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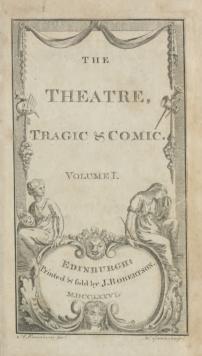
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Montindates







COMIC THEATRE.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

CONTAINING,

I. THE BEAUX STRATA- III. THE OLD BACHE-GEM.

II. EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

IV. THE SUSPICIOUS HUS-BAND.

E D I N B U R G H:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. ROBERTSON.
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E S S A Y

ONTHE

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS

OFTHE

ENGLISH STAGE.

S the ancient Tragedy took its rife from the religious ceremonics of Greece, whereof, originally, it formed a part, fo the modern Stage owes its birth to the devotion of our forefathers: fuch was the affinity betwixt Religion and the Theatre, in former times, how much foever, in the opinion of fome, they may feem at odds now. In the dark ages preceding the Reformation, it was customary for the pricits, on festivals and o. ther folemn occasions, in order, no doubt, to excite the devotion of the people, to exhibit in the churches, in fcenical representations, the Incarnation, the Passion, the Crucifixion, the Refurrection, and the Miracles of our Saviour; with various other paffages in the Old as wellas the New Testament. These holy pantomimes (for at first they were, probably, little more than dumb-shew) were, doubtless, very inartificial pieces; devoid of character : without decorum or verifimilitude; and, in their conduct, extravagant and abfurd. As their fubject was, for the most part, some of the mysteries of religion, these rude Dramas paffed under the name of The

Mysteries; and, such as they were, fer- The Mysteries.

to amuse and to edify the people, not only in Britain, but

in Spain and Italy, and other countries of Europe, where, by the accounts of modern travellers *, they maintained their ground long after they were exploded here, being favoured by the genius of the religion of these countries. The personages represented were. Christ, the Angels, the Saints and Apostles, the Devil, &c. With regard to the plot, or fable, in these pieces, the thread of the story, or lestend, was implicitly followed: and the dialogue, or freeches, probably refembled those labels which we fee issuing from the mouths of the figures in grotesque pictures, each personage declaring his name, and what he comes about, &c. A writer, in O. Elizabeth's time to speaking of popular diversions, fays, " The Guary Miracle, (in English, a Miracle Play), is a kind of interlude out of some scripture history. For representing it, they raife an amphith-atre in some open field, having the diameter of its inclosed plain some forty or fifty feet. The country people flock from all fides, many miles off, to fee and hear it ; for they have therein devils and devices to delight as well the eye as the ear."

How early the Mylleries beganto be exhibited in England, it is impossible to determine. In 1378, the scholars of Paul's school presented a petition to Richard II. praying " to prohibit some inexpert people t from prefenting the history of the Old Testament, to the great prejudice of the faid clergy, who have been at great expence in order to represent it publicly at Christmas," And, in 1409, the parish-clerks in London performed, for eight days successively, a play concerning the creation of the world, before most of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom. These are proofs of a pretty high antiquity. But if we may believe William Fitz-Stephen, a Monk of Canterbury, who lived in the reign of Henry II. theatrical representations, both serious and comic, were common in his time: "Londina pro spectaculis theatralibus, of pro-ludis scenicis, ludos habet fanctiores, representationes

* Earetti's Travels.

t Carew's Surrey of Cornwall.
See a curious account of various feripture pieces, as reprefented by the feveral companies, the Filhmongers, Gardeners, Carpenters, &c. it London. Watton's Hillory of Poetry.

"tiones miracularum." &c. *. From hence it would feem probable, that the origin of the Drama, in England, cannot be placed lower than the Conquest.

In the Myfleries, the virtues, vices, affections, and moral faculties, were fometimes perfonified, and introduced among the dramatis persona. This practice gave rifeto a more improved and rational species of the Drama, composed entirely of these personifica-

tions. These obtained the name of Mo- The Moralities.

ralities: and in them were exhibited

the first faint difplay of art and defign, and a feeble attempt to represent manners and characters : here the Muse displayed an immature invention, and began to " lifp in numbers." This was the glimmering dawn of that day which the genius of Shrkespeare effulged on the British stage. In ridicule, or imitation, of these pieces. and their manner of reprefentation, Shakespeare has introduced the interlude of the Clowns in the Midsimmer Night's Dream, and the Play in Hamlet; which confidered in this light, are curiofities, as exhibiting an image of these old theatrical entertainments, which were the delight of our forefathers. But a better idea of these pieces will, perhaps, be conceived, from the ingenious Dr Percy's account of two of them, which appear to have been printed early in the reign of Henry VIII. " in which, fays he +, I think one may plainly difcover the feeds of Tragedy and Comedy.

" One of them is entitled Every-Mant. The subject of this piece is the fummoning of man out of the world by death; and its moral, that nothing will then avail him but a well fpent life and the comforts of religion. This fubject and moral are opened in a monologue spoken by the Meffenger (for that was the name generally given by our ancestors to the prologue on their rude stage) : then God 6 is reprefented, who, after fome general complaints on the degeneracy of mankind, calls for Deth, and orders

^{*} Ritz-Steph. Descript, nobiliff, civitat, Londonia, He died about 1191.

⁺ Reliques of English Poetry, vol. 3.

[†] See a fatther account of this play in Vol. 2. p. 104, 105. where, inflead of "Wynkin de Worde," read "Rycharde Pyufon." § The second person of the Trinity seems to be meant,

him to bring before his tribunal Every-man, for fo is called ed the personage who represents the human race. Every-man appears, and receives the fummons with all the marks of confusion and terror. When Deth is withdrawn, Every-man applies for relief, in this diffrefs, to Fellowship, Kindred, Goods or Riches, but they fucceffively renounce and forfake him. In this disconsolate flate, he betakes himfelf to Good-dedes, who, after upbraiding him with his long neglect of her *, introduces him to her fifter Knowledge, and the leads him to the " holy man Confession," who appoints him penance: this be inflicts upon himfelf on the stage, and then withdraws to receive the facraments of the prieft. On his return, he begins to wax faint; and, after Strength, Beauty, Difcretion, and Five Wits +, have all taken their final leave of him, gradually expires on the stage; Good-dedes still accompanying him to the last. Then an Aungell descends to fing his requiem: and the epilogue is spoken by a perfon, called Dollour, who recapitulates the whole, and delivers the moral :

"This memoriall men may have in mynde, Ye herres, take it of worth, old and yonge, And forfake pryde, for he difceyeth you in thende, And remembre Beauté, Five Witts, Strength and Differction, They all at laft do Everyman forfake.

They all at last do Every-man forsake, Save his Good-dedes there dothe he take: But beware, for and they be small, Before God he hath no helpe at all." So.

"From this floort analysis it may be observed, that Every-Man is a grave folemn piece, not without some rude attempts to excite terror and pity, and, therefore, may not improperly be referred to the class of tragedy, It is remarkable, that, in this old simple drama, the fable is conducted upon the strickest model of the Greek tragedy. The action is simply one; the time of action is that of the performance; the scene is never changed, nor the

Those above mentioned are male characters.
 i.e. The five fenses. These are frequently exhibited upon the Spanish flage: (See Riccoboni, p. 93.) but our moralist has represented them all by one perionage.

the flage ever empty. Every-Man, the hero of the piece, after his firft appearance, never withdraws, except when he goes out to receive the facraments, which could not well be exhibited in public; and, during his ablence, Knowledge diffeants on the excellence and power of the priefthood, fomewhat after the manner of the Greek chorus. And, indeed, except in the circumflance of Every, man's expiring on the flage, the Sampfon Agantles

of Milton is hardly formed on a feverer plan.

"The other play is intitled Hick-Scorner *, and bears no distant refemblance to Comedy: its chief aim feems to be to exhibit characters and manners, its plot being much less regular than the foregoing. The prologue is fpoken by Pity, represented under the character of an ared vilgrim: he is joined by Contemplacyon and Perseverance, two holy men; who, after lamenting the degeneracy of the age, declare their resolution of stemming the torrent. Pity then is left upon the stage, and prefently found by Frequell, reprefenting a lewd debauchee: who, with his diffolute companion, Imaginacion, relate their manner of life; and, not without humour, describe the stews and other places of base resort. They are presently joined by Hick-Scorner, who is drawn as a libertine returned from travel; and, agreeably to his name, fcoffs at religion. These three are described as extremely vicious, who glory in every act of wickedness; at length two of them quarrel, and Pity endeavours to part the fray : on this they fall upon him, put him in the flocks, and there leave him. Pity then difcants, in a kind of lyric measure, on the profligacy of the age; and, in this fituation, is found by Perseverance and Contemplacyon, who set him at liberty, and advise him to go in fearch of the delinquents As foon as he is gone, Frewyll appears again; and, after relating, in a very comic manner, fome of his roqueries and escapes from justice, is rebuked by the two holy men, who, after a long altercation, at length convert him, and his libertine-companion Imaginacion, from their vicious courfe of life: and then the play ends with a few verles from Perseverance, by way of epilogue. This, and every Morality I have feen, conclude with a folemn prayer.

[.] Imprynted by me Wynkyn de Worde. No date; in 4to, Bl. Let.

They are all of them in rhyme ; in a kind of loofe stan-

za, intermixed with diffichs

"It would be needleft to point out the abfurdities in the plan and conduct of the foregoing play; they are evidently great. It is fufficient to observe, that, bating the moral and religious reflections of Pity, &c. the piece is of a comic call, and contains a humorous display of fome of the vices of the age. Indeed, the author has generally been fo little attentive to the allegory, that we need only fublitute other names to his personages, and we have real characters and living manners."

In these pieces there is no division into act or scene, nor any of the common stage directions: these improvements took not place till the reign of Queen Elisabeth.

In these times of religious ferment, when casuistry and zeal for opposite dogmas divided the nation, even the flage was made a theatre for disputation. For we find Henry VIII, in an act for promoting true religion, prohibiting "all rimors or players from finging in fongs, or playing in interludes, any thing that should contradict the effablished doctrines." And the interlude of the New Cultom, printed 1573, was written, or at least revived, with a view to promote the tenets of the Reformation. Edward VI. defigned to affume the fock himfelf, and fayoured the world with a comedy, the title of which was the Whore of Babylon *. It is, probably, not much to be regreted, that this pious prince's comedy has not reached our times. Religious subjects will generally be found improper, either for comic or tragic representation. Accordingly, though feveral modern pieces have been composed and brought on the stage, with party views, on this plan, none of these have maintained their ground long. Of these, which I would denominate polemic plays, we may mention the Nonjuror by Cibber, and the Affembly

But, in these times, a fill more extraordinary use was attempted to be made of the slage, and for which it would feem to be very little adapted; it was made the vehicle of science and natural philosophy. With this view, John Raftel, brother-in-law to Sir Thomas More, composed a

dramatic

^{*} Walpole's Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, vol. I.

dramatic piece under this title: "A New Interlude and a Merry, of the Nature of the iiii Elements, declarynge many proper Points of Phylosphy Natural, and of dyvers Strange Landys," &c. This last circumstance alludes

John Bale, Bishop of Osfory, and John Heywood the epigrammatift, were the two earlielt English dramatic warters any of whose works have been preserved to the present times. They were cotemporaries, and rival wites the first, a seasous Proteslant; the other, a bigottet Cacholic. They lived in the reigns of Henry VIII. Edward VI. Mary and Elishabeth; and each fussifier deals in turn, from the prevalence of their contending religions. Neither of them produced any dramatic piece on a more perfect plan, than those described above. Yet, at this

classical names of Tragedy and Comedy. Tragedy and Gammar Gurton's Needle, a comedy in Comedy.

fve acts, of low humour, indeed, but furprifingly regular in its conduck, was exhibited in 1571; and, ten years earlier, the tragedy of Gorbodue, appeared, written by Lord Buckhurft and Thomas Norton, Efge This piece is applauded by the belt crities both of this and the former age. To the first of thefe authors we are indebted forthat poeticalchiconicle, entitled, The Mirrour for Magisfrates: and "our historic plays, says Mr Walpole, are allowed to have been founded on the heroic anarratives in that work. To that plan, and to the boldness of Lord Buckhurs's new scenes, perhaps, we owe Shakespeare "." Now were the more perfect models of Greece and of Iraly unknown to the poets of that age, by means

Among the dramatic writers of that period †, John Lylly

Catalogue of Noble Authors, vol. 1.

[†] With regard to the economy of the flage in theft times, the reader will be pleafed to learn the following particulars: a "The time of exhibition was early in the afternoon, their plays being acted by day-light. All femile parts were performed by men, no actrefs being ever feen on it e public flage before the civil wars. And as for the playhoufe furniture and ormanents, they had no other feenes nor decorations of the flage, but only old tapefrey, and the

fully feems to have held a capital place. He was a favourite wit in the court of Elizabeth, before whom feveral of his pieces were represented. He undertook the reformation and refinement of the English language; as a flandard for which, he wrote a book intitled The Anatomy of Wit. This work was honoured with lavish and extravagant encomiums byhis cotemporaries. Its phraseology was adopted as the model of elegant composition :and its language became the bon ton of courtly conversa. tion. Yet modern critics speak of this applauded author in terms of contempt, as having debased the language by introducing an unnatural affected jargon of forced metaphors, pedantic allufions, ridiculous analogies, and impertinent allegories; and all these flowers conveyed witha bombaftic fwell of words. But Mr Lylly had fecured. fuccefs, by gaining the fuffrage of the ladies, who have great influence in language as well as in drefs. The ladics of the Court eagerly adopted, and rendered fashionable. the new mode of speaking. Perhaps the Queen countenanced it, who, by the bye, was herfelf a dramatic writer, having translated a tragedy of Euripides into La-

An elegant writer feems inclined to deduce our modeen Tragedy and Comedy from the graver and the lighter interludes above deferibed. But I am apt to think, that the modern Oratorio, looh, at leaft, as is exhibited in England, is limited by descended of the ancient Myflery, as

the Masque is the undoubted representative of the old Morality. The Oratorio, like the

Mysteries, is a dramatic piece, composed on a religious subject. If it is less debased by absurdities and buffoonry.

flage firewed with ruffies, with habits accordingly. They used vizards, partly to supply the want of players, when there were more parts than there were persons, or that it was not thought meet to trouble Princes chambers with too many folks: for, in these times, Pinces, as well as many private noblemen, retained companies of players as domedics in their service.—At the public theatess, tobacco, wine, and beer, were the usual accommodations. The prices of admission were various, from the two-penny gallery to the pit, which was a shilling. Some house had even penny benches. There were no sewer than nineteen play-houses in London before the year 1631,"—Perces.

* Catalogue of Noble Authors, vol. 1. + Dr Percy

buffoonry, it is yet, perhaps, not much fuperior to the latter, in point of poctical composition. Its greatest, its only ments, arrises from the mulical accompanyments, which, indeed, are often excellent: but the impressions yaried by the music, are too often countercated and quenched by the bathos of the poetry. The Oratorio, too refembles the Myslerier, in being subfervient to the purposes of devotion, as it is generally represented at those holy feasons when lighter entertainments would be deemed indeent.

With regard to the Masque, it is construct - Masque.

ed on the fame allegorical foundation as the old Morality. The personages are generally of the aerial and metaphylical species, as Spirits, Genii, Virtues, &c. and the fable a moral allegory. In the reign of James I. who was fond of pageantry and show, they became the favourite entertainments of the Court: were exhibited to grace the marriages and birth days of illustrious persons, and on other folemnities; affumed flateliness and pomp; and, calling in the aid of architecture, painting, and music, were embellished with magnificent scenery and decorations, and heightened by the charms of harmony *; Sometimes, no doubt, they were rendered the vehicles of adulation by the laureate, or poet of the Court, whose province it feems to have been to compose them. In their present state of refinement, they are a delightful entertainment : nor is it possible to conceive any thing more inchanting than a just exhibition of the Masque of Comus as altered by Dr Dalton, where exquifite poetry, painting, music, and architecture unite their utmost powers

to enforce the nobleft and most virtuous fentiments. But, to return to the earlier period of the flage: Our old writers composed certain dramatic pieces, which not being, in their conducts conformable to ancient practice, and the eanous of rigid criticism, have been exploded in this age of classical refinement. These are, Hisporical Plays, or Dramatic Tales, Trapsi-comedies, and

Farces. Farces, properly so called, being, in Farces, general, compositions equally extravagant and

low,

^{*} See Lord Bacon's Effay, Of Masques and Triumphs.—The celebrated Inigo Iones was frequently employed in inventing and confiruting these decorations.

low, exhibiting manners that flock common decency, and incidents that outrage common fenfe, we willingly give up to the Canaille, as an entertainment calculated for that meridian alone. But it ought to be observed, that this age has produced some petiti pieces, which, though they pass under the same name, are wrote in a more superior tatle, and replete with exquisite humour and faire.*

With regard to the old Historical Plays
Tragicos and Tropic comedies, we are unwilling to amedy.

bandon them to the focurge of criticism. It
is objected to these, That their authors, having too implicitly followed the legends, or romances of
their times, through all the labyrinth of the story, had
overloaded their pieces with a number of discordant incidents; had infringed dramatic unity and simplicity in
their sharesters; and rendered their pieces motley and
heterogeneous compositions, which could not, with propriety, be referred to any of the two legitimate species
of the drama.

To this it may be answered. That these Hi-Histories. Storical Plays are to be confidered as a species of the drama, diftinct from Tragedy or Comedy, and were so understood and intended by our old writers. They profess not to follow the fevere model of Greece, and, therefore, ought not to be judged by that law. Though it may be acknowledged, that a piece, framed on that perfect model, where every character, incident, and speech, tends uniformly to one effect, to heighten and bring on the catastrophe, and enforce the moral; where all is bound together by that beautiful dramatic unity in one harmonious whole, and conducted with that decorum and verifimilitude which imposes a temporary belief of the reality; though, I fay, we may acknowlege the superior excellence of such a piece, at least in theory, vet it follows not that every piece of different merit should be banished the stage. Experience has shewn, that dramatic compositions, where greater freedoms have been taken, are capable of pleasing and interesting in a very highdegree : and Shakespeare has admirably evinced, that a

^{*} The petits pieces of Garrick, Murphy, Colman, Go.

Dramatic Tale, chequered with alternate Dramatic feenes of tragic and comic cast; where, as in the world, the most affecting, and the most

ludicrous incidents, tread on each other's heel, and ferious and lighter characters fometimes mingle together, and fometimes fueced each other on the fene; affords an entertainment, though lefs pure and refined, more generally pleating than the rigidly challe compositions of ancient Greece.

We have now brought down this flight furvey to the time of Shakespeare, which forms the grand epoch of the British stage. The character of this poet and his works are too well known to require any illustration here. His memory is held in a degree of veneration bordering on idolatry. Even his faults (for faults he has) are fanctified: even his faults are converted into proofs of his merit; for how great must that excellence be which can atone for such flagrant violations of the dramatic laws! But, if he was unread in the code of criticism, he had well fludied the book of nature; and had so carefully perused, in particular, the volume of man, that, could we Suppose the whole species, by some accident, to be deftroyed, and their memory perished in the creation, the works of the poet, were they supposed to survive the wreck, would exhibit a picture of human nature in all its varieties, and in fuch natural colours, attitudes, and proportions, as would convey a perfect idea of the species.

Critics, in painting, ufually diftinguish thefe artilts, according to the different malters under whom they have fludied, or whose manner they have followed, into different fethools; as, the school of Angelo, of Titian, of Rubens, &: It would, perhaps, tend to throw some light upon our subject, to arrange our fra-

matic writers in a limilar manner. Under School of the School of Shakespeare, we may class most Shakespeare

of the poetsthat were contemporary or fuc-

cceded him in the latter end of Elizabeth's reign, and in that of James and Charlet I. viz. Massinger, Johnson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford, &c. Their compositions are distinguished by sorce, spirit, and pathos; a bold and free outline, and glowing colouring—Spirat tragicum fattis, et feliciter audet. Their language, in general, is admirably mirably adapted for theatrical expression, stowing with eafy vigour and dignified simplicity, equally removed from the state, of profe, and from the pompous monotony of declamation, which fairgues the ear in our tragedieso today. Though accused, by modern critics, of departufrom the rules, they excel the moderns in the observation of the higher and more important laws of the charma; in prefervation and discrimination of character; in the conduct and ferries of the dialogue; and, perhaps, in that which painters term the coutants. It must, however, be acknowledged, that there is often an improbability in their fables and characters, which are incongruous to modern manners; and that their language sometimes fwells into bombast, and fometimes defenda to quibble and conceit; that they gas at gigantic ideas, and pursue, too far, an allegorical train of thought.

During the Ufurpation, the fanaticism and distractions of the times filenced the theatre for the space of 20 years; and, at the Restoration, the nation, recling from enthus fialtic severity to unbounded licentiousness, the utmost degeneracy of state and of manners spread from the court through the nation. Hence the stage, which is get-

" On this fubiect, Lord Kaimes makes the following excellent reflexions: Elements of Griticism, vol. 2, p. 478, 3d editions "The licentious court of Charles II. among its many diforders, engendered a peft, the virulence of which fubfifts to this day. The English comedy, copying the manners of the court, became extremely licentions; and continues fo with very little foftening. It is there an effablished rule, to deck out the chief characters with every vice in fathion, however grofs. But as such characters, viewed in a true light, would be difgufful, care is taken to difguife good humour, which, in mixed company, make a capital figure. It requires not time nor much thought to discover the poisonous influence of fuch plays. A young man of figure, emancipated at last from the feverity and restraint of a college education, repairs to the capital, disposed to every fort of excess. The playhouse becomes his favourite amusement; and he is inchanted with the gaiety and splendor of the chief personages. The disgust which vice gives him at first, foon wears off, to make way for new notions, more liberal in his opinion; by which a fovereign contempt of religion, and a declared war upon the chaftity of wives, maids, and widows, are converted from being infamous vices to be falhionable virtues. The infection foreads gradually through all ranks,

nerally a mirror of the times, became the fehool School of of vice, and a veftibule to the brothel. A Dryden. glafs of writers arofe, who debafed the mufeto

a pander to the grofs and prurient gallantry of the age. Thefe, if we may continue the ftyle of painters, removed the veil, and exposed their characters in nudities and lafcivious poftures: their wit confifted in running all the changes on the double entendre : and the moral they inculcated was the practice of cuckoldom and intriouc. Such was their Comedy. Their Tragedy was, if polfible, still more extravagant, and more remote from nature and common fenfe. In compliance, as I suppose, with the humour of the Cavaliers, it was built on the romantic foundation of Love and Honour. The favourite hero was he who bullied all mankind, and adored all womankind. Their characters appeared in fituations which never occured in real life, expressed in bombastic language, fentiments unnatural and irrational, and acted upon motives too wild and foreign from human conduct. These writers were admirably ridiculed by the Duke of Buckingham, who had fludied and admired the decorum of the French stage under the conduct of Corneille. It is with reluctance we mention, as the founder of this abfurd

and becomes univerfal. How gladly would I liften to any one who fhould undertake to prove, that what I have been defeithing it eximerical but the difficulteness of our young people of birth will not fuffer me to doubt of its reality. Six Harry Williair has completed many a rake; and, in the sliphious Haffhand. Ranger, the humble initiator of Six Harry, has had no flight influence in fpreading that character. Of the fishionable women, tinchured with the play-house morals, who would not be the firightly, the witty, though difficulted Lavy Townly, before the cold, the ober, though virtons fyread infection through their country, employing to the, who that present fire of the contract of the contra

school, so respectable a name as that of Dryden. He himself scems conscious of the futility of these hasty productions, which were a fort of impromptu's, and children of necessity and indigence; and fays, in apology for one of them, " It was given to the people; and I never wrote anything for myfelf but Anthony and Cleopatra *." It may, indeed, feem furprifing, that the fame hand which produced that piece, and Alexander's Feast, should have been guilty of the Wild Gallant, Love in a Nunnery, and other precious pieces of a fimilar ftamp. As dramatic poetry is a representation of the manners of the age, fo the manners of the age influence and regulate dramatic representations. Unfortunately for letters and good tafte, whether a poet aims at fortune or fame, he must, to acquire them, flatter the reigning humours of the million; and "they who live to please, must please to live." Nor can any other palliation be offered, than this compliance with the depraved take of the times, for those loose and ribald scenes, which debase and empoison the pathetic strains of Southern and of Otway.

The writers of the present century form ano-French therclass, which may be denominated the French School, School, as they not only follow the model of that

stage in the conduct of their pieces, but frequently borrow feenes, characters, fables, and entire pieces from the dramatic writers of that nation. These have avoided, it is true, the abfurdities and incongruities chargeable on the English dramatists of the former age : but have they retained, in tragedy especially, their force, spirit, and pathos? Most of our modern tragedies of this fort are no more than declamatory and descriptive poems, wherein the poet, in place of affuming the character he would represent, or passion he would express, contents himself with coolly and passively describing them as a bystander. This is a fore disease, under which our modern stage has long languished. No elegance, correctnels, or regularity can atone for this uninterefting frigidity. These pieces are fine statues, framed exactly according to the canon, but devoid of life and motion. At

^{*} Preface to du Freinoy.

" We cannot blame, indeed-but we may fleep."

Give me rather fuch a poet as Shakespeare, with all his imperfections on his head. "There is more joy over one of his faulty pieces, where he is perpetually offending and delighting, than over ninety and nine fuch right-

eous plays, that need no reprehension."

There are, however, many writers of this æra, who ought to be exempted from this general centure ; flars which thine with unborrowed luftre in the dramatic horizon; truly British poets, that write with native fire and freedom. Need we mention the plaintive Otway, the tender Rowe, the elegant Mallet, the nervous and fiery Young, the pathetic and natural Home, and Thomson, " the friend of virtue and of man?"

But though those tragic exotics, we mentioned above, have proved barren, when transported to this northern climate, the comic writers of this class have succeeded better. Congreve, Wycherly, Vanburgh, Cibber; in thort, almost every comic poet of eminence in the present century, owe very great obligations to the French dramatic writers +. And it must be confessed, that their conduct, in not acknowledging the liberal aids of these their mafters in the comic art, is fomewhat ungencrous. To the French writers, it is certain, we owe many entertaining fcenes in our modern comedies and petits pieces; vet it feems to be the mode with our writers, in their prefaces and prologues, with an illiberal nationality, to affect to despise and ridicule the genius and tafte of our neighbours, while they live on their bounty, and

There occurs here to be mentioned a fpecies of comedy lately arisen, to wit, Pathe- Sentimental tic and Sentimental Comedy, of which Sir Comedy,

Richard Steele gave the first example in the

Conscious Lovers. The writers in this way (and many, of late, have followed this tract) have hit on an easier way of pleafing than the difficult talk of painting humours and characters. Instead of exposing folly to ridicule, which was held the genuine province of the comic muse, they exhibit characters of perfect virtue; faultless phantoms of their own creation, in place of the frail children of nature: and, for fitokes of humour and traits of character, they fubilitute moral reflections and high-flown fentiments. This is a cheap and early way of obtaining applause from an injudicious audience, who are, perhaps, pleafed to find their own vices and follies efcape the poet's laih, and are flattered by imagining they polfes thole virtuous fentiments which they applaud: but this is furely, as Shakefpeare fays, "Fyrm the purpole of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'tweere, the mirror up to nature," &c. Thofe tragedies, where characters are brought in merely to utter pourpous fentiments, merit the faure reprehension.

There remain yet to be mentioned two kinds of dramatic composition, of Italian origin, viz. Opera Opera. and Palforal Comedy. Of the first, there are two kinds, ferious and comie?. These difference efficientially from tragedy and comedy, except by the addition of muscal airs and accompanyments. Whether this diltinguishing circumstance of Opera, be an advantage to it, in the light of a dramatic composition, is a question

* Operas are confined to three acts. Division into acts is a modern practice, unknown to the Greeks, and of which Ariftotle makes no mention. The action, it is true, on the Greek stage, was interrupted from time to time by the Chorus, while the actors either retired or kept filence. 'Thefe fongs of the Chorus formed intervals of action, but not acts in the modern manner; for they were connected with the main action, and always bore an intimate relation to it. They confidered their pieces, however, as confifting of toffafis, and Cataffraphe,-Horace is the first critic who lays down, as a law, the division of a play into five acts, founded on the practice of the Roman stage. But the critics appear not to be agreed on the necessity of this division, or on the exact number of acts. of the piece, as follows: the first proposes the subject, and introduces the principal characters; the fecond unfolds the intrigue by degrees; the third is filled with the incidents which form the knot; the fourth prepares matters for the unravelling, which the fifth completes. (Voscius. Institut. Poet. 1. ii.)

This modern practice of division into acts, it is alledged, adds great probability to the piece; gives the poet an opportunity of withdrawing from view those parts of the action, which are only preparatory, and yet necessary to be known, and those which would

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of fome difficulty, which our perposed brevity permits us not fully to inveltigate at present. It is objected to it. That finging or chanting dialogue is totally repugnant to nature and probability, and muft, therefore, defeat the effect of any dramatic representation. This objection, if it has any weight, may, in a less degree, be extended to all metrical or measured compositions of the stage; but it seems to be an argument of that fort which proves too much. For if it be allowed, that the passions have certain peculiar tones, in which they express themselves both in man and other animals, and that music is capable of imitating this natural expression of the pasfions; and farther, that all impassioned discourse is delivered in tones; from hence it would feem to follow. that mufical dialogue is not fo unnatural as at first view it may appear. The circumstance, that will not only palliate this practice, but render it a delightful heightening of the pleasure resulting from musical dramas, is, that the music accord with the poetry. For, as an ingenious writer hath observed *, " There are few to be found fo infenfible, I may even fay, fo inhumane, as, when good poetry is justly fet to music, not, in some degree, to feel the force of fo amiable an union. But, to the Muses friends, it is a force irresistible, and penetrates into the deepest recesses of the foul :

" -- Pectus inaniter angit,

" Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet."

Hor.

When the lover of music is feeling the charm of poetry fo accompanied, let him be angry, if he can, with that

prove uninteresting or improper in the representation; they also give the spectator a breathing-time, suspend his curiosity, and keep up his attention, which a continued representation would be apt to fations.

Thus far this division appears well founded: but is it absolutely necessary to the bud be fixed as five acts, no more note 1st 7 this seems to be an arbitrary rule, which may be departed from according to the extent or business of the piece. Three acts appear as commodious a division, as it is conformable to the natural division of every piece, into a eigenium, adult, and end; and this division has the function of Voltaire, who has adopted it in his Dath of Cafar. * Harris's Discourte on Music, Pantings, and Poetry. which ferves only to intered him more feelingly in the fubject, and fupport him in a thronger and more earneft attention; which enforces, by its aid, the feveral ideas of the poem, and gives them to his imagination with unufuel flrength and grandeur. He cannot, furely, but confefs, that he is a gainer in the exchange, when he barters the want of a fingle probability, that of pronounciation, (a thing merely arbitrary, and everywhere different), for a noble heightening of affections, which are fuitable to the occasion, and enable him to enter into the fubject with double energy and enjoyment."

Serious operas, whether from defect in the composition, or want of relihi in the audience, have not greatly fucceeded on our flage; but comic operas are a flandard entertainment; and the Deggers Opera is, to this day, the most popular piece on the English flage; though much of its merit, confifting in futrical allutions to characters and circumflances then recent, is at prefent loft : and hardly do those ftrokes of exquisite humour and fatire which it contains, compendite for that picture of profligacy which it exhibits. Other pieces of the fame species, but less immoral, have of late appeared with good fueceds.

The last species of dramatic composition we Passoral shall mention, is Passoral Comedy, which owes Comedy. its invention to Tasso. If we may judge by

the rareness of success in this branch of the drama, it would feem to be a difficult species of compofition; as there is not any piece of this kind which has kept poffession of the English stage. Shakespeare, who " drew every change of many-coloured life," has left us fome delicate sketches, but no complete piece of this fort. The loves of Florizel and Perdita are a charming morfel in this way. But there is a pastoral comedy in the Scottish dialect, of fingular merit, viz. The Gentle Shepherd, by Ramfay; admirable alike for the judicious conduct of the drama, a rich vein of genuine poetry, and a delightful picture of real pastoral life and rustic humour. The language, too, possesses a Doric sweetness and simplicity that is extremely pleafing, and, to those who understand the dialect, happily expressive and picturesque. In fine, we consider this as a finished piece; and to enter into a minute criticism of it would afford the fairest opportunity of developing the principles of this difficult and delicate species of composition. But this, the bounds we have prescribed to this Essay will not permit. We shall only add a few words concerning

Scottish the Scottish Stage — Buchanan composed several tragedies in Latin on the ancient model, as

did Alexander Earl of Stirling, in English. This gentleman was in favour, and preferred by James VI. to whom he addressed several poems. His first dramatic piece, Darius, appeared in the 1603, before James fucceeded to the English throne, and was, probably, represented before him at Edinburgh. We find, likewise, feveral pieces of Scots writers represented at Holyroodhouse in the time of the Charles's. But, by the transference of the feat of government, and the absence of the court, it was late ere we came to have an established theatre in Scotland. In the year 1736, Allan Ramfay erected and fet on foot a theatre in Edinburgh at his own expence, which was thut up the year following by Sir Robert Walpole's act for restraining the stage *. For a number of years thereafter, the theatre at Edinburgh was carried on through connivance; the law being eluded by passing the entertainment under the name of a Concert of Mulic, between the parts of which the play was faid to be presented gratis. In this state of prescription, our stage was, however, in general, well supported by a succession of many decent, and fome capital performers, and by the countenance of as polite audiences as any theatre in the kingdom. About the beginning of the feafon 1766, the old playhouse was demolished in a riot that arose from a misunderstanding between the town and the actors: and it was not till the year 1768, that this city obtained a Theatre-Royal, under the management of Mr Rofs, who, on receiving the patent, engaged himself to the public to advance

Sir Robert, being at that time galled by fome dramatic faires on his administration, particularly by the Polyain and Hillphiral Register of Fielding, procured an act for reftraining the liberty of the thage, limiting the number of playhoutes, and dubjecting every new piece to the inspection of the Lord Chamberlain as licensfer. It has been alledged, that plays, of a Candadous and immoral tendency, were, at this time, procured to be written, and offered to the players, and then put into the hands of perfons in power, for the very purpose of urging the expediency of this act. How far this restriction has operated, or may continue to operate, as a check upon genits, and to the decline of our modern stage, is a question worth the enquiry.

advance the reputation of the Scots stage to the utmost of his power: but whether his temper did not well agree with the fatigues of management, or other more important engagements called upon him, he very foon left the conduct of the theatre in other hands, and, by letting out his patent, leifurely reaped the fruits without the labour of the garden. To Mr Rofs succeeded Mr Foote, who, in conjunction with fome other excellent comedians, filled his year of management, with entertainment to the public, and profit to himfelf. Our prefent Manager (who, as above-hinted, rents the theatre of Mr Rois) is Mr Digges; a gentleman, whose industry and attention as a manager, are nearly equal to his abilities as an actor. Under his direction, we have feen plays reprefented with a regularity and propriety that would do credit to any theatre; and he has not only gratified the public, more than once, by procuring us occasional visits from persons of the first merit on the London stages, but has been, at different times, possessed of very valuable performers in his own company. The Edinburgh company of comedians have a theatre at Glasgow and another at Aberdeen, where they perform during the recess of the courts at Edinburgh.

Most persons, upon perusing any persormance, are desirous of knowing something about the writer. To gratify this natural curiofity, the Editor has given memoirs of almost all the authors, which the reader will find prefixed

to their first play.

As it was prefuned, that most readers either were, or would chuse to be, possessed of Shakespeare's works entire, it was judged improper to insert any of his pieces here. This would have only tended to swell the book unnecessarily, and encreast the expense to the purchaser. It was the intention of the Editor, that this Collection of the chiff drawares of our dramatic poets, should, in comjunction with Shakespeare's works, form a complete British Theatrs, at least, a more complete one than any hithertopublished, so far as hath come to the Editor's knowledge.

The Publisher has, at a considerable expence, embellished this Collection with frontispieces, exhibiting the principal action of each piece, tragic or comic. Many of

thefe are new defigns, by eminent artifts.





Every Man in his humour,

EVERY MAN.

1 M H I S

HUMOUR.

COMEDY.

BY

BEN JOHNSON.

WITH

ALTERATIONS and ADDITIONS.

By D. GARRICK.

TO WHICH 15 PREFIXED,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY JOHN ROBERTSON,
MDCCLXALV.

LIFE

OF

BEN JOHNSON.

EN IOHNSON was descended from a Scots fami-B ly, his grandfather, who was a gentleman, being originally of Annandale in that kingdom, whence he removed to Carlifle, and afterwards was employed in the fervice of King Henry VIII. His father loft his estate under Queen Mary, in whose reign he suffered imprisonment, and at last entered into holy orders, and died about a month before our poet's birth, who was born at Westminster, says Wood, in the year 1574. He was first educated at a private school in the church of St Martin's in the Fields, afterwards removed to Westminfter school, where the famous Camden was master. His mother, who married a bricklaver to her fecond hufband. took him from school, and obliged him to work at his father-in-law's trade; but being extremely averse to that employment, he went into the Low Countries, where he diffinguished himself by his bravery, having, in the view of the army, killed an enemy, and taken the obima foolia from him.

Upon his return to England, he applied himfelf again to his former fludies, and Wood fays he was admitted into St John's College in the Univerfity of Cambridge, though his continuance there feems to have been but hort. He had fome time after this the misfortune to fight a duel, and kill his adverfary, who only flightly wounded him in the arm; for this he was imprisoned, and being caft for his life, was near execution; his an-

tagonift.

tagonist, he faid, had a sword ten inches longer than his

While he lay in prison, a popish priest visited him. who found his inclination quite difengaged as to religion, and therefore took the opportunity to impress him with a belief of the Popish tenets. His mind, then naturally melancholy, clouded with apprehensions, and the dread of execution, was the more easily imposed upon. However, fuch was the force of that impression, that for twelve years after he had gained his liberty, he continued in the Catholic faith, and at last turned Protestant. whether from conviction or fashion cannot be determined: but when the character of Ben is confidered, probability will be upon the fide of the latter, for he took every occasion to ridicule religion in his plays, and make it his sport in conversation. On his leaving the Univerfity, he entered himfelf into an obscure playhouse, called the Green Curtain, somewhere about Shoreditch or Clerkenwell. He was first an actor, and probably only a strolling one; for Decker in his Satyromastix, a play published in 1602, and defigned as a reply to Johnson's Poetafter, ' reproaches him with having left the occupastion of a mortar-trader to turn actor, and with having oput up a supplication to be a poor journeyman player, in which he would have continued, but that he could not fet a good face upon it, and fo was cashiered.' Befides, if we admit that fatire to be built on facts, we learn further, ' that he performed the part of Zuliman at the Paris Garden in Southwark, and ambled by a playwaggon on the high-way, and took mad Jeronymo's o part to get fervice amongst the mimics.' Shakespeare is faid to have first introduced him to the world, by recommending a play of his to the stage, at the time when one of the players had rejected his performance, and told him it would be of no fervice to their company. His first printed dramatic performance was a comedy, entitled Every Man in his Humour, acted in the year 1 co8. which being foon followed by feveral others, as his Sejanus, his Volpone, his Silent Woman, and his Alchymist, gained him so high a reputation, that, in October 1610, upon the death of Mr Samuel Daniel, he was made Poet Laureat to King James I. and on the 19th of July.

July, the fame year, he was created (fays Wood) Mather of Arts at Oxford, having relided for some time at Christ Church in that University. He once incurred his Majesty's displeasure for being concerned with Chapman and Marfton in writing a play called Eaffquard Hoe. wherein they were accused of having reflected upon the Scotch nation. Sir James Murray represented it to the King, who ordered them immediately to be imprisoned, and they were in great danger of losing their ears and nofes, as a correction of their wantonness; nor could the most partial have blamed his majesty, if the punishment had been inflicted; for furely to ridicule a country from which their Sovereign had just come, the place of his nativity, and the kingdom of his illustrious forefathers. was a most daring infult. Upon their releasement from prison, our poet gave an entertainment to his friends. among whom were Camden and Selden; when his aged mother drank to him, and shewed him a paper of poison which she had defigned, if the sentence of punishment had been inflicted, to have mixed with his drink, after the had first taken a potion of it herfelf.

Upon the accellion of Charles I, to the crown, he wrote a petition to that Prince, craving, that as his royal father had allowed him an annual penion of an hundred merks, he would make them pounds. In the year 1629, Ben fell fick, and was then poor, and lodged in an obfoure alley; his Majethy was supplicated in his favour, who sent him ten guineas. When the meffenger delivered the sum, Ben took it in his hand, and laid, "His Majethy has sent me ten guineas because I am poor, and live in an alley; go and tell him, that his foul lives in an alley; go and tell him, that his foul lives in an alley; go and tell him, that his foul lives in an alley; go and tell him, that his foul lives in an alley; go and tell him, that his foul lives in an alley.

allev."

He had a pension from the city of London, from feveral of the nobility and genry, and particularly from Mr Sutton the founder of the Charter-house. In his last sickness he often repented of the profanation of feripture in his plays. He died the 16th of August 1637, in the 62d year of his age, and was interred three days after in Westminster Abbay. He had several children who furvived him.

Ben Johnson conceived so high an opinion of Mr Drummond of Hawthornden, by the letters which passed between A them them, that he undertook a journey into Scotland, and refided fome time at Mr Drummond's feat there, who has printed the heads of their conversation, and, as they were fomewhat curious, thefe heads are here inferted.

' Ben.' favs Mr Drummond, ' was eat up with fancies: he told me, that about the time the plague raged

in London, being in the country at Sir Robert Cotton's honse with old Camden, he saw in a vision his eldest of fon, then a young child, and at London, appear unto

him, with the mark of a bloody cross on his forehead. as if it had been cut with a fword; at which amazed,

he prayed unto God, and in the morning he came to Mr Camden's chamber to tell him, who perfuaded him it was but an apprehension, at which he should not be

dejected. In the mean time, there came letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague. He ape peared to him, he faid, of a manly shape, and of that

growth he thinks he shall be at the resurrection. He faid, he fpent many a night in looking at his great toe,

about which he had feen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians fight in his imagination.

That he had a defign to write an epic poem, and was to call it Chrologia, or the Worthies of his Country, all in couplets, for he detefted all other rhime, He faid he had written a discourse on poetry, both against · Champion and Daniel, especially the last, where he

proves couplets to be the best fort of verses.'

Mr Dammond has represented the character of our Author in a very difadvantageous, though perhaps not in a very unjust light. 'That he was a great lover and · praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others, · rather chusing to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which was one of the elements in which he · lived; a diffembler of the parts which reigned in him; a bragger of fome good that he wanted: he thought no-

thing right, but what either himself or some of his friends had either faid or done. He was passionately kind and angry; careless either to gain or to keep; vin-

dictive; but if he was well answered, greatly chagrined; interpreting the best sayings and deeds often to the

worst. He was for any religion, being versed in all; his e inventions

• inventions were fmooth and eafy, but above all he excelled in translation. In short, he was, in shi personal character, the very reverse of Shakespeare, as surly, ill-natured, proud and dilagreeable, as Shakespeare, with ten times his merit, was gentle, good-natured, eafy and amable. He had a very strong memory; for he tells himself, in his Discoverset, that he could in his youth have repeated all he had ever written, and so continued till he was pass forty; and even after that, he could have repeated whole books that he had read, and poems of some felect friends, which he thoust worth remaining the strong strong strong strong the strong st

membering.

Mr Pone remarks, that when Ben got poffession of the flage, he brought critical learning into vogue; and that this was not done without difficulty, which appears from those frequent lessons (and indeed almost declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his first plays, and put into the mouths of his actors, the Grex, Chorus, &c. to remove the prejudices, and inform the judgment of his hearers. Till then the English authors had no thoughts of writing upon the model of the ancients: their tragedies were only histories in dialogue, and their comedies followed the thread of any novel, as they found it, no lefs implicitly than if it had been true history. Mr Selden. in his preface to his Tisles of Honour, Stiles Johnson his beloved friend, and a fingular poet, and extols his special worth in literature, and his accurate judgment. Mr Dryden gives him the title of the greatest man of the last age. and observes. That if we look upon him when he was himself, (for his last plays were but his dotages), he was the most learned and judicious writer any theatre ever had; that he was a most severe judge of himself as well as others; that we cannot fay he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it; that in his works there is little to be retrenched or altered; but that humour was his chief province.

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PROLOGUE.

At the Revival of

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

Spoken by Mr GARRICK.

CRITICS! your favour is our Author's right-The well-known scenes we shall present to-night Are no weak efforts of a modern pen, But the strong touches of immortal Ben : A rough old bard, whose honest pride disdain'd Applause itself, unless by merit gain'd-And wou'd to-night your loudest praise disclaim, Shou'd his great Shade perceive the doubtful fame, Not to his labours granted, but his name, Boldly he wrote, and boldly told the age, He dar'd not prostitute the useful stage. " Or purchase their delight at such a rate, " As, for it, be him/elf must justly hate: " But rather begg'd they would be pleas'd to fee 4 From him, such plays as other plays shou'd be: " Wou'd learn from him to foorn a motely feene, " And leave their monsters, to be pleas'd with men." Thus spoke the bard- And the' the times are chang'd, Since his free muse for fools the city rang'd; And Satire had not then appear'd in flate, To lash the finer follies of the great; Yet let not prejudice infect your mind, Nor flight the gold, because not quite refin'd; With no false nicenels this performance view, Nor damn for low, whate'er is just and true : Sure to those scenes some honour shou'd be paid, Which Cambden patroniz'd, and Shakespeare play'd: Nature was nature then, and fill survives; The garb may alter, but the substance lives, Lives in this play-where each may find complete, His pictur'd felf - Then favour the deceit -Kindly forget the hundred years between; Become old Britons, and admire old Ben.

ACCRECATE VALUE OF REAL PROPERTY.

Dramati

Dramatis Personæ.

RITELY, a merchant.
Captain Bobaddit.
KNO'WELL, an old gentleman.
EDW. KNO'WELL, his fon.
BRAINWORM, the father's man.
Mr Stephen, a country gull.
DOWNRIGHT, a plain (quire.
Wellbred, his half-brother.
Juftice Clement, an old merry magistrate.
ROGER FORMAL, his clerk
Mr MATTHEW, the town gull.
Cash, Kitely's man.
Cos, a water bearer.

Dame KITELY.
Mrs BRIDGET, fister to Kitely.
T1B, Cob's wife.

SCENE, LONDON.

EVERY MAN

IN HIS

HUMOUR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, A Court-yard before Kno'well's House.

Enter Kno'well and Brainworm.

Kno'well.

GOODLY day toward! and a fresh morning!
Brainworm,
Call up your young master: bid him rise, Sir.
Tell him I have some business to employ him.

Brain. I will, Sir, prefently. Kno. But hear you, firrah,

If he be at his book, difturb him not.

Brain. Well, Sir.

Kno. How happy yet should I esteem myself
Could I (by any practice) wean the boy

From one vain courfe of fludy he affects.
He is a feholar, if a man may truft
The liberal voice of fame in her report,
Of good account in both our Univerfities;
Either of which hath favourd him with graces
But their indulgence must not spring in me
A fond opinion that he cannot err.
Myfelf was once a student; and, indeed,

Fed with the felf-same humour he is now,
Dreaming on nought but idle poetry,
That fruitles and unprofitable art,
Good unto none, but least to the professor,

Good unto none, but least to the professors, Which, then, I thought the mistress of all knowledge: But since, Time and the Truth have wak'd my judgment,

And

And Reason taught me better to diffinguish The vain from th' useful learnings.

Enter Mafter STEPHEN.

Coufin Stephen!

What news with you, that you are here fo early?

Steph. Nothing, but e'en come to fee how you do,

uncle.

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

Steph Ay, I know that, Sir; I would not ha' come
elfe. How doth my coufin Edward, uncle?

Kno. O, well, coz, go in and fee: I doubt he be

fcarce stirring yet.

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

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

you?

Steph No wuffe; but I'll practife againft 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. O, moft ridiculous!

Steph. 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 gire a ruth for him. They are more fludded than the Greek, or the Latin. He is for no gallant's company without 'em; and by gad's-lid I feorn it, I, fo I do, to be a confort for every Hum-drum, hang'em, fcroyls, there's nothing in 'em' i' the world. What do you talk on it? Becaule I dwell at Hogfden, I shall keep company with none but the archers of Finbury? or the citizens, that come a-ducking to Islington ponds? A fine jetl, 'faith! Isl', a gentleman mun show himself like a gentleman.

Uncle, I pray you be not angry, I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no novice. Kno. You are a prodigal abfurd coxcomb: go to.

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

Take't as you will, Sir, I'll not flatter you. Ha' you not yet found means enow, to waste

That which your friends have left you, but you must Go cast away your money on a kite, And know not how to keep it when you've done? O it's comely! this will make you a gentleman! Well, coufin, well! I fee you are e'en past hope Of all reclaim. Ay, fo, now you're told on it, You look another way.

Steph. What would you ha' me do? Kno. What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinf-

Learn to be wife, and practife bow to thrive, That would I have thee do : and not to fpend Your coin on every bawble that you fancy. Or every foolish brain that humours you. I would not have you to invade each place, Nor thrust yourself on all societies, Till mens affections, or your own defert, Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He that is fo respectles in his courses, Oft fells his reputation at cheap market. Nor would I you should melt away yourself In flashing bravery, left while you affect To make a blaze of gentry to the world, A little puff of fcorn extinguish it, And you be left, like an unfavoury fruff, Whose property is only to offend. I'd ha' you fober and contain yourfelf; Not that your fail be bigger than your boat: But mod'rate your expences now (at first) As you may keep the fame proportion still; Nor stand fo much on your gentility, Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing, From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours, Except you make, or hold it. Who comes here?

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Save you, Gentlemen. Steph. Nay, we do not fland much on our gentility, friend ; vet, you are welcome ; and I affure you, mine uncle here is a man of a thousand a-year, Middlesex+ land: he has but one fon 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 A 3

will.) I have a pretty living o' my own too, befide, hard by here.

Serv. In good time, Sir.

Steph, In good time, Sir? why, and in very good time, Sir. You do not flout, friend, do you?

Serv. Not I. Sir.

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

Serv. Why, Sir, let this fatisfy you; good faith, I

had no fuch intent.

Steph. Sir, an' I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that prefently.

Serv. Good Master Stephen, fo you may, Sir, at your pleafure. Steph. And fo I would, Sir, good my faucy compa-

pion! 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. Coufin! coufin! will this ne'er be left?

Steph. Whorson, base fellow! a mechanical servingman! 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 fee the honest man demeans himself Modeftly to'ards you, giving no reply

To your unfeafon'd, quarrelling, rude fashion : And still you huff it, with a kind of carriage

As void of wit as of humanity.

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

Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me. [Exit Steph. Serv. I pray you, Sir, is this Mr Kno'well's house?

Kno. Yes marry is it, Sir.

Serv. I should enquire for a gentleman here, one Mafler Edward Kno'well: Do you know any fuch, 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.

Kno. To me, Sir! [To bis most selected Friend, Master Edward Kno'well.] What might the gentleman's name be. Sir, that fent it?

Serv. One Mafter Wellbred, Sir.

Kno. Master Wellbred! a young gentleman? is he not? Serv. The same, Sir; mafter Kitely married his fifter: the rich merchant i' the Old Jewry.

Kno. You fay very true. Brainworm.

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. Sir. Kno. Make this honest friend drink here: pray you

[Exeunt Brain. and Servant. This letter is directed to my fon :

Yet I am Edward Kno'well too, and may, With the fafe conscience of good-manners, use

The fellow's error to my fatisfaction. Well, I will break it ope (old men are curious)

Be it but for the style's fake, and the phrase, To fee, if both do answer my son's praises.

Who is almost grown the idolater

Of this young Wellbred: what have we here? what's

[The Letter.] Why, Ned, I befeech thee, haft thou for fworn all thy friends i' the Old Jewry? or doft 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: and I had been his son, I had sav'd him the labour long since; if, taking in all the young wenches that pass by, at the back-door, and codling every kernel of the fruit for 'em would ha' ferved. But pr'ythee come over to me, quickly, this morning : I have fuch a present for thee (our Turky Company never sent the like to the Grand Seignior.) One is a Rhimer, Sir, o' your own batch, your own leaven; but doth think himfelf Poet-major o' th' town; willing to be shewn, and worthy to be feen. 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 uncon-

Scionable

scionable as any Guild-hall verdict will give it you, and you shall be allow'd your Viaticum.

From the wind-mill.

A& I.

From the Burdello, it might come as well; The Spittle. Is this the man My fon hath fung fo, for the happiest wit, The choicest brain, the times hath fent us forth? I know not what he may be, in the arts: Nor what in schools: but furely, for his manners, I judge him a proface and diffolute wretch: Worfe, by possession of such great good gifts, Being the master of so louse a spirit, Why, what unhallow'd ruffian would have writ, In such a scurrilous manner, to a friend ? Why should he think I tell my apricots? Or play th' Hesperian dragon with my fruit, To watch it? well, my fon, I 'ad thought, You'd had more judgment, t' have made election Of your companions, than t'have ta'en on trust Such petulant, jeering gamesters, that can spare No argument, or subject from their jest. But I perceive, affection makes a fool Of any man, too much the father. Brainworm.

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. Sir.

Kno. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?

Brain. Yes, Sir, a pretty while fince.

Kno. And where's your young mafter?

Brain. In his chamber, Sir.

Kno. He fpake not with the fellow, did he?

Brain. No, Sir, he faw him not.

Kno. Take you this letter, sealit, 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 refolv'd, I will not flop his journey; Nor practife any violent means to flay The unbridded courfe of youth in him: for that, Reftrain'd, grows more impatient; and, in kind, Like to the eager, but the generous gray-hound, Who ne'er fo little from his game with-held, Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat.

There

There is a way of winning, more by love, And urging of the modefly, than fear: Force works on fervile natures, not the free. He, that's compell'd to goodness, may be good;

But, 'tis but for that fit: where others drawn
By foftness, and example, get a habit.

Then, if they stray, but warn 'em: and the same They should for virtue do, they'll do for shame.

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

Enter EDWARD KNO'WELL and BRAINWORM.

E. Kno. Did he open it, fay'ft thou?

Brain. Yes, o' my word, Sir, and read the contents. E. Kno. That's bad. What countenance (pray thee) made he i' the reading of it? was he angry, or pleas'd? Brain. Nay, Sir, I faw him not read it, nor open it,

I affure your Worship.

E. Kno. No? how now'ft thou then, that he did either? Brain. Marry, Sir, because he charg'd me on my life, to tell nobody that he open'd it: which, unless he had done, he would never fear to have it reveal'd.

E. Kno. That's true: well, I thank thee, Brainworm.

Enter Mafter STEPHEN.

Steph. O! Brainworm, didst thou not see a fellow here, in a what-she-call-him doublet? he brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

Brain. Yes, Master Stephen, what of him?

Steph. O! I ha' fuch a mind to beat him-where is he? canst thou tell?

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

Steph. Gone! which way? when went he? how long

fince?

Brain, He is rid hence. He took horse at the street doorSteph. And I stay'd i' the sields! Whorson, Scanderbeg rogue! O that I had but a horse to setch him back

again.

Brain. Why, you may ha' my mafter's gelding, to fave your longing, Sir.

Steph. But, I ha' no boots, that's the spite on't.

Brain.

Brain. Why, a fine whifp of hav, roll'd hard, Mafter

Stephen. Steph. 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 fo vex me-Brain. You'll be worse vex'd, when you are trus'd,

Maffer Stephen. Best keep unbraced, and walk yourfelf till you be cold, your choler may founder you elfe, Steph. By my faith, and fo I will, now thou tell'if me

on't. How doft thou like my leg, Brainworm?

Brain. A very good leg. Malter Stephen: but the

woollen flocking does not commend it fo well. Steph. Foh, the flockings be good enough, now fummer is coming on, for the dust: I'll have a pair of filk against winter, that I go to dwell i' the town: I think

my leg would fhew in a filk hofe. Brain. Believe me, Mafter Stephen, rarely well.

Steph. In fadness, 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 forry for't.

Steph, Another time will ferve, Brainworm. Gramer-

ev. for this.

E. Kno. Ha, ha, ha!

Steph 'Slid! I hope he laughs not at me; an' he do-E. Kno. Here was a letter, indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father! he cannot but think most virtuously both of me and the fender, fure, that make the careful costermonger of him in our Familiar Epistles. I wish I knew the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens ----- What ! my wife cousin! nay, then I'll furnish our feast with one gull more tow'rd the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three: O, for a fourth. Fortune! if ever thou'lt use thine eyes, I enreat thee ---

Steph. O. now I fee who he laughs at. He laughs at fome body in that letter. By this good light, an' he had

laught at me-

E. Kno. How now, coulin Stephen, melancholy? Steph. Yes, a little I thought you had laught at me, coulin. E. Kno. E. Kno. Why, what an' I had, coz, what would you ha' done?

l' done ?
Steph. By this light, I would ha' told mine uncle.

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

Steph. Did you indeed? E. Kno. Yes indeed.

Steph. Why then _____ E. Kno. What then?

Steph. I am satisfied, it is sufficient.

E. Kno. Why, be fo, gentle coz. And I pray you let me intreat a courtely of you. I am fent for, this morning, by a friend i' the Old Jewry, to come to him: it's but croffing over the fields to Moregate; will you bear me company? I proteft it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot againft the flate, coz.

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

protest -

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

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

E. Kno. You speak very well, coz.

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

A gentleman of your fort, parts, carriage, and effimation, to talk of your turn it finis company, and to me, a lone, like a water bearer at a conduit! fy! A wight, that (hitherto) his every fleep hath left the flamp of a great foot behind him, at every word the flavour of a great fpirit and he! this man! So graced, fo gilded, or (as I may fay) fo tin/sp! d by nature—Come, come, wrong not the quality of your delert, with looking downward, coz; but hold up your head, fo; and let the idea of what you are be pourtray'd i' your face, that men may read i' your phyliognomy, Here, within this place, it to be fen the true, rare, and accomplifhed monfler, or mirate of nature, which is all one. What think you of this, coz!

Steph. Why, I do think of it: and I will be more proud, and melancholy, and gentleman-like, than I have

been. I'll affure vou.

E. Kno, Why, that's resolute, Mr Stephen! Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily beoun, it will do well for a fuburb humour : we may han have a match with the city, and play him for forty pound. Come, coz.

Steph. I'll follow you.

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

Steph. Nay, an' I must, I will. Pray you, shew me, good coufin. TExcunt.

SCENE IV. The Street before Con's House.

Enter Mr MATTHEW.

Mat. I think this be the house: what, hoa!

Enter Cob from the House.

Cob. Who's there? O, Mr Matthew! gi' your Wor-Thip good morrow.

Mat. What, Cob! how doft thou, good Cob? doft

thou inhabit here, Cob?

Cob. Av. Sir, I and my lineage ha' kept a poor house here in our days.

Mat. Cob, canst thou shew me of a gentleman, one Cantain Bobadil, where his lodging is?

Cob. O, my guest, Sir, you mean ?

Mat. Thy gueft ! alas ! ha, ha.

Cob. Why do you laugh, Sir? Do you not mean Cap-

tain Bobadil ?

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

Cob. I will not give it him, though, Sir. Mass, I thought fomewhat 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 thall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloke

cloke wrapped about him, as though he had neither won nor loft : and vet (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 fay fo. Perhaps he fwallowed a tayern-token, or fome fuch device. Sir s I have nothing to do withal, I deal with water, and not with wine. Gi' me my bucket there, hoa. God b'w'you, Sir. It's fix 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 I Well, I'll tell him my mind.

Cob. What. Tib, shew this gentleman up to the Cap-Tib Bews Mr Mat, into the house. You should ha' some now, would take this Mr Matthew to be a gentleman at the leaft. His father is an honest man, a worshipful sishmonger, and so forth; and now does he creep and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, fuch as my guest is: O. my guest is a fine man ! he does fwear the legiblest of any man christened: by St George,-the foot of Pharaoh,-the body of me,-as I am a gentleman,-and a foldier; fuch dainty oaths! and withal, he does take this fame filthy roguish tobacco, the finest and cleanliest ! it would do a man good to fee the fume come forth out at's tonnels! Well, he owes me forty shillings (my wife lent him out of her purfe by fix pence a time) belides his lodging; I would I had it, I shall ha' it, he fays, the next action. Helter fkelter, hang forrow, care'll kill a cat, up-tails all, and a loufe for the hang-man,

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

BOBADIL discovered upon a Bench. TIB enters to him; Bob. Hoftefs, hoftefs,

Tib. What fay you, Sir ?

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

Tib. Sir there's a gentleman below, would speak with vou. Bob. A gentleman ! ods fo, I am not within. B 2

Tib. My husband told him you were, Sir,

Bobe

Bob. What a plague !- what meant he?

Mat. within.] Captain Bobadil!

Bob. Who's there? (take away the bason good hoftess:) come up, Sir.

Tib. He would defire you to come up, Sir. You come into a cleanly house here.

Enter Mr MATTHEW.

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

Bob. Gentle Mr Matthew! is it you, Sir? Please you fit down. Mat. Thank you, good Captain, you may fee I am

fomewhat audacious.

Bob. Not fo, Sir. I was requested to supper, last night, by a fort of gallants, where you were wish'd for, and drank to, I affure you. Mat. Vouchfafe me by whom, good Captain.

Bob. Marry, by young Wellbred, and others : why. hostefs, a stool here for this gentleman.

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

Bab. Body o' me ! it was fo late ere we parted laft night, I can scarce open my eyes yet : I was but new rifen as you came : how paffes the day abroad, Sir ? you

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

Bob. Av. Sir: fit down. I pray you, Mr Matthew, in any cafe, poffess no pentlemen 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 vifited, as fome are.

Mat. True, Captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For, do you fee, Sir, by the heart of valour in me, (except it be to fome peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourfelf, or fo), I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O Lord, Sir, I refolve fo.

[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.

Mut. reads.] To thee, the pureft object of my fense,

The most refined essence beaven 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 nufes. But when will you come and fee my itudy? good faith, I can thew you fome very good things I have done of late.—That boot becomes your leg paffing well, Captain, methinks.

Bob. So, fo, it's the fashion gentlemen now use.

Mat. Troth, Captain, and now you speak o' the fafinon, Mr Wellbred's elder brother, and I, are fall'n out exceedingly: this other day, I happen'd to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which I affure you, both for faltion and workmanship, was most peremptory-beautiful, and gentleman like: yet be condemn'd, and cry'd it down, for the most pied, and etidiculous 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-horfe. By St George, I wonder you'd lofe a thought upon fuch an animal; the most peremptory abfurd clown in Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am'a gentleman and a foldier, I ne'er chang'd words with his like. By his diffeourfe he should act nothing but hay. He was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-faddle! He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron and rufty proverbs! a good commodity for some similar to make hob-nails 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 bastimado! how came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he faid cudgel me; I term'd it fo, for my more grace.

Bob. That may be: for I was fure it was none of his word. But when? when faid he so?

Mat.

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say: a young gallant, a

friend of mine, told me fo.

Bob. By the foot of Pharaoh, an' 'twere my cafe now, I hould fend him a challenge prefearly. The baffinado! a most proper and tafficient dependence, warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither, you shall kill him with, at I'll filew you a trick or two, you shall kill him with, at pleasure: the first stockars, if you will, by this air.

Mat. Indeed you have absolute knowledge i' the my-

ftery, I have heard, Sir.

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

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; fome finall roliments i' the fcience, as to know my time, diffance, or fo. I have profeft it more for noblemen and gentlemen's ufe, than mine own practice, I affure you. I'll give you a kelfon. Look you, Siri, Exalı not your point above this ffate, at any hand; fo, Sir. Come on: O, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more fweet comely gentleman-like guard. So, indifferent. Hollow your body more, Sir, thus. Now, fland faft o' your left leg, note your diffance, keep your due proportion of time—Oh, you diffored your point moft irregularly! Come, put on your cloak, and we'll go to fome private place, where you are acquainted, fome tavern, or fo—and have a bit. — What money ha' wou about you. Mr Matthew?

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

Bob. 'Tis fomewhat with the leaft: but, come. We will have a bunch of raddiffues, and falt, to taffe our wine; and a pipe of tobacco, to clofe the orifice of the ffomach; and then we'll call upon young Wellbred. Perhaps we finall meet the Corydon, his brother, there; and put him to the question. Come along, Mr Matthew.

ACT II. SCENE L

A Warehouse, belonging to Kitely.

Enter KITELY, CASH, and DOWNRIGHT.

KITELY.

HOMAS, come hither: There lies a note within, upon my desk, Here take my key; it is no matter, neither, Where is the boy?

Calls. Within, Sir, i'the Warehouse,

Kite. Let him tell over, ftraight, that Spanish gold, And weigh it, with th' pieces of eight. Do you See the delivery of those filver stuffs To Mr Lucar. Tell him, if he will, He shall ha' the grograns at the rate I told him,

And I will meet him, on the Exchange, anon. Cafh. Good, Sir.

Kite. Do you fee 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 christened him, gave him my own name, Thomas, Since bred him, at the hofpital: 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 fo full of faith. That I durft truft my life into his hands.

Down. So would not I in any baftard'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

Down. You are too tedious: come to the matter, the

matter.

Kite. Then, without further ceremony, thus, My brother Wellbred, Sir, (I know not how) Of late is much declin'd in what he was, And greatly alter'd in his disposition. When he came first to lodge here in my house, Ne'er trust me, if I were not proud of him : Methought he bare himfelf in fuch a fashion. So full of man, and fweetness in his carriage, And, what was chief, it shew'd not borrowed in him. But all he did, became him as his own, And feem'd as perfect, proper, and poffeft As breath with life, or colour with the blood. -But now his course is so irregular, So loofe, affected, and depriv'd of grace, And he himself withal so far fall'n off From that first place, as scarce no note remains, To tell mens judgments where he lately flood. He's grown a stranger to all due respect, Forgetful of his friends, and not content To stale himself in all societies. He makes my house here, common, as a mart, A theatre, a public receptacle, For giddy humour, and difeafed riot; And here (as in a tavern, or a flew) He, and his wild affociates, fpend their hours. In repetition of lascivious jests. Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by night, Controul my fervants : and indeed what not ?

Down. Sclains, I know not what I should say to him it the whole would! he values me at a crack'd three-far-things, for ought I see: it will never out o' the sless that is bred i' the bone. I have told him enough, one would think, if that would ferre. Well I he knows what to trulk to, for George. Let him spend and spend, and domineer, till his heart ake, an' he think to be relieved.

by me, when he is got into one o' your city-pounds, the counters, he has got the wrong fow by the ear i'faith, and clant his dish at a wrong man's door. I'll lay my hand o' my halfpenny, ere I part with't, to fetch him out. I'll affure him.

Kite. Nav. good brother, let it not trouble you thus. Dozun. 'Sdeath, he mads me, I could eat my very four-leathers, for anger! But, why are you fo tame? why do not you freak to him, and tell him how he dif-

quiets your house? Kite. O. there are divers reasons to disfuade, brother : But, would yourfelf vouchfafe to travail in it,

(Though but with plain and easy circumstance) It would both come much better to his fenfe. And favour less of stomach, or of passion, You are his elder brother, and that title Both gives, and warrants you authority: Whereas, if I should intimate the least. It would but add contempt to his neglect: Heap worse on ill, make up a pile of hatred. That, in the rearing, would come tott'ring down.

And, in the ruin, bury all our love. Nay, more than this, brother; if I should speak, He would be ready, from his heat of humour, And overflowing of the vapour in him.

To blow the ears of his familiars.

With the false breath of telling what disgraces, And low disparagements I had put upon him. Whilst they, Sir, to relieve him, in the fable, Make their loofe comments upon every word,

Gesture, or look I use: mock me all over, And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'fies, Beget fome flander, 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 fojourning a virgin in my house)

That I were jealous! nay, fure as death, That they would fay, 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.

Kite. Brother, they would, believe it : fo should I (Like one of these penurious quack-salvers) But fet the bills up to mine own difgrace, And try experiments upon myfelf: Lend Scorn and Envy opportunity To ftab my reputation and good name.

Enter MATTHEW and BOBADIL.

Mat. I will fpeak to him-

Bob. Speak to him! away, by the foot of Pharaoh you shall not, you shall not do him that grace. Kite. What's the matter, Sirs ?

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

Down. How then? what should he do?

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

Kite. He came not to his lodging to-night, Sir, I af-

fure vou.

Down. Why, do you hear, you?

Bob. The gentleman-citizen hath fatisfy'd me, I'll talk to no scavenger. [Exeunt Bob. and Matt.

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, bro-

ther, good faith you shall not: I will over-rule you.

Down. Ha! fcavenger! well, go to, I fay little: but by this good day (God forgive me I should swear) if I put it up fo, fay I am the rankest coward ever liv'd: 'sdains, an' I fwallow this, I'll ne'er draw my fword in the fight of Fleet-ftreet again, while I live : I'll fit in a barn, with Madge-howlet, and catch mice first. Scavenger! Kite. Oh, do not fret yourfelf thus, never think on't.

Down. These are my brother's conforts, these! these are his comrades, his walking mates! he's a gallant, a cavaliero too, right hangman cut! Let me not live, and I could not find in my heart to fwinge the whole gang of 'em, one after another, and begin with him first. I am griev'd it should be said he is my brother, and take these courfes. Well, as he brews, fo he shall drink, for George,

again. Yet he shall hear on't, and that tightly too, an' I live, i' faith.

Kite. But, brother, let your reprehension then Run in an easy current, not o'er-high

Carried with rashness, or devouring choler: But rather use the fost persuading way, More winning, than enforcing the confent.

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

Kite. How now? oh, the bell rings to breakfast. Brother, I pray you go in, and bear my wife Company till I come : I'll but give order

For some dispatch of business to my servant-Down, I will, -- Scavenger, scavenger!---

Exit Down. Kite. Well, tho' my troubled spirit's somewhat eas'd, It is not repos'd in that fecurity As I could wish: but I must be content.

Howe'er I fet a face on't to the world. Would I had loft this finger at a venture, So Wellbred had ne'er lodg'd within my house. Why, 't cannot be, where there is fuch refort Of wanton gallants, and young revellers, That any woman should be honest long. Is't like, that factious beauty will preferve The public weal of chaftity unshaken,

When fuch strong motives muster, and make head Against her fingle peace? no, no. Beware. When mutual appetite doth meet to treat,

And spirits of one kind and quality. Come once to parly, in the pride of blood : It is no flow confpiracy that follows. Well, to be plain, if I but thought the time Had answer'd their affections, all the world

Should not perfuade me but I were a cuckold ! Marry, I hope they ha' not got that ftart; For opportunity hath balk'd 'em yet, And shall do still, while I have eyes and ears To attend the impositions of my heart.

My presence shall be as an iron bar, "I wixt the conspiring motions of defire; Yea, every look or glance mine eye ejecls,

Shall check occasion, as one doth his flave, When he forgets the limits of prescription.

Enter Dame KITELY.

Dame. Sifter Bridget, pray you fetch down the rofewater above in the closet. Sweetheart, will you come in to breakfaft?

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

Dame. I pray thee, good Muss, we stay for you. Kite By Heaven I would not for a thousand angels. Dame. What ail you, fweetheart, are you not well?

fpeak, good Muss. Kite. Troth my head akes extremely, on a fudden.

Dame. Oh, the Lord!

Kite. How now? what?

Dame. Alas, how it burnt! Muss, keep you warm, good truth it is this new difease! there's a number are troubled withal! for love's fake, fweetheart, 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 prefently; 'twill away, I hope. Dame. Pray Heaven it do. TExit Dame.

Kite. A new difease? I know not, new or old. But it may well be call'd poor mortals plague: For, like a pestilence, it doth infect The houses of the brain. First, it begins Solely to work upon the phantafy, Filling her feat with fuch peftiferous air, As foon corrupts the judgment, and from thence Sends like contagion to the memory; Still each to other giving the infection, Which as a fubtle vapour spreads itself, Confusedly through every sensive part, Till not a thought or motion in the mind. Ah, but what mifery it is to know this! Or, knowing it, to want the mind's direction,

In fuch extremes! Well, I will once more ftrive,

In frite of this black cloud) myfelf to be. And shake the fever off, that thus shakes me.

S C E N E III.

Enter BRAINWORM, diffuis'd like a Soldier.

Brain. 'Slid, I cannot chuse but laugh to see myself translated thus. Now must I create an intokrable fort of lies, or my present profession loses the grace; and yet the lie to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit as the fico. C. Sir, it holds for good polity ever to have dear to us. So much for my borrow'd shape. Well, the truth is, my old mafter intends to follow my young dry foot over Moor-fields, to London this morning: now I, knowing of this hunting-match, or rather conspiracy, and to infinuate with my young master (for fo must we that are blue-waiters, and men of hope and fervice do) have got me afore in this difguife, determining here to lie in ambufcade, and intercept him in the midway. If I can but get his cloak, his purfe, his hat, nay, any thing to cut him off, that is, to flay his journey-Veni, vidi, vici, I may fay with Captain Cafar, I am made for ever, i'faith, Well, now must 1 practife to get the true garb of one of these lance knights, my arm here, and my-young Mafter! and his coufin, Mr Stephen, as I am a true counterfeit man of war, and no foldier !

Enter E. Kno'well and Mr Stephen.

E. Kno. So, Sir, and how then, Coz?

Steph. 'Sfoot, I have loft my purfe, I think.

E Kno. How? loft your purfe? where? when had you it ? Steph. I cannot tell; stay.

Brain. 'Slid, I am afraid they will know me : would I could get by them. E Kno. What, ha' you it?

Steph. No, I think I was bewitched, I-

E. Kno. Nay, do not weep the lofs, hang it, let it go.

Steph. Oh, it's here : no, an' it had been loft, I had not car'd, but for a jet ring Miftress Mary fent me.

E. Kno. A jet-ring! oh the pofy, the pofy?

Steph. Fine, i'faith ! Though fancy fleep, my love is deep : meaning, that though I did not fancy her, yet she loved me dearly.

E. Kno. Most excellent!

Steph. And then, I fent her another, and my pofy was. The deeper the faveeter, I'll be judg'd by St Peter. E. Kno. How, by St Peter? I do not conceive that,

Steph. Marry, St Peter, to make up the metre.

E. Kno. Well, there the faint was your good patron, he help'd you at your need; thank him, thank him,

Brain. I cannot take leave on 'em fo; I will venture, come what will. Gentlemen, please you change a few crowns, for a very excellent good blade here? I am a poor gentleman, a foldier, one that, in the better flate of my fortunes, fcorn'd fo mean a refuge, but now it is the humour of necessity to have it fo. You feem to be gentlemen, well affected to martial men, elfe I should rather die with filence, than live with shame: however vouchsafe to remember, it is my want speaks, not myself. This condition agrees not with my fpirit -E. Kno. Where haft thou ferved?

Brain. May it please you, Sir, in all the late wars of Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmatia, Poland, where not, Sir? I have been a poor fervitor by fea 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 Marfeilles, Naples, and the Adriatick gulf, a gentlemanflave in the gallies thrice, where I was most dangerously fhot in the head, through both the thighs, and yet, being thus maim'd, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my fcars, the noted marks of my refolution.

Steph. How will you fell this rapier, friend?

Brain. Generous Sir, 1 refer it to your own judgment; you are a gentleman, give me what you pleafe.

Steph. True, I am a gentleman, I know that, friend: but what though? I pray you fay, what would you ask? Brain. I affure you the blade may become the fide or

thigh of the best prince in Europe.

F. Kna.

E. Kno. Av. with a velvet fcabbard.

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

Brain. At your Worship's pleasure, Sir; pay, 'tis a

most pure Toledo-

Steph. I had rather it were a Spaniard! but tell me, what shall I give you for it? An it had a filver hilt-

E. Kno. Come, come, you shall not buy it: hold.

there's a shilling, fellow, take thy rapier

Steph. Why, but I will buy it now, because you fav fo; and there's another shilling, fellow. I fcorn to be outbidden. What, shall I walk with a cudgel, like a higginbottons, and may have a rapier for money?

E. Kno. You may buy one in the city

Steph. Tut, I'll buy this i' the field, fo I will; I have a mind to't because 'tis' a field rapier. Tell me your lowest price. E. Kno. You shall not buy it, I say.

Steph. By this money but I will, though I give more then 'tis worth

E. Kne Come away, you are a fool.

Steph. Friend. I am a fool, that's granted : but I'll have it for that word's fake. Follow me for your

Brain. At your fervice, Sir. [Excunt.

Enter Kno'well. Kno. I cannot lose the thought yet of this letter Sent to my fon; nor leave to admire the change Of manners, and the breeding of our youth Within the kingdom, fince myfelf was one. When I was young, he liv'd not in the stews Durst have conceiv'd a fcorn, and utter'd it On a grey head: age was authority Against a buffoon: and a man had then A certain reverence paid unto his years, That had none due unto his life. But now we are all fall'n; youth, from their fear; And age, from that which bred it, good example. Nay, would ourselves were not the first, even parents.

That did destroy the hopes, in our own children:

Or they not learn'd our vices in the cradles. And fuck'd in our ill customs with their milk. Ere all their teeth be born, or they can fneak, We make their palates cunning! The first words We form their toppues with, are licentious jefts. Can it call whore? cry baftard? O, then kifs it. A witty child ! Can't fwear? the father's darling! Give it two plumbs. Nay, rather than't shall learn No bawdy fong, the mother herfelf will teach it ! But this is in the infancy : When it puts on the breeches It will put off all this. Av. it is like : When it is gone into the bone already. No, no: this dye goes deeper than the coat; Or thirt, or fkin, It flains unto the liver And heart in fome. And rather than it should note Note what we fathers do ! look how we live! What mistresses we keep! at what expence, And teach 'em all bad ways to buy affliction ! Well, I thank Heaven, I never yet was he That travell'd with my fon before fixteen. To shew him the Venetian courtezans, Nor read the grammar of cheating, I had made To my fharp boy at twelve: repeating fill The rule, Get money; still get money, boy; No matter by what means. Those are the trade of fathers now! however, My fon, I hope, hath met within my threshold None of these houshold precedents; which are frong. And fwift to rape youth to their precipice. But let the house at home be ne'er so clean Swept, or kept fweet from filth ! If he will live abroad with his companions, In dung, and brothels; it is worth a fear, Nor is the danger of converting lefs Than all that I have mention'd of example.

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. My master! nay faith, have at you: I am flesh'd now, I have sped so well. Worshipful Sir, I befeech you respect the state of a poor soldier; I am aften de familier.

fham'd 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 cuftom in me, but only to preferve manhood. I proteft to you, a man I have been, a man I may be by your fweet bounty.

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

Brain. Good Sir, by that hand, you may do the pareof a kind gentleman, in lending a poor foldier the price of two cans of beer, a matter of fmall value, the Kingof Heaven shall pay you, and I shall rest thankful: sweet worship—

Kno. Nay, an' you be so importunate-

Ano. Nay, an you be to importunate—
Brain. Oh, tender Sir, need will have his courfe: I'
was not made to this vile use! well, the edge of the enemy could not have abated me fo much: [He suesp.]
It's hard, when a mao hath ferved in his prince's cause, and be thus—Honourable worship, let me derive a simall piece of filver from you, it shall not be given in the courfe of time; by this good ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier last night for a poor supper: I land suck'd the hits long before, I am a pagan else; sweet honour!

Kno. Believe me, I am taken with some wonder. To think a fellow of thy outward presence Should in the frame and fashion of his mind Be so depenerate, and fordid-base ! Art thou a man, and fham'ft thou not to beg ? To practife fuch a fervile kind of life? Why, were thy education ne'er fo mean, Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses Offer themselves to thy election. Either the wars might still supply thy wants, Or fervice of fome virtuous gentleman, Or honest labour : nav, what can I name But would become thee better than to beg? But men of thy condition feed on floth, As doth the beetle on the dung the breeds in, Not caring how the metal of your minds Is eaten with the ruft of idlenefs, Now, afore me, whate'er he be that should

Relieve

Relieve a person of thy quality.

While thou infifts in this loofe desperate course.

I would esteem the fin not thine, but his.

Brain. Faith, Sir, I would gladly find fome other course, if so -

Kno. Av. vou'ld gladly find it, but you will not feek it.

Brain. Alas! Sir, where should a man feek? in the wars, there's no afcent by defert in these days, butand for fervice, would it were as foon purchas'd as wish'd for (the air's my comfort) I know what I would fav-Kno. What's thy name ?

Brain. Please vou. Fitzsword, Sir.

Kno. Fitz(word?

Say that a man should entertain thee now.

Would'ft thou be honest, humble, just, and true?

Brain. Sir. by the place and honour of a foldier-Kno. Nay, nay, I like not those affected oaths;

Speak plainly, man: what think'ft thou of my words? Brain. Nothing, Sir, but wish my fortunes were as happy, as my fervice should be honest.

Kno. Well, follow me: I'll prove thee, if thy deeds

will carry a proportion to thy words. Brain. Yes. Sir. ftraight : I'll but garter my hofe. Oh that my belly were hoop'd now, for I am ready to burst with laughing ! never was bottle or bagpipe fuller. S'lid! was there ever feen a fox in years to betray himfelf thus? now shall I be possessed of all his counsels; and, by that conduit, my young mafter. Well, he is refolv'd to prove my honesty; faith and I am resolv'd to prove his patience: Oh, I shall abuse him intolerably. This small piece of service will bring him clean out of love with the foldier for ever. He will never come within the fight of a red coat, or a musket-rest again, It's no matter, let the world think me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the flip at an inflant: why, this is better than to have flaid his journey! well, I'll follow him: Oh! how I long to be employed!

ACT III. SCENE I.

Stocks-market,

Enter MATTHEW, WELLBRED, and BOBADIL.

MATTHEW.

YES, faith. Sir; we were at your lodging to feek you too.

Well. Oh, I came not there to night.

Bob. Your brother delivered us as much-

Well. Who? my brother Downright?

Seb. He. Mr Wellbred, I know not in what kind you hold me; but let me fay to you this: as fure as honour, I effecm it fo much out of the fun-fhine of reputation to throw the leaft beam of regard upon-fine ha.—

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

Bob I protest to you, as I have a thing to be faved.

about me, I never faw any gentleman-like part—

Well. Good captain [faces about] to fome other dif-

courfe.

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

Mat. Troth, nor I; he is of a ruftical cut. I know not how: he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of

rainion-

Well. Oh, Mr Matthew, that's a grace peculiar but to a few, quos aquus amavis Jupiter. Mat. 1 understand you, Sir.

Enter Young KNO'WELL and STEPHEN.

Well. No question you do, or you do not, Sir. Ned-Kno'well 'by my foul, welcome I how dost thou, sweet spirit, my genius? 'Slid, I shall lore Apollo and the mad Thespian girls the hetter while I live, for this, my dear fary: now I see there's some love in thes' firsh, these bethe two I wit to thee of. Nay, what a drowfy humour is this now? why dolf thou not speak.

E. Kno.

E. Kno. Oh, you are a fine gallant, you fent me a rare letter

Well. Why, was't not rare?

E. Kno. Yes, I'll be fworn, I was never guilty of reading the like: match it in all Pliny's Epiffles, and I'll have my judgment burn'd in the ear for a rooue: make much of thy vein, for it is inimitable. But I marvel what camel it is that had the carriage of it; for doubtlefs he was no ordinary beaft that brought it !

Well. Why?

E. Kno. Why, fayest thou? why dost thou think that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning (the fober time of the day too) could have mistaken my father for me?

Well, 'Slid, you jest, I hope.

E. Kno. Indeed, the best use we can turn it to: is to make a jest on't now : but I'll assure you, my father had the full view o' your flourishing style, before I saw it. Well. What a dull flave was this! but, firrah, what

faid he to it, i'faith?

E. Kno. Nay, I know not what he faid : but I have a fhrewd oness what he thought.

Well. What, what?

E. Kno. Marry, that thou art fome strange, dissolute young fellow, and I not a grain or two better, for keep-

ing thee company.

Weil. Tut, that thought is like the moon in her laft quarter, 'twill change shortly : but, firrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hangbys here; thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in 'em if thou hear it 'em once go: my wind-instruments, I'll wind 'em up. But what strange piece of silence is this? the sign of the dumb man?

E. Kno. Oh. Sir, a kinfman of mine, one that may make your music the fuller, an' he please; he has his

humour, Sir.

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

E. Kno. Nay, I'll neither do your judgment nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension. leave him to the mercy o' your fearch, if you can take him. fo.

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 I shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you.

Steph My name is Mr Stephen, Sir: I am this gentleman's own cousin, Sir, his father is mine uncle, Sir: I am fomewhat melancholy, but you shall command me,

Sir, in whatfoever is incident to a gentleman.

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

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

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

To Mr Stephen.

Steph. Ay, truly, Sir, I am mightily given to melan-

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

Steph. Coufin, is it well? am I melancholy enough? E. Kno. Oh, av. excellent!

Well, Captain Bobadil, why muse you so?

E. Kno. He is melancholy too.

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

E. Kno. In what place, Captain?

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

Steph. 'So, I had as lief as an angel, I could fwear as well as that gentleman !

E. Kno. Then you were a fervitor at both it feems .

at Strigonium? and what do you call't?

Bob. Oh Lord, Sir! by St George, I was the first man that enter'd the breach : and, had I not effected it with resolution, I had been flain, if I had had a million of lives.

E. Kno. 'Twas pity you had not ten; a cat's, and

your own, i'faith. But, was it possible? Mat. Pray you, mark this difcourfe. Sir.

Steph. So I do.

Bob. I affure you, upon my reputation, 'tis true : and yourfelf shall confess

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

Bob. Observe me judicially, sweet Sir, they had planted me three demi culverings, just in the mouth of the breach: now, Sir, as we were to give out, their mafter gunner (a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think) confronts me with his linftock, ready to give fire; I fpying his intendment, discharg'd my petrionel in his bosom. and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, and put 'em all pell-mell to the fword.

Well. To the fword ! to the rapier, Captain.

E. Kno. Oh, it was a good figure observ'd, Sir: but did you all this, Captain, without burting your blade?

Bob. Without any impeach o' the earth : you shall perceive. Sir. It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh: shall I tell you, Sir? you talk of Morglay, Excalibar, 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 boldlier maintain it.

Steph. I Marvel whether it be a Toledo, or no? Bob. A most perfect Toledo, I affure you, Sir.

Steph. I have a countryman of his here.

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

Bob. This a Toledo? pish.

Steph. Why do you pith, Captain? Bob. A Fleming, by Heav'n ! I'll buy them for a gilder a piece, an' I would have a thouland of them.

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

Well. Where bought you it, Mr Stephen? Steph. Of a few vy rogue foldier; (a hundred of lice

go with him), he fwore it was a Toledo.

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

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

it up, put it up.

Steph. Well, I will put it up, but by——(I ha' forget the Captain's oath, I thought to have fworn by it),

an' e'er I meet him——

Well. O, 'tis past help now, Sir, you must ha' pa-

Steph. Whorefon, cony-catching rafcal! I could eat the very hilts for anger!

E. Kno. A fign of good digestion! you have an oftrich

ftomach, Coufin.

Steph. A ftomach! I would I had him here, you should fee an' I had a stomach,

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

go?

Enter BRAINWORM.

E. Kno. A miracle, Cousin, look here! look here! Steph. O, God'slid, by your leave, do you know me,

Brain. Ay, Sir, I know you by fight. Steph. You fold me a rapier, did you not?

Brain. Yes, marry, did I, Sir.

Steph. You said it was a Toledo, ha!

Brain. True, I did fo. Steph. But it is none.

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

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

E. Kno. Oh, Cousin, forbear, forbear. Steph. Nay, I have done, Cousin.

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

Steph. Yet, by his leave, he is a rascal, under his fa-

E. Kno.

E. Kno. Ay, by his leave, he is, and under favour: a pretty piece of civility! Sirrah, how doft like him?

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

E. Kno. No, no, a child's whiftle were far the fitter.

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

E. Kno. With me, Sir? You have not another Tole-

do to fell, ha' you?

Brain. You are conceited, Sir; your name is Mr

Kno'well, as I take it?

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

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

E. Kno. Of as bare a coat, though; well, fay, Sir.

Brain. Faith, Sir, I am but fervant to the drum extraordinary, and, indeed, (this fmoky varnish being wash'd off, and three or four patches removed). I appear your Worthly's in revertion, after the decease of your good father; Brainworm.

E. Kno. Brainworm! 'Slight, what breath of a con-

jurer hath blown thee hither in this shape !

Brain. The breath of your letter, Sir, this morning: the same that blew you to the Wind-mill, and your father after you.

E. Kno. My father!

Brain. Nay, never flart, 'tis true, he has followed you over the fields, by the foot, as you would do a hare i' the fnow.

E. Kno. Sirrah, Wellbred, what shall we do, Sirrah?

Well. Thy father! where is he?

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

Well. Who's this? Brainworm?

Brain. The fame, Sir.

Well. Why, how, in the name of wit, com'ft thou transmuted thus?

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

E. Kno. Come, Coufin.

SCENE

SCENE III.

AA III.

The Warehouse.

Enter KITELY and CASH.

Kite. What fays he, Thomas? Did you speak with kim?

Cafh. He will expect you, Sir, within this half hour, Kite. Has he the money ready, can you tell? Cafh Yes, Sir, the money was brought in laft night. Kite. O, that's well: fetch me my cloak, my cloak. Stay, let me fee, an hour to go and come;

Av, that will be the leaft; and then 'twill be

An hour before I can dispatch with him: Or very near: well, I will fay two hours. Two hours? ha! things never dream'd of yet, May be contriv'd, ay, and effected too, In two hours absence well, I will not go. Two hours? no fleering opportunity, I will not give your fubtilty that scope. Who will not judge him worthy to be robb'd That fets his doors wide open to a thief. And shews the felon where his treasure lies? Again, what earthly spirit but will attempt To tafte the fruit of Beauty's golden tree, When leaden fleep feals up the dragon's eyes? I will not go. Business, go by, for once. No, beauty, no; you are too precious, To be left fo, without a guard, or open ! You must be then kept up, close, and well watch'd: For, give you opportunity, no quick fand Devours, or fwallows fwifter! He that lends His wife (if she be fair) or time, or place, Compels her to be falfe. I will not go: The dangers are too many. I am refolv'd for that,

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

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

D 2

Kite.

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

Calb. Exchange time, Sir.

Kite, 'Heart ! then will Wellbred prefently be here too. With one or other of his loofe conforts.

I am a knave, if I know what to fav, What course to take, or which way to resolve. My brain, methinks, is like an hour glass, Wherein my imaginations run, like fands. Filling up time: but then are turn'd, and turn'd: So that I know not what to flav upon.

And lefs, to put in act. It shall be fo. Nav. I dare build upon his fecrecy.

He knows not to deceive me. Thomas ? Calb. Sir.

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

Cash. I think he be, Sir.

Kite. But he'll prate too, there's no fpeech 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. Loft i' my fame for ever; talk for th' Exchange. The manner he hath flood with, till this prefent, Doth promife no fuch 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-

Calb. Sir. if a fervant's

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

Kite I thank you heartily, Thomas; gi' me your hand: With all my heart, good Thomas. I have, Thomas, A fecret to impart unto you-but When once you have it, I must feal your lips up :

So far I tell you, Thomas.

Calh. Sir, for that-

Kite. Nay, hear me out. Think I efteem you, Thomas, When I will let you in thus to my private.

It is a thing fits nearer to my crest

Than thou art aware of, Thomas. If thou fhould'ft Reveal it, but-

Caffs.

Cash. How ? I reveal it ?

Kite. Nay,

I do not think thou would'ft; but if thou should'ft, '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 conceally purpole, and close meaning, fure:
Elfe (being urg'd fo much) how should he chuse
But lend an oath to all this protectation?
He's no fanatic, I have heard him fwear,
What should I think of it? urge him again,
And by fome other way? I will do fo.
Well, Thomas, thou haft fworn not to disclose:

Yes, you did fwear?

Calb. Not yet, Sir; but I will,

Please you-

Kite: No, Thomas, I dare take thy word,
But if thou wilt fwear, do as thou think'ft good;
I am refolv'd without it: at thy pleafure.

Cash. By my foul's safety then, Sir, I protest, My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word

Deliver'd me in nature of your truft.

Kite. It's too much, these ceremonies need not;
I know thy faith to be as sirm as rock.

Thomas, come hither, near: we cannot be Too private in this business. So it is. (Now he has sworn, I dare the safelier venture) I have of late, by divers observations—

But whether his oath can bind him, there it is.

I will bethink me ere I do proceed:

Thomas, it will be now too long to ftay;

I'll fpy fome fitter time foon, or to-morrow.

Cash. Sir, at your pleasure.

Kite. I will think. Give me my cloak. And, Thomas, I pray you fearch the books 'gainft my return, For the receipts 'twixt me and Traps.

Calb. I will, Sir.

Kite. And hear you, if your mistress's brother, W.ll. bred,

3 Chance

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 freet, to Juffice Clement's.

Forget it not, nor be out of the way.

Calb. I will not. Sir.

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

Call. 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 fecret. Thomas. I told you of.

Calb. 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 fee,

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 feeret to you. I mean not this.

But that I have to tell you; this is nothing, this. But, Thomas, keep this from my wife, I charge you,

Lock'd up in filence, midnight, buried here. No greater hell than to be flave to fear. TExit. Cash Lock'd up in filence, midnight, buried here !

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

Best dream no longer of this running humour, For fear I fink ! the violence of the stream Already hath transported me fo far. That I can feel no ground at all ! But foft, Here is company; now must I

Enter WELLBRED, EDW. KNO'WELL, BRAINWORM, BOBADIL, STEPHEN. Well. Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest, and exceedingly well carried!

E. Kno.

E. Kno. Ay, and our ignorance maintained it as well,

did it not ?

Well, Yes, faith! but was't possible thou should'st not know him? I forgive Mr Stephen, for he is stupidity it-felf.

E. Kno. 'Fore Heaven, not I. He had fo writhen himself into the habit of one of your poor infantry, your decay'd, ruinous, worm eaten gentlemen of the round.

Well. Why, Brainworm, who would have thought

thou hadft been fuch an artificer ?

F. Kno. An artificer? an architect! except a man had fludied begging all his lifetime, and been a weaver of language from his infancy, for the clothing of it! I never faw his rival.

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

Brain. Of a Hounfditch man, Sir, one of the devil's near kinsmen, a broker.

Enter CASH.

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

Well. How now, Thomas, is my brother Kitely with-

in?

Call. No, Sir; my mafter went forth e'en now; but
Mr Downright is within. Cob! what, Cob! is he gone
too?

Well. Whether went your mafter, Thomas? canft

thou tell?

Cafb. I know not: to Justice Clement's, I think, Sir.
Cob!

[Exit. Cafb.

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

Well. Why, dost thou not know him? He is a city magnitrate, a justice here; an excellent good lawyer, and a great scholar; but the only mad merry old fellow

in Europe ! I shew'd him you the other day,

E. Kino. Oh, is that he 2 I remember him now. Goodfaith! and he has a very firage preferee, methinks: it thews is if he flood out of the rank from other map. I have heard many of his jefts i' the univerfity They fay he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horse.

Well.

Well, Ay, or wearing his cloak of one shoulder, or ferving of God : any thing indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

Enter CASH.

Cash. Gasper, Martin, Cob 1 'Heart! where should they be, trow? Bob. Mr Kitely's map, pr'ythee, vouchfafe us the

lighting of this match.

Caft. Fire on your match, no time but now to vouchfafe! Francis, Cob! Bob. Body of me! here's the remainder of feven pound fince yesterday was feven-night. 'Tis your right

Trinidado! Did you never take any, Mr Stephen ? Steph. No. truly, Sir: but I'll learn to take it now.

fince you commend it fo.

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 myfelf, nor a dozen gentlemen more, of my knowledge, have received the tafte of any other nutriment in the world for the space of one and twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only. Therefore it cannot be but 'tis most divine, especially your Trinidado. Your Nicotian is good too: I do hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the most fovereign and precious weed that ever the earth rendered to the use of man.

E. Kno. This speech would have done decently in a tobacco-trader's mouth !

Enter CASH and COB.

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

Cob. O ho! Bob. Where the match I gave thee, Mr Kitely's man?

Calb. Here it is. Sir.

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

[Bob. beats him with a sudgel; Matth. runs away.

Bob. You bafe scullion, you !

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

Cob. Well, it shall be a dear beating, an' I live! I

will bave justice for this.

Bob. Do you prate? do you murmur?

[Bob beats him off.

E. Kno. Nay, good Captain, will you regard the humour of a fool?

Bob. A whorefor filthy flave, a dung-worm, an ex-

rement! Body o' Cæfar, but that I feorn to let forth fo mean a spirit, I'd have stabb'd him to the earth.

Well. Marry! the law forbid, Sir.

Bob. By Pharaoh's foot, I would have done it. [Exit. Steph. Oh, he swears admirably! By Pharaoh's foot, Body of Cæsar; I shall never do it, sure; Upon mine honour, and by St George; no, I ha'nt the right grace. Well. But foft, where's Mr Matthew? cone!

Brain. No. Sir: they went in here.

Well. O, let's follow them: Mr Matthew is gone to falute his miftrefs in verfe. We shall have the happiness to hear some of his poetry now. He never comes unfurnish'd, Brainworm?

Steph. Brainworm! Where? Is this Brainworm! E. Kno. Ay, Cousin, no words of it, upon your gen-

tility.

Steph. Not I, body of me! by this air, St George, and the foot of Pharaoh!

Well. Rare ! your cousin's discourse is simply drawn

out with oaths.

E. Kno. 'Tis larded with 'em. A kind of French dreffing, if you love it. Come, let's in. Come, Coufin.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

A Hall in Justice Clement's House.

Enter KITELY and Cob.

Kite. Ha! how many are there, fay'st thou?

Cob. Marry, Sir, your brother, Mr Wellbred-

Kite

Kite. Tut, beside him : what strangers are there, man? Cob. Strangers? let me see : one, two: mass, I know not well, there are fo many.

Kite. How! fo many?

Cob. Av. there's fome five or fix of them, at the most.

Kite. A fwarm, a fwarm ! Spite of the devil ! how they fling my head With forked ftings, thus wide and large! But Cob, How long haft thou been coming hither, Cob?

Cob. A little while, Sir.

Kite. Didft thou come running?

Cob. No. Sir. Kite, Nav, then I am familiar with thy hafte ! Bane to my fortunes! what meant I to marry? I, that before was rank'd in fuch content, My mind a rest too in so fost a peace. Being free mafter of my own free thoughts. And now become a flave ! What ! never figh. Be of good cheer, man, for thou art a cuckold: 'Tis done, tis done! Nay, when fuch 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 fure My fifter and my wife would bid them welcome ! ha?

Cob. Like enough, Sir: vet I heard not a word of it. Kite. No: their lips were feal'd with kiffes, and the

voice

Drown'd in a flood of joy at their arrival. Had loft her motion, state and faculty. Cob, which of them was't that first kis'd my wife? (My fifter, I should fay) my wife, alas, I fear not her: ha? Who was it, fay'ft thou?

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

Kite. Av. good Cob, I pray thee heartily. *Cob. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for Bridewell

than your Worship's company, if I saw any body to be kiss'd, unless they wou'd have kiss'd the post in the middle of the warehouse; for there I left 'em all, at their tobacco, with a pox !

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

Cob. O, no, Sir !

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

Cob. follow me.

Cob. Nay, foft and fair, I have eggs on the fait. Now am I for fome five and fifty reasons hammering, hammering revenge: nay, an he had not lain in my house, 'twould never have griev'd me; but, being my guest, one that I'll be fworn I lov'd and trusted; and he to turn monster of ingratitude, and strike his lawful houst! Well I hope to raise up an host of fury for't. I'll to Justice Clement for a warrant. 'Strike his lawful bost!

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in KITELY's House.

Enter DOWNRIGHT and Dame KITELY.

DOWNRIGHT.

WELL, fifter, I tell you true: and you'll find it fo

Dame. Alas, brother, what would you have me to do? I cannot help it: you see my brother brings 'em in here,

they are his friends.

Down. His friends? his fiends! 'Slud, they do nothing but haunt him up and down, like a fort of unlucky fprites, and tempt him to all manner of villary that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devil with fome of 'em; and 'twere not more for your husband's fake, than any thing elfe, I'd make the houle too hot for the best on 'em; they should fay, and swear, hell were broken loofe ere they went hence. But, by God's will, 'tis no body's fault but yours; for an' you had done as you might have done, they should have been parboil'd and bak'd too, every mother's son, ere they should ha'c owen in e'er a onco t'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's?

body

body in the world to hear you talk so without any sense or reason 1

Enter Mrs BRIDGET, Mr MATTHEW, WELLBRED. STEPHEN. E. KNO'WELL, BOBADIL, and CASH.

Brid. Servant, in troth, you are too prodigal Of your wit's treasure, thus to pour it forth

Upon to mean a fubiect as my worth.

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

Down, Hey-day, here is stuff !

Well, O, now fland close : pray Heaven she can get him to read; he should do it of his own natural impudence.

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

Mat. Marry, an elegy, an elegy, an odd toy-I'll read it, if you pleafe.

Brid. Pray you do, fervant.

Down. O, here's no foppery! death! I can endure the flocks better. E. Kno. What ails thy brother? can he not bear the

reading of a ballad?

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

Bob. Mr Matthew, you abuse the expectation of your dear mistress, and her fair fister : fy ! while you live, avoid this prolixity.

Mat. I shall, Sir.

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.

TMr Stephen answers with shaking his head. E. Kno. 'Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feel an' there be any brain in it!

Well. Sifter, what ha' you here ? verses? Pray you Who made these verses? they are excellent let's fee.

good.

Mat. O, Mr Wellbred, 'tis your disposition to say so, Sir They were good i' the morning, I made 'em extembore this morning.

Well. How, extempore?

Mat. I would I might be hang'd elfe, ask Captain

Bobadil. He faw me write them at the (pox on it!) the

ftar vonder.

Steph. Coufin, how do you like this gentleman's verfes ? E. Kno. O. admirable! the best that ever I heard.

Steph. Body o' Cæfar! they are admirable!

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

Down. I am vex'd, I can hold ne'er a bone of me flill! Heart, I think they mean to build and breed here.

Well. Sifter Kitely, I marvel you get you not a fervant that can rhime, and do tricks too.

Down. Oh. monster! impudence itself! tricks! Come. you might practife your ruffian-tricks fomewhere elfe, and not here, I wuss: this is no tavern, nor drinking school, to vent your exploits in.

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

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

Well. My companions?

Down. Yes, Sir, your companions, fo I fay, I am not afraid of you nor them neither; your hang-bys here. You must have your poets, and your potlings, your Solados and Foolados, to follow you up and down the city, and here they must come to domineer and swagger. Sirrah, you, ballad-finger, and flops, your fellow there, get you out; get you home; or, by this feel, I'll cut off your ears, and that prefently.

Well. 'Slight, stay, 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 ra-

pier to the hilts in you.

Down. Yea, that would I fain fee, boy.

[They all draw, and they of the boufe make out to part them.

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

Brid. Help, help, Thomas.

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

Bob. Well, fitrah, you, Holofernes, by my hand, I will pink your flesh full of holes with my rapier, for

this: I will, by this good heaven: nav, 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 coiffril!

Enter KITELY.

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

Put up your weapons, and put off this rage. My wife and fifter, they are cause of this : What, Thomas, where is the knave?

Cafb. Here, Sir.

Well. Come, let's go; this is one of my brother's ancient humours, this. Steph. I am glad no body was hurt by this ancient humour.

Kite. Why, how now, brother, who inforc'd this braul?

Down. A fort 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 Sonners, his fellow. But I'll follow 'em.

Brid. Brother, indeed, you are too violent,

Too fudden in your humour : There was one a civil gentleman,

And very worthily demean'd himfelf.

Kite. O, that was fome love of yours, fifter.

Brid. A love of mine! I would it were no worfe. brother! you'd pay my portion fooner than you think for.

Dame. Indeed, he feem'd to be a gentleman of exceeding fair disposition, and of very excellent good parts. What a coil and ftir is here !

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

Fair disposition, excellent good parts ! Death, thefe phrases are intolerable !

Well, well, well, well, well! It is too plain, too clear: Thomas, come hither.

What, are they gone?

Cafb,

Cash. Av. Sir. they went in. My miftress, and your fifter-

Kite. Are any of the gallants within?

Cash. No, Sir, they are all gone.

Kite. Art thou fure of it?

Galbi. I can affure you, Sir.

Kite. What gentleman was that they prais'd fo. Thomoe?

Galh. One, they call him Mr Kno'well, a handfome

young gentleman, Sir.

Kite. Ay, I thought fo: my mind gave me as much. I'll die, but they have hid him i' the house

Somewhere: I'll go and fearch: go with me. Thomas. Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master, [Excunt,

SCENE II. MOORFIELDS.

Enter E. Kno'well, Wellbred, and Brainworm.

E. Kno. Well, Brainworm, perform this bufiness happily, and thou makest a purchase of my love for ever.

Well. I' faith, now let your spirits use their best faculties: but at any hand remember the message to my brother: for there's no other means to flart him out of is house.

Brain. I warrant you, Sir, fear nothing : I have a nimble foul has waked all forces of my phant'fy by this time, and put 'em in true motion. What you have poffesfed me withal I'll discharge it amply, Sir. Make it no question. Well. Forth, and prosper, Brainworm. Faith, Ned.

how dost thou approve of my abilities in this device? E. Kno. Troth, well, howfoever: but it will come ex-

cellent, if it take.

Well. Take, man! why, it cannot chuse but take, if the circumftances miscarry not: but tell me ingenuously, doft thou affect my fifter Bridget, as thou pretend'ft?

E. Kno. Friend, am I worth belief?

Well. Come, do not protest. In faith, she is a maid of good ornament, and much modesty: and, except I conceiv'd

conceiv'd very worthily of her, thou should'st not have her.

E. Kno. Nay, that, I am afraid, will be a question

vet, whether I shall have her or no. Well, 'Slid, thou shalt have her; by this light, thou

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E. Kno. Nay, do not fwear.

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

E. Rno. Hold, hold, be temperate.

Well. Why, by-what shall I fwear by? thou shalt

have her, as I am-

E. Kno. 'Pray thee, be at peace, I am fatisfied; and do believe thou will omit no offered occasion, to make my defires complete.

Well. Thou shalt fee and know, I will not, [Excunt.

Enter FORMAL, and KNO'WELL.

Form. Was your man a foldier, Sir? Kno. Av. a knave, I took him begging o' the way. This morning, as I came over Moorfields!

Enter BRAINWORM.

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

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

Kno. How fo?

Brain. O. Sir! your coming to the city, your entertainment of me, and your fending me to watch-indeed, all the circumstances either of your charge, or my employment, are as open to your fon, as to yourfelf!

Kno. How should that be ! unless that villain Brainworm

Have tolu him of the letter, and discover'd All that I strictly charg'd him to conceal? 'tis fo!

Brain. I am partly o' that faith, 'tis fo, indeed. Kno. But how should he know thee to be my man? Brain. Nay, Sir, I cannot tell; unless it be by the black art ! Is not your fon a scholar, Sir?

Kno.

Kno. Yes, but I hope his foul is not allied Unto fuch hellish practice : if it were, I had just cause to weep my part in him.

And carfe the time of his creation.

But where didft thou find them, Fitzfword?

Brain. You should rather ask, where they found me, Sir : for I'll be fworn I was going along in the ffreet. thinking nothing, when (of a fudden) a voice calls, Mr Kno'well's man; another cries, foldier: and thus, half a dozen of 'em, till they had call'd me within a house; where I no fooner came, but out flew all their rapiers at my bosom, with some three or fourscore oaths to accompany 'em, 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 diffected me. and made an anatomy of me first, and fo I told 'em), they lock'd me up in a room, i' the top of a high house, whence, by great miracle, having a light heart, I flid down by a bottom of packthread into the ftreet, and fo 'fcap'd. But, Sir, thus much I can affure you, for I heard it while I was lock'd up, there were a great many rich merchants and brave citizens wives with 'em at a feaft, and your fon, Mr Edward, withdrew with one of 'em, and has 'pointed to meet her anon, at one Cob's house, a water bearer, that dwells by the wall. Now. there your Worthip shall be fure to take him, for there he prevs, and feil he will not.

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

Go thou along with Justice Clement's man,

And fray there for me. At one Cob's house, say'ft thou? Brain. Ay, Sir, there you shall have him. [Exit Kno-'well 7 Yes? invisible? much wench, or much fon! 'flight, when he has staid there three or four hours, trawelling with the expectation of wonders, and at length be delivered of air: O, the sport that I should then take to look on him, if I durst! but now I mean to appear no more before him in this shape. I have another trick to act yet. Sir, I make you ftay fomewhat long. Form. Not a whit, Sir :

You have been lately in the wars, Sir, it feems. E 3.

Brain. Marry have I, Sir, to my loss; and expence of all, almost

all, almost———

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

Brain. O. Sir-

Form. But to hear the manner of your fervices and your devices in the wars; they fay they be very strange, and not like those a man reads in the Roman histories, or fees at Mile-end.

Brain. No, I affore you, Sir; why, at any time when it pleafe you, I shall be ready to discourse to you all I

know; and more too, fomewhat.

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

Brain. I'll follow you, Sir, and make grift o'you, if I have good luck.

[Exeunt.

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

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

E. Kno. We are now speaking of him: Captain Bo-

badil tells me, he is fall'n foul o'you too.

Mat. O, ay, Sir! he threatened me with the basti-

nado.

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

Mat. Indeed it is a most excellent trick!

Bob. O, you do not give spirit enough to your motion, you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it must be done like lightning, hey!

[He prastifes at a post.

Mat. Rare captain!

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

E. Kno. Captain, did you ever prove yourfelf upon any of our mafters of defence here?

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

Bob. I will tell you, Sir. They have affaulted me fome

fome three, four, five, fix of them together, as I have walk'd alone in divers skirts o'the town, where I have driven them before me the whole length of a firet, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hut them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not overcome their fpleen; they will be doing with the pifmire, raifing a hill a man may fpurn abroad with his foot at pleafure. By myfelf I could have flain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to bear any other than this baffithmado for 'em'; yet I hold it good policy not to go difarm'd; for though I be skilful, I may be opprefs'd with multitudes.

E. Kno. Ay, believe me, may you, Sir; and, in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if

Bob. Alas, no; what's a peculiar man, to a nation?

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

Bob. Indeed that might be fome lofs: but who refpects it? I will rell you, Sir, by the way of private, and under feal; I am a gentleman, and live here obfeure and to mylelf: but, were I known to his majefty, and the lords (obferre me) I would undertake, youn this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the fate, not only to fpare the entire lives of his fubjects in general, but to fave the one half, nay, three parts, of his yearly charge in holding war, and againft what enemy foever. And how would I do it, think you?

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

Ech. Why, thus, Sir. I would felect nineteen more to mylelf, throughout the land; gentlemen they flould be, of good fpirit, ftrong and able conflictions; I would clufe them by an infline, a character that I have; and I would teach these inneteen the special rules, as your punts, your resers, our flocasts, your imbractas; full they could play very near or altogether as well as myless. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand throng, 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 foore, twenty foore, twenty foore, twenty foore, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times sive, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this I will venture my poor geatleman-like carease to perform (provided there be no treason practical to up to man the carease to perform (provided there be no treason practical upon us) by fair and discreet manhood, that is, civilly by the swort.

E. Kno. Why, are you so sure of your hand, Captain,

at all times ?

Bob. Tut, never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.
E. Kno. I would not stand in Downright's state then.

an' you meet him, for the wealth of any lireet 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 fur! wherever I meet him.

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

Enter Downright, walking over the stage.

E. Kno. God's fo! look you where he is; yonder he goes.

Down. What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with

these bragging rascals!

Bob. It's not he, is it?
E. Kno. Yes. faith; it is he.

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

E. Kno. I affure you that was he.

Steph. Upon my reputation, it was he.

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

E. Kno. That I think, Sir. But see he is come again, Down. O, Pharaoh's foot! have I found you? come, draw, to your tools: draw, Gipsy, or I'll thresh you.

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

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 ferved on me even now, as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman-

faw it. Mr Matthew.

THe beats him, and difarms him. Matthew runs away. Down, 'Sdeath, you will not draw, then?

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

Dogun. Prate again, as you like this, you whorefor foift, you. You'll controul the point, you? your confort is gone; had he staid, he had shar'd with you, Sir.

Exit Downright.

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

Bob. Well, Gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to

the peace, by this good day.

E. Kno. No, faith, it's an ill day, Captain, never reckon it other: but fay 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 fort. I never fustain'd the like difgrace, by heaven: fure I was struck with a planet thence, for I had no power

to touch my weapon

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

Bob. I was planet-struck certainly. E. Kno. O, manners! that this age should bring forth fuch creatures! that nature should be at leisure to make

'em! Come, Coz.

Steph. Mass, I'll have this cloak. E. Kno. God's will 'tis Downright's.

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

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

yourself.

Steph. Ay, but he shall not ha't ; I'll say, I bought it. E. Kno. Take heed you buy it not too dear, Coz.

Exeunt.

S C E N E III. A Chamber in Kitely's Houle.

Enter KITELY and CASH.

Kite. Art thou fure, Thomas, we have pry'd into all

and every part throughout the house? Is there no byeplace, nor dark corner has escap'd our searches ?

Cally. Indeed, Sir, none: there's not a hole or nook

unfearch'd by us, from the upper loft upto the cellar. Kite. They have convey'd him then away, or hid him in some privacy of their own .- Whilst we were fearch.

ing of the dark closet by my fifter's chamber, didit thou not think thou heard'ft a ruftling on the other fide, and a foft tread of feet ? Calb. Upon my truth, I did not, Sir; or, if you did.

it might be only the vermin in the wainfcot; the house is old, and over-run with 'em.

Kite. It is, indeed, Thomas --- we should bane thefe rats-doft thou understand me-we will-they shall not harbour here: I'll cleanse my house from 'em, if fire or poison can effect it-I will not be tormented thus-They gnaw my brain, and burrow in my heart --- I cannot bear it.

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

Kite. Sorely, forely, Thomas-it cleaves too close to me -Oh me! [Sighs.] Lend me thy arm-fo, good

Cash. You tremble and look pale ! let me call affiftance. Kite. Not for ten thousand worlds --- Alas! alas! 'tis not in med'cine to give me ease-here, here it lies.

Call. What, Sir?

Kite. Why, nothing, nothing .- I am not fick, 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 fuch intruders-I'll hazard all my growing favour with you; I'll stake my present, my future welfare, that fome bafe whifpering knave, (nay, pardon me, Sir), hath in the best and richest soil, fown feeds of rank and evil nature ! O, my mafter, [Laughing within. should they take root-

Kite. Hark ! hark ! dost thou not hear ! what think'ft thou now? are they not laughing at me?-They are, they are. They have deceiv'd the wittol, and thus they rriumph riumph in their infamy.——This aggravation is not to be borne. [Laughing again.] Hark again!—Cash, do shou unseen steal in upon 'em, and listen to their wanton

tonference.

Cafh. I shall obey you, tho' against my will. [Exit. Kits. Against his will? ha! it may be fo.—He's young, and may be brib'd for them——they've various means to draw the unwary in; if it be fo, I'm lost, deceiv'd, betray'd, and my bofom (my full-fraught bofom) is unlock'd and open'd to mockery and laughter! Heaven forbid! He cannot be that viper; fiting the hand that rais'd and cherish'd him! was this stroke added, I should be cure'd.—But it cannot be—no, it cannot be.

Enter CASH.

Cash. You are musing, Sir,

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

Gash. If you suspect my faith-

Kite. I do not—fay no more—and for my fake let it die and be forgotten.—Have you feen your miftrefs, and heard—whence was that noife?

Cafe. Your brother, Mr Wellbred, is with 'em, and I found 'em throwing out their mith on a very truly ridiculous fubject; it is one Formal, as he ftyles himfelf, and he appertains (fo he phrases it) to Justice Clement, and world speak with you.

Kite. With me! art thou fure it is the Justice's clerk?

Enter BRAINWORM, (as FORMAL.)

Who are you, Friend ?

Brain. An appendix to Justice Clement, vulgarly call'd his clerk.

Kite. What are your wants with me?

Brain. None.

Kite. Do you not want to speak with me?

Brain. No --- but my mafter does.

Kite. What are the Justice's commands?

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

Kite.

Kite. What can it be! fay, I'll be with him inflantly. and if your legs, friend, go no faster than your tongue. I thall be there before you.

Brain. I will. Vale.

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AS IV

Kite. 'Tis a precious fool, indeed!-I must go forth. - But, first, come hither, Thomas-I have admitted thee into the close recusses of my heart, and shew'd thee all my frailties, passions, every thing-Be careful of thy promise, keep good watch: Wilt thou be true, my Thomas ?

Calb. As truth's felf. Sir-But be affur'd vou're heaping care and trouble Upon a fandy base: ill-plac'd suspicion Recoils upon yourlelf-She's chafte as comely: Believ't she is-Let her not note your humour : Difperfe the gloom upon your brow, and be As clear as her unfullied honour.

Kite. I will then, Cash .- Thou comfort'ft me-I'll

Fiend-like fancies from me, and be myfelf again. Think'ft thou the has perceiv'd my folly? 'Twere Happy if she had not --- She has not ---They who know no evil will fuspect none.

Cash. True, Sir; nor has your mind a blemish now. This change has gladden'd me,-Here's my miftress And the reft; fettle your reason to accost 'm.

Kite, I will, Cash, I will-

Enter WELLBRED, Dame KITELY, and BRIDGET.

Well. What, are you plotting, brother Kitely, That thus of late you muse alone, and bear Such weighty care upon your penfive brow? Laughs.

Kite. My care is all for you, good fneering brother, And well I wish you'd take some wholesome counsel, And curb your headstrong humours; trust me, brother, You were to blame to raife 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 cofts

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 cloke-bag: what's a brave

Mufician.

Musician, unless he play?

What's a brave man, unless he fight?

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

Well. What, school'd on both sides! Prithee, Brid-

get, fave me from the rod and lecture.

[Bridget and Well. retire.

Kite. With what a decent modesty she rates him!

My heart's at ease, and she shall see it is —
How art thou, Wise! thou look'st both gay and comely,

In troth thou doft—I am fent for out, my dear, But I shall foon return.——Indeed, my life, Business that forces me abroad grows irksome,

I cou'd content me with less gain and 'vantage To have thee more at home, indeed I cou'd.

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

Kite. That jar untunes me.
What dost thou say? doubt thee?
I shou'd as soon suspect myself—No, no,

My confidence is rooted in thy merit,

So fix'd and fettled, that, wert thou inclin'd To masks, and sports, and balls, where lusty youth

Leads up the wanton dance, and the rais'd pulse Beats quicker measures, yet I could with joy,

With heart's eafe and fecurity—not but I had rather thou should'st prefer thy home

And me, to toys and fuch like vanities.

Dame. But fure, my dear,

A wife may moderately more use these pleasures, Which numbers, and the time give fanction 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

Diffurb'd with jealoufy

Dame. Why, were you ever fo?

Kite. What! ha! never—ha, ha, ha! She stabs me home. [Afide.] 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'ft be fatisfy'd

Is Cob within there? — Give me a kifs.

My dear, there, there, now we are reconcil'd—

I'll be back immediately—Good bye, good bye—

Ha, ha! jealous, I shall burst my sides with laughing; Ha, ha! Cob! where are you, Cob? Ha, Ha!—[Exit.
[Well. and Brid. come forward.

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

laughter.

Dame. He laugh'd, indeed, but feemingly without mirth; his-behaviour is new and ftrange; he is much agitated, and has some whimfy in his head, that puzzles mine to read it.

Well. 'Tis jealoufy, good fifter, and writ fo largely that the blind may read it; have not you perceiv'd it yet?

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

ploy him.

Well. Indeed, fifter, to afk how he employs Cob, is a neceffary question for you, that are his wife, and a thing not very easy for you to be satisfy'd in—But this I'll afure you, Cob's wife is an excellent bawd, fifter, and oftentines your husband haunts her house; marry to what end, I cannot altogether accorde him: imagine you what you think convenient. But I have known fair hides have foul hearts ere now, fifter.

Dame. Never faid you truer than that, brother; fo much I can tell you for your learning. O, ho! is this the fruit of's jealoufy? I thought fome game was in the wind, he acted so much tenderness but now; but I'll

be quit with him-Thomas!

Enter Cash.

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 jealoufy!

Well. Ha, ha! fo, e'en let 'em go; this may make Sport anon-What, Brainworm?

Enter REALEWOOM

Brain. I faw the merchant turn the corner, and came back to tell you all goes well: wind and tide, my mafter, Well, But how got'ft thou this apparel of the Justice's

Brain. Marry, Sir, my proper fine penman would needs beflow the grift o' me at the Windmill, to hear fome martial discourse, where I so marshalled him, that I made him drunk with admiration; and because too much beat was the cause of his distemper, I stript him stark naked, as he lay along asleep, and borrow'd his fuit to deliver this counterfeit message, in leaving a rusty armour, and an old brown bill, to watch him till my return; which shall be when I have pawn'd his apparel. and fpent the better part of the money, perhaps,

Well. Well, thou art a fuccefsful merry knave, Brainworm; his absence will be subject for more mirth. I pray thee return to thy young mafter, and will him to meet me and my fifter Bridget at the Tower infantly: for here, tell him, the house is so stor'd with jealousy, there is no room for love to ftand upright in, must get our fortunes committed to some large prison. fay; and than the Tower, I know no better air, nor where the liberty of the house may do us more present fervice. Away. TExit Brain.

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

Well. That you may know, fair fifter-in-law, how

happy a thing it is to be fair and beautiful, Brid. That touches not me, brother.

Well. That's true ; that's even the fault of it ; for indeed, beauty stands a woman in no stead, unless it procure her touching-Well, there's a dear and well respected friend of mine, fifter, stands very strongly and worthily affected towards you, and hath vow'd to inflame whole bonfires of zeal at his heart, in honour of your perfections. I have already engag'd my promise to bring you where you shall hear him confirm much more. Ned Kno'well is the man, fifter. There's no exception against the party; you are ripe for a husband, and a mi-

nute's

pute's loss to such an occasion is a great trespass in a wife beauty .- What fay you, fifter ? On my foul, he

loves you, will you give him the meeting?

Brid. Faith. I had very little confidence in my own constancy, brother, if I durst not meet a man: but this motion of yours favours of an old knight adventurer's fervant, a little too much, methinks,

Well. What's that, fifter ?

Brid. Marry, of the go-between.

Well. No matter if it did: I wou'd be fuch an one for my friend. But see, who is return'd to hinder us.

Kite. What villany is this ? call'd out on a false mef-. fage! This was fome plot: I was not fent for, Bridget, where's your fifter ? :

. Brid. I think she be gone forth, Sir.

Kite. How! is my wife gone forth? Whither, for Heaven's fake ?

Brid. She's gone abroad with Thomas.

Kite Abroad with Thomas ! Oh, that villain cheats me ! He hath discover'd all unto my wife: Beaft that I was to trust him. Whither, I pray You, went the?

Brid. I know not, Sir.

Well, I'll tell you, brother, whither I fuspect 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 rafcal, 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, fo; 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 fervant, Mock'd at by my relations, pointed at by my neighbours, Defpis'd by myfelf,-There is nothing left now But to revenge myfelf first, next hang myfelf; And then -all my cares will be over.

Brid. He storms most loudly, sure you have gone too far in this.

Well. 'Twill all end right, depend upon't .- But let ns lofe no time: the coast is clear: away, away: the affair is worth it, and cries hafte.

Brid. I trust me to your guidance, brother, and fo

fortune for us. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Stock's-market.

Enter MATTHEW, and BOBADIL.

MATTHEW.

WONDER, Captain, what they will fay of my going away ? ha ?

Bob. Why, what should they fay, but as of a discreet gentleman? quick, wary, respectful of nature's fair limeaments: and that's all.

Mat. Why fo! but what can they fay of your beating? Bob. A rude part, a touch with foft wood, a kind of grofs battery us'd, lain on ftrongly, borne most patiently: and that's all. But wherefore do I wake this remembrance? I was fascinated, by Jupiter! fascinated; but I will be unwitch'd, and revene'd by law.

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

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

Mat. Why, here comes his man, let's fpeak to him-Bob. Agreed ; do you speak.

Enter BRAINWORM, (as FORMAL.)

Mat. Save you, Sir.

Brain. With all my heart, Sir.

Mat. Sir, there is one Downright hath abus'd this gentleman and myfelf, and we determine to make ourfelves amends by law; now, if you would do us the favour to procure a warrant to bring him before your mafter, you shall be well considered of, I affure you. Sir.

Brain. Sir, you know my fervice is my living : fuch favours as thefe, 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

gentlemen-

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 afks a brace of angels, you have no money.

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Bob. Not a cross, by fortune.

Mat. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but two pence left of my two shillings in the morning for wine and raddish : let's find him fome pawn.

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

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

Bob. And, harkee, he shall have my trusty Toledo too.

I believe I shall have no fervice 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 dispatch'd.

Brain. I am content, Sir; I will get you the warrant

prefently. What's his name, fay 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 consider'd. Bob. Body o' me, I know not ! 'tis fervice of danger. Brain. Why, you were best get one of the varlets o' the city, a ferjeant; I'll appoint you one, if you pleafe.

Mat. Will you, Sir? why, we can wish no better. Bob. We'll leave it to you, Sir. [Exeunt Bob. and Mat. Brain. This is rare! now will I go pawn this cloke of

the Justice's man's, at the broker's, for a varlet's suit, and be the varlet myfelf; and fo get money on all fides. [Exit.

CENE The Street before CoB's House.

Enter KNO'WELL.

Kno. O, here it is; I have found it now-Hoa, who is within here? Tib appears at the window. Tib. I am within, Sir, what is your pleasure?

Kno. To know who is within besides yourself. Tib. Why, Sir, you are no conftable I hope?

Kno. O, fear you the constable? then I doubt not you have fome guests within deserve that fear-I'll fetch him

Tib. For Heaven's fake, Sir-

AA V.

Kno. Go to, come tell me, is not young Kno'well here? Tib. Young Kno'well? I know none fuch, Sir, o' my

Kno. Your honesty, dame! it flies too lightly from

von : there is no way but fetch the constable.

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

Enter CASH and Dame KITELY.

Calb. Hoa! who keeps house here? Kno. O, this is the female copesmate of my son.

[Afide. Now shall I meet him straight. Dame, Knock, Thomas, hard.

Calb. Hoa! good wife.

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

Dame. Why, woman, grieves it you to ope the door? belike you get fomething to keep it shut.

Tib. What mean these questions, pray you? Dame. So strange you make it! is not my husband here? Kno. Her husband!

Dame. My tried and faithful husband, Mr Kitely,

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. Kno. This must be some device to mock me withal.

Soft-who is this ?-Oh! 'tis my fon difguis'd. I'll watch him, and furprife him.

Enter KITELY muffled in a cloke.

Kite. 'Tis truth, I fee, there she skulks. But I will fetch her from her hold-I will-I tremble fo, I scarce have power to do the justice Her infamy demands.

[As Kitely goes forward, Dame Kitely and Kno'well lay hold of him. Kno. Have I trapp'd you, youth? you can't 'scape me

now. Dame. O, Sir ! have I forestall'd your honest market? Found your close walks! you ftand amaz'd Now, do you? Ah, hide, hide your face for shame! I'faith, I am glad I have found you yet at laft, What is your jewel, tro? in, come let's fee her; fetch Forth the wanton dame-If she be fairer In any honest judgment, than myself,

I'll be content with it : but she is change ;

She feeds you fat, the foothes your appetite, And you are well. Your wife, an honest woman, Is meat twice fod to you, Sir. O you treacher!

Is meat twice fod to you, Sir. O you treacher!

Kno. What mean you, woman? let go your hold.

I fee the counterfeit—I am his father, and claim him as my fon.

Kite discovering kimsels. I am your cuckold, and

claim my vengeance.

Dame. What, do you wrong me, and infult me too? Thou faithless man!

Kits. Out on thy more than frumpet's impudence! Steal'ft thou thus to thy haunts? and have I taken. The bawd, and thee, and thy companion, This hoary-headed letcher, this old goat, Clofe at your villany; and wouldft thou 'fcufe it,

With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me?
O, old incontinent, dost thou not shame

To have a mind fo hot? and to entice,

And feed the enticements of a luttful woman?

Dame. Out, I defy thee, thou diffembling wretch!

Kite. Defy me, ftrumpet? afk thy pandar here,
Can he deny it, or that wicked elder?

Kno. Why, hear you, Sir-

Cash. Mafter, 'tis in vain to reason while these passions blind you-I'm griev'd to see you thus.

Kite. Tut, tut, never fpeak, I fee thro' every Veil you cast upon your treachery: but I have Done with you, and root you from my heart for ever. For you, Sir, thus I demand my honour's due;

Refolv'd to cool your lust, or end my shame. [Draws. Kno. What lunacy is this? put up your sword, and undeceive yourself—no arm that ere pois'd weapon can affright me. But I pity folly, nor cope with madness.

Kite. I will have proofs—I will—fo you good wifebawd, Cob's wife; and you that make your hulband fuch a monfter, and you, young pandar, and old cuckold maker, I'll ha' you every one before the Juftice—nay, you shall answer it; I charge you go. Come forth, thou bawd. Coes into the boule and brings out Tib.

Kno. Marry, with all my heart, Sir; I go willingly. The I do taffe this as a trick put upon me, To punish my impertinent fearch; and justly; And half forgive my fon for the device.

Kite.

Kite. Come, will you go ?

Ad V.

Dame. Go, to thy shame believe it.

Kite. Tho' shame and forrow both my heart betide, Come on—I must, and will be satisfy'd. [Exeunt,

SCENE III. Stock's-market.

Enter BRAINWORM.

Brain. Well, of all my dispuise yet, now am I most like myself; being in this ferjeant's gown. A man of my present profesion 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 slike a young artichoke; that always carries pepper and sait in itself. Well, I know not what danger. I undergo by this exploit; pray Heaven I come well off.

Enter BOBADIL and Mr MATTHEW.

Mat. See, I think, yonder is the varlet, by his gown:
'Save you, friend; are you not here by appointment of
Justice Clement's man?

Brain. Yes, an't please you, Sir; he told me two gentlemen had will'd him to procure a warrant from his master (which I have about me) to be serv'd on one Downright.

Mat. It is honeftly done of you both; and fee where the party comes you must arrest: serve it upon him quickly, before he be aware—

Enter Mr STEPHEN in DOWNRIGHT's cloke.

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 of

this watrant.

Stepb. Me, friend, I am no Downright, I. I am Mafter Stephen; you do not well to arreft me; I tell you truly: I am in no body's bonds or boeks. I would you faould know it. A plague on you heartily, for making me thus afraid before my time.

Brain. Why now you are deceived, Gentlemen?

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

Enter DOWNBIGHT.

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

Steph. Your cloke, Sir? I bought it even now, in

onen market.

Brain. Mafter Downright, I have a warrant I must ferve upon you, procured by these two gentlemen.

Dozun. These Gentlemen? these rascals!

Brain. Keep the peace, I charge you in her Majesty's name.

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

Brain. Go before Mr Justice Clement, to answer what they can object against you. Sir. I will use you kindly,

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

Bob. The varlet's a tall man, before Heaven. [Exit. Down. Gull. vou'll gi' me my cloke ?

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

Down, You will ?

Steph. Ay, that I will.

Down, Officer, there's thy fee, arrest him. Brain. Mafter Stephen, I must arrest you.

Steph. Arrest me, I fcorn it; there, take your cloke, I'll none on't. Down. Nay, that shall not ferve your turn, now, Sir.

Officer, I'll go with thee to the Justice's : bring him a-

Steph. Why, is not here your cloke, what would you

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

Brain, Sir, I'll take your word, and this gentleman's too, for his appearance.

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

Brain. So, fo, I have made a fair mash on't. Steph. Must I go?

Brain. I know no remedy, Master Stephen.

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

Steph. Why, Sir, I hope you cannot hang me for it, fore ! can he, fellow ?

Brain.

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

Steph. Why then let him do his worst, I am refolute. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Justice CLEMENT's House.

Enter CLEMENT, KNO'WELL, KITELY, Dame KITE-LY, TIB, CASH, COB, and SERVANTS.

Clem. Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave: my chair, strrah. You Master Kno'well, say you went thither to meet your son.

Kno. Ay, Sir.

Clem. But who directed you thither.

Kno. That did mine own man, Sir.

Clem. Where is he?

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

Clem. My clerk? about what time was this?

Kno. Marry, between one and two, as I take it. Clem. And what time came my man with the false

message to you, Master Kitely ?

Kite. After two, Sir. Clem. Very good: but, Mrs Kitely, how chance it

that you were at Cob's? ha?

Dame. An' please you, Sir, I'll tell you: my Brother 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 us'd himself well, mistress. Dame. True, Sir, but you know what grows by such

haunts oftentimes.

Clem, I see rank fruits of a jealous brain, Mistress Kitely; but did you sind 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 wise'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 fifter, Sir, I know not whither. Clem. Why, this is a mere trick, a device; you are gull'd in this most grossly, all ! alas, poor wench, wert thou fuspected for this?

Tib. Yes, and 't please you.

Clem, I fmell mischief here, plot and contrivance, Mafter Kitely, However, if you will ftep into the next room with your wife, and think coolly of matters, you'll find fome trick has been play'd you-I fear there have been jealousies on both parts, and the wags have been merry with you.

Kite. I begin to feel it-I'll take your counsel-will

you go in, Dame?

Dame, I will have justice, Mr Kitely, [Ex. Kite, and D. Clem. You will be a woman, Mrs Kitely, that I fee-How now, what's the matter?

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, there's a gentleman i' the court without, defires to fpeak with your worship.

Clem. A gentleman! what's be? Serv. A foldier, Sir, he fays.

Clem. A foldier! my fword, quickly: a foldier speak with me ! stand by, I will end your matters anon-Let the foldier enter: now, Sir, what ha' you to fay to me?

Enter BOBADIL and MATTHEW.

Bob. By your worship's favour-

Clem. Nay, keep out, Sir, I know not your pretence; you fend me word, Sir, you are a foldier; why, Sir, you shall be answer'd, here, here be them have been a-

mong foldiers. Sir, your pleafure.

Bob. Faith, Sir, fo it is, this gentleman and myself, have been most uncivilly wrong'd and beaten by one Downright, a coarfe fellow about the town here: and for my own part, I proteft, being a man in no fort given to this filthy humour of quarrelling, he hath affaulted in the way of my peace; despoil'd me of mine honour; difarm'd me of my weapons; and rudely laid me along in the open streets, when I not so much as once offer'd to relift him.

Clem. O God's precious ! is this the foldier ? lie there, my fword, 'twill make him fwoon, 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

Clem. Why, an' he were, Sir, his hands were not

bound, were they? Serv. There's one of the varlets of the city, Sir, has brought two gentlemen here, one upon your Worship's Warrant

Clem. My warrant?

fuit here?

Serv. Yes, Sir, the officer fays, procur'd by these two. Clem. Bid him come in. Set by this picture. What, Mr Downright I are you brought at Mr Freshwater's

Enter DOWNRIGHT, STEPHEN, and BRAINWORM.

Down. I'faith, Sir. And here's another brought at my fuit.

Clem. What are you. Sir?

Steph. A gentleman, Sir. O uncle !

Clem. Uncle? who, Mr Kno'well?

Kno. Av. Sir. this is a wife kinfman of mine. Steph. God's my witness, uncle, I am wrong'd here

monftroufly : he charges me with stealing of his cloke, and would I might never flir, if I did not find it in the freet by chance. Down, O, did you find it, now? you faid you bought

it ere-while.

Steph. And you said I stole it; nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

Clem. Well, let this breathe a while; you that have cause to complain there, stand forth : had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension ?

Bob. Ay, an't please your worship.

Clem. Nay, do not speak in passion so; where had you it ?

Bob. Of your clerk, Sir.

Clem. That's well, and my clerk can make warrants and my hand not at 'em! where is the warrant? officer, have you it?

Brain. No, Sir, your Worship's man, Master Formal, bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

Clem. Why, Mafter Downright, are you fuch a no-

wice, to be ferv'd, and never fee the warrant?

Down. Sir, he did not ferve it on me.

Clem. No. how then?

Down Marry, Sir, he came to me, and faid he must ferve it, and he would use me kindly, and so-

Clem. O. God's pity, was it fo, Sir? he must serve it? give me a warrant, I must serve one too-you knave, you flave, you rogue, do you fay you must, firrah? away with him to the jail, I'll teach you a trick for your must, Sir.

Brain. Good Sir, I befeech you be good to me. Clem. Tell him, he shall to the jail, away with him, I fay.

Brain, Nay, Sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for committing more than this: I will not lofe by my travel any grain of my fame certain. [Throws off bis disguise.

Clem. How is this? Kno. My man, Brainworm !

Steph. O yes, uncle, Brainworm has been with my coufin Edward and I all this day.

Clem. I told you all there was fome device.

Brain. Nay, excellent Justice, fince I have laid myself thus open to you, now stand strong for me, both with your fword and your balance.

Clein. Body o' me, a merry knave! give me a bowl of fack: 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 apainft nie.

Brain. Yes, faith, I have, Sir; though you retain'd me doubly this morning for yourfelf; first, as Brainworm, after as Fitzsword. I was your reform'd soldier, Sir, 'twas I fent you to Cob's house upon the errand without end.

Kno. Is it possible! or that thou should'it disguise thy-

felf fo as I should not know thee?

Brain. O, Sir ! this has been the day of my metamorphosis; it is not that shape alone that I have run through to-day: I brought Master Kitely a message too, in the form of Master Justice's man here, to draw him out o' the way, as well as you Worship; while Master Well-

AA V.

bred might make a conveyance of Mrs Bridget to my voung mafter.

Kno. My fon is not married, I hope,

Brain. Faith, Sir, they are both as fure as love, a prieft, and three thousand pounds, which is her portion, can make 'em: and by this time are ready to beforeak their wedding Supper at the Windmill, except some friend here prevent 'em, and invite 'em home.

Clem. Marry that will I. I thank thee for putting me in mind on't. Sirrah, go you and fetch them hither upon my warrant. Neither's friends have cause to be forry, if I know the young couple aright. But I pray thee, what

half 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, fold your Worship's warrant. to these two, pawned his livery for that varlet's gown to ferve it in : and thus have brought myfelf, by my activi-

ty, to your Worship's consideration.

Glem. And I will consider thee in a cup of fack. Here's to thee; which having drank off, this is my fentence. Pledge me. Thou haft done, or affifted to nothing, in my judgment, but deferves to be pardon'd for the wit o' the offence. Go into the next room; let Mafter Kitely into this whimfical business, and if he does not forgive thee, he has less mirth in him than an honest man ought to have. How now, who are these?

Enter ED. KNO'WELL, WELLBRED, and BRIDGET.

O, the young company. Welcome, welcome. Give you joy. Nay, Mrs Bridget, blush not ; you are not so fresh a bride, but the news of it hath come hither before you. Mafter Bridegroom, I have made your peace, give me your hand: fo will I for all the rest, ere you forfake my roof, All. We are the more bound to your humanity, Sir.

Clem. Only these two have so little of man in 'em.

they are no part of my care. Steph. And what shall I do?

Clem. O! I had loft a sheep an' he had not bleeted. Why, Sir, you shall give Mr Downright his cloke: 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 'em fo.

Steph. I'll do my best. Clem. Call Mafter Kitely and his wife, there,

Enter Mr KITELY and Dame KITELY.

Did I not tell you there was a plot against you? Did I not smell it out, as a wife magistrate ought ? Have not you traced, have you not found it, eh. Mr Kitely?

Kite. I have-I confess my folly, and own I have deferv'd what I have fuffer'd for it. The trial has been fevere, but it is past. All I have to ask now, is, that as my folly is cur'd, and my perfecutors forgiven, my shame

may be forgotten.

Clem. That will depend upon yourfelf, Mafter Kitely: do not you yourfelf create the food for mischief, and the mischievous will not prey upon you .- But come, let a general reconciliation go round, and let all discontents be laid aside .- You, Mr Downright, put off your anger .-You, Mr Kno'well, your cares .- And do you, Master Kitely and your wife, put off your jealousies.

Kite. Sir, thus they go from me; kils me, my wife.

See, what a drove of horns fly in the air. Wing'd with my cleanfed, and my credulous breath; Watch 'em, suspicious eves, watch where they fall, See, fee, 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 fure of fome.

Clem. 'Tis well, 'tis well. This night we'll dedicate to friendship, love and laughter. Master Bridegroom. take your bride, and lead; every one a fellow. Here is my mistress .- Brainworm! to whom all my addresses of court(hip shall have their reference; whose adventures this day, when our grand-children shall hear to be made a fable, I doubt not but it shall find both spectators and applause. Exeunt omues .











