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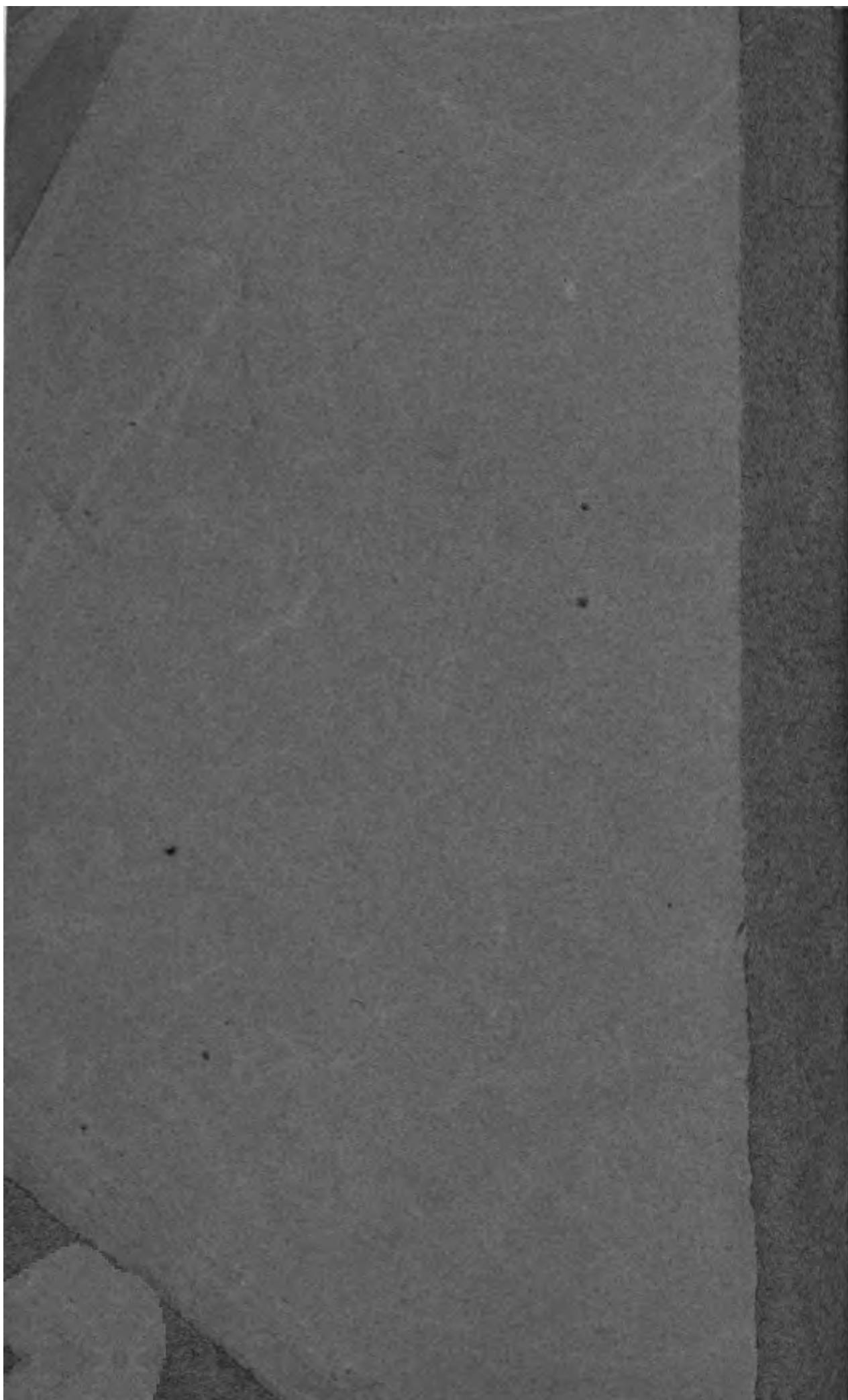


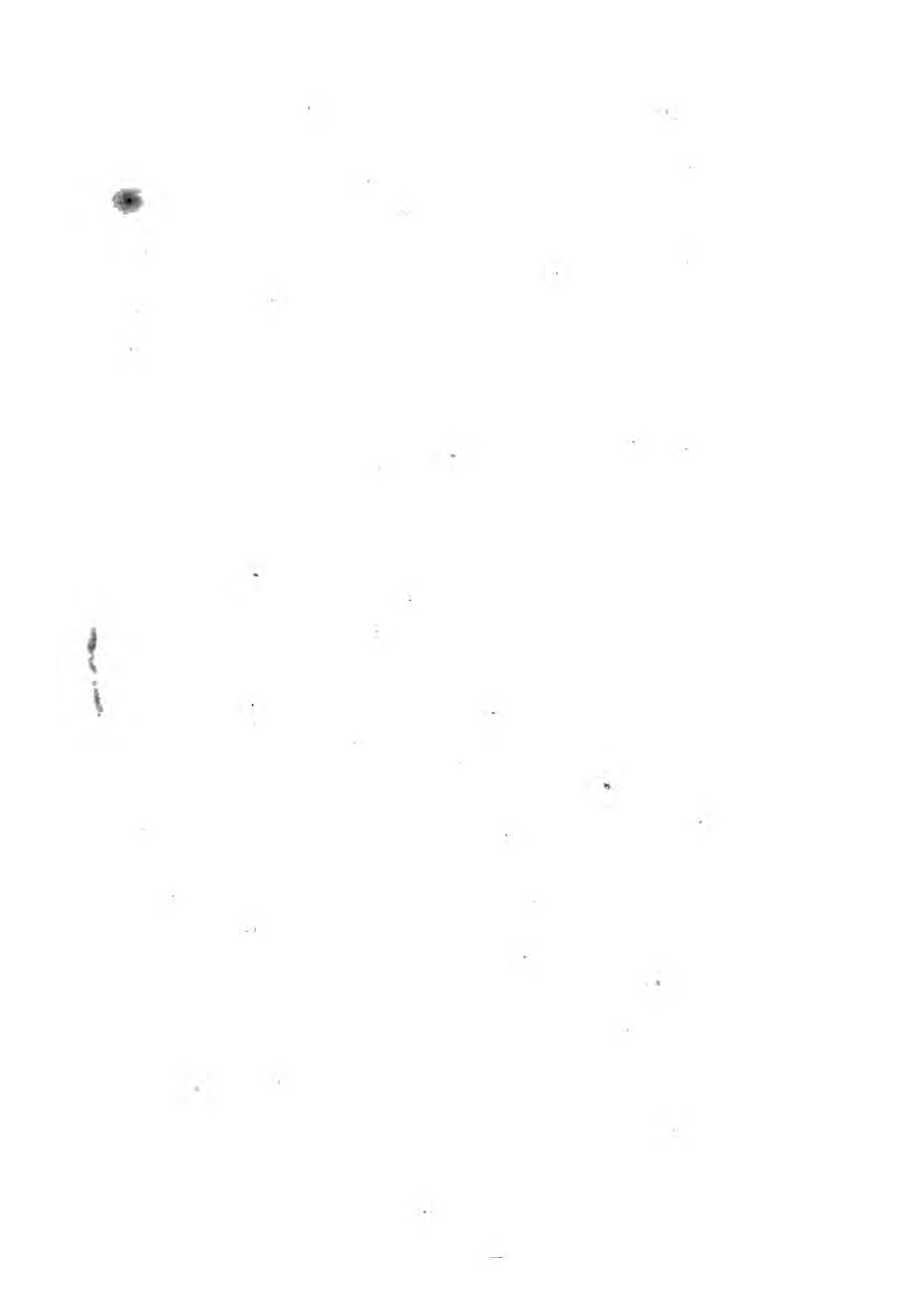


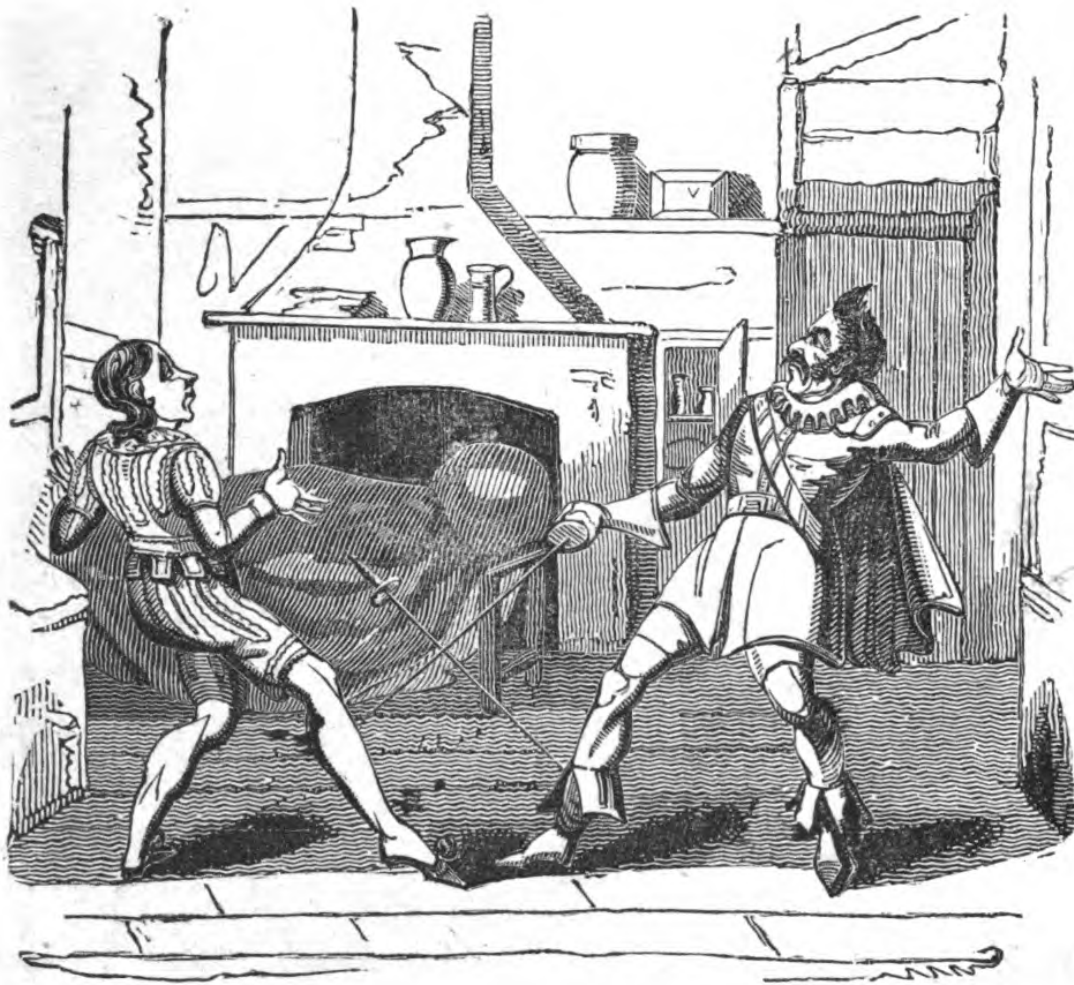
L 69

Every Man in his  
Humour

Mackintosh







*R. Cruikshank, del.*

*White, Sc.*

### **Every Man in his Humour.**

*Bobadil.* Now, stand fast o' your left leg ; note your distance ; keep your due proportion of time—Oh, you disorder your point most irregularly !

*Act I. Scene 4.*

## REMARKS.

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### *Every Man in his Humour.*

THE question, how far learning is essential to form a great poet, is fully answered by the example of Shakspeare—and how far it tends to spoil one, is equally shown in that of Ben Jonson. The former was well known to have small Latin, and less Greek—the latter was a scholar, and a ripe and good one. Jonson's erudition taught him to regard the ancients as perfect models for imitation.—Nature was the goddess of Shakspeare's idolatry: of the ancients he knew little, except through the medium of translation—he steered his course without rule or compass, but he dipped his pen in the human heart. A servile adherence to the canons of criticism repressed Jonson's poetic fervour; hence he is often correct only, when he might have been great. His writings have an air of antiquity that belongs not to any of his contemporaries. He crowds his page with Greek and Roman authors, without accommodating them to the manners of his age and country. Careless of future fame—indifferent to the award of posterity, Shakspeare—

“ For gain, not glory, wing'd his eager flight,  
And grew immortal in his own despight:”

since none of his dramas were printed during his life-time, but through the medium of stolen and surreptitious copies; and must consequently have perished, but for the player-editors, who published the first authorized edition of them in a complete form: whereas Jonson was the careful corrector and supervisor of his own writings:—he knew the press to be the only channel through which they could be transmitted to posterity; and he contemplated its award with that complacency which belongs to superior genius. In this respect, he resembles Milton: like him he was content to forego present fame and reward—to suffer privation and poverty, in the hope that future ages would hasten to be just. And the hope, in both instances, has been amply realized. The works of Milton require no comment here; those of Jonson are duly appreciated: to the antiquary, the scholar, and the man of taste, they are a never-failing source of reference and delight.

But Jonson, however devoted to antiquity, is not always in company with the ancients. He is an amusing and faithful chronicler of the manners and customs of his own times. In humour, he is superior to all his contemporaries, Shakspeare alone excepted; and, though he display not those bright scintillations of wit that sparkle through the pages of that great poet, he may justly compare with him, in exact and forcible delineation of character, and in exhibiting those lights and shades that pass over the human mind, and which can only be caught by the master's eye. He is the poet of *humours*—his characters are drawn from the middle and lower ranks of society, and in this his great merit consists. If they have any fault, it is, that they are too strongly coloured—too insulated



and independent of each other. His scenes display a succession of whimsical originals, exhibiting their peculiarities with distinct and separate effect; rather than a group of characters, acting in concert with each other, and mutually contributing to form a picture of real life.—This remark applies more particularly to *Every Man out of his Humour*, which he calls “a play of *character*.” Jonson paid little regard to scenic effect. He seldom aims to interest or surprise, by what may be termed the *mechanical* part of the drama. He often shakes us with laughter, but never melts us into tears. He is content to satisfy the judgment, without extending his empire to the heart. The basis of his dramas is one master-passion; to illustrate which, he brings forward a variety of strongly contrasted characters, drawn with the profoundest skill: the incidents maintain a perfect consistency; he never throws his personages into ridiculous situations, to make the unskilful laugh. They speak and act according to their different propensities. Hence, his plays are not crowded with action: nor do they exhibit that perplexing round of bustle and intrigue, so congenial to our English taste, and in obedience to which, even some of Shakspeare’s finest productions are thrown aside. Neither does Jonson, like some dramatists, reserve one striking incident for the close: his too lofty contempt for the million forbade him the use of pantomimic aid; nor would he sacrifice his own severe judgment, to escape or insure the catcalls of their censure or applause. This he told them pretty plainly in several of his prologues. When the passion he set out with is illustrated, his play is done.

The *Fox*, the *Alchymist*, and the *Silent Woman*, are the greatest efforts of Jonson’s art. Though discarded by the stage as obsolete, the fault is not in them, but in the depravity of public taste, which has no relish for such profound monuments of genius. The two first are more particularly built on the illustration of one passion, which in both instances is *covetousness*. In the *Fox*, it makes a knave counterfeit sickness in order to impose on knaves, and cheat them of their money, by inducing them to believe that each shall become his heir. In the *Alchymist*, the same passion works differently, and subjects the puritan, the epicure, the gamester, and the trader, to the trickery of an impostor, who ministers to their avarice, by pretending to have discovered the philosopher’s stone. Much true comedy arises out of the impudence of *Subtle* and *Face*, and the whimsical credulity of their dupes. But the *Fox* is by far the finest play. The idea of *Volpone* being cheated in turn by his despicable creature, *Mosca*, is at once bold and original, and the entire conduct of the piece is every way worthy of the high eulogium that Sir Richard Steele has pronounced upon it in *The Tatler*, (No. 21.)

The *Silent Woman* has been highly and justly commended by Dryden, for the continuity of its scenes, its strict regard to the dramatic unities, the adroitness of its plot, and the gayety and wit displayed in the characters of *Truewit* and his friends. It is said that *Morose* is no creation of the author’s fancy, but a real personage, with whom he was acquainted, that possessed this singular turn of mind. But it has been suggested that Jonson is indebted for this whimsical conception to *Libanius*, whose “*declamatio lepidissima de Moroso*,” &c. was published in 1527. It is to be regretted that the author of *Epicæne* has not been more merciful towards the ladies. His vituperations, however, are not original, being borrowed from the Sixth Satire of Juvenal against Women.

The only comedy written by Ben Jonson that keeps possession of the stage—and even *that* is but rarely played—is *Every Man* 10



his Humour. *Jealousy* is the master-passion here exhibited, but this drama is not confined to its illustration alone: there are a great variety of characters, that display their humours, wholly independent of the principal one. The plot is less dexterously laid than those of the three first-mentioned dramas; but it would be difficult to point out a play in any language in which there is a greater redundancy of capital characters. The scene is laid in domestic life; the characters are striking and original; and the incidents are kept within the pale of probability. In depicting jealousy working in the bosom of a plain citizen, Jonson may stand in comparison with Shakspeare: indeed, *Kitely* is altogether a more masterly-drawn portrait than *Ford*. There is the Alsatian coward and bully, *Captain Bobadil*, who partakes of the humour of *Pistol* and *Parolles*, though a braggart of more pretension than either—the *Poetaster* and the *Town-Gull*, *Master Matthew* and *Master Stephen*; particularly the latter, who may fairly keep company with *Cousin Slender*—the quaint knave *Brainworm*, and a variety of other characters, down to that son of low-life, *Cob*, the water-carrier, that are equally true to nature. They all speak a language peculiarly their own, and act in situations perfectly consistent with their habits. If wit be made to consist in a succession of sparkling sentences, where each speaker contends for the mastery, Jonson has little claim to it; but, if it be defined as proper words in proper places, a definition that has been given to it, his claim must be admitted without dispute. His humour is neither so rich nor so copious as Shakspeare's. The instant we encounter *Falstaff* and his companions, we become as one of the company, and the partner of their jokes. We call for a cup of sack, take our ease at our inn, and regard *Bardolph's* nose with complacency, even though it should put us in mind of hell-fire. But we feel no inclination to sit with *Bobadil*; we should consider ourselves as intruding, even were the captain to command his hostess to bring a stool for us. There is nothing in Jonson's most humorous characters that invites us to a near approach. They produce not that joyous excitement which belongs to the inspiring catches of *Sir Toby* and the *Clown*; neither do they compel us to hend the stile with them, like the merry *Autolicus*.

With these drawbacks to his fame as a dramatic poet, Jonson is eminently entitled to the distinction of a classic. Those who would know the strength and nerve of the English language must not fail to study his writings attentively. Swift boasted that he never made use of an unnecessary word. Jonson has no false metaphors, no superfluous terms—he held his imagination under the reins of his judgment; and that judgment, we have before remarked, was formed in the rigorous discipline of the schools. Like Shakspeare, he did not disdain to borrow. If the former adopted whole passages from *Plutarch*, the long speeches in the first act of *The Silent Woman* are translated from *Ovid, de Arte Amandi*; and it is the case with both these great poets, that they are less successful when they take the language and sentiments of others, than when they draw from their own stores. Jonson's plays are for the most part dramatic satires:—

“ Heroes and gods make other poems fine—  
Plain *satire* calls for *sense* in ev'ry line.”

And strong sense, as strongly expressed, is the leading characteristic of Jonson's writings. He possessed not, like his glorious contemporary—

“ The poet’s eye in a fine phrensy rolling ;”  
Nor had he an imagination all compact to give

“ To airy nothing  
“ A local habitation, and a name.”

But he could seize a passion, and anatomize it with the same skill as Shakspeare: he could make vice as hateful, and folly as ridiculous: his powers of sarcasm were equally strong; their difference consists in his manner of using them. Jonson was the Juvenal, and Shakspeare the Horace, of the stage. But he wanted the art to elevate virtue—that exquisite humanity which lives and breathes in the writings of Shakspeare; that tender melancholy which comes o’er the ear—

“ Like the sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing, and giving odour”—

are no where to be found in the pages of Jonson. He has no relish for such characters as Imogen, Julia, and Viola. The pleasurable emotions that he excites are few and transient. We rise neither better nor happier from the perusal of his works.—He leaves no soothing calm upon the mind which makes us acquiesce in the distribution of moral good and evil, and consider,—

“ All discord—harmony not understood ;  
All partial evil—universal good.”

He points to the dark side of the picture, in which we discover many melancholy truths. His representations of nature are just and forcible: but it is nature deformed by vice, and debased by folly; the contemplation of which saddens the heart, and makes us discontented with our species.

Jonson’s attempts at tragedy were almost futile. Of his three tragedies, *Sejanus*, *Cataline*, and *Mortimer’s Fall* (the latter he left unfinished), *Sejanus* is the best. The plot is founded on history, and modelled after the manner of the ancient poets. In it he has concentrated all the pride of his learning, and his margin is crowded with references to his quotations and authorities. Yet, withal, it is pedantic and passionless, and was received by the audience with coldness and indifference. But the witchery of *rhyme* seems to have inspired him with a spirit and gayety equally new and delightful. In the stately masques written for the court of King James the First, are songs full of grace, liveliness, and imagination. Many of his minor pieces are exceedingly beautiful. His verses on Shakspeare have the merit of brevity and truth. His epitaph on S. P., one of the children of Queen Elizabeth’s chapel, and on the Countess of Pembroke, have never been equalled, but by Pope, in his beautiful Lines on the Death of Lady Bridgewater, beginning—

“ Call round her tomb each object of desire,  
Each purer frame informed by purer fire.”

It was Jonson’s fate to be pestered through life by a swarm of literary hornets, who buzzed round, and worried him with their stings. Many of these, when he condescended to put forth his arm, were brushed away in an instant; but they soon returned to the charge, and continued to fret, though they could not play upon him. Among the most ingenious and persevering, was Thomas Dekker, who, having been lashed in the *Poetaster*, under the character of *Crispinus*,

returned the compliment, by exhibiting Ben Jonson as *Horace Junior*, in his play of *Satiro-Mastrix, or the Untrussing of the Humorous Poet*. The Duke of Buckingham evidently took the hint, when he held Dryden up to ridicule as *Bayes*, in the Rehearsal. Much of this Jonson bore with silent contempt; but, when he *was* roused to retort, he inflicted summary vengeance on his opponents, and lashed them with the utmost severity of his wit—and they have only escaped that oblivion which is the common lot of dulness, from having been associated with his imperishable name. To this circumstance they owe their immortality; let them therefore enjoy the infamy and the honour.

It has been said, that Jonson beheld with malignity and envy the fair fame of Shakspeare—and that he covertly satirized him in his works. In support of this accusation, various strained allusions have been produced, which, though they exhibit, on the part of the accusers, “the very cunning of the brain,” go nothing towards proving it. Jonson, though of a temper haughty and petulant, had a heart above ingratitude—and he would have been guilty of it in the greatest degree, had he treated his earliest patron, who first introduced him to the stage, and with whom for many years he continued to live on terms of intimacy and friendship, in so unworthy a manner. We believe not one word of this malicious charge—it has been the fashion to calumniate Ben Jonson, to represent him as morose and ungrateful; and for no other reason, that we can discover, than to perpetuate the scandal of those dunces who smarted and writhed under the severity of his sarcasm. It is no more than just that these illustrious men should go down to posterity as undivided friends. The greatest proof of Jonson’s sincere admiration and love for Shakspeare, is to be found in his verses attached to his portrait by Martin Droeshout; when he could no longer be influenced by his popularity, or awed by his presence.

The disposition of Ben Jonson inclined him to good fellowship. He was one of a circle of wits (and Shakspeare was of the number), who met for the purposes of literature and conviviality. He inherited the poet’s true portion—a life passed between pleasure and poverty: but it was pleasure without reproach, and poverty without meanness. By those who knew his virtues, and could estimate his talents, he was beloved and admired—indeed, few poets can produce more numerous testimonies of the admiration of his contemporaries than Ben Jonson. His was lofty genius pining under inadequate reward—assailed by dulness, and soured by disappointment. Let us not blame him, that, as he felt bitterly, so he often expressed himself— but rather the world, whose neglect produced those feelings:

“The careless world looks down with scorn  
On intellectual fires;  
And he indeed is most forlorn  
Whom genius most inspires!” \*

Ben Jonson was poet-laureat to two kings, James the First and Charles the First. He was born at Westminster, on the 11th of June, 1574, and died of the palsy, August 16th, 1637. He was entombed in Westminster Abbey; over his grave is the following concise epitaph:—

“O rare Ben Jonson!”

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\* The Editor.

Every Man in his Humour was revived by Garrick, in 1751. Kitely he played himself; and Woodward and Shuter were Bobadil and Master Stephen. Garrick spoke a prologue, written for the occasion by Whitehead, who was afterwards Poet Laureat, but no poet. We remember a *cast* almost as rich—Kemble and Cooke alternately in Kitely; Munden in Brainworm; Liston and Simmons in Master Stephen and Master Matthew; and Fawcett in Bobadil. Cooke's Kitely was an admirable performance. He acted with more than usual correctness—every scene was the result of deep study, and a thorough knowledge of his author. Indeed, there was no character in which he displayed more uniform excellence. Kemble's Kitely was brooding and melancholy.—He exhibited a terrific picture of jealousy working in a bosom neither refined by sentiment nor elevated by heroism. But, that the passion had entered deeply into his soul, was discoverable in the flashes that shot from his dark brow; in the tremulous movements of his frame; and in his faltering tongue, that seemed fearful of trusting even himself with his own secret. Mr. Young illustrates the strong sense and nervous language of Ben Jonson with appropriate action and powerful elocution. Munden's Brainworm is rich and mellow; Farren's is hard and elaborate—though we question if Farren's be not the truer conception, for Brainworm is a knave of a more dry cast. Liston, in Master Stephen, and Simmons, in Master Matthew, were the Gull and the Poetaster to perfection—Simmons' manner of describing "*your true melancholy*," and Liston's question to Wellbred, "*Cousin, am I melancholy enough?*" were all that comedy could desire. Mr. Fawcett, in the planet-struck bully, Captain Bobadil, was grave, pompous, and pretending. His description of the "be-leag'ring of Strigonium," and putting the Moors "pell-mell to the sword," was highly effective. But Bannister, to our mind, hit the quaint humour of Bobadil more truly; a humour peculiar to the times, and which to paint is a task of uncommon difficulty.

We fear that this comedy is not likely to be revived. It has generally proved "*caviare to the multitude*," and nothing but the very finest acting can render it popular on the stage. Many of the principal characters have been imitated by other authors. The Noll Bl and Sir Joseph Wittol of Congreve, the Strickland of Hoadley, and the Bounce of the late Mr. Colman, will find their originals in Every Man in his Humour.

☞ D—G.

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observation, during the most recent performances.

## EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; C. D. F. or M. D. *Centre Door in the Flat*; R. D. F. *Right Door in the Flat*; L. D. F. *Left Door in the Flat, or the Scene running across the back of the Stage*; R. S. E. *Right Second Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*.

## RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.            RC.            C.            LC.            L.

\* \* \* *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing the Audience.*



## Costume.

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**KITELY.**—Fawn-colour figured silk shape-dress, with deep crimson satin puffs; black hat, and black feathers; crimson stockings, and russet shoes.

**OLD KNO'WELL.**—Dark drab silk dress, with green puffs and hose; black hat and feathers.

**YOUNG KNO'WELL.**—Fawn-colour velvet shape, with rose-pink puffs, and blue trimming; white silk hose, black hat, white feather.

**WELLBRED.**—Light gray shape, trimmed with black velvet, scarlet satin puffs; black velvet cloak, trimmed and lined with scarlet; gray hose, black hat, and red and black feather.

**MASTER STEPHEN.**—Yellow silk dress, trimmed with blue and pink satin puffs.

**MASTER MATTHEW.**—Blue and pink damask silk shape, with blue silk puffs, small cloak, pink hose, and small black hat.

**JUSTICE CLEMENT.**—Black velvet shape, and consular gown.

**DOWNRIGHT.**—Purple cloth shape, trimmed with black purple satin puffs, gilt buttons.

**CAPTAIN BOBADIL.**—Leather doublet and trunks, black cloak, black belts, with brass plates through them; very large sword, red hose, and large boots.

**CASH.**—Plain green shape, with light green trimming and puffs.

**FORMAL.**—Plain black shalloon shape.

**COB.**—Plain slate-coloured cloth shape.

**BRAINWORM.**—First dress, blue shape livery, with light blue puffs, coloured lace.—Second dress, ragged shape dress, large black boots, leather belt.—Third dress, black shape-like formals.—Fourth dress, black gown.—Last dress, the livery again.

**MRS. KITELY.**—White satin open gown, pink satin petticoat, trimmed with point lace.

**BRIDGET.**—Plain white.

**COB'S WIFE.**—Black open gown, scarlet petticoat, trimmed with small point lace.

### *Cast of the characters at the Theatre royal, Covent-Garden, 1825.*

<i>Kitely</i> .....	Mr. Young.
<i>Old Kno'well</i> .....	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Young Kno'well</i> .....	Mr. Cooper.
<i>Wellbred</i> .....	Mr. Mason.
<i>Master Stephen</i> .....	Mr. Meadows.
<i>Master Matthew</i> .....	Mr. Keeley.
<i>Justice Clement</i> .....	Mr. Blanchard.
<i>Downright</i> .....	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Captain Bobadil</i> .....	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Cash</i> .....	Mr. Horrebow.
<i>Formal</i> .....	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Cob</i> .....	Mr. J. Isaacs.
<i>Brainworm</i> .....	Mr. W. Farren.
<i>Mrs. Kitely</i> .....	Mrs. Chatterley.
<i>Bridget</i> .....	Miss J. Scott.
<i>Cob's Wife</i> .....	Mrs. Pearce.

# EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Court Yard before KNO'WELL'S House.*

*Enter KNO'WELL and BRAINWORM, M. D.*

*Kno.* A goodly day toward, and a fresh morning.  
*Brainworm,*  
Call up young master. Bid him rise, sir.  
Tell him I have some business to employ him.

*Brain.* I will, sir, presently.

*Kno.* But hear you, sirrah,  
If he be at his book, disturb him not.

*Brain.* Well, sir. *[Exit into House.]*

*Kno.* How happy, yet, should I esteem myself,  
Could I, by any practice, wean the boy  
From one vain course of study he affects.  
He is a scholar, if a man may trust  
The liberal voice of Fame in her report,  
Of good account in both our universities;  
Either of which hath favour'd him with graces:  
But their indulgence must not spring in me  
A fond opinion, that he cannot err.

*Enter MASTER STEPHEN, R.*

Cousin Stephen,  
What news with you, that you are here so early?

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

*Kno.* That's kindly done: you are welcome, coz.

*Step.* Ay, I know that, sir, I would not ha' come else.  
How doth my cousin Edward, uncle?

*Kno.* Oh, well, coz, go in and see; I doubt he be  
scarce stirring yet.

*Step.* Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me an' he  
have e'er a book of the sciences of hawking and hunt-  
ing? I would fain borrow it.

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



*Step.* No wesse, but I'll practise against the next year, uncle. I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing, but a book to keep it by.

*Kno.* Oh, most ridiculous!

*Step.* Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle. Why, you know, an' a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied than the Greek or the Latin. What do you talk on it? Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keep company with none but the citizens, that come a ducking to Islington ponds! A fine jest, i'faith! 'Slid, a gentleman mun show himself like a gentleman. I know what I have to do; I am no novice.

*Kno.* You are a prodigal, absurd coxcomb: go to! Nay, never look at me, it's I that speak. Take it as you will, sir, I'll not flatter you. Ha' you not yet found means, enow, to waste That which your friends have left you, but you must Go cast away your money on a kite; And know not how to keep it, when you've done? Oh, it's comely! This will make you a gentleman! Well, cousin, well! I see you are e'en past hope Of all reclaim. Ay, so, now you're told on it, You look another way.

*Step.* What would you ha' me do?

*Kno.* What would I have you do! I'll tell you, kinsman;  
Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive;  
That would I have thee do: and not to spend  
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,  
Or every foolish brain that humours you.

*Enter a SERVANT, R.*

*Serv.* 'Save you, gentlemen.

*Step.* Nay, we do not stand much on our gentility, friend; and I assure you, mine uncle here is a man of a thousand a-year, Middlesex land; he has but one son in all the world; I am his next heir at the common law, Master Stephen, as simple as I stand here, if my cousin die, as there's hope he will. I have a pretty living o' my own too, beside, hard by here.

*Serv.* In good time, sir.

*Step.* In good time, sir! Why? And in very good time, sir. You do not flout, friend, do you?

*Serv.* Not I, sir.

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

*Serv.* Why, sir, let this satisfy you; good faith, I had no such intent.

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

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

*Step.* And so I would, sir, good my saucy companion, an' you were out o' my uncle's ground, I can tell you; though I do not stand upon my gentility neither in't.

*Kno.* Cousin! cousin! Will this ne'er be left?

*Step.* Whorson base fellow! A mechanical serving man! By this cudgel, and 'twere not for shame, I would—

*Kno.* What would you do, you peremptory gull?

If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.

You see the honest man demeans himself

Modestly towards you, giving no reply

To your unseason'd quarrelling.

Go, get you in; 'fore Heaven, I am ashamed

Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me.

[*Exit STEPHEN into House.*]

*Serv.* I pray you, sir, is this Master Kno'well's house?

*Kno.* Yes, marry, is't, sir.

*Serv.* I should inquire for a gentleman here, one Master Edward Kno'well: do you know any such, sir, I pray you?

*Kno.* I should forget myself else, sir.

*Serv.* Are you the gentleman? Cry you mercy, sir, I was required by a gentleman i' the city, as I rode out at this end of the town, to deliver you this letter, sir.

*Kno.* To me, sir. [*Reads.*] "To his most selected friend, Master Edward Kno'well." What might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it?

*Serv.* One Master Wellbred, sir.

*Kno.* Master Wellbred! A young gentleman, is he not?

*Serv.* The same, sir; Master Kitely married his sister: the rich merchant i' the Old Jewry.

*Kno.* You say very true. Brainworm!

*Enter BRAINWORM from House.*

*Brain.* Sir.

*Kno.* Make this honest friend drink here. Pray you go in. [*Exeunt BRAINWORM and SERVANT into House.*

This letter is directed to my son :

Yet I am Edward Kno'well too, and may,  
With the safe conscience of good manners, use  
The fellow's error to my satisfaction.

What have we here? What's this?

[*Reads.*

“ Why, Ned, I beseech hast thou forsworn all thy friends i' the old Jewry? or dost thou think us all Jews that inhabit there? Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green apricots, evening and morning, o' the north-west wall : an' I had been his son, I had saved him the labour long since ; if taking in all the young wenches that pass by at the back door, and coddling every kernel of the fruit for 'em would ha' served. But pry'thee, come over to me quickly, this morning : I have such a present for thee, our Turkey company never sent the like to the Grand Signior. One is a rhymer, sir, o' your own batch, your own leaven ; but doth think himself poet major the town ; willing to be shown, and worthy to be seen. The other—I will not venture his description with you till you come, because I would ha' you make hither with an appetite. If the worst of 'em be not worth your journey, draw your bill of charges, as unconscionable as any Guildhall verdict will give it you, and you shall be allowed your viaticum.

“ From the Windmill.”

From the burdello, it might come as well !

The spittal ! Is this the man,

My son hath sung so, for the happiest wit,

The choicest brain, the times have sent us forth ?

I know not what he may be, in the arts ;

Nor what in schools : but surely, for his manners,

I judge him a profane and dissolute wretch :

Brainworm !

*Enter BRAINWORM from House.*

*Brain.* Sir.

*Kno.* Is the fellow gone that brought this letter ?

*Brain.* Yes, sir, a pretty while since.

*Kno.* And where's your young master ?

*Brain.* In his chamber, sir.

*Kno.* He spake not with the fellow, did he?

*Brain.* No, sir, he saw him not.

*Kno.* Take you this letter, seal it, and deliver it my son;

But with no notice that I have open'd it, on your life.

*Brain.* O lord, sir, that were a jest, indeed!

*Kno.* I am resolved, I will not stop his journey;

Nor practise any violent means to stay  
The unbridled course of youth in him: for that,

Restrain'd, grows more impatient:

There is a way of winning more by love,

And urging of the modesty, than fear:

Force works on servile natures, not the free:

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

But, 'tis but for that fit: where others drawn

By softness, and example, get a habit.

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

They would for virtue do, they'll do for shame.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—YOUNG KNO'WELL'S *Study.*

*Enter* YOUNG KNO'WELL *and* BRAINWORM, L.

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

*Brain.* Yes, o' my word, sir, and read the contents.

*Y. Kno.* That's bad. What countenance, pray thee, made he i' the reading of it? Was he angry, or pleased?

*Brain.* Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

*Y. Kno.* No! How know'st thou then, that he did either?

*Brain.* Marry, sir, because he charged me, on my life, to tell nobody that he opened it: which, unless he had done, he would never fear to have it revealed.

*Y. Kno.* That's true: well, I thank thee, Brainworm. [Exit, L.]

*Enter* MASTER STEPHEN, R.

*Step.* Oh, Brainworm, didst thou not see a fellow here, in a what-sha'-call him doublet? He brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

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

*Step.* Oh! I ha' such a mind to beat him.

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



*Step.* Gone! which way? When went he? How long since?

*Brain.* He is rid hence. He took horse at the street door.

*Step.* And I staid i' the fields! Whorson, Scanderbeg rogue! Oh that I had but a horse to fetch him back again!

*Brain.* Why, you may ha' my master's gelding to save your longing, sir.

*Step.* But I have no boots, that's the spite on't.

*Brain.* Why, a fine wisp of hay, rolled hard, Master Stephen.

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

*Brain.* You'll be worse vexed, when you are trussed, Master Stephen. Best keep unbraced, and walk yourself till you be cold, your choler may founder you else.

*Step.* How dost thou like my leg, Brainworm?

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

*Step.* Foh, the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on, for the dust: I'll have a pair of silk against the winter, that I go to dwell i' the town. I think my leg would show in a silk hose.

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

*Step.* In sadness, I think it would; I have a reasonable good leg.

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

*Step.* Another time will serve, Brainworm.

*Enter YOUNG KNO'WELL, L.*

*Y. Kno.* Ha! ha! ha!

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

*Y. Kno.* Here was a letter, indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father! He cannot but think most virtuously both of me and the sender, sure.—What! my wise cousin! Nay, then I'll furnish our feast with one gull tow'rd the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three; O for a fourth!

*Step.* O, now I see who he laughs at. He laughs at somebody in that letter. By this good light, an' he had laugh'd at me——

*Y. Kno.* How now, cousin Stephen, melancholy?

*Step.* Yes, a little. I thought you had laugh'd at me, cousin.

*Y. Kno.* Why, what an' I had, coz, what would you ha' done?

*Step.* By this light, I would ha' told my uncle.

*Y. Kno.* Nay, if you would ha' told your uncle, I did laugh at you, coz.

*Step.* Did you, indeed?

*Y. Kno.* Yes, indeed.

*Step.* Why, then—

*Y. Kno.* What then?

*Step.* I am satisfied: it is sufficient.

*Y. Kno.* Why, be so, gentle coz. And I pray you let me entreat a courtesy of you. I am sent for, this morning, by a friend i' the Old Jewry, to come to him: will you bear me company? I protest it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot, coz.

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

*Y. Kno.* No, no, you shall not protest, coz.

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

*Y. Kno.* You speak very well, coz.

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

*Y. Kno.* Your turn, coz † Do you know what you say? A gentleman of your sort, parts, carriage, and estimation, to talk o' your turn. Come, come, wrong not the quality of your desert, with looking downward, coz; but hold up your head, so; and let the idea of what you are be portray'd i' your face, that men may read i' your physiognomy: "Here, within this place, is to be seen the true and accomplished monster, or miracle of nature," which is all one. What think you of this, coz?

*Step.* Why, I do think of it: and I will be more proud and melancholy, and gentlemanlike than I have been, I'll assure you.

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

*Step.* I'll follow you.

*Y. Kno.* Follow me! you must go before.

*Step.* Nay, an' I must, I will. Pray you, show me,  
good cousin. [Exeunt, R.

SCENE III.—*The Street, before Cob's House.*

*Enter MASTER MATTHEW, L.*

*Mat.* I think this be the house. What, hoa!

*Enter COB from the House in Flat.*

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

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

*Cob.* Ay, sir, I and my lineage ha' kept a poor house here in our days.

*Mat.* Cob, canst thou show me of a gentleman, one Captain Bobadil, where his lodging is?

*Cob.* O, my guest, sir, you mean!

*Mat.* Thy guest! alas! ha! ha!

*Cob.* Why do you laugh, sir? Do you not mean Captain Bobadil?

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

*Cob.* I will not give it him, though, sir. Mass, I thought somewhat was in't we could not get him to bed all night! Well, sir, though he lie not o' my bed, he lies o' my bench. An't please you to go up, sir, you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloak wrapped about him, as though he had neither won nor lost; and yet, I warrant, he ne'er cast better in his life, than he has done to-night.

*Mat.* Why, was he drunk?

*Cob.* Drunk, sir! you hear not me say so. Perhaps he swallowed a tavern-token, or some such device, sir: I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water, and not with wine. Gi' me my bucket there, hoa. God b'wi' you, sir, it's six o'clock: I should ha' carried two turns by this. What hoa! my stopple! come.

*Mat.* Lie in a water-bearer's house! A gentleman of his havings! Well, I'll tell him my mind.



*Cob.* What, Tib, show this gentleman up to the captain. [*TIB shows MASTER MATTHEW into the House.*] You should ha' some now, would take this Mr. Matthew to be a gentleman at the least. His father is an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth; and now does he creep and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, such as my guest is. O, my guest is a fine man! he does swear the legiblest of any man christened: by St. George—the foot of Pharoah,—the body of me,—as I am a gentleman and a soldier; such dainty oaths! and withal, he does this same filthy roguish tobacco, the finest and cleanliest! it would do a man good to see the fume come forth out at's tonnols! Well, he owes me forty shillings, my wife lent him out of her purse by sixpence a time, besides his lodging; I would I had it. I shall ha' it, he says, the next action. Helter-skelter, hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat, up-tails all, and a louse for the hangman.

[*Exit into House.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in COB'S House.*

*BOBADIL discovered upon a Bench. Enter TIB, R.*

*Bob.* Hostess! Hostess!

*Tib.* What say you, sir?

*Bob.* A cup o' thy small-beer, sweet Hostess.

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

*Bob.* A gentleman! 'Odso, I am not within.

*Tib.* My husband told him you were, sir.

*Bob.* What a plague—what meant he?

*Mat.* [*Within.*] Captain Bobadil!

*Bob.* Who's there!—Take away the basin, good Hostess. Come up, sir.

*Tib.* He would desire you to come up, sir. You come into a cleanly house here. [*Exit, R.*]

*Enter MASTER MATTHEW, R.*

*Mat.* 'Save you, sir: 'save you, captain!

*Bob.* Gentle Master Matthew! Is it you, sir? Please you sit down.

*Mat.* Thank you, good captain; you may see I am somewhat audacious.

*Bob.* Not so, sir. I was requested to supper, last night, by a sort of gallants, where you were wished for, and drank to, I assure you.

*Mat.* Vouchsafe me by whom, good captain.

*Bob.* Marry, by young Wellbred, and others. Why, Hostess! a stool here for this gentleman.

*Mat.* No haste, sir, 'tis very well.

*Bob.* Body of me! It was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen, as you came. How passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

*Mat.* Faith, some half hour to seven. Now, trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat, and private!

*Bob.* Ay, sir: I pray you, Master Matthew, in any case, possess no gentleman of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

*Mat.* Who, I, sir? No.

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

*Mat.* True, captain; I conceive you.

*Bob.* For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me, except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so, I could not extend thus far.

*Mat.* O Lord, sir! I resolve so.

[*Pulls out a paper, and reads.*]

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

*Mat.*—[*Reads.*].—“To thee, the purest object of my sense,  
The most refined essence Heaven covers,  
Send I these lines, wherein I do commence  
The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.”

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

*Mat.* This, sir? a toy o' mine own, in my nonage: the infancy of my muses. But, when will you come and see my study? Good faith, I can show you some very good things I have done of late——

*Bob.* What, all as good as that?

*Mat.* That boot becomes your leg passing well, captain, methinks.

*Bob.* So, so; it's the fashion gentlemen now use.

*Mat.* Troth, captain, and now you speak o' the fashion, Master Wellbred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly; this other day, I happened to enter

into some discourse of a hanger, which, I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory-beautiful and gentlemanlike : yet he condemn'd and cried it down for the most pried and ridiculous that ever he saw.

*Bob.* 'Squire Downright, the half-brother, was't not ?

*Mat.* Ay, sir, George Downright.

*Bob.* Hang him, rook ! He ! Why, he has no more judgment than a malt horse. By St. George, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal ! The most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom this day he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er changed words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay. He was born for the manger, pannier, or packsaddle ! He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly ; but all old iron, and rusty proverbs ! A good commodity for some smith to make hobnails of.

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

*Bob.* How ! He the bastinado ! How came he by that word, trow ?

*Mat.* Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me : I tern'd it so, for my more grace.

*Bob.* That may be : for I was sure it was none of his word. But when ? When said he so ?

*Mat.* Faith, yesterday, they say : a young gallant friend of mine told me so.

*Bob.* By the foot of Pharoah, an' 'twere my case, now, I should send him a challenge, presently. Come hither, you shall challenge him. I'll show you a trick or two you shall kill him with, at pleasure : the first stoccata, if you will, by this air.

*Mat.* Indeed, you have absolute knowledge i' the mystery, I have heard, sir.

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

*Mat.* Troth, I have heard it spoken of by divers, that you have very rare and un-in-one-breath-utterable skill, sir.

*Bob.* By Heaven, no, not I ; no skill i' the earth : some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so. I have profest it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use than mine own practice, I assure you. I'll give you a lesson. Look you, sir. Exalt

not your point above this state, at any hand'; so, sir, come on! Oh, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentlemanlike guard. So, indifferent. Hollow your body more, sir, thus. Now, stand fast o' your left leg; note your distance; keep your due proportion of time—Oh, you disorder your point most irregularly! Come, put on your cloak, and we'll go to some private place, where you are acquainted—some tavern, or so—and have a bit.—What money ha' you about you, Mr. Matthew?

*Mat.* Faith! I ha' not past two shillings, or so.

*Bob.* 'Tis somewhat with the least; but, come, we will have a bunch of radishes, and salt, to taste our wine; and a pipe of tobacco, to close the orifice of the stomach; and then we'll call upon young Wellbred. Perhaps we shall meet Corydon, his brother, there, and put him to the question. Come along, Mr. Matthew.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

END OF ACT I.

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## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Warehouse, belonging to KITELY.*

*Enter KITELY, CASH, and DOWNRIGHT, L.—cross behind to R.*

*Kite.* Thomas, come hither.  
There lies a note within, upon my desk;  
Here, take my key—it is no matter, neither.  
Where is the boy?

*Cash.* Within, sir, i'the warehouse.

*Kite.* Let him tell over straight that Spanish gold,  
And weigh it, with the pieces of eight. Do you  
See the delivery of those silver stuffs  
To master Lucar. Tell him, if he will,  
He shall ha' the grograms at the rate I told him,  
And I will meet him, on the Exchange, anon.

*Cash.* Good, sir. [Exit, L.]

*Kite.* Do you see that fellow, brother Downright?

*Down.* Ay, what of him?



*Kite.* He is a jewel, brother.—  
I took him of a child, up, at my door,  
And christen'd him ; gave my own name, Thomas ;  
Since bred him at the hospital ; where, proving  
A toward imp, I call'd him home, and taught him  
So much, as I have made him my cashier,  
And find him, in his place, so full of faith,  
That I durst trust my life into his hands.

*Down.* So would not I, in any bastard's, brother,  
As it is like he is, although I knew  
Myself his father. But you said you'd somewhat  
To tell me, gentle brother. What is't ? What is't ?

*Kite.* Faith, I am very loth to utter it,  
As fearing it may hurt your patience :  
But that I know your judgment is of strength,  
Against the nearness of affection—

*Down.* What need this circumstance ? Pray you, be  
direct.

Come to the matter, the matter.

*Kite.* Then, without further ceremony, thus.  
My brother Wellbred, sir, I know not how,  
Of late has much declined in what he was,  
And greatly alter'd in his disposition.  
When he came first to lodge here in my hous  
Ne'er trust me, if I were not proud of him :  
But now his course is so irregular,  
So loose, affected, and deprived of grace ;  
He makes my house, here, common as a mart,  
And here, as in a tavern or a stew,  
He and his wild associates spend their hours,  
In repetition of lascivious jests—  
Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night,  
Control my servants ; and, indeed, what not ?

*Down.* 'Sdains, I know not what I should say to him  
i' the whole world ! He values me at a cracked three-  
farthings, for aught I see. It will never out o' the flesh  
that's bred i' the bone ! I have told him enough, one  
would think, if that would serve. Well, he knows what  
to trust to, 'fore George. Let him spend, and spend, and  
domineer, till his heart ache ; an' he think to be reliev-  
ed by me, when he is got into one o' your city pounds,  
the counters, he has the wrong sow by the ear, i' faith,  
and claps his dish at a wrong man's door. I'll lay my  
hand on my halfpenny, ere I part with 't to fetch him  
out, I'll assure him.

*Kite.* Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you,  
thus.

*Down.* 'Sdeath, he made me—I could eat my very spur leathers for anger! But, why are you so tame? Why do not you speak to him, and tell him how he disquiets your house?

*Kite.* Oh, there are divers reasons to dissuade brother;

But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it,  
Though but with plain and easy circumstance,  
It would both come much better to his sense,  
And favour less of stomach, or of passion.  
You are his elder brother, and that title  
Both gives and warrants you authority:  
Whereas, if I should intimate the least,  
It would but add contempt to his neglect;  
He would be ready, from his heat of humour,  
To blow the ears of his familiars  
With the false breath of telling what disgrace  
And low disparagements I had put on him:  
Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable,  
Make their loose comments upon ev'ry word,  
Gesture, or look, I use; mock me all o'er;  
Beget some slander, that shall dwell with me.  
And what would that be, think you? Marry, this;  
They would give out, because my wife is fair,  
Myself but newly married, and my sister  
Here sojourning a virgin in my house,  
That I were jealous! Nay, as sure as death,  
That they would say. And how that I had quarrell'd  
My brother purposely, thereby to find  
An apt pretext to banish them my house.

*Down.* Mass, perhaps so: they're like enough to do it.

*Kite.* Brother, they would, believe it: so should I  
But try experiments upon myself:  
Lend scorn and envy opportunity  
To stab my reputation and good name. [*Crosses to R.*

*Enter MATTHEW and BOBADIL, R. D.*

*Mat.* I will speak to him—

*Bob.* Speak to him! Away! by the foot of Pharoah,  
you shall not; you shall not do him that grace.

*Kite.* What is the matter, sirs?

*Bob.* The time of day to you, gentleman o' the house.  
Is Mr. Wellbred stirring?

*Down.* How, then?—what should he do?

*Bob.* Gentleman of the house, it is you:—is he within,  
sir?

*Kite.* He came not to his lodging to-night, sir, I assure you.

*Down.* Why, do you hear, you!

*Bob.* The gentleman citizen hath satisfied me; I'll talk to no scavenger. [*Exeunt BOB. and MAT., R. D.*]

*Down.* How, scavenger!—Stay, sir, stay!

*Kite.* Nay, brother Downright—

*Down.* Heart! stand you away, an' you love me.

*Kite.* You shall not follow him now, I pray you, brother;—good faith, you shall not: I will overrule you.

*Down.* Ha! scavenger! Well, go to, I say little; but, by this good day, (God forgive me I should swear!) if I put it up so, say I am the rankest coward ever lived. 'Sdains, an' I swallow this, I'll ne'er draw my sword in the sight of Fleet-street again, while I live; I'll sit in a barn with Madge Howlet, and catch mice first. Scavenger!

*Kite.* O, do not fret yourself thus; never think on't.

*Down.* These are my brother's consorts, these! these are his comrades, his walking mates! Let me not live, an' I could find in my heart to swinge the whole gang of them, one after another, and begin with him first. I am grieved it should be said he is my brother, and take these courses. Well, as he brews so he shall drink, 'fore George. Yet he shall hear on't, and that rightly, too, an' I live, i'faith.

*Kite.* But, brother, let your reprehensions then Run in an easy current, not o'er high: But rather use the soft persuading way, More winning than enforcing the consent.

*Down.* Ay, ay, let me alone for that, I warrant you.

[*Bell rings, L.*]

*Kite.* How, now! O, the bell rings to breakfast. Brother, I pray you, go in, and bear my wife Company till I come; I'll but give order For some despatch of business to my servant.

*Down.* I will—Scavenger! scavenger!

[*Exit DOWNRIGHT, L.*]

*Kite.* Well, though my troubled spirit's somewhat eased,  
It's not reposed in that security  
As I could wish; but I must be content,  
Howe'er I set a face on't to the world!  
Would I had lost this finger, at a venture,  
So Wellbred had ne'er lodged within my house!



Why 't cannot be, where there is such resort  
 Of wanton gallants, and young revellers,  
 That any woman should be honest long.  
 Well, to be plain, if I but thought the time  
 Had answer'd their affections, all the world  
 Should not persuade me but I were a cuckold!  
 Marry, I hope they have not got that start;  
 For opportunity hath balk'd them yet,  
 And shall do still, while I have eyes and ears  
 To attend the impositions of my heart.

*Enter DAME KITELY, L.*

*Dame.* Sister Bridget, pray you fetch down the rose-water above in the closet.—Sweetheart, will you come in to breakfast?

*Kite.* An' she overheard me, now!

*Dame.* I pray thee, good love, we stay for you.

*Kite.* By Heaven! I would not for a thousand angels.

*Dame.* What ail you, sweetheart, are you not well? Speak, good Muss.

*Kite.* Troth, my head aches extremely, on a sudden.

*Dame.* Oh, the Lord!

*Kite.* How, now! What!

*Dame.* Alas, how it burns! Love, keep you warm: good truth it is this new disease, there's a number are troubled withal! For love's sake, sweetheart, come in out of the air.

*Kite.* How simple, and how subtle are her answers! A new disease, and many troubled with it! Why, true! she heard me, all the world to nothing.

*Dame.* I pray thee, good sweetheart, come in; the air will do you harm, in troth.

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

*Dame.* Pray Heaven it do. [*Exit DAME, L.*]

*Kite.* A new disease! I know not, new or old,  
 But it may well be call'd poor mortals' plague:  
 For, like a pestilence, it doth infect  
 The houses of the brain,  
 Till not a thought or motion in the mind  
 Be free from the black poison of suspect.  
 Well, I will once more strive,  
 In spite of this black cloud, myself to be,  
 And shake the fever off, that thus shakes me [*Exit, L.*]

SCENE II.—*Moorfields.*

*Enter BRAINWORM, disguised like a Soldier, L.*

*Brain.* 'Slid, I cannot choose but laugh, to see myself translated thus. Now must I create an intolerable sort of lies, or my present profession loses the grace; so much for my borrowed shape. Well, the truth is, my old master intends to follow my young, dry foot, over Moorfields to London this morning: now I, knowing of this hunting match, or rather conspiracy, and to insinuate with my young master, have got me afore, in this disguise, determining here to lie in ambuscade, and intercept him in the midway. If I can but get his cloak, his purse, his hat, nay, any thing to cut him off, that is, to stay his journey—*Veni, vidi, vici*, I may say with Captain Cæsar; I am made for ever, i'faith. Well, now must I practise to get the true garb of one of those lance-knights, my arm here, and my—Young master, and his cousin, Mr. Stephen, as I am a true counterfeit man of war, and no soldier! [Retires.]

*Enter MASTER STEPHEN and YOUNG KNO'WELL, R.*

*Y. Kno.* So, sir, and how then, coz?

*Step.* 'Sfoot, I have lost my purse, I think.

*Y. Kno.* How! lost your purse? Where? When had you it?

*Step.* I cannot tell: stay.

*Y. Kno.* What! ha' you it?

*Step.* No, I think I was bewitched, I—

*Y. Kno.* Nay, do not weep the loss: hang it, let it go.

*Step.* Oh, it's here—No, an' it had been lost, I had not cared, but for a jet ring Mistress Mary sent me.

*Y. Kno.* A jet ring! Oh, the posy, the posy!

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

*Y. Kno.* Most excellent!

*Step.* And then I sent her another, and my posy was: The deeper the sweeter, I'll be judged by St. Peter.

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

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

*Y. Kno.* Well, there the saint was your good patron: he helped you at your need: thank him, thank him.

*Brain.* I cannot take leave of 'em so. Gentlemen, please you change a few crowns, for a very excellent good blade, here? I am a poor gentleman, a soldier, that, in the better state of my fortune, scorned so mean a refuge; but now it is the humour of necessity to have it so. You seem to be gentlemen, well affected to martial men, else I should rather die with silence than live with shame: however, vouchsafe to remember, it is my want speaks, not myself. This condition agrees not with my spirit.—

*Y. Kno.* Where hast thou served?

*Brain.* May it please you, sir, in all the late wars of Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmatia, Poland; where not, sir? I have been a poor servitor by sea and land, any time this fourteen years, and followed the fortunes of the best commanders in Christendom. I was twice shot at the taking of Aleppo; once at the relief of Vienna. I have been at Marseilles, Naples, and the Adriatic gulf; a gentleman slave in the galleys thrice, where I was most dangerously shot in the head, through both thighs, and yet, being thus maimed, I am void of maintenance; nothing left me but my scars, the noted marks of my resolution.

*Step.* How will you sell this rapier, friend?

*Brain.* Generous sir, I refer it to your own judgment. you are a gentleman, give me what you please.

*Step.* True, I am a gentleman, I know that, friend: I pray you say, what would you ask?

*Brain.* I assure you the blade may become the side or thigh of the best prince in Europe.

*Y. Kno.* Ay, with a velvet scabbard.

*Step.* Nay, an't be mine, it shall have a velvet scabbard, coz, that's flat: I'd not wear it as it is, an' you would give me an angel.

*Brain.* At your worship's pleasure, sir; nay, 'tis a most pure Toledo.

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

*Y. Kno.* Come, come, you shall not buy it; hold, there's a shilling: fellow, take thy rapier.

*Step.* Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so, and there's another shilling, fellow; I scorn to be outbidden. What, shall I walk with a cudgel, like a higginbottom, and may have a rapier for money?

*Y. Kno.* You may buy one in the city.

*Step.* Tut, I'll buy this i' the field, so I will ; I have a mind to 't, because 'tis a field rapier. Tell me your lowest price.

*Y. Kno.* You shall not buy it, I say.

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

*Y. Kno.* Come away ; you are a fool. [Exit, L.

*Step.* Friend, I am a fool, that's granted : but I'll have it, for that word's sake. Follow me for your money. He says I am a fool !

*Brain.* Yes, sir, the gentleman seems to know you.  
[Exeunt, L.

*Enter KNO'WELL, R.*

*Kno.* I cannot lose the thought yet of this letter  
Sent to my son ; nor leave to admire the change  
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth  
Within the kingdom, since myself was one.  
When I was young, he lived not in the stews  
Durst have conceived a scorn, and utter'd it,  
On a gray head ;  
And a man had then  
A certain reverence paid unto his years,  
That had none due unto his life.  
But now we are fallen ; youth from their fear,  
And age from that which bred it, good example.

*Enter BRAINWORM, L.*

*Brain.* My master ! Nay, faith have at you : I am fleshed now, I have sped so well ; though I must attack you in a different way. Worshipful sir, I beseech you, respect the state of a poor soldier ! I am ashamed of this base course of life (God's my comfort) but extremity provokes me to 't : what remedy ?

*Kno.* I have not for you now.

*Brain.* By the faith I bear unto truth, gentleman, it is no ordinary custom in me, but only to preserve manhood. I protest to you, a man I have been, a man I may be, by your sweet bounty.

*Kno.* Pr'ythee, good friend, be satisfied.

*Brain.* Good sir, by that hand, you may do the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poor soldier the price of two cans of beer, a matter of small value : the King of Heav'n shall pay you, and I shall rest thankful : sweet worship—

*Kno.* Nay, an' you be so importunate—



*Brain.* Oh, tender sir, need will have his course: I was not made to this vile use! Well, the edge of the enemy could not have bated me so much. [*He weeps.*] It's hard, when a man has served in his prince's cause, and be thus—Honourable worship, let me derive a small piece of silver from you, it shall not be given in the course of time. By this good ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier last night, for a poor supper; I had suck'd the hilts long before, I am a pagan else: sweet honour.

*Kno.* Believe me, I am taken with some wonder,  
To think a fellow of that outward presence,  
Should, in the frame and fashion of his mind,  
Be so degenerate and sordid base!  
Art thou not a man, and sham'st thou not to beg?  
To practise such a servile kind of life?  
Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,  
Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses  
Offer themselves to thy election.  
Either the wars might still supply thy wants,  
Or service of some virtuous gentleman.

*Brain.* Faith, sir, I would gladly find some other course, if so—

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

*Brain.* Alas! sir, where should a man seek? In the wars there's no ascent by desert in these days, but—and for service, would it were as soon purchased as wished for! (the air's my comfort) I know what I would say—

*Kno.* What's thy name?

*Brain.* Please you, Fitzsword, sir.

*Kno.* Fitzsword.

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

*Brain.* Sir, by the place and honour of a soldier—

*Kno.* Nay, nay, I like not those affected oaths!  
Speak plainly, man; what think'st thou of my words?

*Brain.* Nothing, sir; but wish my fortunes were as happy as my service should be honest.

*Kno.* Well, follow me; I'll prove thee, if thy deeds will carry proportion to thy words. [*Exit, L.*]

*Brain.* Yes, sir, straight: I'll but garter my hose. Oh, that my belly were hooped now, for I am ready to burst with laughing! Never was bottle or bagpipe fuller. 'Slid, was there ever seen a fox in years to be-

tray himself thus? Now I shall be possessed of all his counsels, and by that conduct my young master! Well, he's resolved to prove my honesty; faith, and I am resolved to prove his patience. Oh, I shall abuse him intolerably! This small piece of service will bring him clean out of love with the soldier for ever. He will never come within the sight of a red coat or a musket again. Well, I'll follow him. Oh, how I long to be employed!

With change of voice, these scars, and many an oath,  
I'll follow son and sire, and serve 'em both. [*Exit, L.*]

END OF ACT II.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Stocks Market.*

*Enter WELLBRED, MATTHEW, and BOBADIL, R.*

*Mat.* Yes, faith, sir! We were at your lodgings to seek you, too.

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

*Bob.* Your brother delivered us as much.

*Well.* Who? My brother Downright?

*Bob.* He!—Mr. Wellbred, I know not in what kind you hold me; but let me say to you this: as sure as honour, I esteem it so much out of the sunshine of reputation, to throw the least beam of regard upon such a——

*Well.* Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother.

*Bob.* I protest to you, as I have a thing to be saved about me, I never saw any gentleman-like part——

*Well.* Good captain [*faces about*] to some other discourse.

*Bob.* With your leave, sir, an' there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I should not faney him, by St. George.

*Mat.* Troth, nor I; he is of a rustical cut, I know not how; he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion——

*Well.* Oh, Mr. Matthew, that's a grace peculiar but to a few—

*Enter* YOUNG KNO'WELL *and* STEPHEN, R.

Ned Kno'well! By my soul, welcome! How dost thou, sweet spirit, my genius? 'Slid, I shall love Apollo and the mad Thespian girls the better whilst I live for this, my dear fury. Now I see there's some love in thee!—Sirrah, these be the two I writ to you of. Nay, what a drowsy humour is this now? Why dost thou not speak?

*Y. Kno.* O, you are a fine gallant; you sent me a rare letter.

*Well.* Why, was 't not rare?

*Y. Kno.* Yes, I'll be sworn, I was never guilty of reading the like. But I marvel what camel it was that had the carriage of it; for doubtless he was no ordinary beast that brought it.

*Well.* Why?

*Y. Kno.* Why, sayest thou? Why, dost thou think that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning, the sober time of the day, too, could have mistaken my father for me?

*Well.* 'Slid, you jest, I hope.

*Y. Kno.* Indeed, the best use we can turn it to is to make a jest on't now; but I'll assure you, my father had a full view o' your flourishing style, before I saw it.

*Well.* What a dull slave was this! But, sirrah, what said he to it, i' faith?

*Y. Kno.* Nay, I know not what he said; but I have a shrewd guess what he thought.

*Well.* What, what?

*Y. Kno.* Marry, that thou art some strange dissolute young fellow, and I not a grain or two better, for keeping thee company.

*Well.* Tut, that thought is like the moon in her last quarter, 'twill change shortly. But, sirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang-bys here:—thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in 'em, if thou hearest 'em once go: my wind instruments. I'll wind 'em up—But what strange piece of silence is this? The sign of the dumb man?

*Y. Kno.* Oh, sir, a kinsman of mine; one that may make your music the fuller, an' please: he has his humour, sir.



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

*Y. Kno.* Nay, I'll neither do your judgment, nor his folly, that wrong, as to prepare your apprehensions. I'll leave him to the mercy o' your search, if you can take him so.

*Well.* Well, Captain Bobadil, Mr. Matthew, I pray you know this gentleman here: he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection. I know not your name, sir, but shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you.

*Step.* My name is Mr. Stephen, sir: I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir; his father is mine uncle, sir; I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

*Bob.* I must tell you this, I am no general man: but, for Mr. Wellbred's sake (you may embrace it at what height of favour you please,) I do communicate with you; and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts. I love few words.

*Y. Kno.* And I fewer, sir. I have scarce enow to thank you.

*Mat.* But are you indeed, sir, so given to it?

[To MR. STEPHEN.]

*Step.* Ay, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

*Mat.* Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir; your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir: I am melancholy myself divers times, sir, and then do I no more but take a pen and paper presently, and overflow you half a score or a dozen of sonnets, at a sitting.

*Step.* Cousin, am I melancholy enough?

*Y. Kno.* Oh, ay, excellent!

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

*Y. Kno.* He is melancholy too.

*Bob.* Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honourable piece of service was perform'd, to-morrow, being St. Mark's-day, shall be some ten years now.

*Y. Kno.* In what place, captain?

*Bob.* Why, at the beleag'ring of Strigonium, where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen as any were in Europe lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first but the best leagure that ever I beheld with these eyes, except the taking of — what do you call it, last year, by the Genoese; but that (of all others) was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in,

since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and a soldier.

*Step.* So, I had as lief as an angel I could swear as well as that gentleman.

*Y. Kno.* Then you were a servitor at both, it seems; at Strigionium, and what do you call't?

*Bob.* Oh, lord, sir! by St. George, I was the first man that enter'd the breach; had I not effected it with resolution I had been slain, if I had had a million of lives.

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

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

*Y. Kno.* You must bring me to the rack first

*Bob.* Observe me judicially, sweet sir: they had planted me three demi-culverins, just in the mouth of the breach; now, sir, as we were to give on, their master-gunner (a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think) confronts me with his linstock, ready to give fire: I, spying his intendment, discharged my petrionel in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors, that guarded the ordnance, and put them all pell-mell to the sword.

*Well.* To the sword! to the rapier, captain!

*Y. Kno.* Oh, it was a good figure observed, sir! But did you all this, captain, without hurting your blade?

*Bob.* Without any impeach o'the earth; you shall perceive, sir. It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on a poor gentleman's thigh. Shall I tell you, sir? You talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindina, or so! Tut, I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'em; I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the boldier maintain it.

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

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

*Step.* I have a countryman of his here.

*Mat.* Pray you, let's see, sir. Yes, faith, it is!

*Bob.* This a Toledo! pish.

*Step.* Why do you pish, captain?

*Bob.* A Fleming, by Heaven! I'll buy them for a gilder a piece, an' I will have a thousand of them

*Y. Kno.* How say you, cousin? I told you thus much.

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

*Step.* Of a scurvy rogue soldier; he swore it was a Toledo.

*Bob.* A poor provant rapier,—no better.

*Mat.* Mass, I think it be, indeed, now I look on't better.

*Bob.* Come along, Master Matthew.

[*Exeunt* BOB. and MATTHEW, R.]

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

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

*Well.* O, 'tis past help now, sir; you must ha' patience.

*Step.* Whorson coney-catching rascal! I could eat the very hilts for anger.

*Y. Kno.* A sign of good digestion; you have an ostrich stomach, cousin.

*Step.* A stomach! I would I had him here; you should see an' I had a stomach.

*Well.* It's better as 'tis. Come, gentlemen, shall we go?

*Enter* BRAINWORM, L.

*Y. Kno.* A miracle! cousin! look here! look here!

*Step.* O, God'slid, by your leave, do you know me, sir?

*Brain.* Ay, sir, I know you by sight.

*Step.* You sold me a rapier, did you not?

*Brain.* Yes, marry, did I, sir.

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

*Brain.* True, I did so,

*Step.* But it is none!

*Brain.* No, sir, I confess it is none."

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

*Y. Kno.* Oh, cousin, forbear, forbear.

*Step.* Nay, I have done, cousin.

*Well.* Why, you have done like a gentleman: he has confess'd it: what would you more?

*Step.* Yet, by his leave, he is a rascal; under his favour, do you see.

*Y. Kno.* Ay, by his leave, he is, and under favour.

Pretty piece of civility? Sirrah, how dost thou like him?

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

*Y. Kno.* No, no, a child's whistle were far the fitter.

*Brain.* Sir, shall I entreat a word with you?

*Y. Kno.* With me, sir! You have not another Toledo to sell, ha' you?

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

*Y. Kno.* You are i' the right. You mean not to proceed in the catechism, do you?

*Brain.* No, sir, I am none of that coat.

*Y. Kno.* Of as bare coat, though! Well, say, sir?

*Brain.* Faith, sir, I am but a servant to the drum extraordinary, and, indeed, this smoky varnish being washed off, and three or four patches removed, I appear your worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good father—Brainworm.

*Y. Kno.* Brainworm! 'Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in this shape?

*Brain.* The breath o' your letter, sir, this morning: the same that blew you to the Windmill, and your father after you.

*Y. Kno.* My father!

*Brain.* Nay, never start: 'tis true: he has followed you over the fields, by the foot, as you would do a hare i' the snow.

*Y. Kno.* Sirrah, Wellbred, what shall we do, sirrah? My father is come over after me.

*Well.* Thy father! Where is he?

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

*Well.* Who is this? Brainworm?

*Brain.* The same, sir.

*Well.* Why, how, i' the name of wit, comest thou transmuted thus?

*Brain.* Faith, a device! A device! Nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here; withdraw, and I'll tell you all.

*Y. Kno.* Come, cousin.

[*Exeunt, L.*]



SCENE II.—*The Warehouse.**Enter KITELY and CASH, L.*

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

*Cash.* He will expect you, sir, within this half hour.

*Kite.* Has he the money ready, can you tell?

*Cash.* Yes, sir, the money was brought in last night.

*Kite.* Oh, that's well: fetch me my cloak.

[*Exit CASH, L. S. E.*

Stay, let me see, an hour to go and come;  
 Ay, that will be the least; and then 'twill be  
 An hour before I can despatch with him,  
 Or very near: well, I will say two hours.—  
 Two hours! Ha! Things never dreamt of yet  
 May be contrived, ay, and effected too,  
 In two hours absence. Well, I will not go.  
 Two hours; no, fleeing opportunity,  
 I will not give your subtlety that scope.  
 Who will not judge him worthy to be robb'd,  
 That sets his doors wide open to a thief,  
 And shows the felon where his treasure lies?  
 Again, what earthly spirit but will attempt  
 To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree,  
 When leaden sleep seals up the dragon's eyes?  
 I will not go. Business, go by for once.  
 No, beauty, no; you are too, too precious  
 To be left so without a guard.  
 He, that lends  
 His wife, if she be fair, or time or place,  
 Compels her to be false. I will not go.

*Enter CASH, L. S. E.*

Carry in my cloak again.—Yet, stay.—Yet do, too.  
 I will defer going on all occasions.

*Cash.* Sir, Snare, your scrivener, will be there with the bonds.

*Kite.* That's true: fool on me! I had clean forgot it! I must go.—What's o'clock?

*Cash.* Exchange time, sir.

*Kite.* 'Heart! then will Wellbred presently be here too,

With one or other of his loose consorts.

I am a knave, if I know what to say,



What course to take, or which way to resolve.  
 My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,  
 Wherein my imagination runs, like sands,  
 Filling up time; but then are turn'd and turn'd;  
 So that I know not what to stay upon,  
 And less to put in act.—It shall be so——  
 Nay, I dare build upon his secrecy;  
 He knows not to deceive me.—Thomas!

*Cash.* Sir.

*Kite.* Yet now, I have bethought me too, I will  
 not—

Thomas, is Cob within?

*Cash.* I think he be, sir.

*Kite.* But he'll prate too, there's no speech of him.  
 No, there were no man o' the earth to Thomas,  
 If I durst trust him; there is all the doubt.  
 But should he have a chink in him, I were gone,  
 Lost in my fame for ever; talk for th' Exchange.  
 The manner he hath stood with, till this present,  
 Doth promise no such change! What should I fear,  
 then?

Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune once.—  
 Thomas—you may deceive me, but I hope—  
 Your love to me is more——

*Cash.* Sir, if a servant's

Duty, with faith, may be call'd love, you are  
 More than in hope, you are possess'd of it.

*Kite.* I thank you heartily, Thomas; gi' me your  
 hand.

With all my heart, good Thomas. I have, Thomas,  
 A secret to impart to you——but,  
 When once you have it, I must seal your lips up.  
 So far I tell you, Thomas.

*Cash.* Sir, for that——

*Kite.* Nay, hear me out. Think, I esteem you,  
 Thomas,

When I will let you in, thus to my private.  
 It is a thing sits nearer to my crest,  
 Than thou'rt aware of, Thomas. If thou shouldst  
 Reveal it, but——

*Cash.* How! I reveal it!

*Kite.* Nay,

I do not think thou wouldst; but if thou shouldst,  
 'Twere a great weakness.

*Cash.* A great treachery:  
 Give it no other name.

*Kite.* Thou wilt not do't, then?

*Cash.* Sir, if I do, mankind disclaim me ever.

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

*Cash.* Not yet, sir, but I will,  
Please you——

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

*Cash.* By my soul's safety, then, sir, I protest  
My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word  
Deliver'd me in nature of your trust.

*Kite.* It's too much; these ceremonies need not  
I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.  
Thomas, come hither—nearer; we cannot be  
Too private in this business. So it is.  
Now he has sworn, I dare the safelier venture:  
I have of late, by divers observations—  
But whether his oath can bind him, there it is;  
Being not taken lawfully? ha—say you?  
I will bethink me ere I do proceed.  
Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,  
I'll spy some fitter time soon, or to-morrow.

*Cash.* Sir, at your pleasure.

*Kite.* I will think—Give me my cloak—And, Thomas,  
I pray you search the books 'gainst my return,  
For the receipts 'twixt me and Traps.

*Cash.* I will, sir.

*Kite.* And, hear you, if your mistress' brother,  
Wellbred.

Chance to bring hither any gentlemen,  
Ere I come back, let one straight bring me word.

*Cash.* Very well, sir.

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

*Cash.* I will not, sir.

*Kite.* I pray you, have a care on't.  
Or whether he come or no, if any other

Stranger, or else, fail not to send me word.

*Cash.* I shall not, sir.

*Kite.* Be't your special business  
Now to remember it.

*Cash.* Sir, I warrant you.

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

*Cash.* No, sir, I do suppose it.

*Kite.* Believe me, it is not.

*Cash.* Sir, I do believe you.

*Kite.* By Heaven, it is not! That's enough. But,  
Thomas,

I would not you should utter it, do you see,

To any creature living; yet I care not.

Well, I must hence. Thomas, conceive thus much;

It was a trial of you; when I meant

So deep a secret to you, I meant not this.

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

But, Thomas, keep this from my wife, I charge you.

Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here,

No greater hell than to be slave to fear. [Exit, R.

*Cash.* Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here.

Whence should this flood of passion, trow, take  
head?—

But soft,

Here is company; now must I—

[Exit, L.

Enter WELLBRED, YOUNG KNO'WELL, BRAINWORM,  
BOBADIL, STEPHEN, and MATTHEW, R.

*Well.* Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest,  
and exceedingly well carried.

*Y. Kno.* Ay, and our ignorance maintained it as well,  
did it not?

*Well.* Yes, faith! But was't possible thou shouldst  
not know him? I forgive Mr. Stephen, for he is stu-  
pidity itself. Why, Brainworm, who would have  
thought thou hadst been such an artificer?

*Y. Kno.* An artificer! An architect! Except a man  
has studied begging all his lifetime, and been a weaver  
of language from his infancy, for the clothing of it, I  
never saw his rival.

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

*Brain.* Of a Houndsditch man, sir, one of the devil's  
near kinsmen, a broker.

*Enter CASH, L.*

*Cash.* Francis! Martin! Ne'er a one to be found now. What a spite's this!

*Well.* How now, Thomas, is my brother Kately within?

*Cash.* No, sir: my master went forth e'en now; but Master Downright is within. Cob! What, Cob! is he gone too?

*Well.* Whither went your master, Thomas? canst thou tell?

*Cash.* I know not; to Justice Clement's, I think, sir.—Cob! [*Exit CASH, R.*

*Y. Kno.* Justice Clement's! What's he?

*Well.* Why, dost thou not know him? He is a city magistrate, a justice here; an excellent good lawyer, and a great scholar; but the only mad and merry old fellow in Europe. I showed you him the other day.

*Y. Kno.* Oh, is that he? I remember him now. I have heard many of his jests i' the university. They say he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horse.

*Well.* Ay, or wearing his cloak on one shoulder, or serving of God. Any thing, indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

*Enter CASH, R.*

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

*Bob.* Master Kately's man, pr'ythee, vouchsafe us the lighting of this match.

*Cash.* Fire on your match! no time but now to vouchsafe? Francis! Cob! [*Exit, L.*

*Bob.* Body of me! Here's the remainder of seven pound since yesterday was seven night. 'Tis your right Trinidado! Did you never take any, Master Stephen?

*Step.* No, truly, sir; but I'll learn to take it now, since you commend it so.

*Bob.* Sir, believe me, upon my relation, for what I tell you the world shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, where neither myself, nor a dozen gentlemen more, of my knowledge, have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world, for the space of one-and-twenty weeks, but the

fume of this simple only: therefore it cannot be but 'tis most divine, especially near Trinidado. Your Nicotian is good, too. I do hold it, and will affirm it, before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and precious weed, that ever the earth tendered to the use of man.

*Y. Kno.* This speech would have done decently in a tobacco trader's mouth.

*Enter CASH and COB, L.*

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

*Cob.* O, ho!

*Bob.* Where's the match I gave thee, master Kitley's man?

*Cash.* Here it is, sir.

*Cob.* By God's me! I marvel what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco! it's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers.

[*BOBADIL beats him with a cudgel; MAT. runs away, L. Enter BRAINWORM, L.*

*All.* Oh, good captain! hold, hold!

*Bob.* You base scullion, you——

*Cash.* Come, thou must need be talking, too; thou'rt well enough served.

*Cob.* Well, it shall be a dear beating, an' I live! I will have justice for this.

*Bob.* Do you prate? Do you murmur?

[*BOBADIL beats him off, R.*

*Y. Kno.* Nay, good captain, will you regard the humour of a fool?

*Bob.* A whorson filthy slave! a dungworm, an excrement! Body o' Cæsar, but that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit. I'd have stabbed him to the earth.

*Well.* Marry, the law forbid, sir.

*Bob.* By Pharoah's foot, I would have done it.

[*Exit, L.*

*Step.* Oh, he swears admirably! By Pharoah's foot—Body of Cæsar—I shall never do it, sure; upon mine honour, and by St. George; no, I ha'n't the right grace.

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

*Brain.* No, sir; they went in here.

*Well.* O, let's follow them: Master Matthew is gone to salute his mistress in verse. We shall have the hap-



piness to hear some of his poetry now. He never comes unfurnished. Brainworm!

*Step.* Brainworm! Where? Is this Brainworm?

*Y. Kno.* Ay, cousin, no words of it, upon your gentility.

*Step.* Not I, body of me! by this air, St. George, and the foot of Pharoah!

*Well.* Rare! your cousin's discourse is simply drawn out with oaths.

*Y. Kno.* 'Tis larded with them. A kind of French dressing, if you love it. Come, let's in. Come, cousin.  
[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE III.—*A Hall in JUSTICE CLEMENT'S House.*

*Enter KITELY and COB, L.*

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

*Cob.* Marry, sir, your brother, Master Wellbred—

*Kite.* 'Tut! beside him: what strangers are there, man?

*Cob.* Strangers! Let me see—one, two—mass, I know not well, there are so many.

*Kite.* How, so many?

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

*Kite.* A swarm, a swarm!

Spite of the devil, how they sting my head  
With forked stings, thus wide and large! But, Cob,  
How long hast thou been coming hither, Cob?

*Cob.* A little while, sir.

*Kite.* Didst thou come running?

*Cob.* No, sir.

*Kite.* Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste!  
Bane to my fortunes. What meant I to marry?  
I, that before was rank'd in such content,  
My mind at rest too, in so soft a peace,  
Being free master of my own free thoughts,  
And now become a slave? What, never sigh!  
Be of good cheer, man, for thou art a cuckold.  
'Tis done, 'tis done! Nay, when such flowing store,  
Plenty itself falls into my wife's lap,  
The cornucopia will be mine, I know. But, Cob,  
What entertainment had they? I am sure  
My sister and my wife would bid them welcome, ha!

*Cob.* Like enough, sir; yet I heard not a word of it.

*Kite.* No ; their lips were seal'd with kisses, and the voice,

Drown'd in a flood of joy at their arrival,  
Had lost her motion, state, and faculty.

*Cob.* which of them was't, that first kiss'd my wife ?

My sister, I should say : my wife, alas !

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

*Cob.* By my troth, sir, will you have the truth of it ?

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

*Cob.* Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for Bridewell than your worship's company, if I saw any body to be kissed, unless they would have kissed the post in the middle of the warehouse ; for there I left them all, at their tobacco, with a pox !

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

*Cob.* O no, sir !

*Kite.* Spite o' the devil ! What do I stay here then ?

*Cob.* Cob, Cob, follow me.

[*Exeunt, R.*

END OF ACT III.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in KITELY's House.*

*Enter DOWNRIGHT and DAME KITELY, L.*

*Down.* Well, sister, I tell you true ; and you'll find it so in the end.

*Dame.* Alas, brother, what would you have me to do ? I cannot help it. You see my brother brings them in here : they are his friends.

*Down.* His friends ! his fiends ! 'Slud, they do nothing but haunt him up and down, like a sort of unlucky spirits, and tempt him to all manner of villany that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devil with some of them ! And 'twere not more for your husband's sake, than any thing else, I'd make the house too hot for the best on 'em. They should say, and swear, hell were broken loose, ere they went hence. But, by God's will, 'tis nobody's fault but yours ; for an' you had done as you might have

done, they should have been parboiled, and baked too, every mother's son, ere they should ha' come in, e'er a one of 'em.

*Dame.* God's my life! did you ever hear the like? What a strange man is this! Could I keep out all them, think you? I should put myself against half-a-dozen men, should I? Good faith, you'd mad the patient'st body in the world, to hear you talk so without any sense or reason!

*Enter* MRS. BRIDGET, MR. MATTHEW, WELLBRED, STEPHEN, YOUNG KNO'WELL, BOBADIL, and CASH, L.

*Bridg.* Servant, in troth, you are too prodigal Of your wit's treasure, thus to pour it forth Upon so mean a subject as my worth.

*Mat.* You say well, mistress, and I mean as well.

*Down.* Hey day, here is stuff!

*Well.* O, now stand close. Pray heaven she can get him to read: he should do it of his own natural impudence.

*Bridg.* Servant, what is this same, I pray you?

*Mat.* Marry, an elegy! an elegy! an odd toy—I'll read it, if you please.

*Bridg.* Pray you do, servant.

*Down.* O, here's no foppery! Death, I can endure the stocks better.

*Y. Kno.* What ails thy brother? Can he not bear the reading of a ballad?

*Well.* O no, a rhyme to him is worse than cheese, or a bagpipe.—But, mark, you lose the protestation.

*Bridg.* Come, servant, I pray read it.

*Bob.* Master Matthew, you abuse the expectation of your dear mistress, and her fair sister. Fie, while you live, avoid this prolixity.

*Mat.* I shall, sir—

[*Reads.*

Rare creature, let me speak without offence,  
'Would Heav'n my rude words had the influence  
To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine,  
Then should'st thou be his prisoner, who is thine.

[MASTER STEPHEN *answers with shaking his head.*

*Y. Kno.* 'Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feel an' there be any brain in it!

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

*Mat.* O, Master Wellbred, 'tis your disposition to say so, sir: they were good i' the morning; I made them extempore this morning.

*Well.* How, extempore!

*Mat.* I would I might be hang'd else; ask Captain Bobadil. He saw me write them at the—(pox on it!) the Star yonder.

*Step.* Cousin, how do you like this gentleman's verses?

*Y. Kno.* O, admirable! the best that ever I heard, coz.

*Step.* Body o' Cæsar! they are admirable! The best I ever heard, as I am a soldier.

*Down.* I am vexed; I can hold ne'er a bone of me still!—'Heart! I think they mean to build and breed here.

*Well.* Sister Kately, I marvel you get you not a servant that can rhyme, and do tricks too.

*Down.* O, monster! Impudence itself! Tricks!—Come, you might practise your ruffian tricks somewhere else, and not here. This is no tavern, nor drinking school, to vent your exploits in.

*Well.* How now! whose cow has calved?

*Down.* Marry, that has mine, sir. Nay, boy, never look askance at me for the matter; I'll tell you of it; ay, sir, you and your companions; mend yourselves, when I ha' done!

*Well.* My companions!

*Down.* Yes, sir, your companions, so I say; I am not afraid of you nor them neither, your hang-boys here. You must have your poets, and your potlings, your soldados and foolados, to follow you up and down the city.—Sirrah, you ballad singer; and, slops, you fellow there, get you out; get you home; or, by this steel, I'll cut off your ears, and that presently.

*Well.* 'Slight, stay, and let's see what he dare do. Cut off his ears! cut a whetstone! You are an ass, do you see; touch any man here, and by this hand, I'll run my rapier to the hilts in you.

*Down.* Yea, that would I fain see, boy.

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

*Dume.* Oh, Jesu! Murder! Thomas! Gasper!

*Bridg.* Help, help, Thomas.

*Bob.* Sirrah! You Holofernes! by my hand, I will pink your flesh full of holes with my rapier, for this:



I will, by this good Heav'n. Nay, let him come, gentlemen, by the body of St. George, I'll not kill him.

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

*Cash.* Hold, hold, good gentlemen.

*Down.* You whorson, bragging coistril.

*Enter KITELY, R.*

*Kite.* Why, how now, what's the matter? What's the stir here?

Put up your weapons, and put off this rage.

My wife and sister, they're the cause of this.

What, Thomas! where is the knave?

*Cash.* Here, sir.

*Well.* Come, let's go; this is one of my brother's ancient humours, this. [*Exeunt, L.*]

*Step.* I am glad nobody was hurt by his ancient humour. [*Exit, L.*]

*Kite.* Why, how now, brother, who enforced this brawl?

*Down.* A sort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for God nor the devil. And they must come here to read ballads, and roguery, and trash! I'll mar the knot of 'em ere I sleep, perhaps; especially Bob there, he that's all manner of shapes; and songs and sonnets, his fellow. But I'll follow 'em. [*Exit, L.*]

*Bridg.* Brother, indeed you are too violent, Too sudden in your humour.

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

*Kite.* Oh, that was some love of yours, sister.

*Bridg.* A love of mine! I would it were no worse, brother! You'd pay my portion sooner than you think for. [*Crosses, and exit, L.*]

*Dame.* Indeed, he seemed to be a gentleman of exceeding fair disposition, and of very excellent good parts. What a coil and stir is here! [*Exit, L.*]

*Kite.* Her love, by Heav'n! my wife's minion!

Death, these phrases are intolerable!

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

It is too plain, too clear. 'Thomas, come hither.

What, are they gone?

*Cash.* Ay, sir, they went in.

My mistress, and your sister—

*Kite.* Are any of the gallants within?

*Cash.* No, sir, they are all gone.

*Kite.* Art thou sure of it?



*Cash.* I can assure you, sir.

*Kite.* What gentleman was it that they praised so, Thomas?

*Cash.* One, they call him Master Kno'well, a handsome young gentleman, sir.

*Kite.* Ay, I thought so. My mind gave me as much. I'll die, but they have hid him in the house, Somewhere; I'll go and search. Go with me, Thomas. Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master.

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*Moorfields.*

*Enter* YOUNG KNO'WELL, WELLBRED, and BRAINWORM, L.

*Y. Kno.* Well, Brainworm, perform this business happily, and thou makest a purchase of my love for ever.

*Well.* I'faith, now let thy spirits use their best faculties; but, at my hand, remember the message to my brother: for there's no other means to start him out of his house.

*Brain.* I warrant you, sir, fear nothing. I have a nimble soul, has waked all forces of my phant'ys by this time, and put them in true motion. What you have possessed me withal, I'll discharge it amply, sir. Make it no question.

[*Exit, L.*]

*Well.* Forth, and prosper, Brainworm. Faith, Ned, how dost thou approve of my abilities in this device?

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

*Well.* Take, man! Why, it cannot choose but take, if the circumstances miscarry not. But tell me, ingeniously, dost thou affect my sister Bridget, as thou pretend'st?

*Y. Kno.* Friend, am I worth belief?

*Well.* Come, do not protest. In faith, she is a maid of good ornament, and much modesty; and, except I conceived very worthily of her, thou should'st not have

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

*Well.* 'Slid, thou shalt have her; by this light thou shalt.r.eh

*Y. Kno.* I do believe thou wilt omit no offered occasion, to make my desires complete.

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

*Enter* KNO'WELL *and* FORMAL, L.

*Form.* Was your man a soldier, sir?

*Kno.* Ay, a knave. I took him begging o' the way, this morning as I came over Moorfields.

*Enter* BRAINWORM, R.

Oh, here he is! You have made fair speed, believe me! Where i' the name of sloth could you be thus—

*Brain.* Marry, peace be my comfort, where I thought I should have had little comfort of your worship's service.

*Kno.* How so?

*Brain.* Oh, sir! Your coming to the city, your entertainment of me, and your sending me to watch—indeed, all the circumstances either of your charge, or my employment, are as open to your son as to yourself.

*Kno.* How should that be! unless that villain, Brainworm,

Have told him of the letter, and discover'd All that I strictly charged him to conceal! 'Tis so!

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

*Kno.* But how should he know you to be my man?

*Brain.* Nay, sir, I cannot tell, unless it be by the black art.

*Kno.* But where didst thou find them, Fitzsword?

*Brain.* You should rather ask, where they found me, sir; for I'll be sworn I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when (of a sudden) a voice calls—Mr. Kno'well's man; another cries—soldier: and thus, half a dozen of them, till they had called me within a house, where I no sooner came, but out flew all their rapiers at my bosom, with some three or fourscore oaths to accompany them, and all to tell me, I was a dead man, if I did not confess where you were, and how I was employed, and about what; which, when they could not get out of me (as I protest they must have dissected me, and made an anatomy of me first, and so I told them), they locked me up in a room i' the top of a high house, whence, by great miracle, having a light heart, I slid down by a bottom of packthread into the street, and so escaped. But, sir, thus much I can assure you; for I heard it while I was locked up; there were a great many rich merchants' and brave citizens' wives with them at a feast, and your son, Mr. Edward, withdrew with one of them, and has appointed to meet

her anon, at one Cob's house, a water-bearer, that dwells by the wall. Now, there your worship shall be sure to take him, for there he preys, and fail he will not,

*Kno.* Nor will I fail, to break this match I doubt not. Go thou along with justice Clement's man, And stay there for me. At one Cob's house, say'st thou?

*Brain.* Ay, sir, there you shall have him. [*Exit KNO'WELL, R.*] 'Slight, when he has staid there three or four hours, travailing with the expectation of wonders, and at length be delivered of air! Oh, the sport that I should then take to look on him, if I durst! But now I mean to appear no more before him in this shape. I have another trick to act yet. Sir, I make you stay somewhat long.

*Form.* Not a whit, sir.

You have been lately in the wars, sir, it seems.

*Brain.* Marry have I, sir, to my loss, and expense of all, almost—

*Form.* Troth, sir, I would be glad to bestow a bottle o'you, if it please you to accept it—

*Brain.* Oh, sir—

*Form.* But to hear the manner of your services and your devices in the wars; they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reads in the Roman histories, or sees at Mile-End.

*Brain.* Sir, at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to discourse with you all I know; and more too, somewhat.

*Form.* No better time than now, sir. We'll go to the Windmill, there we shall have a cup of neat grist, as we call it. I pray you, sir, let me request you to the Windmill.

*Brain.* I'll follow you, sir, and make grist o'you, if I have good luck. [*Exeunt, L.*]

*Enter MATTHEW, YOUNG KNO'WELL, BOBADIL, and STEPHEN, L. U. E.*

*Mat.* Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him, where we were to-day, Mr. Wellbred's half-brother? I think the whole earth cannot show his parallel, by this day-light.

*Y. Kno.* We are now speaking of him. Captain Bobadil tells me, he is fallen foul o'you too.

*Mat.* Oh, ay, sir; he threatened me with the bastinado.

*Bob.* Ay, but I think I taught you prevention this morning for that—You shall kill him, beyond question, if you be so generously minded.

*Mat.* Indeed, it is a most excellent trick!

*Bob.* Oh, you do not give spirit enough to your motion; you are too tardy, too heavy! Oh, it must be done like lightning; hey! [*He practises at a post.*]—Tut, 'tis nothing an't be not done in a—punto!

*Y. Kno.* Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defence here?

*Bob.* I will tell you, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked alone in divers skirts of the town, where I have driven them before me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not overcome their spleen; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot, at pleasure. By myself I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to bear any other than this bastinado for them: yet I hold it good policy not to go disarmed, for, though I be skilful, I may be oppressed with multitudes.

*Y. Kno.* Ay, believe me, may you, sir; and, in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

*Bob.* Alas, no! What's a peculiar man to a nation? Not seen.

*Y. Kno.* Oh, but your skill, sir!

*Bob.* Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself: but were I known to his majesty, and the lords, observe me, I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of his subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts of his yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

*Y. Kno.* Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

*Bob.* Why, thus, sir. I would select nineteen more to myself; gentlemen they should be, of a good spirit, strong, and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have; and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your Punto, your Reverso, your Stoccata, your Imbrocata, your Passada,



your Montonto ; till they could all play very near, or altogether, as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts ; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy ; they could not, in their honour, refuse us ! Well, we would kill them ; challenge twenty more, kill them ; twenty more, kill them ; twenty more, kill them too ; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score ; twenty score, that's two hundred ; two hundred a-day, five days a thousand : forty thousand ; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this I will venture my poor gentlemanlike carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood, that is, civilly by the sword.

*Y. Kno.* Why, are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times ?

*Bob.* Tut, never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.

*Y. Kno.* I would not stand in Downright's state then, an' you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

*Bob.* Why, sir, you mistake ! If he were here now, by this welkin I would not draw my weapon on him ! Let this gentleman do his mind : but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him.

*Mat.* Faith, and I'll have a fling at him, at my distance.

*Enter DOWNRIGHT, L. U. E., walking over the Stage.*

*Y. Kno.* God's so ! Lookye where he is ; yonder he goes.

*Down.* What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals !

[*Exit, R. U. E.*

*Bob.* It's not he, is it ?

*Y. Kno.* Yes, faith, it is he !

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

*Y. Kno.* I assure you that was he.

*Step.* Upon my reputation, it was he.

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

*Y. Kno.* That I think, sir. But, see, he is come again !

*Enter DOWNRIGHT, R.*

*Down.* Oh, Pharoah's foot ! have I found you ?



Come, draw ; to your tools. Draw, gipsy, or I'll thresh you.

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

*Down.* Draw your weapon, then.

*Bob.* Tall man, I never thought on't till now ; body of me ! I had a warrant of the peace served on me even now, as I came along, by a water-bearer ; this gentleman saw it, Mr. Matthew.

[*He beats him, and disarms him.* MATTHEW runs away, L.

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

*Bob.* Hold, hold, under thy favour, forbear.

*Down.* Prate again, as you like this, you whorson foist, you. You'll control the point, you ! Your consort is gone ; had he staid, he had shared with you, sir.

[*Exit DOWNRIGHT, L.*

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

*Bob.* Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

*Y. Kno.* No, faith, it's an ill day, captain ; never reckon it other : but say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself ; that will prove but a poor excuse.

*Bob.* I cannot tell, sir. I desire good construction, in fair sort. I never sustained the like disgrace, by Heaven. Sure I was struck with a planet thence——

*Step.* No, you were struck with a stick.

*Bob.* For I had no power to touch my weapon.

*Y. Kno.* Ay, like enough ; I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet. Go, get you to a surgeon. 'Slid, and these be your tricks, your passados, and your montontos, I'll none of them.

*Bob.* Planet-struck, certainly !

[*Exit, L.*

*Y. Kno.* Oh, manners ! That this age should bring forth such creatures ! That nature should be at leisure to make 'em ! Come, coz.

*Step.* Mess, I'll have this cloak.

*Y. Kno.* God's will, 'tis Downright's.

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

*Y. Kno.* How, an' he see it ? He'll challenge it, assure yourself.

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

*Y. Kno.* Take heed you buy it not too dear, coz.

SCENE III.—*A Chamber in Kitely's House.**Enter KITELY and CASH, L.*

*Kite.* Art thou sure, Thomas, we have pried into all and every part throughout the house? Is there no by-place, or dark corner, has escaped our searches?

*Cash.* Indeed, sir, none; there's not a hole or nook unsearched by us, from the upper loft unto the cellar.

*Kite.* They have conveyed him then away, or hid him in some privacy of their own—Whilst we were searching of the dark closet, by my sister's chamber, didst thou not think that thou heard'st a rustling on the other side, and a soft tread of feet?

*Cash.* Upon my truth, I did not, sir; or if you did, it might be only the vermin in the wainscot; the house is old, and over-run with them.

*Kite.* It is, indeed, Thomas—we should bane these rats—Dost thou understand me?—we will—they shall not harbour here; I'll cleanse my house from them, if fire or poison can effect it—I will not be tormented thus—they gnaw my brain, and burrow in my heart—I cannot bear it.

*Cash.* I do not understand you, sir! Pray, be composed; these starts of passion have some cause, I fear, that touches you more nearly.

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

*Cash.* You tremble and look pale! Let me call assistance.

*Kite.* Not for ten thousand worlds—Alas! alas! 'Tis not in medicine to give me ease:—here, here it lies.

*Cash.* What, sir?

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

*Cash.* Believe me, 'tis your fancy's imposition. Shut up your generous mind from such intruders—I'll hazard all my growing favour with you; I'll stake my present, my future welfare, that some base whispering knave—nay, pardon me, sir—hath in the best and richest soil sown seeds of rank and evil nature! Oh, my master, should they take root—

[*Laughing within, L.*

*Kite.* Hark! hark! Dost thou not hear? What

think'st thou now? Are they not laughing at me? They are, they are. They have deceived the wittol, and thus they triumph in their infamy.—This aggravation is not to be borne. [*Laughing again.*] Hark, again!—Cash, do thou unseen steal in upon them, and listen to their wanton conference.

*Cash.* I shall obey you, though against my will.

[*Exit, L.*

*Kite.* Against his will! Ha! It must be so—He's young, and may be bribed for them—they've various means to draw the unwary in; if it be so, I'm lost, deceived, betrayed, and my bosom, my full-fraught bosom, is unlocked and opened to mockery and laughter! Heaven forbid! he cannot be that viper; sting the hand that raised and cherished him! Was this stroke added, I should be cursed—But it cannot be—no it cannot be.

*Enter CASH, L.*

*Cash.* You are musing, sir.

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

*Cash.* If you suspect my faith—

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

*Cash.* Your brother, Master Wellbred, is with them, and I found them throwing out their mirth on a very truly ridiculous subject: it is one Formal, as he styles himself, and he appertains, so he phrases it, to Justice Clement, and would speak with you.

*Kite.* With me? Art thou sure it is the Justice's clerk? Where is he?

*Enter BRAINWORM, as FORMAL, L.*

Who are you, friend?

*Brain.* An appendix to Justice Clement, vulgarly called his clerk.

*Kite.* What are your wants with me?

*Brain.* None.

*Kite.* Do you not want to speak with me?

*Brain.* No, but my master does.

*Kite.* What are the Justice's commands?

*Brain.* He doth not command, but entreats Master Kite to be with him directly, having matters of some moment to communicate unto him.

*Kite.* What can it be! Say, I'll be with him instantly,

and if your legs, friend, go not faster than your tongue,  
I shall be there before you.

*Brain.* I will. Vale.

*Exit, R.*

*Kite.* 'Tis a precious fool, indeed!—I must go forth.  
—But, first, come hither, Thomas—I have admitted  
thee into the close recesses of my heart, and showed  
thee all my frailties, passions, every thing.—Be careful  
of thy promise, keep good watch.

Wilt thou be true, my Thomas?

*Cash.* As truth's self, sir—

But, be assured, you're heaping care and trouble  
Upon a sandy base; ill-placed suspicion  
Recoils upon yourself—She's chaste as comely!  
Believe 't she is—Let her not note your humour;  
Disperse the gloom upon your brow, and be  
As clear as her unsullied honour.

*Kite.* I will then, Cash—thou comfort'st me—I'll  
drive these

Fiend-like fancies from me, and be myself again.  
Think'st thou she has perceived my folly? 'Twere  
Happy if she had not—She has not—  
They who know no evil, will suspect none.

*Cash.* True, sir! Nor has your mind a blemish nor  
This change has gladden'd me—Here's my mistress,  
And the rest; settle your reason to accost them.

*Kite.* I will, Cash, I will— [Exit CASH, R.]

*Enter WELLBRED, DAME KITELY, and BRIDGET.*

*Well.* What are you plotting, brother Kately,  
That thus of late you muse alone, and bear  
Such weighty care upon your pensiv'e brow?

[Laughs.]

*Kite.* My care is all for you, good sneering brother;  
And well I wish you'd take some wholesome counsel,  
And curb your headstrong humours; trust me, bro-  
ther,

You were to blame to raise commotions here,  
And hurt the peace and order of my house.

*Well.* No harm done, brother, I warrant you.  
Since there is no harm done, anger costs  
A man nothing, and a brave man is never  
His own man till he be angry—To keep  
His valour in obscurity, is to keep himself,  
As it were, in a cloakbag. What's a brave  
Musician unless he play?



What's a brave man, unless he fight?

*Dame.* Ay, but what harm might have come of it, brother!

*Well.* What, school'd on both sides? Pr'ythee, Bridget, save me from the rod and lecture

[BRIDGET and WELLBRED retire, c.

*Kite.* With what a decent modesty she rates him!

My heart's at ease, and she shall see it is——

How art thou, wife? Thou look'st both gay and comely,

In troth thou dost—I'm sent for out, my dear,  
But I shall soon return—Indeed, my life,  
Business, that forces me abroad, grows irksome.  
I cou'd content me with less gain and 'vantage,  
To have the more at home, indeed I cou'd.

*Dame.* Your doubts, as well as love, may breed these thoughts.

*Kite.* That jar untunes me.

[*Aside.*

What dost thou say? Doubt thee?

I should as soon suspect myself—No, no.

My confidence is rooted in thy merit,  
So fix'd and settled, that, wert thou inclined  
To masks, to sports, and balls, where lusty youth  
Leads up the wanton dance, and the raised pulse  
Beats quicker measures, yet I could with joy,  
With heart's ease and security—not but  
I had rather thou shouldst prefer thy home,  
And me, to toys and such like vanities.

*Dame.* But sure, my dear,  
A wife may moderately use these pleasures,  
Which numbers and the time give sanction to,  
Without the smallest blemish on her name.

*Kite.* And so she may—And I'll go with thee, child,  
I will indeed—I'll lead thee there myself,  
And be the foremost reveller.—I'll silence  
The sneers of envy, stop the tongue of slander;  
Nor will I more be pointed at, as one  
Disturb'd with jealousy——

*Dame.* Why, were you ever so?

*Kite.* What!—Ha! never—ha! ha! ha!  
She stabs me home. [*Aside.*] Jealous of thee!  
No, do not believe it—Speak low, my love,  
Thy brother will overhear us. No, no, my dear  
It cou'd not be, it cou'd not be—for—for—  
What is the time now?—I shall be too late—  
No, no, thou may'st be satisfied



There's not the smallest spark remaining—  
 Remaining! What do I say? There never was,  
 Nor can, nor never shall be—so be satisfied—  
 Is Cob within there? Give me a kiss,  
 My dear; there, there, now we are reconciled—  
 I'll be back immediately—Goodbye, goodbye—  
 Ha! ha! jealous! I shall burst my sides with laughing.  
 Ha! ha! Cob, where are you, Cob? Ha! ha! [*Exit, R.*  
 [WELLBRED and BRIDGET come forward, R.

*Well.* What have you done, to make your husband part so merry from you? He has of late been little given to laughter.

*Dame.* He laughed, indeed, but seemingly without mirth. His behaviour is new and strange. He is much agitated, and has some whimsy in his head, that puzzles mine to read it.

*Well.* 'Tis jealousy, good sister, and writ so largely that the blind may read it; have you not perceived it yet?

*Dame.* If I have, 'tis not always prudent that my tongue should betray my eyes, so far my wisdom tends, good brother, and little more I boast.—But what makes him ever calling for Cob so? I wonder how he can employ him.

*Well.* Indeed, sister, to ask how he employs Cob, is a necessary question for you, that are his wife, and a thing not very easy for you to be satisfied in—but this I'll assure you, Cob's wife is an excellent procuress, sister, and oftentimes your husband haunts her house; marry, to what end, I cannot altogether accuse him. Imagine what you think convenient. But I have known fair hides have foul hearts ere now, sister.

*Dame.* Never said you truer than that, brother; so much I can tell you for your learning. O, ho! is this the fruit of 's jealousy? I thought some game was in the wind, he acted with so much tenderness but now; but I'll be quit with him.—Thomas! Fetch your hat, and go with me; I'll get my hood, and out the backward way. I would to fortune I could take him there. I'd return him his own, I warrant him! I'd fit him for his jealousy! [*Exit, R., CASH follows.*

*Well.* Ha! ha! So e'en let them go; this may make sport anon—What! Brainworm?

*Enter BRAINWORM.*

*Brain.* I saw the merchant turn the corner and come

back to tell you, all goes well; wind and tide, my master.

*Well.* But how got'st thou this apparel of the justice's man?

*Brain.* Marry, sir, my proper fine penman would needs bestow the grist o'me at the Windmill, to hear some martial discourse, where I so marshalled him, that I made him drunk with admiration; and because too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stripped him stark naked, as he lay along asleep, and borrowed his suit to deliver this counterfeit message in, leaving a rusty armour, and an old brown bill, to watch him till my return; which shall be when I have pawned his apparel, and spent the better part of the money, perhaps.

*Well.* Well, thou art a successful, merry knave, Brainworm; his absence will be subject for more mirth. I pray thee, return to thy young master, and will him to meet me and my sister Bridget at the Tower instantly; for here, tell him, the house is so stored with jealousy, there is no room for love to stand upright in. We must get our fortunes committed to some large prison, say; and than the Tower, I know no better air, nor where the liberty of the house may do us more present service. Away!

[Exit BRAINWORM, R.]

*Bridg.* What, is this the engine that you told me of? What farther meaning have you in the plot?

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

*Bridg.* That touches not me, brother?

*Well.* That's true; that's even the fault of it. Well, there's a dear and well respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly and worthily affected towards you, and hath vowed to inflame whole bonfires of zeal at his heart, in honour of your perfections. I have already engaged my promise to bring you where you shall hear him confirm much more. Ned Kno'well is the man, sister. There's no exception against the party; you are ripe for a husband, and a minute's loss to such an occasion, is a great trespass in a wise beauty. What say you, sister? On my soul, he loves you; will you give him the meeting?

*Bridg.* 'Faith, I had very little confidence in my own constancy, brother, if I durst not meet a man; but this notion of yours savours of an old knight-adventurer's servant, a little too much, methinks.

*Well.* What's that, sister?

*Bridg.* Marry, of the go-between.

*Well.* No matter if it did; I would be such a one for my friend. But see, who is returned, to hinder us.

*Enter KITELY, R.*

*Kite.* What villany is this! Called out on a false message! This was some plot. I was not sent for. Bridget, where's your sister?

*Bridg.* I think she be gone forth, sir.

*Kite.* How! is my wife gone forth? Whither, for heaven's sake?

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

*Kite.* Abroad with Thomas! Oh, that villain cheats me!

He hath discover'd all unto my wife;  
Beast that I was to trust him. Whither, I pray  
You, went she?

*Bridg.* I know not, sir.

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

*Kite.* Whither, good brother?

*Well.* To Cob's house, I believe; but keep my counsel.

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

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

*Well.* Because she's not my wife; if she were, I'd keep her to her tether.

*Kite.* So; now 'tis plain. I shall go mad  
With my misfortunes; now they pour in torrents:  
I'm bruted by my wife, betray'd by my servant,  
Mock'd at by my relations, pointed at by my neighbours,  
Despised by myself.—There is nothing left now  
But to revenge myself first, next hang myself;  
And then—all my cares will be over. [*Exit, R.*

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

*Well.* 'Twill all end right, depend upon't.—But let us lose no time; the coast is clear; away, away; the affair is worth it, and cries haste.

*Bridg.* I trust me to your guidance, brother, and so fortune for us. [*Exeunt, L.*

END OF ACT IV.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Stocks Market.*

*Enter MATTHEW and BOBADIL,*

*Mat.* I wonder, captain, what they will say of my going away? ha!

*Bob.* Why, what should they say, but as of a discreet gentleman; quick, wary, respectful of nature's fair lineaments, and that's all?

*Mat.* Why, so! but what can they say of your beating?

*Bob.* A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind of gross battery used, lain on strongly, borne most patiently, and that's all. But wherefore do I wake their remembrance? I was fascinated, by Jupiter, fascinated! but I will be unwitched, and revenged by law.

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

*Bob.* It were not amiss; 'would we had it!

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

*Bob.* Agreed. Do you speak.

*Enter BRAINWORM, as FORMAL, R.*

*Mat.* 'Save you, sir.

*Brain.* With all my heart, sir.

*Mat.* Sir, there is one Downright hath abused this gentleman and myself, and we determine to make ourselves amends by law; now, if you would do us the favour to procure a warrant, to bring him before your master, you shall be well considered of, I assure you, sir.

*Brain.* Sir, you know my service is my living; such favours as these, gotten of my master, is his only preferment, and therefore you must consider me, as I may make benefit of my place.



*Mat.* How is that, sir?

*Brain.* Faith, sir, the thing is extraordinary, and the gentleman may be of great account. Yet, be what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of angels in my hand, you shall have it; otherwise not.

*Mat.* How shall we do, captain? He asks a brace of angels—you have no money?

*Bob.* Not a cross, by fortune.

*Mat.* Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but twopence left of my two shillings in the morning, for wine and radish. Let's find him some pawn.

*Bob.* Pawn! We have none to the value of his demand.

*Mat.* O, yes, I can pawn my ring here.

*Bob.* And, harkye, he shall have my trusty Toledo, too; I believe I shall have no service for it to-day.

*Mat.* Do you hear, sir? We have no store of money at this time, but you shall have good pawns; look you, sir, I will pledge this ring, and that gentleman his Toledo, because we would have it despatched.

*Brain.* I am content, sir; I will get you the warrant presently. What's his name, say you? Downright?

*Mat.* Ay, ay, George Downright.

*Brain.* Well, gentlemen, I'll procure you the warrant presently; but who will you have to serve it?

*Mat.* That's true, captain, that must be considered.

*Bob.* Body o' me, I know not! 'Tis a service of danger!

*Brain.* Why, you had best get one of the varlets o' the city, a sergeant; I'll appoint you one, if you please.

*Mat.* Will you, sir? Why, we can wish no better.

*Bob.* We'll leave it to you, sir.

[*Exeunt BOBADIL and MATTHEW, L.*]

*Brain.* This is rare! Now will I go pawn this cloak of the justice's man's, at the broker's, for a varlet's suit, and be the varlet myself, and so get money on all sides.

[*Exit, L.*]

## SCENE II.—*The Street, before Cob's House.*

*Enter KNO'WELL, L.*

*Kno.* O, here it is; I have found it now—Hoa, who is within here? [TIB appears at the Window in Flat.]

*Tib.* I am within, sir; what is your pleasure?



*Kno.* To know who is within besides yourself.

*Tib.* Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope?

*Kno.* O, fear you the constable? then I doubt not you have some guests within deserve that fear—I'll fetch him straight.

*Tib.* For Heaven's sake, sir—

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

*Tib.* Young Kno'well! I know none such, sir, o' my honesty.

*Kno.* Your honesty, dame! It flies too lightly from you. There is no way but fetch the constable.

*Tib.* The constable! The man is mad, I think.

*Enter CASH and DAME KITELY, R.*

*Cash.* Hoa! who keeps house here?

*Kno.* Oh, this is the female copesmate of my son. Now shall I meet him straight. [*Aside.*

*Dame.* Knock, Thomas, hard.

*Cash.* Hoa! good wife.

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

*Dame.* Why, woman, grieves it you to ope the door? Belike, you get something to keep it shut.

*Tib.* What mean these questions, pray you?

*Dame.* So strange you make it! Is not my husband here?

*Kno.* Her husband! [*Aside.*

*Dame.* My tried and faithful husband, Master Kately.

*Tib.* I hope he needs not to be tried here.

*Dame.* Come hither, Cash—I see my turtle coming to his haunts: let us retire. [*They retire, R.*

*Kno.* This must be some device to mock me withal. Soft—who is this?—Oh! 'tis my son disguised. I'll watch him, and surprise him.

*Enter KITELY, muffled in a Cloak, L.*

*Kite.* 'Tis truth, I see; there she skulks. But I will fetch her from her hold—I will—I tremble so, I scarce have power to do the justice Her infamy demands.

[*As KITELY goes forward, DAME KITELY and KNO'WELL lay hold of him.*

*Kno.* Have I trapped you, youth? You cannot 'scape me now.

*Dame.* O, sir! have I forestall'd your honest market?  
 Found your close walks! you stand amazed  
 Now, do you? Ah, hide, hide your face, for shame!  
 I' faith, I am glad I've found you out at last.  
 What is your jewel, trow? In: come, let's see her;  
 fetch

Forth the wanton dame—If she be fairer,  
 In any honest judgment, than myself,  
 I'll be content with it: but she is change;  
 O, you traitor!

*Kno.* What mean you, woman? Let go your hold.  
 I see the counterfeit—I am his father, and claim him as  
 my own.

*Kite.* [*Discovering himself.*] I am your cuckold, and  
 claim my vengeance.

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

*Kite.* Out on thy more than strumpet's impudence!  
 Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? and have I taken  
 Thy bawd and thee, and thy companion,  
 This hoary-headed lecher, this old goat,  
 Close at your villany, and would'st thou 'scuse it  
 With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me?  
 O, old incontinent, dost thou not shame,  
 To have a mind so hot; and to entice,  
 And feed the enticement of a lustful woman?

*Dame.* Out! I defy thee, thou dissembling wretch!

*Kite.* Defy me, strumpet! Ask thy pander here,  
 Can he deny it, or that wicked elder?

*Kno.* Why, hear you, sir—

*Cash.* Master, 'tis in vain to reason, while these pas-  
 sions blind you. I'm grieved to see you thus.

*Kite.* Tut, tut, never speak, I see through every  
 Veil you cast upon your treachery; but I have  
 Done with you, and root you from my heart for ever.  
 For you, sir, thus I demand my honour's due;  
 Resolved to cool your heat, or end my shame.

[*Drums.*

*Kno.* What lunacy is this? Put up your sword, and  
 undeceive yourself. No arm, that e'er poised weapon  
 can affright me. But I pity folly, nor cope with mad-  
 ness.

*Kite.* I will have proofs—I will—so you, good wife  
 bawd, Cob's wife; and you, that make your husband  
 such a monster: and you, young pander, an old  
 cuckold-maker, I'll ha' you every one before the justice.

Nay, you shall answer it; I charge you go. Come forth, thou hawd.

[*Goes into the house, and brings out TIB.*

*Kno.* Marry, with all my heart, sir, I go willingly.

*Kite.* Come, will you go?

*Dame.* Go, to thy shame, believe it.

*Kite.* Though shame and sorrow both my heart betide, Come on—I must and will be satisfied. [*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE III.—*Stocks Market.*

*Enter BRAINWORM.*

*Brain.* Well, of all my disguises yet, now am I most like myself; being in this sergent's gown. A man of my present profession never counterfeits, till he lays hold upon a debtor, and says he 'rests him; for then he brings him to all manner of unrest. A kind of little kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace, made like a young artichoke, that always carries pepper and salt in itself. Well, I know not what danger I undergo by this exploit; 'pray Heaven I come well off!

*Enter MASTER MATTHEW and BOBADIL, L.*

*Mat.* See, I think, yonder is the varlet, by his gown. 'Save you, friend: are you not here by appointment of Justice Clement's man?

*Brain.* Yes, an' please you, sir, he told me two gentlemen had willed him to procure a warrant from his master, which I have about me, to be served on one Downright.

*Mat.* It is honestly done of you both! and see, where the party comes, you must arrest. Serve it upon him quickly, before he be aware—

*Enter STEPHEN, in DOWNRIGHT'S Cloak, R.*

*Bob.* Bear back, Master Matthew.

*Brain.* Master Downright, I arrest you i' the queen's name, and must carry you before a justice, by virtue o. this warrant.

*Step.* Me, friend! I am no Downright, I. I am Master Stephen; you do not well to arrest me, I am in nobody's bonds or books. A plague on you, heartily, for making me thus afraid before my time.

*Brain.* Why, no, you are deceived, gentlemen.

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

*Enter DOWNRIGHT, R.*

*Down.* Why, how now, Signor Gull! Are you turned filcher of late? Come, deliver my cloak.

*Step.* Your cloak, sir! I bought it even now in open market.

*Brain.* Master Downright, I have a warrant I must serve upon you, procured by these two gentlemen.

*Down.* These gentlemen! These rascals!

*Brain.* Keep the peace, I charge you.

*Down.* I obey thee. What must I do, officer?

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

*Mat.* Come, let's before, and make the justice, captain——

[*Exit, L.*

*Bob.* The varlet's a tall man, before Heaven!

[*Exit, L.*

*Down.* Gull, you'll gi' me my cloak!

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

*Down.* You will?

*Step.* Ay, that I will.

*Down.* Officer, there's thy fee,—arrest him.

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

*Step.* Arrest me, I scorn it; there, take your nasty cloak, I'll none on't.

*Down.* Nay, that shall not serve your turn, now, sir. Officer, I'll go with thee to the justice's. Bring him along.

*Step.* Why, is not here your cloak? What would you have?

*Down.* I'll ha' you answer it.

*Brain.* Sir, I'll take your word, and this gentleman, too, for his appearance.

*Down.* I'll ha' no words taken. Bring him along.

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

*Step.* Must I go?

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

*Down.* Come along before me here. I do not love your hanging look behind.

*Step.* Why, sir, I hope you cannot hang me for it. Can he, fellow?

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

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

[*Exeunt, L.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Justice Clement's house.*

*Enter CLEMENT, KNO'WELL, KITELY, DAME KITELY, TIB, CASH, COB, and Servants, I.*

*Clem.* Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave. My chair, sirrah. You, master Kno'well, say, you went thither to meet your son?

*Kno.* Ay, sir.

*Clem.* But who directed you thither?

*Kno.* That did mine own man, sir.

*Clem.* Where is he?

*Kno.* Nay, I know not, now; I left him with your clerk; and appointed him to stay for me.

*Clem.* My clerk! about what time was this?

*Kno.* Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

*Clem.* And what time came my man with the false message to you, master Kitley?

*Kite.* After two, sir.

*Clem.* Very good: but, Mrs. Kitley, how chance it, that you were at Cob's? Ha?

*Dame.* An' please you, sir, I'll tell you. My brother Wellbred told me, that Cob's house was a suspected place—

*Clem.* So it appears, methinks: but on.

*Dame.* And that my husband used thither daily.

*Clem.* No matter, so he used himself well, mistress.

*Dame.* True, sir; but you know what grows by such haunts, oftentimes.

*Clem.* I see rank fruits of a jealous brain, mistress Kitley. But did you find your husband there, in that case, as you suspected?

*Kite.* I found her there, sir.

*Clem.* Did you so? that alters the case. Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there?

*Kite.* Marry, that did my brother Wellbred.

*Clem.* How! Wellbred first tell her, then tell you after! Where is Wellbred?

*Kite.* Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

*Clem.* Why, this is a mere trick, a device; you are gulled in this most grossly, all! Alas, poor wench! wert thou suspected for this?

*Tib.* Yes, an't please you.

*Clem.* I smell mischief here, plot and contrivance, master Kitley. However, if you will step into the next room, with your wife, and think coolly of matters,



you'll find some trick has been played you—I fear here have been jealousies on both parts, and the wags have been merry with you.

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

*Dame.* I will have justice, Mr. Kitely.

[*Exeunt KITELY, DAME, and TIB, R. D.*]

*Clem.* You will be a woman, Mrs. Kitely, that I see.—How now, what's the matter?

*Enter WILLIAM, L.*

*Will.* Sir, there's a gentleman i' the court without, desires to speak with your worship.

*Clem.* A gentleman! What's he?

*Will.* A soldier, sir, he says.

*Clem.* A soldier! My sword, quickly. A soldier speak with me! Stand by, I will end your matters anon—Let the soldier enter. Now, sir, what ha' you to say to me?

[*Exit WILLIAM, L.*]

*Enter BOBADIL and MATTHEW, L.*

*Bob.* By your worship's favour—

*Clem.* Nay, keep out, sir, I know not your pretence; you send me word, sir, you are a soldier? Why, sir, you shall be answered here: here be them have been among soldiers. Sir, your pleasure?

*Bob.* Faith, sir, so it is; this gentleman and myself have been most uncivilly wronged and beaten by one Downright, a coarse fellow about the town here; and, for my own part, I protest, being a man in no sort given to this filthy humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted me in the way of my peace; despoiled me of mine honour, disarmed me of my weapons, and rudely laid me along in the open streets, when I not so much as once offered to resist him.

*Clem.* Oh, God's precious! Is this the soldier?—Lie there, my sword, 'twill make him swoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on't, that will put up a blow!

*Mat.* An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

[*Crosses to CLEMENT.*]

*Clem.* Why, an' he were, sir, his hands were not bound, were they?

*Enter SERVANT, L.*

*Serv.* There's one of the varlets of the city, sir, has brought two gentlemen here, one upon your worship's warrant.

*Clem.* My warrant?

*Serv.* Yes, sir, the officer says, procured by these two.

*Clem.* Bid him come in.—Set by this picture.—What, Mr. Downright! are you brought at Mr. Freshwater's suit here?

*Enter DOWNRIGHT, STEPHEN, and BRAINWORM, L.*

*Down.* I'faith, sir. And here's another, brought at my suit.

*Clem.* What are you, sir?

*Step.* A gentleman, sir.—Oh, uncle!

[Crosses to KNO'WELL.

*Clem.* Uncle! Who, Master Kno'well?

*Kno.* Ay, sir, this is a wise kinsman of mine.

*Step.* God's my witness, uncle, I am wronged here monstrously; he charges me with stealing of his cloak, and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the street by chance.

*Down.* Oh, did you find it, now? You said you bought it ere-while.

*Step.* And you said I stole it. Nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

*Clem.* Well, let this breathe awhile. You that have cause to complain there, stand forth. Had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension?

*Bob.* Ay, an't please your worship—

*Clem.* Nay, do not speak in passion so. Where had you it?

*Bob.* Of your clerk, sir.

*Clem.* That's well, an' my clerk can make warrants, and my hand not at them! Where is the warrant?—Officer, have you it?

*Brain.* No, sir, your worship's man, Master Formal, bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

*Clem.* Why, Master Downright, are you such a novice to be served, and never see the warrant!

*Down.* Sir, he did not serve it on me.

*Clem.* No! how then?

*Down.* Marry, sir, he came to me, and said, he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so—

[BOBADIL and MATTHEW steal off, L. U. E.

*Clem.* O, God's pity, was it so, sir? He must serve it. Giye me a warrant, I must serve one too—you knave, you slave, you rogue, do you say you must,

sirrah? Away with him to the gaol. I'll teach you a trick for your *must*, sir.

*Brain.* Good sir, I beseech you be good to me.

*Clem.* Tell him, he shall to the gaol: away with him, I say.

*Brain.* Ay, sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for committing more than this. I will not lose by my travail any grain of my fame certain.

[*Throws off his disguise.*]

*Clem.* How is this?

*Kno.* My man, Brainworm!

*Step.* O yes, uncle! Brainworm has been with my cousin Edward and I, all this day.

*Clem.* I told you all, there was some device.

*Brain.* Nay, excellent Justice, since I have laid myself thus open to you, now stand strong for me, both with your sword and your balance.

*Clem.* Body o' me, a merry knave! Give me a bowl of sack.—If he belongs to you, Master Kno'well, I bespeak your patience.

*Brain.* That is it I have most need of.—Sir, if you'll pardon me only, I'll glory in all the rest of my exploits.

*Kno.* Sir, you know I love not to have my favours come hard from me. You have your pardon; though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsel with my son against me.

*Brain.* Yes, faith, I have, sir; though you retained me doubly this morning for yourself; first, as Brainworm, after, as Fitzsword. I was your reformed soldier. 'Twas I sent you to Cob's upon the errand without end.

*Kno.* Is it possible! Or that thou shouldst disguise thyself so as I should not know thee?

*Brain.* O sir! this has been the day of my metamorphosis; it is not that shape alone that I have run through to-day. I brought Master Kitely a message, too, in the form of Master Justice's man here, to draw him out of the way, as well as your worship, while Master Wellbred might make a conveyance of Mistress Bridget to my young master.

*Kno.* My son is not married, I hope?

*Brain.* Faith, sir, they are both as sure as love, a priest, and three thousand pounds, which is her portion, can make them; and by this time are ready to bespeak their wedding supper at the Windmill, except some friend here prevent them, and invite them home.

*Clem.* Marry, that will I; I thank thee for putting me in mind on't. Sirrah, go you and fetch them hither, upon my warrant. Neither's friends have cause to be sorry if I know the young couple aright.—But, I pray thee, what hast thou done with my man, Formal?

*Brain.* Faith, sir, after some ceremony past, as making him drunk, first with story, and then with wine, but all in kindness, and stripping him to his shirt, I left him in that cool vein; departed, sold your worship's warrant to these two, pawned his livery for that varlet's gown to serve it in, and thus have brought myself, by my activity, to your worship's consideration.

*Clem.* And I will consider thee in a cup of sack. Here's to thee, which having drank off, this is my sentence—pledge me. Thou hast done, or assisted to nothing, in my judgment, but deserves to be pardoned for the wit of the offence. Go into the next room; let Master Kitley into this whimsical business, and if he does not forgive thee, he has less mirth in him than an honest man ought to have.

*Step.* And what shall I do?

*Clem.* O! I had lost a sheep, an' he had not bleated. Why, sir, you shall give Mr. Downright his cloak, and I will entreat him to take it. A trencher and a napkin you shall have in the buttery, and keep Cob and his wife company here; whom I will entreat first to be reconciled; and you to endeavour with your wit to keep them so.

*Step.* I'll do my best.

*Clem.* Call Master Kitley and his wife, there.

*Enter KITELY and DAME KITELY, R.*

Did I not tell you there was a plot against you?—Did I not smell it out, as a wise magistrate ought?—Have not you traced, have not you found it, eh, Master Kitley?

*Kite.* I have—I confess my folly, and own I have deserved what I have suffered for it. The trial has been severe, but it is past. All I have to ask now, is, that, as my folly is cured, and my persecutors forgiven, my shame may be forgotten.

*Clem.* That will depend upon yourself, Master Kitley; do not yourself create the food for mischief, and the mischievous will not prev upon you. But.

come, let a general reconciliation go round, and let all discontents be laid aside. You, Mr. Downright, put off your anger: you, Master Kno'well, your cares. And do you, Master Kately, and your wife, put off your jealousies.

*Kite.* Sir, thus they go from me: kiss me, my wife.  
See what a drove of horns fly in the air,  
Wing'd with my cleansed and my credulous breath:  
Watch 'em, suspicious eyes, watch where they fall,  
See, see, on heads, that think they've none at all.  
O, what a plenteous world of this will come!  
When air rains horns, all may be sure of some.

THE END.





U.S. B.

*[Faint, illegible handwritten text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]*

