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E V E R Y M A N

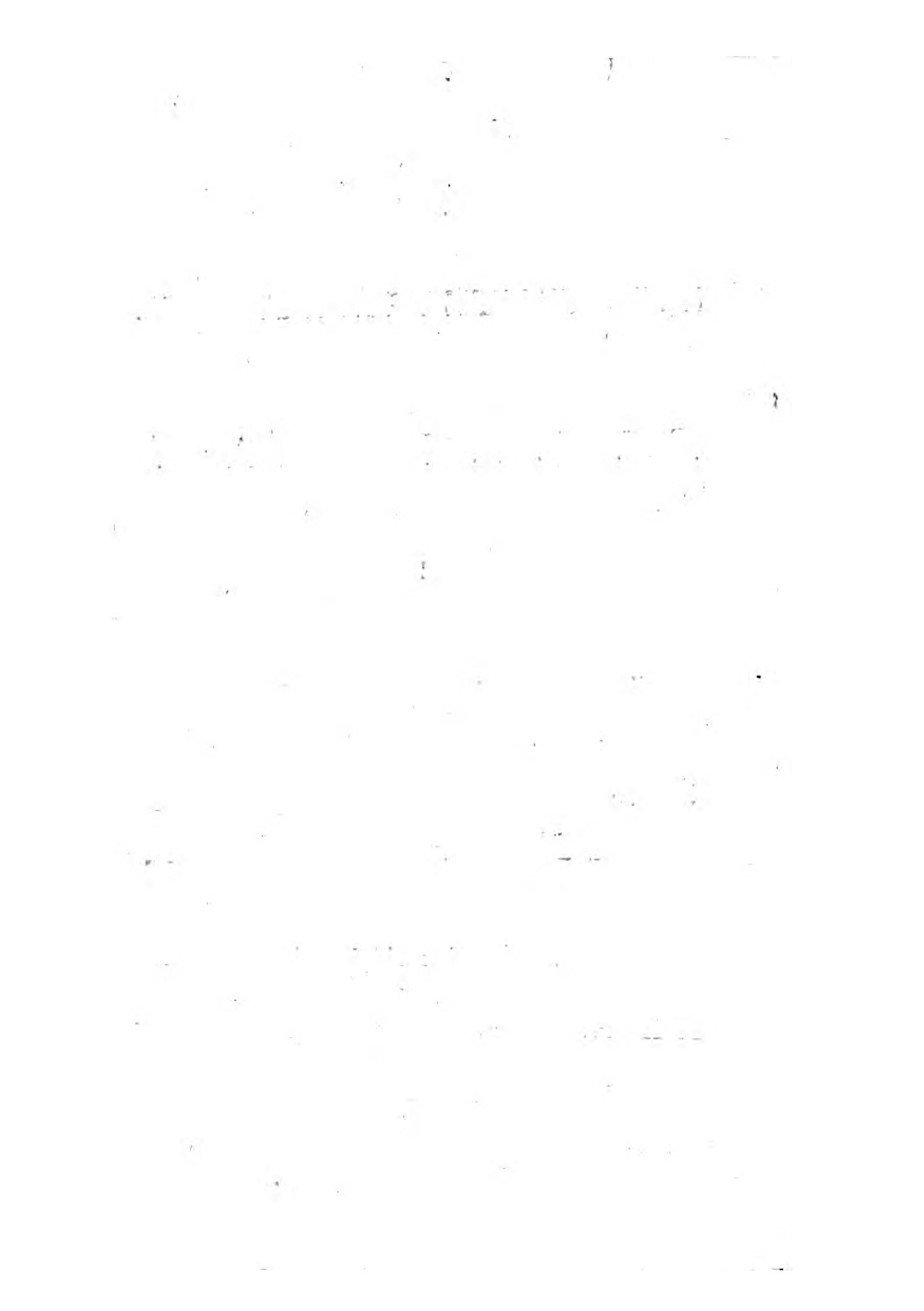
I N H I S

H U M O U R .



[Price One Shilling.]

A



E V E R Y M A N ²

I N H I S

H U M O U R.

A

C O M E D Y.

Written by *BEN JONSON.*

W I T H

ALTERATIONS and ADDITIONS.

As it is Perform'd at the

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane.*



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER in the *Strand.*

M D C C L I I.





A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

It is hoped the Liberty that is taken with this celebrated Play of *Ben Jonson*, in leaving out some Scenes, with several Speeches and Parts of Speeches in other Places, and in adding what was necessary for Connexion, and a whole Scene in the Fourth Act, will be excused; as the Distance of 150 Years from the Time of Writing it, had occasioned some of the Humour to be too obsolete, and dangerous to be ventur'd in the Representation at present.



The Persons of the Play.

<i>Kitely, a Merchant.</i>	<i>Mr. Garrick.</i>
<i>Captain Bobodil.</i>	<i>Mr. Woodward.</i>
<i>Kno'well, an old Gentleman.</i>	<i>Mr. Berry.</i>
<i>Ed. Kno'well, his Son.</i>	<i>Mr. Rofs.</i>
<i>Brain-worm, the Father's Man.</i>	<i>Mr. Yates.</i>
<i>Mr. Stephen, a Country Gull.</i>	<i>Mr. Shuter.</i>
<i>Downright, a plain 'Squire.</i>	<i>Mr. Winstone.</i>
<i>Well-bred, his half Brother.</i>	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
<i>Justice Clement, an old merry Magistrate.</i>	<i>Mr. Tafwell.</i>
<i>Roger Formal, his Clerk.</i>	<i>Mr. Costello.</i>
<i>Dame Kitely.</i>	<i>Mrs. Ward.</i>
<i>Mrs. Bridget, Sister to Kitely.</i>	<i>Miss Minors.</i>
<i>Mr. Matthew, the Town Gull.</i>	<i>Mr. Vaughan.</i>
<i>Cash, Kitely's Man.</i>	<i>Mr. Blakes.</i>
<i>Cob, a Water-bearer.</i>	<i>Mr. Mozeen.</i>
<i>Tib, his Wife.</i>	<i>Mrs. Cross.</i>

S C E N E, L O N D O N.



PROLOGUE,

At the Revival of *Every Man in his Humour*.

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

CRITICKS! your Favour is our Author's Right—
The well-known Scenes, we shall present to-night,
Are no weak Efforts of a modern Pen,
But the strong Touches of immortal Ben;
A rough old Bard, whose honest Pride disdain'd
Applause itself unless by Merit gain'd—
And wou'd to-night your loudest Praise disclaim,
Shou'd his great Shade perceive the doubtful Fame,
Not to his Labours granted, but his Name.
Boldly he wrote, and boldly told the Age,
“ He dar'd not prostitute the useful Stage,
“ Or purchase their Delight at such a Rate,
“ As, for it, he himself must justly hate :
“ But rather begg'd they wou'd be pleas'd to see
“ From him, such Plays, as other Plays shou'd be :
“ Wou'd learn from him to scorn a motley Scene,
“ And leave their Monsters, to be pleas'd with Men.”
Thus spoke the Bard—And tho' the Times are chang'd,
Since his free Muse, for Fools the City rang'd;
And Satire had not then appear'd in State,
To lash the finer Follies of the Great ;
Yet let not Prejudice infect your Mind,
Nor slight the Gold, because not quite refin'd ;

With

P R O L O G U E.

*With no false Niceness this Performance view,
Nor damn for Low, whate'er is just and true :
Sure to those Scenes some Honour shou'd be paid,
Which Cambden patroniz'd, and Shakespear play'd :
Nature was Nature then, and still survives ;
The Garb may alter, but the Substance lives.
Lives in this Play — where each may find complete,
His pictur'd Self — Then favour the Deceit —
Kindly forget the hundred Years between ;
Become old Britons, and admire old Ben.*



EVERY



EVERY MAN

IN HIS

HUMOUR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Court-yard before KNO'WELL'S House.*

Enter KNO'WELL and BRAIN-WORM.

KNO'WELL.



GOODLY Day toward! and a fresh Morning!
Brain-worm,

Call up your young Master: bid him rise, Sir.
Tell him, I have some Business to employ him.

Bra. I will, Sir, presently. *Kno.* But hear you,
Sirrah,

If he be' at his Book, disturb him not. *Bra.* Well, Sir. [*Exit.*

Kno. How happy, yet, should I esteem myself
Could I (by any Practice) wean the Boy
From one vain course of Study, he affects.
He is a Scholar, if a Man may trust
The liberal Voice of Fame, in her Report
Of good account, in both our *Universities,*
Either of which hath favour'd him with Graces:]
But their Indulgence must not spring in me
A fond Opinion, that he cannot err.
Myself was once a Student; and, indeed,

B

Fed

Fed with the self-same Humour, he is now,
 Dreaming on nought but idle *Poetry*,
 That fruitless, and unprofitable Art,
 Good unto none, but least to the Professors,
 Which, then, I thought the Mistress of all Knowledge:
 But since Time, and the Truth have wak'd my Judgment,
 And Reason taught me better to distinguish
 The vain from th' useful Learnings.

Enter Master Stephen.

Cousin *Stephen!*

What News with you, that you are here so early?

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

Kno. That's kindly done, you are welcome, Coz.

Step. I, I know that, Sir, I would not ha' come else.
 How do my Cousin *Edward*, Uncle?

Kno. O, well Coz, go in and see: I doubt he be scarce stirring yet.

Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me, an' he have e'er a Book of the Sciences of Hawking and Hunting? I would fain borrow it.

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

Step. No wusse; but I'll practise against next Year, Uncle: I have bought me a Hawk, and a Hood, and Bells, and all; I lack nothing but a Book to keep it by.

Kno. O, most ridiculous.

Step. Nay, look you now, you are angry, Uncle: why, you know, an' a Man have not Skill in the hawking and hunting Languages now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied than the *Greek*, or the *Latin*. He is for no Gallant's Company without 'em. And by Gad's-lid I scorn it, I, so I do, to be a Consort for every *Hum-drum*, hang 'em Scroyls, there's nothing in 'em, i'the world. What do you talk on it? Because I dwell at *Hogsdon*, I shall keep company with none but the Archers of *Finsbury*? or the Citizens, that come a ducking to *Islington Ponds*? A fine Jest i'faith! Slid, a Gentleman mun show himself like a Gentleman. Uncle, I pray you be not angry, I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no Novice.

Kno. You are a prodigal absurd Coxcomb: Go to.

Nay never look at me, it's I that speak.

Take't as you will, Sir, I'll not flatter you.

Ha' you not yet found means enow, to waste

That, which your Friends have left you, but you must

Go cast away your Money on a Kite,

And know not how to keep it, when you've done?

O it's comely! this will make you a Gentleman!

Well Cousin, well! I see you are e'en past hope

Of all Reclaim. I, so, now you are told on it,
You look another way. *Step.* What would you ha' me do?
Kno. What would I have you do? I'll tell you, Kinsman;
Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive,
That would I have you do: and not to spend
Your Coin on every Bawble, that you fancy,
Or every foolish Brain, that humours you.
I would not have you to invade each Place,
Nor thrust yourself on all Societies,
Till Mens Affections, or your own Desert,
Should worthily invite you to your Rank.
He that is so respectless in his Courses,
Oft sells his Reputation at cheap Market.
Nor would I, you should melt away yourself
In flashing Bravery, lest while you affect
To make a Blaze of Gentry to the World,
A little Puff of Scorn extinguish it,
And you be left, like an unfavoury Snuff,
Whose Property is only to offend.
I'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself;
Not, that your Sail be bigger than your Boat:
But moderate your Expences now (at first)
As you may keep the same Proportion still.
Nor, stand so much on your Gentility.
Which is an aery, and mere borrow'd thing,
From dead Mens Duff, and Bones: and none of yours
Except you make, or hold it. Who comes here?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Save you, Gentlemen.

Step. Nay, we do not stand much on our Gentility, Friend;
yet, you are welcome; and I assure you, mine Uncle here is a
Man of a Thousand a Year, *Middlesex* Land: he has but one
Son in all the World, I am his next Heir (at the common Law)
Master *Stephen*, as simple as I stand here; if my cousin die (as
there's hope he will.) I have a pretty Living o' my own too, be-
side, hard by here.

Serv. In good time, Sir.

Step. In good time, Sir? why! and in very good time, Sir.
You do not float, Friend, do you?

Serv. Not I, Sir.

Step. Not you, Sir? you were not best, Sir; an' you should,
here be them can perceive it, and that quickly too: go to. And
they can give it again soundly too, and need be.

Serv. Why, Sir, let this satisfy you: good faith, I had no such
Intent.

Step. Sir, an' I thought you had, I would talk with you, and
that presently.

4 *Every Man in his Humour.*

Serv. Good Master *Stephen*, so you may, Sir, at your pleasure.

Step. And so I would, Sir, good my saucy Companion! an' you were out o' my Uncle's Ground, I can tell you; though I do not stand upon my Gentility neither in't.

Kno. Cousin! Cousin! will this ne'er be left?

Step. Whorson base Fellow! a mechanical Serving-man! By this Cudgel, and 'twere not for shame, I would —

Kno. What would you do, you peremptory Gull?

If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.

You see, the honest Man demeans himself

Modestly to'ards you, giving no Reply

To your unseason'd, quarrelling, rude Fashion:

And still you huff it, with a kind of Carriage,

As void of Wit, as of Humanity.

Go, get you in; 'fore Heaven, I am asham'd

Thou hast a Kinsman's Interest in me.

[*Exit Step.*]

Serv. I pray you, Sir, is this Master *Kno'well's* House?

Kno. Yes, marry, is it, Sir.

Serv. I should inquire for a Gentleman here, one Master *Edward Kno'well*: Do you know any such, Sir, I pray you?

Kno. I should forget myself else, Sir.

Serv. Are you the Gentleman? cry you Mercy, Sir: I was requir'd by a Gentleman i' the City, as I rode out at this end of the Town, to deliver you this Letter, Sir.

Kno. To me, Sir! [*To his most selected Friend, Master Edward Kno'well.*] What might the Gentleman's Name be, Sir, that sent it?

Serv. One Master *Well-bred*, Sir.

Kno. Master *Well-bred*! A young Gentleman? Is he not?

Serv. The same, Sir; Master *Kitely* married his Sister: the rich Merchant i' the *Old Jewry*.

Kno. You say very true. *Brain-worm*,

Enter Brain-worm.

Brain. Sir.

Kno. Make this honest Friend drink here: pray you go in.

[*Exeunt Brain. and Servant.*]

This Letter is directed to my Son:

Yet, I am *Edward Kno'well* too, and may,
With the safe Conscience of Good-manners, use

The Fellow's Error to my Satisfaction.

Well, I will break it ope (old Men are curious)

Be it but for the Stile's sake, and the Phrase,

To see, if both do answer my Son's Praises,

Who is, almost, grown the idolater

Of this young *Well-bred*: What have we here? What's this?

[*The Letter*]

Why

Every Man in his Humour.

5

*Why, Ned, I beseech thee; hast thou forsworn all thy Friends
& the Old Jewry? or dost thou think us all Jews that inhabit there?
Leave thy vigilant Father alone, to number over his green Apri-
cots, Evening and Morning, o' the north-west Wall: An' I had
been his Son, I had sav'd him the labour long since; if, taking in
all the young Wenches that pass by, at the Back-door, and coddling
every Kernel of the Fruit for 'em, wou'd ha' serw'd. But, pr'ythee,
come over to me, quickly, this Morning: I have such a Present for
thee (our Turkey Company never sent the like to the Grand Signior.)
One is a Rimer, Sir, o' your own Batch, your own Leven; but
doth think himself Poet-major o' the Town: willing to be shown,
and worthy to be seen. The other — I will not venture his De-
scription with you till you come, because I would ha' you make hi-
ther with an Appetite. If the worst of 'em be not worth your Jour-
ney, draw your Bill of Charges, as unconscionable as any Guild-
Hall Verdict will give it you, and you shall be allow'd your Via-
ticum.*

From the Wind-mill.

From the *Burdello*, it might come as well;
The *Spittle*: Is this the Man,
My Son hath sung so, for the happiest Wit,
The choicest Brain, the times hath sent us forth?
I know not what he may be, in the Arts;
Nor what in Schools: but surely, for his Manners,
I judge him a profane, and dissolute Wretch:
Worse, by Possession of such great good Gifts,
Being the Master of so loose a Spirit.
Why, what unhallow'd Ruffian would have writ,
In such a scurrilous manner, to a Friend!
Why should he think, I tell my Apricots?
Or play th' *Hesperian* Dragon with my Fruit,
To watch it? Well, my Son, I'ad thought
You'd had more Judgment, t'have made election
Of your Companions, then t'have ta'en on trust
Such petulant, geering gamesters, that can spare
No Argument, or Subject from their Jest.
But I perceive, Affection makes a Fool
Of any Man, too much the Father. *Brain-worm,*

Enter Brain-worm.

Brain. Sir.

Kno. Is the Fellow gone that brought this Letter?

Brain. Yes, Sir, a pretty while since.

Kno. And where's your young Master?

Brain. In his Chamber, Sir.

Kno. He spake not with the Fellow, did he?

Brain. No, Sir, he saw him not

Kno. Take you this Letter, seal it, and deliver it my Son;
But with no notice that I have open'd it, on your Life.

Brain. O Lord, Sir, that were a Jest, indeed!

[*Exit.*

Kno. I am resolv'd, I will not stop his Journey;
Nor practise any violent mean, to stay

The unbridled course of Youth in him: for that,
Restrain'd, grows more impatient; and, in kind,

Like to the eager, but the generous Gray-hound,
Who ne'er so little from his Game withheld,

Turns head, and leaps up at his Holder's Throat.
There is a way of winning, more by Love,

And urging of the Modesty, than Fear:

Force works on servile Natures, not the free.

He, that's compell'd to Goodness, may be good;

But 'tis but for that Fit: where others drawn

By Softness, and Example, get a habit.

Then, if they stray, but warn 'em: and, the same

They should for Virtue have done, they'll do for Shame.

S C E N E II. Y. Kno'well's Study.

Enter Edw. Kno'well and Brain-worm.

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

Brain. Yes, o' my Word, Sir, and read the Contents.

E. Kno. That's bad. What Countenance (pr'ythee) made he,
i' the reading of it? Was he angry, or pleas'd?

Brain. Nay Sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure
your Worship.

E. Kno. No? how know'st thou, then, that he did either?

Brain. Marry Sir, because he charg'd me, on my Life, to tell
no body, that he open'd it: which, unless he had done, he would
never fear to have it reveal'd.

E. Kno. That's true: Well, I thank thee, *Brain-worm.*

Enter Master Stephen.

Step. O! *Brain-worm*, did'st thou not see a Fellow here in
a what-sha'-call-him Doublet? he brought mine Uncle a Letter
e'en now.

Brain. Yes, Master *Stephen*, what of him?

Step. O! I ha' such a mind to beat him — Where is he? canst
thou tell?

Brain. Faith, he is not of that mind: he is gone, Master
Stephen.

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

Brain.

Every Man in his Humour.

7

Brain. He is rid hence. He took horse at the Street-door.

Step. And I stay'd i' the Fields! Whorson Scanderbeg Rogue!
O that I had but a Horse to fetch him back again.

Brain. Why, you may ha' my Master's Gelding, to save your
Longing, Sir.

Step. But, I ha' no Boots, that's the spite on't.

Brain. Why, a fine Wisp of Hay, roll'd hard, Master
Stephen.

Step. No, faith, it's no boot to follow him now; let him e'en
go and hang. Pr'ythee, help to truss me a little. He does so
vex me ———

Brain. You'll be worse vex'd, when you are truss'd, Master

Stephen. Best keep unbrac'd, and walk yourself till you be cold;
your Choler may founder you else.

Step. By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'st me on't:
How dost thou like my Leg, *Brain-worm*?

Brain. A very good Leg, Master *Stephen*; but the woollen
Stocking does not commend it so well.

Step. Foh, the Stockings be good enough, now Summer is
coming on, for the Dust: I'll have a pair of silk against Winter,
that I go to dwell i' the Town. I think my Leg would shew in
a silk Hose.

Brain. Believe me, Master *Stephen*, rarely well.

Step. In Sadness, I think it would: I have a reasonable good
Leg.

Brain. You have an excellent good Leg, Master *Stephen*, but
I cannot stay to praise it longer now; I am very sorry for't.

[*Exit.*

Steph. Another time will serve, *Brain-worm*. Gramercy for
this.

E. Kno. Ha, ha, ha!

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

E. Kno. Here was a Letter, indeed, to be intercepted by a
Man's Father! He cannot but think most virtuously, both of me
and the Sender, sure, that make the careful Costar-monger of
him in our *Familiar Epistles*. I wish I knew the end of it,
which now is doubtful, and threatens ——— What! my wife
Cousin! Nay, then I'll furnish our Feast with one Gull more
tow'rd the Mess. He writes to me of a Brace, and here's one,
that's three: O, for a fourth! Fortune, if ever thou't use thine
Eyes, I intreat thee ———

Step. O, now I see who he laught at. He laught at some body
in that Letter. By this good Light, and he had laught at me—

E. Kno. How now, Cousin *Stephen*, melancholy?

Step. Yes, a little. I thought you had laught at me, Cousin.

E. Kno. Why, what an' I had, Coz, what would you ha'
done?

Every Man in his Humour.

Step. By this Light, I would ha' told mine Uncle.

E. Kno. Nay, if you would ha' told your Uncle, I did laugh at you, Coz.

Step. Did you, indeed?

E. Kno. Yes, indeed.

Step. Why, then —

E. Kno. What then?

Step. I am satisfied, it is sufficient.

E. Kno. Why, be so, gentle Coz. And, I pray you, let me intreat a Courtesy of you. I am sent for, this Morning, by a Friend i' the old *Jewry* to come to him: It's but crossing over the Fields to *More-gate*: Will you bear me company? I protest, it is not to draw you into Bond, or any Plot against the State, Coz.

Step. Sir, that's all one, and 'twere; you shall command me, twice so far as *More-gate* to do you good, in such a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I protest—

E. Kno. No, no, you shall not protest, Coz.

Step. By my sackins, but I will, by your leave; I'll protest more to my Friend, than I'll speak of, at this time.

E. Kno. You speak very well, Coz.

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

E. Kno. Your turn, Coz? Do you know, what you say? A gentleman of your Sort, Parts, Carriage, and Estimation, to talk o' your turn i' this Company, and to me, alone, like a Water-bearer, at a Conduit! fie. A Wight, that (hitherto) his every Step hath left the stamp of a great Foot behind him, as every Word the favour of a strong Spirit! and he! this man! so grac'd, so gilded. Come, wrong not the quality of your desert, with looking downward, Coz; but hold up your Head, so: and let the *Idea* of what you are, be pourtray'd i' your Face, that Men may read i' your Physiognomy: *Here, within this Place, is to be seen the true, rare, and accomplish'd Monster, or Miracle of Nature, which is all one.* What think you of this, Coz?

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

E. Kno. Why, that's resolute, Master *Stephen*! Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will do well for a Suburb-humour: we may hap have a match with the City, and play him for forty Pound. Come, Coz.

Step. I'll follow you.

E. Kno. Follow me? you must go before.

Step. Nay, an' I must, I will. Pray you, shew me, good Cousin.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE IV. *The Street before Cob's House.*

Enter Mr. Matthew.

Mat. I think, this be the House: what, ho!

Enter Cob from the House.

Cob. Who's there? O, Master *Matthew*! gi' your Worship good morrow.

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

Cob. Ay, Sir, I and my Lineage ha' kept a poor House here, in our days.

Mat. *Cob*, canst thou shew me of a Gentleman, one Captain *Bobadill*, where his Lodging is?

Cob. O, my Guest, Sir! you mean?

Mat. Thy Guest! alas! ha, ha.

Cob. Why do you laugh, Sir? Do you not mean Captain *Bobadill*?

Mat. *Cob*, 'pray thee, advise thyself well: do not wrong the Gentleman, and thyself too. I dare be sworn, he scorns thy House: he! he lodge in such a base, obscure place, as thy House! Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lie in thy Bed, if thou'ldst gi' it him.

Cob. I will not give it him, though, Sir. Mafs, I thought somewhat was in't, we could not get him to bed, all night! Well, Sir, though he lie not o' my Bed, he lies o' my Bench: an't please you to go up, Sir, you shall find him with two Cushions under his Head, and his Cloke wrapt about him, as though he had neither won nor lost; and yet (I warrant) he ne'er cast better in his life, than he has done, to night.

Mat. Why? was he drunk?

Cob. Drunk, Sir? you hear not me say so. Perhaps, he swallow'd a Tavern-token, or some such Device, Sir: I have nothing to do withal. I deal with Water, and not with Wine. Gi' me my Bucket there, ho. God b'w'you, Sir. It's six o'clock: I should ha' carried two turns by this. What ho? my Stopple? come.

Mat. Lie in a Water-bearer's House! A Gentleman of his havings! Well, I'll tell him my mind.

Cob. What, *Tib*, shew this Gentleman up to the Captain.

[*Tib* shews *Mr. Mat.* into the House.]

You should ha' some now would take this *Mr. Matthew* to be a Gentleman, at the least. His Father's an honest Man, a worshipful Fishmonger, and so forth; and now does he creep, and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave Gallants about the
Town

Town, such as my Guest is: O, my Guest is a fine Man! he does swear the legiblest, of any Man christned: By *St. George*, the Foot of *Pharaoh*, the Body of me, as I am a Gentleman, and a Soldier: such dainty Oaths! and withal, he does take this same filthy roguish *Tobacco*, the finest, and cleanliest! it would do a Man good to see the Fume come forth at's Tonnel's! Well, he owes me forty Shillings (my Wife lent him out of her Purse, by Six-pence a time) besides his Lodging: I would I had it. I shall ha' it, he says, the next *Action*. *Helter skelter*, hang *Sorrow*, *Care* 'll kill a *Cat*, up-tails all, and a *Louse* for the *Hangman*. [Exit

S C E N E V. *A Room in Cob's House.*

Bobodill discovered upon a Bench. Tib enters to him.

Bob. Hostess, Hostess.

Tib. What say you, Sir?

Bob. A Cup o' thy Small-beer, sweet Hostess.

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

Bob. A Gentleman! 'ods so, I am not within.

Tib. My Husband told him you were, Sir.

Bob. What a plague — what meant he?

Mat. [within.] Captain *Bobadill*?

Bob. Who's there? (take away the Basin, good Hostess) come up, Sir.

Tib. He would desire you to come up, Sir. You come into a cleanly House here.

Enter Mr. Matthew.

Mat. 'Save you, Sir, 'Save you, Captain.

Bob. Gentle Master *Matthew*! is it you, Sir? Please you, sit down.

Mat. Thank you, good Captain, you may see, I am somewhat audacious.

Bob. Not so, Sir. I was requested to Supper, last Night, by a fort of Gallants, where you were with'd for, and drank to, I assure you.

Mat. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good Captain.

Bob. Marry, by young *Well-bred*, and others: Why, Hostess, a Stool here for this Gentleman.

Mat. No haste, Sir, 'tis very well.

Bob. Body of me! It was so late ere we parted last Night, I can scarce open my Eyes, yet; I was but new risen, as you came: how passes the Day abroad, Sir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith, some half hour to seven: now trust me, you have an exceeding fine Lodging here, very neat, and private!

Bob.

Bob. Ay, Sir: sit down, I pray you. Master *Matthew* (in any case) possess no Gentlemen of our acquaintance, with notice of my Lodging.

Mat. Who? I, Sir? no.

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

Mat. True, Captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For, do you see, Sir, by the heart of Valour in me, (except it be to some peculiar and choice Spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engag'd, as yourself, or so) I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O Lord, Sir, I resolve so.

[Pulls out a Paper, and reads.

Bob. I confess, I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of Fortune. What new Piece ha' you there? Read it.

Mat. [reads.] *To thee, the purest Object to my Sense,
The most refined Essence Heaven covers,*

Send I these Lines, wherein I do commence

The happy State of Turtle-billing Lovers.

Bob. 'Tis good, proceed, proceed. Where's this?

Mat. This, Sir? a Toy o' mine own, in my nonage: the infancy of my Muses! But, when will you come and see my Study? Good faith, I can shew you some very good things; I have done of late——That Boot becomes your Leg, passing well, Captain, methinks!

Bob. So, so, it's the Fashion Gentlemen now use.

Mat. Troth, Captain, an' now you speak o' the Fashion, Master *Well-bred's* elder Brother, and I, are fall'n out exceedingly: this other Day, I hapned to enter into some discourse of a Hanger, which I assure you, both for Fashion and Workmanship, was most peremptory-beautiful, and gentleman-like! Yet he condemn'd, and cry'd it down, for the most pied, and ridiculous that ever he saw.

Bob. 'Squire *Down-right*, the Half-brother? was't not?

Mat. Ay, Sir, *George Down-right*.

Bob. Hang him, Rook, he! why, he has no more Judgment than a Malt-Horse. By St. *George*, I wonder you'd lose a Thought upon such an Animal; the most peremptory absurd Clown of *Christendom*, this Day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a Gentleman and a Soldier, I ne'er chang'd Words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but Hay. He was born for the Manger, Pannier, or Pack-saddle! He has not so much as a good Phrase in his Belly, but all old Iron, and rusty Proverbs! a good Commodity for some Smith to make Hob-nails of.

Mat.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his Manhood still, where he comes. He brags he will gi' me the Bastinado, as I hear.

Bob. How! he the Bastinado! how came he by that Word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I term'd it so, for my more Grace.

Bob. That may be: For I was sure, it was none of his Word. But when? when said he so?

Mat. Faith, yesterday; they say: a young Gallant, a Friend of mine, told me so.

Bob. By the Foot of *Pharaoh*, and 'twere my case now, I should send him a Chartel, presently. The Bastinado! A most proper, and sufficient Dependance, warranted by the great *Caranza*. Come hither, you shall chartel him. I'll shew you a Trick or two, you shall kill him with, at pleasure: the first stoccata, if you will, by this Air.

Mat. Indeed, you have absolute knowledge i' the Mystery, I have heard, Sir.

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

Mat. Troth, I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utter-able Skill, Sir.

Bob. By heaven, no, not I; no Skill i' the Earth: some small rudiments i' the Science, as to know my time, distance, or so. I have profest it more for Noblemen, and Gentlemen's use, than mine own practice, I assure you. I'll give you a Lesson. Look you, Sir. Exalt not your point above this state, at any hand; so, Sir. Come on: O, twine your Body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet comely gentleman-like guard. So, indifferent. Hollow your Body more, Sir, thus. Now, stand fast o' your left Leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time—Oh, you disorder your point most irregularly! Come, put on your Cloke, and we'll go to some private place, where you are acquainted, some Tavern, or so—and have a bit.—What Money ha' you about you, Mr. *Matthew*?

Mat. Faith, I ha' not past a two Shillings, or so.

Bob. 'Tis somewhat with the least: but, come. We will have a Bunch of Raddish, and Salt, to taste our Wine; and a Pipe of Tobacco, to close the orifice of the Stomach: and then we'll call upon young *Well-bred*: Perhaps we shall meet the *Corydon*, his Brother, there: and put him to the Question. Come along, Mr. *Matthew*. [Exeunt.]





ACT II. SCENE I.

A Warehouse belonging to Kitley.

Enter Kitley, Cash, and Down-right.

Kit. **T**HOMAS, come hither,
There lies a Note within, upon my Desk,
Here take my Key: It is no matter, neither.
Where is the Boy?

Cash. Within, Sir, i' the Warehouse.

Kit. Let him tell over, straight, that *Spanish Gold*,
And weigh it, with th' Pieces of Eight. Do you
See the Delivery of those silver Stuffs
To Mr. *Lucar*. Tell him, if he will.
He shall ha' the Grograns at the Rate I told him,
And I will meet him, on the *Exchange*, anon.

Cash. Good, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Kit. Do you see that Fellow, *Brother Down-right*?

Dow. I, what of him?

Kit. He is a Jewel, Brother,
I took him of a Child, up, at my Door,
And christned him; gave him mine own Name, *Thomas*,
Since bred him at the Hospital; where proving
A toward Imp, I call'd him home, and taught him
So much, as I have made him my Cashier,
And find him, in his place so full of Faith,
That I durst trust my Life into his Hands.

Dow. So would not I in any Bastards, Brother,
As, it is like, he is: although I knew
Myself his Father. But you said you'd somewhat
To tell me, gentle Brother, what is't? what is't?

Kit. Faith, I am very loth to utter it,
As fearing it may hurt your Patience:
But, that I know, your Judgment is of strength,
Against the nearness of Affection——

Dow. What need this Circumstance? Pray you be direct.

Kit. I will not say how much I do ascribe
Unto your Friendship; nor, in what regard
I hold your Love: but let my past Behaviour,
And Usage of your Sister, but confirm

How

How well I've been affected to your——

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

Kit. Then, without further Ceremony, thus.

My Brother *Well-bred*, Sir, (I know not how)
Of late, is much declin'd in what he was,
And greatly alter'd in his Disposition.
When he came first to lodge here in my House,
Ne'er trust me, if I were not proud of him:
Methought he bare himself in such a fashion,
So full of Man, and Sweetness in his Carriage,
And, what was chief, it shew'd not borrowed in him,
But all he did, became him as his own,
And seem'd as perfect, proper, and possest
As Breath with Life, or Colour with the Blood.
But now his Course is so irregular,
So loose, affected, and depriv'd of Grace,
And he himself withal so far falln off
From that first place, as scarce no note remains,
To tell Mens Judgments where he lately stood.
He's grown a Stranger to all due Respect,
Forgetful of his Friends, and not content
To stale himself in all Societies,
He makes my House here common, as a *Mart*,
A Theatre, a public Receptacle
For giddy Humour, and diseas'd Riot;
And here (as in a Tavern, or a Stews)
He, and his wild Associates, spend their Hours,
In repetition of lascivious Jest,
Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel Night by Night,
Control my Servants: and indeed what not?

Dow. 'Sdains, I know not what I should say to him, i'the whole World! He values me at a crack'd Three-farthings, for ought I see: It will never out o'the Flesh that's bred i'the Bone! I have told him enough, one would think, if that would serve. Well! he knows what to trust to, for *George*. Let him spend, and spend, and domineer, till his Heart ake; an' he think to be reliev'd by me, when he is got into one o' your City-pounds, the Counters, he has the wrong Sow by the Ear, i'faith: and claps his Dish at a Wrong-Man's Door. I'll lay my Hand o' my Half-peny, ere I part with't, to fetch him out, I'll assure him.

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

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

Kit. O, there are divers Reasons to dissuade, Brother,
But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it,
(Though but with plain and easy Circumstance)

It would, both come much better to his Sense,
And favour less of Stomach, or of Passion.
You are his elder Brother, and that Title
Both gives, and warrants you Authority;
Whereas, if I should intimate the least,
It would but add Contempt to his Neglect,
Heap worse on ill, make up a Pile of Hatred
That, in the rearing, would come tottering down,
And, in the Ruin, bury all our love.
Nay, more than this, brother; if I should speak
He would be ready from his heat of Humour,
And over-flowing of the Vapour, in him,
To blow the Ears of his Familiars,
With the false Breath, of telling, what Disgraces,
And low Disparagements I had put upon him.
Whilst they, Sir, to relieve him, in the Fable,
Make their loose Comments upon ev'ry Word,
Gesture, or Look, I use; mock me all over,
And, out of their impetuous rioting Phant'ies,
Beget some Slander, that shall dwell with me.
And what would that be, think you? marry, this.
They would give out (because my Wife is fair,
Myself but lately married, and my Sister
Here sojourning a Virgin in my House)
That I were jealous! nay, as sure as Death,
That they would say. And how that I had quarrell'd
My Brother purposely; thereby to find
An apt pretext, to banish them my House.

Dow. Mass, perhaps so: They're like enough to do it.

Kit. Brother, they would, believe it: so should I
(Like one of these penurious Quack-salvers)
But set the Bills up to mine own Disgrace,
And try Experiments upon myself:
Lend Scorn and Envy, Opportunity
To stab my Reputation, and good Name.——

Enter Matthew and Bobadil.

Mat. I will speak to him——

Bob. Speak to him? away, by the Foot of *Pharoah*, you shall not, you shall not do him that grace.

Kit. What's the matter, Sirs?

Bob. The Time of Day, to you, Gentleman o' the House. Is Mr. *Well-bred* stirring?

Dow. How then? what should he do?

Bob. Gentleman of the House, it is to you: Is he within, Sir?

Kit. He came not to his Lodging to-night, Sir, I assure you.

Dow. Why, do you hear? you.

Bob.

Bob. The Gentleman-citizen hath satisfy'd me, I'll talk to no Scavenger. [*Exeunt Bob. and Matt.*]

Dow. How, Scavenger? stay, Sir, stay?

Kit. Nay, Brother *Down-right.*

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

Kit. You shall not follow him now, I pray you, Brother, Good faith you shall not: I will over-rule you.

Dow. Ha! Scavenger? well, go to, I say little: but by this good Day (God forgive me I should swear) if I put it up so, say, I am the rankest Coward ever liv'd. 'Sdains, and I swallow this, I'll ne'er draw my Sword in the fight of *Fleet-street* again, while I live; I'll sit in a Barn, with *Madge-bowlet*, and catch Mice first. Scavenger?

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

Dow. These are my Brother's Consorts, these! these are his Comrades, his Walking-mates! he's a Gallant, a Cavaliero too, right Hangman cut! Let me not live, and I could not find in my Heart to swinge the whole Gang of 'em, one after another, and begin with him first. I am griev'd it should be said he is my Brother, and take these Courses. Well, as he brews, so he shall drink, for *George*, again. Yet, he shall hear on't, and that tightly too, an' I live, i' faith.

Kit. But, Brother, let your Reprehension, then,
Run in an easy Current, not o'er-high
Carried with Rashness, or devouring Choler;
But rather use the soft persuading way,
More winning, than enforcing the Consent.

Dow. I, I, let me alone for that, I warrant you. [*Bell rings.*]

Kit. How now? oh, the Bell rings to breakfast.
Brother, I pray you go in, and bear my Wife
Company till I come; I'll but give order
For some Dispatch of Business to my Servants ———

Dow. I will — Scavenger, Scavenger! — [*Exit Dow.*]

Kit. Well, tho' my troubled Spirit's somewhat eas'd,
It is not repos'd in that Security
As I could wish: But, I must be content.
Howe'er I set a face on't to the World,
Would I had lost this Finger, at a Venture,
So *Well-bred* had ne'er lodg'd within my House.
Why't cannot be, where there is such Resort
Of wanton Gallants, and young Revellers,
That any Woman should be honest long.
Is't like, that factious Beauty will preserve
The public Weal of Chastity unshaken,
When such strong Motives muster, and make head
Against her single Peace? no, no. Beware,
When mutual appetite doth meet to treat,

And

And Spirits of one kind and quality,
Come once to parley, in the pride of Blood;
It is no slow Conspiracy that follows.
Well, to be plain, if I but thought, the time
Had answer'd their Affections; all the World
Should not persuade me, but I were a Cuckold.
Marry, I hope they ha' not got that start:
For Opportunity hath balkt 'em yet,
And shall do still, while I have Eyes and Ears
To attend the Impositions of my Heart.
My Presence shall be as an Iron-bar,
'Twi't the conspiring Motions of Desire:
Yea, every Look, or Glance, mine Eye ejects,
Shall check Occasion, as one doth his Slave,
When he forgets the Limits of Prescription.

Enter Dame Kately.

Dame. Sister *Bridget*, pray you fetch down the Rose-water
above in the Closet. Sweetheart, will you come in to Breakfast?

Kite. An' she have over-heard me now?

Dame. I pray thee, good Mufs, we stay for you.

Kite. By Heav'n I would not for a thousand Angels.

Dame. What ail you, Sweetheart, are you not well? speak,
good Mufs.

Kite. Troth my Head akes extremely, on a sudden.

Dame. Oh, the Lord!

Kite. How now? what?

Dame. Alas, how it burns? Mufs, keep you warm, good truth
it is this new Disease! there's a Number are troubled withal!
for Love's sake, Sweetheart, come in, out of the Air.

Kite. How simple, and how subtle are her Answers?
A new Disease, and many troubled with it!
Why, true; she heard me, all the World to nothing.

Dame. I pray thee, good Sweetheart, come in; the Air will do
you harm in troth.

Kite. I'll come to you presently; 'twill away, I hope.

Dame. Pray Heav'n it do.

[Exit Dame.]

Kite. A new Disease? I know not, new or old,
But it may well be call'd poor Mortals Plague:
For, like a Pestilence, it doth infect
The Houses of the Brain. First, it begins
Solely to work upon the Phantasy,
Filling her Seat with such pestiferous Air,
As soon corrupts the Judgment; and from thence,
Sends like Contagion to the Memory;
Still each to other giving the Infection.
Which, as a subtle Vapor, spreads itself,

Confusedly, through every sensitive part,
Till not a Thought, or Motion in the Mind,
Be free from the black Poison of Suspect.
Ah, but what Misery is it to know this?
Or, knowing it, to want the Mind's Erection,
In such Extremes? Well, I will once more strive,
(In spite of this black Cloud) myself to be,
And shake the Fever off, that thus shakes me.

[Exit.]

S C E N E III. *Moor-Fields.**Enter Brain-worm, disguis'd like a Soldier.*

Brain. 'Slid, I cannot choose but laugh to see myself translated thus. Now must I create an intolerable sort of Lies, or my present Profession loses the Grace; and yet the Lie to a Man of my Coat, is as ominous a Fruit as the *Fico*. O, Sir, it holds for good Polity ever, to have that outwardly in vilest Estimation, that inwardly is most dear to us. So much for my borrowed Shape. Well, the troth is, my old Master intends to follow my young, dry foot over *Moor-fields*, to *London* this Morning: Now I, knowing of this Hunting-match, or rather Conspiracy, and to insinuate with my young Master (for so must we that are Blue-waiters, and Men of Hope and Service do) have got me afore in this Disguise, determining here to lie in Ambuscade, and intercept him in the mid-way. If I can but get his Cloke, his Purse, his Hat, nay, any thing to cut him off, that is, to stay his Journey, *Veni, vidi, vici*, I may say with Captain *Cæsar*, I am made for ever, 'faith. Well, now must I practise to get the true Garb of one of these Lance-knights, my Arm here, and my —— young Master! and his Cousin, Mr. *Stephen*, as I am a true counterfeit Man of War, and no Soldier!

[Retires.]

*Enter Ed. Kno'well and Master Stephen.**E. Kno.* So Sir, and how then, Coz.*Step.* 'Sfoot, I have lost my Purse, I think.*E. Kno.* How? lost your Purse? where? when had you it?*Step.* I cannot tell, stay.*Brain.* 'Slid, I am afraid they will know me, would I could get by them.*E. Kno.* What? ha' you it?*Step.* No, I think I was bewitch'd, I ——*E. Kno.* Nay, do not weep the Loss, hang it, let it go.*Step.* Oh, it's here: no, an' it had been lost, I had not car'd, but for a Jet-ring Mistress *Mary* sent me.*E. Kno.* A jet-ring? oh the Posy, the Posy?*Step.*

Step. Fine, i' faith! *Though Fancy sleep, my Love is deep.*
Meaning that though I did not fancy her, yet she loved me dearly.

E. Kno. Most excellent!

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

E. Kno. How, by *St. Peter*? I do not conceive that.

Step. Marry, *St. Peter*, to make up the Metre.

E. Kno. Well, there the Saint was your good Patron, he help'd you at your need: thank him, thank him.

Brain. I cannot take leave on 'em so; I will venture, come what will. Gentlemen, please you change a few Crowns, for a very excellent good Blade, here? I am a poor Gentleman, a Soldier, one that, in the better state of my Fortunes, scorn'd so mean a Refuge, but now it is the Humour of Necessity to have it so. You seem to be Gentlemen, well-affected to martial Men, else I should rather die with Silence, than live with Shame: However, vouchsafe to remember it is my Want speaks, not myself. This Condition agrees not with my Spirit —

E. Kno. Where hast thou serv'd?

Brain. May it please you, Sir, in all the late Wars of *Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmatia, Poland*, where not, Sir? I have been a poor Servitor by Sea and Land, any time this fourteen Years, and follow'd the Fortunes of the best Commanders in *Christendom*. I was twice shot at the taking of *Aleppo*, once at the Relief of *Vienna*; I have been at *Marseilles, Naples*, and the *Adriatick Gulf*, a Gentleman-slave in the Galleys thrice, where I was most dangerously shot in the Head, through both the Thighs, and yet, being thus maim'd, I am void of Maintenance, nothing left me but my Scars, the noted Marks of my Resolution.

Step. How will you sell this Rapier, Friend?

Brain. Generous Sir, I refer it to your own Judgment; you are a Gentleman, give me what you please.

Step. True, I am a Gentleman, I know that Friend: but what though? I pray you say, what would you ask?

Brain. I assure you, the Blade may become the Side or Thigh of the best Prince in *Europe*.

E. Kno. Ay, with a Velvet Scabbard.

Step. Nay, and't be mine, it shall have a Velvet Scabbard, Coz, that's flat: I'd not wear it as 'tis and you would give me an Angel.

Brain. At your Worship's Pleasure, Sir; nay, 'tis a most pure *Toledo*.

Step. I had rather it were a *Spaniard*! but tell me, what shall I give you for it? An' it had a silver Hilt —

E. Kno. Come, come, you shall not buy it; hold, there's a Shilling, Fellow, take thy Rapier.

Every Man in his Humour.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so; and there's another Shilling, Fellow. I scorn to be out-bidden. What, shall I walk with a Cudgel, like Higgin-Bottom? and may have a Rapier for Money?

E. Kno. You may buy one in the City.

Step. Tut, I'll buy this i' the Field, so I will; I have a mind to't, because 'tis a Field Rapier. Tell me your lowest Price.

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

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

E. Kno. Come away, you are a Fool.

Step. Friend, I am a Fool, that's granted: but I'll have it for that Word's sake. Follow me for your Money.

Brain. At your Service, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Kno'well.

Kno. I cannot lose the Thought, yet, of this Letter
Sent to my Son: nor leave to admire the Change
Of Manners, and the Breeding of our Youth
Within the Kingdom, since myself was one.
When I was young, he liv'd not in the Stews
Durst have conceiv'd a Scorn, and utter'd it,
On a gray Head: Age was Authority
Against a Buffoon: And a Man had then
A certain Reverence paid unto his Years,
That had none due unto his Life.
But, now, we all are faln; Youth, from their Fear;
And Age, from that which bred it, good Example,
Nay, would ourselves were not the first, even Parents,
That did destroy the Hopes, in our own children:
Or they not learn'd our Vices in their Cradles,
And suck'd in our ill Customs with their Milk.
Ere all their Teeth be born, or they can speak,
We make their palats cunning! The first Words
We form their Tongues with, are licentious jests!
Can it call Whore? cry Bastard? O, then kifs it,
A witty Child! Can't swear? The Father's Darling!
Give it two Plumbs. Nay, rather than't shall learn
No bawdy Song, the Mother herself will teach it!
But, this is in the Infancy;
When it puts on the Breeches
It will put off all this. I, it is like:
When it is gone into the Bone already.
No, no: This Die goes deeper than the Coat,
Or shirt, or Skin. It stains unto the Liver
And Heart, in some. And rather than it should not,
Note, what we Fathers do! Look how we live!

What

What Mistresses we keep! at what Expence,
 And teach 'em all bad Ways to buy Affliction!
 Well, I thank Heaven, I never yet was he,
 That travell'd with my Son before Sixteen,
 To shew him the *Venetian* Courtezans.
 Nor read the Grammar of Cheating, I had made
 To my sharp Boy at Twelve: repeating still
 The Rule, *Get Money; still, Get Money, Boy;*
No matter by what means.
 These are the Trade of Fathers, now! however,
 My Son, I hope, hath met within my Threshold
 None of these household Precedents; which are strong,
 And swift, to rape Youth to their Precipice.
 But, let the House at home be ne'er so clean
 Swept, or kept sweet from Filth:
 If he will live abroad with his Companions,
 In Dung, and Brothels; it is worth a Fear.
 Nor is the Danger of Conversing less
 Than all that I have mention'd of Example.

Enter Brain-worm.

Brain. My Master? nay, faith, have at you: I am flesh'd now, I have sped so well. Worshipful Sir, I beseech you, respect the State of a poor Soldier; I am ashamed of this base course of Life (God's my Comfort) but Extremity provokes me to't: What Remedy?

Kno. I have not for you now.

Brain. By the Faith I bear unto Truth, Gentleman, it is no ordinary Custom in me, but only to preserve Manhood. I protest to you, a Man I have been, a Man I may be by your sweet Bounty.

Kno. Pr'ythee, good Friend, be satisfied.

Brain. Good Sir, by that Hand, you may do the Part of a kind Gentleman, in lending a poor Soldier the Price of two Cans of Beer, a Matter of small Value, the King of Heaven shall pay you, and I shall rest thankful: sweet Worship—

Kno. Nay, an' you be so importunate —

Brain. Oh, tender Sir, Need will have his Course: I was not made to this vile Use! Well, the Edge of the Enemy could not have abated me so much: [*He weeps.*] It's hard, when a Man hath serv'd in his Prince's Cause, and be thus — Honourable Worship, let me derive a small Piece of Silver from you, it shall not be given in the course of Time; by this good Ground, I was fain to pawn my Rapier last Night for a poor Supper; I had suck'd the Hilts long before, I am a Pagan else: sweet Honour.

Kno. Believe me, I am taken with some Wonder,
 To think a Fellow of thy outward Presence

Should,

Should, in the Frame and Fashion of his Mind,
Be so degenerate, and fordid-bafe!

Art thou a Man? and sham'st thou not to beg?
To practise such a servile kind of Life?

Why, were thy Education ne'er so mean,
Having thy Limbs, a thousand fairer Courses
Offer themselves to thy Election.

Either the Wars might still supply thy Wants,
Or Service of some virtuous Gentleman,

Or honest Labour: Nay, what can I name
But would become thee better than to beg?

But Men of thy Condition feed on Sloth,
As doth the Beetle on the Dung she breeds in,
Not caring how the Metal of your Minds
Is eaten with the Rust of Idleness.

Now, afore me, whate'er he be that should
Relieve a Person of thy Quality,
While thou insists in this loose desperate Course,
I would esteem the Sin not thine, but his.

Brain. Faith, Sir, I would gladly find some other Course, if
so —

Kno. I, you'd gladly find it, but you will not seek it.

Brain. Alas! Sir, where should a Man seek? in the Wars,
there's no Ascent by Desert in these Days, but — and for Ser-
vice, would it were as soon purchas'd as wish'd for (the Air's my
Comfort) I know what I would say —

Kno. What's thy name?

Brain. Please you, *Fitz-Sword*, Sir.

Kno. *Fitz-Sword*?

Say, that a Man should entertain thee now,
Would'st thou be honest, humble, just, and true?

Brain. Sir, by the Place and Honour of a Soldier —

Kno. Nay, nay, I like not those affected Oaths;
Speak plainly, Man: What think'st thou of my Words?

Brain. Nothing, Sir, but wish my Fortunes were as happy, as
my Service should be honest.

Kno. Well, follow me; I'll prove thee, if thy Deeds
Will carry a Proportion to thy Words.

Brain. Yes, Sir, straight; I'll but garter my Hose. Oh that
my Belly were hoop'd now, for I am ready to burst with Laugh-
ing! Never was Bottle or Bag-pipe fuller. S'lid! Was there ever
seen a Fox in Years to betray himself thus? Now shall I be pos-
sels'd of all his Counsels; and by that Conduit, my young Master.
Well, he is resolv'd to prove my Honesty; faith, and I am re-
solv'd to prove his Patience: Oh, I shall abuse him intolerably.
This small piece of Service will bring him clean out of Love with
the Soldier for ever. He will never come within the Sight of a
red

red Coat or a Musket-rest again. It's no matter, let the World think me a bad Counterfeit, if I cannot give him the slip at an Instant: Why, this is better than to have staid his Journey! Well, I'll follow him: Oh! how I long to be employed! [Exit.



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

S T O C K S - M A R K E T.

Enter Matthew, Well-bred, and Bobadil.

Mat. Y E S, faith, Sir; we were at your Lodging to seek you too.

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

Bob. Your Brother delivered us as much.

Well. Who? my Brother Down-right?

Bob. He. Mr. Well-bred, I know not in what kind you hold me; but let me say to you this: As sure as Honour, I esteem it so much out of the Sun-shine of Reputation to throw the least Beam of Regard upon such a —

Well. Sir, I must hear no ill Words of my Brother.

Bob. I protest to you, as I have a thing to be sav'd about me, I never saw any Gentleman-like Part —

Well. Good Captain [faces about] to some other Discourse.

Bob. With your Leave, Sir, an' there were no more Men living upon the Face of the Earth, I should not fancy him, by St. George.

Mat. Troth, nor I; he is of a rustical Cut, I know not how: he doth not carry himself like a Gentleman of Fashion —

Well. Oh, Mr. Matthew, that's a Grace peculiar but to a few; quos æquus amavit Jupiter.

Mat. I understand you, Sir.

Enter Y. Kno'well and Stephen.

Well. No Question you do, or you do not, Sir. Ned Kno'well! by my Soul, welcome! How dost thou, sweet Spirit, my Genius? 'Slid! I shall love Apollo, and the mad Thespian Girls the better while I live, for this, my dear Fury: Now I see there's some Love in thee! Sirrah, these be the Two I writ to thee of: Nay, what a drowsy Humour is this now? Why dost thou not speak?

E. Kno.

E. Kno. Oh, you are a fine Gallant, you sent me a rare Letter!

Well. Why, was't not rare?

E. Kno. Yes, I'll be sworn, I was ne'er guilty of reading the like; match it in all *Pliny's* Epistles, and I'll have my Judgment burn'd in the Ear for a Rogue: make much of thy Vein, for it is inimitable. But I marvel what Camel it was that had the carriage of it? for doubtless, he was no ordinary Beast that brought it!

Well. Why?

E. Kno. Why, sayest thou? why dost thou think that any reasonable Creature, especially in the Morning (the sober time of the Day too) could have mista'en my Father for me?

Well. 'Slid, you jest, I hope.

E. Kno. Indeed, the best use we can turn it to, is to make a Jest on't now: but I'll assure you, my Father had the full view o' your flourishing Style, before I saw it.

Well. What a dull Slave was this? But, firrah, what said he to it, i' faith?

E. Kno. Nay, I know not what he said: but I have a shrewd Guess what he thought.

Well. What? what?

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

Well. Tut, that thought is like the Moon in her last Quarter, 'twill change shortly: but, firrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two Hangbys here; thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in 'em if thou hearest 'em once go: my Wind-Instruments. I'll wind 'em up—but what strange piece of Silence is this? the Sign of the Dumb Man?

E. Kno. Oh, Sir, a Kinsman of mine, one that may make your Musick the fuller, an' he please, he has his Humour, Sir.

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

E. Kno. Nay, I'll neither do your Judgment nor his Folly that Wrong, as to prepare your Apprehension: I'll leave him to the mercy o' your Search, if you can take him, so.

Well. Well, Captain *Bobadil*, Mr. *Matthew*, pray you know this Gentleman here; he is a Friend of mine, and one that will deserve your Affection. I know not your Name, Sir, but I shall be glad of any Occasion, to render me more familiar to you.

Step. My Name is Mr. *Stephen*, Sir; I am this Gentleman's own Cousin, Sir; his Father is mine Uncle, Sir; I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, Sir, in whatsoever is incident to a Gentleman.

Bob. Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general Man, but for Mr. *Well-bred's* sake (you may embrace it at what height of Favour

your you please) I do communicate with you: and conceive you to be a Gentleman of some Parts; I love few Words.

E. Kno. And I fewer, Sir. I have scarce enow to thank you.

Mat. But are you indeed, Sir, so given to it? [*To Mr. Stephen.*

Step. Ay, truly, Sir, I am mightily given to Melancholy.

Mat. Oh, it's your only fine Humour, Sir; your true Melancholy breeds your perfect fine Wit, Sir: I am melancholy myself divers times, Sir; and then do I no more but take Pen and Paper presently, and overflow you half a score or a dozen of Sonnets, at a fitting.

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

E. Kno. Oh ay, excellent!

Well. Captain *Bobadill*, why muse you so?

E. Kno. He is melancholy too.

Bob. Faith, Sir, I was thinking of a most honourable piece of Service was perform'd to morrow, being *St. Mark's Day*; shall be some ten Years now?

E. Kno. In what place, Captain?

Bob. Why, at the beleag'ring of *Strigonium*, where, in less than two Hours, seven hundred resolute Gentlemen, as any were in *Europe*, lost their lives upon the Breach. I'll tell you, Gentlemen, it was the first, but the best League, that ever I beheld with these Eyes, except the taking in of——what do you call it, last Year, by the *Genoese*; but that (of all other) was the most fatal and dangerous Exploit, that ever I was ranged in, since I first bore Arms before the face of the Enemy, as I am a Gentleman and Soldier.

Step. 'So, I had as lief as an Angel, I could swear as well as that Gentleman!

E. Kno. Then you were a Servitor at both it seems; at *Strigonium*? and what do you call't?

Bob. Oh Lord, Sir? by *St. George*, I was the first Man that enter'd the Breach: and, had I not effected it with Resolution, I had been slain, if I had had a million of Lives.

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

Mat. Pray you, mark this Discourse, Sir.

Step. So I do.

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

E. Kno. You must bring me to the Rack first.

Bob. Observe me judicially, sweet Sir; they had planted me three Demi-culverings, just in the mouth of the Breach: now, Sir, as we were to give on, their master Gunner (a Man of no mean Skill and Mark, you must think) confronts me with

his Linstock, ready to give fire : I spying his intendment, discharg'd my Petriuel in his Bosom, and with these single Arms, my poor Rapier, ran violently upon the *Moors*, that guarded the Ordnance, and put 'em pell-mell to the Sword.

Well. To the Sword? to the Rapier, Captain?

E. Kno. Oh, it was a good Figure observ'd, Sir! but did you all this, Captain, without hurting your Blade?

Bob. Without any impeach o' the Earth: you shall perceive, Sir. It is the most fortunate Weapon, that ever rid on poor Gentleman's Thigh: shall I tell you, Sir? you talk of *Morglay*, *Excalibur*, *Durindana*, or so? tut, I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'em, I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the boldier maintain it.

Step. I marvel whether it be a *Toledo*, or no?

Bob. A most perfect *Toledo*, I assure you, Sir.

Step. I have a Countryman of his here.

Mat. Pray you, let's see, Sir: yes, faith, it is!

Bob. This a *Toledo*? pish.

Step. Why do you pish, Captain?

Bob. A *Fleming*, by Heaven; I'll buy them for a Gilder a piece, an' I would have a thousand of them.

E. Kno. How say you, Cousin? I told you thus much.

Well. Where bought you it, Mr. *Stephen*?

Step. Of a scurvy Rogue Soldier (a hundred of Lice go with him) he swore it was a *Toledo*.

Bob. A poor provant Rapier, no better.

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

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

Step. Well, I will put it up, but by — (I ha' forgot the Captain's Oath, I thought to have sworn by it) an' e'er I meet him —

Well. O, it is past help now, Sir, you must have patience.

Step. Whorson cony-catching Rascal! I could eat the very hilts for Anger!

E. Kno. A sign of good digestion! you have an *Ostfrich* Stomach, Cousin.

Step. A Stomach? I would I had him here, you should see an' I had a Stomach.

Well. It's better as 'tis: come, Gentlemen, shall we go?

Enter Brain-worm.

E. Kno. A Miracle, Cousin, look here! look here!

Step. Oh, god'slid, by your leave, do you know me, Sir?

Brain. Ay, Sir, I know you by sight.

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

! *Brain,*

Brain. Yes, marry, did I, Sir.

Step. You said it was a *Toledo*, ha?

Brain. True, I did so.

Step. But, it is none?

Brain. No, Sir, I confess, it is none.

Step. Do you confess it? Gentlemen, bear witness, he has confess't it. By God's will, and you had not confess't it—

E. Kno. Oh, Cousin, forbear, forbear.

Step. Nay, I have done, Cousin.

Well. Why, you have done like a Gentleman; he has confess't it, what would you more?

Step. Yet, by his leave, he is a Rascal, under his Favour, do you see?

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

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

E. Kno. No, no, a Child's Whistle were far the fitter.

Brain. Sir, shall I intreat a Word with you?

E. Kno. With me, Sir? you have not another *Toledo* to sell, ha' you?

Brain. You are conceited, Sir, your name is Mr. *Kno'well*, as I take it?

E. Kno. You are i' the right: you mean not to proceed in the Catechism, do you?

Brain. No, Sir, I am none of that Coat.

E. Kno. Of as bare a Coat, though? well, say, Sir.

Brain. Faith, Sir, I am but Servant to the Drum extraordinary, and indeed (this smoky Varnish being washt off, and three or four Patches remov'd) I appear your Worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good Father; *Brain-worm*.

E. Kno. *Brain-worm!* 'Slight, what Breath of a Conjurer hath blown thee hither in this Shape?

Brain. The Breath o' your Letter, Sir, this Morning: the same that blew you to the Wind-mill, and your Father after you.

E. Kno. My Father?

Brain. Nay, never start, 'tis true, he has followed you over the Fields, by the Foot, as you would do a hare i' the Snow.

E. Kno. Sirrah, *Well-bred*, what shall we do, Sirrah? my Father is come over, after me.

Well. Thy Father? where is he?

Brain. At Justice *Clement's* House here, in *Coleman-street*, where he but stays my return; and then——

Well. Who's this? *Brain-worm?*

Brain. The same, Sir.

Well. Why how, i' the name of Wit, com'st thou transmuted thus?

Brain. Faith, a Device, a Device: nay, for the love of Reason, Gentlemen, and avoiding the Danger, stand not here, withdraw, and I'll tell you all.

E. Kno. Come, Cousin. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III. *The Ware-house.*

Enter Kiteley, and Cash.

Kite. What says he, *Thomas*? Did you speak with him?

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

Kite. Has he the Money ready, can you tell?

Cash. Yes, Sir, the Money was brought in, last Night.

Kite. O, that's well: fetch me my Cloke, my Cloke, Stay, let me see, an hour, to go and come;

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

An hour before I can dispatch with him;

Or very near: well, I will say two Hours.

Two Hours? ha? things, never dreamt of yet,

May be contriv'd, ay, and effected too,

In two Hours' absence: well, I will not go.

Two Hours; no, fleeing Opportunity,

I will not give your Subtilty that scope.

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

That sets his Doors wide open to a Thief,

And shews the Felon where his Treasure lies?

Again, what earthy Spirit but will attempt

To taste the Fruit of Beauty's golden Tree,

When leaden Sleep seals up the Dragon's Eyes?

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

No Beauty, no; you are too too precious

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

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

For, give you opportunity, no Quick-sand

Devours, or swallows swifter! He that lends

His Wife (if she be fair) or time, or place,

Compels her to be false. I will not go.

The Dangers are too many. I am resolv'd for that.

Carry in my Cloke again. Yet, stay. Yet, do too.

I will defer going, on all Occasions.

Cash. Sir, *Snare*, your Scrivener, will be there with the Bonds.

Kite. That's true! fool on me! I had clean forgot it;

I must go. What's o'clock?

Cash. Exchange time, Sir.

Kite.

Kite. Heart, then will *Well-bred* presently be here too,
With one or other of his loose Conforts.

I am a Knave, if I know what to say,
What course to take, or which way to resolve.
My Brain, methinks, is like an Hour-glass,
Wherein my Imaginations run, like Sands,
Filling up time; but then are turn'd, and turn'd:
So, that I know not what to stay upon,
And less, to put in act. It shall be so.
Nay, I dare build upon his secrecy,
He knows not to deceive me. *Thomas?*

Cash. Sir.

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

Cash. I think he be, Sir.

Kite. But he'll prate too, there's no Speech of him.
No, there were no Man o' the Earth to *Thomas*,
If I durst trust him; there is all the doubt.
But should he have a Chink in him, I were gone,
Lost i' my Fame for ever: talk for th' Exchange.
The manner he hath stood with, 'till this present,
Doth promise no such change! what should I fear then?
Well, come what will, I'll tempt my Fortune once.
Thomas—you may deceive me, but I hope——
Your love to me is more——

Cash. Sir, if a Servant's
Duty, with Faith, may be call'd Love, you are
More than in hope, you are possess'd of it.

Kite. I thank you heartily, *Thomas*; gi' me your Hand:
With all my heart, good *Thomas*. I have, *Thomas*,
A Secret to impart unto you——but
When once you have it, I must seal your Lips up:
So far I tell you, *Thomas*.

Cash. Sir, for that——

Kite. Nay, hear me out. Think, I esteem you, *Thomas*,
When I will let you in, thus to my private.
It is a thing fits nearer to my Crest,
Than thou art aware of, *Thomas*. If thou should'st
Reveal it, but——

Cash. How? I reveal it?

Kite. Nay,
I do not think thou would'st; but if thou should'st,
'Twere a great Weakness.

Cash. A great Treachery.
Give it no other Name.

Kite. Thou wilt not do't then?

Cash. Sir, if I do, Mankind disclaim me ever.

Kite.

Kite. He will not swear, he has some reservation,
Some conceal'd Purpose, and close meaning, sure:
Else (being urged so much) how should he choose,
But lend an Oath to all this Protestation?
He's no Fanatick, I have heard him swear.
What should I think of it? urge him again,
And by some other way? I will do so.
Well, *Thomas*, thou hast sworn not to disclose;
Yes, you did swear?

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

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

Cash. By my Soul's safety then, Sir, I protest,
My Tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a Word,
Deliver'd me in nature of your Trust.

Kite. It's too much, these Ceremonies need not;
I know thy Faith to be as firm as Rock.

Thomas, come hither, near: we cannot be
Too private in this Business. So it is,
(Now he has sworn, I dare the safelier venture)
I have of late, by divers Observations——
(But, whether his Oath can bind him, there it is,
I will bethink me, ere I do proceed:)
Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,
I'll spy some fitter time soon, or to morrow.

Cash. Sir, at your pleasure?

Kite. I will think. Give me my Cloke. And, *Thomas*,
I pray you search the Books 'gainst my return,
For the Receipts 'twixt me and *Traps*.

Cash. I will, Sir.

Kite. And, hear you, if your Mistress's Brother, *Well-bred*,
Chance to bring hither any Gentlemen,
Ere I come back; let one straight bring me word.

Cash. Very well, Sir.

Kite. To the Exchange; do you hear?
Or here in *Coleman-street*, to Justice *Clement's*.
Forget it not, nor be out of the way.

Cash. I will not, Sir.

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

Cash. I shall not, Sir.

Kite. Be't your special Business
Now to remember it.

Cash. Sir, I warrant you.

Kite. But, *Thomas*, this is not the Secret, *Thomas*, I told you of.

Cash. No, Sir. I do suppose it.

Kite. Believe me, it is not.

Cash. Sir, I do believe you.

Kite. By Heaven! it is not; that's enough. But, *Thomas*, I would not you should utter it, do you see, To any Creature living; yet I care not.

Well, I must hence. *Thomas*, conceive thus much; It was a Trial of you when I meant

So deep a Secret to you, I mean not this,

But that I have to tell you; this is nothing, this.

But, *Thomas*, keep this from my Wife, I charge you, Lock'd up in Silence, Midnight, buried here.

No greater Hell than to be Slave to Fear.

[Exit.

Cash. Lock'd up in Silence, Midnight, buried here.

Whence should this Flood of Passion, trow, take head? ha?

Best dream no longer of this running Humour,

For fear I sink! the Violence of the Stream

Already hath transported me so far,

That I can feel no Ground at all! but soft,

Here is Company; now must I——

Enter Well-bred, Edw. Kno'well, Brain-worm, Bobadil, Stephen.

Well. Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good Jest, and exceedingly well carried!

E. Kno. Ay, and our Ignorance maintain'd it as well, did it not?

Well. Yes, faith! but was't possible thou should'st not know him? I forgive Mr. *Stephen*, for he is Stupidity itself!

E. Kno. 'Fore Heav'n! not I. He had so writen himself into the Habit of one of your poor Infantry, your decay'd, ruinous, worm-eaten Gentlemen of the Round.

Well. Why, *Brain-worm*, who would have thought thou hadst been such an Artificer?

E. Kno. An Artificer? An Architect! except a Man had studied Begging all his Life-time, and been a Weaver of Language from his Infancy, for the Clothing of it! I never saw his Rival.

Well. Where got'st thou this Coat, I marvel?

Brain. Of a *Houndsditch* Man, Sir, One of the Devil's near Kinsmen, a Broker.

Enter

Enter Cash.

Cash. Francis, Martin! ne'er a one to be found now? What a Spite's this?

Well. How now, Thomas? Is my Brother Kately within?

Cash. No, Sir; my Master went forth e'en now; but Master Down-right is within. Cob! what Cob? is he gone too;

Well. Whither went your Master? Thomas, canst thou tell?

Cash. I know not; to Justice Clement's, I think, Sir. Cob.

[Exit Cash.]

E. Kno. Justice Clement! what's he?

Well. Why, dost thou not know him? he is a City Magistrate, a Justice here; an excellent good Lawyer, and a great Scholar: but the only mad merry old Fellow in Europe! I shew'd him you the other Day.

E. Kno. Oh, is that he? I remember him now. Good faith! and he has a very strange Presence, methinks; it shews as if he stood out of the Rank from other Men. I have heard many of his Jest's i' the Univerfity. They say he will commit a Man for taking the Wall of his Horse.

Well. Ay, or wearing his Cloke of one Shoulder, or serving of God: any thing indeed, if it come in the way of his Humour.

Enter Cash.

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

Bob. Master Kately's Man, pr'ythee vouchsafe us the Lighting of this Match.

Cash. Fire on your Match, no Time but now to vouchsafe? Francis, Cob!

Bob. Body of me! here's the Remainder of seven Pound since Yesterday was seven-night. 'Tis your Right, Trinidado! Did you never take any, Master Stephen?

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

Bob. Sir, believe me, upon my Relation, for what I tell you the World shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies, where this Herb grows, where neither myself, nor a Dozen Gentlemen more, of my Knowledge, have received the Taste of any other Nutriment in the World, for the space of one and twenty Weeks, but the Fume of this Simple only. Therefore it cannot be but 'tis most divine, especially your Trinidado. Your Nicotian is good too: I do hold it, and will affirm it before any Prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious Weed that ever the Earth tendered to the Use of Man.

E. Kno. This Speech would have done decently in a Tobacco-Trader's Mouth!

Enter

Enter Cash and Cob.

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

Cob. O, oh!

Bob. Where's the Match I gave thee? Master Kitley's Man?

Cash. Here it is, Sir.

Cob. By Gods-me! I marvel what Pleasure or Felicity they have in taking this roguish Tobacco! it's good for nothing but to choke a Man, and fill him full of Smoke and Embers.

[Bobadil beats him with a Cudgel; Mat. runs away.]

All. Oh, good Captain! hold, hold!

Bob. You base Scullion, you.

Cash. Come, thou must needs be talking too, thou'rt well enough serv'd.

Cob. Well, it shall be a dear Beating, an' I live! I will have Justice for this.

Bob. Do you prate? Do you murmur? [Bob. beats him off.]

E. Kno. Nay, good Captain, will you regard the Humour of a Fool?

Bob. A whorson filthy Slave, a Dung-worm, an Excrement! Body o' Caesar, but that I scorn to let forth so mean a Spirit, I'd have stabb'd him to the Earth.

Well. Marry, the Law forbid, Sir.

Bob. By Pharaoh's Foot, I would have done it. [Exit.]

Step. Oh, he swears admirably! By Pharaoh's Foot, Body of Caesar; I shall never do it, sure; upon mine Honour, and by St. George; no, I ha'nt the right Grace.

Well. But soft, where's Mr. Matthew? gone?

Brain. No, Sir; they went in here.

Well. O, let's follow them: Master Matthew is gone to salute his Mistress in Verse. We shall have the Happiness to hear some of his Poetry now. He never comes unfurnish'd. Brain-worm?

Step. Brain-worm? Where? Is this Brain-worm?

E. Kno. Ay, Cousin, no Words of it, upon your Gentility.

Step. Not I, Body of me! by this Air, St. George, and the Foot of Pharaoh!

Well. Rare! your Cousin's Discourse is simply drawn out with Oaths.

E. Kno. 'Tis larded with 'em. A kind of French Dressing, if you love it. Come, let's in. Come, Cousin. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. A Hall in Justice Clement's House.

Enter Kitley and Cob.

Kite. Ha! How many are there, say'st thou?

Cob. Marry, Sir, your Brother, Master Well-bred —

Kite. Tut, beside him: What Strangers are there, Man?

Cob.

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

Kite. How! so many?

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

Kite. A Swarm, a Swarm!

Spite of the Devil, how they sting my Head.

With forked Stings, thus wide and large! But, *Cob,*

How long hast thou been coming hither, *Cob?*

Cob. A little while, Sir.

Kite. Did'st thou come running?

Cob. No, Sir.

Kite. Nay, then I am familiar with thy Haste!

Bane to my Fortunes: What meant I to marry?

I, that before was rank'd in such Content,

My Mind at rest too in so soft a Peace,

Being free Master of mine own free Thoughts,

And now become a Slave? What, never sigh;

Be of good Cheer, Man, for thou art a Cuckold:

'Tis done, 'tis done! Nay, when such flowing Store,

Plenty itself, falls in my Wife's Lap,

The *Cornucopia* will be mine, I know. But, *Cob,*

What Entertainment had they? I am sure

My Sister and my Wife would bid them welcome! Ha?

Cob. Like enough, Sir; yet I heard not a Word of it.

Kite. No; their Lips were seal'd with Kisses, and the Voice
Drown'd in a Flood of Joy at their Arrival,

Had lost her Motion, State, and Faculty.

Cob, which of them was't that first kiss'd my Wife?

(My Sister, I should say) my Wife, alas,

I fear not her: Ha? Who was it, say'st thou?

Cob. By my troth, Sir, will you have the Truth of it?

Kite. Ay, good *Cob,* I pray thee heartily.

Cob. Then I am a Vagabond, and fitter for *Bridewell,* than
your Worship's Company, if I saw any body to be kiss'd, unless
they wou'd have kiss'd the Post in the middle of the Warehouse;
for there I left 'em all, at their Tobacco, with a Pox!

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

Cob. O no, Sir!

Kite. Spite o' the Devil! What do I stay here then? *Cob,* fol-
low me. *[Exit.]*

Cob. Nay, soft and fair, I have Eggs on the Spits! Now am I
for some five and fifty Reasons hammering, hammering Revenge:
Nay, an' he had not lain in my House 'twould never have griev'd
me; but, being my Guest, one that I'll be sworn I lov'd and
trusted; and he to turn Monster of Ingratitude, and strike his law-
ful Host! Well, I hope to raise up an Host of Fury for't. I'll to
Justice *Clement* for a Warrant. Strike his lawful Host! *[Exit.]*



ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Kiteley's House.

Enter Down-right and Dame Kiteley.

Down. WELL, Sister, I tell you true: and you'll find it so, in the end.

Dame. Alas, Brother, what would you have me to do? I cannot help it: You see my Brother brings 'em in here, they are his Friends.

Down. His Friends? his Fiends, 'Slud they do nothing but haunt him up and down, like a sort of unlucky Sprites, and tempt him to all manner of Villany, that can be thought of. Well, by this Light, a little thing would make me play the Devil with some of 'em; and 'twere not more for your Husband's sake, than any thing else, I'd make the House too hot for the best on 'em: they should say, and swear, Hell were broken loose ere they went hence. But, by God's Will, 'tis no Body's fault but yours; for an' you had done, as you might have done, they should have been par-boil'd and bak'd too, every Mother's Son, ere they should ha' come in e'er a one of 'em.

Dame. God's my Life! did you ever hear the like? What a strange Man is this! Could I keep out all them, think you? I should put myself against half a dozen Men, should I? Good faith, you'd mad the patient'st Body in the World to hear you talk so, without any Sense or Reason!

Enter Mrs. Bridget, Mr. Matthew, Well-bred, Stephen, Ed. Kno'well, Bobadil, and Cash.

Bridg. Servant, in troth, you are too prodigal Of your Wit's Treasure, thus to pour it forth, Upon so mean a Subject as my Worth.

Mat. You say well, Mistres; and I mean as well.

Down. Hay-day, here is Stuff!

Well. O, now stand close: Pray Heav'n she can get him to read, he should do it of his own natural Impudency.

Bridg. Servant, what is this fame, I pray you?

Mat. Marry, an Elegy, an Elegy, an odd Toy — I'll read it if you please.

Bridg. Pray you do, Servant.

Down. O, here's no Foppery! Death, I can endure the Stocks better.

E. Kno. What ails thy Brother? can he not bear the reading of a Ballad?

Well. O no; a Rhime to him is worse than Cheefe, or a Bag-pipe. But, mark, you lose the Protestation.

Bob. Master *Matthew*, you abuse the Expectation of your dear Mistress, and her fair Sister: Fic, while you live, avoid this Proximity.

Mat. I shall, Sir.

Rare Creature, let me speak without Offence,

Would God my rude Words had the Influence

To rule thy Thoughts, as thy fair Looks do mine,

Then should'st thou be his Prisoner, who is thine.

[Master *Stephen* answers with shaking his Head.

E. Kno. 'Slight, he shakes his Head like a Bottle, to feel an' there be any Brain in it!

Well. Sister, what ha' you here? Verses? Pray you, let's see. Who made these Verses? they are excellent good!

Mat. O, Master *Well-bred*, 'tis your Disposition to say so, Sir. They were good i' the Morning, I made 'em *extempore* this Morning.

Well. How, *extempore*?

Mat. I would I might be hang'd else: Ask Captain *Bobodil*. He saw me write them at the — (pox on it) the Star yonder.

Step. Cousin, how do you like this Gentleman's Verses?

E. Kno. O, admirable! the best that ever I heard, Coz!

Step. Body o' *Cæsar*! they are admirable!

The best that ever I heard, as I am a Soldier.

Down. I am vext, I can hold ne'er a Bone of me still! Heart, I think they mean to build and breed here.

Well. Sister *Kitely*, I marvel you get you not a Servant that can rhyme, and do Tricks too.

Down. Oh, Monster! Impudence itself, Tricks! Come, you might practise your Ruffian-tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wufs: This is no Tavern, nor Drinking-school, to vent your Exploits in.

Well. How now! whose Cow has calv'd?

Down. Marry, that has mine, Sir. Nay, Boy, never look askance at me for the matter; I'll tell you of it, I, Sir, you and your Companions, mend yourselves, when I ha' done?

Well. My Companions?

Down. Yes, Sir, your Companions, so I say, I am not afraid of you nor them neither; your Hang-bys here. You must have your Poets, and your Potlings, your *Soldados* and *Poolados*, to follow you up and down the City, and here they must come to domineer and swagger. Sirrah, you, Ballad-singer, and Slops,
your

your Fellow there, get you out; get you home; or, by this Steel, I'll cut off your Ears, and that presently.

Well. 'Slight, stay, let's see what he dare do; Cut off his Ears! cut a Whetstone. You are an Afs, do you see; touch any Man here, and by this Hand, I'll run my Rapier to the Hilts in you.

Down. Yea, that would I fain see, Boy.

[*They all draw, and they of the House make out to part them.*]

Dame. O Jesu! murder! *Thomas, Gaspar!*

Bridg. Help, help, *Thomas.*

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

Bob. Well, Sirrah, you, *Holofernes*; by my Hand, I will pink your Flesh full of Holes with my Rapier, for this; I will, by this good Heav'n: Nay, let him come, let him come, Gentlemen, by the Body of *St. George*, I'll not kill him.

[*They offer to fight again, and are parted.*]

Cash. Hold, hold, good Gentlemen.

Down. You whorson, bragging Coistril!

Enter Kately.

Kite. Why, how now? what's the matter? what's the Stir here?

Put up your Weapons, and put off this Rage.

My Wife and Sister, they are Cause of this:

What, *Thomas*, where is this Knave?

Cash. Here, Sir.

Well. Come, let's go; this is one of my Brother's ancient Humours, this. [Exit.]

Step. I am glad no body was hurt by his ancient Humour. [Exit.]

Kite. Why, how now, Brother, who inforc'd this Brawl?

Down. A sort of leud Rake-hells, that care neither for God, nor the Devil: And they must come here to read Ballads, and Roguery, and Trash! I'll mar the Knot of 'em ere I sleep, perhaps; especially *Bob* there: he that's all manner of Shapes! and *Songs and Sonnets*, his Fellow. But I'll follow 'em. [Exit.]

Bridg. Brother, indeed, you are too violent, Too sudden in your Humour:

There was one a civil Gentleman,
And very worthily demean'd himself.

Kite. O, that was some Love of yours, Sister.

Bridg. A Love of mine? I would it were no worse, Brother! You'd pay my Portion sooner than you think for. [Exit.]

Dame. Indeed, he seem'd to be a Gentleman of an exceeding fair Disposition, and of very excellent good Parts. What a Coil and Stir is here? [Exit.]

Kite. Her Love, by Heaven! my Wife's Minion!
Fair Disposition, excellent good Parts!

Death,

Death, these Phrases are intolerable!

Well, well, well, well, well, well!

It is too plain, too clear: *Thomas*, come hither.

What, are they gone?

Cash. Ay, Sir, they went in

My Mistress, and your Sister

Kite. Are any of the Gallants within?

Cash. No, Sir, they are all gone.

Kite. Art thou sure of it?

Cash. I can assure you, Sir.

Kite. What Gentleman was that they prais'd so, *Thomas*?

Cash. One, they call him *Master Kno'well*, a handsome young Gentleman, Sir.

Kite. Ay, I thought so: my mind gave me as much.

I'll die, but they have him i' the House

Somewhere; I'll go and search: go with me, *Thomas*.

Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a Master. [Exit.

SCENE II. MORE-FIELDS.

Enter *E. Kno'well*, *Well-bred*, and *Brain-worm*.

E. Kno. Well, *Brain-worm*, perform this Business happily, And thou makest a purchase of my love for ever.

Well. I' faith, now let thy Spirits use their best Faculties; but at any hand remember the Message to my Brother: for there's no other means to start him out of his House.

Brain. I warrant you, Sir, fear nothing: I have a nimble Soul has waked all forces of my Phant'sie by this time, and put 'em in true Motion. What you have possist me withal, I'll discharge it amply, Sir. Make it no question. [Exit.

Well. Forth, and prosper, *Brain-worm*. Faith, *Ned*, how dost thou approve of my Abilities in this Device?

E. Kno. Troth, well, howsoever: but it will come excellent, if it take.

Well. Take, man? why, it cannot choose but take, if the Circumstances miscarry not: but tell me ingenuously, dost thou affect my Sister *Bridget*, as thou pretend'st?

E. Kno. Friend, am I worth belief?

Well. Come, do not protest. In faith, she is a Maid of good Ornament, and much Modesty: and, except I conceiv'd very worthily of her, thou should'st not have her.

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

Well. 'Slid, thou shalt have her; by this Light, thou shalt.

E. Kno. Nay, do not swear.

Well.

Well. By this Hand, thou shalt have her: I'll go fetch her presently. Point but where to meet, and as I am an honest Man, I'll bring her.

E. Kno. Hold, hold, be temperate.

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

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

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

Enter Formal, and Kno'well.

Form. Was your Man a Soldier, Sir?

Kno. Ay, a Knave, I took him begging o' the way, This Morning, as I came over *More-fields!*

Enter Brain-worm.

O here he is! you have made fair speed, believe me: Where, i' the name of Sloth, could you be thus——

Brain. Marry, Peace be my comfort, where I thought I should have had little comfort of your Worship's Service.

Kno. How so?

Brain. O, Sir! your coming to the City, your entertainment of me, and your sending me to watch——indeed, all the Circumstances either of your Charge, or my Employment, are as open to your Son, as to yourself!

Kno. How should that be! unless that Villain, *Brain-worm*, Have told him of the Letter, and discover'd All that I strictly charg'd him to conceal? 'tis so!

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

Kno. But how should he know thee to be my Man?

Brain. Nay, Sir, I cannot tell; unless it be by the black Art! Is not your Son a Scholar, Sir?

Kno. Yes, but I hope his Soul is not allied Unto such hellish practice: if it were, I had just cause to weep my part in him, And curse the time of his creation.

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

Brain. You should rather ask, where they found me, Sir; for I'll be sworn I was going along in the Street, thinking nothing, when (of a sudden) a Voice calls, *Mr. Kno'well's Man*; another cries, *Soldier*: and thus, half a dozen of 'em, 'till they had call'd me within a House, where I no sooner came, but out flew all their Rapiers at my Bosom, with some three or four score Oaths to accompany 'em, and all to tell me, I was a dead Man, if I did not confess

confess where you were, and how I was employed, and about what; which, when they could not get out of me (as I protest they must have dissected me, and made an Anatomy of me first, and so I told 'em) they lock'd me up into a Room iⁿ the top of a high House, whence, by great Miracle, having a light Heart, I slid down by a Bottom of Packthread into the Street, and so 'scap'd. But, Sir, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it while I was lock'd up, there were a great many rich Merchants and brave Citizens Wives with 'em at a Feast, and your Son, Mr. *Edward*, withdrew with one of 'em, and has 'pointed to meet her anon, at one *Cob's* House, a Water-bearer, that dwells by the Wall. Now, there your Worship shall be sure to take him, for there he preys, and fail he will not.

Kno. Nor will I fail, to break his Match I doubt not.

Go thou along with Justice *Clement's* Man,
And stay there for me. At one *Cob's* House, say'st thou?

Brain. Ay, Sir, there you shall have him. [*Exit Kno'well.*] Yes? Invisible? Much Wench, or much Son! 'Slight, when he has staid there three or four Hours, travelling with the Expectation of Wonders, and at length be deliver'd of Air: O, the Sport that I should then take to look on him, if I durst! But now I mean to appear no more before him in this Shape. I have another Trick to act yet. Sir, I make you stay somewhat long.

Form. Not a Whit, Sir.

You have been lately in the Wars, Sir, it seems.

Brain. Marry have I, Sir, to my Loss; and Expence of all, almost ———

Form. Troth, Sir, I would be glad to bestow a Pottle of Wine o' you, if it please you to accept it ———

Brain. O, Sir ———

Form. But to hear the Manner of your Services and your devices in the Wars, they say they be very strange, and not like those a Man reads in the *Roman* Histories, or sees at *Mile-End*.

Brain. No, I assure you, Sir; why, at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to discourse to you all I know; and more too, somewhat.

Form. No better Time than now, Sir; we'll go to the *Wind-mill*, there we shall have a Cup of neat Grist, as we call it. I pray you, Sir, let me request you, to the *Wind-mill*.

Brain. I'll follow you, Sir, and make Grist o' you, if I have good Luck. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Matthew, Ed. Kno'well, Bobadil, and Stephen.

Mat. Sir, did your Eyes ever taste the like Clown of him, where we were to-day, Mr. *Well-bred's* half Brother? I think the whole Earth cannot shew his Parallel, by this Day-light.

E. Kno.

E. Kno. We were now speaking of him: Captain *Bobadil* tells me, he is faln foul o' you too.

Mat. O, I Sir! he threatned me, with the *Bastinado*.

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

Mat. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick!

Bob. O, you do not give Spirit enough to your motion, you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it must be done like Lightning, hey? [*He practises at a Post.*]

Mat. Rare Captain!

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

E. Kno. Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our Masters of Defence here?

Mat. O, good Sir! yes, I hope he has.

Bob. I will tell you, Sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walk'd alone in divers Skirts o' the Town, where I have driven them before me the whole length of a Street, in the open View of all our Gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this Lenity will not o'ercome their Spleen; they will be doing with the Pismire, raising a Hill, a Man may spurn abroad with his Foot, at Pleasure. By myself I could have slain them all, but I delight not in Murder. I am loth to bear any other than this *Bastinado* for 'em: yet I hold it good Policy not to go disarm'd, for though I be skilful, I may be oppress'd with Multitudes.

E. Kno. Ay, believe me, may you, Sir; and, in my Conceit, our whole Nation should sustain the Loss by it, if it were so.

Bob. Alas, no; what's a peculiar Man, to a Nation? not seen.

E. Kno. O, but your Skill, Sir!

Bob. Indeed, that might be some Loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, Sir, by the way of Private, and under Seal; I am a Gentleman, and live here obscure and to myself: but, were I known to her Majesty, and the Lords (observe me) I would undertake (upon this poor Head and Life) for the public Benefit of the State, not only to spare the intire Lives of her Subjects in general, but to save the one-half, nay, three-parts of her yearly Charge in holding War, and against what Enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Kno. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why thus, Sir. I would select nineteen more to myself, throughout the Land; Gentlemen they should be, of good Spirit, strong, and able Constitution; I would choose them by an Instinct, a Character that I have; and I would teach these Nineteen the special Rules, as your *Punto*, your *Reverso*, your *Stoccata*, your *Imbroccata*, your *Passada*, your *Montanto*: till they could all play

very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the Enemy were forty thousand strong, we Twenty would come into the Field the Tenth of *March*, or thereabouts; and we would challenge Twenty of the Enemy; they could not, in their Honour, refuse us; well, we would kill them; challenge Twenty more, kill them; Twenty more, kill them; Twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every Man his Twenty a day, that's twenty Score; twenty Score, that's two Hundred; two Hundred a day, five Days a Thousand; forty Thousand; forty times Five, five times Forty, two Hundred Days kills them all up by Computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like Carcase to perform (provided there be no Treason practis'd upon us) by fair and discreet Manhood, that is, civilly by the Sword.

E. Kno. Why, are you so sure of your Hand, Captain, at all times?

Bob. Tut, never miss Thrust, upon my Reputation with you.

E. Kno. I would not stand in *Down-right's* State, then, an' you meet him, for the Wealth of any one Street in *London*.

Bob. Why, Sir, you mistake me! if he were here now, by this Welkin, I would not draw my Weapon on him! let this Gentleman do his Mind: But I will bastinado him, by the bright Sun! wherever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a Fling at him, at my Distance.

Enter Down-right, walking over the Stage.

E. Kno. God's so! lookye where he is; yonder he goes.

Down. What peevish Luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging Rascals?

Bob. It's not he, is it?

E. Kno. Yes, faith; it is he?

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

E. Kno. I assure you that was he.

Step. Upon my Reputation, it was he.

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

E. Kno. That I think, Sir. But see, he is come again!

Down. O, *Pharaoh's* Foot! have I found you? Come, draw, to your Tools: Draw, Gipsy, or I'll thresh you.

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

Down. Draw your Weapon, then.

Bob. Fall Man, I never thought on it till now; Body of me! I had a Warrant of the Peace served on me even now, as I came along, by a Water-bearer; this Gentleman saw it, Mr. *Matthew*.

Down. 'Sdeath, you will not draw, then?

[*He beats him, and disarms him. Matthew runs away.*

Bob. Hold, hold, under thy Favour, forbear.

Down.

Down. Prate again, as you like this, you whorson Foist, you. You'll control the Point, you? Your Consort is gone; had he staid, he had shar'd with you, Sir. [Exit Downright.

E. Kno. Twenty, and kill 'em; twenty more, kill them too. Ha! ha!

Bob. Well, Gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the Peace, by this good Day.

E. Kno. No, faith, it's an ill Day, Captain, never reckon it other: but say you were bound to the Peace, the Law allows you to defend yourself: that will prove but a poor Excuse.

Bob. I cannot tell, Sir. I desire good construction, in fair sort. I never sustain'd the like Disgrace, by Heaven: sure I was struck with a Planet thence, for I had no power to touch my Weapon.

E. Kno. Ay, like enough, I have heard of many that have been beaten under a Planet: go, get you to a Surgeon. 'Slid, an' these be your Tricks, your Passado's, and your Montanto's, I'll none of them.

Bob. I was Planet-struck certainly. [Exit.

E. Kno. O, Manners! that this Age should bring forth such Creatures! that Nature should be at leisure to make 'em! Come, Coz.

Step. Mafs, I'll ha' this Cloke.

E. Kno. God'swill, 'tis *Down-right's*.

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

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

Step. Ay, but he shall not ha't; I'll say, I bought it.

E. Kno. Take heed you buy it not too dear, Coz.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. *A Chamber in Kitely's House.*

Enter Kitely and Cash.

Kite. Art thou sure, *Thomas*, we have pry'd into all and every part throughout the House? Is there no By-place, or dark Corner has escap'd our Searches?

Cash. Indeed, Sir, none; there's not a Hole or Nook unsearch'd by us, from the upper Loft unto the Cellar.

Kite. They have convey'd him then away, or hid him in some Privacy of their own—While we were searching of the dark Closet by my Sister's Chamber, didst thou not think thou heard'st a rustling on the other side, and a soft tread of Feet?

Cash. Upon my Truth, I did not, Sir; or if you did, it might be only the Vermin in the Wainscot; the House is old, and overrun with 'em.

Kite. It is, indeed, *Thomas* — we should bane these Rats — dost thou understand me — we will — they shall not harbour here; I'll cleanse my House from 'em, if Fire or Poison can effect it — I will not be tormented thus — They know my Brain, and burrow in my Heart — I cannot bear it.

Cash. I do not understand you, Sir! Good now, what is't disturbs you thus? pray, be compos'd; these starts of Passion have some cause, I fear, that touches you more nearly.

Kite. Sorely, sorely, *Thomas* — it cleaves too close to me — Oh me! [*Sighs*] Lend me thy Arm — so, good *Cash*.

Cash. You tremble and look pale! let me call Assistance.

Kite. Not for ten thousand Worlds — Alas! alas! 'tis not in Med'cine to give me ease — here, here it lies.

Cash. What, Sir?

Kite. Why, nothing, nothing — I am not sick, yet more than dead; I have a burning Fever in my Mind, and long for that, which having, would destroy me.

Cash. Believe me, 'tis your Fancy's Imposition; shut up your generous Mind from such Intruders — I'll hazard all my growing Favour with you: I'll stake my present, nay my future Welfare, that some base whispering Knave, (pardon me, Sir,) hath in the best and richest Soil, sown Seeds of rank and evil Nature! O, my Master, should they take root — [*Laughing within.*]

Kite. Hark! hark! dost thou not hear? what think'st thou now? are they not laughing at me? — They are, they are; they have deceiv'd the Wittol, and thus they triumph in their Infamy — This Aggravation is not to be born. [*Laughing again.*]
Hark again! — *Cash*, do thou unseen steal in upon 'em, and listen to their wanton Conference.

Cash. I shall obey you, tho' against my will. [*Exit.*]

Kite. Against his will? ha! it may be so — He's young, and may be brib'd for them — they've various Means to draw the unwary in; if it be so, I'm lost, deceiv'd, betray'd, and my Bosom (my full-fraught Bosom) is unlock'd and open'd to Mockery and Laughter! Heaven forbid! He cannot be that Viper, stinging the Hand that rais'd and cherish'd him! was this Stroke added, I shou'd be curs'd — But it cannot be — no, it cannot be!

Enter Cash.

Cash. You are musing, Sir.

Kite. I ask your pardon, *Cash*, — ask me not why — I have wrong'd you, and am sorry — 'tis gone.

Cash. If you suspect my Faith —

Kite.

Kite. I do not—say no more—and for my sake let it die, and be forgotten——Have you seen your Mistress, and heard——whence was that Noise?

Cash. Your Brother Master *Well-bred*, is with 'em, and I found 'em throwing out their Mirth on a very truly ridiculous Subject; it is one *Formal*, as he styles himself, and he appertains (so he phrases it) to Justice *Clement*, and wou'd speak with you.

Kite. With me! art thou sure it is the Justice's Clerk? Where is he?

Enter Brain-worm (as Formal.)

Who are you, Friend?

Brain. An Appendix to Justice *Clement*, vulgarly call'd his Clerk.

Kite. What are your Wants with me?

Brain. None.

Kite. Do you not want to speak with me?

Brain. No—but my Master does.

Kite. What are the Justice's Commands?

Brain. He doth not command, but intreats Master *Kitely* to be with him directly, having Matters of some moment to communicate unto him.

Kite. What can it be! say, I'll be with him instantly, and if your Legs, Friend, go no faster than your Tongue, I shall be there before you.

Brain. I will. *Vale.* [Exit.]

Kite. 'Tis a precious Fool, indeed!—I must go forth—But first, come hither, *Thomas*—I have admitted thee into the close Recesses of my Heart, and shew'd thee all my Frailties, Passions, every thing——

Be careful of thy Promise, keep good watch:

Wilt thou be true, my *Thomas*?

Cash. As Truth's self, Sir—

But be assur'd you're heaping Care and Trouble

Upon a sandy Base; ill-plac'd Suspicion

Recoils upon yourself—She's chaste as comely;

Believe't she is—Let her not note your Humour;

Disperse the gloom upon your Brow, and be

As clear as her unsullied Honour.

Kite. I will then, *Cash*—thou comfort'st me—I'll drive these Fiend-like Fancies from me, and be myself again.

Think'st thou she has perceiv'd my Folly? 'Twere

Happy if she had not—She has not——

They who know no Evil will suspect none.

Cash. True, Sir; nor has your Mind a Blemish now.

This Change has gladden'd me—Here's my Mistress and the rest, settle your Reason to accost 'em.

Kite.

Kite. I will, *Cash*, I will ———

Enter Well-bred, Dame Kitely and Bridget.

Well. What are you plotting, Brother *Kitely*,
That thus of late you muse alone, and bear
Such weighty Care upon your pensivè Brow? [Laughs.]

Kite. My Care is all for you, good sneering Brother,
And well I wish you'd take some wholsom Counsel,
And curb your headstrong Humours; trust me, Brother,
You were to blame to raise Commotions here,
And hurt the Peace and Order of my House.

Well. No harm done, Brother, I warrant you,
Since there is no harm done; Anger costs
A Man nothing, and a brave Man is never
His own Man 'till he be angry—— To keep
His Valor in Obscurity, is to keep himself,
As it were, in a Cloke-bag: What's a
Mufician unless he play? What's a brave
Man unless he fight?

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

Well. What, school'd on both sides! Pr'ythee, *Bridget*, save
me from the Rod and Lecture. [Bridg. and Well. retire.]

Kite. With what a decent Modesty she rates him!
My Heart's at ease, and they shall see it is ——
How art thou, Wife? thou look'st both gay and comely,
In troth thou dost——I am sent for out, my Dear,
But I shall soon return——Indeed, my Life,
Busines that forces me abroad grows irksom,
I cou'd content me with less Gain and 'Vantage
To have thee more at home, Indeed I cou'd.

Dame. Your Doubts, as well as Love, may breed these Thoughts.

Kite. That Jar untunes me. [Aside.]
What dost thou say? doubt thee?

I shou'd as soon suspect myself——No, no,
My Confidence is rooted in thy Merit,
So fixt and settled, that wert thou inclin'd
To Masks, to Sports and Balls, where lusty Youth
Leads up the wanton Dance, and the rais'd Pulse
Beats quicker Measures, yet I cou'd with Joy,
With Heart's-ease and Security——But not
I had rather thou shou'dst prefer thy home
And me, to Toys and such like Vanities.

Dame. But sure, my Dear,
A Wife may moderately use these Pleasures,
Which Numbers, and the Time give Sanction to,
Without the smallest Blemish on her Name.

Kite.

Kite. And so she may — And I'll go with thee, Child,
I will indeed — I'll lead thee there myself,
And be the foremost Reveller. — I'll silence
The Sneers of Envy, stop the Tongue of Slander;
Nor will I more be pointed at, as one
Disturb'd with Jealousy —

Dame. Why, were you ever so?

Kite. What! — ha! never, never — ha, ha, ha!
She stabs me home. [*Aside.*] Jealous of thee!
No, do not believe it — speak low, my Love,
Thy Brother will o'erhear us — No, no, my Dear,
It cou'd not be, it cou'd not be — for — for —
What is the time now? — I shall be too late. —
No, no, thou may'ft be satisfy'd
There's not the smallest Spark remaining —
Remaining! What do I say? there never was,
Nor can, nor ever shall be — so be satisfy'd —
Is *Cob* within there? — Give me a Kiss,
My Dear, there, there, now we are reconcil'd —
I'll be back immediately — Good-bye, good-bye —
Ha! ha! jealous! I shall burst my Sides with laughing;
Ha! ha! *Cob*, where are you, *Cob*? Ha! ha! —

[*Exit.*

[*Well-bred and Bridget come forward.*

Well. What have you done to make your Husband part so merry
from you? He has of late been little given to Laughter.

Dame. He laugh'd indeed, but seemingly without Mirth; his
Behaviour is new and strange: he is much agitated, and has some
Whimsy in his Head, that puzzles mine to read it.

Well. 'Tis Jealousy, good Sister, and writ so largely that the
blind may read it; have not you perceiv'd it yet?

Dame. If I have, 'tis not always prudent that my Tongue
shou'd betray my Eyes, so far my Wisdom tends, good Brother,
and little more I boast of — But what makes him ever calling for
Cob so? I wonder how he can employ him.

Well. Indeed, Sister, to ask how he employs *Cob*, is a necessary
Question for you, that are his Wife, and a thing not very easy
for you to be satisfy'd in — But this, I'll assure you, *Cob's* Wife
is an excellent Baud, Sister, and oftentimes your Husband haunts
her House; marry to what end, I cannot altogether accuse him:
imagine you what you think convenient. But I have known fair
Hides have foul Hearts, ere now, Sister.

Dame. Never said you truer than that, Brother; so much I
can tell you for your Learning. O ho! is this the Fruit of's
Jealousy? I thought some Game was in the Wind, he acted so
much Tenderness but now, but I'll be quit with him —
Thomas!

Enter

Enter Cash.

Cash. Fetch your Hat, and go with me; I'll get my Hood, and out the backward-way. — I wou'd to Fortune I could take him there, I'd return him his own, I warrant him! I'd fit him for his Jealousy! [*Exit.*

Well. Ha, ha! so, e'en let 'em go; this may make Sport anon — What, *Brain-worm*?

Enter Brain-worm.

Brain. I saw the Merchant turn the Corner, and came back to tell you, all goes well; Wind and Tide, my Master.

Well. But how got'st thou this Apparel of the Justice's Man?

Brain. Marry, Sir, my proper fine Penman wou'd needs bestow the Grift o' me at the *Wind-mill*, to hear some martial Discourse, where I so marshalled him, that I made him drunk with Admiration: And because too much Heat was the Cause of his Distemper, I stript him stark naked, as he lay along asleep, and borrow'd his Suit to deliver this counterfeit Message in, leaving a rusty Armour, and an old brown Bill, to watch him 'till my Return; which shall be when I have pawn'd his Apparel, and spent the better Part of the Money, perhaps.

Well. Well, thou art a successful merry Knave, *Brain-worm*; his Absence will be subject for more Mirth. I pray thee return to thy young Master, and will him to meet me and my Sister *Bridget* at the *Tower* instantly; for here, tell him, the House is so stor'd with Jealousy, there is no room for Love to stand upright in. We must get our Fortunes committed to some large Prison, say; and then the *Tower*, I know no better Air, nor where the Liberty of the House may do us more present Service. Away. [*Exit Brain.*

Bridg. What, is this the Engine that you told me of? What farther Meaning have you in the Plot?

Well. That you may know, fair Sister-in-law, how happy a thing it is to be fair and beautiful.

Bridg. That touches not me, Brother.

Well. That's true; that's even the Fault of it; for, indeed, Beauty stands a Woman in no stead, unless it procure her Touching. — Well, there's a dear and respected Friend of mine, Sister, stands very strongly and worthily affected towards you, and hath vow'd to inflame whole Bone-fires of Zeal at his Heart, in Honour of your Perfections. I have already engag'd my Promise to bring you where you shall hear him confirm much more. *Ned Kno'well* is the Man, Sister. There's no Exception against the Party; you are ripe for a Husband, and a Minute's Loss to such an Occasion is a great Trespass in a wise Beauty. — What say you,

you, Sister? On my Soul, he loves you. Will you give him the Meeting?

Bridg. Faith, I had very little Confidence in my own Constancy, Brother, if I durst not meet a Man: But this Motion of yours favours of an old Knight Adventurer's Servant, a little too much, methinks.

Well. What's that, Sister?

Bridg. Marry, of the Go-between.

Well. No matter if it did; I wou'd be such a one for my Friend.
— But see, who is return'd to hinder us.

Enter Kately.

Kite. What Villany is this? Call'd out on a false Message! This was some Plot; I was not sent for. *Bridget*, where's your Sister?

Bridg. I think she be gone forth, Sir.

Kite. How! is my Wife gone forth? Whither for Heaven's sake?

Bridg. She's gone abroad with *Thomas*.

Kite. Abroad with *Thomas*! Oh, that Villain cheats me! He hath discover'd all unto my Wife; Beast that I was to trust him. Whither, I pray You, went she?

Bridg. I know not, Sir.

Well. I'll tell you, Brother, whither I suspect she's gone.

Kite. Whither, good Brother?

Well. To *Cob's* House, I believe; but keep my Counsel.

Kite. I will, I will. — To *Cob's* House! Does she haunt there?

She's gone on purpose now to cuckold me
With that leud Rascal, who, to win her Favour,
Hath told her all — Why wou'd you let her go?

Well. Because she's not my Wife; if she were, I'd keep her to her Tether.

Kite. So, so; now 'tis too plain. — I shall go mad
With my Misfortunes; now they pour in Torrents:
I'm bruted by my Wife, betray'd by my Servant,
Mock'd at by my Relations, pointed at by my Neighbours,
Despis'd by myself. — There is nothing left now
But to revenge myself first, next hang myself;
And then — all my Cares will be over. [Exit.

Bridg. He storms most loudly; sure you have gone too far in this.

Well. 'Twill all end right, depend upon't. — But let us lose no time; the Coast is clear; away, away; the Affair is worth it, and cries Haste.

Bridg. I trust me to your Guidance, Brother; and so Fortune
for us. [*Exeunt.*]



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

S T O C K S - M A R K E T.

Enter Matthew and Bobadil.

Mat. I WONDER, Captain, what they will say of my going
away? Ha?

Bob. Why, what should they say? but as of a discreet Gentle-
man? quick, wary, respectful of Nature's fair Lineaments: and
that's all?

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

Bob. A rude Part, a Touch with soft Wood, a kind of gross
Battery us'd, laid on strongly, borne most patiently; and that's
all. But wherefore do I wake this Remembrance? I was fasci-
nated, by *Jupiter!* fascinated; but I will be unwitch'd, and re-
veng'd by Law.

Mat. Do you hear? is't not best to get a Warrant, and have
him arrested, and brought before Justice *Clement?*

Bob. It were not amiss, would we had it!

Mat. Why, here comes his Man, let's speak to him.

Bob. Agreed; do you speak.

Enter Brain-worm as Formal.

Mat. Save you, Sir.

Brain. With all my Heart, Sir?

Mat. Sir, there is one *Down-right* hath abus'd this Gentle-
man and myself, and we determine to make our Amends by Law;
now, if you would do us the Favour to procure a Warrant to
bring him before your Master, you shall be well considered, I as-
sure you, Sir.

Brain. Sir, you know my Service is my Living, such Fa-
vours as these, gotten of my Master, is his only Preferment,
and therefore, you must consider me, as I may make Benefit of
my Place.

Mat. How is that, Sir?

Brain. Faith, Sir, the thing is extraordinary, and the Gentle-
man may be of great Account: yet, be what he will, if you will
lay

lay me down a brace of Angels in my Hand, you shall have it, otherwise not.

Mat. How shall we do, Captain? he asks a brace of Angels, you have no Money.

Bob. Not a cross, by Fortune.

Mat. Nor I, as I am a Gentleman, but two Pence left of my two Shillings in the Morning for Wine and Radish: let's find him some Pawn.

Bob. Pawn? we have none to the value of his demand.

Mat. O, yes, I can pawn my Ring here.

Bob. And harkee he shall have my trusty *Toledo* too. I believe I shall have no service for it to day.

Mat. Do you hear, Sir? we have no store of Money at this time, but you shall have good Pawns; look you, Sir, I will pledge this Ring, and that Gentleman his *Toledo*, because we wou'd have it dispatch'd.

Brain. I am content, Sir; I will get you the Warrant presently. What's his Name, say you? *Down-right*?

Mat. Ay, ay, *George Down-right*.

Brain. Well, Gentlemen, I'll procure you this Warrant presently; but who will you have to serve it?

Mat. That's true, Captain; that must be consider'd.

Bob. Body o' me, I know not! 'tis Service of Danger!

Brain. Why, you were best get one o' the Varlets o' the City, a Serjeant. I'll appoint you one, if you please.

Mat. Will you, Sir? why, we can wish no better.

Bob. We'll leave it to you, Sir. [*Exeunt Bob. and Mat.*]

Brain. This is rare! now will I go pawn this Cloke of the Justice's Man's at the Broker's for a Varlet's Suit, and be the Varlet myself; and so get Money on all sides. [*Exit.*]

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

Enter Kno'well.

Kno. O, here it is; I have found it now—Hoa, who is within here?

Tib appears at the Window.

Tib. I am within, Sir; what's your pleasure?

Kno. To know who is within besides yourself.

Tib. Why, Sir, you are no Constable, I hope?

Kno. O, fear you the Constable? then I doubt not you have some Guests within, deserve that Fear——I'll fetch him straight.

Tib. For Heaven's fake, Sir——

Kno. Go to, come tell me, is not young *Kno'well* here?

Tib. Young *Kno'well*? I know none such, Sir, o' my Honesty.

Kno. Your Honesty! Dame, it flies too lightly from you: there is no way, but fetch the Constable.

Tib. The Constable! the Man is mad, I think.

Enter Cash, and Dame Kitely.

Cash. Hoa! who keeps House here?

Kno. O, this is the female Copesmate of my Son. Now shall I meet him straight.

Dame. Knock, *Thomas*, hard. [*Aside.*]

Cash. Hoa! good Wife.

Tib. Why, what's the matter with you?

Dame. Why, Woman, grieves it you to ope the Door? be-like, you get something to keep it shut.

Tib. What mean these Questions, pray you?

Dame. So strange you make it! Is not my Husband here!

Kno. Her Husband!

Dame. My try'd and faithful Husband, Master *Kitely*. [*Aside.*]

Tib. I hope he needs not to be try'd here.

Dame. Come hither, *Cash* — I see my Turtle coming to his haunts; let us retire. [*They retire.*]

Kno. This must be some Device to mock me withal. Soft—who is this?—Oh! 'tis my Son disguis'd, I'll watch him, and surprize him.

Enter Kitely, muffled in a Cloak.

Kite. 'Tis truth, I see, there she sculks.
But I will fetch her from her Hold—I will——
I tremble so, I scarce have power to do the Justice
Her Infamy demands.

[*As Kitely goes forward, Dame Kitely and Kno'well lay hold of him.*]

Kno. Have I trapp'd you, Youth? you can't escape me now.

Dame. O, Sir! have I forestall'd your honest Market?
Found your close Walks! you stand amaz'd
Now, do you? Ah, hide, hide your Face for shame!
I'faith, I am glad I have found you yet at last.
What is your Jewel, tro'? In, come let's see her; fetch
Forth the wanton Dame—If she be fairer
In any honest Judgment, than myself,
I'll be content with it: but she is change;
She feeds you Fat, she sooths your Appetite,
And you are well. Your Wife, an honest Woman,
Is Meat twice sod to you, Sir. O, you Traacher!

Kno.

Kno. What mean you, Woman? let go your hold.
I see the Counterfeit — I am his Father, and claim him as
my own.

Kite. [*discovering himself.*] I am your Cuckold, and claim my
Vengeance.

Dame. What, do you wrong me, and insult me too?
Thou faithless Man!

Kite. Out on thy more than Strumpet's Impudence!
Steal'st thou thus to thy Haunts? and have I taken
Thy Bawd, and thee, and thy Companion,
This hoary-headed Letcher, this old Goat,
Close at your villany, and would'st thou 'scuse it,
With this stale Harlot's Jest, accusing me?
O, old Incontinent, dost thou not shame
To have a Mind so hot? and to entice,
And feed th' enticements of a lustful Woman?

Dame. Out, I defy thee, dissembling Wretch!

Kite. Defy me, Strumpet? ask thy Pandar here,
Can he deny it, or that wicked Elder?

Kno. Why, hear you, Sir —

Cash. Master, 'tis in vain to reason while these Passions blind
you — I'm griev'd to see you thus.

Kite. Tut, tut, never speak, I see thro' every
Veil you cast upon your Treachery: but I have
Done with you, and root you from my Heart for ever.
For you, Sir, thus I demand my Honour's due;
Resolv'd to cool your Lust, or end my Shame.

Kno. What Lunacy is this? put up your Sword, and undeceive
yourself — no Arm that e'er pois'd Weapon can affright me.
But I pity Folly, nor cope with Madnes. [*Draws.*

Kite. I will have Proofs — I will — so you good Wife Bawd,
Cob's Wife; and you that make your Husband such a Monster,
and you, young Pandar, and old Cuckold-maker, I'll ha' you
every one before a Justice — nay, you shall answer it; I charge
you go. Come forth, thou Bawd.

[*Goes into the House, and brings out Tib.*]
Kno. Marry, with all my Heart, Sir; I go willingly.
Tho' I do taste this as a Trick put on me,
To punish my impertinent Search; and justly;
And half forgive my Son for the Device.

Kite. Come, will you go?

Dame. Go, to thy Shame believe it.

Kite. Tho' Shame and Sorrow, both my Heart betide,
Come on — I must, and will be satisfied.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE III. STOCK'S-MARKET.

Enter Brain-worm.

Brain. Well, of all my Disguises yet, now am I most like myself; being in this Serjeant's Gown. A Man of my present Profession, never counterfeits, 'till he lays hold upon a Debtor, and says, he rests him; for then he brings him to all manner of unrest. A kind of little Kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a Mace, made like a young Artichoke, that always carries Pepper and Salt in itself. Well, I know not what Danger I undergo by this Exploit; pray Heaven, I come well off.

Enter Bobadil, and Mr. Matthew.

Mat. See, I think, yonder is the Varlet, by his Gown. 'Save you, Friend; are you not here by appointment of Justice Clement's Man?

Brain. Yes, an't please you, Sir: he told me two Gentlemen had will'd him to procure a Warrant from his Master (which I have about me) to be serv'd on one *Down-right*.

Mat. It is honestly done of you both; and see where the Party comes, you must arrest: serve it upon him quickly, before he be aware

Enter Mr. Stephen in Down-right's Cloke.

Bob. Bear back, Master *Matthew*.

Brain. Master *Down-right*, I arrest you i' the Queen's Name, and must carry you before a Justice, by virtue of this Warrant.

Step. Me, friend? I am no *Down-right*, I. I am Master *Stephen*; you do not well to arrest me, I tell you, truly: I am in no body's Bonds or Books, I would you should know it. A Plague on you heartily, for making me thus afraid before my time.

Brain. Why, now are you deceived, Gentlemen?

Bob. He wears such a Cloke, and that deceived us: But see, here a comes, indeed! this is he, Officer.

Enter Down-right.

Down. Why, how now, Signior Gull! are you turn'd Filcher of late? come, deliver my Cloke.

Step. Your Cloke, Sir? I bought it even now, in open Market.

Brain. Master *Down-right*, I have a Warrant I must serve upon you, procur'd by these two Gentlemen.

Down. These Gentlemen? these Rascals?

Brain. Keep the Peace, I charge you, in her Majesty's Name.

Down. I obey thee. What must I do, Officer?

Brain.

Brain. Go before Master Justice *Clement*, to answer wha they can object against you, Sir. I will use you kindly, Sir.

Mat. Come, let's before, and make the Justice, Captain

[*Exit.*

Bob. The Varlet's a tall Man, before Heav'n!

[*Exit.*

Down. Gull, you'll gi' me my Cloke?

Step. Sir, I bought it, and I'll keep it.

Down. You will?

Step. Ay, that I will.

Down. Officer, there's thy Fee, arrest him.

Brain. Master *Stephen*, I must arrest you.

Step. Arrest me, I scorn it. There, take your Cloke, I'll none on't.

Down. Nay, that shall not serve your turn, now, Sir. Officer, I'll go with thee to the Justice's: bring him along.

Step. Why, is not here your Cloke, what would you have?

Down. I'll ha' you answer it, Sir.

Brain. Sir, I'll take your Word; and this Gentleman's too: for his Appearance.

Down. I'll ha' no Words taken. Bring him along.

Brain. So, so, I have made a fair mash on't.

Step. Must I go?

Brain. I know no Remedy, Master *Stephen*.

Down. Come along before me, here. I do not love your hanging Look behind.

Step. Why, Sir. I hope you cannot hang me for it. Can he, Fellow?

Brain. I think not, Sir. It is but a whipping matter, sure!

Step. Why then let him do his worst, I am resolute. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV. *A Hall in Justice Clement's House.*

Enter Clement, Kno'well, Kitely, Dame Kitely, Tib, Cash, Cob, and Servants.

Clem. Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave: My Chair, Sirrah. You Master *Kno'well*, say you went thither to meet your Son.

Kno. Ay, Sir.

Clem. But who directed you thither?

Kno. That did mine own Man, Sir.

Clem. Where is he?

Kno. Nay, I know not, now; I left him with your Clerk; And appointed him to stay here for me.

Clem. My Clerk? About what time was this?

Kno. Marry, between One and Two, as I take it.

Clem. And what time came my Man with the false Message to you, Master *Kitely*?

Kitely.

Kite. After Two, Sir.

Clem. Very good: But, Mrs. *Kitely*, how chance it that you were at *Cob's*? ha?

Dame. An' please you, Sir, I'll tell you: My Brother *Well-bred* told me, that *Cob's* House was a suspected Place ———

Clem. So it appears, methinks: but on.

Dame. And that my Husband us'd thither daily.

Clem. No matter, so he us'd himself well, Mistress.

Dame. True, Sir, but you know what grows by such Haunts, oftentimes.

Clem. I see rank Fruits of a jealous Brain, Mistress *Kitely*, but did you find your Husband there, in that Case, as you suspected?

Kite. I found her there, Sir.

Clem. Did you so? that alters the case. Who gave you Knowledge of your Wife's being there?

Kite. Marry, that did my Brother *Well-bred*.

Clem. How, *Well-bred* first tell her? then tell you after? where is *Well-bred*?

Kite. Gone with my Sister, Sir, I know not whither.

Clem. Why, this is a mere Trick, a Device; you are gull'd in this most grossly, all! Alas, poor Wench, wert thou suspected for this?

Tib. Yes, and't please you.

Clem. I smell Mischief here, Plot and Contrivance, Master *Kitely*. However, if you will step into the next Room with your Wife, and think coolly of matters, you'll find some Trick has been play'd you——I fear there have been Jealousies on both parts, and the Wags have been merry with you.

Kite. I begin to feel it —— I'll take your Counsel——Will you go in, *Dame*?

Dame. I will have Justice, Mr. *Kitely*?

[*Exeunt Kite. and Dame.*]

Clem. You will be a Woman, Mrs. *Kitely*, that I see——
How now, what's the matter?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a Gentleman i'th' Court without, desires to speak with your Worship.

Clem. A Gentleman! what's he?

Serv. A Soldier, Sir, he says.

Clem. A Soldier! My Sword, quickly: A Soldier speak with me! Stand by, I will end your matters anon——Let the Soldier enter, now, Sir, what ha' you to say to me?

Enter Bobadil, and Matthew.

Bob. By your Worship's Favour——

Clem.

Clem. Nay, keep out, Sir, I know not your pretence, you send me word, Sir, you are a Soldier; why, Sir, you shall be answer'd, here, here be them have been among Soldiers. Sir, your pleasure.

Bob. Faith, Sir, so it is, this Gentleman and myself, have been most uncivilly wrong'd and beaten by one *Down-right*, a course Fellow, about the Town here, and for mine own part, I protest, being a Man in no fort given to this filthy Humour of Quarrelling, he hath assaulted in the way of my Peace; despoil'd me of mine Honour; disarm'd me of my Weapons; and rudely laid me along in the open Streets: when I not so much as once offer'd to resist him.

Clem. O, God's precious! is this the Soldier? lie there, my Sword, 'twill make him swoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on't, that will put up a Blow.

Mat. An't please your Worship, he was bound to the Peace.

Clem. Why, an' he were, Sir, his Hands were not bound, were they?

Serv. There's one of the Varlets of the City, Sir, has brought two Gentlemen, here, one upon your Worship's Warrant.

Clem. My Warrant?

Serv. Yes, Sir. The Officer says, procur'd by these two.

Clem. Bid him, come in. Set by this Picture. What, Mr. *Down-right*! are you brought at Mr. *Fresh-water's* Suit here?

Enter Down-right, Stephen, and Brainworm.

Down. I'faith, Sir. And here's another brought at my Suit.

Clem. What are you, Sir?

Step. A Gentleman, Sir? O, Uncle!

Clem. Uncle? who, Master *Kno'well*?

Kno. Ay, Sir, this is a wise Kinsman of mine.

Step. God's my Witness, Uncle, I am wrong'd here monstrously, he charges me with stealing of his Cloke, and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the Street, by chance.

Down. O, did you find it, now? you said you bought it ere-while.

Step. And you said I stole it; nay, now my Uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

Clem. Well, let this breathe a while; you, that have cause to complain there, stand forth: Had you my Warrant for this Gentleman's Apprehension?

Bob. Ay, an't please your Worship.

Clem. Nay, do not speak in passion so: Where had you it?

Bob. Of your Clerk, Sir.

Clem. That's well, an' my Clerk can make Warrants, and my Hand not at 'em! Where is the Warrant? Officer, have you it?

Brain. No, Sir, your Worship's Man, Master *Farmal*, bid me do it for these Gentlemen, and he would be my Discharge.

Clem. Why, Master *Down-right*, are you such a Novice to be serv'd, and never see the Warrant?

Down. Sir, he did not serve it on me.

Clem. No, how then?

Down. Marry, Sir, he came to me, and said, he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so —

Clem. O, God's pity, was it so, Sir? he must serve it? give me a Warrant; I must serve one too — you Knave, you Slave, you Rogue, do you say you must, Sirrah? away with him to the Jail, I'll teach you a Trick for your *must*, Sir.

Brain. Good Sir, I beseech you be good to me.

Clem. Tell him, he shall to the Jail, away with him, I say.

Brain. Nay, Sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for committing more than this: I will not lose by my Travel any grain of my Fame certain.

[*Throws off his Disguise.*]

Clem. How is this?

Kno. My Man, *Brain-worm*!

Step. O yes, Uncle, *Brain-worm* has been with my Cousin *Edward* and I all this Day.

Clem. I told you all, there was some Device.

Brain. Nay, excellent Justice, since I have laid myself thus open to you; now, stand strong for me; both with your Sword, and your Balance.

Clem. Body o' me, a merry Knave! Give me a Bowl of Sack: If he belong to you, Master *Kno'well*, I bespeak your Patience.

Brain. That is it I have most need of. Sir, if you'll pardon me only, I'll glory in all the rest of my Exploits.

Kno. Sir, you know I love not to have my Favours come hard from me. You have your Pardon; though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsel with my Son against me.

Brain. Yes, faith, I have, Sir; though you retain'd me doubly this Morning for yourself; first, as *Brain-worm*; after, as *Fitz-Sword*. I was your reform'd Soldier, Sir. 'Twas I sent you to *Cab's* upon the Errand without End.

Kno. Is it possible! or that thou should'st disguise thyself so as I should not know thee?

Brain. O, Sir! this has been the Day of my Metamorphosis! It is not that Shape alone that I have run through to-day. I brought Master *Kitely* a Message too, in the Form of Master Justice's Man here, to draw him out o' the way, as well as your Worship; while Master *Well-bred* might make a Conveyance of Mistress *Bridget* to my young Master.

Kno. My Son is not married, I hope!

Brain.

Brain. Faith, Sir, they are both as sure as Love, a Priest, and three thousand Pound, which is her Portion, can make 'em: and by this time are ready to bespeak their Wedding-Supper at the *Wind-mill*, except some Friend here prevent 'em, and invite 'em home.

Clem. Marry, that will I, I thank thee for putting me in mind on't. *Sirrah*, go you and fetch 'em hither upon my Warrant. Neither's Friends have cause to be sorry, if I know the young Couple aright. But, I pray thee, what hast thou done with my *Man Formal*.

Brain. Faith, Sir, after some Ceremony past, as making him drunk, first with Story, and then with Wine (but all in Kindness) and stripping him to his Shirt; I left him in that cool Vein, departed, sold your Worship's Warrant to these two, pawn'd his Livery for that Varlet's Gown to serve it in; and thus have brought myself, by my Activity, to your Worship's Consideration.

Clem. And I will consider thee in a Cup of Sack. Here's to thee, which having drank off, this is my Sentence. Pledge me. Thou hast done; or assisted to nothing, in my Judgment, but deserves to be pardon'd for the Wit o' the Offence. Go into the next Room; let Master *Kitely* into this whimsical Business, and if he does not forgive thee, he has less Mirth in him than an honest Man ought to have. How now! Who are these?

Enter Ed. Kno'well, Well-bred and Bridget.

O, the young Company. Welcome, welcome. Give you Joy. Nay, Mistress *Bridget*, blush not; you are not so fresh a Bride, but the News of it is come hither before you. Master Bridegroom, I have made your Peace, give me your Hand: so will I for all the rest, ere you forsake my Roof.

All. We are the more bound to your Humanity, Sir.

Clem. Only these two have so little of Man in 'em, they are no Part of my Care.

Step. And what shall I do?

Clem. O! I had lost a Sheep, an' he had not bleated. Why, Sir, you shall give Mr. *Down-right* his Cloke: and I will intreat him to take it. A Trencher and a Napkin you shall have in the Buttery, and keep *Cob* and his Wife company here; whom I will intreat first to be reconcil'd; and you to endeavour with your Wit to keep 'em so.

Step. I'll do my best.

Clem. Call Master *Kitely* and his Wife, there.

Enter Mr. Kitely and Dame Kitely.

Did I not tell you there was a Plot against you? Did I not smell it

it out, as a wise Magistrate ought? Have not you trac'd, have not you found it, Eh! Master *Kitely*?

Kite. I have. — I confess my Folly, and own I have deserv'd what I have suffer'd for it. The Trial has been severe, but it is past. All I have to ask now, is, that as my Folly is cur'd, and my Persecutors forgiven, my Shame may be forgotten.

Clem. That will depend upon yourself, Master *Kitely*; do not you yourself create the Food for Mischiefe, and the Mischievous will not prey upon you. — But come, let a general Reconciliation go round, and let all Discontents be laid aside. — You, Mr. *Downright*, put off your Anger. You, Master *Kno'well*, your Cares. And do you, Master *Kitely* and your Wife, put off your Jealousies.

Kite. Sir, thus they go from me, kiss me, my Wife.

See, what a Drove of Horns fly in the Air,
Wing'd with my cleansed, and my credulous Breath!

Watch 'em, suspicious eyes, watch where they fall.

See, see! on Heads, that think they've none at all!

O, what a plenteous World of this will come,

When Air rains Horns, all may be sure of some!

Clem. 'Tis well, 'tis well! This Night we'll dedicate to Friendship, Love, and Laughter. Master *Bridegroom*, take your Bride, and lead; every one a Fellow. Here is my Mistress, *Brain-worm*! to whom all my Addresses of Courtship shall have their Reference. Whose Adventures this Day, when our Grand-children shall hear to be made a Fable, I doubt not but it shall find both Spectators and Applause.

F I N I S.



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