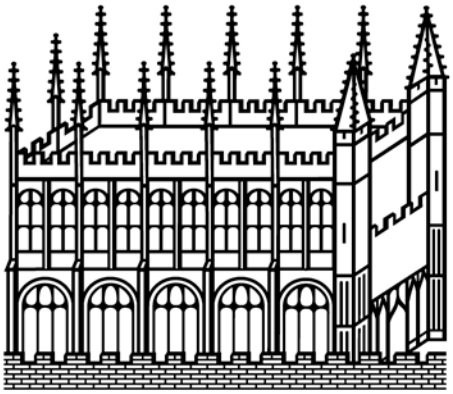

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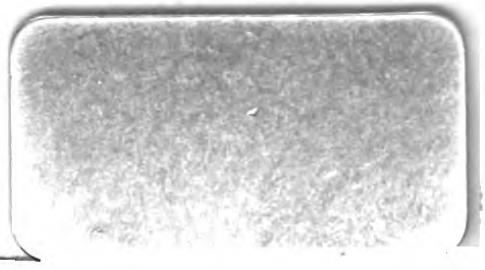

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THE

DRAMATIC WORKS OF JOHN WEBSTER.

EDITED BY WILLIAM HAZLITT,

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,
SOHO SQUARE.
1857.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE are scarcely any known materials of which to frame even an outline of the biography of John Webster. We know not where he was born, nor, precisely, when; but there is an entry in the register of the parish church of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch—"Married: John Webster and Isabell Sutton, 25 July, 1590,"—which Mr. Collier, an author by no means used to jump to conclusions, identifies with our poet, adding: "our principal reason for thinking that it may refer to him is, that elsewhere in the register he is sometimes called merchant-tailor, a description he himself assumed."[1] Alice, the daughter of this pair, was baptized at St. Leonard's, 9th May, 1606. Gildon, in his Lives of the Poets, tells us that Webster was clerk of the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn; and as Gildon's book was published in 1698 —conjecturally, but half a century after Webster's death —he may have proceeded upon valid information in his statement. The name of Webster, it is true, does not occur in the registers of the church of that parish; but the clerkship being in the gift of the rector, the vestry register

[1] J. P. Collier; Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare, published by the Shakespeare Society, 1846.

could afford no direct evidence upon the subject. It does, however, furnish indirect evidence that Webster had ceased, or had not commenced, to be clerk of the parish in 1629; for under the date 15th June, 1629, occurs this entry:—"It is agreed that Mr. Smith, the *clerke of this parish*, shall have a lease," &c. Webster, in whatever connection, was also a member of the Merchant Tailors' company, as he himself informs us on the title-page of his *Monument of Honour*, which he there sets forth as "invented and written by John Webster, Taylor." Mr. Dyce's minute researches have discovered three John Websters who were made free of this Company between 1571 and 1617; but there is no sort of indication by which we may identify any of these three tailors with John Webster the dramatist. Indeed, as the *Monument of Honour* was printed in 1624, its author, if one of the three at all, could only have been the John Webster who "Lune Decimo Septimo die Novemb. Anno D^{m}. 1617, was made free by Henry Clinckard his M^{r}.;" for the next anteceding John Webster dates back so far as 1576. Mr. Dyce, further, produces from the Prerogative Court the will of one John Webster, clothworker, who died 5th August, 1625; but John Webster, the poet, lived, we may almost venture to affirm, many years after that period. There is another suggestion—not obviously reconcileable with clerkship or clothworkership, but more probable in itself than either—that he augmented the then small gains of dramatist by the much more profitable employment of actor.[1] There remains to be mentioned one other occu-

[1] Thus writes, in 1613, Henry Parrott, in his "Laquei Ridiculosi, or Springes for Woodcockes:"—

"Theatrum Licentia,
"Cotta's become a player, most men know,

pation which Webster is said to have filled—that of College Tutor. In the year 1654, appeared a tract entitled *Academiarum Examen, or the Examination of Academies. Wherein is discussed and examined the Matter, Method, and Customes of Academick and Scholastick Learning, and the insufficiency thereof discovered and laid open; As also some Expedients proposed for the Reforming of Schools, and the perfecting and promoting of all kind of Science. Offered to the judgements of all those that love the proficiencie of Arts and Sciences, and the advancement of Learning. By Jo. Webster.* This John Webster, Mr. Collier, in his *Poetical Decameron*, seeks to show was John Webster, the dramatist; but Mr. Dyce, upon more elaborate investigation, has, with apparent success, identified him as the John Webster who, after having been in holy orders, became a practitioner in physic at Clitheroe, in Lancashire, and was the author, also, of *The Saints' Guide, The Displaying of supposed Witchcraft*, and other works. However, one of the two replies to this pamphlet is entitled: *Histrio-Mastix. A Whip for Webster* (as 'tis conceived) *the Quondam Player, or An examination of one John Webster's Examen of Academies, &c.*; and, in its course, occurs the passage: "This Mr. Webster (*as I suppose*) is that Poet whose glory was once to be the Author of Stage-plaies (as the *Devil's Law-case*) but now the Tutor of Universities."

> And will no longer take such toyling paines;
> For here's the spring (saith he) whence pleasures flow,
> And brings them damnable *excessive gaines*."

It should be added, however, that Mr. Collier, in his Lives of the Actors in Shakespeare's Plays, while relating that Webster lived in Hollywell Street, among the actors, doubts whether he ever trod the stage himself.

Mr. Dyce has made out a very fair case for proving that the authors of this diatribe, who "conceived" and "supposed" that the Webster whom they were assailing was "Webster the quondam plaier," knew perfectly well "that their adversary was not the dramatist; and threw out the supposition of their being the same person, as a likely means of bringing discredit on the former in times of canting and hypocrisy."[1] This, however, is perfectly clear to the present Editor, that the writers of *Histrio-Mastix* would not, for the very sake of their sneer, have "conceived" or "supposed" any such identity as that malignantly suggested, had not John Webster, the quondam player, been still alive, and had he not, also, been connected in some way with one of the universities—perhaps he had been a teacher of elocution there. However, whatever may have been the other occupations by which he made up a living, he must, on the supposition that he was in existence so late as 1654, have commenced writing for the stage very early; for in Henslowe's Diary[2] we find this entry:—"Lent unto William Jube, the 3 of Novembr, 1601, to bye stamell clothe for a clocke for the Gwisse—Webster—iij. li."

"The name of Webster (writes Mr. Collier) is interlined, perhaps in a different hand; but there is little doubt that this distinguished dramatist at this date either re-wrote, or made some extensive alterations and additions to, Marlowe's *Massacre at Paris;* in the next entry it is called by Henslowe, not *the Guise*, as in the Memorandum before

[1] Memoir prefixed to Dyce's edition of *Webster's Works*, 1830.

[2] *The Diary of Philip Henslowe*, from 1591 to 1609, printed from the original Manuscript preserved at Dulwich College, edited by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F. S. A. London, printed for the Shakespeare Society, 1845.

us, but *The Massacre of France.*" It may be observed, indeed, that the name Webster is here written correctly, while in the first entry, where the name occurs in the undoubted manuscript of Henslowe, it is spelt *Webester;* but the old curmudgeon's orthography in the nomenclature, whether of his plays, or his playwrights, or his "littell tayllors," was so irregular in its inaccuracy, that no deduction can be formed from this circumstance. In the dedication to his *Devil's Law Case,* Webster himself mentions that he had written a play called *The Guise,* and this may very possibly have been, as Mr. Collier further on conceives, the very piece referred to by Henslowe. A play, recorded by Henslowe as *The Guyes,* was acted for the first time on 30th Jan. 1593; and this Mr. Collier conceives to have been, in all probability, *The Massacre of Paris,* by Marlowe, who was killed six months afterwards. Whether, however, Henslowe's *Guisse* of the 3rd Nov. 1601, his *Masaker of France,* of the next item in his Diary, and his *Gwesse* of the 8th Nov. 1601, was his *Guyes* of the 30th Jan. 1593, and Marlowe's play, or whether it was a new play by Webster on the same subject, or a reconstruction of Marlowe by Webster, so largely augmented and so materially altered that the latter thought himself, in later years, entitled to record *The Guise* as a play of his own, none now can tell; for there is extant, or, at least, known to be extant, no play by Webster on the subject.[1]

The next occasion on which Webster's name appears in Henslowe's Diary, is in the year 1602, when under date "the

[1] Mr. Gilchrist suggests that this play of *Guise* may be *The Duke of Guise,* which, as by Henry Shirley, was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, Sept. 9, 1651.

22 of Maij," the worthy manager notes that he has "Lent unto the Companye, to geve unto Antoney Monday, and Mihell (Michael) Drayton, Webester, Mydelton, and the Rest, in earneste of a Boocke called *Sesers Falle*, the some of v^{li}." What this *Cæsar's Fall* may have been, cannot now be determined, for there is no such play among the extant works of Munday, Drayton, Webster, or Middleton. What poets, too, may have been included by Mr. Henslowe among "the Rest," to whom, with the four writers named, he doled out his £5, it is equally impossible to decide. Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* was written, according to Mr. Collier, in 1603; and I do not imagine it had anything to do with the *Sesers Fall* in question. Old Henslowe would scarcely have squeezed out his £5 until he had ascertained that progress was made with the play he was giving earnest for. However, these entries manifest that, so far back as 1601 and 1602, Webster was engaged in writing for the stage, and in very good company. Next, in the same year, we have this entry in Henslowe's Diary:—"Lent unto Thomas Downton, the 29th of Maye 1602, to pay Thomas Dickers (*i. e.* Dekker), Drayton, Mydellton, Webester, and Mondaye, in full payement for ther playe called the too harpes the some of iij li." Nothing beyond this entry is known of the *Two Harpies* thus preposterously orthographized. There is no trace of any such play having ever been printed. Next comes:—"Lent unto Thomas Hewode, the 21 of Octobr 1602, to pay unto Mr. Dickers, Chettell, Smythe, Webester, and Hewode, in fulle payment of ther playe of *Ladye Jane*, the some of v^{li}. x^{s}." This play, it is believed, no longer exists, at all events under the title of *Lady Jane;* but it must have been decidedly

successful, for, six days afterwards, namely, on the 27th October, 1602, we find the glowing record in Henslowe:—"Lent unto John Ducke, to give unto Thomas Deckers, in earneste of the 2 pt. of *Ladye Jane*, the some of v^{s}." As Dekker's name alone appears in this characteristic item, it may be inferred that he had borne the chief share in the authorship of the first part. Mr. Dyce is inclined to believe that a play called *The History of Sir Thomas Wyat*, which was printed in 1607 as the joint production of Dekker and Webster, was merely made up of the fragments of *Lady Jane;* but whether this supposition be correct, there is no known fact to determine. Certainly Lady Jane Grey is a prominent personage in *The History of Sir Thomas Wyat.* John Webster was very busy for Master Henslowe just now:—"Lent unto Thomas Hewode and John Webster the 2 of Novembr 1602, in earneste of a playe called *Cyrssmas comes but once a year*, the some of iij^{li}." *Christmas comes but once a Year* is unluckily, so far as is known, a lost play; and we are, therefore, for our present purpose, the less concerned to infer from subsequent entries that Webster did not go on with the drama to its completion, or had, at all events, less and less to do with it:—"Lent unto John Dewcke, the 23 of Novembr 1602, to paye unto harye chettell and Thomas Deckers, in pte of paymente of a playe called *Crysmas comes but once a yeare*, the some of xxxx^{s}." And again:—"Pd at the apoyntment of Thomas Hawode, the 26 Novembr 1602, to Harey Chettell, in fulle paymente of a playe called *Cryssmas comes but once a yeare*, the some of xxxx^{s}."

I find no further record of Webster in Henslowe's Diary, or, indeed, elsewhere, until 1604, when on the title-page

of a second, or reissued first, edition of Marston's *Malcontent*, his name appears as the author of "Additions played by the King's Maiesties Seruants." What these additions were cannot now be precisely identified; they are all included, of course, in the edition of Marston's Works, which, produced under the care of Mr. Halliwell, forms part of the present series of Old English Authors. Mr. Dilke, however, in his notice of Webster (Continuation of Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. v.) considers that the Induction to the *Malcontent* is all that really appertains to Webster; and accordingly it has been thought desirable, for the sake of completeness, to reprint the Induction in this edition of Webster's Works.

The Historie of Sir Thomas Wyat was, as I have mentioned, presented in the year 1607; in which year also were published the works of our author, in conjunction with Dekker, *Westward Hoe* and *Northward Hoe*. Both of these plays, however, had been at that time on the stage for at least a couple of years. *Westward Hoe*, as Mr. Dyce points out, is thus adverted to in the Prologue to Chapman, Jonson, and Marston's *Eastward Hoe*, printed in 1605:—

> "Not out of envy, for there's no effect
> Where there's no cause; nor out of imitation,
> For we have evermore been imitated;
> Nor out of our contention to do better,
> Than that which is oppos'd to ours in title;
> For that was good, and better cannot be.
> And for the title, if it seem affected,
> We might as well have called it, God you good even
> Only that eastward, westwards still exceeds;
> Honour the sun's fair rising, not his setting.
> Nor," &c.

Westward Hoe and *Northward Hoe* "are full," writes Mr. Dyce, "of life and bustle, and exhibit as curious a

picture of the manners and customs of the time as we shall anywhere find. Though by no means pure, they are comparatively little stained by that grossness from which none of our old comedies are entirely free."

Next, so far as is now known, appeared in print, *The White Devil; or, the Tragedy of Paulo Giordano Ursini Duke of Brachiano; with the Life and Death of Vittoria Corombona, the famous Venetian Curtizan. Acted by the Queen's Servants at the Phœnix, Drury-Lane.* This was in 1612. When the play had been first acted there are no means of ascertaining; but the author, in his preface, writes as though its production had been inauspicious:—"Only," says he, "since it was acted in so dull a time of winter, presented in so open and blank a theatre, that it wanted (that which is the only grace and setting out of a Tragedy) a full and understanding auditory." We may assume, however, that it was first acted at no distant period antecedent to its publication. It was reprinted in 1631, again in 1665, and again in 1672, in each case in the 4to. form. And well, by "its terrible graces," did it merit these repeated triumphs. "*The White Devil* and *The Duchess of Malfy*," writes my father,[1] "upon the whole, perhaps, come the nearest to Shakespeare of anything we have upon record."

Of *The White Devil* Charles Lamb writes:[2]—"This *White Devil* of Italy sets off a bad cause so speciously, and pleads with such an innocence resembling boldness, that we seem to see that matchless beauty of her face which in-

[1] *Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth.* Templeman, 1840.

[2] *Specimens of Dramatic Poets.*

spires such gay confidence into her, and are ready to expect, when she has done her pleadings, that her very judges, her accusers, the grave ambassadors who sit as spectators, and all the court, will rise and make proffer to defend her, in spite of the utmost conviction of her guilt; as the shepherds in Don Quixote make proffer to follow the beautiful shepherdess Marcela, 'without making any profit of her manifest resolution made in their hearing.'

> "So sweet and lovely does she make the shame
> Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
> Does spot the beauty of their budding name."

"I never saw anything like the funeral dirge in this play for the death of Marcello, except the ditty which reminds Ferdinand of his drowned father in the *Tempest*. As that is of the water, watery; so this is of the earth, earthy. Both have that intenseness of feeling which seems to resolve itself into the element which it contemplates.

"In a note on the Spanish Tragedy in the Specimens, I have said that there is nothing in the undoubted plays of Jonson which would authorise us to suppose that he could have supplied the additions to *Hieronymo;* I suspected the agency of some more potent spirit. I thought that Webster might have furnished them. They seemed full of that wild, solemn, preternatural cast of grief which bewilders us in the *Duchess of Malfy*. On second consideration, I think this a hasty criticism. They are more like the overflowing griefs and talking distraction of *Titus Andronicus*. The sorrows of the Duchess set inward; if she talks, it is little more than soliloquy imitating conversation in a kind of bravery."

What Webster wrote between this period and 1613,

none, it may be conjectured, now can tell, any more than what he did. In that year we have extant from his pen an elegy on the Prince of Wales, entitled, *A Monumental Columne, erected to the living Memory of the ever glorious Henry, late Prince of Wales*, which, although not without merit, might have been written by a much inferior hand.

The Duchess of Malfy, Webster's second *great* play, was first acted, as Malone conjectures, in 1616. It must, at all events, have been acted for some time prior to March 16, 1618-19, for on that day the eminent tragedian Burbadge, who had filled the part of *Ferdinand* in the play on its first production—as he had filled that of *Brachiano* in *The White Devil*—died. "*The Dutchess of Malfy*," says Hazlitt,[1] "is not, in my judgment, quite so spirited or effectual a performance as *The White Devil*. But it is distinguished by the same kind of beauties, clad in the same terrors. I do not know but the occasional strokes of passion are even profounder and more Shakspearean; but the story is more laboured, and the horror is accumulated to an overwhelming and insupportable height."

"All the several parts of the dreadful apparatus with which the death of the Duchess is ushered in, (writes Charles Lamb,) the waxen images which counterfeit death, the wild masque of madmen, the tomb maker, the bellman, the living person's dirge, the mortification by degrees, are not more remote from the conceptions of ordinary vengeance, than the strange character of suffering which they seem to bring upon their victim is out of the imagination of ordinary poets. As they are not like inflictions of this life, so her language seems not of this world. She has lived among

[1] Ibid.

horrors till she is become 'native and endowed into that element.' She speaks the dialect of despair; her tongue has a snatch of Tartarus and the souls in hell. To move a horror skilfully, to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wean and weary a life till it is ready to drop, and then step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeits: this only a Webster can do. Inferior geniuses 'upon horror's head horrors accumulate;' but they cannot do this. They mistake quantity for quality; they 'terrify babes with painted devils;' but they know not how a soul is to be moved. Their terrors want dignity, their affrightments are without decorum."[1]

The play was revived in 1622, and printed in 4to. in the following year under this title:—*The Tragedy of the Dutchesse of Malfy. As it was presented privatly at the Black-Friers, and publiquely at the Globe, by the King's Majesties Servants. The perfect and exact Coppy, with diverse things printed, that the length of the play would not beare in the presentment.*

There were reprints in 1640, 1678, and 1708, all in 4to.

Next, in point of date, but very remote in matter of genius, comes *The Devil's Law-case; or, When Women goe to Law, the Devil is full of Businesse: A New Tragecomeedy. The true and perfect Copie from the Originall. As it was approved well acted by her Majesties Servants.*

This play, as Mr. Dyce points out, must have been written but a short time before it was presented; since there is, in the fourth act, an evident allusion to the massacre of the English by the Dutch at Amboyna, in Feb-

[1] *Specimens of Dramatic Poets.*

ruary, 1622. "The play," writes Baker, "is a good play, and met with success. It is partly taken from the *Histoires admirables* of Goulart; but the circumstance of Romelio's stabbing Contarino from malice, and its turning out to his preservation, seems borrowed from the story of Phœreus Jason, related by Valerius Maximus, lib. I. cap. 8."

Webster's next ascertained appearance in print was as the "inventor" of a City Pageant. In 1624 was published a pamphlet with the following formidable title:—

Monuments of Honor. Deriued from remarkable Antiquity, and Celebrated in the Honorable City of London, at the sole Munificent charge and expences of the Right Worthy and Worshipfull Fraternity of the Eminent Merchant-Taylors. Directed in their most affectionate Loue, at the Confirmation of their right Worthy Brother John Gore in the High Office of His Maiesties Liuetenant ouer this His Royall Chamber. Expressing in a Magnificent Tryumph, all the Pageants, Chariots of Glory, Temples of Honor, besides a specious and goodly Sea Tryumph, as well particularly to the Honor of the City as generally to the Glory of this our Kingdome. Invented and Written by John Webster Merchant-Taylor. Non norunt hæc monumenta mori. Printed at London by Nicholas Okes. 1624, 4*to*.

This pamphlet became so rare that Nichols was unable to obtain the sight of it for his *Progresses*, and, as Mr. Fairholt, writing in 1843, relates, "the only copy known to exist was in the possession of Mr. Heber, and it formed lot 1638 of the fourth part of his sale, where it was purchased by Mr. Rodd for £6 2*s*. 6*d*.; from whom it passed into the

matchless collection of the Duke of Devonshire." By his Grace's characteristic liberality Mr. Dyce was enabled to print it as a supplement to his edition of Webster's Works: the same kindness, now once more invoked and most gratefully acknowledged, has enabled me to reprint the *Pageant* in these volumes.

Appius and Virginia, which Mr. Dyce estimates so highly as to conceive that "there are readers who will prefer it to any other of our author's productions," was not printed until 1654, when Webster, though, as we have conjectured, still living, must have been in very advanced years. The play, therefore, possessing as it does considerable power, must, presumably, have been written at a much earlier period, though at what period it is impossible to determine. As little can it be ascertained when were written two other plays which, in 1661, Francis Kirkman, the publisher, sent forth to the world as the joint production of John Webster and William Rowley. These were severally entitled:—*A Cure for a Cuckold: A Pleasant Comedy. As it hath been several times acted with great applause. Written by John Webster and William Rowley.*

The Thracian Wonder. A Comical History, as it hath been several times acted with great applause. Written by John Webster and William Rowley.

In the prefaces to these publications, Kirkman explains, as will be seen in their place, or, at all events, seeks to explain, how it was that they had not till then made their appearance. As to the validity of the publisher's statement, there is certainly every probability that a person laying himself out at that time "of happy restoration," and when

" we have had the private stage (as Kirkman phrases it, in contradistinction from the stage of public affairs) for some years clouded, and under a tyrannical command," might very easily have collected together a vast number of manuscript plays, as well as manuscript compositions of other sorts, too light in their nature to have pleased the powers that lately had been. One of these plays, *A Cure for a Cuckold* is, assuredly, not a *White Devil*, nor a *Duchess of Malfy*,—would it were! but neither is any other of Webster's known works on that proud eminence; and there is, still, quite enough matter in it to render Kirkman's attribution of it to our author sufficiently plausible. It is further to be observed, with regard to this play, that, had the publisher been really guilty of imposture in this identification, he might readily have been denounced by the very many persons who, as he himself says in the preface to the comedy, " remembered the acting of the play, and said that it had pleased generally well." A great deal had passed since 1649, but only eleven years. Mr. Kirkman very judiciously makes no mention, in relation to the *Thracian Wonder*, of any one's remembering it as Webster's work, or of its " having pleased generally well." The annals of dramatic, as of other literature, present, no doubt, too many instances of " dull lines" by the hand of genius writ; but it is difficult to believe that such a stream of dulness as the course of the *Thracian Wonder* exhibits, could have flown from the pen of a dramatist far inferior even to Webster. Still, the *Thracian Wonder* was, at no remote period from Webster's death, distinctly assigned to him by the publisher of *The Cure for Cuckolds;* and a modern editor would scarcely be justified in wholly reject-

ing this *Comical History* from a collection of Webster's Works. I therefore include the *Thracian Wonder* in this edition; classing it, however, as a play attributed to my author. In the same category, I venture also to print, now for the first time collectively, a play which, so long since as 1687, Winstanley attributed to Webster: *The Weakest goeth to the Wall.* It is very true that the authority of Winstanley is by no means irrefragable, and that three other plays which, in the same place, he assigns to Webster, have been since identified as the works respectively of three other writers. There is, however, one argument to be derived from this apparently adverse premiss, that whereas the three other plays in question have been more accurately appropriated, the play of *The Weakest goeth to the Wall* has not; and that, in default of other claimant, Webster still remains entitled to whatever merit the reader may find in this play. In some matters the rule is: when you are in doubt, omit. With regard to the collection of an author's works, the rule, if strictly observed, would have reduced many full folios to diminutive duodecimos; for of whom among our elder authors, from — in rank —Shakespeare down to Settle, have there not been grave doubts as to this, that, or the other production? Upon the authority, then, of Winstanley, who surely was not invariably wrong, and which, at least in this instance, has not been disputed, I give *The Weakest goeth to the Wall* as a play attributed to Webster.

What other plays than those now enumerated Webster wrote, we know not. All that are extant by his hand are given in the present edition. Besides his lost dramas, of which mention has been made, there is a record, in the

Official Register of Sir Henry Herbert, of "a newe tragedie called a *Late Murther of the sonn upon the Mother*, written by Forde and Webster," of which, as Mr. Dyce truly observes: "when we consider how well the terrible subject was fitted to the powers of the two writers, we cannot fail to regret the loss."

The following "character" of Webster by the ingenious Mr. Henry Fitzjeffrey, author of Notes from Blackfryers, 1620, is too ludicrous to be omitted:—

"But h'st! with him crabbed (*Websterio*),
The *play-wright, cart-wright:* whether? either ho—
No further. Looke as yee'd bee lookt into:
Sit as ye woo'd be *read: Lord!* who woo'd know him?
Was ever man so mangl'd with a *Poem?*
See how he drawes his mouth awry of late,
How he scrubs: wrings his wrests: scratches his pate;
A *midwife!* helpe? By his *braines coitus*
Some Centaure strange: some huge Bucephalus,
Or Pallas (sure) ingendred in his braine,
Strike, Vulcan, with thy hammer once againe.
This is the *crittick* that (of all the rest)
I'de not have view mee, yet I feare him least,
Heer's not a word *cursively* I have *writt,*
But hee'll *industriously* examine it;
And in some 12 monthes hence (or there about)
Set in a shamefull sheete my errors *out.*
But what care I? it *will* be so obscure,
That none shall understand him (I am sure)."

With regard to the present Edition of Webster's Works, I can only say that I have applied my best endeavour to reproduce, as nearly as may be, what I conceive Webster to have written. There are a few passages—more especially in *The History of Sir Thomas Wyat*—which the gross blunders of his printer have converted, from what the author must have meant to say, into absolute nonsense. These—unable, by the exercise of the most careful consider-

ation, to correct—I have left as I found them; making, at the foot of the page, suggestion of a meaning when such has occurred to me. In other cases, the substitution of, as I conceived them, obvious words serving to remedy the no-meaning created by the printer, I have ventured, in all respect, to introduce those words, retaining, at the foot, the text sought to be corrected, so that the reader may judge for himself between it and the proposed emendation.

In several of the plays, the printers, for economy of space, at a time when these publications were sold at a very low charge, have made sad work with the author's text, by running line after line of poetry into prose. It is, of course, by no means easy, if possible, to restore this prose to the metrical arrangement framed by the author, and it is more than probable that any editor must fail, in some instances, to determine the exact construction of the original. I trust, however, that, with the aid of my able predecessors, I have succeeded in arranging the text of Webster nearly as he conceived it. As to the spelling, no service was to be rendered to literature by retaining the orthography of Webster, or, rather, perhaps, of his printers, alike inconsistent with itself and with accuracy; worse than useless for any glossological purpose; and very perplexing to the reader. I have, therefore, in common with the preceding editors of Webster, observed the existing standard of spelling throughout. The notes I have prepared are intended almost solely to explain obsolete words and expressions, and to elucidate, briefly, allusions to men and manners which, however effective at the time, would now lose their point, but for some such notices. Where these notes are adopted from the researches of my predecessors, I have, I believe

in all cases, acknowledged the obligation. For those notes to which no name is attached I am myself responsible. I have gratefully to acknowledge the assistance which, in all these respects, I have derived from the labours of Mr. Dyce, who has done so much to restore our elder poets to their due place of honour. So, if the present biography of Webster should be found more satisfactory, as fuller, than any previous memoir, it is materially owing to the labours of my friend Mr. Collier, whose large contributions—with him a labour of love—to the Shakespeare Society Publications have, in late years, thrown so much unexpected light upon the dramatic literature of the age of Elizabeth.

W. HAZLITT.

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THE

FAMOVS

Hiſtory of Sir Tho-

mas Wyat.

With the Coronation of Queen Mary,
and the coming in of King
Philip.

As it was plaied by the Queens Maieſties
Seruants

Written by *Thomas Dickers*
And *Iohn Webſter.*

LONDON
Printed by F. A. for *Thomas Archer*, and are to be
ſolde at his ſhop in the Popes-head Pallace
nere the Royall Exchange
1607.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Duke of Northumberland.
Guildford Dudley.
Ambrose Dudley.
The Duke of Suffolk.
The Earl of Arundel.
The Earl of Huntingdon.
Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, Chancellor of the Kingdom.
The Earl of Pembroke.
Sir Thomas Wyat.
Count Egmond, the Spanish Ambassador.
Sir Harry Isley.
Sir George Harper.
Sir Robert Rodston.
Lord Treasurer.
Master Roose.
Sir Henry Bedingfield.
Captain Brett.
Doctor.
Edward Holmes.
Preacher, &c.

Queen Mary.
Lady Jane Grey.
Ladies.

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF SIR THOMAS WYAT.[1]

[2] *Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND *and* SUFFOLK.

Suffolk.

HOW fares the king, my lord? speaks he cheerly?

North. Even as a dying man, whose life
Like to quick lightning, which is
No sooner seen but is extinct.

Suff. Is the king's will confirm'd?

North. Ay, that's the point that we level at.
But O, the confirmation of that will:
'Tis all!—'tis all!

Suff. That will confirm my daughter queen.

North. Right; and my son is married to your daughter.
My lord, in an even plain way I will

[1] The copy, from which the present edition of this play has been prepared, is in the King's library at the British Museum. The play was never reprinted until it was included by Mr. Dyce in edition of Webster's works, 1830. There is no distribution into Acts or Scenes, nor have I presumed to make any in the text. In the notes, however, I have marked the scenes, and their locality.

[2] Sceen I. Westminster.

Derive[1] the crown unto your daughter's head.
What though the king hath left behind
Two sisters, lawful and immediate heirs,
To succeed him in his throne: lies it not
In our powers to contradict it?
Have we not the king and council's hands unto it?
Tut, we stand high in man's opinion
And the world's broad eye.

Enter SIR THOMAS WYAT.

Suff. Here comes Sir Thomas Wyat.
North. Sir Thomas booted and spurr'd!
Whither away so fast?
Wyat. It boots me not to stay,
When in this land rebellion bears such sway.
God's will, a court! 'tis chang'd
Since noble Henry's days.
You have set your hands unto a will;
A will you well may call it:
So wills Northumberland, so wills great Suffolk,
Against God's will, to wrong those princely maids.
North. Will you not subscribe your hand
With other of the lords—not with me,
That in my hands surprise[2] the sovereignty?
Wyat. I'll damn my soul for no man, no, for no man.
Who at doomsday must answer for my sin?
Not you, nor you, my lords.
Who nam'd Queen Jane, in noble Henry's days?
Which of you all durst once displace his issue?

[1] i. e. Make to descend.
[2] "To take in the deed doing."—COTGRAVE.

My lords, my lords, you whet your knives so sharp
To carve your meat,
That they will cut your fingers.
The strength is weakness that you build upon.
The king is sick,—God mend him, ay, God mend him!—
But were his soul from his pale body free,
Adieu, my lords, the court[1] no court for me. [*Exit.*

North. Farewell, I fear thee not.
The fly is angry, but he wants a sting.
Of[2] all the council, only this perverse
And peevish lord hath only denied his hand
To the investing of your princely daughter.
He's idle, and wants power:
Our ocean shall these petty brooks devour.
Here comes his Highness' doctor.

Enter DOCTOR.

Suff. How fares his Highness?

Doct. His body is past help:
We have left our practice to the divines,
That they may cure his soul.

Suff. Past physic's help! why then past hope of life.
Here comes his Highness' preacher:
Life, reverent man—

Enter PREACHER.

Preach. Life, life, though death his body do dissever;
Our king lives with the King of Heaven for ever!

North. Dead! Send for heralds, call me pursuivants;

[1] i. e. Then, this court would be no court for me.
[2] The original has '*and*,' an evident misprint.

Where's the king-at-arms? In every market-town
Proclaim Queen Jane.

Suff. Best to take the opinion of the council.

North. You are too timorous: we in ourselves
Are power sufficient: the king being dead,
This hand shall place the crown on Queen Jane's head.
Trumpets and drums, with your notes resound
Her royal name, that must in state be crown'd!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter GUILDFORD *and* JANE.

Guild. Our cousin king is dead.

Jane. Alas, how small an urn contains a king!
He that rul'd all even with his princely breath,
Is forc'd to stoop now to the stroke of death.
Heard you not the proclamation?

Guild. I hear of it, and I give credit to it:
What great men fear to be, their fears grow greater.
Our fathers grow ambitious,
And would force us sail in mighty tempests,
And are not[1] lords of what they do possess.
Are not thy thoughts as great?

Jane. I have no thoughts so rank, so grown to head,
As are our fathers' pride.
Troth, I do enjoy a kingdom, having thee,
And, so my pain be prosperous in that,
What care I though a sheep-cote be my palace,
Or fairest roof of honour?

Guild. See how thy blood keeps course with mine:
Thou must be a queen, ay me, a queen!

[1] i. e. Are not content to be.

The flattering bells, that shrilly sound
At the king's funeral, with hollow hearts,
Will cowardly call thee sovereign;
For indeed thou wouldst prove but an usurper.

Jane. Who would wear fetters, though they were all of gold,
Or be sick, though his faint brows
For a wearing nightcap wore a crown?
Thou must assume
A title that goes on many feet;
But 'tis an office
Wherein the hearts of scholars and of soldiers
Will depend upon thy hearse. Were this rightly scann'd,
We scarce should find a king in any land.

Enter ARUNDEL.

Arun. Honour and happy reign
Attend the new Majesty of England!

Jane. To whom, my lord, bends this your awe?[1]

Arun. To your grace, dread sovereign;
You are, by the king's will, and the consent
Of all the lords, chosen for our queen.

Jane. O God! methinks you sing my death
In parts of music's loudness:
'Tis not my turn to rise.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, SUFFOLK, *with the purse and the mace, with others.*

North. The voice of the whole land speaks in my tongue:
It is concluded your majesty must ride

[1] i. e. Submission. The original has *aue*, which if it mean *ave* is unmeaning here.

From hence unto the Tower, there to stay
Until your coronation.

Jane. O God!

Suff. Why sighs your majesty?

Jane. My lord and father, I pray tell me,
Was your father's father e'er a king?

Suff. Never, and it like your grace.

Jane. Would I might still continue of his line,
Not travel in the clouds!
It is often seen, the heated blood
That covets to be royal leaves off ere it be noble.
My learned, careful[1] king, what, must we go?

Guild. We must.

Jane. Then it must be so.

North. Set forward, then.

[*A dead march, and pass round the stage, and Guildford speaks.*

Guild. The Tower will be a place of ample state:
Some lodgings in it will, like dead men's sculls,
Remember us of frailty.
We are led with pomp to prison.

Jane. O, prophetic soul!
Lo, we ascend into our chairs of state,
Like funeral coffins in some funeral pomp
Descending[2] to their graves! But we must on.
How can we fare well to keep our court
Where prisoners keep their cave?

[*A flourish. Exeunt omnes.*

[1] i. e. presumably, full of, or threatened with care.
[2] i. e. Our apparent ascent is, in reality, a pompous descent.

[1] *Enter* QUEEN MARY, *with a prayer-book in her hand, like a nun.*

Mary. Thus like a nun, not like a princess born.
Descended from the royal Henry's loins,
Live I environ'd in a house of stone.
My brother Edward lives in pomp and state;
I in a mansion here all ruinate.
Their rich attire, delicious banqueting,
Their several pleasures, all their pride and honour,
I have forsaken for a rich prayer-book.
The golden mines of wealthy India
Is all as dross compared to thy sweetness:
Thou art the joy and comfort of the poor;
The everlasting bliss in thee we find.
This little volume, enclosed in this hand,
Is richer than the empire of this land.

Enter SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD.

Beding. Pardon me, madam, that so boldly
I press into your chamber: I salute
Your highness, with the high style of queen.
Mary. Queen! may it be?
Or jest you at my lowering misery?
Beding. Your brother king is dead,
And you the Catholic queen must now succeed.
Mary. I see my God at length hath heard my prayer.
You, Sir Harry, for your glad tidings,
Shall be held in honour and due regard.

[1] Scene II. at Framlingham Castle, whither, in 1553, the Princess Mary had retired.

Enter Sir Thomas Wyat.

Wyat. Health to the Lady Mary!

Mary. And why not Queen, Sir Thomas?

Wyat. Ask that of Suffolk duke, and great Northumberland,
Who in your stead hath crown'd another.

Mary. Another queen, Sir Thomas, we alive,
The true immediate heir of our dread father!

Wyat. Nothing more true than that,
Nothing more true than you are the true heir.
Come, leave this cloister, and be seen abroad;
Your very sight will stir the people's hearts,
And make them cheerly for Queen Mary cry.
One comfort I can tell you: the tenants of the dukes
Northumberland and Suffolk denied their aid
In these unlawful arms;
To all the council I denied my hand,
And for King Henry's issue still will stand.

Mary. Your counsel, good Sir Thomas, is so pithy,
That I am won to like it.

Wyat. Come, let us straight from hence,
From Framlingham. Cheer your spirits.
I'll to the dukes at Cambridge, and discharge them all.
Prosper me, God, in these affairs!
I lov'd the father well, I lov'd the son,
And for the daughter I through death will run.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[1] *Enter* Northumberland, Suffolk, Brett, *and* Soldiers.

North. Where's Captain Brett?

[1] Scene III. At London.

Brett. Here, my lord.
Suff. Are all our numbers full?
Brett. They are, my lord.
Suff. See them arraign'd:[1] I will set forward straight.
North. Honourable friends, and native peers,
That have chosen me
To be the leader of these martial troops,
To march against
The sister of our late dead sovereign;
Bear witness of my much unwillingness
In furthering these attempts. I rather joy
To think upon our ancient victories
Against the French and Spaniard, whose high pride
We levell'd with the waves of British shore,
Dyeing the haven of Britain[2] with guilty blood,
Till all the harbour seem'd a sanguine pool.
Or we desire these arms were now to war
'Gainst the perfidious northern enemy,
Who, trembling at our first shock, voice, and sight,
Like cowards turn'd their backs with shameful flight.
But those rich spoils are past: w' are now to go,
Being native friends, against a native foe.
In your hands we leave the queen elected:
She hath seizure[3] of the Tower.
If you be confident, as you have sworn
Yourselves true liegemen to her highness,
She no doubt with royal favour will remunerate
The least of your deserts. Farewell:
My tears into your bosoms fall;

[1] Arranged, or set in order. [2] *Brit*, in the original.
[3] Possession.

With one embrace I do include you all.

Arun. My lord most lov'd, with what a mourning heart
I take your farewell, let the after signs
Of my employment witness. I protest,
Did not the sacred person of my queen,
Whose weal I tender as my soul's chief bliss,
Urge my abode, I would not think it shame
To trail a pike where you were general.
But wishes are in vain; I am bound to stay,
And urgent business calls your grace away:
See on my knees I humbly take my leave,
And steep my words with tears.

North. Kind Arundel, I bind thee to my love:
Once more, farewell.

Arun. Heavens give your grace success!
Commend us to the queen and to your son:
Within one week, I hope, war will be done.

Brett. Come, my lords, shall us march?

North. Ay, ay, for God's sake on:
'Tis more than time, my friends, that we were gone.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[1] *Enter* TREASURER *and* PORTER.

Treas. What ho, porter! open the gate.

Porter. I beseech your honour to pardon me,
The council hath given strict command
Not any shall pass this way.

Treas. Why, you idle fellow, am I not sent
Upon the Queen's affairs, commanded by the lords?
And know you not that I am treasurer?

[1] Scene IV. At Baynard's Castle.

Come, open the gate: you do you know not what.

Porter. Well, my lord, I do adventure, on your word,
The duke's displeasure; all the council-board
Besides may be my heavy enemies;
But go a God's name; I the worst will prove,
And if I die, I die for him I love.

Treas. I thank thee, and will warrant thee from death.
Is my horse ready?

Porter. It is, my lord.

Treas. Then will I fly this fearful council-board.

[*Exit Treasurer.*

Porter. My heart misgives me I have done amiss;
Yet being a councillor, one of the number,
Nothing can prove amiss.
Now shall I know the worst;
Here comes my lord of Arundel.

Enter ARUNDEL.

Arun. Porter, did the lord treasurer pass this way?

Porter. But now, my gracious lord.

Arun. Ungracious villain, follow,
Bring him back again:
If not by fair means, bring him back by force.
And hear you, sirrah, as you go, will[1] the lord mayor,
And some aldermen of his brethren,
And some especial citizens of note,
To attend our further pleasures presently.
The treasurer fled; the duke 's but newly arrested;
Some purpose on my life to cross their plots:
We'll set strong watches, see gates and walls well mann'd:

[1] Direct.

'Tis ten to one but princely innocence
Is these strange turmoils' wisest violence. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Enter* WINCHESTER, ARUNDEL, *and other* LORDS; *the* LORD TREASURER *kneeling at the council-table.*

Arun. Though your attempt, lord treasurer, be such,
That hath no colour in these troublous times
But an apparent purpose of revolt
From the deceas'd king's will and our decree,
Yet, for you are a councillor of note,
One of our number, and of high degree,
Before we any way presume to judge,
We give you leave to speak in your behalf.

Treas. My lord, the business of these troublous times,
Binding us all still to respect the good
Of commonweal, yet doth it not debar
Private regard of us and of our own.
The general weal is treasur'd in your breast,
And all my ablest powers have been employ'd
To stir them there; yet have I borne a part,
Laying the common troubles next my heart.
My oversight in parting[2] without leave
Was no contempt, but only for an hour,
To order home affairs, that none of mine
In these nice times should unto faction climb.

Arun. Nay, my good lord, be plain with us, I pray;
Are you not griev'd that we have given consent
To Lady Jane's election?

Treas. My lords, I am not.

[1] Scene v. The Council Room, Baynard's Castle.
[2] Departing.

Arun. Speak like a gentleman; upon your word
Are you not discontent?

Treas. Troth, to be plain, I am not pleas'd
That two such princely maids, lineally descended
From our royal king, and by his testimony[1]
Confirmed heir, if that their brother dying issueless,[2]
And one that never dream'd it, never desir'd
The rule of sovereignty,
But with virgin's tears hath oft bewail'd her misery,
Should politicly[3] by us be nam'd a queen.

Arun. You have said nobly; sit, and take your place.

Enter PORTER.

Porter. My lords, Sir Thomas Wyat craves access
Unto your honours.

Arun. Let him come near.

Enter WYAT.

Porter. Room for Sir Thomas Wyat.

Wyat. A divine spirit teach your honours truth,
Open your eyes of judgment to behold
The true legitimate Mary, your undoubted sovereign!

Arun. Arise, Sir Thomas, sit and take your place.
Now to our former business:
The obligation wherein we all stood bound
To the deceas'd late king's will and our decree,
His cousin Jane and the two absent dukes,
Cannot be conceal'd without great reproach

[1] Testamentary injunction, will.

[2] Some such words as "Should be debarred the throne, he dead," are here omitted by the printer of the original play.

[3] To suit our own policy.

To us and to our issue. We have sworn,
In presence of the sacred host of heaven,
Unto our late young lord, to both the dukes,
That no impeachment[1] should divert our hearts
From the enthronement[2] of the Lady Jane.
To this end we have seiz'd[3] her in the Tower,
By public proclamation made her queen;
To this end we have arm'd the dukes with power,
Given them commission under our own hands
To pass against the lady,[4] and[5] perform
In hostile manner, and no doubt the spleen[6]
Of the undaunted spirit of Northumber's earl
Will not be cool'd[7] with writings of repeal.[8]
Advice in this, I hold it, better far,
To keep the course we run, than, seeking change,
Hazard our lives, our heirs, and the realms.

Wyat. In actions roving from the bent of truth,
We have no precedent thus to persist
But the bare name of worldly policy.
If others have ground from justice and the law,
As well divine as politic agreeing,
They are for no cause to be disinherited.
If you not seven years since to that effect
Swore to the father to maintain his seed,

[1] Hinderance.
[2] "Enthronement," conjecturally. The original has "impeachment," an obvious misprint.
[3] i. e. Given her seizure of, or put her into possession of.
[4] i. e. The Lady Mary.
[5] "And," conjecturally, the original has after "lady," "You perform."
[6] In the sense of speedy, violent action; so used by Shakespeare.
[7] "Cool'd," conjecturally. The original has "call'd."
[8] i. e. Recall.

What dispensation hath acquitted you
From your first sacred vows?
You'll say the will extorted from a child:
O, let mine eyes in naming that sweet youth
Observe their part,
Pouring down tears, sent from my swelling heart!
God's mother, I turn child! but I'll go on.
Say that the will were his, forc'd by no trick,
But for religious love his simple act,
Yet note how much you err.
You were sworn before to a man's will,
And not a will alone,
But strengthen'd by an act of parliament.
Besides this sacred proof, the princely maids
Had they no will nor act to prove their right?
Have birthrights no privilege, being a plea so strong,
As cannot be refelled,[1] but by plain wrong?
Nor[2] were you touch'd. The lady in Tower,
Alas, she's innocent of any claim!
Trust me, she'd think it a most happy life,
To leave a queen's and keep a lady's name.
And for the dukes, your warrants sent them forth;
Let the same warrants call them back again:
If they refuse to come, the realm, not they,
Must be regarded. Be strong and bold.
We are the people's factors. Save our sons
From killing one another; be afraid
To tempt both heaven and earth. So, I have said.

[1] i. e. Proved a fallacy, disproved, set aside.
[2] "Nor" conjecturally. The original has "now," whereas the apparent meaning is: abandon your projects, and you shall not be touched, or compromised.

Arun. Why then give order that she[1] shall be queen.
Send for the Mayor. Her errors we'll forget,
Hoping she will forgive.

Wyat. Never make doubt: setting her ceremonious order[2] by,
She is pure within, and mildly chaste without.

Arun. Give order to keep fast the lady Jane.
Dissolve the council. Let us leave the Tower,
And in the city hold our audience.

Wyat. You have advised well, honourable lords:
So will the citizens be wholly ours,
And if the dukes be cross, we'll cross their powers.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[3] *Enter* BRETT, CLOWN, *and* SOLDIERS.

Brett. Lancepersado, quarter, quarter.

Clown. What shall we quarter, captain?

Brett. Why, the soldiers.

Clown. Why, they are not hanged, nor drawn yet.

Brett. Sir, I mean quarter them, that the offended multitude
May pass in safety.

Clown. May we not take tolls of the pies and the apple-women?

Brett. Not in any sort; the duke's pleasure wills that[4] pass free.

Clown. The commons shall be used with all common courtesy. Who's that goes in rank like beans, with cheese-

[1] i. e. The Princess Mary.
[2] i. e. Her cold austere formality of manner.
[3] Scene IV. At Cambridge.
[4] "that" conjecturally. The original has, "pleasure will pass free."

cakes on their heads, instead of caps.[1]

Brett. Sirrah, this is a famous university
And those,[2] scholars; those lofty buildings and goodly houses
[3] Founded by noble patrons. But no more:
Set a strong watch; that be your chiefest care.

Enter a COUNTRYMAN *and a* MAID.

Count. What's here? soldiers!

Brett. Fear not good speech. These rude arms I bear,
Are not to fright sweet gentle peace away,[4]
But to succour your lives. Pass peaceably away.

Clown. Cry God save the queen, as you go, and God send you a good market.

Maid. God save the queen! what queen? there lies the sense:
When we have none, it can be no offence.

Clown. What carry you there in your basket?

Maid. Eggs, forsooth.

Clown. Well, cry God save queen Jane, as you go, and God send you a good market.

Maid. Is the right queen call'd Jane? alack, for woe;
At the first she was not christen'd so![5]

[*Exeunt Countryman and Maid.*

Brett. Thus old and young still descant[6] on her name,

[1] So conjecturally. The original has: "courtesy, that goes in rank like beans, and cheesecakes," &c.

[2] Meaning the collegians, whom the Clown has described as wearing cheese-cakes on their heads instead of caps.

[3] (Were.)

[4] This line in the old copy is given thus:—
"Ist not to fight? Sweet, gentle Peace away." (DYCE.)

[5] i. e. She was christened Mary.

[6] i. e. Look askant on.

Nor lend no ear when we her style proclaim.
I fear, I fear,—fear, Brett! what should'st thou fear?
Thou hast a breast compos'd of adamant.
Fall what ill betide,
My anchor's cast, and I in harbour ride. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND, HUNTINGDON, WYAT, *and* SOLDIERS.

Wyat. My lord, 'tis true, you sent unto the council
For fresh supplies; what succour, what supplies?[2]
Happy is he can draw his neck out of the collar
And make his peace with Mary.

North. How stands the treasurer addicted to us?

Wyat. I had forgot: when we were at council,
He stole away, and went home to his house,
And by much entreaty was won to return.
In brief, they all incline to queen Mary.
My lord, farewell:
Each hasty hour will colder tidings tell. [*Exit.*

North. Come they in thunder, we will meet with them:
In the loudest language that their ordnance speaks,
Ours shall answer theirs.
Call me a herald, and in the market-place proclaim
Queen Jane. The streets are full,
The town is populous, the people gape for novelty.
Trumpets, speak to them,
That they may answer with an echoing cry,
God save queen Jane, God save her majesty!

[*A trumpet sounds, and no answer. The Herald sounds a parley, and none answers.*

[1] Scene VII. The same. [2] (Have come?)

Ha! a bare report of trumpets;
Are the slaves hoarse, or want they heart to speak?
O me! This town consists on famous colleges,
Such as know both how, and what, and when to speak.
Well, yet we will proceed,
And smother what close envy hath decreed.

Enter AMBROSE.

Ambrose, my son, what news?

Amb. O my thrice-honour'd father!

North. Boy, speak the worst:
That which sounds deadliest, let me hear that first.

Amb. The lords have all revolted from your faction.

North. We in ourselves are strong.

Amb. In Baynard's Castle was a council held,
Whither the mayor and sheriffs did resort,
And 'twas concluded to proclaim queen Mary.

North. Then they revolt the allegiance from my daughter,
And give it to another?

Amb. True, my thrice-honour'd father;
Besides, my brother Guildford and his wife,
Where she was proclaim'd queen, are now close prisoners,
Namely in the Tower.

North. God take them to his mercy! they had need
Of grace and patience, for they both must bleed.
Poor innocent souls, they both from guilt are free!

Amb. O my thrice-honour'd father, might I advise you,
Fly to your manor, there study for your safety!

North. Boy, thou say'st well:
And since the lords have all revolted from me,
Myself will now revolt against myself.

Call me a herald to fill their empty ears;
Assist me, son; my good lord Huntingdon,
Even in this market-town proclaim queen Mary.

A trumpet sounds a parley, the HERALD *proclaims.*

Her. Mary, by the grace of God, Queen of England, France, and Ireland, defendress of the faith, amen.

[*Within, a shout and a flourish.*

North. Amen: I bear a part,
Ay, with my tongue, I do not with my heart.
Now they can cry, now they can bawl and yell:
Base-minded slaves, sink may your souls to hell!

Enter MASTER ROOSE, *with letters.*

Roose. My honour'd lord, the council greets you with
These letters.

North. Stay, master Roose: ere you depart, receive
An answer and reward. [*He readeth the letter.*

"In the sovereign name of Mary our queen, you shall upon the sight hereof surcease your arms, discharge your soldiers, and presently repair unto the court, or else be held as an arch traitor."

'Tis short and sharp.
Master Roose, we do obey your warrant:
But I pray tell me, how do all our friends at court?
Is there not a great mortality amongst them?
Is there not a number of them dead of late,
Since I came thence?

Roose. My gracious lord, not any.

North. O, master Roose, it cannot be; I will assure you
At my departure thence, I left living there at least

Five hundred friends, and now I have not one,
Simply, not one; friends! ha, ha, ha! commission,[1]
Thou must be my friend,
And stand betwixt me and the stroke of death;
Were thy date out, my life's date were but short;
They are cold friends that kill their friends in sport.

Amb. Here comes your honour'd friend, the earl of Arundel.

Enter ARUNDEL.

North. My honour'd friend——

Arun. I am no friend to traitors:
In my most high and princely sovereign's name,
I do arrest your honour of high treason.

North. A traitor, Arundel!
Have I not your hand in my commission?
Let me peruse it: as I take 't, 'tis here,
And by your warrant have I strict proceeded:
Is the limit of my warrant broke? answer me.

Arun. It may be that it hath pleas'd her majesty
To pardon us, and for to punish you.
I know no other reason; this I must,
I am commanded, and the act is just.

North. And I obey you. When we parted last,
My lord of Arundel, our farewell was
Better than our greeting now:
Then you cried, God speed;
Now you come on me, ere you say, take heed.
Then you did owe[2] me your best blood; nay griev'd
You could not spend them in my service;

[1] i. e. The commission under which he had been acting.
[2] i. e. Place at my *owning*, or disposal.

O, then it was a double death to stay behind!
But I am overtook, and you are kind,
I am, beshrew you else; but I submit,
My crime is great, and I must answer it.

Arun. You must with your three sons be guarded safe
Unto the Tower; with you those lords and knights,
That in this faction did associate you:
For so I am enjoin'd.
Then peaceively[1] let us conduct you thither.

North. O my children, my soul weeps endless tears
For you!
O, at the general sessions, when all souls
Stand at the bar of justice, and hold up
Their new-immortalized hands, O then
Let the remembrance of their tragic ends
Be raz'd out of the bead-roll of my sins!
Whene'er the black book of my crime's unclasp'd,
Let not these scarlet letters be found there;
Of all the rest only that page be clear.
But come to my arraignment, then to death.
The queen and you have long aim'd at this head:
If to my children she sweet grace extend,
My soul hath peace, and I embrace my end. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *Enter* SUFFOLK.

Suff. Three days are past, Monday,
Tuesday, and Wednesday too,
Yet my protesting[3] servant is not come:

[1] Peaceably.
[2] Scene VIII. A poor cottage.
[3] i. e. Protesting fidelity and devotion.

Himself conducted me to this hard lodging,
A simple cabin for so great a prince;
And then he swore, but oaths you see are vain,
That he would hourly[1] come and visit me.
I that was wont to surfeit in estate,
Am now through hunger almost desolate.

Enter HOMES, *sweating, with bottle and bag.*

Homes. My lord.

Suff. Ned Homes, speak, hast thou brought me meat?

Homes. With much ado, my lord, meat, bread, and wine:
While you refresh yourself, I will record
The cause of my long stay.

Suff. I prithee do:
Need bids me eat, need bids me hear thee too.

Homes. The night I left you in the hollow tree,
My house was search'd.

Suff. Go on, go on.

Homes. And I no sooner enter'd but attach'd;
Threaten'd the rack, and if I did not yield
Your gracious self into their graceless hands.

Suff. And thou hast done't, thou hast betrayed me?

Homes. Done it! O, betray you! O, no!
First would I see my loved wife and children
Murder'd and toss'd on spears, before I would
Deliver your grace unto their hands,
For they intend your death.

Suff. Go on, go on.

Homes. And offer'd a thousand crowns
To him that can bring news of your abode;

[1] i. e. Within an hour or two.

'Twas offer'd in my hands,
Which I beseech may stop my vital breath,
When I am fee'd with gold to work your death.

Enter SHERIFF *and* OFFICERS.

Sher. See, yonder sits the duke.

Suff. I kiss thee in requital of this love.

Homes. And in requital of so great a grace,
I kiss your hand that dares to kiss my face.

Sher. So Judas kiss'd his master. Seize the duke.

Suff. Ah me! Ned Homes, we are undone;
Both thou and I betray'd!

Sher. My lord, late duke of Suffolk, in her Highness'
Name, I do arrest you of high treason.

Suff. I do obey, and only crave this kindness,
You would be good unto my servant Homes,
Who[1] in relieving me hath but perform'd
The duty of a servant to his lord.

Sher. You are deceiv'd, sir, in your servant, much;
He is the man that did betray you.
Here, master Homes, towards your thousand pounds,
Here is a hundred marks;
Come to the Exchequer, you shall have the rest.

Suff. Hast thou betray'd me? yet with such a tongue,
So smoothly oil'd, slight of my danger's fear?
O, break my heart! this grief's too great to bear.

Homes. Pardon me, my lord.

Suff. God pardon thee, and lay not to thy soul
This grievous sin! Farewell!
And when thou spendest this ill-got gold,

[1] *Who.*—The old copy, "Where." (DYCE.)

Remember how thy master's life was sold;
Thy lord that gave thee lordships, made thee great,
Yet thou betray'd'st him as he sat at meat.
On to my grave; 'tis time that I were dead,
When he that held my heart betrays my head.

[*Exeunt all but Homes.*

Homes. O God, O God, that ever I was born!
This deed hath made me slave to abject scorn. [*Exit.*

Enter the CLOWN.

Clown. O poor shrimp, how art thou fallen away for want of mouching! O, colon[1] cries out most tyrannically! the little gut hath no mercy.

What's here? victuals! O rare, O good!

Feed chops, drink throat, good victuals make good blood.

Enter HOMES, *with a halter about his neck.*

But stay, who's here? more sheriffs, more searchers? O no, this is Homes, that betrayed his honest master: how, with a halter about his neck! I hope he doth not mean to hang himself. I'll step aside.

Homes. This is the place where I betray'd my lord;
This is the place where oft I have reliev'd,
And, villain, I betray'd him to the jaws of death.
But here before I further will proceed,
Here will I bury this enticing gold:
Lie there, damn'd fiend, never serve human more.

Clown. This is rare: now if in this mood he would hang himself, 't were excellent.

[1] *Colon*—the greatest and widest of all the intestines.

Homes. Shall I ask mercy? no, it is too late;
Heaven will not hear, and I am desperate.
[*He strangles himself.*

Clown. So, so, a very good ending:
Would all false servants
Might drink of the same sauce!
Gold, you are first mine: you must help
To shift myself into some counterfeit
Suit of apparel, and then to London.
If my old master be hanged, why, so:
If not, why, rustick and lustick.[1] Yet, before I go, I do not care if I throw this dog in a ditch: come away, dissembler. This cannot choose but be a hundred pound, it weighs so heavy. [*Exit.*

[2] *Enter* QUEEN MARY, WINCHESTER, NORFOLK, PEMBROKE, WYAT, ARUNDEL, *and* ATTENDANTS.

Q. Mary. By God's assistance and the power of heaven,
After our troubles we are safely set
In our inheritance; for which we do subscribe
The praise and benefit to God: next, thanks
To you, my lords. Now shall the sanctuary,
And the house of the Most High, be newly built;
The ancient honours due unto the church,
Buried within the ruin'd monasteries,
Shall lift their stately heads and rise again,
To astonish the destroyers' wandering eyes.[3]
Zeal shall be deck'd in gold: religion,

[1] Lustigh, *Dutch*, "lusty, cheerful, jolly."
[2] Scene IX. At London.
[3] i. e. Presumably, wandering from the legitimate objects of worship.

Not like a virgin robb'd of all her pomp,
But, bravely[1] shining in her gems of state,
Like a fair bride be offer'd to the Lord.
To build large houses, pull no churches down,
Rather enrich the temple with our crown:
Better a poor queen, than the subjects poor.

Win. May it please your grace to give release
Unto such ancient bishops that have lost
Their honours in the church affairs.

Q. Mary. We have given order
To the duke of Norfolk to release them.

Arun. Your sacred highness will no doubt be mindful
Of the late oath you took at Framlingham.

Q. Mary. O, my lord Arundel, we remember that;
But shall a subject force his prince to swear
Contrary to her conscience and the law?
We here release unto our faithful people
One entire subsidy, due unto the crown
In our dead brother's days. The commonalty
Shall not be o'erburden'd in our reign:
Let them be liberal in religion,
And we will spare their treasure to themselves.
Better a poor prince than the nation poor:
The subjects' treasure is the sovereign's store.

Arun. What is your highness' pleasure 'bout the rebels?

Q. Mary. The queen-like rebel, mean you not?
Queen Jane?

Arun. Guildford, and Jane, with great Northumberland,
And haughty Suffolk's duke.

[1] The old copy "*briefly*." (DYCE.) Bravely means, finely, gorgeously.

Q. Mary. The duke of Suffolk is not yet apprehended:
Therefore, my lords,
Some of you most dear to us in love
Be careful of that charge:
The rest we'll leave for trial of th' other prisoners.

Wyat. The lady Jane, most mighty sovereign,
Allied to you in blood,
For she's the daughter of your father's sister,
Mary the queen of France, Charles Brandon's wife,
Your niece, your next of blood except your sister,
Deserves some pity, so doth youthful Guildford.

Win. Such pity as the law allows to traitors.

Norf. They were misled by their ambitious fathers.

Win. What son to obey his father proves a traitor,
Must buy his disobedience with his death.

Wyat. My lord of Winchester still thirsts for blood.

Q. Mary. Wyat, no more; the law shall be their judge:
Mercy to mean offenders we'll ostend,[1]
Not unto such that dare usurp our crown.

Arun. Count Egmond,[2] the ambassador from Spain,
Attends your Highness' answer, [3]brought those letters
Sent from the emperor in his son's behalf.

Q. Mary. In the behalf of lovely, princely Philip,
Whose person we have shrined in our heart,
At the first sight of his delightful picture?
That picture should have power to tingle
Love in royal breasts: the darts of love are words,

[1] i. e. Exhibit.
[2] A correction by Mr. Dyce: the original has Edmond.
[3] i. e. He who brought.

Pictures, conceit;[1] he'll prevail by any.
Your counsel, lords, about this foreign business.
Arun. I say, and it like your royal majesty,
A royal treaty, and to be confirm'd;
And I allow the match.
Win. Allow it, lords! we have cause
To thank our God, that such a mighty prince
As Philip is, son to the emperor,
Heir to wealthy Spain,
And many spacious kingdoms, will vouchsafe——
Wyat. Vouchsafe, my lord of Winchester! pray, what?
Win. To grace our mighty sovereign with
His honourable title.
Wyat. To marry with our queen; mean you not so?
Win. I do; what then?
Wyat. O God! Is she a beggar, a forsaken maid,
That she hath need of grace from foreign princes?
By God's dear mother—O God, pardon! swear I!
Methinks she is a fair and lovely prince;
Her only beauty,[2] were she of mean birth,
Able to make the greatest potentate,
Ay, the great emperor of the mighty Cham,
That hath more nations under his command
Than Spanish Philip's like to inherit towns,
To come and lay his sceptre at her feet,
And to entreat her to vouchsafe the grace

[1] The term *conceit*, as frequently used by the old writers, meant, to adopt Richardson's definition, something you can take or hold within the mind or understanding. Here Mary seems to say that as words are the darts of love, so pictures, in lieu of words, are objects which can take possession of the mind; and that Philip, whether by his words or his portrait, will prevail.

[2] i. e. Her beauty alone.

To take him and his kingdom to her mercy.[1]

Win. Wyat, you are too hot.

Wyat. And you too proud. Vouchsafe! O, base!
I hope she'll not vouchsafe
To take the emperor's son to her dear mercy.

Q. Mary. Proceed, my lord of Winchester, I pray.

Win. Then still I say we've cause to thank our God,
That such a mighty prince will look so low
As to respect this island and our queen.

Wyat. Pardon me, madam; he respects your island
More than your person: think of that.

Norf. Wyat, you wrong the affection of the prince,
For he desires no fortresses nor towns,
Nor to bear any office, rule, or state,
Either by person or by substitute,
Nor yet himself to be a councillor
In our affairs.

Wyat. What need he, noble lords,
To ask the fruit, when he demands the tree?
No castle, fortresses, nor towers of strength!
It boots not, when the chiefest tower of all,
The key that opens unto all the land,
I mean our gracious sovereign, must be his.
But he will bear no office in the land,—
And yet will marry with the queen of all!
Nor be of council in the realm's affairs—
And yet the queen enclosed in his arms!
I do not like this strange marriage:
The fox is subtle, and his head once in,
The slender body easily will follow.

[1] Take into her favour.

I grant he offers you, in name of dower,
The yearly sum of threescore thousand ducats,
Besides the seventeen famous provinces,
And that the heir succeeding from your loins
Shall have the sovereign rule of both the realms.
What! shall this move your highness to the match?
Spain is too far for England to inherit,
But England near enough for Spain to woo.

Q. Mary.[1] Have not the kings of England, good Sir Thomas,
Espous'd the daughters of our neighbour kings?

Wyat. I grant your predecessors oft have sought
Their queen from France, and sometimes, too, from Spain:
But never could I hear that England yet
Has been so base, to seek a king from either.
'Tis policy, dear queen, no love at all.

Win. 'Tis love, great queen, no policy at all.

Wyat. Which of you all dares justify this match,
And not be touch'd in conscience with an oath?
Remember, O remember, I beseech you,
King Henry's last will and his act at court!
I mean that royal court of parliament,
That does prohibit Spaniards from the land,
That Will and Act to which you all are sworn,
And do not damn your souls with perjury.

Q. Mary. But that we know thee, Wyat, to be true
Unto the crown of England and to us,
Thy over-boldness should be paid with death:

[1] *Mary*, evidently: in the original the speech is given to Winchester.

But cease, for fear your liberal[1] tongue offend.
With one consent, my lords, you like this match?

Omnes. We do, great sovereign.

Q. Mary. Call in Count Egmond, honourable lords.

Enter EGMOND.

We have determin'd of your embassy,
And thus I plight our love to Philip's heart.
Embark you straight, the wind blows wondrous fair:
Till he shall land in England I'm all care.

[*Exeunt all but Sir Thomas Wyat.*

Wyat. And ere he land in England, I will offer
My loyal breast for him to tread upon.
O, who so forward, Wyat, as thyself
To raise this troublesome queen in this her throne!
Philip is a Spaniard, a proud nation,
Whom naturally our countrymen abhor.
Assist me, gracious heavens, and you shall see
What hate I bear unto their slavery!
I'll into Kent, there muster up each[2] friend,
To save this country, and this realm defend. [*Exit.*

[3] *Enter* GUILDFORD, JANE, *and* LIEUTENANT.

Guild. Good morrow to the patron[4] of my woe.

Jane. Good morrow to my lord, my lovely Dudley:
Why do you look so sad, my dearest lord?

[1] In the sense of over-liberal, too free.

[2] *Each*—conjecturally, to rhyme with defend; the original has "my friends."

[3] Scene x. the Tower.

[4] i. e. conjecturally, pattern (the French, *patron*), model; unless the word, as Mr. Dyce suggests, be a misprint for partner.

Guild. Nay, why doth Jane thus with a heavy eye,
And a defected[1] look, salute the day?
Sorrow doth ill become thy silver brow:
Sad grief lies dead, so long as thou lives fair;
In my Jane's joy, I do not care for care.

Jane. My looks, my love, are sorted[2] with my heart.
The sun himself doth scantly show his face.
Out of this firm grate you may perceive
The Tower-hill throng'd with store of people,
As if they gap'd for some strange novelty.

Guild. Though sleep do seldom dwell in men of care,
Yet I did this night sleep, and this night dream'd
My princely father, great Northumberland,
Was married to a stately bride;
And then methought, just on his bridal day,
A poison'd draught did take his life away.

Jane. Let not fond[3] visions so appal my love,
For dreams do oftentimes contrary prove.

Guild. The nights are tedious, and the days are sad:
And see you how the people stand in heaps,
Each man sad looking on his appos'd object,
As if a general passion possess'd them?
Their eyes do seem as dropping as the moon,[4]
As if prepared for a tragedy;
For never swarms of people there do tread,
But to rob life and to enrich the dead,
And show they wept.

[1] Downcast. [2] Suited. [3] Foolish.

[4] The moon's moisture is constantly alluded to by our old poets. Lydgate writes,—

"Of Lucina the moone, moist and pale,
That many showre fro heaven made availe."

Lieut. My lord, they did so, for I was there.

Guild. I pray resolve us, good master lieutenant,
Who was it yonder that tender'd up his life
To nature's death?

Lieut. Pardon me, my lord; 'tis felony to acquaint you
With death of any prisoner;
Yet, to resolve your grace,
It was your father, great Northumberland,
That this day lost his head.

Guild. Peace rest his soul! His sins
Be buried in his grave,
And not remember'd in his epitaph.
But who comes here?

Jane. My father prisoner!

Enter SUFFOLK, *guarded forth.*

Suff. O, Jane, now nought but fear! thy title and thy state,
Thou now must leave for a small grave.
Had I been contented to ha' been great, I had stood,
But now my rising is pull'd down with blood.
Farewell. Point me my house of prayers.

Jane. Is grief so short?
'Twas wont to be full of words, 'tis true,
But now death's lesson bids a cold adieu.
Farewell: thus friends on desperate journeys part;[1]
Breaking off words with tears, that swell the heart.

[*Exit Suffolk.*

Lieut. It is the pleasure of the queen that you part[2] lodgings,

[1] Depart. [2] Separate.

Till your arraignment, which must be to-morrow.

Jane. Good master lieutenant, let us pray together.

Lieut. Pardon me, madam, I may not; they that owe[1] you, sway me.

Guild. Entreat not, Jane: though she our bodies part,
Our souls shall meet: farewell, my love.

Jane. My Dudley, my own heart. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *Enter* WYAT *with* SOLDIERS.

Wyat. Hold, drum: stand, gentlemen:
Give the word along; stand, stand.
Masters, friends, soldiers, and therefore gentlemen;
I know some of you wear warm purses
Lined with gold; to them I speak not;
But to such lean knaves that cannot put up crosses
Thus, I say, fight valiantly,
And by the Mary God,
You that have all your life-time silver lack'd
Shall now get crowns; marry, they must be crack'd.

Sold. No matter, we'll change them for white money.

Wyat. But it must needs be so, dear countrymen,
For soldiers are the masters of war's mint;
Blows are the stamps they set upon with bullets,
And broken pates are, when the brains lie spilt,
These light crowns that with blood are double gilt.
But that's not all that your stout hearts shall earn:
Stick to this glorious quarrel, and your names
Shall stand in chronicles, rank'd even with kings.
You free your country from base Spanish thrall,
From ignominious slavery:

[1] Own, have, possess.

[2] Scene XI. Rochester.

Who can disgest[1] a Spaniard, that's a true Englishman?

Sold. Would he might choke, that disgests him!

Wyat. He that loves freedom and his country,
Cry a Wyat! he that will not, with my heart,
Let him stand forth, shake hands, and we'll depart![2]

Soldiers. A Wyat, a Wyat, a Wyat!

Enter NORRY,[3] *sounding a trumpet.*

Harp. Forbear, or with the breath thy trumpet spends
This shall let forth thy soul.

Norry. I am a herald, and challenge safety
By th' law of arms.

Harp. So shalt thou when thou'rt lawfully employ'd.

Wyat. What loud knave's that?

Norry. No knave, Sir Thomas, I am a true man
To my queen, to whom thou art a traitor.

Sold. Knock him down.

Wyat. Knock him down! fie, no,
We'll handle him, he shall sound before he go.

Harp. He comes from Norfolk and those fawning lords,
In Mary's name, weighing out life to them
That will with baseness buy[4] it:
Seize on him, as a pernicious enemy.

Wyat. Sir George, be rul'd;
Since we profess the art of war,
Let's not be hiss'd at for our ignorance:
He shall pass and repass, juggle the best he can.
Lead him into the city. Norry, set forth,

[1] *Disgest*—an old form of *digest.*
[2] Part, separate.
[3] Norroy, king at arms.
[4] *Buy.*—The old copy, "*burie.*"—DYCE.

Set forth thy brazen throat, and call all Rochester
About thee; do thy office; fill
Their light heads with proclamations, do;
Catch fools with lime-twigs dipt with pardons.
But Sir George, and good Sir Harry Isley,
If this gallant open his mouth too wide,
Powder the varlet, pistol him, fire the roof
That's o'er his mouth.
He craves the law of arms, and he shall ha't:
Teach him our law, to cut's throat if he prate.
If louder reach thy proclamation,
The Lord have mercy upon thee!

Norry. Sir Thomas, I must do my office.

Harp. Come, we'll do ours too.

Wyat. Ay, ay, do, blow thyself hence.

[*Exeunt Harper, Isley, and Norry.*

Whorson, proud herald, because he can
Give arms, he thinks to cut us off by th' elbows.
Masters, and fellow soldiers, say will you leave
Old Tom Wyat?

Omnes. No, no, no.

Wyat. A march! 'tis Norfolk's drum upon my life.
I pray, see what drum it is. [*Within, cry, Arm.*

Rodston.[1] The word is given, arm! arm flies through the camp,
As loud, though not so full of dread, as thunder.
For no man's cheeks look pale, but every face
Is lifted up above his foreman's[2] head,

[1] The name supplied by Mr. Dyce. The original reads as though the speech were Wyat's.

[2] i. e. The man standing *before* him.

And every soldier does on tiptoe stand,
Shaking a drawn sword in his threatening hand.
Wyat. At whom, at whose drum?
Rod. At Norfolk, Norfolk's drum.
With him comes Arundel. You may behold
The silken faces of their ensigns show
Nothing but wrinkles straggling in the wind:
Norfolk rides foremostly, his crest well known,
Proud as if all our heads were now his own.
Wyat. Soft, he shall pay more for them.
Sir Robert Rodston, bring our musketeers,
To flank our pikes; let all our archery
Fall off in wings of shot aboth sides of the van,
To gall the first horse of the enemy,
That shall come fiercely on our cannoneers:
Bid them to charge: charge, my hearts.
Omnes. Charge, charge.
Wyat. Saint George for England, Wyat for poor Kent!
Blood lost in country's quarrel is nobly spent.

[1]*Enter* ISLEY.

Isley. Base slave, hard-hearted fugitive!
He that you sent with Norry, false Sir George,
Is fled to Norfolk.
Rod. Sir George Harper fled!
Wyat. I ne'er thought better of a counterfeit:
His name was Harper, was it not? let him go;
Henceforth all harpers,[2] for his sake, shall stand

[1] The entrance of Isley is supplied by Mr. Dyce: it is not marked in the original.
[2] The harp first appeared upon the Irish money in Henry the

But for plain ninepence throughout all the land.
They come: no man give ground in these hot cases;
Be Englishmen, and beard them to their faces. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Enter* NORFOLK, ARUNDEL, BRETT, *and* SOLDIERS.

Norf. Yonder the traitor marcheth with a steel-bow,
Bent on his sovereign and her kingdom's peace.
To wave him to us with a flag of truce,
And tender him soft mercy, were
To call our right in question.
Therefore put in act your resolute intendments:
If rebellion be suffer'd to take head,
She lives too long. Treason doth swarm,
Therefore give signal to the fight.

Brett. 'Tis good, 'tis good, my lord.

Norf. Where's Captain Brett?

Brett. Here, my lord.

Norf. To do honour to you, and those five hundred
Londoners, that march after your colours,
You shall charge the traitor in the vanguard,
Whilst myself, with noble Arundel
And stout Jerningham, second you in the main.
God and Saint George this day fight on our side,
While thus we tame a desperate rebel's pride.

[*Exeunt all but Brett and Soldiers.*

Brett. Countrymen and friends, and you the most valiant

Eighth's reign. By a proclamation, set forth in 1606, it was declared, "that every of the said *Harp Shillings* should have and bear the name and value only of twelve Pence Irish, according to the old standard of that realm; being in true value no more than *nine Pence English.*"—DYCE.

[1] Scene XI. In the open country.

sword and buckler men of London, the Duke of Norfolk in honour has promoted you to the vanguard, and why to the vanguard, but because he knows you to be eager men, martial men, men of good stomachs, very hot shots, very actious[1] for valour, such as scorn to shrink for a wetting, who will bear off anything with head and shoulders!

Omnes. We 'll forwards, good commander, forwards.

Brett. I am to lead you, and whither? to fight; and with whom? with Wyat; and what is Wyat? a most famous and arch-traitor—to nobody, by this hand, that I know.

Omnes. Nay, speak out, good captain.

Brett. I say again,—is worthy Norfolk gone?

Omnes. Ay, ay, gone, gone.

Brett. I say again, that Wyat for rising thus in arms, with the Kentish men dangling thus at his tail, is worthy to be hanged—like a jewel in the kingdom's ear: say I well, my lads?

Omnes. Forwards, forwards.

Brett. And whosoever cuts off his head shall have for his labour—

Clown. What shall I have? I'll do't.

Brett. The pox, the plague, and all the diseases the spittle-houses and hospitals can throw upon him.

Clown. I'll not do't, that's flat.

Brett. And wherefore is Wyat up?

Clown. Because he cannot keep his bed.

Brett. No, Wyat is up to keep the Spaniards down, to keep King Philip out, whose coming in will give the land such a philip,[2] 'twill make it reel again.

[1] Active, full of energy.

[2] For *fillip*.

Clown. 'A would it were come to that, 'a would; we would leave off Philips and fall to hot-cockles.[1]

Brett. Philip is a Spaniard; and what is a Spaniard?

Clown. A Spaniard is no Englishman, that I know.

Brett. Right, a Spaniard is a Camocho, a Calimanco;[2] nay, which is worse, a Dondego,—and what is a Dondego?

Clown. A Dondego is a kind of Spanish stock-fish, or poor John.

Brett. No, a Dondego is a desperate Viliago,[3] a very Castilian; God bless us. There came but one Dondego[4] into England, and he made all Paul's stink again: what shall a whole army of Dondegoes do, my sweet countrymen?

Clown. Marry, they will make us all smell abominably: he comes not here, that's flat.

Brett. A Spaniard is called so because he's a Span-iard, his yard is but a span.

Clown. That's the reason our Englishwomen love them not.

Brett. Right, for he carries not the Englishman's yard about him. If you deal with him, look for hard measure; if you give an inch, he'll take an ell; if he give an ell,

[1] *Philip* is an old term for a sparrow, and *hot-cockles* is a game in which, as Halliwell explains it, one person lies down on his face and is hoodwinked, and being struck, must guess who it was that hit him.

[2] *Camocia* and *Calamaco* are, respectively Italian and Spanish terms for coarse, calimanco stuffs, and as such were used in our author's time, by way of contempt or reproach.

[3] A coarse rustic rascal.

[4] The allusions to the dirty exploit of a Spaniard—Don Diego—in publicly committing a nuisance in St. Paul's Church, are very frequent in our old dramatists, and for many years it continued a subject of reproach and laughter.—COLLIER, *Notes to Heywood's Fair Maid of the West.* (*Shakespeare Society.*)

he'll take an inch; therefore, my fine, spruce, dapper, finical fellows, if you are now, as you have always been counted, politic Londoners to fly to the stronger side, leave Arundel, leave Norfolk, and love Brett.

Clown. We'll fling our flat caps at them.

Brett. Wear your own neat's-leather shoes; scorn Spanish leather; cry, a fig for the Spaniard. Said I well, bullies?

Omnes. Ay, ay, ay.

Brett. Why, then, fiat, fiat!
And every man die at his foot that cries not a Wyat, a Wyat.

Omnes. A Wyat, a Wyat, a Wyat.

Enter WYAT.

Wyat. Sweet music, gallant fellow-Londoners!

Clown. I' faith, we are the madcaps, we are the lick-pennies.[1]

Wyat. You shall be all Lord Mayors at least.

[*Exeunt Wyat, Brett, and Soldiers.*

[2] *Alarum sounds, and enter* WYAT, BRETT, RODSTON, ISLEY, *and* SOLDIERS, *again.*

Wyat. Those eight brass pieces shall do service now
Against their masters, Norfolk and Arundel:
They may thank their heels more than their hands
For saving of their lives.
When soldiers turn surveyors, and measure lands,
God help poor farmers.
Soldiers and friends, let us all play nimble blood-hounds

[1] i. e. the Londoners who *lick up* all the pennies.
[2] Scene XII. At Lud Gate.

And hunt them step by step. We hear
The lawyers plead in armour 'stead of gowns:[1]
If they fall out about the case they jar,
Then they may cuff each other from the bar.
Soft, this in Ludgate: stand aloof, I'll knock.

He knocks; enter PEMBROKE *upon the walls.*

Pem. Who knocks?

Wyat. A Wyat, a true friend.
Open your gates, you lowering citizens;
I bring you freedom from a foreign prince:
The queen has heard your suit, and 'tis her pleasure
The city gates stand open to receive us.

Pem. Avaunt, thou traitor! thinks thou by forgery
To enter London with rebellious arms?
Know that these gates are barr'd against thy entrance;
And it shall cost the lives of twenty thousand
True subjects to the queen before a traitor enters.

Omnes. Shoot him through.

Wyat. Stay, let's know him first.

Clown. Kill him; then let's know him afterwards.

Pem. Look on my face, and blushing see with shame
Thy treasons character'd.

Brett. 'Tis the Lord Pembroke.

Wyat. What have we to do with the Lord Pembroke?
Where's the queen's lieutenant?

Pem. I am lieutenant of the city now.

Wyat. Are you Lord Mayor?

Pem. The greatest lord that breathes enters not here
Without express command from my dear queen.

[1] The judges, also, wore armour on the bench, at this juncture.

Wyat. She commands by us.

Pem. I do command thee, in her highness' name,
To leave the city gates, or, by my honour,
A piece of ordnance shall be straight discharg'd
To be thy death's-man, and shoot thee to thy grave.

Wyat. Then here's no entrance?

Pem. No, none. [*Exit Pembroke.*

Brett. What should we do following Wyat any longer?

Wyat. O London, London, thou perfidious town!
Why hast thou broke thy promise to thy friend,
That for thy sake, and for the general sake,
Hath thrust myself into the mouth of danger?
March back to Fleet-street: if that Wyat die,
London, unjustly, buy[1] thy treachery.

Brett. Would I could steal away from Wyat! it should be the first thing that I would do.

[*Here they all steal away from Wyat, and leave him alone.*

Wyat. Where's all my soldiers? what, all gone,
And left my drum and colours without guard!
O infelicity of careful[2] men!
Yet will I sell my honour'd blood as dear
As ever did faithful subject to his prince. [*Exit.*

Enter NORFOLK *and* ISLEY.

Isley. Pembroke revolts and flies to Wyat's side.

Norf. He's damned in hell that speaks it.

Enter HARPER.

Harper.[3] O my good lord, 'tis spread

[1] Probably for *abye*, or suffer the consequences of.
[2] i. e. full of care.
[3] The old copy gives this to Isley.—DYCE.

That Pembroke and Count Arundel both are fled!

Enter PEMBROKE *and* ARUNDEL.

Pem. 'S foot, who said so? what devil dare stir my patience?
Zounds, I was talking with a crew of vagabonds
That lagg'd at Wyat's tail, and am I thus
Paid for my pains?

Norf. And there being miss'd,
Some villain, finding you out of sight, hath rais'd
This slander on you: but come, my lord.

Pem. I'll not fight.

Norf. Nay, sweet earl.

Pem. Zounds, fight, and hear my name dishonour'd!

Arun. Wyat is march'd down Fleet-street: after him.

Pem. Why do not you, and you, pursue him?

Norf. If I strike one blow, may my hands fall off.

Pem. And if I do, by this ———

Norf. Come, leave your swearing:
Did not my country's care urge to this quarrel,
For my part I would not strike a blow.

Pem. No more would I:
I'll eat no wrongs: let's all die, and I'll die.

Enter MESSENGER.

Mess. Stand on your guard,
For this way Wyat is pursued amain.

A great noise: cries of follow. Enter WYAT, *with his sword drawn, being wounded.*

Within. Follow, follow.

Norf. Stand, traitor, stand, or thou shalt ne'er stand more.

Wyat. Lords, I yield;
An easy conquest 'tis to win the field
After all's lost. I am wounded: let me have a surgeon,
That I may go sound unto my grave.
'Tis not the name of traitor 'pals me,
Nor plucks my weapon from my hand:
Use me how you can,
Though you say traitor, I'm a gentleman.
Your dreadful shaking me, which I defy,
Is a poor loss of life; I wish to die:
Death frights my spirit no more than can my bed,
Nor will I change one hair, losing this head.

Pem. Come, guard him, guard him.

Wyat. No matter where;
I hope for nothing, therefore nothing fear.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[1]*Enter* WINCHESTER, NORFOLK, ARUNDEL, PEMBROKE, *with other lords.*

Win. My lord of Norfolk, will it please you sit;
By you, the noble Lord of Arundel.
Since it hath pleas'd her sacred majesty
To nominate us here commissioners,
Let us, without all partiality,
Be open-ear'd to what they can allege.
Where's the Lieutenant of the Tower?

Enter LIEUTENANT *of the Tower.*

Lieut. Here, my good lord.

Win. Fetch forth the prisoners;

[1] Scene XII. The Council Chamber at the Tower.

Place them severally in chairs of state.
Clerk of the crown, proceed as law requires.

Enter GUILDFORD *and* JANE.

Clerk. Guildford Dudley, hold up thy hand at the bar.

Guild. Here at the bar of death I hold it up;
And would to God, this hand heav'd to the law,
Might have advanc'd itself in better place,
For England's good and for my sovereign's weal!

Clerk. Jane Gray, Lady Jane Gray,
Hold up thy hand at the bar.

Jane. A hand as pure from treason, as innocent[1]
As the white livery
Worn by th' angels in their Maker's sight!

Clerk. You are here indicted by the names of Guildford Dudley, Lord Dudley, Jane Gray, Lady Jane Gray, of capital and high treason against our most sovereign lady the queen's majesty. That is to say, that you, Guildford Dudley, and Lady Jane Gray, have, by all possible means, sought to procure unto yourselves the royalty of the crown of England, to the disinheriting of our new sovereign lady the queen's majesty, the true and lawful issue to that famous king Henry the Eighth, and have manifestly adorned yourselves with the state's garland imperial, and have granted warrants, commissions, and such like, for levying of men and soldiers to be sent against the said majesty: what answer you to this indictment,—guilty, or not guilty?

Guild. Our answer shall be several like ourselves;
Yet, noble earl, we confess the indictment.
May we not make some apology unto the court?

[1] *From treason, as innocent,* conjecturally: the original has: *from treason's innocence.*

Norf. It is against the order of the law;
Therefore directly plead unto the indictment,
And then you shall be heard.
Guild. Against the law!
Words utter'd then as good unspoken were,
For whatsoe'er you say, you know your form,
And you will follow it unto our deaths.
Norf. Speak, are you guilty of these crimes, or no?
Jane. I'll answer first: I am, and I am not;
But should we stand unto the last unguilty,
You have large-conscience jurors to besmear
The fairest brow with style of treachery.
Norf. The barons of the land shall be your jury.
Jane. An honourable and worthy trial;
And God forbid so many noblemen
Should be made guilty of our timeless[1] deaths!
Arun. You'll answer to the indictment, will you not?
Guild. My lord, I will: I am ——
Norf. What? are you guilty or no?
Guild. I say unguilty still, yet I am guilty.
Jane. Slander not thyself:
If there be any guilty, it was I;
I was proclaim'd queen, I the crown should wear.
Guild. Because I was thy husband, I stand here.
Jane. Our loves we sought ourselves, but not our pride;
And shall our fathers' faults our lives divide?
Guild. It was my father that made thee distrest.
Jane. O, but for mine, my Guildford had been blest!
Guild. My Jane had been as fortunate as fair.
Jane. My Guildford free from this soul-grieving care.

[1] i.e. Untimely.

Guild. If we be guilty, tis no fault of ours;
And shall we die for what's not in our power?
We sought no kingdom, we desir'd no crown:
It was imposed upon us by constraint,
Like golden fruit hung on a barren tree;
And will you count such forcement treachery?
Then make the silver Thames as black as Styx,[1]
Because it was constrain'd to bear the barks,[2]
Whose battering ordnance should have been employ'd
Against the hinderers of our royalty.

Win. You talk of senseless things.

Guild. Do trees want sense,
That by the power of music have been drawn
To dance a pleasing measure?
We'll come, then, nearer unto living things:
Say we usurp the English royalty,
Was't not by your consents?
I tell you, lords, I have your hands to shew,
Subscrib'd to the commission of my father,
By which you did authorize him to wage arms.
If they were rebellious 'gainst your sovereign,
Who cried so loud as you, God save Queen Jane?
And come you now your sovereign to arraign?
Come down, come down, here at a prisoner's bar;
Better do so than judge yourselves amiss:
For look, what sentence on our heads you lay,
Upon your own may light another day.

Win. The queen hath pardon'd them.

[1] Corrected by Mr. Dyce; the original is ludicrously misprinted *Sickts.*

[2] An emendation proposed by Mr. Dyce. The original has *banks.*

Guild. And we must die for a less fault:
O partiality!
Jane. Patience, my Guildford; it was ever known,
They that sinn'd least, the punishment have borne.
Guild. True, my fair queen of sorrow, truly[1] speak.
Great men, like great flies, through law's cobwebs break,
But the thinn'st frame the prison of the weak.
Norf. Now trust me, Arundel,
It doth grieve me much to sit
In judgement of these harmless ——
Arun. I help'd to attach the father, but the son—
O, through my blood I feel compassion run!
My lords, we'll be humble suitors to the queen,
To save these innocent creatures from their deaths.
Norf. Let's break up court:
If Norfolk long should stay,
In tears and passion[2] I should melt away.
Win. Sit still: what! will you take
Compassion upon such?—
They are heretics.
Jane. We are Christians;
Leave our conscience to ourselves:
We stand not here about religious causes,
But are accus'd of capital treason.
Win. Then you confess the indictment.
Guild. Even what you will:
Yet save my Jane, although my blood you spill.
Jane. If I must die, save princely Guildford's life.
Norf. Who is not mov'd to see this loving strife?
Arun. Pray pardon me; do what you will to-day,

[1] (You). [2] For *compassion*.

And I'll approve it, though it be my death.

Win. Then hear the speedy sentence of your deaths:
You shall be carried to the place from whence you came,
From thence unto the place of execution,
Through London to be drawn on hurdles,
Where thou, Jane Gray, shalt suffer death by fire,
Thou, Guildford Dudley, hang'd and quarter'd;
So Lord have mercy upon you!

Guild. Why, this is well, since we must die,
That we must die together.

Win. Stay, and hear the mercy of the queen;
Because you are of noble parentage,
Although the crime of your offence be great,
She is only pleas'd that you shall ——

Both. Will she pardon us?

Win. Only, I say, that you shall lose your heads
Upon the Tower-hill. So, convey them hence:
Lieutenant, strictly look unto your charge.

Guild. Our dooms are known, our lives have play'd
their part.
Farewell, my Jane.

Jane. My Dudley, mine own heart.

Guild. Fain would I take a ceremonious leave;
But that's to die a hundred thousand deaths.

Jane. I cannot speak, for tears.

Lieut. My lord, come.

Guild. Great griefs speak louder, when the least are
dumb.[1] *Exeunt.*

[1] Mr. Dyce suggests that the poet wrote;
"Least griefs speak louder, when the great are dumb."
According to Seneca;
"Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent."
Hippolytus, v. 607.

[1] *Enter* SIR THOMAS WYAT, *in the Tower.*

Wyat. The sad aspect this prison doth afford
Jumps[2] with the measure that my heart doth keep;
And this enclosure here, of nought but stone,
Yields far more comfort than the stony hearts
Of them that wrong'd their country and their friend.
Here is no perjur'd councillors to swear
A sacred oath and then forswear the same!
No innovators here doth harbour keep;
A stedfast silence doth possess the place:
In this the Tower is noble, being [3]base.

Enter LORDS, *to* WYAT.

Norf. Sir Thomas Wyat.
Wyat. That's my name, indeed.
Win. You should say traitor.
Wyat. Traitor, and Wyat's name,
Differ as far as Winchester and honour.
Win. I am a pillar of the mother church.
Wyat. And what am I?
Win. One that subverts the state.
Wyat. Insult not too much o'er th' unfortunate;
I have no bishop's rochet to declare[4] my innocency.
This is my cross,
That causeless I must suffer my head's loss:
When that hour comes wherein my blood is spilt,
My cross will look as bright as yours twice gilt.

[1] Scene XIV. The Tower.
[2] Suits with.
[3] i. e. presumably, *although in itself.*
[4] To serve as a voucher for.

Norf. Here's[1] for that purpose.

Wyat. Is your grace so short?
Belike you come to make my death a sport.

Win. We come to bring you to your execution;
You must be hang'd and quarter'd instantly:
At the Park corner is a gallows set,
Whither make haste to tender nature's debt.

Wyat. Then here's the end of Wyat's rising up:
I to keep Spaniards from the land was sworn.
Right willingly I yield myself to death,
But sorry such[2] should have my place of birth.
Had London kept its word, Wyat had stood,
But now King Philip enters through my blood.

Win. Where's the lieutenant of the Tower?

Exeunt Officers with Wyat.

Enter LIEUTENANT.

Lieut. Here, my lord.

Win. Fetch forth your other prisoners.

Lieut. My lord, I will;
Here lies young Guildford, here the lady Jane.

Norf. Conduct them forth.

Enter GUILDFORD *and* JANE.

Guild. Good morrow, once more, to my lovely Jane.

Jane. The last good morrow, my sweet love, to thee.

Guild. What were you reading?

Jane. On a prayer-book.

Guild. Trust me, so was I: we had need to pray,
For see, the ministers of death draw near.

[1] The meaning of this curious line is,
"We are here for the purpose of spilling your blood."
[2] i. e. as the Spaniards, should possess my native land.

Jane. To a prepared mind death is a pleasure:
I long in soul till I have spent my breath.
Guild. My lord high chancellor, you're welcome hither:
What! come you to behold our execution?
And, my lord Arundel, thrice welcome:
You help'd t' attach our father; come you now to see
The black conclusion of our tragedy?
Win. We come to do our office.
Guild. So do we;
Our office is to die, yours to look on:
We are beholding[1] unto such beholders.
The time was, lords, when you did flock amain
To see her crown'd, but now to kill my Jane.
The world like to a sickle bends itself:
Men run their course of lives as in a maze:
Our office is to die, yours but to gaze.
Jane. Patience, my Guildford.
Guild. Patience, my lovely Jane!
Patience has blanch'd thy soul as white as snow,
But who shall answer for thy death? This know,
An innocent to die, what is it less
But to add angels to heaven's happiness?
The guilty dying do applaud the law,
But when the innocent creature stoops his neck
To an unjust doom, upon the judge they check.[2]
Lives are, like souls, requir'd of their neglectors,
Then ours of you that should be our protectors.
Win. Rail not against the law.
Guild. No, God forbid!
My lord of Winchester is made of law[3]

[1] Beholden, obliged. [2] To reproach.
[3] These lines, in the original, run thus confusedly—

And should I rail against it, 'twere against you.
If I forget not, you rejoic'd to see
The fall of Cromwell: joy you now at me?
Oft dying men are fill'd with prophecies,
But I'll not be a prophet of your ill.
Yet know, my lords, they that behold us now,
May to the axe of justice one day bow,
And in that plot of ground, where we must die,
Sprinkle their bloods, though I know no cause why.
Norf. Speak you to me, Lord Guildford?
Guild. Norfolk, no:
I speak to ——
Norf. To whom?
Guild. Alas, I do not know! ——
Which of us two dies first?
Win. The better part.
Guild. O, rather kill the worst!
Jane. 'Tis I, sweet love, that first must kiss the block.
Guild. I am a man; men better brook the shock
Of threatening death: your sex are ever weak;
The thoughts of death a woman's heart will break.
Jane. But I am arm'd to die.
Guild. Likelier to live;
Death to the unwilling doth his presence give:
He dares not look the bold man in the face,
But on the fearful lays his killing mace.
Win. It is the pleasure of the queen
That the Lady Jane must first suffer death.

" No, God forbid, my lord of Winchester,
It's made of law, and should I" &c.
For the rectification of the text, I have to thank Mr. Dyce, adding, in explanation, that Gardiner, then Bishop of Winchester, was, as Chancellor of the Kingdom, head of the law.

Jane. I thank her highness,
That I shall first depart this hapless world,
And not survive to see my dear love dead.
Guild. She dying first, I three times lose my head!

Enter the HEADSMAN.

Heads. Forgive me, lady, I pray, your death.
Guild. Ha! hast thou the heart to kill a face so fair?
Win. It is her headsman.
Guild. And demands a pardon
Only of her, for taking off her head?
Jane. Ay, gentle Guildford, and I pardon him.
Guild. But I'll not pardon him: thou art my wife,
And he shall ask me pardon for thy life.
Heads. Pardon me, my lord.
Guild. Rise, do not kneel;
Though thou submitt'st, thou hast a lowering[1] steel,
Whose fatal declination brings our death:
Good man of earth, make haste to make us earth.
Heads. Pleaseth the Lady Jane, I'll help her off with her night-gown.
Jane. Thanks, gentle friend,
But I have other waiting-women to 'tend me.
Good Mistress Ellin, lend me a helping hand
To strip me of these worldly ornaments.
Off with these robes, O, tear them from my side!
Such silken covers are the guilt of pride.
Instead of gowns, my coverture be earth,
My worldly death, or new celestial breath.[2]

[1] Down-looking, frowning.
[2] Or, as Mr. Dyce suggests, birth.

What, is it off?

Lady. Madam, almost.

Jane. Not yet? O God, how hardly
Can we shake off this world's pomp,
That cleaves unto us like our bodies' skin!
Yet thus, O God, shake off thy servant's sin!

Lady. Here is a scarf to blind your eyes.

Jane. From all the world but from my Guildford's sight:
Before I fasten this beneath my brow,
Let me behold him with a constant look.

Guild. O do not kill me with that piteous eye!

Jane. 'Tis my last farewell, take it patiently:
My dearest Guildford, let us kiss and part.
Now blind mine eyes never to see the sky:
Blindfold thus lead me to the block to die.

[*Exit with Headsman, &c.*[1]

Guild. O! [*He falls in a trance.*]

Norf. How fares my lord?

Arun. He's fallen into a trance.

Norf. Wake him not, until he wake himself.
O happy Guildford, if thou die in this,
Thy soul will be the first in heavenly bliss!

Enter HEADSMAN, *with* JANE'S *head.*

Win. Here comes the headsman with the head of Jane.

Guild. Who spake of Jane? who nam'd my lovely Jane?

Win. Behold her head.

Guild. O, I shall faint again!

[1] This stage direction, supplied by Mr. Dyce, does not appear, though obviously necessary, in the original. As matter of historical fact, it may be observed that Guildford was beheaded first.

Yet let me bear this sight unto my grave,
My sweet Jane's head.
Look, Norfolk, Arundel, Winchester,
Do malefactors look thus when they die;
A ruddy lip, a clear reflecting eye,
Cheeks purer than the maiden orient pearl,
That sprinkles bashfulness through the clouds?
Her innocence has given her this look:
The like for me to show so well, being dead,
How willingly would Guildford lose his head!

Win. My lord, the time runs on.

Guild. So does our death:
Here's one has run so fast, she's out of breath.
But the time goes on, and my fair Jane's
White soul will be in heaven before me,
If I do stay:
Stay, gentle wife, thy Guildford follows thee:
Though on the earth we part by adverse fate,
Our souls shall knock together at heaven's gate.
The sky is calm, our deaths have a fair day,
And we shall pass the smoother on our way.
My lords, farewell, ay, once farewell to all:
The father's pride has caus'd the children's fall.

[*Exit Guildford to death.*

Norf. Thus have we seen her highness' will perform'd:
And now their heads and bodies shall be join'd
And buried in one grave, as fits their loves.
Thus much I'll say in their behalfs now dead,
Their father's pride their lives hath severed.

FINIS.

VVEST-VVARD HOE.

As it hath beene diuers times Acted by the Children of Paules.

Written by Tho: Decker, and Iohn Webſter.

Printed at London, and to be ſold by John Hodgets dwelling in Pavles Churchyard.
1607.

WESTWARD HOE.

THIS play, the joint production of Dekker and of Webster, was printed, as the title imports, in 1607. When it was first acted does not appear, but as it is intimated that the actors were "the children of Pauls," it must have been performed by them subsequent to 1601, for in 1589 or 1590, the performances by the scholars or choristers of St. Paul's Cathedral—who had been, generation after generation, among our foremost histrionics, long prior to 1378,—were suppressed by authority, and the interdict was not taken off until 1600 or 1601.[1] It is probable that *Westward Hoe* was first acted somewhere towards 1604, or early in 1605: it was certainly on the stage when *Eastward Hoe* was printed, in 1605, for the prologue of the latter play refers to it.

Eastward Hoe! and Westward Hoe! were cries of the Thames watermen, who thus, at the various stairs where they plied, vociferated their readiness to take passengers city-wards or Westminster-wards. The cry became a current phrase, applicable also to land journeyings eastward and westward, and, by degrees, was extended to trips Northward Hoe! and Southward Hoe! The term Westward Hoe! was sometimes used jocosely, or insultingly, as menacing for the person at whom it was directed, a trip to Tyburn tree.

The original play has no *dramatis personæ*.

[1] See Collier's "Annals of the Stage," *passim*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EARL.
JUSTINIANO, the Italian Merchant.
HONEYSUCKLE, TENTERHOOK, WAFER, } Citizens.
MONOPOLY, the Earl's Nephew.
SIR GOSLING GLOWWORM, a Spendthrift.
LINSTOCK, WHIRLPOOL, } his Friends.
AMBUSH, a Sheriff's Officer.
CLUTCH, his Man.
SCRIVENER.
CASHIER.
TAILOR.
BONIFACE.
Prentice, Chamberlain, Servants, &c.

MOLL, the Merchant's Wife.
JUDITH, Honeysuckle's Wife.
MOLL, Tenterhook's Wife.
MABEL, Wafer's Wife.
MISTRESS BIRDLIME, a Procuress.
LUCY, a Courtezan.
CHRISTIAN, Servant at Birdlime's house.

WESTWARD HOE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London. At Justiniano's House.*

Enter MISTRESS BIRDLIME, *and* TAILOR.

Birdlime.

STAY, Tailor, this is the house: pray thee, look the gown be not ruffled; as for the jewels and precious stones, I know where to find them ready presently. She that must wear this gown, if she will receive it, is Master Justiniano's wife, the Italian merchant: my good old lord and master, that hath been a tilter this twenty year, hath sent it. Mum, Tailor; you are a kind of bawd. Tailor, if this gentlewoman's husband should chance to be in the way now, you shall tell him that I keep a hot-house[1] in Gunpowder-alley, near Crutched Friars, and that I have brought home his wife's foul linen; and to colour my knavery the better, I have here three or four kinds of complexion,[2] which I will make show of to sell unto her; the young gentlewoman hath a good city wit, I can tell you; she hath read in the

[1] A bagnio: they were of no better fame in early times than at present.—NARES.

[2] Cosmetics.

Italian Courtier[1] that it is a special ornament to gentlewomen to have skill in painting.

Tailor. Is my lord acquainted with her?

Bird. O, ay.

Tailor. Faith, Mistress Birdlime, I do not commend my lord's choice so well: now methinks he were better to set up a dairy, and to keep half a score of lusty, wholesome, honest, country wenches.

Bird. Honest country wenches! in what hundred shall a man find two of that simple virtue?

Tailor. Or to love some lady; there were equality and coherence.

Bird. Tailor, you talk like an ass; I tell thee there is equality enough between a lady and a city dame, if their hair be but of a colour. Name you any one thing that your citizen's wife comes short of to your lady: they have as pure linen, as choice painting, love green geese in spring, mallard and teal in the fall, and woodcock in winter. Your citizen's wife learns nothing but fopperies of your lady, but your lady or justice-a-peace madam carries high wit from the city, namely, to receive all and pay all; to awe their husbands, to check their husbands, to controul their husbands; nay, they have the trick on't to be sick for a new gown, or a carcanet, or a diamond, or so; and I wis[2] this is better wit than to learn how to wear a Scotch farthingale; nay, more——

Enter PRENTICE.

Here comes one of the servants: you remember, Tailor, that I am deaf; observe that.

[1] i. e. The *Cortigiano* of Baldassare Castiglione.
[2] Surmise, imagine.

Tailor. Ay, thou art in that like one of our young gulls, that will not understand any wrong is done him, because he dares not answer it.

Bird. By your leave, bachelor; is the gentlewoman, your mistress, stirring?

Pren. Yes, she is moving.

Bird. What says he?

Tailor. She is up.

Bird. Where's the gentleman, your master, pray you?

Pren. Where many women desire to have their husbands, abroad.

Bird. I am very thick of hearing.

Pren. Why, abroad: you smell of the bawd.

Bird. I pray you tell her here's an old gentlewoman would speak with her.

Pren. So. [*Exit.*

Tailor. What, will you be deaf to the gentlewoman when she comes, too?

Bird. O, no, she's acquainted well enough with my knavery.

Enter the Merchant's Wife.

She comes. How do you, sweet lady?

M. Wife. Lady!

Bird. By God's me, I hope to call you lady ere you die: what, mistress, do you sleep well on nights?

M. Wife. Sleep! ay, as quietly as a client having great business with lawyers.

Bird. Come, I am come to you about the old suit: my good lord and master hath sent you a velvet gown here; do you like the colour? three pile, a pretty fantastical

trimming! I would God you would say it; by my troth, I dreamed last night you looked so prettily, so sweetly, methought so like the wisest lady of them all, in a velvet gown.

M. Wife. What's the forepart?

Bird. A very pretty stuff; I know not the name of your forepart, but 'tis of a hair colour.

M. Wife. That it was my hard fortune, being so well brought up, having so great a portion to my marriage, to match so unluckily! Why, my husband and his whole credit is not worth my apparel: well, I shall undergo a strange report in leaving my husband.

Bird. Tush, if you respect your credit, never think of that, for beauty covets rich apparel, choice diet, excellent physic. No German clock[1] nor mathematical engine whatsoever, requires so much reparation as a woman's face; and what means hath your husband to allow sweet Doctor Glister-pipe his pension? I have heard that you have threescore smocks, that cost three pounds a smock; will these smocks ever hold out with your husband? no, your linen and your apparel must turn over a new leaf, I can tell you.

Tailor. O admirable bawd! O excellent Birdlime!

Bird. I have heard he loved you before you were married, entirely; what of that? I have ever found it most true in mine own experience, that they which are most violent dotards before their marriage are most voluntary cuckolds after. Many are honest,[2] either because they have

[1] The German clocks alluded to by our early dramatists were those cheap wooden clocks still imported from the same parts, and, at that time, still more imperfect in their construction than they now are.

[2] In the sense of chaste.

not wit, or because they have not opportunity to be dishonest; and the Italian, your husband's countryman, holds it impossible any of their ladies should be excellent witty, and not make the uttermost use of their beauty: will you be a fool then?

M. Wife. Thou do'st persuade me to ill, very well.

Bird. You are nice and peevish; how long will you hold out, think you? not so long as Ostend.[1]

Enter JUSTINIANO, *the Merchant.*

Passion of me, your husband! Remember that I am deaf, and that I come to sell you complexion: truly, mistress, I will deal very reasonably with you.

Just. What are you, say ye?

Bird. Ay, forsooth.

Just. What, my most happy wife?

M. Wife. Why your jealousy?

Just. Jealousy! in faith I do not fear to lose
That I have lost already. What are you?

Bird. Please your good worship, I am a poor gentlewoman, that cast away myself upon an unthrifty captain, that lives now in Ireland; I am fain to pick out a poor living with selling complexion, to keep the frailty, as they say, honest.

Just. What's he? complexion too! you are a bawd.

Bird. I thank your good worship for it.

Just. Do not I know these tricks?
That which thou mak'st a colour for thy sin,
Hath been thy first undoing,—painting, painting.

[1] *Ostend*—which had withstood a siege of three years and ten weeks.—DYCE.

Bird. I have of all sorts, forsooth: here is the burned powder of a hog's jaw bone, to be laid with the oil of white poppy, an excellent fucus[1] to kill morphew,[2] weed out freckles, and a most excellent groundwork for painting; here is ginimony likewise burned and pulverized, to be mingled with the juice of lemons, sublimate mercury, and two spoonfuls of the flowers of brimstone, a most excellent receipt to cure the flushing in the face.

Just. Do you hear: if you have any business to despatch with that deaf goodness there, pray you take leave:[3] opportunity, that which most of you long for (though you never be with child), opportunity! I'll find some idle business in the mean time; I will, I will in truth; you shall not need fear me; or you may speak French; most of your kinds can understand French: God b' wi' you.

Being certain thou art false, sleep, sleep, my brain,
For doubt was only that which fed my pain. [*Exit.*

M. Wife. You see what a hell I live in: I am resolved to leave him.

Bird. O the most fortunate gentlewoman! that will be so wise, and so, so provident: the caroch[4] shall come.

M. Wife. At what hour?

Bird. Just when women and vintners are a conjuring; at midnight. O, the entertainment my lord will make you—sweet wines, lusty diet, perfumed linen, soft beds! O most fortunate gentlewoman! [*Exeunt Birdlime and Tailor.*

[1] Paint. A Latin word, adopted by our early writers to signify the colours used by ladies to improve their complexions.—NARES.

[2] A leprous eruption: *quere, Mort-feu.*—NARES.

[3] i. e. I give you leave to dispatch it.

[4] A large coach; *carocho*, Spanish, as if made from *carro de ocho*, a coach and eight.—MINSHIEU.

Enter JUSTINIANO.

Just. Have you done? have you despatched? 'tis well; and, in troth, what was the motion?

M. Wife. Motion! what motion?

Just. Motion! why like the motion in law, that stays for a day of hearing, your's for a night of hearing. Come, let's not have April in your eyes, I pray you; it shows a wanton month follows your weeping. Love a woman for her tears! Let a man love oysters for their water; for women, though they should weep liquor enough to serve a dyer or a brewer, yet they may be as stale as wenches that travel every second tide between Gravesend and Billingsgate.

M. Wife. This madness shows very well.

Just. Why, look you, I am wondrous merry; can any man discern by my face, that I am a cuckold? I have known many, suspected for men of this misfortune, when they have walked through the streets, wear their hats o'er their eyebrows, like politic penthouses, which commonly make the shop of a mercer or a linen-draper as dark as a room in Bedlam; his cloak shrouding his face, as if he were a Neapolitan that had lost his beard[1] in April; and if he walk through the street, or any other narrow road (as 'tis rare to meet a cuckold) he ducks at the penthouses, like an ancient[2] that dares not flourish at the oath-taking of the prætor, for fear of the sign-posts. Wife, wife, do I any of these? come, what news from his lordship? has not his lordship's virtue once gone against the hair, and coveted corners?

[1] i. e. Lost his beard by the operation of the Italian disease, or French disease.

[2] *Ancient* was a standard or flag; also, an *ensign*, of which Skinner says it is a corruption. What the meaning of the simile is the present editor cannot suggest.

M. Wife. Sir, by my soul I will be plain with you.

Just. Except the forehead, dear wife, except the forehead.

M. Wife. The gentleman you spake of hath often solicited my love, and hath received from me most chaste denials.

Just. Ay, ay, provoking resistance: 'tis as if you come to buy wares in the city; bid money for 't: your mercer, or goldsmith says, truly I cannot take it; lets his customer pass his stall[1] next, nay, perhaps, two or three, but if he find he is not prone to return of himself, he calls him back, and back, and takes his money: so you, my dear wife,—O the policy of women and tradesmen! they'll bite at anything.

M. Wife. What would you have me do? all your plate, and most part of your jewels, are at pawn; besides, I hear you have made over all your estate to men in the town here. What would you have me do? would you have me turn common sinner, or sell my apparel to my waistcoat, and become a laundress?

Just. No laundress, dear wife, though your credit would go far with gentlemen for taking up of linen; no laundress.

M. Wife. Come, come, I will speak as my misfortune prompts me. Jealousy hath undone many a citizen; it hath undone you and me. You married me from the service of an honourable lady, and you knew what matches I mought[2] have had. What would you have me to do? I would I had never seen your eyes, your eyes!

Just. Very good, very good.

[1] (and the).

[2] i. e. might. "The preterit *mought* had anciently for its *radix* the Saxon verb *mowe*, which was in common use with Chaucer, for he had no alternative, and which we have softened into *may*."—PEGGE'S *Anecdotes of the English Language.*

M. Wife. Your prodigality, your diceing, your riding abroad, your consorting yourself with noblemen, your building a summer-house,[1] hath undone us, hath undone us! What would you have me do?

Just. Any thing. I have sold my house, and the wares in't; I am going for Stoad[2] next tide: what will you do now, wife?

M. Wife. Have you, indeed?

Just. Ay, by this light; all's one! I have done as some citizens at thirty, and most heirs at three-and-twenty, made all away: why do you not ask me now, what you shall do?

M. Wife. I have no counsel in your voyage, neither shall you have any in mine.

Just. To his lordship; will you not, wife?

M. Wife. Even whither my misfortune leads me.

Just. Go; no longer will I make my care thy prison.

M. Wife. O my fate! Well, sir, you shall answer for this sin, which you force me to. Fare you well; let not the world condemn me, if I seek for mine own maintenance.

Just. So, so.

M. Wife. Do not send me any letters; do not seek any reconcilement; by this light I'll receive none: if you will send me my apparel, so; if not, choose.[3] I hope we shall ne'er meet more. [*Exit.*

Just. So, farewell the acquaintance of all the mad devils

[1] i. e. A country-house.

[2] So in the original: what town is meant the present editor cannot suggest. There is *Stod* in Norway, and *Stoda* in Bohemia; but Justiniano's feigned destination, as it afterwards appears, was Italy.

[3] i. e. Let it alone.

that haunt jealousy! Why should a man be such an ass to play the antic[1] for his wife's appetite? Imagine that I, or any other great man, have on a velvet night-cap, and put case that this night-cap be too little for my ears or forehead, can any man tell me where my night-cap wrings me, except I be such an ass to proclaim it? Well, I do play the fool with my misfortune very handsomely. I am glad that I am certain of my wife's dishonesty; for a secret strumpet is like mines prepared to ruin goodly buildings. Farewell my care. I have told my wife I am going for Stoad; that's not my course, for I resolve to take some shape upon me, and to live disguised here in the city. They say for one cuckold to know that his friend is in the like head-ache, and to give him counsel, is as if there were two partners, the one to be arrested, the other to bail him. My estate is made over to my friends, that do verily believe, I mean to leave England. Have amongst you, city dames, you that are indeed the fittest, and most proper persons for a comedy! nor let the world lay any imputation upon my disguise, for court, city, and country, are merely as masks one to the other, envied of some, laughed at of others: and so to my comical business.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.[2]—*Tenterhook's House.*

Enter MASTER TENTERHOOK, *his* WIFE, MASTER MONOPOLY, *a* SCRIVENER, *and a* CASHIER.

Ten. Moll.

Mist. Ten. What would, heart?

[1] A burlesque and ridiculous personage, represented by comic actors.

[2] There is no change of scene marked in the original, but it is obvious.

Ten. Where's my cashier? are the sums right? are the bonds sealed?

Cash. Yea, sir.

Ten. Will you have the bags sealed?

Mon. O no, sir, I must disburse instantly; we that be courtiers have more places to send money to, than the devil hath to send his spirits: there's a great deal of light gold.

Ten. O, sir, 'twill away in play: and[1] you will stay till to-morrow you shall have it all in new sovereigns.

Mon. No, in troth, 'tis no matter, 'twill away in play. Let me see the bond, let me see when this money is to be paid; the tenth of August: the first day that I must tender this money, is the first of dog-days.

Scriv. I fear 'twill be hot staying for you in London then.

Ten. Scrivener, take home the bond with you.

[*Exit Scrivener.*

Will you stay to dinner, sir? Have you any partridge, Moll?

Moll. No, in troth, heart; but an excellent pickled goose, a new service. Pray you, stay.

Mon. Sooth, I cannot. By this light, I am so infinitely, so unboundably beholding[2] to you!

Ten. Well, signior, I'll leave you. My cloak, there.

Moll. When will you come home, heart?

Ten. In troth, self, I know not; a friend of your's and mine hath broke.

Moll. Who, sir?

Ten. Master Justiniano, the Italian.

[1] If.

[2] An old form of *beholden*, still in use among the lower orders, who are great Conservatives in language.

Moll. Broke, sir!

Ten. Yea, sooth; I was offered forty yesterday upon the Exchange, to assure a hundred.

Moll. By my troth, I am sorry.

Ten. And his wife is gone to the party.[1]

Moll. Gone to the party! O wicked creature!

Ten. Farewell, good Master Monopoly; I prithee visit me often. [*Exit.*

Mon. Little Moll, send away the fellow.

Moll. Philip, Philip.

Cash. Here, forsooth.

Moll. Go into Bucklersbury,[2] and fetch me two ounces of preserved melons; look there be no tobacco taken[3] in the shop when he weighs it.

Cash. Ay, forsooth. [*Exit.*

Mon. What do you eat preserved melons for, Moll?

Moll. In troth, for the shaking of the heart; I have here sometimes such a shaking, and downwards such a kind of earthquake, as it were.

Mon. Do you hear, let your man carry home my money to the Ordinary, and lay it in my chamber, but let him not tell my host that it is money; I owe him but forty pound, and the rogue is hasty; he will follow me when he thinks I have money, and pry into me as crows perch upon carrion, and when he hath found it out, prey upon me as heralds do upon funerals.[4]

[1] i. e. "The party, or person—You know whom I mean." The phrase has lately come up again, as a slang expression.

[2] This street, in our author's time, was inhabited chiefly by druggists, who sold all kinds of herbs, green as well as dry.—NARES.

[3] i. e. Smoked.

[4] i. e. In the *finding* and painting of arms for escutcheons.

Moll. Come, come, you owe much money in town: when you have forfeited your bond, I shall ne'er see you more.

Mon. You are a monkey; I'll pay him 'fore 's day; I'll see you to morrow, too.

Moll. By my troth, I love you very honestly; you were never the gentleman offered any uncivility to me, which is strange, methinks, in one that comes from beyond seas: would I had given a thousand pound, I could not love thee so!

Mon. Do you hear? You shall feign some scurvy disease or other, and go to the Bath next spring; I'll meet you there.

Enter MISTRESS HONEYSUCKLE *and* MISTRESS WAFER.

Mist. Honey. By your leave, sweet Mistress Tenterhook.

Moll. Oh, how dost, partner?

Mon. Gentlewomen, I stayed for a most happy wind, and now the breath from your sweet, sweet lips, should set me going. Good Mistress Honeysuckle, good Mistress Wafer, good Mistress Tenterhook, I will pray for you, that neither rivalship in loves, pureness of painting, or riding out of town, nor acquainting each other with it, be a cause your sweet beauties do fall out, and rail one upon another.

Mist. Wafer. Rail, sir! we do not use to rail.

Mon. Why, mistress, railing is your mother tongue, as well as lying.

Mist. Honey. But do you think we can fall out?

Mon. In troth, beauties, as one spake seriously, that there was no inheritance in the amity of princes, so think I of women; too often[1] interviews amongst women, as

[1] Frequent.

amongst princes, breed envy oft to other's fortune: there is only in the amity of women an estate for[1] will, and every puny knows that is no certain inheritance.

Mist. Wafer. You are merry, sir.

Mon. So may I leave you, most fortunate gentlewoman. [*Exit.*

Moll. Love shoots here.

Mist. Wafer. Tenterhook, what gentleman is that gone out; is he a man?

Mist. Honey. O God, and an excellent trumpeter. He came lately from the university, and loves city dames only for their victuals. He hath an excellent trick to keep lobsters and crabs sweet in summer, and calls it a device to prolong the days of shell-fish, for which I do suspect he hath been clerk to some nobleman's kitchen. I have heard he never loves any wench till she be as stale as Frenchmen eat their wild-fowl. I shall anger her.[2]

Moll. How stale, good Mistress Nimblewit?

Mist. Honey. Why, as stale as a country hostess, an Exchange sempster,[3] or a court laundress.

Moll. He is your cousin; how your tongue runs!

Mist. Honey. Talk and make a noise, no matter to what purpose; I have learned that with going to puritan lectures. I was yesterday at a banquet: will you discharge my ruffs of some wafers?[4] and how doth thy husband, Wafer?

[1] At will. [2] (Aside.)

[3] Sempstresses used to have their shops at the Exchange. For the most part, their reputation was not immaculate.

[4] Probably the sweet wafer cakes, which were known in those days, as we find Shakespeare (Henry V. act ii. sc. 3) alluding to them. Mistress Honeysuckle, in order to discharge a *jeu de mots* upon Mistress *Wafer*, feigns as though some of these *wafers* had got into her ruff.

Mist. Wafer. Faith, very well.

Mist. Honey. He is just like a torchbearer to maskers; he wears good clothes, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing: thou art fain to take all and pay all.

Moll. The more happy she: would I could make such an ass of my husband too! I hear say he breeds thy child in his teeth, every year.

Mist. Wafer. In faith, he doth.

Mist. Honey. By my troth, 'tis pity but the fool should have the other two pains incident to the head.

Mist. Wafer. What are they?

Mist. Honey. Why the head-ache and horn-ache. I heard say that he would have had thee nurse thy child thyself, too.

Mist. Wafer. That he would, truly.

Mist. Honey. Why, there's the policy of husbands to keep their wives in. I do assure you, if a woman of any markable face in the world give her child suck, look how many wrinkles be in the nipple of her breast, so many will be in her forehead, by that time twelvemonth. But, sirrah,[1] we are come to acquaint thee with an excellent secret; we two learn to write.

Moll. To write!

Mist. Honey. Yes, believe it, and we have the finest schoolmaster, a kind of Precisian, and yet an honest knave too. By my troth, if thou beest a good wench, let him teach thee: thou mayest send him of any errand, and trust him with any secret; nay, to see how demurely he will bear himself before our husbands, and how jocund when their backs are turned!

[1] *Sirrah.* In old plays this term is frequently applied to women.

Moll. For God's love, let me see him.

Mist. Wafer. To-morrow we'll send him to thee; till then, sweet Tenterhook, we leave thee, wishing thou mayest have the fortune to change thy name often.

Moll. How! change my name?

Mist. Wafer. Ay, for thieves and widows love to shift many names, and make sweet use of it too.

Moll. O, you are a wag, indeed! Good Wafer, remember my schoolmaster. Farewell, good Honeysuckle.

Mist. Honey. Farewell, Tenterhook. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter BONIFACE, *an apprentice, brushing his master's cloak and cap (singing); enter* MASTER HONEYSUCKLE *in his night-cap, trussing himself.*[1]

Honey.

BONIFACE, make an end of my cloak and cap.

Bon. I have despatched 'em, sir; both of them lie flat at your mercy.

Honey. 'Fore God, methinks my joints are nimbler every morning since I came over than they were before. In France, when I rose, I was so stiff, and so stark, I would ha' sworn my legs had been wooden pegs; a constable new-chosen[2] kept not such a peripatetical gait; but now I'm as limber as an ancient[2] that has flourished in the rain, and as active as a Norfolk tumbler.

[1] *Trussing himself.* Tying the laces, or braces, which fastened up his breeches.

[2] Conjecturally, not yet well drilled. [3] Flag, standard.

Bon. You may see what change of pasture is able to do.

Honey. It makes fat calves in Rumney Marsh, and lean knaves in London: therefore, Boniface, keep your ground. God's my pity, my forehead has more crumples than the back part of a counsellor's gown, when another rides upon his neck at the bar. Boniface, take my helmet: give your mistress my night-cap. Are my antlers swoln so big, that my biggen[1] pinches my brows? So, request her to make my head-piece a little wider.

Bon. How much wider, sir?

Honey. I can allow her almost an inch: go, tell her so, very near an inch.

Bon. If she be a right citizen's wife, now her husband has given her an inch, she'll take an ell, or a yard at least.

[*Exit.*

Enter SIGNIOR JUSTINIANO, *the merchant, like a writing mechanical pedant.*

Honey. Master Parenthesis! *salve, salve, domine.*

Just. Salve tu quoque; jubeo te salvere plurimum.

Honey. No more *plurimums,* if you love me: Latin whole-meats are now minced, and served in for English gallimawfries; let us, therefore, cut out our uplandish neats' tongues, and talk like regenerate Britons.

Just. Your worship is welcome to England: I poured out orisons for your arrival.

Honey. Thanks, good Master Parenthesis: and *que nouvelles?* what news flutters abroad? do jackdaws dung the top of Paul's steeple still?

[1] A nightcap, or any close fitting cap.

Just. The more is the pity, if any daws do come into the temple, as I fear they do.

Honey. They say Charing-cross is fallen down since I went to Rochelle: but that's no such wonder; 'twas old, and stood awry, as most part of the world can tell. And though it lack under-propping, yet, like great fellows at a wrestling, when their heels are once flying up, no man will save 'em; down they fall, and there let them lie, though they were bigger than the guard:[1] Charing-cross was old, and old things must shrink, as well as new northern cloth.

Just. Your worship is in the right way, verily; they must so; but a number of better things between Westminster-bridge and Temple-bar, both of a worshipful and honourable erection, are fallen to decay, and have suffered putrefaction, since Charing fell, that were not of half so long standing as the poor wry-necked monument.

Honey. Who's within there? One of you call up your mistress! tell her here's her writing schoolmaster. I had not thought, Master Parenthesis, you had been such an early stirrer.

Just. Sir, your vulgar and fourpenny-penmen, that, like your London sempsters, keep open shop, and sell learning by retail, may keep their beds and lie at their pleasure; but we that edify in private and traffic by wholesale must be up with the lark, because, like country attornies, we are to shuffle up many matters in a forenoon. Certes, Master Honeysuckle, I would sing *Laus Deo*, so I may but please all those that come under my fingers; for it is my duty and function, perdy,[2] to be fervent in my vocation.

[1] As we say now, "big as a horse-guardsman."
[2] A modification of *Pardieu!*

Honey. Your hand: I am glad our city has so good, so necessary, and so laborious a member in it; we lack painful and expert penmen amongst us. Master Parenthesis, you teach many of our merchants, sir, do you not?

Just. Both wives, maids, and daughters; and I thank God the very worst of them lie by very good men's sides: I pick out a poor living amongst 'em, and I am thankful for it.

Honey. Trust me I am not sorry: how long have you exercised this quality?

Just. Come Michael-tide next, this thirteen year.

Honey. And how does my wife profit under you, sir? hope you to do any good upon her?

Just. Master Honeysuckle, I am in great hope she shall fructify: I will do my best, for my part; I can do no more than another man can.

Honey. Pray, sir, ply her, for she is capable of any thing.

Just. So far as my poor talent can stretch, it shall not be hidden from her.

Honey. Does she hold her pen well yet?

Just. She leans somewhat too hard upon her pen yet, sir, but practice and animadversion will break her from that.

Honey. Then she grubs her pen?

Just. It's but my pains to mend the neb again.

Honey. And whereabouts is she now, Master Parenthesis? She was talking of you this morning, and commending you in her bed, and told me she was past her letters.

Just. Truly, sir, she took her letters very suddenly, and is now in her minims.

Honey. I would she were in her crotchets too, Master Parenthesis: ha, ha! I must talk merrily, sir.

Just. Sir, so long as your mirth be void of all squirrility,[1] 't is not unfit for your calling. I trust, ere few days be at an end, to have her fall to her joining, for she has her letters *ad unguem;* her A, her great B, and her great C, very right; D, and E, delicate; her double F of a good length, but that it straddles a little too wide; at the G, very cunning.

Honey. Her H is full, like mine; a goodly big H.

Just. But her double L is well; her O of a reasonable size; at her P and Q, neither merchant's daughter, alderman's wife, young country gentlewoman, nor courtier's mistress, can match her.

Honey. And how her U?

Just. U, sir! she fetches up U best of all; her single U she can fashion two or three ways, but her double U is as I would wish it.

Honey. And, faith, who takes it faster; my wife or Mistress Tenterhook?

Just. O, your wife, by odds; she'll take more in one hour than I can fasten either upon Mistress Tenterhook, or Mistress Wafer, or Mistress Flapdragon, the brewer's wife, in three.

Enter JUDITH, HONEYSUCKLE'S WIFE.

Honey. Do not thy cheeks burn, sweet chuckaby, for we are talking of thee?

Judith. No goodness, I warrant; you have few citizens speak well of their wives behind their backs: but to their faces they'll cog worse and be more suppliant than clients

[1] *Squirrility*, a disfigurement of scurrility.

that sue in *forma paper*.[1] How does my master? troth, I am a very truant: have you your ruler about you, master? for look you, I go clean awry.

Just. A small fault; most of my scholars do so. Look you, sir, do not you think your wife will mend? mark her dashes, and her strokes, and her breakings, and her bendings.

Honey. She knows what I have promised her if she do mend. Nay, by my fay,[2] Jude, this is well, if you would not fly out thus, but keep your line.

Judith. I shall in time, when my hand is in. Have you a new pen for me, master? for, by my truly, my old one is stark naught, and will cast no ink. Whither are you going, lamb?

Honey. To the Custom-house, to the 'Change, to my warehouse, to divers places.

Judith. Good Cole,[3] tarry not past eleven, for you turn my stomach then from my dinner.

Honey. I will make more haste home than a stipendiary Switzer does after he's paid. Fare you well, Master Parenthesis.

Judith. I am so troubled with the rheum too! Mouse, what's good for't?

Honey. How often have I told you you must get a patch![4] I must hence. [*Exit.*

Judith. I think, when all's done, I must follow his

[1] Mrs. Judith's notion of *formâ pauperis.* [2] My faith.

[3] Quere, as *Cole* is an old word for cabbage, whether this endearment is not analogous with the *Petit chou* of the French?

[4] *you must get a patch.*] "Even as *blacke patches are worne*, some for pride, *some to stay the Rhewme*, and some to hide the scab," &c. *Jacke Drums Entertainment.* 1616. *(Dyce.)*

counsel, and take a patch; I'd have had one long ere this, but for disfiguring my face: yet I had noted that a mastic patch upon some women's temples hath been the very rheum[1] of beauty.

Just. Is he departed? is old Nestor marched into Troy?

Judith. Yes, you mad Greek, the gentleman's gone.

Just. Why then clap up copy-books, down with pens, hang up ink-horns; and now, my sweet Honeysuckle, see what golden-winged bee from Hybla flies humming *crura thymo plena*[2], which he will empty in the hive of your bosom.

Judith. From whom?

Just. At the skirt of that sheet, in black work, is wrought his name; break not up[3] the wildfowl till anon, and then feed upon him in private: there's other irons i' th' fire, more sacks are coming to the mill. O, you sweet temptations of the sons of Adam, I commend you, extol you, magnify you! Were I a poet, by Hippocrene I swear (which was a certain well where all the Muses watered), and by Parnassus eke I swear, I would rhyme you to death with praises, for that you can be content to lie with old men all night for their money, and walk to your gardens with young men i' th' daytime for your pleasure. O you delicate damnations, you do but as I would do! Were I the properest, sweetest, plumpest, cherry-cheeked, coral-lipped woman in a kingdom, I would not dance after one man's pipe.

Judith. And why?

[1] If in a correct reading, perhaps in the sense of eccentric fancy.
[2] Thighs laden with thyme. [3] To carve.

Just. Especially after an old man's.

Judith. And why, pray?

Just. Especially after an old citizen's.

Judith. Still, and why?

Just. Marry, because the suburbs,[1] and those without the bars,[2] have more privilege than they within the freedom. What need one woman dote upon one man, or one man be mad, like Orlando, for one woman?

Judith. Troth, 'tis true, considering how much flesh is in every shambles.

Just. Why should I long to eat of baker's bread only, when there's so much sifting, and bolting, and grinding in every corner of the city? Men and women are born, and come running into the world faster than coaches do into Cheapside upon Simon and Jude's day;[3] and are eaten up by death faster than mutton and porridge in a term time. Who would pin their hearts to any sleeve? This world is like a mint; we are no sooner cast into the fire, taken out again, hammered, stamped, and made current, but presently we are changed; the new money, like a new drab, is catched at by Dutch, Spanish, Welch, French, Scotch, and English; but the old cracked King Harry groats are shoveled up, till, bruizing and battering, clipping and melting, they smoke for 't.

Judith. The world's an arrant naughty pack I see, and is a very scurvy world.

Just. Scurvy! worse than the conscience of a broom-man, that carries out new ware and brings home old shoes.

[1] The suburbs were more particularly noted for houses of ill-fame.

[2] The city bar-gates.

[3] Old Lord Mayor's day.

A naughty pack! why, there's no minute, no thought of time passes, but some villany or other is a brewing. Why, even now,—now, at holding up of this finger, and before the turning down of this, some are murdering, some lying with their maids, some picking of pockets, some cutting purses, some cheating, some weighing out bribes; in this city, some wives are cuckolding some husbands; in yonder village, some farmers are now grinding the jaw-bones of the poor. Therefore, sweet scholar, sugared Mistress Honeysuckle, take summer before you, and lay hold of it; why, even now, must you and I hatch an egg of iniquity.

Judith. Troth, master, I think thou wilt prove a very knave.

Just. It's the fault of many that fight under this band.[1]

Judith. I shall love a puritan's face the worse whilst I live, for that copy of thy countenance.

Just. We are all weathercocks, and must follow the wind of the present, from the bias.

Judith. Change a bowl, then.

Just. I will so; and now for a good cast: there's the knight, sir Gosling Glowworm.

Judith. He's a knight made out of wax.

Just. He took up silks upon his bond, I confess; nay more, he's a knight in print; but let his knighthood be of what stamp it will, from him come I, to entreat you, and Mistress Wafer, and Mistress Tentertook, being both my scholars, and your honest pew-fellows,[2] to meet him this

[1] The Puritan's flat collar, which Justiniano, in his disguise, wore.

[2] Pewfellow, a person who sat in the same pew at church. Metaphorically, a companion.

afternoon at the Rhenish wine-house i' th' Stillyard.[1] Captain Whirlpool will be there, young Linstock, the alderman's son and heir, there too. Will you steal forth, and taste of a Dutch bun, and a keg of sturgeon?

Judith. What excuse shall I coin now?

Just. Phew! excuses! You must to the Pawn to buy lawn;[2] to Saint Martin's for lace;[3] to the Garden; to the Glass-house;[4] to your gossip's; to the poulter's;[5] else take out an old ruff and go to your sempster's—excuses! why they are more ripe than medlars at Christmas.

Judith. I'll come: the hour?

Just. Two: the way through Paul's; every wench take a pillar, there clap on your masks; your men will be behind you, and, before your prayers be half done, be before you, and man you out at several doors. You'll be there?

Judith. If I breathe. [*Exit.*

Just. Farewell. So: now must I go set to'ther wenches

[1] The Steelyard, in Upper Thames Street, where a brick building, still called the Steelyard, denotes the site. Here the Hans Town Merchants were permitted to sell Rhenish wine by retail, and it was further "lately famous for neats-tongues, &c." —BLOUNT'S *Glossographia.*

[2] Some noted draper's shop, at the Exchange, having the Pawn or Peacock *(Paon)* for its sign. Mr. Fairholt, however, seems to think it was some establishment for the sale of unredeemed pledges.

[3] St. Martin's, a collegiate church and sanctuary, on the site of the General Post Office, where, after the dissolution of religious houses, a kind of alsatia was established, which became noted, among other things, for the sale of foreign goods.—CUNNINGHAM'S *Hand Book of London.*

[4] In Crutched Friars, where a manufactory of Venetian glass was established by James Verselyn—Vercellini, as Strype calls him, or Jacob Venalini, as Stow calls him—1580.—*T. C.*

[5] Poulter's, *i. e.* poulterer's.

the self-same copy : a rare schoolmaster, for all kinds of hands, I. O, what strange curses are poured down with one blessing! Do all tread on the heel? Have all the art to hoodwink wise men thus? and, like those builders of Babel's tower, to speak unknown tongues, of all, save by their husbands, understood?

Well, if, as ivy 'bout the elm does twine,
All wives love clipping, there's no fault in mine.
But if the world lay speechless, even the dead
Would rise, and thus cry out from yawning graves:
Women make men, or fools, or beasts, or slaves. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter EARL *and* MISTRESS BIRDLIME.

Earl. Her answer! talk in music! will she come?

Bird. O, my sides ache in my loins, in my bones! I ha' more need of a posset of sack, and lie in my bed and sweat, than to talk in music. No honest woman would run hurrying up and down thus, and undo herself for a man of honour, without reason. I am so lame, every foot that I set to the ground went to my heart; I thought I had been at mum-chance,[1] my bones rattled so with jaunting: had it not been for a friend in a corner [*Takes aqua-vitæ*], I had kicked up my heels.

Earl. Minister comfort to me—will she come?

Bird. All the castles of comfort that I can put you into is this, that the jealous wittol her husband, came, like a mad ox, bellowing in whilst I was there. O, I ha' lost my sweet breath with trotting!

[1] A sort of game played with dice or cards.—NARES.

Earl. Death to my heart! her husband! What saith he?

Bird. The frieze-jerkin rascal out with his purse, and called me plain bawd to my face.

Earl. Affliction to me! then thou spak'st not to her?

Bird. I spake to her, as clients do to lawyers without money, to no purpose; but I'll speak with him, and hamper him too, if ever he fall into my clutches. I'll make the yellow-hammer[1] her husband know, (for all he's an Italian) that there's a difference between a cogging[2] bawd and an honest motherly gentlewoman. Now, what cold whetstones lie over your stomacher? will you have some of my *aqua?* Why, my lord!

Earl. Thou hast killed me with thy words.

Bird. I see bashful lovers, and young bullocks, are knocked down at a blow. Come, come, drink this draught of cinnamon-water, and pluck up your spirits; up with 'em, up with 'em. Do you hear? the whiting mop[3] has nibbled.

Earl. Ha!

Bird. O, I thought I should fetch you: you can *ha!* at that: I'll make you *hem!* anon. As I'm a sinner, I think you'll find the sweetest, sweetest bedfellow of her. O, she looks so sugaredly, so simperingly, so gingerly, so amorously, so amiably! Such a red lip, such a white forehead, such a black eye, such a full cheek, and such a goodly little nose, now she's in that French gown, Scotch falls, Scotch bum, and Italian head-tire you sent her, and

[1] The jealous bird. [2] Lying, cheating.
[3] Young whiting—metaphorically, a nice, fair girl.

is such an enticing she-witch, carrying the charms of your jewels about her! O!

Earl. Did she receive them?—speak—here's golden keys
T' unlock thy lips—did she vouchsafe to take them?

Bird. Did she vouchsafe to take them? there's a question! You shall find she did vouchsafe. The troth is, my lord, I got her to my house, there she put off her own clothes, my lord, and put on your's, my lord; provided her a coach; searched the middle aisle in Paul's,[1] and, with three Elizabeth twelve-pences pressed three knaves, my lord, hired three liveries in Long-lane,[2] to man her: for all which, so God mend me, I'm to pay this night before sunset.

Earl. This shower[3] shall fill them all: rain in their laps,
What golden drops thou wilt.

Bird. Alas, my lord, I do but receive it with one hand, to pay it away with another! I'm but your baily.[4]

Earl. Where is she?

Bird. In the green velvet chamber: the poor sinful creature pants like a pigeon under the hands of a hawk, therefore use her like a woman, my lord; use her honestly, my lord, for, alas, she's but a novice, and a very green thing!

Earl. Farewell: I'll in unto her.

[1] The body of old St. Paul's Church was a constant place of resort for business and amusement; advertisements were fixed up there, bargains made, servants hired, politics discussed, &c. &c.

[2] Long-lane, in Aldersgate-street, was largely occupied by dealers in second-hand clothes.

[3] Giving her gold.

[4] Bailiff, factor, agent.

Bird. Fie upon 't, that were not for your honour; you know gentlewomen used to come to lords' chambers, and not lords to the gentlewomen's: I'd not have her think you are such a rank[1] rider. Walk you here; I'll beckon; you shall see I'll fetch her with a wet finger?[2]

Earl. Do so.

Bird. Hist! why, sweetheart, Mistress Justiniano! why, pretty soul, tread softly, and come into this room; here be rushes,[3] you need not fear the creaking of your cork shoes.

Enter MISTRESS JUSTINIANO.

So, well said; there's his honour. I have business, my lord: verily now the marks are set up, I'll get me twelve score off, and give aim.[4] [*Exit.*

Earl. Y' are welcome, sweet, y' are welcome: bless my hand
With the soft touch of your's. Can you be cruel
To one so prostrate to you? even my heart,
My happiness, and state lie at your feet.
My hopes me flatter'd that the field was won,
That you had yielded, (though you conquer me,)
And that all marble scales that barr'd your eyes
From throwing light on mine, were quite ta'en off
By the cunning woman's hand that works for me:
Why, therefore, do you wound me now with frowns?

[1] Raw, inexperienced. [2] i. e. easily, readily.

[3] Rooms, at that period, were covered with rushes, by way carpets.

[4] To give aim was to stand within a convenient distance from the butts, to inform the archers how near their arrows fell to the mark.—NARES.

Why do you fly me? Do not exercise
The art of woman on me; I'm already
Your captive, sweet: are these your hate, or fears?
Mist. Just. I wonder lust can hang at such white hairs.
Earl. You give my love ill names; it is not lust;
Lawless desires well temper'd may seem just.
A thousand mornings, with the early sun,
Mine eyes have from your windows watch'd to steal
Brightness from those: as oft upon the days
That consecrated to devotion are,
Within the holy temple have I stood disguis'd,
Waiting your presence; and when your hands
Went up towards heaven to draw some blessing down,
Mine, as if all my nerves by yours did move,
Begg'd in dumb signs some pity for my love:
And thus being feasted only with your sight,
I went more pleased than sick men with fresh health,
Rich men with honour, beggars do with wealth.
Mist. Just. Part[1] now so pleas'd, for now you more enjoy me.
Earl. O you do wish me physic to destroy me!
Mist. Just. I have already leaped beyond the bounds of modesty,
In piecing out my wings with borrow'd feathers:
But you sent a sorceress so perfect in her trade, that did so lively
Breathe forth your passionate accents, and could draw
A lover languishing so piercingly,
That her charms wrought upon me, and in pity
Of your sick heart which she did counterfeit,

[1] Part from me.

(O, she's a subtle beldame!) see I cloth'd
My limbs, thus player-like, in rich attires,
Not fitting mine estate, and am come forth,
But why I know not.

Earl. Will you love me?

Mist. Just. Yes;

If you can clear me of a debt that's due
But to one man, I'll pay my heart to you.

Earl. Who's that?

Mist. Just. My husband.

Earl. Umph.

Mist. Just. The sum's so great,
I know a kingdom cannot answer it;
And therefore I beseech you, good my lord,
To take this gilding off, which is your own,
And henceforth cease to throw out golden hooks,
To choke mine honour: though my husband's poor,
I'll rather beg for him that be your whore.

Earl. 'Gainst beauty you plot treason, if you suffer
Tears to do violence to so fair a cheek.
That face was ne'er made to look pale with want.
Dwell here, and be the sovereign of my fortunes:
Thus shall you go attir'd.

Mist. Just. 'Till lust be tir'd.
I must take leave, my lord.

Earl. Sweet creature, stay.
My coffers shall be your's, my servants your's,
Myself will be your servant; and I swear
By that which I hold dear in you, your beauty,
(And which I'll not profane) you shall live here
As free from base wrong as you are from blackness,

So you will deign but let me enjoy your sight;
Answer me, will you?

Mist. Just. I will think upon 't.

Earl. Unless you shall perceive that all my thoughts
And all my actions be to you devoted,
And that I very justly earn your love,
Let me not taste it.

Mist Just. I will think upon't.

Earl. But when you find my merits of full weight,
Will you accept their worth?

Mist. Just. I'll think upon't.
I'd speak with the old woman.

Earl. She shall come.
Joys that are born unlook'd for, are born dumb. [*Exit.*

Mist. Just. Poverty, thou bane of chastity,
Poison of beauty, broker of maidenheads!
I see when force nor wit can scale the hold,
Wealth must; she'll ne'er be won that defies gold:
But lives there such a creature? O, 'tis rare
To find a woman chaste that's poor and fair!

Enter BIRDLIME.

Bird. Now, lamb, has not his honour dealt like an honest nobleman with you? I can tell you, you shall not find him a templar, nor one of these cogging Catharine-pear-coloured[1] beards, that by their good wills would have no pretty woman 'scape them.

Mist. Just. Thou art a very bawd, thou art a devil
Cast in a reverend shape! thou stale damnation,

[1] i. e. red. It was the fashion with the gallants in our author's time to colour their beards, and *red* was a favourite tint.

Why hast thou me entic'd from mine own paradise,
To steal fruit in a barren wilderness?

Bird. Bawd, and devil, and stale damnation! will women's tongues, like baker's legs, never go straight!

Mist. Just. Had thy Circæan magic me transform'd
Into that sensual shape for which thou conjur'st,
And that I were turn'd common venturer,
I could not love this old man.

Bird. This old man, umph! this old man! do his hoary hairs stick in your stomach? yet, methinks, his silver hairs should move you: they may serve to make you bodkins. Does his age grieve you? Fool! is not old wine wholesomest, old pippins toothsomest, old wood burn brightest, old linen wash whitest? old soldiers, sweetheart, are surest, and old lovers are soundest: I ha' tried both.

Mist. Just. So will not I.

Bird. You'd have some young perfumed beardless gallant board you, that spits all his brains out at's tongue's end, would you not?

Mist. Just. No, none at all; not any.

Bird. None at all! what do you make here then? why are you a burthen to the world's conscience, and an eye-sore to well-given men? I dare pawn my gown, and all the beds in my house, and all the gettings in Michaelmas term next, to a tavern token,[1] that thou shalt never be an innocent.

Mist. Just. Who are so?

Bird. Fools: why, then, are you so precise? Your husband's down the wind; and will you, like a haggler's[2]

[1] *Tokens*, small coins struck by private individuals to pass for a farthing.

[2] *Haggler*, an upper farm-servant.—HALLIWELL.

arrow, be down the weather? strike whilst the iron is hot. A woman, when there be roses on her cheeks, cherries on her lips, civet in her breath, ivory in her teeth, lilies in her hand, and liquorice in her heart, why, she's like a play; if new, very good company, very good company; but if stale, like old Jeronimo, go by, go by:[1] therefore, as I said before, strike. Besides, you must think that the commodity of beauty was not made to lie dead upon any young woman's hands; if your husband have given up his cloak, let another take measure of you in his jerkin: for as the cobbler in the night time walks with his lanthorn, the merchant and the lawyer with his link, and the courtier with his torch, so every lip has his lettuce to himself;[2] the lob[3] has his lass, the collier his dowdy, the western-man his pug, the serving-man his punk, the student his nun in White-Friars, the puritan his sister, and the lord his lady; which worshipful vocation may fall upon you, if you'll but strike whilst the iron is hot.

Mist. Just. Witch, thus I break thy spells: were I kept brave[4]
On a king's cost, I am but a king's slave. [*Exit.*

Bird. I see, that as Frenchmen love to be bold, Flemings to be drunk, Welchmen to be called Britons, and Irishmen to be costermongers; so cockneys, especially she cockneys, love not aqua-vitæ when 'tis good for them.

[1] An expression, made almost proverbial by the ridicule of contemporary writers, in Kyd's Spanish Tragedy, where the words are spoken by Jeronymo to himself. Finding his application to the king improper at the moment, he says, "Hieronymo, beware; *go by, go by.*"—NARES.

[2] '*Like lips like lettuce*,' says the proverb.

[3] *Lob*, a country fellow.

[4] Fine, sumptuous.

Enter MONOPOLY.

Mon. Saw you my uncle?

Bird. I saw him even now going the way of all flesh, that's to say, towards the kitchen. Here's a letter to your worship from the party.

Mon. What party?

Bird. The Tenterhook, your wanton.

Mon. From her! feugh! pray thee, stretch me no more upon your tenterhook: pox on her, are there no 'pothecaries i' th' town to send her physic bills to, but me? She's not troubled with the green sickness still, is she?

Bird. The yellow jaundice, as the doctor tells me. Troth, she's as good a peat![1] she is fallen away so that she's nothing but bare skin and bone; for the turtle so mourns for you.

Mon. In black?

Bird. In black! you shall find both black and blue, if you look under her eyes.

Mon. Well, sing over her ditty when I'm in tune.

Bird. Nay, but will you send her a box of Mithridatum and dragon water; I mean some restorative words? Good Master Monopoly, you know how welcome y' are to the city, and will you, Master Monopoly, keep out of the city? I know you cannot; would you saw how the poor gentlewoman lies!

Mon. Why, how lies she?

Bird. Troth, as the way lies over Gads-hill,[2] very dangerous: you would pity a woman's case, if you saw her. Write to her some treatise of pacification.

[1] A delicate young thing. [2] Then much infested by footpads.

Mon. I'll write to her to-morrow.

Bird. To-morrow! she'll not sleep, then, but tumble: an' if she might have it to-night, it would better please her.

Mon. Perhaps I'll do't to-night; farewell.

Bird. If you do't to-night, it would better please her than to-morrow.

Mon. God so, do'st hear? I'm to sup this night at the Lion, in Shoreditch, with certain gallants: canst thou not draw forth some delicate face, that I ha' not seen, and bring it thither? wut[1] thou?

Bird. All the painters in London shall not fit for colour as I can: but we shall have some swaggering?

Mon. All as civil, by this light, as lawyers.

Bird. But I tell you she's not so common as lawyers, that I mean to betray to your table; for, as I'm a sinner, she's a knight's cousin, a Yorkshire gentlewoman, and only speaks a little broad, but of very good carriage.

Mon. Nay, that's no matter, we can speak as broad as she; but wut bring her?

Bird. You shall call her cousin, do you see? two men shall wait upon her, and I'll come in by chance: but shall not the party be there?

Mon. Which party?

Bird. The writer of that simple hand.

Mon. Not for as many angels as there be letters in her paper: speak not of me to her, nor our meeting, if you love me. Wut come?

Bird. Mum, I'll come.

Mon. Farewell.

[1] Wilt thou?

Bird. Good Master Monopoly, I hope to see you one day a man of great credit.

Mon. If I be, I'll build chimneys with tobacco, but I'll smoke some: and be sure, Birdlime, I'll stick wool upon thy back.

Bird. Thanks, sir, I know you will; for all the kindred of the Monopolies are held to be great fleecers. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.[1]—*At the Steelyard.*

Enter SIR GOSLING, LINSTOCK, WHIRLPOOL, *and the three Citizens' Wives, masked; viz.,* JUDITH, MABEL, *and* MOLL.

Sir Gos. So, draw those curtains, and let's see the pictures under 'em.

Lin. Welcome to the Stilliard, fair ladies.

All Three Ladies. Thanks, good Master Linstock.

Whirl. Hans, some wine, Hans.

Enter HANS, *with cloth and buns.*

Hans. Yaw, Yaw, you sall hebben it, mester; old vine, or new vine?

Sir Gos. Speak, women.

Judith. New wine, good Sir Gosling: wine in the must, good Dutchman, for must is best for us women.

Hans. New vine! vell, two pots of new vine!

[*Exit Hans.*

Judith. An honest butterbox;[2] for if it be old, there's none of it comes into my belly.

[1] The scene is not marked in the original play, but is obvious from the whole context.

[2] A cant term for a Dutchman.

Mabel. Why, Tenterhook, praythee, let's dance friskin, and be merry.

Lin. Thou art so troubled with Monopolies; they so hang at thy heart-strings.

Moll. Pox a' my heart, then.

Enter HANS, *with wine.*

Judith. Ay, and mine, too: if any courtier of them all set up his gallows there, wench, use him as thou dost thy pantables,[1] scorn to let him kiss thy heel, for he feeds thee with nothing but court holy bread, good words, and cares not for thee. Sir Gosling, will you taste a Dutch what's you call 'em?

Mabel. Here, Master Linstock, half mine is yours. Bun, bun, bun, bun.

Enter JUSTINIANO, *disguised as* PARENTHESIS.

Just. Which room? where are they? wo, ho, ho, ho, so, ho, boys!

Sir Gos. 'Sfoot, who's that? lock our room.

Just. Not till I am in; and then lock out the devil, though he come in the shape of a puritan.

Three Ladies. Schoolmaster, welcome! welcome in troth.

Just. Who would not be scratched with the briars and brambles to have such burs sticking on his breeches? Save you, gentlemen: O noble knight!

Sir Gos. More wine, Hans.

[1] *Pantables,* slippers without heels. The French *pantoufles.*

Just. Am not I, gentlemen, a ferret of the right hair, that can make three conies bolt at a clap into your pursenets? Ha, little do their three husbands dream what copies I am setting their wives now: were't not a rare jest, if they should come sneaking upon us, like a horrible noise[1] of fiddlers?

Judith. Troth, I'd not care; let 'em come; I'd tell 'em we'd ha' none of their dull music.

Mabel. Here, Mistress Tenterhook.

Moll. Thanks, good Mistress Wafer.

Just. Who's there? peepers, intelligencers, eavesdroppers!

Omnes. Uds foot, throw a pot at's head!

Just. O Lord! O gentlemen, knight, ladies that may be, citizens' wives that are, shift for yourselves, for a pair of your husbands' heads are knocking together with Hans's, and enquiring for you.

Omnes. Keep the door locked.

Judith. O, ay, do, do; and let Sir Gosling (because he has been in the Low Countries) swear *Gotz Sacrament*, and drive 'em away with broken Dutch.

Just. Here's a wench has simple sparks in her; she's my pupil, gallants. Good God! I see a man is not sure that his wife is in the chamber, though his own fingers hung on the padlock: trap-doors, false drabs, and spring locks, may cozen a covey of constables. How the silly husbands might here ha' been gulled with Flemish money! Come, drink up Rhine, Thames, and Meander dry; there's nobody.

Mist. Honey. Ah, thou ungodly master!

[1] A set or company.

Just. I did but make a false fire, to try your valour, because you cried let 'em come. By this glass of woman's wine, I would not ha' seen their spirits walk here, to be dubbed deputy of a ward, I; they would ha' chronicled me for a fox in a lambs' skin. But come, is this merry midsummer night agreed upon; when shall it be? where shall it be?

Lin. Why, faith, to-morrow at night.

Whirl. We'll take a coach and ride to Ham, or so.

Moll. O, fie upon 't, a coach! I cannot abide to be jolted.

Mabel. Yet most of your citizens' wives love jolting.

Sir Gos. What say you to Blackwall, or Limehouse?

Judith. Every room there smells too much of tar.

Lin. Let's to mine host Dogbolt's, at Brainford,[1] then; there you are out of eyes, out of ears; private rooms, sweet linen, winking attendance, and what cheer you will.

Omnes. Content, to Brainford.

Mabel. Ay, ay, let's go by water, for, Sir Gosling, I have heard you say you love to go by water.

Judith. But, wenches, with what pullies shall we slide with some cleanly excuse, out of our husbands' suspicion; being gone westward for smelts[2] all night?

Just. That's the block now we all stumble at; wind up that string well, and all the consort's[3] in tune.

Judith. Why then, good man scraper, 'tis wound up; I have it. Sirrah Wafer, thy child's at nurse: if you that

[1] Brentford.

[2] *Smelts*, was used in our old writers, metaphorically, for a gull or simple person. The phrase *westward for smelts*, had relation to such small wits.

[3] *Consort's.* An old form of concert.

are the men could provide some wise ass that could keep his countenance——

Just. Nay, if he be an ass, he will keep his countenance.

Judith. Ay, but I mean, one that could set out his tale with audacity and say that the child were sick, and ne'er stagger at it: that last should serve all our feet.

Whirl. But where will that wise ass be found now?

Just. I see I'm born still to draw dun out a' th' mire[1] for you; that wise beast will I be. I'll be that ass that shall groan under the burden of that abominable lie: heaven pardon me, and pray God the infant be not punished for't. Let me see: I'll break out in some filthy shape like a thrasher, or a thatcher, or a sowgelder, or something: and speak dreamingly, and swear how the child pukes, and eats nothing (as perhaps it does not) and lies at the mercy of God (as all children and old folks do), and then, scholar Wafer, play you your part.

Mabel. Fear not me, for a veney[2] or two.

Just. Where will you meet i' th' morning?

Sir Gos. At some tavern near the water-side that's private.

Just. The Greyhound, the Greyhound in Blackfriars, an excellent rendezvous.

[1] "*Dun is in the mire* is a Christmas gambol, at which I have often played. A log of wood is brought into the midst of the room: this is *Dun* (the cart-horse), and a cry is raised, that he is *stuck in the mire.* Two of the company advance, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. After repeated attempts, they find themselves unable to do it, and call for more assistance. The game continues till all the company take part in it, when Dun is extricated of course; and the merriment arises from the awkward and affected efforts of the rustics to lift the log, and from sundry arch contrivances to let the ends of it fall on one another's toes." —GIFFORD, *Note on Ben Jonson's Works*, vol. vii. p. 283.

[2] *Venue, veney, veny, venew*, French. An assault, attack, thrust, in fencing, cudgels, or the like.—NARES.

Lin. Content, the Greyhound, by eight.

Just. And then you may whip forth, two first, and two next on a sudden, and take boat at Bridewell-dock most privately.

Omnes. Be't so: a good place.

Just. I'll go make ready my rustical properties.[1] Let me see, scholar, hie you home, for your child shall be sick within this half hour. [*Exit.*

Enter BIRDLIME.

Judith. 'Tis the uprightest dealing man—God's my pity, who's yonder?

Bird. I'm bold to press myself under the colours of your company, hearing that gentlewoman was in the room. A word, mistress.

Moll. How now, what says he?

Sir Gos. Zounds, what's she? a bawd, by' th' Lord, is't not?

Mabel. No, indeed, Sir Gosling, she's a very honest woman, and a midwife.

Moll. At the Lion in Shoreditch? and would he not read it? nor write to me? I'll poison his supper.

Bird. But no words that I bewrayed him.

Moll. Gentlemen, I must be gone; I cannot stay, in faith: pardon me; I'll meet to-morrow: come, nurse; cannot tarry by this element.

Sir Gos. Mother, you grannam, drink ere you go.

Bird. I am going to a woman's labour, indeed, sir, cannot stay. [*Exeunt Mistress Tenterhook and Birdlime.*

[1] i. e. His disguise as a countryman.

Mabel. I hold my life the blackbird her husband whistles for her.

Judith. A reckoning. Break one, break all.[1]

Sir Gos. Here, Hans. Draw not;[2] I'll draw for all, as I'm true knight.

Judith. Let him: amongst women this does stand for law,
The worthiest man, though he be fool, must draw.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—Scene II.

Enter Master Tenterhook *and his Wife.*

Tenterhook.

WHAT book is that, sweetheart?

Moll. Why, the book of bonds that are due to you.

Ten. Come, what do you with it? why do you trouble yourself to take care about my business?

Moll. Why, sir, doth not that which concerns you, concern me? You told me Monopoly had discharged his bond; I find by the book of accounts here, that it is not cancelled. Ere I would suffer such a cheating companion to laugh at me, I'd see him hanged, I. Good sweetheart, as ever you loved me, as ever my bed was pleasing to you, arrest the knave; we were never beholding to him for a pin, but for eating up our victuals; good mouse, enter an action against him.

[1] i. e. Call for the reckoning: if one goes, let all go.
[2] Your purse-strings.

Ten. In troth, love, I may do the gentleman much discredit, and besides it may be other actions may fall very heavy upon him.

Moll. Hang him! to see the dishonesty of the knave!

Ten. O wife, good words: a courtier, a gentleman!

Moll. Why may not a gentleman be a knave? that were strange, in faith; but, as I was a saying, to see the dishonesty of him, that would never come since he received the money, to visit us, you know! Master Tenterhook, he hath hung long upon you: Master Tenterhook, as I am virtuous, you shall arrest him.

Ten. Why, I know not when he will come to town.

Moll. He's in town; this night he sups at the Lion in Shoreditch: good husband, enter your action, and make haste to the Lion presently. There's an honest fellow, Sergeant Ambush, will do it in a trice; he never salutes a man in courtesy, but he catches him as if he would arrest him. Good heart, let Sergeant Ambush lie in wait for him.

Ten. Well, at thy entreaty I will do it. Give me my cloak there. Buy a link and meet me at the Counter in Wood-street; buss me, Moll.

Moll. Why now you love me: I'll go to bed, sweetheart.

Ten. Do not sleep till I come, Moll.

Moll. No, lamb. [*Exit Tenterhook.*] Baa, sheep! If a woman will be free in this intricate labyrinth of a husband, let her marry a man of a melancholy complexion; she shall not be much troubled with him. By my sooth, my husband hath a hand as dry as his brains, and a breath as strong as six common gardens. Well, my husband is gone to arrest

Monopoly: I have dealt with a sergeant privately, to entreat[1] him, pretending that he is my aunt's son: by this means shall I see my young gallant that in this has played his part. When they owe money in the city once, they deal with their lawyers by attorney, follow the court though the court do them not the grace to allow them their diet. O, the wit of a woman when she is put to the pinch!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Outside the Lion Inn, in Shoreditch.*

Enter MASTER TENTERHOOK, SERGEANT AMBUSH, *and* YEOMAN CLUTCH.

Ten. Come, Sergeant Ambush, come, Yeoman Clutch, yon's the tavern; the gentlemen will come out presently: thou art resolute?

Amb. Who, I? I carry fire and sword that fight for me, here and here. I know most of the knaves about London, and most of the thieves too, I thank God and good intelligence.

Ten. I wonder thou dost not turn broker, then.

Amb. Phew! I have been a broker already; for I was first a puritan, then a banquerout,[2] then a broker, then a fencer, and then sergeant: were not these trades would make a man honest? Peace, the door opes; wheel about, Yeoman Clutch.

Enter WHIRLPOOL, LINSTOCK, *and* MONOPOLY, *unbraced.*[3]

Mon. An' e'er I come to sup in this tavern again! there's no more attendance than in a jail: an' there had

[1] To treat him well.
[2] Bankrupt.
[3] With their attire loosened.

been a punk or two in the company, then we should not have been rid of the drawers. Now, were I in an excellent humour to go to a vaulting-house,[1] I would break down all their glass windows, hew in pieces all their joint-stools, tear their silk petticoats, ruffle their periwigs, and spoil their painting,—O the Gods, what I could do! I could undergo fifteen bawds, by this darkness: or, if I could meet one of these varlets that wear Pannier-alley on their backs, sergeants, I would make them scud so fast from me, that they should think it a shorter way between this and Ludgate, than a condemned cutpurse thinks it between Newgate and Tyburn.

Lin. You are for no action to-night.

Whirl. No, I'll to bed.

Mon. Am not I drunk now? *Implentur veteris bacchi, pinguisque tobacco.*

Whirl. Faith, we are all heated.

Mon. Captain Whirlpool, when wilt come to court and dine with me?

Whirl. One of these days, Frank; but I'll get me two gauntlets for fear I lose my fingers in the dishes: there be excellent shavers, I hear, in the most of your under offices. I protest I have often come thither, sat down, drawn my knife, and ere I could say grace, all the meat hath been gone: I have risen and departed thence as hungry as ever came country attorney from Westminster. Good night, honest Frank; do not swagger with the watch, Frank. [*Exeunt Whirlpool and Linstock.*

Ten. So, now they are gone, you may take him.

Amb. Sir, I arrest you.

[1] i. e. a house of ill reputation.

Mon. Arrest me! at whose suit, you varlets?

Clutch. At Master Tenterhook's.

Mon. Why, you varlets, dare you arrest one of the court?

Amb. Come, will you be quiet, sir?

Mon. Pray thee, good yeoman, call the gentlemen back again. There's a gentleman hath carried a hundred pound of mine home with him to his lodging, because I dare not carry it over the fields: I'll discharge it presently.

Amb. That's a trick, sir; you would procure a rescue.

Mon. Catchpole, do you see? I will have the hair of your head and beard shaved off for this, and e'er I catch you at Gray's Inn, by this light, la.

Amb. Come, will you march?

Mon. Are your sergeants Christians? Sirrah, thou lookest like a good pitiful rascal, and thou art a tall man too, it seems; thou hast backed many a man in thy time, I warrant.

Amb. I have had many a man by the back, sir.

Mon. Well said, in troth, I love your quality: 'las, 'tis needful every man should come by his own. But, as God mend me, gentlemen, I have not one cross about me, only you two.[1] Might not you let a gentleman pass out of your hands, and say you saw him not? is there not such a kind of mercy in you now and then, my masters? As I live, if you come to my lodging to-morrow morning, I'll give you five brace of angels. Good yeoman, persuade

[1] *Cross* meant both a piece of money, from the cross impressed on it, and also a misfortune or disappointment: hence Monopoly's quibble.

your graduate here. I know some of you to be honest faithful drunkards; respect a poor gentleman in my case.

Ten. Come, it will not serve your turn. Officers, look to him upon your peril.

Mon. Do you hear, sir? you see I am in the hands of a couple of ravens here: as you are a gentleman, lend me forty shillings; let me not live if I do not pay you the forfeiture of the whole bond, and never plead conscience.

Ten. Not a penny, not a penny; good night, sir.

[*Exit.*

Mon. Well, a man ought not to swear by anything in the hands of sergeants, but by silver; and because my pocket is no lawful justice, to minister any such oath unto me, I will patiently encounter the counter. Which is the dearest ward in prison, sergeant? the knights' ward?

Amb. No, sir, the master's side.

Mon. Well, the knight is above the master, though his table be worse furnished: I'll go thither.

Amb. Come, sir, I must use you kindly; the gentleman's wife that hath arrested you——

Mon. Ay, what of her?

Amb. She says you are her aunt's son.

Mon. I am.

Amb. She takes on so pitifully for your arresting; 'twas much against her will, good gentlewoman, that this affliction alighted upon you.

Mon. She hath reason, if she respect her poor kindred.

Amb. You shall not go to prison.

Mon. Honest sergeant, conscionable officer, did I forget myself even now, a vice that sticks to me always when I am drunk, to abuse my best friends? Where didst buy

this buff? Let me not live, but I'll give thee a good suit of durance.[1] Wilt thou take my bond, sergeant? Where's a scrivener, a scrivener, good yeoman? you shall have my sword and hangers[2] to pay him.

Amb. Not so, sir; but you shall be prisoner in my house: I do not think but that your cousin will visit you there i' th' morning, and take order for you.

Mon. Well said: was 't not a most treacherous part to arrest a man in the night, and when he is almost drunk? when he hath not his wits about him, to remember which of his friends is in the subsidy? Come, did I abuse you? I recant: you are as necessary in a city as tumblers in Norfolk, sumners[3] in Lancashire, or rake-hells in an army. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter JUSTINIANO, *like a collier, and a* BOY.

Just. Buy any small coal, buy any small coal.

Boy. Collier, collier.

Just. What sayest, boy?

Boy. 'Ware the pillory.[4]

Just. O boy, the pillory assures many a man that he is no cuckold; for how impossible were it a man should thrust his head through so small a loophole, if his forehead were branched, boy!

[1] *Durance*, some lasting kind of stuff, such as we call *everlasting*. A new improvement, as a substitute for buff leather.—NARES.

[2] *Hangers*, the ornamented portion of the sword-belt, in which the sword hung.

[3] i. e. conjecturally, ecclesiastical *summoners*, in Lancashire, as being a very Popish county.

[4] Coal-dealers lay under an ill name for giving false measure.

Boy. Collier, how came the goose[1] to be put upon you, ha?

Just. I'll tell thee. The term lying[2] at Winchester, in Henry the Third's days, and many Frenchwomen coming out of the Isle of Wight thither, as it hath always been seen, (though the Isle of Wight could not of long time neither endure foxes nor lawyers, yet it could brook the more dreadful cockatrice), there were many punks in the town, as you know our term is their term. Your farmer that would spend but threepence on his ordinary, would lavish half a crown on his lechery; and many men, calves as they were, would ride in a farmer's foul boots before breakfast; the commonest sinner had more fluttering about her than a fresh punk hath when she comes to a town of garrison, or to a university. Captains, scholars, serving-men, jurors, clerks, townsmen, and the black-guard,[3] used all to one ordinary, and most of them were called to a pitiful reckoning; for before two returns of Michaelmas, surgeons were full of business; the care of most, secrecy, grew as common as lice in Ireland, or as scabs in France. One of my tribe, a collier, carried in his cart forty maimed soldiers to Salisbury, looking as pitifully as Dutchmen first made drunk, then carried to beheading; every one that met him cried, 'ware the goose, collier; and, from that day to this, there's a record to be seen at Croydon, how that pitiful waftage, which indeed was virtue in the collier, that all that time would carry no coals, laid this imputation on all the posterity.

[1] A cant term for a particular symptom in *lues venerea*.
[2] i. e. The Court of King's Bench sitting.
[3] The scullions and lowest domestics of a household.

Boy. You are full of tricks, collier.

Just. Boy, where dwells Master Wafer?

Boy. Why, here; what wouldest? I am one of his juvenals.

Just. Hath he not a child at nurse at Moreclacke?[1]

Boy. Yes; dost thou dwell there?

Just. That I do: the child is wondrous sick; I was wild to acquaint thy master and mistress with it.

Boy. I'll up and tell them presently. [*Exit.*

Just. So, if all should fail me, I could turn collier. O the villany of this age! how full of secrecy and silence (contrary to the opinion of the world) have I ever found most women! I have sat a whole afternoon many times by my wife, and looked upon her eyes, and felt if her pulses have beat when I have named a suspected love; yet all this while have not drawn from her the least scruple of confession. I have lain awake a thousand nights, thinking she would have revealed somewhat in her dreams, and when she has begun to speak anything in her sleep, I have jogged her, and cried, ay, sweetheart, but when will your love come, or what did he say to thee over the stall, or what did he do to thee in the garden-chamber, or when will he send to thee any letters, or when wilt thou send to him any money? What an idle coxcomb jealousy will make a man!

Enter WAFER *and his* WIFE, *with the* BOY.

Well, this is my comfort, that here comes a creature of the same head-piece.

[1] A corruption of *Mortlake*.

Mist. Wafer. O, my sweet child! Where's the collier?

Just. Here, forsooth.

Mist. Wafer. Run into Bucklersbury[1] for two ounces of dragon-water, some spermaceti and treacle. What is it sick of, collier? a burning fever?

Just. Faith, mistress, I do not know the infirmity of it. Will you buy any small coal, say you?

Wafer. Prithee go in and empty them. Come, be not so impatient.

Mist. Wafer. Ay, ay, ay, if you had groaned for't as I have done, you would have been more natural. Take my riding hat, and my kirtle there: I'll away presently.

Wafer. You will not go to night, I am sure.

Mist. Wafer. As I live, but I will.

Wafer. Faith, sweetheart, I have great business to-night; stay till to-morrow, and I'll go with you.

Mist. Wafer. No, sir, I will not hinder your business. I see how little you respect the fruits of your own body. I shall find somebody to bear me company.

Wafer. Well, I will defer my business for once, and go with thee.

Mist. Wafer. By this light, but you shall not; you shall not hit me i' th' teeth that I was your hindrance. Will you to Bucklersbury, sir? [*Exit Boy.*

Wafer. Come, you are a fool; leave your weeping.

Mist. Wafer. You shall not go with me, as I live.

[*Exit Wafer.*

Just. Pupil!

Mist. Wafer. Excellent master!

Just. Admirable mistress! How happy be our English-

[1] To the boy.

women that are not troubled with jealous husbands! Why, your Italians, in general, are so sun-burnt with these dog-days, that your great lady there thinks her husband loves her not if he be not jealous. What confirms the liberty of our women more in England, than the Italian proverb, which says if there were a bridge over the narrow seas, all the women in Italy would show their husbands a million of light pair of heels, and fly over into England?

Mist. Wafer. The time of our meeting? Come.

Just. Seven.

Mist. Wafer. The place?

Just. In Blackfriars; there take water, keep aloof from the shore, on with your masks, up with your sails, and, *Westward Hoe!*

Mist. Wafer. So. [*Exit.*

Just. O the quick apprehension of women! they'll grope out a man's meaning presently. Well, it rests now that I discover myself in my true shape to these gentlewomen's husbands; for though I have played the fool a little, to beguile the memory of mine own misfortune, I would not play the knave, though I be taken for a banquerout: but indeed, as in other things, so in that, the world is much deceived in me, for I have yet three thousand pounds in the hands of a sufficient friend, and all my debts discharged. I have received here a letter from my wife, directed to Stoad, wherein she most repentantly entreateth my return, with protestation to give me assured trial of her honesty; I cannot tell what to think of it, but I will put it to the test. There is a great strife between beauty and chastity, and that which pleaseth many is never free from temptation. As for jealousy, it makes many cuckolds,

many fools, and many banquerouts; it may have abused me, and not my wife's honesty: I'll try it—but first to my secure and doting companion. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*At Ambush's Lock-up.*

Enter MONOPOLY *and* MISTRESS TENTERHOOK.

Mon. I beseech you, Mistress Tenterhook—before God, I'll be sick, if you will not be merry.

Mist. Ten. You are a sweet beagle.

Mon. Come, because I kept from town a little,—let me not live, if I did not hear the sickness[1] was in town very hot. In troth, thy hair is of an excellent colour since I saw it. O those bright tresses, like to threads of gold!

Mist. Ten. Lie and ashes suffer much in the city for that comparison.

Mon. Here's an honest gentlemen will be here by and by, was born at Fulham; his name is Gosling Glowworm.

Mist. Ten. I know him: what is he?

Mon. He is a knight. What ailed your husband to be so hasty to arrest me?

Mist. Ten. Shall I speak truly? shall I speak not like a woman?

Mon. Why not like a woman?

Mist. Ten. Because women's tongues are like to clocks; if they go too fast, they never go true: 'twas I that got my husband to arrest thee, I have.

Mon. I am beholding to you.

Mist. Ten. Forsooth, I could not come to the speech of you: I think you may be spoken withal now.

[1] The plague.

Mon. I thank you: I hope you'll bail me, cousin?

Mist. Ten. And yet why should I speak with you? I protest I love my husband.

Mon. Tush, let not any young woman love a man in years too well.

Mist. Ten. Why?

Mon. Because he'll die before he can requite it.

Mist. Ten. I have acquainted Wafer and Honeysuckle with it, and they allow[1] my wit for't extremely.

Enter AMBUSH.

O honest Sergeant!

Amb. Welcome, good Mistress Tenterhook.

Mist. Ten. Sergeant, I must needs have my cousin go a little way out of town with me, and to secure thee, here are two diamonds; they are worth two hundred pound; keep them till I return him.

Amb. Well, 'tis good security.

Mist. Ten. Do not come in my husband's sight, in the meantime.

Enter WHIRLPOOL, GLOWWORM, LINSTOCK, MISTRESS HONEYSUCKLE, *and* MISTRESS WAFER.

Amb. Welcome, gallants.

Whirl. How now! Monopoly arrested!

Mon. O my little Honeysuckle, art come to visit a prisoner?

Mist. Honey. Yes, faith, as gentlemen visit merchants, to fare well, or as poets young quaint revellers, to laugh at them. Sirrah, if I were some foolish justice, if I would not beg thy wit, never trust me.

[1] Approve.

Mist. Ten. Why, I pray you?

Mist. Honey. Because it hath been concealed all this while; but come, shall we to boat; we are furnished for attendants, as ladies are; we have our fools and our ushers.

Sir Gos. I thank you, madam; I shall meet your wit in the close one day.

Mist. Wafer. Sirrah, thou knowest my husband keeps a kennel of hounds?

Mist. Honey. Yes.

Whirl. Doth thy husband love venery?

Mist. Wafer. Venery!

Whirl. Ay, hunting and venery are words of one signification.

Mist. Wafer. Your two husbands and he have made a match to go find a hare about Bushy Causy.

Mist. Ten. They'll keep an excellent house till we come home again.

Mist. Honey. O excellent! a Spanish dinner, a pilcher, and a Dutch supper, butter and onions.

Lin. O, thou art a mad wench!

Mist. Ten. Sergeant, carry this ell of cambric to Mistress Birdlime: tell her, but that it is a rough tide, and that she fears the water, she should have gone with us.

Sir Gos. O thou hast an excellent wit!

Whirl. To boat, hay!

Mist. Honey. Sir Gosling, I do take it thy legs are married.

Sir Gos. Why, mistress?

Mist. Honey. They look so thin upon it.

Sir Gos. Ever since I measured with your husband, I have shrunk in the calf.

Mist. Honey. And yet you have a sweet tooth in your head.

Sir Gos. O, well dealt for the calf's head! You may talk what you will of legs, and rising in the small, and swelling beneath the garter; but 'tis certain when lank thighs brought long stockings out of fashion, the courtier's leg, and his slender tilting staff, grew both of a bigness. Come, for Brainford! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*At Mrs. Birdlime's.*

Enter MISTRESS BIRDLIME *and* LUCY.

Birdlime.

GOOD morrow, Mistress Lucy: how did you take your rest to-night? how doth your good worship like your lodging? what will you have to breakfast?

Lucy. A pox of the knight that was here last night; he promised to have sent me some wild-fowl; he was drunk, I'll be stewed else.

Bird. Why, do not you think he will send them?

Lucy. Hang them, 'tis no more in fashion for them to keep their promises, than 'tis for men to pay their debts: he will lie faster than a dog trots. What a filthy knocking was at door last night! some puny inn-a-court-men, I'll hold my contribution.

Bird. Yes, in troth, were they, civil gentlemen without beards: but to say the truth, I did take exceptions at their knocking; took them aside, and said to them: gentlemen,

this is not well, that you should come in this habit, cloaks and rapiers, boots and spurs; I protest to you, those that be your ancients in the house would have come to my house in their caps and gowns, civilly, and modestly. I promise you they might have been taken for citizens, but that they talk more liker fools. Who knocks there? Up into your chamber. [*Exit Lucy.*

Enter Master HONEYSUCKLE.

Who are you? some man of credit, that you come in muffled thus?

Honey. Who's above?

Bird. Let me see your face first. O master Honeysuckle! why, the old party, the old party.

Honey. Phew, I will not go up to her: nobody else?

Bird. As I live: will you give me some sack? where's Opportunity?

Enter CHRISTIAN.

Honey. What dost call her?

Bird. Her name is Christian; but Mistress Lucy cannot abide that name, and so she calls her Opportunity.

Honey. Very good, good. [*Gives money.*

Bird. Is't a shilling, bring the rest in *aqua vitæ.*

[*Exit Christian.*

Come, shall's go to noddy?[1]

Honey. Ay, and thou wilt, for half an hour.

Bird. Here are the cards; deal. God send me deuces and aces with a court card, and I shall get by it.

[1] *Noddy.* A game at cards; Mr. Reid conjectured it to have been cribbage, but Nares conceives it was more like *quinze*, fifteen having been the game, also, at noddy.

Honey. That can make thee nothing.

Bird. Yes, if I have a coat card turn up.

Honey. I show four games.

Bird. By my troth, I must show all and little enough too, six games: play your single game, I shall double with you anon. Pray you lend me some silver to count my games.

Enter CHRISTIAN.

How now, is it good sack?

Chris. There's a gentleman at door would speak with you.

Honey. God's so, I will not be seen by any means.

Bird. Into that closet, then. [*Exit Honeysuckle.*

What, another muffler?

Enter TENTERHOOK.

Ten. How dost thou, Mistress Birdlime?

Bird. Master Tenterhook! the party is above in the dining chamber.

Ten. Above?

Bird. All alone. [*Exit Tenterhook.*

Enter HONEYSUCKLE.

Honey. Is he gone up? who was't, I pray thee?

Bird. By this sack, I will not tell you: say that you were a country gentleman, or a citizen that hath a young wife, or an inn-of-chancery-man, should I tell you? pardon me. This sack tastes of horse-flesh:[1] I warrant you the leg of a dead horse hangs in the butt of sack to keep it quick.

[1] The St. 12 Car. II. c. 25, forbidding the adulteration of wines, mentions, among other ingredients, "any sort of *flesh*."—DYCE.

Honey. I beseech thee, good Mistress Birdlime, tell me who it was.

Bird. O God, sir! we are sworn to secrecy as well as surgeons. Come, drink to me, and let's to our game.

Enter TENTERHOOK *and* LUCY, *above.*[1]

Ten. Who am I?

Lucy. You? pray you, unblind me; Captain Whirlpool? no—Master Linstock?—pray unblind me; you are not Sir Gosling Glowworm, for he wears no rings of his fingers; Master Freezeleather?—O, you are George the drawer at the Mitre,—pray you, unblind me,—Captain Puckfoist? Master Counterpane, the lawyer? what the devil mean you? beshrew your heart, you have a very dry hand: are you not mine host Dog-bolt of Brainford? Mistress Birdlime? Master Honeysuckle? Master Wafer?

Ten. What, the last of all your clients!

Lucy. O, how dost thou, good cousin?

Ten. Ay, you have many cousins.

Lucy. Faith, I can name many that I do not know; and suppose I did know them, what then? I will suffer one to keep me in diet, another in apparel, another in physic, another to pay my house-rent. I am just of the nature of alchemy; I will suffer every plodding fool to spend money upon me; marry, none but some worthy friend to enjoy my more retired and useful faithfulness.

Ten. Your love, your love.

Lucy. O, ay, 'tis the curse that is laid upon our quality;

[1] i. e. On the upper stage; the raised platform towards the back of the stage.—DYCE. Tenterhook has come behind Lucy, and put his hands over her eyes.

what we glean from others we lavish upon some trothless well-faced younger brother, that loves us only for maintenance.

Ten. Hast a good term,[1] Lucy?

Lucy. A pox on the term! and now I think on't, says a gentleman last night, let the pox be in the town seven year, Westminster never breeds cobwebs, and yet 'tis as catching as the plague, though not all so general. There be a thousand bragging Jacks in London, that will protest they can wrest comfort from me, when, I swear, not one of them knows whether my palm be moist or not. In troth I love thee: you promised me seven ells of cambric.

WAFER *knocks and enters.*

Who's that knocks?

Honey. What! more sacks to the mill! I'll to my old retirement. [*Exit.*

Bird. How doth your good worship? Passion of my heart, what shift shall I make? How hath your good worship done a long time?

Wafer. Very well, Godamercy.

Bird. Your good worship, I think, be riding out of town.

Wafer. Yes, believe me, I love to be once a week a horseback, for methinks nothing sets a man out better than a horse.

Bird. 'Tis certain, nothing sets a woman out better than a man.

Wafer. What, is Mistress Lucy above?

[1] The law terms were formerly the great times of resort to London, not only for business, but pleasure.—NARES.

Bird. Yes, truly.

Wafer. Not any company with her?

Bird. Company! shall I say to your good worship and not lie: she hath had no company—let me see how long it was—since your worship was here; you went to a butcher's feast at Cuckold's-haven the next day after Saint Luke's day—not this fortnight, in good truth.

Wafer. Alas, good soul!

Bird. And why was it? go to, go to, I think you know better than I. The wench asketh every day, when will Master Wafer be here? And if knights ask for her, she cries out at stairhead: as you love my life, let 'em not come up; I'll do myself violence if they enter. Have not you promised her somewhat?

Wafer. Faith, I think she loves me.

Bird. Loves! well, would you knew what I know, then you would say somewhat. In good faith, she's very poor; all her gowns are at pawn; she owes me five pound for her diet, besides forty shillings I lent her to redeem two half silk kirtles from the broker's; and do you think she needed be in debt thus if she thought not of somebody?

Wafer. Good, honest wench!

Bird. Nay, in troth, she's now entering into bond for five pounds more; the scrivener is but new gone up to take her bond.

Wafer. Come, let her not enter into bond; I'll lend her five pound; I'll pay the rest of her debts: call down the scrivener.

Bird. I pray you, when he comes down, stand muffled, and I'll tell him you are her brother.

Wafer. If a man have a good honest wench, that lives wholly to his use, let him not see her want.

[*Exit Birdlime and enter above.*

Bird. O, Mistress Lucy, Mistress Lucy, you are the most unfortunate gentlewoman that ever breathed! your young wild brother came newly out of the country! he calls me bawd, swears I keep a bawdy house, says his sister is turned whore, and that he will kill and slay any man that he finds in her company.

Ten. What conveyance will you make with me, Mistress Birdlime?

Lucy. O God, let him not come up! 'tis the swaggeringest wild oats.

Bird. I have pacified him somewhat, for I told him that you were a scrivener come to take a band[1] of her; now, as you go forth, say, she might have had so much money if she had pleased, and say, she is an honest gentlewoman, and all will be well.

Ten. Enough. Farewell, good Lucy.

Bird. Come, change your voice, and muffle you.

[*Exeunt above Birdlime and Tenterhook.*

Lucy. What trick should this be! I have never a brother. I'll hold my life some franker[2] customer is come, that she slides him off so smoothly.

Enter below TENTERHOOK *and* BIRDLIME.

Ten. The gentlewoman is an honest gentlewoman as any is in London, and should have had thrice as much money upon her single bond, for the good report I hear of her.

Wafer. No, sir, her friends can furnish her with money.

[1] *Band*, i. e. bond. [2] More liberal.

Ten. By this light, I should know that voice. Wafer! od's-foot, are you the gentlewoman's brother?

Wafer. Are you turned a scrivener, Tenterhook?

Bird. I am spoiled.

Wafer. Tricks of Mistress Birdlime, by this light.

Enter HONEYSUCKLE.

Honey. Hoick covert, hoick covert! why, gentlemen, is this your hunting?

Ten. A consort[1]! what make you here, Honeysuckle?

Honey. Nay, what make you two here? O excellent Mistress Birdlime! thou hast more tricks in thee than a punk hath uncles, cousins, brothers, sons, or fathers: an infinite company.

Bird. If I did it not to make your good worships merry, never believe me. I will drink to your worship a glass of sack.

Enter JUSTINIANO.

Just. God save you.

Honey. and Wafer. Master Justiniano, welcome from Stoad!

Just. Why, gentlemen, I never came there.

Ten. Never there! where have you been, then?

Just. Marry, your daily guest, I thank you.

Omnes. Ours!

Just. Ay, yours. I was the pedant that learned your wives to write; I was the collier that brought you news your child was sick: but the truth is, for aught I know, the child is in health, and your wives are gone to make merry at Brainford.

Wafer. By my troth, good wenches, they little dream where we are now.

[1] Concert.

Just. You little dream what gallants are with them.

Ten. Gallants with them! I'd laugh at that.

Just. Four gallants, by this light; Master Monopoly is one of them.

Ten. Monopoly! I'd laugh at that, in faith.

Just. Would you laugh at that! why do ye laugh at it, then. They are there by this time. I cannot stay to give you more particular intelligence: I have received a letter from my wife here. If you will call me at Putney, I'll bear you company.

Ten. Od's-foot, what a rogue is Sergeant Ambush! I'll undo him, by this light.

Just. I met Sergeant Ambush, and willed[1] him come to this house to you presently. So, gentlemen, I leave you. Bawd, I have nothing to say to you now. Do not think too much in so dangerous a matter, for in women's matters 'tis more dangerous to stand long deliberating, than before a battle. [*Exit.*

Wafer. This fellow's poverty hath made him an arrant knave.

Bird. Will your worship drink any aquavitæ?

Ten. A pox on your aquavitæ. Monopoly, that my wife urged me to arrest, gone to Brainford!

Enter AMBUSH.

Here comes the varlet.

Amb. I am come, sir, to know your pleasure.

Ten. What, hath Monopoly paid the money yet?

Amb. No, sir, but he sent for money.

Ten. You have not carried him to the Counter? he is at your house still?

[1] *Willed*, directed.

Amb. O Lord, ay, sir, as melancholic &c.[1]

Ten. You lie like an arrant varlet. By this candle, I laugh at the jest——

Bird. And yet he's ready to cry.

Ten. He's gone with my wife to Brainford: an' there be any law in England, I'll tickle ye for this.

Amb. Do your worst, for I have good security, and I care not; besides, it was his cousin, your wife's, pleasure, that he should go along with her.

Ten. Hoy day, her cousin! Well, sir, your security?

Amb. Why, sir, two diamonds here.

Ten. O, my heart! my wife's two diamonds! Well, you'll go along and justify this?

Amb. That I will, sir.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Who am I?

Ten. What the murrain care I who you are? hold off your fingers, or I'll cut them with this diamond.

Lucy. I'll see 'em ifaith. So, I'll keep these diamonds till I have my silk gown and six ells of cambric.

Ten. By this light, you shall not.

Lucy. No! what, do you think you have fops in hand? sue me for them.

Wafer and Honey. As you respect your credit, let's go.

Ten. Good Lucy, as you love me, let me have them; it stands upon my credit: thou shalt have anything; take my purse.

Lucy. I will not be crossed in my humour, sir.

[1] *As melancholic, &c.*—so in the original. Mr. Dyce conceives that it was so left by the author, trusting to the player's powers of extemporizing some jocose and telling simile.

Ten. You are a damned filthy punk. What an unfortunate rogue was I, that ever I came into this house!

Bird. Do not spurn anybody in my house, you were best.

Ten. Well, well.

[*Exeunt the three Citizens.*

Bird. Excellent Lucy! the getting of these two diamonds may chance to save the gentlewoman's credit. Thou heardest all?

Lucy. O, ay, and by my troth, pity them: what a filthy knave was that betrayed them!

Bird. One that put me into pitiful fear: Master Justiniano here hath layed lurking, like a sheep-biter, and in my knowledge hath drawn these gentlewomen to this misfortune; but I'll down to Queenhive,[1] and the watermen which were wont to carry you to Lambeth-Marsh, shal carry me thither. It may be I may come before them. I think I shall pray more, what for fear of the water, and for my good success, than I did this twelvemonth. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*At the Earl's Mansion.*

Enter the EARL *and three* SERVINGMEN.

Earl. Have you perfum'd this chamber?

Omnes. Yes, my lord.

Earl. The banquet?

Omnes. It stands ready.

Earl. Go, let music
Charm with her excellent voice an awful silence
Through all this building, that her sphery soul
May, on the wings of air, in thousand forms

[1] Queen-hithe quay in Upper Thames Street.

Invisibly fly, yet be enjoy'd. Away.

1 *Serv.* Does my lord mean to conjure, that he draws these strange characters?

2 *Serv.* He does; but we shall see neither the spirit that rises, nor the circle it rises in.

3 *Serv.* 'Twould make our hair stand up an end if we should. Come, fools, come; meddle not with his matters: lords may do anything. [*Exeunt Servingmen.*

Earl. This night shall my desires be amply crown'd,
And all those powers that taste of man in us,
Shall now aspire that point of happiness,
Beyond which sensual eyes never look, sweet pleasure:
Delicious pleasure, earth's supremest good,
The spring of blood, though it dry up our blood.
Rob me of that,—though to be drunk with pleasure,
As rank excess even in best things is bad,
Turns man into a beast,—yet that being gone,
A horse, and this, the goodliest shape, all one.
We feed, wear rich attires, and strive to cleave
The stars with marble towers, fight battles, spend
Our blood to buy us names, and in iron hold
Will we eat roots to imprison fugitive gold:
But to do thus, what spell can us excite?
This, the strong magic of our appetite;
To feast which richly, life itself undoes.
Who'd not die thus? to see, and then to choose.
Why even those that starve in voluntary wants,
And to advance the mind, keep the flesh poor,
The world enjoying them, they not the world,
Would they do this, but that they are proud to suck
A sweetness from such sourness? let 'em so,

The torrent of my appetite shall flow
With happier stream. A woman! O, the spirit
And extract of creation! This, this night,
The sun shall envy. What cold checks our blood?
Her body is the chariot of my soul,
Her eyes my body's light, which if I want,
Life wants, or if possess, I undo her,
Turn her into a devil, whom I adore,
By scorching her with the hot stream of lust.
'Tis but a minute's pleasure, and the sin
Scarce acted is repented: shun it than:[1]
O, he that can abstain, is more than man!
Tush! Resolv'st thou to do ill? Be not precise:
Who write of virtue best, are slaves to vice. [*Music.*
The music sounds alarum to my blood;
What's bad I follow, yet I see what's good.

[*Whilst the song*[2] *is heard, the Earl draws a curtain, and sets forth a banquet. He then exit, and enters presently with Justiniano, attired like his wife, masked; leads him to the table, places him in a chair, and in dumb signs courts him till the song be done.*

Earl. Fair! be not doubly mask'd with that and night:
Beauty, like gold, being us'd becomes more bright.

Just.[3] Will it please your lordship to sit? I shall receive small pleasure, if I see your lordship stand.

Earl. Witch! hag! what art thou, proud damnation?

Just. A merchant's wife.

Earl. Fury, who rais'd thee up? what com'st thou for?

[1] For *then.*
[2] No song is given in the text.
[3] (Unmasking).

Just. For a banquet.

Earl. I am abus'd, deluded. Speak, what art thou? Uds death, speak, or I'll kill thee. In that habit I look'd to find an angel, but thy face Shows th' art a devil.

Just. My face is as God made it, my lord: I am no devil, unless women be devils; but men find 'em not so, for they daily hunt for them.

Earl. What art thou that dost cozen me thus?

Just. A merchant's wife, I say, Justiniano's wife; she, whom that long birding-piece of your's, I mean that wicked mother Birdlime, caught for your honour. Why, my lord, has your lordship forgot how ye courted me last morning?

Earl. The devil I did!

Just. Kissed me last morning.

Earl. Succubus, not thee.

Just. Gave me this jewel, last morning.

Earl. Not to thee, harpy.

Just. To me, upon mine honesty; swore you would build me a lodging by the Thames side with a water-gate to it, or else take me a lodging in Cole-harbour.[1]

Earl. I swore so!

Just. Or keep me in a labyrinth, as Harry kept Rosamond, where the Minotaur, my husband, should not enter.

Earl. I sware so, but, gipsey, not to thee.

Just. To me, upon my honour; hard was the siege which you laid to the crystal walls of my chastity, but I held

[1] *Cole-harbour*, or Cold-harbour, an ancient mansion in Dowgate, the residence of Tunstall, Bishop of Durham. It had the privileges of sanctuary, which were extended to the small tenements that Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury, pulling down the old mansion, built on and about the site.

out, you know; but because I cannot be too stony-hearted, I yielded, my lord, by this token, my lord, (which token lies at my heart like lead,) but by this token, my lord, that this night you should commit that sin which we all know with me.

Earl. Thee!

Just. Do I look ugly, that you put *thee* upon me? did I give you my hand to horn my head, that's to say my husband, and is it come to *thee?* is my face a filthier face, now it is yours, than when it was his? or have I two faces under one hood? I confess I have laid mine eyes in brine, and that may change the copy; but, my lord, I know what I am.

Earl. A sorceress: thou shalt witch mine ears no more; If thou canst pray, do't quickly, for thou diest.

Just. I can pray, but I will not die, thou liest.
My lord, there drops your lady; and now know,
Thou unseasonable lecher, I am her husband,
Whom thou wouldst make whore. Read;[1] she speaks there thus:

[*Mistress Justiniano is discovered, lying as if dead.*[2]

Unless I came to her, her hand should free
Her chastity from blemish; proud I was
Of her brave mind; I came, and seeing what slavery,
Poverty, and the frailty of her sex
Had, and was like to make her subject to,
I begg'd that she would die; my suit was granted:
I poison'd her; thy lust there strikes her dead;

[1] Giving a letter.
[2] A stage direction supplied by Mr. Dyce.

Horns fear'd, plague worse, than sticking on the head.

Earl. O God, thou hast undone thyself and me!
None live to match this piece; thou art too bloody:
Yet for her sake, whom I'll embalm with tears,
This act with her I bury, and to quit
Thy loss of such a jewel, thou shalt share
My living with me; come, embrace.

Just. My lord.

Earl. Villain, damn'd merciless slave, I'll torture thee
To every inch of flesh. What ho! help, who's there?

Enter SERVINGMEN.

Come hither: here's a murderer, bind him. How now,
What noise is this?

1 *Serv.* My lord, there are three citizens face me down, that here's one Master Parenthesis a schoolmaster, with your lordship, and desire he may be forthcoming to 'em.

Just. That borrow'd name is mine. Shift for yourselves;
Away, shift for yourselves; fly, I am taken.

Earl. Why should they fly, thou screech-owl?

Just. I will tell thee;
Those three are partners with me in the murder;
We four commix'd the poison. Shift for yourselves.

Earl. Stop's mouth, and drag him back: entreat 'em enter.

Enter the THREE CITIZENS.

O, what a conflict feel I in my blood!
I would I were less great to be more good.
Y'are welcome; wherefore came you? Guard the doors.

When I behold that object, all my senses
Revolt from reason. He that offers flight,
Drops down a corse.

All Three. A corse!

1 *Serv.* Ay, a corse: do you scorn to be worms' meat more than she?

Just. See, gentlemen, the Italian that does scorn,
Beneath the moon, no baseness like the horn,
Has pour'd through all the veins of yon chaste bosom
Strong poison to preserve it from that plague.
This fleshly lord, he doted on my wife;
He would have wrought on her and play'd on me;
But to pare off these brims,[1] I cut off her,
And gull'd him with this lie, that you had hands
Dipt in her blood with mine; but this I did,
That his stain'd age and name might not be hid.
My act, though vild,[2] the world shall crown as just;
I shall die clear, when he lives soil'd with lust.
But come, rise, Moll; awake, sweet Moll; th'ast play'd
The woman rarely, counterfeited well.

1 *Serv.* Sure, sh'as nine lives.

Just. See, Lucrece is not slain:
Her eyes, which lust call'd suns, have their first beams,
And all these frightments are but idle dreams:
Yet, afore Jove, she had her knife prepar'd,
To let her blood forth ere it should run black.
Do not these open cuts now cool your back?
Methinks they should; when vice sees with broad eyes
Her ugly form, she does herself despise.

[1] A north country word for forehead.
[2] An old form of vile.

Earl. Mirror of dames, I look upon thee now,
As men long blind, having recover'd sight,
Amaz'd, scarce able are to endure the light.
Mine own shame strikes me dumb: henceforth the book
I'll read shall be thy mind, and not thy look.

Honey. I would either we were at Brainford to see our wives, or our wives here to see this pageant.

Ten. So would I; I stand upon thorns.

Earl. The jewels which I gave you, wear; your fortunes
I'll raise on golden pillars: fare you well.
Lust in old age, like burnt straw, does even choke
The kindlers, and consumes in stinking smoke. [*Exit.*

Just. You may follow your lord by the smoke, badgers.

1 *Serv.* If fortune had favoured him, we might have followed you by the horns.

Just. Fortune favours fools; your lord's a wise lord. [*Exeunt Servingmen.*] So, how now? ha! This is that makes me fat, now; is't not ratsbane to you, gentlemen, as pap was to Nestor? but I know the invisible sins of your wives hang at your eye-lids, and that makes you so heavy-headed.

Ten. If I do take 'em napping, I know what I'll do.

Honey. I'll nap some of them.

Ten. That villain, Monopoly, and that Sir Gosling, treads 'em all.

Wafer. Would I might come to that treading.

Just. Ha, ha, so would I. Come, Moll: the book of the siege of Ostend, writ by one that dropped in the action, will never sell so well as a report of the siege between this grave, this wicked elder and thyself; an impression of you

two would away in a May morning. Was it ever heard that such tirings were brought away from a lord by any wench but thee, Moll, without paying, unless the wench conycatched him? Go thy ways: if all the great Turk's concubines were but like thee, the ten-penny infidel should never need keep so many geldings to neigh over 'em. Come, shall this western voyage hold, my hearts?

All Three. Yes, yes.

Just. Yes, yes! s'foot, you speak as if you had no hearts, and look as if you were going westward indeed.[1] To see how plain dealing women can pull down men! Moll, you'll help us to catch smelts[2], too?

Mist. Just. If you be pleased.

Just. Never better since I wore a smock.

Honey. I fear our oars have given us the bag.[3]

Wafer. Good, I'd laugh at that.

Just. If they have, would theirs might give them the bottle. Come, march whilst the women double their files. Married men, see, there's comfort; the moon's up: 'fore Don Phœbus, I doubt we shall have a frost this night, her horns are so sharp: do you not feel it bite?

Ten. I do, I'm sure.

Just. But we'll sit upon one another's skirts i' th' boat, and lie close in straw, like the hoary courtier. Set on
To Brainford now, where if you meet frail wives,
Ne'er swear 'gainst horns, in vain dame Nature strives.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Westward indeed*, i. e. to Tyburn.—DYCE.
[2] i. e. to catch gulls.
[3] Gone off, given us the *sack*, made fools of us.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Enter MONOPOLY, WHIRLPOOL, LINSTOCK, *and the Wives* JUDITH, MABEL, *and* MOLL, *their hats off.*

Monopoly.

WHY, chamberlain, will not these fiddlers be drawn forth? are they not in tune yet? or are the rogues afraid a' th' statute[1], and dare not travel so far without a passport?

Whirl. What, chamberlain!

Lin. Where's mine host? what, chamberlain!

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Anon, sir; here, sir; at hand, sir.

Mon. Where's this noise?[2] what a lousy town's this! Has Brainford no music in't?

Cham. They are but rosining, sir, and they'll scrape themselves into your company presently.

Mon. Plague a' their cat's-guts and their scraping: dost not see women here, and can we, thinkst thou, be without a noise then?

Cham. The troth is, sir, one of the poor instruments caught a sore mischance last night; his most base bridge fell down; and belike they are making a gathering for the reparations of that.

Whirl. When they come, let's have 'em, with a pox.

Cham. Well, sir; you shall, sir.

[1] i. e. the "Statute against vagabonds."
[2] *Noise*, i. e. the band of musicians.

Mon. Stay, chamberlain; where's our knight, Sir Gosling? where's Sir Gosling?

Cham. Troth, sir, my master and Sir Gosling are guzzling; they are dabbling together fathom deep; the knight hath drunk so much health to the gentleman yonder, on his knees, that he has almost lost the use of his legs.

Judith. O, for love, let none of 'em enter our room, fie!

Mabel. I would not have 'em cast up their accounts here, for more than they mean to be drunk this twelvemonth.

Moll. Good chamberlain, keep them and their healths out of our company.

Chamb.[1] I warrant you, their healths shall not hurt you. [*Exit.*

Mon. Ay, well said; they're none of our giving: let 'em keep their own quarter. Nay, I told you the man would soak him if he were ten knights; if he were a knight of gold they'd fetch him over.

Moll. Out upon him!

Whirl. There's a lieutenant and a captain amongst 'em, too.

Mon. Nay, then, look to have somebody lie on the earth for't: it's ordinary for your lieutenant to be drunk with your captain, and your captain to cast with your knight.

Moll. Did you never hear how Sir Fabian Scarecrow (even such another) took me up one night before my husband, being in wine?

Mabel. No indeed, how was it?

[1] A correction by Mr. Dyce. In the original, the speech runs on as part of Moll's.

Moll. But I think I took him down with a witness.

Judith. How, good Tenterhook?

Moll. Nay, I'll have all your ears take part of it.

Omnes. Come, on then.

Moll. He used to frequent me and my husband divers times; and at last comes he out one morning to my husband, and says, Master Tenterhook, says he, I must trouble you to lend me two hundred pound about a commodity which I am to deal in; and what was that commodity but his knighthood!

Omnes. So.

Moll. Why, you shall, Master Scarecrow, says my good man: so within a little while after, Master Fabian was created knight.

Mon. Created a knight! that's no good heraldry; you must say dubbed.

Moll. And why not created, pray?

Omnes. Ay, well done, put him down at's own weapon.

Moll. Not created! why all things have their being by creation.

Lin. Yes, by my faith is't.

Moll. But to return to my tale.

Whirl. Ay, marry; mark now.

Moll. When he had climbed up this costly ladder of preferment, he disburses the money back again very honourably; comes home, and was by my husband invited to supper. There supped with us, besides, another gentleman incident to the court, one that had bespoke me of my husband, to help me into the banquetting house and see the revelling, a young gentlewoman, and that wag our schoolmaster, Master Parenthesis, for I remember he said grace:

methinks I see him yet, how he turned up the white a' th' eye, when he came to the last gasp, and that he was almost past grace!

Mabel. Nay, he can do't.

Moll. All supper time, my new-minted knight made wine the waggon to his meat, for it ran down his throat so fast, that before my chambermaid had taken half up he was not scarce able to stand.

Mon. A general fault at citizens' tables.

Moll. And I, thinking to play upon him, asked him, Sir Fabian Scarecrow, quoth I, what pretty gentlewoman will you raise up now to 'stal[1] her your lady? but he, like a foul-mouthed man, swore, zounds I'll stall never a punk[2] in England; a lady! there's too many already. O fie, Sir Fabian, quoth I, will you call her that shall be your wife such an odious name? and then he sets out a throat, and swore again, like a stinking-breathed knight as he was, that women were like horses.

Mabel and Judith. O, filthy knave!

Moll. They'd break over any hedge to change their pasture, though it were worse: fie, man, fie, says the gentlewoman.

Mon. Very good.

Moll. And he, bristling up his beard to rail at her too, I cut him over the thumbs thus; why, Sir Fabian Scarecrow, did I incense my husband to lend you so much money upon your bare word, and do you backbite my friends and me to our faces? I thought you had had more perseverance; if you bore a knightly and a degenerous mind, you would scorn it; you had wont to be more

[1] Instal. [2] Prostitute.

deformable amongst women; fie that you'll be so humoursome; here was nobody so egregious towards you, Sir Fabian: and thus in good sadness, I gave him the best words[1] I could pick out, to make him ashamed of his doings.

Whirl. And how took he this correction?

Moll. Very heavily, for he slept presently upon 't; and in the morning was the sorriest knight, and I warrant is so to this day, that lives by bread in England.

Mon. To see what wine and women can do! the one makes a man not to have a word to throw at a dog, the other makes a man to eat his own words, though they were never so filthy.

Whirl. I see these fiddlers cannot build up their bridge that some music may come over us.

Lin. No, faith, they are drunk too; what shall 's do, therefore?

Mon. Sit up at cards all night.

Mabel. That's serving man's fashion.

Whirl. Drink burnt wine and eggs then.

Judith. That's an exercise for your suburb wenches.

Moll. No, no, let's set upon our posset and so march to bed; for I begin to wax light with having my natural sleep pulled out a' mine eyes.

Omnes. Agreed, be 't so; the sack posset and to bed.

Mon. What, chamberlain! I must take a pipe of tobacco.

Three Women. Not here, not here, not here.

Mabel. I'll rather love a man that takes a purse, than him that takes tobacco.

[1] Her best words, it has been seen, are somewhat in Mrs. Malaprop's style of elocution.

Moll. By my little finger, I'll break all your pipes, and burn the case and the box too, and[1] you draw out your stinking smoke afore me.

Mon. Prithee, good Mistress Tenterhook, I'll ha' done in a trice.

Moll. Do you long to have me swoon?

Mon. I'll use but half a pipe, in troth.

Moll. Do you long to see me lie at your feet?

Mon. Smell to't; 't is perfumed.

Moll. O God, O God, you anger me! you stir my blood; you move me; you make me spoil a good face with frowning at you. This was ever your fashion, so to smoke my husband when you come home, that I could not abide him in mine eye; he was a mote in it, methought, a month after. Pray spawl[2] in another room; fie, fie, fie!

Mon. Well, well; come, we'll for once feed her humour.

Judith. Get two rooms off at least, if you love us.

Mabel. Three, three, Master Linstock, three.

Lin. 'S foot, we'll dance to Norwich,[3] and take it there, if you'll stay till we return again. Here's a stir! You'll ill abide a fiery face that cannot endure a smoky nose.

Mon. Come, let's satisfy our appetite.

Whirl. And that will be hard for us; but we'll do our best. [*Exeunt.*

Moll. So; are they departed? What string may we

[1] If. [2] Spit.

[3] *Dance to Norwich.*—An allusion to Kempe the actor's *Nine daies wonder Performed in a daunce from London to Norwich*, 1600. —Dyce.

three think that these three gallants harp upon, by bringing us to this sinful town of Brainford? ha?

Judith. I know what string they would harp upon, if they could put us into the right tune.

Mabel. I know what one of 'em buzzed in mine ear, till, like a thief in a candle, he made mine ears burn; but I swore to say nothing.

Moll. I know as verily they hope, and brag one to another, that this night they'll row westward in our husbands' wherries as we hope to be rowed to London tomorrow morning in a pair of oars. But, wenches, let's be wise, and make rooks of them that I warrant are now setting pursenets to conycatch us.

Both. Content.

Moll. They shall know that citizens' wives have wit enough to outstrip twenty such gulls; though we are merry let's not be mad; be as wanton as new-married wives, as fantastic and light headed to the eye as feather-makers, but as pure about the heart as if we dwelt amongst 'em in Blackfriars.[1]

Mabel. We'll eat and drink with 'em.

Moll. O yes; eat with 'em as hungerly as soldiers; drink as if we were froes;[2] talk as freely as jesters; but do as little as misers, who, like dry nurses, have great breasts but give no milk. It were better we should laugh at their popinjays than live in fear of their prating tongues. Though we lie all night out of the city, they shall not find country wenches of us; but since we ha' brought 'em thus

[1] *Blackfriars*, in our author's time, was celebrated for three things: the theatre, a number of Puritans, and the sale of feathers; the two latter professions being very often united in the same persons.—NARES.

[2] *Froes.*—Frows, Dutchwomen.

far into a fool's paradise, leave 'em in't: the jest shall be a stock to maintain us and our pewfellows in laughing at christenings, cryings out, and upsittings[1] this twelve month. How say you, wenches? have I set the saddle on the right horse?

Both. O, 'twill be excellent.

Mabel. But how shall we shift 'em off?

Moll. Not as ill debtors do their creditors with good words, but as lawyers do their clients when they're overthrown, by some new knavish trick; and thus it shall be: one of us must dissemble to be suddenly very sick.

Judith. I'll be she.

Moll. Nay, though we can all dissemble well, yet I'll be she; for men are so jealous, or rather envious of one another's happiness, especially in these out of town gossipings, that he who shall miss his hen, if he be a right cock indeed, will watch the other from treading.

Mabel. That's certain; I know that by myself.

Moll. And, like Æsop's dog, unless himself might eat hay, will lie in the manger and starve, but he'll hinder the horse from eating any: besides, it will be as good as a Welch hook[2] for you to keep out the other at the staves end; for you may boldly stand upon this point, that unless every man's heels may be tript up, you scorn to play at football.

Judith. That's certain; peace, I hear them spitting after their tobacco.

Moll. A chair, a chair; one of you keep as great a coil and calling as if you ran for a midwife, th'other hold my head whilst I cut my lace.

[1] Accouchements, and the first reception thereafter.
[2] Double-edged bill or axe.—HALLIWELL.

Judith. Passion of me! Master Monopoly, Master Linstock! an' you be men, help to daw[1] Mistress Tenterhook! O quickly, quickly! she's sick and taken with an agony.

Enter, as she cries, MONOPOLY, WHIRLPOOL, *and* LINSTOCK.

Omnes. Sick! How? how now? what's the matter?

Mon. Sweet Moll, call up thy spirits.

Moll. O, Master Monopoly, my spirits will not come at my calling! I am terrible and ill. Sure, sure, I'm struck with some wicked planet, for it hit my very heart. O, I feel myself worse and worse!

Mon. Some burnt sack for her, good wenches, or posset drink. Pox a' this rogue chamberlain; one of you call him. How her pulses beat! a draught of cinnamon water now for her were better than two tankards out of the Thames. How now, ha?

Moll. Ill, ill, ill, ill, ill.

Mon. I'm accurst to spend money in this town of iniquity; there's no good thing ever comes out of it; and it stands upon such musty ground, by reason of the river, that I cannot see how a tender woman can do well in't. 'S foot, sick now, cast down, now 'tis come to the push!

Moll. My mind misgives me that all's not sound at London.

Whirl. Pox on 'em that be not sound; what need that touch you?

Moll. I fear you'll never carry me thither.

Omnes. Pooh, pooh, say not so.

[1] *Daw.*—A north country word: to awaken, arouse.

Moll. Pray let my clothes be utterly undone, and then lay me in my bed.

Lin. Walk up and down a little.

Moll. O, Master Linstock, 'tis no walking will serve my turn! Have me to bed, good sweet Mistress Honeysuckle. I doubt that old hag, Gillian of Brainford[1], has bewitched me.

Mon. Look to her, good wenches.

Mabel. Ay, so we will, and to you too. This was excellent. [*Exeunt the three women.*

Whirl. This is strange.

Lin. Villanous spiteful luck! No matter, th'other two hold bias.

Whirl. Peace, mark how he's nipt; nothing grieves me so much as that poor Pyramus here must have a wall this night between him and his Thisbe.

Mon. No remedy, trusty Troilus; and it grieves me as much that you'll want your false Cressida to-night, for here's no Sir Pandarus to usher you into your chamber.

Lin. I'll summon a parley to one of the wenches, and see how all goes.

Mon. No whispering with the common enemy! by this iron, he sees the devil that sees how all goes amongst the women to-night. Nay, 's foot, if I stand piping till you dance, damn me.

Lin. Why, you'll let me call to 'em but at the key-hole?

Mon. Pooh, good Master Linstock, I'll not stand by whilst you give fire at your key-holes. I'll hold no trencher till another feeds; no stirrup till another gets

[1] A noted witch.

up; be no door-keeper. I ha' not been so often at court, but I know what the backside of the hangings are made of; I'll trust none under a piece of tapestry, *videlicet*, a coverlet.

Whirl. What will you say if the wenches do this to gull us?

Mon. No matter, I'll not be doubly gulled by them and by you: go, will you take the lease of the next chamber, and do as I do?

Both. And what's that?

Mon. Any villany in your company, but nothing out on't; will you sit up, or lie by't?

Whirl. Nay, lie, sure, for lying is most in fashion.

Mon. Troth then, I'll have you before me.

Both. It shall be yours.[1]

Mon. Yours, i'faith: I'll play Janus with two faces, and look asquint both ways for one night.

Lin. Well, sir, you shall be our door-keeper.

Mon. Since we must swim, let's leap into one flood:
We'll either be all naught, or else all good. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter a Noise of FIDDLERS, *following the* CHAMBERLAIN.

Chamb. Come, come, come, follow me, follow me. I warrant you ha' lost more by not falling into a sound last night, than ever you got at one job since it pleased you to make a noise. I can tell you, gold is no money with 'em. Follow me and fum,[2] as you go: you shall put

[1] i. e. your privilege to precede me.
[2] i. e. presumably, prelude.

something into their ears, whilst I provide to put something into their bellies. Follow close, and fum. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SIR GOSLING *and* BIRDLIME *pulled along by him.*

Sir Gos. What kin art thou to Long Meg of Westminster?[1] th' art like her.

Bird. Somewhat alike, sir, at a blush, nothing akin, sir, saving in height of mind, and that she was a goodly woman.

Sir Gos. Mary Ambree,[2] do not you know me? had not I a sight of this sweet phisnomy at Rhenish wine-house, ha? last day, i' th' Stillyard, ha? whither art bound, galleyfoist?[3] whither art bound? whence comest thou, female yeoman-a'-the-guard?

Bird. From London, sir.

Sir Gos. Dost come to keep the door, Ascapart?[4]

Bird. My reparations hither is to speak with the gentlewomen here, that drunk with your worship at the Dutch house of meeting.

Sir Gos. Drunk with me! you lie, not drunk with me: but 'faith what would'st with the women? they are abed: art not a midwife? one of 'em told me thou wert a night-woman. [*Music within: the Fiddlers.*

Bird. I ha' brought some women abed, in my time, sir.

Sir Gos. Ay, and some young men too, hast not, Pandora? how now, where's this noise?

[1] A street termagant, often mentioned by our old writers.

[2] *Mary Ambree.*—An English heroine, immortalized by her valour at the siege of Ghent, in 1584.

[3] *Galleyfoist.*—A long barge with oars; the term was especially applied to the Lord Mayor's barge.—HALLIWELL.

[4] *Ascapart.*—A giant, "ful thyrty fote long," whom Sir Bevis of Hampton vanquished in single combat.

Bird. I'll commit your worship—

Sir Gos. To the stocks? art a justice? shalt not commit me.

Enter FIDDLERS.

Dance first 'faith: why, scrapers appear under the wenches' comical window,[1] by th' lord! Uds daggers, cannot sin be set ashore once in a reign upon your country quarters, but it must have fiddling? what set of villains are you, you perpetual ragamuffins?

Fid. The town consort,[2] sir.

Sir Gos. Consort, with a pox! cannot the shaking of the sheets[3] be danced without your town piping? nay then let all hell roar.

Fid. I beseech you, sir, put up yours, and we'll put up ours.

Sir Gos. Play, you lousy Hungarians:[4] see, look the Maypole is set up, we'll dance about it: keep this circle, Maquerelle.[5]

Bird. I am no mackerel, and I'll keep no circles.

Sir Gos. Play, life of Pharaoh, play: the bawd shall teach me a Scotch jig.

Bird. Bawd! I defy thee, and thy jigs, whatsoever thou art: were I in place where, I'd make thee prove thy words.

Sir Gos. I would prove 'em, mother best-be-trust: why

[1] So in the original. Mr. Dyce suggests: *comical wenches' window.*

[2] *Consort*, i. e. concert.

[3] *The shaking of the sheets.*—An old country dance, often alluded to by our old dramatists, and generally in a loose sense.

[4] *Hungarians.*—A cant term, probably formed in double allusion to the Hungarian freebooters, who once infested the continent, and to the word *hungry.*—NARES.

[5] *Maquerelle.*—French for bawd.

do not I know you, grannam? and that sugar-loaf?[1] ha! do I not, Megæra?

Bird. I am none of your Megs:[2] do not nickname me so; I will not be nicked.

Sir Gos. You will not: you will not: how many of my name, of the Glowworms, have paid for your furred gowns, thou woman's broker?

Bird. No, sir, I scorn to be beholding to any glowworm that lives upon earth for my fur: I can keep myself warm without glowworms.

Sir Gos. Canst sing, woodpecker? come, sing and wake 'em.

Bird. Would you should well know it, I am no singing woman.

Sir Gos. Howl then: 's foot, sing or howl, or I'll break your ostrich egg-shell there.

Bird. My egg hurts not you: what do you mean, to flourish so?

Sir Gos. Sing, Madge, Madge; sing, owlet.

Bird. How can I sing with such a sour face? I am haunted with a cough and cannot sing.

Sir Gos. One of your instruments, mountebanks. Come, here, clutch, clutch.

Bird. Alas, sir, I'm an old woman, and know not how to clutch an instrument!

Sir Gos. Look, mark; to and fro, as I rub it: make a noise: it's no matter; any Hunt's Up,[3] to waken vice.

[1] i. e. the sugar-loaf, or high-crowned hat, once worn by women generally, but, becoming limited to old women, it was, after awhile, an invariable feature in the costume attributed to witches and elderly matrons of evil reputation.

[2] i. e. no Meg of Westminster.

[3] A tune played to waken sportsmen in the morning.

Bird. I shall never rub it in tune.

Sir Gos. Will you scrape?

Bird. So you will let me go into the parties, I will saw and make a noise.

Sir Gos. Do then: sha't into the parties, and part 'em; sha't, my lean Læna.

Bird. If I must needs play the fool in my old days, let me have the biggest instrument, because I can hold that best: I shall cough like a broken-winded horse, if I gape once to sing once.

Sir Gos. No matter; cough out thy lungs.

Bird. No, sir, though I'm old, and worm-eaten, I'm not so rotten—— [*Coughs.*

A SONG.

Will your worship be rid of me now?

Sir Gos. Fain, as rich men's heirs would be of their gouty dads. That's the hot-house, where your parties are sweating: amble; go, tell the he parties I have sent 'em a mast to their ship.

Bird. Yes, forsooth, I'll do your errand. [*Exit.*

Sir Gos. Half musty still, by thundering Jove! With what wedge of villany might I cleave out an hour or two? Fiddlers, come strike up; march before me; the chamberlain shall put a crown for you into his bill of items. You shall sing bawdy songs under every window i'th'town; up will the clowns start, down come the wenches; we'll set the men a fighting, the women a scolding, the dogs a barking; you shall go on fiddling, and I follow dancing Lantera: curry your instruments, play, and away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Inn at Brentford.*

Enter TENTERHOOK, HONEYSUCKLE, WAFER, JUSTINIANO, *and his* WIFE, *with* AMBUSH, *and* CHAMBERLAIN.

Honey. Sergeant Ambush, as th'art an honest fellow, scout in some back room, till the watchword be given for sallying forth.

Amb. Dun's the mouse.[1] [*Exit.*

Ten. A little low woman, sayest thou, in a velvet cap, and one of 'em in a beaver?—Brother Honeysuckle, and brother Wafer, hark'ye, they are they.

Wafer. But art sure their husbands are abed with 'em?

Cham. I think so, sir; I know not; I left 'em together in one room, and what division fell amongst 'em the fates can discover, not I.

Ten. Leave us, good chamberlain, we are some of their friends; leave us, good chamberlain, be merry a little, leave us, honest chamberlain. [*Exit Chamberlain.*] We are abused, we are bought and sold in Brainford Market; never did the sickness of one belied nurse-child stick so cold to the hearts of three fathers; never were three innocent citizens so horribly, so abominably wrung under the withers.

Both the others. What shall we do? how shall we help ourselves?

Honey. How shall we pull this thorn out of our foot, before it rankle?

Ten. Yes, yes, yes, well enough; one of us stay here

[1] *Dun's the mouse.*—A proverbial phrase of vague signification, but here, as elsewhere, equivalent, apparently, to *a word to the wise!*

to watch, do you see; to watch; have an eye, have an ear. I and my brother Wafer, and Master Justiniano, will set the town in an insurrection, bring hither the constable and his bill-men, break open upon 'em, take 'em in their wickedness, and put 'em to their purgation.

Honey. and Wafer. Agreed.

Just. Ha, ha, purgation!

Ten. We'll have 'em before some country justice of coram,[1] (for we scorn to be bound to the peace,) and this justice shall draw his sword in our defence: if we find 'em to be malefactors, we'll tickle 'em.

Honey. Agreed: do not say, but do't: come.

Just. Are you mad? do you know what you do? whither will you run?

All Three. To set the town in an uproar.

Just. An uproar! will you make the townsmen think that Londoners never come hither but upon Saint Thomas's night? Say you should rattle up the constable, thrash all the country together, hedge in the house with flails, pike-staves, and pitch-forks, take your wives napping, these western smelts nibbling, and that, like so many Vulcans, every smith should discover his Venus dancing with Mars in a net, would this plaster cure the headache?

Ten. Ay, it would.

All Three. Nay, it should.

Just. Nego, Nego;[2] no, no, it shall be proved unto you, your heads would ache worse: when women are proclaimed to be light, they strive to be more light; for who dare disprove a proclamation?

Ten. Ay, but when light wives make heavy husbands,

[1] For quorum. [2] I deny it.

let these husbands play mad Hamlet, and cry revenge: come, and we'll do so.

Mist. Just. Pray stay, be not so heady, at my entreaty.

Just. My wife entreats you, and I entreat you, to have mercy on yourselves, though you have none over the women. I'll tell you a tale: this last Christmas, a citizen and his wife, as it might be one of you, were invited to the revels one night at one of the Inns a' Court; the husband having business, trusts his wife thither to take up a room for him before: she did so; but before she went, doubts arising what blocks her husband would stumble at to hinder his entrance, it was consulted upon by what token, by what trick, by what banner or brooch he should be known to be he, when he rapped at the gate.

All Three. Very good.

Just. The crowd, he was told, would be greater, their clamours greater, and able to drown the throats of a shoal of fishwives: he himself, therefore, devises an excellent watchword, and the sign at which he would hang out himself, should be a horn; he would wind his horn, and that should give 'em warning that he was come.

All Three. So.

Just. The torchmen and whifflers[1] had an item to receive him: he comes, rings out an alarum with his horn,

[1] *Whifflers.*—"The term is, undoubtedly, borrowed from *whiffle*, another name for a fife or small flute; for whifflers were originally those who preceded armies or processions, as fifers or pipers. . . . In process of time, the term *whiffler*, which had always been used in the sense of a *fifer*, came to signify any person who went before in a procession. Minsheu, in his *Dictionary*, 1617, describes him to be a club or staff-bearer. Sometimes, the whifflers carried white staves," &c.—DOUCE'S *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, quoted by Dyce.

enters with a shout; all the house rises, thinking some sowgelder pressed in; his wife blushed, the company jested; the simple man, like a beggar going to the stocks, laughed, as not being sensible of his own disgrace; and hereupon the punies[1] set down this decree, that no man shall hereafter come to laugh at their revels, if his wife be entered before him, unless he carry his horn about him.

Wafer. I'll not trouble them.

Just. So, if you trumpet abroad and preach at the market-cross your wives' shame, 'tis your own shame.

All Three. What shall we do, then?

Just. Take my counsel, I'll ask no fee for't: bar out host, banish mine hostess, beat away the chamberlain, let the ostlers walk, enter you the chambers peaceably, lock the doors gingerly, look upon your wives woefully, but upon the evil doers most wickedly.

Ten. What shall we reap by this?

Just. An excellent harvest, this: you shall hear the poor mouse-trapped guilty gentlemen call for mercy; your wives you shall see kneeling at your feet, and weeping, and wringing, and blushing, and cursing Brainford, and crying *pardonnez moi, pardonnez moi, pardonnez moi!* whilst you have the choice to stand either as judges to condemn 'em, beadles to torment 'em, or confessors to absolve 'em. And what a glory will it be for you three, to kiss your wives like forgetful husbands, to exhort and forgive the young men like pitiful fathers, then to call for oars, then to cry Hay for London! then to make a supper, then to drown all in sack and sugar, then to go to bed, and then to rise and open shop, where you

[1] The puisne judges, as benchers?

may ask any man what he lacks with your cap off, and none shall perceive whether the brims wring you.

Ten. We'll raise no towns.

Honey. No, no; let's knock first.

Wafer. Ay, that's best; I'll summon a parley.

[*Knocks.*

Moll. [*within*] Who's there? have you stock-fish in hand, that you beat so hard? who are you?

Ten. That's my wife: let Justiniano speak, for they all know our tongues.

Moll. [*within*] What a murrain ail these colts, to keep such a kicking? Monopoly?

Just. Yes.

Moll. [*within*] Is Master Linstock up, too, and the captain?

Just. Both are in the field! will you open your door?

Moll. [*within*] O, you are proper gamesters, to bring false dice with you from London, to cheat yourselves! Is't possible that three shallow women should gull three such gallants?

Ten. What means this?

Moll. [*within*] Have we defied you upon the walls all night, to open our gates to you i' th' morning? Our honest husbands, they (silly men) lie praying in their beds now, that the water under us may not be rough, the tilt that covers us may not be rent, and the straw about our feet may keep our pretty legs warm. I warrant they walk upon Queenhive, as Leander did for Hero, to watch for our landing; and should we wrong such kind hearts? would we might ever be troubled with the tooth-ache, then.

Ten. This thing that makes fools of us thus, is my wife. [*Knocks.*

Mabel. [*within*] Ay, ay, knock your bellies' full; we hug one another a-bed, and lie laughing till we tickle again, to remember how we sent you a bat-fowling.

Wafer. An almond, parrot;[1] that's my Mab's voice; I know by the sound.

Just. 'Sfoot, you ha' spoiled half already, and you'll spoil all, if you dam not up your mouths. Villany! nothing but villany! I'm afraid they have smelt your breaths at the key-hole, and now they set you to catch flounders, whilst in the meantime the concupiscentious malefactors make 'em ready, and take London napping.

All Three. I'll not be gulled so.

Ten. Shew yourselves to be men, and break open doors.

Just. Break open doors and shew yourselves to be beasts! If you break open doors, your wives may lay flat burglary to your charge.

Honey. Lay a pudding: burglary!

Just. Will you, then, turn Corydons because you are among clowns? Shall it be said you have no *brains*, being in *Brainford?*

All Three. Master Parenthesis, we will enter and set upon 'em.

Just. Well, do so; but enter not so that all the country may cry shame of your doings; knock 'em down, burst open Erebus, and bring an old house over your heads, if you do.

Wafer. No matter, we'll bear it off with head and shoulders. [*Knocks.*

[1] *Almond for a parrot.*—A proverbial expression, which Ray explains: Some trifle to amuse a silly person.

Mabel. [*within*] You cannot enter indeed, la. [*looks out*] God's my pittikin, our three husbands summon a parley: let that long old woman either creep under the bed, or else stand upright behind the painted cloth.

[*Exit.*

Wafer. Do you hear, you Mabel?

Mabel. [*looking out*] Let's never hide our heads now, for we are discovered. [*Disappears.*

Honey. But all this while my Honeysuckle appears not.

Just. Why then two of them have pitched their tents there, and yours lies in ambuscado with your enemy there.

Honey. Stand upon your guard there, whilst I batter here. [*Knocks at the men's door.*

Mon. [*within*] Who's there?

Just. Hold, I'll speak in a small voice, like one of the women. Here's a friend: are you up? rise, rise; stir, stir.

Mon. [*within*] Uds foot, what weasel are you? are you going to catch quails, that you bring your pipes with you? I'll see what troubled ghost it is that cannot sleep.

[*Looks out.*

Ten. O, Master Monopoly, God save you.

Mon. Amen, for the last time I saw you, the devil was at mine elbow in buff. What! "three merry men, and three merry men, and three merry men be we,"[1] too!

Hon. How does my wife, Master Monopoly?

Mon. Who? my overthwart[2] neighbour? passing well: this is kindly done: Sir Gosling is not far from you; we'll join our armies presently; here be rare fields to walk in. Captain, rise; Captain Linstock, bestir your stumps, for the Philistines are upon us. [*Exit.*

[1] The burthen of an old song.

[2] Over-against.

Ten. This Monopoly is an arrant knave, a cogging knave, for all he's a courtier; if Monopoly be suffered to ride up and down with other men's wives, he'll undo both city and country.

Enter the three WIVES.

Just. Moll, mask thyself; they shall not know thee.

All three. How now, sweethearts, what make you here?

Wafer. Not that which you make here.

Ten. Marry, you make bulls of your husbands.

Moll. Buzzards, do we not? out, you yellow infirmities! do all flowers shew in your eyes like columbines?

Wafer. Wife, what says the collier? is not thy soul blacker than his coals? how does the child? how does my flesh and blood, wife?

Mabel. Your flesh and blood is very well recovered now, mouse.

Wafer. I know 'tis: the collier has a sack-full of news to empty.

Ten. Moll, where be your two rings with diamonds?

Moll. At hand, sir, here, with a wet finger.[1]

Ten. I dreamed you had lost 'em. What a profane varlet is this shoulder-clapper,[2] to lie thus upon my wife and her rings!

Enter MONOPOLY, WHIRLPOOL, *and* LINSTOCK.

All three. Save you, gentlemen.

Ten.
Honey.
Wafer. } And you, and our wives from you.

[1] Easily, readily. [2] Bailiff.

Mon. Your wives have saved themselves, for once.

Ten. Master Monopoly, though I meet you in High Germany, I hope you can understand broken English; have you discharged your debt?

Mon. Yes, sir, with a double charge; your harpy that set his ten commandments upon my back, had two diamonds, to save him harmless.

Ten. Of you, sir?

Mon. Me, sir! do you think there be no diamond courtiers?

Ten. Sergeant Ambush, issue forth.

Enter AMBUSH.

Monopoly, I'll cut off your convoy. Master Sergeant Ambush, I charge you, as you hope to receive comfort from the smell of mace, speak not like a sergeant, but deal honestly: of whom had you the diamonds?

Amb. Of your wife, sir, if I'm an honest man.

Moll. Of me, you pewter-buttoned rascal!

Mon. Sirrah, you that live by nothing but the carrion of poultry!

Moll. Schoolmaster, hark hither.

Mon. Where are my gems and precious stones, that were my bail?

Amb. Forthcoming, sir, though your money is not; your creditor has 'em.

Just. Excellent! peace. Why, Master Tenterhook, if the diamonds be of the reported value, I'll pay your money, receive 'em, keep 'em till Master Monopoly be fatter i' th' purse: for, Master Monopoly, I know you will not be long empty, Master Monopoly.

Moll. Let him have 'em, good Tenterhook; where are they?

Ten. At home; I locked 'em up.

Enter BIRDLIME.

Bird. No, indeed, forsooth, I locked 'em up, and those are they your wife has, and those are they your husband, like a bad liver as he is, would have given to a niece of mine, that lies in my house to take physic, to have committed fleshly treason with her.

Ten. I at your house! you old ——

Bird. You, perdy, and that honest bachelor: never call me old for the matter.

Judith. Motherly woman, he's my husband, and no bachelor's buttons are at his doublet.

Bird. 'Las, I speak innocently; and that lean gentleman set in his staff there. But, as I'm a sinner, both I and the young woman had an eye to the main chance, and though they brought more about 'em than Captain Ca'ndish's voyage[1] came to, they should not, nor could not, unless I had been a naughty woman, have entered the straits.

All three Women. Have we smelt you out, foxes?

Moll. Do you come after us with hue and cry, when you are the thieves yourselves?

Judith. Murder, I see, cannot be hid; but if this old sibyl of yours speak oracles, for my part, I'll be like an almanack that threatens nothing but foul weather.

[1] *Captain Ca'ndish's voyage.*—In allusion to the wealth collected by Thomas Cavendish in his plundering expedition to the coast of South America, 1586.

Ten. That bawd has been damned five hundred times, and is her word to be taken?

Just. To be damned once is enough for any one of her coat.

Bird. Why, sir, what is my coat, that you sit thus upon my skirts?

Just. Thy coat is an ancient coat; one of the seven deadly sins put thy coat first to making: but do you hear? you mother of iniquity! you that can lose and find your ears when you list! go, sail with the rest of your bawdy-traffickers to the place of sixpenny sinfulness, the suburbs.

Bird. I scorn the sinfulness of any suburbs in Christendom: 'tis well known I have up-risers and down-liers within the city, night by night, like a profane fellow as thou art.

Just. Right, I know thou hast. I'll tell you, gentlefolks, there's more resort to this fortune-teller, than of forlorn wives married to old husbands, and of green-sickness wenches that can get no husbands, to the house of a wise woman: she has tricks to keep a vaulting house under the law's nose.

Bird. Thou dost the law's nose wrong to belie me so.

Just. For either a cunning woman has a chamber in her house, or a physician, or a picture maker, or an attorney, because all these are good cloaks for the rain. And then, if the female party that's clienteed above stairs be young, she's a squire's daughter of low degree, that lies there for physic, or comes up to be placed with a countess; if of middle age, she's a widow, and has suits at the term or so.

Judith. O, fie upon her! burn the witch out of our company.

Moll. Let's hem her out of Brainford if she get not the faster to London.

Mabel. O, no, for God's sake; rather hem her out of London, and let her keep in Brainford still.

Bird. No, you cannot hem me out of London. Had I known this, your rings should ha' been poxed ere I would ha' touched 'em. I will take a pair of oars and leave you. [*Exit.*

Just. Let that ruin of intemperance be raked up in dust and ashes. And now tell me, if you had raised the town, had not the tiles tumbled upon your heads? for you see your wives are chaste, these gentlemen civil; all is but a merriment, all but a May-game: she has her diamonds, you shall have your money; the child is recovered, the false collier discovered; they came to Brainford to be merry, you were caught in Bird-lime, and therefore set the hare's head against the goose-giblets,[1] put all instruments in tune, and every husband play music upon the lips of his wife, whilst I begin first.

The three husbands. Come, wenches; be't so.

Moll. Mistress Justiniano, is't you were ashamed all this while of showing your face? Is she your wife, schoolmaster?

Just. Look you, your schoolmaster has been in France, and lost his hair;[2] no more Parenthesis now, but Justiniano: I will now play the merchant with you. Look not strange at her, nor at me; the story of us both shall be as good as an old wife's tale, to cut off our way to London.

[1] A phrase signifying to balance things.

[2] Here, says Mr. Dyce, we must suppose Justiniano to pull off the false hair which assisted his disguise; he alludes to the effects of the venereal, or, as it was called, the French disease.

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

How now?

Cham. Alas, sir! the knight yonder, Sir Gosling, has almost his throat cut by poulterers, and townsmen, and rascals; and all the noise that went with him, poor fellows, have their fiddle-cases pulled over their ears.

Omnes. Is Sir Gosling hurt?

Cham. Not much hurt, sir; but he bleeds like a pig, for his crown's cracked.

Judith. Then has he been twice cut i' th' head since we landed, once with a pottle-pot, and now with old iron.

Just. Gentlemen, hasten to his rescue some, whilst others call for oars.

Omnes. Away, then, to London.

Just. Farewell, Brainford.
Gold that buys health can never be ill spent,
Nor hours laid out in harmless merriment.

SONG.

Oars, oars, oars, oars!
To London hay, to London hay;
Hoist up sails, and let's away;
  For the safest bay
For us to land is London shores.
Oars, oars, oars, oars!
Quickly shall we get to land,
If you, if you, if you
Lend us but half a hand;
O, lend us half a hand! [*Exeunt.*

NORTH-VVARD HOE.

Sundry times Acted by the Children of Paules.

By Thomas Decker, and
Iohn Webſter.

Imprinted at London, by G. Eld.
1607.

Northward Hoe was licensed, 6 August, 1607. As to the title of the comedy, see the Introduction to the preceding play.

NORTHWARD HOE.

MR. GENEST, in his Account of the English Stage, gives this outline of the plot: 'Greenshield had endeavoured to seduce Mayberry's wife, but without effect;—he had contrived to get her wedding ring from her. Greenshield wishes to be revenged of her for her coyness: for this purpose he meets Mayberry at Ware, and affects not to know him. Greenshield and Featherstone say that they had both of them been intimate with Mayberry's wife. Mayberry is at first much enraged—but afterwards he is convinced of his wife's innocence. Greenshield's wife pretends to walk in her sleep: she gets into Featherstone's room, but no harm happens at that time. At the conclusion, Featherstone is taken in to marry a woman of the town. In the fourth Act, Mayberry says to his wife: "On with your riding suit, and cry Northward Hoe!" Hence the name of the play.'

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MAYBERRY.
BELLAMONT.
GREENSHIELD.
FEATHERSTONE.
PHILIP.
LEVERPOOL.
CHARTLEY.
HORNET.
HANS VAN BELCH.
ALLUM.
CAPTAIN JENKINS.
LEAPFROG.
SQUIRREL.
CHAMBERLAIN.
PRENTICE.
TAILOR.
FULLMOON.
MUSICIAN, SERGEANTS, KEEPERS, FIDDLERS, TAPSTERS, SERVANTS.

MISTRESS MAYBERRY.
KATE.
DOLL.
BAWD.
HOSTESS.

NORTHWARD HOE.

ACT I.—Scene I.

Enter Luke Greenshield, *with* Featherstone, *booted.*

Featherstone.

ART sure old Mayberry inns here to-night?

Green. 'Tis certain; the honest knave chamberlain, that hath been my informer, my bawd, ever since I knew Ware, assures me of it: and more, being a Londoner, though altogether unacquainted, I have requested his company at supper.

Feath. Excellent occasion! how we shall carry ourselves in this business is only to be thought upon.

Green. Be that my undertaking: if I do not take a full revenge of his wife's puritanical coyness!

Feath. Suppose it she should be chaste.

Green. O, hang her! this art of seeming honest makes many of our young sons and heirs in the city look so like our 'prentices. Chamberlain!

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Here, sir.

Green. This honest knave is called Innocence; is't not

a good name for a chamberlain? He dwelt at Dunstable not long since, and hath brought me and the two butcher's daughters there to interview twenty times, and not so little, I protest. How chance you left Dunstable, sirrah?

Cham. Faith, sir, the town drooped ever since the peace in Ireland. Your captains were wont to take their leaves of their London pole-cats, (their wenches I mean, sir,) at Dunstable; the next morning, when they had broke their fast together, the wenches brought them[1] to Hockley-i'-th'-Hole; and so the one for London, the other for West-Chester. Your only road now, sir, is York, York, sir.

Green. True, but yet it comes scant of the prophecy: Lincoln was, London is, and York shall be.

Cham. Yes, sir, 'tis fulfilled; York shall be, that is, it shall be York still; surely it was the meaning of the prophet. Will you have some cray-fish, and a spitchcock?

Enter MAYBERRY, *with* BELLAMONT.

Feath. And a fat trout.

Cham. You shall, sir. The Londoners you wot of.

[*Exit.*

Green. Most kindly welcome: I beseech you hold our boldness excused, sir.

Bell. Sir, it is the health of travellers to enjoy good company: will you walk?

Feath. Whither travel you, I beseech you?

May. To London, sir: we came from Sturbridge.

Bell. I tell you, gentlemen, I have observed very much with being at Sturbridge;[2] it hath afforded me mirth

[1] (selves).

[2] i. e. At Sturbridge fair.

beyond the length of five Latin comedies. Here should you meet a Norfolk yeoman, full-but, with his head able to overturn you, and his pretty wife, that followed him, ready to excuse the ignorant hardness of her husband's forehead; in the goose-market, number of freshmen, stuck here and there with a graduate, like cloves with great heads in a gammon of bacon; here two gentlemen making a marriage between their heirs over a woolpack; there a minister's wife that could speak false Latin very lispingly; here two in one corner of a shop, Londoners, selling their wares, and other gentlemen courting their wives; where they take up petticoats, you should find scholars' and townsmen's wives crowding together, while their husbands were in another market busy amongst the oxen,—'twas like a camp, for in other countries so many punks do not follow an army: I could make an excellent description of it in a comedy. But whither are you travelling, gentlemen?

Feath. Faith, sir, we purposed a dangerous voyage, but upon better consideration we altered our course.

May. May we without offence partake the ground of it?

Green. 'Tis altogether trivial, in sooth; but to pass away the time till supper I'll deliver it to you, with protestation before hand, I seek not to publish every gentlewoman's dishonour, only by the passage of my discourse to have you censure[1] the state of our quarrel.

Bell. Forth, sir.

Green. Frequenting the company of many merchants' wives in the city, my heart by chance leaped into mine eye to affect the fairest but withal the falsest creature that ever affection stooped to.

[1] Judge of, decide upon.

May. Of what rank was she, I beseech you?

Feath. Upon your promise of secrecy?

Bell. You shall close it up like treasure of your own, and yourself shall keep the key of it.

Green. She was, and by report still is, wife to a most grave and well-reputed citizen.

May. And entertained your love?

Green. As meadows do April. The violence, as it seemed, of her affection—but, alas! it proved her dissembling—would, at my coming and departing, bedew her eyes with love-drops; O, she could[1] the art of woman most feelingly!

Bell. Most feelingly!

May. I should not have liked that feelingly, had she been my wife. Give us some sack, here; and in faith—we are all friends, and in private—what was her husband's name? I'll give you a carouse, by and by.

Green. O, you shall pardon me his name: it seems you are a citizen; it would be discourse enough for you upon the Exchange this fortnight, should I tell his name.

Bell. Your modesty is this wife's commendation!—On, sir.

Green. In the passage of our loves, amongst other favours of greater value, she bestowed upon me this ring, which, she protested, was her husband's gift.

May. The posy, the posy![2] O my heart! that ring! good, in faith.

Green. Not many nights[3] coming to her, and being familiar with her——

[1] *Could.*—The old preterite of *can*, or *con* (kennen) to know.
[2] The motto. [3] (Ago.)

May. Kissing, and so forth?

Green. Ay, sir.

May. And talking to her feelingly?

Green. Pox on't, I lay with her.

May. Good, in faith, you are of a good complexion.

Green. Lying with her, as I say, and rising somewhat early from her in the morning, I lost this ring in her bed.

May. In my wife's bed!

Feath. How do you, sir?

May. Nothing.—Let's have a fire, chamberlain: I think my boots have taken water, I have such a shuddering.—I' th' bed, you say?

Green. Right, sir, in Mistress Mayberry's sheets.

May. Was her name Mayberry?

Green. Beshrew my tongue for blabbing! I presume upon your secrecy.

May. O God, sir! but where did you find your losing?

Green. Where I found her falseness,—with this gentleman, who, by his own confession, partaking the like enjoyment, found this ring the same morning on her pillow, and shamed not in my sight to wear it.

May. What, did she talk feelingly to him, too? I warrant her husband was forth a'town all this while, and he, poor man, travelled with hard eggs in's pocket, to save the charge of a bait; whilst she was at home with her plovers, turkey, chickens. Do you know that Mayberry?

Feath. No more than by name.

May. He's a wondrous honest man. Let's be merry. Will not your mistress, gentleman,—you are tenants in common, I take it?—

Feath. } Yes.
Green. }

May. Will not your mistress make much of her husband when he comes home, as if no such legerdemain had been acted?

Green. Yes, she hath reason for't, for in some countries, where men and women have good travelling stomachs, they begin with porridge, then they fall to capon, or so forth, but if capon come short of filling their bellies, to their porridge again, 'tis their only course; so for our women in England.

May. This wit taking of long journies, kindred that comes in o'er the hatch, and sailing to Westminster, makes a number of cuckolds.

Bell. Fie, what an idle quarrel is this: was this her ring?

Green. Her ring, sir.

May. A pretty idle toy: would you would take money for't.

Feath. } Money, sir!
Green. }

May. The more I look on't, the more I like it.

Bell. Troth, 'tis of no great value; and considering the loss and finding of this ring made breach into your friendship, gentlemen, with this trifle purchase his love: I can tell you, he keeps a good table.

Green. What, my mistress' gift!

Feath. Faith, you are a merry old gentleman; I'll give you my part in't.

Green. Troth, and mine, with your promise to conceal it from her husband.

May. Doth he know of it yet?

Green. No, sir.

May. He shall never, then, I protest: look you, this ring doth fit me passing well.

Feath. I am glad we have fitted you.

May. This walking is wholesome: I was a cold even now, now I sweat for't.

Feath. Shall's walk into the garden, Luke?—Gentlemen, we'll down and hasten supper.

May. Look you, we must be better acquainted, that's all.

Green. Most willingly.—Excellent! he's heat to the proof: let's withdraw, and give him leave to rave a little.

[*Exeunt Greenshield and Featherstone.*

May. Chamberlain, give us a clean towel.

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

Bell. How now, man?

May. I am foolish old Mayberry, and yet I can be wise Mayberry, too: I'll to London presently. Begone, sir.

[*Exit Chamberlain.*

Bell. How, how.

May. Nay, nay, God's precious, you do mistake me, master Bellamont: I am not distempered; for to know a man's wife is a whore, is to be resolved of it; and to be resolved of it, is to make no question of it; and when a case is out of question,—what was I saying?

Bell. Why, look you, what a distraction are you fallen into!

May. If a man be divorced, do you see, divorced *forma juris*, whether may he have an action or no, 'gainst those that make horns at him?

Bell. O madness! that the frailty of a woman should

make a wise man thus idle! Yet I protest, to my understanding, this report seems as far from truth, as you from patience.

May. Then am I a fool; yet I can be wise, and I list,[1] too: what says my wedding ring?

Bell. Indeed, that breeds some suspicion: for the rest, most gross and open; for two men both to love your wife, both to enjoy her bed, and to meet you as if by miracle, and, not knowing you, upon no occasion in the world, to thrust upon you a discourse of a quarrel, with circumstance so dishonest, that not any gentleman but of the country blushing would have published;—ay, and to name you—Do you know them?

May. Faith, now I remember, I have seen them walk muffled by my shop.

Bell. Like enough: pray God they do not borrow money of us 'twixt Ware and London. Come, strive to blow over these clouds.

May. Not a cloud; you shall have clean moonshine. They have good smooth looks, the fellows.

Bell. As jet: they will take up, I warrant you, where they may be trusted. Will you be merry?

May. Wondrous merry: let's have some sack to drown this cuckold; down with him!—wondrous merry: one word and no more: I am but a foolish tradesman, and yet I'll be a wise tradesman. [*Exeunt.*

[1] And if I choose.

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter DOLL, *led between* LEVERPOOL *and* CHARTLEY; *after them,* PHILIP *arrested.*

Philip. Arrest me! at whose suit?—Tom Chartley, Dick Leverpool, stay; I'm arrested.

Omnes. Arrested![1]

1 *Serg.* Gentlemen, break not the head of the peace: it's to no purpose, for he's in the law's clutches; you see, he's fanged.

Doll. Ud's life, do you stand with your naked weapons in your hand, and do nothing with 'em? put one of 'em into my fingers, I'll tickle the pimple-nosed varlets.

Phil. Hold, Doll.—Thrust not a weapon upon a mad woman. Officers, step back into the tavern; you might ha' ta'en me i' th' street, and not i' th' tavern entry, you cannibals.

2 *Serg.* We did it for your credit, sir.

Chart. How much is the debt? Drawer, some wine.

Enter DRAWER.

1 *Serg.* Fourscore pound: can you send for bail, sir? or what will you do? we cannot stay.

Doll. You cannot, you pasty-footed rascals! you will stay one day in hell.

Phil. Fourscore pounds draws deep. Farewell, Doll. Come, sergeants, I'll step to mine uncle not far off, hereby in Pudding-lane, and he shall bail me; if not, Chartley,

[1] Chartley and Leverpool draw.

you shall find me playing at span-counter,[1] and so, farewell: send me some tobacco.

1 *Serg.* Have an eye to his hands.

2 *Serg.* Have an eye to his legs. [*Exeunt.*

Doll. I'm as melancholy now!

Chart. Villanous, spiteful luck! I'll hold my life some of these saucy drawers betrayed him.

Draw. We, sir! no, by gad, sir, we scorn to have a Judas in our company.

Lever. No, no; he was dogged in: this is the end of all dicing.

Doll. This is the end of all whores, to fall into the hands of knaves. Drawer, tie my shoe, prithee; the new knot, as thou seest this. Philip is a good honest gentleman: I love him because he'll spend; but when I saw him on his father's hobby, and a brace of punks following him in a coach, I told him he would run out. Hast done, boy?

Draw. Yes, forsooth: by my troth, you have a dainty leg.

Doll. How now, goodman rogue?

Draw. Nay, sweet Mistress Doll.

Doll. Doll! you reprobate: out, you bawd for seven years by the custom of the city!

Draw. Good Mistress Dorothy, the pox take me if I touched your leg but to a good intent.

Doll. Prate you? the rotten-toothed rascal will for sixpence fetch any whore to his master's customers: and is every one that swims in a taffata gown lettuce for your lips? Ud's life, this is rare, that gentlewomen and

[1] *Span-counter*, was a boy's game played with counters; *counter*, the prison.

drawers must suck at one spiggot. Do you laugh, you unseasonable puckfist ?[1] do you grin ?

Chart. Away, drawer: hold, prithee, good rogue; hold, my sweet Doll: a pox a'this swaggering.

Doll. Pox a' your guts, your kidneys; mew, hang ye, rook. I'm as melancholy now as Fleet-street in a long vacation.

Lever. Melancholy! come, we'll ha' some mulled sack.

Doll. When begins the term?

Chart. Why? hast any suits to be tried at Westminster?

Doll. My suits, you base ruffian, have been tried at Westminster already. So soon as ever the term begins, I'll change my lodging, it stands out a'the way; I'll lie about Charing-cross, for if there be any stirrings, there we shall have 'em: or if some Dutchman would come from the States—O, these Flemings pay soundly for what they take!

Lever. If thou't have a lodging westward, Doll, I'll fit thee.

Doll. At Tyburn, will you not? a lodging of your providing! to be called a lieutenant's or a captain's wench! O, I scorn to be one of your low-country commodities, I! Is this body made to be maintained with provant and dead pay? no; the mercer must be paid, and satin gowns must be ta'en up.

Chart. And gallon pots must be tumbled down.

Doll. Stay; I have had a plot a breeding in my brains, —are all the Quest-houses broken up?[2]

[1] *Puckfist*, perhaps, originally, puff-fist, the *fungus* called *puff-ball*, and, metaphorically, empty fellow, scum of the earth.

[2] The houses in which the nuisance inquests were held.

Lever. Yes, long since: what then?

Doll. What then! marry, then is the wind come about, and for those poor wenches that before Christmas fled westward with bag and baggage come now sailing alongst the lee shore with a northerly wind, and we that had warrants to lie without the liberties come now dropping into the freedom by owl-light sneakingly.

Chart. But, Doll, what's the plot thou spakest of?

Doll. Marry, this. Gentlemen and tobacco-stinkers, and such like, are still buzzing where sweet-meats are, like flies, but they make any flesh stink that they blow upon: I will leave those fellows, therefore, in the hands of their laundresses. Silver is the king's stamp; man God's stamp, and a woman is man's stamp; we are not current till we pass from one man to another.

Both. Very good.

Doll. I will, therefore, take a fair house in the city; no matter though it be a tavern that has blown up his master; it shall be in trade still, for I know divers taverns i' th' town that have but a wall between them and a hot-house.[1] It shall then be given out that I'm a gentlewoman of such a birth, such a wealth, have had such a breeding, and so forth, and of such a carriage, and such qualities, and so forth: to set it off the better, old Jack Hornet shall take upon him to be my father.

Lever. Excellent! with a chain about his neck, and so forth.

Doll. For that Saint Martin's and we will talk.[2] I know we shall have gudgeons bite presently; if they do, boys, you shall live like knights' fellows: as occasion serves, you shall wear liveries and wait, but when gulls

[1] Bagnio, house of ill fame.

[2] See *ante*, page 91.

are my wind-falls, you shall be gentlemen and keep them company. Seek out Jack Hornet incontinently.

Lever. We will. Come, Chartley, we'll play our parts, I warrant.

Doll. Do so.

The world's a stage, from which strange shapes we borrow;
To-day we are honest, and rank knaves to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Master Mayberry's House.*

Enter MAYBERRY, BELLAMONT, *and a* PRENTICE.

May. Where is your mistress, villain? when went she abroad?

Pren. Abroad, sir! why, as soon as she was up, sir.

May. Up, sir, down, sir! so, sir. Master Bellamont, I will tell you a strange secret in nature; this boy is my wife's bawd.

Bell. O, fie, sir, fie! the boy, he does not look like a bawd; he has no double chin.

Pren. No, sir, nor my breath does not stink; I smell not of garlick or aquavitæ; I use not to be drunk with sack and sugar; I swear not, God damn me if I know where the party is, when 'tis a lie, and I do know: I was never carted, but in harvest: never whipt, but at school; never had the grincomes;[1] never sold one maidenhead ten several times, first to an Englishman, then to a Welchman, then to a Dutchman, then to a pocky Frenchman: I hope, sir, I am no bawd then.

May. Thou art a baboon, and holdest me with tricks,

[1] *Grincomes.*—Or *crincomes*, the venereal disease.

whilst my wife grafts, grafts: away, trudge, run, search her out by land and by water.

Pren. Well, sir, the land I'll ferret, and after that I'll search her by water, for it may be she's gone to Brainford. [*Exit.*

May. Inquire at one of mine aunts.[1]

Bell. One of your aunts? are you mad?

May. Yea, as many of the twelve companies are, troubled, troubled.

Bell. I'll chide you; go to, I'll chide you soundly.

May. O Master Bellamont!

Bell. O Master Mayberry! before your servant to dance a Lancashire hornpipe! it shews worse to me than dancing does to a deaf man that sees not the fiddles: 'sfoot, you talk like a player.

May. If a player talk like a madman, or a fool, or an ass, and knows not what he talks, then I'm one. You are a poet, Master Bellamont; I will bestow a piece of plate upon you to bring my wife upon the stage: would not her humour please gentlemen?

Bell. I think it would: yours would make gentlemen as fat as fools. I would give two pieces of plate to have you stand by me when I were to write a jealous man's part. Jealous men are either knaves or coxcombs; be you neither: you wear yellow hose without cause.

May. Without cause, when my mare bears double! without cause!

Bell. And without wit.

May. When two virginal[2] jacks skip up, as the key of my instrument goes down!

[1] *Aunts.*—A cant term for a procuress or prostitute.

[2] A *virginal* was an instrument of the spinnet kind, like a small

Bell. They are two wicked elders.

May. When my wife's ring does smoke for't.

Bell. Your wife's ring may deceive you.

May. O Master Bellamont! had it not been my wife had made me a cuckold, it should never have grieved me.

Bell. You wrong her, upon my soul.

May. No, she wrongs me upon her body.

Enter a SERVINGMAN.

Bell. Now, blue[1]-bottle? what flutter you for, sea-pie?

Serv. Not to catch fish, sir: my young master, your son, Master Philip, is taken prisoner.

Bell. By the Dunkirks?[2]

Serv. Worse; by catchpolls he's encountered.

Bell. Shall I never see that prodigal come home?

Serv. Yes, sir, if you'll fetch him out, you may kill a calf for him.

Bell. For how much lies he?

Serv. The debt is fourscore pound: marry, he charged me to tell you it was fourscore and ten, so that he lies only for the odd ten pound.

Bell. His child's part[3] shall now be paid; this money shall be his last, and this vexation the last of mine. If you had such a son, Master Mayberry!

May. To such a wife—'twere an excellent couple.

Bell. Release him, and release me of much sorrow; I will buy a son no more; go, redeem him.

[*Exit Servingman.*

piano: "in a *virginal*," says Bacon, "as soon as ever the *jack* falleth, and toucheth the string, the sound ceaseth."—DYCE.

[1] Blue was the colour appropriated to the dresses of the lower classes, and especially of servants.

[2] The Dunkirk privateers.

[3] His portion.

Enter PRENTICE *and* MAYBERRY'S WIFE.

Pren. Here's the party, sir.

May. Hence, and lock fast the doors: now is my prize.

Pren. If she beat you not at your own weapon, would her buckler were cleft in two pieces. [*Exit.*

Bell. I will not have you handle her too roughly.

May. No, I will, like a justice of peace, grow to the point. Are not you a whore? never start; thou art a cloth-worker, and hast turned me.

Wife. How, sir? into what, sir, have I turned you?

May. Into a civil suit, into a sober beast, a land-rat, a cuckold: thou art a common bed-fellow, art not, art not?

Wife. Sir, this language to me is strange,
I understand it not.

May. O, you study the French now!

Wife. Good sir,—lend me patience!

May. I made a sallad of that herb:[1] do'st see these flesh hooks? I could tear out those false eyes, those cat's eyes, that can see in the night; punk, I could.

Bell. Hear her answer for herself.

Wife. Good Master Bellamont,
Let him not do me violence. Dear sir,
Should any but yourself shoot out these names,
I would put off all female modesty,
To be reveng'd on him.

May. Know'st thou this ring?
There has been old running at the ring since I went.

Wife. Yes, sir, this ring is mine: he was a villain,
That stole it from my hand; he was a villain,

[1] *Patience* was the name of an herb.

That put it into yours.

May. They were no villains,
When they stood stoutly for me, took your part,
And, 'stead of colours, fought under my sheets.

Wife. I know not what you mean.

May. They lay with thee: I mean plain dealing.

Wife. With me! if ever I had thought unclean,
In detestation of your nuptial pillow,
Let sulphur drop from heaven, and nail my body
Dead to this earth! That slave, that damned fury,
Whose whips are in your tongue to torture me,
Casting an eye unlawful on my cheek,
Haunted your threshold daily, and threw forth
All tempting baits which lust and credulous youth
Apply to our frail sex; but those being weak,
The second siege he laid was in sweet words.

May. And then the breach was made.

Bell. Nay, nay, hear all.

Wife. At last he takes me sitting at your door,
Seizes my palm, and, by the charm of oaths
Back to restore it straight, he won my hand
To crown his finger with that hoop of gold.
I did demand it, but he, mad with rage
And with desires unbridled, fled, and vow'd
That ring should me undo; and now belike
His spells have wrought on you: but I beseech you
To dare him to my face, and in mean time
Deny me bed-room, drive me from your board,
Disgrace me in the habit of your slave,
Lodge me in some discomfortable vault,
Where neither sun nor moon may touch my sight,

Till of this slander I my soul acquite.

Bell. Guiltless, upon my soul.

May. Troth, so think I.

I now draw in your bow, as I before
Suppos'd they drew in mine: my stream of jealousy
Ebbs back again, and I that like a horse
Ran blind-fold in a mill, all in one circle,
Yet thought I had gone fore-right, now spy my error.
Villains, you have abus'd me, and I vow
Sharp vengeance on your heads. Drive in your tears;
I take your word y'are honest, which good men,
Very good men, will scarce do to their wives.
I will bring home these serpents, and allow them
The heat of mine own bosom: wife, I charge you,
Set out your 'haviours towards them in such colours
As if you had been their whore; I'll have it so.
I'll candy o'er my words, and sleek my brow,
Entreat 'em that they would not point at me,
Nor mock my horns: with this arm I'll embrace 'em,
And with this———go to!

Wife. O, we shall have murder! you kill my heart.

May. No, I will shed no blood;
But I will be reveng'd: they that do wrong
Teach others way to right. I'll fetch my blow
Fair and afar off, and, as fencers use,
Though at the foot I strike, the head I'll bruise.

Bell. I'll join with you: let's walk—O, here's my son!

Enter PHILIP *and* SERVINGMAN.

Welcome ashore, sir: from whence come you, pray?

Phil. From the house of prayer and fasting, the Counter.

Bell. Art not thou ashamed to be seen come out of a prison?

Phil. No, God's my judge; but I was ashamed to go into prison.

Bell. I am told, sir, that you spend your credit and your coin upon a light woman.

Phil. I ha' seen light gold, sir, pass away amongst mercers.

Bell. And that you have laid thirty or forty pounds upon her back in taffata gowns, and silk petticoats.

Phil. None but tailors will say so: I ne'er laid anything upon her back. I confess I took up a petticoat and a raised fore-part for her; but who has to do with that?

May. Marry, that has everybody, Master Philip.

Bell. Leave her company, or leave me, for she's a woman of an ill name.

Phil. Her name is Dorothy, sir; I hope that's no ill name.

Bell. What is she? what wilt thou do with her?

Phil. 'Sblood, sir, what does he with her![1]

Bell. Do'st mean to marry her? of what birth is she? what are her comings in? what does she live upon?

Phil. Rents, sir, rents, she lives upon her rents, and I can have her.

Bell. You can?

Phil. Nay, father, if destiny dog me, I must have her. You have often told me the nine muses are all women, and you deal with them: may not I the better be allowed one than you so many? Look you, sir, the northern man loves white-meats, the southern man sallads, the Essex man a

[1] i. e. What does Mayberry do with *his* wife.

calf, the Kentish man a wag-tail, the Lancashire man an egg-pie, the Welchman leeks and cheese, and your Londoners raw mutton; so, father, God b' ye, I was born in London.

Bell. Stay, look you, sir: as he that lives upon sallads without mutton feeds like an ox, (for he eats grass, you know,) yet rises as hungry as an ass; and as he that makes a dinner of leeks will have lean cheeks: so thou, foolish Londoner, if nothing but raw mutton can diet thee, look to live like a fool and a slave, and to die like a beggar, and a knave. Come, Master Mayberry. Farewell, boy.

Phil. Farewell, father snot.[1] Sir, if I have her, I'll spend more in mustard and vinegar in a year than both you in beef.

Both. More saucy knave thou. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter HORNET, DOLL; LEVERPOOL *and* CHARTLEY, *like Servingmen.*

Hornet.

AM I like a fiddler's base viol, new set up, in a good case, boys? is 't neat, is it terse? am I handsome, ha?

Omnes. Admirable, excellent!

Doll. An under sheriff cannot cover a knave more cunningly.

Lever. 'Sfoot, if he should come before a churchwarden,

[1] Aside.

he would make him pew-fellow with a lord's steward at least.

Hor. If I had but a staff in my hand, fools would think I were one of Simon and Jude's[1] gentlemen ushers, and that my apparel were hired. They say three tailors go to the making up of a man, but I 'm sure I had four tailors and a half went to the making of me thus: this suit, though it ha' been canvassed well, yet 'tis no law suit, for 'twas despatched sooner than a posset on a wedding night.

Doll. Why, I tell thee, Jack Hornet, if the devil and all the brokers in Long-lane[2] had rifled their wardrobe, they would ha' been damned before they had fitted thee thus.

Hor. Punk, I shall be a simple father for you. How does my chain show, now I walk?

Doll. If thou wert hung in chains, thou couldst not show better.

Chart. But how set our blue coats on our backs?

Doll. As they do upon bankrout retainers' backs at Saint George's feast in London: but at Westminster, it makes 'em scorn the badge of their occupation: there the bragging velure-canioned[3] hobby-horses prance up and down, as if some a' the tilters had ridden 'em.

Hor. Nay, 'sfoot, if they be bankrouts, 'tis like some have ridden 'em; and thereupon the citizen's proverb rises, when he says, he trusts to a broken staff.

Doll. Hornet, now you play my father, take heed you be not out of your part, and shame your adopted daughter.

[1] Old Lord Mayor's day.
[2] Long-lane, West Smithfield, then an Old Clothes repository.
[3] *Velure*, French, *velours*, velvet.

Hor. I will look gravely, Doll, (do you see, boys?) like the foreman of a jury, and speak wisely, like a Latin schoolmaster, and be surly and dogged and proud, like the keeper of a prison.

Lever. You must lie horribly, when you talk of your lands.

Hor. No shopkeeper shall outlie me, nay, no fencer: when I hem, boys, you shall duck; when I cough and spit gobbets, Doll——

Doll. The pox shall be in your lungs, Hornet.

Hor. No, Doll; these with their high shoes shall tread me out.

Doll. All the lessons that I ha' pricked out for 'em is, when the weathercock of my body turns towards them, to stand bare.

Hor. And not to be saucy, as servingmen are.

Chart. Come, come, we are no such creatures as you take us for.

Doll. If we have but good draughts in my peter-boat, fresh salmon, you sweet villains, shall be no meat with us.

Hor. 'Sfoot, nothing moves my choler but that my chain is copper; but 'tis no matter: better men than old Jack Hornet have rode up Holborn with as bad a thing about their necks as this: your right whiffler[1] indeed hangs himself in Saint Martin's,[2] and not in Cheapside.[3]

Doll. Peace, somebody rings! run, both, whilst he has

[1] Whiffler was, of old, strictly a person who cleared the way in a procession, and especially fifers (whifflers, whiffers, from whif, a puff of wind). The term was also used, as now, for trifling, fantastical fellows, mere empty puffs.

[2] *Saint Martin's.* See note, p. 91.

[3] Cheapside was long in repute for its silk mercers, linen drapers, and hosiers.—CUNNINGHAM'S *H. B. of London.*

the rope in's hand; if it be a prize, hale him, if a man a' war, blow him up, or hang him out at the main-yard's end.

[*Exeunt Leverpool and Chartley.*[1]

Hor. But what ghosts, (—hold up, my fine girl,—) what ghosts haunt thy house?

Doll. O, why, divers. I have a clothier's factor or two, a grocer that would fain pepper me, a Welch captain that lays hard siege, a Dutch merchant that would spend all that he's able to make i' th' Low Countries but to take measure of my Holland sheets when I lie in 'em—I hear trampling; 'tis my Flemish hoy.

Enter LEVERPOOL, CHARTLEY, *and* HANS VAN BELCH.

Hans. Dar is vor you, and vor you, een, twea, drie, vier, and vive skilling, drinks skellum upsie freese, nempt,[2] dats, vor drinck gelt.

Lever. Till our crowns crack again, Master Hans Van Belch.

Hans. How is 't met you, how is 't, vro? vrolick?[3]

Doll. Ick vare well, God danke you: nay, I'm an apt scholar, and can take.

Hans. Datt is good; datt is good. Ick can neet stay long, for Ick heb en skip come now upon de vater. O mine schonen[4] vro, we sall dance lanteera teera, and sing Ick drincks to you min heer van—What man is dat, vro?

Hor. Nay, pray, sir, on.

Hans. What hondsfoot is dat, Dorothy?

Doll. 'Tis my father.

Hans. Gott's sacrament, your vader! why seyghen you

[1] Supplied by Mr. Dyce.
[2] *Nehmen*, "take."
[3] Woman. Jolly.
[4] Schöne, "pretty."

niet[1] so to me? Mine heart, 'tis mine all great desire to call you mine vader ta, for Ick love dis schonen vro your dochterkin.

Hor. Sir, you are welcome in the way of honesty.

Hans. Ick bedanck you: Ick heb so ghe founden vader.

Hor. What's your name, I pray?

Hans. Min nom bin Hans Van Belch.

Hor. Hans Van Belch!

Hans. Yau, yau, 'tis so, 'tis so; de dronken man is alteet remember me.

Hor. Do you play the merchant, son Belch?

Hans. Yau, vader. Ick heb de skip swim now upon de vater: if you endouty, go up in de little skip dat go so, and be pulled up to Wapping. Ick sall bear you on my back, and hang you about min neck into min groet skip.

Hor. He says, Doll, he would have thee to Wapping, and hang thee.

Doll. No, father, I understand him: but, Master Hans, I would not be seen hanging about any man's neck, to be counted his jewel, for any gold.

Hor. Is your father living, Master Hans?

Hans. Yau, yau, min vader heb schonen husen[2] in Ausburgh; groet min heer[3] is mine vader's broder: mine vader heb land, and bin full of fee, dat is, beasts, cattle.

Chart. He's lousy, belike.

Hans. Min vader bin de grotest fooker[4] in all Ausburgh.

Doll. The greatest what?

Lever. Fooker, he says.

Doll. Out upon him.

[1] Said you not. [2] Fine houses.
[3] Gentleman. [4] Fokker, Dutch, "breeder of cattle."

Hans. Yau, yau, fooker is en groet min her, he's en elderman van[1] city. Got's sacrament, wat is de clock? Ick met stay.

Hor. Call his watch before you, if you can. [*A watch.*

Doll. Here's a pretty thing! do these wheels spin up the hours? what's a clock?

Hans. Acht, yau, 'tis acht.[2]

Doll. We can hear neither clock nor jack going; we dwell in such a place, that I fear I shall never find the way to church, because the bells hang so far: such a watch as this would make me go down with the lamb and be up with the lark.

Hans. Seghen you so, dor it to.

Doll. O, fie, I do but jest, for in truth I could never abide a watch.

Hans. Gott's sacrament, Ick niet heb it any more.

[*Exit Leverpool.*

Doll. Another peal! Good father, launch out this Hollander.

Hor. Come, Master Belch, I will bring you to the water-side, perhaps to Wapping, and there I'll leave you.

Hans. Ick bedanck you, vader. [*Exeunt.*

Doll. They say whores and bawds go by clocks, but what a Manasses is this to buy twelve hours so dearly, and then be begged out of 'em so easily! He'll be out at heels shortly sure, for he's out about the clocks[3] already. O foolish young man, how doest thou spend thy time!

Enter LEVERPOOL *first, then* ALLUM *and* CHARTLEY.

Lever. Your grocer.

[1] Of the. [2] Eight. [3] i.e. of the stockings.

Doll. Nay, 'sfoot, then I'll change my tune.—I may cause such leaden-heeled rascals—Out of my sight!—A knife, a knife, I say!—O, Master Allum, if you love a woman, draw out your knife, and undo me, undo me!

All. Sweet Mistress Dorothy, what should you do with a knife? it's ill meddling with edge tools. What's the matter, masters? Knife! God bless us.

Lever. 'Sfoot, what tricks at noddy[1] are these?

Doll. O, I shall burst, if I cut not my lace, I'm so vext! My father he's rid to court about a matter of a thousand pound weight: and one of his men, like a rogue as he is, is rid another way for rents; I looked to have had him up yesterday, and up to day, and yet he shows not his head; sure he's run away, or robbed and run through. And here was a scrivener but even now, to put my father in mind of a bond that will be forfeit this night, if the money be not paid, Master Allum. Such cross fortune!

All. How much is the bond?

Chart. O rare little villain!

Doll. My father could take up, upon the bareness of his word, five hundred pound, and five too.

All. What is the debt?

Doll. But he scorns to be—and I scorn to be—

All. Prithee, sweet Mistress Dorothy, vex not; how much is it?

Doll. Alas, Master Allum, 'tis but poor fifty pound!

All. If that be all, you shall upon your word take up so much with me: another time I'll run as far in your books.

[1] Leverpool plays on the double meaning of the word *noddy*, which signifies both a game at cards and a fool.—DYCE.

Doll. Sir, I know not how to repay this kindness; but when my father—

All. Tush, tush, 'tis not worth the talking: just fifty pound! when is it to be paid?

Doll. Between one and two.

Lever. That's we three.

All. Let one of your men go along, and I'll send your fifty pound.

Doll. You so bind me, sir!—Go, sirrah—Master Allum, I ha' some quinces brought from our house i' th' country to preserve: when shall we have any good sugar come over? The wars in Barbary make sugar at such an excessive rate, you pay sweetly now, I warrant, sir, do you not?

All. You shall have a whole chest of sugar, if you please.

Doll. Nay, by my faith, four or five loaves will be enough, and I'll pay you at my first child, Master Allum.

All. Content, i' faith: your man shall bring all under one. I'll borrow a kiss of you at parting.

Enter CAPTAIN JENKINS.

Doll. You shall, sir; I borrow more of you.

[*Exeunt Allum and Leverpool.*

Chart. Save you, captain.

Doll. Welcome, good Captain Jenkins.

Capt. What is he, a barber-surgeon, that drest your lips so?

Doll. A barber! he's my tailor: I bid him measure how high he would make the standing collar of my new taffata gown before, and he, as tailors will be saucy and lickerish, laid me o'er the lips.

Capt. Uds blood, I'll lay him 'cross upon his coxcomb next day.

Doll. You know 'tis not for a gentlewoman to stand with a knave for a small matter, and so I would not strive with him, only to be rid of him.

Capt. If I take master prick-louse ramping so high again, by this iron, which is none a' God's angel, I'll make him know how to kiss your blind cheeks sooner. Mistress Dorothy Hornet, I would not have you be a hornet to lick at cowsherds, but to sting such shreds of rascality: will you sing A tailor shall have me, my joy?

Doll. Captain, I'll be led by you in any thing: a tailor, foh!

Capt. Of what stature or size have you a stomach to have your husband now?

Doll. Of the meanest stature, captain; not a size longer than yourself nor shorter.

Capt. By God 'tis well said; all your best captains in the Low Countries are no taller as I: but why of my pitch, Mistress Doll?

Doll. Because your smallest arrows fly farthest. Ah, you little hard-favoured villain, but sweet villain! I love thee because thou't draw a my side: hang the rogue that will not fight for a woman!

Capt. Uds blood, and hang him for urse[1] than a rogue that will slash and cut for an oman, if she be a whore.

Doll. Prithee, good Captain Jenkins, teach me to speak some Welch: methinks a Welchman's tongue is the neatest tongue—

Capt. As any tongue in the urld, unless Cra ma crees,[2] that's urse.

[1] Worse. [2] The Irish *Gra ma chre.*

Doll. How do you say: I love you with all my heart?

Capt. Mi cara whee, en hellon.

Doll. Mi cara whee, en hell-hound.

Capt. Hell-hound! O mon dieu! *Mi cara whee, en hellon.*

Doll. O, mi cara whee, en hellon.

Capt. O, an' you went to writing-school twenty score year in Wales, by Sesu, you cannot have better utterance for Welch.

Doll. Come tit me, come tat me, come throw a kiss at me—how is that?

Capt. By gad, I know not what your tit-mes and tat-mes are, but mee uatha,—'s blood, I know what kisses be as well as I know a Welch hook. If you will go down with Shropshire carriers, you shall have Welch enough in your pellies forty weeks.

Doll. Say, captain, that I should follow your colours into your country, how should I fare there?

Capt. Fare! by Sesu, O there is the most abominable[1] seer,[2] and wider silver pots to drink in, and softer peds to lie upon and do our necessary pusiness, and fairer houses, and parks, and holes for conies, and more money, besides toasted seese[3] and butter-milk in North Wales, diggon,[4] besides harps, and Welch frieze, and goats, and cow-heels, and metheglin. Ouh! it may be set in the kernicles.[5] Will you march thither?

Doll. Not with your Shropshire carriers, captain.

Capt. Will you go with Captain Jenkin, and see his cousin Madoc ap an Jenkin there? and I'll run headlongs

[1] Used here in a favourable sense. [2] Cheer. [3] Cheese.
[4] Welsh, "enough, sufficiency." [5] Chronicles.

by and by, and batter away money for a new coach to jolt you in.

Doll. Bestow your coach upon me, and two young white mares, and you shall see how I'll ride.

Capt. Will you? by all the leeks that are worn on Saint Davy's day, I will buy not only a coach with four wheels, but also a white mare and a stone horse too, because they shall traw you very lustily, as if the devil were in their arsês.

Meets PHILIP.

How now, more tailors?

Phil. How, sir, tailors!

Doll. O, good Captain, 'tis my cousin!

Capt. Is he? I will cousin you then, sir, too, one day.

Phil. I hope, sir, then to cozen you too.

Capt. By gad I hobe so. Farewell, Sidanen.[1] [*Exit.*

Enter LEVERPOOL *at another door.*

Lever. Here's both money and sugar.

Doll. O sweet villain! set it up.

[*Exit, and re-enter presently.*

Phil. 'S foot, what tame swaggerer was this I met, Doll?

Doll. A captain, a captain; but hast scaped the Dunkirks,[2] honest Philip? Philip-rials are not more welcome: did thy father pay the shot?

[1] *Sidanen.*—"Sidanen, s. f. *dim.* (sidan) that is silken, or made of silk. It is the name of an old tune; *also an epithet for a fine woman;* and has been applied particularly to Queen Elizabeth."—OWEN'S *Dictionary of the Welch Language.*

[2] The Dunkirk privateers.

Phil. He paid that shot, and then shot pistolets into my pocket: hark, wench; chink, chink,
Makes the punk wanton, and the bawd to wink. [*Capers.*

Chart. O rare music!

Lever. Heavenly consort,[1] better than old Moone's!

Phil. But why, why, Doll, go these two like beadles in blue? ha?

Doll. There's a moral in that. Flea off your skins, you precious cannibals. O, that the Welch captain were here again, and a drum with him! I could march now, ran, tan, tan, tara, ran, tan, tan. Sirrah Philip, has thy father any plate in 's house?

Phil. Enough to set up a goldsmith's shop.

Doll. Can'st not borrow some of it? We shall have guests to-morrow or next day, and I would serve the hungry ragamuffins in plate, though 'twere none of mine own.

Phil. I shall hardly borrow it of him, but I could get one of mine aunts to beat the bush for me, and she might get the bird.

Doll. Why, prithee, let me be one of thine aunts,[2] and do it for me then: as I'm virtuous and a gentlewoman, I'll restore.

Phil. Say no more; 'tis done.

Doll. What manner of man is thy father? 's foot, I'd fain see the witty monkey, because thou sayest he's a poet. I'll tell thee what I'll do. Leverpool or Chartley shall, like my gentleman-usher, go to him, and say such a lady sends for him about a sonnet or an epitaph for her child that died at nurse, or for some device about a mask or so;

[1] Concert. [2] A cant term for a woman of bad character.

if he comes, you shall stand in a corner, and see in what state I'll bear myself: he does not know me, nor my lodging?

Phil. No, no.

Doll. Is't a match, sirs? shall's be merry with him and his muse?

Omnes. Agreed; any scaffold to execute knavery upon.

Doll. I'll send then my vant-courier presently; in the mean time march after the captain, scoundrels. Come, hold me up:

Look how Sabrina sunk i' th' river Severn,
So will we four be drunk i' th' Shipwreck Tavern.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter BELLAMONT, MAYBERRY, *and* MISTRESS MAYBERRY.

May. Come, wife, our two gallants will be here presently. I have promised them the best of entertainment, with protestation never to reveal to thee their slander. I will have thee bear thyself as if thou madest a feast upon Simon and Jude's day to country gentlewomen that came to see the pageant:[1] bid them extremely welcome, though thou wish their throats cut; 'tis in fashion.

Wife. O God! I shall never endure them.

Bell. Endure them! you are a fool. Make it your case, as it may be many women's of the freedom, that you had a friend in private, whom your husband should lay to his bosom, and he in requital should lay his wife to his bosom;

[1] The Lord Mayor's show.

what treads of the toe, salutations by winks, discourse by bitings of the lip, amorous glances, sweet stolen kisses, when your husband's back's turned, would pass between you! Bear yourself to Greenshield, as if you did love him for affecting you so entirely, not taking any notice of his journey: they'll put more tricks upon you. You told me, Greenshield means to bring his sister to your house, to have her board here.

May. Right. She's some cracked demi-culverin that hath miscarried in service: no matter though it be some charge to me for a time, I care not.

Wife. Lord, was there ever such a husband!

May. Why, wouldest thou have me suffer their tongues to run at large in ordinaries and cockpits? Though the knaves do lie, I tell you, Master Bellamont, lies that come from stern looks and satin outsides, and gilt rapiers also, will be put up and go for current.

Bell. Right, sir; 'tis a small spark gives fire to a beautiful woman's discredit.

May. I will therefore use them like informing knaves in this kind; make up their mouths with silver, and after be revenged upon them. I was in doubt I should have grown fat of late: an' it were not for lawsuits and fear of our wives, we rich men should grow out of all compass. They come.

Enter GREENSHIELD *and* FEATHERSTONE.

My worthy friends, welcome: look, my wife's colour rises already.

Green. You have not made her acquainted with the discovery?

May. O, by no means! ye see, gentlemen, the affection of an old man: I would fain make all whole again. Wife, give entertainment to our new acquaintance: your lips, wife; any woman may lend her lips without her husband's privity, 'tis allowable.

Wife. You are very welcome. I think it be near dinner time, gentlemen: I'll will[1] the maid to cover, and return presently. [*Exit.*

Bell. God's precious, why doth she leave them?

May. O, I know her stomach: she is but retired into another chamber, to ease her heart with crying a little. It hath ever been her humour; she hath done it five or six times in a day, when courtiers have been here, if anything hath been out of order, and yet, every return, laughed and been as merry. And how is it, gentlemen? you are well acquainted with this room, are you not?

Green. I had a delicate banquet once on that table.

May. In good time: but you are better acquainted with my bed-chamber.

Bell. Were the cloth-of-gold cushions set forth at your entertainment?

Feath. Yes, sir.

May. And the cloth-of-tissue vallance?

Feath. They are very rich ones.

May [*aside*]. God refuse me, they are lying rascals! I have no such furniture.

Green. I protest it was the strangest, and yet withal the happiest fortune, that we should meet you two at Ware, that ever redeemed such desolate actions. I would not wrong you again for a million of Londons.

[1] *Will*—bid.

May. No? Do you want any money? or if you be in debt, (I am a hundred pound i' th' subsidy,)[1] command me.

Feath. Alas, good gentleman! Did you ever read of the like patience in any of your ancient Romans?

Bell. You see what a sweet face in a velvet cap can do: your citizen's wives are like partridges, the hens are better than the cocks.

Feath. I believe it in troth: sir, you did observe how the gentlewoman could not contain herself, when she saw us enter?

Bell. Right.

Feath. For thus much I must speak in allowance of her modesty; when I had her most private she would blush extremely.

Bell. Ay, I warrant you, and ask you if you would have such a great sin lie upon your conscience as to lie with another man's wife?

Feath. In troth she would.

Bell. And tell you there were maids enough in London, if a man were so viciously given, whose portions would help them to husbands, though gentlemen gave the first onset.

Feath. You are a merry old gentleman in faith, sir: much like to this was her language.

Bell. And yet clip you with as voluntary a bosom, as if she had fallen in love with you at some Inns-a-court revels, and invited you by letter to her lodging.

Feath. Your knowledge, sir, is perfect without any information.

[1] i. e. He was assessed to that amount for the subsidy, or compulsory loan, then raising in the city for James I.

May. I'll go see what my wife is doing, gentlemen: when my wife enters, shew her this ring, and 'twill quit all suspicion. [*Exit.*

Feath. Dost hear, Luke Greenshield? will thy wife be here presently?

Green. I left my boy to wait upon her. By this light, I think God provides; for if this citizen had not out of his overplus of kindness proffered her her diet and lodging under the name of my sister, I could not have told what shift to have made, for the greatest part of my money is revolted: we'll make more use of him. The whoreson rich innkeeper of Doncaster, her father, shewed himself a rank ostler, to send her up at this time a year, and by the carrier too; 'twas but a jade's trick of him.

Feath. But have you instructed her to call you brother?

Green. Yes, and she'll do it. I left her at Bosoms Inn;[1] she'll be here presently.

Enter MAYBERRY.

May. Master Greenshield, your sister is come; my wife is entertaining her: by the mass, I have been upon her lips already.

Enter MISTRESS MAYBERRY *and* KATE.[2]

Lady, you are welcome. Look you, Master Greenshield, because your sister is newly come out of the fresh air, and that to be pent up in a narrow lodging here i' th' city may offend her health, she shall lodge at a garden-house of mine in Moorfields, where, if it please you and my worthy

[1] *Bosoms Inn.*—In Lawrence-lane, Cheapside, an old corruption of Blossoms Inn.

[2] Supplied by Mr. Dyce.

friend here to bear her company, your several lodgings and joint commons, to the poor ability of a citizen, shall be provided.

Feath. O God, sir.

May. Nay, no compliment; your loves command it. Shall's to dinner, gentlemen? Come, Master Bellamont.

[*Exeunt Mayberry and Bellamont.*

Green. I'll be the gentleman-usher to this fair lady.[1] Here is your ring, Mistress: a thousand times, ————[2] and would have willingly lost my best of maintenance that I might have found you half so tractable.

Wife. Sir, I am still myself. I know not by what means you have grown upon my husband: he is much deceived in you, I take it. Will you go into dinner? O God, that I might have my will of him, and it were not for my husband, I'd scratch out his eyes presently.

[*Exeunt.*

Feath. Welcome to London, bonny Mistress Kate: thy husband little dreams of the familiarity that hath passed between thee and I, Kate.

Kate. No matter if he did. He ran away from me, like a base slave as he was, out of Yorkshire, and pretended he would go the Island voyage:[3] since, I ne'er heard of him till within this fortnight. Can the world condemn me for entertaining a friend, that am used so like an infidel?

Feath. I think not: but if your husband knew of this, he'd be divorced.

[1] The old copy makes this a part of Mayberry's speech, but it evidently belongs to Greenshield.—DYCE.

[2] There is a break here; the words wanting are probably some such as "I have thought on you."

[3] That against Hispaniola, 1585.—DYCE.

Kate. He were an ass, then. No wise men should deal by their wives as the sale of ordnance passeth in England: if it break the first discharge, the workman is at the loss of it; if the second, the merchant and the workman jointly; if the third, the merchant: so in our case, if a woman prove false the first year, turn her upon her father's neck; if the second, turn her home to her father, but allow her a portion; but if she hold pure metal two year and fly to several pieces in the third, repair the ruins of her honesty at your charges. For the best piece of ordnance may be cracked in the casting, and for women to have cracks and flaws, alas! they are born to them. Now, I have held out four year. Doth my husband do any things about London? doth he swagger?

Feath. O, as tame as a fray in Fleet-street, when there are nobody to part them.

Kate. I ever thought so. We have notable valiant fellows about Doncaster; they'll give the lie and the stab both in an instant.

Feath. You like such kind of manhood best, Kate.

Kate. Yes, in troth; for I think any woman that loves her friend had rather have him stand by it than lie by it. But, I pray thee, tell me why must I be quartered at this citizen's garden-house, say you?

Feath. The discourse of that will set thy blood on fire to be revenged on thy husband's forehead piece.

Enter BELLAMONT *and* MISTRESS MAYBERRY.

Wife. Will you go in to dinner, sir?

Kate. Will you lead the way, forsooth?

Wife. No, sweet, forsooth, we'll follow you. [*Exeunt*

Kate and Featherstone.][1] O Master Bellamont, as ever you took pity upon the simplicity of a poor abused gentlewoman, will you tell me one thing?

Bell. Anything, sweet Mistress Mayberry.

Wife. Ay, but will you do it faithfully?

Bell. As I respect your acquaintance, I shall do it.

Wife. Tell me, then, I beseech you, do not you think this minx is some naughty pack whom my husband hath fallen in love with, and means to keep under my nose at his garden-house?[2]

Bell. No, upon my life is she not.

Wife. O, I cannot believe it. I know by her eyes she is not honest. Why should my husband proffer them such kindness, that have abused him and me so intolerable? and will not suffer me to speak—there's the hell on't—not suffer me to speak?

Bell. Fie, fie! he doth that like a usurer that will use a man with all kindness, that he may be careless of paying his money upon his day, and afterwards take the extremity of the forfeiture. Your jealousy is idle: say this were true; it lies in the bosom of a sweet wife to draw her husband from any loose imperfection, from wenching, from jealousy, from covetousness, from crabbedness, which is the old man's common disease, by her politic yielding. She may do it from crabbedness; for example, I have known as tough blades as any are in England broke upon a feather bed. Come to dinner.

Wife. I'll be ruled by you, sir, for you are very like mine uncle.

Bell. Suspicion works more mischief, grows more strong,
To sever chaste beds than apparent wrong. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Supplied by Mr. Dyce. [2] i. e. His country house.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter DOLL, CHARTLEY, LEVERPOOL, *and* PHILIP.

Phil. Come, my little punk, with thy two compositors[1] to this unlawful painting-house, thy pounders[2] a' my old poetical dad will be here presently. Take up thy state in this chair, and bear thyself as if thou wert talking to thy 'poticary after the receipt of a purgation: look scurvily upon him; sometimes be merry, and stand upon thy pantofles,[3] like a new-elected scavenger.

Doll. And by and by melancholic, like a tilter that hath broke his staves[4] foul before his mistress.

Phil. Right, for he takes thee to be a woman of a great count. Hark! upon my life he's come.[5]

Doll. See who knocks. Thou shalt see me make a fool of a poet, that hath made five hundred fools.

Lever. Please your new ladyship, he's come.

Doll. Is he? I should for the more state let him walk some two hours in an outer room: if I did owe him money, 'twere not much out of fashion. But come, enter him: stay, when we are in private conference, send in my tailor.

Enter BELLAMONT, *brought in by Leverpool.*

Lever. Look you, my lady's asleep: she'll wake presently.

Bell. I come not to teach a starling, sir; God b' wi' you.

Lever. Nay, in truth, sir, if my lady should but dream you had been here—

[1] i. e. (conjecturally), making up the composition of the picture.
[2] So in original; but, perhaps, rather *the* pounders, the artillery.
[3] Slippers. [4] Tilting spear. [5] He retires.

Doll. Who's that keeps such a prating?

Lever. 'Tis I, madam.

Doll. I'll have you preferred to be a crier; you have an excellent throat for't. Pox a' the poet, is he not come yet?

Lever. He's here, madam.

Doll. Cry you mercy: I ha' curst my monkey for shrewd turns a hundred times, and yet I love it never the worse, I protest.

Bell. 'Tis not in fashion, dear lady, to call the breaking out of a gentlewoman's lips, scabs, but the heat of the liver.

Doll. So sir; if you have a sweet breath, and do not smell of sweaty linen, you may draw nearer, nearer.

Bell. I am no friend to garlick, madam.

Doll. You write the sweeter verse a great deal, sir. I have heard much good of your wit, master poet; you do many devices for citizen's wives: I care not greatly, because I have a city laundress already, if I get a city poet too. I have such a device for you, and this it is——

Enter TAILOR.

O, welcome, tailor. Do but wait till I despatch my tailor, and I'll discover my device to you.

Bell. I'll take my leave of your ladyship.

Doll. No, I pray thee, stay: I must have you sweat for my device, master poet.

Phil.[1] He sweats already, believe it.

Doll. A cup of wine, there! What fashion will make a woman have the best body, tailor?

Tailor. A short Dutch waist, with a round Catherine-

[1] (Behind.)

wheel fardingale;[1] a close sleeve with a cartoose[2] collar, and a pickadil.[3]

Doll. And what meat will make a woman have a fine wit, master poet?

Bell. Fowl, madam, is the most light, delicate, and witty feeding.

Doll. Fowl, sayest thou? I know them that feed of it every meal, and yet are as arrant fools as any are in a kingdom, of my credit. Hast thou done, tailor? [*Exit Tailor.*] Now to discover my device, sir; I'll drink to you, sir.

Phil.[4] God's precious! we ne'er thought of her device before; pray God it be anything tolerable.

Doll. I'll have you make twelve posies for a dozen of cheese-trenchers.[5]

Phil. O horrible!

Bell. In Welch, madam?

Doll. Why in Welch, sir?

Bell. Because you will have them served in with your cheese, lady.

Doll. I will bestow them indeed upon a Welch captain, one that loves cheese better than venison: for if you should but get three or four Cheshire cheeses, and set them a running down Highgate-hill, he would make more haste

[1] A hoop-petticoat; or rather, the hoop itself.

[2] *Cartoose.*—Qy. "*cartouch.*"—DYCE.

[3] A stiff, upright collar, or ruff; also, as in the present instance, the hem, or edging to a collar. *Piccadilly* was named from the Piccadils, by the making of which, one Higgins, a tailor, who built part of it, got most of his estate.

[4] (Behind.)

[5] Cheese-trenchers, at the time this play was written, used frequently to have posies inscribed on them.—DYCE.

after them than after the best kennel of hounds in England. What think you of my device?

Bell. 'Fore God, a very strange device and a cunning one.

Phil.[1] Now he begins to eye the goblet.

Bell. You should be akin to the Bellamonts; you give the same arms, madam.

Doll. Faith I paid sweetly for the cup, as it may be you and some other gentlemen have done for their arms.

Bell. Ha! the same weight, the same fashion! I had three nest of them[2] given me by a nobleman at the christening of my son Philip.

Phil. [*Discovering himself.*] Your son is come to full age, sir, and hath ta'en possession of the gift of his godfather.

Bell. Ha! thou wilt not kill me?

Phil. No, sir, I'll kill no poet, lest his ghost write satires against me.

Bell. What's she? a good commonwealth's woman, she was born—

Phil. For her country, and has borne her country.

Bell. Heart of virtue! what make I here?

Phil. This was the party you railed on. I keep no worse company than yourself, father. You were wont to say, venery is like usury, that it may be allowed though it be not lawful.

Bell. Wherefore come I hither?

Doll. To make a device for cheese-trenchers.

[1] (Behind.)

[2] Mr. Crossley, of Manchester, observes to me that the term *nest of goblets* is still made use of in the West Riding of Yorkshire; a large goblet containing many smaller ones of gradually diminishing sizes, which fit into each other and fill it up.—DYCE.

Phil. I'll tell you why I sent for you; for nothing but to shew you that your gravity may be drawn in; white hairs may fall into the company of drabs, as well as red-beards[1] into the society of knaves. Would not this woman deceive a whole camp i' th' Low-countries, and make one commander believe she only kept her cabin for him, and yet quarter twenty more in't?

Doll. Prithee, poet, what dost thou think of me?

Bell. I think thou art a most admirable, brave, beautiful whore.

Doll. Nay, sir, I was told you would rail: but what do you think of my device, sir? nay, but you are not to depart yet, master poet: wut sup with me? I'll cashier all my young barnacles,[2] and we'll talk over a piece of mutton and a partridge wisely.

Bell. Sup with thee, that art a common undertaker! thou that dost promise nothing but watchet[3] eyes, bum-bast[4] calves, and false periwigs!

Doll. Prithee, comb thy beard with a comb of black lead: it may be I shall affect[5] thee.

Bell. O, thy unlucky star! I must take my leave of your worship; I cannot fit your device at this instant. I must desire to borrow a nest of goblets of you. O villany! I would some honest butcher would beg all the queans and knaves i' th' city, and carry them into some other country: they'd sell better than beeves and calves. What a virtuous city would this be then! marry, I think there would be a few people left in't. Uds foot, gulled with cheese-trenchers, and yoked in entertainment with a tailor! good, good.

[*Exit.*

[1] *See* note, p. 98. [2] Geese. [3] Starch-coloured.
[4] Stuffed with cotton: Germ. *baumbast.* [5] Fancy.

Phil. How doest, Doll?

Doll. Scurvy, very scurvy.

Lever. Where shall's sup, wench?

Doll. I'll sup in my bed. Get you home to your lodging, and come when I send for you. O, filthy rogue that I am!

Phil. How, how, Mistress Dorothy?

Doll. Saint Antony's fire light in your Spanish slops![1] uds life, I'll make you know a difference between my mirth and melancholy, you panderly rogue.

Omnes. We observe your ladyship.

Phil. The punk's in her humour; pax.[2]

[*Exeunt all but Doll.*

Doll. I'll humour you, an' you pox me. Uds life, have I lien with a Spaniard of late, that I have learnt to mingle such water with my Malaga? O, there's some scurvy thing or other breeding! How many several loves of players, of vaulters, of lieutenants, have I entertained, besides a runner a' the ropes, and now to let blood when the sign is at the heart! Should I send him a letter with some jewel in't, he would requite it as lawyers do, that return a woodcock pie to their clients, when they send them a bason and a ewer.[3] I will instantly go and make myself drunk till I have lost my memory. Love a scoffing poet! [*Exit.*

[1] Wide breeches.

[2] *Pax.*—For *pox*; it was perhaps an affected mode of pronouncing the word.—DYCE.

[3] i. e. Return me a mere bird pasty for a silver service.

SCENE II.

Enter LEAPFROG *and* SQUIRREL.

Leap. Now, Squirrel, wilt thou make us acquainted with the jest thou promised to tell us of?

Squir. I will discover it, not as a Derbyshire woman discovers her great teeth, in laughter, but softly, as a gentleman courts a wench behind an arras; and this it is. Young Greenshield, thy master, with Greenshield's sister, lie in my master's garden-house here in Moorfields.

Leap. Right; what of this?

Squir. Marry, sir, if the gentlewoman be not his wife, he commits incest, for I'm sure he lies with her every night.

Leap. All this I know; but to the rest.

Squir. I will tell thee the most politick trick of a woman that e'er made a man's face look withered and pale, like the tree in Cuckold's-haven in a great snow; and this it is. Thy mistress makes her husband believe that she walks in her sleeps a' nights, and to confirm this belief in him, sundry times she hath risen out of her bed, unlocked all the doors, gone from chamber to chamber, opened her chests, toused among her linen, and when he hath waked and missed her, coming to question why she conjured thus at midnight, he hath found her fast asleep: marry, it was cat's sleep, for you shall hear what prey she watched for.

Leap. Good: forth.

Squir. I overheard her last night talking with thy master, and she promised him that as soon as her husband was asleep, she would walk according to her custom, and

come to his chamber: marry, she would do it so puritanically, so secretly I mean, that nobody should hear of it.

Leap. Is't possible?

Squir. Take but that corner and stand close, and thine eyes shall witness it.

Leap. O, intolerable wit! what hold can any man take of a woman's honesty!

Squir. Hold! no more hold than of a bull 'nointed with soap, and baited with a shoal of fiddlers in Staffordshire. Stand close; I hear her coming.

Enter KATE.

Kate. What a filthy knave was the shoemaker that made my slippers! what a creaking they keep! O Lord, if there be any power that can make a woman's husband sleep soundly at a pinch, as I have often read in foolish poetry that there is, now, now, and it be thy will, let him dream some fine dream or other, that he's made a knight or a nobleman, or somewhat, whilst I go and take but two kisses, but two kisses from sweet Featherstone! [*Exit.*

Squir. 'Sfoot, he may well dream he's made a knight, for I'll be hanged if she do not dub him.

Enter GREENSHIELD.

Green. Was there ever any walking spirit like to my wife! what reason should there be in nature for this? I will question some physician. Nor here neither! Ud's life, I would laugh if she were in Master Featherstone's chamber: she would fright him. Master Featherstone, Master Featherstone!

Feath. [*within*] Ha! how now, who calls?

Green. Did you leave your door open last night?

Feath. [*within*] I know not, I think my boy did.

Green. God's light, she's there, then. Will you know the jest—my wife hath her old tricks. I'll hold my life, my wife's in your chamber: rise out of your bed, and see and you can feel her.

Squir. He will feel her, I warrant you.

Green. Have you her, sir?

Feath. [*within*] Not yet, sir:—she's here, sir.

Green. So I said even now to myself, before God, la. Take her up in your arms, and bring her hither softly for fear of waking her. I never knew the like of this, before God, la.

Enter FEATHERSTONE, *and* KATE *in his arms.*

Alas, poor Kate! look, before God, she's asleep with her eyes open: pretty little rogue: I'll wake her and make her ashamed of it.

Feath. O, you'll make her sicker then.

Green. I warrant you. Would all women thought no more hurt than thou dost now, sweet villain! Kate, Kate!

Kate. I longed for the merrythought of a pheasant.

Green. She talks in her sleep.

Kate. And the foul-gutted tripe-wife had got it, and eat half of it, and my colour went and came, and my stomach wambled till I was ready to swoon; but a mid-wife perceived it, and marked which way my eyes went, and helped me to it; but, Lord, how I picked it! 'twas the sweetest meat, methought.

Squir. O, politick mistress!

Green. Why, Kate, Kate!

Kate. Ha, ha, ha! ay, beshrew your heart. Lord, where am I?

Green. I pray thee, be not frighted.

Kate. O, I am sick, I am sick, I am sick! O, how my flesh trembles! O, some of the Angelica water! I shall have the mother presently.

Green. Hold down her stomach, good Master Featherstone, while I fetch some. [*Exit.*

Feath. Well dissembled, Kate.

Kate. Pish, I am like some of your ladies that can be sick when they have no stomach to lie with their husbands.

Feath. What mischievous fortune is this! We'll have a journey to Ware, Kate, to redeem this misfortune.

Kate. Well, cheaters do not win always: that woman that will entertain a friend, must as well provide a closet or backdoor for him as a feather-bed.

Feath. By my troth, I pity thy husband.

Kate. Pity him! no man dares call him cuckold, for he wears sattin. Pity him! he that will pull down a man's sign and set up horns, there's law for him.

Feath. Be sick again, your husband comes.

Enter GREENSHIELD, *with a broken shin.*

Green. I have the worst luck; I think I get more bumps and shrewd turns i' th' dark!—How does she, Master Featherstone?

Feath. Very ill, sir, she's troubled with the mother extremely; I held down her belly even now, and I might feel it rise.

Kate. O, lay me in my bed, I beseech you!

Green. I will find a remedy for this walking, if all the

doctors in town can sell it: a thousand pound to a penny she spoil not her face, or break her neck, or catch a cold that she may ne'er claw off again. How dost, wench?

Kate. A little recovered. Alas, I have so troubled that gentleman!

Feath. None i' th' world, Kate; may I do you any farther service?

Kate. An' I were where I would be, in your bed—pray, pardon me, was't you, Master Featherstone?—hem, I should be well then.

Squir. Mark how she wrings him by the fingers.

Kate. Good night. Pray you, give the gentleman thanks for patience.

Green. Good night, sir.

Feath. You have a shrewd blow; you were best have it searched.

Green. A scratch, a scratch. [*Exeunt.*

Feath. Let me see, what excuse should I frame, to get this wench forth a' town with me? I'll persuade her husband to take physic, and presently have a letter framed from his father-in-law, to be delivered that morning, for his wife to come and receive some small parcel of money in Enfield-chase, at a keeper's that is her uncle: then, sir, he not being in case to travel, will entreat me to accompany his wife; we'll lie at Ware all night, and the next morning to London. I'll go strike a tinder, and frame a letter presently. [*Exit.*

Squir. And I'll take the pains to discover all this to my master, old Mayberry. There hath gone a report a good while my master hath used them kindly, because they have been over familiar with his wife, but I see which way

Featherstone looks. 'Sfoot, there's ne'er a gentleman of them all shall gull a citizen, and think to go scot free. Though your commons shrink for this, be but secret, and my master shall entertain thee; make thee, instead of handling false dice, finger nothing but gold and silver, wag: an old servingman turns to a young beggar, whereas a young prentice may turn to an old alderman. Wilt be secret?

Leap. O God, sir, as secret as rushes in an old lady's chamber.[1] [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Enter BELLAMONT, *in his night-cap, with leaves*[2] *in his hand; his* MAN *after him, with lights, standish, and paper.*

Bell. Sirrah, I'll speak with none.

Serv. Not a player?

Bell. No, though a sharer bawl;[3]

I'll speak with none, although it be the mouth[4]

Of the big company; I'll speak with none: away.

Why should not I be an excellent statesman? I can in the writing of a tragedy make Cæsar speak better than ever his ambition could; when I write of Pompey, I have Pompey's soul within me; and when I personate a worthy poet, I am then truly myself, a poor unpreferred scholar.

Enter his MAN, *hastily.*

Serv. Here's a swaggering fellow, sir, that speaks not

[1] Rooms were then strewed with rushes, by way of carpet.

[2] of paper, a note-book.

[3] The players were distinguished into whole sharers, three-quarter sharers, half sharers, and hired men. Bellamont says he will not be visible even to a *whole* sharer.

[4] i. e. the Manager.

like a man of God's making, swears he must speak with you, and will speak with you.

Bell. Not of God's making! what is he? a cuckold?

Serv. He's a gentleman, sir, by his clothes.

Bell. Enter him and his clothes: clothes sometimes are better gentlemen than their masters.

Enter the CAPTAIN *and the* SERVINGMAN.

Is this he? seek you me, sir?

Capt. I seek, sir, God pless you, for a sentleman, that talks besides to himself when he's alone, as if he were in Bedlam, and he's a poet.

Bell. So, sir, it may be you seek me, for I'm sometimes out a' my wits.

Capt. You are a poet, sir, are you?

Bell. I'm haunted with a fury, sir.

Capt. Pray, master poet, shoot off this little pot-gun, and I will conjure your fury: 'tis well, lay you, sir. My desires are to have some amiable and amorous sonnet or madrigal composed by your fury, see you.

Bell. Are you a lover, sir, of the nine muses?

Capt. Ow, by gad, out a'cry.[1]

Bell. Y' are, then, a scholar, sir?

Capt. I ha' picked up my cromes in Sesus College, in Oxford, one day a gad while ago.

Bell. Y' are welcome, y' are very welcome. I'll borrow your judgment: look you, sir, I'm writing a tragedy, the tragedy of young Astyanax.

Capt. Styanax' tragedy! is he living, can you tell? was not Styanax a Monmouth man?

[1] Equivalent to the *out of all whooping* of Shakespeare.—DYCE.

Bell. O, no, sir, you mistake, he was a Troyan, great Hector's son.

Capt. Hector was grannam to Cadwallader; when she was great with child, God udge me, there was one young Styanan of Monmouthshire was a madder Greek as any is in all England.

Bell. This was not he, assure ye. Look you, sir, I will have this tragedy presented in the French court by French gallants.

Capt. By God, your Frenchmen will do a tragedy enterlude poggy well.

Bell. It shall be, sir, at the marriages of the Duke of Orleans, and Chatillon, the admiral of France; the stage——

Capt. Ud's blood, does Orleans marry with the admiral of France, now?

Bell. O, sir, no, they are two several marriages. As I was saying, the stage hung all with black velvet, and while 'tis acted, myself will stand behind the Duke of Epernon,[1] or some other chief minion or so, who shall—ay, they shall take some occasion about the music of the fourth act to step to the French king, and say, *Sire, voila, il est votre tres humble serviteur, le plus sage et divin esprit, Monsieur Bellamont*, all in French thus, pointing at me, or, *yon is the learned old English gentleman, Master Bellamont, a very worthy man to be one of your privy chamber, or poet laureat.*

Capt. But are you sure Duke Pepper-noon will give you such good urds behind your back, to your face?

Bell. O, ay, ay, ay, man; he's the only courtier that I

[1] The old copy has Biron, evidently, from what the Captain goes on to say about *Pepper-noon*, a misprint.

know there: but what do you think that I may come to by this?

Capt. God udge me, all France may hap die in your debt for this.

Bell. I am now writing the description of his death.

Capt. Did he die in his ped?

Bell. You shall hear. "Suspicion is the minion of great hearts"—no, I will not begin there. Imagine a great man were to be executed about the seventh hour in a gloomy morning.

Capt. As it might be Sampson, or so, or great Golias that was killed by my countryman?

Bell. Right, sir: thus I express it in young Astyanax:

"Now the wild people, greedy of their griefs,
Longing to see that which their thoughts abhorr'd,
Prevented[1] day, and rode on their own roofs."

Capt. Could the little horse that ambled on the top of Paul's[2] carry all the people? else how could they ride on the roofs?

Bell. O, sir, 'tis a figure in poetry: mark how 'tis followed—

"rode on their own roofs,
Making all neighbouring houses til'd with men."

Til'd with men! is't not good?

Capt. By Sesu, and it were tiled all with naked imen[3] 'twere better.

Bell. You shall hear no more; pick your ears, they are foul, sir. What are you, sir, pray?

Capt. A captain, sir, and a follower of god Mars.

Bell. Mars, Bacchus, and I love Apollo: a captain!

[1] anticipated.
[2] A feat of Bankes' horse, Marocco.—DYCE. [3] women.

then I pardon you, sir; and, captain, what would you press me for?

Capt. For a witty ditty to a sentloman that I am fallen in withal, over head and ears in affections and natural desires.

Bell. An acrostic were good upon her name, methinks.

Capt. Cross sticks! I would not be too cross, master poet; yet if it be best to bring her name in question, her name is Mistress Dorothy Hornet.

Bell. The very consumption that wastes my son, and the ayme[1] that hung lately upon me! Do you love this Mistress Dorothy?

Capt. Love her! there is no captain's wife in England can have more love put upon her; and yet, I'm sure, captains' wives have their pellies-full of good men's loves.

Bell. And does she love you? has there passed any great matter between you?

Capt. As great a matter as a whole coach and a horse and his wife are gone to and fro between us.

Bell. Is she—i' faith, captain, be valiant and tell truth—is she honest?

Capt. Honest! God udge me, she's as honest as a punk that cannot abide fornication and lechery.

Bell. Look you, captain, I'll shew you why I ask: I hope you think my wenching days are past, yet, sir, here's a letter that her father brought me from her, and inforced me to take, this very day.

Enter a SERVANT, *and whispers Bellamont.*

Capt. 'Tis for some love-song to send to me, I hold my life.

[1] The *Aydemi* of the Spaniards, the lamentation, subject of grief.

Bell. This falls out pat: my man tells me the party is at my door; shall she come in, captain?

Capt. O, ay, ay, put her in, put her in, I pray now. [*Exit Servant.*

Bell. The letter says here that she's exceeding sick, and entreats me to visit her. Captain, lie you in ambush, behind the hangings, and perhaps you shall hear the piece of a comedy: she comes, she comes, make yourself away.

Capt. Does the poet play Torkin, and cast my Lucresie's water too in hugger muggers? if he do, Styanax' tragedy was never so horrible bloody-minded as his comedy shall be. Taw a son,[1] Captain Jenkins. [*Hides himself.*

Enter DOLL.

Doll. Now, master poet, I sent for you.

Bell. And I came once at your ladyship's call.

Doll. My ladyship and your lordship lie both in one manor: you have conjured up a sweet spirit in me, have you not, rhymer?

Bell. Why, Medea, what spirit? Would I were a young man, for thy sake!

Doll. So would I, for then thou couldst do me no hurt; now, thou doest.

Bell. If I were a younker, it would be no immodesty in me to be seen in thy company; but to have snow in the lap of June, vile, vile! Yet come, garlick has a white head and a green stalk; then why should not I? Let's be merry: what says the devil to all the world, for I'm sure thou art carnally possessed with him?

[1] *Taw a son*, i. e. hold your tongue.—DYCE.

Doll. Thou hast a filthy foot, a very filthy carrier's foot.

Bell. A filthy shoe, but a fine foot: I stand not upon my foot, I.

Capt.[1] What stands he upon, then, with a pox, God bless us?

Doll. A leg and a calf! I have had better of a butcher forty times for carrying a body; not worth begging by a barber-surgeon.

Bell. Very good; you draw me and quarter me; fates keep me from hanging!

Doll. And, which most turns up a woman's stomach, thou art an old hoary man; thou hast gone over the bridge of many years, and now art ready to drop into a grave: what do I see then in that withered face of thine?

Bell. Wrinkles, gravity.

Doll. Wretchedness, grief: old fellow, thou hast bewitched me, I can neither eat for thee nor sleep for thee, nor lie quietly in my bed for thee.

Capt. Uds blood, I did never see a white flea before. I will cling[2] you.

Doll. I was born sure in the dog-days, I'm so unlucky: I, in whom neither a flaxen hair, yellow beard, French doublet, nor Spanish hose, youth nor personage, rich face nor money, could ever breed a true love to any, ever to any man, am now besotted, doat, am mad, for the carcass of a man; and, as if I were a bawd, no ring pleases me but a death's head.[3]

[1] [Behind.] [2] Crush you up.

[3] *As if I were a bawd, no ring pleases me but a death's head.*—The bawds of those days, probably from an affectation of piety, used to wear rings with death's heads on them, as several passages from old writers might be adduced to show.—DYCE.

Capt.[1] Sesu, are imen so arsy varsy!

Bell. Mad for me! why, if the worm of lust were wriggling within me as it does in others, dost think I'd crawl upon thee? would I low after thee? thou art a common calf-bearer.

Doll. I confess it.

Capt.[1] Do you? are you a town-cow, and confess you bear calves?

Doll. I confess I have been an inn for any guest.

Capt.[1] A pogs a' your stable room! is your inn a bawdy-house, now?

Doll. I confess, (for I ha' been taught to hide nothing from my surgeon, and thou art he,) I confess that old stinking surgeon like thyself, whom I call father, that Hornet, never sweat for me; I'm none of his making.

Capt.[1] You lie, he makes you a punk, Hornet minor.

Doll. He's but a cheater, and I the false die he plays withal. I pour all my poison out before thee, because hereafter I will be clean. Shun me not, loath me not, mock me not. Plagues confound thee, I hate thee to the pit of hell, yet if thou goest thither, I'll follow thee; run, ay, do what thou canst, I'll run and ride over the world after thee.

Capt.[2] Cockatrice!—You, Mistress Salamanders, that fear no burning, let my mare and my mare's horse, and my coach, come running home again, and run to an hospital and your surgeons, and to knaves and panders, and to the tivel and his tame too.

Doll. Fiend, art thou raised to torment me?

[1] [Behind.] [2] [Coming forward.]

Bell. She loves you, captain, honestly.

Capt. I'll have any man, oman, or cild, by his ears, that says a common drab can love a sentleman honestly. I will sell my coach for a cart to have you to Punk's hall, Pridewell. I sarge you in Apollo's name, whom you belong to, see her forthcoming, till I come and tiggle her by and by. 'S blood, I was never cozened with a more rascal piece of mutton, since I came out a' the Lawer Countries. [*Exit.*

Bell. My doors are open for thee: begone, woman.

Doll. This goat's-pizzle of thine—

Bell. Away! I love no such implements in my house.

Doll. Doest not? am I but an implement? By all the maidenheads that are lost in London in a year, (and that's a great oath,) for this trick, other manner of women than myself shall come to this house only to laugh at thee; and if thou wouldest labour thy heart out, thou shalt not do withal.[1] [*Exit.*

Enter SERVANT.

Bell. Is this my poetical fury!—How now, sir?

Serv. Master Mayberry and his wife, sir, i' th' next room.

Bell. What are they doing, sir?

Serv. Nothing, sir, that I see; but only would speak with you.

Bell. Enter 'em.—This house will be too hot for me: if this wench cast me into these sweats, I must shift myself for pure necessity. Haunted with sprites in my old days!

[1] *Thou shalt not do withal,* i. e. thou shalt not be able to help it. —DYCE.

Enter MAYBERRY, *booted, his Wife with him.*

May. A comedy! a Canterbury Tale smells not half so sweet as the comedy I have for thee, old poet: thou shalt write upon't, poet.

Bell. Nay, I will write upon't if't be a comedy, for I have been at a most villanous female tragedy. Come, the plot, the plot.

May. Let your man give you the boots presently: the plot lies in Ware, my white poet. Wife, thou and I this night will have mad sport in Ware; mark me well, wife, in Ware.

Wife. At your pleasure, sir.

May. Nay, it shall be at your pleasure, wife. Look you, sir, look you: Featherstone's boy, like an honest crack-halter, laid open all to one of my prentices, for boys, you know, like women, love to be doing.

Bell. Very good: to the plot.

May. Featherstone, like a crafty mutton-monger persuades Greenshield to be run through the body.

Bell. Strange, through the body!

May. Ay, man, to take physic: he does so, he's put to his purgation. Then, sir, what does me Featherstone but counterfeits a letter from an innkeeper of Doncaster, to fetch Greenshield (who is needy, you know) to a keeper's lodge in Enfield-chase, a certain uncle, where Greenshield should receive money due to him in behalf of his wife.

Bell. His wife! is Greenshield married? I have heard him swear he was a bachelor.

Wife. So have I, a hundred times.

May. The knave has more wives than the Turk; he

has a wife almost in every shire in England: this parcel gentlewoman is that innkeeper's daughter of Doncaster.

Bell. Hath she the entertainment of her forefathers? will she keep all comers company?

May. She helps to pass away stale capons, sour wine, and musty provender. But to the purpose: this train was laid by the baggage herself, and Featherstone, who it seems makes her husband a unicorn; and to give fire to't, Greenshield, like an arrant wittol, entreats his friend to ride before his wife and fetch the money, because, taking bitter pills, he should prove but a loose fellow if he went, and so durst not go.

Bell. And so the poor stag is to be hunted in Enfield-chase.

May. No, sir; master poet, there you miss the plot. Featherstone and my lady Greenshield are rid to batter away their light commodities in Ware; Enfield-chase is too cold for 'em.

Bell. In Ware!

May. In dirty Ware. I forget myself. Wife, on with your riding-suit, and cry *Northward hoe!* as the boy at Paul's[1] says: let my prentice get up before thee, and man thee to Ware; lodge in the inn I told thee; spur, cut, and away.

Wife. Well, sir. [*Exit.*

Bell. Stay, stay; what's the bottom of this riddle? why send you her away?

May. For a thing, my little hoary poet. Look thee, I

[1] Mr. Dyce thinks, the waterman's boy at Paul's Wharf; but the Thames does not run northward. The boy may have been the carrier's boy, journeying northward from Paul's Churchyard.

smelt out my noble stinker Greenshield in his chamber, and as though my heart-strings had been cracked, I wept and sighed, and thumped and thumped, and raved and randed and railed, and told him how my wife was now grown as common as baibery,[1] and that she had hired her tailor to ride with her to Ware, to meet a gentleman of the court.

Bell. Good; and how took he this drench down?

May. Like eggs and muscadine, at a gulp. He cries out presently; did not I tell you, old man, that she'd win my game when she came to bearing? he rails upon her, wills me to take her in the act, to put her to her white sheet,[2] to be divorced, and, for all his guts are not fully scoured by his pothecary, he's pulling on his boots, and will ride along with us. Let's muster as many as we can.

Bell. It will be excellent sport, to see him and his own wife meet in Ware, will't not? Ay, ay, we'll have a whole regiment of horse with us.

May. I stand upon thorns till I shake him by th' horns. Come, boots, boy! we must gallop all the way, for the sin, you know, is done with turning up the white of an eye: will you join your forces?

Bell. Like a Hollander against a Dunkirk.

May. March then. This curse is on all lechers thrown,
They give horns, and at last horns are their own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter CAPTAIN JENKINS *and* ALLUM.

Capt. Set the best of your little diminutive legs before, and ride post, I pray.

[1] *Babery* is finery for a baby; but qy. *bribery*.—DYCE.
[2] Her penitential white sheet in the church.

Allum. Is it possible that Mistress Doll should be so bad?

Capt. Possible! 'sblood, 'tis more easy for an oman to be naught, than for a soldier to beg, and that's horrible easy you know.

Allum. Ay, but to coneycatch us all so grossly!

Capt. Your Norfolk tumblers are but zanies to coney-catching punks.

Allum. She gelded my purse of fifty pounds in ready money.

Capt. I will geld all the horses in five hundred shires but I will ride over her and her cheaters, and her Hornets. She made a stark ass of my coach-horse; and there is a putter-box[1] whom she spread thick upon her white-bread, and eat him up. I think she has sent the poor fellow to Gelder-land; but I will marse pravely in and out, and pack again, upon all the low countries in Christendom, as Holland and Zealand and Netherland, and Cleveland too; and I will be drunk and cast with Master Hans Van Belch, but I will smell him out.

Allum. Do so, and we'll draw all our arrows of revenge up to the head but we'll hit her for her villany.

Capt. I will traw as petter and as urse weapons as arrows up to the head, lug you; it shall be warrants to give her the whip-deedle.

Allum. But now she knows she's discovered, she'll take her bells[2] and fly out of our reach.

Capt. Fly with her pells! ounds, I know a parish that sal tag down all the pells and sell 'em to Captain Jenkins, to do him good; and if pells will fly, we'll fly too, unless the pell-ropes hang us. Will you amble up and down to

[1] i. e. the Dutch merchant. [2] i. e. like a falcon.

master Justice by my side, to have this rascal Hornet in corum,[1] and so to make her hold her whore's peace?

Allum. I'll amble or trot with you, captain. You told me she threatened her champions should cut for her: if so, we may have the peace of her.

Capt. O mon dieu! Duw gwyn![2] Follow your leader. Jenkins shall cut and slice as worse as they: come, I scorn to have any peace of her, or of any oman, but open wars.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Enter Bellamont, Mayberry, Greenshield, Philip, Leverpool, *and* Chartley, *all booted.*

Bell. What, will these young gentleman too help us to catch this fresh salmon, ha? Philip, are they thy friends?

Phil. Yes, sir.

Bell. We are beholding to you, gentlemen, that you'll fill our consort;[3] I ha' seen your faces methinks before, and I cannot inform myself where.

Both. May be so, sir.

Bell. Shall's to horse? here's a tickler: heigh, to horse!

May. Come, switch, and spurs! let's mount our chevals: merry, quoth a'.

Bell. Gentlemen, shall I shoot a fool's bolt out among you all, because we'll be sure to be merry?

Omnes. What is't?

Bell. For mirth on the highway will make us rid ground[4] faster than if thieves were at our tails. What say ye to this? let's all practise jests one against another, and he that has the best jest thrown upon him, and is

[1] Quorum.
[2] "white God."—Dyce.
[3] concert.
[4] i. e. get rid of, or over ground.

most galled, between our riding forth and coming in, shall bear the charge of the whole journey.

Omnes. Content, i' faith.

Bell. We shall fit one a' you with a coxcomb at Ware, I believe.

May. Peace.

Green. Is't a bargain?

Omnes. And hands clapt upon it.

Bell. Stay, yonder's the Dolphin without Bishop's-gate, where our horses are at rack and manger, and we are going past it. Come, cross over: and what place is this?

May. Bedlam, is't not?[1]

Bell. Where the madmen are. I never was amongst them: as you love me, gentlemen, let's see what Greeks are within.

Green. We shall stay too long.

Bell. Not a whit: Ware will stay for our coming, I warrant you. Come, a spurt and away! let's be mad once in our days. This is the door.

SCENE IV.

The Mad House. Enter BELLAMONT *and the rest. To them,* FULLMOON.

May. Save you, sir: may we see some of your mad folks? do you keep 'em?

Full. Yes.

Bell. Pray, bestow your name, sir, upon us.

Full. My name is Fullmoon.

Bell. You well deserve this office, good Master Fullmoon: and what madcaps have you in your house?

Full. Divers.

[1] Old Bethlehem Hospital stood in Bishopsgate-street Without.

Enter the MUSICIAN.

May. Gods so, see, see! what's he walks yonder? is he mad?

Full. That's a musician: yes, he's besides himself.

Bell. A musician! how fell he mad, for God's sake?

Full. For love of an Italian dwarf.

Bell. Has he been in Italy, then?

Full. Yes, and speaks, they say, all manner of languages.

Enter the BAWD.

Omnes. God's so, look, look; what's she?

Bell. The dancing bear, a pretty well-favoured little woman.

Full. They say, but I know not, that she was a bawd, and was frighted out of her wits by fire.

Bell. May we talk with 'em, Master Fullmoon?

Full. Yes, and you will. I must look about, for I have unruly tenants. [*Exit.*

Bell. What have you in this paper, honest friend?

Green. Is this he has all manner of languages, yet speaks none?

Bawd. How do you, Sir Andrew? will you send for some aquavitæ for me? I have had no drink never since the last great rain that fell.

Bell. No! that's a lie.

Bawd. Nay, by gad then you lie, for all y' are Sir Andrew. I was a dapper rogue in Portingal voyage,[1] not an inch broad at the heel, and yet thus high: I scorned, I

[1] That in 1589, of Sir Francis Drake.—DYCE.

can tell you, to be drunk with rain-water then, sir, in those golden and silver days; I had sweet bits then, Sir Andrew. How do you, good brother Timothy?

Bell. You have been in much trouble since that voyage?

Bawd. Never in Bridewell, I protest, as I'm a virgin, for I could never abide that Bridewell, I protest. I was once sick, and I took my water in a basket, and carried it to a doctor's.

Philip. In a basket!

Bawd. Yes, sir: you arrant fool, there was a urinal in it.

Philip. I cry you mercy.

Bawd. The doctor told me I was with child. How many lords, knights, gentlemen, citizens, and others, promised me to be godfathers to that child! 'twas not God's will: the prentices made a riot upon my glass windows, the Shrove-Tuesday following,[1] and I miscarried.

Omnes. O, do not weep!

Bawd. I ha' cause to weep: I trust gentlewomen their diet sometimes a fortnight, lend gentlemen holland shirts, and they sweat 'em out at tennis, and no restitution, and no restitution. But I'll take a new order: I will have but six stewed prunes in a dish and some of Mother Wall's[2] cakes; for my best customers are tailors.

Omnes. Tailors! ha, ha!

Bawd. Ay, tailors: give me your London prentice; your country gentlemen are grown too politick.

Bell. But what say you to such young gentlemen as these are?

[1] The peace officers who on Shrove-Tuesday went to search for houses of ill fame, were always accompanied by the 'prentices of London, whose virtuous indignation manifested itself in most unpeaceful form.

[2] A noted pastry-cook.

Bawd. Foh! they, as soon as they come to their lands, get up to London, and like squibs that run upon lines, they keep a spitting of fire and cracking till they ha' spent all; and when my squib is out, what says his punk? foh, he stinks! [*Sings.*

Methought this other night I saw a pretty sight
Which pleased me much,
A comely country maid, not squeamish nor afraid
To let gentlemen touch:
I sold her maidenhead once, and I sold her maidenhead twice,
And I sold it last to an alderman of York,
And then I had sold it thrice.

Mus. You sing scurvily.

Bawd. Marry, muff, sing thou better, for I'll go sleep my old sleeps. [*Exit.*

Bell. What are you adoing, my friend?

Mus. Pricking, pricking.

Bell. What do you mean by pricking?

Mus. A gentleman-like quality.

Bell. This fellow is somewhat prouder and sullener than the other.

May. O, so be most of your musicians.

Mus. Are my teeth rotten?

Omnes. No, sir.

Mus. Then I am no comfit-maker, nor vintner: I do not get wenches in my drink. Are you a musician?

Bell. Yes.

Mus. We'll be sworn brothers, then, look you, sweet rogue.

Green. God's so, now I think upon't, a jest is crept into my head: steal away, if you love me.

[*Exeunt all but Bellamont and Musician. Musician sings.*

Mus. Was ever any merchant's band set better? I set it. Walk, I'm a cold: this white satin is too thin unless it be cut, for then the sun enters. Can you speak Italian too? sapete Italiano?

Bell. Un poco.

Mus. 'Sblood, if it be in you, I'll poke it out of you: un poco! Come, march! lie here with me but till the fall of the leaf, and if you have but poco Italiano in you, I'll fill you full of more poco: march.

Bell. Come on. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MAYBERRY, GREENSHIELD, PHILIP, FULLMOON, LEVERPOOL, *and* CHARTLEY.

Green. Good Master Mayberry, Philip, if you be kind gentlemen, uphold the jest: your whole voyage is paid for.

May. Follow it, then.

Full. The old gentleman, say you? why, he talked even now as well in his wits as I do myself, and looked as wisely.

Green. No matter how he talks, but his pericranion's perished.

Full. Where is he, pray?

Philip. Marry, with the musician, and is madder by this time.

Chart. He's an excellent musician himself, you must note that.

May. And having met one fit for his own tooth, you see, he skips from us.

Green. The troth is, Master Fullmoon, divers trains have been laid to bring him hither without gaping of people, and never any took effect till now.

Full. How fell he mad?

Green. For a woman, look you, sir. Here's a crown, to provide his supper. He's a gentleman of a very good house: you shall be paid well if you convert him. To-morrow morning bedding and a gown shall be sent in, and wood and coal.

Full. Nay, sir, he must ha' no fire.

Green. No? why, look what straw you buy for him shall return you a whole harvest.

Omnes. Let his straw be fresh and sweet, we beseech you, sir.

Green. Get a couple of your sturdiest fellows, and bind him, I pray, whilst we slip out of his sight.

Full. I'll hamper him, I warrant, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Omnes. Excellent.

May. But how will my noble poet take it at my hands, to betray him thus?

Omnes. Foh, 'tis but a jest. He comes.

Enter MUSICIAN *and* BELLAMONT.

Bell. Perdonate mi, si io dimando del vostro nome.—O, whither shrunk you? I have had such a mad dialogue here.

Omnes. We ha' been with the other mad folks.

May. And what says he and his prick-song?

Bell. We were up to the ears in Italian i' faith.

Omnes. In Italian! O good Master Bellamont, let's hear him.

Enter FULLMOON *and two* KEEPERS. *Exeunt all but these, and* BELLAMONT.

Bell. How now! 'sdeath, what do you mean? are you mad?

Full. Away, sirrah.—Bind him; hold fast.—You want a wench, sirrah, do you?

Bell. What wench? will you take mine arms from me, being no heralds? let go, you dogs.

Full. Bind him.—Be quiet: come, come, dogs! fie, and a gentleman!

Bell. Master Mayberry, Philip, Master Mayberry, uds foot!

Full. I'll bring you a wench: are you mad for a wench?

Bell. I hold my life my comrades have put this fool's cap upon thy head, to gull me: I smell it now. Why, do you hear, Fullmoon, let me loose, for I'm not mad; I'm not mad, by Jesu.

Full. Ask the gentlemen that.

Bell. By th' Lord I'm as well in my wits as any man i' th' house, and this is a trick put upon thee by these gallants in pure knavery.

Full. I'll try that; answer me to this question—loose his arms a little—look you, sir; three geese nine pence, every goose three pence, what's that a goose, roundly, roundly, one with another?

Bell. 'Sfoot, do you bring your geese for me to cut up?

[*Strikes him soundly, and kicks him.*

Enter all.

Omnes. Hold, hold!—Bind him, Master Fullmoon.

Full. Bind him you: he has paid me all. I'll have none of his bonds, not I, unless I could recover them better.

Green. Have I given it you, master poet? did the lime-bush take?

May. It was his warrant sent thee to Bedlam, old Jack Bellamont: and, Master Full-i'-th'-moon, our warrant discharges him. Poet, we'll all ride upon thee to Ware, and back again, I fear, to thy cost.

Bell. If you do, I must bear you. Thank you, Master Greenshield, I will not die in your debt. Farewell, you mad rascals. To horse, come. 'Twas well done, 'twas well done. You may laugh, you shall laugh, gentlemen. If the gudgeon had been swallowed by one of you it had been vile, but by gad 'tis nothing, for your best poets, indeed, are mad for the most part. Farewell, goodman Fullmoon.

Full. Pray, gentlemen, if you come by, call in.

Bell. Yes, yes, when they are mad. Horse yourselves now, if you be men.

May. He gallop must that after women rides;
Get our wives out of town, they take long strides. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Enter MAYBERRY *and* BELLAMONT.

Mayberry.

BUT why have you brought us to the wrong inn, and withal possessed Greenshield that my wife is not in town, when my project was, that I would have brought him up into the chamber where young Featherstone and his wife lay, and so all his artillery should have recoiled into his own bosom?

Bell. O, it will fall out far better: you shall see my revenge will have a more neat and unexpected conveyance. He hath been all up and down the town to enquire for a Londoner's wife: none such is to be found, for I have mewed your wife up already. Marry, he hears of a Yorkshire gentlewoman at next inn, and that's all the commodity Ware affords at this instant. Now, sir, he very politickly imagines that your wife is rode to Puckeridge, five mile further, for, saith he, in such a town where hosts will be familiar, and tapsters saucy, and chamberlains worse than thieves' intelligencers, they'll never put foot out of stirrup; either at Puckeridge or Wade's-Mill, saith he, you shall find them; and because our horses are weary, he's gone to take up post horses. My counsel is only this, —when he comes in, feign yourself very melancholy, swear you will ride no farther; and this is your part of the comedy: the sequel of the jest shall come like money borrowed of a courtier, and paid within the day, a thing strange and unexpected.

May. Enough, I ha't.

Bell. He comes.

Enter GREENSHIELD.

Green. Come, gallants, the post-horses are ready; 'tis but a quarter of an hour's riding; we'll ferret them and firk them, in faith.

Bell. Are they grown politick? when do you see honesty covet corners, or a gentleman that's no thief lie in the inn of a carrier?

May. Nothing hath undone my wife but too much riding.

Bell. She was a pretty piece of a poet indeed, and in her

discourse would, as many of your goldsmiths' wives do, draw her simile from precious stones so wittily, as redder than your ruby, harder than your diamond, and so from stone to stone in less time than a man can draw on a strait boot, as if she had been an excellent lapidary.

Green. Come, will you to horse, sir?

May. No, let her go to the devil an' she will. I'll not stir a foot further.

Green. God's precious, is't come to this? Persuade him, as you are a gentleman: there will be ballads made of him, and the burthen thereof will be,—

If you had rode out five mile forward,
He had found the fatal house of Brainford northward,
O hone, hone, hone, O nonero.

Bell. You are merry, sir.

Green. Like your citizen, I never think of my debts, when I am a horseback.

Bell. You imagine you are riding from your creditors.

Green. Good in faith. Will you to horse?

May. I'll ride no further. [*Exit.*

Green. Then I'll discharge the postmaster. Was't not a pretty wit of mine, master poet, to have had him rode into Puckeridge with a horn before him? ha, was't not?

Bell. Good sooth, excellent: I was dull in apprehending it. But come, since we must stay, we'll be merry. Chamberlain, call in the music, bid the tapsters and maids come up and dance: what! we'll make a night of it.

Enter TAPSTERS, *&c.*

Hark you, masters, I have an excellent jest to make old Mayberry merry: 'sfoot we'll have him merry.

Green. Let's make him drunk then: a simple catching wit I!

Bell. Go thy ways: I know a nobleman would take such a delight in thee.

Green. Why, so he would in his fool.

Bell. Before God, but he would make a difference: he would keep you in satin. But as I was a saying, we'll have him merry. His wife is gone to Puckeridge: 'tis a wench makes him melancholy, 'tis a wench must make him merry: we must help him to a wench. When your citizen comes into his inn, wet and cold, dropping, either the hostess or one of her maids warms his bed, pulls on his night cap, cuts his corns, puts out the candle, bids him command aught, if he want aught; and so after, master citiner sleeps as quietly as if he lay in his own low-country of Holland, his own linen, I mean, sir. We must have a wench for him.

Green. But where's this wench to be found? here are all the moveable petticoats of the house.

Bell. At the next inn there lodged to-night——

Green. God's precious, a Yorkshire gentlewoman. I ha't, I'll angle for her presently: we'll have him merry.

Bell. Procure some chamberlain to pander for you.

Green. No, I'll be pander myself, because we'll be merry.

Bell. Will you, will you?

Green. But how! be a pander! as I am a gentleman that were horrible. I'll thrust myself into the outside[1] of a falconer in town here; and now I think on't, there are a company of country players that are come to town here, shall furnish me with hair and beard. If I do not bring her!—we'll be wondrous merry.

[1] Disguise.

Bell. About it: look you, sir, though she bear her far aloof, and her body out of distance, so her mind be coming, 'tis no matter.

Green. Get old Mayberry merry. That any man should take to heart thus the downfal of a woman! I think when he comes home, poor snail, he'll not dare to peep forth of doors lest his horns usher him.[1] [*Exit.*

Bell. Go thy ways. There be more in England wear large ears and horns than stags and asses. Excellent! he rides post with a halter about his neck.

Enter MAYBERRY.[2]

May. How now? will't take?

Bell. Beyond expectation. I have persuaded him the only way to make you merry is to help you to a wench, and the fool is gone to pander his own wife hither.

May. Why, he'll know her.

Bell. She hath been masked ever since she came into the inn for fear of discovery.

May. Then she'll know him.

Bell. For that his own unfortunate wit helped my lazy invention, for he hath disguised himself like a falconer in town here, hoping in that procuring shape to do more good upon her than in the outside of a gentleman.

May. Young Featherstone will know him.

Bell. He's gone into the town, and will not return this half hour.

May. Excellent, if she would come!

Bell. Nay, upon my life she'll come. When she enters, remember some of your young blood, talk as some of your

[1] Precede him. [2] Supplied by Dyce.

gallant commoners will, dice and drink freely. Do not call for sack, lest it betray the coldness of your manhood, but fetch a caper now and then, to make the gold chink in your pockets: ay, so.

May. Ha, old poet, let's once stand to it for the credit of Milk-street! Is my wife acquainted with this?

Bell. She's perfect, and will come out upon her cue, I warrant you.

May. Good wenches, in faith. Fill's some more sack here.

Bell. God's precious, do not call for sack by any means.

May. Why then give us a whole lordship for life in Rhenish, with the reversion in sugar.

Bell. Excellent.

May. It were not amiss if we were dancing.

Bell. Out upon't, I shall never do it.

Enter GREENSHIELD, *disguised, with* MISTRESS GREENSHIELD (*masked*).

Green. Out of mine nostrils, tapster; thou smellest, like Guildhall two days after Simon and Jude,[1] of drink most horribly. Off with thy mask, sweet sinner of the north; these masks are foils to good faces, and to bad ones they are like new satin outsides to lousy linings.

Kate. O, by no means, sir. Your merchant will not open a whole piece to his best customer: he that buys a woman must take her as she falls. I'll unmask my hand; here's the sample.

Green. Go to, then, old poet. I have ta'en her up already as a pinnace bound for the straits: she knows her burden yonder.

[1] Old Lord Mayor's day.

Bell. Lady, you are welcome. Yon is the old gentleman, and observe him, he's not one of your fat city chuffs, whose great belly argues that the felicity of his life consists in capon, sack, and sincere honesty, but a lean, spare, bountiful gallant, one that hath an old wife and a young performance; whose reward is not the rate of a captain newly come out of the Low-countries, or a Yorkshire attorney in good contentious practice, some angel:[1] no, the proportion of your wealthy citizen to his wench is her chamber, her diet, her physic, her apparel, her painting, her monkey, her pander, her every thing. You'll say your young gentleman is your only service, that lies before you like a calf's head, with his brains some half yard from him; but, I assure you, they must not only have variety of foolery, but also of wenches; whereas your conscionable greybeard of Farringdon-within will keep himself to the ruins of one cast waiting-woman an age, and perhaps, when he's past all other good works, to wipe out false weights and twenty i' th' hundred, marry her.

Green. O, well bowled, Tom![2] we have precedents for't.

Kate. But I have a husband, sir.

Bell. You have! If the knave thy husband be rich, make him poor, that he may borrow money of this merchant, and be laid up in the Counter or Ludgate; so it shall be conscience in your old gentleman, when he hath seized all thy goods, to take the horn and maintain thee.

Green. O, well bowled, Tom! we have precedents for 't.

Kate. Well, if you be not a nobleman, you are some great valiant gentleman by your breath, and the fashion of

[1] The coin, so called.

[2] A proverbial expression.

your beard, and do but thus to make the citizen merry, because you owe him some money.

Bell. O, you are a wag.

May. You are very welcome.

Green. He is ta'en; excellent, excellent! there's one will make him merry. Is it any imputation to help one's friend to a wench?

Bell. No more than at my lord's entreaty to help my lady to a pretty waiting woman. If he had given you a gelding, or the reversion of some monopoly, or a new suit of satin, to have done this, happily your satin would have smelt of the pander; but what's done freely, comes, like a present to an old lady, without any reward; and what is done without any reward, comes, like wounds to a soldier, very honourably, notwithstanding.

May. This is my breeding, gentlewoman: and whither travel you?

Kate. To London, sir, as the old tale goes, to seek my fortune.

May. Shall I be your fortune, lady?

Kate. O pardon me, sir; I'll have some young landed heir to be my fortune, for they favour she fools more than citizens.

May. Are you married?

Kate. Yes, but my husband is in garrison i' th' Low-countries, is his colonel's bawd, and his captain's jester: he sent me word over that he will thrive, for though his apparel lie i' th' Lumbard,[1] he keeps his conscience i' th' muster-book.

[1] i. e. at the pawnbrokers, whose sign of the Treee Balls represented the old arms of Lombardy.

May. He may do his country good service, lady.

Kate. Ay, as many of your captains do, that fight, as the geese saved the Capitol, only with prattling. Well, well, if I were in some nobleman's hands now, may be he would not take a thousand pounds for me.

May. No?

Kate. No, sir; and yet may be at year's end would give me a brace of hundreth pounds to marry me to his baily or the solicitor of his law-suits—Who's this, I beseech you?

Enter MISTRESS MAYBERRY, *her hair loose, with the* HOSTESS.

Host. I pray you, forsooth, be patient.

Bell. Passion of my heart, Mistress Mayberry!

[*Exeunt Fiddlers.*

Green. Now will she put some notable trick upon her cuckoldly husband.

May. Why, how now, wife, what means this, ha?

Mist. May. Well, I am very well. O my unfortunate parents, would you had buried me quick, when you linked me to this misery!

May. O wife, be patient! I have more cause to rail, wife.

Mist. May. You have! prove it, prove it. Where's the courtier you should have ta'en in my bosom? I'll spit my gall in 's face, that can tax me of any dishonour. Have I lost the pleasure of mine eyes, the sweets of my youth, the wishes of my blood, and the portion of my friends, to be thus dishonoured, to be reputed vile in London, whilst my husband prepares common diseases for me at Ware? O God, O God!

Bell. [*aside*] Prettily well dissembled.

Host. As I am true hostess, you are to blame, sir. What are you, masters? I'll know what you are, afore you depart, masters. Dost thou leave thy chamber in an honest inn, to come and inveigle my customers? And you had sent for me up, and kissed me and used me like an hostess, 'twould never have grieved me; but to do it to a stranger!

Kate. I'll leave you, sir.

May. Stay.—Why, how now, sweet gentlewoman, cannot I come forth to breathe myself, but I must be haunted? Rail upon old Bellamont, that he may discover them: you remember Featherstone, Greenshield?

Mist. May. I remember them? Ay, they are two as cogging, dishonourable, damned, forsworn, beggarly gentlemen, as are in all London; and there's a reverend old gentleman, too, your pander, in my conscience.

Bell. Lady, I will not, as the old gods were wont, swear by the infernal Styx; but by all the mingled wine in the cellar beneath, and the smoke of tobacco that hath fumed over the vessels, I did not procure your husband this banqueting dish of sucket.[1] Look you, behold the parenthesis.

Host. Nay, I'll see your face, too.

Kate. [*unmasked*] My dear unkind husband, I protest to thee I have played this knavish part only to be witty.

Green. That I might be presently turned into a matter more solid than horn, into marble!

Bell. Your husband, gentlewoman! why, he never was a soldier.

Kate. Ay, but a lady got him prickt for a captain. I

[1] *Suckets*, dried sweetmeats, or sugar-plums.

warrant you he will answer to the name of captain, though he be none! like a lady that will not think scorn to answer to the name of her first husband, though he were a soap-boiler.

Green. Hang off, thou devil, away.

Kate. No, no, you fled me t'other day;
When I was with child you ran away,
But since I have caught you now—

Green. A pox of your wit and your singing.

Bell. Nay, look you, sir, she must sing, because we'll be merry:

What though you rode not five mile forward,
You have found that fatal house at Brainford northward,
O hono hono nanero.

Green. God refuse me! gentlemen, you may laugh and be merry, but I am a cuckold, and I think you knew of it. —Who lay i' th' segs with you to-night, wild duck?

Kate. Nobody with me, as I shall be saved; but Master Featherstone came to meet me as far as Royston.

Green. Featherstone!

May. See, the hawk that first stooped my pheasant is killed by the spaniel that first sprang all of our side, wife.

Bell. 'Twas a pretty wit of you, sir, to have had him rode into Puckeridge with a horn before him; ha, was't not?

Green. Good.

Bell. Or where a citizen keeps his house, you know, 'tis not as a gentleman keeps his chamber, for debt, but, as you said even now very wisely, lest his horns should usher him.

Green. Very good. Featherstone, he comes.

Enter FEATHERSTONE.

Feath. Luke Greenshield, Master Mayberry, old poet, Moll and Kate, most happily encountered: uds life, how came you hither? by my life, the man looks pale.

Green. You are a villain, and I'll make 't good upon you: I am no servingman to feed upon your reversion.

Feath. Go to the ordinary, then.

Bell. This is his ordinary, sir; and in this she is like a London ordinary, her best getting comes by the box.[1]

Green. You are a damned villain.

Feath. O, by no means.

Green. No? Uds life, I'll go instantly, take a purse, be apprehended, and hanged for't: better than be a cuckold.

Feath. Best first make your confession, sirrah.

Green. 'Tis this; thou hast not used me like a gentleman.

Feath. A gentleman! thou a gentleman! thou art a tailor.

Bell. 'Ware peaching!

Feath. No, sirrah, if you will confess aught, tell how thou hast wronged that virtuous gentlewoman: how thou layest at her two year together, to make her dishonest: how thou wouldest send me thither with letters: how duly thou wouldest watch the citizens' wives' vacation, which is twice a day, namely the exchange time, twelve at noon, and six at night: and where she refused thy importunity, and vowed to tell her husband, thou wouldest fall down upon thy knees, and entreat her for the love of heaven, if not to ease thy violent affection, at least to conceal it, to which her pity and

[1] Quere, by box or club-dinners.

simple virtue consented; how thou tookest her wedding ring from her; met these two gentlemen at Ware; feigned a quarrel; and the rest is apparent. This only remains; what wrong the poor gentlewoman hath since received by our intolerable lie, I am most heartily sorry for, and to thy bosom will maintain all I have said to be honest.

May. Victory, wife! thou art quit by proclamation.

Bell. Sir, you are an honest man: I have known an arrant thief for peaching made an officer: give me your hand, sir.

Kate. O filthy, abominable husband, did you all this?

May. Certainly he is no captain; he blushes.

Mist. May. Speak, sir, did you ever know me answer your wishes?

Green. You are honest; very virtuously honest.

Mist. May. I will then no longer be a loose woman. I have at my husband's pleasure ta'en upon me this habit of jealousy. I'm sorry for you: virtue glories not in the spoil, but in the victory.

Bell. How say you by that goodly sentence? Look you, sir, you gallants visit citizens' houses, as the Spaniard first sailed to the Indies: you pretend buying of wares or selling of lands; but the end proves 'tis nothing but for discovery and conquest of their wives for better maintenance. Why look you, was he aware of those broken patience[1] when you met him at Ware and possessed him of the downfall of his wife? You are a cuckold; you have pandered your own wife to this gentleman; better men have done it, honest Tom, we have precedents for 't. Hie you to Lon-

[1] Perhaps there is a play upon words intended, in *aware* and *Ware*, and in *broken* and *downfall*, but what *patience* means, who shall say?

don. What is more Catholic[1] i' the city than for husbands daily to forgive the nightly sins of their bedfellows? If you like not that course but intend to be rid of her, rifle her at a tavern,[2] where you may swallow down some fifty wiseacres' sons and heirs to old tenements and common gardens, like so many raw yolks with muscadine to bedward.

Kate. O filthy knave, dost compare a woman of my carriage to a horse?

Bell. And no disparagement; for a woman to have a high forehead, a quick ear, a full eye, a wide nostril, a sleek skin, a straight back, a round hip, and so forth, is most comely.

Kate. But is a great belly comely in a horse, sir?

Bell. No, lady.

Kate. And what think you of it in a woman, I pray you?

Bell. Certainly I am put down at my own weapon; I therefore recant the rifling. No, there is a new trade come up for cast gentlewomen, of periwig-making: let your wife set up i' th' Strand! and yet I doubt whether she may or no, for they say the women have got it to be a corporation. If you can, you may make good use of it, for you shall have as good a coming in by hair (though it be but a falling commodity), and by other foolish tiring, as any between St. Clement's and Charing.

Feath. Now you have run yourself out of breath, hear me. I protest the gentlewoman is honest; and since I have wronged her reputation in meeting her thus privately, I'll maintain her. Wilt thou hang at my purse, Kate, like a pair of Barbary buttons, to open when 'tis full, and close when 'tis empty?

[1] Universal. [2] *Rifle.*—An old form of *raffle.*

Kate. I'll be divorced, by this Christian element: and because thou thinkest thou art a cuckold, lest I should make thee an infidel in causing thee to believe an untruth, I'll make thee a cuckold.

Bell. Excellent wench.

Feath. Come, let's go, sweet; the nag I ride upon bears double: we'll to London.

May. Do not bite your thumbs, sir.[1]

Kate. Bite his thumb! I'll make him

" Do a thing worse than this;
Come love me whereas I lay;"—

Feath. What, Kate?

Kate. " He shall father a child is none of his,
O, the clean contrary way."[2]

Feath. O lusty Kate! [*Exeunt.*

May. Methought he said even now you were a tailor.

Green. You shall hear more of that hereafter. I'll make Ware and him stink ere he goes. If I be a tailor, the rogue's naked weapon shall not fright me: I'll beat him and my wife both out a' th' town with a tailor's yard.

May. O valiant Sir Tristram! room there! [*Exit.*

Enter PHILIP, LEVERPOOL, *and* CHARTLEY.

Phil. News, father, most strange news out of the Low-countries: your good lady and mistress, that set you to work upon a dozen of cheese trenchers, is new lighted at the next inn, and the old venerable gentleman, her father, with her.

Bell. Let the gates of our inn be locked up, closer than a nobleman's gates at dinner time.

[1] A form of contemptuous defiance. [2] Lines from an old song.

Omnes. Why, sir, why?

Bell. If she enter here, the house will be infected: the plague is not half so dangerous as a she-hornet. Philip, this is your shuffling a' the cards, to turn up her for the bottom card at Ware.

Phil. No, as I'm virtuous, sir: ask the two gentlemen.

Lever. No, in troth, sir. She told us, that inquiring at London for you or your son, your man chalked out her way to Ware.

Bell. I would Ware might choke 'em both! Master Mayberry, my horse and I will take our leaves of you: I'll to Bedlam again rather than stay here.

May. Shall a woman make thee fly thy country? Stay, stand to her, though she were greater than Pope Joan. What are thy brains conjuring for, my poetical bay-leaf eater?

Bell. For a sprite a' the buttery, that shall make us all drunk with mirth, if I can raise it. Stay, the chicken is not fully hatched: hit,[1] I beseech thee; so, come. Will you be secret, gentlemen, and assisting?

Omnes. With brown bills,[2] if you think good.

Bell. What will you say if by some trick we put this little hornet into Featherstone's bosom, and marry 'em together?

Omnes. Fuh! 'tis impossible.

Bell. Most possible. I'll to my trencher-woman; let

[1] i. e. crack the shell.

[2] Bill, a kind of pike, a halbert, formerly carried by the English infantry, and afterwards the usual weapon of watchmen.—HALLIWELL. "Brown bills" are frequently mentioned by our writers, as well as brown swords; for soldiers were not then careful to preserve their polish.—FAIRHOLT, *on Costume.*

me alone for dealing with her: Featherstone, gentlemen, shall be your patient.

Omnes. How, how?

Bell. Thus. I will close with this country pedlar, Mistress Dorothy, that travels up and down, to exchange pins for coneyskins, very lovingly; she shall eat of nothing but sweetmeats in my company, good words, whose taste when she likes, as I know she will, then will I play upon her with this artillery:—that a very proper man and a great heir, naming Featherstone, spied her from a window, when she lighted at her inn, is extremely fallen in love with her, vows to make her his wife, if it stand to her good liking, even in Ware; but being, as most of your young gentlemen are, somewhat bashful, and ashamed to venture upon a woman ———

May. City and suburbs can justify it: so, sir.

Bell. He sends me, being an old friend, to undermine for him. I'll so whet the wench's stomach, and make her so hungry, that she shall have an appetite to him, fear it not. Greenshield shall have a hand in it too; and, to be revenged of his partner, will, I know, strike with any weapon.

Lever. But is Featherstone of any means? else you undo him and her.

May. He has land between Fulham and London: he would have made it over to me. To your charge, poet: give you the assault upon her, and send but Featherstone to me, I'll hang him by the gills.

Bell. He's not yet horsed, sure. Philip, go thy ways, give fire to him, and send him hither with a powder presently.

Phil. He's blown up already. [*Exit.*

Bell. Gentlemen, you'll stick to the device, and look to your plot?

Omnes. Most poetically: away to your quarter.

Bell. Aye, march: I will cast my rider, gallants. I hope you see who shall pay for our voyage. [*Exit.*

Enter PHILIP *and* FEATHERSTONE.

May. That must he that comes here.—Master Featherstone, O, Master Featherstone, you may now make your fortunes weigh ten stone of feathers more than ever they did! leap but into the saddle now, that stands empty for you, you are made for ever.

Lever. [*aside*] An ass, I'll be sworn.

Feath. How, for God's sake, how?

May. I would you had what I could wish you! I love you, and because you shall be sure to know where my love dwells, look you, sir, it hangs out at this sign: you shall pray for Ware, when Ware is dead and rotten. Look you, sir, there is as pretty a little pinnace struck sail hereby, and come in lately!—she's my kinswoman, my father's youngest sister, a ward; her portion, three thousand; her hopes, if her grannam die without issue, better.

Feath. Very good, sir.

May. Her guardian goes about to marry her to a stone cutter; and rather than she'll be subject to such a fellow, she'll die a martyr: will you have all out? She's run away, is here at an inn i' th' town. What parts soever you have played with me, I see good parts in you; and if you now will catch time's hair[1] that's put into your hand, you shall clap her up presently.

Feath. Is she young, and a pretty wench?

Lever. Few citizens' wives are like her.

[1] i. e. time's *forelock.*

Phil. Young! why, I warrant sixteen hath scarce gone over her.

Feath. 'S foot, where is she? If I like her personage as well as I like that which you say belongs to her personage, I'll stand thrumming of caps no longer, but board your pinnace whilst 'tis hot.

May. Away then with these gentlemen, with a French gallop, and to her! Philip here shall run for a priest, and despatch you.

Feath. Will you, gallants, go along? We may be married in a chamber for fear of hue and cry after her, and some of the company shall keep the door.

May. Assure your soul she will be followed: away, therefore. [*Exeunt the others.*] He's in the Curtian gulf and swallowed, horse and man. He will have somebody keep the door for him! she'll look to that. I am younger than I was two nights ago for this physic. How now?

Enter CAPTAIN, ALLUM, HANS, *and others, booted.*

Capt. God pless you, is there not an arrant scurvy trab in your company, that is a sentlewoman born, sir, and can tawg Welch, and Dutch, and any tongue in your head?

May. How so? Drabs in my company! do I look like a drab-driver?

Capt. The trab will drive you, if she put you before her, into a pench-hole.[1]

Allum. Is not a gentleman here, one master Bellamont, sir, of your company?

[1] *Pench*—i. e. the hole in the centre of the bench by which it was lifted.

May. Yes, yes: come you from London? he'll be here presently.

Capt. Will he? tawson! this oman hunts at his tail, like your little goats in Wales follow their mother. We have warrants here from master sustice of this shire, to show no pity nor mercy to her: her name is Doll.

May. Why, sir, what has she committed? I think such a creature is i' th' town.

Capt. What has she committed? ounds, she has committed more than manslaughters, for she has committed herself, God pless us, to everlasting prison. Lug[1] you, sir, she is a punk: she shifts her lovers (as captains and Welch gentlemen and such), as she does her trenchers; when she has well fed upon't, and that there is left nothing but pare bones, she calls for a clean one, and scrapes away the first.

Enter BELLAMONT *and* HORNET, *with* DOLL *between them, and* FEATHERSTONE, GREENSHIELD, KATE, PHILIP, LEVERPOOL, *and* CHARTLEY.

May. Gods so, Master Featherstone, what will you do? here 's three come from London, to fetch away the gentlewoman with a warrant.

Feath. All the warrants in Europe shall not fetch her now: she's mine sure enough. What have you to say to her? she's my wife.

Capt. Ow! 's blood do you come so far to fish and catch frogs? your wife is a tilt-boat; any man or oman may go in her for money: she's a coneycatcher. Where is my

[1] Look.

moveable goods called a coach, and my two wild peasts? pogs on you, would they had trawn you to the gallows!

Allum. I must borrow fifty pound of you, mistress bride.

Hans. Yau vro, and you make me de gheck, de groet fool: you heb mine gelt too; war is it?

Doll. Out you base scums! come you to disgrace me in my wedding shoes?

Feath. Is this your three-thousand-pound ward? ye told me, sir, she was your kinswoman.

May. Right, one of mine aunts.[1]

Bell. Who pays for the northern voyage now, lads?

Green. Why do you not ride before my wife to London now? The woodcock's i' th' springe.

Kate. O forgive me, dear husband! I will never love a man that is worse than hanged, as he is.

May. Now a man may have a course in your park?

Feath. He may, sir.

Doll. Never, I protest: I will be as true to thee as Ware and Wade's-Mill are one to another.

Feath. Well, it's but my fate. Gentlemen, this is my opinion: it's better to shoot in a bow that has been shot in before, and will never start, than to draw a fair new one, that for every arrow will be warping. Come, wench, we are joined, and all the dogs in France shall not part us. I have some lands: those I'll turn into money, to pay you, and you, and any.[2] I'll pay all that I can for thee, for I'm sure thou hast paid me.

Omnes. God give you joy.

[1] A cant term, specially for a procuress, but, generally, for a woman of bad character.

[2] Any others.

May. Come, let's be merry. Lie you with your own wife, to be sure she shall not walk in her sleep.
A noise[1] of musicians, chamberlain!
This night let's banquet freely: come, we'll dare
Our wives to combat i' th' great bed in Ware.

[1] A set, a party.

END OF VOL. I.

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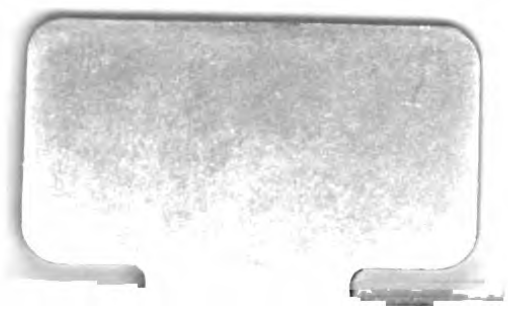
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