'd
Lentulus' sleep here, or Longinus' fat,
Or this Cethegus' rashness; it was he
I only watch'd, while he was in our walls,
As one that had the brain, the hand, the heart.
But now we find the contrary! where was there
A people griev'd, or a state discontent,
Able to make or help a war 'gainst Rome,
But these, th' Allobroges, and those they found?
Whom had not the just Gods been pleas'd to make
More friends unto our safety than their own,
As it then seem'd, neglecting these men's offers,
Where had we been? or where the commonwealth?
When their great chief had been call'd home; this man,
Their absolute king (whose noble grand-father,
Arm'd in pursuit of the seditious Gracchus,
Took a brave wound for dear defence of that
Which he would spoil) had gather'd all his aids
Of ruffians, slaves, and other slaughter-men?
Given us up for murder to Cethegus?
The other rank of citizens to Gabinus?
The city to be fir'd by Cassius?
And Italy, nay the world, to be laid waste
By curst Catiline and his complices?
Lay but the thought of it before you, fathers,
Think but with me you saw this glorious city,
The light of all the earth, tow'r of all nations,

Suddenly falling in one flame. Imagine
 You view'd your country buried with the heaps
 Of slaughter'd citizens that had no grave;
 This Lentulus here, reigning, (as he dreamt)
 And those his purple senate; Catiline come
 With his fierce army; and the cries of matrons,
 The flight of children, and the rape of virgins,
 Shrieks of the living, with the dying groans,
 On every side t' invade your sense; until
 The blood of Rome were mixed with her ashes!
 This was the spectacle these fiends intended
 To please their malice.

Cat. I, and it would
 Have been a brave one, consul. But your part
 Had not then been so long as now it is:
 I should have quite defeated your oration,
 And slit that fine rhetorical pipe of yours
 In the first scene.

Cato. Insolent monster!

Cic. Fathers,
 Is it your pleasures they shall be committed
 Unto some safe, but a free custody,
 Until the senate can determine farther?

Sen. It pleaseth well.

Cic. Then Marcus Crassus,
 Take you charge of Gabinius: send him home
 Unto your house. You Cæsar, of Statilius.
 Cethegus shall be sent to Cornificius:
 And Lentulus to Publius Lentulus Spinther,
 Who now is Ædile.

Cat. It were best, the prætors
 Carried 'em to their houses, and deliver'd 'em.

Cic. Let it be so. Take 'em from hence.

Cæs. But first

Let Lentulus put off his prætorship.

Len. I do resign it here unto the senate.

Cæs. So, now there's no offence done to religion.

Cato.

Cato. Cæsar, 'twas piously and timely urg'd.

Cic. What do you decree to th' Allobroges,
That were the lights to this discovery?

Cra. A free grant from the state of all their suits.

Cæs. And a reward out of the publick treasure.

Cato. I, and the title of honest men, to crown 'em.

Cic. What to Volturtius?

Cæs. Life, and favour's well.

Vol. I ask no more³.

Cato. Yes, yes, some money, thou need'st it:

'Twill keep thee honest; want made thee a knave.

Syl. Let Flaccus, and Pomtinus, the prætors,
Have publick thanks, and Quintus Fabius Sanga,
For their good service.

Cra. They deserve it all.

Cato. But what do we decree unto the consul,
Whose virtue, counsel, watchfulness, and wisdom
Hath freed the commonwealth, and without tumult,
Slaughter, or blood, or scarce raising a force,
Rescu'd us all out of the jaws of fate?

Cra. We owe our lives unto him, and our fortunes.

Cæs. Our wives, our children, parents, and our Gods.

Syl. We all are sayed by his fortitude.

Cato. The commonwealth owes him a civick garland.
He is the only father of his country.

Cæs. Let there be publick prayer to all the Gods,
Made in that name, for him.

Cra. And in these words:

For that he hath, by his vigilance, preserv'd
Rome from the flame, the senate from the sword,

³ *Cic. What to Volturtius? Cæs. Life, and FAVOUR'S WELL.*

Vol. I ask no more.] Cæsar's answer to Cicero is intelligible enough as to the purport of it, tho' some obscurity attends the expression. *Favour's well*, in Jonson's latinized English, may be understood to signify many or abundance of favours. Mr. Upton however, and perhaps justly, suspects it a corruption; and by an easy change wou'd print the speeches thus:

Cic. What to Volturtius? Cæs. Life, and favours.

Vol. Well, I ask no more.

And all her citizens from massacre.

Cic. How are my labours more than paid, grave fathers,
In these great titles, and decreed honours!
Such as to me, first of the civil robe⁴,
Of any man since Rome was Rome, have happen'd;
And from this frequent senate; which more glads me,
That I now see you've sense of your own safety.
If those good days come no less grateful to us,
Wherein we are preserv'd from some great danger,
Than those wherein we're born and brought to light,
Because the gladness of our safety is certain,
But the condition of our birth not so;
And that we're fav'd with pleasure, but are born
Without the sense of joy: why should not then
This day, to us, and all posterity
Of ours, be had in equal fame and honour,
With that when Romulus first rear'd these walls,
When so much more is sav'd, than he built?

Cæs. It ought.

Cra. Let it be added to our Fasti.

Cic. What tumult's that?

Fla. Here's one Tarquinius taken,
Going to Catiline, and says he was sent
By Marcus Crassus, whom he names to be
Guilty of the conspiracy.

Cic. Some lying varlet.
Take him away to prison.

Cra. Bring him in,
And let me see him.

Cic. He is not worth it, Crassus.
Keep him up close, and hungry, till he tell
By whose pernicious counsel he durst slander
So great and good a citizen.

⁴ *First of the CIVIL ROBE.*] He means, the first who obtained a victory over the enemies of the state, without changing the garments usually wore in time of peace. It is well known that Cicero valued himself much on this singular circumstance.

(*Cra.*

(*Cra.* By yours,
I fear, 'twill prove.)

Syl. Some o' th' traitors, sure,
To give their action the more credit, bid him
Name you, or any man.

Cic. I know my self,
By all the tracts and courses of this business,
Crassus is noble, just, and loves his country.

Fla. Here is a libel too, accusing Cæsar,
From Lucius Væctius, and confirm'd by Curius.

Cic. Away with all, throw it out o' th' court.

Cæs. A trick on me too?

Cic. It is some mens malice.
I said to Curius, I did not believe him.

Cæs. Was not that Curius your spy, that had
Reward decreed unto him the last senate,
With Fulvia, upon your private motion?

Cic. Yes.

Cæs. But he has not that reward yet?

Cic. No.

Let not this trouble you, Cæsar; none believes it.

Cæs. It shall not, if that he have no reward.
But if he have, sure I shall think my self
Very untimely and unsafely honest,
Where such as as he is may have pay t' accuse me.

Cic. You shall have no wrong done you, noble Cæsar,
But all contentment.

Cæs. Consul, I am silent.

S C E N E V.

Catiline,

[*The Army.*

Cato. I never yet knew, soldiers, that in fight
Words added virtue unto valiant men;
Or that a general's oration made
An army fall or stand: but how much prowess,

Habitual or natural, each man's breast
 Was owner of, so much in act it shew'd.
 Whom neither glory' or danger can excite,
 'Tis vain t' attempt with speech; for the mind's fear
 Keeps all brave sounds from entering at that ear^s.
 I yet would warn you some few things, my friends,
 And give you reason of my present counsels.
 You know, no less than I, what state, what point
 Our affairs stand in; and you all have heard
 What a calamitous misery the sloth
 And sleepiness of Lentulus hath pluck'd
 Both on himself, and us; how, whilst our aids
 There, in the city look'd for, are defeated;
 Our entrance into Gallia too is stopt:
 Two armies wait us; one from Rome, the other
 From the Gaul provinces: and where we are,
 (Although I most desire it) the great want
 Of corn and victuals forbids longer stay.
 So that of need we must remove; but whither,
 The sword must both direct, and cut the passage.
 I only therefore wish you, when you strike,
 To have your valours and your souls about you,
 And think you carry in your labouring hands
 The things you seek, glory, and liberty,
 Your country, which you want now, with the fates,
 That are to be instructed by our swords.
 If we can give the blow, all will be safe to us.
 We shall not want provision, nor supplies.
 The colonies and free towns will lie open;
 Where, if we yield to fear, expect no place,
 Nor friend, to shelter those whom their own fortune,
 And ill-us'd arms, have left without protection.
 You might have liv'd in servitude, or exile,

^s *Keeps all brave sounds from entering at that EAR.*] What ear? the mind's: unless it be thought easier to read *the ear*. The original is, *Timor animi auribus officit*; and the poet seems to have referred the genitive case *animi*, to both the substantives *timor*, and *auribus*.

Or safe at Rome, depending on the great ones ;
 But that you thought those things unfit for men :
 And, in that thought, you then were valiant.
 For no man ever yet chang'd peace for war,
 But he that meant to conquer. Hold that purpose.
 There's more necessity you should be such,
 In fighting for your selves, than they for others.
 He's base that trusts his feet, whose hands are arm'd.
 Methinks ⁶ I see death and the furies waiting
 What we will do, and all the heav'n at leisure
 For the great spectacle. Draw then your swords ;
 And if our destiny envy our virtue
 The honour of the day, yet let us care
 To sell our selves at such a price as may
 Undo the world to buy us, and make fate,
 While she tempts ours, fear for her own estate.

S C E N E VI.

The Senate.

Sen. What means this hasty calling of the senate ?

Sen. We shall know straight. Wait till the consul speaks.

Pom. Fathers conscript, bethink you of your safeties,
 And what to do with these conspirators :
 Some of their clients, their freed-men, and slaves,
 'Gin to make head. There's one of Lentulus' bawds
 Runs up and down the shops, through ev'ry street,
 With money to corrupt the poor artificers,
 And needy tradesmen, to their aid. Cethegus
 Hath sent too to his servants, who are many,

⁶ *Methinks I see death and the furies waiting*

What we will do, and all the heav'n at leisure

For the great spectacle.] The image here given is extremely sublime, and approaches very nearly to those terrible graces, which the critic has attributed to Homer amongst the antients, and which Shakespear possessed in a manner superior to any modern whatsoever.

Chosen, and exercis'd in bold attemptings,
 That forthwith they should arm themselves and prove
 His rescue: all will be in instant uproar,
 If you prevent it not with present counsels.
 We have done what we can to meet the fury,
 And will do more. Be you good to your selves.

Cic. What is your pleasure, fathers, shall be done?
 Syllanus, you are consul next design'd;
 Your sentence of these men.

Syl. 'Tis short, and this.

Since they have fought to blot the name of Rome
 Out of the world, and raze this glorious empire
 With her own hands and arms turn'd on herself,
 I think it fit they die: and could my breath
 Now execute 'em, they should not enjoy
 An article of time, or eye of light⁷,
 Longer to poison this our common air.

Sen. I think so too,

Sen. And I.

Sen. And I.

Sen. And I.

Cic. Your sentence, Caius Cæsar,

Cæs. Conscript fathers,

In great affairs, and doubtful, it behoves
 Men that are ask'd their sentence, to be free
 From either hate or love, anger, or pity:
 For where the least of these do hinder, there
 The mind not easily discerns the truth.
 I speak this to you in the name of Rome,
 For whom you stand; and to the present cause;
 That this foul fact of Lentulus, and the rest,
 Weigh not more with you than your dignity;
 And you be more indulgent to your passion,

7 ——— *They shou'd not enjoy.*

An article of time, or EYE OF LIGHT.] This is a bold Latinism; eye of light is the twinkling of an eye: they should not live that space of time longer.

Mr. SYMPSON.

Than

Than to your honour. If there could be found
 A pain or punishment equal to their crimes,
 I would devise, and help: but if the greatness
 Of what they've done exceed all man's invention,
 I think it fit to stay where our laws do.
 Poor petty states may alter, upon humour,
 Where, if they offend with anger, few do know it,
 Because they are obscure; their fame and fortune
 Is equal, and the same. But they that are
 Head of the world, and live in that seen height,
 All mankind knows their actions. So we see,
 The greater fortune hath the lesser licence.
 They must not favour, hate, and least be angry:
 For what with others is call'd anger, there
 Is cruelty and pride. I know Syllanus,
 Who spoke before me, a just, valiant man,
 A lover of the state, and one that would not,
 In such a business, use or grace or hatred;
 I know too, well, his manners and his modesty;
 Nor do I think his sentence cruel, (for
 'Gainst such delinquents what can be too bloody?)
 But that it is abhorring from our state,
 Since to a citizen of Rome offending,
 Our laws give exile, and not death. Why then
 Decrees he that? 'twere vain to think, for fear;
 When by the diligence of so worthy a consul,
 All is made safe and certain. Is't for punishment?
 Why, death's the end of evils, and a rest
 Rather than torment: it dissolves all griefs;
 And beyond that, is neither care nor joy.
 You hear, my sentence would not have 'em die.
 How then? set free, and increase Catiline's army?
 So will they, being but banish'd. No, grave fathers,
 I judge 'em, first, to have their states confiscate;
 Then, that their persons remain prisoners
 In the free towns, far off from Rome, and sever'd;
 Where

Where they might neither have relation,
 Hereafter, to the senate, or the people.
 Or, if they had, those towns then to be mulcted,
 As enemies to the state, that had their guard.

Sen. 'Tis good, and honourable, Cæsar hath utter'd.

Cic. Fathers, I see your faces and your eyes
 All bent on me, to note, of these two censures,
 Which I incline to. Either of them are grave,
 And answering the dignity of the speakers,
 The greatness of th' affair, and both severe.
 One urgeth death; and he may well remember
 This state hath punish'd wicked citizens so:
 The other, bonds, and those perpetual, which
 He thinks found out for the more singular plague.
 Decree which you shall please: you have a consul,
 Not readier to obey, than to defend,
 Whatever you shall act for the republick;
 And meet with willing shoulders any burden,
 Or any fortune, with an even face,
 Though it were death; which to a valiant man
 Can never happen foul, nor to a consul
 Be immature, nor to a wise man wretched.

Syl. Fathers, I spake but as I thought the needs
 O' th' commonwealth requir'd.

Cato. Excuse it not.

Cic. Cato, speak you your sentence.

Cato. This it is.

You here dispute on kinds of punishment,
 And stand consulting what you should decree
 'Gainst those of whom you rather should beware:
 This mischief is not like those common facts,
 Which when they 're done, the laws may prosecute.
 But this, if you provide not e're it happen,
 When it is happen'd, will not wait your judgment.
 Good Caius Cæsar here hath very well,
 And subtilly discours'd of life and death,

As

As if he thought those things a pretty fable,
That are deliver'd us of hell and furies,
Or of the divers ways that ill men go
From good, to filthy, dark, and ugly places.
And therefore he would have these live, and long too;
But far from Rome, and in the small free towns,
Left here they might have rescue: as if men
Fit for such acts were only in the city,
And not throughout all Italy; or, that boldness
Could not do more, where it found least resistance?
'Tis a vain counsel, if he think them dang'rous:
Which if he do not, but that he alone,
In so great fear of all men, stand unfrighted,
He gives me cause, and you too, more to fear him.
I am plain, fathers. Here you look about
One at another, doubting what to do;
With faces, as you trusted to the Gods,
That still have fav'd you: and they can do it: but
They are not wishings, or base womanish pray'rs,
Can draw their aids; but vigilance, counsel, action;
Which they will be ashamed to forsake.
'Tis sloth they hate, and cowardise. Here you have
The traitors in your houses; yet you stand,
Fearing what to do with 'em: let 'em loose,
And send 'em hence with arms too, that your mercy
May turn your misery, as soon as't can.
O, but they are great men, and have offended
But through ambition: we would spare their honour.
I, if themselves had spar'd it, or their fame,
Or modesty, or either God, or man;
Then I would spare 'em. But as things now stand,
Fathers, to spare these men, were to commit
A greater wickedness than you would revenge.
If there had been but time and place for you
To have repair'd this fault, you should have made it;
It should have been your punishment, to have felt
Your

Your tardy error: but necessity
 Now bids me say, let 'em not live an hour,
 If you mean Rome should live a day. I've done.

Sen. Cato hath spoken like an oracle.

Cra. Let it be so decreed.

Sen. We all were fearful.⁸

Syl. And had been base, had not his virtue rais'd us.

Sen. Go forth, most worthy consul, we'll assist you.

Cæs. I am not yet chang'd in my sentence, fathers.

Cato. No matter. What be those?

Sen. Letters for Cæsar.

Cato. From whom? let 'em be read in open senate.
 Fathers, they come from the conspirators;
 I crave to have 'em read, for the republick.

Cæs. Cato, read you it. 'Tis a love-letter,
 From your dear sifter to me: though you hate me,
 Do not discover it.

Cato. Hold thee, drunkard. Consul,
 Go forth and confidently.

Cæs. You'll repent
 This rashness, Cicero.

Præ. Cæsar shall repent it.

Cic. Hold, friends.

Præ. He's scarce a friend unto the publick:

Cic. No violence. Cæsar, be safe. Lead on.
 Where are the publick executioners?

Bid 'em wait on us. On to Spinther's house.
 Bring Lentulus forth. Here, you, the sad revengers
 Of capital crimes against the publick, take
 This man unto your justice; strangle him.

Len. Thou dost well, consul. 'Twas a cast at dice,
 In fortune's hand, not long since, that thy self
 Should'st have heard these, or other words as fatal.

⁸*Sen.* *We ARE ALL fearful.*] I have the satisfaction to find that my own conjecture, which had also the sanction of Mr Seward, is confirmed by the 4to: it is therefore inserted in the text. In the next line, for *his*, the 4to reads *this*.

Cic. Lead on to Quintus Cornificius' house.
Bring forth Cethegus. Take him to the due
Death that he hath deserv'd, and let it be
Said, he was once. ⁹

Cet. A beast, or what is worse,
A slave, Cethegus. Let that be the name
For all that's base, hereafter; that would let
This worm pronounce on him, and not have trampled
His body into—Ha! art thou not mov'd?

Cic. Justice is never angry. Take him hence.

Cet. O, the whore fortune, and her bawds the fates!
That put these tricks on men, which knew the way
To death by a sword. Strangle me, I may sleep;
I shall grow angry with the Gods else.

Cic. Lead

To Caius Cæsar, for Statilius.
Bring him and rude Gabinius out. Here take 'em
To your cold hands, and let him feel death from you.

Gab. I thank you, you do me a pleasure.

Sta. And me too.

Cato. So Marcus Tullius, thou may'st now stand up,
And call it happy Rome, thou being consul.
Great parent of thy country, go, and let
The old men of the city, e're they die,
Kiss thee; the matrons dwell about thy neck;
The youths and maids lay up, 'gainst they are old,
What kind of man thou wert, to tell their nephews,
When, such a year, they read, within our Fasti,
Thy consulship. Who's this? Petreius?

Cic. Welcome,

Welcome, renowned soldier. What's the news?

⁹ ——— *And let it be*

Said, HE WAS ONCE.] The sentence is here finished, altho' Cethegus replies in a manner that seems to complete the meaning. The allusion is to the customary expression among the Romans, used both in funeral inscriptions, or in speaking of a person departed, *vixit* or *fuit*. So that it means here, "Let it be said, he is now no more."

Sive erimus, seu nos fata fuisse velint.

TIBULL.

This face can bring no ill with't unto Rome.
How does the worthy consul, my colleague?

Pet. As well as victory can make him, sir.
He greets the fathers, and to me hath trusted
The sad relation of the civil strife;
For, in such war, the conquest still is black.

Cic. Shall we withdraw into the house of Concord?

Cato. No, happy consul: here let all ears take
The benefit of this tale. If he had voice
To spread unto the poles, and strike it through
The centre to th' antipodes, it would ask it.

Pet. The straits and needs of Catiline being such,
As he must fight with one of the two armies,
That then had near inclos'd him; it pleas'd fate
To make us th' object of his desp'rate choice,
Wherein the danger almost pois'd the honour:
And as he rose, the day grew black with him,
And fate descended nearer to the earth,
As if she meant to hide the name of things¹⁰
Under her wings, and make the world her quarry.
At this we rous'd, left one small minute's stay
Had left it to be inquir'd, what Rome was;
And (as we ought) arm'd in the confidence
Of our great cause, in form of battle stood:
Whilst Catiline came on, not with the face
Of any man, but of a publick ruin:

¹⁰ *As if she meant to hide the NAME OF THINGS.*] Mr. Symphon conjectures that the *frame of things* was the original reading: but as our poet was so adventurous a dealer in the learned languages, I acquiesce in the expression of the text. My friend will readily recollect, that in those languages the *names of things* is equivalent to, and often means the *things themselves*. The spirit of this speech is truly noble, the images of sublimity and horror it abounds with, are drawn with a happy mixture of poetry and judgment, and disposed with equal exactness and art. For the honour of our poet, it must be added that this speech is not a translation: the whole is derived from the sources of his own imagination, with no assistance from his classic masters. I look on it as the most capital description in all the works of Jonson.

His

His countenance was a civil war it self;
And all his host had standing in their looks
The paleness of the death that was to come.
Yet cried they out like vulturs, and urg'd on,
As if they would precipitate our fates.
Nor stay'd we longer for 'em : but himself
Struck the first stroke ; and with it fled a life,
Which cut, it seem'd a narrow neck of land
Had broke between two mighty seas, and either
Flow'd into other ; for so did the slaughter :
And whirl'd about, as when two violent tides
Meet, and not yield. The furies stood on hills,
Circling the place, and trembling to see men
Do more than they ; whilst piety left the field
Griev'd for that side, that in so bad a cause
They knew not what a crime their valour was.
The sun stood still, and was, behind the cloud
The battle made, seen sweating, to drive up
His frighted horse, whom still the noise drove backward.
And now had fierce Enyo, like a flame,
Consum'd all it could reach, and then it self ;
Had not the fortune of the commonwealth
Come, Pallas like, to every Roman thought.
Which Catiline seeing, and that now his troops
Cover'd that earth they 'ad fought on, with their trunks,
Ambitious of great fame, to crown his ill,
Collected all his fury, and ran in
(Arm'd with a glory high as his despair)
Into our battel, like a Libyan lion
Upon his hunters, scornful of our weapons,
Careless of wounds, plucking down lives about him,
Till he had circled in himself with death :
Then fell he too, t' embrace it where it lay.
And as in that rebellion 'gainst the Gods,
Minerva holding forth Medusa's head,
One of the giant-brethren felt himself
Grow marble at the killing sight, and now

Almost

Almost made stone, began t' inquire, what flint,
 What rock it was, that crept through all his limbs,
 And e're he could think more, was that he fear'd ;
 So Catiline, at the sight of Rome in us,
 Became his tomb : yet did his look retain
 Some of his fierceness, and his hands still mov'd,
 As if he labour'd yet to grasp the state
 With those rebellious parts.

Cato. A brave bad death !

Had this been honest now, and for his country,
 As 'twas against it, who had e'er fall'n greater ?

Cic. Honour'd Petreius, Rome, not I, must thank you.
 How modestly has he spoken of himself !

Cato. He did the more.

Cic. Thanks to the immortal Gods,
 Romans, I now am paid for all my labours,
 My watchings, and my dangers. Here conclude
 Your praises, triumphs, honours, and rewards,
 Decreed to me: only the memory
 Of this glad day, if I may know it live
 Within your thoughts, shall much affect my conscience,
 Which I must always study before fame.
 Though both be good, the latter yet is worst,
 And ever is ill got, without the first.

BARTHOLOMEW

F A I R.

A

C O M E D Y.

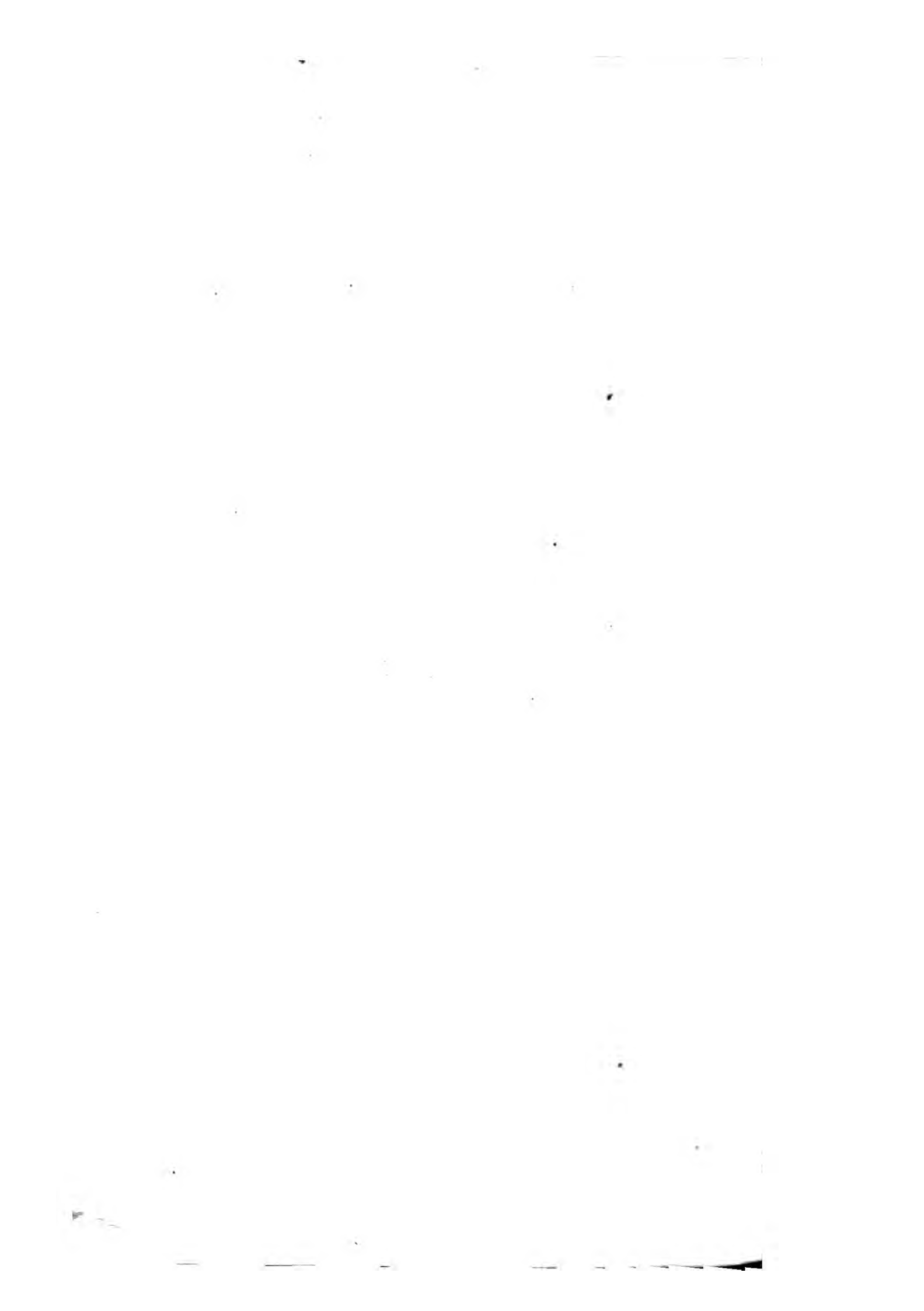
Acted in the Year 1614,

By the Lady ELIZABETH'S SERVANTS.

And then dedicated to

King JAMES of most Blessed Memory.

*Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus : nam
Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipfis,
Ut sibi præbentem, mimo spectacula plura.
Scriptores autem narrare putaret afello
Fabellam surdo.* HOR. lib. 2. epist. 1.



THE
P R O L O G U E
T O T H E
K I N G ' s M A J E S T Y .

YOUR Majesty is welcome to a Fair, [ware
Such place, such men, such language, and such
You must expect: with these, the zealous noise
Of your lands faction, scandaliz'd at toys,
As babies, hobby-horses, puppet-plays,
And such like rage, whereof the petulant ways
Your self have known, and have been vext with long.
These for your sport, without particular wrong,
Or just complaint of any private man,
(Who of himself, or shall think well, or can)
The maker doth present: and hopes, to-night
To give you for a fairing, true delight.

Dramatis Personæ.

JOHAN LITTLE-WIT, a proctor.
WIN LITTLE-WIT, his wife.
DAME PURECRAFT, her mother and a widow.
ZEAL-OF-THE-LAND BUSY, her suitor, a Banbury man.
WIN-WIFE, his rival, a gentleman.
QUARLOUS, his companion, a gamester.
BARTHOLOMEW COKES, an esquire of Harrow.
HUMPHREY WASPE, his man.
ADAM OVERDO, a justice of peace.
DAME OVERDO, his wife.
GRACE WELLBORN, his ward.
LANT. LEATHERHEAD, a hobby-horse feller.
JOAN TRASH, a gingerbread woman.
EZECHIEL EDGORTH, a cutpurse.
NIGHTINGALE, a ballad-finger.
URSULA, a pig-woman.
MOON-CALF, her tapster. [Turnbull].
JORDAN KNOCK-HUM, a horse-courser and a ranger o'
VAL. CUTTING, a roarer.
CAPTAIN WHIT, a bawd.
PUNQUE ALICE, mistress o' the game.
TROUBLE-ALL, a mad-man.

*Three Watchmen, Costard-monger, Mousetrap-man, Clo-
tbier, Wrestler, Porters, Door-keepers, Puppets.*

T H E

THE
INDUCTION
ON THE
STAGE.

STAGE-KEEPER.

GENTLEMEN, have a little patience, they are e'en upon coming, instantly. He that should begin the play, master Little-wit, the proctor, has a stitch new fal'n in his black silk stocking; 'twill be drawn up e're you can tell twenty. He plays one o'the Arches that dwells about the hospital, and he has a very pretty part. But for the whole play, will you ha' the truth on't? (I am looking, lest the poet hear me, or his man, master Broom', behind the arras) it
is

'Or his man, master BROOM.] He was our author's amanuensis; and profiting by the instructions and conversation of his master, turned author himself, and wrote several comedies, which were received with applause. Jonson has the following copy of verses prefixed to Broom's *Northern Lads* :

“ To my faithful servant, and, by his continued virtue, my loving
“ friend, the author of this work, Mr. RICHARD BROOM.

“ I had you for a servant once, Dick Broom,

“ And you perform'd a servant's faithful parts :

“ Now you are got into a nearer room

“ Of fellowship, professing my old arts.

is like to be a very conceited scurvy one, in plain English. When't comes to the Fair once, you were e'en as good go to Virginia, for any thing there is of Smithfield. He has not hit the humours, he does not know 'em; he has not convers'd with the Bartholomew birds, as they say; he has ne'er a sword and buckler-man in his Fair; nor a little Davy, to take toll o'the bawds there, as in my time; nor a Kind-heart, if any body's teeth should chance to ake in his play; nor a jugler with a well-educated ape, to come over the chain for a king of England, and back again for the prince, and sit still on his arse for the pope and the king of Spain! None of these fine fights! Nor has he the canvas-cut i' the night, for a hobby-horse-man to creep into his she-neighbour, and take his leap there! Nothing! No: an' some writer (that I know) had had but the penning o' this matter, he would ha' made you such a jickajog i' the booths, you should ha' thought an earthquake had been i' the Fair! But these master-poets, they will ha' their own absurd courses; they will be inform'd of nothing. He has (sir reverence) kick'd me three or four times about the tiring-house, I thank him, but for offering to put in with my experience. I'll be judg'd by you, gentlemen, now,

- “ And you do do them well, with good applause,
 “ Which you have justly gained from the stage,
 “ By observation of those comic laws,
 “ Which I your master first did teach the age.
 “ You learnt it well, and for it serv'd your time,
 “ A 'prenticeship, which few do now a days:
 “ Now each court hobby-horse will wince in rhyme,
 “ Both learned and unlearned, all write plays.
 “ It was not so of old: men took up trades
 “ That knew the craft they had been bred in right;
 “ An honest bilboe-smith wou'd make good blades,
 “ And the physician teach men spue and sh—
 “ The cobbler kept him to his awl; but now
 “ He'll be a poet, scarce can guide a plow.

but

but for one conceit of mine! would not a fine pump upon the stage ha' done well, for a property now? and a punk set under upon her head, with her stern upward, and ha' been sous'd by my witty young masters o' the Inns o' Court? What think you o' this for a shew, now? he will not hear o' this! I am an afs! I! and yet I kept the stage in master Tarleton's time², I thank my stars. Ho! an' that man had liv'd to have play'd in Bartholomew Fair, you should ha' seen him ha' come in, and ha' been cozened i' the cloth-quarter, so finely! And Adams, the rogue, ha' leap'd and caper'd upon him, and ha' dealt his vermin about, as though they had cost him nothing. And then a substantial watch to ha' stoln in upon 'em, and taken 'em away, with mistaking words, as the fashion is in the stage-practice.³

[To him] *Bookholder and Scrivener.*

Book. How now? what rare discourse are you faln upon? ha? ha? you found any familiars here, that you are so free? what's the business?

Stage. Nothing, but the understanding gentlemen o' the ground here ask'd my judgment⁴.

² *And yet I kept the stage in master TARLETON'S time.]* He was a celebrated comedian in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and excelled in the performance of droll and humorous characters.

³ *And then a substantial WATCH to ha' stoln in upon 'em, and taken 'em away, with MISTAKING WORDS, as the fashion is in the stage-practice.]* This is certainly a sneer on Shakespear: the *watch* in *Much ado about Nothing*, break in upon Boracchio and Conrade, as they are talking together, and hurry them away to the constable, where the chief humour of the scene, and of the proceedings afterwards, is owing to the ignorance of the *watch* and the officers, who perpetually blunder in their language.

⁴ *The understanding gentlemen of the GROUND here.]* i. e. the *Pit*. So Shakespear,

“To split the ears of the groundlings.” *Hamlet*.
The word generally used by way of contempt.

Book. Your judgment, rascal? for what? sweeping the stage? or gathering up the broken apples for the bears within? Away rogue, it's come to a fine degree in these spectacles, when such a youth as you pretend to a judgment. And yet he may, i' the most o' this matter, i' faith: for the author has writ it just to his meridian, and the scale of the grounded judgments here, his play-fellows in wit. Gentlemen, not for want of a prologue, but by way of a new one, I am sent out to you here, with a scrivener, and certain articles drawn out in haste between our author and you; which if you please to hear, and as they appear reasonable, to approve of; the play will follow presently. Read, scribe, gi' me the counterpane.

Scriv. Articles of agreement, indented, between the spectators or Hearers, at the Hope on the Bankside in the county of Surry, on the one party; and the author of *Bartholomew Fair*, in the said place and county, on the other party: the one and thirtieth day of October 1614, and in the twelfth year of the reign of our sovereign lord, JAMES, by the grace of God, king of England, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith; and of Scotland the seven and fortieth.

Imprimis, It is covenanted and agreed, by and between the parties abovesaid, and the said spectators and hearers, as well the curious and envious, as the favouring and judicious, as also the grounded judgments and understandings, do for themselves severally covenant and agree to remain in the places their money or friends have put them in, with patience, for the space of two hours and an half, and somewhat more. In which time the author promiseth to present them by us, with a new sufficient play, called *Bartholomew Fair*, merry, and as full of noise, as sport: made to delight all, and to offend none; provided they have either the wit or the honesty to think well of themselves.

It

It is further agreed, that every person here have his or their free-will of censure, to like or dislike at their own charge, the author having now departed with his right: it shall be lawful for any man to judge his six-pen'worth, his twelve-pen'worth, so to his eighteen pence, two shillings, half a crown, to the value of his place; provided always his place get not above his wit. And if he pay for half a dozen, he may censure for all them too, so that he will undertake that they shall be silent. He shall put in for censures here, as they do for lots at the lottery: marry, if he drop but six-pence at the door, and will censure a crowns-worth, it is thought there is no conscience or justice in that.

It is also agreed, that every man here exercise his own judgment, and not censure by contagion, or upon trust, from another's voice, or face, that sits by him, be he never so first in the commission of wit; as also, that he be fixt and settled in his censure, that what he approves or not approves to day, he will do the same to morrow; and if to-morrow, the next day, and so the next week (if need be:) and not to be brought about by any that sits on the bench with him, though they indite and arraign plays daily. He that will swear, *Jeronimo*, or *Andronicus*, are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shews it is constant, and hath stood still these five and twenty or thirty years. Though it be an ignorance, it is a virtuous and staid ignorance; and next to truth, a confirm'd error does well; such a one the author knows where to find him.

It is further covenanted, concluded, and agreed, That how great soever the expectation be, no person here is to expect more than he knows, or better ware than a Fair will afford: neither to look back to the sword and buckler age of Smithfield, but content himself with the present. Instead of a little Davy, to take toll o' the bawds, the author doth promise a strutting horse-

horse-courser, with a leer drunkard, two or three to attend him, in as good equipage as you would wish. And then for Kind-heart the tooth-drawer, a fine oily pig-woman with her tapster, to bid you welcome, and a consort of roarers for musick. A wise justice of peace meditant, instead of a jugler with an ape. A civil cutpurse searchant. A sweet singer of new ballads allurant: and as fresh an hypocrite, as ever was broach'd, rampant. If there be never a servant-monster i' the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of antiques^s? he is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget tales, tempests, and such like drolleries, to mix his head with other mens heels; let the concupiscence of jigs and dances reign as strong as it will amongst you: yet if the puppets will please any body, they shall be entreated to come in.

^s *If there be never a SERVANT-MONSTER i' the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a NEST OF ANTIQUES?*] Our author, and who can help it, is still venting his sneers at Shakespear. The *servant-monster* is the character of Caliban in the *Tempest*: the *nest of antiques* is the clowns who dance in the *Winter's Tale*; and, lest he should be thought not to speak plainly enough, he expressly mentions those plays in the next sentence. I am afraid the reader will think but ill either of Jonson's judgment, or his candour, when he thus ridicules what has been generally admired by men of real taste: but I believe the sneer was designed not so much to ridicule Shakespear for his invention, as the passion of the mob for spectacles of this kind. We are to imagine, and I suppose with truth, that the gallery-spectators in our poet's time, as well as in our own, were more delighted with the dress and grotesque appearance of Caliban, than with the poetry of his sentiments and propriety of his language. So the clowns in the *Winter's Tale* are introduced in the habit of Satyrs, with long tails, cloven feet, and shaggy coats of hair: an apparatus, not ill-designed, to set on a quantity of barren spectators to laugh. Thus the poet,

“ They have made themselves *all men of hair*.”

Winter's Tale, act 4. sc. 7.

An expression undoubtedly designing their dress; and not, as Mr. Warburton explains it, that they are nimble, and leap as if they rebounded.

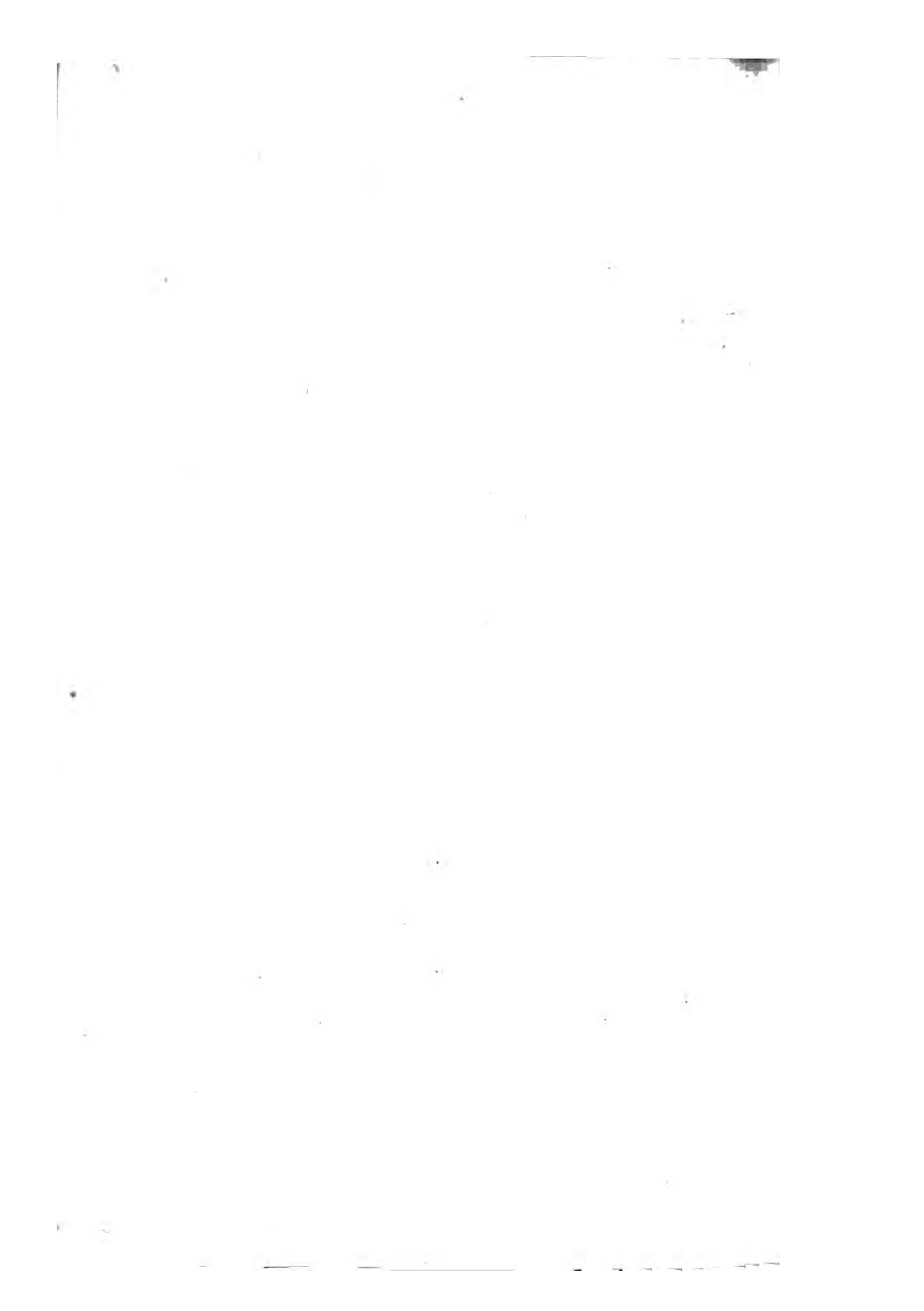
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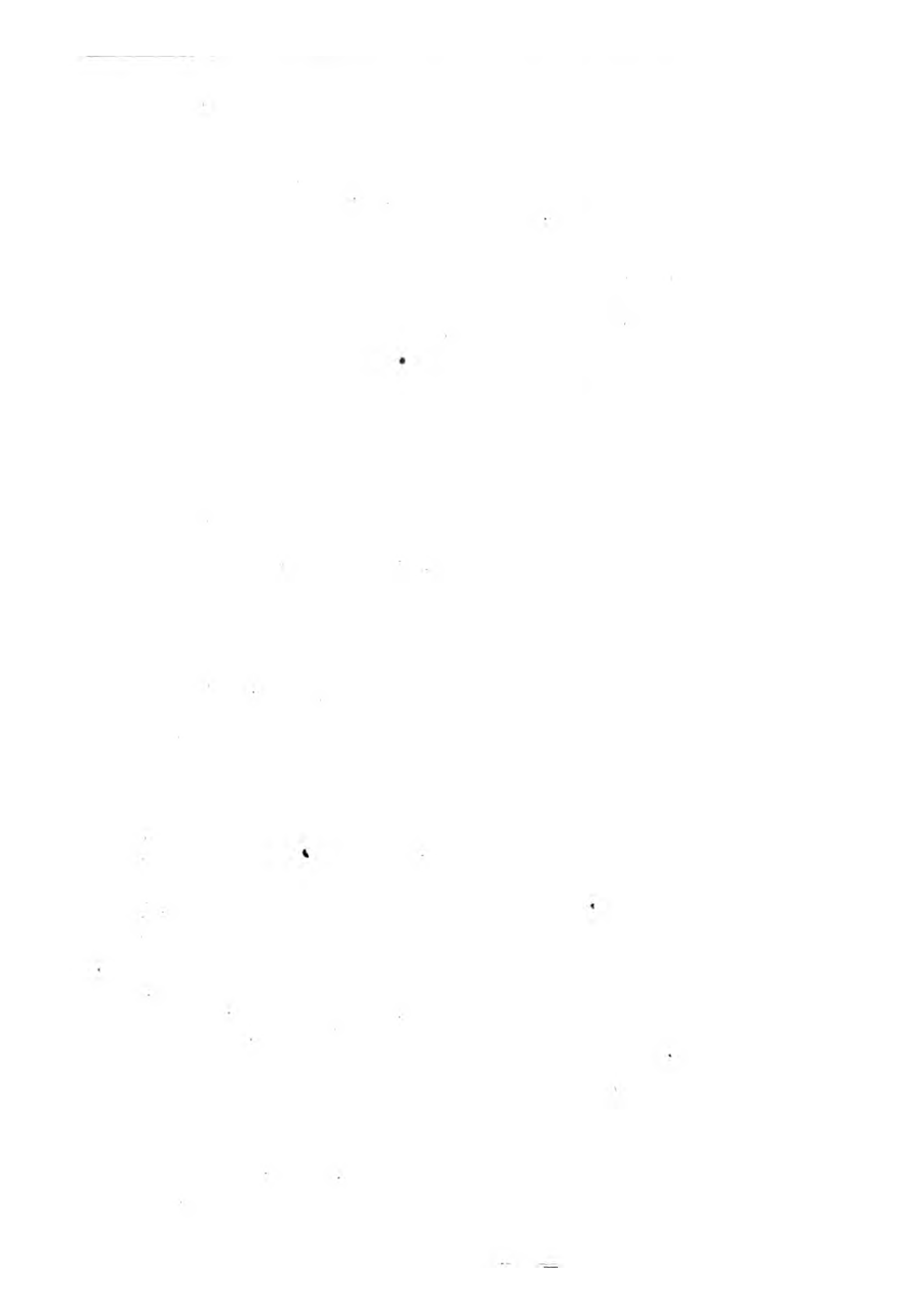
The INDUCTION. 283

In consideration of which, it is finally agreed, by the aforefaid hearers and fpectators, That they neither in themfelves conceal, nor fuffer by them to be concealed, any ftate-decipherer, or politick picklock of the fcene, fo folemnly ridiculous, as to fearch out, who was meant by the gingerbread woman, who by the hobby horfe man, who by the coftard-monger, nay, who by their wares. Or that will pretend to affirm (on his own infpired ignorance) what mirror of magiftrates is meant by the juftice, what great lady by the pig-woman, what concealed ftatesman by the feller of moufe-traps, and fo of the reft. But that fuch perfon or perfons, fo found, be left difcovered to the mercy of the author, as a forfeiture to the ftage, and your laughter aforefaid. As alfo fuch as fhall fo desperately, or ambitioufly, play the fool by his place aforefaid, to challenge the author of fcurrility, becaufe the language fomewhere favours of Smithfield, the booth, and the pig bro:h, or of prophanenefs, becaufe a mad-man cries, *God quit you*, or *blefs you*. In witness whereof, as you have prepofteroufly put to your feals already (which is your money) you will now add the other part of fuffrage, your hands. The play fhall prefently begin. And though the Fair be not kept in the fame region, that fome here, perhaps, would have it; yet think, that therein the author hath obferv'd a fpecial decorum, the place being as dirty as Smithfield, and as ftinking every whit.

Howfoever, he prays you to believe, his ware is ftill the fame, elfe you will make him juftly fufpect that he that is fo loth to look on a baby, or an hobby-horfe here, would be glad to take up a commodity of them, at any laughter or lofs in another place.

Bartho-







Bartholomew Fair. Lud. Du Guernier inv. et sculp.

Bartholomew Fair.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Little-wit. [To him] Win.

LITTLE-WIT.

A Pretty conceit, and worth the finding! I ha' such luck to spin out these fine things still, and like a silk-worm, out of my self. Here's master Bartholomew Cokes, of Harrow o' th' Hill, i' th' county of Middlesex, esquire, takes forth his licence to marry mistress Grace Wellborn, of the said place and county: and when does he take it forth? to-day! the four and twentieth of August! Bartholomew-day! Bartholomew upon Bartholomew! there's the device! who would have mark'd such a leap-frog chance now? A very less than Ames-ace, on two dice! Well, go thy ways, John Little-wit, proctor John Little-wit: one o' the pretty wits o' Pauls, the Little-wit of London, (so thou art call'd) and something beside. When a quirk or a quiblin does scape thee, and thou dost not watch and apprehend it, and bring it afore the constable of conceit: (there now, I speak quib too) let 'em carry thee out o' the arch-deacon's court into his kitchen,

kitchen, and make a Jack of thee, instead of a John. (There I am again la!) Win, good morrow, Win. I marry, Win. Now you look finely indeed, Win! this cap does convince! you'd not ha' worn it, Win, nor ha' had it velvet, but a rough country bever, with a copper band, like the coney-skin-woman of Budge-Row? sweet Win, let me kifs it! and her fine high shoes, like the Spanish lady! good Win, go a little, I would fain see thee pace, pretty Win! by this fine cap, I could never leave kissing on't.

Win. Come indeed la, you are such a fool still!

Litt. No, but half a one, Win, you are the t'other half: man and wife make one fool, Win. (Good!) Is there the proctor, or doctor indeed, i' the diocese, that ever had the fortune to win him such a Win! (There I am again!) I do feel conceits coming upon me, more than I am able to turn tongue to. A pox o' these pretenders to wit! your Three Cranes, Mitre and Mermaid-men! not a corn of true falt, not a grain of right mustard amongst them all. They may stand for places, or so, again the next wit fall, and pay two pence in a quart more for their canary than other men. But gi' me the man can start up a justice of wit out of six shillings beer, and give the law to all the poets and poet-suckers i' town, because they are the players gossips. 'Slid, other men have wives as fine as the players, and as well drest. Come hither, Win.

S C E N E II.

Win-wife, Little-wit, Win.

Win-w. Why, how now, master Little-wit! measuring of lips? or molding of kiffes? which is it?

Litt. Troth, I am a little taken with my Win's dresting here! does't not fine, master Win-wife? how do you apprehend, sir? she would not ha' worn this habit.

I chal-

I challenge all Cheapside to shew such another: Moorfields, Pimlico-path, or the Exchange, in a summer-evening, with a lace to boot, as this has. Dear Win, let master Win-wife kiss you. He comes a wooing to our mother, Win, and may be our father perhaps, Win. There's no harm in him, Win.

Win-w. None i' the earth, master Little-wit.

Litt. I envy no man my delicates, fir.

Win-w. Alas, you ha' the garden where they grow still! A wife here with a strawberry-breath, cherry-lips, apricot-cheeks, and a soft velvet head, like a Melicotton.

Litt. Good, i'faith! now dulness upon me, that I had not that before him, that I should not light on't as well as he! velvet head!

Win-w. But my taste, master Little-wit, tends to fruit of a latter kind: the sober matron, your wife's mother.

Litt. I! we know you are a suitor, fir; Win, and I, both wish you well: by this licence here would you had her, that your two names were as fast in it as here are a couple. Win would fain have a fine young father i' law, with a feather: that her mother might hood it, and chain it, with mistress Overdo. But you do not take the right course, master Win-wife.

Win-w. No? master Little-wit, why?

Lit. You are not mad enough.

Win-w. How? is madness a right course?

Lit. I say nothing, but I wink upon Win. You have a friend (one master Quarlous) comes here sometimes.

Win-w. Why? he makes no love to her, does he?

Lit. Not a tokenworth that ever I saw, I assure you: but——

Win-w. What?

Lit. He is the more mad-cap o' the two. You do not apprehend me.

Win.

Win. You have a hot coal i' your mouth now, you cannot hold.

Lit. Let me out with it, dear Win.

Win. I'll tell him my self.

Lit. Do, and take all the thanks, and much good do thy pretty heart, Win.

Win. Sir, my mother has had her nativity-water cast lately by the cunning-men in Cow-lane, and they ha' told her her fortune, and do ensure her, she shall never have happy hour, unless she marry within this sen'night; and when it is, it must be a mad-man, they say.

Lit. I, but it must be a gentleman mad-man.

Win. Yes, so the t'other man of Moor-fields says.

Win-w. But do's she believe 'em?

Lit. Yes, and has been at Bedlam twice since every day, to inquire if any gentleman be there, or to come there mad!

Win-w. Why, this is a confederacy, a mere piece of practice upon her by these impostors.

Lit. I tell her so; or else, say I, that they mean some young madcap-gentleman, (for the devil can equivocate as well as a shop-keeper) and therefore would I advise you to be a little madder than master Quarlous hereafter.

Win-w. Where is she? stirring yet?

Lit. Stirring! yes, and studying an old elder come from Banbury, a suitor that puts in here at meal-tide, to praise the painful brethren, or pray that the sweet fingers may be restor'd; says a grace as long as his breath lasts him! some time the spirit is so strong with him, it gets quite out of him, and then my mother, or Win, are fain to fetch it again with Malmsey, or Aqua Cœlestis.

Win. Yes, indeed, we have such a tedious life with him for his diet, and his clothes too, he breaks his buttons, and cracks seams at every saying he sobs out.

Lit.

Lit. He cannot abide my vocation, he says.

Win. No, he told my mother, a proctor was a claw of the beast, and that she had little less than committed abomination in marrying me so as she has done.

Lit. Every line (he says) that a proctor writes, when it comes to be read in the bishop's court, is a long black hair, kemb'd out of the tail of Antichrist.

Win-w. When came this profelyte?

Job. Some three days since.

S C E N E III.

Quarlous, Little-wit, Win, Win-wife.

Quar. O sir, ha' you ta'en foil here? It's well a man may reach you after three hours running yet! what an unmerciful companion art thou, to quit thy lodging at such ungentlemanly hours? none but a scatter'd covey of fiddlers, or one of these rag-rakers in dung-hills, or some marrow-bone man at most, would have been up when thou wert gone abroad, by all description. I pray thee what ailest thou, thou canst not sleep? hast thou thorns i' thy eye-lids, or thistles i' thy bed?

Win-w. I cannot tell: it seems you had neither i' your feet, that took this pain to find me.

Quar. No, an' I had, all * the lime-hounds o' the city should have drawn after you by the scent rather. Mr. John Little-wit! God save you, sir. 'Twas a hot night with some of us, last night, John: shall we pluck a hair o' the same wolf to-day, proctor John?

* *All the LIME-HOUNDS o' the city should have drawn after you by the scent.*] Lime-hounds are so called from their being led in a leash, or *lean*, before they are set upon the game, and sometimes they are called *lymmers*: this is mentioned in order to set right a passage in *King Lear*, which appears to be corrupted;

“Mastiff, grey hound, mungril grim,

“Hound or spaniel, brache, or *hym*.”

I can find no species of dogs with that denomination, so that I apprehend the last word should be *lym*, an abbreviation of *lymmer*.

Lit. Do you remember, master Quarlous, what we discours'd on last night?

Quar. Not I, John: nothing that I either discourse or do, at those times I forfeit all to forgetfulness.

Lit. No, not concerning Win? look you, there she is, and dress'd, as I told you she should be: hark you, sir, had you forgot?

Quar. By this head, I'll beware how I keep you company, John, when I am drunk, an' you have this dangerous memory! that's certain.

Lit. Why, sir?

Quar. Why? we were all a little stain'd last night, sprinkled with a cup or two, and I agreed with proctor John here, to come and do somewhat with Win (I know not what 'twas) to-day; and he puts me in mind on't now; he says he was coming to fetch me: before truth, if you have that fearful quality, John, to remember when you are sober, John, what you promise drunk, John; I shall take heed of you, John. For this once I am content to wink at you; where's your wife? come hither, Win. *[He kisseth her.]*

Win. Why, John! do you see this, John? look you! help me, John.

Lit. O Win, fie, what do you mean, Win? be womanly, Win; make an out-cry to your mother, Win? master Quarlous is an honest gentleman, and our worshipful good friend, Win: and he is master Win-wife's friend too: and master Win-wife comes a sutor to your mother, Win; as I told you before, Win, and may perhaps be our father, Win: they'll do you no harm, Win: they are both our worshipful good friends. Master Quarlous! you must know master Quarlous, Win; you must not quarrel with master Quarlous, Win.

Quar. No, we'll kifs again, and fall in.

Lit. Yes, do, good Win.

Win. I' faith you are a fool, John.

Lit.

Lit. A fool-John, she calls me ; do you mark that gentlemen ? pretty Little-wit of velvet ! a fool-John.

Quar. She may call you an apple-John, if you use this.

Win-w. Pray thee forbear, for my respect, somewhat.

Quar. Hoy-day ! how respective you are become o' the sudden ! I fear this family will turn you reformed too ; pray you come about again. Because she is in possibility to be your daughter-in-law, and may ask you blessing hereafter, when she courts it to Totnam to eat cream. Well, I will forbear, sir ; but i' faith, would thou wouldst leave thy exercise of widow-hunting once ! this drawing after an old reverend smock by the splay-foot : there cannot be an ancient tripe or trillibub i' the town, but thou art straight nosing it, and 'tis a fine occupation thou'lt confine thy self to, when thou hast got one ; scrubbing a piece of buff, as if thou hadst the perpetuity of pannyer-ally to stink in ; or perhaps worse, currying a carkafs that thou hast bound thy self to alive. I'll be sworn, some of them (that thou art, or hast been a suitor to) are so old, as no chaste or married pleasure can ever become 'em ; the honest instrument of procreation has (forty years since) left to belong to 'em ; thou must visit 'em as thou wouldst do a tomb, with a torch, or three handfuls of link, flaming hot, and so thou may'st hap to make 'em feel thee, and after come to inherit according to thy inches. A sweet course for a man to waste the brand of life for, to be still raking himself a fortune in an old woman's embers ; we shall ha' thee, after thou hast been but a month married to one of 'em, look like the quartan ague and the black jaundise met in a face, and walk as if thou hadst borrow'd legs of a spinner, and voice of a cricket. I would endure to hear fifteen sermons a week for her, and such coarse and loud ones, as some of 'em must be ; I would e'en

^a *And after come to inherit according to thy INCHES.]*

Nunc via processus, vetulæ vesica beatæ,

Partes quisque suas, ad mensuram inguinis hæres. Juv. Sat. 1.

desire of fate, I might dwell in a drum, and take in my sustenance with an old broken tobacco-pipe and a straw. Dost thou ever think to bring thine ears or stomach to the patience of a dry grace, as long as thy table-cloth? and dron'd out by thy son here (that might be thy father) till all the meat o' thy board has forgot it was that day i' the kitchen? or to brook the noise made in a question of predestination, by the good labourers and painful eaters assembled together, put to 'em by the matron your spouse; who moderates with a cup of wine, ever and anon, and a sentence out of Knoxe between? or the perpetual spitting before and after a sober drawn exhortation of six hours, whose better part was the hum-ha-hum? or to hear pray'rs groan'd out over thy iron chests, as if they were charms to break 'em? And all this for the hope of two apostle-spoons², to suffer! and a cup to eat a cawdle in! for that will be thy legacy. She'll ha' convey'd her state safe enough from thee, an' she be a right widow.

Win-w. Alas, I am quite off that scent now.

Quar. How so?

Win-w. Put off by a brother of Banbury, one that, they say, is come here, and governs all already.

Quar. What do you call him? I knew divers of those Banburians when I was in Oxford.

Win-w. Master Little-wit can tell us.

Lit. Sir! good Win go in, and if master Bartholomew Cokes his man come for the licence, (the little old fellow) let him speak with me; what say you, gentlemen?

² *And all this for the hope of two APOSTLE-SPOONS.]* They were of a round bowl, with a little head at the end, and twelve in a set; from whence they had the name of *apostle spoons*. There was anciently a certain unguent or electuary, which from the number of its ingredients was called *apostolorum*.

Win-w.

Win-w. What call you the reverend elder you told me of? your Banbury man?

Lit. Rabbi Busy, fir; he is more than an elder, he is a prophet, fir.

Quar. O, I know him! a baker, is he not?

Lit. He was a baker, fir, but he does dream now, and see visions; he has given over his trade.

Quar. I remember that too; out of a scruple he took, that (in spic'd conscience) those cakes he made, were serv'd to Bridales, May-poles, Morrisses, and such profane feasts and meetings; his christen-name is Zeal-of-the-land.

Lit. Yes, fir, Zeal-of-the-land Busy.

Win-w. How! what a name's there!

Lit. O they have all such names, fir; he was witness for Win here, (they will not be call'd Godfathers) and nam'd her Win-the-fight: you thought her name had been Winnifred, did you not?

Win-w. I did indeed.

Lit. He would ha' thought himself a stark reprobate, if it had.

Quar. I, for there was a blue-starch woman o' the name at the same time. A notable hypocritical vermin it is; I know him. One that stands upon his face, more than his faith, at all times: ever in seditious motion, and reproving for vain-glory; of a most lunatick conscience and spleen, and affects the violence of singularity in all he does: (he has undone a grocer here, in Newgate-market, that broke with him, trust-ed him with currans, as errant a zeal as he, that's by the way :) by his profession he will ever be i' the state of innocence though, and childhood; derides all antiquity, defies any other learning than inspiration; and what discretion soever years should afford him, it is all prevented in his original ignorance: ha' not to do with him, for he is a fellow of a most arrogant and invincible dulness, I assure you. Who is this?

S C E N E IV.

Wafpe, Little-wit, Win-wife, Quarlous.

Waf. By your leave, gentlemen, with all my heart to you; and give you good morrow. Master Little-wit, my business is to you. Is this licence ready?

Lit. Here I ha' it for you in my hand, master Humphrey.

Waf. That's well; nay, never open or read it to me, it's labour in vain, you know. I am no clerk, I scorn to be sav'd by my book, i' faith I'll hang first; fold it up o' your word, and gi' it me; what must you ha' for't?

Lit. We'll talk of that anon, master Humphrey.

Waf. Now, or not at all, good mr. Proctor, I am for no anons, I assure you.

Lit. Sweet Win, bid Solomon send me the little black box within in my study.

Waf. I, quickly, good mistress, I pray you: for I have both eggs o' the spit, and iron i' the fire, say what you must have, good mr. Little-wit.

Lit. Why, you know the price, mr. Numps.

Waf. I know? I know nothing, I. what tell you me of knowing? (now I am in haste) fir, I do not know, and I will not know, and I scorn to know, and yet (now I think on't) I will, and do know as well as another; you must have a mark for your thing here, and eight-pence for the box; I could ha' sav'd two-pence i' that, an I had bought it my self; but here's fourteen shillings for you. Good Lord! how long your little wife stays! pray God Solomon, your clerk, be not looking i' the wrong box, mr. Proctor.

Lit. Good i' faith! no, I warrant you, Solomon is wiser than so, fir.

Waf.

Waf. Fie, fie, fie, by your leave, master Little-wit, this is scurvy, idle, foolish and abominable, with all my heart; I do not like it.

Win-w. Do you hear? Jack Little-wit, what business does thy pretty head think this fellow may have, that he keeps such a coyl with?

Quar. More than buying of ginger bread i' the cloister here, (for that we allow him) or a gilt pouch i' the fair:

Lit. Master Quarlous, do not mistake him; he is his master's both-hands, I assure you.

Quar. What? to pull on his boots a mornings, or his stockings, does he?

Lit. Sir, if you have a mind to mock him, mock him softly; and look t'other way: for if he apprehend you flout him once, he will fly at you presently: A terrible testy old fellow, and his name is Waspe too.

Quar. Pretty insect! make much on him.

Waf. A plague o' this box, and the pox too, and on him that made it, and her that went for't, and all that should ha' sought it, sent it, or brought it! do you see, sir!

Lit. Nay, good Mr. Waspe.

Waf. Good master Hornet, turd i' your teeth, hold you your tongue: do not I know you? your father was a pothecary, and sold glifters, more than he gave, I wusse: and turd i' your little wife's teeth too (here she comes) 'twill make her spit, as fine as she is, for all her velvet custard on her head, sir.

Lit. O! be civil, master Numps.

Waf. Why, say I have a humour not to be civil; how then? who shall compel me? you?

Lit. Here is the box now.

Waf. Why, a pox o' your box, once again: let your little wife stale in it, and she will. Sir, I would have

you to understand, and these gentlemen too, if they please——

Win-w. With all our hearts, fir.

Waf. That I have a charge, gentlemen.

Lit. They do apprehend, fir.

Waf. Pardon me, fir, neither they nor you can apprehend me yet. (You are an afs.) I have a young master, he is now upon his making and marring; the whole care of his well-doing is now mine. His foolish school-masters have done nothing, but run up and down the country with him to beg puddings and cake-bread of his tenants, and almost spoiled him; he has learn'd nothing but to sing catches, and repeat Rattle Bladder, rattle, and O Madge! 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 i' 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! he has a head full of bees! I am fain now, for this little time I am absent, to leave him in charge with a gentlewoman: 'tis true, she is a justice of peace his wife, and a gentlewoman o' the hood, and his natural sifter: but what may happen under a woman's government, there's the doubt. Gentlemen, you do not know him; he is another manner of piece than you think for! but nineteen years old, and yet he is taller than either of you by the head, God blefs him.

Quar. Well, methinks this is a fine fellow!

Win-w. He has made his master a finer by this description, I should think.

Quar. 'Faith, much about one, it's cross and pile, whether for a new farthing.

Waf. I'll tell you, gentlemen——

Lit. Will't please you drink, master Waspe.

Waf. Why, I ha' not talk't so long to be dry, fir
you

you see no duft or cobwebs come out o' my mouth : do you ? you'd ha' me gone, would you ?

Lit. No, but you were in hafte e'en now, mr. Numps.

Waf. What an' I were ? fo I am ftill, and yet I will ftay too ; meddle you with your match, your Win there, ſhe has as little wit as her husband, it ſeems : I have others to talk to.

Lit. She's my match indeed, and as little wit as I, good !

Waf. We ha' been but a day and a half in town, gentlemen, 'tis true ; and yesterday i'the afternoon we walk'd London, to ſhew the city to the gentlewoman he ſhall marry, miſtreſs Grace ; but afore I will endure ſuch another half day with him, I'll be drawn with a good gib-cat, through the great pond at home, as his uncle Hodge was ! Why, we could not meet that heathen thing all the day, but ſtaid him : he would name you all the ſigns over, as he went, aloud : and where he ſpy'd a parrot or a monkey, there he was pitch'd, with all the little long-coats about him, male and female ; no getting him away ! I thought he would ha' run mad o' the black boy in Bucklers-bury, that takes the ſcurvy, roguy tobacco there.

Lit. You ſay true, maſter Numps : there's ſuch a one indeed.

Waf. It's no matter whether there be or no, what's that to you ?

Quar. He will not allow of John's reading at any hand.

S C E N E V.

Cokes, Miſtreſs Over-do, Waſpe, Grace, Quarlous, Win-wife, Little-wit, Win.

Cok: O Numps ! are you here, Numps ? look where I am, Numps ! and miſtreſs Grace too ! nay, do not look
look

look angerly, Numps : my sifter is here and all, I do not come without her.

Waf. What the mischief do you come with her? or she with you?

Cok. We came all to seek you, Numps.

Waf. To seek me? why, did you all think I was lost, or run away with your fourteen shillings worth of small ware here? or that I had chang'd it i' the fair for hobby-horses? S'precious —— to seek me!

Over. Nay, good mr. Numps, do you shew discretion, though he be exorbitant (as mr. Over-do says) and't be but for conservation of the peace.

Waf. Marry gip, goody She-justice, mistress French-hood! turd i' your teeth, and turd i' your French-hood's teeth too, to do you service, do you see? must you quote your Adam to me! you think you are madam Regent still, mistress Over-do; when I am in place? no such matter I assure you, your reign is out, when I am in, dame.

Over. I am content to be in abeyance, sir, and be govern'd by you; so should he too, if he did well; but 'twill be expected you should also govern your passions.

Waf. Will't so, forsooth? good Lord! how sharp you are, with being at Beth'lem yesterday! Whetstone has set an edge upon you, has he?

Over. Nay, if you know not what belongs to your dignity, I do yet to mine.

Waf. Very well then.

Cok. Is this the licence, Numps? for love's sake let me see't; I never saw a licence.

Waf. Did you not so? why, you shall not see't then.

Cok. An' you love me, good Numps.

Waf. Sir, I love you, and yet I do not love you i' these fooleries; set your heart at rest, there's nothing in't but hard words; and what would you see't for?

Cok.

Cok. I would see the length and the breadth on't; that's all; and I will see't now, so I will.

Waf. You sha' not see it here.

Cok. Then I'll see't at home, and I'll look upon the case here.

Waf. Why, do so; a man must give way to him a little in trifles, gentlemen. These are errors, diseases of youth; which he will mend when he comes to judgment and knowledge of matters. I pray you conceive so, and I thank you. And I pray you pardon him, and I thank you again.

Quar. Well, this dry-nurse, I say still, is a delicate man.

Win. And I am, for the coffet his charge! did you ever see a fellow's face more accuse him for an ass?

Quar. Accuse him? it confesses him one without accusing. What pity 'tis yonder wench should marry such a Cokes?

Win-w. 'Tis true.

Quar. She seems to be discreet, and as sober as she is handsome.

Win-w. I, and if you mark her, what a restrain'd scorn she casts upon all his behaviour and speeches?

Cok. Well, Numps, I am now for another piece of business more, the Fair, Numps, and then——

Waf. Bless me! deliver me, help, hold me! the Fair.

Cok. Nay, never fidge up and down, Numps, and vex it self. I am resolute Bartholomew in this; I'll make no suit on't to you; 'twas all the end of my journey indeed, to shew Mrs. Grace my Fair. I call't my Fair, because of Bartholomew: you know my name is Bartholomew, and Bartholomew Fair.

Lit. That was mine afore, gentlemen: this morning. I had that i' faith upon his licence, believe me, there he comes after me.

Quar. Come, John, this ambitious wit of yours (I am afraid) will do you no good i' the end.

Lit.

Lit. No? why, fir?

Quar. You grow so insolent with it, and over-doing, John; that if you look not to it, and tie it up, it will bring you to some obscure place in time, and there 'twill leave you.

Win-w. Do not trust it too much, John, be more sparing, and use it but now and then; a wit is a dangerous thing in this age; do not over-buy it.

Lit. Think you so, gentlemen? I'll take heed on't hereafter.

Win. Yes, do, John.

Cok. A pretty little soul, this same mrs. Little-wit, would I might marry her.

Gra. So would I, or any body else, so I might scape you.

Cok. Numps, I will see it, Numps, 'tis decreed: never be melancholy for the matter.

Waf. Why, see it, fir, see it, do, see it! who hinders you? why do you not go see it? 'lid see it.

Cok. The Fair, Numps, the Fair.

Waf. Would the Fair, and all the drums and rattles in't, were i' your belly for me: they are already i' your brain: he that had the means to travel your head now, should meet finer sights than any are i' the Fair, and make a finer voyage on't; to see it all hung with cockle-shells, pebbles, fine wheat-straws, and here and there a chicken's feather, and a cob-web.

Quar. Good faith, he looks, methinks, an' you mark him, like one that were made to catch flies, with his fir Cranion-legs.

Win-w. And his Numps, to flap 'em away.

Waf. God be w' you, fir, there's your bee in a box, and much good do't you.

Cok. Why, your friend, and Bartholomew; an' you be so contumacious.

Quar. What mean you, Numps?

Waf. I'll not be guilty, I, gentlemen.

Over. —

Over. You will not let him go, brother, and lose him?

Cok. Who can hold that will away? I had rather lose him than the Fair, I wusse.

Waf. You do not know the inconvenience, gentlemen, you persuade to, nor what trouble I have with him in these humours. If he go to the Fair, he will buy of every thing to a baby there; and household-stuff for that too. If a leg or an arm on him did not grow on, he would lose it i' the press. Pray heav'n I bring him off with one stone! and then he is such a ravener after fruit! you will not believe what a coil I had t'other day to compound a business between a katern-pear woman, and him, about snatching! 'tis intolerable, gentlemen.

Win-w. O! but you must not leave him now to these hazards, Numps.

Waf. Nay, he knows too well I will not leave him, and that makes him presume: well, sir, will you go now? if you have such an itch i' your feet, to foot it to the Fair, why do you stop, am I your carriers? go, will you go? sir, why do you not go?

Cok. O Numps! have I brought you about? come mistress Grace, and sister, I am resolute Bat, i' faith, still.

Gra. Truly, I have no such fancy to the Fair, nor ambition to see it; there's none goes thither of any quality or fashion.

Cok. O Lord, sir! you shall pardon me, mistress Grace, we are enow of ourselves to make it a fashion; and for qualities, let Numps alone, he'll find qualities.

Quar. What a rogue in apprehension is this! to understand her language no better.

Win-w. I, and offer to marry her. Well, I will leave the chace of my widow for to-day, and directly
to

to the Fair. These flies cannot, this hot season, but engender us excellent creeping sport.

Quar. A man that has but a spoonful of brain would think so. Farewel, John.

Lit. Win, you see 'tis in fashion to go to the Fair, Win; we must to the Fair too, you and I, Win. I have an affair i' the Fair, Win, a puppet-play of mine own making: say nothing that I writ for the motion man, which you must see, Win.

Win. I would I might, John; but my mother will never consent to such a prophane motion, she will call it.

Lit. Tut, we'll have a device, a dainty one: (now Wit, help at a pinch, good Wit come, come good Wit, and 't be thy will.) I have it, Win, I have it i'faith, and 'tis a fine one. Win, long to eat of a pig, sweet Win, i' the Fair; do you see, i' the heart o' the Fair, not at Pye-corner. Your mother will do any thing, Win, to satisfy your longing, you know; pray thee long presently; and be sick o' the sudden, good Win. I'll go in and tell her; cut thy lace i' the mean time, and play the hypocrite, sweet Win.

Win. No, I'll not make me unready for it. I can be hypocrite enough, though I were never so strait-lac'd.

Lit. You say true, you have been bred i' the family, and brought up to't. Our mother is a most elect hypocrite, and has maintain'd us all this seven year with it, like gentlefolks.

Win. I, let her alone, John, she is not a wise wilful widow for nothing; nor a sanctified sister for a song. And let me alone too, I ha' somewhat o' the mother in me, you shall see; fetch her, fetch her; ah, ah.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Pure-craft, Win, Little-wit, Busy, Solomon.

Pure. Now, the blaze of the beauteous discipline, fright away this evil from our house! how now, Win-the-fight, child; how do you? sweet child, speak to me.

Win. Yes, forsooth.

Pure. Look up, sweet Win-the-fight, and suffer not the enemy to enter you at this door, remember that your education has been with the purest; what polluted one was it, that nam'd first the unclean beast, pig, to you, child?

Win. Uh, uh.

Lit. Not I, o' my sincerity, mother; she long'd above three hours e'er she would let me know it; who was it, Win?

Win. A prophane black thing with a beard, John.

Pure. O! resist it, Win-the-fight, it is the tempter, the wicked tempter, you may know it by the fleshly motion of pig; be strong against it, and its foul temptations, in these assaults, whereby it broacheth flesh and blood, as it were on the weaker side, and pray against its carnal provocations; good child, sweet child, pray.

Lit. Good mother, I pray you, that she may eat some pig, and her belly full too; and do not you cast away your own child, and perhaps one of mine, with your tale of the tempter: how do you do, Win? are you not sick?

Win. Yes, a great deal, John, (uh, uh.)

Pure. What shall we do? call our zealous brother Busy hither, for his faithful fortification in this charge of the adversary; child, my dear child, you shall eat pig; be comforted, my sweet child.

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

Pure. I mean i' the Fair, if it can be any way made or found lawful. Where is our brother Busy? will he not come? Look up, child.

Lit. Presently, mother, as soon as he has cleans'd his beard. I found him fast by the teeth, i' the cold turkey-pie i' the cupboard, with a great white loaf on his left hand, and a glass of Malmsey on his right.

Pure. Slander not the brethren, wicked one.

Lit. Here he is now, purified mother.

Pure. O brother Busy! your help here, to edify and raise us up in a scruple; my daughter Win-the-fight is visited with a natural disease of women, call'd A longing to eat pig.

Lit. I sir, a Bartholomew pig; and in the Fair.

Pure. And I would be satisfied from you, religiously-wise, whether a widow of the sanctified assembly, or a widow's daughter, may commit the act without offence to the weaker sisters.

Bus. Verily, for the disease of longing, it is a disease, a carnal disease, or appetite, incident to women: and as it is carnal, and incident, it is natural, very natural: now pig, it is a meat, and a meat that is nourishing and may be longed for, and so consequently eaten; it may be eaten; very exceeding well eaten: but in the Fair, and as a Bartholomew pig, it cannot be eaten; for the very calling it a Bartholomew pig, and to eat it so, is a spice of idolatry, and you make the Fair no better than one of the high-places. This, I take it, is the state of the question: a high-place.

Lit. I, but in state of necessity, place should give place, mr. Busy. (I have a conceit left yet.)

Pure. Good brother, Zeal-of-the-land, think to make it as lawful as you can.

Lit. Yes, sir, and as soon as you can; for it must be, sir: you see the danger my little wife is in, sir.

Pure.

Purec. Truly, I do love my child dearly, and I would not have her miscarry, or hazard her first-fruits, if it might be otherwise.

Bus. Surely, it may be otherwise, but it is subject to construction, subject, and hath a face of offence with the weak, a great face, a foul face; but that face may have a veil put over it, and be shadowed as it were; it may be eaten, and in the Fair, I take it, in a booth, the tents of the wicked: the place is not much, not very much, we may be religious in the midst of the prophane, so it be eaten with a reformed mouth, with sobriety, and humbleness; not gorg'd in with gluttony or greediness, there's the fear: for, should she go there, as taking pride in the place, or delight in the unclean dressing, to feed the vanity of the eye, or lust of the palate, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable, and not good.

Lit. Nay, I knew that afore, and told her on't; but courage, Win, we'll be humble enough, we'll seek out the homeliest booth i' the Fair, that's certain; rather than fail, we'll eat it o' the ground:

Purec. I, and I'll go with you my self, Win-the-fight, and my brother Zeal-of-the-land shall go with us too, for our better consolation.

Win. Uh, uh.

Job. I, and Salomon too, Win, (the more the merrier.) Win, we'll leave Rabby Busy in a booth. Salomon, my cloke.

Sal. Here, sir.

Bus. In the way of comfort to the weak, I will go and eat. I will eat exceedingly, and prophesy; there may be a good use made of it too, now I think on't: by the publick eating of swine's flesh, to profess our hate and lothing of Judaism, whereof the brethren stand taxed. I will therefore eat, yea I will eat exceedingly,

Lit. Good i' faith, I will eat heartily too, because

I will be no Jew, I could never away with that stiff-necked generation: and truly, I hope my little one will be like me, that cries for pig so i' the mother's belly.

Buf. Very likely, exceeding likely, very exceeding likely.

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

Justice Overdo.

WELL, in justice name, and the king's, and for the commonwealth! defy all the world, Adam Overdo, for a disguise, and all story; for thou hast fitted thy self, I swear. Fain would I meet the Linceus now, that eagle's eye, that piercing Epidaurian serpent (as my Quint. Horace calls him) that could discover a justice of peace (and lately of the Quorum) under this covering. They may have seen many a fool in the habit of a justice; but never till now, a justice in the habit of a fool. Thus must we do though, that wake for the publick good; and thus hath the wise magistrate done in all ages. There is a doing of right out of wrong, if the way be found. Never shall I enough commend a worthy worshipful man, sometime a capital member of this city, for his high wisdom in this point, who would take you now the habit of a porter, now of a carman, now of the dog-killer, in this month of August; and in the winter, of a seller of tinder-boxes: and what would he do in all [these shapes? marry, go you into every alehouse, and down into every cellar; measure the length of puddings, take the gage of black pots and cans, I, and custards, with a stick; and their circumference with a thread; weigh the loaves of bread on

I

his

his middle finger; then would he send for 'em home; give the puddings to the poor, the bread to the hungry, the custards to his children; break the pots, and burn the cans himself; he would not trust his corrupt officers, he would do't himself. Would all men in authority would follow this worthy precedent. For (alas) as we are publick persons, what do we know? nay, what can we know? we hear with other mens ears, we see with other mens eyes. A foolish constable or a sleepy watchman, is all our information; he slanders a gentleman by the virtue of his place, (as he calls it) and we, by the vice of ours, must believe him. As a while agoe, they made me, yea me, to mistake an honest zealous pursuivant for a seminary; and a proper young batchelor of musick, for a bawd. This we are subject to that live in high place, all our intelligence is idle, and most of our intelligencers knaves; and by your leave, ourselves thought little better, if not errant fools, for believing 'em. I, Adam Overdo, am resolved therefore to spare spy-money hereafter, and make mine own discoveries. Many are the yearly enormities of this Fair, in whose courts of Pie-pouders* I have had the honour, during the three days sometimes to sit as judge. But this is the special day for detection of those foresaid enormities. Here is my black book for the purpose; this the cloud that hides me; under this covert I shall see and not be seen. On, Junius Brutus. And as I began, so I'll end; in justice name, and the king's, and for the commonwealth.

S C E N E II.

Leatherhead, Trash, Justice, Urs'la, Moon-calf, Nightingale, Costermonger, Passengers.

Leath. The Fair's pestilence dead methinks; people come not abroad to-day, whatever the matter is. Do you hear, sifter Trash, lady of the basket? sit farther

* *In whose courts of PIE-POUDERS.*] From the French *Piedpoudreux*: It is a court held in fairs, to do justice to buyers and sellers, and for redress of all disorders committed in them. So called, because as fairs are most usually in summer, the suiters are commonly country people with *dusty feet*.

with your gingerbread progeny there, and hinder not the prospect of my shop, or I'll ha' it proclaim'd i' the Fair, what stuff they are made on.

Tra. Why, what stuff are they made on, brother Leatherhead? nothing but what's wholesome, I assure you.

Leath. Yes, stale bread, rotten eggs, musty ginger, and dead honey, you know.

Just. I! have I met with enormity so soon?

Leath. I shall mar your market, old Jone.

Tra. Mar my market, thou too-proud pedler? do thy worst, I defie thee, I, and thy stable of hobby-horses. I pay for my ground, as well thou dost, and thou wrong'st me, for all thou art parcel-poet, and an engineer.* I'll find a friend shall right me, and make a ballad of thee, and thy cattle all over. Are you puffed up with the pride of your wares? your Arse-dine?

Leath. Gotoo, old Jone, I'll talk with you anon; and take you down too, afore justice Overdo, he is the man must charm you, I'll ha' you i' the Pie-poudres.

Tra. Charm me? I'll meet thee face to face, afore his worship, when thou dar'st: and though I be a little crooked o' my body, I'll be found as upright in my

For all thou art PARCEL-POET, and an ENGINEER.] This is a sneer upon Inigo Jones, who was represented in this character. It is said too, that Jonson wrote a severe satire against him, in which he stiled him *Sir Lantern Leatherbead*; and that this satire was suppressed by the king's order, but is yet extant in manuscript. This account requires some elucidation. It is certain that our author intended to ridicule the architect in the part of *Leatherbead*; and he wrote also a satire against him, which he called *An Expostulation with Inigo Jones*. As these verses were suppressed, it is probable the two facts were confounded; and it was imagined that the poet made him the hero of his satire, under the title of *Sir Lantern*, as he had really brought him with that name upon the stage: but the satire was not written till many years after this incident, on account of a quarrel between them in 1635. Howel has a letter to Jonson on this subject, which mentions the offence the king had taken at the severity which Jonson had expressed. It concludes with the following passage: "If your spirit will not let you retract, yet you shall do well to repress any more copies of the satire; for to deal plainly with you, you have lost some ground at court by it: and as I hear from a good hand, the king, who hath so great judgement in poetry as in other things else, is not well pleased therewith." *Howel's Letters*, p. 288. The *Expostulation*, which hath never before been printed, the reader will now find at the end of the Epigrams, in Vol. VI. The ingenious Mr. Vertue, the friend of every muse, hath obliged me with a transcript of it from a copy in his possession, and hath also given me leave to make it publick. In calling *Lantern* a *parcel-poet*, he may allude to the share which Inigo Jones had in the invention of the scenery and other decorations in the Masques presented at court; or to a copy of verses written by him, and prefixed to *Coriat's Crudities*, printed at London in 1611, in 4to.

dealing

dealing as any woman in Smithfield, I; charm me?

Just. I am glad to hear my name is their terror, yet this is doing of justice.

Leath. What do you lack? what is't you buy? what do you lack? rattles, drums, halberts, horses, babies o' the best? fiddles of the finest?

Enter Costermonger.

Cost. Buy any pears, pears, fine, very fine pears.

Tra. Buy any gingerbread, gilt gingerbread!

Night. Hey, "Now the Fair's a filling!

"O, for a tune to startle

"The birds o'the booths here billing:

"Yearly with old saint Barthle!

"The drunkards they are wading,

"The punks and chapmen trading;

"Who'd see the Fair without his lading?"

Buy any ballads; new ballads?

Urf. Fie upon't: who would wear out their youth and prime thus, in roasting of pigs, that had any cooler vocation? hell's a kind of cold cellar to't, a very fine vault o'my conscience! what, Moon-calf.

Moo. Here, mistress.

Night. How now Urs'la? in a heat, in a heat?

Urf. My chair, you false faucet you; and my morning's draught, quickly, a bottle of ale, to quench me, rascal. I am all fire and fat, Nightingale, I shall e'en melt away to the first woman, a rib again, I am afraid. I do water the ground in knots, as I go, like a great garden pot; you may follow me by the S. S. I make.

Night. Alas, good Urs, was Zekiel here this morning?

Urf. Zekiel? what Zekiel?

Night. Zekiel Edgworth, the civil cut-purse, you know him well enough; he that talks bawdy to you still: I call him my secretary.

Urf. He promis'd to be here this morning, I remember.

Night. When he comes, bid him stay: I'll be back again presently. [*Moon-calf brings in the chair.*]

Urf. Best take your morning dew in your belly, Nightingale: come sir, set it here; did not I bid you should get a chair let out o' the sides for me, that my hips might play? you'll never think of any thing, till your dame be rump-gall'd; 'tis well, changeling: because it can take in your grass-hoppers thighs, you care for no more. Now you look as you had been i' the corner of the booth, fleaing your breech with a candle's end, and set fire o' the Fair. Fill, Stote, fill.

Just. This pig-woman do I know, and I will put her in, for my second enormity; she hath been before me, punk, pinnance, and bawd, any time these two and twenty years upon record i' the pie-poudres.

Urf. Fill again, you unlucky vermin.

Moo. 'Pray you be not angry, mistress, I'll ha' it widen'd anon.

Urf. No, no, I shall e'en dwindle away to't, e'er the Fair be done, you think, now you ha' heated me: a poor vex'd thing I am, I feel my self dropping already as fast as I can; two stone o' suet a day is my proportion: I can but hold life and soul together, with this (here's to you, Nightingale) and a whiff of tobacco at most. Where's my pipe now? not fill'd? thou errant incubee.

Night. Nay, Urs'la, thou'lt gall between the tongue and the teeth, with fretting, now.

Urf. How can I hope that ever he'll discharge his place of trust, tapster, a man of reckoning under me, that remembers nothing I say to him? but look to't, firrah, you were best. Three pence a pipe full, I will ha' made, of all my whole half pound of tobacco, and a quarter of pound of colts-foot mixt with it too, to each it out. I that have dealt so long in the fire, will not be to seek in smoke, now. Then six and twenty shillings a barrel I will advance o' my beer,
and

and fifty shillings a hundred o' my bottle-ale ; I ha' told you the ways how to raise it. Froth your cans well i' the filling, at length rogue, and jog your bottles o' the buttock, firrah, then skink out the first glas ever, and drink with all companies, though you be sure to be drunk ; you'll mis-reckon the better, and be less asham'd on't. But your true trick, rascal, must be, to be ever busie, and mistake away the bottles and cans, in haste, before they be half drunk off, and never hear any body call, (if they should chance to mark you) till you ha' brought fresh, and be able to forswear 'em. Give me a drink of ale.

Just. This is the very womb and bed of enormity ! gross as herself ! this must all down for enormity, all, every whit on't. [*One knocks.*

Urf. Look who's there, firrah : five shillings a pig is my price, at least ; if it be a sow pig, sixpence more ; if she be a great-bellied wife, and long for't, six pence more for that.

Just. *O tempora ! O mores !* I would not ha' lost my discovery of this one grievance, for my place, and worship o' the bench. How is the poor subject abus'd here² ! Well, I will fall in with her, and with her Moon-calf, and win out wonders of enormity. By thy leave, goodly woman, and the fatness of the Fair, oily as the king's constable's lamp, and shining as his shooing-horn ! hath thy ale virtue, or thy beer strength, that the tongue of man may be tickled, and his palate pleas'd in the morning ? let thy pretty nephew here go search and see.

Urf. What new roarer is this ?

Moo. O Lord ! do you not know him, mistress ? 'tis mad Arthur of Bradley, that makes the orations. Brave master, old Arthur of Bradley, how do you ? welcome to the Fair, when shall we hear you again,

² *How is the poor abused here.*] Edit. 1716. Preceding ones more justly, as the text is here exhibited.

to handle your matters, with your back against a booth, ha? I ha' been one o' your little disciples, i' my days!

Just. Let me drink, boy, with my love, thy aunt, here; that I may be eloquent: but of thy best, lest it be bitter in my mouth, and my words fall foul on the Fair.

Urf. Why dost thou not fetch him drink? and offer him to sit?

Moo. Is't ale or beer, master Arthur?

Just. Thy best, pretty stripping, thy best; the same thy dove drinketh, and thou drawest on holy-days.

Urf. Bring him a six-penny bottle of ale: they say, a fool's handsel is lucky.

Just. Bring both, child. Ale for Arthur, and beer for Bradley. Ale for thine aunt, boy. My disguise takes to the very wish and reach of it. I shall by the benefit of this discover enough, and more: and yet get off with the reputation of what I would be: A certain middling thing, between a fool and a mad-man.

S C E N E III.

[*To them*] *Knockbum.*

Knoc. What! my little lean Urs'la! my she-bear! art thou alive yet, with thy litter of pigs to grunt out another Bartholomew Fair? ha?

Urf. Yes, and to amble a foot, when the Fair is done, to hear you groan out of a cart, up the heavy hill.

Knoc. Of Holborn, Urs'la, meanst thou so? for what, for what, pretty Urs?

Urf. For cutting half-penny purses, or stealing little penny dogs out o' the Fair.

Knoc.

Knoc. O! good words, good words, Urs.

Just. Another special enormity. A cut-purse of the sword, the boot, and the feather! those are his marks.

Urf. You are one of those horse-leaches that gave out I was dead, in Turn-bull street, of a surfeit of bottle-ale and tripes?

Knoc. No, 'twas better meat, Urs: cows udders, cows udders!

Urf. Well, I shall be meet with your mumbling mouth one day.

Knoc. What? thoul't poison me with a neuft in a bottle of ale, wilt thou? or a spider in a tobacco-pipe, Urs? come, there's no malice in these fat folks, I never fear thee, an' I can scape thy lean Moon-calf here. Let's drink it out, good Urs, and no vapours!

Just. Dost thou hear, boy? (there's for thy ale, and the remnant for thee) speak in thy faith of a faucet, now; is this goodly person before us here, this vapours, a knight of the knife?

Moo. What mean you by that, master Arthur?

Just. I mean a child of the horn-thumb, a babe of booty, boy, a cut-purse.

Moo. O Lord, fir! far from it. This is master Dan. Knockhum Jordan: the ranger of Turn-bull. He is a horse-courser, fir.

Just. Thy dainty dame, though, call'd him cut-purse.

Moo. Like enough, fir; she'll do forty such things in an hour (an' you listen to her) for her recreation, if the toy take her i' the greasie kerchief: it makes her fat, you see; she battens with it.

Just. Here might I ha' been deceiv'd now, and ha' put a fool's blot upon my self, if I had not play'd an after game o' discretion.

[Urs'la comes in again dropping.]

Knoc. Alas poor Urs, this is an ill season for thee.

Urf. Hang your self, hackney-man.

Knoc.

Knoc. How, how, Urs? vapours? motion breed vapours?

Urf. Vapours? never tusk, nor twirle your dibble, good Jordan, I know what you'll take to a very drop. Though you be captain o' the roarers, and fight well at the case of pifs-pots, you shall not fright me with your lyon-chap, sir, nor your tusks; you angry? you are hungry: come, a pig's head will stop your mouth, and stay your stomach at all times.

Knoc. Thou art such another mad merry Urs, still! troth I do make conscience of vexing thee, now i' the dog-days, this hot weather, for fear of foundring thee i' the body, and melting down a pillar of the Fair. Pray thee take thy chair again, and keep state; and let's have a fresh bottle of ale, and a pipe of tobacco; and no vapours. I'll ha' this belly o' thine taken up, and thy grafs scour'd, wench: look, here's Ezekiel Edgworth; a fine boy of his inches, as any is i' the fair! has still money in his purse, and will pay all, with a kind heart, and good vapours.

S C E N E IV.

[*To them*] *Edgworth, Nightingale, Corn-cutter, Tinder-box-man, Passengers.*

Edg. That I will indeed, willingly, master Knock-hum; fetch some ale and tobacco.

Leath. What do you lack, gentlemen? maid, see a fine hobby-horse for your young master; cost you but a token a week his provender.

Cor. Ha' you any corns i' your feet and toes?

Tin. Buy a mouse-trap, a mouse-trap, or a tormentor for a flea.

Tra. Buy some gingerbread.

Night. Ballads, ballads! fine new ballads:

Hear

Hear for your love, and buy for your money.
 A delicate ballad o' the ferret and the coney.
 A preservative again' the punques evil.
 Another of goose-green starch, and the devil.
 A dozen of divine points, and the godly garters :
 The fairing of good counsel, of an ell and three
 What is't you buy ? [quarters.

The wind-mill blown down by the witch's fart !
 Or faint George, that O! did break the dragon's heart.
Edg. Master Nightingale, come hither, leave your
 mart a little.

Night. O my secretary ! what says my secretary ?

Just. Child o' the bottles, what's he ? what's he ?

Moo. A civil young gentleman, master Arthur, that
 keeps company with the roarers, and disburses all still.
 He has ever money in his purse ; he pays for them, and
 they roar for him ; one does good offices for another.
 They call him the secretary, but he serves no body.
 A great friend of the ballad-man's, they are never
 asunder.

Just. What pity 'tis, so civil a young man should
 haunt this debauch'd company ? here's the bane of
 the youth of our time apparent. A proper penman,
 I see't in his countenance, he has a good clerk's look
 with him, and I warrant him a quick hand.

Moo. A very quick hand, sir.

Edg. All the purses, and purchase, I give you to
 day by conveyance, bring hither to Urs'la's presently.
 Here we will meet at night in her lodge, and share.
 Look you chuse good places for your standing i' the
 fair, when you sing, Nightingale.

[*This they whisper, that Overdo hears it not.*

Urf. I, near the fullest passages ; and shift 'em often.

Edg. And i' your singing, you must use your hawks
 eye nimbly, and fly the purse to a mark still, where
 'tis worn, and o'which side ; that you may gi' me the
 sign

sign with your beak, or hang your head that way i' the tune.

Urf. Enough, talk no more on't: your friendship (masters) is not now to begin. Drink your draught of indenture, your sup of covenant, and away; the fair fills apace, company begins to come in, and I ha' ne'er a pig ready yet.

Knoc. Well said! fill the cups, and light the tobacco: let's give fire i' the works, and noble vapours.

Edg. And shall we ha' smocks, Urs'la, and good whimsies, ha'?

Urf. Come, you are i' your bawdy vein! the best the fair will afford, Zekiel, if bawd Whit keep his word. How do the pigs, Moon-calf?

Moo. Very passionate, mistress, one on 'em has wept out an eye. Master Arthur o' Bradley is melancholy here, no body talks to him. Will you any tobacco, master Arthur?

Just. No, boy, let my meditations alone.

Moo. He's studying for an oration, now.

Just. If I can with this day's travel, and all my policy, but rescue this youth here out of the hands of the lewd man and the strange woman, I will sit down at night, and say with my friend Ovid, *Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis, &c.*

Knoc. Here Zekiel, here's a health to Urs'la, and a kind vapour; thou hast money i' thy purse still, and store! how dost thou come by it? pray thee vapour thy friends some in a courteous vapour.

Edg. Half I have, master Dan. Knockhum, is always at your service.

Just. Ha, sweet nature! what goshawk would prey upon such a lamb?

Knoc. Let's see what 'tis, Zekiel; count it, come, fill him to pledge me.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

[To them] *Win-wife, Quarlous.*

Win-w. We are here before 'em, methinks.

Quar. All the better, we shall see 'em come in now.

Leath. What do you lack, gentlemen, what is't you lack? a fine horse? a lyon? a bull? a bear? a dog, or a cat? an excellent fine Bartholomew-bird? or an instrument? what is't you lack?

Quar. 'Slid! here's Orpheus among the beasts, with his fiddle and all!

Tra. Will you buy any comfortable bread, gentlemen?

Quar. And Ceres selling her daughter's picture, in ginger-work.

Win-w. That these people should be so ignorant to think us chapmen for 'em! do we look as if we would buy gingerbread, or hobby-horses?

Quar. Why, they know no better ware than they have, nor better customers than come. And our very being here makes us fit to be demanded, as well as others. Would Cokes would come! there were a true customer for 'em.

Knoc. How much is't? thirty shillings? who's yonder! Ned Win-wife, and Tom Quarlous, I think! yes: gi' me it all, gi' me it all. Master Win wife! Master Quarlous! will you take a pipe of tobacco with us? do not discredit me now, Zekiel.

Win-w. Do not see him; he is the roaring horse-courser, pray thee let's avoid him: turn down this way.

Quar. 'Slud, I'll see him, and roar with him too, an' he roared as loud as Neptune; pray thee go with me.

Win-w. You may draw me to as likely an inconvenience, when you please, as this.

Quar. Go to then, come along, we ha' nothing to do, man, but to see fights now.

Knoc.

Knoc. Welcome master Quarlous, and master Win-wife; will you take any froth and smoke with us?

Quar. Yes, fir; but you'll pardon us if we knew not of so much familiarity between us afore.

Knoc. As what, fir?

Quar. To be so lightly invited to smoke and froth.

Knoc. A good vapour! will you sit down, fir? this is old Urs'la's mansion; how like you her bower? here you may ha' your punk and your pig in state, fir, both piping hot.

Quar. I had rather ha' my punk cold, fir.

Just. There's for me: punk! and pig!

Urf. What Moon calf, you rogue?

[She calls within.]

Moo. By and by, the bottle is almost off, mistress; here, master Arthur.

Urf. I'll part you and your play-fellow there, i' the guarded coat, an' you sunder not the sooner.

Knoc. Master Win-wife, you are proud methinks, you do not talk, nor drink; are you proud?

Win-w. Not of the company I am in, fir, nor the place, I assure you.

Knoc. You do not except at the company, do you! are you in vapours, fir?

Moo. Nay, good master Dan. Knockhum, respect my mistress's bower, as you call it; for the honour of our booth, none o' your vapours here.

Urf. Why, you thin lean polecat you, an' they have a mind to be i' their vapours, must you hinder 'em? what did you know, vermin, if they would ha' lost a cloke, or such a trifle? must you be drawing the air of pacification here, while I am tormented within i' the fire, you weasel?

[She comes out with a fire-brand.]

Moo. Good mistress, 'twas in the behalf of your booth's credit that I spoke.

Urf.

Urf. Why! would my booth ha' broke, if they had fal'n out in't, fir? or would their heat ha' fir'd it? in, you rogue, and wipe the pigs, and mend the fire, that they fall not, or I'll both baste and roast you 'till your eyes drop out like 'em. (Leave the bottle behind you, and be curst a while.)

Quar. Body o' the Fair! what's this? mother o'the bawds?

Knoc. No, she's mother o' the pigs, fir, mother o'the pigs.

Win. Mother o' the furies, I think, by her fire-brand.

Quar. Nay, she is too fat to be a fury, sure some walking sow of tallow!

Win. An inspir'd vessel of kitchen-stuff!

Quar. She'll make excellent geer for the coach-makers here in Smithfield, to anoint wheels and axletrees with. *[She drinks this while.]*

Urf I, I, gamesters, mock a plain plump soft wench o'the suburbs, do, because she's juicy and wholesome; you must ha' your thin pinch'd ware, pent up i' the compass of a dog-collar (or 'twill not do) that looks like a long lac'd conger, set upright, and a green feather, like fennel i' the joll on't.

Knoc. Well said, Urs, good Urs; to 'em Urs.

Quar. Is she your quagmire, Dan. Knockhum? is this your bog?

Night. We shall have a quarrel presently.

Knoc. How, bog? quagmire? foul vapours! humh!

Quar. Yes, he that would venture for't, I assure him, might sink into her and be drown'd a week e'er any friend he had could find where he were.

Win. And then he would be a fortnight weighing up again.

Quar. 'Twere like falling into a whole shire of butter; they had need be a team of Dutchmen should draw him out.

Knoc. Answer 'em, Urs, where's thy Bartholomew wit now, Urs, thy Bartholomew wit?

Urf. Hang 'em, rotten, roguy cheaters, I hope to see 'em plagu'd one day (pox'd they are already, I am sure) with lean play-house poultry, that has the bony rump, sticking out like the ace of spades, or the point of a partizan, that every rib of 'em is like the tooth of a saw; and will so grate 'em with their hips and shoulders, as (take 'em altogether) they were as good lie with a hurdle.

Quar. Out upon her, how she drips! she's able to give a man the sweating-sickness with looking on her.

Urf. Marry look off, with a patch o' your face, and a dozen in your breech, though they be o'scarlet, sir. I ha' seen as fine outsides as either o' yours, bring lowfy linen to the brokers, ere now, twice a week.

Quar. Do you think there may be a fine new cucking-stool 'i' the Fair, to be purchas'd; one large enough, I mean? I know there is a pond of capacity for her.

Urf. For your mother, you rascal; out you rogue, you hedge-bird, you pimp, you pannier-man's bastard, you.

Quar. Ha, ha, ha.

Urf. Do you sneer, you dogs-head, you trendle-tail! you look as you were begotten a'top of a cart in harvest-time, when the whelp was hot and eager. Go, snuff after your brother's bitch, mrs. Commodity; that's the livery you wear, 'twill be out at the elbows shortly. It's time you went to't for the t'other remnant.

Knoc. Peace, Urs, peace, Urs; they'll kill the poor whale, and make oil of her. Pray thee go in.

Urf. I'll see 'em pox'd first, and pil'd, and double pil'd.

Win.

Win. Let's away, her language grows greasier than her pigs.

Urf. Does't so, snotty-nose? good Lord! are you sniveling? You were engendered on a she-beggar in a barn, when the bald thrasher, your sire, was scarce warm.

Win. Pray thee let's go.

Quar. No, faith; I'll stay the end of her now: I know she cannot last long: I find by her similes she wanes apace.

Urf. Does she so? I'll set you gone. Gi' me my pig-pan hither a little. I'll scald you hence, an' you will not go.

Knoc. Gentlemen, these are very strange vapours! and very idle vapours! I assure you.

Quar. You are a very serious ass, we assure you.

Knoc. Humh! ass? and serious? nay, then pardon me my vapour. I have a foolish vapour, gentlemen: Any man that does vapour me the ass, master Quarulous——

Quar. What then, master Jordan?

Knoc. I do vapour him the lie.

Quar. Faith, and to any man that vapours me the lie, I do vapour that.

Knoc. Nay then, vapours upon vapours.

Edg. Nig. 'Ware the pan, the pan, the pan, she comes with the pan, gentlemen. God bless the woman.

[Urs'la comes in with the scalding pan.]

Urf. Oh.

[They fight.]

Tra. What's the matter?

Just. Goodly woman!

Moo. Mistress!

[She falls with it.]

Urf. Curse of hell, that ever I saw these fiends; oh! I ha' scalded my leg, my leg, my leg, my leg. I ha' lost a limb in the service! run for some cream and fallad oil, quickly. Are you under-peering, you

baboon? rip off my hose, an' you be men, men, men.

Moo. Run you for some cream, good mother Jone. I'll look to your basket.

Leath. Best sit up i' your chair, Urs'la. Help, gentlemen.

Knoc. Be of good cheer, Urs; thou hast hindered me the currying of a couple of stallions here, that abus'd the good race-bawd o' Smithfield; 'twas time for 'em to go.

Nig. I'faith, when the pan came, they had made you run else. (This had been a fine time for purchase, if you had ventur'd.)

Edg. Not a whit, these fellows were too fine to carry money.

Knoc. Nightingale, get some help to carry her leg out o' the air; take off her shoes; body o' me, she has the mallanders, the scratches, the crown scab, and the quitter bone i' the t'other leg.

Urs. Oh, the pox! why do you put me in mind o' my leg thus, to make it prick and shoot? would you ha' me i' the hospital afore my time?

Knoc. Patience, Urs, take a good heart, 'tis but a blister as big as a windgall; I'll take it away with the white of an egg, a little honey and hog's grease, ha' thy pasterns well roll'd, and thou shalt pace again by to-morrow. I'll tend thy booth, and look to thy affairs the while: thou shalt sit i' thy chair, and give directions, and shine Urfa major.

S C E N E

. S C E N E VI.

Justice, Edgworth, Nightingale, Cokes, Waspe, Mistress Overdo, Grace.

Just. These are the fruits of bottle ale and tobacco! the foam of the one, and the fumes of the other! Stay young man, and despise not the wisdom of these few hairs that are grown grey in care of thee.

Edg. Nightingale, stay a little. Indeed I'll hear some o' this!

Cok. Come, Numps, come, where are you? Welcome into the Fair, mistress Grace.

Edg. 'Slight, he will call company, you shall see, and put us into doings presently.

Just. Thirst not after that frothy liquor, ale: for who knows when he openeth the stopple, what may be in the bottle? Hath not a snail, a spider, yea, a newt been found there? thirst not after it, youth; thirst not after it.

Cok. This is a brave fellow, Numps, let's hear him.

Waf. 'Sblood, how brave is he? in a garded coat? You were best truck with him, e'en strip, and truck presently, it will become you, why will you hear him, because he is an afs, and may be a-kin to the Cokeses.

Cok. O, good Numps.

Just. Neither do thou lust after that tawney weed tobacco.

Cok. Brave words!

Just. Whose complexion is like the Indian's that vents it!

Cok. Are they not brave words, sifter?

Just. And who can tell, if before the gathering and making up thereof, the Alligarta hath not piss'd thereon?

Waf. 'Heart let 'em be brave words, as brave as they will! an' they were all the brave words in a country, how then? will you away yet? ha' you enough on him? mistress Grace, come you away, I pray you, be not you accessary. If you do lose your licence, or somewhat else, sir, with listning to his fables, say Numps is a witch, with all my heart, do, say so.

Cok. Avoid i' your fattin doublet, Numps.

Just. The creeping venom of which subtle serpent, as some late writers affirm, neither the cutting of the perilous plant, nor the drying of it, nor the lighting or burning, can any way perisway or aswage.

Cok. Good i' faith! is't not, sifter?

Just. Hence it is that the lungs of the tobacconist are rotted, the liver spotted, the brain smoked like the backside of the pig-woman's booth here, and the whole body within, black as her pan you saw e'en now without.

Cok. A fine similitude that, sir! did you see the pan?

Edg. Yes, sir.

Just. Nay, the hole in the nose here of some tobacco-takers, or the third nostril, (if I may so call it) which makes that they can vent the tobacco out, like the ace of clubs, or rather the flower-de-lis, is caused from the tobacco, the meer tobacco! when the poor innocent pox, having nothing to do there, is miserably and most unconscionably slander'd.

Cok. Who would ha' mis'd this, sifter?

Over. Not any body but Numps.

Cok. He does not understand.

Edg. Nor you feel. *[He picketh his purse.*

Cok. What would you have, sifter, of a fellow that knows nothing but a basket-hilt, and an old fox in't? the best musick in the Fair will not move a log.

Edg. In, to Urs'la, Nightingale, and carry her comfort:

fort : see it told. This fellow was sent to us by Fortune, for our first fairing.

Just. But what speak I of the diseases of the body, children of the Fair ?

Cok. That's to us, sister. Brave i' faith !

Just. Hark, O you sons and daughters of Smithfield ! and hear what malady it doth the mind : it causeth swearing, it causeth swagging, it causeth snuffling and snarling, and now and then a hurt.

Over. He hath something of master Overdo, methinks, brother.

Cok. So methought, sister, very much of my brother Overdo : and 'tis when he speaks.

Just. Look into any angle o' the town, (the Streights, or the Bermudas²) where the quarrelling lesson is read, and how do they entertain the time, but with bottle ale and tobacco ; the lecturer is o' one side, and his pupils o' the other ; but the seconds are still bottle-ale and tobacco, for which the lecturer reads, and the novices pay. Thirty pound a week in bottle-ale ! forty in tobacco ! and ten more in ale again. Then for a suit to drink in, so much, and (that being slaver'd) so much for another suit, and then a third suit, and a fourth suit ! and still the bottle-ale slavereth, and the tobacco stinketh.

Was. Heart of a mad-man ! are you rooted here ? Will you never away ? what can any man find out in this bawling fellow, to grow here for ? he is a full handful higher sin' he heard him. Will you fix here, and set up a booth, sir ?

Just. I will conclude briefly——

Was. Hold your peace, you roaring rascal, I'll

² *The STREIGHTS, or the BERMUDAS*] Cant-names then given to the places frequented by bullies, knights of the post, and fencing masters : so our poet, in his epistle to the earl of Dorset :

“ —— Turn pirates here at land,

“ Ha' their *Bermudas*, and their *Streights* i' th' *Strand*.”

run my head i' your chaps else. You were best build a booth, and entertain him ; make your will, and you say the word, and him your heir ! heart, I never knew one taken with a mouth of a peck afore. By this light, I'll carry you away o' my back, and you will not come. *[He gets him up on pick-pack.*

Cok. Stay, Numps, stay, set me down : I ha' lost my purse, Numps ; O my purse ! one o' my fine purses is gone.

Over. Is't indeed, brother ?

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

Waf. Bless 'em with all my heart, with all my heart, do you see ! now, as I am no infidel, that I know of, I am glad on't. I, I am, (here's my witness) do you see, sir ? I did not tell you of his fables, I ? no, no, I am a dull malt horse I, I know nothing. Are you not justly serv'd, i' your conscience, now ? speak i' your conscience. Much good do you with all my heart, and his good heart that has it, with all my heart again.

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

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

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

Cok. Nor my gold, Numps ; I ha' that yet, look here else, sifter.

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

Over. I pray you, have a better care of that, brother.

Cok. Nay, so I will, I warrant you ; let him catch this that catch can. I would fain see him get this, look you here.

Waf.

Waf. So, so, so, so, so, so, so, so! very good.

Cok. I would ha' him come again now, and but offer at it. Sister, will you take notice of a good jest? I will put it just where th' other was, and if we ha' good luck, you shall see a delicate fine trap to catch the cut-purse nibbling.

Edg. Faith, and he'll try ere you be out o' the Fair.

Cok. Come mistress Grace, prethee be not melancholy for my mischance; sorrow wi' not keep it, sweet heart.

Gra. I do not think on't, sir.

Cok. 'Twas but a little scurvy white money, hang it; it may hang the cut-purse one day. I ha' gold left to gi' thee a fairing yet, as hard as the world goes: nothing angers me but that no body here look'd like a cut-purse, unless 'twere Numps.

Waf. How? I? I look like a cut-purse? death! your sister's a cut-purse! and your mother and father, and all your kin were cut-purses! and here is a rogue is the bawd o' the cut-purses, whom I will beat to begin with.

They speak all together; and Waspe beats the Justice.

Cok. Numps, Numps.

Over. Good mr. Humphrey.

Waf. You are the Patrico! are you? the patriarch of the cut-purses? You share, fir, they say, let them share this with you. Are you i' your hot fit of preaching again? I'll cool you.

Just. Hold thy hand, child of wrath, and heir of anger, make it not Childermass day in thy fury, or the feast of the French Bartholomew, parent of the massacre.

Just. Murther, murther, murther.

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

Whit, Haggise, Bristle, Leather-head, Trash.

NAY, tish all gone, now! dish tish, phen' tou vilt not be phitin call, master offisher, phat ish a man te better to lishen out noyshes for tee, and tou art in an oder 'orld, being very shuffishient noyshes and gallantsh too, one o' their brabblesh would have fed ush all dish fortnight, but tou art so bushy about beggersh still, tou hast no leshure to intend shentlemen, and't be.

Hag. Why, I told you, Davy Bristle.

Bri. Come, come, you told me a pudding, Toby Haggise; a matter of nothing; I am sure it came to nothing! you said, let's go to Ursla's, indeed; but then you met the man with the monsters, and I could not get you from him. An old fool, not leave seeing yet?

Hag. Why, who would ha' thought any body would ha' quarrell'd so early; or that the ale o' the fair would ha' been up so soon?

Whit. Phy, phat a clock toest tou tink it ish, man?

Hag. I cannot tell.

Whit. Ton art a vish vatchman, i'te mean teem.

Hag. Why? should the watch go by the clock, or the clock by the watch, I pray?

Bai. One should go by another, if they did well.

Whit. Tou art right now! phen didst tou ever know or hear of a shuffishient vatchman, but he did tell the clock, phat bushiness soever he had?

Bri. Nay, that's most true, a sufficient watchman knows what a clock it is.

Whit. Shleeping or vaking! ash well as te clock himshelf, or te Jack dat shtrikes him!

Bri. Let's enquire of master Leather-head, or Jone
Trash

Trash here. Master Leather-head, do you hear, master Leather-head?

Whit. If it be a Ledderhead, tish a very tick Ledderhead, tat sho mush noish vill not piersh him.

Lea. I have a little business now, good friends, do not trouble me.

Whit. Phat? because o' ty wrought neet-cap, and ty phelvet sherkin, man? phy? I have sheene tee in ty ledder sherkin, e'er now, mashter o' de hobby-horses, as bushy and stately as tou sheemest to be.

Tra. Why, what an' you have, captain Whit? he has his choice of jerkins, you may see by that, and his caps too, I assure you, when he pleases to be either sick or employ'd.

Lea. God-a-mercy Jone, answer for me.

Whit. Away, be not sheen i' my company, here be shentlemen, and men of vorship.

S C E N E II.

Quarlous, Whit, Win-wife, Busy, Little-wit, Pure-craft, Win, Knockbum, Moon-calf, Urs'la.

Quar. We had wonderful ill luck, to miss this prologue o' the purse; but the best is, we shall have five acts of him ere night: he'll be spectacle enough! I'll answer for't.

Whit. O creesh! duke Quarlous, how dosht tou? tou dosht not know me, I fear? I am te vishesht man, but justish Overdo, in all Bartholomew Fair now. Gi' me twelve pence from tee, I vill help tee to a vife vorth forty marks for't, and't be.

Quar. Away, rogue; pimp, away.

Whit. And she shall shew tee as fine cut o'rke for't in her shmock too as tou cansht vish i'faith; vilt tou have her, vorshipful Vin-wife? I vill help tee to her here, be an't be, into pig-quarter, gi' me ty twelve pence from tee.

Whit.

Win-w. Why, there's twelve pence, pray thee wilt thou be gone.

Whit. Thou art a vorthy man, and a vorshipful man still.

Quar. Get you gone, rascal.

Whit. I do mean it, man. Prinsh Quarlous, if thou hast need on me, thou shalt find me here at Ursla's, I will see phat ale and punque ish i' te pigshy for tee, bles ty good vorship.

Quar. Look! who comes here? John Little-wit!

Win-w. And his wife, and my widow, her mother: the whole family.

Quar. 'Slight, you must gi' em all fairings now.

Win-w. Not I, I'll not see 'em.

Quar. They are going a feasting. What school-maister's that is with 'em?

Win-w. That's my rival, I believe, the baker!

Bus. So, walk on in the middle way, fore-right, turn neither to the right hand nor to the left; let not your eyes be drawn aside with vanity, nor your ear with noises.

Quar. O, I know him by that start!

Lea. What do you lack, what do you, buy pretty mistrefs? a fine hobby-horse, to make your son a tilter? a drum, to make him a soldier? a fiddle, to make him a reveller? what is't you lack? little dogs for your daughters? or babies, male or female?

Bus. Look not toward them, hearken not; the place is Smithfield, or the field of smiths, the grove of hobby-horses and trinkets, the wares are the wares of devils, and the whole Fair is the shop of Satan: they are hooks and baits, very baits, that are hung out on every side, to catch you, and to hold you, as it were, by the gills, and by the nostrils, as the fisher doth; therefore you must not look nor turn toward them—the heathen man could stop his ears with wax against the harlot o' the sea; do you the like with your fingers against the bells o' the beast.

Win-w. What flashes come from him!

Quar. O, he has those of his oven; a notable hot baker 'twas when he ply'd the peel: he is leading his flock into the Fair now.

Win-w. Rather driving 'em to the pens; for he will let 'em look upon nothing.

Knoc. Gentlewomen, the weather's hot; whither walk you? have a care o' your fine velvet caps, the Fair is dusty. Take a sweet delicate booth, with boughs, here i' the way, and cool your selves i' the shade; you and your friends. The best pig and bottle ale i' the Fair, fir. Old Ursula is cook, there you may read; the pig's head speaks it. Poor soul, she has had a stringhalt, the maryhinchco; but she's prettily amended.

[*Little-wit is gazing at the sign; which is the pig's head, with a large writing under it.*

Whit. A delicate show-pig, little mistress, with sweet fauce, and crackling, like de bay-leaf i' de fire, la! tou shalt ha' de clean side o' de table-clot, and di glass vash'd with phatersh of dame Annessh Cleare'.

Job. This is fine verily, here be the best pigs, and she does roast 'em as well as ever she did, the pig's head says.

Knoc. Excellent, excellent, mistress, with fire o' juniper and rosemary branches! the oracle of the pig's head, that, fir.

Pure. Son, were you not warn'd of the vanity of the eye? have you forgot the wholesome admonition so soon?

Lit. Good mother, how shall we find a pig, if we do not look about for't? will it run off o' the spit,

¹ *Vash'd with phatersh of dame ANNESSH CLEAR.*] There was antiently, near Hoxton, a spring of water called *Agnes le Clare*, and corruptly *Annis the Clear*: this was the water meant here by the poet.

into our mouths, think you, as in Lubberland, and cry, we, we?

Buf. No, but your mother, religiously wise, conceiveth it may offer it self by other means to the sense, as by way of steam, which I think it doth here in this place (huh, huh) yes, it doth². [*Busy scents after it like a hound.*] And it were a sin of obstinacy, great obstinacy, high and horrible obstinacy, to decline or resist the good titillation of the famelick sense, which is the smell. Therefore be bold (huh, huh, huh) follow the scent. Enter the tents of the unclean, for once, and satisfie your wife's frailty. Let your frail wife be satisfied; your zealous mother, and my suffering self, will also be satisfied.

Lit. Come, Win, as good winny here as go farther, and see nothing³.

Buf. We scape so much of the other vanities, by our early entring.

Pure. It is an edifying consideration.

Win. This is scurvy, that we must come into the Fair, and not look on't.

Lit. Win, have patience, Win, I'll tell you more anon.

² *I think it doth here in this place (HUH, HUH) yes, it doth.* [*Busy scents after it like a hound.*] This passage alludes to a similar place in the *Plutus* of Aristophanes, where the sycophant scents the good dinner preparing within.

Ἐνδὸν ἐστὶν ὃ μισρωτὰ ἴω
Πολὺ χρεῖμα τεμαχῶν καὶ κρεῶν ὀπιημάτων
ὕῦ, ὕῦ, ὕῦ, ὕῦ, ἰῦ, ὕῦ.

"Therefore be bold, *buh, huh, huh*, follow the scent." *Lepide Aristophanes in pluto inducit sycophantam olfacientem sacrificiorum nidorem, qui totum senarium naribus absolvit: says Vossius on this passage.*

MR. UPTON.

³ *Come, Win, as good WINNY here as go farther.*] My learned friend Mr. Lye, the editor of *Junius's* etymological dictionary, observed to me that Littlewit is here playing upon his wife's name: *Winny* is the same as the old word *wonne, manere, to stay, &c.*

Κνος.

Knoc. Moon-calf, entertain within there, the best pig i' the booth, a pork-like pig. These are Banbury-bloods, o' the sincere stud, come a pig-hunting. Whit, wait, Whit, look to your charge.

Bus. A pig prepare presently, let a pig be prepared to us.

Moon. 'Slight, who be these?

Urf. Is this the good service, Jordan, you'd do me?

Knoc. Why, Urs? why, Urs? thou'lt ha' vapours i' thy leg again presently, pray thee go in, 't may turn to the scratches else.

Urf. Hang your vapours, they are stale, and stink like you; are these the guests o' the game you promis'd to fill my pit withal to-day?

Knoc. I, what ail they, Urs?

Urf. Ail they? they are all sippers, sippers o' the city, they look as they would not drink off two pen'orth of bottle ale amongst 'em.

Moon. A body may read that i' their small printed ruffs.

Knoc. Away, thou art a fool, Urs, and thy Moon-calf too, i' your ignorant vapours now: hence; good guests, I say, right hypocrites, good gluttons. In, and set a couple o' pigs o' the board, and half a dozen of the biggest bottles afore 'em, and call Whit. I do not love to hear innocents abus'd: fine ambling hypocrites! and a stone-puritan with a sorrel head and beard, good mouth'd gluttons: two to a pig, away.

Urf. Are you sure they are such?

Knoc. O' the right breed, thou shalt try 'em by the teeth, Urs; where's this Whit?

Whit. "Behold, man, and see, what a worthy man
"am ee!

"With the fury of my sword, and the shaking of
"my beard,

"I will make ten thousand men afeard."

Knoc.

Knoc. Well said, brave Whit, in, and fear the ale out o' the bottles into the bellies of the brethren, and the sisters drink to the cause, and pure vapours.

Quar. My roarer is turn'd tapster, methinks. Now were a fine time for thee, Win-wife, to lay aboard thy widow, thou'lt never be master of a better season or place; she that will venture her self into the Fair, and a pig-box, will admit any assault, be assur'd of that.

Win-w. I love not enterprises of that suddenness tho'.

Quar. I'll warrant thee, then, no wife out o' the widow's hundred: if I had but as much title to her, as to have breath'd once on that streight stomacher of hers, I would now assure my self to carry her, yet, ere she went out of Smithfield. Or she should carry me, which were the fitter sight, I confess. But you are a modest undertaker, by circumstances and degrees; come, 'tis disease in thee, not judgment, I should offer at all together. Look, here's the poor fool again, that was stung by the wasp ere while.

S C E N E III.

Justice, Win-wife, Quarlous.

Just. I will make no more orations, shall draw on these tragical conclusions. And I begin now to think, that by a spice of collateral justice, Adam Overdo deserv'd this beating; for I the said Adam was one cause (a by-cause) why the purse was lost: and my wife's brother's purse too, which they know not of yet. But I shall make very good mirth with it at supper, (that will be the sport) and put my little friend, Mr. Humphrey Wasp's choler quite out of countenance. When, sitting at the upper end o' my table, as I use, and drinking to my brother Cokes, and Mrs. Alice Overdo, as I will, my wife, for their good affection to old
Bradley,

Bradley, I deliver to 'em, it was I that was cudgel'd, and shew 'em the marks. To see what bad events may peep out o' the tail of good purposes! the care I had of that civil young man, I took fancy to this morning, (and have not left it yet) drew me to that exhortation, which drew the company indeed; which drew the cut-purse; which drew the money; which drew my brother Cokes his loss; which drew on Wasp's anger; which drew on my beating: a pretty gradation! and they shall ha' it i' their dish i' faith at night for fruit; I love to be merry at my table. I had thought once, at one special blow he ga' me, to have revealed my self; but then (I thank thee, fortitude) I remembered that a wise man (and who is ever so great a part o' the commonwealth in himself) for no particular disaster ought to abandon a publick good design. The husband-man ought not, for one unthankful year, to forsake the plough; the shepherd ought not, for one scab'd sheep, to throw by his tar-box; the pilot ought not, for one leak i' the poop, to quit the helm; nor the alderman ought not, for one custard more at a meal, to give up his cloke; the constable ought not to break his staff, and forswear the watch, for one roaring night; nor the piper o' the parish (*ut parvis componere magna solebam*) to put up his pipes for one rainy Sunday. These are certain knocking conclusions; out of which, I am resolv'd, come what come can, come beating, come imprisonment, come infamy, come banishment; nay, come the rack, come the hurdle, (welcome all) I will not discover who I am, till my due time; and yet still, all shall be, as I said ever, in justice name, and the king's, and for the commonwealth.

Win. What does he talk to himself, and act so seriously? poor fool!

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

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Cokes, Leather-head, Wasp, Mistress Overdo, Win-wife, Quarlous, Trash, Grace.

Cok. Come, mistress Grace, come sister, here's more fine sights yet i' faith. Gods 'lid where's Numps?

Lea. What do you lack gentlemen? what is't you buy? fine rattles, drums, babies, little dogs, and birds for ladies? what do you lack?

Cok. Good honest Numps, keep afore, I am so afraid thou'lt lose somewhat; my heart was at my mouth, when I mist thee.

Waf. You were best buy a whip i' your hand to drive me.

Cok. Nay, do not mistake, Numps, thou art so apt to mistake: I would but watch the goods. Look you now, the treble fiddle was e'en almost like to be lost.

Waf. Pray you take heed you lose not yourself; your best way were e'en get up and ride for more surety. Buy a token's worth of great pins, to fasten your self to my shoulder⁴.

Lea. What do you lack, gentlemen? fine purses, pouches, pin-cases, pipes? what is't you lack? a pair o' smiths to wake you i' the morning? or a fine whistling bird?

Cok. Numps, here be finer things than any we ha'

⁴ *Buy a TOKEN'S WORTH of great pins.] i. e. A farthing's worth. The following remark by the late ingenious Mr. Davys of Shaftsbury, was communicated to me by Mr. Lye: "Before Charles the 2d published farthings in 1672, tradesmen were allowed to make them for necessary change, which words were sometime circumscribed on the reverse. The person's name, or the initial letters of it, appeared on the other side, and he was obliged upon tender to receive them back again. They were commonly called tokens." I shall only add, that the word occurred before in act 2. sc. 4. "Cost you but a token a week his provender."*

bought by odds! and more delicate horses, a great deal; good Numps, stay, and come hither.

Waf. Will ' you scourse with him? you are in Smithfield, you may fit your self with a fine easie going street-nag, for your saddle, again' Michaelmas term, do; has he ne'er a little odd cart for you to make a caroch on, i' the country, with four pyed hobby-horses? why the measles, should you stand here, with your train, cheapning of dogs, birds, and babies? you ha' no children to bestow 'em on, ha' you?

Cok. No, but again I ha' children, Numps, that's all one.

Waf. Do, do, do, do; how many shall you have, think you? an' I were as you, I'd buy for all my tenants too, they are a kind o' civil savages, that will part with their children for rattles, pipes, and knives. You were best buy a hatchet or two, and truck with 'em.

Cok. Good Numps, hold that little tongue o' thine, and save it a labour. I am resolute Bat, thou know'st.

Waf. A resolute fool you are, I know, and a very sufficient coxcomb; with all my heart; nay you have it, sir, an' you be angry, turd i' your teeth, twice; (if I said it not once afore) and much good do you.

Win. Was there ever such a self-affliction, and so impertinent?

Quar. Alas! his care will go near to crack him, let's in and comfort him.

Waf. Would I had been set i' the ground, all but the head on me, and had my brains bowl'd at, or thresh'd out, when first I underwent this plague of a charge.

^s Will you SCOURSE with him? i. e. Will you deal with him for his horses? We usually say horse-courser and horse-courting; but my learned friend, the editor of Junius, supposes the words should be horse-cofer, and horse-cofing: the verb cofe was used by the Scots in the sense of bartering, or exchanging. See the words cofe, and scourfe, in the etymological dictionary.

Quar. How now, Numps? almost tir'd i' your protectorship? overparted, overparted?

Waf. Why, I cannot tell, fir, it may be I am; does't grieve you?

Quar. No, I swear does't not, Numps; to satisfie you.

Waf. Numps? 'sblood, you are fine and familiar! how long ha' we been acquainted, I pray you?

Quar. I think it may be remembred, Numps, that? 'twas since morning sure.

Waf. Why, I hope I know't well enough, fir; I did not ask to be told.

Quar. No? why then?

Waf. It's no matter why; you see with your eyes now, what I said to you to-day: you'll believe me another time?

Quar. Are you removing the Fair, Numps?

Waf. A pretty question! and a civil one! yes faith, I ha' my lading you see, or shall have anon; you may know whose beast I am by my burden. If the pannierman's jack were ever better known by his loins of mutton, I'll be flead, and feed dogs for him when his time comes.

Win. How melancholick mistress Grace is yonder! pray thee let's go enter ourselves in grace with her.

Cok. Those six horses, friend, I'll have——

Waf. How!

Cok. And the three Jews-trumps; and half a dozen o'birds, and that drum (I have one drum already) and your smiths; I like that device o' your smiths, very pretty well, and four halberts——and (le' me see) that fine painted great lady, and her three women for state, I'll have.

Waf. No, the shop; buy the whole shop, it will be best, the shop, the shop!

Lea. If his worship please.

Waf. Yes, and keep it during the Fair, Bobchin.

Cok

Cok. Peace, Numps. Friend, do not meddle with him, an' you be wise, and would shew your head above board; he will sting thorough your wrought night-cap, believe me. A set of these violins I would buy too, for a delicate young noise I have i' the country, that are every one a size less than another, just like your fiddles. I would fain have a fine young masque at my marriage, now I think on't: but I do want such a number of things. And Numps will not help me now, and I dare not speak to him.

Tra. Will your worship buy any gingerbread, very good bread, comfortable bread?

Cok. Gingerbread; yes, let's see.

Waf. There's the t'other sprindge.

[*He runs to her shop.*]

Lea. Is this well, goody Jone, to interrupt my market in the midst, and call away my customers? can you answer this at the pie-poudres?

Tra. Why? if his mastership has a mind to buy, I hope my ware lies as open as another's; I may shew my ware as well as you yours.

Cok. Hold your peace; I'll content you both: I'll buy up his shop, and thy basket.

Waf. Will you i' faith?

Lea. Why should you put him from it, friend?

Waf. Cry you mercy! you'd be fold too, would you? what's the price on you, jerkin and all, as you stand? ha' you any qualities?

Tra. Yes, good-man angry-man, you shall find he has qualities if you cheapen him.

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

Tra. No indeed, fir.

Waf. For what then, victuals?

Tra. He scorns victuals, fir; he has bread and butter at home, thanks be to God! and yet he will do more for a good meal, if the toy take him i' the belly:

marry then they must not set him at lower ends, if they do, he'll go away though he fast. But put him a-top o'the table, where his place is, and he'll do you forty fine things. He has not been sent for, and fought out for nothing, at your great city-suppers, to put down *Coriat and Cokely, and been laught at for his labour; he'll play you all the puppets i' the town over, and the players, every company, and his own company too; he spares no body!

Cok. I' faith?

Tra. He was the first, sir, that ever baited the fellow i' the bear's skin, an't like your worship: no dog ever came near him since. And for fine motions!

Cok. Is he good at those too? can he set out a mask trow?

Tra. O Lord, master! fought to far and near for his inventions; and he engrosses all, he makes all the puppets i' the Fair.

Cok. Do'st thou (in troth) old velvet jerkin? give me thy hand.

Tra. Nay, sir, you shall see him in his velvet jerkin, and a scarf too at night, when you hear him interpret master Little-wit's motion.

Cok. Speak no more, but shut up shop presently, friend, I'll buy both it and thee too, to carry down with me, and her hamper beside. Thy shop shall furnish out the mask, and her's the banquet: I cannot go less, to set out any thing with credit. What's the price, at a word, o'thy whole shop, case, and all as it stands?

Lea. Sir, it stands me in six and twenty shillings seven pence half penny, besides three shillings for my ground.

Cok. Well, thirty shillings will do all, then! and what comes yours to?

* To put down CORIAT and COKELY.] Coriat was famous for his travels, an account of which he published under the title of *Coriat's Crudities*. Cokely was the master of a motion or puppet-show, often mentioned in our author's poems.

Tra.

Tra. Four shillings and eleven pence, fir, ground and all, an't like your worship.

Cok. Yes, it does like my worship very well, poor woman; that's five shillings more; what a mask shall I furnish out, for forty shillings? (twenty pound Scotch) and a banquet of gingerbread? there's a state-ly thing! Numps? sifter? and my wedding gloves too? (that I never thought on afore.) All my wedding gloves, gingerbread? O me! what a device will there be? to make 'em eat their fingers ends? and delicate brooches for the bridemen, and all? and then I'll ha' this poesie put to 'em, *for the best grace*, meaning mistress Grace, my wedding poesie.

Gra. I am beholden to you, fir, and to your Bartholomew wit.

Waf. You do not mean this, do you? Is this your first purchase?

Cok. Yes faith; and I do not think, Numps, but thou'lt say, it was the wisest act that ever I did in my wardship.

Waf. Like enough! I shall say any thing, I!

S C E N E V.

[*To them*] *Justice, Edgworth, Nightingale.*

Just. I cannot beget, a project, with all my political brain yet: my project is how to fetch off this proper young man from his debauched company: I have followed him all the Fair over, and still I find him with this songster: and I begin shrewdly to suspect their familiarity; and the young man of a terrible taint, poetry! with which idle disease if he be infected, there's no hope of him, in a state-course. *Aetum est*, of him for a commonwealths-man, if he go to't in rime once.

Edg. Yonder he is buying o' gingerbread; set in quickly, before he part with too much of his money.

Nig. "My masters and friends and good people
"draw near, &c."

[*Cokes runs to the ballad-man.*

Cok. Ballads! hark, hark! pray thee, fellow, stay a little; good Numps, look to the goods. What ballads hast thou? let me see, let me see my self.

Waf. Why so! he's flown to another lime-bush, there he will flutter as long more; till he ha' ne'er a feather left. Is there a vexation like this, gentlemen? will you believe me now, hereafter? shall I have credit with you?

Quar. Yes faith shalt thou, Numps, and thou art worthy on't, for thou sweatest for't. I never saw a young pimp-errant and his squire better match'd.

Win-w. Faith, the sifter comes after 'em well too.

Gra. Nay, if you saw the justice her husband, my guardian, you were fitted for the mess, he is such a wise one his way——

Win-w. I wonder we see him not here.

Gra. O! he is too serious for this place, and yet better sport than than the other three, I assure you, gentlemen, where-e'er he is, though't be o' the bench.

Cok. How dost thou call it? A caveat against cut-purses! a good jest i' faith, I would fain see that dæmon, your cut-purse you talk of, that delicate handed devil; they say he walks hereabout; I would see him walk now. Look you sifter, here, here, [*He shews his purse boastingly.*] let him come, sifter, and welcome. Ballad-man, does any cut-purses haunt hereabout? pray thee raise me one or two; begin and shew me one.

Nig. Sir, this is a spell against 'em, spick and span new; and 'tis made as 'twere in mine own person, and I sing it in mine own defence. But 'twill cost a penny alone if you buy it.

Cok. No matter for the price, thou dost not know me, I see, I am an odd Bartholomew.

Ove,

Ove. Has't a fine picture, brother?

Cok. O sifter, do you remember the ballads over the nursery chimney at home o' my own pasting up; there be brave pictures, other manner of pictures than these, friend.

Was. Yet these will serve to pick the pictures out o' your pockets, you shall see.

Cok. So I heard 'em say. Pray thee mind him not, fellow; he'll have an oar in every thing.

Nig. It was intended, fir, as if a purse should chance to be cut in my presence, now, I may be blameless though; as by the sequel will more plainly appear.

Cok. We shall find that i' the matter. Pray thee begin.

Nig. To the tune of Paggington's pound, fir.

Cok. Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la. Nay, I'll put thee in tune and all! mine own country dance! Pray thee begin.

Nig. It is a gentle admonition, you must know, fir, both to the purse-cutter and the purse-bearer.

Cok. Not a word more, out of the tune, an' thou lov'st me: Fa, la la la, la la la, fa, la la la. Come, when?

Nig. " My masters, and friends, and good people
" draw near,
" And look to your purses for that I do say ;"

Cok. Ha, ha, this chimes! Good counsel at first dash.

Nig. " And tho' little money in them you do bear,
" It cost more to get, than to lose in a day. [*Cok.* Good!

" You oft have been told,

" Both the young and the old,

" And bidden beware of the cut-purse so bold ;"

Cok. Well said! he were to blame that would not i' faith. [curse,

Nig. " Then if you take heed not, free me from the
" Who both give you warning, for, and the cut-purse.

“ Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starv’d by thy
 “ Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.” [nurse,
Cok. Good i’ faith, how say you, Numps? is there
 any harm i’ this?

Nig. “ It hath been upbraided to men of my trade,
 “ That oftentimes we are the cause of this crime;”

Cok. The more coxcombs they that did it, I wuffe.

Nig. “ Alack and for pity, why should it be said?
 “ As if they regarded or places or time.

“ Examples have been

“ Of some that were seen

“ In Westminster-hall, yea the pleaders between;
 “ Then why should the judges be free from this curse,
 “ More than my poor self for cutting the purse?”

Cok. God a mercy for that! why should they be
 more free indeed?

Nig. “ Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starv’d
 “ by thy nurse,

“ Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.”

Cok. That again, good ballad-man, that again. O
 rare! I would fain rub mine elbow now, but I dare
 not pull out my hand. On I pray thee; he that made
 this ballad shall be poet to my mask.

[He sings the burden with him.

Nig. “ At Worc’ster ’tis known well, and ev’n i’ the
 “ A knight of good worship did there shew his face [jail,
 “ Against the foul sinners, in zeal for to rail,
 “ And lost (*ipso facto*) his purse in the place.”

Cok. Is it possible?

Nig. “ Nay, once from the seat
 “ Of judgment so great,
 “ A judge there did lose a fair pouch of velvete.”

Cok. I’ faith?

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

Cok.

Cok. "Youth, youth, &c." Pray thee stay a little, friend; yet o' thy conscience, Numps, speak, is there any harm i' this?

Waf. To tell you true, 'tis too good for you, 'less you had grace to follow it.

Just. It doth discover enormity, I'll mark it more: I ha' not lik'd a paltry piece of poetry so well a good while.

Cok. "Youth, youth, &c." where's this youth now? a man must call upon him for his own good, and yet he will not appear. Look here, here's for him; handy-dandy, which hand will he have? On, I pray thee with the rest; I do hear of him, but I cannot see him, this master youth, the cut-purse.

[He shews his purse.]

Nig. "At plays, and at sermons, and at the fessions,
" 'Tis daily their practice such booty to make;
" Yea under the gallows at executions,
" They stick not the stare-about's purses to take.

" Nay one without grace,

" At a better place,

" At court, and in Christmas, before the king's face;"

Cok. That was a fine fellow! I would have him now.

Nig. "Alack then for pity must I bear the curse,
" That only belongs to the cunning cut-purse?"

Cok. But where's their cunning now, when they should use it? they are all chain'd now, I warrant you? "Youth, youth, thou hadst better, &c." The rat-catchers charms are all fools and asses to this! a pox on 'em, that they will not come! that a man should have such a desire to a thing, and want it.

Quar. 'Fore God I'd give half the Fair, an' 'twere mine, for a cut-purse for him to save his longing.

[He shews his purse again.]

Cok. Look you, sister, here, here, where is't now? which pocket is't in, for a wager?

Waf.

Waf. I beseech you leave your wagers, and let him end his matter an't may be.

Cok. O, are you edified, Numps?

Jus. Indeed he does interrupt him too much: there Numps spoke to purpose.

Cok. Sister, I am an afs, I cannot keep my purse: On, on, I pray thee, friend. [*Again.*

[*Edgworth gets up to him, and tickles him in the ear with a straw twice to draw his hand out of his pocket.*

<p><i>Nig.</i> " But O, you vile nation of cut- " purses all, " Relent and repent, and amend and be " sound, " And know that you ought not, by honest " mens fall, " Advance your own fortunes, to die above " ground; " And though you go gay " In silks, as you may, " It is not the high way to heaven, (as " they say.) " Repent then, repent you, for better, for " worse, " And kiss not the gallows for cutting a " purse. " Youth, youth, thou hadst better been " starv'd by thy nurse, " Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.</p>	<p><i>Win-w.</i> Will you see sport? look there's a fellow gathers up to him, mark. <i>Qua.</i> Good, i'faith! O he has lighted on the wrong pocket. <i>Win-w.</i> He has it, 'fore God he is a brave fellow; pity he should be detected.</p>
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Al l. An excellent ballad! an excellent ballad!

Edg. Friend, let me ha' the first, let me ha' the first, I pray you.

Cok. Pardon me, fir; first come first serv'd; and I'll buy the whole bundle too.

Win. That conveyance was better than all, did you see't? he has given the purse to the ballad-finger.

Quar. Has he?

Edg.

Edg. Sir, I cry you mercy, I'll not hinder the poor man's profit; pray you mistake me not.

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

Waf. Come do not make a stir, and cry yourself an ass thorough the Fair afore your time.

Cok. Why, hast thou it, Numps? good Numps, how came you by it, I marle?

Waf. I pray you seek some other gamester to play the fool with; you may lose it time enough, for all your fair wit.

Cok. By this good hand, glove and all, I ha' lost it already if thou hast it not; feel else, and mistress Grace's handkerchief too, out o' the t'other pocket.

Waf. Why, 'tis well, very well, exceeding pretty and well.

Edg. Are you sure you ha' lost it, sir?

Cok. O God! yes; as I am an honest man, I had it but e'en now, at Youth, youth.

Nig. I hope you suspect not me, sir?

Edg. Thee? that were a jest indeed! dost thou think the gentleman is foolish? where hadst thou hands, I pray thee? away ass, away.

Jus. I shall be beaten again, if I be spy'd.

Edg. Sir, I suspect an odd fellow, yonder, is stealing away.

Ove. Brother, it is the preaching fellow! you shall suspect him. He was at your t'other purse, you know! Nay stay, sir, and view the work you ha' done, an' you be benefic'd at the gallows, and preach there, thank your own handy-work.

Cok. Sir, you shall take no pride in your preferment, you shall be silenc'd quickly.

Jus. What do you mean, sweet buds of gentility?

Cok. To ha' my pennyworths out on you, bud; no less than two purses a day serve you? I thought you a
simple

simple fellow when my man Numps beat you i' the morning, and pitied you :

Ove. So did I, I'll be sworn, brother ; but now I see he is a lewd and pernicious enormity (as master Overdo calls him.)

Jus. Mine own words turn'd upon me like swords.

Cok. Cannot a man's purse be at quiet for you i' the master's pocket, but you must entice it forth and debauch it ?

Waf. Sir, fir, keep your debauch, and your fine Bartholomew terms to your self, and make as much on 'em as you please. But gi' me this from you i' the mean time ; I beseech you, see if I can look to this.

[Wafpe takes the license from him.]

Cok. Why, Numps ?

Waf. Why ? because you are an afs, fir, there's a reason the shortest way, an' you will needs ha' it ; now you ha' got the trick of losing, you'd lose your breech an' 'twere loose. I know you, fir, come, deliver, you'll go and crack the vermin you breed now, will you ? 'tis very fine, will you ha' the truth on't ? they are such retchless flies as you are, that blow cut-purses abroad in every corner ; your foolish having of money makes 'em. An' there were no wiser than I, fir, the trade should lye open for you fir, it should i'faith, fir. I would teach your wit to come to your head, fir, as well as your land to come into your hand, I assure you, fir.

Win. Alack, good Numps.

Waf. Nay, gentlemen, never pity me, I am not worth it : Lord send me at home once to Harrow o' the Hill again, if I travel any more, call me Coriat with all my heart.

Quar. Stay, fir, I must have a word with you in private. Do you hear

Edg. With me, fir ? what's your pleasure, good fir ?

Quar. Do not deny it, you are a cut-purse, fir,
this

this gentleman here and I saw you : nor do we mean to detect you (though we can sufficiently inform our selves toward the danger of concealing you) but you must do us a piece of service.

Edg. Good gentlemen, do not undo me ; I am a civil young man, and but a beginner indeed.

Quar. Sir, your beginning shall bring on your ending for us. We are no catchpoles nor constables. That you are to undertake is this ; you saw the old fellow with the black box here ?

Edg. The little old governor, sir ?

Quar. That same : I see you have flown him to a mark already. I would ha' you get away that box from him, and bring it us.

Edg. Wou'd you ha' the box and all, sir, or only that that is in't ? I'll get you that, and leave him the box to play with still (which will be the harder o' the two) because I would gain your worship's good opinion of me.

Win-w. He says well, 'tis the greater mastery, and 'twill make the more sport when 'tis mist.

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

Quar. But look you do it now, firrah, and keep your word, or ——

Edg. Sir, if ever I break my word with a gentleman, may I never read word at my need⁶. Where shall I find you ?

Quar. Somewhere i' th' Fair, hereabouts. Dispatch it quickly. I would fain see the careful fool deluded ! of all beasts, I love the serious asfs ; he that takes pains to be one, and plays the fool with the greatest diligence that can be.

Gra. Then you would not chuse, sir, but love my

⁶ *May I never READ word at my NEED.*] i. e. may I never have the benefit of clergy, if I am taken and brought to my trial.

guardian, justice Overdo, who is answerable to that description in every hair of him.

Quar. So I have heard. But how came you, mistress Welborn, to be his ward, or have relation to him at first?

Gra. Faith, through a common calamity, he bought me, sir; and now he will marry me to his wife's brother, this wise gentleman that you see, or else I must pay value o' my land.

Quar. 'Slid, is there no device of disparagement, or so? talk with some crafty fellow, some picklock o' the law! would I had studied a year longer i' th' inns of court, an't had been but i' your case.

Win-w. I, master Quarlous, are you proffering?

Gra. You'd bring but little aid, sir.

Win-w. (I'll look to you i' faith, gamester.) An unfortunate foolish tribe you are fallen into, lady, I wonder you can endure 'em.

Gra. Sir, they that cannot work their fetters off must wear 'em.

Win-w. You see what care they have on you, to leave you thus.

Gra. Faith the same they have of themselves, sir. I cannot greatly complain, if this were all the plea I had against 'em.

Win. 'Tis true! but will you please to withdraw with us a little, and make them think they have lost you. I hope our manners ha' been such hitherto, and our language, as will give you no cause to doubt your self in our company.

Gra. Sir, I will give my self no cause; I am so secure of mine own manners, as I suspect not yours.

Quar. Look where John Little-wit comes.

Win-w. Away, I'll not be seen by him.

Quar. No, you were not best, he'd tell his mother, the widow.

Win-w. Heart! what do you mean?

Quar.

Quar. Cry you mercy, is the wind there? must not the widow be nam'd?

S C E N E VI.

Little-wit, Win, Trash, Leather-head, Knockbum, Busy, Pure-craft.

Lit. Do you hear, Win, Win?

Win. What say you, John?

Lit. While they are paying the reckoning, Win, I'll tell you a thing, Win; we shall never see any fights i'the Fair, Win, except you long still, Win; good Win, sweet Win, long to see some hobby-horses, and some drums, and rattles, and dogs, and fine devices, Win. The bull with the five legs, Win; and the great hog. Now you ha' begun with pig, you may long for any thing, Win, and so for my motion, Win.

Win. But we sha' not eat o' the bull and the hog, John; how shall I long then?

Lit. O yes, Win: you may long to see, as well as to taste, Win: how did the pothecary's wife, Win, that long'd to see the anatomy, Win? or the lady, Win, that desir'd to spit i' the great lawyer's mouth, after an eloquent pleading? I assure you, they long'd, Win; good Win, go in, and long.

Tra. I think we are rid of our new customer, brother Leather-head, we shall hear no more of him.

[They plot to be gone.]

Lea. All the better; let's pack up all, and be gone, before he find us.

Tra. Stay a little, yonder comes a company; it may be we may take some more money.

Kno. Sir, I will take your counsel, and cut my hair, and leave vapours: I see that tobacco, and bottle-ale, and pig, and Whit, and very Ursla herself, is all vanity.

Bus.

Buf. Only pig was not comprehended in my admonition, the rest were: for long hair, it is an ensign of pride, a banner; and the world is full of those banners, very full of banners. And bottle-ale is a drink of fatan's, a diet-drink of fatan's, devised to puff us up, and make us swell in this latter age of vanity; as the smoke of tobacco, to keep us in mist and error: but the fleshly woman (which you call Ursla) is above all to be avoided, having the marks upon her of the three enemies of man; the world, as being in the Fair; the devil, as being in the fire; and the flesh, as being herself.

Pur. Brother Zeal-of-the-land! what shall we do? my daughter Win-the-fight is fal'n into her fit of longing again.

Buf. For more pig? there is no more, is there?

Pur. To see some sights i' the Fair.

Buf. Sister, let her fly the impurity of the place swiftly, lest she partake of the pitch thereof. Thou art the seat of the beast, O Smithfield, and I will leave thee. Idolatry peepeth out on every side of thee.

Kno. An excellent right hypocrite! now his belly is full, he falls a railing and kicking, the jade. A very good vapour! I'll in, and joy Ursla, with telling how her pig works; two and a half he eat to his share; and he has drunk a pail-full. He eats with his eyes, as well as his teeth.

Lea. What do you lack, gentlemen? what is't you buy? rattles, drums, babies——

Buf. Peace, with thy apocryphal wares, thou profane publican; thy bells, thy dragons, and thy Tobies dogs. Thy hobby-horse is an idol, a very idol, a fierce and rank idol; and thou, the Nebuchadnezzar, the proud Nebuchadnezzar of the Fair, that sett'st it up, for children to fall down to, and worship.

Lea. Cry you mercy, sir; will you buy a fiddle to fill up your noise?

Lit. Look, Win, do, look a God's name, and save your longing. Here be fine sights.

Pur. I, child, so you hate 'em, as our brother Zeal does, you may look on 'em.

Lea. Or what do you say to a drum, sir?

Bus. It is the broken belly of the beast, and thy bellows there are his lungs, and these pipes are his throat, those feathers are of his tail, and thy rattles the gnashing of his teeth.

Tra. And what's my gingerbread, I pray you?

Bus. The provender that pricks him up. Hence with thy basket of popery, thy nest of images, and whole legend of ginger-work.

Lea. Sir, if you be not quiet the quicklier, I'll ha' you clapp'd fairly by the heels, for disturbing the Fair.

Bus. The sin of the Fair provokes me, I cannot be silent.

Pur. Good brother Zeal!

Lea. Sir, I'll make you silent, believe it.

Lit. I'd give a shilling you could, i'faith, friend.

Lea. Sir, give me your shilling, I'll give you my shop, if I do not; and I'll leave it in pawn with you i' the mean time.

Lit. A match, i'faith; but do it quickly then.

Bus. Hinder me not, woman. [*He speaks to the widow.*] I was mov'd in spirit, to be here this day, in this Fair, this wicked and foul Fair; and fitter may it be call'd a Foul than a Fair; to protest against the abuses of it, the foul abuses of it, in regard of the afflicted faints, that are troubled, very much troubled, exceedingly troubled, with the opening of the merchandise of Babylon again, and the peeping of popery upon the stalls here, here, in the high places. See you not Goldylocks, the purple strumpet there, in her yellow gown and green sleeves? the prophane pipes, the tinkling timbrels? a shop of relicks!

Lit. Pray you forbear, I am put in trust with 'em.

Buf. And this idolatrous grove of images, this flasket of idols, which I will pull down —

[*Overtbrows the gingerbread.*

(*Tra.* O my ware, my ware, God bless it.)

Buf. In my zeal, and glory to be thus exercis'd.

[*Leatherhead enters with officers.*

Lea. Here he is, pray you lay hold on his zeal; we cannot sell a whistle for him in tune. Stop his noise first.

Buf. Thou canst not; 'tis a sanctified noise. I will make a loud and most strong noise, till I have daunted the prophane enemy. And for this cause——

Lea. Sir, here's no man afraid of you, or your cause. You shall swear it i' the stocks, sir.

Buf. I will thrust my self into the stocks, upon the pikes of the land⁷.

Lea. Carry him away.

Pur. What do you mean, wicked men?

Buf. Let them alone, I fear them not.

Lit. Was not this shilling well ventur'd, Win, for our liberty? now we may go play, and see over the Fair, where we list ourselves; my mother is gone after him, and let her e'en go, and lose us.

Win. Yes, John; but I know not what to do.

Lit. For what, Win?

Win. For a thing I am a sham'd to tell you i' faith; and 'tis too far to go home.

Lit. I pray thee be not a sham'd, Win. Come, i'

⁷ *I will thrust my self into the stocks, upon the PIKES of the land.*] Busy, in the fury of his zeal, conceits himself a primitive christian, just going to be martyred for his religion: who, amongst the various ways of torture, were often staked upon spears, and forks, or *pikes*. So bishop Jewel, in his own translation of his Apology, turns *Christianos ad furcas condemnare*—to condemn Christians to the *pikes*. See Mr. Warburton's ingenious note on Shakespear's *Coriolanus*, act 1. sc. 1. *Pikes of the land*, however, may mean only the highest or most eminent places; but the other acceptation, gives us the most humorous idea.

faith,

faith, thou shalt not be asham'd : is it any thing about the hobby-horse man ? an't be, speak freely.

Win. Hang him, base Bobchin, I scorn him ; no, I have very great, what sha' call 'um, John.

Lit. O ! is that all, Win ? we'll go back to captain Jordan, to the pig-woman's, Win, he'll help us, or she, with a dripping-pan, or an old kettle, or something. The poor greasy soul loves you, Win ; and after we'll visit the Fair all over, Win, and see my puppet-play, Win ; you know it's a fine matter, Win.

Lea. Let's away ; I counsell'd you to pack up afore, Jone.

Tra. A pox of his Bedlam purity. He has spoil'd half my ware : but the best is, we lose nothing, if we miss our first merchant.

Lea. It shall be hard for him to find, or know us, when are translated, Jone.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Trouble-all, Bristle, Haggise, Cokes, Justice, Pocher, Busy, Pure-craft.

Tro. MY masters, I do make no doubt, but you are officers.

Bri. What then, sir ?

Tro. And the king's loving and obedient subjects.

Bri. Obedient, friend ? take heed what you speak ; I advise you ; Oliver Bristle advises you. His loving subjects, we grant you ; but not his obedient, at this time, by your leave ; we know ourselves a little better than so ; we are to command, sir, and such as you are to be obedient. Here's one of his obedient sub-

jects going to the stocks; and we'll make you such another, if you talk.

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

Bri. If you know it, fir, why do you bring it in question?

Tro. I question nothing, pardon me. I do only hope you have warrant for what you do, and so quit you, and so multiply you. [*He goes away again.*]

Hag. What's he? bring him up to the stocks there. Why bring you him not up?

Tro. If you have justice Overdo's warrant, 'tis well, [*comes again*] you are safe; that is the warrant of warrants. I'll not give this button for any man's warrant else.

Bri. Like enough, fir; but let me tell you, an' you play away your buttons thus, you will want 'em e're night, for any store I see about you; you might keep 'em, and save pins, I wufs. [*Goes away.*]

Jus. What should he be, that doth so esteem and advance my warrant? he seems a sober and discreet person! It is a comfort to a good conscience to be followed with a good fame in his sufferings. The world will have a pretty taste by this, how I can bear adversity; and it will beget a kind of reverence towards me hereafter, even from mine enemies, when they shall see, I carry my calamity nobly, and that it doth neither break me, nor bend me.

Hag. Come, fir, here's a place for you to preach in. Will you put in your leg? [*They put him in the stocks.*]

Jus. That I will chearfully.

Bri. O' my conscience, a seminary! he kisses the stocks.

Cok. Well, my masters, I'll leave him with you;

¹ O' my conscience, a SEMINARY!] i. e. a Romish priest educated in the *seminaries* abroad.

now I see him bestow'd, I'll go look for my goods, and Numps.

Hag. You may, sir, I warrant you: where's the t'other bawler? fetch him too, you shall find 'em both fast enough.

Jus. In the midst of this tumult, I will yet be the author of mine own rest, and not minding their fury, sit in the stocks in that calm as shall be able to trouble a triumph.

Tro. Do you assure me upon your words? [*comes again.*] May I undertake for you, if I be ask'd the question, that you have this warrant?

Hag. What's this fellow, for God's sake?

Tro. Do but shew me Adam Overdo, and I am satisfied. [*Goes out.*]

Bri. He is a fellow that is distracted, they say; one Trouble-all: he was an officer in the court of Pie-poudres here last year, and put out of his place by Justice Overdo.

Jus. Ha!

Bri. Upon which he took an idle conceit, and's run mad upon't: so that ever since he will do nothing but by justice Overdo's warrant; he will not eat a crust, nor drink a little, nor make him in his apparel ready. His wife, sir-reverence, cannot get him make his water, or shift his shirt, without his warrant.

Jus. If this be true, this is my greatest disaster! How am I bound to satisfy this poor man, that is of so good a nature to me, out of his wits! where there is no room left for dissembling.

Tro. If you cannot shew me Adam Overdo, [*comes in*] I am in doubt of you; I am afraid you cannot answer it. [*Goes again.*]

Hag. Before me, neighbour Bristle, (and now I think on't better) justice Overdo is a very parantory person.

Bri. O, are you advis'd of that? and a severe justicer, by your leave.

Jus. Do I hear ill o' that side too?

Bri. He will sit as upright o' the bench, an' you mark him, as a candle i' the socket, and give light to the whole court in every business.

Hag. But he will burn blue, and swell like a boil, (God bless us) an' he be angry.

Bri. I, and he will be angry too, when ² he's list, that's more; and when he is angry, be it right or wrong, he has the law on's side ever. I mark that too.

Jus. I will be more tender hereafter. I see compassion may become a justice, though it be a weakness, I confess, and nearer a vice than a virtue.

Hag. Well, take him out o' the stocks again; we'll go a sure way to work, we'll ha' the ace of hearts of our side, if we can. [*They take the Justice out.*]

Poc. Come, bring him away to his fellow there: Master Busy, we shall rule your legs, I hope, though we cannot rule your tongue.

Bus. No, minister of darkness, no; thou canst not rule my tongue; my tongue it is my own, and with it I will both knock and mock down your Bartholomew abominations, till you be made a hissing to the neighbouring parishes round about.

Hag. Let him alone, we have devis'd better upon't.

Pur. And shall he not into the stocks then?

Bri. No, mistress, we'll have 'em both to justice Overdo, and let him do over 'em as is fitting. Then I, and my gossip Haggise, and my beadle Pocher are discharged.

Pur. O, I thank you, blessed honest men!

Bri. Nay, never thank us; but thank this madman that comes here; he put it in our heads.

² *When HIS list*] It should be *when he's list*; when he has a mind.

Pur. Is he mad? now heaven increase his madness and bless it, and thank it: fir, your poor hand-maid thanks you. [*Comes again.*]

Tro. Have you a warrant? an' you have a warrant, shew it.

Pur. Yes, I have a warrant, out of the word, to give thanks for removing any scorn intended to the brethren.

Tro. It is justice Overdo's warrant that I look for; if you have not that, keep your word, I'll keep mine. Quit ye, and multiply ye.

S C E N E II.

Edgworth, Trouble-all, Nightingale, Cokes, Costard-monger.

Edg. Come away, Nightingale, I pray thee.

Tro. Whither go you? where's your warrant?

Edg. Warrant! for what, fir?

Tro. For what you go about, you know how fit it is; an' you have no warrant, bless you, I'll pray for you, that's all I can do. [*Goes out.*]

Edg. What means he?

Nig. A mad-man that haunts the Fair; do you not know him? It's marvel he has not more followers after his ragged heels.

Edg. Beshrew him, he startled me: I thought he had known of our plot. Guilt's a terrible thing: ha' you prepar'd the Costard-monger?

Nig. Yes, and agreed for his basket of pears; he is at the corner here, ready. And your prize, he comes down failing that way all alone, without his protector; he is rid of him, it seems.

Edg. I, I know; I should ha' followed his protectorship, for a feat I am to do upon him: but this offer'd

it self so i' the way, I could not let 'scape : here he comes, whistle ; be this sport call'd Dorryng the Dottrel.

Nig. Wh, wh, wh, wh, &c. [*Nightingale whistles.*

Cok. By this light, I cannot find my gingerbread-wife, nor my hobby-horse man, in all the Fair now, to ha' my money again : and I do not know the way out on't, to go home for more. Do you hear, friend, you that whistle ? what tune is that you whistle ?

Nig. A new tune, I am practising, fir.

Cok. Dost thou know where I dwell, I pray thee ? nay, on with thy tune ; I ha' no such haste for an answer : I'll practise with thee.

Cof. Buy any pears, very fine pears, pears fine.

[*Nightingale sets his foot afore him, and he falls with his basket.*

Cok. Gods so ! a mufs, a mufs, a mufs, a mufs.³

Cof. Good gentleman, my ware, my ware ; I am a poor man. Good fir, my ware.

Nig. Let me hold your sword, fir, it troubles you.

Cok. Do, and my cloke an' thou wilt, and my hat too. [*Cokes falls a scrambling, whilst they run away with his things.*

Edg. A delicate great boy ! methinks he out-scrambles 'em all. I cannot persuade myself, but he goes to grammar-school yet, and plays the truant to-day.

Nig. Would he had another purse to cut, Zekiel.

Edg. Purse ! a man might cut out his kidneys, I think, and he never feel 'em, he is so earnest at the sport.

Nig. His soul is half-way out on's body at the game.

Edg. Away, Nightingale ; that way.

³ *A MUSS, a MUSS.*] i. e. *a scramble.* So Shakespear,

“ Like boys unto a *mufs*,

“ Kings would start forth and cry——

↳ *Antony and Cleopatra, act 3.*

Cok. I think I am furnish'd for cattern-pears, for one under-meal⁴: gi' me my cloke.

Cof. Good gentleman, give me my ware.

Cok. Where's the fellow I ga' my cloke to? my cloke and my hat? ha! gods 'lid is he gone? thieves, thieves; help me to cry, gentlemen. [*He runs out.*]

Edg. Away, costard-monger, come to us to Ursla's. Talk of him to have a soul! 'heart, if he have any more than a thing given him instead of salt, only to keep him from stinking⁵, I'll be hang'd afore my time, presently: where should it be trow? in his blood? he has not so much to'ard it in his whole body as will maintain a good flea! and if he take this course, he will not ha' so much land left as to rear a calf, within this twelve-month. Was there ever green plover so pull'd! that his little overseer had been here now, and been but tall enough to see him steal pears, in exchange for his bever-hat and his cloke thus! I must go find him out next, for his black box, and his patent (it seems) he has of his place; which I think the gentleman would have a reversion of, that spoke to me for it so earnestly. [*Cokes comes in again.*]

Cok. Would I might lose my doublet, and hose too, as I am an honest man, and never stir, if I think there be any thing but thieving and cozening i' this whole Fair. Bartholomew Fair, quoth he; an' ever any Bartholomew had that luck in't that I have had,

⁴ *I think I am furnish'd for cattern-pears, for one UNDER-MEAL.*] i. e. a dinner, or afternoon's meal, for so the glossaries interpret the word. The *undern* time of day is said by some to be the third hour or nine o'clock; and the repast then taken was called *undern melc.* See the Glossary to Chaucer, in the word *Undern*, and Junius in *Undren*.

⁵ *Heart, if he have any thing more than a thing given him instead of salt, only to keep him from stinking*] The same is said of swine by the Stoic Chrysisippus, as we learn from Tully: *Sus vero quid habet præter escam? cui quidem, ne putresceret, animam ipsam pro sale datam dicit esse Chrysisippus.* De Natura Deor. lib. 2. The application by the poet does not seem out of character.

I'll be martyr'd for him, and in Smithfield too. I ha' paid for my pears, a rot on 'em, I'll keep 'em no longer [*throws away his pears*] you were choke-pears to me: I had been better ha' gone to mumchance for you, I wufs. Methinks the Fair should not have us'd me thus, and 'twere but for my name's-sake; I would not ha' us'd a dog o' the name so. O, Numps will triumph now! friend, do you know who I am? or where I lie? I do not myself, I'll be sworn. Do but carry me home, and I'll please thee; I ha' money enough there. I ha' lost my self, and my cloke, and my hat, and my fine sword, and my sifter, and Numps, and mistress Grace, (a gentlewoman that I should ha' married) and a cut-work handkerchief she ga' me, and two purses, to-day; and my bargain o' hobby-horses and gingerbread, which grieves me worst of all. [*Trouble-all comes again.*]

Tro. By whose warrant, sir, have you done all this?

Cok. Warrant? thou art a wise fellow indeed; as if a man need a warrant to lose any thing with!

Tro. Yes, justice Overdo's warrant, a man may get and lose with, I'll stand to't.

Cok. Justice Overdo, dost thou know him? I lie there, he is my brother in-law, he married my sifter: pray thee shew me the way; dost thou know the house?

Tro. Sir, shew me your warrant; I know nothing without a warrant, pardon me.

Cok. Why, I warrant thee; come along: thou shalt see I have wrought pillows there, and cambrick sheets, and sweet bags too. Pray thee guide me to the house.

Tro. Sir, I'll tell you; go you thither yourself first alone, tell your worshipful brother your mind, and but bring me three lines of his hand, or his clerk's, with Adam Overdo underneath; here I'll stay you, I'll obey you, and I'll guide you presently.

Cok.

Cok. 'Slid, this is an afs, I ha' found him; pox upon me, what do I talking to such a dull fool? farewel, you are a very coxcomb, do you hear?

Tro. I think I am; if justice Overdo sign to it, I am, and so we are all: he'll quit us all, multiply us all.

S C E N E III.

Grace, Quarlaus, Win-wife, Trouble-all, Edgworth.

[*They enter with their swords drawn.*]

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

Quar. 'Slood, we love you.

Gra. If you both love me, as you pretend, your own reason will tell you, but one can enjoy me: and to that point there leads a directer line, than by my infamy, which must follow, if you fight. 'Tis true, I have profest it to you ingenuously, that rather than to be yoked with this bridegroom is appointed me, I would take up any husband almost upon any trust. Though subtilty would say to me (I know) he is a fool, and has an estate, and I might govern him, and enjoy a friend beside. But these are not my aims; I must have a husband I must love, or I cannot live with him. I shall ill make one of these politick wives.

Win-w. Why, if you can like either of us, lady, say, which is he, and the other shall swear instantly to desist.

Quar. Content, I accord to that willingly.

Gra. Sure you think me a woman of an extreme levity,

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

Quar. Why, wherefore should you not? what should hinder you?

Gra. If you would not give it to my modesty, allow it yet to my wit; give me so much of woman and cunning, as not to betray myself impertinently. How can I judge of you, so far as to a choice, without knowing you more? you are both equal, and alike to me yet, and so indifferently affected by me, as each of you might be the man, if the other were away. For you are reasonable creatures, you have understanding and discourse; and if fate send me an understanding husband, I have no fear at all but mine own manners shall make him a good one.

Quar. Would I were put forth to making for you then.

Gra. It may be you are, you know not what's toward you: will you consent to a motion of mine, gentlemen?

Win-w. Whatever it be, we'll presume reasonableness, coming from you.

Quar. And fitness too.

Gra. I saw one of you buy a pair of tables e'en now.

Win-w. Yes, here they be, and maiden ones too, unwritten in.

Gra. The fitter for what they may be employ'd in. You shall write either of you here a word or a name, what you like best, but of two or three syllables at most; and the next person that comes this way, (because Destiny has a high hand in business of this nature) I'll demand which of the two words he or she doth

doth approve, and, according to that sentence, fix my resolution and affection without change.

Quar. Agreed ; my word is conceived already.

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

Gra. But you shall promise, gentlemen, not to be curious to know which of you it is, taken ; but give me leave to conceal that, till you have brought me either home, or where I may safely tender my self.

Win-w. Why, that's but equal.

Quar. We are pleas'd.

Gra. Because I will bind both your endeavours to work together friendly and jointly each to the other's fortune, and have my self fitted with some means, to make him that is forsaken a part of amends.

Quar. These conditions are very courteous. Well, my word is out of the Arcadia then, Argalus.

Win-w. And mine out of the Play, Palemon.

[*Trouble-all comes again.*

Tro. Have you any warrant for this, gentlemen ?

Quar. Win-w. Ha !

Tro. There must be a warrant had, believe it.

Win-w. For what ?

Tro. For whatsoever it is, any thing indeed, no matter what.

Quar. 'Slight ! here's a fine ragged prophet dropt down i' the nick !

Tro. Heaven quit you, gentlemen.

Quar. Nay, stay a little : good lady, put him to the question.

Gra. You are content then ?

Win-w. Quar. Yes, yes.

Gra. Sir, here are two names written——

Tro. Is justice Overdo one ?

Gra. How, sir ? I pray you read 'em to yourself ; it is for a wager between these gentlemen ; and with a stroke, or any difference, mark which you approve best.

Tro.

Tro. They may be both worshipful names for ought I know, mistress; but Adam Overdo had been worth three of 'em, I assure you in this place, that's in plain English.

Gra. This man amazes me! I pray you like one of 'em, sir.

Tro. I do like him there, that has the best warrant, mistress, to save your longing, and (multiply him) it may be this. But I am still for justice Overdo, that's my conscience, and quit you.

Win-w. Is't done, lady?

Gra. I, and strangely, as ever I saw! what fellow is this, trow?

Quar. No matter what, a fortune-teller we ha' made him; which is't, which is't?

Gra. Nay, did you not promise not to inquire?

Quar. 'Slid, I forgot that, pray you pardon me. Look, here's our Mercury come; the licence arrives i' the finest time too! 'tis but scraping out Cokes his name, and 'tis done.

Win-w. How now, lime-twig, hast thou touch'd?

Edg. Not yet, sir; except you would go with me and see't, it's not worth speaking on. The act is nothing without a witness. Yonder he is, your man with the box, fallen into the finest company, and so transported with vapours; they ha' got in a northern clothier, and one Puppy, a western man, that's come to wrestle before my lord-mayor anon, and captain Whit, and one Val Cutting, that helps captain Jordan to roar, a circling boy: with whom your Numps is so taken, that you may strip him of his clothes, if you will. I'll undertake to geld him for you, if you had but a surgeon ready to fear him. And mistress Justice there is the goodest woman! she does so love 'em all over in terms of justice and the style of authority, with her hood upright—that I beseech you come away, gentlemen, and see't.

Quar.

Quar. 'Slight, I would not lose it for the Fair; what'll you do, Ned?

Win-w. Why, stay hereabout for you: mistress Welborn must not be seen.

Quar. Do so, and find out a priest i' the mean time; I'll bring the licence. Lead, which way is't?

Edg. Here, sir, you are o' the back o' the booth already; you may hear the noise.

S C E N E IV.

Knockbum, Northern, Puppy, Cutting, Whit, Edgworth, Quarlous, Overdo, Waspe, Bristle.

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

Nor. I'll ne mare, I'll ne mare; the eale's too meeghty.

Kno. How now! my galloway nag the staggers! ha! Whit, gi' him a slit i' the forehead. Chear up, man; a needle and thread to stitch his ears. I'd cure him now, an' I had it, with a little butter and garlick, long pepper and grains. Where's my horn? I'll give him a mash presently, shall take away this diz-ziness.

Pup. Why, where are you, zurs? do you vlinch, and leave us i' the zuds now?

Nor. I'll ne mare, I'is e'en as vull as a paiper's bag, by my troth, I.

Pup. Do my northern cloth zhrink i' the wetting? ha?

Kno. Why, well said, old flea-bitten; thou'lt never tire I see. *[They fall to their vapours again.]*

Cut. No, sir, but he may tire if it please him.

Whi. Who told, dee sho? that he vuld never teer, man?

Cut. No matter who told him so, so long as he knows.

Kno. Nay, I know nothing, sir, pardon me there.

Edg. They are at it still, sir; this they call vapours.

Wbi. He shall not pardon dee, captain; dou shalt not be pardoned. Pre'dee, shweet-heart, do not pardon him.

Cut. 'Slight, I'll pardon him, an' I list, whosoever says nay to't.

Quar. Where's Numps? I miss him.

[Here they continue their game of vapours, which is nonsense. Every man to oppose the last man that spoke, whether it concern'd him or no.]

Waf. Why, I say nay to't.

Quar. O, there he is.

Kno. To what do you say nay, sir?

Waf. To any thing, whatsoever it is, so long as I do not like it.

Wbit. Pardon me, little man, dou musht like it a little.

Cut. No, he must not like it at all, sir; there you are i' the wrong.

Wbi. I tink I bee: he musht not like it indeed.

Cut. Nay, then he both must and will like it, sir, for all you.

Kno. If he have reason, he may like it, sir.

Wbi. By no meensh captain, upon reason, he may like nothing upon reason.

Waf. I have no reason, nor I will hear of no reason, nor I will look for no reason, and he is an afs that either knows any, or looks for't from me.

Cut. Yes, in some sense you may have reason, sir.

Waf. I, in some sense, I care not if I grant you.

Wbi. Pardon me, thou ought to grant him nothing in no shensh, if dou do love dy shelf, angry man.

Waf. Why then, I do grant him nothing; and I have no sense.

Cut.

Cut. 'Tis true, thou hast no sense indeed.

Waf. 'Slid, but I have sense, now I think on't better, and I will grant him any thing, do you see.

Kno. He is i' the right, and does utter a sufficient vapour.

Cut. Nay, it is no sufficient vapour neither, I deny that.

Kno. Then it is a sweet vapour.

Cut. It may be a sweet vapour.

Waf. Nay, it is no sweet vapour neither, fir, it stinks and I'll stand to't.

Wbi. Yes, I tink it dosh stink, captain. All vapour dosh stink.

Waf. Nay, then it does not stink, fir, and it shall not stink.

Cut. By your leave, it may, fir.

Waf. I, by my leave it may stink, I know that.

Wbi. Pardon me, thou knowesht nothing, it cannot by thy leave, angry man.

Waf. How can it not?

Kno. Nay never question him, for he is i' the right.

Wbi. Yesh, I am i' de right, I confesh it, so ish de little man too.

Waf. I'll have nothing confest that concerns me. I am not i' the right, nor never was i' the right, nor never will be i' the right, while I am in my right mind.

Cut. Mind? why, here's no man minds you, fir, nor any thing else. *[They drink again.]*

Pup. Vriend, will you mind this that we do?

Qua. Call you this vapours? this is such belching of quarrel as I never heard. Will you mind your business, fir?

Edg. You shall see, fir.

Nor. I'll ne mare, my waimb warkes too mickle with this auready.

Edg. Will you take that, master Waspe, that no body should mind you ?

Waf. Why ? what ha' you to do ? is't any matter to you ?

Edg. No, but methinks you should not be unminded, though.

Waf. Nor I wu' not be, now I think on't ; do you hear, new acquaintance ? does no man mind me, say you ?

Cut. Yes, fir, every man here minds you, but how ?

Waf. Nay, I care as little how as you do ; that was not my question.

Wbi. No, noting was ty question, tou art a learned man, and I am a valiant man, i'faith la, tou shalt speak for me, and I will fight for tee.

Kno. Fight for him, Whit ? a grofs vapour, he can fight for himself.

Waf. It may be I can, but it may be I wu' not, how then ?

Cut. Why then you may chuse.

Waf. Why, and I'll chuse whether I'll chuse or no.

Kno. I think you may, and 'tis true ; and I allow it for a resolute vapour.

Waf. Nay then, I do think you do not think, and it is no resolute vapour.

Cut. Yes, in some fort he may allow you.

Kno. In no fort, fir, pardon me, I can allow him nothing. You mistake the vapour.

Waf. He mistakes nothing, fir, in no fort.

Wbi. Yes I pre dee now, let him mistake.

Waf. A turd i' your teeth, never pre dee me, for I will have nothing mistaken.

Kno. Turd, ha turd ? a noisome vapour, strike, Whit.

[They fall by the ears.]

Ove. Why gentlemen, why gentlemen, I charge you upon my authority, conserve the peace. In the king's

king's name, and my husband's, put up your weapons, I shall be driven to commit you my self, else.

Qua. Ha, ha, ha.

Was. Why do you laugh, fir?

Qua. Sir, you'll allow me my christian liberty. I may laugh, I hope.

Cut. In some fort you may, and in some fort you may not, fir.

Kno. Nay in some fort, fir, he may neither laugh nor hope in this company.

Was. Yes, then he may both laugh and hope in any fort, an't please him.

Qua. Faith, and I will then, for it doth please me exceedingly.

Was. No exceeding neither, fir.

Kno. No, that vapour is too lofty.

Qua. Gentlemen, I do not play well at your game of vapours, I am not very good at it, but——

Cut. Do you hear, fir? I would speak with you in circle. *[He draws a circle on the ground.]*

Qua. In circle, fir? what would you with me in circle?

Cut. Can you lend me a piece, a Jacobus, in circle?

Qua. 'Slid, your circle will prove more costly than your vapours, then. Sir, no, I lend you none.

Cut. Your beard's not well turn'd up, fir.

Qua. How, rascal? are you playing with my beard? I'll break circle with you. *[They draw all and fight.]*

Pup. Nor. Gentlemen, gentlemen!

Kno. Gather up, Whit, gather up, Whit, good vapours.

Ove. What mean you? are you rebels, gentlemen? shall I send out a ferjeant at arms, or a writ o' rebellion, against you? I'll commit you upon my woman-hood, for a riot, upon my justice-hood, if you persist.

Waf. Upon my justice-hood? marry shite o' your hood: you'll commit? spoke like a true justice of peace's wife indeed, and a fine female lawyer! turd i' your teeth for a fee, now.

Ove. Why Numps, in master Overdo's name, I charge you.

Waf. Good mistress Underdo hold your tongue.

Ove. Alas! poor Numps.

Waf. Alas! and why alas from you, I beseech you? or why poor Numps, goody Rich? am I come to be pitied by your tuft-taffata now? why mistress, I knew Adam the clerk, your husband, when he was Adam Scrivener, and writ for two-pence a sheet, as high as he bears his head now, or you your hood, dame. What are you, sir? [*The watch comes in.*]

Bri. We be men, and no infidels; what is the matter here, and the noises? can you tell?

Waf. Heart, what ha' you to do? cannot a man quarrel in quietness, but he must be put out on't by you? what are you?

Bri. Why, we be his majesty's watch, sir.

Waf. Watch? 'sblood, you are a sweet watch indeed. A body would think, an' you watch'd well a nights, you should be contented to sleep at this time a day. Get you to your fleas and your flock-beds, you rogues, your kennels, and lye down close.

Bri. Down? yes, we will down, I warrant you, down with him in his majesty's name, down, down with him, and carry him away to the pigeon-holes.

Ove. I thank you honest friends, in the behalf o'the crown, and the peace, and in master Overdo's name, for suppressing enormities.

Whi. Stay, Bristle, here ish anoder brash of drunkards, but very quiet, special drunkards, will pay de five shillings very well. Take 'em to de, in de graish o'God:

o'God : one of hem do's change cloth for ale in the Fair, here ; te toder ish a strong man, a mighty man, my lord mayor's man, and a wrafter. He has wraashed so long with the bottle here, that the man with the beard hash almost streek up his heelsh⁶.

Bri. 'Slid, the clerk o' the market has been to cry him all the Fair over here, for my lord's service.

Wbi. Tere he ish, pre de taik him hensch, and make ty best on him. How now woman o' shilk, vat ailsh ty shweet faish ? art tou melancho'y ?

Ove. A little distemper'd with these enormities ; shall I entreat a courtesie of you, captain ?

Wbi. Entreat a hundred velvet voman, I vill do it, shpeak out.

Ove. I cannot with 'modesty speak it out, but——

Wbi. I vill do it, and more and more, for de. What Urfla, an't be bitch, an't be bawd, an't be !

Urf. How now, rascal ? what roar you for, old pimp ?

Wbi. Here put up de clokes Ursh ; de purchase ; pre de now, shweet Ursh, help dis good brave voman to a jordan, an't be.

Urf. 'Slid call your captain Jordan to her, can you not ?

Wbi. Nay, pre de leave dy consheits, and bring the velvet woman to de——

Urf. I bring her ! hang her : heart, must I find a common pot for every punk i' your purlews ?

Wbi. O good voordsh, Ursh, it ish a guest o' velvet i' fait la.

Urf. Let her sell her hood, and buy a sponge, with

⁶*The man with the BEARD hash almost streek up his heelsh.]* In our author's days, the stone jugs in which ale was brought at public houses, had the figure of a man, with a large beard, drawn on on their outside; and to this he compares a host, in the *New Inn* :

“ Who's, at the best, some round grown thing, a jug

“ Fac'd with a beard, that fills out to the guests.” Act 1. sc. 4:

a pox to her, my vessel is employed fir. I have but one, and, 'tis the bottom of an old bottle. An honest proctor and his wife are at it within; if she'll stay her time, so.

Whi. As soon as thou canst shweet Ursh. Of a valiant man I tink I am te patientsh man i' the world, or in all Smithfield.

Kno. How now Whit? close vapours, stealing your leaps? covering in corners, ha!

Whi. No fait, captain, dough thou beesht a vishe man, dy vit is a mile hence, now. I vas procuring a shmall courtesie for a woman of fashion here.

Ove. Yes, captain, though I am justice of peace's wife, I do love men of war, and the sons of the sword, when they come before my husband.

Kno. Say'st thou so, filly? thou shalt have a leap presently, I'll horse thee my self, else.

Urf. Come, will you bring her in now? and let her take her turn?

Whi. Gramercy, good Ursh, I tank de.

Ove. Master Overdo shall thank her.

S C E N E V.

Little-wit, Win, Ursla, Knockbum, Whit, Overdo, Alice.

Little-w. Good ga'mere Urs, Win and I are exceedingly beholden to you, and to captain Jordan, and captain Whit. Win, I'll be bold to leave you, i' this good company, Win; for half an hour or so, Win; while I go and see how my matter goes forward, and if the puppets be perfect; and then I'll come and fetch you, Win.

Win. Will you leave me alone with two Men, John?

Little-w

Little-w. I, they are honest gentlemen, Win, captain Jordan and captain Whit; they'll use you very civilly, Win. God b' w' you, Win.

Urf. What's her husband gone?

Kno. On his false gallop, Urs, away.

Urf. An' you be right Bartholomew-birds, now shew yourselves so: we are undone for want of fowl i' the Fair, here. Here will be Zekiel Edgworth, and three or four gallants with him at night, and I ha' neither plover nor quail for 'em: persuade this between you two, to become a bird o' the game, while I work the velvet woman within, (as you call her.)

Kno. I conceive thee, Urs: go thy ways. Dost thou hear, Whit? is't not pity, my delicate dark chestnut here, with the fine lean head, large forehead, round eyes, even mouth, sharp ears, long neck, thin crest, close withers, plain back, deep sides, short fillets, and full flanks; with a round belly, a plump buttock, large thighs, knit knees, strait legs, short pasterns, smooth hoofs, and short heels, should lead a dull honest woman's life, that might live the life of a lady?

Whi. Yes by my fait and trot it is, captain; de honest woman's life is a scurvy dull life indeed, la.

Win. How, sir, is an honest woman's life a scurvy life?

Whi. Yes fait, shweet heart, believe him, de leef of a bond-woman! but if dou vilt hearken to me, I vill make tee a free woman and a lady; dou shalt live like a lady, as te captain saish.

Kno. I, and be honest too sometimes; have her wiers and her tiers, her green gowns and velvet petticoats.

Whi. I, and ride to Ware and Rumford i' dy coach, shew de players, be in love vit 'em: sup vit gallantsh, be drunk, and cost de noting.

Kno. Brave vapours!

Wbi. And lie by twenty on 'em, if dou pleash, shweet heart.

Win. What, and be honest still? that were fine sport.

Wbi. Tish common, shweet heart, tou may'ft do it by my hand: it shall be justified to thy husband's faith, now: tou shalt be as honest as the skin between his horns, la.

Kno. Yes, and wear a dressing, top and top-gallant, to compare with e'er a husband on 'em all, for a fore-top: it is the vapour of spirit in the wife to cuckold now a days, as it is the vapour of fashion in the husband not to suspect. Your prying cat-eyed citizen is an abominable vapour.

Win. Lord! what a fool have I been!

Wbi. Mend then, and do every ting like a lady hereafter; never know ty husband from another man.

Kno. Nor any one man from another, but i' the dark.

Wbi. I, and then it ish no disgrash to know any man.

Urf. Help, help here.

Kno. How now? what vapours there?

Urf. O, you are a sweet ranger! and look well to your walks. Yonder is your punk of Turnbull, ramping Alice, has fallen upon the poor gentlewoman within, and pull'd her hood over her ears, and her hair through it.

Alice enters beating the justice's wife.

Ove. Help, help, i' the king's name.

Ali. A mischief on you, they are such as you are that undo us, and take our trade from us, with your tuft-taffata haunches.

Kno. How now, Alice!

Ali. The poor common whores can ha' no traffick
for

for the privy rich ones ; your caps and hoods of velvet call away our customers, and lick the fat from us.

Urf. Peace, you foul ramping jade you——

Ali. Od's foot, you bawd in grease, are you talking ?

Kno. Why, Alice, I say.

Ali. Thou sow o' Smithfield, thou.

Urf. Thou tripe of Turnbull.

Kno. Cat-a-mountain vapours, ha !

Urf. You know where you were taw'd lately, both lash'd and flash'd you were in Bridewell.

Ali. I, by the same token you rid that week, and broke out the bottom o' the cart, night-tub.

Kno. Why, lion face ! ha ! do you know who I am ? shall I tear ruff, slit waistcoat, make rags of petticoat ! ha ! go to, vanish for fear of vapours. Whit, a kick, Whit, in the parting vapour. Come, brave woman, take a good heart, thou shalt be a lady too.

Whi. Yes fait, dey shall all both be ladies, and write madam. I vill do't myself for dem. Do is the vord, and D is the middle letter of maddam, D D, put 'em together, and make deeds, without which all words are alike, la.

Kno. 'Tis true, *Urfla*, take 'em in, open thy wardrobe, and fit 'em to their calling. Green gowns, crimson petticoats, green women ! my lord mayor's green women ! guests o' the game, true bred. I'll provide you a coach to take the air in.

Win. But do you think you can get one ?

Kno. O, they are common as wheelbarrows where there are great dunghils. Every pettifogger's wife has 'em ; for first he buys a coach that he may marry, and then he marries that he may be made cuckold in't :
for

for if their wives ride not to their cuckolding, they do 'em no credit. Hide and be hidden, ride and be ridden, says the vapour of experience.

S C E N E VI.

Trouble-all, Knockbum, Whit, Quarlous, Edgworth, Bristle, Waspe, Haggise, Justice, Busy, Pure-craft.

Tro. By what warrant does it say so?

Kno. Ha! mad child o' the pie-poudres, art thou there? fill us a fresh kan, Urs, we may drink together.

Tro. I may not drink without a warrant, captain.

Kno. 'Slood, thou'll not stale without a warrant shortly. Whit, give me pen, ink and paper, I'll draw him a warrant presently.

Tro. It must be justice Overdo's.

Kno. I know, man; fetch the drink, Whit.

Whi. I pre dee now, be very brief, captain; for de new ladies stay for dee.

Kno. O, as brief as can be, here 'tis already. Adam Overdo.

Tro. Why now I'll pledge you, captain.

Kno. Drink it off, I'll come to thee anon again.

Qua. Well, fir, you are now discharg'd; beware of being spy'd hereafter. [*Quarlous to the cut-purse.*]

Edg. Sir, will it please you, enter in here at Ursla's, and take part of a filken gown, a velvet petticoat, or a wrought smock; I am promis'd such, and I can spare any gentleman a moiety.

Qua. Keep it for your companions in beastliness, I am none of 'em, fir. If I had not already forgiven you a greater trespass, or thought you yet worth my beating, I would instruct your manners, to whom you

made your offers. But go your ways, talk not to me, the hangman is only fit to discourse with you; the hand of beadle is too merciful a punishment for your trade of life. I am sorry I employ'd this fellow, for he thinks me such; *facinus quos inquinat, æquat*. But it 'twas for sport; and would I make it serious, the getting of this license is nothing to me, without other circumstances concur. I do think how impertinently I labour, if the word be not mine that the ragged fellow mark'd; and what advantage I have given Ned Win-wife in this time now of working her, though it be mine. He'll go near to form to her what a debauch'd rascal I am, and fright her out of all good conceit of me: I should do so by him, I am sure, if I had the opportunity. But my hope is in her temper yet; and it must needs be next to despair, that is grounded on any part of a woman's discretion. I would give, by my troth now, all I could spare (to my clothes and my sword) to meet my tatter'd sooth-fayer again, who was my judge i' the question, to know certainly whose word he has damn'd or sav'd; for till then I live but under a reprieve. I must seek him. Who be these? [*Enter Wasp with the officers.*]

Waf. Sir, you are a Welsh cuckold, and a prating runt, and no constable.

Bri. You say very well. Come put in his leg in the middle roundel, and let him hole there.

Waf. You stink of leeks, metheglin, and cheese, you rogue.

Bri. Why, what is that to you, if you sit sweetly in the stocks in the mean time? if you have a mind to stink too, your breeches fit close enough to your bum. Sit you merry, sir.

Qua. How now, Numps?

Waf. It is no matter how; pray you look off.

Qua.

Qua. Nay, I'll not offend you, Numps; I thought you had fat there to be seen.

Waf. And to be sold, did you not? pray you mind your business, an' you have any.

Qua. Cry you mercy, Numps; do's your leg lie high enough?

Bri. How now, neighbour Haggise, what says justice Overdo's worship to the other offenders?

Hag. Why, he says just nothing, what should he say, or where should he say: he is not to be found, man; he ha' not been seen i' the Fair here all this live-long day, never since seven a clock i' the morning. His clerks know not what to think on't. There is no court of pie-poudres yet. Here they be return'd.

Bri. What shall be done with 'em then, in your discretion?

Hag. I think we were best put 'em in the stocks in discretion (there they will be safe in discretion) for the valour of an hour, or such a thing, till his worship come.

Bri. It is but a hole matter if we do, neighbour Haggise; come, fir, here is company for you; heave up the stocks.

[As they open the stocks, Waspe puts his shoe on his hand, and slips it in for his leg.]

Waf. I shall put a trick upon your Welsh diligence perhaps.

Bri. Put in your leg, fir.

Qua. What, Rabbi Busy! is he come?

[They bring Busy, and put him in.]

Bus. I do obey thee, the lion may roar, but he cannot bite. I am glad to be thus separated from the heathen of the land, and put a-part in the stocks for the holy cause.

Waf. What are you, fir?

Bus. One that rejoiceth in his affliction, and sitteth here

here to prophesie the destruction of Fairs and May-games, Wakes, and Whitson-ales, and doth sigh and groan for the reformation of these abuses.

Waf. And do you sigh and groan too, or rejoice in your affliction?

Jus. I do not feel it, I do not think of it, it is a thing without me: Adam, thou art above these batteries, these contumelies. *In te manca ruit fortuna*, as thy friend Horace says; thou art one, *Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent*. And therefore as another friend of thine says, (I think it be thy friend Persius) *Non te quaesiveris extra*.

Qua. What's hers! a stoick i' the stocks? the fool is turn'd philosopher.

Bus. Friend, I will leave to communicate my spirit with you, if I hear any more of those superstitious relicks, those lists of Latin, the very rags of Rome, and patches of Popery.

Waf. Nay, an' you begin to quarrel, gentlemen, I'll leave you. I ha' paid for quarrelling too lately: look you, a device, but shifting in a hand for a foot. God b' w' you. [He gets out.]

Bus. Wilt thou then leave thy brethren in tribulation?

Waf. For this once, sir.

Bus. Thou art a halting neutral; stay him there, stop him, that will not endure the heat of persecution.

Bri. How now, what's the matter?

Bus. He is fled, he is fled, and dares not sit it out.

Bri. What, has he made an escape, which way? follow, neighbour Haggise.

Pur. O me! in the stocks? have the wicked prevail'd?

Bus. Peace, religious sister, it is my calling, comfort your self; an extraordinary calling, and done for my better standing, my surer standing, hereafter.

Tru.

Tro. By whose warrant, by whose warrant, this ?

[*The mad-man enters.*]

Qua. O, here's my man dropt in I look'd for.

Jus. Ha!

Pur. O good sir, they have set the faithful here to be wonder'd at; and provided holes for the holy of the land.

Tro. Had they warrant for it? shew'd they justice Overdo's hand? if they had no warrant, they shall answer it.

Bri. Sure you did not lock the stocks sufficiently, neighbour Toby!

Hag. No! see if you can lock 'em better.

Bri. They are very sufficiently lock'd, and truly, yet something is in the matter.

Tro. True, your warrant is the matter that is in question; by what warrant?

Bri. Mad-man, hold your peace, I will put you in his room else, in the very same hole, do you see?

Qua. How! is he a mad-man!

Tro. Shew me justice Overdo's warrant, I obey you.

Hag. You are are a mad fool, hold your tongue.

Tro. In justice Overdo's name, I drink to you, and here's my warrant. [Shews his can.]

Jus. Alas, poor wretch! how it yearns my heart for him!

Qua. If he be mad, it is in vain to question him. I'll try though. Friend, there was a gentlewoman shew'd you two names some hours since, Argalus and Palemon, to mark in a book, which of 'em was it you mark'd

Tro. I mark no name, but Adam Overdo, that is the name of names, he only is the sufficient magistrate; and that name I reverence, shew it me.

Qua. This fellow's mad indeed: I am further off now than afore.

Jus.

Jus. I shall not breathe in peace till I have made him some amends.

Qua. Well, I will make another use of him, is come in my head: I have a nest of beards in my trunk, one something like his.

Bri. This mad fool has made me that I know not whether I have lock'd the stocks or no; I think I lock'd 'em. *[The watchmen come back again. The mad-man fights with 'em, and they leave open the stocks.]*

Tro. Take Adam Overdo in your mind, and fear nothing.

Bri. 'Slid, madnes it self, hold thy peace, and take that.

Tro. Strikest thou without a warrant? take thou that.

Buf. We are delivered by miracle; fellow in fetters, let us not refuse the means; this madnes was of the spirit: the malice of the enemy hath mock'd it self.

Pur. Mad do they call him! the world is mad in error, but he is mad in truth: I love him o' the sudden (the cunning man said all true) and shall love him more and more. How well it becomes a man to be mad in truth! O, that I might be his yoke-fellow, and be mad with him, what a many should we draw to madnes in truth with us!

Bri. How now! all 'scap'd? where's the woman? it is witchcraft! her velvet hat is a witch, o' my conscience, or my key! t'one. The mad-man was a devil, and I am an ass; so blefs me, my place, and mine office. *[The watch missing them, are affrighted.]*

A C T

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

Lanthorn, Filcher, Sharkwel.

Lan. **W**ELL, luck and Saint Bartholomew; out with the sign of our invention, in the name of wit, and do you beat the drum the while; all the foul i' the Fair, I mean all the dirt in Smithfield, (that's one of master Little-wit's Carwhitchets now) will be thrown at our banner to-day, if the matter do's not please the people. O the motions that I Lanthorn Leather-head have given light to, i' my time, since my master * Pod died! Jerusalem was a stately thing, and so was Nineve, and the city of Norwich, and Sodom and Gomorrah; with the rising o' the prentices, and pulling down the bawdy-houses there upon Shrove-Tuesday; but the Gun-powder-plot, there was a get-penny! I have presented that to an eighteen or twenty-pence audience, nine times in an afternoon. Your home-born projects prove ever the best, they are so easy and familiar; they put too much learning i' their things now o'days: and that I fear will be the spoil o' this. Little-wit? I say, Mickle-wit! if not too mickle! look to your gathering there, goodman Filcher.

Fil. I warrant you, fir.

Lan. An' there come any gentlefolks, take two-pence a-piece, Sharkwell.

Sba. I warrant you, fir, three-pence an' we can.

* POD was a master of motions before him.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

Justice, Win-wife, Grace, Quarlous, Pure-craft.

[*The Justice comes in like a porter.*]

Jus. This latter disguise, I have borrow'd of a porter, shall carry me out to all my great and good ends; which however interrupted, were never destroyed in me: neither is the hour of my severity yet come to reveal myself, wherein, cloud-like, I will break out in rain and hail, lightning and thunder, upon the head of enormity. Two main works I have to prosecute: first, one is to invent some satisfaction for the poor kind wretch, who is out of his wits for my sake, and yonder I see him coming, I will walk aside, and project for it.

Win. I wonder where Tom Quarlous is, that he returns not, it may be he is struck in here to seek us.

Gra. See, here's our mad-man again.

Quar. I have made myself as like him, as his gown and cap will give me leave.

[*Quarlous in the habit of the mad-man is mistaken by mrs. Pure-craft.*]

Pur. Sir, I love you, and would be glad to be mad with you in truth,

Win-w. How! my widow in love with a mad-man?

Pur. Verily, I can be as mad in spirit as you.

Quar. By whose warrant? leave your canting, gentlewoman, have I found you? (save ye, quit ye, and multiply ye) where's your book? 'twas a sufficient name I mark'd, let me see't, be not afraid to shew't me. [*He desires to see the book of mistress Grace.*]

Gra. What would you with it, sir?

Quar. Mark it again and again at your service.

Gra. Here it is, sir, this was it you mark'd.

Qua. Palemon ? fare you well, fare you well.

Win-w. How, Palemon !

Gra. Yes-faith, he has discover'd it to you now, and therefore 'twere vain to disguise it longer, I am yours, sir, by the benefit of your fortune.

Win-w. And you have him, mistress, believe it, that shall never give you cause to repent her benefit, but make you rather to think, that in this choice she had both her eyes.

Gra. I desire to put it to no danger of protestation.

Quar. Palemon the word, and Win-wife the man ?

Pur. Good sir, vouchsafe a yoke fellow in your madness, shun not one of the sanctified sisters, that would draw with you in truth.

Quar. Away, you are a herd of hypocritical proud ignorants, rather wild than mad ; fitter for woods, and the society of beasts, than houses, and the congregation of men. You are the second part of the society of canters, out-laws to order and discipline, and the only privileg'd church-robbers of Christendom. Let me alone, Palemon the word, and Win-wife the man ?

Pur. I must uncover my self unto him, or I shall never enjoy him, for all the cunning mens promises. Good sir, hear me, I am worth six thousand pound, my love to you is become my rack, I'll tell you all and the truth, since you hate the hypocrisy of the party-colour'd brotherhood. These seven years I have been a wilful holy widow, only to draw feasts and gifts from my entangled suitors : I am also by office an assisting sister of the deacons, and a devourer, instead of a distributer of the alms. I am a special maker of marriages for our decayed brethren, with our rich widows, for a third part of their wealth, when they are married, for the relief of the poor elect : as also our poor handsome young virgins, with our
wealthy

wealthy batchelors, or widowers; to make them steal from their husbands, when I have confirmed them in the faith, and got all put into their custodies. And if I ha' not my bargain, they may sooner turn a scolding drab into a silent minister, than make me leave pronouncing reprobation and damnation unto them. Our elder, Zeal-of-the-land, would have had me, but I know him to be the capital knave of the land, making himself rich, by being made a feoffee in trust to deceased brethren, and coz'ning their heirs, by swearing the absolute gift of their inheritance. And thus having eas'd my conscience, and utter'd my heart with the tongue of my love; enjoy all my deceits together, I beseech you. I should not have revealed this to you, but that in time I think you are mad, and I hope you'll think me so too, sir?

Quar. Stand aside, I'll answer you presently. [*He considers with himself of it.*] Why should I not marry this six thousand pound, now I think on't? and a good trade too that she has beside, ha? the t'other wench Win-wife is sure of; there's no expectation for me there! Here I may make myself some faver, yet, if she continue mad, there's the question. It is money that I want, why should not I marry the money when 'tis offered me? I have a licence and all, it is but razing out one name, and putting in another. There's no playing with a man's fortune! I am resolv'd; I were truly mad an' I would not! Well, come your ways, follow me, an' you will be mad, I'll shew you a warrant! [*He takes her along with him.*]

Pur. Most zealously, it is that I zealously desire.

Jus. Sir, let me speak with you. [*The justice calls him.*]

Quar. By whose warrant?

Jus. The warrant that you tender, and respect so; Justice Overdo's! I am the man, Friend Trouble-all, tho' thus disguis'd (as the careful magistrate ought)

for the good of the republick in the Fair, and the weeding out of enormity. Do you want a house, or meat, or drink, or clothes? speak whatsoever it is, it shall be supplied you; what want you?

Quar. Nothing but your warrant.

Jus. My warrant? for what?

Quar. To be gone, sir.

Jus. Nay, I pray thee stay; I am serious, and have not many words, nor much time to exchange with thee. Think what may do thee good.

Quar. Your hand and seal will do me a great deal of good; nothing else in the whole Fair that I know.

Jus. If it were to any end, thou should'st have it willingly.

Quar. Why, it will satisfy me, that's end enough to look on; an' you will not gi' it me, let me go.

Jus. Alas! thou shalt ha' it presently; I'll but step into the scriveners here by, and bring it. Do not go away. *[The justice goes out.]*

Quar. Why, this mad-man's shape will prove a very fortunate one, I think! Can a ragged robe produce these effects? if this be the wise justice, and he bring me his hand, I shall go near to make some use on't. He is come already! *[And returns.]*

Jus. Look thee! here is my hand and seal, Adam Overdo; if there be any thing to be written above in that paper that thou want'st now, or at any time hereafter, think on't, it is my deed, I deliver it so; can your friend write?

Quar. Her hand for a witness, and all is well.

Jus. With all my heart. *[He urgeth mrs Pure-craft.]*

Quar. Why should not I ha' the conscience to make this a bond of a thousand pound now, or what I would else?

Jus.

Jus. Look you, there it is, and I deliver it as my deed again.

Quar. Let us now proceed in madnes.

[*He takes her in with him.*]

Jus. Well, my conscience is much eas'd ; I ha' done my part, though it doth him no good, yet Adam hath offer'd satisfaction ! The sting is remov'd from hence ! Poor man, he is much alter'd with his affliction, it has brought him low ! Now for my other work, reducing the young man (I have follow'd so long in love) from the brink of his bane to the center of safety. Here, or in some such like vain place, I shall be sure to find him. I will wait the good time.

S C E N E III.

Cokes, Sharkwell, Justice, Filcher, Little-wit, Lantern.

Cok. How now ? what's here to do, friend ? art thou the master of the monuments ?

Sba. 'Tis a motion, an't please your worship :

Jus. My fantastical brother-in-law, master Bartholomew Cokes !

Cok. A motion, what's that ? [*He reads the bill.*]
The ancient modern history of Hero and Leander, otherwise called the Touchstone of True Love, with as true a trial of friendship between Damon and Pythias, two faithful friends o' the Bank-side ? pretty i' faith, what's the meaning on't ? is't an enterlude ? or what is't ?

Fil. Yes, sir, please you come near, we'll take your money within.

Cok. Back with these children ; they do so follow me up and down. [*The boys o' the fair follow him.*]

Little-w. By your leave, friend.

Fil. You must pay, sir, an' you go in.

Little-w. Who, I ? I perceive thou know'st not me ; call the master o' the motion.

Sba. What do you not know the author, fellow Filcher? You must take no money of him; he must come in gratis: master Little-wit is a voluntary; he is the author.

Little-w. Peace, speak not too loud, I would not have any notice taken that I am the author, till we see how it passes.

Cok. Master Little-wit, how dost thou?

Little-w. Master Cokes! you are exceeding well met: what, in your doublet and hose, without a cloke or a hat?

Cok. I would I might never stir, as I am an honest man, and by that fire; I have lost all i'the Fair, and all my acquaintance too; didst thou meet any body that I know, master Little-wit? my man Numps, or my sister Overdo, or mistress Grace? Pray thee, master Little-wit, lend me some money to see the enterlude here; I'll pay thee again, as I am a gentleman. If thou'lt but carry me home, I have money enough there.

Little-w. O, sir, you shall command it; what, will a crown serve you?

Cok. I think it will; what do we pay for coming in, fellows?

Fil. Two-pence, sir.

Cok. Two-pence? there's twelve-pence, friend: nay, I am a gallant, as simple as I look now; if you see me with my man about me, and my artillery again.

Little-w. Your man was i' the stocks e'en now, sir.

Cok. Who, Numps?

Little-w. Yes faith.

Cok. For what i' faith? I am glad o' that; remember to tell me on't anon; I have enough now! What manner of matter is this, mr. Little-wit? what kind of actors ha' you? are they good actors?

Little-w. Pretty youths, sir, all children both old and young;

young ; here's the master of 'em——

Lan. Call me not Leatherhead, but Lantern.)

[*Leatherhead whispers to Little-wit.*

Little-w. Master Lantern, that gives light to the business.

Cok. In good time, fir, I would fain see 'em, I would be glad to drink with the young company ; which is the tiring-house ?

Lan. Troth, fir, our tiring-house is somewhat little ; we are but beginners yet, pray pardon us ; you cannot go upright in't.

Cok. No, not now my hat is off ? what would you have done with me, if you had had me feather and all, as I was once to day ? ha' you none of your pretty impudent boys now, to bring stools, fill tobacco, fetch ale, and beg money, as they have at other houses ? let me see some o' your actors.

Little-w. Shew him 'em, shew him 'em. Master Lantern, this is a gentleman that is a favourer of the quality.

Jus. I, the favouring of this licentious quality is the consumption of many a young gentleman ; a pernicious enormity.

Cok. What, do they live in baskets ?

[*He brings them out in a basket.*

Lan. They do lie in a basket, fir, they are o' the small players.

Cok. These be players minors indeed. Do you call these players ?

Lan. They are actors fir, and as good as any, none disprais'd, for dumb shows : indeed, I am the mouth of 'em all.

Cok. Thy mouth will hold 'em all. I think one taylor would go near to beat all this company with a hand bound behind him.

Little-w. I, and eat 'em all too, an' they were in cake-bread.

Cok. I thank you for that, master Little-wit, a good jest! which is your Burbage now?

Lan. What mean you by that, sir?

Cok. Your best actor, your Field?

Little-w. Good i'faith! you are even with me, sir.

Lan. This is he, that acts young Leander, sir. He is extremely beloved of the womenkind, they do so affect his action, the green gamesters, that come here, and this is lovely Hero, this with the beard, Damon; and this pretty Pythias: this is the ghost of king Dionysius in the habit of a scrivener; as you shall see anon at large.

Cok. Well, they are a civil company, I like 'em for that; they offer not to flee, nor jeer, nor break jests, as the great players do: and then, there goes not so much charge to the feasting of 'em, or making 'em drunk, as to the other, by reason of their littleness. Do they use to play perfect? Are they never fluster'd?

Lan. No, sir, I thank my industry and policy for it; they are as well govern'd a company, tho' I say it— And here is young Leander, is as proper an actor, of his inches, and shakes his head like an hostler*:

Cok. But do you play it according to the printed book? I have read that.

Lan. By no means, sir.

Cok. No? how then?

Lan. A better way, sir, that is too learned and poe-

* *And shakes his head like AN HOSTLER.*] These reflections on the players were easily entered into by the audience of our author's time. In the expression above, unless, like other learned commentators, we see more in the poet than he really intended, it is not impossible but he glanced at a particular actor, whose name furnished him with an equivocal allusion. There was one *Will. Ostler*, a comedian, in those days, and who was generally a performer in Jonson's pieces. The pun, if one was designed, tho' unworthy of the poet, would pass in that age of conundrums; and unless we suppose something of that kind intended, we must imagine the *hostlers* then had a faculty, which the present generation are not possessed of.

tical for our audience : what do they know what Hellepont is ? guilty of true love's blood ? or what Abidos is ? or the other, Seftos hight ?

Cok. Th' art i' the right, I do not know my felf.

Lan. No, I have entreated master Little-wit to take a little pains to reduce it to a more familiar ftrain for our people.

Cok. How, I pray thee, good master Little-wit ?

Little-w. It pleafes him to make a matter of it, fir. But there is no fuch matter, I affure you : I have only made it a little eafy, and modern for the times, fir, that's all. As for the Hellepont, I imagine our Thames here ; and then Leander I make a dyer's fon about Puddle-wharf : and Hero a wench o' the Bank-side, who going over one morning to Old Fish-ftreet, Leander spies her land at Trig-ftairs, and falls in love with her. Now do I introduce Cupid, having metamorphos'd himfelf into a drawer, and he ftrikes Hero in love with a pint of fherry ; and other pretty paffages there are o'the friendship, that will delight you, fir, and please you of judgment.

Cok. I'll be fworn they fhall : I am in love with the actors already, and I'll be allied to them prefently. (They refpect gentlemen, thefe fellows :) Hero fhall be my fairing : but which of my fairings ? (Le' me fee) i'faith, my fiddle ! and Leander my fiddle-ftick : then Damon my drum ; and Pythias my pipe, and the ghofl of Dionyfius my hobby-horfe. All fitted.

S C E N E VI.

[*To them*] *Win-wife, Grace, Knockbum, Whitt, Edgworth, Win, Miftrefs Overdo, and [to them] Wafpe.*

Win-w. Look yonder's your Cokes gotten in among his play-fellows ; I thought we could not mifs him at fuch a fpectacle.

Gra. Let him alone, he is fo bufy he will never fpyus.

Lan.

Lan. Nay good fir.

Cok. I warrant thee I will not hurt her, fellow; what dost think me uncivil? I pray thee be not jealous; I am toward a wife. [*Cokes is handling the puppets.*]

Little-w. Well, good master Lantern, make ready to begin, that I may fetch my wife, and look you be perfect, you undo me else i' my reputation.

Lan. I warrant you, fir, do not you breed too great an expectation of it among your friends; that's the only hurter of these things.

Little-w. No, no, no.

Cok. I'll stay here and see; pray thee let me see.

Win-w. How diligent and troublesome he is!

Gra. The place becomes him, methinks.

Jus. My ward, mistress Grace, in the company of a stranger? I doubt I shall be compell'd to discover my self before my time.

Fil. Two-pence apiece, gentlemen, an excellent motion. [*The door-keepers speak.*]

Kno. Shall we have fine fire-works, and good vapours?

Sba. Yes, captain, and water-works too.

Wbi. I pree dee take a care o' dy shmall lady there, Edgworth: I will look to dish tall lady my self.

Lan. Welcome gentlemen, welcome gentlemen.

Wbi. Predee mahter o' de Monshtersh, help a very sick lady here to a chair to shhit in.

Lan. Presently, fir.

Wbi. Good fait now, Ursla's ale and aqua-vitæ ish to blame for't; shhit down, shweet-heart, shhit down and sleep a little. [*They bring Mrs. Overdo a chair.*]

Edg. Madam, you are very welcome hither.

Kno. Yes, and you shall see very good vapours.

Jus. Here is my care come! I like to see him in so good company: and yet I wonder that persons of such fashion should resort hither! [*By Edgworth.*]

Edg.

Edg. There is a very private house, madam.

[*The cut-purse courts mistress Little-wit:*

Lan. Will it please your ladyship sit, madam?

Win. Yes, goodman. They do so all-to-be-madam me, I think they think me a very lady!

Edg. What else, madam?

Win. Must I put off my masque to him?

Edg. O, by no means.

Win. How should my husband know me then?

Kno. Husband? an idle vapour, he must not know you, nor you him! there's the true vapour.

Jus. Yea, I will observe more of this: is this a lady, friend?

Whi. I, and dat 'is anoder lady, shweet-heart; if dou hasht a mind to 'em, give me twelve-pence from tee, and dou shalt have eder-oder on 'em.

Jus. I? this will prove my chiefest enormity: I will follow this.

Edg. Is not this a finer life, lady, than to be clogg'd with a husband?

Win. Yes, a great deal. When will they begin, trow? in the name o' the motion?

Edg. By and by, madam; they stay but for company.

Kno. Do you hear, puppet-master, these are tedious vapours, when begin you?

Lan. We stay but for master Little-wit, the author, who is gone for his wife; and we begin presently.

Win. That's I, that's I.

Edg. That was you, lady; but now you are no such poor thing.

Kno. Hang the author's wife, a running vapour! here be ladies will stay for ne'er a Delia o' 'em all.

Whi. But hear me now, here ish one o' de ladish ashleep, stay till shee but vake, man.

Was. How now, friends? what's here to do?

Fil.

Fil. Two-pence a-piece, fir, the best motion in the Fair:

[*The door-keepers again.*]

Waf. I believe you lie; if you do, I'll have my money again, and beat you.

Win. Numps is come!

Waf. Did you see a master of mine come in here, a tall young 'squire of Harrow o' the Hill, master Bartholomew Cokes?

Fil. I think there be such a one within.

Waf. Look he be, you were best: but it is very likely: I wonder I found him not at all the rest. I ha' been at the Eagle, and the Black Wolf, and the Bull with the five legs and two pizzles: (he was a calf at Uxbridge-Fair two years ago:) and at the dogs that dance the morrice, and the hare of the Tabor; and mist him at all these! Sure this must needs be some fine fight that holds him so, if it have him.

Cok. Come, come, are you ready now?

Lan. Presently, fir.

Waf. Hoyday, he's at work in his doublet and hose; do you hear, fir? are you employ'd, that you are bare-headed and so busy?

Cok. Hold your peace, Numps; you have been i' the stocks, I hear.

Waf. Do's he know that? nay, then the date of my authority is out; I must think no longer to reign, my government is at an end. He that will correct another must want fault in himself.

Win-w. Sententious Numps! I never heard so much from him before.

Lan. Sure master Little-wit will not come; please you take your place, fir; we'll begin.

Cok. I pray thee do, mine ears long to be at it, and my eyes too. O Numps, i' the stocks, Numps? where's your sword, Numps?

Waf.

Waf. I pray you intend your game, sir, let me alone.

Cok. Well then, we are quit for all. Come, sit down, Numps; I'll interpret to thee: did you see mistress Grace? It's no matter, neither, now I think on't, tell me anon.

Win-w. A great deal of love and care he expresses.

Gra. Alas! would you have him to express more than he has? that were tyranny.

Cok. Peace, ho; now, now.

Lan. " Gentles, that no longer your expectations
 " may wander,
 " Behold our chief actor, amorous Leander.
 " With a great deal of cloth, lapp'd about him like a
 " scarf,
 " For he yet serves his father, a dyer at Puddle-wharf;
 " Which place we'll make bold with, to call it our Abidus,
 " As the Bank-side is our Sestos; and let it not be
 " deny'd us.
 " Now as he is beating, to make the dye take the fuller,
 " Who chances to come by, but fair Hero in a sculler;
 " And seeing Leander's naked leg and goodly calf,
 " Cast at him from the boat a sheep's eye and an half.
 " Now she is landed, and the sculler come back,
 " By and by you shall see what Leander doth lack.
 " *Pup. L.* Cole, Cole, old Cole.
 " *Lan.* That is the sculler's name without controul.
 " *Pup. L.* Cole, Cole, I say, Cole.
 " *Lan.* We do hear you.
 " *Pup. L.* Old Cole.
 " *Lan.* Old Cole? is the dyer turn'd collier? how
 " do you sell?
 " *Pup. L.* A pox o' your manners, kifs my hole
 " here, and smell.
 " *Lan.* Kifs your hole and smell? there's manners
 " indeed.

" *Pup.*

- “ *Pup. L.* Why, Cole, I say, Cole!
 “ *Lan.* It’s the sculler you need.
 “ *Pup. L.* I, and be hang’d.
 “ *Lan.* Be hang’d; look you yonder.
 “ Old Cole, you must go hang with master Leander.
 “ *Pup. C.* Where is he?
 “ *Pup. L.* Here, Cole: what fairest of fairs,
 “ Was that fare that thou landedst but now at Trig-stairs?”
Cok. What was that, fellow? pray thee tell me, I scarce understand ’em.
 “ *Lan.* Leander do’s ask, fir, what fairest of fairs,
 “ Was the fare he landed but now at Trig-stairs?
 “ *Pup. C.* It is lovely Hero.
 “ *Pup. L.* Nero?
 “ *Pup. C.* No, Hero.
 “ *Lan.* It is Hero
 “ Of the Bank-side, he saith, to tell you truth without
 “ erring,
 “ Is come over into Fish-street to eat some fresh herring.
 “ Leander says no more, but as fast as he can,
 “ Gets on all his best clothes, and will after to the Swan.”
Cok. Most admirable good, is’t not?
 “ *Lan.* Stay, sculler.
 “ *Pup. C.* What say you?
 “ *Lan.* You must stay for Leander,
 “ And carry him to the wench.
 “ *Pup. C.* You rogue, I am no pandar.”
Cok. He says he is no pandar. ’Tis a fine language; I understand it now.
 “ *Lan.* Are you no pandar, goodman Cole? here’s
 “ no man says you are:
 “ You’ll grow a hot cole, it seems, pray you stay for
 “ your fare.
 “ *Pup. C.* Will he come away?
 “ *Lan.* What do you say?
 “ *Pup. C.* I’d ha’ him come away.

“ *Lan.*

- “ *Lan.* Would you ha’ Leander come away? why,
 “ pray fir, stay.
 “ You ’re angry, goodman Cole; I believe the fair maid
 “ Came over with you a’ trust: tell us, sculler, are
 “ you paid.
 “ *Pup. C.* Yes, goodman Hogrubber o’ Pickthatch.
 “ *Lan.* How? Hogrubber o’ Pickt-hatch.
 “ *Pup. C.* I, Hogrubber o’ Pickt-hatch. Take you
 that. [*The Puppet strikes him over the pate.*
 “ *Lan.* O, my head!
 “ *Pup. C.* Harm watch, harm catch.”
Cok. Harm watch, harm catch, he says; very good
 i’ faith: the sculler had like to ha’ knock’d you, firrah.
Lan. Yes, but that his fare call’d him away.
 “ *Pup. L.* Row apace, row apace, row, row, row,
 “ row, row.
 “ *Lan.* You are knavishly loaden, sculler, take heed
 “ where you go.
 “ *Pup. C.* Knave i’ your face, goodman rogue.
 “ *Pup. L.* Row, row, row, row, row.”
Cok. He said, knave i’ your face, friend.
Lan. I, fir, I heard him. But there’s no talking to
 these watermen, they will ha’ the last word.
Cok. God’s my life! I am not allied to the sculler
 yet; he shall be Dauphin my boy. But my fiddle-stick
 do’s fiddle in and out too much: I pray thee speak to
 him on’t; tell him I would have him tarry in my
 fight more.
Lan. I pray you be content; you’ll have enough on
 him, fir.
 “ Now, gentles, I take it, here is none of you so stupid,
 “ But that you have heard of a little god of love
 [call’d Cupid;
 “ Who out of kindness to Leander, hearing he but saw
 [her,
 “ This present day and hour doth turn himself to a
 “ drawer.

“ And because he would have their first meeting to be
[merry,

“ He strikes Hero in love to him with a pint of sherry ;

“ Which he tells her from amorous Leander is sent her,

“ Who after him into the room of Hero doth venture.

[*Puppet Leander goes into mistress Hero's room.*

“ *Pup. Jo.* A pint of sack, score a pint of sack i' the

“ Conney.

Cok. Sack ? you said but e'en now it should be sherry.

“ *Pup. Jo.* Why so it is ; sherry, sherry, sherry.”

Cok. Sherry, sherry, sherry. By my troth he makes me merry. I must have a name for Cupid too. Let me see, thou might'st help me now, an' thou wouldest, Numps, at a dead lift ; but thou art dreaming o' the stocks still. Do not think on't, I have forgot it ; 'tis but a nine day's wonder, man ; let it not trouble thee.

Waf. I would the stocks were about your neck, fir ; condition I hung by the heels in them till the wonder were off from you, with all my heart.

Cok. Well said, resolute Numps ; but hark you, friend, where's the friendship all this while between my drum Damon, and my pipe Pythias ?

Lan. You shall see by and by, fir.

Cok. You think my hobby-horse is forgotten too ; no, I'll see 'em all enact before I go ; I shall not know which to love best else.

Kno. This gallant has interrupting vapours, troublesome vapours ; Whit, puff with him.

Whit. No, I pre dee, captain, let him alone ; he is a child i' faith, la.

“ *Lan.* Now gentles, to the friends, who in number
“ are two,

“ And lodg'd in that ale-house in which fair Hero do's do.

“ Damon (for some kindness done him the last week)

“ Is come, fair Hero, in Fish-street, this morning to

“ seek :

“ Pythias

“ Pythias does smell the knavery of the meeting,

“ And now you shall see their true friendly greeting.

“ *Pup. P.* You whore-masterly slave, you.”

Cok. Whore-masterly slave you? very friendly and familiar, that.

“ *Pup. D.* Whore-master i’ thy face,

“ Thou hast lain with her thy self, I’ll prove’t i’ this place.”

Cok. Damon says Pythias has lain with her himself, he’ll prove’t in this place.

“ *Lan.* They are whore-masters both, fir, that’s a plain case.

“ *Pup. P.* You lie like a rogue.

“ *Lan.* Do I lie like a rogue?

“ *Pup. P.* A pimp and a scab.

“ *Lan.* A pimp and a scab?

“ I say, between you, you have both but one drab.

“ *Pup. D.* You lie again.

“ *Lan.* Do I lie again?

“ *Pup. D.* Like a rogue again.

“ *Lan.* Like a rogue again?

“ *Pup. P.* And you are a pimp again.”

Cok. And you are a pimp again, he says.

“ *Pup. D.* And a scab again.”

Cok. And a scab again, he says.

“ *Lan.* And I say again, you are both whore-masters again.

“ And you have both but one drab again. [*They fight.*]

“ *Pup. D. P.* Dost thou, dost thou, dost thou?

“ *Lan.* What, both at once?

“ *Pup. P.* Down with him, Damon.

“ *Pup. D.* Pink his guts, Pythias.

“ *Lan.* What so malicious?

“ Will ye murder me, masters both, i’ my own house?”

Cok. Ho! well acted, my drum, well acted, my pipe, well acted still.

Waf. Well acted, with all my heart.

VOL. III.

C c

“ *Lan.*

“ *Lan.* Hold, hold your hands.”

Cok. I, both your hands, for my sake! for you ha’ both done well.

“ *Pup. D.* Gramercy, pure Pythias.

“ *Pup. P.* Gramercy, dear Damon.”

Cok. Gramercy to you both, my Pipe and my Drum.

“ *Pup. P. D.* Come now we’ll together to breakfast to Hero.

“ *Lan.* ’Tis well you can now go to breakfast to
“ Hero.

“ You have given me my breakfast, with a hone and
“ honero.”

Cok. How is’t, friend, ha’ they hurt thee?

Lan. O no!

Between you and I, fir, we do but make show.

“ Thus, gentles, you perceive, without any denial,

“ ’Twixt Damon and Pythias here, friendship’s true
“ trial.

“ Tho’ hourly they quarrel thus, and roar each with
“ other,

“ They fight you no more than do’s brother with brother:

“ But friendly together, at the next man they meet,

“ They let fly their anger, as here you might see’t.”

Cok. Well, we have seen’t, and thou hast felt it, whatsoever thou sayest. What’s next, what’s next?

“ *Lan.* This while young Leander with fair Hero
“ is drinking,

“ And Hero grown drunk to any man’s thinking!

“ Yet was it not three pints of sherry could flaw her,

“ Till Cupid distinguish’d like Jonas the drawer,

“ From under his apron, where his lechery lurks,

“ Put love in her sack. Now mark how it works.

“ *Pup. H.* O Leander, Leander, my dear, my dear

“ Leander,

“ I’ll for ever be thy goose, so thou’lt be my gander.”

Cok,

Cok. Excellently well said, Fiddle, she'll ever be his goose, so he'll be her gander; was't not so?

Lan. Yes, fir, but mark his answer now.

“ *Pup. L.* And sweetest of geese, before I go to bed,
“ I'll swim o'er the Thames, my goose, thee to tread.”

Cok. Brave! he will swim o'er the Thames, and tread his goose to-night, he says.

Lan. I, peace, fir, they'll be angry if they hear you eaves-dropping, now they are setting their match.

“ *Pup. L.* But lest the Thames should be dark, my
“ goose, my dear friend,

“ Let thy window be provided of a candle's end.

“ *Pup. H.* Fear not, my gander, I protest I should
“ handle

“ My matters very ill, if I had not a whole candle.

“ *Pup. L.* Well then, look to't, and kifs me to boot.

“ *Lan.* Now here come the friends again, Pythias
“ and Damon, [*Damon and Pythias enter.*

“ And under their clokes they have of bacon a gammon.

“ *Pup. P.* Drawer, fill some wine here.”

Lan. How some wine there?

There's company already, fir, pray forbear!

“ *Pup. D.* 'Tis Hero.

“ *Lan.* Yes, but she will not be taken,

“ After sack and fresh-herring, with your Dunmow-

“ *Pup. P.* You lie, it's Westfabian. [bacon.

“ *Lan.* Westphalian you should say.

“ *Pup. D.* If you hold not your peace, you are a
“ coxcomb I would say.

[*Leander and Hero are kissing.*

“ *Pup.* What's here, what's here? kifs, kifs, upon kifs?

“ *Lan.* I, wherefore should they not? what harm is
“ in this?

“ 'Tis mistress Hero.

“ *Pup. D.* Mistress Hero's a whore.

“ *Lan.* Is she a whore? keep you quiet, or fir knave,
“ out of door.

“ *Pup. D.* Knave out of door ?

“ *Pup. H.* Yes, knave out of door.

“ *Pup. D.* Whore out of door.

[*Here the puppets quarrel and fall together by the ears.*]

“ *Pup. H.* I say, knave out of door.

“ *Pup. D.* I say, Whore out of door.

“ *Pup. P.* Yea, so say I too.

“ *Pup. H.* Kifs the whore o’ the arse.

“ *Lan.* Now you have something to do :

“ You must kifs her o’ the arse, she says.

“ *Pup. D. P.* So we will, so we will.

“ *Pup. H.* O my haunches, O my haunches, hold, hold.

“ *Lan.* Stand’st thou still ?

“ Leander, where art thou ? stand’st thou still like a sot,

“ And not offer’st to break both their heads with a pot ?

“ See who’s at thine elbow there ! puppet Jonas and Cupid.

“ *Pup. J.* Upon ’em, Leander, be not so stupid.

[*They fight.*]

“ *Pup. L.* You goat-bearded slave !

“ *Pup. D.* You whore-master knave.

“ *Pup. L.* Thou art a whore-master.

“ *Pup. J.* Whore-masters all.

“ *Lan.* See, Cupid with a word has tane up the brawl.”

Kno. These be fine vapours !

Cok. By this good day they fight bravely ! do they not, Numps ?

Waf. Yes, they lack’d but you to be their second all this while.

“ *Lan.* This tragical encounter falling out thus to
“ busy us,

“ It raises up the ghost of their friend Dionysius ;

“ Not like a monarch, but the master of a school,

“ In a scrivener’s furr’d gown, which shews he is no fool.

“ For therein he hath wit enough to keep himself warm.

“ O Damon, he cries, and Pythias, what harm

“ Hath

- “ Hath poor Dionysius done you in his grave,
“ That after his death you should fall out thus and rave,
“ And call amorous Leander whore-master knave ?
“ *Pup. D.* I cannot, I will not, I promise you, endure it.”

S C E N E V.

[*To them*] *Busy.*

Busy. Down with Dagon, down with Dagon; 'tis I, will no longer endure your profanations.

Lan. What mean you, sir ?

Busy. I will remove Dagon there, I say, that idol, that heathenish idol, that remains (as I may say) a beam, a very beam, not a beam of the sun, nor a beam of the moon, nor a beam of a ballance, neither a house-beam, nor a weavers beam, but a beam in the eye, in the eye of the brethren; a very great beam, an exceeding great beam; such as are your stage-players, rimers, and morrice-dancers, who have walked hand in hand, in contempt of the brethren, and the cause; and been born out by instruments of no mean countenance.

Lan. Sir, I present nothing but what is licens'd by authority.

Busy. Thou art all licence, even licentiousness it self, Shimei!

Lan. I have the master of the revels hand, for't, sir.

Busy. The master of rebels hand thou hast; Satan's! hold thy peace, thy scurrility, shut up thy mouth, thy profession is damnable, and in pleading for it thou dost plead for Baal. I have long opened my mouth wide, and gaped, I have gaped as the oyster for the

tide, after thy destruction : but cannot compass it by suit or dispute ; so that I look for a bickering, ere long, and then a battel.

Kno. Good Banbury vapours.

Cok. Friend, you'd have an ill match on't, if you bicker with him here, though he be no man o' the fist, he has friends that will to cuffs for him. Numps, will not you take our side ?

Edg. Sir, it shall not need, in my mind he offers him a fairer course, to end it by disputation ! hast thou nothing to say for thy self, in defence of thy quality ?

Lan. Faith sir, I am not well-studied in these controversies, between the hypocrites and us. But here's one of my motion, puppet Dionysius, shall undertake him, and I'll venture the cause on't.

Cok. Who ? my hobby-horse ? will he dispute with him ?

Lan. Yes, sir, and make a hobby ass of him, I hope.

Cok. That's excellent ! indeed he looks like the best scholar of 'em all. Come, sir, you must be as good as your word now.

Bus. I will not fear to make my spirit and gifts known ! assist me zeal, fill me, fill me, that is, make me full.

Win-w. What a desperate, prophane wretch is this ! is there any ignorance or impudence like his ? to call his zeal to fill him against a puppet ?

Qua. I know no fitter match than a puppet to commit with an hypocrite !

Bus. First, I say unto thee, idol, thou hast no calling.

“ *Pup. Di.* You lie, I am call'd Dionysius.”

Lan. The motion says, you lie, he is call'd Dionysius i' the matter, and to that calling he answers.

Eus. I mean no vocation, idol, no present lawful calling.

“ *Pup.*

“ *Pup. Di.* Is yours a lawful calling?”

Lan. The motion asketh, if yours be a lawful calling.

Buf. Yes, mine is of the spirit.

“ *Pup. Di.* Then idol is a lawful calling.”

Lan. He says, then idol is a lawful calling; for you call’d him idol, and your calling is of the spirit.

Cok. Well disputed, hobby-horse.

Buf. Take not part with the wicked, young gallant: he neigheth and hinnieth, all is but hinnying sophistry. I call him idol again; yet, I say, his calling, his profession is prophane, it is prophane, idol.

“ *Pup. Di.* It is not prophane.

Lan. It is not prophane, he says.

Buf. It is prophane.¹

“ *Pup.* It is not prophane.

Buf. It is prophane.

“ *Pup.* It is not prophane.

Lan. Well said, confute him with Not, still. You cannot bear him down with your base noise, sir.

Buf. Nor he me, with his treble creaking, though he creak like the chariot wheels of Satan; I am zealous for the cause——

Lan. As a dog for a bone.

Buf. And I say, it is prophane, as being the page of Pride, and the waiting-woman of Vanity.

“ *Pup. D.* Yea? what say you to your tire-women,
“ then?”

Lan. Good.

“ *Pup.* Or feather-makers i’ the Friers, that are o’

¹ *Pup. Di.* *It is not prophane.*

Buf. It is prophane.] Mr. Selden (see his *Table Talk*) observes on this passage, that the author intended satirically to express the vain disputes of divines, by Inigo Lanthorn’s disputing with a puppet in Bartholomew Fair: *It is so, it is not so: It is so, it is not so: crying thus to one another a quarter of an hour together.* Mr. Selden quoted by memory, but this is the passage he meant; and he calls him Inigo Lanthorn, because Inigo Jones, as was remarked above, was sneered at in the character of Leatherhead.

“ your faction of faith? Are not they with their pe-
 “ rukes, and their puffs, their fans, and their huffs,
 “ as much pages of Pride, and waiters upon Vanity?
 “ What say you? what say you? what say you?”

Buf. I will not answer for them.

“ *Pup.* Because you cannot, because you cannot. Is
 “ a bugle-maker a lawful calling? or the confect-ma-
 “ kers? such you have there; or your French fashio-
 “ ner? you’d have all the sin within your selves,
 “ would you not? would you not?”

Buf. No, Dagon.

“ *Pup.* What then, Dagonet? is a puppet worse
 “ than these?”

Buf. Yes, and my main argument against you is,
 that you are an abomination; for the male, among
 you, putteth on the apparel of the female, and the
 female of the male.

“ *Pup.* You lie, you lie, you lie abominably.”

Cok. Good, by my troth, he has given him the lie
 thrice.

“ *Pup.* It is your old stale argument against the
 “ players, but it will not hold against the puppets;
 “ for we have neither male nor female amongst us.
 “ And that thou may’st see, if thou wilt, like a mali-
 “ cious purblind zeal as thou art!

[The puppet takes up his garment.]

Edg. By my faith, there he has answer’d you, friend,
 by plain demonstration.

“ *Pup.* Nay, I’ll prove, against e’er a Rabbin of
 “ ’em all, that my standing is as lawful as his; that I
 “ speak by inspiration, as well as he; that I have as
 “ little to do with learning as he; and do scorn her
 “ helps as much as he.”

Buf. I am confuted, the cause hath failed me.

“ *Pup.* Then be converted, be converted.”

Lan. Be converted, I pray you, and let the play go
 on!

Buf.

Bus. Let it go on ; for I am changed, and will become a beholder with you !

Cok. That's brave i'faith, thou hast carried it away, hobby-horse, on with the play !

Jus. Stay, now do I forbid ; I am Adam Overdo ! fit still, I charge you.

[The Justice discovers himself.]

Cok. What, my brother i' law !

Gra. My wife guardian !

Edg. Justice Overdo !

Jus. It is time to take enormity by the forehead, and brand it ; for I have discover'd enough.

S C E N E VI.

[To them] Quarlous, (like the mad-man :) Pure-craft ; a while after) Little-wit : [to them] Trouble-all, Ursla, Nightingale.

Quar. Nay come, mistress bride ; you must do as I do, now. You must be mad with me, in truth. I have here justice Overdo for it.

Just. Peace, good Trouble-all ; come hither, and you shall trouble none. I will take the charge of you, and your friend too ; you also, young man, shall be my care ; stand there.

[To the cut-purse, and mistress Little-wit.]

Edg. Now, mercy upon me.

Kno. Would we were away, Whit, these are dangerous vapours, best fall off with our birds for fear o' the cage.

[The rest are stealing away.]

Jus. Stay, is not my name your terror ?

Whi. Yesh faith man, and it ish for tat we would be gone, man.

Lit. O gentlemen ! did you not see a wife of mine ? I ha' lost my little wife, as I shall be trusted : my little

little pretty Win. I left her at the great woman's house in trust yonder, the pig-woman's, with captain Jordan, and captain Whit, very good men, and I cannot hear of her. Poor fool, I fear she's stepp'd aside. Mother, did you not see Win?

Jus. If this grave matron be your mother, sir, stand by her, *Et digito compeſce labellum*, I may perhaps ſpring a wife for you anon. Brother Bartholomew, I am ſadly ſorry to ſee you ſo lightly given, and ſuch a diſciple of enormity, with your grave governor Humphrey: but ſtand you both there, in the middle place; I will reprehend you in your courſe. Miſtreſs Grace, let me reſcue you out of the hands of the ſtranger.

Win-w. Pardon me, ſir, I am a kinsman of hers:

Jus. Are you ſo? of what name, ſir?

Win-w. Win-wife, ſir.

Jus. Maſter Win-wife? I hope you have won no wife of her, ſir: if you have, I will examine the poſſibility of it, at fit leiſure. Now, to my enormities: look upon me, O London! and ſee me, O Smithfield! the example of juſtice, and mirrour of magiſtrates; the true top of formality, and ſcourge of enormity. Hearken unto my labours, and but obſerve my diſcoveries; and compare Hercules with me, if thou dar'ſt, of old; or Columbus, Magellan, or our country-man Drake of later times: ſtand forth you weeds of enormity, and ſpread. [*to Buſy.*] Firſt, Rabbi Buſy, thou ſuperlunatical hypocrite: [*to Lantern.*] Next, thou other extremity, thou prophane profeſſor of puppetry, little better than poetry: [*to the horſe-courſer and cut-purſe*] Then thou ſtrong debaucher and ſeducer of youth; witneſs this eaſy and honeſt young man: [*to captain Whit, and miſtreſs Little-wit.*] Now thou eſquire of dames, madams, and twelve-penny ladies: now my green madam her ſelf, of the price; let me unmask your ladyſhip.

Lit.

Lit. O my wife, my wife, my wife!

Jus. Is she your wife? *redde te Harpocratem!*

Enter Trouble-all.

Trou. By your leave, stand by my masters, be uncover'd.

Urf. O stay him, stay him, help to cry, Nightingale; my pan, my pan.

Jus. What's the matter?

Nig. He has stoln gammar Ursla's pan.

Trou. Yes, and I fear no man but justice Overdo.

Jus. Ursla? where is she? O the fow of enormity, this! welcome, stand you there; you, songster, there.

[To Ursla and Nightingale.]

Urf. An' please your worship, I am in no fault: a gentleman stripp'd him in my booth, and borrow'd his gown, and his hat; and he ran away with my goods here for it.

Jus. Then this is the true mad-man, and you are the enormity! *[To Quarlous.]*

Quar. You are i' the right; I am mad, but from the gown outward.

Jus. Stand you there.

Quar. Where you please, sir.

Over. O lend me a bason, I am sick, I am sick; where's mr. Overdo? Bridget, call hither my Adam.

[Mrs. Overdo is sick, and her husband is silenc'd.]

Jus. How?

Wbi. Dy very own wife, i' fait, worshipful Adam.

Over. Will not my Adam come at me? shall I see him no more then?

Quar. Sir, why do you not go on with the enormity? are you oppress'd with it? I'll help you: hark you, sir, i' your ear; your innocent young man, you have ta'en such care of all this day, is a cut-purse, that hath got all your brother Cokes's things, and help'd

help'd you to your beating, and the stocks; if you have a mind to hang him now, and shew him your magistrates wit, you may: but I should think it were better recovering the goods, and to save your estimation in him. I thank you, sir, for the gift of your ward, mrs. Grace: look you, here is your hand and seal, by the way. Mr. Win-wife give you joy, you are Palemon, you are possesst o' the gentlewoman, but she must pay me value, here's warrant for it. And, honest mad-man, there's thy gown and cap again; I thank thee for my wife: [*To the widow*] Nay, I can be mad, sweet-heart, when I please still; never fear me: and careful Numps, where's he? I thank him for my licence.

Waf. How!

[*Wafpe misseth the licence.*]

Quar. 'Tis true, Numps.

Waf. I'll be hang'd then.

Quar. Look i' your box, Numps; nay, sir, stand not you fix'd here, like a stake in Finsbury, to be shot at, or the whipping-post i' the Fair, but get your wife out o' the air, it will make her worse else; and remember you are but Adam, flesh and blood! you have your frailty, forget your other name of Overdo, and invite us all to supper. There you and I will compare our discoveries; and drown the memory of all enormity in your biggest bowl at home.

Cok. How now, Numps, ha' you lost it? I warrant 'twas when thou wert i' the stocks: Why dost not speak!

Waf. I will never speak while I live again, for ought I know.

Jus. Nay, Humphrey, if I be patient, you must be so too; this pleasant conceited gentleman hath wrought upon my judgment, and prevail'd: I pray you take care of your sick friend, mistress Alice, and my good friends all—

Quar.

Quar. And no enormities.

Jus. I invite you home with me to my house to supper: I will have none fear to go along, for my intents are *ad correctionem, non ad destructionem; ad edificandum, non ad diruendum*: so lead on.

Cok. Yes, and bring the actors along, we'll ha' the rest o' the play at home.

T H E

THE
EPILOGUE.

YOUR Majesty hath seen the play, and you
Can best allow it from your ear and view.
You know the scope of writers, and what store
Of leave is given them, if they take not more,
And turn it into licence: you can tell
If we have us'd that leave you gave us, well:
Or whether we to rage or licence break,
Or be prophane, or make prophane men speak:
This is your power to judge (great sir) and not
The envy of a few. Which if we have got,
We value less what their dislike can bring,
If it so happy be, t' have pleas'd the King.

The END of VOL. III.

